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(21)  
B E L L ' s

BRITISH THEATRE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

THE  
BRITISH THEATRE;  
OR  
A COLLECTION OF  
THE  
BEST  
TRAGEDIES.



( L O N D O N )

Printed for John Bell near Exchequer in the  
 Strand and C. Sherington at York Dec: 5. 1776.

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B E L L's

# SH THEATRE,

prising of the most esteemed

## LISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

Being the Eighth VOLUME of COMEDIES.

CONTAINING

The TWIN RIVALS, by Mr. FARQUHAR.

THE COUNTRY WIFE, by Mr. WYCHERLEY.

THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL, by Mr. SHAD-  
WELL.

THE CHYMIET, by BEN JONSON.

THE LAST SHIFT, by Mr. CHA. JOHNSON.

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L O N D O N :

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

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M DCC LXXX.



Act II.

Engraved by John Smith, London, 1777.

*M. ABINGTON in the Character of AURELLA.*

*No, no, I'm resolved against a man that disappears  
all the summer like a Woodcock.*

BELL'S EDITION.

THE  
IN RIVALS.

A COMEDY,

written by Mr. FARQUHAR

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*Sic vos non vobis.*



LONDON,

Printed by JOHN BELL, near Fetter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXII.

T O  
JERRY BRETT, Esq.

Commons of England have a right of petition-  
and since, by your place in the senate, you  
to hear and redress the subject, I presume  
privilege of the people, to give you the follow-

gives introduce plays on the stage, so dedica-  
them into the great theatre of the world; and  
as we chuse some staunch actor to address the audience; so  
we pitch upon some gentleman of undisputed ingenuity  
to recommend us to the reader. Books, like metals, re-  
quire to be stamped with some valuable effigies before  
they become popular and current.

To escape the critics, I resolved to take sanctuary with  
one of the best; one who differs from the fraternity in  
this, that his good-nature is ever predominant; can dis-  
cover an author's smallest faults, and pardon the greatest.

Your generous approbation, Sir, has done this play  
service, but has injured the author; for it has made him  
insufferably vain, and he thinks himself authorised to  
stand up for the merit of his performance, when so great  
a master of wit has declared in his favour.

The muses are the most coquetish of their sex, fond  
of being admired, and always putting on their best airs  
to the finest gentleman: but, alas, Sir! their addresses  
are stale, and their fine things but repetition; for there  
is nothing new in wit, but what is found in your own  
conversation.

Could I write by the help of study, as you talk with-  
out it, I would venture to say something in the usual  
strain of dedication; but as you have too much wit to  
suffer it, I too little to undertake it, I hope the world will  
excuse my deficiency, and you will pardon the presump-  
tion of, S<sup>r</sup> P R,

Your most obliged, and  
Most humble servant,

Dec. 23, 1702.

G. FARQUHAR.

## P R E F A

**T**HE following is a substance that of late years has been the most severe and constant object of censure and ridicule in Mr. Cibber's *Tragedy of the Duke of Guise*. The author had done his best to make the play as good as possible, but he was not to take notice of the advice of his friends, who say, in the design, that the play was not to be thought of as a tragedy, but as a comedy, and that the stage should be the theatre of the nation, and not the theatre of the nation.

I have the honour to inform you, that an English comedy may answer the strictest justice: but indeed the greater share of the audience (I mean that part which is no farther from plays of their own language) have imbibed the principles, and stand up as vigorously for the liberty of the stage, as they do for the liberty of the subject. They take all innovations for grievances; and let me never so well laid for their advantage, yet the play is very likely to suffer by it. A play without a hero, a villain, a rickold, or coquet, is as poor an entertainment to young palates, as their Sunday's dinner would be to a beef and pudding. And this I take to be one of the reasons the gallees were so thin during the run of the play. I thought indeed to have soothed the spleen of the City, by making a gentleman a knave, and a knave their great grievance—a whoremaster: but a friend of mine, who has told me since, that the City was never more disappointed in any entertainment, for (said he) however pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the town but with an intention to be lewd.

There

There was an odium cast upon this play, before it appeared, by some persons who thought it their interest to have it suppressed. The ladies were frightened from seeing it, by formidable stories of a midwife, and were told, no doubt, that they must expect no less than a labour upon the stage; but I hope the examining into that aspersions will be enough to wipe it off, since the character of the midwife is only so far touched as is necessary for carrying on the plot, she being principally decyphered in her procuring capacity; and I dare not affront the ladies so far, as to imagine they could be offended at the exposing of a hawd.

Some critics complain, that the design is defective for want of Clelia's appearance in the scene; but I had rather they should find this fault, than I forfeit my regard to the fair; by shewing a lady of figure under a misfortune; for which reason I made her only nominal, and chose to expose the person that injured her. And if the ladies don't agree that I have done her justice in the end, I am very sorry for it.

Some people are apt to say, that the character of Richmore points at a particular person; though I must confess, I see nothing but what is very general in his character, except his marrying his own mistress; which by the way he never did, for he was no sooner off the stage, but he changed his mind, and the poor lady is still in *stau quo*: but upon the whole matter, 'tis application only makes the act; and characters in plays, are like Long-Lane clothes, not hung out for the use of any particular person, but to be bought by only those they happen to fit.

The most material objection against this play is the importance of the subject, which necessarily leads into sentiments too great for diversion, and supposes vices too great for comedy to punish. 'Tis said, I must own, that the business of comedy is chiefly to ridicule folly, and that the punishment of vice falls rather into the province of tragedy; but if there be a middle sort of wickedness, too high for the sock, and too low for the buskin, is there any reason that it should go unpunished? What are more obnoxious to humane society, than the villains exposed in this play, the frauds, plots and contrivances



upon the fortunes of men, and the  
 But the persons are too mean for  
 we do with them? Why, they run  
 into comedy: for 'tis unreasonable  
 law-givers in poetry would tie the  
 cutting that justice which is the  
 titution; or to say, that exposing  
 of the drama, and yet make rules to screen  
 secution.

Some have asked the question, v  
 be, in the fourth act, should count  
 confinement? Don't mistake; there  
 his head; and the judicious could e  
 was only a start of humour put on  
 choly; and when gaiety is strained  
 it may very naturally be overdone,  
 blance of madness, sufficient to impose  
 and perhaps on some of the audience;   
 thing at sight, impute that as a fault, w  
 to stand up for, as one of the most master  
 whole piece.

This I think sufficient to obviate what objections I have  
 heard made; but there was no great occasion for making  
 this defence, having had the opinion of some of the great-  
 est persons in England, both for quality and parts, that  
 the play has merit enough to hide more faults than have  
 been found; and I think their approbation sufficient to  
 excuse some pride that may be incident to me on  
 on this performance.

I must own myself obliged to  
 some lines in the part of Trague, and  
 Lawyer; but above all, for his hint  
 which I formed my plot: but having  
 satisfaction and acknowledgment, I  
 justice to believe, that few of our me  
 been less beholden to foreign assistance  
 I have been in the following scenes.

# O L O G U E.

Mr. MOTTEUX.

An Alarm sounded.]

And trumpets in this warring age,  
 The bugle should alarm the stage.  
 Alas! a full audience near,  
 When a siege they fear.  
 Like a forelorn hope sent out  
 To skirmish and to scout:  
 When spies, the criticks, when they spy,  
 On charge, they fire,—then back they fly.  
 And their gallant chiefs abound,  
 In trench'd, there—glittering troops around,  
 Batt'ries roar—from yonder rising ground.  
 Quick sallies, (miss or hit)  
 Of small shot, or snip-snap wit,  
 Fill all the trenches of the pit.  
 The fire continues, but at length  
 And slackens like a bridegroom's strength.  
 The mines, and countermines abound,  
 Your critic engineers, safe under-ground,  
 Blow up our works, and all our art confound.  
 The fourth—brilliant most action, and 'tis sharp,  
 From foes crowd on, at your remissness carps,  
 And desp'rate, tho' unskill'd, insult our counterescarp.  
 Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,  
 The best-governor now quakes for fear;  
 He wildly up and down, forgets to bluff,  
 He would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.  
 Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the siege,  
 Quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:  
 Viva Spagna! Vive France! before;  
 Quartier: Monsieur! Quartier! Ah! Senor!  
 At your resolution can withstand?  
 All, and o'er the sea and land.  
 Our valour makes the strong submit;  
 We humbles all attempts in wit.  
 What fort, what beauty can endure  
 The fierce assaults, and always be secure!  
 Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,  
 Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight:  
 If we must yield—yet e'er the day be fix'd,  
 Let us bold out the third—and, if we may, the sixth.

## D R A M A T I S P E R

## M E N.

<i>Elder Woudbe,</i>	—	
<i>Young Woudbe,</i>	—	—
<i>Rochmore,</i>	—	—
<i>Trueman,</i>	—	—
<i>Subtleman,</i>	—	—
<i>Balderdash and Alderman,</i>	—	—
<i>Clear-Account, a Steward,</i>	—	—
<i>Fair-Bank, a Goldsmith,</i>	—	—
<i>Teague,</i>	—	—

Mr. Rust.  
Mr. Moody.

## W O M E N.

<i>Constance,</i>	—	—	Miss Pope.
<i>Aurelia,</i>	—	—	Mrs. Abington.
<i>Midnight,</i>	—	—	Mrs. Bradshaw.
<i>Steward's Wife,</i>	—	—	Mrs. Love.

*Constable, Watch, &c.*

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

T H E

## THE

## RIVALS.

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*Inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

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## ACT I.

SCENE, Lodgings.

*Richmond discovers Young Wou'dbe dressing, and sitting buckling his shoes.*

## YOUNG WOU'DBE.

HERE is such a plague every morning with buckling shoes, gartering, combing, and powdering—  
 I'll cease thy impertinence, I'll dress no more to-day.  
 Were I an honest brute that rises from his litter, and dresses himself, and so is dressed, I could bear it.

*Enter Richmond.*

No farther yet, Wou'dbe! 'Tis almost one.  
 Then blame the clock-makers, they made it so late for thee, what have we to do with time? Can't we do as nature made it? Can't a man eat when he's hungry, go to bed when he's sleepy, rise when he wakes, and do as he pleases, without the confinement of hours to him?

Pardon me, Sir, I understand your stoicism—I lost your money last night.

No, no, fortune took care of me there—I'm at home again.

'Tis that gives you the spleen.

Yes, I have got the spleen and something else—  
 Fear's—

*Rich.*

‘ *Rich.* How!

‘ *T. W.* Positively. The lady’s kind  
‘ the most severe usage I ever met with—  
‘ her windows, Richmore?

‘ *Rich.* A mighty revenge truly. Let  
‘ friend, that breaking the windows of du  
‘ no more than writing over a victualler’s dog  
‘ in Holland—*Vin te koop*. ‘Tis no mo  
‘ to the tavern, a decoy to the trade, an  
‘ customers: but upon the whole matu  
‘ gentleman should put up an affront got  
‘ company: for the pleasure, the pain, and the resent-  
‘ ment, are all alike scandalous.

‘ *T. W.* Have you forgot, Richmore, how I found  
‘ you one morning with the Flying-Post in your hand,  
‘ hunting for physical advertisements?

‘ *Rich.* That was in the days of *Club*, my friend, in  
‘ the days of dirty linen, pit-masks, hedge-taverns, and  
‘ beef-steaks: but now I fly at nobler game, the Ring,  
‘ the Court, Pawlet’s and the Park. I despise all wo-  
‘ men that I apprehend any danger from, less than the  
‘ having my throat cut; and should scruple to converse  
‘ even with a lady of fortune, unless her virtue were  
‘ loud enough to give me pride in exposing it. Here’s a  
‘ letter I received this morning; you may read it.

‘ [*Gives a letter.*

‘ *T. W.* [*Reads.*]

“ IF there be solemnity in protestation, justice in  
‘ Heaven, or fidelity on earth, I may still depend on the  
‘ faith of my Richmore. Tho’ I may conceal my love,  
‘ I no longer can hide the effects on’t from the world—  
‘ Be careful of my honour, remember your vows, and  
‘ fly to the relief of the disconsolate”

CECELIA.”

‘ The fair, the courted, blooming Cecilia!

‘ *Rich.* The credulous, troublesome, foolish Cecilia.  
‘ Did you ever read such a fulsome harrangue?—Lord,  
‘ Sir, I am near my time, and want your assistance.—  
‘ Does the silly creature imagine that any man would  
‘ come near her in those circumstances, unless it were  
‘ doctor Chamberlain——You may keep the letter.

‘ *T. W.*

Would you trust it with me? You know that has any scandal in't. When I communicate it. I know better, and will spread the news to you must understand that I am not; and I would have the fame of knowing, that the town may furren-

report of your cruelty goes along with honour, you'll find no garrison of any in their gates to you.

Men are cowards, the terror pre-  
sents to the enemy: my best pre-  
ference is to my using them ill;  
and I have al-  
battery to assail one

my mischief, did I not

of figure.

And this hump of mine  
it presses me down  
in the lowly Garden, the low  
suburban of pleasure-mountain! I am a younger  
brother, and yet cruelly deprived of my birth-right, a  
handsome person; seven thousand a year in a direct line,  
would have straightened my back to some purpose—  
But I look, in my present circumstances, like a branch of  
another kind, grafted only upon the stock, which makes  
me grow so crooked.

Come, come, 'tis no misfortune, your father is

should not I be a lord as well as  
the same title to the deformity, I could

does my Lord bear the absence of  
?

My twin-brother! Ay, 'twas his crowding me  
shape, and his coming half an hour be-  
fore me ruined my fortune. My father expelled me  
two years ago, because I would have per-  
that my twin-brother was a bastard. He gave

12 THE TWIN RIV

me my portion, which was about fifteen  
and I have spent two thousand of it already.  
brother, he don't care a farthing for me.

*Rich.* Why so pray?

*T. W.* A very odd reason——Because I

*Rich.* How should he know that?

*T. W.* Because he thinks it reasonable.

*Rich.* But did your actions ever express  
him?

*T. W.* Yes: I would fain have married her  
but being aware of my kindness, he went  
has travelled these five years, and I am told, is a  
sober fellow, and in danger of living a great while: all  
my hope is, that when he gets into his honour and estate,  
the nobility will soon kill him by drinking him up  
his dignity. But come, Frank, I have but two forces  
in the world, a brother before me, and a hump behind  
me, and thou art still laying them in my way: let us as-  
sume an argument of less severity. Can'st thou lend me  
a brace of hundred pounds?

*Rich.* What would you do with them?

*T. W.* Do with them! There's a question indeed——  
Do you think I would eat them.

*Rich.* Yes, o' my troth would you, and drink them to-  
gether. Look'e, Mr. Wou'dbe, whilst you kept well  
with your father, I could have ventured to have lent you  
five guineas. But as the case stands, I can assure you, I  
have lately paid off my sisters' fortunes, and——

*T. W.* Sir, this put-off looks like an affront, when you  
know I don't use to take such things.

*Rich.* Sir, your demand is rather an affront, when you  
know I don't use to give such things.

*T. W.* Sir, I'll pawn my honour.

*Rich.* That's mortgaged already for more than it is  
worth; you had better pawn your sword there, 'twill  
bring you forty shillings.

*T. W.* 'Sdeath, Sir—— [Takes his sword off the table.]

*Rich.* Hold, Mr. Wou'dbe——suppose I put an end to  
your misfortunes all at once.

*T. W.* How, Sir?

*Rich.* Why, go to a magistrate, and swear you would  
have robbed me of two hundred pounds—— Look'e,

# WIN RIVALS. 13

Then told, that your extravagance  
 either be the ruin of you; and it  
 in your indistinct, to have turned  
 friend."

is the height of ingratitude from  
 I have spent my fortune.

is a witness, that it was very ill spent  
 keep company, be at equal expences  
 times your estate? What was  
 prodigality in you: mine was my  
 yours a disease, be-

I expect from our friend-

It can be no such thing

such thing when there

— Our friendship was over a bottle  
 of wine, and now you pay for a club of friendship, I'm  
 borrowing, I'm this way——, your humble servant.

[Exit.

2. W. Rich, big, proud, arrogant villain! I have  
 been twice his second, thrice sick of the same love, and  
 thrice cured by the same physic, and now he drops me  
 for a trifle——That an honest fellow in his cups,  
 should be such a rogue when he's sober!——The nar-  
 row-hearted rascal has been drinking coffee this morning.  
 Well, thou dear solitary half-crown, adieu!——Here,  
 Jack, take this, pay for a bottle of wine, and bid Balder-  
 ash bring it himself. [Exit Serv.] How melancholy  
 my poor breeches; not one chink!——Thou art  
 hand, for thou hast picked my pocket.——

has all the marks of an honest fellow,  
 look, a strutting belly and a jol-  
 above three pound a night  
 The rogue has money,

*a bottle and glass.*

Oh, Mr. Balder-

*Bald.*



*Bald.* Noble Mr. Wou'dbe, I'm your most  
vanr. I have brought you a whetting  
Old Hock in Europe; I know 'tis your  
ning.

*T. W.* I'll pledge you, Mr. Balderdash.

*Bald.* Your health, Sir.

*T. W.* Pray, Mr. Balderdash, tell me  
first sit down: now tell me plainly what  
me?

*Bald.* Think of you, Sir! I think the  
honestest, noblest gentleman, that ever drank a glass of  
wine; and the best customer that ever came into my  
house,

*T. W.* And do you really think as you speak?

*Bald.* May this wine be my poison, Sir, if I don't  
speak from the bottom of my heart. [*Drinks.*]

*T. W.* And how much money do you think I have  
spent in your house?

*Bald.* Why, truly, Sir, by a moderate computation,  
I do believe, that I have handled of your money the  
best part of five hundred pounds within these two years.

*T. W.* Very well! And do you think that you lie un-  
der any obligation for the trade I have promoted to your  
advantage?

*Bald.* Yes, Sir; and if I can serve you in any respect,  
pray command me to the utmost of my ability.

*T. W.* Well! thanks to my ears, there is still some  
honesty in wine. Mr. Balderdash, I embrace you and  
your kindness: I am at present a little low in cash, and  
must beg you to lend me a hundred pieces.

*Bald.* Why truly, Mr. Wou'dbe, I was afraid it would  
come to this; I have had it in my head several times  
to caution you upon your expences: but you were so  
very genteel in my house, and your liberality became  
you so very well, that I was unwilling to say any thing  
that might check your disposition; but truly, Sir, I can  
forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little  
too extravagant.

*T. W.* But since you reaped the benefit of my extra-  
vagance, you will, I hope, consider my necessity.

*Bald.* Consider your necessity! I do with all my heart;  
and must tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer  
accessary

I desire you, Sir, to frequent my house

Sir!

Sir, that I have an honour for my good  
and will not suffer his son to run into  
: Sir, I shall order my drawers not to  
a drop of wine. Would you have me  
gentleman's destruction?

ethinks, Sir, that a person of your nice  
d have cautioned me before.

Alas! Sir, it was none of my business: would  
you have me be faucy to a gentleman that was my best  
customer? Lack-a-day, Sir, had you money to hold it  
out still, I had been hanged rather than be rude to you—  
Naturally, Sir, when a man is ruined, 'tis but the duty of  
a christian to tell him of it.

T. W. Will you lend me money, Sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this bill, Sir?

T. W. Lend me the hundred pound, and I'll pay the  
bill. —

Bald. Pay me the bill, and I will — not lend you the  
hundred pound, Sir. — But pray consider with yourself,  
now, Sir; would not you think me an errant coxcomb,  
to trust a person with money that has always been so ex-  
travagant under my eye? whose profuseness I have seen,  
I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, Sir,  
throw away ten pound a-night upon a covey of pit-pa-  
tridges, and a setting-dog? Sir, you have made my house  
an ill house: my very chairs will bear you no longer. —  
In short, Sir, I desire you to frequent the Crown no  
more, Sir.

T. W. Thou sophisticated ton of iniquity; have I  
fattened your carcass, and swelled your bags with my vital  
blood? Have I made you my companion to be thus faucy  
to me? But now I will keep you at your due distance.

[Kicks him.

Serv. Welcome, Sir!

[Kicks him.

T. W. Well said, Jack.

[Kicks him again.

Serv. Very welcome, Sir! I hope we shall have your  
company another time. Welcome, Sir!

[He is kicked off.

T. W. Pray, wait on him down stairs a welcome at the door too. [*Exit Servant*] Punishment of hell; the very devil that fin, now upbraids me with the crime. I have murdered my fortune, and now its shape of poverty, haunts me. Is there jure down the fiend?

*Re-enter Servant.*

Serv. Oh, Sir! here's sad news.

T. W. Then keep it to thyself, I have already.

Serv. Sir, you will hear it too soon.

T. W. What! is Brondelov?

Serv. No, no, Sir; better twenty such hanged. Sir, your father's dead.

T. W. My father!—Good night, he left me any thing?

Serv. I heard nothing of that, Sir.

T. W. Then I believe you heard all the Let me see——my father dead, and my abroad——If Necessary be the mother of I was never more pregnant than with me. [*Pauses*] Tirrah, run to Mrs. Midnight, and bid her presently. [*Exit Serv.*] That woman was her's midwife when I was born, and has been these ten years. I have had her endeavours my brother's mistress; and now her assistance necessary to cheat him of his estate; for she's understanding the right-side of a woman, and the side of the law.

SCENE changes to Midnight's House.

*Enter Midnight and Maid.*

Mid. Who's there?

Maid. Madam.

Mid. Has any message been left for me?

Maid. Yes, Madam; here has been one from dy Stilborn, that desired you not to be for she expected to cry out every minute.

Mid. How! every minute!—Let me see—*[out her pocket-book.]* Stilborn—Ay—she reckons with her husband from the first of April; and with

: first of March.—Ay, she's always a  
 er time. [*Knocking at the door.*] Go  
 door.—

Madam.

[*Exit Maid.*]

certainly there is not a woman in the  
 ing to oblige mankind as myself; and real-  
 on to ever since the age of twelve, as I can  
 I have delivered as many women of great  
 and helped as many to them as any person  
 and; but my watching and cares have bro-  
 nte, I am not the same woman I was forty  
 years ago.

*Enter Richmore.*

Oh, Mr. Richmore! you're a sad man, a barbarous man,  
 as you are. What will become of poor Clelia, Mr.  
 Richmore? The poor creature is so big with her misfor-  
 tunes, that they are not to be borne. [*Weeps.*]

*Rich.* You, Mrs. Midnight, are the fittest person in  
 the world to ease her of them.

*Mid.* And won't you marry her, Mr. Richmore?

*Rich.* My conscience won't allow it; for I have sworn  
 since to marry another.

*Mid.* And will you break your vows to Clelia?

*Rich.* Why not, when she has broke her's to me?

*Mid.* How's that, Sir?

*Rich.* Why she swore a hundred times never to grant  
 me the favour, and yet, you know, she broke her word.

*Mid.* But she loved, Mr. Richmore, and that was the  
 reason she forgot her oath.

*Rich.* And I love Mr. Richmore, and that is the rea-  
 son I forgot mine. Why should she be angry that I  
 follow her own example, by doing the very same thing  
 from the very same motive?

*Mid.* Well, well! take my word, you'll never thrive.  
 I wonder how you can have the face to come near me,  
 that am the witness of your horrid oaths and imprecations! Are not you afraid that the guilty chamber  
 above-stairs should fall down upon your head? Yes,  
 yes, I was necessary, I was so! but if ever you involve  
 my honour in such a villainy the second time—Ah,  
 poor Clelia! I loved her as I did my own daughter—  
 you seducing man.

[*Weeps.*]

*Rich.*

*Rich.* Heigh, ho ! my Aurelia.

*Mid.* Hey, ho ! she's very pretty.

*Rich.* Dost thou know her, my dear Madam ?

*Mid.* Hey, ho ! she's very pretty.

• sad man. Poor Clelia was handsome  
• breeding, puding, and longing, has broke her  
• 'Tis a hard case, Mr. Richmore, for a young  
• see a thousand things, and long for a thousand  
• and yet not dare to own that she longs for one  
• had like to have miscarried t'other day for the  
• a loin of veal. Ah, you barbarous man !

• *Rich.* But my Aurelia ! confirm me that you love  
• her, and I'll adore you. •

*Mid.* You would sing five hundred guineas  
head, that you knew as much of her as I do. *Rich.*  
I brought her into the world ; I have had her sprawling  
in my arms. At last she was put to bed a puffin, Sir.

*Rich.* I think she has no great portion to value her-  
self upon ; her reputation only will keep up the matter.  
We must not make her cheap, by crying it down, and  
then she'll part with it at an easy rate.

*Mid.* But won't you provide for poor Clelia ?

*Rich.* Provide ! why han't I taught her a trade ? Let  
her set up when she will, I'll engage her customers  
enough, because I can answer for the goodness of her  
ware.

*Mid.* Nay, but you ought to set her up with a shop,  
and take a shop ; that is, get her a husband. Have you  
no pretty gentleman your relation now, that would be a  
young virtuous lady with a handsome fortune ? No  
young Templar that has spent his estate in the study of  
the law, and starves by the practice ? No soldier of fortune  
that wants a handsome wife to make court for him among  
the major-generals ? Have you none of these ?

• *Rich.* Pho, pho, Madam—you have time upon  
• that subject. Do you think a lady that has been so  
• much trouble before possession, shall ever give me any  
• after it ? No, no ; had she been more of a commodity  
• when I was in her power, I should be more content with her  
• now she's in mine : my assiduity before—  
• over-price ; had she made a merit of the matter, she  
• should have yielded sooner.

ay, nay, Sir; tho' you have no regard to  
yet you shall protect mine: how d'ye  
secured my reputation so long among the  
best figure, but by keeping all mouths  
I'll have no clamours at me. Heavens  
I have clamours enough at my door early  
in my t'other capacity. In short, Sir, a hus-  
for Clelia; or I banish you my presence for

Thou art a necessary devil, and I can't want

*[Aside]*  
Look'e, Sir, 'tis your own advantage; 'tis only  
over your estate into the hands of a trustee;  
and if you don't absolutely command the premisses,  
you may exact enough out of them for necessities,  
as you will.'

Patience a little, Madam! I have a young ne-  
phew that is a captain of horse: he mortgaged the last  
of his estate to me, to make up his equipage for  
a campaign. Perhaps you know him; he's a brisk  
fellow, much about court, Captain Trueman.

Trueman! Ads my life, he's one of my babies;  
I can tell you the very minute he was born——  
at three o'clock, next St. George's day, 'True-  
man' be two and twenty; 'a tripling' the prettiest  
and surest child, and your nephew! He must be  
a man; and shall be the man; I have a kindness for  
him.

But we must have a care; the fellow wants nei-  
ther sense nor courage.

Phu, phu! never fear her part, she shan't want  
sense; and then for her lying-in a little abrupt-  
ly by business to reconcile matters there, a fright  
but excuses that: lard, Sir, I do these things every

then to put you out of your road;  
I'll give a husband.

And now I'll  
give a man of honour. And now I'll  
give Aurelia, you say——

her beauty, family, and vir-  
tue make a fine picture.

*Mid.*

*Mid.* And you have a mind, for that reason, to get I a husband.

*Rich.* Yes, faith : I have another young fellow at Cambridge, he's just a going into orders ; and I think such a fine woman, with fifteen hundred pound, is a better presentation than any living in my gift ; and why should he like the cure the worse, that an incumbent was there before ?

*Mid.* Thou art a pretty fellow. At the same moment you would persuade me that you love a woman to madness, you are contriving how to part with her ?

*Rich.* If I loved her not to madness, I should not run into these contradictions. Here, my dear mother, Aurelia's the word — [Offering her money.]

*Mid.* Pardon me, Sir ; [Refusing the money.] did you ever know me mercenary ? No, no, Sir ; virtue is its own reward.

*Rich.* Nay, but Madam, I owe you for the tooth-powder you sent me.

*Mid.* O, that's another matter, Sir ; [Takes the money.] I hope you like it, Sir.

*Rich.* Extremely, Madam. But it was somewhat dear of twenty guineas. [Exit Mid.]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, here is Mr. Wou'dbe's footman below, with a message from his master.

*Mid.* I come to him presently. Do you know that Wou'dbe loves Aurelia's cousin and companion, Miss Contance with the great fortune, and that I solicit for him ?

*Rich.* Why, she's engaged to his elder brother : besides, Young Wou'dbe has no money to prosecute an affair of such consequence. You can have no hopes of success there, I'm sure.

*Mid.* Truly, I have no great hopes ; but an industrious body, you know, would do any thing rather than be idle. The aunt is very near her time, and I have access to the family when I please.

*Rich.* Now I think on't ; pr'ythee get the letter from Wou'dbe that I gave him just now ; it would be proper to our designs upon Trueman, that it should not be exposed.

*Mid.*

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you shewed Clelia's letter to Wou'dbe ?

you barbarous man.—Who the devil would  
—What pleasure can you take in expo-  
creature ? Dear little child, 'tis pity in-

Madam, the messenger waits below ; so I'll take

[*Exit.*

h, you're sad a man !

[*Exit.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

SCENE, *The Park.*

*Enter Constance and Aurelia.*

AURELIA.

EE, cousin Constance, be chearful : let the  
d sleep in peace, and look up to the living ;  
and paper, and write immediately to your  
is now a baron of England, and you long

Aurelia, there is some regard due to the  
the father, for the respect I bear the son ;  
I know how I could wish my young lord  
in this juncture : this brother of his—  
will happen—I had a very ugly dream  
—In short, I am eaten up with the

come, walk about and divert it ; the air  
think of other people's affairs a little.  
Clelia ?

you mentioned her ; don't you observe  
much more forced than formerly, her  
easy upon her.

her stays neither, I can assure you.

observe how she devoured the pomegra-

of visiting a relation in Leicester-

*Con.*



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*Con.* She fainted away in the country-dance the night.

*Aur.* Richmore flung her in the walk last week.

*Con.* And he soon ~~was~~ laughed.

*Aur.* She takes Laudanum to make her sleep a night.

*Con.* Ah, poor Cicilia! What will she do, cousin?

*Aur.* Do! Why nothing till the nine months.

*Con.* That's cruel, Aurelia; how can you manage with her misfortunes? I am positive she was a great conquest, some singular villainy has been practised on her.

*Aur.* Yes, yes, the fellow would be practising upon me too, I thank him.

*Con.* Have a care, cousin, he has a promising person.

*Aur.* Nay, for that matter, his promising person may as soon be broke as his promising vows: 'Nature indeed has made him a giant, and he wars with heaven like the giants of old.'

*Con.* Then why will you admit his visits?

*Aur.* I never did. But all the servants are more his than our own: he has a golden key to every door in the house: besides, he makes my uncle believe that his intentions are honourable; and indeed he has said nothing yet to disprove it. But, cousin, do you see who comes yonder, sliding along the Mall?

*Con.* Captain Trueman! I protest the campaign has improved him; he makes a very clean well-finished figure.

*Aur.* Youthful, easy, and good-natured. I could wish he would know us.

*Con.* Are you sure he's well-bred?

*Aur.* I tell you he's good-natured; and I take good manners to be nothing but a natural desire to be easy and agreeable to whatever conversation we fall into; and a porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a duke without it has but the breeding of a dancing-master.

*Con.* I like him for his affection to my young lord.

*Aur.* And I like him for his affection to my young person.

*Con.* How, how, cousin! You never told me that?

*Aur.*

*Aur.* How should I? He never told it me, but I discovered it by a great many signs and tokens, that he had a better security for his heart than ten thousand vows and promises.

*Con.* He's Richmore's nephew.

*Aur.* Ah! would he were his heir too. He's a pretty fellow, but then he's a soldier, and must share his time with his mistress, Honour, in Flanders. No, no, I am resolute against a man that disappears all the summer like a woodcock,

*[As these words are spoken, Trueman enters behind them, as passing over the stage.]*

*True.* That's for me, whoever spoke it. *Aurelia!*  
*[Surprized.]*

*[The Ladies turn about.]*

*Con.* What, Captain, you're afraid of every thing but the enemy.

*True.* I have reason, ladies, to be most apprehensive where there is most danger: the enemy is satisfied with a leg or an arm, but here I am in hazard of losing my heart.

*Aur.* None in the world, Sir; nobody here designs to attack it.

*True.* But suppose it be assaulted, and taken already, Madam?

*Aur.* Then we'll return it without ransom.

*True.* But suppose, Madam, the prisoner chuse to stay where it is.

*Aur.* That were to turn deserter; and you know, Captain, what such deserve.

*True.* The punishment it undergoes this moment—  
shot to death—

*Con.* Nay, then, 'tis time for me to put in.—Pray, Sir, have you heard the news of my lord Wou'dbe's death?

*True.* People mind not the death of others, Madam, that are expiring themselves. *[To Constance.]* Do you consider, Madam, the penalty of wounding a man in the park?

*[To Aurelia.]*

*Aur.* 'Hev'day! Why, Captain, d'ye intend to make a Vigo business of it, and break the boom at once?' Sir, if you only rally, pray let my cousin have her share;

share ; or if you would be particular and respectful ? not so much upon the decision of you, Sir.

*True.* I have been, fair creature, my passion ; I have had hard struggles before I dur'd engage, and now I am desperate.

*Aur.* Sir, I am very sorry you have laid so much I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my inclination. Come, cousin, will you walk ?

*Con.* Servant, Sir.

[*Exit*]

*True.* Charming creature ! I must punish you, tho' it be contrary to my inclination. Hope and in a breath. But I'll think the best.

SCENE changes to Young Wou'dbe's Lodging.

Young Wou'dbe and Midnight meeting.

*T. W.* Thou life and soul of secret dealings, come.

*Mid.* My dear child, bless thee——Who could have imagined that I brought this great rogue into the world ? He makes me an old woman, I protest——But so, my child, I forgot ; I'm sorry for the loss of your father, sorry at my heart, poor man. [*Weeps.*] Wou'dbe, have you got a drop of brandy in your cell ? I an't very well to-day.

*T. W.* That you shan't want : but be pleased to tell me of your dear mother. Here, Jack, the brandy-bottle. Madam, I have occasion to use you in dressing up a little some cheat for me.

*Mid.* I defy any chamber-maid in England to do me better. I have dressed up a hundred and fifty cheats in my time.

*Enter Jack with the brandy-bottle.*

Here, boy, this glass is too big, carry it away, I'll sup out of the bottle.

*T. W.* Right, Madam——And my business is very urgent——In three words, 'tis this——

*Mid.* Hold, Sir, till I take advantage of you. [*Drinks.*] There is nothing more comely than a fair creature, and fitter to revive wasting spirits than the plain brandy. I an't for your hot spirits, your

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Clarissa. Ratisha's, your orange-waters, and the like  
urate glass of cool Nants is the best thing.

Clarissa. As to your business, Madam—My father is  
determined to inherit his estate.

Clarissa. I shall put the case very well.

Clarissa. I shall put the case very well. I must chuse—either to be  
a maid or a wife.

Clarissa. How long would you be?—Tho' I have known some  
that have chosen both.

Clarissa. I have a brother that I love very well; but  
as one of us must want, I had rather he should starve  
than I.

Clarissa. Upon my conscience, dear heart, you're in the  
right on't.

Clarissa. Now your advice upon these heads.

Clarissa. They be matters of weight, and I must consider.  
Is there a will in the case?

Clarissa. There is; which excludes me from every foot  
of the estate.

Clarissa. That's bad—Where's your brother?

Clarissa. He's now in Germany, in his way to England,  
and is expected very soon.

Clarissa. How soon?

Clarissa. In a month, or less.

Clarissa. O! A month is a great while! Our business  
must be done in an hour or two—We must sup-  
pose your brother to be dead; nay, he shall be actu-  
ally dead—And, my Lord, my humble service t'ye.—

[Drinks.]

Clarissa. O, Madam, I'm your Ladyship's most devoted.

Clarissa. And your words are good, and I'll—

Clarissa. Any more, Sir; you shall have it, you shall  
have it.

Clarissa. But how, dear Mrs. Midnight?

Clarissa. Mrs. Midnight! Is that all?—Why not mo-  
re?—Your mother? Sir, I have done more for you  
than all the relations you have in the  
world.

Clarissa. I shall hear it.

Clarissa. In the strength of this potent inspiration, I have  
made you a peer of England, with seven thousand pound  
a year.—My Lord, I wish you joy.

[Drinks.]

*T. W.* The woman's mad, I believe.

*Mid.* Quick, quick, my Lord! counterfeit a letter presently from Germany, that your brother is killed in a duel: let it be directed to your father, and fall into the hands of the steward when you are by. What sort of fellow is the steward?

*T. W.* Why, a timorous half-honest man, that a little persuasion will make a whole knave. He wants courage to be thoroughly just, or entirely a villain—but good backing will make him either.

*Mid.* And he shan't want that! I tell you the letter must come into his hands when you are by; upon this you must take immediate possession, and so you have the best part of the law of your side.

*T. W.* But suppose my brother comes in the mean time?

*Mid.* This must be done this very moment. Let him come when you're in possession, I'll warrant I'll find a way to keep him out.

*T. W.* But how, my dear contriver?

*Mid.* By your father's will, man, your father's will—That is, one that your father might have made, and which we will make for him. I'll send you a nephew of my own, a lawyer, that shall do the business; go, get into possession, I say: let us have but the estate to back the suit, and you'll find the law to strong for justice, I warrant you.

*T. W.* My oracle! How shall we revel in delight when this great prediction is accomplished.—But one thing yet remains, my brother's mistress, the charming Constance—Let her be mine—

*Mid.* Pho, pho, she's yours o'course; she's contracted to you: for she's engaged to marry no man but my Lord Woudhe's son and heir; now you being the person, she's recoverable by law.

*T. W.* Marry her! No, no, she's contracted to him; 'twere injustice to rob a brother of his wife, an easier favour will satisfy me.

*Mid.* Why, truly, as you say, that favour is so easy, that I wonder they make such a bustle about it.—But get you gone and mind your affairs, I must about mine.  
Oh!

Oh! I had forgot—Where's that foolish letter you had this morning from Richmore?

*R. W.* I have posted it up in the chocolate-house.

*Mid.* Yaw, [*Sbricks.*] I shall fall into fits; hold me—

*R. W.* No, no, I did but jest; here it is.—But be assured, Madam, I wanted only time to have exposed it.

*Mid.* Ah! you barbarous man, why so?

*R. W.* Because when knaves of our sex, and fools of yours meet, they make the best jest in the world.

*Mid.* Sir, the world has better share in the jest when we are the knaves, and you the fools. But look'e, Sir, if ever you open your mouth about this trick—I'll discover all your tricks! therefore silence and safety on both sides.

*Mid.* Madam, you need not doubt my silence at present, because my own affairs will employ me sufficiently; so there's your letter. [*Gives the letter.*] And now to write my own. [*Exit.*]

*Mid.* Adieu, my Lord. Let me see—[*Opens the letter and reads.*] “If there be solemnity in protestations” —That's foolish, very foolish—Why should she expect solemnity in protestations? Um, um, um,—“I may still depend on the faith of my Richmore.”—Ah! poor Clelia!—Um, um, um,—“I can no longer hide the effects on't from the world.”—The effects on't! How modestly is that expressed? Well, 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it.

[*Puts the letter in her pocket, and exit.*]

#### SCENE, Lord Wou'dbe's House.

*Enter Steward and his Wife.*

*Wife.* You are to blame, you are much to blame, husband in being so scrupulous.

*Stew.* 'Tis true: this foolish conscience of mine has been the greatest bar to my fortune.

*Wife.* And will ever be so. Tell me but one that thrives—and I'll shew you a hundred that starve by it. Do you think 'tis fourscore pound a year makes my Lord Gouty's Steward's wife live at the rate of four hundred? Upon my word, my dear, I'm as good a gentlewoman as she, and I expect to be maintained accordingly: 'tis conscience, I warrant, that buys her the point-heads,

and diamond necklace? Was it conscience that enabled her the fine house in Jermain-street? Was it conscience that enables the steward to buy, when the time is come, to sell?

*Stew.* But what would you have me do?

*Wife.* Do! Now's your time: take it, and pay for it an estate your Lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your daughter Mary's portion—What's two hundred a year? 'twill never be missed.

*Stew.* 'Tis but a small matter, I must confess, and as a reward for my past faithful service, I think it not reasonable I should cheat a little now.

*Wife.* Reasonable! All the reason that can be. If the ungrateful world won't reward an honest man, why let an honest man reward himself. There's five hundred pounds you received but two days ago, lay them aside—you may easily sink it in the charge of the funeral. Do, my dear, now, kiss me, and do it.

*Stew.* Well, you have such a winning way with you—But, my dear, I'm so much afraid of my young Lord's coming home: he's a cunning close man, they say, and will examine my accounts very narrowly.

*Wife.* Ay, my dear, would you had the younger brother to deal with; you might manage him at your pleasure—I see him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

[*They pull out their handkerchiefs, and seem to weep.*]

*Enter Young Wou'dbe.*

*Stew.* Ah, Sir! we have all lost a father, a father, a supporter.

*T. W.* Ay, Mr. Steward, we must submit to what he has done. And it is no small addition to my grief, that honest Mr. Clearaccount, that it is not in my power to supply my father's place to you and yours. Your integrity and justice to the dead merits the greatest reward those that survive him. Had I but my brother's ability, or he my inclinations, I'll assure you, Mrs. Clearaccount, you should not have such cause to mourn.

*Wife.* Ah, good noble Sir!

*Stew.* Your brother, Sir, I hear, is a fine  
man.

*Dr. M.*

T. W. He is what the world calls a prudent man, Mr. Steward: I have often heard him very severe upon men of your business; and has declared, that for form's sake indeed he would keep a steward, but that he would inspect into all his accounts himself.

Wife. Ay, and I. Wou'dbe, you have more sense than to do these things; you have more honour than to trouble your head with your own affairs. Would to heavens we were to serve you.

T. W. Would I could serve you, Madam—without injustice to my brother.

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. A letter for my Lord. Wou'dbe.

Stew. It comes too late, alas! for his perusal; let me see it. *[Opens, and reads.]* "Frankfort, October 10, New Style." Frankfort! Where's Frankfort, Sir?

T. W. In Germany. This letter must be from my brother! I suppose he's coming home.

Stew. 'Tis none of his hand. Let me see. *[Reads.]*

"My Lord,

I am troubled at this unhappy occasion of sending to your Lordship. Your brave son, and my dear friend, was yesterday unfortunately killed in a duel by a German Count——"

I shall love a German Count as long as I live. My Lord, my Lord, now I may call you so, since your elder brother's dead.

T. W. } How!  
Wife. }

Stew. Read there.

*[Gives the letter, Wou'dbe peruses it.]*

T. W. O, my fate! a father and a brother in one day! Heavens! 'Tis too much——Where is the fatal messenger?

Stew. A gentleman, Sir, who said he came post on purpose. He was afraid the contents of the letter would unqualify my Lord for company, so he would take another time to wait on him.

T. W. Nay, then 'tis true; and there is truth in dreams. Last night I dreamed——



*Wife.* Nay, my Lord, I dreamed. I saw your brother dressed in a long minute's warning, (he bless us!) with a book in his hand, walking before a dead body to the grave.

*T. W.* Well, Mr. Clearaccount, give him a good rest.

*Stew.* Will your Lordship have the old coach coiled up, or a new one made?

*T. W.* A new one. The old coach, with the new harness, I give to Mrs. Clearaccount here; she and her maid should walk the streets.

*Wife.* Heavens bless the German Count, I live—  
But, my Lord—

*T. W.* No reply, Madam, you shall have it—And receive it but as the earnest of my favours. Mr. Clearaccount, I double your salary, and all the servants are to moderate their grief for our great losses. Prig, take order about these affairs.

*Stew.* I shall, my Lord. *[Exeunt Stew. and Wife.]*

*T. W.* So! I have got possession of the castle, and if I had but a little law to fortify me now, I believe I might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my attorney. Mr. Subtleman, your servant.

*Enter Subtleman.*

*Sub.* My Lord, I wish you joy. My aunt Mithridates has sent me to receive your commands.

*T. W.* Has she told you any thing of the matter?

*Sub.* Not a word, my Lord.

*T. W.* Why then—come nearer.—Can you make a man right heir to an estate during the life of an elder brother?

*Sub.* I thought you had been the elder.

*T. W.* That we are not yet agreed upon. But you must know, there is an impertinent fellow that has a fancy to dispute the seniority with me. You look at me, my mother has unluckily sowed discord in the family by bringing forth twins: my brother, 'tis said, was born; but I believe from the bottom of my heart, I was the first begotten.

*Sub.* I understand—you are come to the point of dignity, that by justice indeed is your own; but by law it falls to your brother.

*Y. W.* I had rather, Mr. Subtleman, it were his by law : for I would have the strongest

*Sub.* I'm very sorry there should happen any breach between you and him : so I think it would be but a christianlike compromise to take away all farther disputes, by giving you your fair share of the estate by the last will of your father. Look'e, I'll divide stakes—you shall yield him the old and his share to him, and he shall quit his share to you.

*Y. W.* Oh, Sir, as you say, I don't much care if I do want him the church, half an hour is but a trifle : but now shall we do about his will ? Who shall we get to prove

*Sub.* Never trouble yourself for that : I expect a cargo of witnesses and utquebaugh by the first fair wind.

*Y. W.* But we can't stay for them : it must be done immediately.

*Sub.* Well, well ; we'll find some body, I warrant you, to make oath of his last words.

*Y. W.* That's impossible ; for my father died of an apoplexy, and did not speak at all.

*Sub.* That's nothing, Sir : he's not the first dead man that I have made to speak.

*Y. W.* You're a great master of speech, I don't question, Sir : and I can assure you there will be ten guineas of every word you extort from him in my favour.

*Sub.* O, Sir, that's enough to make your great grandfather speak.

*Y. W.* Come then, I'll carry you to my steward ; he shall give you the names of the manors, and the true titles and descriptions of the estate, and then you shall go to work. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Park.

*Richmore and Trueman meeting.*

*Richmore.* O how glad you're very happy with the fair, I find. Pray, which of these two ladies you encountered just now has your affection ?

*Trueman.* She has repulsed me by forbidding it : and since I had courage to declare to herself, I dare now own it to the world. *Richmore.* Sir, is my angel.

*True.*

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*True.* Ha! [*Pauses.*] Sir, I find you're of every body's religion; but methinks you make a bold slight at first: do you think your Captain's pay will stake against so high a gamester?

*True.* What do you mean?

*Rich.* Mean! Bless me, Sir, mean! You're a man of mighty honour, we all know. But I'll tell you a secret. The thing is public already.

*True.* I should be proud that all mankind were acquainted with it; I should despise the passion that could make me either ashamed, or afraid to own it.

*Rich.* Ha, ha, ha! Prythee, dear Captain, no more of these rhodomontado's; & you may as soon put a standing army upon us.' I'll tell you another secret—Five hundred pound is the least penny.

*True.* Nay, to my knowledge, she has fifteen hundred.

*Rich.* Nay, to my knowledge, she took five.

*True.* Took five! How! Where?

*Rich.* In her lap, in her lap, Captain; where should it be?

*True.* I'm amazed.

*Rich.* So am I, that she could be so unreasonable—Fifteen hundred pound! 'Sdeath! had she that price from you?

*True.* 'Sdeath, I meant her portion.

*Rich.* Why, what have you to do with her portion?

*True.* I loved her up to marriage, by this light.

*Rich.* Marriage! Ha, ha, ha! I love the gypsy for her cunning.—A young, easy, amorous, credulous fellow 'of two and twenty,' was just the game she wanted: I find she presently singled you out from the herd.

*True.* You distract me!

*Rich.* A soldier too, that must follow the wars abroad, and leave her to engagements at home.

*True.* Death and turies! I'll be revenged.

*Rich.* Why, what can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

*True.* Her reputation was spoilt when I went over.

*Rich.* 'So was the reputation of Marshal Boufflers.' But d'ye think, that while you were beating the French abroad,

that we were idle at home? No, no; we have  
 our sieges, our capitulations, and surrenders, and all  
 that. We have cut ourselves out good winter quarters

— you are billeted there?

— Yes, Sir, you ought to be very trusty  
 in your choice, that has saved you from destruction. In  
 that house, I have stowed five hundred pounds in that  
 little spot, and I should think it very hard, if you took it  
 out of my head.

— Yes, Sir, not by a lease for life, I can assure you; but I  
 find —

— What? You ha'n't five hundred pounds to give.  
 — Since you can make no sport, spoil none. In a  
 year or two she dwindles to a perfect busket-bank; every  
 body may play at it that pleases, and then you may put  
 in for a piece or two.

— Dear Sir, I could worship you for this.

— Not for this, nephew! for I did not intend it,  
 but I came to seek you upon another affair. Were not  
 you at court last night?

— Yes, I was.

— Did you not talk to Clelia, my Lady Taper's

— A fine woman!

— Well; I met her upon the stairs; and handing  
 her coach, she asked me, if you were not my ne-  
 phew. And said two or three warm things, that per-  
 ceive she likes you: her relations have interest at  
 court, and she has money in her pocket.

— But — this devil Aurelia still sticks with me.

— What then! The way to love in one place with  
 is to marry in another with convenience.  
 — She has four thousand pounds; this applied to your  
 ambition, whether love or advancement, will  
 be a great way; and for her virtue, and conduct, be  
 assured that nobody can give a better account of it than

— I am willing to believe from this late accident,  
 that you consult my honour and interest in what you pro-  
 pose; and therefore I am satisfied to be governed.

*Rich.*

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*Rich.* I see the very lady in the walk. We'll about it.

*True.* I wait on you.

SCENE changes to Lord Wou'dbe's House.

Enter Young Wou'dbe, Subtleman, and Steward.

*T. W.* Well, Mr. Subtleman, you are sure the will is firm and good in law.

*Sub.* I warrant you, my Lord : and for the last words to prove it, here they are. Look'e, Mr. Clearaccount—Yes—that is an answer to the question that was put to him (you know) by those about him when he was a dying—Yes, or No, he must have said ; so we have chosen Yes——“ Yes, I have made my will, as it may be found in the custody of Mr. Clearaccount my steward ; and I desire it may stand as my last will and testament.” Did you ever hear a dying man's words more to the purpose ? An apoplexy ! I tell you, my Lord had intervals to the last.

*Stew.* Ay, but how shall these words be proved ?

*Sub.* My Lord shall speak them now.

*T. W.* Shall he, faith !

*Sub.* Ay, now—it the corps ben't buried—Look'e, Sir, these words must be put into his mouth, and drawn out again before us all : and if they won't be his last words then—I'll be perjured.

*T. W.* What, violate the dead ! It must not be, Mr. Subtleman.

*Sub.* With all my heart, Sir ! But I think you had better violate the dead of a tooth or so, than violate the living of seven thousand pound a year.

*T. W.* But is there no other way ?

*Sub.* No, Sir. Why, d'ye think Mr. Clearaccount here will hazard soul and body to swear they are his last words, unless they be made his last words ; for my part, Sir, I'll swear to nothing but what I see with my eyes come out of a man's mouth.

*T. W.* But it looks so unnatural.

*Sub.* What ! to open a man's mouth, and put in a bit of paper !—This is all.

*T. W.*



was posthumous born, and lived not till he died—My hours indeed I numbered, but never enjoyed them, till this moment.—My brother! What is brother? We are all so; and the first two were enemies. He stands before me in the road of life, to rob me of my pleasure. My senses, formed by nature for delight, are all alarmed. My sight, my hearing, taste and touch, call loudly on me for their objects, and they shall be satisfied. [Exit.

END of the SECOND ACT.

### A C T III.

SCENE, a Levee.

*Young Wou'dbe dressing, and several Gentlemen whispering him by turns.*

YOUNG WOU'DEE.

SURELY the greatest ornament of quality is a clean and a numerous levee; such a croud of attendants for the cheap reward of words and promises, distinguishes the nobility from those that pay wages to their servants.

[A Gentleman whispers.

' Sir, I shall speak to the commissioners, and use all my interest, I can assure you, Sir.

[Another whispers.

' Sir, I shall meet some of your board this evening; let me see you to-morrow.

[A Third whispers.

' Sir, I'll consider of it.—That fellow's breath stinks of tobacco. [A Mr.] O Mr. Comick, your servant.

Com. My Lord, I wish you joy; I have something to shew your Lordship.

T. W. What is it, pray, Sir?

Com. I have an *Elegy* upon the dead Lord, and a *Panegyric* upon the living one: *in utrumque paratum*, my Lord.

T. W. Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. Comick—But pray, Mr. Comick, why don't you write plays? It would give me an opportunity of serving you.

Com. My Lord, I have writ one.

T. W.

When a rehearsing these  
 may be a great deal of  
 I have another play

lian and Spa-  
 ces here migh-

[*Exit*.  
 him—give him  
 window.—‘Cap-

interest with the Ge-  
 I hope, my Lord,  
 tute me to spill the

world—Captain, you  
 vice I can.

I don’t forget to speak to  
 mission: although I  
 my Lord, my inter-  
 en, which, I think,  
 o, whose bloody dif-  
 from lifting.

ld—Sir, you may de-  
 my power.—Cap-

—Sir, I’ll speak to  
 house—

[*To the Gentlemen.*’

Gentlemen all, I beg

[*Enter Lovell.*

to command me?

want—I have a su-

a graceless son, a

ly, keeps a whore in

he’s fit for no kind of

him, that I intend to

now be ruined it be



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*T. W.* I commend your paternal care, Sir. Can I do you any service in this affair?

*Ald.* Yes, my Lord: there is a vacant company in Colonel What-d'ye-call-'em's regiment, and if your Lordship would but speak to the General——

*T. W.* Has your son ever served?

*Ald.* Served! Yes, my Lord, he's an ensign in the Train-bands now.

*T. W.* Has he ever signalized his courage?

*Ald.* Often, often, my Lord; but one day in particular, you must know, his captain was so busy shipping off a cargo of cheese, that he left my son to command in his place. Would you believe it, my Lord? he charged up Cheapside in the front of the Bull-coats, with such bravery and courage, that I could not forbear wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, for ten thousand such officers upon the Rhine. Ah, my Lord! we must employ such fellows as he, or we shall never humble the French king—Now, my Lord, if you could find a convenient time to hint these things to the General——

*T. W.* All the reason in the world, Mr. Alderman, I'll do you all the service I can.

*Ald.* You may tell him, he's a man of courage, fit for the service; and then he loves hardship. He sleeps every other night in the round-house.

*T. W.* I'll do you all the service I can.

*Ald.* Then, my Lord, he salutes with his pike so handsomely, it went to his mistress's heart the other day—and he beats a drum like an angel.

*T. W.* I'll do you all the service I can——

*[Not taking the least notice of the Alderman all this while, but dressing himself in the glass.]*

*Ald.* But, my Lord, the hurry of your Lordship's affairs may put my business out of your head; therefore, my Lord, I'll presume to leave you some memorandum.

*T. W.* I'll do you all the service I can——

*[Not minding him.]*

*Ald.* Pray, my Lord, *[Pulling him by the sleeve.]* give me leave, for a memorandum; my glove, I suppose, will do. Here, my Lord, pray remember me.

*[Lays his glove upon the table and exit.]*

*T. W.* I'll do you all the service I can——What, is he gone? 'Tis the most rude, familiar fellow——Faugh! what

[A purse drops out of the pocket of the well-made glove, and is picked up by the respectable person I have just mentioned.] — But what must I do to do you remember what

your Lordship had. — A man of quality can do something, 'tis his duty. — [Exit Friseur.] He and his son, and Train-

Friseur. — Your memorandum in my pocket has done you much honour.

— The business you were talking of, I have given a short note of it to the Duke's valet. — But, Mr. Alford, (he is your glove, it fits me like a glove) It looks so like a glove, — and I would have

the other glove for a pair. — [Gives the glove.]

— A gentleman to my service. — All the service you can

— the service I can — — — of soliciting some- — — — [Exit Alford.]

— your vintner, with their bills, — — — money.

— that when I was a — — — higher rank, I'm — — — that clamorous rogue or

of a taylor, speak him fair, till he has made up my *acc-*  
*ries*—then, about a year and a half hence I shall be at  
 leisure to put him off for a year and a half longer.

*Stew.* My Lord, there's a gentleman below calls him-  
 self Mr. Basset; he says that your Lordship owes him  
 fifty guineas, that he won of you at *chance*.

*T. W.* Look'e, Sir, the gentleman's money is a *dupe*  
 of honour, and must be paid immediately.

*Stew.* Your father thought otherwise, my Lord, he  
 always took care to have the poor tradesmen satisfied,  
 whose only subsistence lay in the use of their money,  
 and was used to say, that nothing was honourable but  
 what was honest.

*T. W.* My father might say what he pleased, he was  
 a nobleman of very singular humour—but in my *no-*  
*tion*, there are not two things in nature more different  
 than honour and honesty. Now your honesty is a lit-  
 tle mechanic quality, well enough among citizens, peo-  
 ple that do nothing but pitiful mean actions according  
 to law; but your honour flies a much higher pitch,  
 and will do any thing that's free and spontaneous, but  
 scorns to level itself to what is only just.

*Stew.* But I think it is a little hard to have these poor  
 people starve for want of their money, and yet pay this  
 sharpening rascal fifty guineas.

*T. W.* Sharpening rascal! What a barbarism that is?  
 Why he wears as good wigs, as fine linen, and keeps as  
 good company as any at White's; and, between you and  
 I, Sir, this sharpening rascal, as you are pleased to call him,  
 shall make more interest among the nobility with his  
 cards and counters, than a soldier shall with his sword and  
 pistol. Pray let him have fifty guineas immediately.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE the Street.

*Enter Elder Wou'dbe writing in a pocket-book, in a riding-  
 habit.*

*E. W.* "Monday the 14th of December, 1702, I am  
 arrived safe in London, and so concluding my travels—"

[*Sitting up his book.*]

Now welcome, country, father, friends,  
 My brother too (if brothers can be friends)  
 But, above all, my charming fair, my Constance.

Through

and'ring steps,  
that I have run,  
of my courie,  
the way.  
are possels'd,  
voice and look  
youth,

*He throws it down*

What makes you fit  
? You'll rumple the

did carry the port-man-  
port-mantel shall carry

London, Teague, after our

the lowest place I have shewn  
my nown brave shiry of  
a very fragrant smell  
to that pailitry-cook's  
at least of a kind?

travell'd the world over, he  
his stomach.—Why,  
early?

twinkl, 'tish a great deal  
lock.

unless thy guts be

a dam way of distance,

with four or five Footmen  
the stage.

With one, two,  
young fellow just tall-  
Run, Teague, enquire

*(one of the Footmen.)* Sir,  
to your maister, and  
ish upon him?  
ish upon him?

*Tea.*

*Tca.* Yesh, fet wou'd I.

*Foot.* Why, what are you, Sir?

*Tca.* By my shoul, I am a shentleman bred and bant,  
and dere ish my maister.

*Foot.* Then your master wou'd know it?

*Tca.* Arah, you fool, ish it not the fadin ting?

*Foot.* Then tell your master, 'tis the young Lord  
Wou'dbe, just come to his estate by the death of his fa-  
ther and elder brother. [Exit Footman.]

*E. W.* What do I hear?

*Tca.* You hear that you are dead, maister; fere vi;  
you pleashe to be buried?

*E. W.* But art thou sure it was my brother?

*Tca.* By my shoul it was his nown self; I know'd him  
very well, after his man told me.

*E. W.* The business requires that I be convinced with  
my own eyes. I'll follow him, and know the bottom  
on't. Stay here till I return.

*Tca.* Dear maister, have I care upon your self. Now  
they know you are dead, by my shoul they may kill you.

*E. W.* Don't fear: none of his servants know me, and  
I'll take care to keep my face from his sight. 'It con-  
cerns me to conceal myself, till I know the engines of  
'this contrivance.' Be sure you stay till I come to you;  
and let nobody know whom you belong to. [Exit.]

*Tca.* Oh, ho, hon, poor Teague is left all alone.

[Sits on the port-mantle.]

*Enter Subtleman and Steward.*

*Sub.* And you won't swear to the will?

*Stew.* My conscience tells me I dare not do't with  
safety.

*Sub.* But if we make it lawful what should we fear?  
We now think nothing against conscience, 'till the cause  
be thrown out of court.

*Stew.* In you, Sir, 'tis no sin, because 'tis the principle  
of your profession: but in me, Sir, 'tis downright perjury  
indeed. You can't want witnesses enough, since money  
won't be wanting—and you must lose no time; for I  
heard just now, that the true Lord Wou'dbe was seen in  
town, or his ghost.

*Sub.* It was his ghost, to be sure; for a nobleman with-  
out an estate is but the shadow of a lord.—Well, take no  
care:

to myself; I am near the Friars, and ten  
evidence..

[Exit.]

What a hunger and the gallows  
like one for my purpose.  
what have you got under

a port-manteau?

My father was an Irish poet—  
verses concerning the var  
self-dogs.

I am afraid?

generation ish so—I have  
and dat itself ish not my

What are you listening to?

What are you listening to?

What are you listening to?

What are you listening to?

What are you listening to?

*Tia.* By eating, dear joy, sen I can get it, and by  
sleeping sen I can get none.—'Till the fashion of Ire-  
land.

What was your master's name pray?

*Tia.* [Exit.] I will tell a lee now; but it shall be  
a true one.—Macfadin, dear joy, was his naam.  
He went with King Jamish into France.—He  
Deere ish the true lee noo.

[Exit.]

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

What employment had he?

## THE TWIN RIVALS.

me to the next tavern, I'll give thee a dinner and a glass of wine.

*Yea.* By my shoul 'tis dat I wanted, dear joy; come along, and I will follow you.

*[Runs out before Subtleman with the port-mustard on his back.*

*Enter Elder Wou'dbe.*

*E. W.* My father dead! my birth-right lost! How have my drowsy stars slept over my fortune? Ha! *[Looking about.]* My servant gone! The simple, poor, ungrateful wretch has left me. I took him up from poverty and want; and now he leaves me just as I found him. My clothes and money too! But why should I repine? Let man but view the dangers he has past, and few will fear what hazards are to come. That Providence that has secured my life from thieves, shipwreck, and from sickness, is still the same; still 'kind whilst I am just.' My death, I find, is firmly believed; but how it gained so universal credit, I fain would learn. Who comes here?—honest Mr. Fairbank! My father's goldsmith, a man of substance and integrity. The alteration of five years absence, with the report of my death, may shade me from his knowledge, till I enquire some news.

*Enter Fairbank.*

Sir, your humble servant.

*Fair.* Sir, I don't know you.

*[Speaking to E. W.]*

*E. W.* I intend you no harm, Sir; but seeing you come from my Lord Wou'dbe's house, I would ask you a question or two. Bray what distemper did my Lord die of?

*Fair.* I am told it was an apoplexy.

*E. W.* And pray, Sir, what does the world say? Is his death much lamented?

*Fair.* Lamented! My eyes that question should solve. Friend, thou knewest him not; else thy own heart had answered thee.

*E. W.* His grief, methinks, chides my defect of filial duty. *[Aside.]* But I hope, Sir, his loss is partly recompensed in the merits of his successor.

*Fair.* It might have been; but his eldest son, heir to his

honour, was lately and unfortunately killed.

— Unfortunately, Sir?

— Entirely for him, and us. I do remember mildest, humblest, sweetest youth—

*E. W.* — I had been my part in life, if I had left this age, whilst this to spotless, and owned my going off. [*Aside.*]

Well, Sir.

*Fair.* But those that saw him in his travels, told such wonders of his improvement, that the report recalled his father's years; and with the joy to hear his Hermes praised, he oft would break the chains of gout and age; and leaping up with strength of greenest youth, cry, My Hermes, myself: methinks I live my sprightly days again, and I am young in him.

*E. W.* Spite of all modesty, a man must own pleasure in the hearing of his praise. [*Aside.*]

*Fair.* You're thoughtful, Sir. Had you any relation to the family we talk of?

*E. W.* None, Sir, beyond my private concern in the public lots. But pray, Sir, what character does the present Lord bear?

*Fair.* Your pardon, Sir. As for the dead, their memories are left unregarded, and tongues may touch them freely: but for the living, they have provided for the safety of their names by a strong inclosure of the law. There is a thing called *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

*E. W.* I commend your caution, Sir; but be assured I intend not to entrap you. I am a poor gentleman, and having heard much of the charity of the old Lord — I had a mind to apply to his son, and therefore — character.

— Things are changed: that house was — might go a pilgrimage to seek, and — The noble Lord, the truly noble — his honour, and his house, as if they were only — upon the interest of doing good to others. He kept a porter, not to exclude, but serve — No creditor was seen to guard his going out, — coming in: no craving eyes, but looks of smiling



smiling gratitude. But now, that family, which, garden fairly kept, invited every stranger to its shade, is now run over with weeds: nothing but noise and revelling within, a croud of noisy creditors about, a train of servants insolently proud—Would you believe it, Sir, as I offered to go in just now, the side porter pushed me back with his hat. I am at this present (thanks to Providence and my industry) worth twenty thousand pounds. I pay the fifth part of this to maintain the liberty of the nation; and yet this slave, this impudent Swiss slave, offered to strike me.

*E. W.* 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard: and if they used a man of your substance so roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a groat?

*Fair.* I would not willingly defraud your hopes of what may happen. If you can drink and swear, perhaps—

*E. W.* I shall not pay that price for his Lordship's bounty, would it extend to half he's worth. Sir, I give you thanks for your caution, and shall steer another course.

*Fair.* Sir, you look like an honest, modest gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a dinner as my Lord; and you shall be very welcome to eat at my table every day, till you are better provided.

*E. W.* Good man. [*Aside.*] Sir, I must beg you to excuse me to-day; but I shall find a time to accept of your favours, or at least to thank you for them.

*Fair.* Sir, you shall be very welcome whenever you please. [*Exit.*]

*E. W.* Generous, citizen! Surely, if Justice were an herald, she would give this tradesman a nobler coat of arms than my brother. But I delay: I long to vindicate the honour of my station, and to displace this bold usurper. But one concern, methinks is nearer still: my Cousin! Should she, upon the rumour of my death, have fixed her heart elsewhere, then I were dead indeed; but if she still prove true, brother, sit fast:

I'll shake your strength all obstacles remove,  
Sustain'd by justice, and inspir'd by love.

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

*Enter Cousin and Aurelia.*

*Con.* For heaven's sake, cousin, cease your impertinent consolations: it but makes me angry, and raises two pal-

one instead of one. You see I commit no excess; my grief is silent enough; my tears make no noise to disturb any body. I desire no companion in my sorrows; leave me to myself, and you comfort me.

*Luc.* But, cousin, have you no regard to your reputation? This immoderate concern for a young fellow. What will the world say? You lament him like a husband.

*Con.* No, you mistake: I have no rule nor method in my grief; no pomp of black and darkened rooms; no formal month for visits on my bed. I am content with the slight mourning of a broken heart; and all my form is tears.

*Enter Midnight.*

*Mad.* Madam Aurelia, Madam, don't disturb her.— Every thing must have its vent. 'Tis a hard case to be crossed in one's first love. But you should consider, Madam, [*To Constance.*] that we are all born to die, some young, some old.

*Con.* Better we all died young, than to be plagued with age, as I am. I find other folks years are as troublesome to us as our own.

*Mad.* You have reason, you have cause to mourn. He was the handsomest man, and the sweetest babe, that I know; tho' I must confess too, that Ben had much the finer complexion when he was born: but then *Hermes*, yes *Hermes* had the shape, that he had. But of all the infants that I ever beheld with my eyes, I think Ben had the finest ear, wax-work, perfect wax-work: and then he did so sputter at the breast!—His nurse was a hale, well-complexioned, sprightly jade, as ever I saw; but her milk was a little too stale, tho' at the same time 'twas as blue and clear as a cambrick.

*Luc.* Do you intend all this, Madam, for a consolation to the lady?

*Mad.* No, no, Madam, that's to come. I tell you, your lady, you have only lost the man; the estate and title are still your own; and this very moment I would salute you Lady Wou'dbe, if you pleased.

*Con.* Dear Madam, your proposal is very tempting; but I will consider but till to-morrow, and I'll give you an answer.

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4 *Med.* I knew it, I knew it; I said, when you took the horn, you would be a lady; I knew it. To-night you say. My Lord shall know it immediately.

*Aur.* What d'y'e intend to do, cousin?

*Con.* To go into the country this moment, to be free from the impertinence or condolence, the persecution of that monster of a man, and that devil of a woman.—O, Aurelia, I long to be alone. I am become so fond of grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no interruption in my darling sorrow.

*Enter Elder Woudbe unperceived.*

*E. W.* In tears! perhaps for me! I'll try——

*[Drops a picture, and goes back to the entrance, and listens.]*

*Aur.* If there be aught in grief delightful, don't grudge me a share.

*Con.* No, my dear Aurelia, I'll engross it all. I loved him so, methinks I should be jealous if any mourned his death besides myself. What's here! *[Takes up the picture.]* Ha! see, cousin! the very face and features of the man! Sure some officious angel has brought me this for a companion in my solitude. Now I am fitted out for sorrow. With this I'll sigh, with this converse, gaze on his image till I grow blind with weeping.

*Aur.* I'm amazed! how came it here?

*Con.* Whether by miracle or human chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: nor shall it ever separate from my breast—it's the only thing could give me joy, because it will encrease my grief.

*E. W.* *[Entering.]* Most glorious woman! now I am fond of life.

*Aur.* Ha! What's this? Your business, pray Sir?

*E. W.* With this lady. *[Goes to Constance, takes her hand, and kisses.]* Here let me worship that perfection, whose virtue might attract the listening angels, and make them smile to see such purity, so like themselves, in human shape.

*Con.* Hermes!

*E. W.* Your living Hermes, who shall die yours too.

*Con.* Now passion, powerful passion, would bear me like a whirlwind to his arms—but my sex has bounds.  
'Tis wonderful, Sir!

'Gone is the serpent's line, the works of fate for  
 the serpentine line that  
 That hidden power which  
 at me of my birth-right,  
 is in store, well knowing  
 for joy.'

sweets of love till this  
! my stars are poetical.  
your fortune.

must do: for he made

Q. Now, I believe I told you, like a fool all this while :  
would I had your trade or other to say a fine thing or  
say to me.

...mille pardons : I have

W. H. & A. C. Loomis, Inc. of New York.

...trouble me with a title till  
...my peerage would look a

... my Lord; you can

Madam—These are

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am at present, I believe,  
irk'c, Aurelia, pr'ythee

indeed! He wants a

... **Heart,**

...with five thousand.

...my Lord: here's a  
...you were killed. I was  
...to I come to disprove  
...the last post.

it will be my turn,

*Trans.*

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*True.* Now, my Lord, I wish you joy; and I expect the same from you.

*E. W.* With all my heart; but upon what score?

*True.* The old score, marriage.

*E. W.* To whom?

*True.* To a neighbour lady here. [*Looking at Angelica.*]

*Aur.* Impudence! [*Aside.*] The lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Sir.

*True.* The lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Madam.

*Aur.* Don't mistake me, Sir; I did not care if the lady were in Mexico.

*True.* Nor I neither, Madam.

*Aur.* You're very short, Sir.

*True.* The shortest pleasures are the sweetest, you know.

*Aur.* Sir, you appear very different to me from what you were very lately.

*True.* Madam, you appear very different to me to what you were lately.

*Aur.* Strange!

[*This while Constance and Wou'dbe entertain one another in dumb show.*]

*True.* Miraculous!

*Aur.* I could never have believed it.

*True.* Nor I, as I hope to be saved.

*Aur.* Ill manners!

*True.* Worse.

*Aur.* How have I deserved it, Sir?

*True.* How have I deserved it, Madam?

*Aur.* What?

*True.* You.

*Aur.* Riddles!

*True.* Women!—My Lord, you'll hear. [*Runs off.*]

*E. W.* What, Trucman gone!

*Aur.* Yes.

*Con.* Bless me! what's the matter, cousin?

*Aur.* Nothing.

*Con.* Why are you uneasy?

*Aur.* Nothing.

*Con.* What ails you then?

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*Ans.* Nothing.—I don't love the fellow—yet to be affronted—I can't bear it.

*[Bursts out a crying, and runs off.]*

*Ans.* Your friend, my Lord, has affronted Aurelia.

*E. W.* Impossible! His regard to me were sufficient security for his good behaviour here, tho' it were in his nature to be rude elsewhere.—She has certainly used him

*Con.* Too well rather.

*E. W.* Too well! have a care, Madam! that, with some men, is the greatest provocation to a flight.

*Con.* Don't mistake, my Lord, her usage never went farther than mine to you; and I should take it very ill to be abused for it.

*E. W.* I'll follow him, and know the cause of it.

*Con.* No, my Lord, I'll follow her, and know it: besides, your own affairs with your brother require you at present.

*[Exit Con.]*

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

*Enter Young Wou'dbe and Subtleman.*

*Young Wou'dbe.*

RETURNED! Who saw him? Who spoke with him? He can't be returned.

*Ans.* My Lord, he's below at the gate, parlying with the porter, who has private orders from me to admit nobody till you send him word, that we may have the more time to settle our affairs.

*E. W.* 'Tis a hard case, Mr. Subtleman, that a man can't enjoy his right without all this trouble.

*Sub.* Ah, my Lord, you see the benefit of law now, what an advantage it is to the public for securing of property. Had you not the law of your side, who knows what devices might be practised to defraud you of your right. But I have secured all—The will is in true

E a

form;

form ; and you have two witnesses of my last words of your father.

*T. W.* Then you have got another ?

*Sub.* Yes, yes, a right one ; and at that time enough before the term, I had three or four constables in the next room to your brother if he should be boisterous.

*T. W.* Then you think we are safe.

*Sub.* Ay, ay, let him come now, and I will go down and give orders for his admission.

*T. W.* Unkind brother ! to disturb the swing and stretch of my full fortune, of blood and nature, when brother would have but staid till Constance had been mine, his presence had been then indifferent.

*Enter Midnight.*

*Mid.* Well, my Lord, [*Pauses and looks at the clock.*] I can never be satisfied till you have bro't me some such ado yonder about you with Madam Constance, but she's your own.

*T. W.* How ! my own ! Ah ! my own ! I am afraid we are routed in that quarter, and come home.

*Mid.* Your brother come home ;

*T. W.* Hold, hold, Madam, we have provided for his reception ; you see the man has stopp'd up all passages to the street.

*Mid.* Ay, Subtleman is a pretty little boy. Little do you think who I shall see ! I'll tell you ; Mr. Moabite the rich Jew of the street.

*T. W.* Moabite the Jew !

*Mid.* You shall hear, my Lord—  
 ' He was very grave in my own house, ready for Preparation—Ay, it was the Weekly Preparation—  
 ' I remember particularly well. What he said, pat, pat, very softly at the door.  
 ' and presently enters Mr. Moabite, sits in his chair, the windows close drawn, and a young virgin just upon the point of her  
 ' We were all in a great hurly-burly

sure; but our production was a fine boy. I had fifty guineas for my trouble, the lady was wrapped up very warm, placed in her chair, and re-conveyed to the place she came from. Who she was, or what she was, I could never learn, though my maid said that the chair went through the Park—but the child was left with me.—The father would have made a Jew on it presently, but I swore, if he committed such a barbarity on the infant, that I would discover all.—So I had him brought up a good christian, and bound 'prentice to an attorney.

*T. W.* Very well.

*Mid.* Ah, my Lord! there's many a pretty fellow in London that knows as little of their true father and mother as he does; I have had several such jobs in my time—there was one Scotch nobleman that brought me four in half a year.

*T. W.* Four! and how were they all provided for?

*Mid.* Very handsomely indeed; they were two sons and two daughters; the eldest son rides in the first troop of guards, and the other is a very pretty fellow, and his father's valet de chambre.

*T. W.* And what is become of the daughters, pray?

*Mid.* Why one of them is a munteau-maker, and the youngest has got into the play-house.—Ay, ay, my Lord, let Subtleman alone, I'll warrant he'll manage your brother. Ads my life, here is somebody coming, I would ~~be~~ be seen.

*T. W.* 'Tis my brother, and he'll meet you upon the stairs! adso, get into this closet till he be gone.

*[Steps her into the closet.]*

*Enter Elder Wou'dbe and Subtleman.*

My brother! dearest brother, welcome!

*[Runs and embraces Lim.]*

*E. W.* I can't dissemble, Sir, else I would return your false embrace.

*T. W.* No embrace! still suspicious of me! I thought that five years absence might have cooled the unmanly heats of our childish days; that I am over-joyed at your return, let this testify; this moment I resign all right and title to your honour, and salute you Lord.

*E. W.* I want not your permission to enjoy my right;

*E 3*

*here*



here I am lord and master without your leave; the first use I make of my authority, is to bid you, rude, bull-faced fellow at the door. Where is your master?

*Enter Clearaccount.*

Mr. Clearaccount, let that pampered centurion be discharged. Brother, I would feed such a swarm of lazy, idle drones about the poor industrious bees, that seduce their hives, to want. Steward, look to't; if I charge for every farthing of my father's debt to-morrow morning, you shall follow to the gallows. Can assure you.

T. W. Hold, hold, my Lord, you usurp power, methinks, over my family.

E. W. Your family!

T. W. Yes, my family; you have no title here. Mr. Clearaccount, you know your master.

E. W. How! a combination against me? Take heed how you deal with one, that cautions falsehood, comes prepared to meet your arts, and tort your cunning to your infamy: your blarney designs against my life, before I went, charity can pardon; but my prudence must guard me from your malice for the future.

T. W. Our father's weak and fond surmise upon his death bed owned; and to recompense that injurious, unnatural suspicion, he left me his estate. Now, my Lord, my house and my service.

E. W. Villainy beyond example! have I from my father of scarce a fortnight's date, what repeats his fears for my return, lest it should agitate me to your hatred?

Sub. Well, well, these are no proofs, no proof, my Lord; they won't pass in court against positive proof. Here is your father's will, *signatum & sigillatum*; his last words to confirm it, to which I can take the same oath in any court of Westminster.

E. W. What are you, Sir?

Sub. Of Clifford's Inn, my Lord, I belong to your service.

E. W. Thou art the worm and maggot of the bred in the bruised and rotten parts, and now art

the same corruption that produced thee. The  
 as planted first, was like the English oak,  
 spreading arms around, to shelter all that  
 sought its shade : but now whole swarms of can-  
 ker-like you, hang in such clusters upon every  
 that the once thriving tree now sheds infectious  
 from our heads.

My Lord, I have some company above ; if  
 my ship will drink a glass of wine, we shall be  
 in honour : if not, I shall attend you at any  
 signature, whenever you please to summon me.  
 I told, Sir — Perhaps my father's dying weak-  
 ness imposed on, and he has left him heir ; it so, his  
 will be obeyed. [*Aside.*] Brother, you say you

see it is. [*Shewing a parchment.*  
 Let me see it.

There's no precedent for that, my Lord.

Upon my honour, I'll restore it.

Upon my honour, but you shan't

[*Takes it from Sub. and puts it in his pocket.*

This over-caution, brother, is suspicious.

Even thousand pound a year is worth looking

therefore you can't take it ill that I am a little  
 about it. Have you witnesses to prove my  
 words ?

A couple in the house.

Who are they ?

Witnesses, my Lord ! 'Tis unwarrantable to en-  
 deavour to get the cause out of court ; — my  
 answer no more questions.

Perhaps, Sir, upon a satisfactory account of  
 tend to leave your client to the quiet enjoy-  
 ment, without troubling any court with the  
 heretofore desire to know what kind of per-  
 sons witnesses.

He's coming about. [*Aside.*] I told your  
 lady, that I am one ; another is in the house,  
 Lord's footmen.

Where is this footman ?

He's coming.

*E. W.* Produce him.

*Sub.* That I shall presently. The day's our own, Sir [To Y. W.] But you shall engage first to ask him no cross questions.

*E. W.* I am not skilled in such. But, pray Mother did my father quite forget me? left me nothing?

*T. W.* Truly, my Lord, nothing: he spoke but little, left no legacies.

*E. W.* 'Tis strange! he was extremely just, and loved me too; but perhaps—

*Enter Subtleman with Teague.*

*Sub.* My Lord, here's another evidence.

*E. W.* Teague!

*T. W.* My brother's servant!

[They all four stare upon one another.]

*Sub.* His servant!

*Tra.* Maister! see here, maister, I did get all dish [Chinks money.] for being an evidensh, dear joy; and by my shoule, I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your permission to make swear against you.

*E. W.* My wonder is divided between the villainy of the fact, and the amazement of the discovery. Teague! my very servant! sure I dream.

*Tra.* Fer, dere ish no dreaming in the cash; I'm sure the croon pieceish are awake, for I have been talking with dem dish half hour.

*T. W.* Ignorant, unlucky man, thou hast ruined me; why had not I a sight of him before?

*Sub.* I thought the fellow had been too ignorant to be a knave.

*Tra.* By my shoule, you ~~let~~ dear joy. I can be a knave as well as you, fer I think it conveniency.

*E. W.* Now, brother! Speechlets! Your oracle silenced! 'Is all your boailed fortune funk to the guilty 'blushing for a crime?' But I scorn to insult. Let his appointment be your punishment: but for you, lawyer there—Teague, lay hold of him.

*Sub.* Let none dare to attach me without a legal warrant.

*Tra.* Attach! no, dear joy, I cannot attach you—but I can catch you by the throat, after the fashion of Ireland.

[Takes Sub. by the throat]

*Ed.* An assault! an assault!

*Ed.* NO, no, 'tish noting but choaking, noting but

*E.* him fast, Tere. Now, Sir, [*To Y. W.*]

brother, you would have betrayed me;

your brother, forgive it; dispose your-

self. *Mr. Clearaccount* to give

us. No, take it, and pay me by your

corn your beggarly benevolence: had my

succeeded, I would not have allowed you the

right of a wafer, and therefore will accept none. As

that lawyer, he deserves to be pilloried, not for his

erring in deceiving you, but for his ignorance in be-

traying me. The villain has defrauded me of seven thou-

and pounds a year. Farewel. [*Going.*]

*Ed.* Midnight out of the closet, runs to Young Woud'be,  
and kneels.

*Ed.* My Lord, my dear Lord Wou'dbe, I beg you  
thousand pardons.

What offence hast thou done to me?

An offence the most injurious. I have hitherto

kept a secret in my breast, to the offence of justice,

defrauding your Lordship of your true right and

You, Benjamin Wou'dbe, with the crooked back,

eldest born, and true heir to the estate and dig-

now!

rah, how?

Gone, my Lord, carried hence by I, who brought

into the world.—My deceased Lord, upon

conformity, engaged me, by a confide-

you were the last born, that the beau-

the greater ornament to the fami-

in his honour. This secret my

struggled with. Upon the news that

the estate, I thought justice was sa-

me, I thought to keep it a secret still; but

over-hearing what passed just now,

conscience was racked, and I was forced to de-

*R. W.*

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*Y. W.* By all my former hopes I could have sworn it. I found the spirit of eldership in my blood; my pulse beat, and swelled for seniority. Mr. Hermes Wou'dst, I'm your most humble servant.

*E. W.* Hermes is my name, my christian name; of which I am prouder than all titles that honour gives or flattery bestows. But this vain bubble, 'with the empty breath of thy more empty woman, to let thee see how I despise thy pride, I'll call thee Lord, dress thee up in titles like a king at arms; 'you shall be 'blazoned round, like any church in Holland; thy peerageantry shall exceed the Lord Mayor's;' and yet this Hermes, plain Hermes, shall despise thee.

*Sub.* Well, well, this is nothing to the purpose. Mistress, will you make an affidavit of what you have said, before a master in Chancery?

*Mid.* That I can, tho' I were to die the next minute after it.

*Tea.* Den, dear joy, you would be damn'd the next minute after dat.

*E. W.* All this is trifling: I must purge my house of this nest of villainy at once. Here, Teague (*Whisper*) go, make haste.

*Tea.* Dat I can.

[*As he runs out, Young Wou'dbe stops.*]

*Y. W.* Where are you going, Sir?

*Tea.* Only for a pot of ale, dear joy, for you and my maister, to drink friends.

*Y. W.* You lie, firrah.

[*Pushes him back.*]

*Tea.* Fer, I do so.

*E. W.* What, *fieleng*? My servant! Nay, the 'll force him a passage.

*Sub.* An assault, an assault upon the body of a peer. Within there!

*Enter three or four Constables, one of them with a black patch on his eye. They disarm Elder Wou'dbe, and secure Teague.*

*E. W.* This plot was laid for my reception. me, constable.

*Y. W.* Have a care, Mr. Constable, the man is not he's possessed with an odd phrenzy, that he's my brother,



SCENE *the Street.**Enter Teague.*

*Tea.* Deel tauke me but dith ish a most shweet businets indeed ; maishtrers play the fool, and shervants must suffer for it. I am prishoner in the Constable's house, by my shoul, and shent abroad to fetch some bail maishtr ; but who shall bail me, Teague, agra ?

*Enter Constance.*

Oh, dere ish my maishtr's old k. Indeed, I fear dith businets will spoil his fortune,

*Con.* Who's here ? Teague ! *[He turns from her.]*

*Tea.* Deel tauke her, I did tought she cou'd not know me agen, now I am a prishoner. *[Constance goes about to look him in the face. He turns from her.]* Dith ish not shivil, by my shoul, to know a shentleman fetther he will or no.

*Con.* Why this, Teague ? What's the matter ? Are you asham'd of me or yourself, Teague ?

*Tea.* Of bote, by my shoul.

*Con.* How does your maller, Sir ?

*Tea.* Very well, dear joy, and in prishon.

*Con.* In prishon ! how ? where ?

*Tea.* Why, in the little Bastile yonder, at the end of the street.

*Con.* Shew me the way immediately.

*Tea.* Fet, I can shew you the house yonder ; shce yonder ! by my shoul, I shce his face yonder, peeping thro' the iron glats window.

*Con.* I'll see him, though my unges were his confinement.

*Tea.* Ah ! sure, my shoul, by my shoul, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my maishtr had but grathe enough to get her with child, her word wou'd go for two ; and she wou'd bail him and I bote.

SCENE *a Room miserably furnished, &c.* Wou'd be sitting and writing.

*E. W.* The Tow'r confines the great,  
The spunging-house the poor ;  
Thus there are degrees of state  
That ev'n the wretched must endure.

Virgil, tho' cherish'd in courts,  
Relates but a splenetic tale,  
Cervantes revels and sports,  
Altho' he writ in a gaol.

hang reflexions, [*Starts*.] I'll go write a come-  
dian. Ho, within there: tell the lieutenant of the tower  
that I would speak with him.

*Enter Constable.*

*Con.* Ay, ay, the man is mad: lieutenant of the to-  
wer! ha, ha, ha! would you could make your words  
good, master.

*E. W.* Why, am not I a prisoner here? I know it by  
the stately apartments. What is that, pray, that hangs  
streaming down upon the wall yonder?

*Con.* Yonder! 'tis cobweb, Sir.

*E. W.* 'Tis false, Sir: 'tis as fine tapestry as any in  
Europe.

*Con.* The devil it is!

*E. W.* Then your damask bed, here; the flowers are  
so bold, I took them for embroidery; and then the  
head-work, *point de Venise*, I protest!

*Con.* As good Kidderminster as any in England, I must  
confess: and though the sheets be a little soiled, yet I  
can assure you, Sir, that many an honest gentleman has  
lain in them.

*E. W.* Pray, Sir, what did those two Indian pieces cost,  
that are fixed up in the corner of the room?

*Con.* Indian pieces! What the devil, Sir, they are my  
old Jack-boots, my old shoes.

*E. W.* I took them for tapestry, upon my word.  
Put hark'e, friend, art thou content that these things  
should be as they are?

*Con.* Content! ay, Sir.

*E. W.* Why then should I complain?

[*One calls within.*

*Nathan.* Mr. Constable, here's a woman will force her  
way upon us: we can't stop her.

*E. W.* Knock her down then, knock her down; let no  
woman come up, the man's mad enough already.

*F*

*Enter*



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*Enter Constance.*

*Con.* Who dares oppose me?

*[Throws him a handful of money.]*

*Const.* Not I truly, Madam. *[Gathering up the money.]*

*E. W.* My Constance! my guardian-angel here!  
Then nought can hurt me.

*Const.* Hark'e, Sir, you may suppose the bed  
damask bed for half an hour, if you please.

*Con.* No, no, Sir, your prisoner must along

*Const.* Ay! saith, the woman's madder than the man.

*Enter Trueman and Teague.*

*E. W.* Ha! Trueman too! I'm proud to think that  
many a prince has not so many true friends in his palace,  
as I have here in prison—Two such—

*Tea.* Trec, by my shoul.

*True.* My Lord, just as I heard of your confinement,  
I was going to make myself a prisoner. Behold the set-  
ters; I had just bought the wedding-ring.

*Con.* I hope they are golden setters, Captain.

*True.* They weigh four thousand pound, Madam, be-  
sides the purse, which is worth a million. My Lord,  
this very evening was I to be married; but the news of  
your misfortune has stop't me: I would not gather roses  
in a wet hour.

*E. W.* Come, the weather shall be clear; the thoughts  
of your good fortune will make me easy, more than my  
own can do, if purchased by your disappointment.

*True.* Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the  
bed of pleasure whilst you lie in a lavel? *[To Const.]*  
is this Constable? How do you do?

*Const.* Insolent fellow! how dare you  
sit?

*True.* Yes, firrah; don't I call you  
name? How dare you confine a peer of

*Const.* Peer of the realm,  
tho', I hope.

*E. W.* Ay, ay, Mr. Constable,  
but his duty; I suppose he had two  
pains.

*Const.* No, I had but ten.

*E. W.* Hark'e, Trueman, this fellow

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he'll be of use to us; I must employ you too in this affair of my brother.

More, my Lord, I'll cut his throat, 'tis my kingdom.

No, 'twill be more revenge to worst him in his own passions. Could I but force him out of his house, might get into possession, his claim would be easily. Does my brother know you? A little, if at all.

[*Whispers.*]

What shall be done. Look'e, Constable, you're mixed into a wrong cause, and it may prove your destruction, if you don't change sides immediately. We desire no favour but the use of your coat, wig, and staff for half an hour.

*Const.* Why, truly, Sir, I understand now, by this gentlewoman, that I know to be our neighbour, that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his worship's pardon, and if I can do your honour any service your grace may command me.

*E. W.* I'll reward you. But you must have the black patch for the eye too.

*Yes.* I can give your Lordship van; here set, 'tis a plaister for a sore finger, and I have worn it but twice.

*Con.* But pray, Captain, what was your quarrel at

Madam, we'll mind my men that's done, we'll mind you to make an excellent constable of a club employment be in another place. Here, you never a better room in the house to frighten the lady.

neat parlour below, Sir. Now, you must conduct us.—We'll see of your fight—that you may not lose it. [*Exeunt.*]

*E changes to an Apartment.*

*Richmore following.*  
I am in a passion, Richmore following.  
He not; age and deformity, with quiet,  
to this vexatious persecution; for Heaven's

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ven's sake, Mr. Richmore, what have I ever shewn to vindicate this presumption of yours?

*Rich.* You shew it now, Madam, your face, your wit, your shape, are all temptations to undergo even the rigour of your disdain, for the bewitching pleasure of your company.

*Aur.* Then be assured, Sir, you shall reap no benefit from my company; and if you think it a pleasure to be constantly slighted, ridiculed, and affronted, you shall have admittance to such entertainment whenever you will.

*Rich.* I take you at your word, Madam; I am armed with submission against all the attacks of your severity, and your Ladyship shall find, that my resignation can bear much longer than your rigour can inflict.

*Aur.* That is, in plain terms, your sufficiency will presume much longer than my honour can resist. Sir, you might have spared the unmannerly declaration to my face, having already taken care to let me know your opinion of my virtue, by your impudent settlement proposed by Mrs. Midnight.

*Rich.* By those fair eyes, I'll double the proposal; this soft, this white, this powerful hand [*Takes her hand.*] shall write its own conditions.

*Aur.* Then it shall write this—[*Strikes him.*]—and if you like the terms, you shall have more another time.

*Rich.* Death and madness! a blow—Twenty thousand pound sterling for one night's revenge upon her dear, proud, disdainful person. As rich as many a sovereign prince, yallow in wealth, yet can't command my pleasure? Woman! if there be power in gold, I yet shall triumph o'er thy pride.

*Enter Midnight.*

*Mid.* O' my troth, and so you shall, if I can help it.

*Rich.* Madam, madam, here, here, here's money, gold, silver, take, take all, all, my rings too; all shall be yours, make me but happy in this presumptuous beauty. I'll make thee rich as avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee and myself too.

*Mid.* Your bounty is too large, too large indeed, Sir.

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‘Two large ! no, ’tis beggary without her.—  
 ‘Tis her, her, her, acres, rents, tithes and trees, all,  
 ‘Tis her, her, her, my dear sweet revenge.

‘More, this night I’ll put you in a way.  
 ‘Tis right ?

‘My aunt is very near her time—she goes  
 ‘Tis coming a visiting ; in the mean time I’ll  
 ‘Tis mistress, that her aunt is fallen in labour at  
 ‘Tis comes in a hurry, and then—  
 ‘Tis be there to meet her ?

‘Tis room ?

‘Tis to disturb us ?

‘Tis say, but you must give me your word  
 not to ravish her ; ‘Tis nay, I can tell you she won’t be ra-  
 ‘Tis vished.

• ‘*Rich.* Ravish ! Let me see, I’m worth five thousand  
 ‘Tis pound a year, twenty thousand guineas in my pocket,  
 ‘Tis and may not I force a toy that’s scarce worth fifteen  
 ‘Tis hundred pound ? I’ll do it.

• ‘Her beauty sets my heart on fire, beside  
 ‘Tis Th’ injurious blow has set on fire my pride ;  
 ‘Tis The bare fruition were not worth my pain,  
 ‘Tis The joy will be to humble her disdain ;  
 ‘Tis Beyond enjoyment will the transport last  
 ‘Tis In triumph, when the extasy is past.’

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

## A C T V.

SCENE I. Lord Wou’dbe’s House.

Young Wou’dbe.

Young Wou’dbe.

‘Tis a bold Stoic that can bear success and  
 ‘Tis a bold philosophy can support us in hard for-  
 ‘Tis we have patience in prosperity ? The  
 ‘Tis the will of human bodies, but I  
 ‘Tis a symptom in mine but what is truly

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Epicurean. My brother is secured, I guarded with my friends, my lewd and honest midnight friends. Hella! who waits there?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord!

*T. W.* A fresh battalion of bottles to re-inforce the cistern. Are the ladies come?

*Serv.* Half an hour ago, my Lord: They're below in the bathing chamber.

*T. W.* Where did you light on 'em?

*Serv.* One in the passage at the old play-house, my Lord—I found another very melancholy paring her nails by Rosamond's Pond—and a couple I got at the Chequer alchouse in Holborn; the two last came to town yesterday in a West-country waggon.

*T. W.* Very well; order Baconface to hasten supper—and d'ye hear, bid the Swift admit no stranger without acquainting me. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Fortune, I defy thee, this night's my own at least.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord, here's the constable below with the black eye, and he wants to speak with your Lordship in all haste.

*T. W.* Ha! the constable! Should fortune jilt me now?—Bid him come up—I fear some cursed chance to thwart me.

*Enter Trueman in the Constable's cloaths.*

*True.* Ah! my Lord, here is sad news—your brother is—

*T. W.* Got away, made his escape, I warrant you.

*True.* Worse, worse, my Lord.

*T. W.* Worse, worse! What can be worse?

*True.* I dare not speak it.

*T. W.* Death and hell, fellow, don't distract me.

*True.* He's dead.

*T. W.* Dead!

*True.* Positively.

*T. W.* *Coup de grace, ciel gramer-cy.*

*True.* Villain, I understand you.

*T. W.* But how, how, Mr. Constable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the relation.

know how, the poor gentleman was very  
his confinement, and so he desired me to  
man that lives hard by here, may-hap  
now her.

balcony in the square?

me, a smart woman truly. I went  
was otherways engaged; not she  
Would you believe it, my  
this the poor man was like to

likely to drop down dead?

ore. Then I left him, and

r, I found him hanged in

*T. W.* *Le coup d' eclat !* Done like the noblest Roman  
of them all. But are you sure he's past all recovery?  
Did you send for no surgeon to bleed him?

*True.* No, my Lord, I forgot that—but I'll send im-  
mediately.

*T. W.* No, no, Mr. Constable, 'tis too late now, too  
late.—And the lady would not come you say?

*True.* Not a step would she stir.

*H.* Inhuman! barbarous!—dear, delicious wo-  
man thou now art mine. Where is the body, Mr. Con-  
stable? I must see it.

By all means, my Lord, it lies in my parlour;  
a power of company come in, and among the  
—one—one Truceman, I think they call him, a  
rot fellow, he had liked to have pulled the house  
at our ears, and swears—I told him he should  
beating—he gave me a slap in the face, said he  
army, and had a commission for't.

•tain Truceman! A blustering kind of rake-

• Lord, one of those scoundrels that we  
being knocked o'th' head for us.

one of those fools that have only brains

[*Aside.*] He's a plaguy impu-  
dent

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dent fellow, my Lord; he swore that you wert the greatest villain upon the earth.

*Y. W.* Ay, ay, but he durst not say that to my face. Mr. Constable.

*True.* No, no, hang him, he said it behind your back to be sure—and he swore moreover—Have a care, my Lord—he swore that he would cut your throat whenever he met you.

*Y. W.* Will you swear that you heard him say so?

*True.* Heard him! ay, as plainly as you hear me. He spoke the very words that I speak to your Lordship.

*Y. W.* Well, well, I'll manage him. But now I think on't, I wont go to see the body; it will but encrease my grief. Mr. Constable, do you send for the coroner: they must find him *non compos*. He was mad before, you know. Here—something for your trouble.

[Gives money.]

*True.* Thank your honour. But pray, my Lord, have a care of that Trueman; he swears that he will cut your throat, and he will do't, my Lord, he'll do't.

*Y. W.* Never fear, never fear.

*True.* But he swore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a care.

[Exit.]

*Y. W.* Well, well—so—the devil's in't if I ben't the eldest now. What a pack of civil relations have I had here! My father takes a fit of the apoplexy, makes a face and goes off one way; my brother takes a fit of the spleen, makes a face and goes off t'other way. Well, I must own he has found the way to mollify me, and I do love him now with all my heart; since he was so very civil to juggle into the world before me, I think he did very civilly to juggle out of it before me. But now my joys! Without there—hollo—take off the inquisition of the gate; the heir may now enter unsuspected.

The wolf is dead, the shepherds may go now;  
Ease follows care, so rolls the world away.

'Tis a question whether adversity or prosperity makes  
the most poets.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord, a footman brought this letter, and waits for an answer.

*Y. W.*

the Elysian fields, I hope, [*Opens door*—Why do I see, Constance! Spells and the name—Now for the sweet

our happy change of for-  
your Lordship this evening

CONSTANCE."

Midnight; she told me this af-  
as chopping about, and has it  
already? Here, my coach and  
my sultana in state. As for  
you, my bashaws, may possess  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter Teague with a lanthorn, Trueman in the Constable's habit following.*

*True.* Blockhead, thou hast led us out of the way; we have certainly past the Constable's house.

*Tea.* By my shoul, dear joy, I am never out of my ways; for poor Teague has been a vanderer ever since was born.

Hold up the lanthorn: what sign is that? The  
Why, you blundering fool, you have  
St. James's-square, when you should  
Soho. [*Sbrickling within.*] Hark!  
over the way? a woman's cry!

—Some damsel in distress I believe,  
be relieved.

the priviledge of my office to know

maister Captain, by my fet, dat ish

help, murder! Help.

ere must be mischief. Within there,  
the king's name, or I force it open.—

ak open the door.

*Teague takes the staff and thumps at the door.*

*Tea.*



*Tea.* Deel take him, I have knocked so long as I am able. Arah, maister, get a great long ladder to get in the window of the first room, and sho open the door, and let in yourthelf.

*Within.* Help, help, help !

*True.* Knock harder, let's raise the mob.

*Tea.* O, maister, I have think just now of a brave invention to make dem come out ; and for St. Patrick, dat very bushness did make my nown shelf and my sack run like the devil out of my nown hooose in my countree, by my shoule, set the hooose afire.

*Enter the Mob.*

*Mob.* What's the matter, master Constable ?

*True.* Gentlemen, I command your assistance in the king's name, to break into the house : there is murder cried within.

*Mob.* Ay, ay, break open the door.

*[Midnight at the Balcony.]*

*Mid.* What noise is that below ?

*Tea.* Arah, vat noise ish dat above ?

*Mid.* Only a poor gentlewoman in labour ; 'twill be over presently. Here, Mr. Constable, there's something for you to drink.

*[Throws down a purse, Teague takes it up.]*

*Tea.* Come, maister, we have no more to stay, by my shoule. *[Going.]* Arah, if you will play the constable right now, let you will come away.

*True.* No, no ; there must be villainy by this bribe. Who lives in this house ?

*Mob.* A midwife, a midwife : 'tis none of our business ; let us be gone.

*[Aurelia at the window.]*

*Aur.* Gentlemen, dear gentlemen, help ! a rape, a rape, villainy.

*True.* Ha ! that voice I know. Give me the staff ; I'll make a breach, I warrant you.

*[Breaks open the door, and all go in.]*

SCENE changes to the inside of the House.

*Re-enter Trueman and Mob.*

*True.* Gentlemen, search all about the house ; let no a soul escape.

ning, with her hair about her ears, and out of breath.

Dear Mr. Constable,——had you—staid but a moment longer, I had been ruined.

*True.* Aurelia!—Are you safe, Madam?

Yes, yes; I am safe.——‘I think’——but with a strong fellow.’

——‘I think’——but with a strong fellow.’

——‘I think’——but with a strong fellow.’

Teague,——at midnight by the hair.

By my shoule, I have taken my share of the under. Let me thee sat I have gotten—[*Takes her the light.*] Ububboo, a witch, a witch! the very saam dat would swaar my maister was the youngest.

*True.* How! Midnight! This was the luckiest disguise—Come, my dear Proserpine, I’ll take care of you.

*Mid.* Pray, Sir, let me speak to you.

*True.* No, no; I’ll talk with you before a magistrate. A cart, Bridewell; you understand me. Teague, let her be your prisoner, I’ll wait on this lady.

*Aur.* Mr. Constable, I’ll reward you.

——‘I think’——but with a strong fellow.’

——‘I think’——but with a strong fellow.’

——‘I think’——but with a strong fellow.’

——‘I think’——but with a strong fellow.’

——‘I think’——but with a strong fellow.’

bride!—His whore.—I've past a precipice unseen, which to look back upon shivers me with terror. This night, this very moment, had not my friend been in confinement, had not I worn this dress, had not Aurelia been in danger, had not Teague found this letter, had the least minutest circumstance been omitted, what a monster had I been! Mistress, is this same Richmore in the house still, think'e?

*Aur.* 'Tis very probable he may.

*True.* Very well.—Teague, take these ladies out to the tavern, and stay there till I come to you. *[Exit Teague.]* [To Aurelia.] fear no injury, your friends are not far off.

*Aur.* What does he mean?

*Tea.* Come, dear joy, I'll give you a pot of wine out of your own briberies here. *[Hails out Midnight.]* *[Exit Aurelia and Mob.]*

*Enter Richmore.*

*Rich.* Since my money won't prevail on this cross fellow, I'll try what my authority can do—What's the meaning of this riot, Constable? I have the commission of the peace, and can command you. Go about your business, and leave your prisoners with me.

*True.* No, Sir; the prisoners shall go about their business, and I'll be left with you. Look'e, master, we don't use to make up these matters before company: so you and I must be in private a little. You say, Sir, that you are a justice of peace.

*Rich.* Yes, Sir; 'I have my commission in my pocket.'

*True.* I believe it. Now, Sir, one good turn deserves another: and if you will promise to do me a kindness, but why, you shall have as good as you bring.

*Rich.* What is it?

*True.* You must know, Sir, there is a neighbour's daughter that I had a woundy kindness for: she had a very good repute all over the parish, and she had married very handsomely, that I must say; but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I swore, that I must say, I did swear confidently, that I would marry her: but, I don't know how, I never cared for marrying of her since.

*Rich.* How so?

by, because I did my business without it :  
best way, I thought. The truth is, she has  
as foolish reasons to say she's with child, and threa-  
mainly to have me taken up with a warrant, and  
a justice of peace. Now, Sir, I intend  
you, and I hope your worship will bring

ce, Sir, if the woman prove with child,  
o marry her, you must do't.

after ; but I'm for liberty and property.  
nient-men : I pay taxes, and truly I don't  
consistent with the liberty of the sub-

is case, Sir, both law and justice will

be the law of the land—I found a  
it is for your worship.

ame you by it ?

ge accident truly—Clelia—

to marry her. Eh ! — Now,

law for a petty constable ;  
peace.

w—

True. Right. dy that cried out so—  
I warrant now, if I were brought before you for ravish-  
gallows would ravish me for't.

not ravish her.

glad to hear : I wanted to be sure of

ce this fellow. Come, Sir, give me  
bout your business ; I have no more

something to say to you.

[Coming up to him.

[Strikes him.

by a peasant ! [Draws.] Slave, thy

[Runs at Trueman.

John ! rape and murder in one

[Disarms him.

sword, and acquit your pri-  
thee to beggary. I'll give  
tonic

some petty-fogger a thousand pounds to starve thee :  
thy family according to law.

*True.* I'll lay you a thousand pound you won't.

[*Discovering him*]

*Rich.* Ghosts and apparitions ! Trueman !

*True.* Words are needless to upbraid you ; my looks are sufficient ; and if you have the least sense of shame, this sword would be less painful in your heart than my appearance is in your eye.

*Rich.* Truth, by heavens.

*True.* Think on the contents of this ; [*Showing sword*] think next on me ; reflect upon your villainy to Aurelia, then view thyself.

*Rich.* Trueman, canst thou forgive me ?

*True.* Forgive thee ! [*A long pause.*] Do on thy part, and I will.

*Rich.* Any thing—I'll beg thy pardon.

*True.* The blow excuses that.

*Rich.* I'll give thee half my estate.

*True.* Mercenary.

*Rich.* I'll make thee my sole heir.

*True.* I despise it.

*Rich.* What shall I do ?

*True.* You shall——marry Clelia.

*Rich.* How ! that's too hard.

*True.* Too hard ! Why was it then imposed on me ? If you marry her yourself, I shall believe you intended me no injury : so your behaviour will be justified, my resentment appeased, and the lady's honour repaired.

*Rich.* 'Tis infamous.

*True.* No, by heavens, 'tis justice, and what is just is honourable : if promises from man to man have force, why not from man to woman ? Their very weakness is the charter of their power, and they should not be injured, because they can't return it.

*Rich.* Return my sword.

*True.* In my hand 'tis the sword of justice, and I should not part with it.

*Rich.* Then sheath it here, I'll die before I consent so basely.

*True.* Consider, Sir, the sword is worn for a distinguishing mark of honour——Promise me one, and see me no other.

*Rich.* I'll promise nothing, till I have that in my power.

*True.* Take it. [*Throws him his sword.*]

I seem to be compelled even to justice: and I have injured

aggravate the wrong I have done you, the injured party. My silence gave countenance to your rage, tho' I mis-

understood my breast, and

in any form; I have wronged her, when she was a dissembler, the worst of all, to find him true,

can give equal joy. — It shall be my wait for you shall tie the knot of friendship. — Tomorrow I'll expect you'll give me joy. [*Exit.*]

*True.* So, is not this better now than cutting of throats? I have got my revenge, and the lady will have hers without bloodshed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment.

*Enter Constance and Servant.*

*Serv.* He's just a coming up, Madam.

My civility to this man will be as great a countenance to me, as rudeness would be to his brother; but I'll be a little, because our designs require it.

*Enter Young Wou'dbe.*

His grace shocks me. My Lord, I wish you joy. Madam, 'tis only in your power to give it; you honour me with a title to be really proud to be that of your humblest servant.

I never admitted any body to the title of an attendant, that I did not intend should command. My Lordship will bear with the slavery, you shall

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shall begin when you please, provided you take upon you the authority when I have a mind.

*Y. W.* Our sex, Madam, make much better lovers than husbands; and I think it highly unreasonable, that you should put yourself in my power, when you can so absolutely keep me in yours.

*Con.* No, my Lord, we never truly command till we have given our promise to obey; and we are never more danger of being made slaves, than when we put them at our feet.

*Y. W.* True, Madam, the greatest empires are in the most danger of falling; but it is better to be absolute there, than to act by a prerogative that is confined.

*Con.* Well, well, my Lord, I like the constitution we live under; I'm for a limited power, or none at all.

*Y. W.* You have so much the heart of the subject, Madam, that you may rule as you please; but you have weak pretences to a limited sway, where your eyes have already played the tyrant. I think one privilege of the people is to kiss their sovereign's hand.

[Taking her hand.

*Con.* Not till they have taken the oaths, my Lord; and he that refuses them in the form the law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a rebel.

*Y. W.* By shrines and altars, [Kneeling.] by all that you think just, and I hold good, by this, [Taking her hand.] the fairest, and the dearest vow—

[Kissing her hand.

*Con.* Fie, my Lord.

[Seemingly yielding.

*Y. W.* Your eyes are mine, they bring me tidings from your heart, that this night I shall be happy.

*Con.* Would not you despise a conquest so easily gained?

*Y. W.* Yours will be the conquest, and I shall despise all the world but you.

*Con.* But will you promise to make no attempts upon my honour?

*Y. W.* That's foolish. [Aside.] Not angels sent on messages to earth, shall visit with more innocence.

*Con.* Ay, ay, to be sure. [Aside.] My, Lord, I'll send one to conduct you.

[Exit.

*Y. W.*

*Y. W.* Ha, ha, ha!—no attempts upon her honour! When I can find the place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my mind. Now do I feel ten thousand Cupids tickling me all over with the points of their arrows. Where's my deformity now? I have read somewhere these lines:

'Tho' nature cast me in a rugged mould,  
 Time's face has chang'd the bullock into gold;  
 He breaks all his shafts of lead,  
 And bows with a golden head.  
 He darts the gay lordly dart  
 Whilst every virgin's heart  
 Is motion to receive the smart.

*Elder Would be behind him!*

adorn dramatic story,  
 Hero struts in borrow'd glory,  
 And august as ever man saw,  
 His empire in a stanza.

*[Slaps him on the shoulder.]*

brother?

...ous man; all kindred and relation I  
 ... the poor attempts upon my fortune I could pardon,  
 but the base designs upon my love, I can never forgive—my honour, birthright, riches, all I could more freely  
 on the least thought of thy prevailing here.

... my hopes deceived? Cursed be the fair  
 her sex!—Whilst only man opposed my  
 od secure; but soon as woman interposed  
 hands, and the devil was immediate—  
 Vell, Sir, much good may do you with  
 I may you love and live, and have to—

*[Going.]*

Sir, I was lately your prisoner, now you  
 the ejestment is executed, you shall be

ent!

Sir; by this time, I hope, my friends  
 father's house of that debauched and  
 you had hived together.

on! Sir, let me pass; I am the elder,  
 d.

*[Draws.]*  
*E. W.*



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*E. W.* Darest thou dispute the eldership so soon?

*T. W.* I dare, and will, to the last drop of moderate blood.

*Enter Trueman and Teague. Trueman strikes down their swords.*

*True.* Hold, hold! my Lord, I have brought shall soon decide the controversy.

*T. W.* If I mistake not, this is the villain that drove me abroad.

*[Runs at Trueman, Teague catches his arm behind, and takes away his sword.]*

*Tea.* Ay, by my shoul, this ish the best ward up-on the rules of fighting, to catch a man behind his back.

*True.* My Lord, a word. *[Whispers E. W.]* Gentlemen, please to hear this venerable lady.

*[Goes to the door and brings in Midnight.]*

*E. W.* Midnight in custody!

*Tea.* In my custody, set.

*True.* Now, Madam, you know what punishment is destined for the injury offered to Aurelia, if you don't immediately confess the truth.

*Mid.* Then I must own (Heaven forgive me) *[Weeps.]* I must own, that Hermes, as he was still esteemed, so he is the first-born.

*Tea.* A very honest woman, by my shoul.

*T. W.* That confession is extorted by fear, and therefore of no force.

*True.* Ay, Sir, but here is your letter to her, with the ink scarce dry, where you repeat your offer of five-hundred pounds a year to swear in your behalf.

*Tea.* Dat was Teague's finding out, and I believe St. Patrick put it in my thoughts to pick her pocket.

*Enter Constance and Aurelia.*

*Con.* I hope, Mr. Wou'dbe, you will make no attempts upon my person.

*T. W.* Damn your person.

*E. W.* But pray, Madam, where have you been all this evening? *[To Aurelia.]*

*Aur.* Very busy, I can assure you, Sir. Here's an honest constable that I could find in my heart to marry, had

# THE TWIN-RIVALS.

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the greasy rogue but one drop of genteel blood in  
him, ' what's become of him ?' [*Looking about.*

Bless me, cousin, marry a constable !

Why, truly, Madam, if that constable had not  
come a minute, by this time I had been

your word, Madam, you shall  
and if you don't say that I  
by to-morrow morning—

named ; I found you  
with on't, but you

ough you were a  
venture has taught  
a gentleman by ill  
is lady will shew us  
follow our leaders,

among your brother's  
hom we have taken

you, Madam——

[*To Midnight.*

married to maister

[*Exit.*

And now, I hope,  
towards and punish-

Teague, maister ?

cash, dear joy.  
not qualified, man.  
coats, and write my  
self, and keep a great

E. W.

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*E. W.* Well, well, you shall be taken care  
now, Captain, we set out for happiness——

Let none despair whate'er their fortunes be,  
Fortune must yield, would men but act like  
Chuse a brave friend as partner of your breast,  
Be active when your right is in contest;  
Be true to love, and fate will do the rest.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



# E P I L O G U E.

YOUR Honor open'd with a loud warlike blast,  
 But now weak woman is his safest cast,  
 Bring him off with quarter at the last :  
 Not that he's vain to think, that I can say,  
 Or he can write fine things to help the play.  
 The various scenes have drain'd his strength and art ;  
 And I, you know, had a hard struggling part :  
 He then he brought me off with life and limb ;  
 He would that I could do as much for him —  
 I think — your favours to excite,  
 The part I play'd to-night.  
 Your shy pretence,  
 Make the best defence :  
 — 'Tis in vain to crave it,  
 In the play, no power can save it ;  
 Of Athens, and of Rome ;  
 Johnson, could revoke its doom :  
 — more — if once your anger rouses,  
 Courted beauties of both houses.  
 Have ended here, --- but I thought meet,  
 As there was left one safe retreat,  
 To be sacred at the ladies feet.  
 To that be answer'd, in submissive strain,  
 He paid all homage to this female reign,  
 And therefore turn'd his satyr 'gainst the men.  
 From your great queen, this sovereign right ye draw,  
 To keep the wits, as she the world, in awe.  
 To her bright sceptre, your bright eyes they bow ;  
 Of awful splendor sits on every brow,  
 All scandal on the sex were treason now.  
 With what poetic care,  
 To dress the injur'd fair,  
 To protect, the man will damn him there.  
 Safe that flies to you for aid ;  
 Request may some persuade,  
 But I ever made.



Act III.

COUNTRY WIFE.



*Designed for the Stage, London, Nov. 1795.*  
**MR. ARINGTON in the Character of M<sup>rs</sup> FINCHWIFE.**

*May, I will go abroad, tho' I cure.*

BELL'S EDITION.

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THE  
COUNTRY WIFE.

A COMEDY,  
*As written by WYCHERLEY.*

AND PERFORMED AT THE  
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

*Indignor quâquam reprehendi, non quia crasti,  
Compositum illud fuit, sed quia nuper;  
Nec novum antiquis, sed bonum & primum poschimus.* HORACE.



LONDON:

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MDCCLXXII.

## P R O L O G U E.

**P**OETS, like cudgell'd bullies, never do  
 At first or second blow submit to you ;  
 But will provoke you still, and ne'er have done,  
 Till you are weary first with laying on.  
 The late so baffled scribbler of this day,  
 Though he stands trembling, bids me boldly say,  
 What we before most plays are us'd to do,  
 For poets, out of fear, first draw on you ;  
 In a fierce prologue, he still bit defy,  
 And e'er you speak, like Kastril, give the lie ;  
 But though our Bayes's battles oft I've fought,  
 And with bruis'd knuckles their dear conquests bought ;  
 Nay, never yet fear'd odds upon the stage,  
 In prologue dare not bestor with the age ;  
 But would take quarter from your saving hands.  
 Though Bayes within, all yielding, count  
 Says, you consid'rate wits no quarter give ;  
 Therefore his play shan't ask your leave.  
 Well, let the vain rash sop, by happen  
 Think to obtain the better terms of  
 But we, the actors, humbly will  
 And at any time, to a full play  
 Often we anticipate your rage,  
 Murder poets for you on our stage :  
 It is our custom in our tiring-room,  
 When you are gone, our colours there you come,  
 As patients, we sit up to you,  
 Our poets, virgins, nay, our matrons too.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

*Drury-Lane.*

<i>Horner.</i>	_____	_____	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
<i>Harcourt,</i>	_____	_____	
<i>Derilant.</i>	_____	_____	<i>Mr. King.</i>
<i>Pinchwife,</i>	_____	_____	<i>Mr. Dodd.</i>
<i>Sparkish,</i>	_____	_____	
<i>Sir Jasper Fidget.</i>			

WOMEN.

<i>Margery Pinchwife,</i>	_____	<i>Mrs. Abington.</i>
<i>Alibon,</i>	_____	<i>Mrs. Greville.</i>
<i>Lady Fidget.</i>		
<i>Mrs. Pinchwife.</i>		
<i>Mrs. Sparkish.</i>		
<i>Lady Sparkish.</i>		
<i>A Boy.</i>		
<i>A Quaker.</i>		
<i>Lucy, Alibon's maid,</i>	_____	<i>Miss Pope.</i>

SCENE, LONDON.

THE



- THE  
COUNTRY WIFE.

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ACT I.

*Enter Horner, and Quack following him at a distance.*

HORNER.

**A** Quack is as fit for a pimp, as a midwife for a bawd ; they are still but in their way, both helpers of nature. [*Aside.*] Well, my dear Doctor, hast thou done what I desired ?

*Quack.* I have undone you for ever with the women, and reported you through out the whole town as bad as an eunuch, with as much truth as if I had made you one in earnest.

*Horn.* But have you told all the women you know, the orange wenches at the play, the whores and their husbands, and old fumbling keepers of the ale-house ; for I am the readiest to report what I hear. I have told all the church-women, the parson's wife, and old women of the neighbourhood ; I have crept it as a secret into the ears of the sexton, and to the churchwarden at the church-door ; and to the churchwarden at the church-door ; so that you need not doubt but you will be as bad as I am, and the handsome

ill pox—Well—

married women of this end of the

*Horn.* And the country dames ; nay, as their own husbands.

*Quack.* And the city dames, as Annisfeed Robin, of filthy and contemptible memory ; and they will frighten their children with your name, especially their females.

*Horn.* And cry, Horner's coming to carry you away. I am only afraid, 'twill not be believed : you told them

## 6 THE COUNTRY WIFE.

it was by an English-French disaster, and an English-French chirurgieon, who has given me at once, not only a cure, but an antidote for the future against that damned malady, and that worse distemper, love, and all other women's evils.

*Quack.* Your late journey into France has made it the more credible, and your being here a fortnight before you appeared in public, looks as if you apprehended the shame, which I wonder you do not. Well, I have been hired by young gallants to belie them t'other way; but you are the first would be thought a man unfit for women.

*Horn.* Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain rogues be contented only to be thought abler men than they are, generally 'tis all the pleasure they have; but mine lies another way.

*Quack.* You take, methinks, a very preposterous way to it, and as ridiculous as if we operators in physic should put forth bills to disparage our medicaments, with hopes to gain customers.

*Horn.* Doctor, there are quacks in love as well as physic, who get but the fewer and worse patients, for their boasting; a good name is seldom got by giving it one's self, and women no more than honour are compassed by bragging. Come, come, Doctor, the wisest lawyer never discovers the merits of his cause till the trial; the wealthiest man conceals his riches, and the cunning gamester his play. My husband and keepers, like old rooks, are not to be cheated, but by a new unpractised trick: false friendship will now no more than false dice upon them; no, not in the city.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* There are two ladies and a gentleman coming up.

*Horn.* A pox, some unbelieving sisters of my former acquaintance, who, I am afraid, expect their hearts should be satisfied of the fallacy of the report. No—don't mind fool and women!

*Enter Sir Jasper Fidget, Lady Fidget, and Miss Dainty Fidget.*

*Quack.* His wife and sister.

*Sir Jasp.* My coach breaking just now before your door, Sir, I look upon as an occasional reprimand to me, Sir, for not kissing your hands, Sir, since your coming out of France.



fection makes not a woman more odious to them than virtue.

*Horn.* Because your virtue is your greatest affectation, Madam.

*Lady Fidg.* How! you saucy fellow, would you wrong my honour?

*Horn.* If I could.

*Lady Fidg.* How d'ye mean, Sir?

*Sir Jasp.* Hah, hah, hah; no, he can't wrong your Ladyship's honour, upon my honour. He! poor man—hark you in your hear—a mere eunuch.

*Lady Fidg.* Oh, filthy French beast, feh, feh; why do we stay? Let's begone; I can't endure the sight of him.

*Sir Jasp.* Stay but till the chairs come; they'll be here presently.

*Lady Fidg.* No, no.

*Sir Jasp.* Nor can I stay longer: 'tis—let me see, a quarter and half quarter of a minute past eleven. The council will be set; I must away: business must be preferred always before love and ceremony with the wife, Mr. Horner.

*Horn.* And the impotent, Sir Jasper.

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, ay, the impotent, Master Horner, hah, hah, hah.

*Lady Fidg.* What, leave us with a filthy man alone in his lodgings?

*Sir Jasp.* He's an innocent man now, you know. Pray stay: I'll hailen the chairs to you—Mr. Horner, your servant; I should be glad to see you at my house. Pray come and dine with me, and play at cards with my wife after dinner: you are fit for women at that game yet, hah, hah.—'Tis as much a husband's providence to provide innocent diversions for a wife, as to hinder her unlawful pleasures; and he had better employ her, than let her employ herself. *[Aside.]* Farewel. *[Exit Sir Jasper.]*

*Horn.* Your servant, Sir Jasper.

*Lady Fidg.* I will not stay with him, feh—

*Horn.* Nay, Madam, I beseech you stay, if it be but to see I can be as civil to ladies yet as they would desire.

*Lady Fidg.* No, no, feh, you cannot be civil to ladies.

*Dain.* You as civil ladies would desire?

*Lady*

## THE COUNTRY WIFE.

*Lady Fidg.* No, no, no, foh, foh, foh !

[*Exeunt Lady Fidget and Dainty.*]

*Quack.* Now, I think, I, or yourself rather, have done your business with the women.

*Horn.* Thou art an ass. Don't you see already, upon the report and my carriage, this grave man of business leaves his wife in my lodgings, invites me to his house and wife, who before would not be acquainted with me out of jealousy.

*Quack.* Nay, by this means you may be the more acquainted with the husbands, but the less with the wives.

*Horn.* Let me alone ; if I can but abuse the husbands, I'll soon disabuse the wives. Stay—I'll reckon you up the advantages I am like to have by my stratagem : first, I shall be rid of all my old acquaintances, the most insupportable sort of duns, that invade our lodgings in a morning ; and next to the pleasure of making a new mistress, is that of being rid of an old one ; and of all old debts, love, when it comes to be so, is paid the most unwillingly.

*Quack.* Well, you may be so rid of your old acquaintances ; but how will you get any new ones ?

*Horn.* Doctor, thou wilt never make a good chemist, thou art so incredulous and impudent. The young fellows of the town, if thou dost but look like huntsmen, in starting the hare, will follow it down : one knows not where to stop, but the Doctor who will not. Women of quality are not so easily hardly distinguish love from flattery, as thou art ; is often mistaken. But now I have a new way of an overture to me, love, that is, to be right. And then the

next ride of honour, as you call them, is not for the persons, not their persons ; and not men. Now may I have such the privileges of one, and in a morning as early as her parents or lovers ; and in the par-tout of the town. Now, Doctor

*Quack.* Nay, now you shall be the Doctor ; and your process is so new, that we do not know but it may succeed.

*Horn.* Not so new neither ? *Probatum est, Doctor.*

*Quack.*

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*Quack.* Well, I wish you luck, and many patients, whilst I go to mine. [*Exit Quack.*]

*Enter Harcourt and Dorilant.*

*Harc.* Come, your appearance at the play yesterday, has, I hope, hardened you for the future against the women's contempt, and the men's raillery; and now you'll abroad as you were wont.

*Horn.* Did I not bear it bravely?

*Dor.* With a most theatrical impudence; nay, more than the orange-wenchess shew there, or a drunken vizard-masque, or a great-bellied actress; nay, or the most impudent of creatures, an ill poet; or, what is yet more impudent, a second-hand critic.

*Horn.* But what say the ladies? Have they no pity?

*Harc.* What ladies? The vizard-masques, you know, never pity a man when all's gone, tho' in their service.

*Dor.* And for the women in the boxes, you'd never pity them when 'twas in your power.

*Harc.* They say, 'tis pity but all that deal with common women should be served so.

*Dor.* Nay, I dare swear, they won't admit you to play at cards with them, go to plays with them, or do the little duties which the other shadows of men are wont to do for them.

*Horn.* Who do you call shadows of men?

*Dor.* Half-men.

*Horn.* What, boys?

*Dor.* Ay, your old boys, old *beaux garçons*, who, like superannuated stallions, are suffered to run, feed, and whinny with the mares as long as they live, tho' they can do nothing else.

*Horn.* Well, a pox on love and wenching. Women serve but to keep a man from better company. They can't enjoy them, I shall you the more. Good fellows and friendship are lasting, rational, and manly pleasures.

*Harc.* For all that, give me some of those pleasures; call effeminate too; they help to relieve one another.

*Horn.* They disturb one another.

*Harc.* No, mistresses are like books; if you peruse them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for company; but if used discreetly, you are the fitter for conversation by them.

*Dor.*

## THE COUNTRY WIFE. 11

*Dor.* A mistress should be like a little country retreat near the town; not to dwell in constantly, but only for a night and away, to taste the town the better when a man returns.

*Horn.* I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of women, as 'tis to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of money. You cannot follow both; then chuse your side. Wine gives you liberty, love takes it away.

*Dor.* Gad, he's in the right on't.

*Horn.* Wine gives you joy; Love, grief and tortures, besides surgeons; wine makes us witty, love only lobs; wine makes us sleep, love breaks it.

*Dor.* By the world, he has reason, Harcourt.

*Horn.* Wine makes ———

*Dor.* Ay, wine makes us ——— makes us princes, love makes us beggars, poor rogues, 'egad ——— and wine ———

*Horn.* So, there's one converted. No, no, love and wine, oil and vinegar.

*Harc.* I grant it; love will still be uppermost.

*Horn.* Come, for my part, I will have only those glorious, manly pleasures, of being very drunk, and very slovenly.

Mr. Sparkish is bene

What, my dear friend

I think, for abusing him.

, he can no more think the

men jilt him, his opinion of himself

tell, there's another pleasure by drink

of; I shall lose his acquaintance, because he

k. And you know 'tis a very hard thing to

im' for he's one of those nauseous offerers at

ik of fiddlers, run themselves into

the company of men of

short-sighted world; as a

is not discerned at a distance.

His company.

you have a mind

*Harc.* No, the rogues will not let us enjoy one another,

but

but ravishes our conversation; tho' he signifies no more to't, than Sir Martin Marall's gaping and awkward thrumming upon the lute does to his man's voice and music.

*Dor.* And to pass for a wit in town, shews himself a fool every night to us, that are guilty of the plot.

*Horn.* Such wits as he are, to a company of reasonable men, like rooks to the gamesters, who only fill a room at the table, but are so far from contributing to the play, that they only serve to spoil the fancy of those that do.

*Dor.* Nay, they are used like rooks too, snubbed, checked, and abused; yet the rogues will hang on.

*Horn.* A pox on them, and all that force Nature, and would be still what she forbids them! Affectation is her greatest monster.

*Harc.* Most men are the contraries to that they would seem: your bully, you see, is a coward with a long sword; the little, humbly fawning physician, with his ebony cane, is he that destroys men.

*Dor.* The usurer, a poor rogue, possessed of incumbered bonds and mortgages; and we, they call spendthrifts, are only wealthy, who lays out our money upon daily new purchases of pleasure.

*Horn.* Ay, your errantest cheat is your trustee or executor, your jealous man, the greatest cuckold; your churchman, the greatest atheist; and your noisy, pert rogue of a wit, the greatest fool, dullest ass, and worst company, as you shall find for here he comes.

*Enter Sparkish.*

*Horn.* How is't, sparks? How is't? Well, faith, Harry, I must rally thee a little, ha, ha, ha! upon the report in town of thee; ha, ha, ha! I can't hold, what shall I speak?

*Horn.* Yes; but you'll be so bitter then.

*Spark.* Honest Dick and Frank here shall answer for me. I will not be extreme bitter, by the way.

*Harc.* We will be bound in a temperate friendship, he shall not be bitter at all.

*Dor.* Nor sharp, nor sweet.

*Horn.* What, not downright insipid?

*Spark.* Nay, then, since you are so brisk, and provoke me, take what follows. You must know, I was discouraging



and rallying with some ladies yesterday, and they happened to talk of the fine new signs in town.

*Horn.* Very fine ladies, I believe.

*Spark.* Said I, I know where the best new sign is—— Where? says one of the ladies. In Covent-Garden, I replied. Said another, in what street? In Russel-street, answered I. Lord, says another, I'm sure there was never a fine new sign there yesterday. Yes, but there was, said I again, and it came out of France, and has been there a fortnight.

*Dor.* A pox! I can hear no more—Pr'ythee——

*Horn.* No, hear him out; let him tune his crowd a while.

*Harc.* The worst music, the greatest preparation.

*Spark.* Nay, faith, I'll make<sup>2</sup> you laugh. It cannot be, says a third lady. Yes, yes, quoth I again. Says a fourth lady——

I ask to't, we'll have no more ladies.

Then mark, mark; now. Said I to the never see Mr. Horner? He lodges in and he's the sign of a man, you know, since France; ha, ha, ha!

devil take me if thine be the sign of a jest. th that they all fell a laugh selves. What, but it does n thinks. Well, I see one had as good a witness, as break a jest without a lay. Come, come, sparks; but where do at Whitehall an earl, to dine with

*Dor.* Why, I thought thou hadst a suit with a Frenchman.

to me the greatest title in the

your earl, Sir; he may be extricated, and will not take it ill

I shall go to him.

*Spark.* Gentlemen——

*Dor.* We'll then go out, if you won't. What, disappoint any body for us!

*Spark.* Nay, nay, dear gentlemen, hear me.

B

*Horn.*

*Horn.* No, no, Sir, by no means. Pray, go, Sir.

*Spark.* Why, dear rogues——

*[They all thrust him out of the room.]*

*Dor.* No, no.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Re-enter Sparkish.*

*Spark.* But, sparks, pray, hear me. What, d'ye think I'll eat there with gay shallow fops, and silent coxcombs? I think wit as necessary at dinner, as a glass of good wine; and that's the reason I never have any stomach when I eat alone. Come, but where do we dine?

*Horn.* Even where you will.

*Spark.* At Chuteline's?

*Dor.* Yes, if you will.

*Spark.* Or at the Cuck?

*Dor.* Yes, if you please.

*Spark.* Or at the Dog and Partridge?

*Horn.* Ay, if you have a mind to't; for we shall dine at neither.

*Spark.* Pshaw! with your fooling we shall lose the new play; and I would no more miss seeing a new play the first day, than I would miss sitting in the Wits-row—— Therefore I'll go fetch my mistress, and away. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Pinchwife.*

*Horn.* Who have we here? Pinchwife?

*Pinch.* Gentlemen, your humble servant.

*Horn.* Well, Jack, by thy long absence from the town, the grumblers of thy countenance, and the slovenliness of thy habit, I should give thee joy, should I not, of marriage?

*Pinch.* Death! does he know I'm married too? I thought to have concealed it from him at least. *[Sighs.]* My long stay in the country will excuse my dress; and I have a suit of law that brings me up to town, that puts me out of humour. Besides, I must give Sparkish tomorrow five thousand pounds to lie with my sister.

*Horn.* Nay, you country gentlemen, rather than not purchase, will buy any thing; and he is a crack'd title, if we may quibble. Well, but am I to give thee joy? I heard thou wert married.

*Pinch.* What then?

*Horn.*

*Horn.* Why, the next thing that is to be heard is, thou'rt a cuckold.

*Pinch.* Intupportable name ! [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* But I did not expect marriage from such a whore-matter as you ; one that knew the town so much, and women so well.

*Pinch.* Why, I have married no London wife.

*Horn.* Pshaw, that's all one. That grave circumspection in marrying a country wife, is like refusing a deceitful pampered Smithfield jade, to go and be cheated by a friend in the country.

*Pinch.* A pax on him and his simile ! [*Aside.*] At least we are a little surer of the breed there, know what her keeping has been, whether soiled or unsound.

*Horn.* Come, come, I have known a clap gotten in Wales ; and there are, cousin, justices clerks, and chaplains in the country, I won't say coachmen. But the's handsome and young ?

I should do. [*Aside.*] No, no ;  
no attraction but her  
huswifely ; that's all  
as he looks.

ill-favoured, and silly 40

*Pinch.* To be taught :  
wives and private soldiers :  
her from your instructions

*Harc.* The rogue is as  
ignorant.

if she be ill favoured, there will be no  
leaving her in the country.  
men, that we are seldom hungry.  
ways coarse, constant, swinging

indeed !

hospitality is great there.

se ; every man's welcome.

*Pinch.* gentlemen.

*Horn.* But, pr'ythee, why shouldst thou marry her ? If she be ugly, ill-bred, and silly, she must be rich then ?

*Pinch.* As rich as if she brought me twenty thousand pounds out of this town; for she'll be as sure not to spend her moderate portion, as a London baggage would be to spend here, let it be what it would: so 'tis all one. Then, because she's ugly, she's the likelier to be my own; and being ill-bred, she'll hate conversation; and since silly and innocent, will not know the difference betwixt a man of one-and-twenty, and one of forty —

*Horn.* Nine, to my knowledge. But if she be silly, she'll expect as much from a man of forty-nine, as from him of one-and-twenty. But, methinks, wit is more necessary than beauty; and I think no young woman ugly that has it, and no handsome woman agreeable without it.

*Pinch.* 'Tis my maxim, he's a fool that marries; but he's a greater that does not marry a fool. What is wit in a wife good for, but to make a man a cuckold?

*Horn.* Yes, to keep it from his knowledge.

*Pinch.* A fool cannot contrive to make her husband a cuckold.

*Horn.* No; but she'll club with a man that can. And what is worse, if she cannot make her husband a cuckold, she'll make him jealous, and pass for one, and then 'tis all one.

*Pinch.* Well, well, I'll take care for one. My wife shall make me no cuckold, tho' she had your help, Mr. Horner. I understand the town, Sir.

*Dor.* His help!

[*Aside.*

*Horn.* He's newly come to town, it seems, and has not heard how things are with him.

[*Aside.*

*Horn.* But tell me, has marriage cured thee of whoring, which it seldom does?

*Harc.* 'Tis more than age can do.

*Horn.* No; the word is, I'll marry and 'I've done. But a marriage vow is like a penitent gamester's oath, and entering into bonds and penalties to limit himself to such a particular small sum at play for the night, which makes him but the more eager; and not being able to hold out, loses his money again, and his estate to boot.

*Dor.* Ay, ay, a gamester will be a gamester whilst his money lasts, and a whore-master whilst his vigour.

*Harc.* Nay, I have known them, when they are broke  
and

and can lose no more, keep a fumbling with the box in their hands to fool with only, and hinder other gamesters,

*Dor.* That had wherewithal to make lusty stakes.

*Pinch.* Well, gentlemen, you may laugh at me; but you shall never lie with my wife. I know the town.

*Horn.* But, pr'ythee, was not the way you were in better? Is not keeping better than marriage?

*Pinch.* A pox on't! the jades would jilt me; I could never keep a whore to myself.

*Horn.* So then you only married to keep a whore to yourself. Well, but let me tell you, women, as you say, are like soldiers, made constant and loyal by good pay, rather than by oaths and covenants. Therefore I'd advise

you, since too I find, by  
his turn; for I saw you  
face with a pretty coun-

see my wife then? I

But she shall never

*[Aside.*

at nine-and-forty for

his wife, which he  
a cunning rogue, and

his wife; 'for men are  
in them in public, than

in undone, since Horner  
she.

*[Aside.*

by wife? She was ex-  
th her at that distance.

e nearer to her. Your

*[Offers to go.*

th us.

ill not. I'll treat thee,  
one of thy Hampshire

*Pinch.*

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*Pinch.* Treat me! So, he uses me already like his cuckold. [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* Nay, you shall not go.

*Pinch.* I must; I have business at home. [*Exit.*]

*Harc.* To beat his wife. He's as jealous of her as a Chesepside husband of a Covent-Garden wife.

*Horn.* Why, 'tis as hard to find an old whore-master without jealousy and the gout, as a young one without fear or the pox.

As gout in age from pox in youth proceeds;

So wenching past, the jealousy succeeds;

The worst disease that love and wenching breeds. }

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Mrs. Margery Pinchwife and Alitheia; Mr. Pinchwife *peeping behind the door.*

MRS. PINCHWIFE.

**P**RAY, sister, where are the best fields and woods to walk in in London?

*Alith.* A pretty question! Why, sister, Mulberry Garden and St. James's Park; and for close walks, the New Exchange.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, sister, tell me why my husband looks so grum here in town, and keeps me up so close, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my best gown yesterday?

*Alith.* Oh, he's jealous, sister.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Jealous! What's that?

*Alith.* He's afraid you should love another man.

*Mrs. Pinch.* How should he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me see any but himself?

*Alith.* Did he not carry you yesterday to a play?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay; but we sat amongst ugly people. He would not let me come near the gentry, who sat under us, so that I could not see them. He told me none but naughty women sat there, whom they court'd and mous'd; but I would have ventured for all that.

*Alib.* But how did you like the play?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Indeed I was weary of the play; but I liked hugely the actors. They are the goodliest, properest men, sister.

*Alib.* Oh, but you must not like the actors, sister.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay, how should I help it, sister? Pray, sister, when my husband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a walking?

*Alib.* A walking! ha, ha! Lord, a country gentlewoman's pleasure is the drudgery of a foot-post; and she requires as much airing as her husband's horses. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Mr. Pinchwife.*

But here comes your husband; I'll ask, tho' I'm sure he'll not grant it.

*Mrs. Pinch.* He says he won't let me go abroad, for fear of catching the pox.

*Alib.* Fie! the small-pox, you should say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, my dear, dear Bud, welcome home! Why dost thou look so fropish? Who has nanger'd thee?

You're a fool. [*Mrs. Pinch. goes aside and cries.*]

So there is, for crying for no fault, poor

ould have her as impudent as

a gadder, a magpie, and, to

man?

only censurer; and the ho-

er suffer in your wife there,

nocent liberty of the town.

do not talk so before my

the town!

asts of any intrigues with

ny name notorious? What

? I keep no company

reputations.

of scandalous reputations

have me civil? Answer

the drawing-room at

Mulberry-Garden, or—

h my wife where the

he's the worst for your

town-

? Answer

town-documents already. I bid you keep her in ignorance as I do.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Indeed, be not angry with her, Bud ; she will tell me nothing of the town, tho' I ask her a thousand times a day.

*Pinch.* Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find ?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Not I, indeed, dear ; I hate London ; our place-house in the country is worth a thousand of it ; would I were there again.

*Pinch.* So you shall, I warrant. But were you not talking of plays and players when I came in ? You are her encourager in such discourses.

*Mrs. Pinch.* No, indeed, dear ; she chid me just now, for liking the player-men.

*Pinch.* Nay, if she be so innocent to own to me her liking them, there's no hurt in't. [*Aside.*] Come, my poor rogue ; but thou likest none better than me ?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, indeed, but I do ; the player-men are finer folks.

*Pinch.* But you love none better than me ?

*Mrs. Pinch.* You are my own dear Bud. and I know you : I hate a stranger.

*Pinch.* Ay, my dear, you must love me only ; and not be like the naughty town-women, who only hate their husbands, and love every man else ; love plays, visits, fine coaches, fine cloaths, fiddles, balls, treats, and so lead a wicked town-life.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a town-life, London is not so bad a place, dear.

*Pinch.* How ! If you love me, you must hate London.

*Alib.* The fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures of the town, and he is now setting her agoog upon them himself.

*Mrs. Pinch.* But, husband, do the town-women love the player-men too ?

*Pinch.* Yes, I warrant you.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay ! I warrant you.

*Pinch.* Why, you do not, I hope ?

*Mrs. Pinch.* No, no, Bud. But why have we no player-men in the country ?

*Pinch.* Ha !—Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a play.

*Mrs.*



THE COUNTRY WIFE. 21

Nay, why, love? I did not care for go-  
 en you forbid me, you make me, as 'twere,

will be in other things, I warrant. [*Aside.*]

Pray, let me go to a play, dear.

I your peace; I wo' not.

Why, love?

I'll tell you.

If he tell her, she'll give him more cause  
 t place. [*Aside.*]

Pray, why, dear?

You like the actors; and the gallants may

That, a homely country girl! No, Bud,

ou, yes, they may.

No no, you jest—I won't believe you; I

I you, then, that one of the lewdest fellows  
 a saw you there, told me he was in love with

ed! Who, who, pray, who was't?

too far, and slept before I was aware.

is! [*Aside.*]

is it any Hampshire gallant, any of our  
 wife you I am beholden to him.

you, you lie; for he would but ruin  
 : hundreds. He has no other love for  
 ch as he look upon women, like baski-  
 them.

but if he loves me, why should he  
 ne to that. Methinks he should not;  
 harm.

pt!  
 well. But I'll keep him from doing  
 ne either.

Sparkish and Harcourt.

pany: get you in, get you in.

t, pray, husband, is he a pretty gentle-

baggage, in. [*Throws her in, shuts the*  
 he leud libertines of the town brought

to my lodging, by this easy coxcomb ! 'Sdeath, I'll not suffer it.

*Spark.* Here, Harcourt, do you approve my choice ? Dear little rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my friends, the wits and——

[Harcourt salutes her.]

*Mr. Pinch.* Ay, they shall know her, as well as you yourself will, I warrant you.

*Spark.* This is one of those, my pretty rogue, that are to dance at your wedding to-morrow : and him you must bid welcome ever, to what you and I have.

*Mr. Pinch.* Monstrous !

*Spark.* Harcourt, how dost thou like her, faith ? Nay, dear, do not look down : I should hate to have a wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

*Mr. Pinch.* Wonderful !

*Spark.* Tell me, I say, Harcourt, how dost thou like her ? Thou hast stared upon her enough, to resolve me.

*Harc.* So infinitely well, that I could wish I had a mistress too, that might differ from her in nothing, but her love and engagement to you.

*Alib.* Sir, Master Sparkish has often told me that his acquaintance were all wits and railleurs, and now I find it.

*Spark.* No, by the universe, Madam, he does not railly now ; you may believe him : I do assure you, he is the honestest, worthiest, true-hearted gentleman—A man of such perfect honour, he would say nothing to a lady he does not mean.

*Mr. Pinch.* Praising another man to his mistress !

*Harc.* Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that——

*Spark.* Nay, 'egad, I am sure you do admire her extremely, I see it in your eyes——He does admire you, Madam.—By the world, don't you ?

*Harc.* Yes, above the world, or, the most glorious part of it, her whole sex : and till now I never thought I should have envied you, or any man about to marry ; but you have the best excuse for marriage I ever knew.

*Alib.* Nay, now, Sir, I'm satisfied you are of the society of the wits, and railleurs, since you cannot spare your friend, even when he is but too civil to you ; but the

the surest sign is, since you are an enemy to marriage, for that I hear you hate as much as business or bad wine.

*Harc.* Truly, Madam, I was never an enemy to marriage till now, because marriage was never an enemy to me before.

*Allib.* But why, Sir, is marriage an enemy to you now? because it robs you of your friend here? for you look upon a friend married, as one gone into a monastery, that is, dead to the world.

*Harc.* 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see, Madam, you can guess my meaning: I do confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the match: by Heavens I would.

*Spark.* Poor Frank!

*Allib.* Would you be so unkind to me?

*Harc.* No, not because I would be unkind to

, 'tis only his kindness to

ess to you indeed; insensible to his wife to his face! [*Aside.* Frank, for all my wife there, that me sometimes, dear rogue. By wit condole for our deceased brother, as for one dead in earnest. I y sad of me, ha, Harcourt?—But melancholy for me.

you, I am not melancholy for you. Frank, dost think my wife, that shall

upon her, till I became as blind

how?

e a lover, and true lovers are

by the world she has wit too, with her into a corner, and try any thing, she's bashful before

too,

a woman wants wit in a corner, she

*Allib.*

## THE COUNTRY WIFE.

*Alib.* Sir, you dispose of me a little before your time—

[*Aside to Sparkish.*]

*Spark.* Nay, nay, Madam, let me have an earnest of your obedience, or—go, go, Madam—

[*Harcourt courts Alithea.*]

*Mr. Pinch.* How, Sir, if you are not concerned for the honour of a wife, I am for that of a sister; he shall not debauch her: be a pander to your own wife, bring men to her, let them make love before your face, thrust them into a corner together, then leave them in private! Is this your town wit and conduct?

*Spark.* Ha, ha, ha, a silly wife rogue would make one laugh more than a stark fool, ha, ha; I shall burst. Nay, you shall not disturb them; I'll vex thee, by the world.

[*Struggles with Pinch. to keep him from Harcourt and Alithea.*]

*Alib.* The writings are drawn, Sir, settlements made; 'tis too late, Sir, and past all revocation.

*Harc.* Then so is my death.

*Alib.* I would not be unjust to him.

*Harc.* Then why to me to?

*Alib.* I have no obligation to you.

*Harc.* My love.

*Alib.* I had his before.

*Harc.* You never had it; he wants, you see, jealousy, the only infallible sign of it.

*Alib.* Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my virtue; Besides, he loves me, or he would not marry me.

*Harc.* Marrying you is no more sign of his love, than bribing your woman, that he may marry you, is a sign of his generosity: marriage is rather a sign of interest, than love; and he that marries a fortune, covers a mistress. He loves her: but if you take marriage for a sign of love, take it from me immediately.

*Alib.* No, now you have put a scruple in my head, but in short, Sir, to end our dispute, I will marry him, my reputation would suffer in the world else.

*Harc.* No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, Madam, your reputation suffers in the world, and you would be thought in necessity for a cloak.

*Alib.* Nay, now you are rude, Sir.—Mr. Sparkish's

play

may come to her, your friend here is very troublesome, and very loving.

Here, Hilda, hold—

[*Aside to Alichea.*

Mrs. Pook. Oye bear that?

Here, Hilda, I've think, I'll seem to be jealous, like a fooling husband.

Mrs. Pook. No, rather be a cuckold, like a credulous

husband. You would not have been so little generous as to love him.

Mrs. Pook. You could be so little generous as to

love him? No, do'r; he's beneath an honest man's notice, a senseless idiot, a wretch so unworthy of you, that—

Mrs. Pook. But, for, since he is like to be so, I'll love him; nay, I think I'll love him more than his friend.—Matter

with me, your rogue, has not she

been so? I thought so, and hoped she had.

[*Speaks furiously.*

Mrs. Pook. You bring people to rail at

me, 'tis but for one another, and

of you, I had no patience. You been making love to

that woman. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Pook. We wits rail and make love, as we have no affection.

Mrs. Pook. Below an injury.

Mrs. Pook. Impudent, virtuous jade; but have her, she'll do as good,

*Spark.*

*Spark.* Pshaw!

*Alib.* A coward.

*Spark.* Pshaw, pshaw!

*Alib.* A senseless drivelling idiot.

*Spark.* How! did he disparage my parts? Nay, then, my honour's concerned. I can't put up that, Sir; by the world, brother, help me to kill him—I may draw now, since we have the odds of him; 'tis a good occasion too before my mistress. [*Aside.*] [*Offers to draw.*]

*Alib.* Hold, hold.

*Spark.* What, what?

*Alib.* I must not let them kill the gentleman neither, for his kindness to me; I am so far from hating him, that I wish my gallant had his person and understanding:—Nay, if my honour—

*Spark.* I'll be thy death.

*Alib.* Hold, hold; indeed, to tell the truth, the gentleman said after all, that what he spoke, was but out of friendship to you.

*Spark.* How! say, I am a fool, that is, no wit, out of friendship to me!

*Alib.* Yes, to try whether I was concerned enough for you; and made love to me only to be satisfied of my virtue, for your sake.

*Harc.* Kind however—

*Spark.* Nay, if it were so, my dear rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why would not you tell me so, faith?

*Harc.* Because I did not think on't, faith.

*Spark.* Come; Horner does not come; Harcourt, is gone to the new play.—Come, Madam.

*Alib.* I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the box, and run into the pit, as you use to do.

*Spark.* Pshaw! I'll leave Harcourt with you in the box, to entertain you, and that's as good; if I sat in the box, I should be thought no judge but of trimming. Come away, Harcourt, lead her down.

[*Exeunt Sparkish, Harcourt, and Alib.*]

*Pinch.* Well, go thy ways, for the flower of the true town fops, such as spend their estates before they come to them, and are cuckolds before they're married. But let me go look to my own free-hold—How—

*Exit.*

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*Enter my Lady Fidget, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, and Mrs. Squeamish.*

*Lady Fidge.* Your servant, Sir; where is your Lady?

*We are come to wait upon her to the new play.*

*Pinch.* New play!

*Lady Fidge.* And my husband will wait upon you presently.

*Pinch.* Damn your civility—[*Aside.*]—Madam, by no means, I will not see Sir Jasper here, till I have waited upon him at home; nor shall my wife see you, till she has waited upon your Ladyship at your lodgings.

*Lady Fidge.* Now we are here, Sir.

*Pinch.* No, Madam.

*Dain.* Pray, let us see her.

*Squeam.* We will not stir, till we see her.

*Pinch.* A pox on you all—[*Aside.*] [*Goes to the door, and returns.*] She has locked the door, and is gone abroad.

*Lady Fidge.* No, you have locked the door, and she's within.

*Dain.* They told us below, she was here.

*Pinch.* Will nothing do? [*Aside.*]—Well it must out then: so tell you the truth, ladies, which I was afraid to let you know before, lest it might endanger your lives, my wife has just now got the small-pox come out upon her: do not be frightened; but pray begone, ladies, you shall not stay here in danger of your lives; pray get you gone, ladies.

*Lady Fidge.* No, no, we have all had them.

*Squeam.* Aack, alack!

*Dain.* Come, come, we must see how it goes with her, and understand the disease.

*Lady Fidge.* Come.

*Pinch.* Well, there is no being too hard for women at their own weapon, lying, therefore I'll quit the field.

[*Aside.*] [*Exit Pinchwife.*]

*Squeamish.*—an example of jealousy!

*Lady Fidget.* Indeed, as the world goes, I wonder there are more jealous, since wives are so neglected.

*Dain.* Pinaw! as the world goes, to what end should they be jealous?

*Lady Fidge.* Foh, 'tis a nasty world.

*Squeam.* That men of parts, great acquaintance, and quality,

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quality, should take up arms, and spend themselves and fortunes, in keeping little boys and creatures, that

*Lady Fidg.* Nay, that women of understanding, great acquaintance, and good quality, should fall a laughing at of little creatures, toh!

*Squeam.* Why, 'tis the way of quality to do it, they never visit women of honour, and they have never used to do; and have not so much respect to the Ladies of our rank; but they will be sure to visit and ill breeding, as if we were all new creatures.

*Lady Fidg.* She says true, but a woman of quality should be so situated, that she should not be courted, and followed for nothing.

*Squeam.* Ay, one would think, if a woman did not love, no more than men.

*Dain.* Fye, fye upon them, they are no better breeding for themselves but for their horses.

*Lady Fidg.* They are dogs, and they are not.

*Squeam.* One would think, if a woman did not love, no more than men.

*Dain.* Nay, they do satisfy the young men of the times; and are kind to us in the world they lie with us.

*Lady Fidg.* Damned rebels, they are, they are wronged by them; to repeat a story, when he has not had a person of quality, the whole world, that can be said of them.

*Squeam.* Well, 'tis an extreme, but they should be so wronged and abused.

*Lady Fidg.* But still 'tis a pity, that a person should neglect her own honour, and be a noble person, with little in her head.

*Dain.* I suppose the case is the same with a man of quality.

*Lady Fidg.* How! no fault to be found with one's husband, and therefore the fault is in the woman.

*Dain.* But then the pleasure is in the man.

*Lady Fidg.* Fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, shall we ramble? Be content to be content, and shall hate you.



Besides an intrigue is so much the more notorious for the man's quality.

*Squeam.* 'Tis true, nobody takes notice of a private man, and therefore with him 'tis more secret; and the crime's the less when 'tis not known.

*Lady Fidg.* You say true; 'faith, I think you are in the right on't: 'tis not an injury to a husband, till it be an injury to our honours; so that a woman of honour loses no honour with a private person; and to say truth—

*Dain.* So the little fellow is grown a private person—  
[*Apart to Squeam.*]

*Lady Fidg.* But still, my dear, dear honour—

*Enter Sir Jasper, Horner, and Dorilant.*

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou hast still so much honour in thy mouth—

*Horn.* That she has none elsewhere — [Aside.]

*Lady Fidg.* Oh! what d'ye mean to bring in there upon

*Dain.* Foh! these are as bad as wits.

*Squeam.* Foh!

*Lady Fidg.* Let us leave the room.

*Sir Jasp.* Stay, may; faith, to tell you the naked truth—

*Lady Fidg.* Yes, Sir Jasper, do not use that word

naked.

*Sir Jasp.* Well, well; in short, I have business at Whitehall, and cannot go to the play with you, therefore would have you go—

*Lady Fidg.* With those two to a play?

*Sir Jasp.* No, not with t'other, but with Mr. Horn—there can be no more scandal to go with him, than Mr. Tattle, or master Limberham.

*Lady Fidg.* With that nasty fellow! no—no.

*Sir Jasp.* May, pr'ythee, dear, hear me.

[Whispers to Lady Fidg.]

*Horn.* Ladies. [Horner and Dorilant drawing near Squeamish and Dainty.]

Off.

*Dain.* Do not approach us,

*Dain.* You herd with the wits, you are obscenity all over.

*Squeam.* And I would as soon look upon a picture of

Adam and Eve, without  
could help it, therefore

*Dor.* What a devil are

*Horn.* Why, these are  
ticks to wit, only by cent  
pcevilish, out-of-humour  
arithmetical top sets up  
sense, so these for humo  
ladies of as great honour

*Sir Jasp.* Come, Mr. Horn, I must  
with these ladies to the play, Sir.

*Horn.* I, Sir!

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, ay, come, Sir.

*Horn.* I must beg your  
not be seen in women's company  
world.

*Sir Jasp.* Ha, ha, strange

*Squeam.* No, he's for wo

*Sir Jasp.* He—poor man

*Dain.* 'Tis a greater shame  
seen in virtuous women's company  
to be seen with them.

*Horn.* Indeed, Madam, the  
tuous women, but now I have  
pardon, ladies.

*Lady Fidge.* You are very  
would not be troubled with you.

*Sir Jasp.* In sober sadness,

*Dor.* Nay, if he wo' not,  
ladies, and think I am the first

*Sir Jasp.* You, Sir! no, I  
Horner is a privileg'd man  
'twill be a great while before  
he's my wife's gallant, he, he  
Sir, for, as I take it, the virtuous  
with you.

*Dor.* And I am sure he can  
strange a man can't come among  
but upon the same terms as men  
great Turk's seraglio: but Heaven  
an ombre player with 'em. But where



smocks for 'em, collecting receipts, new songs, new pages, and footmen for 'em.

*Horn.* I hope they'll afford me better employment, Sir.

*Sir Jasp.* Heh, he, he; 'tis fit you know your work before you come into your place: and since you are unprovided of a lady to flatter, and a good house to eat at, pray frequent mine, and call my wife mistress, and she shall call you gallant, according to the custom.

*Horn.* Who, I?—

*Sir Jasp.* Faith, thou shalt for my sake; come, for my sake only.

*Horn.* For your sake—

*Sir Jasper.* Come, come, here's a gamester for you; let him be a little familiar sometimes, what it a little rude? gamesters may be rude with ladies, you know.

*Lady Fidg.* Yes; losing gamesters have a privilege with women.

*Horn.* I always thought the contrary, that the winning gamester had most privilege with women; for when you have lost your money to a man, you'll lose any thing you have, all you have, they say, and he may use you as he pleases.

*Sir Jasp.* Heh, he, he; well, with a lose you shall have your liberty with her.

*Lady Fidg.* As he behaves himself; and for your sake I'll give him admittance and freedom.

*Horn.* All sorts of freedom, Madam?

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, ay, ay, all sorts of freedom thou canst take: And so go to her, begin thy new employment; wheedle her, jest with her; and be better acquainted with another.

*Horn.* I think I know her already; therefore may venture with her my secret for her's.

[*Horn and Lady Fidg. whisper.*]

*Sir Jasp.* Sister cuz, I have provided an innocent play-fellow for you there

*Dain.* Who, he!

*Scream.* There's a play-fellow, indeed!

*Sir Jasp.* Yes sure: what, he is good enough to play at cards, blindman's-buff, or the fool with sometimes.

*Scream.* Foh! we'll have no such play-fellows.

*Dain.*

Sir: you be not a wise play-fellows for us, you.

Nay, say that me. *[Whispering to them:]*

But, my good man, could you be so generous to make a man of honour, as, for the sakes of us all, to cause yourself to be reported no more than I and so fetch yourself the greatest shame that ever was, that none might fall upon us for the want of your wisdom? But indeed, Sir, as per-  
sonally, I am not before your going into the country, Sir?

Madam: nay, I scorn to be tried only, Ma-

dam: you are again like a man of honour to come to the test. But such things of your-  
self, to whom to believe; and take your words no more than the staid servant of yours, I have so strong a faith in your word, that I'd forfeit mine for

you should not need to forfeit it already to save you so well known in the

figure, falling-out, or on out of your hands, to betray your trust, leave to speak obscen-

believe me: the repu- recover'd again in the  
Madam.

say, you may do your

reconcil'd to him  
for I must be gone to

War, indeed, Sir, Master Horner is  
him.

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him. Cousin Squeamish, sister Dainty, I can name him now: truly, not long ago, you know, I thought every name obscenity; and I would as soon have lain with him as have nam'd him.

*Sir Jasp.* Very likely, poor Madam.

*Dain.* I believe it.

*Squeam.* No doubt on't.

*Sir Jasp.* Well, well—that your Ladyship is as virtuous as any she, I know; and him all the town knows—heh, he, he: therefore, now you like him get you gone to your business together; go, go to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to my pleasure, business.

*Lady Fidg.* Come then, dear gallant.

*Horn.* Come away, my dearest mistress.

*Sir Jasp.* So, so, why 'tis as I'd have it.

[Exit.

*Horn.* And as I'd have it.

*Lady Fidg.* Who, for his business, from his wife will  
Takes the best care to have her business done.

[Exit.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Alithea and Mrs. Pinchwife.

ALITHEA.

SISTER, what ails you? You are grown melancholy.  
*Mrs. Pinch.* Wou'd it not make any one melancholy to see you go every day fluttering about abroad, whilst I must stay at home like a poor, lonely, sullen bird in a cage.

*Alithea.* Ay, sister; but you came young, and just from the nest to your cage; so that I thought you lik'd it, and could be as cheerful as't as others that took their flight themselves early, and are hopping abroad in the open air.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, I confess I was quiet enough till my husband told me what pure lives the London ladies live abroad, with their dancing, meetings, junquettings, and dress'd every day in their best gowns; and warrant you, play at nine-pins every day of the week, so they do.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

*Mr. Pinch.* Come, what's here to do? you are putting the

the town-plaster in her hand, and setting her a long-

Abba. Yes, after nine-pm: you suffer none to give  
 of these things you mean, but yourself.

...of the vanities of the town like a

...just such a confessor, as he that,  
by gnawing a little stick, to grate the horse's teeth,

...ant, good precepts are lost \*nt,  
...before us. The liberty you  
...after it, and out of hu-  
She desir'd not to come to

...two weeks in town, and never  
...abroad.

... yesterday?

...d me ; I was myself the

...again, you are the cause of  
...e.

right I shall be rid of you ;  
right, she and I'll be rid of  
apprehensions. Come, he  
go into the country after

... tell me of the country

fish at the country?

... I am not well.

What ails my dearest?

know: but I have not  
there was a gallant at the

...too?

... well, but are so con-  
... to lie, and say he  
... 100.

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

*Pinch.* Oh, of that which is worse than the plague, jealousy.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pish, you jeer; I'm sure there's no such disease in our receipt-book at home.

*Pinch.* No, thou never met'st it with it, poor innocent—well, if thou cuckold me, 'twill be my own fault—for cuckolds and bastards are generally makers of their own fortune. *Aside.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Well, but pray, Bud, let's go to a play to-night.

*Pinch.* 'Tis just done, she comes from it; but why are you so eager to see a play?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Faith, dear, not that I dare one pin for their talk there; but I like to look upon the player-men, and wou'd see, if I cou'd, the gallant you say loves me: that's all, dear Bud?

*Pinch.* Is that all, dear Bud?

*Alith.* This proceeds from my example?

*Mrs. Pinch.* But if the play be done, let's go abroad however, dear Bud?

*Pinch.* Come have a little patience, and thou shalt go into the country on Friday.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Therefore I wou'd see first some sights, to tell my neighbours of: nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

*Alith.* I'm the cause of this desire too?

*Pinch.* But now I think on't, who, who was the cause of Horner's coming to my lodging to day? That was you.

*Alith.* No, you; because you wou'd not let him see your handsome wite out of your lodging.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, O Lord! Did the gentleman come hither to see me indeed?

*Pinch.* No, no,—You are not the cause of the damn'd question too, mistress Alitha?—Well, she in the right of it: he is in love with my wife—and comes after her—'tis so—but I'll nip his love in the bud; lest he shou'd follow us into the country, and break his chariot-wheel near our house, on purpose for an excuse to come to't. But I think I know the town.



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*Mrs. Pinch.* Come, pray Bud, let's go abroad before it's late; for I will go, that's flat and plain.

*Pinch.* So! The obstinacy already of the town-wife; and I must, whilst she's here, humour her like one. [*Aside.* Over, how shall we do, that she may not be seen, or known?

*Alib.* Let her put on her mask.

*Pinch.* Pshaw! a mask makes people but the more inquisitive, and is as ridiculous a disguise as a liage-beard: her shape, stature, habit, will be known. And if we shou'd meet with Horner, he wou'd be sure to take acquaintance with us, must with her joy, kiss her, talk to her, leer upon her, and the devil and all. No, I'll not use her to a mask, 'tis dangerous; for masks have made more cuckolds than the best faces that ever were known.

*Alib.* How will you do then?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, shall we go? The Exchange will be shut; and I have a mind to see that.

*Pinch.* So——I have it——I'll dress her up in the suit we are to carry down to her brother, little Sir James: nay, I understand the town-tricks. Come, let's go dress her in a mask! No—A woman mask'd, like a cover'd dish, gives a man curiosity and appetite; when, it may be, uncover'd, 'twould turn his stomach—No, no.

*Alib.* Indeed your comparison is something a greasy one: but I had a gentle gallant, us'd to say, a beauty mask'd, like the sun in eclipse, gathers together more gazers than if it shone it. [*Exeunt.*

*The SCENE changes to the New-Exchange.*

*Enter Horner, Harcourt, and Dorilant.*

*Dor.* Engag'd to women, and not sup with us!

*Hor.* Ay, a peck on 'em all!

*Har.* You were much a more reasonable man in the morning, and had as noble resolutions against 'em, as a washer of a week's liberty.

*Dor.* Did I ever think to see you keep company with women in vain.

*Hor.* In vain? No——'tis since I can't love 'em, to be reveng'd on 'em.

*Har.* Now your sting is gone, you look'd in the box amongst all those women, like a drone in the hive; and

D

upon

upon you, shov'd and all us'd by 'em all, and thrust upon one side to t'other.

*Dor.* Yet he must be bawling amongst 'em still, like other beetle-headed superiour dronks. Avoid 'em, I hate 'em, as they hate you.

*Horn.* Because I do hate 'em, and would hate 'em yet more, I'll frequent 'em. You may see by drinking, nothing makes a man hate a woman more, than her constant conversation. In short, I converse with 'em, and you do with rich fools, to laugh at them, and to be laugh'd at.

*Dor.* But I would go more for a woman, than I could lie with 'em, than I'd walk with a score of 'em, or I could cheat him.

*Horn.* Yes, I have known just this sort of a fellow drinking; if he could get out your hand that way, could you were satisfy'd, and it would be a wonderful good mouth, 'twas enough.

*Harc.* Yes, a man drinks to get a good fellow, as it were, for a marker, and to keep him from being taken for the ladies drink?

*Horn.* Yes, Sir, and I shall have the pleasure of laying 'em flat with a bottle, and then I shall be a good deal that way upon 'em, as I am upon you.

*Harc.* Perhaps you might be a little more particular to 'em that way, as I do.

*Dor.* Foh! drinking and such like is all unbecom'd in scolding with 'em. But I shall have a good deal to do with 'em, and the best of it is, I shall have a good deal to do with 'em.

*Harc.* Nay, 'tis a good deal to do with 'em, and I shall have a good deal to do with 'em: but leave us for this while.

*Dor.* Ay, when he can't be so kind to me, we hardly pardon a man that can't be so kind to a woman, and that's a pretty law for all.

*Horn.* Faith, I would not be so kind to you, if I could, I wouldn't drink.

*Dor.* Who would disagree to be company at Jack's for a gossiping?

*Harc.* Foh! wine and women, and such like, are as nauseous as sick and tired. But here you go, before you go, a little of your old story, as it is in general, when unfit for company, he will be so good as to have other designs upon women than to be so good as to

with them; I am in love with Sparkish's mistress, from he is to marry to-morrow: now how shall I get her?

*Enter Sparkish, looking about.*

*Horn.* Why, here comes one will help you to her.

*Harc.* He! he, I tell you, is my rival, and will hinder my love.

*Horn.* No; a foolish rival and a jealous husband assist their rival's designs; for they are sure to make their women hate them, which is the first step to their love for another man.

*Harc.* But I cannot come near his mistress, but in his company.

*Horn.* Still the better for you; for fools are most easily cheated when they themselves are accessories: and he is to be bubbled of his mistress ~~as~~ of his money, the common mistress, by keeping him company.

*Spark.* Who is that, that is to be bubbled? Faith, let me snack; I han't met with a bubble since Christmas. 'Gad, I think bubbles are like their brother woodcocks, go out with the cold weather,

*Harc.* A pox, he did not hear all, I hope!

*[Apart to Horner.]*

*Spark.* Come, you bubbling rogues you, where do we sup?—Oh, Harcourt, my mistress tells me you have been making fierce love to her all the play long. Hah, ha---- But I-----

*Harc.* I make love to her!

*Spark.* Nay, I forgive thee; for I think I know thee, and I know her, but I am sure I know myself.

*Harc.* Did she tell you so? I see all women are like these of the Exchange; who, to enhance the price of their commodities, report to their loud customers offers which were never made 'em.

*Horn.* Ay, women are apt to tell before the intrigue, men after it, and so shew themselves the vainer sex. But hast thou a mistress, Sparkish? 'Tis as hard for me to believe it, as what thou ever hadst a bubble, as you bragg'd just now.

*Spark.* Oh, your servant, Sir: are you at your railway, Sir? But we are some of us before-hand with you all-day at the play: the wits were something bold with you, Sir; did you not hear us laugh?

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*Horn.* Yes; but I thought you had gone to play, and laugh at the poet's wit, not at your own.

*Spark.* Your servant, Sir; no, I thank you. 'Gad, I go to a play, as to a country treat: I carry my own wit to one, and my own wit to t'other, or else I'm sure I shou'd not be merry at either; and the reason why we are so often louder than the players, is, because we think we speak more wit, and so become the poet's rivals in his audience; for to tell you the truth, we hate the silly rogues; nay, so much, that we find fault even with their bawdy upon the stage, whilst we talk nothing in the pit as loud.

*Horn.* But why shouldst thou hate the silly poets? thou hast too much wit to be one; and they, like whippersnappers, are only hated by each other: and thou dost scorn writing, I'm sure.

*Spark.* Yes, I'd have you know I scorn writing; but women! women, that make men so foolish, they make 'em write songs too. Every body writes now as common with lovers as playing with cards, and can no more help rhyming to your Phillis, than to your Phillis.

*Horn.* Nay, poetry in love is no more to be avoided than jealousy.

*Dor.* But the poets damn themselves, and their burlesque, as they call it. They make a great pocus trick they have got, and call it a learned cius doctus, topsy turvey, and so on, and so on, a man in the world, a fool upon the stage, and so on, how; and 'tis therefore I hate 'em too, for I hate a fool, but it may be my own case; for they'll put a man in a play for looking a-squint. Their predecessors were contented to make serving-men only their stage-fools, but these rogues must have gentlemen, with a pux to 'em, nay, knights; and indeed, you shall hardly see a fool upon the stage, but he's a knight. And to tell you the truth, they have kept me these six years from being a knight in earnest, for fear of being knighted in a jest, and dubb'd a fool.

*Dor.* Blame 'em not, they must follow their own way, the age.

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*Harc.* But why shouldst thou be afraid of being in a play, who expose yourself every day in the play-houses, and at public places?

*Harc.* 'Tis but being on the stage, instead of standing on a bench in the pit.

*Mr.* Don't you give money to painters to draw your face? And are you afraid of your pictures at length in a play-house, where all your mistresses may see you?

*Spark.* A pox, painters don't draw the small pox or pimples in one's face. Come, damn all your silly authors whatever, all books and booksellers, by the world; and all readers, courteous and uncourteous.

*Harc.* But who comes here, Sparkish?

*Enter Mr. Pinchwife, and his Wife in Man's clothes, Althea, and Lucy her maid.*

*Spark.* Oh, hide me, there's my mistress too.

*[Sparkish hides himself behind Harcourt.]*

*Harc.* She sees you.

*Spark.* But I will not see her: 'tis time to go to Whitehall, and I must not fail the drawing-room.

*Harc.* Pray not carry me and reconcile me to her.

*Spark.* Another time; faith, the king will have supp'd.

*Harc.* Not with the worse stomach for thy absence: thou art one of those fools that think their attendance at the king's meals as necessary as his physician's, when you are more troublesome to him than his doctors, or his dogs.

*Spark.* Pshaw! I know my interest, Sir. I'll ythee, hide me.

*Horn.* Your servant, Pinchwife. What, he knows us not.

*Pinch.* Come along. *[To his wife aside.]*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, have you any ballads? Give me five penny worth.

*Clasp.* We have no ballads.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Then give me Covent-Garden drollery, and a play or two—Oh, here's Tarugo's Wiles, and the Slighted Maiden; I'll have them.

*Pinch.* No, plays are not for your reading. Come along; will you discover yourself? *[Apart to her.]*

*Harc.* Who is that pretty youth with him, Sparkish?

*Spark.* I believe his wife's brother, because he's something like her; but I never saw her but once.

*Horn.* Extremely handsome; I have seen a face like it too. Let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt Mr Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife, Alithea, Lucy, Horner and Dorilant following them.*]

*Harc.* Come, Sparkish, your mistress saw you, and may be angry you go not to her; besides, I would fain be reconciled to her, which none but you can do, dear friend.

*Spark.* Well, that is a better reason, dear friend; I would not go near her now for hers or aught else; for I can deny you nothing: for tho' I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance.

*Harc.* I am obliged to you indeed, dear friend: I would be well with her only to be well with you; for these ties to wives usually dissolve all ties but these. I would be contented she should enjoy you a-days, but I would have you to myself a-days as I have had her to-day.

*Spark.* And thou shalt enjoy me a-days, dear friend, never stir; and I'll be divorced from her, sooner than from thee. Come along—

*Harc.* So, we are hard put to't, when we have a rival our procurer; but neither she, nor her brother, would let me come near her now. When all's done, a rival is the best cloak to steal to a mistress without suspicion; and when we have once got to her, we do as fire, we throw him off, like other cloaks.

[*Exit Sparkish, and Harcourt following him.*]

*Re-enter Mr. Pinch. and Mrs. Pinch. in great haste.*

*Mr. Pinch.* Sister, if you will not go, you shall stay you— [*To Alithea.*] The fool, her gallant, and the fool must up all the young faunterers of this country; they will leave their dear sempitresses to follow them. What a swarm of cuckolds and cuckold-makers are there! Come, let's begone, Mistress Margery.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Don't you believe that I have a belly full of fights yet?

*Mr. Pinch.* Then walk this way.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord, what a power of husbands are here? Stay—the bull's-head, the ram's-head, and the stag's-head, dear—

*Mr. Pinch.* Nay, if every husband's power were visible, they would be all alike.

*Mrs. Pinch.* What do ye mean by that, Bud?

*Mr. Pinch.* 'Tis no matter——no matter, Bud.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, tell me. Nay, I will know.

*Mr. Pinch.* They would be all bulls, stags, and rams

[*Exit Mr. Pinchwife and Mrs. Pinchwife.*]

*Enter Spark.* Harc. Alith. Lucy, *at the other door.*

*Spark.* Come, dear Madam, for my sake you shall be reconciled to him.

*Mrs. Pinch.* For your sake, I hate him.

*Harc.* That is something too cruel, Madam, to hate me for his sake.

*Spark.* Ay indeed, Madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my friend for my sake.

*Mrs. Pinch.* I hate him because he is your enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

*Spark.* That is a good one! I hate a man for loving you. If he did love you, it is but what he cannot help; and ~~that~~ is your fault, not his, if he admires you. I hate ~~him~~ for being of my opinion! I will never do it, by any world.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Is it for your honour, or mine, to suffer a man to make love to me, who am to marry you to-morrow?

*Spark.* Is it for your honour, or mine, to have me married? That he makes love to you, is a sign you are handsome; and that I am not jealous, is a sign you are virtuous; that I think is for your honour.

*Mrs. Pinch.* But it is your honour too, I am concerned for.

*Spark.* But why, dearest Madam, will you be more concerned for his honour than he is himself?—Let his honour be gone, for my sake and his. He! he has no honour—

*Mrs. Pinch.* How is that?

*Spark.* But what my dear friend can guard himself.

*Mrs. Pinch.* O ho—that is right again.

*Spark.* Your care of his honour argues his neglect of it, which is no honour to my dear friend here: therefore once let his honour go which way it will, dear Madam.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay, ay; were it for my honour to marry a man whose virtue I suspected, and could not trust her to his hands?

*Spark.* Are you not afraid to lose me?

*Mrs. Pinch.* He afraid to lose you, Madam! No, no—you may

may see how the most estimable and most glorious creature in the world is valued by him: will you not see it?

*Spark.* Right, honest Frank, I have that noble value for her, that I cannot be jealous of her.

*Alith.* You mistake him: he means you care not for me, nor who has me.

*Spark.* Lord, Madam! I see you are jealous: will you wrest a poor man's meaning from his words?

*Alith.* You astonish me, Sir, with your want of jealousy.

*Spark.* And you make me giddy, Madam, with your jealousy and fears, and virtue and honour: 'gad, I see virtue makes a woman as troublesome as a little reading or learning.

*Alith.* Monstrous!

*Lucy.* Well, to see what easy husbands these women of quality can meet with! a poor chamber-maid can never have such lady-like luck. Besides, he is devoted to her: she will make no use of her fortune, but in sing. None to a gentleman, for a pure cuckold, for he requires good breeding to be a cuckold.

*Alith.* I tell you then plainly, he purges me to leave me.

*Spark.* Pshaw——

*Harc.* Come, Madam, you see you have made me to make him jealous of me; my dear friend is the kindest creature in the world to me.

*Spark.* Poof fellow!

*Harc.* But his kindness only is not enough for me, without your favour, your good opinion, dear Madam: that must perfect my happiness. Good gentleman, he believes all I say: would you would do so. Jealous of me! I would not wrong him nor you for the world.

*Spark.* Look you there: hear him, hear him, and do not walk away so. [*Alitheia walks catchily to and fro.*]

*Harc.* I love you, Madam, so—

*Spark.* How is that! Nay, now you begin to go too far indeed.

*Harc.* So much, I confess, I say, I love you, that I would not have you miserable, and cast yourself away upon so unworthy and inconsiderable a thing, as what you see here. [*Clapping his hand on his breast, points at Spark.*]



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**Spark.** No, faith, I believe thou wouldst not. Now his meaning is plain; but I knew before thou wouldst not love me, nor her,

No, no, heavens forbid the glory of her sex  
 fall so low, as into the embraces of such a contemp-  
 tible wretch, the least of mankind—my dear friend here—  
 injure him. [Embracing Sparkish.

*Alib.* Very well,

**Spark.** No, no, dear friend, I knew it. Madam, you  
he will rather wrong himself than me, in giving him-  
self such names.

*Alith.* Do not you understand him yet?

**Spark.** Yes, how modestly he speaks of himself, poor-

1864. Machines he speaks confidently of yourself,  
—that is, as if you were in a position that I can no longer  
be the less than a day to you, no more than his  
[Offers to go.]

1. *Madame, pray stay, his love to you!*  
 2. *Madame, do not let it be yet plain enough?*

In 1922, I think so.

W. What can, by the world, a man cannot speak  
 his love to you, but presently she says, he makes  
 a mistake. May, Madam, you shall stay, with your par-  
 ticulars, till you have understood him, till he has  
 made you acquainted with his love to you, that is, what  
 kind of love it is. Answer to thy catechism, friend; do  
 you love my mistress here?

**Harc.** Yes, I wish she would not doubt it.

*Spark.* But how do you love her?

*Harc.* With all my soul.

*Alib.* I thank him, methinks he speaks plain enough  
H.

Spark. You are out still.

What kind of love, Harcourt?

*Home.* With the best, and the truest love in the world.

Mark. Look you there then, that is with no matrimo-  
nial love, I am sure.

*Alth.* How is that? Do you say matrimonial love is  
well?

*Spark.* 'Gad, I went too far ere I was aware : but speak for

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for thyself, Harcourt, you said you would not wrong me nor her.

*Harc.* No, no, Madam, even take him for heaven's sake——

*Spark.* Look you there, Madam,

*Harc.* Who should in all justice be yours, he that loves you most. [Claps his hand on his breast]

*Alib.* Look you there, Mr. Sparkish, who is that?

*Spark.* Who should it be? Go on, Harcourt.

*Harc.* Who loves you more than women titles, or fortune fools. [Points at Spark.]

*Spark.* Look you there, he means me still, for he points at me.

*Alib.* Ridiculous! [love.]

*Harc.* Who can only match your faith and constancy in Spark. Ay.

*Harc.* Who knows, if it be possible, how to value so much beauty and virtue.

*Spark.* Ay.

*Harc.* Whose love can no more be equalled in the world, than that heavenly form of yours.

*Spark.* No——

*Harc.* Who could no more suffer a rival, than your absence, and yet could no more suspect your virtue, than his own constancy in his love to you.

*Spark.* No——

*Harc.* Who, in fine, loves you better than his eyes, that first made him love you.

*Spark.* Ay—Nay, Madam, faith you shan't go, till—

*Alib.* Have a care, lest you make me stay too long——

*Spark.* But till he has saluted you; that I may be assured you are friends, after his honest advice and declaration. Come, pray, Madam, be friends with him.

*Enter Mr. Pinchwife and Mistress Pinchwife.*

*Alib.* You must pardon me, Sir, that I am not yet so obedient to you.

*Mr. Pinch.* What, invite your wife to kiss men! Monstrous! Are you not ashamed? I will never forgive you.

*Spark.* Are you not ashamed, that I should have more confidence in the chastity of your family, than you have? You must not teach me, I am a man of honour, Sir, and I am frank and free; I am frank, Sir——

*Mr.*

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*Mr. Pinch.* Very frank, Sir, to share your wife with your friends.

*Spark.* He is an humble, menial friend, such as reconciles the differences of the marriage bed; you know man and wife do not always agree, I design him for that use, therefore would have him well with my wife.

*Mr. Pinch.* A menial friend—you will get a great many menial friends, by shewing your wife as you do.

*Spark.* What then? It may be I have a pleasure in it, as I have to shew fine cloaths at a play-house, the first day, and count money before poor rogues.

*Mr. Pinch.* He that shews his wife, or money, will be in danger of having them borrowed sometimes.

*Spark.* I love to be envied, and would not marry a wife that I alone could love; loving alone is as dull as eating alone: Is it not a frank age? and I am a frank person; and to tell you the truth, it may be, I love to have rivals in a wife, they make her seem to a man still but as a kept mistress; and so good night, for I must to Whitehall. Madam, I hope you are now reconciled to my friend; and so I wish you a good night, Madam, and sleep if you can; for to-morrow, you know, I must visit you early with a canonical gentleman. Good night, dear Harcourt.

[*Exit Sparkish.*]

*Harc.* Madam, I hope you will not refuse my visit to-morrow, if it should be earlier, with a canonical gentleman, than Mr. Sparkish's.

*Mr. Pinch.* This gentlewoman is yet under my care, therefore you must yet forbear your freedom with her, Sir.

[*Coming between Althea and Harcourt.*]

*Harc.* Must, Sir!

*Mr. Pinch.* Yes, Sir, she is my sister.

*Harc.* 'Tis well she is, Sir—for I must be her servant, Sir. Madam—

*Mr. Pinch.* Come away, sister, we had been gone if it had not been for you, and so avoided these lewd rakeshells, who seem to haunt us.

*Enter Horner, Dorilant to them.*

*Horn.* How now! Pinchwife!

*Mr. Pinch.* Your servant.

*Horn.* What I see a little time in the country makes a  
man

man turn wild and unsociable, and only fit to converse with his horses, dogs, and his herds.

*Mr. Pinch.* I have business, Sir, and must mind it: your business is pleasure, therefore you and I must go different ways.

*Horn.* Well, you may go on, but this young gentleman—— [*takes hold of Mrs. Pinch's arm*]

*Har.* The lady——

*Dor.* And the maid——

*Horn.* Shall stay with us, for I suppose you will be the same with ours, pleasure.

*Mr. Pinch.* 'sdeath, he knows her, and I shall not be so silly; yet if he does not, I should be glad to know it first.

*Alith.* Pray, let us go, Sir,

*Mr. Pinch.* Come, come——

*Horn.* Had you rather not stay with us? [*Mr. Pinch.*] Pity her, Pinchwife, who is this pretty young gentleman?

*Mr. Pinch.* One to whom I am a guardian, I wish I could keep her out of your hands——

*Horn.* Who is he? I never saw any thing so pretty to all my life.

*Mr. Pinch.* Pshaw, do not look upon him so much; he is a poor bashful youth, you'll pass him out of acquaintance. Come away, brother. [*Clings to Mrs. Pinch's arm.*]

*Horn.* O, your brother

*Mr. Pinch.* Yes, my wife's brother. Come, come, he will stay supper for us.

*Horn.* I thought so, for he is very like her; I saw him at the play with, whom I told you I was to love with.

*Mrs. Pinch.* O Gemmini! is that he that was in love with me? I am glad on it, I vow, for he is a very fine gentleman, and I love him already. What say you, he, Bud?

*Pinch.* Come away, come away.

*Horn.* Why, what haste are you in? Won't you let me talk with him?

*Pinch.* Because you will debauch him. He is very young and innocent, and I would not have him debauched by any thing in the world. How the gaze-bow looks at the devil!

*Horn.* Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here ; this is the likeness of that dowdy he told us of, his wife. Did you ever see a levelier creature ? The rogue has reason to be jealous of his wife, since she is like him, for she would make all that see her in love with her.

*Harc.* And, as I remember now, she is as like him here as can be.

*Dor.* She is indeed very pretty, if she be like him.

*Horn.* Very pretty ! a very pretty commendation — she is a glorious creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever held.

*Pinch.* So, so.

*Harc.* More beautiful than a poet's first mistress of imagination.

*Horn.* Or another man's last mistress of flesh and blood.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, now you jeer, Sir ; pray don't jeer me —

*Pinch.* Come, come. — By heavens, she will discover herself. [*Aside.*

*Horn.* I speak of your sister, Sir.

*Pinch.* Ay, but saying she was handsome, if like him, made him blush. — I am upon a rack — [*Aside.*

*Horn.* Methinks he is so handsome, he should not be a man.

*Pinch.* O there 'tis out : he has discover'd her, I am not able to suffer any longer. Come, come away, I say — [*To his wife.*

*Horn.* Nay, by your leave, Sir, he shall not go yet —

*Harc.* Dorilant, let us torment this jealous rogue a little. [*To them.*

*Harc. and Dor.* How ?

*Horn.* I'll shew you.

*Pinch.* Come, pray let him go, I cannot stay fooling any longer ; I tell you, his sister stays supper for us.

*Horn.* Does she ? Come then, we will all go sup with her and thee.

*Pinch.* No, now I think on it, having staid so long for us, I warrant she is gone to bed — I wish she and I were well out of their hands — [*Aside.*] — Come, I must rise early to-morrow, come.

*Horn.* Well then, if she be gone to bed, I wish her and you

you a good night. But pray, young gentleman, present my humble service to her.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Thank you heartily, Sir.

*Pinch.* 'Sdeath, she will discover herself yet in spite of me. [*Aside.*] He is something more civil to you for your kindness to his sister, than I am.

*Horn.* Tell her, dear, sweet, little gentleman, that your brother there, that you have reviv'd her from the dead for her at first sight in the play-house.

*Mrs. Pinch.* But do you love her in earnest?

*Pinch.* So, so. [*Aside.*] Away, I say!

*Horn.* Nay stay; yes indeed, and in earnest. Pray do not tell her so, and give her this kiss from me.

*Pinch.* O heavens! what do I suffer! How is it possible he knows her, and yet—

*Horn.* And this, and this— [*Kisses her.*]

*Mrs. Pinch.* What do you kiss me for, I am no woman.

*Pinch.* So—there it is out. [*Aside.*] Come, come, not, nor will stay any longer.

*Horn.* Nay, they shall send your lady a word. Here, Harcourt, Dorilant, will you not?

*Pinch.* How! do I suffer this? Was I not kiss'd by her just now, for this rascally patience in permitting his wife to be kiss'd before his face? True, those dogs gnaw away their lips. [*Aside.*] Come, come.

*Horn.* Good night, dear little gentleman. Good night. Farewel, Pinchwife.—  
I would raise his jealous gall?

[*Apart to Harcourt and Dorilant.*  
[*Exit Horner, Harcourt, and Dorilant.*]

*Pinch.* So, they are gone at last. Stand by me, hold, if the coach be at this door.

[*Horner, Harcourt.*]

*Horn.* What, not gone yet? Will you not kiss me? I desired you, sweet Sir?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Sweet Sir, but what then?

*Horn.* Any thing. Come away into the next room.

[*Exit Horner, baling.*]

*Alab.* Hold, hold—what do you do?

*Lucy.* Stay, stay, hold—

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*Harc.* Hold, Madam, hold, let him present him, he will come presently. Nay, I will never let you go, 'till you answer my question.

*Lucy.* For God's sake, Sir! I must follow them.

*LUCY, Lucy, struggling with Harcourt and Dorilant.*

*Mr. M.* I have something to present you with too, and must follow them.

*Pinchwife returns.*

*Mr. M.* What's this?—how—what is become of—

*Harc.* They are gone with the gentleman, who will be here anon, an't please your worship.

*Pinchwife.* Something—give him something with a pox—

*Mr. M.* In the night walk only, brother.

*Mr. M.* Only, only! Where, where?

*Mr. Pinchwife, and returns presently, then goes out again.*

*Mr. M.* What's the matter with him? Why so much ado about it?—dearest Madam—

*Lucy.* I only let me go, Sir, I have said, and suffered

*Mr. M.* Turn you will not look upon nor pity my sufferings?

*Lucy.* To look upon them, when I cannot help them, is not pity, nor pity; therefore, I will never see you more.

*Mr. M.* Let me then, Madam, have my privilege of a husband, and explaining or railing, and giving you a good tale of reason, why, if you cannot condescend to marry me, you should not take that wretch, my rival.

*Lucy.* Possibly, not you, since my honour is engaged to another man, and give me a reason, why I should not marry him: but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I shall be true to him; your servant, Sir.

*Mr. M.* Have men only constancy when it is a vice, and we, who are wiser, only true to fools?

*Mr. M.* Thou shalt not stir, thou robust creature. You see I am set with you, therefore you should stay the rather, and be content. *[To Lucy, who struggles to get from him.]*

*[Enter Pinchwife.]*

*Mr. M.* Gone, gone! not to be found, quite gone!

Ten thousand plagues go with them ! Which way went they ?

*Alth.* But into the other walk, brother.

*Lucy.* Their business will be done presently sure, an't please your worship, it cannot be long in doing, I am sure on it

*A th.* Are they not there ?

*Pinch.* No, you know where they are, you infamous wretch. Eternal shame on your family, which you do not dishonour enough yourself, you think, but you must help her to do it too : then legion of lauds.

*Alth.* Good brother.

*Pinch.* Damned, damned sister.

*Alth.* Look you here, she is coming.

*Enter Miss Pinchwife in man's clothes, running with her hat under her arm, full of oranges and dried fruit, Horner following.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* O dear Bud, look you here what I have got, see.

*Pinch.* And what I have, or here too, which you cannot see. *(Aside, rubbing his forehead.)*

*Mrs. Pinch.* The fine gentleman has given me better things yet.

*Pinch.* Has he so ?—Out of breath and coloured—I must hold yet. *(Aside.)*

*Horn.* I have only given your little brother an orange, Sir.

*Pinch.* Thank you, Sir. *[To Horner.]* You have only squeezed my orange, I suppose, and given it me again ; yet I must have a city patience. *(Aside.)* Come, come away— *[To his wife.]*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Stay, till I have put up my fine thing, Bud.

*Enter Sir Jasper Fidget.*

*Sir Jasp.* O master Horner, come, come, the ladies stay for you ; your minstrels, my wife, wonders you make no more haste to her.

*Horn.* I have staid this half hour for you here, and it is your fault I am not now with your wife.

*Sir Jasp.* But pray, do not let her know so much ;  
tho



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the truth on it is, I was advancing a certain project to his majesty, about—I will tell you.

*Hor.* No, let us go, and hear it at your house. Good night, sweet little gentleman; one kiss more, you will remember me now, I hope. *[Kisses her.]*

*Lucy.* What, Sir Jasper, will you separate friends? He sup with us, and if you take him to your house, you will be in danger of our company too.

*Jasp.* Alas, gentlemen, my house is not fit for you, there are none but civil women there, which are not for you; he, you know, can bear with the society of civil men now, ha, ha, ha; besides, he is one of my family—he is—he, he, he.

*Lucy.* What is he?

*Jasp.* Faith, my eunuch, since you will have it: *[Ex. Sir Jasper Fidget and Horner.]*

*Lucy.* I rather wish thou wert his or my cuckold. Harsh, what a good cuckold is lost there, for want of a way to make him so! Thee and I cannot have Horner's pleasure, who get none of it.

*Lucy.* Ay, to have Horner, 'tis like coming to an estate at three score, when a man cannot be the better for it.

*Enter Constance.*

*Constance.* Præsenly, Bud.

*Lucy.* Come, let us go too. Madam, your servant. *[To Alice.]* Strapper— *[To Lucy.]*

*Lucy.* Madam, though you will not let me have a good night, I wish you one; but dare not name the matter to any of my kind.

*Lucy.* Good night, Sir, for ever.

*Constance.* I do not know where to put this here, but I shall eat it; nay, you shall have part of it—your gentleman's good things, or treat, as you call it, when we come home.

*Constance.* Indeed, I deserve it, since I furnished the best part of it. *[Strikes away the orange.]*

The gallant treats presents, and gives the ball;  
But 'tis the absent cuckold pays for all.

END of the THIRD ACT.

E 3

ACT

## A C T IV.

## SCENE, Pinchwife's House

*Enter Lucy, and Alithea dressed in new Cloaths.*

Lucy.

**W**ELL, Madam, now I have dressed you, and set you out with so many ornaments, and spent upon you ounces of essence and pulvillio; and all this for no other purpose, but as people adorn and perfume a corpse for a stinking, second-hand grave; such, or as bad, I think Master Sparkish's bed.

*Alitb.* Hold your peace.

*Lucy.* Nay, Madam, I will ask you the reason why you would banish poor Master Harcourt for ever from your sight? How could you be so hard-hearted?

*Alitb.* 'Twas because I was not hard-hearted.

*Lucy.* No, no; 'twas stark love and kindness, I warrant.

*Alitb.* It was so; I would see him no more, because I love him.

*Lucy.* Hey day! a very pretty reason!

*Alitb.* You do not understand me.

*Lucy.* I wish you may yourself.

*Alitb.* I was engaged to marry, you see, another man, whom my justice will not suffer me to deceive or injure.

*Lucy.* Can there be a greater cheat or wrong done to a man, than to give him your person without your heart? I should make a conscience of it.

*Alitb.* I'll retrieve it for him, after I am married a while.

*Lucy.* The woman that marries to love better, will be as much mistaken as the wencher that marries to live better. No, Madam, marrying to increase love, is like gaming to become rich; alas! you only lose what little stock you had before.

*Alitb.* I find, by your rhetoric, you have been bribed to betray me.

*Lucy.* Only by his merit, that has bribed your heart, you see, against your word and rigid honour. But what a devil is this honour? 'Tis sure a disease in the head like the megrim, or falling-sickness, that always hurries people away to do themselves mischief. Men lose their  
lives

lives by it; women, what's dearer to them, their love, the life of life.

*Mad.* Come, pray, talk no more of honour, nor Master Harcourt. I with the other would come to secure my fidelity to him, and his right in me.

*Jack.* You will marry him, then?

*Mad.* Certainly; I have given him already my word, and will stand too, to make it good, when he comes.

*Jack.* Well, I wish I may never stick pin more, if he is not as good a natural, to t'other fine gentleman.

*Mad.* I wish he wants the wit of Harcourt, which I will dispense withal, for another want he has, which is want of industry, which men of wit seldom want.

*Jack.* Lord, Madam, what should you do with a fool of your husband? You intend to be honest, don't you? That that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

*Mad.* He only that could suspect my virtue, should have cause to do it: 'tis Sparkish's confidence in my truth, that obliges me to be so faithful to him.

*Jack.* You are not sure his opinion may last.

*Mad.* I am assur'd 'tis impossible for him to be jealous, after the proofs I have had of him. Jealousy in a husband! Never defend me from it! it begets a thousand projects to ruin a woman, the loss of her honour, her

pleasure.

*Jack.* That's a mean, impertinent?

*Mad.* It is a great pleasure, Madam.

*Jack.* The loss of her honour, her quiet, nay, her peace of mind, and what's as bad almost, the loss of this world, which is sent into the country, which is the country of a husband to a wife, I think.

*Mad.* Where the wind lie there? [*Aside.*] Then, of necessity, should you think a man must carry his wife home, if he be wise. The country is as terrible to our young English ladies, as a monastery to a nun, on my virginity, I think they would rather be a gaoler than a high sheriff of a county, and neither can stir from his employment. For-  
married fools for a great citate, a fine  
seat,

seat, or the like; but now 'tis for a pretty  
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, St. James's-Fields, or the

*Enter Sparkish, and Harcourt dressed like*

*Spark.* Madam, your humble servant; and  
you, and to us all.

*Harc.* Amen.

*Alib.* Who have we here?

*Spark.* My Chaplain, faith—Oh, Madam, poor Harcourt remembers his humble service to you; and in obedience to your last commands, refrains coming into your sight.

*Alib.* Is not that he?

*Spark.* No, fie, no; but to shew that he ne'er intended to hinder our match, has sent his brother here to join our hands. When I get me a wife I must get her a chaplain, according to the custom; this is his brother, and my chaplain.

*Alib.* His brother!

*Lucy.* And your chaplain, to preach in your pulpit then. [*Aside.*]

*Alib.* His brother!

*Spark.* Nay, I knew you would not believe it. I told you, Sir, she would take you for your brother Frank.

*Alib.* Believe it!

*Lucy.* His brother! ha, ha, he! He has a trick left still, it seems. [*Aside.*]

*Spark.* Come, my dearest, pray, let us go to church before the canonical hour is past.

*Alib.* For shame! you are abused still.

*Spark.* By the world, 'tis strange now you are so incredulous.

*Alib.* 'Tis strange you are so credulous.

*Spark.* Dearest of my life, hear me. I tell you this Ned Harcourt of Cambridge, by the world; you see he has a sneaking college look. 'Tis true, he's something like his brother Frank; and they differ from each other no more than in their age, for they were twins.

*Lucy.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Alib.* Your servant, Sir; I cannot be so deceived, tho' you are. But, come, let's hear, how do you know what you affirm so confidently?

*Spark.* Why, I'll tell you all. Frank Harcourt coming to me this morning, to wish me joy, and present his service

vice to you, I asked him if he could help me to a parson? When he told me he had a brother in town who was in orders; and he went straight away, and sent him, you see there, to me.

*Alice.* Yes, Frank goes and puts on a black coat, then tells you he is Ned; that's all you have for it.

*Spark.* Pshaw, pshaw! I tell you, by the same token, the midwife put her garter about Frank's neck, to know them ~~apart~~, they were so like.

*Alice.* And tells you this too?

*Spark.* Yes, and that there too. Nay, they are both in a hurry.

*Alice.* Yes, they are both in a hurry. Spark, I don't believe one, you had best try and get your own man there; for chambermaids and such like ~~are not~~ from other men, they are in a hurry to be married.

*Spark.* And you say I'm sworn, he has the canonical ring, and the holy palm of a chaplain.

*Alice.* Well, our ~~devout~~ Doctor, pray, let us make up our minds to be married.

*Spark.* Well, he is a divine, heavenly creature, you see there.

*Alice.* Yes, he is a chaplain indeed.

*Spark.* Yes, he is there not soul, divine, heavenly, in a hurry to be married.

*Alice.* O, yes, he is not impertinent Black-coat, cease your nonsense, and let us have a conclusion of this ridiculous business.

*Spark.* I will do as you order; I must suit my stile to my coat, or I shall be in a hurry. [*Alice.*]

*Alice.* I have no more patience left; let us make at last an end of this troublesome love, I say.

*Spark.* O, my seraphic lady, when your honour shall think it most convenient so to do.

*Spark.* Well, I'm sure none but a chaplain could speak so politely.

*Alice.* Let me tell you, Sir, this dull trick will not serve my purpose; tho' you delay our marriage, you shall not prevent it.

*Spark.* Let me it from me, munificent patroness, to delay your marriage; I desire nothing more than to marry you.

you presently, which I might do, if you y  
for my noble, good-natured, and thrice y  
here would not hinder it.

*Spark.* No, poor man, not I, faith.

*Harc.* And now, Madam, let me tell you  
body else shall marry you; by heavens, I'll  
I'm sure I should die after it.

*Lucy.* How his love has made him forget his function,  
as I have seen it in real parsons!

*Alib.* That was spoken like a chaplain too; now you  
understand him, I hope.

*Spark.* Poor man! he takes it heinously to be refused;  
I can't blame him; 'tis putting an indignity upon him, not  
to be suffered: but you'll pardon me, Madam, it shan't  
be; he shall marry us. Come pray, pray, Madam.

*Lucy.* Ha, ha, he! more ado? 'tis late.

*Alib.* Invincible stupidity! I tell you he would marry  
me as your rival, not as your chaplain.

*Spark.* Come, come, Madam. [Pulling her away.]

*Lucy.* I pray, Madam, do not refuse this reverend di-  
vine the honour and satisfaction of marrying you, for, I  
dare say, he has set his heart upon it, good Doctor.

*Alib.* What can you hope or design by this?

*Harc.* I could answer her, a reprieve, for a day only,  
often revokes a hasty doom. At worst, if she will not  
take mercy on me, and let me marry her, I have at least  
the lover's second pleasure, hindering my rival's enjoy-  
ment, tho' but for a time. [Exit.]

*Spark.* Come, Madam, 'tis e'en twelve o'clock; and  
my mother charged me never to be married out of the  
canonical hours. Come, come; Lord, there's such a deal  
of modesty, I warrant, the first day.

*Lucy.* Yes, an't please your worship, married won-  
shew all their modesty the first day, because married men  
shew all their love the first day. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to a Bed-chamber, where appear Pinch-  
wife and Mrs. Pinchwife.

*Pinch.* Come, tell me, I say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord, han't I told it an hundred time  
over?

*Pinch.* I would try if, in the repetition of the ungrat-  
ful

ful tale, I could find her altering it in the least circumstance. *[Aside.]* But her story be false, she is so too. *[Aside.]* *Court.* how was it, baggage?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord, what a pleasure you take to hear it, sure!

*Pinch.* No, you take more in telling it, I find; but speak, how was it?

*Mrs. Pinch.* He carried me up into the house next to the Exchange.

*Pinch.* So, and you two were only in the room.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, for he sent away a youth that was there, for some dried fruit and China oranges.

*Pinch.* Did he so? Damn him for it—and for——

*Mrs. Pinch.* But presently came up the gentlewoman of the house.

*Pinch.* Oh, 'twas well she did. But what did he do whilst the fruit came?

*Mrs. Pinch.* He kissed me a hundred times, and told me he fancied he kissed my fine sister, meaning me, you know, whom he said he loved with all his soul; and bid me be sure to tell her so, and to desire her to be at her window by eleven of the clock this morning, and he would walk under it at that time.

*Pinch.* And he was as good as his word; very punctual; a pox reward him for't! *[Aside.]*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Well, and he said, if you were not within, he would come up to her, meaning me, you know, Bud, still.

*Pinch.* So—he knew her certainly. But for this confession I am obliged to her simplicity. *[Aside.]* But whar, you stood very still when he kissed you?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, I warrant you; would you have had me discover myself?

*Pinch.* But you told me he did some beastliness to you, as you call it; what was't?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, he put——

*Pinch.* What?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, he put the tip of his tongue between my lips, and so muzzled me——and I said I'd bite it.

*Pinch.* An eternal canker seize it, for a dog!

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, you need not be so angry with him  
neither;

neither; for, to say truth, he has the power I never knew.

*Pinch.* The devil!—you were fatigued with and would do it again.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Not unless he should force me.

*Pinch.* Force you, changeling! I tell you, no woman can be forced.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, but she may, sure, by such a one as he; for he's a proper, goodly, strong man; 'tis hard, let me tell you, to resist him.

*Pinch.* So, 'tis plain she loves him, but she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me. In the sight of him will encrease her affection, so that she will love him; and that love instruct her how to behave herself, and satisfy him, all idiot as she is. I have seen many women first their craft, their art of coyness, and then their hands they came plain, when they were married. Heaven intended them to be plain, and I must strangle that little monster, when I see her with him. [*Aside.*] Go, fetch your things, and come to the next room.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, Bud.

*Exit.*

*Pinch.* Why should women have more love than men? It can only beget more desires, more soliciting passions, more grief, and more of the devil.

*Re-enter Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Come, Minks, sit down and write.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay, dear, dear Bud: but I can't write well.

*Pinch.* I wish you could not at all.

*Mrs. Pinch.* But what should I write for?

*Pinch.* I'll have you write a letter to the gentleman.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, Lord! to the fine gentleman?

*Pinch.* Yes, to the fine gentleman.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord! you do but jest with me.

*Pinch.* I am not so merry. Come, a letter to the gentleman.

*Mrs. Pinch.* What, do you think I am a fool?

*Pinch.* She's afraid I would not do it for her. I must write to him, therefore she's unwilling: but you had better write to him.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, so I won't.

*Pinch.* Why?

*Mrs.*



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*Mrs. Pinch.* Because he's in town; you may send for him, if you will.

*Pinch.* Very well; you would have him brought to you. Is it come to this? I say, take the pen and write, or you'll provoke me.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Well, what d'ye make a fool of me for? Do you think that women are never writ, but from the country to London, and from London into the country; now he's in town, and I'm in town too; therefore I can't write to him.

*Pinch.* You are not so much worse: she is innocent enough yet. I'll write to you to-day, when your husband bids write to him, and he's in town.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, say so. Then I am satisfied.

*Pinch.* [Writes.] Dear Sir? You know one says, "Write to him, and he'll write to you." Write to him, and he'll write to you.

*Mrs. Pinch.* I'll write to him, or I will write whore with the pen.

*Pinch.* You are not so much worse — Sir — [She writes.] I'll write to him, or I will write whore with the pen.

*Mrs. Pinch.* I'll write to him, or I will write whore with the pen. I say so? You know I

*Mrs. Pinch.* I'll write to him, or I will write whore with the pen. I say so? You know I

*Pinch.* Write, I say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* I'll write to him, or I will write whore with the pen. I say so? You know I

*Pinch.* Write, I say.

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*Pinch.* Write, I say.

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*Pinch.* Write, I say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* I'll write to him, or I will write whore with the pen. I say so? You know I

*Pinch.* Write, I say.





when I am gone; for I have  
*Mrs. Pinchwife.* Pinchwife let  
 fit she thinks so: if we do not  
 us; and fraud may be justly us  
 which a wife is the most dang  
 handsome one to keep, and a frontier town  
 against treachery, rather than open force---Now I have  
 secured all within, I'll deal with the foe without, with  
 false intelligence. [*Holds up the letter.* *Exit Pinchwife.*

*The SCENE changes to Horner's Lodgings.*

*Quack and Horner.*

*Quack.* Well, Sir, how sidges the new design? Have  
 you not the luck of all your brother projectors, to deceive  
 only yourself at last?

*Horn.* No, good Domine Doctor, I deceive you it  
 seems, and others too; for the grave matrons and old  
 rigid husbands think me as unfit for love, as they are;  
 but their wives, sisters, and daughters, know, some of  
 them, better things already.

*Quack.* Already!

*Horn.* Already, I say; last night I was drunk with half  
 a dozen of your civil persons, as you call them, and  
 people of honour, and so was made free of their society  
 and dressing-rooms for ever hereafter; and am already  
 come to the privileges of sleeping upon their pallates,  
 warming smocks, tying shoes and garters, and the like,  
 Doctor, already, already, Doctor.

*Quack.* You have made use of your time, Sir.

*Horn.* I tell thee, I am now no more interruption to  
 them, when they sing, or talk bawdy, than a little squab  
 French page, who speaks no English.

*Quack.* But do civil persons and women of honour  
 drink, and sing bawdy songs?

*Horn.* Oh, amongst friends, amongst friends; for your  
 bigots in honour are just like those in religion; they fear  
 the eye of the world, more than the eye of Heaven;  
 and think there is no virtue, but railing at vice, and no  
 sin, but giving scandal: they rail at a poor, little, kept  
 player, and keep themselves some young, modest pulpit  
 comedian to be privy to their sins in their closets, not to  
 tell them of them in their chapels.

*Quack*

*Barth.* Nay, the truth on't is, priests, amongst the women, have quite got the better of us lay confessors, physicians.

*Horn.* And they are rather their patients, but—

*Enter Lady Fidget, looking about her.*

Now we talk of women of honour, here comes one. Step behind the screen there, and but observe, if I have not particular privileges with the women of reputation already, Doctor, already.

*Lady Fidget.* Well, *Hornet*, am not I a woman of honour? You shall hear me say any word.

*Horn.* And you shall say, *Madam*, I'll not be behind-hand with you; for I'll be as good as my word too, if you will but stay here the next room.

*Lady Fidget.* But, *Sir*, you must promise to have a care of your own reputation.

*Horn.* I'll give you twenty times more of your honour, you'll make me say, *Madam*, I'll not talk of honour, in the my own way, or the talking of heaven, or the Deity, but in your way, and in truth; just when you are talking of your honour, and of the colour impotent.

*Lady Fidget.* You shall not be mutty; but you talk of your honour, and of your honour, to me, I don't understand you.

*Horn.* I'll give you the word money in a mistress's way, and in a mistress's way, is not a more dishonest way, than that of my brother, than that of honest men, and of honest men.

*Lady Fidget.* You shall not let me know a lady of my reputation.

*Horn.* I'll be true of it already, by the way, and by the way.

*Lady Fidget.* But if you should ever let other women know of it, it would come out; nay, you shall be sure of your conduct; for my acquaintance is so censorious (Oh, 'tis a wicked censorious world, I say, are so censorious, and de-  
*Horn.* They'll talk to the prejudice of my reputation, and they should not let them know the dear

*Lady Fidget.* rather than they shall prejudice my reputation; and to serve you, I'll

ie with them all, make the most of it, and  
they'll keep it: I am a Mac

*Lady Fidg.* Oh, no, Sir, not that.

*Horn.* Nav, the devil take it, and  
are to be silenced any other way.

*Lady Fidg.* A secret is better than a multitude, therefore pray do not trust any  
body else with it, dear, dear Mr. Horner.

*Enter Sir Jasper Fidget.*

*Sir Jasp.* How now!

*Lady Fidg.* Oh, my husband—prevented—and what's  
almost as bad, found with my arms about another man—  
that will appear too much—What shall I say? [*Aside.*]  
*Sir Jasper*, come hither; I am trying if Mr. Horner  
were ticklish, and he's as ticklish as can be. I love to  
torment the confounded toad; let you and I tickle him.

*Sir Jasp.* No, your Ladyship will tickle him better  
without me, I suppose; but is this your buying china?  
I thought you had been at the china house.

*Horn.* China-house, that's my cue, I must take it.  
[*Aside.*] A pox, can't you keep your impertinent wife at  
home? Some men are troubled with the husbands, and I  
with the wives; but I'd have you to know, since you  
not be your journeyman by night, I will not be your  
drudge by day, to squire your wife about, and be a  
man of straw, or scare-crow only to pyes and jays; I  
would be nibbling at your forbidden fruit; I shall be  
shortly the hackney gentleman-usher of the town.

*Sir Jasp.* Heh, heh, heh, poor fellow he's in the  
on't, faith; to squire women about for other folks is  
ungrateful employment, as to tell money for other  
folks. [*Aside.*] He, he, he, be not angry, Horner—

*Lady Fidg.* No, 'tis I have more reason to be angry  
who am left by you, to go abroad indecently alone; and  
what is more indecent, to pin myself upon such ill-  
people of your acquaintance, as this is.

*Sir Jasp.* Nay, pr'ythee, what has he done?

*Lady Fidg.* Nay, he has done nothing.

*Sir Jasp.* But what d'ye take ill, if he has done  
nothing?

*Lady Fidg.* Hah, hah, hah, faith, I can't but be angry  
however; why, d'ye think the unmannerly toad

not come down to me to the coach, I was fain to come up to find him, or go without him, which I was resolv'd not to do, for he knows china very well, and has himself very good, but will not let me see it, lest I should beg some; but I will find it out, and have what I came for yet. [*Exit Lady Fidget, and locks the door, followed by Horner to the door.*]

*Hor.* Lock the door, Madam—[*Apart to Lady Fidge.*] So, she has got into my chamber, and locked me out; Oh, the impertinency of woman-kind! Well, Sir Jasper, please to let me know if ever you suffer your wife to trouble you with her, for I'll buy you home a pair of horns; for I'll lay the odds, though I cannot furnish you with them, that you'll find a way.

*Sir.* I'll not let her in, and if she should in, and finding I have lock'd her out, I'll seem, I was half-dragg'd in, and she'll say I was forc'd in. [*Aside.*] He, he,

but I'll be my turn to lock her out; she's too impertinent, more cunning, and more than all the monkeys, and to me always she's in the way, and I'll go in to her the back way,

and I'll be my angry Horner. I'll ferret her out to you. [*Exit Horner at the other door.*]  
[*Enter Horner at the door to his wife, she is within.*]

*Hor.* My Lady Fidget, wife, he is coming in to you the back way.

*Lady Fidge.* Let him come, and welcome, which way he will.

*Sir.* I'll catch you, and use you roughly, and I'll use you as I please.

*Lady Fidge.* Don't you trouble yourself, let him if he please.

[*Enter Fidget.*] This indeed I could not have been so sure of, but my own eyes.

*Enter Mrs. Squeamish.*

*Mrs. Squeamish.* Here's this woman-hater, this toad, this very froward?

*Sir*

*Sir Jasp.* So, the women all will have him; but he thinks he is a comely person; but his form contemptible to them; and 'tis so yesterday, talking of him, that a power of much was as ridiculous a thing, as a gigantic coward.

*Squeam.* Sir Jasper, your servant: where is the odious beast?

*Sir Jasp.* He's within in his chamber, with my wife; she's playing the wag with him.

*Squeam.* Is she so? and he's a clownish beast, he'll give her no quarter, he'll play the wag with her again, let me tell you. Come, let's go and see. What, the door's locked?

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, my wife lock'd the door.

*Squeam.* Did she? but what can she do?

*Sir Jasp.* No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

*Squeam.* No—But as there is no way to get in to them; whither goes this? I will stay here. [Aside. I'll go and knock at the door.]

*Enter Old Lady Squeam.*

*Lady Squeam.* Where is my husband? I have my baggage, this rambling wretch, I'm glad to see you here: did you tell your son that child come in hither just now?

*Sir Jasp.* Yes.

*Lady Squeam.* Ay, but what is he doing here? Lord, Sir Jasper, I have been told that he is in the pursuit of her; but can you tell me if it be so? They say below, no woman lodges here.

*Sir Jasp.* No.

*Lady Squeam.* No—What does she here then? Say, if it be not a woman's lodging, what makes she here? But are you sure no woman lodges here?

*Sir Jasp.* No, nor no man neither, this is Mr. Horner's lodging.

*Lady Squeam.* Is it so, are you sure?

*Sir Jasp.* Yes, yes.

*Lady Squeam.* So; then there's no hurt in't, I hope; but where is he?

*Sir Jasp.* He's in the next room with my wife.

*Lady Squeam.* Nay, if you trust him with your wife, I may with my Biddy; they say he's a merry fellow.



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man now, e'en as harmless a man as ever came out of Italy—good voice, and is pretty, harmless company for a lady, as a snake without his teeth.

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, ay, poor man.

*Enter Mrs. Squeamish.*

*Squeam.* I can't find them—Oh, are you here, grandmother; I followed, you must know, my Lady Fidget sister, to the prettiest lodging, and I have been staring

*at the pictures.*  
*Horner.* I am here with a piece of china in her hand, and she is following.

*Squeam.* Ay, I have been toiling and moiling, for the things you are so fond of, my dear.

*Horner.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Squeam.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. Some china too, good Mr. Horner, I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. Other people china, and me

*Horner.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now.

*Squeam.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. You deny your china to me off so; come—

*Horner.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Squeam.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Horner.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Squeam.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Horner.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Squeam.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Horner.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Squeam.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Horner.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Squeam.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

*Horner.* I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I have none left now. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can. I am so tired, I can do no hard for me, do what I can.

but from such reverend ladies as you are, will never spare a man.

*Squeam.* Come, come, beast, and go dine; we shall want a man at ombre after dinner.

*Horn.* That's all their use of me. Madam,

*Squeam.* Come, floven, I'll lead you to be far from me.  
[Pulls him by the cravat.

*Lady Squeam.* Alas, poor man, how she tugs him; kiss, kiss her, that's the way to make such nice women quiet.

*Horn.* No, Madam, that remedy is worse than the torment; they know I dare suffer any thing rather than do it.

*Lady Squeam.* Pr'ythee, kiss her, and I'll give you her picture in little, that you admird so last night; pr'ythee do.

*Horn.* Well, nothing but that could bribe me; I love a woman only in effigy, and good painting as much as I hate them—I'll do't, for I could assure the devil well painted.

*Squeam.* Foh, you filthy toad; nay, now I've done jesting.

*Lady Squeam.* Ha, ha, ha, I told you so.

*Squeam.* Foh, a kiss of his—

*Sir Jasp.* Has no more hurt in', than one of my spaniel's.

*Squeam.* Ner no more good neither.

*Quack.* I will now believe any thing he tells me.

*Enter Mr. Pinchwife.*

*Lady Fidg.* Oh, Lord, here's a man, Sir Jasper, my mask, my mask; I would not be seen here for the world.

*Sir Jasp.* What? not when I am with you.

*Lady Fidg.* No, no, my honour—let's begone.

*Squeam.* Oh, grandmother, let us begone, make haste, make haste; I know not how he may censure us.

*Lady Fidg.* Be found in the lodging of any thing like a man; away. [Exit Sir Jasper, Lady Fidg., Lady Squeamish, and Mrs. Squeamish.

*Quack.* What's here, another cuckold—he looks like one, and none else sure have any business with him.

[Rehind.  
*Horn.*



*Horn.* No, faith, not I, how could I?

*Pinch.* Yes, yes, I am sure you did. You are made as you are, must needs be disappointed. Men declare not their passion at first sight.

*Horn.* But what should this mean? Stay, the postscript. "Be sure you love me, whatsoever my husband says to the contrary; and let him not see this, lest he should come home, and pinch me, or kill my squirrel." [*Reads aside.*] It seems, he knows not what the letter contains. [*Aside.*]

*Pinch.* Come, ne'er wonder at it so much.

*Horn.* Faith, I can't help it.

*Pinch.* Now, I think, I have deserved your infinite friendship, and kindness, and have shewed myself sufficiently an obliging kind friend and husband; am I not so, to bring a letter from my wife to her gallant?

*Horn.* Ay, the devil take me, art thou, the most obliging, kind friend and husband in the world, ha, ha.

*Pinch.* Well, you may be merry, Sir; but in short I must tell you, Sir, my honour will suffer no jesting.

*Horn.* What dost thou mean?

*Pinch.* Does the letter want a continent? Then, know, Sir, though I have been so civil a husband, as to bring you a letter from my wife, to let you kiss and court her to my face; I will not be a cuckold, Sir, I will not.

*Horn.* Thou art mad with jealousy; I never saw thy wife in my life, but at the play yesterday, and I know not if it were she or no. I court her, kiss her!

*Pinch.* I will not be a cuckold, I say; there will be danger in making me a cuckold.

*Horn.* Why, wert thou not well cured of thy last clap?

*Pinch.* I wear a sword.

*Horn.* It should be taken from thee, lest thou shouldst do thyself a mischief with it; thou art mad, man.

*Pinch.* As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I must have more reason from you ere we part. I say again, though you kissed, and courted last night my wife in my clothes, as she confesses in her letter.

*Horn.* Ha—

*Pinch.* Both she and I say, you must not deny it again; for you have mistaken your woman, as you have done your man.

*Horn.* Oh---I understand something now. [*Aside.*]

WIFE? Why wouldst thou not tell me 'twas  
thy freedom with her was your fault, not

fo 'twas—

[*Alfalfa*]

never do't to a woman before her hus-

*Pinch.* But I had rather you should do't to my wife before my face, than behind my back, and that you shall never do.

*Horn.* No—you will hinder me.

**Pinch.** If I would not hinder you, you see by her let-

There, I must then acquiesce then, and be con-

...writ, I had no

*How, I do believe, they will.*

...and I'm a bit mad, for I'm an innocent creature, but I'm still young, in fact, and so fare you well.

More 19. p. 300. I find my humble service to  
you, and tell her I am only her brother to a title, and  
never intended to be a rival. They will, or with what diffi-  
culty, force I don't know, you shall be no more jealous of

play with any wife but mine.

*Exit Mr. Pinch.*

a, Doctor.

He has not heard the report of you,  
He it.

now Doctor, what think you?

let's see the letter—hum—for—dear—

[Reads the letter.]

Under how she could contrive it! What  
 aye! 't's an original.

are your cuckolds too originals: for they are more common cuckolds; and I will henceforth find it impossible for you to cuckold the Grand Sultan, till his guards of eunuchs, that I say—

I say for the letter, 'tis the first love-letter

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that

that ever was without flames, darts, fates, destinies, lying and dissembling in it.

*Enter Sparkish pulling in Mr. Pinchwife.*

*Spark.* Come back ; you are a pretty brother-in-law, neither go to church, nor to dinner with your sister bride.

*Pinch.* My sister denies her marriage, and you see is gone away from you dissatisfied.

*Spark.* Pshaw ! upon a foolish scruple, that our parson was not in lawful orders, and did not say all the Common-prayer ; but 'tis her modesty only, I believe ; but let women be never so modest the first day, they'll be sure to come to themselves by night, and I shall have enough of her then ; in the mean time, Harry Horner, you must dine with me ; I keep my wedding at my aunt's in the Piazza.

*Horn.* Thy wedding ! What stale maid has lived to despair of a husband, or what young one of a gallant ?

*Spark.* Oh, your servant, Sir---this gentleman's sister thou---No stale maid.

*Horn.* I'm sorry for't.

*Spark.* How comes he so concerned for her ? *[Aside.*

*Spark.* You sorry for't ? Why do you know any ill by her ?

*Horn.* No, I know none by thee ; 'tis for her sake, not yours, and another man's sake, that might have hoped, I thought---

*Spark.* Another man ; another man ! what is his name ?

*Horn.* Nay, since 'tis past, be shall be nameless. Poor Marcourt, I am sorry thou hast missed her. *[Aside.*

*Pinch.* He seems to be much troubled at the match---  
*[Exit Sparkish.]*

*Spark.* Pr'ythee tell me---  
*[Exit Pinchwife.]*

*Pinch.* I must at present go, but I shall be at your dinner.

*Spark.* But, Harry, what hast thou said to Harry who already ? But with all my heart, for he shall dine with me hereafter : for though my hunger is not so great as his, and I can fall on heartily without it, yet I shall be sure when a rival will be present, to eat as much as I can, as if my wife, as an orange to eat.

*Horn.* Oh, thou damned rogue, thou art always on edge with thy orange.

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*Spark.* Then let's to 'dinner; there I was with you again. Come.

*Horn.* But who dines with thee?

*Spark.* My friends and relations, my brother Pinchwife, you see, of your acquaintance.

*Horn.* And his wife?

*Spark.* No, 'gad, he'll ne'er let her come amongst us good fellows; your stingy country coxcomb keeps his wife from his friends, as he does his little firkin of ale for his own drinking, and a gentleman can't get a smack on't; but his servants, when his back is turned, broach it at their pleasures, and dust it away; ha, ha, ha! 'gad, I am witty, I think, considering I was married to-day, by the world. But come.

*Horn.* No, I will not dine 'with you, unless you can fetch her too.

*Spark.* Pshaw! what pleasure can'st thou have with women, now, Harry?

*Horn.* My eyes are not gone; I love a good prospect yet, and will not dine with you, unless she does too; go fetch her, therefore; but do not tell her husband 'tis for my sake.

*Spark.* Well, I'll go my what I can do. In the mean time, come away to my aunt's lodgings; 'tis in the way to Pinchwife's.

*Horn.* The poor woman has called for aid, and stretched forth her hand, Doctor: I cannot help her over the pale out of the briars. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE, *changes to Pinchwife's House.*

*Mrs. Pinchwife alone, leaning on her elbow. A table, pen, ink, and paper.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Well, 'tis e'en so; I have got the London disease, they call love. I am sick of my husband, and for my gallant. I have heard this distemper called a fever; but methinks 'tis liker an ague; for, when I think of my husband, I tremble, and am in a cold sweat, and have inclinations to vomit; but when I think of my gallant, Mr. Horner, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a fever and ague; and, as in other fevers, my own chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be removed to his, and then, methinks, I should be well. Ah, poor Mr. Horner!

G 2

Well,

Well, I cannot, will not stay here: therefore I'll make an end of my letter to him, which shall be a finer letter than my last, because I have studied it like any thing. Oh, sick, sick!

[Takes the pen.]

*Enter Pinchwife, who, seeing her writing, steals behind her, and, looking over her shoulder, snatches the paper from her.*

*Pinch.* What, writing more letters!

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, lord, lord! why d'ye fright me?  
[She offers to run out; he stops her.]

*Pinch.* How's this? Nay, you shall not stir.  
“Dear, dear, dear Mr. Marner,”—Very well, I have taught you to write letters to good purpose. You less see't.—First, I am to beg your pardon for my writing to you, which, as I have you to know, I should not have done, had not you told me you loved me tenderly, which, if you do, you will never suffer me to be in the arms of another man, whom I loath, nauseate, and despise.—Now you can't write these pretty words. But what follows?—“Therefore I hope you will speedily find some way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I assure you, of my choice; but I'm alas! already too far gone. However, if you love me, as I love you, you will try what you can do: but you must keep me away before to-morrow, or else, alas! I shall be forever out of your reach; for I can defer no longer our—”——What is to follow our? Speak what follows our journey into——the country, I suppose. Oh, damn'd man, damn'd woman! and Love, damn'd Love, thou art a tempter! for this is one of his miracles. In a moment he can make those blind that could see, and those that were blind; those dumb that could speak, and those that were dumb before; nay, what is more, he can make those dough-bak'd, senseless, indocile and stubborn men, too hard for us, their politic lords and statesmen, in a moment. But make an end of your letter and make an end of you thus, and all my plagues

[Draws]

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, lord, Oh, lord! you are a fionate man, Bud.



# THE COUNTRY WIFE. 77

*Enter Sparkish.*

*Spark.* How now ! What's here to do ?

*Pinch.* This fool here now !

*Spark.* What, drawn upon your wife ! You should never do that but at night, in the dark, when you can't hurt her. This is my sister-in-law, is it not ? Ay, faith, e'en our country Margery ; [*Pulls aside her Hankerchief.*] one may know her. Come, she and you must go dine with me ; dinner's ready ; come. But where's my wife ? Is she not come home yet ? Where is she ?

*Pinch.* Making you a cuckold ; 'tis that they all do, as soon as they can.

*Spark.* What, the wedding-day ! No ; a wife that designs to make a cully of her husband, will be sure to let him win the first stake of love, by the world. But come, they stay dinner for us ; come, I'll lead down our Margery.

*Mrs. Pinch.* No, Sir, go, we'll follow you.

*Spark.* I'll not wag without you.

*Pinch.* This coxcomb is a sensible torment to me, amidst the greatest in the world. [*Afide.*]

*Spark.* Come, come, Madam Margery.

*Pinch.* No, I'll lead her my way. What, would you treat your friends with mine, for want of your own wife ? [*Leads her to the other door, locks her in, and returns.*] I am contented my rage should take breath. [*Afide.*]

*Spark.* I told Horner this. • [*Afide.*]

*Pinch.* Come now.

*Spark.* Lord, how shy you are of your wife ! But let me tell you, brother, we men of wit have amongst us a say'ag, that cuckolding, like the small-pox, comes with a feat ; and you may keep your wife as much as you will out of danger of infection, but if her constitution incline her to it, she'll have it sooner or later, by the world, say they.

*Pinch.* What a thing is a cuckold, that every fool can make him ridiculous ? [*Afide.*] Well, Sir ; but let me tell you, now you are come to be concerned, because you neglect the danger, not to neglect the means to prevent it especially when the greatest share of the malady will light upon your own head ; for

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Howe'er the kind wife's belly comes to swell,  
The husband breeds for her, and first is ill.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, Pinchwife's House.

*Enter Pinchwife and Mrs. Pinchwife. A table and candle.*

PINCHWIFE.

COME, take the pen, and make an end of this just as you intended; if you are false in a single syllable, I shall soon perceive it, and punish you with this as I shall deserve. [*Lays his hand on his sword.*] Write what I shall tell you to follow. Let's see. You must make haste, and help me away before the morning, or else I shall never get out of your reach. I shall no longer defer. What follows our?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Must I? Look ye then.

*Pinch.* Let's see — Your slighted Alliance — wedding. Your slighted Alliance — What's the meaning of this? My sister's name to it?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, indeed, sir.

*Pinch.* But why her name to it?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay, but you'll tell her that you would not tell her again —

*Pinch.* I will not; I am stunn'd round. Speak.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Won't you tell her, indeed, —

*Pinch.* No. Speak, I say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* She'll be angry with me; but I had rather she should be angry with me than you, Bud. Tell you the truth, 'twas she made me write the letter that taught me what I should write.

*Pinch.* Ha! I thought the stile was somewhat different than her own. [*Astde.*] Could she come to tell me since I had locked you up alone?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, thro' the key-hole, Bud.

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*Lucy.* But why should she make you write a letter for her, since she can write herself?

*Sparkish.* Why, she said, because—for I was unwilling to do it.

*Lucy.* Because—what because?

*Sparkish.* Because, lest Mr. Horner should be cruel, and might afterwards, or be vain afterwards, and shew the letter, and shew it, the hand not being her's.

*Lucy.* Horner's this? Ha! then I think I shall come to my father's.

*Sparkish.* This changeling could not invent this lie; would, why should she? She might think I should discover it. Stay—now I think on't too,

*Lucy.* I was sorry she had married Sparkish; and her marriage to me, makes me think she

*Sparkish.* For Horner's sake. Yet why should she take any notice of it?

*Lucy.* But men in love are fools; women may be so too. *[Aside.]* But, hark you, Madam, your sister

*Sparkish.* will be up in the morning, and I have not seen her within this hour.

*Lucy.* Alack-a-day! she has been crying all day in a corner.

*Sparkish.* Where is she? Let me speak with her.

*Lucy.* Oh, Lord! then she'll discover all. *[Aside.]*

*Sparkish.* What, d'ye mean to discover me?

*Lucy.* I have told you then. Pray, Bud, let me speak with her, to know whether Horner

*Sparkish.* has given me any promise, and whether she be married to him or no.

*Lucy.* Pray, dear Bud, don't, till I have spoken to her that I have told you all; for she'll

*Sparkish.* then, and bid her come out to me.

*Lucy.* Yes, yes, Bud.

*Sparkish.* She see—

*Lucy.* I'll go; but she is not within to come to me, I have not got time to know of Lucy, her maid,

*Sparkish.* I'll be on work, what lie I shall tell next; for I

*Lucy.* I'll be on work, what lie I shall tell next; for I

*Sparkish.* I'll be on work, what lie I shall tell next; for I

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sure. I'll make him of kin to her, and then he won't care for her.

*Re-enter Mrs. Pinchwife.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, Lord, Bud! I told you what angel you would make me with my titler.

*Pinch.* Won't she come hither?

*Mrs. Pinch.* No, no. Alack-a-day! she's astartled to look you in the face; and she says, if you go in to her, she'll run away down stairs, and shamefully go herself to Mr. Horner, who has promised her marriage, she says; and she will have no other, so she won't.

*Pinch.* Did he so? Promise her marriage? Then she shall have no other. Go tell her so; and if she will come and discourse with me a little concerning the means, I will about it immediately. Go—[*Exit Mrs. Pinch.*] His estate is equal to Sparkish's, and his extraction as much better than his as his parts are; but my chief reason is, I'd rather be a-kin to him by the name of brother-in-law, than that of cuckold.

*Re-enter Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Well, what says she now?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, she says she would only have you lead her to Horner's lodgings, with whom she will first discourse the matter, before she talks with you, which yet she cannot do; for, alack, poor creature! she says she can't so much as look you in the face; therefore she'll come to you in a mask. And you must excuse her if she make you no answer to any question of yours, till you have brought her to Mr. Horner; and if you will not chide her, nor question her, she'll come out to you immediately.

*Pinch.* Let her come. I will not speak a word to her, nor require a word from her.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, I forgot! Besides, she says, she cannot look you in the face, tho' thro' a mask; therefore would desire you to put out the candle.

*Pinch.* I agree to all. Let her make haste. [*Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*] There, 'tis out. [*Runs out the Candle.*] The case is something better. I'd rather fight with Horner, for not lying with my sister too forward, than for lying with my wife; and of the two, I had rather find my sister too forward, than my wife. I expected no other from

## THE COUNTRY WIFE. 81

education, as she calls it, and her passion for the  
husband, wife and sister are names which make us  
find duty, pleasure and comfort ; but we find  
trouble and torments, and are equally, tho' differ-  
ently troublesome to their keeper : for we have as much  
people to lie with our sisters, as to keep them  
with our wives.

*Pinchwife masked, and in boots and scarffs,  
a gown and petticoat of Alithea's, in the dark.*

*You come, sister ? Let us go then. But first,  
up my wife. Mrs. Margery, where are you ?  
Here, Bud.*

*Come hither, that I may lock you up. Get  
locks the door.] Come, sister, where are you*

*[Pinchwife gives him her hand ; but when he lets  
go, she steals softly on t'other side of him, and is  
seen by him for his sister Alithea.*

*SCENE changes to Horner's Lodgings.*

*Enter Quack and Horner.*

*What, all alone ! not so much as one of your  
wife, nor one of their wives ! They used to take  
company with you, as if they were to watch you.*

*Yes, it often happens that a cuckold is but his  
wife, and is more upon family duty when he is with  
abroad, hindering his pleasure, than when he  
with her, playing the gallant. But the hard-  
married woman imposes upon a lover, is keeping  
company always.*

*And his fondness wearies you almost as soon*

*A pox ! keeping a cuckold company after you  
wife, is as tiresome as the company of a  
squire to a witty fellow of the town, when he  
has his money.*

*And as at first a man makes a friend of the hus-  
band, so at last you are fain to fall out with  
the wife, and be rid of the husband.*

*Yes, most cuckold-makers are true courtiers,  
when*

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huf-

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when once a poor man has cracked his credit for them, they can't abide to come near him.

*Quack.* But at first, to draw him in, are so sweet, so kind, so dear ! just as you are to Pinchwife. But what becomes of that intrigue with his wife ?

*Horn.* A pox ! he's as surly as an alderman that has been bit ; and since he's so coy, his wife's kindness is in vain, for she's a silly innocent.

*Quack.* Did she not send you a letter by him ?

*Horn.* Yes ; but that's a riddle I have not yet solved. Allow the poor creature to be willing, she is silly too, and he keeps her up so close——

*Quack.* Yes, so close that he makes her but the more willing, and adds revenge to her love : which two, when met, seldom fail of satisfying each other one way or other.

*Horn.* What, here's the man we are talking of, I think.

*Enter Pinchwife leading in his wife masked, muffled, and in her sister's gown.*

Pshaw !

*Quack.* Bringing his wife to you, is the next thing to bringing a love-letter from her.

*Horn.* What means this ?

*Pinch.* The last time, you know, Sir, I brought you a love-letter, now you see a mistress ; I think you'll say I am a civil man to you.

*Horn.* Ay, the devil take me, will I say thou art the civillest man I ever met with ; and I have known some. I fancy I understand thee now better than I did the letter. But hark thee in thy ear——

*Pinch.* What ?

*Horn.* Nothing but the usual question, man——Is she sound, on thy word ?

*Pinch.* What, you take her for a wench, and me for a pimp ?

*Horn.* Pshaw ! wench and pimp, paw words ! I know thou art an honest fellow, and halt a great acquaintance amongst the ladies, and perhaps hast made love for me, rather than let me make love to thy wife.

*Pinch.* Come, Sir ; in short, I am for no fooling.

*Horn.* Nor I neither ; therefore, pr'ythee, let's see her face presently. Make her shew, man. Art thou sure I don't know her ?

*Pinch.*

*Pinch.* I am sure you do know her.

*Horn.* A pox, why dost thou bring her to me then?

*Pinch.* Because she is a relation of mine—

*Horn.* Is she, faith, man! then thou art more civil and obliging, dear rogue.

*Pinch.* Who desires me to bring her to you.

*Horn.* Then she is obliging, dear rogue.

*Pinch.* You will make her welcome for my sake, I hope.

*Horn.* I hope she is handsome enough to make herself welcome: pr'ythee let her unmask.

*Pinch.* Do you speak to her: she would never be ruled by me.

*Horn.* Madam—[*Mrs. Pinchwife whispers to Horner.* She says she must speak with me in private: withdraw, pr'ythee.

*Pinch.* She is unwilling, it seems, I should know all her undecent conduct in this business.———[*Aside.* Well then, I will leave you together, and hope when I am gone you will agree; if not, you and I shan't agree, Sir.

*Horn.* What means the fool?—If she and I agree, it is no matter what you and I do.

[*Whispers to Mrs. Pinchwife, who makes signs with her hand for him to be gone.*

*Pinch.* In the mean time I will fetch a parson, and find out Sparkish, and disabuse him. You would have me fetch a parson, would you not? Well then—now I think I am rid of her, and shall have no more trouble with her—our sisters and daughters, like usurers money, are safest when put out; but our wives, like their writings, never safe but in our closets under lock and key. [*Exit.*

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir Jasper Fidget, Sir, is coming up.

*Horn.* Here is the trouble of a cuckold now we are talking of: a pox on him, has he not enough to do to hinder his wife's sport, but he must other women's too? Step in here, Madam.

[*Ex. Mrs. Pinch.*

*Enter Sir Jasper.*

*Sir Jasp.* My best and dearest friend.

*Horn.* The old style, Doctor—Well, be short, for I am busy. What would your impertinent wife have now?

*Sir Jasp.* Well guess'd, i'faith; for I do come from her.

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*Horn.* To invite me to supper? Tell her I can't come  
go.

*Sir Jasp.* Nay, now you are out, faith; for my wife  
and the whole knot of the virtuous gang as they call them  
selves, are resolv'd upon a frolick of coming to you to-  
night in masquerade, and are all dress'd already.

*Horn.* I shan't be at home.

*Sir Jasp.* Lord, how churlish he is to women—  
pr'ythee do not disappoint them; they will thank you for  
fault: pr'ythee do not. I will send in the banquet and the  
fiddles: but make no noise on it; for the good women  
and ragues would not have it known, for the world thinks  
they go a masquerading; and they would cheat every  
man's ball but yours.

*Horn.* Well, well—get you gone; and tell them  
they come, it will be at the peril of their husbands  
and yours.

*Sir Jasp.* Heh, he, he,—we will trust you for that—  
farewel. — [Exit Sir Jasp.]

*Horn.* Doctor, anon you too shall be my guest.

But now I am going to a private feast.

*The Scene changes to the Piazza of Covent Garden.*

*Enter Sparkish, with the letter in his hand, and Vanbrugh.*

*Spark.* But who would have thought a woman  
have been false to me? By the world, I could not  
thought it.

*Pinch.* You were for giving and taking liberty  
taking it only, Sir, now you find in that letter  
a frank person, and so is she you see there.

*Spark.* Nay, if this be her hand—for I never

*Pinch.* 'Tis no matter whether that be her hand  
I am sure this hand at her desire led her to Mr. Harcourt  
with whom I left her just now, to fetch her out  
them at their desire too, to deprive you of her  
for it seems yours was but a mock-marriage.

*Spark.* Indeed, she would needs have it  
Harcourt, himself, in a parson's habit, that  
but I am sure he told me it was his brother Ned.

*Pinch.* O, there it is out; and you were deceived  
she: for you are such a frank person—but I must be



—you will find her at Mr. Horner's: go, and be-  
lieve my eyes. *[Exit Mr. Pinchwife.]*

Madam. Nay I will to her, and call her as many croco-  
diles, harpies, and other heathenish names, as a  
mistress who had refused to hear his suit,  
has verses on her. But stay, is not that she  
holding a torch at the other end of the Piazza, and  
calling for Ps? Certainly—it is so—

*Althea, following a torch, and Lucy, behind.*

Althea. Well met, Madam, tho' you do not think so.  
What you have made a short visit to Mr. Horner: but  
I suppose you will return to him presently, by that time  
you can be with him.

Madam. Mr. Horner and the parson, Sir!

Althea. Come, Madam, no more dissembling, no more  
deceit: I am no more a frank person.

Madam. What is this?

Althea. So, it will work I see— *[Aside.]*

Althea. Could you find out no easy country fool to  
cheat? None but me, a gentleman of wit and pleasure  
into the town? But it was your pride to be too hard for  
me at your parts, unworthy, false women! false as a friend  
that lends a man money to lose; false as dice, who unde-  
ceive that trust all they have to them.

Madam. He has been a great bubble by his families, as

*[Aside.]*

Althea. You have been too merry, Sir, at your wedding

and all that.

Madam. What, do you mock me too?

Althea. Or you have been deluded?

Madam. By you.

Althea. Let me understand you.

Madam. Have you the confidence, I should call it some-  
times, since you know your guilt to stand my just re-  
proaches? Did not you write an impudent letter to Mr.  
Horner, who I find now has clubb'd with you in delu-  
sion? His aversion for women, that I might not  
suspect him for my rival.

Althea. Do you think the gentleman can be jealous now,

*[Aside.]*

Madam. Write a letter to Mr. Horner!

Althea. Nay, Madam, do not deny it: your brother

H

shew'd

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shewed it me just now ; and toid me likewise, he left you at Horner's lodging to fetch a parson to marry you to him : and I with you joy. Madam, joy, joy ; and to him as much joy ; and to myself more joy for not marrying you.

*Alib.* So, I find my brother will break off the match, and I can consent to it, since I see this gentleman can be made jealous. [*Aside.*] O Lucy, by his rude usage and jealousy, he makes me almost afraid I am married to him : art thou sure it was Harcourt himself, and no parson, that married us ?

*Spark.* No, Madam, I thank you, I suppose, that was a contrivance too of Mr. Horner's and yours, to make Harcourt play the pidgeon ; but I would as little as you have him one now : no, not for the world : for, shall I tell you another truth ? I never had any passion for you till now, and now I hate you. 'Tis true, I might have married your parson, or other men of parts of the town do sometimes ; and so, your servant. And, to shew my unconcernedness, I will come to your wedding, and resign you with as much joy as I could a stale wench to a new cully ; nay, with more joy as I would after the first night, if I had been married to you—There's for you ; and to your servant, servant. [*Exit Spark.*]

*Alib.* How was I deceived in a man !

*Lucy.* You will believe then a fool may be made jealous now : for that easiness in him that suffers him to be led by a wife, will likewise permit him to be persuaded against her by others.

*Alib.* But marry Mr. Horner ! My brother does not intend it, sure ! If I thought he did, I would take thy advice, and Mr. Harcourt for my husband. And now I wish, that if there be any over-wise woman of the town, who, like me, would marry a fool for fortune, liberty, or title : first, that her husband may love play, and be a cully to all the town but her, and suffer none but fortune to be mistress of his purse ; then, if for liberty, that he may send her into the country, under the conduct of some housewifely mother-in-law ; and if for title, may the world give him none but that of cuckold.

*Lucy.* And for her greater curse, Madam, may he not deserve it.

*Alib.*

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*Alib.* Away, impertinent—Is not this my old Lady  
Lanterlu's?

Yes, Madam—And here I hope we shall find

*Alitha and Lucy.*

SCENE changes again to Horner's Lodging.

Mr. Fidget, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, and Mrs.  
Fidget, a Poet, a Poetess, and a Poetess

—there are some to find—before I have  
—midday, when I have now to do, is to  
—may be—her— [Afile.

...and I hope to see you all welcome, we  
...and are resolv'd

... may be merry to purpose, have  
... and ... squamish, quarrelling

...the use of our time, left

Lucy

private, let me lock, on you presently.

And you, too, say, "I've only, and your lips for  
me, for years, for years, much as our women."

...in me; I have no

...supposing we had drunk  
...let us speak the truth of our

100% Satisfaction Guaranteed

innocence, for truth is no where  
in thy heart, false man.

*Albion to Horner.*

ed me a collan, l'in fure

*Afide to Lanie Fidget.*

1847— [Aide to Horner.

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*Lady Fidget sings.*

I.

Why should our damn'd tyrants oblige us to live  
On the pittance of pleasure which they only give ;

We must not rejoice

With wine and with noise ;

In vain we must wake in a dull bed alone,

Whilst to our warm rival, the bottle, they're gone.

Then lay aside charms,

And take up these \* arms.

\* *The Glasses.*

II.

'Tis wine only gives 'em their courage and wit ;

Because we live sober, to men we submit.

If for beauties you'd pass,

Take a lick of the glass,

'Twill mend your complexions, and when they are gone,

The best red we have is the red of the grape.

Then sister's lay'r on,

And damn a good shape.

*Dain.* Dear brimmer, well, in token of our openness  
and plain dealing, let us throw our masks over our heads.

*Horn.* So, 'twill come to the glasses anon.

*Squeam.* Lovely brimmer, let me enjoy him first.

*Lady Fidge.* No, I never part with a gallant till I've  
try'd him. Dear brimmer, that makest our husbands  
short-sighted.

*Dain.* And our bashful gallants bold.

*Squeam.* And, for want of a gallant, the butler lovely  
in our eyes. Drink, cunuch.

*Lady Fidge.* Drink, thou representative of a husband :  
damn a husband.

*Dain.* And, as it were a husband, an old keeper.

*Squeam.* And an old grandmother.

*Horn.* And an English bawd, and a French turgon.

*Lady Fidge.* Ay, we have all reason to curse 'em.

*Horn.* For my sake, ladies.

*Lady Fidge.* No, for our own : for the first spoils all  
young gallants' industry.

*Dain.*

And the other part makes 'em bold only with  
common women.

And what is the hazard of the vile dissem-  
per among them, than a denial amongst us.

Yes, they have those mistresses now, as they  
were, but being bought and worn by others.

And yet being sold as cheap.

Yes, poor wretches of quality, like the richest  
dolls, are sold cheap, and worth'd for.

Yes, they were, and cheap, and now, they often  
are sold dear.

But what can the world will be known by a mis-  
take, if it is not a mistake.

And if it is not a mistake, neither.

And if it is not a mistake, neither. I wonder at the depraved  
sense of the world, they use to be out of the com-  
mon road and path of duty. Pray tell me, beast, when  
you were a child, did you choose to club with a mul-  
titude of boys, or to be in a room of entertainment, than to  
be in a room of entertainment?

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you were a child, did you choose to club with a mul-  
titude of boys, or to be in a room of entertainment, than to  
be in a room of entertainment?

*Horn.* I know not; but your reputations frighten'd me, as much as your faces invited me.

*Lady Fidg.* Our reputation! Lord, why should you not think that we women make use of our reputation, as you men of yours, only to deceive the world with less suspicion? Our virtue is like the statesman's religion, the Quaker's word, the gamester's oath, and the great man's honour; but to cheat those that trust us.

*Squeam.* And that demureness, coyness, and modesty, that you see in our faces in the boxes at plays, is as much a sign of a kind woman, as a vizard-mask in the pit.

*Dain.* For I assure you, women are least mask'd when they have the velvet vizard on.

*Lady Fidg.* You wou'd have found us modest women in our denials only.

*Squeam.* Our bashfulness is only the reflection of the men's.

*Dain.* We blush when they are shame-fac'd.

*Horn.* I beg your pardon, ladies, I was deceiv'd in you devilishly. But why that mighty pretence to honour?

*Lady Fidg.* We have told you; but sometimes 'twas for the same reason you men pretend business often, to avoid ill company, to enjoy the better, and more privately, those you love.

*Horn.* But why wou'd you ne'er give a friend a wink then?

*Lady Fidg.* Faith, your reputation frightened us as much as ours did you, you were so notoriously lewd.

*Horn.* And you so seemingly honest.

*Lady Fidg.* Was that all that deter'd you?

*Horn.* And so expensive—you allow freedom, you say.

*Lady Fidg.* Ay, ay.

*Horn.* That I was afraid of losing my little money, as well as my little time, both which my other pleasures required.

*Lady Fidg.* Money, so!—you talk like a little fellow now: do such as we expect money?

*Horn.* I beg your pardon, Madam, I must confess, I have heard that great ladies, like great merchants, set but

upon what they have, because they are  
taking the first offer.

So how we make sale of our hearts?

Yes, we sell 'd for our love? Foh.

With your pardon, ladies, I know, like great  
men, you seem to exact flattery and attendance  
from your followers; but you have receivers about  
you who will not pay, a man is afraid to pass your  
house, he must let you win at cards, or we lose  
you must make an assignation, 'tis at a gold-  
or china-house, where for your ho-  
nour to him, he must pawn his to the punc-  
hing for what you take up, pays for

you not have us assur'd of our gallant's

is better known by liberality, than by

one may be dissembled, the other not  
can be no longer dissembled, and they

[*Aside.*] Come, here's to our gallants  
we must name, and I'll begin, this is  
[*Claps him on the back.*]

will out now—

not tell me, 'twas for my sake only

myself no man? [*Aside to Horner.*]

Oh! did you not swear to me, 'twas for

you, you passed for that thing you do?

[*Aside to Horner.*]

Speak, ladies, this is my false villain.

He too.

you are all three my false rogues  
end on't.

then, there's no remedy, sister-lia-  
out, but have a care of our honour;  
ents, no jewels of him, we are savers  
jewel of most value and use, which  
rld unsuspected, tho' it be a counter-

*Horner.*

*Horn.* Nay, and is e'en as good as if it were true; provided the world thinks so; for honour, like beauty now, only depends on the opinion of others.

*Lady Fidge.* Well, Harry Common, I hope you can be true to three. Swear. But 'tis to no purpose, to require your oath, for you are as often forsworn, as you swear to new women.

*Horn.* Come, faith, Madam, let us e'en pardon one another; for all the difference I find betwixt we men and you women, we forswear ourselves at the beginning of an amour, you as long as it lasts.

*Enter Sir Jasper Fidget, and Old Lady Squeamish.*

*Sir Jasp.* Oh, my lady Fidget, was this your cunning, to come to Mr. Horner without me? But you have been no where else, I hope.

*Lady Fidge.* No, Sir Jasper.

*Lady Squeam.* And you came straight hither, Biddy.

*Squeam.* Yes, indeed, lady grandmother.

*Sir Jasp.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; I knew when once they were thoroughly acquainted with poor Horner, they'd ne'er be from him. You may let her misquander it with my wife, and Horner, and I warrant her reputation safe.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* O, Sir, here's the gentleman whom you bid me not suffer to come up, without giving you notice, with a lady too, and other gentlemen—

*Horn.* Do you all go in there, whilst I send 'em away; and, boy, do you desire 'em to stay below till I call, which shall be immediately.

*[Exit Sir Jasper. Lady Squeam. Lady Fidget, and*

*Mrs. Dainty Squeamish.*

*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*[Exit.*

*Horner goes out at another Door, and returns with Mrs. Pinchwife.*

*Horn.* You wou'd not take my advice to be gone home, before your husband came back, he'll now do as he'll; yet pray, my dearest, be persuaded to give up the rest to my management, I'll let you down the back way.

*Mrs. Pinch.* I don't know the way home, so I don't.

*Horn.* My man shall wait upon you.

*Mrs. Pinch.*



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*Mrs. Pinch.* No, don't you believe that I'll go at all; what, are you weary of me already?

*Horn.* No, my life, 'tis that I may love you long; 'tis to secure my love, and your reputation with your husband, he'll never receive you again else.

*Mrs. Pinch.* What care I. D'ye think to frighten me with that? I don't intend to go to him again; you shall be my husband now.

*Horn.* I cannot be your husband, dearest, since you are married to him.

*Mrs. Pinch.* O, would you make me believe that? Don't I see every day at London here, women leave their first husbands, and go and live with other men as their wives? Pish, pshaw, you'd make me angry, but that I love you so mainly.

*Horn.* So, they are coming up—In again, in, I hear 'em. [*Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*] Well, a silly mistress is like a weak place, soon got, soon lost, a man has scarce time for plunder; she betrays her husband first to her gallant, and then her gallant to her husband.

*Alithea, Harcourt, Sparkish, Lucy, and a Parson.*

adam, 'tis not the sudden change of  
dence of your assertions, and your  
shall persuade me I did not bring  
here's my witness, who cannot de-  
be confronted—Mr. Horner, did  
y to you just now?

I wrong one woman for another's  
ew thing with me; for in these cases  
hinal's side against the innocent.

[*Aside.*

, Sir.  
so—I must be impudent, and try my  
s to be too hard for truth. [*Aside.*  
are studying an evasion, or excuse

I am something backward only to  
airs or disputes.

ou speak.

Sir, do, pray satisfy him.

*Horn.*

*Horn.* Then truly, you did bring that lady to me just now.

*Pinch.* O ho——

*Alib.* How, Sir——

*Harc.* How, Horner!

*Alib.* What mean you, Sir? I always took you for a man of honour.

*Harc.* Ay, so much a man of honour, that I must save my neighbours, I thank you, come what will on't. [*Alib.*

*Spark.* So if I had had her, she'd have made me believe the moon had been made of a Christmas pye.

*Lacy.* Now could I speak, if I durst, and solve the riddle, who am the author of it. [*Aside.*

*Alib.* O, unfortunate woman! A combination against my honour, which most concerns me now, because you share in my disgrace, Sir; and it is your censure which I must now suffer, that troubles me, not theirs.

*Harc.* Madam, then have no trouble, you shall now see 'tis possible for me to love too, without being jealous; I will not only believe your innocence myself, but make all the world believe it——Horner, I must now be concerned for this Lady's honour. [*Apart to Horner.*

*Horn.* And I must be concern'd for a lady's honour too.

*Harc.* This Lady has her honour, and I will protect it.

*Horn.* My lady has not her honour, but has given it me to keep, and I will preserve it.

*Harc.* I understand you not.

*Horn.* I would not have you.

*Mrs. Pinch.* What's the matter with 'em all?

[*Mrs. Pinchwife peeping in behind.*

*Pinch.* Come, come, Mr. Horner, no more disputing; here's the parson, I brought him not in vain.

*Horn.* No, Sir, I'll employ him, if this lady please.

*Pinch.* How! what d'ye mean?

*Spark.* Ay, what does he mean?

*Horn.* Why, I have resigned your sister to him, he has my consent.

*Pinch.* But he has not mine, Sir; a woman's injur'd honour, no more than a man's, can be repair'd, or satisfied by any but him that first wrong'd it; and you shall marry her presently, or—— [*Lays his hand on his forehead.*

*Exit.*

*Enter to them Mrs. Pinchwife.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* O Lord, they'll kill poor Mr. Horner; besides he shan't marry her whilst I stand by, and look on; I'll not lose my second husband so.

*Pinch.* What do I see?

*Alib.* My sister, in my clothes!

*Mark.* Ha!

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, pray now don't quarrel about finding out for the parson; he shall marry me to Mr. Horner; for now, I believe, you have enough of me.

*[To Mr. Pinchwife.]*

*Fiorn.* Damn'd, damn'd loving changeling.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, sister, pardon me for telling so many lies of you.

*Fiorn.* I have the riddle is plain now.

*Mark.* You must be my work, good Sir, hear me.

*Alib.* My wife, who stands doggedly with his back to me, but over his eyes.

*Mark.* I shall not hear woman again, but make 'em

*[Offers to draw upon his wife.]*

*Alib.* I shall not hear woman again.

*Mark.* This is all one to me.

*Alib.* I shall not hear woman again, but make 'em

*[Offers to draw upon his wife.]*

*Alib.* I shall not hear woman again, but make 'em

*[Offers to draw upon his wife.]*

*Alib.* I shall not hear woman again, but make 'em

*[Offers to draw upon his wife.]*

*Alib.* I shall not hear woman again, but make 'em

*[Offers to draw upon his wife.]*

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*[Offers to draw upon his wife.]*

*Alib.* I shall not hear woman again, but make 'em

*[Offers to draw upon his wife.]*

*Alib.* I shall not hear woman again, but make 'em

*[Offers to draw upon his wife.]*

*Sir*

*Sir Jasp.* How ! Does he dissemble ? Is he a hypocrite ?  
 Nay, then---how --wife---sister, is he an hypocrite ?

*Lady Squeam.* An hypocrite, a dissembler ?---Speak,  
 young harlotry, speak, how ?

*Sir Jasp.* Nay, then---Oh, my head too---Oh, thou  
 libidinous lady !

*Lady Squeam.* Oh, thou harloting harlotry, hast thou  
 done it then ?

*Sir Jasp.* Speak, good Horner, art thou a dissembler,  
 rogue ? Hast thou ---

*Horn.* Soh---

*Lucy.* I'll fetch you off, and her too, if she will but  
 hold her tongue. [*Apart to Horner.*

*Horn.* Canst thou ? I'll give thee--- [*Apart to Lucy.*

*Lucy.* [*To Mr. Pinchwife.*] Pray have but patience to  
 hear me, Sir, who am the unfortunate cause of all this  
 confusion. Your wife is innocent, I only culpable ; for  
 I put her upon telling you all these lies concerning my  
 mistress, in order to the breaking off the match between  
 Mr. Sparkish and her, to make way for Mr. Harcourt.

*Spark.* Did you so, eternal rotten-tooth ? Then ; it  
 seems, my mistress was not false to me, I was only de-  
 ceived by you. Brother, what should have been ; now  
 man of conduct, who is a frank person now, to bring  
 your wife to her lover---ha ?

*Lucy.* I assure you, Sir, she came not to Mr. Horner  
 out of love, for she loves him no more---

*Mrs. Pinch.* Hold, I told lies for you, but you shall  
 tell none for me ; for I do love Mr. Horner with all my  
 soul, and nobody shall say me nay. Pray, don't you go  
 to make poor Mr. Horner believe to the contrary, 'tis  
 spitefully done of you, I'm sure.

*Horn.* Peace, dear idiot. [*Aside to Mrs. Pinchwife.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, I will not peace.

*Pinch.* Not till I make you.

*Enter Dorant and Quack.*

*Dor.* Horner, your servant, I am the Doctor's guest,  
 he must excuse our intrusion.

*Quack.* But what's the matter, gentlemen ? for Hea-  
 ven's sake, what's the matter ?

*Horn.* Oh, 'tis well you are come---'tis a censorious  
 world we live in ; you may have brought me a reprieve,

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or else I had died for a crime I never committed, and these innocent ladies had suffered with me; therefore  
 [Whispers.]

Oh, I understand you, is that all?—Sir Jasper,  
 and upon the word of a physician, Sir—

[Whispers to Sir Jasper.]

I do believe you truly---Pardon, my  
 dear of honour.

then all's right again?

and now let us satisfy him too.

[Whisper with Mr. Pinchwife.]

no fooling with me.

surgeons in town to swear

that bled to death

very.

all the town has

it?

of all these.

he was the

in France, since;

gentlemen, your friend,

ladies, han't you all heard

poor Mr. Horner?

ay.

jealous fool, dost thou doubt it? He's

sin.

false, Sir; you shall not disparage

to my certain knowledge—

mouth—

[Aside to Lucy.]

my honour, Sir, 'tis as true.

[To Pinchwife.]

we would have been seen in his

unsported reputations with him!

you get, and we too, by trusting

[Aside to Horner.]

dam---Well, Doctor, is not this a

I

good

98 THE COUNTRY WIFE.

good design that carries a man on unsuspected, and brings him off safe——

[*Aside to Quack.*]

*Pinch.* Well, if this were true; but my wife——

[*Dorilant whispers with Mrs. Pinchwife.*]

*Alib.* Come, brother, your wife is yet innocent, you see; but have a care of too strong an imagination, lest, like an over-concerned timorous gamester, by fancying an unlucky cast, it should come. Women and fortune are truest still to those that trust them.

*Lucy.* And any wild thing grows but the more fierce and hungry for being kept up, and more dangerous to the keeper.

*Alib.* There's doctrine for all husbands, Mr. Harcourt.

*Harc.* I edify, Madam, so much, that I am impatient till I am one.

*Dor.* And I edify so much by example, I will never be one.

*Spark.* And because I will not disparage my parts, I'll ne'er be one.

*Horn.* And, I, alas! can't be one.

*Pinch.* But I must be one---against my will to a country wife, with a country-mistress to me.

*Mrs. Pinch.* And I must be a country wife still too, I find; for I can't, like a city one, be rid of my musty husband, and do what I list.

[*Aside.*]

*Horn.* Now, Sir, I must pronounce your wife innocent, though I blush whilst I do it; and I am the only man by her now exposed to shame, which I will straight drown in wine, as you shall your suspicion; and the ladies' troubles we'll divert with a ballad. Factor, where are your maskers?

*Lucy.* Indeed she's innocent, Sir, I am her witness, and her end of coming out was but to see her sister's wedding; and what she has said to your face of her love to Mr. Horner, was but the usual innocent revenge on a husband's jealousy: was it not, Madam? Speak——

*Mrs. Pinch.* Since you'll have me tell more lies——

[*Aside to Lucy and Horner.*] Yes, indeed, Bud.

*Pinch.* For my own sake, fain I would all believe. Cuckolds, like lovers, should themselves deceive.

But——

[*Exit.*]

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Honour is least safe (too late I find)  
 That trusts it with a foolish wife or friend.

*A Dance of Cuckolds.*

But court and dress, and keep a pothor,  
 Men, with one another ;  
 Women to be priz'd,  
 Must be despis'd.

ACT.

## EPILOGUE.

**N**OW you the vigorous, who daily here  
 O'er wizard-mask in public domineer,  
 And what you'd do to her, if in place where;  
 Nay, have the confidence to cry, Come out;  
 Yet when she says, Lead on, you are not stout;  
 But to your well-dress'd brother straight turn round,  
 And cry, Pox on her, Ned, she can't be found.  
 Then sink away, a fresh one to engage,  
 With so much seeming heat and loving rage,  
 You'd frighten list'ning actors on the stage;  
 Till she at last has seen you huffing come,  
 And talk of keeping in the tiring-room,  
 Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home.  
 Next you halfluffs of fifty, who best  
 Your buckram maiden-heads, which your friends get;  
 And, whilst to them you of achievements boast,  
 They share the hoory, and laugh at your cost.  
 In fine, you essenc'd boys, both old and young,  
 Who would be thought so eager, and so strong;  
 Yet do the ladies not their husbands wrong,  
 Whose purses for your manhood make excuse,  
 And keep your Slanders' mates for show, not use.  
 Encourag'd by our woman's man to-day,  
 A Horner's part may vainly think to play;  
 And may intrigues so lustily disown,  
 That they may doubted be by few or none,  
 May kiss the cards at picquet, ombre—  
 And so be taught to kiss the lady too;  
 But, gallants, have a care, faith, what you do.  
 The world, which to no man his due will give,  
 Till by experience know you can deceive;  
 And men may still believe you vigorous,  
 But then eye women,——there's no for'ning us.







J. Richardson del.

Published for the Author by J. Smith 1777

MISS POPE in the Character of DORCAS ZERK  
— Thou love & cherish me!



gratitude, I hope, without cavil, may be as unlimited as favours, and favours will be as diffusive as good-nature and ability can make them.

The wonder will be, that under the happy influence of such a general kind treatment, I have not been able to produce a more strenuous and lively play. It may be your indulgence to the parent has spoiled his offspring for writers, they say, as well as breeders, must be under diet and prescription: mine, if it is a male, has been under no such restraint; but has fed high, and lived well among you, and must plead her bounty in excuse of her irregularities.

Accept this play, then, as an offering, gentlemen, and screen it as a composition. It should, indeed, have been more perfect, considering to whom, and reasons, it is addressed; but it is my first effort, for the first public opportunity I could take of showing how much I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most obliged,

Most thankful, and

Obedient servant,

E. S.



# THE FACE.

My play was written about three years since, and was put into the hands of a famous comedian belonging to the Hay-Market play-house, who took care to beat down the value of it so much, as to offer the author to alter it fit to appear on the stage, on condition he might have it for a day, and the dedication, that it may pass for one. The author not agreeing to this, it remained in his hands till the beginning of the year. Booth read it, and liked it, and with a little alteration, it was performed, and the success of it has been such, that the trial in Westminster-hall, of the new opera, it has answered the ends of the poet, and, he hopes, that of the town too. I cannot omit mentioning the extraordinary performances of Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Santlow, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Leigh, who are the only people on the English stage, that could have acted those parts so much to the life.

It may be expected I should give some reasons for my scribbling, and make excuses for the irregularities of the play; find fault with those things the town are good-natured enough to overlook; most arrogantly stand up for time and place; brag of the newness of the characters, and beg pardon for not shewing the conceited one. I am called in haste to my duty in Portugal, at my return, it is probable I may be as informed as the rest of the scribblers of the town.

## P R O T O G U E.

*Early times, when plays were first in fashion,  
 The bus'ness of the stage was reformation;  
 Well-wrought scene, for public good design'd,  
 Whose imitable virtue fill'd the mind,  
 And lash'd the growing follies of mankind.  
 That was its golden age, which, soon outworn,  
 Romantic love and honour took their turn.  
 Such windmill knights, such odd fantastic ladies,  
 Sprung from the brain of their poetic daddies;  
 Prince Prettyman and Amaryllis scarce  
 Could turn the lulling nonsense into farce.  
 Drove from those beds of dreaming indolence,  
 The Muse flew downwards, till she gave offence;  
 For as our sage inquisitors do tell us,  
 Her finest parts were jilts and rakish fellows;  
 And as corrupters of this harmless town,  
 Were presented, and almost put down.  
 How would your useless time, which fixt five and eight,  
 Have dragg'd its wings, without this low'd retreat?  
 What other nameless place would be so fit  
 For pit to ogle boxes, boxes pit?  
 At length, kind judges, merry be your hearts,  
 You're pleas'd to relish best our lowest parts;  
 Give you but humour, tickle but your spleen,  
 No matter how we furnish plot or scene.  
 Soon pleas'd; but that, alas! you're squeamish too;  
 Your light digestion must have something new,  
 Or else you'll drive away to puppet-show.  
 Under these terms of grace young Bayes has writ,  
 With double title to be dubb'd a wit,  
 First, 'cause poeta nascitur, non fit.  
 From a fam'd stock our tender syon grows,  
 And may he breed too himself, who knows?  
 But that his other plea may be admitted,  
 That with new and merry humour fitted,  
 We bid him in, and when he writes again,  
 We hope he'll find a more diverting pen.*

## D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ

## M E N.

*Flip*, the commodore, a most illiterate  
 Wappineer-jar,  
*Mizen*, a finical sea fop,  
*Worthy*, a captain of the navy,  
*Roveawell*, a man of fortune,  
*Sir Charles Pleasant*, *Worthy's* lieutenant,  
 a man of quality,  
*Cribbidge*, *Flip's* lieutenant,  
*Easy*, a lieutenant of marines,  
*Indent*, *Flip's* purser,  
*Scruple*, a corporation justice,  
*Cockswain*,  
 Sailors,

*Covent-Garden.*

Mr. Dunstall.  
 Mr. Woodward.  
 Mr. Smith.  
 Mr. Hull.

Mr. Wignell.  
 Mr. Perry.

## W O M E N.

*Arabella Zeal*, bred a churchwoman,  
*Dorcas Zeal*, her sister, bred a quaker,  
*Belinda*, a woman of fortune,  
*Jenny Private*,  
*Jiltup*,  
*Advocate*, *Belinda's* maid,  
 Maid to *Arabella*,  
 Bar-maid,

Miss Masklin.  
 Mrs. Bulkeley.  
 Mrs. Baker.  
 Mrs. Gardner.  
 Mrs. Pitt.

## S C E N E, D E A L.

Time, five hours.

T H E.

# THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

## ACT I. SCENE, Deal.

*Enter Worthy as from on board; Cockswain and Crew following.*

WORTHY.

SO, thank Heaven, I have at last reached my native land. Cockswain, take care the water be sent on board with expedition, and bid the Purser hasten to Dover for fresh provisions, and let the sick men be sent on shore the next trip. There's something for the boat's crew; go and refresh yourselves.

*Cock.* All your orders shall be punctually complied with.

*All Sailors.* Thank your noble honour. Hyzza, huzza!

*[Exeunt Cockswain and Crew.]*

*Enter Rovewell.*

*Wor.* My dear Rovewell!

*Rov.* Welcome on shore, dear Worthy! How have you fared this voyage? Pr'ythee, relate me some of your adventures.

*Wor.* Why, faith, Rovewell, my voyage was attended with little pleasure, being generally confined to the barbarous conversation of Flip, my Commodore, a most obstinate, positive, ignorant, Wuppineer-tar: in short, he is my eternal plague.

Why, was only you two the convoy?

Yes, to make me completely wretched, Beau was the third man; a sea-top, of all creatures the ridiculous.

*Rov.* I can't say I am sorry for the usage you have met

met with ; because I am in hopes the nauseous conversation of these coxcombs will make you relish my company the better.

*Wor.* The true sense I have of your wit and judgment will always make me covet your acquaintance ; therefore I needed not the wretched preparative I have met with. But how does all our Deal angels ?

*Rev.* Why, the few virtuous women are as proud and as insolent as they used to be, and the whores you left here about ten months since, are dead with rottenness, and young strums supply their rooms. This is a monstrous place for wickedness ! Fornication flourishes more here than in any sea-port of Europe. You gentlemen of the navy are great encouragers of sin, and traffick mightily in that sort of merchandise ; and for your money, receive as lasting French diseases here, as any you can meet with in Covent-Garden, or the Mediterranean.

*Wor.* Ay, as thou observest, Rowewell, the marine race are a debauched generation. The poets will tell us, that Venus herself was horn of the sea ; troth, her fabulous divinity has too many real worshippers bred up upon her own salt element.

*Rev.* 'Tis a strange thing, that people that face death so near, and so often, should have no thoughts of saving their souls.

*Wor.* Being constantly in danger of them, so that they look Death in the face with as much impudence as a Deal whore does a poor tar, after a long voyage. But what news of my dear Quaker ?

*Rev.* She's as proud and as beautiful as ever, and, faith, I believe as constant too. You'll never leave playing the fool with that spiritual creature, till she draws you into matrimony ; ten thousand pounds, with beauty and virtue, are very great temptations.

*Wor.* Then do you really think I have any interest in that dear creature ?

*Rev.* Had you as much with the lords of the admiralty, you would be a great man ; for she does on you. Could you have but seen the countenance she put on, when there was a report that you were killed ; the agonies, and the groans she had upon that occasion, were more sincere than those her religion obliges her to.

*Wor.*



## THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

11

*Wor.* I am impatient till I see the dear charmer. But how goes thy affair on with Belinda?

*Rev.* Much after the manner of the French King's affairs; they have a dismal aspect; we quarrel like man and wife, or high church and low. She knows her ascendant over my heart is so rivetted, that she can't lose me; and therefore she uses me as tyrannically as if she was the French King, and I one of the Protestants.

*Wor.* I hope no persecution will make you leave her kingdom.

*Rev.* To carry on the simile, I am somewhat stubborn; but, rather than lose her money, I shall be a convert.

*Wor.* But see, the Commodore.

*Enter Flip.*

*Flip.* Ha, Rowewell! What cheer, what cheer, my lad?

*Rev.* Most noble Commodore, your humble servant.

*Flip.* Noble! A pox of nobility, I say! the best commodores that ever went between two ends of a ship, had not a drop of nobility in them, thank Heaven.

*Rev.* Then you still value yourself for being a brute, and think ignorance a great qualification for a sea-captain.

*Flip.* I value myself for not being a coxcomb; that is what you call a gentleman captain; which is a new name for our sea-tops, who, forsooth, must wear white linen, have field beds, lie in Holland sheets, and load their poddles with thirty ounces of whores hair, which makes them hate the sight of an enemy, for fear bullets and gunpowder should spoil the beau wig and laced jacket. They are, indeed, pretty fellows at single rapier, and can, with a little drink in their heads, cut the throats of their best friends; but catch them yard-arm and yard-arm with a Frenchman, and down goes the colours. Oh, it was not so in the Dutch wars! then we valued ourselves upon wooden legs, and stumps of arms, and fought as if heaven and earth were coming together.

*Rev.* Yet, yet, you fought very gloriously, when you met the Dutch fleet at Chatham.

*Flip.* That was owing to the treachery of some of our own people, and to us sea-faring folks.

*Rev.* I have no fault to find with your sailing, my good Commodore. I think you are honest and brave; but wanting sense and good

good manners, would fain put the world out of conceit with those accomplishments. You old captains, who sit at court-martials, are very envious; and often must a young fellow for actions, which were reckoned glorious ones, when done by any of your stupid selves.

*Flip.* By the loadstone, I swear, I am none of those. I have served in every office belonging to a ship, from cook's boy to a commodore; and have all the sea jests by heart, from the fore-castle to the great cabin; and I love a sailor.

*Hor.* Ay, so well as to get drunk with every mess in the ship once a week.

*Flip.* Why, that makes the rogues love me; my jocularities with them makes them fight for me; they keep me out of a French gaol. I'll follow my old method, till I am superannuated; which I believe I shan't petition for these twenty years.

*Hor.* Since you love your common sailors so well, what reason can you have for using your Lieutenant so like a dog?

*Flip.* Because he sets up for a fine gentleman, and lies in gloves to make his hands white. And, tho' 'tis his watch, when I ring my bell, the rogue is above coming to my cabin. I sent him ashore yesterday to the post-house, with a letter to the admiralty; I ordered him to buy me a quarter of mutton, and threescore cabbages, for my own use; and the land-lubber (for he is no sailor) had the impudence to tell me he would not be my boy. I told him I'd bring him to a court-martial, and he threatened to throw up his commission, and cut my throat.

*Rov.* Ha, ha! I'm glad thou hast met with a young fellow of life and vigour, that knows how to use you according to your deserts. But see who comes here to gay.

*Flip.* 'Tis a water-beau. One water spaniel is worth fifty of such fair-weather fops. Do but observe him now. Oh, monstrous!

*Enter Mizzen and Cockswain.*

*Miz.* Go you to the perfumer's, buy me a gallon of orange-flower-water, and a pint of jessamin-ow; let the muslin curtains, and furbelow'd to let be washed on hand; carry on board a bushel of sweet powder; and tell the Purser, I am resolved every man on board my ship

ship shall have a clean white shirt at his charge. Tuesday next is my visiting-day ; and I design to let the world see how much I have reformed the navy.

*Flip.* Ho, ho, ho ! here's a fine gentleman for you !

*Miz.* [*Seeing the company.*] Dear Rowewell ! split me on a rock, if I am not transported at the sight of you.

*Flip.* It would be well for the nation, if such butterflies as you were transported to some of the plantations. I wish you were my bow-man, and the wind blew strong at east, I'd spoil your beauty.

*Miz.* Why, Lard, Commodore, won't you give a man leave to be decent and clean ? Will nothing please you, but what stinks of tar and tobacco ?

*Flip.* Tar and tobacco are sweeter, one would think, than the excrements of a civetty-cat. But I am well assured talking to you is like rowing against wind and tide ; and therefore e'en steer your compass your own way. Friend Rowewell, I don't care if you and I toss off a can of Sir Cloudesly before we sail.

*Row.* Where do you lodge ?

*Flip.* At the Three Mariners.

*Miz.* May my ship's anchor come home, if it be not an arrant bawdy-house ! The husband keeps a boin-boat, the wife a brandy-shop, and the two daughters are let out to all comers and goers.

*Row.* Indeed, the house is very notorious. Why don't you frequent the India-Arms ?

*Flip.* Because all the fops and beardless boys of the navy go there ; besides, I think the husband too blind, and the wife has too much sight. But Tom Cragg and I were boatswain's mates together. As to its being a bawdy-house, that is no offence to me ; for all houses in sea-ports have been reckoned so, ever since I pick'd oakum ; I suppose, brother Finical, you don't know what that is.

*Miz.* Why, dear Commodore, do you think, because we gentlemen put on clean shirts every day, that we can't understand the affairs of the navy as well as those who wear their shirts till they are lousy ? Do you think nastiness gives you a title to knowledge ?

*Row.* Ay, as my friend Mizzen says, because brutes are sailors, can none be sailors but brutes ?

*Flip.* I don't know what you mean by the word brute; but I can perceive that no animal is so ridiculous as a monkey, except it be his charming imitator, a beau.

*Miz.* Did you never see an unlick'd bear? He, he, he.

*Flip.* He, he, he: Yes, I have, booby, what then?

*Miz.* Oh! dear monster, be civil.

*Flip.* Bullets and gunpowder, what do you mean? If the government did but know what a swab thou art, I should be knighted for cutting thy throat.

*Row.* Oh! fye, let's have no quarrelling.

*Miz.* No, no, there's no fear of it; the commodore knows the length of my sword, and nimble turn of my wrist, too well to pick a quarrel with me.

*Flip.* Why, thou canst only value thyself for being a fencing-master: were we in a saw-pit together, with each a blunderbuss, I'd try if I could not make a sieve of thy lac'd jacket; I'd soon singe thy wig so, that thy wig should hang like a parcel of rags after an engagement.

*Row.* This has been a most profitable diversion of our voyage.

*Flip.* Ay, ay, you're all alike. A non-sensical quaker covers your noddles, and a non-sensical tailor gives a hitch in your pace, but the tailor makes the most of it: there's no bringing your folly to an end, so long as the wind blows strong in the nonsensical way. I dare you well.

[Exit Flip.]

*All.* Your humble servant.

*Row.* 'Tis a wretched fellow!

*Miz.* I have not words to express what a miserable plague he has been to me, besides a charge! Would you believe it? split me on a rock, if he did not one day break me forty pounds worth of china.

*Row.* For heaven's sake where was it?

*Miz.* Why, in my great cabin: I dare affirm it no town lady's withdrawing room, nor country gentleman's closet, is nicer furnished than mine. I am scotched with most charming India china and glass; I have a very noble scrutore, a superb red screen in Europe: I have an intention of getting the great guns in my cabin appear to be else.

vered with cloth of tissue; I have six and thirty silver sconces, and every vacancy is cramm'd with china.

*Rev.* These rarities are worth seeing indeed.

*Hor.* Oh, he keeps a visiting day, you and I'll wait on him.

*Miz.* I shall think myself prodigiously obliged to you: may be you'll see as great a concourse of people, as there is at a general's when he returns victorious: barges, pinnaces, deal yawls, and long-boats innumerable.

*Rev.* Pray who visits you in the long boats?

*Miz.* Why, Dutch admirals. You must know I range them in the following order: my barges I call coaches and six, my pinnaces are chariots with two horses, my deal yawls are sedans, and my long boats hackney coaches.

*Hor.* Very nice, indeed.

*Miz.* All my sconces are loaded with wax tapers; my lieutenants and warrant officers, nicely dressed and perfumed, place themselves on each side of my liverage; my midshipmen, and quarters are ranged from the bulkhead to the bulkhead, in my own white shirts; the ship's side is hung round with spruce apparel and clean company are ready upon all occasions to sing huzzas according to the order of the day.

*Hor.* And what entertainment are we to meet with?

*Miz.* Why, I generally treat with tea, but the most modern way is to give nothing.

*Rev.* Pshaw! methinks a bowl of punch would be most proper.

*Hor.* Oh, beastly! we at sea always smoak when we drink, and that would spoil all the gay furniture.

*Miz.* Oh, wretched! and the stink would suffocate me.

*Rev.* What is your conversation?

*Miz.* We imitate the ladies as near as we can, and therefore scandalize every body: we laugh at the ridiculous management of the navy-board; pry into the rogue's the victualing-office; and tell the names of those who were ten years ago bare-foot, and are now twenty thousand pound men: we hear stories of the scandalous stages of our captains; the lewdness of some of their wives, and the meanness of the rest: sometimes

we quarrel about whose ship sails best, who makes the finest punch; or who has the greatest hardships, by having great men's favourites put over their heads; and I keep them within the bounds of good manners and moderation.

*Wor.* That is a very great point gained.

*Miz.* May I be keel-hawled, if any man in the universe has more reformed the navy than myself: I am now compiling a book, wherein I mend the language wonderfully. I leave out your larboard and starboard, hawfers and swabbs: I have no such thing as hawl cat hawl, nor belay; silly words, only fit for Dutchmen to pronounce. I put fine sentences into the mouths of our sailors, derived from the manliness of the Italian, and the softness of the French: and by that time I am made an admiral, I doubt not of bringing every sailor in the navy to be more polite than most of our country gentlemen; and the next generation of them may pass very well for people of the first quality. I'll get an order for removing them from Wapping into the Pall-mall; and instead of frequenting punch, music, and bawdy-houses; the chocolate-houses, eating-houses, and fine taverns shall be obliged to receive them.

*Enter to them a Servant with a letter.*

*Serv.* Pray which is Captain Worthy?

*Wor.* Friend, I am he.

*Serv.* Sir, here's a letter for you.

*Wor.* Ha! Dorcas Zeal! Oh, let me kiss the hand ten thousand times.

*Rev.* How keen a sportsman a long voyage makes a man!

*Wor.* [*Reads.*] "Friend Worthy, if thou hast not forgot thy old acquaintance, give but thyself the trouble of coming to the north end of the town, where thou hast often vented thy vows of sincerity, and thou wilt most assuredly find thine,  
Dorcas Zeal."

Hark'ee; let the lady know I'll wait on her instantly.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Miz.* So, brother, I find you have an intrigue already. I suppose I sha'n't be much behind-hand with you, for I expect a billet-doux from a ten thousand pounder.

*Rev.* Pr'ythee who is she?

*Mix.* Why, she's a Quaker: an intimate acquaintance of mine has promised me his assistance in stealing her for me.

*Wor.* Death and Hell! This is my angel!

*Rev.* Patience! Man.

*Mix.* Now you must know, if we once get her upon the beach, I whip her into my boat, carry her on board, marry her, lie with her, then come ashore and demand her fortune; and after that, you know, if I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out at the cabin window, and give out she had a calcuture, and so jump'd overboard. Well, dear gentlemen, I must go and see about this business; for such a fortune is not to be neglected, especially when a peace is so near. [Exit.]

*Wor.* Blood and fire, what a discovery's here!

*Rev.* Why truly it was a lucky one: I have a merry thought come into my head; there's a quondam friend of yours and mine, who in our sinful days was very obli-

*Wor.* What, my dear Dorcas?

*Rev.* That once fair pleasure-boat, which was wrecked in her hulk, and sinks in the sea, and besides, the new reformation vessel, that every weather-beaten

*Rev.* Now for that very reason, a sudden charitable design is got into this fruitful noddle, of putting off this very creature to Mizen for a wife, a just punishment upon him for his barbarous designs upon thy Dorcas.

*Wor.* Nay, but thanks to heaven, we have discovered the villainy, and I'll instantly to my Dorcas, and give her that due caution, as shall blow up his whole conspiracy; and therefore mix a little mercy with thy justice.

*Rev.* No, I'll not carry on the jail so cruelly as to undo the poor dog neither; a little mortify him, but not ru-

*Rev.* I'll instantly then to my dear Dorcas, and make confident in the business: about an hour hence you at Daniel's, where we'll take a sneaker of punch: and afterwards spend our evening with the

women ; I'll send Dorcas to see Belinda, and there shall be the rendezvous.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Dorcas Zeal, and Arabella.*

*Ara.* Why, sister, do you ever think to secure Worthy to yourself, with that senseless religion of yours ; he'll certainly laugh at your formal hood.

*Dor.* Why look thee, Arabella, my religion and dress may seem strange unto thee, because thou art of the church belonging to the wicked ; but I tell unto thee, Worthy loveth me so much, that I have hopes of drawing him to be one of the pure ones. 'Tis true, thou art a facetious young creature, and the education my aunt hath given thee, maketh thy thoughts run much upon the vanity of this world ; and I suppose the fortune my father left thee, will be thrown into the arms of one of the lewd pillars of thy steeple-house.

*Ara.* Look'ee, I'll have no reflections upon establishments. Liberi of conscience gives you no title to rail. I find you are resolved to persist in your whining faith ; 'tis one stubborn article of your cant : but I am well assured Worthy will force you to church ; if he don't, I'll part with my maidenhead without a husband.

*Dor.* And that thou art wild enough to do ; but I pray thee none of this vain raillery before Worthy, if thou hast any expectation of my living in sisterly love and charity with thee.

*Ara.* Oh, you should have snuffed that thro' the nose. In short I'll always tease you ; you that have sense and beauty, thus to deform those heavenly graces, it makes me mad. If all the kind bewitching air, the tender looks, and compassionate words that woman can invent, will draw Worthy's love from you, I'll use them, and triumph in the conquest.

*Dor.* Poor vain creature ! thou art handsome it's true ; but thou hast not the virtues of the mind to ensnare him with. But see he comes, forbear thy follies, I say forbear.

*Enter Worthy.*

*Wor.* [*Embraces.*] This is a reward for all my labours, the fatigues of an hundred voyages are forgot whilst I am in these arms.

*Dor.* Be not vain, flatter not ; 'tis base, 'tis irreverent, 'tis irreligious.



## THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

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*Wor.* Dear charmer, I am all ecstasy.

*Ara.* So much of it, that, methinks you have forgot your friends, good Captain.

*Wor.* Pardon me, Madam, [*Salutes her.*] some of my ecstasies are due to you ; for the love I have to this lady, makes me admire all her relations.

*Ara.* Ay, wheedle her out of what she has : get her money, then use her like a wife, turn her out of doors, and compound with her for a maintenance.

*Dor.* Sister, to shew thee that I think it is impossible for thee to debauch the principles of my friend Worthy, I now commit myself into his hands.

*Wor.* Which blessing I receive with all the joy imaginable : this is a reward indeed for all my services.

*Dor.* Take to thyself my hand, and thus I plight it with my faith. Now, sister, your threatening words are vain, for all your looks and sighs can never take him from me.

*Ara.* Ha, ha, ha : you see, Worthy, I have done the work for you, and even contradiction itself, made the religion of the Quakers, and joined an unsanctified brother of the sect, to the godly sister of the godly sect.

*Dor.* Yes, sister, I am overcome in my weakness.

*Ara.* Thy weakness ! ay, thy shame ; with all thy boasted sanctity, thou art to lose my face a carnal inclination ! Nay, and to put thy hand to pen and paper to court him to thy arms ! Out on thee ! I am ashamed of thee.

*Dor.* Nay, now thou art scurrilous ! I cannot bear this, thou raisest all the blood into my cheeks. Stay thou, dear Worthy, and rebuke her for it, whilst I retire a while to recover my confusion, and then I'll see thee again. [*Exit Dor.*]

*Wor.* Fye, Arabella ; could you have the heart to treat that innocent thing so roughly ? Nay, by heaven's I'm amazed ! I cannot guess the meaning of all this.

*Ara.* Fye, stupid Worthy, can't you apprehend the meaning ? Why I study to make a breach betwixt my sister and herself ?

*Wor.* 'Tis all a mystery to me !

*Ara.* Spare a virgin's blushes, and let your apprehensions tell you what my trembling tongue is loth to utter.

*Wor.*

*Wor.* Fine heroics, truly! I'm too well acquainted with your manner of bantering, to take notice of any thing you say; yet it would divert me, had not my charming Quaker's last dear words wrapt up my soul to a diviner contemplation.

*Ara.* Must I then say I love, and be refused? Consider, my fortune's equal to my sister's; my face and my religion too, I think, may vie with hers.

*Wor.* Your words are spoke with a sound of truth; and were I not engaged by ten thousand oaths, I should have manlike vanity enough to think what you say real.

*Ara.* The inequality of the match between you, soon absolves you from such empty vows: I own I long have loved; and, before your last voyage, intended to discover it to you, but you unexpectedly sailed. I never believed you had a real passion for my sister, her religion and her principles being so averse to yours.

*Wor.* Madam, I know my own unworthiness too well to believe you are in earnest; but were it so, my honour tells me I must not be so base as to wrong your sister. The resolution she has made will soon be void, when I tell her your romantic story, which though I don't believe, I'll strive to make her do it. Pardon my absence, dear Madam, for I'm impatient until I undeceive her.

[*Exit.*]

*Ara.* And is my youth, my beauty, and my fortune thus despised! By heavens, I hate him now, and am resolved to muster up all the spirit of my sex to meditate revenge. The plots of plays, and the designs of injured lovers, I'll instantly peruse, and make them all my own.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Dorcas, Worthy following.*

*Wor.* By all my honour and my love 'tis true; nay more, she loved, and said she had long.

*Dor.* Nay, then I am convinced her falsehood's great; I ne'er expressed a satisfaction for thee, but still she strove to cool my friendship, by strange stories of thy inconsistency and unfaithfulness, which I must own I never believed.

*Wor.* Kind creature! since by envious ways she strives to break the cord of our united hearts, let us instantly put it out of hers and fortune's power.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* To-morrow then I will be thine, according to the foolish custom of thy church, the priest shall join our hands.

*Wor.* Then I am completely blessed!—Now I must tell you I have discovered a most villainous design against your person.

*Dor.* As how?

*Wor.* This day you were to have been stolen by a nauseous coxcomb of the navy; 'twas luckily discovered by Rowewell and myself, who hope to counterplot their design so far as to punish the vain top's intentions: if you meet us about two hours hence at Belinda's, you then shall know the whole story.

*Dor.* I had thoughts of spending this evening with her; I'll to her instantly, for she is so much my friend, that she will be overjoyed thou art arrived: but I think I will not mention the vileness of my sister, lest she become a laughing-stock unto the whole town.

*Wor.* Does you think fit in that. Adieu, my soul.

*Dor.* Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mr. De la Motte, to him a Sailor.*

*Mr. De la Motte.* How have I found you! Yonder's the Commode, heaving and humming as if the ship had broken up, and all the crew with him, excepting poor me. He has wrung as good a bucket of slip before him as ever was wrung up betwixt the stem and stern of a ship.

*Cock.* A pox of his coughs, I'd rather be in an engagement of twenty-four hours, than mess with him to-night; I know his way well enough, he makes us half-seas over, and then we grow saucy; then after slipping in two or three ladles full more, we fancy we're all before the mast, and so shall go together by the ears: for which, as soon as we come on board, there's whips, pickles, guns, gears, and bilboes for us all.

*Sail.* Pshaw, pshaw! who would not stand all this, to have their upper and lower tier well stowed with slip? I shall each of us have a whore at his charge. And so be clapped. If he would force the matter, and put us at the government's charge, it would be a great encouragement to us; but our rogue of a doctor, being not satisfied with his two-pences, must

must have a note for two months pay for every cure; and the last time the ship was paid, between the officers and the sailors, he swept above half the ship's company's money into his own hat.

*Sail.* That's a grievance truly; but come, let's go, for an the Commodore gets into his humour, there's no coming within a cable's length of him.

*Cock.* Ay, that's true, therefore bear a hand.

[*Exeunt*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

*Enter Sir Charles Pleasant, Lieutenant Cribidge, and Lieutenant Easy.*

PLEASANT.

**W**HY, by your report, old Flip makes your life a very uneasy one; thank Heaven, my captain has another way of management; with the affable, easy and genteel air, he gains applause from all.

*Easy.* I know he's a gentleman, by being civil to our corps; 'tis only the brutes of the navy that we marine officers disagree with.

*Crib.* Why, I believe I shall frighten the old pimp into some civility; for that day we came to anchor, he had some friends aboard: in the height of their mirth, I was called into the cabin; the negro fills a glass, and hands it over his shoulder, with a Here, Lieutenant, will you drink? I made as if I would take it, but overset it in his collar, laid the fault upon him, and pretending to be wet myself, went out of the cabin in a passion.

*Easy.* Pho, these are small faults, and natural to you subs of the navy; but the old dog had the impudence to confine me three months to my cabin, only for knocking down a boatswain's mate that had struck some of my marines; nay, if it had not been for Captain Worthy, would have broke me at a court-martial. If the com-

of our corps don't hinder this rascally imposition upon us, nobody will buy commissions of them.

*Vea.* That is a new trick put upon you gentlemen, and fear will breed ill blood amongst us.

*Eafy.* Hang it, we agree well enough with all the fellows, 'tis the old fots that hate we should come to them.

*Vea.* We agree well enough upon an equal par; but if you stay ashore 'till all the money's gone, and then you come aboard and expect to mess with us: who must find fresh provisions for you?

*Plea.* We often slight them for their poverty, indeed; but hang it, what a strange want of mercury do we young fellows shew, to have been a ten months voyage, safely returned, and landed two hours, without having been among the females! There's many a lad in the navy gets a clap before the ship's moored.

*Eafy.* I believe my friend Cribidge is in a better condition to give than to receive one.

*Crib.* I could wish a punk of my noble captain's was put upon board with it, I would fain see the old dog snuffle it.

*Plea.* The design's good; but first let's have a sneaker of punch.

*Eafy.* With all my heart; I'll just go and draw a bill upon our agent, get some necessaries for the men, cheat my captain a little in the sum total, and wait upon you immediately.

[Exit.

[Indent crosses the Stage.

*Crib.* See, yonder's Indent, our purser, gone to Daniel's; he'll be glad to be of our company.

*Plea.* A very honest fellow, and keeps a much better character in the navy, than people of his employ generally do.

*Crib.* Why the fellow has lived well; he was bred a mercer in Covent-Garden, was ruined by a whore of his own bully of his wife's: but managed his matters so well, he cleared himself of a gaol by a commission of the peace, without forswearing himself, which is the only precedent of that nature since the act was made.

*Plea.* They say his wife's handsome.

*Crib.* She was, when but eighteen; but whoring, and the

the misfortunes which commonly follow that, has made her look somewhat haggard, though but three and twenty.

*Plea.* If the young wenches of fifteen did but consider that the vices of the age ruin their beauty more than the small-pox, their pride would make them virtuous in spite of their inclinations.

*Crib.* Why, as you say, Sir Charles, a virtuous woman keeps her complexion tolerably well till five and twenty, when a whore is fain to borrow one of Mr. White and Red before she comes of age.

*Plea.* By the sense that you and I have of the vanities of the world, it looks as if we had a mind to quit our royal mistress, and enter aboard some merchant-man for a matrimonial voyage.

*Crib.* Why, if she's richly laden, I could be content to go chief mate.

*Plea.* And I suppose mutiny, as Avery did; turn your captain ashore, then set up for a pirate; and like Drawansir in the Rehearsal, kill both friends and foes.

*Crib.* A pretty simile for matrimony and whoring!

*Plea.* If we chime into harmony so well already, we may expect a bowl of Daniel's punch will make us talk like the music of the spheres.

*Crib.* Why methinks there's a tune in every go-down from a punch-bowl.

*Plea.* I wonder our coxcomby poets don't write some fine encomiums upon that heavenly compound.

*Crib.* Why the fellows are damnably poor, and not having money enough to buy victuals, drink the lees of sack to take away their stomachs, which raises their fancies no higher than a lady's fan, her bulk, or her lap-dog.

*Plea.* Faith the poets of this age are not so poor as those of the last, they have wit enough to write themselves into good places.

*Crib.* That is by wheedling a sort of people who love flattery better than wit.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Gentlemen, Lieutenant Easy, and Purser, would be glad to kiss your hands at our house.

*Plea.* A polite message; tell them we'll do ourselves the honour immediately.

*Draw.*

# THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

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*Dan.* I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Plat.* Come, Cribidge,

Let's drink away our dismal storms and cares,

Those slavish hardships that a sailor bears :

Whilst proud Britannia may securely boast,

She safely sleeps while we secure her coast. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Rowewell, meeting Worthy.*

*Row.* So, dear Worthy, once more well met ; have you acquainted your little Quaker with our design ?

*Wor.* Part of it.

*Row.* As how ?

*Wor.* I'll tell you at Daniel's : but have you engaged Jenny ?

*Row.* Oh, as you could wish : the jade is as overjoyed, as a dean at the death of a bishop ; and to make our story good, I have invited Mizen to the India-Arms, where I have ordered her to write to him. Will Dorcas meet us at Belinda's ?

*Wor.* She will.

*Row.* Come on then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Bar at Daniel's, Drawers, &c. Bar-Maid.

*Enter Sir Charles Pleasant and Cribidge.*

*Plea.* What ! does my pretty bar-maid keep her beauty still ? I know thou'rt virtuous, because the blue of the plumb is not wore off yet.

*Bar.* Thanks to my own honesty if I am so then, for here's rakish lieutenants enough come here to debauch all the young virgins in the country, if they had but money ; but the government keeps them poor, or we should have a wretched life with them.

*Crib.* Then nothing but money is able to debauch you ; pr'ythee, how great a sum will fit you to lewdness ?

*Bar.* Not your eighteen months pay, added to the pinch of your hat, and dangling of your cane.

*Wor.* Well said, Nanny, kiss me, and tell him you mean for his masters.

*Bar.* Piffaw ! I wonder at you ; [*Kisses her.*] you are not for that.

*Crib.* Fye, Sir Charles, why did you kiss her ? you should like it not ; come, my dear, I'll take it off again.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Bar.*

*Bar.* Oh, intolerable! I'll ne'er complain of a fool again, for fear of being plagued with a worse; shew a room there.

*Draw.* Sir, if you please, Purser Indet is this way.

[*They follow.*]

*Enter Mizen.*

*Miz.* Thou divine, pretty bud of beauty, one always finds you in your cabin, chalking upon your logboard there.

*Bar.* If every body would but mind their own business, I might sit still here; but we have so many horling monsters of the navy use our house, that one had better be a punk amongst footmen, and ply in the upper gallery, than be plagued with them.

*Miz.* Well, you shall see in a few months, how the navy will be reformed; all the sea-officers will be so full of manners, that they shall look like a parcel of beaux in a side-box, or chocolate-house. [*A noise within.*]

*Bar.* Do but listen, they are got to horse and bear, the constant diversion of their lives.

*Miz.* Indeed, I blush for them, my dear angel.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Enter Rowewell and Worthy.*

*Wor.* Ha! Brother tar, what so close, and in public too! If you take this freedom in the eye of the world, what would you do in private?

*Bar.* I don't know what he may do in private; but I hope you don't suspect me, Captain.

*Wor.* Not in the least, dear Nanny; thy known virtue, and prudent management, is somewhat above the censure of the world.

*Bar.* Oh, your servant, Sir.

*Rev.* 'Tis a strange thing to see how vice loves to be flattered! There's scarce a punk in town, be she never so notorious, but would fain be thought virtuous; and hates to be called whore, even from the fellow that made her so.

*Bar.* I never expect your good word, Mr. Rowewell; I have denied you the favour too often.

*Rev.* Why, I may have asked you the question when drunk; but assure yourself I repented of it when sober.

*Bar.*



*Bar.* Lord, you need not be angry with yourself for I have denied several admirals.

*Ros.* And at the same time have taken up with their swains.

*Bar.* Sir, you grow scurrilous.—Shew a room there.

*Mrs.* Mind him not, he's a splenetic fellow; has my lieutenant, Sir Charles Pleasant, been here?

*Bar.* He's now in the house with Lieutenant Cribidge, Easy, and Purser Indent.

*War.* Come, we'll join companies, they're all honest fellows.

*Miz.* With all my heart; if they're brutish, I'll try to reform them.

*Draw.* This way, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

*2d Draw.* A sneaker of punch in the Crown, score.

*3d Draw.* A can of small beer, a quart of brandy, and a pound of sugar in the kitchen, score.

*4th Draw.* A box of dice for the Mermaid.

*1st Draw.* Make the great bowl full for the gentlemen in the Fleecer.

*Bar.* So, it begins to work in each room, and I must be plagued this whole night. [*Scene shuts.*]

*Enter Belinda and Advocate.*

*Bel.* I used to be troubled with the impertinent visits of Roswell three or four times a day. Pr'ythee, Advocate, what's become of the coxcomb?

*Ad.* Oh! Madam, the Virginia fleet's come in; and Captain Worthy, his old acquaintance, is on shore. There are inseparable friends.

*Bel.* Why then I hate him: for if he won't sacrifice his all to my humour, I'll ne'er part with the freedom I enjoy, to be that dull insipid thing a wife, to please his humour.

*Ad.* Well, Madam, you play with him as a cat plays with a mouse; you fret and teaze him till he'll get away from you at last.

*Bel.* Impertinent creature! do you think I value the company of a fellow? The red, the blue, and the white flags me.

*Ad.* Madam, they are married men; but have you no gentleman, whose sense, whose reputation, whose

courage is to be named in a day, with that charming man's, Mr. Rovewell?

*Bel.* How insipidly the fool talks! If a fellow without a nose should bribe thee as much as Rovewell has done, you would say as much in his behalf. Why should we make such unfaithful creatures as our chambermaids are, our confidants!

*Ad.* Why, Madam, there's no posts without perquisites; since you ladies have found out the way of trucking your old clothes for china (which was our due, time out of mind) I hope you'll pardon us for trucking your hearts away for a much brittler ware.

*Bel.* Ay, Advocate, I should like that brittle ware, a husband, well enough, if one could but break him, or give him away, as one does china.

*Ad.* Oh, Madam, 'tis easy to break his heart; and if you don't do it effectually whene'er you marry, I'll be content to die a chambermaid. But see, Madam, the Fair Quaker is come to visit you.

*Enter Dorcas.*

*Dor.* Friend Belinda, I am come resolved to chat away the evening with thee.

*Bel.* My pretty saint, thou'rt welcome. I need not ask you how Worthy does, I see it in your eyes; the demure aspect is vanished, and you begin to look like one of us.

*Dor.* Why, I am flesh and blood as well as thou art; and did not my spirit get the better of my clay, I should be vain as thou art.

*Bel.* Come, leave canting, and tell me where is my Arabella?

*Dor.* Why, I left her at home, not well; but may be she may see us anon.—Know, friend Belinda, that I have at last got faith enough to put my trust in man: Worthy and I have plighted troths.

*Bel.* Why then the flesh has got the better of thy spirit.

*Dor.* If thou wouldst prove a friend indeed, thou must give thyself over unto Rovewell.

*Bel.* So because you have a foolish thing, I must keep you in countenance; no truly, I'll be confined to none of your fellows.

*Dor.*