

Dor. Come, dissemble not; you know the man is assuredly my own.

Hick. Why, is it not better to say the fellow's mine, than his?

Dor. For thee it may be better; but what thinkest thou the world will say?

Bel. Why, not worse of me than I say of the world. But to keep thee no longer in suspense, I won't make a vow of chastity, nor will I forswear having the fellow, Rowewell: I don't know, but one time or another, when I am in a very maggotty humour, I may marry the creature. Come into my closet, and I'll tell thee more of my mind. [Exit.

Ad. It is impossible to tell, whether this mistress of mine will ever have Rowewell or not; but since he pays me well, I'll tease and wheedle in his behalf; and if he gets her, I hope he'll make her a modern husband. Well, if I could get a lover upon the first popping of the question, to fly into his arms, and so good-night maidenhead. It shows a wonderful folly in mankind to whine and snivel after these coy peevish things. Bless me! if they knew the way into a lady's heart so well as I do, there would be no sighing and ogling, no presents or serenading, no dying at a lady's feet: let them take the shortest way with the dissenters, and the business is done. [The bell rings.] Coming, coming. [Exit.

Enter Jenny Private and a Sailor.

Jen. So, I think I am equipt like one of the righteous; I am overjoyed at the intrigue, and shall be pleased to see myself a real captain's lady; I am sure I have been a sham one to many of them. Let me see, my letter is penned in a true canting form: my name is Dorcas Zeal, and my fortune ten thousand pounds. Well, if I do not get the babe of grace, the formal quaking saint, with all that outside sanctity, as a new-entered nur, or an old abbess, I'll be content to truss up like James. Here, sailor, carry this to Captain Mizen; and follow Captain Worthy's orders.

Sailor. Ay, friend, I'll hand it to him, and then look you. [Exit.

Jen. Now to the place of rendezvous;

And there, with look demure, I'll pass for faint:
No such fair colour as religious paint. [Exit.

SCENE *draws and discovers* Rowewell, Worthy, Mizen, Sir Charles Pleasant, Easy, and Purser Indent.—*A bowl of punch.*

Row. Come, her majesty's health in a bumper, and may she live for ever.

Wor. And may all her subjects be as true to her as we are.

Miz. May they all take as much pains to put her affairs, civil and military, into as good order as I do. May I be hoisted over a ship's side, with a tackle-hooked to a running bowling, with a knot under my left ear, if I don't make her navy one of the greatest navies in the universe.

Plea. Why, Sir, 'tis that already.

Miz. Ay, but Sir Charles, I don't mean a fighting navy, for that's the least part of our business; I am for a polite navy;—that is, a navy full of sense and good manners; a navy of proper, handsome, well-dress fellows; that when it appears abroad, may be the wonder of the world, for glittering, shining coats, powdered wigs, snuff-boxes, and fashionable airs.

Easy. So then, Sir, you are for saluting away the queen's powder.

Crib. No, he's for turning the gun-powder into sweet-powder, and the iron-balls into wash-balls.

Miz. Well, gentlemen, you'll have no cause to complain at my design.

Row. Why, if thou shouldst offer this to an old captain of the navy, he'd bring thee to a court martial, and break thee for being crazy.

Miz. Oh, Sir, before I laid my design at the parliament-door, I'd get an order from the admiralty to let the tar-captains to the West-Indies.

Easy. What then, Sir?

Miz. Why then, Sir, they would lay down their commissions, and so the navy would be rid of them.

Crib. That last intention I like wonderfully; then the young fellows might have hopes of jumping into the gun ships.

Row.

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Row. But, Mizen, I have been thinking if the old captain will not go to the West-Indies; pray, who shall

be sent by these young fellows.

Miz. With all our hearts, faith: but suppose the lot should fall upon yourself, Captain?

Row. Oh, there's no fear of that, I know where to put a present to somebody, that shall be nameless, to keep me out of the list.

Wor. Indeed, that is prudent management; I know men of the party, who quit when they're nominated; but soon after, by the help of friends and merits, they get better ships.

Miz. You may think it friendship if you please; but there's nothing done in this world without money.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Is Captain Mizen here?

Miz. I am he, friend; what want you, Sir?

Sail. Why, here's a ticket for you.

Miz. Ha!—Dorcas Zeal! Oh, ecstacy! Oh, transport!
[*Re-enters*] "Friend, I am informed thou hast a liking to my person; my neighbour hath informed me thou art a sober, good man. I am now walking towards Deal-castle, where, if thy pretensions are sincere, we will consult about the matter thy friend spoke to me of this day. I should not be thus free with thee, had it not chanced, that passing by me at thy first landing, I beheld thy comely person, and liked it; and therefore used this plainness with thee, as becometh a sister of that congregation that hateth ceremonies. Be secret, for Worthy is thy rival, but his pretensions will prove vain; for my heart is thine."
DORCAS ZEAL."

Miz. Oh, thou dear creature!——But, hush! no transports before arrival. Poor Worthy, how thy weak fondness is betrayed! how sneakingly would the poor morose old man be told this letter! Well, Dorcas has seen me, and I have seen her with a side glance. What a refined creature she is! Sweet means, in a homely coarse tar; to carry off the prize in one single attack, which that dull rogue has been making a whole year's siege to? But, come, gentlemen, away with the glass. Here, Worthy, here's thy mistress's

Wor.

Wor. I thank you, Sir.

Miz. Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown fair. Here's honest Rowewell has made me a small piece of a confidant in thy amour. Well, old boy, when the consummation-day comes with thy sanctified bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane stocking—and to her health.

[*Drinks.*

Row. Here's a dog!

[*Aside.*

Wor. Well, Mizzen, to resume thy compliment, when that happy day does come. I'll bespeak thee for a bride-man.

Miz. Nay, that will be too great an honour. But, cry ye mercy, gentlemen, I have a small affair to dispatch, I must be forced to borrow myself from your company; but upon my honour, I'll return again in a very few moments.

[*Exit.*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! the rogue swallows the bait as we could wish.

Sir Cha. What, some ridiculous intrigue on foot: pray let us join with you in your mirth.

Crib. Nothing diverts so much, as using a coxcomb according to his deserts.

Easy. And so exquisite a coxcomb as this, can't be used too ill.

Row. Why the design is pretty severe; he is gone to marry Jenny Private, an old quondam punk.

Ind. This will be a noble revenge for his impertinence: Oh, lieutenant! would we could clap such a trick upon our brute of a commodore.

Row. Ay, that may be done; I have just such another blind bargain for him too.

Wor. Come, to your good success: the marrying these two coxcombs, may provoke them to hang themselves, which will be a meritorious service to the navy.

Sir Cha. Oh, for a vacancy, that dear delight to us young fellows: ha, Cribidge!

Crib. Ay, the two ships would serve us nicely.

Easy. Then we should have commissions to wet.

Row. So, the bowl sucks; empty is the word.

Ind. Pray, gentlemen, give me leave to pay bowl.

All. Oh, by no means, Purser.

Ind.

But, your gentlemen, let it be so. Come, Captain Worthy, I may be your Purser one time or other.

Wor. Why, if you should, it won't be much to your advantage; for I ne'er allow my purser to oppress the crew; and will I keep a whole ship's crew miserable, to make one man rich.

But *Ob.* Sir, I don't desire that, Sir; but you are so free a gentleman, Sir, that you won't hinder me from the common perquisites allowed to all pursers.

Ob. The word perquisite comprehends a great deal of roguery; and under that notion the government is sufficiently cheated.

Ind. Ay, Sir; but all people have regard to the methods of the navy.

Wor. Why, yes, Purser, I own you may plead custom for abundance of villainies committed in the navy; but we have now got men of honour at the helm, who will not suffer rogues to go unpunished.

Ob. It has been the method to let a stinking butt of beer stand six days a-broach, and when complaint has been made, the captain (who should do the sailors justice) punishes the complaining rascal for mutiny.

Sir *Ob.* It has been the method for cooks, with pitch-forks, Davy, to dig out the fat from out the mear, for fear of a rise in poor Jack Sailors' stomachs.

Ob. It has been the method to waste a pound to make the bread, the buyer, and the allowance for those hard-working men.

But *Ob.* In short, what with chest-money, hospitals, flog, two-pences, groats, and mulets, they are mere pilley-dimes.

But *Ob.* The captain uses them like dogs, which forces them to run away; the chequering clerk puts on the R. and then the purser loads their pay with slops they never see, the queen and subjects too.

Ob. You may rail at these proceedings; but and the captain and the purser too, you'll of-
be indenting; half money, and half stores,
most of you.

Ob. No more; since we have discovered you, let us pay our clubs.

Ob. Faith, gentlemen, I'll treat you, for all this.
You

You mighty pretenders to honour are not much unlike whores, who rail at that which they most commonly practise.

Row. Come, Worthy, we must away. Sir Charles, your company is desired too; we must spend this evening at Belinda's. But stay, Cribbidge, I must have one private whisper with thee, by the way. Revenge is the word, and I must engage thee in the plot.

Crib. Ay, most willingly, in such a cause.

Row. If we succeed in this farce, it will be a most noble revenge.

For brutes and fools were only made for sport;
Nothing is like a coxcomb to divert:
They cure the spleen, and make the toils of life
An easy burthen, and a pleasing strife.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Jenny Private.

JENNY.

SURE the sailor has mistook, and given my letter to a wrong person. My heart goes pit-a-pat, for fear I should not succeed. But see, he comes!

Enter Mizen.

Miz. So, that must be my Quaker, by her sanctified air—Madam, Madam—

Jen. Would you ought with me, friend?

Miz. Only to desire the favour of you to give me leave to throw myself at your feet. My name is Mizen; I came hither by appointment from your fair hand. — She is very beautiful! board me else. [*Aside.*]

Jen. If thy sincerity is answerable to the character my friend has given me of thee, I am content, according to his desire, to be thy help-mate.

Miz. Well, old Scruple is a prevailing rogue, and deserves the fifty guinea, pos. [*Aside.*] Oh, my charmer! I have been long sighing and wishing for this opportunity, and hope you'll now give me leave to make the best of my time.

Jen. Will you change your vain religion then? Will you come over to the faith? In perseverance, will you come over to the congregation of the upright? Will you put off those gaudy cloaths, those vanity of vanities?

Miz. Yes, verily, I will put off my gaudiness; I will strip myself to the nakedness of the spirit.

Jen. Why, then thou hast overcome me; and verily I will be still in a few months.

Miz. Oh, thou lovely lamb, set not so terrible a time! the spirit moveth me to make thee flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone, before the sun shineth again.

Jen. I have some fears upon me, that thy eagerness to my person, may proceed from a desire thou hast to my money.

Miz. Why, I say thy fears are uncharitable; for hadst thou nothing, nor that neither, my zeal would be as much for thee as it is now.

Jen. Then I am satisfied; and, accordingly, here is my hand.

Miz. Why, I am transported to the highest ecstasies! Look, yonder my boat waiteth on the beach for me; if thy concerns are as great as mine are to thee, thou wilt venture thyself upon the deep along with me. I have on board my ship a man called a chaplain, which, according to our establishment, will link us together—Turn me keel upwards, if ever I carried on an intrigue better in my life.

[*Aside.*]

Jen. Well, thou art a powerful man, and I submit myself unto thee: but can help thee to one of thy priests on shore—Admirably well managed!

[*Aside.*]

Miz. Come, my spirit, my light, my light of my light, and—hush!—Let us go then.

[*Exeunt, bugging her.*]

Edw. Mervell, Werthy, and Sir Charles Pleasant.

Edw. See, she's got the boat, and there's a punk pro-

Edw. Merry be his heart. This will put such a damp upon his undertakings, that we shall be troubled no more with his nonsensical whimsies about reforming the

Rev.

Rev. I wish all our friends were as well provided for as Jenny.

Wor. Why, faith, so do I; for when I enter the sacred bonds, I'll give a receipt in full to lewdness, shake hands with vice, and bid adieu to immorality.

Rev. And I am resolved to make the best of husbands.

Sir Cha. These are pious designs truly. I begin myself to be out of conceit with wickedness; and could I but succeed in my amour to Arabella, I should willingly bid adieu to all the frail part of mortality. But she has used me so unmercifully, that I quite despair of success.

Wor. Pr'ythee, Sir Charles, matters are not gone so far as to throw thee into desperation.

Rev. Let me alone to make up the match. Sir Charles, 'tis a pretty play-thing in time of peace, which, if some care is not taken, these victorious generals of ours will bring it to; and a sea-lieutenant, with only half a crown a day, will never agree with your quality.

Sir Cha. I am wholly at your devotion.

Rev. Come on, then; let's to Belinda's, where we shall see her.

Wor. I fear her late disappointment will hinder her from appearing abroad this evening. 'Tis only Belinda has interest enough to bring her. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cribbidge, Easy, and Jiltup.

Jilt. My dear puppies, if you make me a captain's lady, my husband shall hang himself, that there may be a vacancy for one of you.

Crib. Why, you must make use of all your cunning to draw him into the noose. Get him but to the word, parson, and I, like his evil genius, will appear to him. You won't be the only jilt married to a sea-captain this day.

Jilt. How say you?

Easy. Why, Mrs. Jenny Private, through the intrigues, insigations, and temptations of Beau Munch, is gone on board his ship, in order to be his lawful

Jilt. Od's my life, my cousin Jenny! If such strumpets as she meet with such good luck, what may we women of my known virtue and modest conversation expect?

Crib. Why then you make degrees in whooring?

Jilt. Oh, ever! She that is a bastard-bearing woman,

the

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The most notorious ; she that lies with half the town, and
 she that gets money, is a prudent whore ; she that gets mo-
 ney, is a mercenary whore ; she that does it gene-
 rally, and does it fac'd, is a whore of honour.

Quaker. Yes, nice distinctions, truly !

Quaker. Consider, since you are so numerous a body of
 you, you don't get a charter ; it will raise a confide-
 nce in the government ; they may as well tolerate
 you, as let great men's keeping you.

Filt. Why, really, settlements are very comfortable
 things ; and our gentry, how sneaking soever they are to
 their creditors, are most generous to our faculty.

Crib. Come, tols up a bowl of the best, to enable us to
 go through with this great work.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arabella and Justice Scruple.

Scruple. I am somewhat troubled your sister is gone
 to bed, because I had a business to impart to her of very
 great consequence.

Arabella. If you please to leave your affairs to me, I'll ac-
 quaint her with them.

Scruple. Why, upon second thoughts, you might do my
 business as well as she.

Arabella. Suppose so, Sir. What is it ?

Scruple. Why, there is a friend of mine, who is what the
 world calls a fine gentleman ; he is endowed with a
 plentiful estate, and is captain of a good sixty-gun ship ;
 has interest enough to get a good station ; has spoke to me
 to recommend him to your sister. Now, I have con-
 sidered, that you, being of his religion, may suit better
 with his temper than your sister.

Arabella. His name, his name, Sir.

Scruple. Why, people call him Captain Mizen.

Arabella. Oh, I have heard of the finical coxcomb ! You
 have your business with me, Sir ; and therefore, pray,
 leave me for my sister.

Scruple. Yes, as her sister answereth me so, it's proba-
 bly she will give you a hundred guineas which the Cap-
 tain has promised her for making up the match. I
 will leave you to her fasting, which I believe to
 be the best way to a woman's inclinations.

[*Aside.* *Exit.*
Enter

Enter Arabella's Maid.

Ara. So, the old rascal's gone. These psalm-singing match-makers are worse than your irreligious bawds; for the latter only betray our maidenheads and our reputations, when these religious rogues are for betraying our fortunes, our freedoms, our pleasures, our every thing.

Maid. Ay; but, Madam, to be settled in the world is what we all aim at, and marriage is honourable.

Ara. So was the knighthood formerly; but now they both grow odious——Have you wrote those letters I gave you to copy?

Maid. I have, Madam, and here they are.

Ara. You'll get somebody to deliver this packet to my sister while she's at Belinda's?

Maid. Yes, Madam, I have a small Mercury already prepared for it.

Ara. Well; and this letter, in which I have so well counterfeited my brother's hand, that my sister will ne'er discover it——

Maid. But can you hope, Madam, by this intrigue to make Captain Worthy yours?

Ara. No, fool; nor were he dying at my feet, would I receive him. My design is to make my sister hate him; nothing this world calls dear, can equal the pleasure of seeing him ill used by her.

Maid. I fear, Madam, 'twill be past your skill to break the lover's knot that rivets them together.

Ara. Fear not, girl; my sister's zeal will overwhelm her carnal passion; and our story is so plausible, she can't but believe it.

Maid. I wish all may prove as you design it. I'm wholly disposed to follow whatever your commands are pleased to lay upon me.

Ara. Send the letter to my sister by a hand you dare trust, and then come into my chamber.

Maid. I'll instantly about it, Madam.

SCENE *draws, and discovers* Flip, Cockswain, *and*
Sailors.

Flip. Sirrah, don't you flinch your ladle; he that will do that, will run down into the hold in an engagement, or lay his prayers in a storm.

1 Sail

1 Sail. Why, I am married, Sir, and must lie with my wife to-night, which I have not done this eighteen months.

2 Sail. You rogue, can't you get drunk first, and lie with her afterwards?

1 Sail. No, Sir, but my ill quality is, when I get drunk, I eat my wife immoderately, and kick her out of doors; which I would not willingly do the first night.

Flip. Oh! I'll save you the trouble of that, hell-bird, you shall go on board to-night, and shan't see your wife these two months.

1 Sail. Oh! then, Sir; I'll be drunk with all my heart.

Flip. Come; confusion to all the fops and coxcombs of the navy! When I am at the helm, I'll root the rogues from thence: as for you, Cockswain, I'll make you captain, and all the boat's crew shall be lieutenants.

2 Sail. Look'e, I'll be no lieutenant; I'll be a captain the first time.

Flip. What, what, what, have you to it, firrah?

2 Sail. No, your honour, no, Sir, that I was rated able, when your worship was ordinary.

Flip. There's no rule, firrah, for at that rate I should be King of the sea now, for I was a midshipman, when some that shall be captains, were swabbers of the upper-gun deck.

3 Sail. And I could say my pass, reef, hand, and when, when we're a commission-officer in our ship could sell hardware from larboard.

1 Sail. I wonder your honourable worship, being so far from a man with the ambralty, don't get Captain of the ship.

Flip. I likewise wonder your worshipful honour don't get promoted.

3 Sail. A wonderful thing, that, Jack, to have your honour clap a cutlass upon a man's back, and bid him do Sir any thing.

Flip. The design is very good, and the execution is perfect; but it has puffed up the coxcombs, that their pride and vanity will not let them of the navy. But here's to you, Cockswain. [Drum.] Fill it up, firrah.

D 2

Cock.

Cock. I am almost drunk, an like your honour; another cup will make me clap the ship on board to windward.

Flip. Why, then firrah, I'll clap you in the bilboes to leeward.

Cock. So, now the storm begins to rise.

2 Sail. To be free with your right reverend worship's honour and glory, I must tell you, being you and I were afore the mast together, it would look as it were something clever of your honourableness to throw three things overboard.

Flip. Why, what are those things, firrah?

2 Sail. The boatswain, the purser, and the bilboes.

All Sail. Ay, over-board with them, i'faith.

Flip. What! do you mutiny, ye dogs? Don't you know there's a court-martial, and that I am presidentum;

Cock. I was sure these rogues would bring themselves into a prim-in-iron.

2 Sail. Why, most worthy Captain, and my mess-mate that was, look'e, we have no design of mutinying, but only by the way of telling our grievances to your grace's honour, and so my humbleness to you. *[Drinks.]*

Flip. Well, well, to shew my natural goodness to you all, give me good reasons for throwing over-board the bilboes; I begin at the latter end of your propositions, because I intend to ask them all gradually; and so, firrah, here's to you. *[Drinks.]*

3 Sail. Thank your monstrousness: the bilboes, an't like your wonderfulness, is a great stumbling-block in the way of a sailor's agility; to have our heels land-lock'd when we have sea-room enough, is worse than to run ashore where there's no land.

All Sail. Oh! worse by half.

Flip. Come, no more of your nonsensicalness; but get drunk as fast as you can.

Enter Indent.

Ind. Sir, a word with you.

Cock. Ah——when the captain and purser squar, our guts ought to grumble.

6 Sail. Ay, Cockswain, those whisperations are many an ounce of butter and cheese out of our

3 Sail. Ay! and a great deal of beer too: but my service to you, mess-mate.

Flip.

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Flip. Why, I designed to go and see her this evening.
[To Indent.

Ind. As I pass'd by the door, she told me she was impatient to see you, for you was the handsomest man in the navy, and the best-natured captain in the whole fleet.

Flip. Why, I believe the jade does love me, therefore you and I will go to supper with her; but first I'll make all the boat's crew drunk, according to ancient custom. Come, rogues, clap the bucket to your mouths, and don't stand sipping out of a bowl that don't hold above a pint.

Cock. Well, if we must all be drunk, we must, and so down let it go. Here's to you — If every man stows as much of it as I did in those half dozen gulps, I'll pawn my call on't it won't come round again.

Flip. So, I am in stout heart enough now to venture an engagement with this virgin frigate; and so come along with me. [Exeunt Flip and Purser.

5 Sail. Well, now we have got rid of the rum duke, let us put it to the vote, whether we will have the mayor and corporation, and draw the available, or shall we ravish all the women we meet with, and burn down the houses?

6 Sail. Let us put it to the vote.
7 Sail. No, no, ravish afterwards; for I have as much courage before ravishment as any body; but afterwards I am as cowardly as a Dutchman that has drank no brandy.

Cock. Hark'e, my lads, I'd have you take care who you ravish; for a great many women in this town don't love to be boarded by force, they will fight you broad-side and broad-side, and yard-arm and yard-arm, till they sink you, and you may fire as many great guns betwixt wife and water, before you make any one of them leaky. Don't care to attack a fire-ship of better force than a frigate in our squadron; for if they once come on board, you are blow'd up in spite of the strongest fire. Lie down for an hour or two; you are the Captain's ready to go.

8 Sail. You think to be left out of the plot?
9 Sail. You shall go along with us, or

10 Sail. I'll go along with him along [They bawl him.

D 3

Cock.

Cock. Why, rogues, an't I captain of the boat?

4 Sail. If you were captain of the ship, we should use you as we do now; for we have no respect of persons.

2 Sail. Ay, or if he was ambaral we should make no difference; for all that there is between an ambaral and a sailor is, a stout sailor will fire ten guns to an ambaral's one.

Cock. Well, well, unhand me, if I must go, I must; but I am very much mistaken, if we are catch'd a-doing a mischief by the justices, if they don't clap us into the wooden bilboes.

4 Sail. Why, to get the better of that prehension of yours, the first thing we'll go about, shall be to pull the stocks up by the roots, launch them into the sea, and let the Goodwin sand be better for them.

All Sail. Done, done, come away. [Exeunt.]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, Sir Charles Pleasant, Belinda and Dorcas.

ROVEWELL.

I Am sorry Arabella comes not; 'tis a disappointment to Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Methinks I do look a little aukward amongst you billing turtles; I am not a fit companion for lovers.

Bel. I can't imagine what you mean by lovers; my friend the Quaker here, has indeed shewn a little foolish fondness for Captain Worthy, but I hope you have suspected no such thing from any action of mine.

Dor. Why, friend Belinda, art thou not ashamed to dissemble so? I must tell thee, my conscience will not let me do it; if thou dost not shew a great deal of goodness to Rovewell forthwith, I will discover what is'd in thy closet between us just now.

Rov. Oh! tell me but that, and I'll adore thee; give me but a cause to laugh at her impertinent words, and I shall be happy.

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Bel. How dare you offer at this insolence ! Have you any pretensions to me, vain fellow ?

Rov. Yes, I have, vain woman : if two years constant courtship, with an awful respect and adoration paid to you ; if oaths, if vows, if sighs and tender expressions can give a man pretensions, I can justly claim them.

Bel. You might have put in your foolish presents too : your baubles of China, your Indian umbrella, your hair-ring, and your own picture.

Rov. By heavens ! I'd give the world I could hate thee now : but, Belinda, there's something so bewitching in your form, that I still must love you ; tho' ne'er so ill used, like a spaniel, I must fawn upon you.

Sir Cha. Now, faith, Belinda, had I admired you an age, nay, had I thought you an angel, and been as much enamoured of you as 'twas possible for a coxcomb to be ; I should, in this usage, marry your chamber-maid, that she might take place of you : I'd ridicule you in all company, quarrel with, and cut the throat of any body pre-
tending to rivalship for you, and would make you die a maid in spite of all your charms.

Rov. Which I, Sir, a good-natured fool, hug my mistress, and think of no heaven but my Belinda.

Sir Cha. For shame, good creature, let not your vain folly get the better of your sense and reason ; take to your arms the man you love. Come, I see good-nature in your eyes : thus I seize your hand, and am resolv'd to give it him who has your heart.

Bel. Pshaw, what insolence is this ! Do you think I am to be forced ?

Dor. No, no, there can be no force in the case ; thou art a dissembler.

Sir Cha. In short, if she refuses, we'll swear a contract and make a forc'd marriage on't.

Bel. I have no inclination, your force and threats shall never do. Here, Rovewell, take my hand ; I love you more than I have ever loved you, than you have received

Sir Cha. Belinda ! one pleasing look makes amends for a hundred agonies.

Rov. Now it is as it should be.

Dor. I know, Rovewell, you'll forgive the folly of my

my sex, and put a favourable construction on what I've done.

Wor. There, there, kiss her hand eagerly; turn up the whites of your eyes, and fetch your breath very short, and leave her to imagine what you ought to say. To-morrow, one priest will join both couples; now let us spend the night in mirth; by this time Mizen has linked with our sham Quaker. With your leave, Belinda, we'll invite them hither.

Row. 'Tis ten to one but the vanity of his imaginary conquest will bring him without an invitation.

Bel. Pray make my house your own.

Wor. Pardon, my dear creature, the freedom we have taken in using your name; but this coxcomb might have offered a violence we should have wished undone.

Row. Belinda, I'll take the freedom of sending for our noble Commodore and his lady too, who are by this time noosed; we'll first dance, then raise them to the height of mirth, and discover the plot.

Sir Cha. It will be a most pleasant comedy.

Wor. Faith, I fear it will prove a tragedy to poor Mizen.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, this packet was ^{sent} you by a sailor.

[*Gives it to Dorcas.*]

Dor. Ha!—To Mrs. Dorcas Zeal, and one inclosed to Worthy! Who can this be from? [*Reads.*] “I doubt not but you'll wonder at the villanies of mankind, when I tell you that Worthy, whom you have thoughts of making your husband, is already married to me. I have two children by him. Give him the enlosed; if after reading on't he dares deny it, the next post shall bring to his fight his much injur'd

ELIZABETH WORTHY,”

[*Dorcas frowns angrily.*]

Wor. Oh, heavens, what ails my charmer! she's cold as clay! run for some water, *quick!*

Bel. Surprizing!

[*They look at her.*]

Dor. Oh, false man! Oh, cruel Worthy!

[*She faints again.*]

Bel. Bless me, she faints again, and mutters something about you!

Wor. I am amazed!

Rev. So, she comes to herself again.

[They sit her in a chair.]

Dor. Oh, read these lines, thou perjurd man!

Wor. *[Reads the letter, and drops it again in a great surprise.]* What's here? Another, and directed to me?

[Reads.] "Tho' you have been guilty of many villainies, and used me ill, I never thought you would have dar'd to have marry'd another wife; but since I know you so well, I'll appear at Deal, and tear your idol Quaker's heart out. I am your much injur'd

ELIZABETH WORTHY."

Sir Charles, feel me, have I life, am I awake, or do I dream? A dizziness overwhelms my brain, and darkness draws its sable curtains o'er my eyes!

Rev. What a plague means all this romantic stuff? How could the sacred art of poisoning by letter come into England at last?

Wor. Fair, I am afraid to take the letter up, for I should be so much shocked.

Rev. Fair, I am afraid to take the letter up, for I should be so much shocked. Help, for her to my chamber, a little sleep may bring her to herself again.

Dor. Lead me, I will follow most willingly: horrors and despair will end my days.

[Exeunt Dorcas, Belinda, and Servants.]

Wor. Go, charming fair! I can't blame thee for this great concern. Death, hell, and devils! am I then at last become a villain! a despicable husband! a betrayer of weak virgins hearts! — am I, from a man of honour, sunk to a degenerate slave! — By heaven, I'm raging mad! What ill-boding spirit could owe me such a spite, and cross at once my full-blown joys?

Rev. Worthy, is the frolic to go round? Are we to be all mad? or must only you and the Quaker carry on the

Wor. Oh, Rev. Sir, you have known me long, but I have been in such agonies of grief before; read these, for all my woe.

Rev. *[Takes up the letter, reads, and Sir Charles over her.]* "Guilty—Villanies—another Wife at Deal—Quaker's heart out. ELIZ. WORTHY."

AN

An intrigue well carried on, i'faith. [*Reads the other letter.*]

"I doubt not—wonder—of man—Worthy—your husband—two children—the inclosed—next post—to his fight. ELIZ. WORTHY."

Sir Cha. Why, this lady of yours writes very prettily, Captain.

Rov. The woman has a pretty knack, faith; pr'ythee, Worthy, are these two children of yours boys or girls? ha! ha! ha!

Wor. Hell and furies! am I become your scorn? Do you laugh at me?

Rov. Ay, faith, do we. Canst thou be concerned at the stratagem of a woman who loves thee? Look once more upon the scrawl, canst thou not guess whose hand it is?

Wor. Ha! — By this light, it looks somewhat like Arabella's! It must be hers. Fool that I was, not to perceive it before; 'twas cunningly performed, I swear: I wonder my charming Quaker discovered it not! I'll in, and undeceive her. [*Moves Belinda.*]

Bel. Make no noise, she's in a slumber, which I hope will compose her.

Wor. Oh, Belinda! this is a trick of Arabella's; behold, see how the cunning peering of her envious fingers.

Bel. I wish the worst effects on't are past; for she has vow'd never to see you more: I'll watch her slumbers, and when she wakes, I'll tell her the story before her fits return. — Hush! you may now see when once our sex is false to love, 'tis dangerous to disappoint us.

Rov. How's that, Belinda, that you should so soon believe that even you, Belinda, should letters ne'er could make me other the honest passion I have for you.

Bel. Oh! should you be told I am married to a man, who has had two children by me, could it back from promises and vows, and cry, you are deceiv'd? Oh! I'll in.

Rov. So far from that, my dear, I'll thank you for the inventor of such a story.

Bel. That would be very heroic indeed, but let's comfort the poor Captain here, who is less interested than a discarded minister.

Sir Cha. Oh, worse than that, Madam, he puts me in mind of an English Captain taken by a French privateer.

Rev. 'Tis a dismal thing to be first boarded, then strip'd, and afterwards clapt into a French gaol.

Bel. In short, he looks as if he was married.

Sir Cha. Right, Madam, and his countenance shews full of a family concern.

Wer. How can you blame my surprize?—Were you to see the fair Belinda, whom I know you love the best of any one on earth; were you, I say, to see her in tears and agonies for something you had done, nay, for something you had not done, some villainous imputation charged upon you, 'twou'd touch your heart as much as mine.

Rev. Why, faith, I have so good an opinion of Belinda, that I fancy she would give herself none of those airs, if she but saw I had twenty children.

Bel. Nay, more than that, but you twenty wives, I should keep my temper; and then be taken in drawing the wrongs, so that I may now be the worse for you in my fortune; and if you will keep a great many of my sex, it's probable I shall find some way of making reprisals.

Sir Cha. Madam, what is to my happiness? How am I to come by my Arabella?

Bel. Why, she's as easily come at as the rest of her sex.

Sir Cha. But, Madam, if she doats on my Captain, how can I expect she'll ever smile on me?

Wer. Oh! her love to me is vanish'd, if e'er she had any; this action of hers plainly shews her malice.

Bel. Come, I'll write her word what an heroic passion she has put Worthy into, and the fainting condition poor Dorcas lies in; I'll praise her for her well-invented stratagem, and then let her know Sir Charles is here.

Sir Cha. Why, Madam, do you think that will bring her?

Bel. Sir Charles, I have heard her say abundance of good things of you; I know she likes the word quaker, and would not care, if on any terms she could be made my ladyship; for she is pleas'd with taking place; and you will know, is the darling vanity of our sex.

Sir Cha. You may set your heart at rest; you have a prospect of marrying Arabella, than poor Worthy has of marrying her sister.

Ed.

Bel. Come, tease him no more: I'll steal up to her, and convince her of the error she's in. Go into the parlour, there's cards. *[Exit.]*

Rev. Come, what think you of ombre, or a pool at piquet.

Wor. I can do nothing with pleasure till I know how I am to be received by my dear charmer.

Sir Cha. Come, pray divert these melancholy whimsies.

Rev. Why, if you don't go to cards, Sir Charles and I shall be very satirical upon you.

Wor. Nay, rather than you should play that game with me, I'll go to cards. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Flip drunk, Indent, and Jiltup.

Jilt. This was kind, indeed, my dear dog, to make me the first visit, when so many ladies in town die for you.

Flip. Why, you little huffey you, I think all the women in town look like swabs to you.

Ind. Indeed, Madam, the Commodore does often launch out in your praises.

Flip. Ay, and commendations too: why, I love you so well, that I could be your consort and your mess-mate for ever. When I die 'tis all your own; my houses, my land, my part in ships, and my every thing else come to you by will and deed.

Jilt. Poor good-natured thing, how is it possible for me to return thy kindnesses? I have no land but my own body; take that into thy custody, and make the most on't.

Enter Cribidge in a Priest's habit.

Flip. What have we here? a priest!

Jilt. Oh, dear cousin Homily, I'm glad to see you.

Flip. Is this your cousin, my dear? You're welcome, as I may say.

Crib. Sir, I thank you. Cousin, I'm glad to see you. I come to stay with you some time; your doctor is gone to make interest for a bishoprick, I am to wait on him until his return.

Ind. Rarely acted i'faith, he looks much modestly most of our sea-chaplains.

Crib. Well, cousin, may I joy you? Have you been ed into the holy state of matrimony yet?

Fili. No, cousin, I am willing to see a little more of the world first.

Crib. A parishioner of mine, that has seen you, seems to have a great mind to make you his wife : he has a plentiful estate, with a fine house, in a pleasant part of Kent ; he is of a very good family, and is a personal handsome man.

Flip. Hearn'e, Sir, none of your match-making stories here : this lady is disposed of, and her inclinations are moor'd to my affections ; and he that claps her aboard, must expect to be raked fore and aft with my partridge double and round.

Crib. Sir, I beg your pardon, if you are the lady's husband, I have done, Sir.

Flip. Look'e, Sir, I am not at present the lady's husband ; but I am a considerable part of your trade, and will bring you together ; I have a couple of guineas at your service.

Fili. If she is consenting, I shall not be a party to it.

Crib. If she is consenting, Reverendissimo.

Fili. If she is consenting, from the lady's mouth, and you can get her to leave her away, I shall proceed.

Flip. Oh, as to a father, here's the purser shall stand that part of the story. Tell him, my dear, how you love and adore me.

Fili. I must say, I have an unalterable affection for the Commodore ; but if I should marry him, and he should not love me after it, I should be the miserablest creature nature ever form'd.

Flip. Not love you, my dear ! why I'll stick as close to you as can be work to a ship's stern ; nothing shall be done to me without thy consent ; you shall have the working of the ship, and stand at the helm in all weathers.

Fili. I am chose for your father, and I'll be as good as his best for you ; I'll engage myself to be your tenderest husband in the navy. A Quaker man hath the aspect of a man.

Flip. I thank you for your good opinion ; and if you'll give yourself the trouble of coming on board my ship, you shall have your skull

and guts fill'd so full of brandy and salt-beef, and you ears so alarmed with drums, trumpets, huzzas and guns that you'll be as drunk in half an hour, as you were at the wetting your commission.

Crib. Sir, people of my cloth never launch out beyond the rules of modesty.

Flip. I can't say any thing to your shore-folks; but I am certain our sea-chaplains (generally speaking) are drunk as often as our sea-captains.

Crib. The more's the pity, that religion should be so abused by such profligates.

Ind. Why, indeed, the sailors are apt enough to be wicked of themselves, and such examples from their guides, may be one great reason of so much immorality in the navy.

Flip. Come, my dear, let the doctor do his office, and belay our affair.

Jilt. Well, you have overcome me.

Flip. So, very well; then begin Mr. Homily.

Jilt. Oh, no, we shall be disturbed here, the next room is more private.

Flip. March away then, I am all over shore-ship and transport with thy dear person; come, I'll give you a row, you are my prize now.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Enter Arabella dressed like a Quaker, in Men's Cloaths.

ARABELLA.

SO, my plot succeeds as I could wish, Belinda's letter tells me all. Now must I take care to give my saint-like sister these credentials when she 'wals. I shall look as like one of the pious brethren, as if I had been educated by George Fox.

Enter Advocate.

Is Dorcas Zeal within this dwelling-place?

Al. Yes, she is.

Adv. Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I wait with her instantaneously?

THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

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Ad. If you'll walk in, I'll let my mistress know your message; but the lady is asleep.

Ara. Go, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter again in the Parlour.

Ad. Sit down, while I acquaint my lady.

[*Exit.*]

Ara. Now for a disguising look, that she may not know me.

Enter Belinda.

Bel. My servant tells me you would speak with Dorcas Zeal.

Ara. Yea verily, she hath told thee the truth.

Bel. She is laid down and indisposed, I am loth to disturb her.

Ara. Verily, I could wish thou could'st dispense with giving her some small disturbance, my business is very urgent; for behold *him* and is from her brother, and consequently *he* must be in private.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — Belinda discovers Dorcas on a Couch. Re-enters Belinda and Arabella.

Bel. How canst thou be the dreams of souls disturbed! *How canst thou be void of grace to trust to such a monster!*

Bel. How does my dear? I feared we should have disturbed your rest; but this young man being very urgent to speak with you, I ventured to bring him up.

Dor. I am much better; but still troubled in mind.

Bel. Oh, as soon as you have dispatch'd your business, I'll set your mind to rights, I'll warrant you. [*Exit.*]

Ara. Be not [*Aside.*] Friend, thy brother did send this unto thee; when thou hast overlooked the contents thereof, thou wilt know my business here.

He it contains something of that traitor [*Reads.*]

He being the son of Ananias, who was of the cause, I recommend unto thee

He hath two thousand pounds a year,

E 2

and

and stiffly adherent to our ways of going; and I send him to thee in good season, that thou may'st be delivered from the wicked delings of the seducing married man Worthy.

Thine, in truth and sincerity,

Shadrach Zeal."

Dor. A comely youth, well worthy my good liking. Besides, how blest an occasion offereth to be revenged of an ungrateful man! [*Aside.*] Art thou, young man, the subject of this paper?

Ara. Yea, lovely maiden, I am the chosen man, selected by my friend and thy good brother to greet thee with a holy kiss, and tell thee I love thee, fair one.

Dor. Love me at first sight!—Have a care thou talk not in the language of the world, and play the deceiver; if thou dost, assure thyself I shall rebuke thee for it.

Ara. I have seen thee often before, verily.

Dor. Where didst thou see me?

Ara. In the great London city.

Dor. When there saw'st thou me?

Ara. At the last general assembly of the faithful, met at that season worldly men call Whitsuntide.

Dor. Yea truly, our good brother Shadrach carried me up to that noisy town of pride and vanity, to greet our brethren friends at the last meeting. But if thou saw'st me there, how chanceth it, that in so long a silence thou hast stifled up the breathings of thy heart, from the fifth month even to the ninth?

Ara. Oh! Dorcas, Dorcas,——ah—— I saw and loved thee, but, alas! I check'd the moving spirit within. With my green years, methought I was too young to lead a sister.

Dor. Too young! Oh, fie! was that the fault! the younger the sporting lambs they play more ^{over} wisely; verily, the outward man thou bearest, but I had not seen thy honest face.

Ara. My inward man bears the same heart. [*Kisses Dorcas's Hand.*] Deny me not this.

Dor. Some such like agonies as these, I felt from the first touches of the false Worthy.

Ara. False indeed!—He is one of the profane, of our purer flock; and who can tell, were he thy

yoke-mate, but he'd force thee to one of his own sleeple-houses; nay, and perhaps lead thee in vain toppings, to a carnal seat in one of the sad play-houses?

Dor. [*Sighs.*] Ah! —

Ara. But I say, thou know'st, a lamb of thy own fold; me thou may'st mould to what thy own heart liketh: then let us not, like the vain babbling world'y ones, thus lose the precious time in foolish courtship; but let me forthwith wriggle myself into thy inward affections.

Dor. Yea, I do take thee, and like a backslider, who repenteth, I will, with pure zeal and fervency, turn unto thee.

Enter Worthy, Rovewell, Sir Charles, and Belinda.

Wor. Oh, my dear creature, do I hold thee fast!

Ara. Friend, hast thou any pretensions to this woman, who is the wife of my bosom?

Dor. Stand off, vile man, thou with thy flattering tongue hadst almost betrayed me: but now I defy thee. Go to thy wife and children.

Wor. Furies and fire! I shall run distracted.

Ara. Friend, swear not at all.

Wor. What canting coxcomb's this, that dares usurp my right?

Ara. Thou may'st bluster as much as thou pleasest: but I tell unto thee, this woman is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.

Dor. 'Thou hast said the truth, and nothing but the truth; I say again and again, begone to thy own wife.

Ara. Ay, go unto thy wife.

Wor. Rovewell, Sir Charles, Belinda, must I bear all this? Let me but keep my senses!

Bel. I am surpris'd at you!

the letters you received were written by her very hand.

When not to them, they are deceivers: it amongst them,

the young fellow, none of your imper- this lady shall not stir 'till we have ac-

when we have done that, good Sir, you

may troop to the Bull and Mouth again, without this she-friend's money.

Dor. What power hast thou to hinder our departing hence?

Ara. Ay, friend, tell us that.

Rev. How can you be so cruel to a man, whose life's sole happiness is placed in you?

Dor. How can I be cruel enough to one, who would have for ever made me miserable?

Hor. Oh! would you but hear me justify myself, I soon would answer all this villainous forgery, and clear my wounded innocence and honour.

Ara. Friend, hear him not, he hath a vile deluding tongue.

Sir Cha. Hark'ee, young fellow, I have something to tell you.

Ara. Friend, I have nothing to say to thee; therefore touch me not, I say.

Dor. Pray use no rudeness, but let us begone quietly.

Sir Cha. No struggling, good, sweet, diminutive coxcomb; if thou dost, I shall use the carnal weapon 'pon thee.

Ara. Begone, fellow.

[In struggling her hat and wig fall off.]

Bel. How! Arabella!—Then the plot's discovered!

Dor. *[Sobs.]* How's this! my holy brother in the spirit, turned to an arrant sister in the flesh!

Hor. Ha!—my old friend, this was a well-acted tragi-comedy.

Dor. I am in so much confusion and surprize, I know not what to say.

Ara. Now, Sir, I suppose you'll let me go; I have no more business here.

Sir Cha. This discovery will make me move on faster than before.

Rev. Ay, Madam, there's no retreating; I had better be even with you for all your usage.

Dor. Friend Worthy, canst thou forgive me, and more take my hand?

Hor. Can I live! Not without thee, I'm sure! Couldst thou had you but once o'erlooked these lines, how saved me this wild distraction!

Madam, no struggling; you are now
I shall not release you but upon very ad-
vantage to myself.

Now, Sir Charles, let me have leave to
gentlewoman's mind so well, that I
and.

account, Belinda?

the account of being my Lady Plea-
sant. Pr'ythee don't put on a dissembling look; consent
forthwith, or you shall die a maid. But first I'll recon-
cile you to this couple.

Dor. I forgive thee, sister, what excess of passion
moved thee to; but if thou valuest me, accept of the
man Pleasant for thy husband.

Arabella. I am a little contounded; let me retire till I
have recovered myself, I'll wait on you again. *[Is going.]*

Dor. Stay, sister, husband that wouldst have been;
serious word before thou goest.

and two merry ones, if you please.

thee hand in hand to the steeple-
thou have had the impudence
false brother Ananias, take
have and to hold, to love
love and cherish me! when
fan, and hadst it not in thee,
naughty.

Arabella. No, I should never have pushed the
jest so far neither.

Dor. Go, go thy ways; thou art a sad facetious girl.
[Exit Arabella.]

Rev. Follow, Sir Charles, follow her; never let her
go beyond thy reach, till thou hast her safe; and we'll
go along with thee, to be ready for auxiliaries upon

take care the breeches shall be delivered,
shall be the last hour of your wearing
trappings of tyranny.

[Exit all but Worthy and Dorcas.]
this malicious sister of ours had a strange
us; but, I hope, kind Worthy, thou canst
forgive her.

Dor. Ay, and thank the very hand that snatched thee
from

from me, because it brings me the transporting joys of this blest restoration.

Enter Flip, pulling in Mizzen, who holds Jenny Private in his other hand, dressed like a Quaker, exactly like Dorcas.

Flip. Now pox on thee, come forwards with thy fair spoule; as thou hast snapt this rich galicon, as I got the ten thousand pound cargo, never be ashamed of thy good fortune, but bear up full sail to him, and lay him athwart with her.

Miz. By my bowsprit, and so I will. Oh, the sweet pleasure of the mortification I shall give him.—Come forward, sweeting. [*Enter with her father upon the Stage.*] My dear brother Worthy, thou seest I have made bold. We have signed and sealed, noble Captain.

War. I see you have.

Flip. Ay, Bully Tar, they are twined together as strong as a first-rate cable.

Miz. Ha! —What's yonder! [*Springing the real Dorcas.*] Is that beautiful Quaker a relation of thine?

Jen. Yea, my dear sister and friend, I greet thee lovingly.

Dor. My sister! Pray, who art thou?

Jen. In my single estate I was called Dorcas Zeal; but in my wedlock bonds my name is Dorcas Mizzen.

Dor. Dorcas and Zeal! —Who gave thee those names?

Jen. None of the vain ceremonies of godfathers and godmothers; no verily, it is a name I borrowed to myself, to make this dear man happy in a yoke-mate.

Miz. Borrowed! in the name of Lucifer.

Dor. Nay, in my cloathing too! my very likeness.

War. I wish you joy, my happy rival!

Flip. Ay, joy, Sir, joy in your ten thousand pound Quaker.

Miz. Ten thousand torments! Joy! ne I had I so cheated, so betrayed and ruined —spoke in fury, Jezabel, who art thou?

Jen. Shall I answer thee in the language of thine? asked?

Miz. No, answer me in thine own infernal and tell me, friend, whence comest thou?

Jen. From London, an't please you.

A. From of the town, I suppose; a walking
at Drury-Lane wards.

A. One of that cloudy generation. But
those dark days are over with me,
Mizzen's lady now.

A. A firebrand, brimstone and smoke! a
trumpet!

A. Another Mizzen, no more hard words,
but take her to thy bosom.

Miz. Take her to the devil.

Flip. I tell thee, Mizzen, thou couldst not have picked
out a wife so fit for thee, out of a whole regiment of
doxies. Does she not own herself a piece of brittle
ware? and will so sweetly set off thy cabin with the rest
of thy china!

Wor. Ay, Mizzen, take the commodore's good coun-
sel and bear it all with patience; thou art as quarrel-
some as a cock at a looking-glass, and with as little

A. No more of this passion, when I'm tied to such
a wife, as I am now, I am reserved to be so tied!

A. I tell thee, thou dost not thou know my
character, and with thy treacherous
designs to pervert me, to invade my sacred
right, art thou not guilty?

Dor. Yea, naughty man, thou hast thy just reward.

Miz. Ay, noble Worthy, I own myself a villain, and
the hand of heaven has reached me for it.

Flip. Hang thee, who pities thee? You wanted a ten
thousand pounder, and must set up downright bucca-
ret, and state for a wife; no prize but Worthy's Dor-
othy, and a girl—

A. Married!

A. Every morning. But my subbs-yacht
stands; a pox of portions, I have yet
thanks to a harvest in her majesty's ser-
vice, the white and red in the fair cheeks of an
young fellow look lovely, with neither paint

Wor.

Wor. Where is this white and red, with neither paint nor patch? Troth, Flip, thou keepst thy rustic humour still; to have taken a young bride, and be seen thus long out of her company, on the very nuptial morning, is not over modish, let me tell you.

Flip. Hang ceremonies. Look you, Sir, the *French* I have taken is a plain country pinnace, with no gay gildings, either at poop or stern; but her main trim so neat, that at first sight, as she sailed by me, a puff of love sprung up so brisk a gale, that I immediately tacked round, and boarded her.

Wor. That is to say, you wedded her.

Flip. Right, Sir; and when the job was done, I was obliged to put her in a little more modish rigging fit for the lie-mate of a commodore; my landlady and she are gone together to the milliner's and the sempstress's, and so forth—but I expect them—see, here they are! Oh, my sweet spouse!

Enter Jiltup and Cribidge.

Wor. Joy, happy Sir.

Min. The like to you, fair bride!

Jilt. I thank you, gentlemen and ladies: thanks to the whole fair company. Ha!—my sweet cousin here! Dear Jenny—

[Embracing her.]

Flip. Her cousin, say you?

Jilt. Ay, my best dear, though I have the honour to be a commodore's lady, I must not grow proud, and forget my old friends and acquaintance. This young lady and I were bred up play-fellows together.

Flip. Not at her game, I hope.

Jilt. Oh! yes, Sir; we were two such intimates, two such sworn friends, that our delights, our joys, our very lives were all wound up together.

Flip. Where, where, my pretty lady-bird, was that acquaintance with that play-fellow?

Jilt. At London, Sir.

Flip. What part of London?

Jilt. The neighbourhood of Covent-Garden.

Flip. Sink and Sodom!

Jilt. Both lodgers in one house; nay, and when of us had room for a she-bedfellow, we were those fools, we always slept together.

profession is, I hope, my virtue, not my sin. I have had world, and played the fool; but I am quite weary on't; be- lieve me, I am an honest gentleman, and it will be a lie upon your wedding-day. I will be for better for worse, per- form your duty, and take me as you find me.

Flip. Take care of us;—diseases, poxes, leprosy! Oh, fool! fool! don't be a lunatic!—Death! I'll run mad; turn the muzzle of a gun down in the powder-room, and blow myself up to the devil.

War. Hold, Flip, no treason!—Blow up her majesty's ship.

Flip. Blow the world up!

Miz. Ay, brother sufferer, married to two such mis- creants, so hardened in their shame, they make it even necessary to proclaim it.—Oh, *Worthy*, if thou bearest witness to my guilt as I plotted to betray thee, even

to me; and to prove I am not a liar, I release you, knock out the nails from slavery? We'll kneel to thee.

Mz. And shall command our lives, we'll fight for thee.

Flip. Hang for thee.

Miz. Drown for thee.

[*Kneeling.*]

War. No more of this romantic stuff. What will you do for these poor creatures?

Flip. Do for them!—Why, friend, I'll give a leg or an arm for composition.

or an arm!—A haunch of common sense would do them twice the service. What will you give them, to take them off from their misery, and make two honest women of them?

I'll give my bootswain's pay, settled for a year, shall satisfy. Say, girl, art thou con-

Jih.

Filt. So well contented, Sir, that on my knees I'll thank you.

Flip. Sayest thou so, girl? Then, faith, I'll throw thee in one twenty brace of pounds to rig an honest house up of thy own, and roost no more in whor's nests.

Hor. Well, sign this parchment, which entitles thee to fifty pounds a year for life, and I'll release you.—And what says Mizen?

Miz. Faith, I'll treat my Jenny [*Pulls out a large rich purse.*] with this purse of gold, the weighty stowage of a fair hundred guineas, and give her the same settlement into the bargain.

Hor. Come, come, sign, sign them.—Now, gentlemen, in order to your deliverance, first, I must tell you both, these sweet wedlock-noses were my handy work, your friend and servant Worthy, the head match-maker.

Flip. and Miz. Thou!

Hor. Not to ruin you, but reform you! And now for a safe cure to all fears and dangers, the reverend man in black that linked you both, was only an honest tar, your good friend Cribidge in pious masquerade; and since there has been neither lawful matrimony nor consummation, the knot will soon be loosed.

Crib. You see, noble Captain, I'm ready to serve you in all capacities.

Flip. I thought indeed the canonical rascal had a hanging look, somewhat like my lieutenant.

Miz. Ay, hang him, rogue, a halter would better become his neck for a collar, than a surcingle his who's son hide for a girdle.

Hor. No murmurs, thou knowest how thou deservest.

Miz. Touch my past shame no more, I'm a true penitent.

Hor. And for thee, Flip, I knew thee such a rake, the least mad drunken fit would run thee headlong into irreversible shame and ruin; and therefore, for thy mere preservation, I put this innocent cheat upon thee, only to stand a warning sea-mark to thee, against all sure shipwrecks on this quicksand.

Flip. By
low.

Wor. Obedient gentlemen, to sign your full redemption, and seal articles of release.

Wor. I thought you can ask, or law can bind; and you are so handsomely for us, we are re-
 turned to our course of lives, and live honestly
 for the future. *Wor.* thousand of wretched creatures,
 like *Wor.* ~~and willingly~~—

Wor. Their ill-spent lives recall,

Turning and live honest, could they live at all.

Jen. Yes, *Wor.* frailty first made them sinners, but
 from necessity they live and die so.

To their dark cells and midnight revels led,

Not from their thirst to man, but hunger for his
 bread.

Wor. Well, though I have made your purses smart a
 little, you see I have made you do some good in your
 generation, put a helping hand to two poor sinners' con-
 version.

Elip. Ay, and my own conversion too. Henceforward
 I'll keep such honest fellows as thee company, cast off
 my old, dull, rascally conversation, and learn good sense
 and manners.

Miz. Nay, dear Worthy, take one new convert more,
 for from this hour I'll play the effeminate fool no more,
 but bear the face of a man like thee, strip my sop-cabin
 of all my china baubles, toys for girls, and shew myself
 a true hero for my glorious queen.

Wor. Nay, now, dear gentlemen, you'll make me proud
 of this day's happy work.

*Enter Sir Charles, and Arabella in her own dress, Rowe-
 well and Belinda.*

Wor. Well, dear Sir Charles, how stand the affairs of
 love?

Sir Ch. Faith, very well: generous Arabella has hung
 her flag, and given her promise she'll seal the
 of surrender.

Wor. Then, Sir, we shall see you shine a con-

When this fair hand has crowned me one.

Wor. No more of my wild airs, no more
 have studied to plague thee, I'll play
 a fo-

a soberer part, and study now—[*Giving her hand to S. Charles.*]

Sir Cha. To bless the happiest of mankind.

Wor. But what says Rowewell?

Row. What I am proud to say; Belinda's kind at last, and crowns my love.

Bel. Yes, Worthy, I have at last proved the true woman, not always able to hold out invincible.

Wor. Well, ladies, since the whole preliminaries of the soft peace of love are all adjusted, what if, according to old laudable custom, we have a little music and a dance.

Sir Cha. Nothing more *à-propos*.

Row. Madam, you are my partner.

Dor. Oh, sic, friend Rowewell! the females of our congregation, think it vanity of vanities.

Row. Yes, in the country they may do't; but your London friends have all the gaiety imaginable; they sing, they dance, wear patches, and keep visiting-days.

Dor. Well, rather than spoil your mirth, I will walk about.

A DANCE.

After the Country Dance, enter a Servant.

Serv. Your cockswain and boat's crew, hearing you had got the music, desire they may present you with a little of their agility.

A DANCE of Sailors.

Dor. Well, dear Worthy, since I have heard the affected sanctity and friendly cant, not only from my sister Arabella, but even from that carnal vessel of pollution; to make our marriage-yoke more chearful still, from this blessed hour I'll join thy holy worship.

Wor. Now I have all my utmost wish could ask.

Miz. Hold, Worthy, do not boast too proud a triumph in making this fair profelyte. Flip, and I, have outdone you, you have only made a sister convert from one faith to another; but we have converted a fair brace of infidels, a work of reformation far beyond yours.

If. Ay, there you have outdone me : and, I think,
 you have set a good example for the world
 to generall follow.

Wh ! what a happy change this age would find,
 If all the loo part of womankind,
 Wold all their callies do as you have done,
 And every fool like you, reform but one.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPILOGUE

Spoken by the FAIR QUEEN, in her kind answer to the

FRIENDS, doth it please you to have me
 Are you contented not to dance, but to have me
 Or doth it to your wiser judgment seem
 More fit this leading folly to condemn,
 For fear of being charg'd with more of them?
 Sedately think, and let your equal zeal
 Weigh both the publick and his private weal.
 First then, for the publick name, debate it whether
 Ye can subsist, keep life and soul together,
 Without the privilege of coming hither.
 If that you can spin out your life-long days,
 Without the vanity of seeing plays,
 Down with this scribbler's hopes, this house and all,
 Let both these marts for lewdness, tumble, fall.
 For, ah, it cutteth, it provoketh passion,
 To think you should indulge abomination.
 But if you're harden'd, stung, as I may say,
 With moral madness like tarantula,
 That nothing else but noise and dance can cure you,
 Then pray encourage what you have before you,
 For as these triflers now-a-days do write,
 No mirth's more innocent than this to-night.
 Now, Sirs, I come to plead our stripping's cause;
 All the young fellow wants, is your applause.
 Poet's a sounding, empty name,
 Born on Parnassus' cliffs, he pants for fame;
 Not ev'n your third night's bounty would content him,
 If of the grand Sophies you should prevent him;
 That word my skill in languages has lent him.
 Nay, for my own sake I demand this grace,
 Because with much constraint I've set my face
 To carry on a quaker's dull grimace:
 And ill, my friends, you would reward my pains,
 If I should suffer for his want of brains;
 For where the luckless poet feels your bate,
 The undistinguish'd players share your fate.

At THE ALCHEMIST. In one



M. GARRICK in the Character of ABEL DRUGGER

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
C. H Y M I S T.
A COMEDY.

As altered from BEN JONSON.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*— parat inde coronam,
Unde pella nulli voluerit tempora Mijæ.*

LUCRET.



LONDON:

BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVII.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE alterations and additions in this play (as performed at the Theatres) on comparing it with the original, were judged so necessary and judicious, and the omissions so numerous and intricate, that it was impracticable to give the original intire, without greatly embarrassing the reader ; such lines as could be restored (though omitted on the stage) are printed with inverted commas, those in *Italics* are added in the representation.

1

1

2

P R O L O G U E.

2

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N A E

M E N.

<i>Subtle</i> , the Alchymist,	— —	<i>Drury-Lane</i> .
<i>Face</i> , the Housekeeper,	— —	Mr. Aickin.
Sir <i>Epicure Mammon</i> , knight,		Mr. Palmer.
<i>Abel Drugger</i> , a Tobacco Man,		Mr. Bransby.
<i>Surly</i> , a Gamester,	— —	Mr. Garrick.
<i>Dapper</i> , a Clerk,	— —	Mr. Baddeley.
<i>Kastrill</i> , the angry Boy,	— —	Mr. La Maffie.
<i>Lowriss</i> , Master of the House,		Mr. Burton.
<i>Tribulation</i> , a Pastor of <i>Amsterdam</i> ,		Mr. Packer.
<i>Ananias</i> , a Deacon there,		Mr. Waldron.
		Mr. Parsons.

W O M E N.

<i>Dol Common</i> , Colleague with <i>Subtle</i> and <i>Face</i> ,	— —	Mrs. Hopk.
<i>Dame Pliant</i> , a Widow, Sister to the angry Boy,	— —	Mrs. John.
Neighbours, Officers, &c.		

The SCENE, *London*.

THE ANCHYMIST.

ACT I.

Face, Subtle and Do! Common.

FACE.

BELIEVE it, I will.

Sub. Do thy worst. I dare thee.

Face. Sirrah, I'll strip you out of all your sleights.

Do! Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you mad-men?

Sub. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks
With good strong-water, an' you come.

Do! Will you have

The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?

'Hark, I hear somebody.'

Face. Sirrah!

Sub. I shall mar

All that the taylor has made, if you approach.

Face. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,

Dare you do this?

Sub. Yes, yes, yes faith.

Face. Why, then

Am I, my dear friend, what am I?

Sub. I'll tell you.

Face. You know not your self—

Sub. Speak, I pray, resolve.

Face. Yes, you were once (time not long pass'd) the
good, that kept [good,

here in the Friars,

far the farthest.

Sub. Will you be so good?

Face. I'll be so good, translated suburb-captain.

Face.

8 THE ALCHEMIST.

Face. By your means, Doctor Dog?

Sub. Within man's memory,
All this I speak of.

Face. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanced by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well.

Face. Not of this, I think it:
But I shall put you in mind, Sir; at Pie-Corner,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls;
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn nose,
And your complexion of the Roman watch,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder corn shot at th' Artillery-yard.

Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a little.

Face. When you went pin'd up in the several rags
You had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills, before day;
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes
A felt of rug, and a thin thred-den cloak,
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks—

Sub. So, Sir!

Face. When all your alchymy, and your algebra,
Your minerals, vegetables, and animals,
Your conjuring, cozz'ning, and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corpse with so much linen
Would make you tinder but to see a fire;
I gave you count'nance, credit for your
Your stills, your glasses, your materials
Built you a furnace, drew you customers
Advanc'd all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in—

Sub. Your master's house?

Face. Where you have studied the more thriving fail
Of hawd'ry since.

Sub. Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats here kept possession.

Make it not strange. 'I know you were one could keep
' The butt'ry hatch still lock'd, and save the chipping;
' Sell the dole beer to *agon-vite* men,
' The which, together with your Christmas tails
' At post and pair, your letting out of couples,

THE ALCHEMIST.

9

‘ Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs
Here, since your mistress’ death hath broke up house.

Fam. You might talk softer, rascal.

Sub. No, you Scarabe;

I’ll beat you in pieces: I will teach you

How to tempt a fury again,

That makes tempest in his hand and voice.

Fam. The place has made you valiant.

Sub. No, your cloaths.

‘ Thou vermin, have I ta’en thee out of dung,

So poor, so wretched, when no living thing

Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse!

‘ Raised thee from brooms, and dust, and wat’ring pots!

‘ Sublim’d thee, and exalted thee, and fix’d thee

‘ I’ the third region, call’d our State of Grace

‘ Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains

‘ Would twice have won me the philosopher’s work!

‘ Made thee a second in mine own great art!

‘ And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?

‘ Do you fly out i’ the projection?

‘ Would you begone now?

‘ *Dol.* Gentlemen, what mean you?

‘ Will you mar all? •

‘ *Sub.* Slave, thou hadst no name——

‘ *Dol.* Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

‘ *Sub.* Never been known, past *equi elibanum*,

‘ horie-dung, under ground, in cellars,

‘ Sale-house darker than deat Jolin’s; been lost

‘ Blind, but laundresses and tapsters,

‘ Have known.

‘ Will you know who hears you, sovereign?

‘ *Dol.* I care not.

‘ *Sub.* General, I thought you were civil——

‘ *Dol.* I am desperate, if you grow thus loud.

‘ *Sub.* I care not for thyself, I care not.

‘ *Dol.* Hark thee, Collier,

‘ *Sub.* I’ll move thee, and pans, in picture, ‘ I will,

‘ *Dol.* I’ll move thee, and pans, in picture, ‘ I will,

‘ *Sub.* I’ll move thee, and pans, in picture, ‘ I will,

‘ *Dol.* I’ll move thee up bawd in Pawl’s, have all thy

‘ *Sub.* I’ll move thee up bawd in Pawl’s, have all thy

‘ *Dol.* I’ll move thee up bawd in Pawl’s, have all thy

‘ *Sub.* I’ll move thee up bawd in Pawl’s, have all thy

‘ *Dol.* I’ll move thee up bawd in Pawl’s, have all thy

‘ *Sub.* I’ll move thee up bawd in Pawl’s, have all thy

‘ *Dol.* I’ll move thee up bawd in Pawl’s, have all thy

‘ *Sub.* I’ll move thee up bawd in Pawl’s, have all thy

‘ *Dol.* I’ll move thee up bawd in Pawl’s, have all thy

- ‘ Searching for things lost with a sieve and shears,
- ‘ Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
- ‘ And taking in of shadows with a glass,
- ‘ Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,
- ‘ Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey’s.

‘ *Dol.* Are you found?

- ‘ Ha’ you your senses, masters?

‘ *Face.* I will have

- ‘ A book, but barely reckoning thy impossibles,
- ‘ Shall prove a true philosopher’s stone to printers.’

Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal.

Face. Out, you dog-leach,

The vomit of all prisons.

Dol. Will you be

Your own destructions, gentlemen?

Sub. Cheater.

Face. Bawd.

Sub. Cow-herd.

Face. Conjuror.

Sub. Cut-purse.

Dol. We are ruined! lost! Ha’ you no more regard
To your reputations? Where’s your judgment? Slight,
Have yet some care of me, o’ your republick—

Face. Away, this brach. I’ll bring the rogue within
The statute of sorcery, ‘*tricesimo tertio*

- ‘ Of Harry the Eighth; ay, and, perhaps, thy neck
- ‘ Within a noose, for laundring gold, and harbing it.’

Dol. You’ll bring your head within a cockscomb, will
you?

[*She catches out Face’s sword, and breaks Subtle’s glass.*

And you, Sir, with your Menstrue, gather it up.

‘Sdeath! you stonminable pair of stinkards,

Leave off your barking, and grow one again,

Or, by the light that shines, I’ll cut your throats.

I’ll not be made a prey unto the marshall,

For ne’er a snarling dog-bolt o’ you both.

Ha’ you together cozen’d all this while,

And all the world? and shall it now be said,

Yo’ have made most courteous shift to cozen yourself

You will accuse him! You will bring him in

Within the statute! Who shall take your word?

A whorson, upstart, apocryphal captain,

Whom

Whom Black-Friars will trust
 So much as a Father! And you too
 Will give us craft, forsooth! You will insult,
 And claim primacy in the divisions!
 As if you only had
 To do with, and the work
 of equality?
 All things in common;

Enter, Isidore.

He ever murmurs, and objects his pains;
 And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does.

Dol. How does it? Do not we
 sustain our parts?

Sub. Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
 Ours may to-morrow match it.

Sub. Ay, they may.

Dol. May, murmuring mastiff! Ay, and do. Death
 Help me to throttle him. [on me!]

Sub. Dorothy, Mistress Dorothy!

'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?

Dol. Because o' your fermentation and cibation——

Sub. Not I, by Heaven——

Dol. Your Sol and Luna——help me.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform myself.

Dol. Will you, Sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.

Sub. What shall I swear?

Dol. To leave your faction, Sir,
 And labour truly in the common work.

Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beside.

Dol. To leave speeches as a spur
 To him.

Sub. I hope we need no spurs, Sir. Do we?

Dol. Who, grave to-day, who shall shark best.

Sub. A good one.

Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.

Sub. To the knot

of all your fingers for this breach with me.

Sub. Why, do, my good baboons! Shall we go make
 Seven or eight, forty, precise neighbours,

(That

(That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king cam)
 A feast of laughter at our follies? No, agree.
 And may Don Provost ride a feasting long,
 In his old velvet jerkin,
 (My noble sovereign, and worthy general)
 Ere we contribute a new cruel garter
 To his most worsted worship.

Sub. Royal Dol!
 Spoken like Claridiana and thyself.

Face. For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
 And not be stil'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
 Dol Singular: 'the longest cur, at night,
 'Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.' [*One knocks.*]

Sub. Who's that? [*Knocks.*] To the window,
 Pray heav'n

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

Face. Oh, fear not him. 'While there dies one a Week
 'O' the plague, he's safe from thinking toward London.
 'Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now:
 'I had a letter from him. If he do,
 'He'll send such word, for airing o' the house,
 'As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:
 'Tho' we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.'

Sub. Who is it, Dol?

Dol. A fine young quodling.

Face. Oh,
 My Lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night
 In Holborn at the Dagger. He would have
 (I told you of him) a familiar,
 To rattle with at horses, and win cups.

Dol. Oh, let him in.

Face. Get you
 Your robes on: I will meet him, as going out.

Dol. And what shall I do?

Face. Not be seen. Away.
 Seem you very reserv'd.

Sub. Enough.

Face. God be with you, Sir.
 I pray you let him know that I was here.
 His Name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but—

Enter Dapper.

Dap. Captain, I am here.

Face. What's that?

Dep. I think, Doctor.

Face. So, I'm going away.

Dep. I don't know.

Face. I don't know, Captain.

Dep. I don't know.

Face. I don't know.

Dep. I don't know, glad.

Face. I don't know, or two to make,

Dep. I don't know, watch last night to one

Face. I don't know, at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd
Of my gold-timer? Is this the cunning-man?

Face. I don't know his worship.

Dep. I don't know doctor?

Face. I don't know.

Dep. And you broke with him, Captain?

Face. I don't know.

Dep. And how?

Face. I don't know, he does make the matter, Sir, so dainty,
I don't know what to say.

Dep. I don't know, good Captain.

Face. I don't know, were fairly rid on't, believe me.

Dep. I don't know, now you grieve me, Sir. Why should
you with so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

Face. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the law

Dep. Is such a thing.—And then he says, Read's matter

Face. Falling so lately.—

Dep. Read! he was an ass,

Face. And dealt, Sir, with a fool.

Face. It was a clerk, Sir.

Dep. A clerk!

Face. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the law

Dep. Better, I think.—

Dep. I should, Sir, and the danger.

Face. You know, I shew'd the statute to you.

Dep. You did so.

Face. At what I call then? By this hand of flesh,

Dep. I don't know, I don't know, the good court-hand more,

Face. I don't know, What do you think of me,

Dep. I don't know, I don't know.

Face. I don't know, I don't know.

Dep.

Dap. The Turk was, here——

'As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?

Face. I'll tell the Doctor so.

Dap. Do, good sweet Captain.

Face. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiause.

Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my love;
I would do much, Sir, for your love—but I
I neither may, nor can.

Face. Tut, do not say so.

You deal now with a noble fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you richly, 'and he's no Chiause.'
Let that, Sir, move you.

Sub. Pray you, forbear.

Face. He has

Four angels here.

Sub. You do me wrong, good Sir. [sits!]

Face. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these spi-

Sub. To tempt my art, and love, Sir, to my peril.

'Fore Heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,
'That so would draw me to apparent danger.

Face. I draw you! a horse draw you, and a halter.
You and your flies together.

Dap. Nay, good Captain.

Face. That know no difference of men.

Sub. Good words, Sir.

Face. Good deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat.

Dap. Nay, dear Captain,

Use master Doctor with some more respect. [head.

Face. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet
But for your sake, I'd choke, ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puckfoist——
Come, let's be gone.

Sub. Pray you, let me speak with you.

Dap. His Worship calls you, Captain.

Face. I am sorry

I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.

Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.

Face. Will he take then?

Sub. First hear me—

Face. Not a syllable, 'less you take.

Sub. Pray ye, Sir—

Face.

THE ALCHEMIST. 15

Face. Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit*.

Sub. [He takes money.] *Must be law.* [*He takes money.*]

Face. Sir, talk.

Sub. I'll talk with mine honour. Speak.

Face. I'll talk with mine honour too.

Sub. You do not apprehend the loss
of this.

Face. Wherein? For what?

Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all!
He'll win up all the money i'the town,
If it be set him.

Face. How!

Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
As they do crackers in a puppet-play.
If I do give him a familiar,
Give you him all you play for: never set him;
For he will have it.

Face. You are mistaken, Doctor.

Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
A tiding fly, none o' your great familiars.

Doc. Yes, Captain, I would have it for all games.

Sub. I told you so.

Face. 'Slight, that's a new business!

I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
When you had left the office, for a nag
Of forty or fifty shillings.

Doc. Ay, 'tis true, Sir;

But I do think now I shall leave the law,
And therefore——

Face. Why, this changes quite the case!

Do you think that I dare move him?

Doc. If you please, Sir;

Face. What! for the money?

I dare not move him: nor should you
Think.

Face. You, Sir, I can

Toild me [unclear]

- Face.* Why then, Sir,
 ' I'll try. Say that it were for all games, Doctor.
Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
 ' At any ordinary, but o' the score,
 ' That is a gaming month, conceive me.
Face. Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm
 ' If it be set him?
Face. Speak you this from art?
Sub. Ay, Sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
 He is o' the only best complexion
 ' The queen of fairy loves.
Face. What! is he!
Sub. Peace.
 He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him—
Face. What?
Sub. Do not you tell him.
Face. Will he win at cards too?
Sub. He will, he will.
 ' The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,
 ' You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck
 ' As cannot be refilled. 'Slight, he'll put
 ' Six o' your gallants to a cloak indeed.'
Face. Indeed, a strange success that some men should
Sub. He hears you, man. [be born to!
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ungrateful.
Face. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
 You hear, he says he will not be ungrateful
Sub. Why, as you please; my venture follows you.
Face. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him truly, and
 He may make us both happy in an hour; [make him.
 Win some five thousand pound, and send us two out.
Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir.
Face. And you shall, Sir.
 You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.
Face. Nothing? [Face takes a card.
Dap. A little, Sir.
Face. Well, a rare star
 Reign'd at your birth.
Dap. At mine, Sir! No.

Face. The Doctor
Swears that you are —
Sub. Now, Captain, you'll tell all now.
Face. I will to the Queen of Fairy.
Sub. What's that I am ?
Face. U, no such matter. —

Sub. Yes, and that
I were born with a caul o' your head.
Face. What's for so ?

Face. U, —
You know it well enough, tho' you dissemble it.

Dap. I-fac, I do not ; you are mistaken.

Face. How !

Swear by your fac ! and in a thing so known
Unto the Doctor ? How shall we, Sir, trust you
I'th' other matter ? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate ?

Dap. By Jove, Sir,
I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.
I-fac's no oath.

Sub. No, no, he did but jest.

Face. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your friend,
To take it so.

Dap. I thank his Worship.

Face. Do you think that will do ? No, no ;
Give him another angel.

Dap. Must I ?

Face. Must you ! 'Slight,
What else is thanks ? Will you be trivial ? Doctor,
When must he come for his familiar ?

Sub. Shall I not ha' it with me ?

Face. Oh, good Lord !
You must be a world of ceremonies pass ;
You must be bathed and fumigated first :
Believe me, the Queen of Fairy does not rise

to-night.
Will it be so ?

Sub. Yes, yes, yes, yes.

Face. Will it be so ?

Face. Your aunt of Fairy.

Sub. Not since she kiss'd him in the cradle, Captain;
I can resolve you that.

Face. Well, see her Grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but,
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone woman,
And very rich; and if she take a phant'sy,
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the Doctor's fear.

Dap. How will't be done then?

Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, Captain, I'll see her Grace.

Dap. Captain, I'll see her Grace.

Face. Enough.

Sub. Who's there?

[*One knocks without*

Anon. Conduct him forth by the back way.—

Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself;
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers ends, and wash your eyes,
To sharpen your five senses, and cry hum
Thrice, and buz as often; and then come.

Face. Can you remember this?

Dap. I warrant you.

Face. Well then away. 'Tis but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her Grace's servants,
And put on a clean shirt; you do not know
What grace her Grace may do you in clean linen.

Dap. Hum—buz.

[*Exit.*

Face. Hum—buz.

Sub. Come in.

Enter Druggier.

[*Within.*] I will see the Doctor.

Sub. Good wives, I pray you forbear me now:
Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon.—
What is your name, say you? Abel Druggie?

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Sub. A seller of tobacco?

Drug.

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Sub. Amh.

Free of the Grocers?

Drug. Yes, I'm free of the Grocers.

Sub. Well—

Your worship, Abel?

Drug. This an't please your worship.

I'm a spacey beginner, and am building

A new shop, an't like your worship, just

At corner of a street (here is the plot on't):

And I would know by art, Sir, of your worship,

Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,

And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,

And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir.

And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,

One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets,

And their good angels, and their bad.

Sub. I do,

do see them.

Enter Face.

What! my honest Abel?

Thou art well met here.

Drug. Troth, Sir, I was speaking

Just as your worship came here, of your worship.

I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

Face. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;

He lets me have good tobacco, and he

Does not sophisticate it.

Drug. No, I never sophisticate it.

Face. Nor wrap it up in piss'd clouts.

Drug. Oh, *bye for shame, Captain.*

Face. He's a neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no

goldsmith.

Drug. No, I am no goldsmith.

Face. He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on—

Drug. Truly, Sir, ha'you found it! Lo'thee, Abel!

And in right way towards riches—

Sub. Yes, Sir.

Face. I'll be your

to who ever the cloathing of his company,

his next spring, and'd to the scarlet, spend what he can.

Face.

Face. What, and so little beard?

Sub. You must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come :
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't ;
His fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so'fool
I am amaz'd at that !

Sub. By a rule, Captain,
In Metaposcropy, which I do work by ;
A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not.
Your chesnut, or your olive colour'd face,
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew't, by certain spots too in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

Face. Which finger's that?

Sub. His little finger. Look,
You were born upon a Wednesday?

Drug. ' Yes, indeed, Sir,' and so I was.

Sub. The thumb in Chiromancy, we give Venus ;
The fore-finger, to Jove ; the midll, to Saturn ;
The ring, to Sol ; the least, to Mercury,
Who was the lord, Sir, of his Horoscope,
His House of Life being Libra ; which foreshew'd
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

Face. Why this is strange? Is't not, honest Nab?

Drug. Yes, very strange.

Sub. There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs——Come hither, Abel ;
This is the west, and this is the south.

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Sub. And these are your two sides?

Drug. Ay, Sir.

Sub. Make me your door then south ; your back
west :

And, on the east-side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarnael, and Barsaborat :
Upon the north-part, Rael, Velet, Thel.
They are the names of those Mercurial
That do fright flies from boxes.

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Sub.

Sub. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone
To draw in plants, that wear spurs; the rest
I'll leave to follow.

Face. I see a secer, Nab.

Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice,
To draw in vices to call city-dames.
To draw in much with minerals,

Drug. Nab, I have
At home, ready.

Sub. Ay, I know, you have, Arsnike,
Vitriol, Salt-tartre, Argale, Alkaly,
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a 'say (I will not say directly,
But very fair) at the Philosopher's Stone.

Face. When, how now, Abel! is this true?

Drug. Good Captain,
What must I give thee?

Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hast a great wealth (he says spend what thou canst)
Th'art like me to me to.

Drug. I would give him a crown.

Face. A crown! and towards such a fortune? Heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

Drug. Yes, I have a Portaguc, I have kept this half
year,

And I would fain keep it half a year longer.

Face. Out on thee, Nab. 'Slight, there was such an
offer,

'Shalt keep 't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee.

Drug. I'll see?

Face. I'll see, Nab. prays your worship to drink this,

Drug. I'll see.

Face. I'll see, Nab. prays your skill
To draw in the world.

Drug. I'll see.

Face. I'll see, Nab. prays your worship.

Drug. I'll see.

Face. I'll see, Nab. prays your skill
To draw in the world.

Drug. I'll see, Nab. prays your skill
To draw in the world.

Face.

Face. That he shall, Nab.
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his shelves.

Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleased, Nab?

Drug. Thank, Sir, both your worships,
I am a made man.

[*Exit.*

Face. Away.
Why, now you sinoaky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that something's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'sive waters,
' Your crosselets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
' You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on?'
And yet, you think, I am at no expence
In searching out these veins, then following them,
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more money than my share oft comes to
In these rare works.

Sub. You are pleasant, Sir.—How now?

Enter Dol.

Face. What says my dainty Dolkin?

Dol. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.

Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with them.

Dol. Not afore night, I have told them, in a voice,
Through the trunk, like one of your familiars,
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon.

Sub. Where?

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,
To one that's with him.

Sub. Face, go you, and shift.

Dol. you must presently make ready, too——

Dol. Why, what's the matter?

Sub. Oh, I did look for him

With the sun's rising: marvel, he could sleep!

This is the day I am to perfect for him

The *Magisterium*, our Great-Work, the Stone;

And yield it, made into his hands; of which,

He has, this month, talk'd, as he were possessor,

' And now he's dealing pieces on't away.

• Methinks

I see him entering ordinaries,
 Tempering for the pox, and plaguy houses,
 Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,
 Searching the spitte, to make old bawds young;
 And the highways, for beggars to make rich:
 I see no end of my labours. He will make
 Nature ashamed of her long sleep; when art,
 Who's but a step dame, shall do more than she,
 He's, in belief of chymistry, so bold,
 If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold. [*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Mammon and Surly.

MAMMON.

COME on, Sir. Now you set your foot on shore
 In *novo orbe*; here's the rich Peru:
 And here within, Sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing so't
 Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months;
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
 This day you shall be *spectatissimi*,
 And have you punques, and punquettees, my Surly.
 And unto thee, I speak it first, Be rich.—Face,
 Where is my Subtle, there?—Within, no!
Face. [*Within.*] Sir, he'll come to you, by and by.

Mam. That's his fire-drake.

His lungs, his Zephirus, he that puffs his coals,
 Till he fir'd Nature up in her own center.

Surly. Doubtful Sir. This night, I'll change

That that is silver, in my house, to gold.

And early in the morning, will I send

For all the pewterers, and the pewterers,

For all the pewterers, and the pewterers,

For all the pewterers.

Surly. What? And turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
 And make them perfect Indies! you admire now?

Sur.

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see the effects of the great medicine,
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.

Mam. Why?

Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the Flower of the Sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.

Sur. No doubt, he's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
'To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of Drury-Lane would thank
That keep the fire alive there. [you,

Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve:
And of what age soever, in a month.
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
You're still incredulous.

Sur. Faith I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.

Sur. How!

Mam. O' the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch.

Sur. Did Adam write, Sir, in High Dutch?

Mam. He did.

Which proves it was the primitive tongue. How now?

Enter Face.

Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

Face. The evening will set red upon you, Sir :
You have colour for it, crimson : the red ferment
Has done his office ; three hours hence, prepare you
To see projection.

Mam. My Sir, v,
Again, I say to thee, aloud, Be rich ;
'This day, thou shalt have ingots ; and, to-morrow,
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephirus, right ?
Blushes the bolt's-head ?

Face. Like a wench with child, Sir :
'That were, but now. *Master.*

Mam. *My Sir, v, only care is,*
Where to get this enough now, *Face.* *on.*
This time will not fail to fire us.

Face. No, Sir ? Buy
The furnace off a churcho.

Face. *My Sir, v,*

Face. *My Sir, v,* on their auditory ;

Face. *My Sir, v,*

Face. *My Sir, v,*

Thou wilt be like unto the Lungs,

Lungs, & vent out thee from the furnace ;

I will make thee thy Lungs on, Puffe,

Loft in the embers, and scorch this brain,

Hurt wi' the fume of the Lungs.

Face. I have blown, Sir,

Hard for your worship ; these blear'd eyes

Have wak'd, to read your several colours, Sir ;

Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,

The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

Mam. And lastly,
Thou hast defery'd the flower.

Face. Sir,

Face. *My Sir, v,* master ?

Face. *My Sir, v,* Sir : be,

Face. *My Sir, v,* his devotions,

Face. *My Sir, v,*

Face. *My Sir, v,* will set a period

Face. *My Sir, v,* thou shalt be the master

Face. *My Sir, v,*

Face. *My Sir, v,* Sir.

Mam. But do you hear?

I'll geld you, Lungs.

Face. Yes, Sir.

Mam. For I do mean

To have a list of wives and concubines,
Equal with Solomon, who had the Stone
Alike with me: * and I will make me a back

* With the Elixir, that shall be as tough
* As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.

Th'art sure thou saw'st it, blood?

Face. Both blood and spirit, Sir.

Mam. I will have all my beds blown up; not stuff'd;
Down is too hard.

(Is it arriv'd at ruby?)—Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or a rich lawyer,
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pounds, to be my cuckold.

Face. And shall I carry it?

Mam. No, I'll have no bawds,
But fathers and mothers. They will do it best,
Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines
That I can get for money. My meet fools,
Eloquent burgesiers.

We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the medicine.

My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells.

Dishes of agate set in gold, and fludded

With emeralds, sapphirs, hyacinths, and rubies.

My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,

Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have

The beards of barbels serv'd intlead of fallads;

Oild mushrooms, * and the swelling unctuous paps

* Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off;

Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce;

For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,

Go forth, and be a knight.

Face. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens.

Mam. Do. My shirts
I'll have of tassata-tarfnet, soft and light
As cob-webs, and for all my other rayment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,

Were

Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My gloves of fishes and birds-skins, perfum'd

With gums of Paradise, and eastern air——

Sir. And do you think to have the Stone with this?

Mam. No, I do think t' have all this with the Stone.

Sir. Why, I have heard, he must be *bono fragi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is so. But I buy it.
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it; and, Sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a prophane word, allow him: 'tis poison.

Enter the Alchemist.

Alch. Good morning, Sir.

Sir. Good morning, Sir. How do you now?

Alch. As your friend. What is he? is with you?

Sir. He is here to see the Stone, and bring along,

To buy, Sir, the Stone, Sir.

Alch. Sir, I am glad to hear.

Ye are anxious, that thus you meet your time
I' the just point: prevent your day, at morning,
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune, and carnal appetite;
Take heed, do you not cause the blessing to leave you,
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not prosper, where my love and zeal hath placed them.
Which in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto public good.

Sir. Sir, I am glad to hear.

Alch. Sir, I am glad to hear.

Sir. Sir, I am glad to hear.

Alch. Sir, I am glad to hear.

Sir. Sir, I am glad to hear.

Alch. Sir, I am glad to hear.

Sir. Sir, I am glad to hear.

You shall not need to fear me. I but come,
To have you to confute this gentleman.

Sur. Who is,
Indeed, Sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your Stone; would not be gull'd.

Sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this:
The work is done; bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a medicine of the triple soul,
Thanks be to Heaven,
And make us worthy of it. *Ulen Spigat!*

Face. [*Within.*] Anon, Sir.

Sub. Look well to the register,
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the Aludel's.

* *Face.* Yes, Sir.

* *Sub.* Did you look

* O'the Bolt's head yet?

* *Face.* Which, on D, Sir?

* *Sub.* Ay.

* What's the complexion?

* *Face.* Whitish.

* *Sub.* Infuse vinegar

* 'To draw his volatile substance, and his tincture;

* And let the water in glass E. be filter'd,

* And put into the Gripe's egg.' Lute him well;

And leave him clos'd in *balneo*;

And bring me the complexion of glass B.

Face. I will, Sir.

[*Exit Face.*]

Sur. What a brave language here is! next to canting!

Sub. I have another work, you never saw, son,
That three days since pass'd the philosopher's wheel,
In the lent heat of Athanor; and is become
Sulphur of Nature.

Mam. But 'tis for me?

Sub. What need you?

You have enough, in that is perfect.

Mam. Oh, but—

Sub. Why, this is covetous!

Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,

Marrying

Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then a church.

Enter Face.

Sub. How now?

Face. Sir, please you,

Shall I not change the *felere*?

Sub. Marry, yes,

And bring me the complexion of glass B. [*Exit Face.*

Mam. Have you another?

Sub. Yes, son, were I assur'd

Your piety were firm, we would not want

The means to glorify it. But I hope the best:

I mean to tinct C. in sand-heat, to-morrow,

And give him imbibition.

Mam. Of white oil?

Sub. No, *Madam*, F is some over the helm too,

To tinct Mars' *bolts*, and shew's *lac virginis*.

I sent two of *his* there calcin'd.

Mam. But could you have won the salt of mercury.

Sub. Yes, *Madam*, on your rectified water?

Mam. Yes, *Sub.* *Mercurius* in Athanor.

Sub. What colour says it?

Enter Face.

Face. The ground black, Sir.

Mam. That's your crow's head?

Sub. Your cocks-comb's, is't not?

Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow.
That work wants something.

Sub. Oh, I look'd for this.

The hay's a pitching.

Sub. Are you sure, you loosed them
In their own *menstrue*?

Face. Yes, Sir, and then married them,

Sub. Then the bolt's head, nipp'd to digestion,

Face. He bade me, when I set

The liquor to Mars to circulation,

Sub. Then was right.

Face. The process then was right.

Sub. By the token, Sir, the retort brake,

Face. And was put into the pellicane,

And fill'd with Hermes' seal.

Sub. I think 'twas so.
We should have a new *amalgama*.

Sur. Oh, this ferret
Is rank as any pole cat.

Sub. But I care not.
Let him e'en die; ' we have enough beside,
' In *embriou*. He has his white shirt on?

' *Face.* Yes, Sir.
' He's ripe for *iteration*: he stands warm
' In his ash fire.' I would not, you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, Sir,
For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

Mam. He says right.

Sur. Ay, are you bolted?

Face. Nay, I know't, Sir,
I have seen th' ill fortun'd. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materials?

Mam. It's no more.

Face. No more?

Of gold, *'twill* . . . with some . . .

Mam. Away! here's money.

Face. Ask him, Sir.

Mam. How much?

Sub. Give him nine pounds: you may give him ten.

Sur. Yes. Twenty, and be cozene.

Mam. There 'tis.

Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it so,
To see conclusions of all, ' for two

' O'four interior works are at fixation,
' A third is in ascension.' Go your ways.

Have you set the oil of Luna in Kemia?

Face. Yes, Sir.

Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?

Face. Ay.

Sur. We shall have a fallad.

Mam. When do you make projection?

Sub. Son, be not hasty. I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him in *balneo vaporeso*,
And giving him solution, then congeal him,
And then dissolve him, then again congeal him:
For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.

Get

Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your audirons.

Mam. Not those of iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.
e'll change all metals.

Sur. I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my spits?

Sub. Yes, and your racks.

Sur. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks
will he not?

Sub. If he please.

Sur. To be an ass.

Sub. How, Sir!

Mam. This gent'man you met at the fithal!

I told you, he had no more.

Sur. And yet he says so.

For which I'll be sworn, I'll be sworn myself.

Sub. Yes, Sir, in our art,

we are all sworn.

Mam. But I am not sworn.

Sur. You shall be sworn, if you will.

Sub. Yes, Sir, if you will.

Sur. Sir, do you

Believe that eggs are hatched so?

Sur. If I should?

Sub. Why I think that the greater miracle.

No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.

Sur. That cannot be.

The egg's ordained by Nature to that end,

And is a chicken in *potentia*.

Sub. The same we say of lead, and other metals,
Which would be gold, if they had time.

Sur. And that

is a most absurd

idea, that the earth bred gold

Something went before.

Sub. Yes, Sir, the matter.

Sur. And that?

Sub. Yes, Sir, that?

Sur. Enter Doll.

Sub. Marry, we say—

God's precious—What do you mean? Go in, good lady,
Let me intreat you.—Where's this varlet?

Enter Face.

Face. Sir?

Sub. You very knave! Do you use me thus?

Face. Wherein, Sir?

Sub. Go in, and see, you traitor. Go. [*Exit Face.*

Mam. Who is it, Sir?

Sub. Nothing, Sir. Nothing.

Mam. What's the matter, good Sir?

I have not seen you thus distemper'd? Who is it?

Sub. All arts have still had, Sir, their adversaries;

But ours the most ignorant. What now? [*Face returns.*

Face. 'Twas not my fault, Sir; she would speak with
you.

Sub. Would she, Sir? Follow me. [*Exit Sub.*

Mam. Stay, Lungs.

Face. I dare not, Sir.

Mam. How! Pray thee stay.

Face. She's mad, Sir, and sent hither—

Mam. Stay, man, what is she?

Face. A lord's sister, Sir.

He'll be mad too.

Mam. I warrant thee.

Why sent hither?

Face. Sir, to be cur'd.

Sur. Why rascal?

Face. Lo you. Here, Sir.

[*He goes out.*

Mam. 'Fore heaven, a *bradamante*, a brave piece.

Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy house! I'll be burnt else.

Mam. Oh, by this light, no do not wrong him. He's
Too scrupulous that way. It is his vice.

No, he's a rare physician, do him right,

An excellent Paracelsian, and has done

Strange cure with mineral physick. He deals

With spirits, he. He will not hear a word

Of Galen or his tedious recipe's.

Enter Face.

How now, Lungs!

Face. Softly, Sir, speak softly. I meant
To have told your worship all. This must not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

Face. Y'are very right, Sir, she is a most rare scholar,

And

And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.

If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,

She falls into her fit, and will discourse

So learnedly of genealogies,

As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.

Mam. How might one do t'have conference with her,
Lungs?

Face. Oh, divers have run mad upon the conference.

I do not know, Sir: I am sent in haste,

To fetch a viol.

[*Exit.*]

Sur. Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.

Mam. Wherein? Pray you, be patient.

Sur. Yes, as you are.

And trust confederate knaves, and whores.

Mam. You are too fast, Sir.

Face. Oh, how angry that you saw her, Sir.

Mam. [*Gives him money.*] What is she
angry for?

Face. Oh, the most affablest creature, Sir! so merry!

So pleasant! she'll moult you up, like quick-silver,

Over the helm; and circulate, like oil,

A very vegeral: discourse of state,

Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing——

Mam. Is she no ways accessible? No means,

No trick to give a man a taste of her——wit——

Or so?

[*Sub. within.*] *Urra.*

Face. I'll come to you again, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Mam. Surly, I did not think one of your breeding
would be so topages of worth.

Sur. Oh, Sir Mammon,

You are still, yet, still, loth to be gull'd.

Oh, Sir, she'll give you philosophical bawds.

Oh, Sir, she'll give you enough to pay for,

Oh, Sir, she'll give you

Oh, Sir, she'll give you abuse yourself.

Oh, Sir, she'll give you and her friends, and means,

Oh, Sir, she'll give you the original of this disaster. Her brother

Has told me all.

Sur.

Sur. And yet you never saw her
Till now?

Mam. Oh, yes! but I forgot: I have, believe it,
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.

Sur. What call you her brother?

Mam. My Lord——

He will not have his name known, now I think on't.

Sur. A very treacherous memory!

Mam. O' my faith!

Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.

Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true:
He's one I honour, and my noble friend,
And I respect his house.

Sur. Heart! can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise Sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own oaths and arguments, make hard means
To gull himself? 'An this be your mixir,
' Your *lapis mineralis*, and your *lunary*;
' Give me your honest trick yet at *primero*;
' I'll have gold before you,
' And with less danger of the quicksilver,
' Or the hot sulphur.'

Enter Face.

Face. Here's one from Captain Face, Sir, [*To Surly.*]
Desires you to meet him i' the Temple Church,
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.
Sir, if you please to quit us now, and come

[*He whispers Mammon.*]

Again within two hours, you shall have
My master busy examining o'the works;
And I will steal you in unto the party.
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say
You'll meet the Captain's worship?

Sur. Sir, I will.

[*Exit Face.*]

Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house;
' I'll swear it, were the Marshal here to thank me!
The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why 'tis the most authentic dealer
I' these commodities—The superintendent

To all the quainter traffickers in town.
 Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
 The subtleties of this dark labyrinth ;
 Which, if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,
 You'll give your poor friend leave, tho' no philosopher,
 To laugh ; for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

Enter Face.

Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

Sur. I will not, Sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.

[*Exit.*

Mam. I follow you, straight.

Face. But do so, good Sir, to avoid suspicion ;
 This gent' man has a parlous head."

Mam. But wilt thou, Ulan,

Be constant to thy promise ?

Face. As my life, Sir.

Mam. And thou shalt know what I am, and praise
 At day I am a philosopher.

Face. Oh, what a man !

And that you'll see, Sir, with the Stone,
 An empire, and a realm, a king of Bantam.

Mam. What thou do this ?

Face. Will I, Sir !

Mam. Lungs, my Lungs !

I love thee.

Face. Send your stuff, Sir, that my master
 May busy himself about projection.

Mam. Th' hast witch'd me, rogue ! Take, go.

Face. Your jack and all, Sir.

Mam. Thou art a villain—I will send my jack,
 And the weights too. ' Slave, I could bite thine ear.'
 Away ; thou dost not care for me.

Face. Not I, Sir.

Mam. I will burn to make thee, my good weasel ;
 Get thee a chain, and ha' thee twirl a chain
 With the best of the mermin of them all.

Face. I will, Sir, a count-palatine —

Mam. I will advance thee better ; no, nor faster.

[*Exit Mam.*

Eater

Enter Subtle and Dol.

Sub. Has he bit? Has he bit?

Face. And swallow'd too, my Subtle.

I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.

Sub. And shall we twitch him?

Face. Thorough both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, ' with which a man
' No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.'

Sub. Dol, my Lord What's'hum's sister, you must now
Bear yourself statelich.

Dol. Oh, let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my distance, laugh, and talk aloud:

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,

And be as rude as her woman.

Face. Well said, Samp. fine.

Sub. But will he send his andirons?

Face. His jack too;

And's iron shoeing-horn: I ha' spoket to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

Sub. Oh, Monsieur Caution, that will not be gul'd?

Face. Ay; if I can strike a fine hook into him, now.

The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.

Well, pray for me; I'll about it.

[*One knocks.*]

Sub. What, more gudgeons?

Dol, scout, scout; stay, Face, you must go to the door.

[*Exit Face.*]

Pray Heaven it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, Dol?

Dol. I know him not. He looks like an end of gold
and silver-man.

Sub. God's-so! 'tis he; he said he would send
What call you him?

The sanctified elder, that should deal

For Mammon's jack and andirons—Let him in—Stay,

And help me off with my gown—Away, a

Madam, to your withdrawing chamber.

In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.

This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me

About the Stone too; for the holy brethren

' Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints, that hope

To

- ' To raise their discipline by it.' I must use him
' In some strange fashion now, to make him admire me.'

Enter Face and Ananias.

Where is my drudge?

Face. Sir.

Sub. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your men true from the phlegma.
' Then pour it o' the sol, in the cucurbite,
And let them macerate together.

Face. Yes, Sir;
And save the ground?

Sub. No; *terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the work.
Who are you?

[*Exit Face.*

[*To Ananias.*

Ana. A faithful brother, if it please you.

Sub. What's that?

' A Lullianist, a Ripley, *filii artis*?

' Can you sublim' and dulcify? Calcine?

' Know you the *magister*? *Super fystic*?

O, what is homophony, or heterogene?

Ana. I understand no heathen language, truly.

Sub. Heathen, you knipper-doling! Is *ars sacra*,

' Or *chrysopeia*, or *spagyrica*,

' Or the pamphphysick or panarchick knowledge,

A heathen language?

Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.

Sub. How, heathen Greek!

Ana. All's heathen but the Hebrew.

Enter Face.

Sub. Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth, and speak to
Like a philosopher: answer i' the language, [him
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.

Face. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, adunition, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and

Exit Face.

Sub. This is heathen Greek to you now.

And when comes vivification?

Face. After mortification.

Sub. What's cohobation?

Face. 'Tis the pouring on

D

' Your

- ' Your *agua regis*, and then drawing him off,
 ' To the trine circle of the seven spheres.
 ' *Sub.* What's the proper passion of metals?
 ' *Face.* Malleation.
 ' *Sub.* What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?
 ' *Face.* Antimonium.
 ' *Sub.* This is heathen Greek to you. And what's
 your mercury?
 ' *Face.* A very fugitive; he will begone, Sir.
 ' *Sub.* How know you him?
 ' *Face.* By his viscidity.
 ' His oleosity, and his turcibility.
 ' *Sub.* How do you sublime him?
 ' *Face.* With the calce of egg shells.
 ' White marble, talc.
 ' *Sub.* Your *magisterium*, now?
 ' What's that?
 ' *Face.* Shifting, Sir, your elements, [dry.]
 ' Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into
 Ana. Oh, Oh! —————
 Sub. This is heathen Greek to you still. What is
 Your *lapis philosophicus*?
 Face. 'Tis a stone, and not
 A stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body;
 Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolved;
 If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
 If you make it to fly, it fleeth.
 Sub. Enough. [Exit Face.]
 This is heathen Greek to you —
 What are you, Sir?
 Ana. Please you, a servant of the exil'd brethren,
 That deal with widows and with orphans' goods,
 And make a just account unto the saints;
 A deacon.
 Sub. Oh, you are sent from Master Wholsome,
 Your teacher?
 Ana. From Tribulation Wholsome,
 Our very zealous pastor.
 Sub. Good. I have
 Some orphans' goods to come here.
 Ana. Of what kind, Sir?
 Sub. Pewter and brass, andirons, and kitchen-ware;

Metals that we must use our med'cine on ;
Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth,
For ready money.

' *Ana.* Were the orphans' parents

' Sincere professors ?

' *Sub.* Why do you ask ?

' *Ana.* Because

' We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)

' Their utmost value.

' *Sub.* 'Till you'd cozen else,

' An if their parents were not of the faithful.

' I will not trust you, now I think on't,

' 'Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor.' 'Ha' you brought
To buy more coals ? [money

Ana. No, Sir,

Sub. No ! How so ?

Ana. The brethren bid me say thus you, Sir,
Surely, there will be venture shy more,
'Till they may see prof'ction.

' *Sub.* How !

Ana. You have said

For the instruments, bricks, and loam, and glasses,

Already thirty pounds ; and for materials,

They say, some ninety more : and they have heard since,

That one at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,

And a small paper of pin dust.

Sub. What's your name ?

Ana. My name is Ananias.

Sub. Our, the varlet

That cozen'd the apoules ! Hence, away,

Flee, mischief ! ' Had your holy consistory

No name to send me of another sound

Than wicked Ananias ? Send your elders

Flower, to make atonement for you, quickly,

And gi' me satisfaction ; or out goes

The fire, and down th' alembicks, and the furnace,

'Till you see, or what not. Thou wretch,

'Till thou art and Bubo shall be lost,

'Till thou art ! All hope of rooting out the bishops,

' Or th' unchristian hierarchy, shall perish,'

Is they say threescore minutes. The aquicity,

'Till thou art and sulphureity,

Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias. [Exit Ananias.]

This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an appetite.

Enter Face and Druggier.

Face. H'is busy with his spirits ; but we'll upon him.

Drug. Where are they ?

Face. Hush !

Sub. How now ? What mates, what baiards ha' we here ?

Face. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab,
Has brought y' another piece of gold to look on.

(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,
You would devise—What is it, Nab ?

Drug. A sign, Sir.

Face. Ay, a good lucky one ; a thrivin' sign, Doctor.

Sub. I was devilin' now.

Face. 'Slight, do not say so ;

He will repent he gave you any more. [Aside to Sub.]

What say you to his constellation, Doctor ?

The Balance ?

Sub. No, that way is stale and common.

A townsman, born in Taurus, gives the bull,

Or the bull's head In Aries, the ram ;

A poor device, Come hither, Abel.

No, I will have his name

Form'd in some mystic character, whose radii,

Striking the senses of the passers-by,

Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,

That may result upon the party owns it :—

As thus——

Drug. I don't understand it.

Face. Nab !

Sub. He shall have a bell, that's Abel.

Drug. And so it is.

Sub. And by it standing one whose name is D
In a rug gown ; there's D, and Rug, that's Drug ;
And right anent him a dog snarling er ;
There's Druggier, Abel Druggier.

Drug. My name !

Sub. That's his sign.

And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic !

Abel, thou art made.

I do thank his worship.

Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.

It got there, Nab?

Yes. A pipe of tobacco.

Face. A pipe of tobacco! Give it me.

He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, Doctor.

Drug. Yes, Sir—Captain Face, Captain Face, your

Face. What dost say, Nab? [worship.

Drug. I have another thing I would impart—

Face. Out with it, Nab.

Drug. Sir, there is lodg'd hard by me,

A rich young widow—

Face. Good; a *bona roba*!

Drug. But nineteen at the most.

Face. Very good, Abel.

Drug. She is a goodly creature in fashion; yet; she wears

A hood, and a wide cap.

Face. Good, good, Abel.

Drug. I will do so, and then give her a *fucus*.—

Face. What? do what, Nab?

Sub. I will tell you, Captain.

Drug. I will tell you, sometimes, Sir; for which she
thanks me.

With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose

To learn the fashion.

Face. Good; on, Nab.

Drug. And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

Face. God'llid, Nab, send her to the Doctor hither.

Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship already;

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,

And hurt her marriage.

Face. Hurt it! 'Tis the way

To heal it; if 'twere hurt; to make it more

Follow'd and sought. Nab, thou shalt tell her this:

She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows

Are not of any price till they be famous.

That is the multitude of suitors.

Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What,

you dost not know?

Drug. No, Sir, she'll never marry

For a knight. Her brother has made a vow.

Face. What, and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the Doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd?

'One gla's o' thy water, with a Madam, I know
'Will have it done,' Nab. What's her brother? A
knight?

Drug. No, Sir, a gentleman, newly warm in his land,
Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty, that does govern [Sir.
His sister here, and is a man himself
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the country,
When he can't live any longer here.

Face. How! to quarrel?

Drug. Yes, Sir, to carry quarrels
As gallants do; to manage *thee.*

Face. 'Slid, Nab, the Doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him.

Drug. *Is he?*

Face. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels.

Drug. *Has he?*

Face. He will give him
An instrument to quarrel by.

Drug. *Will he?*

Face. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his sister. And for thee, with her
The Doctor haply may persuade. Go to.
Sha't give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premisses.

Sub. Oh, good Captain——

Face. He shall:
He is the honestest fellow, Doctor——Stay not;
No offers; bring the damask and the parties.

Drug. I'll try my power, Sir.

Face. And thy will too, Nab.

Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this. What is't a pound?

Drug. I'll sell your worship a hog'shead of it.

Face. He'll send you a hog'shead, Doctor.

[*Abel runs out, and Face brings him back.*

Sub. Oh, no!

Doc. He will do't:

Face. The goodest soul — Abel, about it.

Doc. Thou shalt know more anon. Away, begone.

Doc. I'll give him a pound. — I'll give him two pound. [Exit.]

Face. A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a medicine for them.

Sub. And shall, Sir. 'Tis his works.

Face. A wife, a wife for one of us, my dear Subtle;
We'll e'en draw lots, 'and he that fails shall have
'The more in goods, the other has in tail.'
But Dol must ha' no breath on't.

Sub. Mum.

Away you to your Surly. Whil'ey; catch him.

Face. Pray heaven, I ha' not stay'd too long.

Sub. I fear it. [Exeunt.]

End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

Enter Tribulation and Ananias.

TRIBULATION.

THESE chastisements are common to the saints;
And such rebukes we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ana. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man. He is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

Trib. I think him a profane person, indeed.

Ana. He bears

'The visible mark of the beast in his forehead,

'And his name, it is a work of darkness,

'Which philosophy blinds the eyes of man.

Trib. Good brother, we must bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause

'Should have a sanctified course.

Trib.

Trib. Not always necessary :

- The children of perdition are oft-times
- Made instruments even of the greatest works.
- Beside we should give somewhat to man's nature,
- The place he lives in, still about the fire,
- And fume of metals, that intoxicate
- The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
- Where have you greater atheists than your cooks ?
- Or more profane, or choleric, than your glassmen ?
- More antichristian than your bell-founders ?
- What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
- Satan, our common enemy, but his being
- Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
- Brimstone and arsenick ?
- You did ill to upbraid him
- With the brethrens' blessing of Heidelberg, weighing
- What need we have to hasten on the work,
- For the restoring of the silenc'd saints,
- Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone :
- And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
- Assured me.

- *Ana.* I have not edified more, truly, by man,
- Not since the beautiful light first shone on me.
- And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.'

Tri. Let us call on him then.

Ana. The motion's good,

And of the spirit ; I will knock first. Peace be within.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. Oh, are you come ? 'Twas time. Your three-score minutes

Were at the last thread, you see, ' and down had gone

- *Furnus accedie, turris circulatorius :*
- Lembeck, bolts-head, retort, and pellicane
- Had all been cinders.' Wicked Ananias !

Art thou return'd ? Nay, then it goes down yet.

Trib. Sir, be appeased ; he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.

Sub. Why, this doth qualify.

Trib. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance ; but are ready

To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.

Sub. This qualifies more.

Trib. And for the orphans' goods, let them be valu'd,
Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be number'd. Here, by me, the saints
Throw down their purse before you.

Sub. This qualifies most!

Why, thus it should be; now you understand.

Have I discoursed so unto you of our Stone,

And of the good that it shall bring your cause?

Shew'd you,

That even the medicinal use should make you a faction

And party in the realm? As for the case

That some great men in state, be plagued the gout;

Why, you have found three drops of your elixir,

You have made three friends of your elixir.

You have made three friends of your elixir,

You have made three friends of your elixir,

You have made three friends of your elixir.

You have made three friends of your elixir,

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You have made three friends of your elixir,

You have made three friends of your elixir,

You have made three friends of your elixir,

You have made three friends of your elixir,

Trib.

Trib. Ananias.

Ana. Please the profane, to grieve the god!

Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, Sir :
But, truly, else, a very faithful brother ;
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

Sub. Has he a competent sum there i' the bag,
To buy the goods within ? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity and conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphans :
' Tho' I desire the brethren too, good gainers.'
There they are within. When you have view'd and
And ta'en the inventory of what they are, [bought 'em,
They are ready for projection ; there's no more
To do ; cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll gi't you in by weight.

Trib. But how long time,

' Sir, must the saints expect yet ?

Sub. Let me see——

' How's the moon now ? Eight, nine, ten days hence,
' He will be silver potato ; then three days
' Before he citronise : some fifteen days
' The *magisterium* will be perfected.

Ana. About the second day of the third week
' In the ninth month ?

Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.' [you ?

Trib. What will the orphans' goods arise to, think

Sub. Some hundred marks ; as much as fill'd three cars
Unladen now ; you'll make six millions of them.
But I must ha' more coals laid in.

Trib. How !

Sub. Another load,

' And then we have finish'd. We must now increate
' Our fire to *ignis ardens* ; we are past
' *Fimus equinus, balnei cineris*,
' And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
' Should with this draught fall low,' and that the saints
Do need a present sum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter you shall buy now, instantly ;

Add

tincture make you as good Dutch dollars
in Holland.

Do you so?

Sub. Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.

Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

Sub. But you must carry it secret.

Trib. Ay; but stay:

This act of coining, is it lawful?

Ana. Lawful!

We know no magistrate; or if we did,

This's foreign coin.

Sub. It is no coining, Sir;

It is but casting.

Trib. Ha! you distinguish well;

Casting of money may be lawful.

Ana. 'Tis, Sir.

Trib. Truly, I take it so.

Sub. There is no forcing.

So, to be made of it, believe Ananias;

The sale of goods that he is studied in.

And you, my brethren,

Do you doubt lawful, doubt not.

For that we'll talk anon.

[*Knock without.*

There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,

And view the papers. That's the inventory.

I'll come to you straight. [*Exit Trib. and Ana.*] Who
is it? Face! *Appear.*

Enter Face.

How now? Good Prize?

Face. Good pox! Yond' costive cheater
Never came on.

Sub. How then?

Face. I ha' walk'd the round

Till now, and no such thing.

Sub. And ha' you quit him?

[*happy.*

Quit him? an' hell would quit him too, he were

Could you have me stalk like a mill-jade

That will not yield us grains?

Of old.

But to ha' gull'd him,

Ha! mastery.

Face.

Face. Let him go, black boy!
 And turn thee, that some fresh news may poss—
 A noble Count, a Don of Spain,
 Furnish'd with pistolets and pieces of eight,
 Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
 (That is the colour) and to make his batt'ry
 Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,
 Our Dover-pier, our what thou wilt.
 Where is the doxy?

Sub. I will send her to thee;
 And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,
 And come again myself.

Face. Are they within then?

Sub. Numb'ring the sum.

Face. How much?

Sub. A hundred marks, boy.

[Exit

Face. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of Mam-
 Three o' my clerk; a portague o' my grocer; [mon;
 This o' the brethren; beside reversions,
 And 'states to come i' the widow, and my Count.
 My share to-day will not be bought for forty—

Enter Dol.

Dol. What?

Face. Pounds, dainty Dorothy—Art thou so near

Dol. Yes—Say, Lord General, how fares our camp?

Face. This dear hour

A dainty Don is taken with my Dol;

And thou may'st make his ransom what thou wilt,
 My Doufabel.

Dol. What is he, General?

Face. An *Adalantado*,

A *Grande*, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

Dol. No.

Face. Nor my Druggier?

Dol. Neither.

Face. A pox on them!

They are so long a furnishing!

Enter Subtle.

How now? Ha' you done?

Sub. Done! They are gone. The sum
 Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
 Another chapman now would buy 'em out-right.

'Slid, Nab shall do't against he ha' the widow,
In household.

Sub. Excellent well thought on.

Face. Heaven he come.

Face. I pray he keep away,
Till our new business be o'erpast.

Sub. But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret Don?

Face. A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly, 'I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
'Is famous, Subtle, by my means. *Sub.* Dol,
'You must go tunc your virginity, to being
'O' the least time. And do you hear? His great
Ventingallus has now a great deal more
To say to the world, and he'll say it, my Gully;
He'll take care to be heard, much, much more,
And you must be ready to have him to guide,
[*One knocks.*

Face. It is the hour.

Face. I'll be ready.

Sub. Dapper,

Your clerk.

Face. God's will! I'll be Queen of Fairy,
On with your ring and, Doctor, with your robes.
Let's dispatch him, for God's sake.

Sub. I will be long.

Face. I warrant you; take but the cues I give you,
It shall be long enough. 'Slight, here are more!

Abel, and, I think, the angry boy, the heir,
That fair widow's parcel.

Sub. The widow?

Face. Away.

[*Exeunt Sub. and Dol.*

Face. Welcome!

Face. Dapper, Druggier, and Kastril.

Face. Doctor is within, moving for you.

Face. I have had the most ado to win him to it.

Face. He says you'll be the darling of the dice.

Face. I never heard her Highness doat till now, he says:

E

Your

- Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious
- That can be thought on.'

Dap. Shall I see her Grace?

Face. See her, and kiss her too—What, honest Nab!

Hast brought the damask?

Drug. No, Sir, here's tobacco. [too]

Face. 'Tis well done, Nab. Thou'lt bring the damask

Drug. Yes. Here's the gentleman, Captain; Master
I have brought to see the Doctor. [Kastril,

Face. Where's the widow? [Whispers.

Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister (he says) shall come.

Face. Oh, is it so?

Drug. I'll introduce him. Master Kastril, Captain Face.

Face. Good time. Is your name Kastril, Sir?

Kaf. Ay, and the best of the Kastrils; I'd be sorry else,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the Doctor?

My mind tells me here, tells me of one

That can do things. Has he any skill?

Face. Wherein, Sir?

Kaf. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms.

Face. It seems, Sir, y'are but young
About the town, that can make that a question

Kaf. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys, and seen them take tobacco,

And in his ship; and I can take it too:

And I would ruin be one of them, and go down
And practise i' the country.

Face. Sir, for the doctor,

The Doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair; and then, rules
To give and take the lie by.

Kaf. How! to take it?

Face. Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle,
But never in direct. • The whole town

• Study his reasons, and dispute them ordinarily

• At the eating academies.

• And how does he teach

• Living by the wits too?

• *Face.* Any thing whatever.

• You cannot think that subtilty but he reads it.

• He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,

Face. How should I know it?

Drug. In troth, I'll tell you the whole st.
We had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach——

Face. And he has no head——

Drug. No, I have no head. [sic]

Face. To bear any wine: for what with the noise of the
And care of his shop; for he dares keep no servant——

Drug. My head did so ach——

Face. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good old woman——

Drug. (Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane) did cure
With soddeo ale, and pellitory o' the wall; [me
Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness,
Was worse than that——

Face. Ay, that was the grief
Thou took'st for being 'fess'd at eighteen-pence,
For the water-work.

Drug. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.

Face. Thy hair went off.

Drug. Yes, and it has never been very good since
'Twas done for spite.

Face. Nay, so says the D

Kas. Pray tnee, tobacco- h my fuller;
I'll see this learned boy before I go;
And so shall she.

Face. Sir, he is husy now;
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;
And he by that time will be free.

Kas. I go.

Face. Druggier, she's thine—the damask. [Ex. Drug.
and Kasiril] Subtle and I
Must wrestle for her. [Alas.] Come on, Master Denper;
You see how I turn clients here away,
'To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you pe.
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

Drug. Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.

Face. 'Tis well; that shirt may do you

More

hip than you think. ' Your aunt's a-fire,
 she will not shew ir, t' have a fight o' you.
 provided for her Grace's servants?

Dap. Yes, here are six-score Edward's shillings.

Face. Good.

Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.

Face. Very good.

Dap. And three James's shillings, and an Elizabeth
 just twenty nobles. [groat;

Face. Oh, you are too just!

I would you had the other noble in Mary's.

Dap. I have four Philip and Mary's.

Face. Ay, those same.

Are bell as all. Where are they? Hark! our Doctor.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. Is not her Grace's coach come?

Face. Yes, it is.

Sub. And is he within?

Face. Yes.

Sub. And how is he?

Face. He is well, you may tell.

Sub. This.

Face. And is he not?

Sub. If you have seen him.

Face. I have.

Sub. Then, I will go in.

Hoping that he will be so.

As he was wont to be, I try.

By me, this is the person of your

which they be so much upon, the doth importune,

And though I have seen her be her petticoat,

the Queen doth note:

that a piece she has sent,

wrap him in was rent;

for a scarf he now will wear it

love as then her Grace did tear it)

to shew he is fortunate.

[*They blind him with a rag.*

unto her to make his state,

.. thre .. away all worldly pelf about him;

ich that he will perform she doth not doubt him.

E 3

Face

Face. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he's
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her Grace's word (throw away your purse.)
As she would ask it. ('Handkerchiefs and all.')

She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal at your wrist: her Grace will send
Her fairies here to search you; therefore deal
Directly with her highness. If they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

[He shows away, as they bid him.]

Dap. Truly, there's all.

Face. All what?

Dap. My money, truly.

Face. Keep nothing that 's transitory about you.

Look, the elves are come

To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

Dap. Oh, I have a paper with a spur-ryalin't.

Face. 'Ti, ti.

They knew it, they say.

Sub. 'Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more yet.

Face. 'Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the other pocket:

Dap. Oh, Oh.

Face. Nay, pray you hold. He is her Grace's ne-
phew.

'Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.

Deal plainly, Sir, and shame the fairies. Shew

'You are an innocent.'

Dap. By this good light, I ha' nothing

But a half-crown

Of gold, about my wrist, that my love gave me;

And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook me.

Face. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns,
You may wear your leaden heart still. *[Aside.]* Hark you.

Enter Dol.

Sub. What news, Dol?

Dol. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.

Face. God's lid, we never thought of him till
Where is he?

Dol. Here, hard by. He's at the door.

Sub. And you are not ready now.

Dol. He must be sent back.

Face. Oh, by no means.

What shall we do with this same puffing here,

Now he's o' the spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device. Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti. Would her Grace
speak with me? [Knock.

I come. Help, Dol.

Face. Who's there? Sir Epicure.

[He speaks through the hole, the other knocking.

My master's i' the way. I must go to work.

Three or four turns, but tell him back he must.

And I am for you. [Exit Dol.

Sub. Her Grace

Commends her love to you, and her desires.

Dap. I am in the way, Grace.

Sub. She now is in

And now she is in the way, and she has sent you
A dead mouse, and she says, 'Be merry withal,
And say you must not fast with fasting:
Yet if you could but get off the law you (she says)
It would be better for you.'

Face. Sir, hold on.

Hold on, and let us see the way home, for her highness;
I can assure you she will not lose
All her fat days.

Sub. He must go too, not speak

To any body, or then.

Face. I will go, Sir,

And I will go.

He that hath pleas'd her Grace
Shall not now crinkle for a little.

Let him sit you.

Shall we now

Go to the privy.

Come along, Sir,
Must show you fortune's privy lodgings.

Face.

Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

Sub. All.

Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

'Face. Sir Epicure, I am yours, Sir, by and by.'

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Face and Mammon meet.

FACE.

OH, Sir, yo'are come i' the only finest time.

Mam. Where's master?

Face. Now preparing for projection, Sir.

Your stuff will be all chang'd shortly.

Mam. Into gold?

Face. To gold and silver, Sir.

Mam. Silver I care not for.

Face. Yes, Sir, a little to give beggars.

Mam. Where's the lady?

Face. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave things
o'you,

Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit—

Mam. Hast thou?

Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.

But, good Sir, no divinity i' your conference,

For fear of putting her in rage—

Mam. I warrant thee.

'Face. Six men will not hold her down. And then

'If the old man should hear or see you.'

Mam. Fear not.

Face. The very house, Sir, would run mad. You know
How scrupulous he is, and violent

'Gainst the least act of sin. 'Phyfic, or mathematics,

'Poetry, state, or bawd'ry, (as I told you)

'She will endure, and never startle: but

'No word of controversy.'

Mam. I am school'd, good *Utra*.

Face. And you must praise her house,
And her nobility.

Mam. Let me alone;

No herald, nor no antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.

Face. Why, this is yet
‘ A kind of modern happiness, to have
‘ Dol Common for a great lady. [*Afile and exit.*
‘ *Mam.* Now, Epicure,
‘ Heighten thyself, talk to her, all in gold;
‘ Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
‘ Unto his Danae; shew the god a miser,
‘ Compar’d with Mammon. What, the Stone will do’t.
‘ She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold;
‘ Nay, we will *concumbers* gold. I will be puissant,
‘ And mighty in my talk to her.’

Enter Dol.

Here Dol enters.

Face. To him, Dol, *Chickadee!* This is the noble
knight

I told you, Lady. [*Exit Face.*

Mam. Madam, *Chickadee!*

Dol. Madam, *Chickadee!*

Face. *Chickadee!*

Mam. *Chickadee!* May I up to you, Sir.

Mam. I beseech you, let your brother be in health, Lady.

Dol. My Lady, *Chickadee!* There is, though I no lady, Sir.

Face. *Chickadee!* Guiny bird.

Mam. *Chickadee!* *Madam*——

Face. *Chickadee!* We will have most fierce idolatry.

Mam. *Chickadee!* Your presence.

Dol. *Chickadee!* Your presence.

Mam. *Chickadee!* There is, else t’ enlarge your virtues

Face. *Chickadee!*

These virtues *Chickadee!* your breeding, and your blood.

Dol. *Chickadee!* *Chickadee!* Sir; a poor baron’s daughter.

Face. *Chickadee!* *Chickadee!* gat you? Profane nut. Had your

Mam. *Chickadee!* *Chickadee!* my remnant of his life [*father*

Face. *Chickadee!*

Mam. *Chickadee!* enough to make himself, ‘ his issue,’

Face. *Chickadee!* *Chickadee!* noble.

Mam. *Chickadee!* *Chickadee!* in, and laugh.’

Face. *Chickadee!* *Chickadee!* Madam, let me be particular——

Mam. *Chickadee!* *Chickadee!* particular, Sir? I pray you, know your distance.

Face. *Chickadee!* *Chickadee!* In no ill sense, sweet Lady, but to ask

How

How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
 You're lodg'd here, i' the house of a rare man,
 An excellent artist; but what's that to you?

Dol. Yes, Sir, I study here the mathematics,
 And distillation.

Mam. Oh, I cry you pardon.
 He's a divine instructor.

Dol. Ay, and for his physick, Sir——

Mam. Above the art of *Æsculapius*,
 That drew the envy of the thunderer!
 I know all this, and more.

Dol. Troth, I am taken, Sir,
 Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.

Mam. It is a noble humour: but this form
 Was not intended to so dark a use.
 I muse, my lord your brother will permit it!
 You should spend ~~that~~ my land first, were I he.
 Does not this diamond better on my finger
 Than i' the quarry?

Dol. Yes.

Mam. Why, you are like it.
 You were created, Lady, for the light!
 Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
 Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In chains of Adamant?

Mam. Yes, the strongest bands.
 And take a secret too: here, by your side,
 Dorth stand, this hour, the happiest man in Europe.

Dol. You are contented, Sir?

Mam. Nay, in true being,
 The envy of princes, and the fear of states.

Dol. Say you so, Sir Epicure!

Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
 Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
 Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
 Above all siles.

Dol. You mean no treason, Sir?

Mam. No; I will take away that jealousy.
 I am the lord of the philosopher's stone,
 And thou the lady.

Dol. How, Sir! ha' you that?

Mam. I am the master of the mastery.

‘Tis he the good old wretch here o’ the house
That made it for us: now he’s at projection.

‘Think therefore thy first wish now; let me hear it;
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataraets, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.

Dol. ‘I could well consent, Sir,

‘But, in a monarchy, how will this be?

‘The prince will soon take notice, and both seize

‘You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit

‘For any private subject.

‘*Mam.* ‘Tis no idle feat:

‘We’ll therefore go with all, my child, and live

‘In a free state, where we will cut our own throats

‘Some in high-country wars, ‘tween phœnix eggs,

‘And hang our cockles wild in silver shells.

‘Our Ornaments will stain, as rich as a fir’d,

‘To make our bodies of a diamond’s make.

‘Wherefore wouldst thou be a Jew, and with these

‘Heads of men, that are the heads of the Jews,

‘And live as slaves, and sell your own souls?

‘Our Wars will bring us to the elixir,

‘And to a certainty of immortality.’

Face. ‘Sir, you’ve said all that I hear you every word
Into the laboratory, and have said

The garden, of your chamber above. How like you her?

Mam. ‘Sweetest, I like it. There’s for thee.

[*Gives Money.*

Face. ‘Dol, do you hear?

‘Good Sir, leave me no notion of the Rabbins.

Mam. ‘We shall not see him. [*Ex. Mam. & Dol.*

Face. ‘Oh, it is well, Sir.’ Subtle!

Enter Subtle.

‘Did you not laugh?

‘Yes, Sir. Are they gone?

‘Yes, Sir.

‘And when will he come.

‘And your quarrelling disciple?

‘I will to my captainship again then.

‘Stay, bring ‘em in first.

Face.

Face. So I meant. What is she?
A bonny belle?

Sub. I know not.

Face. We'll draw lots.
You'll stand to that?

Sub. What else?

To the door, man.

Face. You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the nostrils.

Enter Kasfil and Pliant.

Face. Who would you speak with?

Kasf. Where's the captain?

Face. Gone, Sir,
About some business.

Kasf. Gone!

Face. He'll return straight.

But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my *Terra Fili*,
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches.

Welcome: I know thy lust, and thy desires,

And I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin.

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in his line;

Here is my center: Ground thy quarrel.

Kasf. You lie?

Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie!
For what, my sudden boy?

Kasf. Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand.

Sub. O, this's no true grammar,
And as ill logick! You must render caution, child,
Your first and second intentions, know your canons,
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,
And ha' your elements perfect——

Kasf. What is this
The angry tongue he talks in?

Sub. That false precept
Of being afore hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter quarrels, oftentimes,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their wills?

Kasf. How must I do then, Sir?

Sub.

THE ALCHEMIST. 61

Sub. I cry this Lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted

Kaf. Go and kiss her.

Sub. I do call you Lady,
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft and buxom widow [Kisses her.]

Kaf. Is she, i' faith?

Sub. Yes, or my heart is an egregious liar.

Kaf. How know you?

Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtinty of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgment. 'Slight she melts.' [He kisses her.]

Kaf. Kiss her again. [He kisses her again.]

Sub. 'Like a Myrabolane!' He has got a line,
In *rivo frontis*, tells me, he is no knight.

Pli. What is he then, Sir?

Sub. Let me be your coachman.

Oh, you shall have him, and much more than that.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

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He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

He is a gentleman, and a scholar, and a knight.

Sub.

62 THE ALCHEMIST.

Sub. Why have 'em up, and shew 'em
Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

Face. 'Fore god,

She is a delicate dab-chick ! I must have her. [*Exit.*]

Sub. Must you ? Ay, if your fortune will, you must.
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us presently :
I'll have you to my chamber of Demonstrations,
Where I'll shew you my instrument,
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you
Able to quarrel, at a straw's breadth by moon-light.
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight,
Against you see your fortune ; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Face.

Face. Where are you, Doctor ?

Sub. [*within.*] I'll come to you presently.

Face. I will ha' this same widow, now I ha' seen her,
On any composition.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. What do you say ?

Face. Ha' you dispos'd of them.

Sub. I ha' sent them up.

Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

Sub. Is that the matter ?

Face. Nay, but hear me.

Sub. Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all.
Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

Face. Nay, thou art so violent now——but conceive.
'Thou art old, and canst not serve——

Sub. Who, cannot I ?

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a——'

Face. Nay,

But understand : I'll give you composition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee. What, sell my fortune ?
'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murder,
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble,
Knows it directly.

Face. Well, Sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state ?

Sub. I follow you, Sir. We must keep Face in awe,

THE ALCHEMYST.

63

Or he will overlook us like a tyrant.

[Aside]

Brain of a taylor! Who comes here? Don John?

Enter Surly like a Spaniard.

Sur. Senhores, bese las manos, a vuestras mercedes.

Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kiss'd our

Face. Peace, Subtle.

[Leaves.]

Sub. Stub me; I shall never hold, man.

• He looks in that deep rust, like a head in platter,

• Serv'd in by a short cloak upon two treffils.

Face. Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down

• Heath the fault, and wring'd with a knife?

*Sur. Your beauty, yellow, pale, and sick is well-
come.*

Sur. Greetings.

Sub. He speaks out of a taylor's shop.

May god, he'll be fault in our shop.

Sur. Do not, for you are a taylor's shop.

How much more you are a taylor's shop.

Sub. You are a taylor's shop.

Sur. You are a taylor's shop, and you are a taylor's shop.

Sub. You are a taylor's shop, and you are a taylor's shop.

Sur. You are a taylor's shop, and you are a taylor's shop.

Face. Cozen's

My name is Cozen's.

Sur. Cozen's.

Sub. Cozen's, and you are a taylor's shop.

Sur. Cozen's, and you are a taylor's shop.

Sub. Cozen's, and you are a taylor's shop.

Sur. Cozen's, and you are a taylor's shop.

Sub. Cozen's, and you are a taylor's shop.

Sur. Cozen's, and you are a taylor's shop.

Face. 'Shd, Subtle, how shall we do?

Sub. For what?

Face. Why Don't employ'd, you know.

Sub. That's true.

Face. I know not:

Sub. I will not be troubled.

Face. Common! in no case.

Sub. You must be sudden.

F 2

Sur.

Sur. *Entienao, qua la'sennora es tan hermosa, que e tan a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*

Face. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind, o' the widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to't? Ha!

And tell her it is her fortune? 'All our venture

'Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,

'Which on's chance to have her: and beside

'I here is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.

'What dost thou think on't, Subtle.

'Sub. Who, I, why?

'Face. The credit of our house too is engag'd.

'Sub. You made me an offer for my share ere-while,

'What wilt thou gi' me, i'faith?

'Face. Oh, by that light

'I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.

'E'en take your lot, obey your chance, Sir; win her,

'And wear her out for me.

'Sur. *Sennores por que se tarda tanta?*

'Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

'Face. That's now no reason, Sir.

'Sur. *Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.*

'Face. You hear the D-- too? By this air, I call,
And loose the hinges: Dol.

'Sub. A plague of hell—

'Face. Will you then do?

'Sub. You are a terrible rogue;

'I'll think of this. Will you, Sir, call the widow?

'Face. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her faults,

'Now I do think on't better.

'Sub. With all my heart, Sir;

'Am I discharg'd o' the lot?

'Face. As you please.

'Sub. Hands.

'Face. Remember now, that upon any change,

'You never claim her.

'Sub. Much good joy, and health to you, Sir.

'Marry a whore? Fate, let me wed a witch first.

'Sur. *Por estas honradas barbas—*

Sur. 'He swears by his beard.'

Dispatch, and call her brother too.

[Exit Face,
Sur.

Some. *Tiengo, dada, senores,*
que no me hagan alguna traycion.

Sub. How, issue on? Yes, *præsto, senor.* Please you
Enbratha the *Chambrata*, worthy Don?
 Where if you please the Fates, in your *Rathada*,
 You shall be soak'd, and stroak'd, and rubb'd, and rubb'd,
 And scrubb'd, and rubb'd, dear Don, before you go.
 You shall, in faith, my scurvy baboon Don,
 Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and raw'd, indeed.

[*Exit Surly.*]

I will the heartier go about it now,
 And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
 To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:
 The quickly doing of it is the grace.

Enter Face, the Countess, and Plots.

Face. Come, Lady: I have the doter I would not leave,
 Till he had found the very root of her complaint.

Kaf. To be a Countess, say you? *And what countess,*
Sir?

Face. Why, I have found a Spanish countess?

Face. What? *And what question, lady?*

Face. I have found a Spanish countess.

Face. My dear Countess,

(*For to I have found a Spanish countess*)

Face. I have found a Spanish countess.

Face. I have found a Spanish countess.

Face. I have found a Spanish countess.

Face. I have found a Spanish countess.

Face. I have found a Spanish countess, here, that she shall be
 A Spanish countess, Sir; a Spanish countess.

Face. Will, my worshipful Captain, you can keep

Face. Will, my worshipful Captain, you can keep

Face. Will, my worshipful Captain, you can keep

Face. Will, my worshipful Captain, you can keep

Face. Will, my worshipful Captain, you can keep

Face. Will, my worshipful Captain, you can keep

Face. Will, my worshipful Captain, you can keep

Face. Will, my worshipful Captain, you can keep

Face. Will, my worshipful Captain, you can keep

Pl. Sever sin' eighty-eight could I abide them,

And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable.

Kasf. Gods'lid you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

Pli. Why?

I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.

Kasf. Do,

Or by this hand you are not my sister,

If you refuse.

Pli. I will not refuse, brother.

Enter Surly.

Sur. *Que es esto, señores, que non se venga?*

Esta tardanza me mata?

Face. It is the Count come.

The Doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

Sub. *En gallanta Madama, Don! guilantissima!*

Sur. *Por todos los dioses, se mas acabada*

Humorada, que he visto en mi vida!

Face. Is't not a gallant language that they speak?

Kasf. An admirable language! Is't not French?

Face. No, Spanish, Sir.

Kasf. It goes like law-French;

And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

Face. List, Sir.

Sur. *Falsa me dios.*

Face. He admires your sister.

Kasf. Must not she make a curtsy?

Sub. Od's will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!

It is the Spanish fashion for the women

To make first court. Sir?

Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*

Kasf. Nay, see; she will not understand him! Gull!
Noddy!

Pli. What say you, brother?

Kasf. Afs, my siller!

Go kiss him, as the cunning man would ha' you;

I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.

Face. Oh, no, Sir.

Sur. *Sennora, si sera servida, entremuse.*

Kasf. Where does he carry her?

[Exeunt Sur. and Plyant]

Face. Into the garden, Sir;

Take you no thought; I must interpret for her.

Some. Give Dol the word. [*Exit Face.*] Come, my fierce child, advance.

We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

Kaf. Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

Sub. Nay, by this means, Sir, you shall be brother

To a great count.

Kaf. Ay, I knew that at first.

This word will advance the house of the Kastrils.

Sub. Nay, God your sister prove but pliant.

Kaf. Why?

For she is, by her other husband.

Sub. How?

Kaf. The widow Plant. Know you not that?

Sub. No, look you.

Yes, by the way, her figure, I should think

Like you, I should think.

Sub. Let's go to bed.

Kaf. Yes, but do you Plant, Dear,

Let's talk of your will.

Sub. I instruct you.

Kaf. Do you, my dear.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE. *An Apartment.*

Enter Dol and Mammon.

Dol. Forgive me, Mammon, I am late.

In her fit of talking.

Mam. Good lady—

Dol. That Pharaoh and Amunus were slain,

The two great kings, Sesostris and Ptolemee—

Mam. Madam,

Did you see the two legs, and the fourth beast,

That was King north, and Egypt-south; which after

Was called Gog-iron-leg, and South-iron-leg—

La—

Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.

And Gog-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg.

Mam. Madam,

Did you see the Gog dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall

Into the four corners of the fourth chain. And these

Did you see, which none see or look at—

Mam. What do I do?

Dol.

Dol. For, as he says, except
We call the rabins, and the heathen Greeks——

Mam. Dear Lady.

Dol. To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great-Britain——

Enter Face.

Face. What's the matter, Sir.

Dol. To speak the tongue of Eber and Javan——

Mam. Oh, she's in her fit.

Dol. We shall know nothing——

Face. Death, Sir,

We are undone. My master will hear!

• *Dol.* A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high——

• *Mam.* Sweet honourable Lady.

• *Dol.* To comprize

• All sounds of voices in few marks of letters——

• *Face.* Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

• *Dol.* And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,

• And profane Greek, to raise the building up

• Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,

• King of Thogarma, and his Habergions

• Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the fore

• Of King Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim,

• Which Rabbi David Kimeni, Onikeles,

• And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.

• *Face.* How did you put her into't?

• *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd

• Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,

• *(They speak together.)*

• With the Philosopher's Stone (by chance) and she

• Falls on the other four straight.

• *Face.* Out of Broughton.

• I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.

• *Mam.* Is't best?

• *Face.* She'll never leave else. If the old man hear

• We are but *foreses*, ashes. [hes.]

Sub. [Within.] What's to do there?

Face. Oh, we are lost. Now she hears him, she's quiet.

Mam. Where shall I hide me?

[Upon Subtle's entry they disperse.]

Sub. How, what light is here!

Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!

Bring

Some him again; who is he? — What, my son!
 I have liv'd too long.

Mam. Nay, good, dear father,
 There was no unchaste purpose.

Sub. No? and flee me
 When I come in?

Mam. That was my error.

Sub. Error?

Guilt, guilt, my son. Give it the right name. No marvel

If I found check in our great work.

When such affairs as these were to be done.

Mam. Why, have you?

Sub. It has the right name, but I have
 And all the rest of it.

Where is the instrument of this work?

Mam. The instrument of this work?

Sub. The instrument of this work is
 Or knowledge.

Mam. The instrument of this work?

Sub. The instrument of this work is

Mam. The instrument of this work is

Sub. Nay, that is the work of you for whom
 The blessing was given to tempt Heaven;
 And lose your soul.

Mam. The instrument of this work?

Sub. The instrument of this work is

Mam. The instrument of this work?

Sub. The instrument of this work is

Mam. The instrument of this work?

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Mam. The instrument of this work?

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Mam. The instrument of this work?

Sub. The instrument of this work is

Mam. The instrument of this work?

Sub. The instrument of this work is

As you were readier to depart than he. [One

Who's there? My Lord, her brother is come.

Mam. Ha, Lungs?

Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
For he's as furious as his sister is mad. [One knocks.

Mam. Alas!

Face. My brain is quite undone with the fume, Sir.
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserv'd,
Of all our cost?

Face. Faith, very little, Sir:

A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, Sir.

Mam. Oh, my voluptuous mind! I'm justly punish'd.

Face. And so am I, Sir.

Mam. Cast from all my

Face. Nay, certainties, Sir.

Mam. By my safe affections.

Sub. Oh, the wretched wits of vice and lust!

[Subtle seems to come to himself.

Mam. Good father,
It was my sin. Forgive it.

Sub. Hangs my roof
Over us still, and will not fall, Oh, justice!
Upon us, for this wicked

Face. Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with staying in the fight:
Good Sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a tragedy.

Mam. I'll go.

Face. Ay, and repent at home, Sir. 't may be,
For some good penance you may have it yet;
A hundred pounds to the box at Bethlem.

Mam. Yes.

Face. For the restoring such as ha' lost their wits.

Mam. I'll do't.

Face. I'll send one to you to receive it.

Mam. Do.

Is no projection left?

Face. All flown, or stinks, Sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine,
think't thou?

Face. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Some-

THE ALCHEMIST.

745

Something, about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch :

It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good Sir,
This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

[Exit Mam.]

Sub. Face.

Face. Ay.

Sub. Is he gone ?

Face. Yes, and as heavily

As all the gold he hop'd for were in his blood.

Let us be light about it.

Sub. Ay, as heavy as a lead.

And heavy as the roof of the roof of the roof.

There's a touch of old care now.

Face. Next to her hand.

Sub. Yes, your young widow, as I thought.

Face's counsel. She's not at home now.

It's a young hen for you. [Exit Mam.]

Face. Good Sir,

Out with your case,

And greet him kindly, as a well-meaning man.

After their parting business.

Face. G. well, Sir.

Will you go back Don't you see the whole?

Sub. And fetch him a letter. If you'll be pleas'd, Sir.

Would Dolan be so good to put in my pockets now.

Face. Why, you know your way, if you would set
I pray you prove your self.

[to't.

Sub. For a letter, Sir.

[Exit Sub.]

SCENE IV. The Alchemist's Room.

Enter Enter and Dame Pliant.

Sub. Look, you see how that hands you are fall'n !

And how near the hands of the villains ! and how near

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I claim

THE ALCHEMIST.

I claim some interest in you love. Your are,
 They say, a widow, rich; and I am a bachelor,
 Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
 As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
 And whether I have deserv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, Sir.

Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me alone
 To treat with them.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. How doth my noble Diego?
 And my dear Madam Countess? Hath the Count
 Been courteous, Lady? liberal, and open?
 Donfel, methinks you look melancholic
 After your coicum, and scurvy! Truly,
 I do not like the dullness of
 It hath a heavy cast; 'tis Upsee-Dutch,
 And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
 Be lighter; I will make your pockets so.

[He falls to picking of them.]

Sur. Will you, Don bawd, and pick-purle? How
 now? Reel you?
 Stand up, Sir; you shall find, since I am so heavy,
 I'll give you equal weight.

Sub. Help, murder!

Sur. No, Sir, there's no such thing intended. A good
 cart,
 And a clean whip, shall ease you of that fear.
 I am the Spanish Don, that should be cozen'd,
 Do you see? Cozen'd! Where's your Captain Face?

Enter Face.

Face. How, Surly!

Sur. Oh, make your approach, good Captain.
 I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons
 Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
 And this docter,

'Your sooty, smosky-bearded compeer, he'
 Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,

[Face looks off.]

And on a turn, convey (i' the stead) another
 With sublin'd mercury, that shall burst i' the hear,
 And fly out all in fumes? What is he gone?

Nay,

Some

WILL

be the first to quarrel with you, Sir.

Why, what's the time of day, Sir?

Why, it's the time of day you will quarrel with me, Sir.

The Doctor and your brother are you'd.

What's he? He is a slave, and the son of a whore. Are you

The man, Sir, I would have?

Sir, I should be glad to see you.

That's the way to do.

And then you'll be your brother's

And then you'll be your brother's

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This

'This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow. [*To Ab:*
He owes this honest Druggger, here, seven pounds,
He has had on him in two-penn'orths of tobacco.

Drug. Yes, Sir; and he has damn'd himself three
Terms to pay me.

Face. And what does he owe for *lotium*?

Drug. Thirty shillings, Sir.

And for fix syringes.

Sur. Hydra of villainy!

Face. Nay, Sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

Kaf. I will. Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp.

Sur. Why, this is madness, Sir,
Not valour in you. I must laugh at this.

Kaf. It is my humour. You are a pimp, and a trig.
And an Amadis de Gaul. I am a Don Quixote. [*See?*

Drug. Or a Knight the Curious Coxcomb, do you
Enter Ananias.

Ana. Peace to the household.

Kaf. I'll keep peace for no man.

Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

Kaf. Is he the constable?

Sub. Peace, Ananias.

Face. No, Sir.

Kaf. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very Tim.

Sur. You'll hear me, Sir?

Kaf. I will not.

Ana. What is the motive?

Sub. Zeal in the gentlemen
Against his Spanisht Mops.

Ana. They are prophane,

Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

Sur. New rascals!

Kaf. Will you begone, Sir?

Ana. Avoid, Satan.

Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride
About thy neck, betrays thee, and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts.
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in the lewd hat.

Sur. I must give way.

Kaf.

To make gold there for the state ; never come out ;
And then you are defeated.

Ana. I will tell

This to the elders, and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the Separation
May join in humble prayer again.

Sub. And fasting.

Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
Rest with these walls. [Exit.

Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.

Face. What did he come for ?

Sub. About casting dollars,
Presently out of hand. And so I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spy
Against the faithful.

Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster !
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help'd thee out ?

Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i' faith.

Face. Who would ha' look'd it should ha' been that
Well, Sir, [rascal, Surly ?

Here's damask come to make you a suit.

Sub. Where's the dagger ?

Face. He's gone to borrow ... Spanish habit.
I'll be the Count now.

Sub. But where's the widow ?

Face. Within, with my Lord's sister : Madam Dol
Is entertaining her.

Sub. By your favour, Face ;
Now she is honest. I will stand again.

Face. You will not offer it ?

Sub. Why ?

Face. Stand to your word,
Or—here comes Dol ; she knows—

Sub. Y' are tyrannous still.

Face. Strict for my right.

Enter Dol.

How now, Dol ? Hast told her
The Spanish Count will come ?

Dol. Yes ; but another is come
You little look'd for.

Face. Who's that ?

Dol.

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Art (not in circuit)

2006 21/02/2006

There's only one difference: we're all out there talking.

Page: To be bound with 19

For more info,

Peter Van der Meer, Editor

Dec. 1st. 1891.

... you find ...

With these doubts were also the following:

Adm. NOV 1964

Ref. Winter 1912

From the Department of Psychiatry, University of California, San Francisco, California.

- Will have some off-line work and

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© 1997 Blackwell Science Ltd, *Journal of Clinical Pharmacy and Therapeutics*, 22, 1-6

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As a result, the β values are not significantly different from zero.

Where will you find the answer?

Let \mathcal{H} denote the Hilbert and projective space

W. C. C. (1993) *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 86, 101-102.

ENVIRONMENTAL ECONOMICS

SCENE, *as before.*

Ralph L. Lortie and David L. Lortie

best location, say yes?

Truly, Sir,

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

Some are better than others.

4 *Nai.* Ladies and gentlewomen.

5 *Nai.* Citizens wives, and knights in coaches.

2 *Nai.* Yes, and oyster-women.

1 *Nai.* Beside other gallants.

3 *Nai.* Sailors' wives.

4 *Nai.* Tobacco-men.

5 *Nai.* Another Pimlico!

Love. What should my knave advance,

' To draw this company? He hung out no banners

' Of a strange calf, with five legs, to be seen?

' Or a huge lobster, with six claws?

6 *Nai.* No, Sir.

3 *Nai.* We had gone in then, Sir.

Love. He has no gift

' Of teaching i' the nose, that ~~he~~ knew of.

' You saw no bills set up that promis'd cure

' Of agues, or the tooth-ach?

2 *Nai.* No such thing, Sir.

Love. Nor heard a drum struck, for baboons, or pup-

5 *Nai.* Neither, Sir.

[pets &

Love. What device should he bring forth now?

I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment

Pray, Heav'n, he be not kept such open house,

That he hath sold my hangings—my bedding;

I left him nothing else. If he have it them,

A plague o' the mouth, say I. 'Sure it is—

' Some bawdy pictures, to call all this gang.

When saw you him?

1 *Nai.* Who, Sir? Jeremy?

2 *Nai.* Jeremy, Sir.

We saw him not this month.

Love. How!

4 *Nai.* Not these five weeks, Sir.

6 *Nai.* These six weeks, at the least.

Love. Y' amaze me, neighbours!

5 *Nai.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
He's slipp'd away.

6 *Nai.* Pray Heav'n, he be not made awa, [He knocks.

Love. Ha! It's no time to question, then.

6 *Nai.* About

Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,

As I sat up, a mending my wife's stockings.

Will answer!

What say you?

Answer me that?

Oh, Sir, I'll die upon it.

And had I not died in London, and could not speak.

No, I heard it too, for the day three weeks at two

Yes, coming.

[o'clock

Look! I'll be at midnight, or you make 'em so.

A man in such a plight, and could not speak,

And both you, and I, and my

But, Sir, I'll die upon it.

Yes, I'll die upon it.

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

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What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

What say you, Sir?

Give me thy hand, I

[pray thee:

Give me thy hand, I

[open:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

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Give me thy hand, I

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Give me thy hand, I

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Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

Give me thy hand, I

[Exit:

The

The neighbours tell me all here, that the doors
Have still been open——

Face. How, Sir!

Love. Gallants, men, and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogs-den,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.

Face. Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so!

Love. To-day, they speak
Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood
Went in, they tell me; and another was seen
In a velvet gown at the window; divers more
Pass in and out.

Face. They did pass thro' the door, then,
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;
For here, Sir, ~~are~~ the keys, and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days.

And for before, I kept the fort alone there.

But that 'tis not yet deep i' the afternoon,

I should believe my neighbours had seen double

Thro' the black pot, and made these apparitions!

For, on my faith to worship, for these three weeks,
And upwards, the door hath been open'd.

Love. Strange!

Nei. Good! I saw a coach

Love. Do you mark it now?

And but one

Nei. We mark it, Sir; Jeremy

Is a very honest

Face. Did you see that all?

Nei. No; that was sure on.

Love. Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

Re-enter 3 Neighbour.

Nei. Is Jeremy come?

Nei. Oh, yes! you may leave your tools;
We were deceiv'd; he says he has had the keys,
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

Nei. Like enough.

Love. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

Face. [*Aside.*] Surly come!

And Mammon made acquainted! They'll tell all.

How

What shall I do?
 I am wracked with a guilty conscience.

Fam. Stand a little hammon.

Jer. No, Sir, I am a great physician. This,
 my study-house, but a mere chancel.
 I know the Lord and his filly.

Mam. Mam, and Surly —

Jer. The happy word, Be rich —

Mam. Be rich and the tyrant.

Jer. It should be to-day pronounc'd to all your friends.
 And where be your gilded robes, and your brass pots,
 That hath been gilded flaxions, and great wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' shut their
 doors, [doors,

Jer. And I will go with them.

Mam. Kneels.

Clayton, impudently, to Jer.

Fam. What use in you, Sir? [Mam. and Surly knock.

Mam. To enter, if you please.

Fam. About the door, Sir.

Here is the door, Sir, turn to him,
 and speak with him.

Fam. He says, Sir, the door is shut.

Jer. Yes, Sir.

Mam. And the door is shut, Sir.

Fam. Yes, Sir, what door?

Mam. The door, Sir.

Fam. The gentleman is still here.

Nor lights ha' been here for some

Within these doors, upon my

Jer. Your word!

Clayton, arrogant.

Jer. Yes, Sir, I am the housekeeper,
 And know the keys ha' not been out o' my hands.

Jer. This is a new Farm.

Fam. You do quillake the house, Sir.

What say you to it?

Jer. You are a fool! This is one

O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
 And seize the door.

Fam. Pray you, Sir, gentlemen.

Jer. No, Sir, we'll come with a warrant.

Alam.

Mam. Ay, and then
We shall ha' your doors open. [*Exeunt Sur. and Mam.*]

Love. What means this?

Face. I cannot tell, Sir.

i Nei. These are two o' the gallants,
That we do think we saw.

Face. Two of the fools!

You talk as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,
I think the moon has craz'd them all! — *Oh*, me,
The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all. [*Aside.*]

Enter Kasril.

Kasf. What rogues, bawds, slaves! you'll open the door
anon. [*Kasril knocks.*]
Punk. Cockatrice, my suster. *Do not fright*
I'll fetch the Marshal to you! You are a whore,
To keep your castle. —

Face. Who would you speak with, Sir?

Kasf. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And Puss, my suster.

Love. This is something, sure!

Face. Upo my trust, the doors were never open, Sir.

Kasf. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over
By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman.

Love. Here comes another.

Face. Ananias too!

And his pastor

Enter Ananias and Tribulation.

Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire;
Your stench is to be counted abomination
Is in the house.

Kasf. Ay, my suster, there.

Ana. The place
Is become a cage of unclean birds.

Kasf. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger and the constable.

Trib. You shall do well.

Ana. We'll join to weed them out.

Kasf. You will not come then, Punk deuce, my suster?

Ana. Call her not sister. She's a harlot, verily.

Kasf. I'll raise the street.

Love. Good gentlemen, a word —

Ana. Satan, avoid, and hinder not our zeal.

Love.

2. The world's turn'd Bedlam.

2. These are all broke loose

Out of St. Kath'rine's, where they use to keep

The better sort of mad folks.

Face. All these persons

Will they go to and out here.

Face. Very indeed, Sir.

Face. These were the parties.

Face. These, you drunkards, Sir.

I wonder at it! Please you to give me leave

To touch the door: I'll try as the lock be chang'd:

Love. It mazes me!

Face. Good faith, Sir, I believe

There's no lock thing. 'Tis all *deception visus*.

Would I could see — — — — — [Lupper cries out within;

Dap. Master Captain, Master D. Dor.

Love. Who's that?

[not, Sir.

Love. Our clock within, that I forgot! [Aside.] I know

Dap. For God's sake — — — — — [You be at leisure?

Face. Ha!

Thou art, some spirit of — — — — — [The gate is shut,

and thou be'st out.

Face. I am mad in

— — — — — [He is

Love. 'Tis i' the

Ha! lift — — —

Face. Believe it,

Love. Peace you

Dap. Mine ear

Sub. You fool,

Peace, you'll hear

Face. Or you will

Love. Oh, is it so

Come, Sir, no more

The truth's the story

Face. O' God's sake

What shall I do? I am

Love. Good neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depend

You know that I am an indolent master;

And therefore counsel nothing. What's your med'cine,

To draw so many sweet fowl of wild-fowl?

Come, Sir,

Face:

Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit:
 (But here's no place to talk on't i' the street.)
 Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
 And only pardon me th' abuse of your house;
 It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
 In recompence, that you shall give me thanks for,
 Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.
 'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak.
 I have her within. You need not fear the house;
 It was not visited.

Love. But by me, who came
 Sooner than you expected.

Face. It is true, Sir.

Pray you, forgive me.

Love. Let's see your widow

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Subtle, Dapper, and Dol.

Sub. How! ha' you eaten your gag?

Dap. Yes, faith, it crumbled
 Away i' my mouth.

Sub. You ha' spoil'd all then.

Dap. No;
 I hope my aunt's Fairy will forgive me.

Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady—but, in troth,
 You were to blame.

Dap. The fume did overcome me,
 And I did dot to stay my stomach. Pray you,
 So satisfy her Grace.

Enter Face.

Face. How now! Is his mouth down?

Sub. Ay, he has spung.

Face. A pox! I heard him, and you too—He's undone,
 I have been fain to say the house is haunted [then—
 With spirits, to keep Churl back.

Sub. And hast thou done it?

Face. Sure, for this night.

Sub. Why, then triumph and sing
 Of Face so famous, the precious king
 Of present wits.

Face. Did you not hear the coil
 About the door?

Enter Druggier, and a Servant.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir. *[Exit Druggier.]*

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

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Servant. Yes, sir.

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Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Druggier. Now, my boy, take him be dispatch'd :

Servant. Yes, sir.

Face. With you, a blessing !

Face. Yes, a little dratted,

Face. In the management of our stock affairs.

Druggier. Druggier has brought his parson ; take him in,

And send Nab back again to wash his face. *[Suble.*

H

Sub.

Sub. I will : and shave himself.

[*Exit.*

Face. If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!

Face. A trick, that Dol shall spend ten pounds a month
Is he gone? [by,

Enter Subtle.

Sub. The chaplain waits you i' the hall, Sir.

Face. I'll go bestow him.

[*Exit.*

Dol. He'll now marry her instantly.

Sub. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,

Cozen her all thou canst. To deceive him

Is no deceit, but justice that would break

Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

Enter Face.

Face. Come, my venturers,
You ha' packed up all? Where be the trunks? Bring forth.

Sub. Here.

Face. Let us see them. Where's the money?

Sub. Here.

Face. The brethren's money, this. Druggers and
Dappers's in this,
Mammon's ten pounds : eight score before.

Where be the French petticoats,

And girdles, and hangers?

Sub. Here's the trunk,
And the bolt of lawn.

Face. Is Druggers's damask there?

Sub. Yes.

Face. Give me the keys.

Dol. Why you the keys?

Sub. No matter, Dol; because
We shall not open them, before he comes.

Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed ;
Nor have them forth. Do you see? Not forth, Dol.

Dol. No!

Face. No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my
mailer
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them ;
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your figures ;
I sent for him indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he, and she, be satisfy'd : for here

Deter-

Face. Off with your ruff, and chink then; be your self, Sir.

Sur. Down with the door.

Kas. 'Slight, dung it open.

Love. Hold,

Hold, gentleman, what means this violence?

Mam. Where is this collier?

Sur. And my Captain Face?

Mam. These day-owls?

Sur. That are birding in men's purses.

Mam. Madam Suppository?

Kas. Doxey, my suster?

Ana. Locusts of the foul pit.

Tri. Prophane as Bell and the Dragon.

Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence?

Off. Keep the peace.

Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you,

Mam. The chymical cozeners.

[seek?

Sur. And the Captain Pander.

Kas. The nun my suster.

Mam. Madam Rabbi.

Ana. Scorpions and caterpillars.

Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.

Off. One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By virtue of my staff.

Ana. They are the vessels

Of pride, lust, and the cart.

Love. Good zeal. lie still

A little while.

Tri. Peace, deacon Anna.

Love. The house is mine here, and the doors are open:
If there be any such persons you seek for,
Use your authority;

I am but newly come to town, and finding

This tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true)

It somewhat 'maz'd me; till my man, here (fearing

My more displeasure) told me he had done

Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house

To a doctor, and a captain; who, what they are,

Or where they be, he knows not.

Mam.

{They enter.

*Enter, you may call me a fortune, Sir. Here, I find
The happy wife of my dear friend, my friend, my friend,
My dear friend, my dear friend, my dear friend,
The being with you, my dear friend, my dear friend,
My dear friend, my dear friend, my dear friend.*

I have within, that find his was a wife —

*Ruf. Ay, that's my father. I'll go to her. Where
is she?* *{Exit.*

*Love. And should ha' married a Spanish count, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her to death.*

That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

How? Have I lost her then?

Love. Were you one Don, Sir?

Good faith, my dear friend, me yo' extremely, and says

You shall, and told her, you had taken the pains

'To pluck your beard, and ambre o'er your face,'

Borrowed a suit and ruff all for our love,

And then did nothing. What an oversight,

A. I wonder passing forward, was this

Will you be so good, my dear friend, yet,

Could print his powder, and give Sir, and Sir,

And a smiling.

Mam. The whole

How? What kind of birds were they?

Mam. A kind of thoughts,

On your side, Sir, that you should have my fortune

On your side, Sir, that you should have my fortune

On your side, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

I am, Sir, that you should have my fortune

Love. That you shall not, Sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they are yours.
What should they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into gold all?

Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?

Love. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd?

Mam. Not I, the commonwealth has.

I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within these two months.

Surly, what! In a dream;

Sar. Must I needs cheat myself,
With that same foolish vice of honesty!
Come, let us go, and hearken out the rogues.
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ananias and Tribulation.

Trib. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go,
And get some carts——

Love. For what, my zealous friends?

Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this den of thieves.

Love. What is that portion?

Ana. The good, sometime the orphans, that the
Bought with their silver peace. [brethren]

Love. What, those in the cellar,
The knight Sir Mammon claims!

Ana. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren.

Thou prophane man, I ask thee with what conscience

Thou canst advance that idol against us,

That have the seal? Were not the shillings number'd,

That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told out,

Upon the second day of the fourth week,

In the eighth month upon the table dormant,

The year of the last patience of the saints,

Six hundred and ten?

Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you;
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

Ana. Sir?

Trib. Be patient, Ananias.

Ana. I will stand
And will stand up, and fight, against an host,
That threaten, and will kill me.

Love. I will stand up
To Amleth's door to your father.

Ana. I will pray more,
Against the house, may dogs defile the walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of coz'nage.
[*Exeunt Trib. and Ana.*]

Face. If you get off the angry child, now, Sir—

Enter Kastril.

Kasf. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweet-
ly, ha' you not? [To his sister.

Did I not say, I would never ha' your tup'd
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a Lady-Tom?
'Slight, you are a mammet! Oh, I could cause you, now.
Death, mun'you marry with a pox?

Love. You lie, boy:

As sound as you: and I'm before-hand with you.

Kasf. *Ana.*

Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will seize you, sirrah.
Why do you not buck in your tools?

Kasf. God's light!

This is a fine old boy, as ever I live!

Love. What, do you change your copy, now? Proceed.
Here stands my dove? Is he not as you dare.

Kasf. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot chuse i' faith!
And I should be hang'd for't. Suffer, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.

Love. Oh, do you so, Sir?

Kasf. Yes, an'thou canst eat and drink, old
boy,

Will give her five hundred pounds more to her marriage,
Than her own state.

Love. Fill a pipe-full, Jeremy.

Face. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir.

Love. We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, Jeremy.
That master

That had receiv'd such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,

Were

T H E A L C H Y M I S T.

Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit
And help his fortune, though with some small strain
Of his own candor.
Speak for thyself, knave.

Face. So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
Though I am clean
Got out from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Druggier, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myself
On you that are my country; and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



M^{rs} ROBINSON in the Character of AMANDA.
I'll not trouble you Sir, you are my Cousin.

SECOND EDITION,

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT;

OR, THE
FOUL IN FASHION.

A COMEDY,
As written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

AND PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

WITH EVERYTHING AS THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

Regulated from the Prompt Book,
BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

—Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Concubitu probibere vago, dare jura maritis.
HON. DE ARA. POET.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXII.

TO
 RICHARD NORTON,
 OF
SOUTHWICK, Esq.

S I R,

THOUGH I could, without ingratitude, conceal the exceeding favours which the town have shewn this piece; yet they will give me leave to own, that even my vanity lay holed, quite filled in my fears, till I had securely fixed its good fortune, by publishing your approbation of it: a advantage, which, as it will confirm my friends in their favourable opinion, so it must, in some measure, qualify the severity of the malicious. After this declaration, let the world imagine how difficult it is for me not to launch into your character: but since your candor and depth of judgment are my chief protection, I am loth to discompose you, by an ungrateful repetition of those virtues, which only please you in the practice: the world as little wants the knowledge of them, as you desire the recital.

'Tis your happiness, Sir, that your fortune has fixed you above the need of praise or friends, yet both are equally unavoidable: for even to your solitude, praise will follow you, and grows sonder of you for your coldness; she loves you for your choice of pleasures, those

noble pleasures of a sweet retirement, from which nothing but the consideration of your country's weal can draw you.

But as no man can properly be made a patron, whose virtues have not in some sort qualified him for such care: so, Sir, it is sufficient for me that your life and conversation are the best heralds of your power, and my safety.

Here, Sir, I must beg leave to clear myself from what the ill wishes of some would have the world believe, that what I now offer you is spurious, and not the product of my own labour: and though I am pleased that this report seems to allow it some beauties, yet I am sorry it has made a discovery of some persons, who think me worth their malice. This dedication were little better than an affront, unless I could with all sincerity assure you, Sir, that the fable is entirely my own; nor is there a line or thought throughout the whole, for which I am wittingly obliged either to the dead or living: for I could no more be pleased with a stolen reputation, than with a mistress who yielded only upon the intercession of my friend. It satisfies me, Sir, that you believe it mine; and I hope, what others say to the contrary, is rather owing to an unreasonable disgust, than their real opinion. I am not ignorant of those oversights I have committed, nor have the dissecting critics much discouraged me: for 'tis their diversion to find fault; and to have none, is to them an unpardonable disappointment: no man can expect to go free, while they don't spare one another. But as I write not in defiance of their censure; so, after having diverted you, I shall not trouble them with a preface. Had it not succeeded, I should have had modesty enough to impute it to my own want of merit: for certainly the town can take no pleasure in decrying any man's labours, when it is their interest to encourage them. Every guest is the best judge of his own palace, and a poet ought no more to impose good sense upon the galleries, than a dull farce upon the undisputed judges. I first considered who my guests were, before I prepared my entertainment: and therefore I shall only add this, as a general answer to all objections, that it has every way exceeded mine, and hitherto has not wounded the

house's expectations; Mr. Southern's good-nature
(whose own judgment I commend his judgment) en-
gaged his reputation to success; which its reception,
and your approbation, has since redeemed, to the
intire satisfaction.

our most devoted,

Humble servant,

C. CIBBER.

O G U E.

*W*ith this duller age,
 From the barren stage,
 Where poets, like the idle pens, take wing,
 And scatter their untried compass' string,
 For naught but a wreck bere;
 A trader without a stock, but nought to fear.
 Thy smile of yours a prize he draws;
 If you damn him, he's but where he was.
 Where's the reason for the critic crew,
 With killing blasts, like winter, to pursue
 The tender plant that ripens, but for you?
 Nature, in all her works, requires time;
 Kindness, and years, 'tis makes the virgin climb,
 And plant, and hasten to th' expected prime;
 And then, if untaught fancy fail to please,
 I'll instruct the willing pupil by degrees;
 By gentle lessons you your joys improve,
 And mould her awkward passion into love.
 Ev'n folly has its growth; few fools are made;
 You drudge and sweat for't, as it were a trade.
 'Tis half the labour of your trifling age,
 To fashion you fit subjects for the stage.
 Well! if our author fail to draw you like;
 In the first draught, you're not to expect Vandyke.
 What though no master-stroke in this appears,
 Yet some may features find resembling theirs.
 Nor do the bad alone his colours share;
 Neglected virtue is at least shown fair,
 And that's enough o' conscience for a player.
 But if you'd have him take a bolder flight,
 And draw your pictures by a truer light,
 You must your jewels, by seldom yet unknown,
 Inspire his pencil, and divert the town.
 Nor judge by this, his genius at a stand;
 For time, that makes new fools, may mend his hand.

DRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

	<i>Drury-Lan.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
Sir William Wifemou'd, a richold gentleman.	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. D. A. Hall.
Loveless, a debauchee,	Mr. Russell.	Mr. R. Hall.
Sir Novelty Fashion, a coxcomb, ———	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. Woodward.
Elder Worthy, a gen- tleman in love with Hillaria, ———	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Clarke.
Young Worthy, his bro- ther, lover to Nar- cissa, ———	Mr. Pa'mer.	Mr. Dyer.
Snap, servant to Love- less, ———	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Shuter.
Sly, servant to Young Worthy, ———	Mr. Ackman.	Mr. Cushing.
A Lawyer.		

W O M E N.

Amanda, married to Loveless, and for- saken by him,	Mrs. Cibber.	Mrs. Ward.
Narcissa, daughter to Sir Wm. Wifemou'd,	Miss Pope.	Mrs. Mattocks.
Hillaria, his niece,	Miss Plim.	Mrs. Dyer.
Flareit, a kept Mistress of Sir Novelty's,	Mrs. Hopkins.	Mrs. Green.
Woman to Amanda,	Miss Cheyney.	Mrs. Ferguson.
Maid to Flareit,	Miss Hippisley.	Mrs. Helme.
Servants, &c.		

SCENE, LONDON.

• LOVE'S

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

The two married words in several commas, "and," are omitted in the original edition.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Park*:

Enter Loveless, and Snap his Servant.

LOVELESS.

SIRRAH, leave your prattling. Your counsel, like an ill clock, either stands still, or goes too slow. You never thought my extravagance would come, while you had your share of them; and now I have no money to make myself drunk, you advise me to live sober, you dog. They that will hunt pleasure as I have done, fascal, must never give over in a fair chase.

Snap. Nay, I know you would never rest, till you had tired your dogs. Ah, Sir, what a fine pack of guineas you have had! and yet you would make them run till they were quite spent. Would I were fairly turned out of your service! Here we have been three days in town, and I can safely swear, I have lived upon picking a hollow tooth ever since.

Love. Why don't you eat, then, sirrah?

Snap. E'en because I don't know where, Sir.

Love. Then stay till I eat. Hang-dog! ungrateful rogue! to murmur at a little fasting with me, when thou hast been an equal partner of my good fortune.

Snap. Fortune! It makes me weep to think what you have brought yourself and me to. How well might you have lived, Sir, had you been a sober man!—Let me see—I have been in your service just ten years.—In the first, you married, and grew weary of your wife; in the second, you whored, drank, gamed, run in debt, mortgaged your

10 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

your estate, and was forced to leave the kingdom in the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh year, to make the tour of Europe, with the state and equipage of a French court-favourite, while your poor wife at home broke her heart for the loss of you; in the eighth and ninth you grew poor, and little the wiser; and now, in the tenth, you are retort. I shall starve with you.

Love. Despicable rogue! canst thou not bear the frowns of a common strumpet, Fortune?

Snap. 'Sbud, I never think of the pearl necklace you gave that damn'd Venetian strumpet, but I wish her to be ed in it.

Love. Why, firrah, I knew I could not have her without it; and I had a night's enjoyment of her was worth a pope's revenue for it.

Snap. Ah! you had better have laid out your money here in London. I'll undertake you might have had the whole town over and over for half that price. Beside, Sir, what a delicate creature was your wife! She was the only celebrated beauty in town. 'Il undertake there were more fops and fools run mad for her—'Sbud, she was more plagued with them, and more talked of, than a good actress with a maidenhead! Why the devil can't you be content you?

Love. No, firrah; the world to me is a garden stocked with all sorts of fruit, where the greatest pleasure we can take, is the variety of taste. But a wife is an eternal apple-tree: after a pull or two, you are sure to set your teeth on edge.

Snap. And yet I warrant you grudged another man a bit of her, tho' you valued her no more than you would a half-eaten pippin, that had lain a week sunning in a parlour-window—But see, Sir, who's this? For methinks I long to meet with an old acquaintance.

Love. Ha! 'egad, he looks like one, and may be necessary, as the case stands with me.

Snap. Pray heaven, he do but invite us to dinner!

Enter Young Worthy.

Love. Dear Worthy! let me embrace thee. The sight of an old friend warms me beyond that of a new mistress.

Y. W. 'Sdeath! what bully's this? [*Aside.*] Sir, your pardon; I don't know you.

Wid. A little out of repairs at present; but I have an honest Ned Loveless.

Wid. I am amazed; What means this? *Enter Ned.* Ned, I am glad to find thee among the living. How long hast thou been in town?

Ned. But three days. But, pr'ythee, *Wid.* how does the world?

Wid. Why, like a bowl, it runs off at the old rate; interest is still the jack in any case; And while it holds, you know, it must of necessity be often turned upside down. But I doubt, friend, you have bowled out of the green, have lived a little too fast. *[Turning his dress.]* like one that hath lost all his ready money, and is forced to be an idle spectator. Pr'ythee, what brought thee at last to England?

Ned. Why, my last hopes, faith, which were to persuade Sir William Wifewould (if he be alive) to whom I mortgaged my estate, to let me have five hundred pounds more upon it, or else to let me have some honest friend to redeem the mortgage, and then to let me go. Besides, I thought that London might have been a place of uninterrupted pleasure; and I thought I should be able to tell you the truth of it. And, as for her love, was the main cause of my going.

Wid. His wife dead? *Ned.* I'm glad he knows no other. I won't undeceive him, lest the rogue should go and rifle her of what she has. *[Aside.]* Yes, faith, I was at her burial, and saw her take possession of her long home; and am sorry to tell you, Ned, she died with grief; your wild courses broke her heart.

Ned. Why, faith, she was a good-natured fool, that's the truth on't. Well, rest her soul.

Ned. Now, Sir, you are a single man indeed; for you have neither wife nor estate.

Wid. But how hast thou improved thy money beyond sea? What hast thou brought over?

Ned. Oh, a great deal of experience.

Wid. And no money?

Ned. Not a soure, faith, Sir, as my belly can testify.

Wid. But I have a great deal more wit than I had.

Ned. Not enough to get your estate again, or to know where

12 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

where we shall dine to-day—O, Lord, he don't ask us yet!

T. Wor. Why, your rogue's witty, Ned? [Aside.] Where didst thou pick him up?

Love. Don't you remember Snap, formerly your pimp in ordinary? But he is much improved in calling, I assure you, Sir.

T. Wor. I don't doubt it, considering who has been his master.

Snap. Yes, Sir, I was a humble servant of yours, and am still, Sir, and should be glad to stand behind your chair at dinner, Sir. [Bows.]

T. Wor. Oh, Sir, that you may do another time; but to-day I'm engaged upon business; however, there's a meal's meat for you. [Throws him a guinea.]

Snap. Bless my eye-sight! a guinea!—Sir, is there e'er a whore you would have kick'd? Any old bawd's windows you would have broken? 'Shall I beat your 'taylor for disappointing you?' If you have occasion, you may command your humble servant.

T. Wor. Sweet Sir, I am obliged to you; but at present I am so happy as to have no occasion for your assistance. But, hark you, Ned; pr'ythee, what hast thou done with thy estate?

Love. I pawn'd it to buy pleasure; that is, old wine, young whores, and the conversation of brave fellows, as mad as myself. Pox! if a man hath appetites, they are torments, if not indulged. 'I shall never complain, as long as I have health and vigour. And as for my poverty, why the devil should I be ashamed of that, since a rich man won't blush at his knavery?'

T. Wor. Faith, Ned, I'm as much in love with wickedness as thou canst be; but I am for having it at a cheaper rate than my ruin. 'Don't it grate you a little, to see your friends blush for you?'

Love. 'Tis very odd, that people should be more ashamed of others faults than their own. I never yet could meet with a man that offered me counsel, but had more occasion for it himself.

T. Wor. So far you may be in the right; for indeed good counsel is like a home jest, which every busy fellow is offering to his fellow, and yet won't take it himself.

Love. Well, Sir, I have I known a jolly, red-
faced fellow, at three o'clock in the morning, belch
out his heart, and spend his hours and hard drinking;
and a cunning, hypocritical sinner protest against forni-
cation, when the rogue was himself just crawling out
of a door.

T. Wor. Tho' these are truths, friend, yet I don't see
any advantage you can draw from them. But, pr'y-
thee, how wilt thou live, now the old money's gone?

Love. Live! How dost thou live? Thou art but a
younger brother, I take it.

T. Wor. Oh, very well, Sir; tho' faith, my father left
me but three thousand pounds, one of which I gave for a
place at court, that I still enjoy; the other two are gone
after pleasure, as thou say'st. But, besides this, I am
supplied by the continual bounty of an indulgent brother.
Now, I am loth to load his good-nature too much, and
therefore have e'en thought fit, like the rest of my raking
brotherhood, to purge out my wild humours with matri-
mony. By the way, I have taken care to see the dose well
sweetened with a handsome portion.

Love. Ah, well; you'll find marrying to cure lewd-
ness, is like tawelling to cure danger; 'for all the con-
sequence is, you both what you fasten on, and are only
'chasse to her and marry.' But, pr'ythee, friend, what
is thy mistress now?

T. Wor. 'Why, faith, since I believe the matter is too
'far gone for any man to postpone me, (at least, I am
'sure thou wilt not do me an injury, to do thyself no
'good) I'll tell thee.' You must know, my mistress is
the daughter of that very knight to whom you mortgaged
your estate, Sir William Wisewou'd.

Love. Why, she's an heiress, and has a thousand pounds
a year in her own hands, if she be of age. But I suppose
the old man knows nothing of your intentions. There-
fore, pr'ythee, how have you had opportunities of pro-
moting your love?

T. Wor. Why, thus: you must know, Sir William
being very well acquainted with the largeness of my
brother's estate, designs his daughter for him; and to
encourage his passion, offers him, out of his own pocket,
the additional blessing of five thousand pounds. This of-

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fer, my brother, knowing my inclination, seems to embrace; but at the same time is really in love with his niece, who lives with him in the family house. And therefore, to hide my design from the old gentleman, I pretend visits to his daughter, as an interest for my brother only; and thus he has given me daily opportunities of advancing my own interest; nay, and I have so contrived it, that I design to have the good too.

Love. How is that possible, since I see no hopes of the old man's consent for you?

T. Wor. Have a day's patience, and you'll see the effects on't. In a word, 'tis so sure, that nothing but delays can hinder my success; therefore I am very earnest with my mistress, that to-morrow may be the day. But, a pax on't, I have two women to prevail with; for my brother quarrels every other day with his mistress; and while I am reconciling him, I lose ground in my own amour.

Love. Why, has not your mistress told you her mind yet?

T. Wor. She will, I suppose. She knows it herself; for within three days she has told it as often as her linnen, and keeps it as secret too; for she would no more own her love before my face, than I would shift herself before my face.

Love. Pshaw! she shews it the more by trying to conceal it.

T. Wor. Nay, she does give me some proofs indeed; for she will suffer nobody but herself to speak ill of me, is always uneasy till I am sent for, never pleased when I am with her, and still jealous when I leave her.

Love. Well, success to thee, Will. 'I will send thee fiddles to release thee from your first night's labour.'

T. Wor. 'But, hark you; have a care of disobliging the bride, tho'.'—Ha! yonder goes my brother. I am afraid his walking so early proceeds from some disturbance in his love; I must after, and set him right. Dear Ned, you'll excuse me. Shall I see you at Almack's between five and six this afternoon?

Love. With all my heart. But, d'ye hear? Canst not thou lend me the fellow to that same guinea you got of my man? 'I'll give you my bond, if you will trust me.'

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 15

Love. O, the necessity is obligation enough. I have no more, I have, faith; when I see you at last, you will not desert me farther. Adieu. At six [Exit.]

Shop. Without fail—No, now, rascal, you are hungry, you? Thou darest not never to eat again. Rogue! humble before fortune had quite forsaken us!

Love. Ah, dear Sir! the thoughts of eating again so transported me, I am resolved to live and die with you.

Shop. Look ye, firrah, here's that will provide us with a dinner, and a brace of whores into the bargain; 'at least, as* guineas and whores go now.'

Shop. Ah, good Sir, no whores before dinner, I beseech you.

Love. Well, for once I'll take your advice; for, to say the truth, a man is as unfit to follow love with an empty stomach, as business with an empty head: therefore I think a bit and a bottle won't be amiss first.

The God of Wine and Love were ever friends;
For by the help of wine Love gains his ends.

[Exit.]

Enter Hilary, with a letter.

El. How can there be that happiness which our short-lived hopes from women! 'tis not their coldness or cruelty should make a faithful lover curse his stars, that is not reasonable; 'tis the shadow in our pleasure's sun: without it love could ne'er be heightened. No, 'tis their pride, and vain desire of many lovers, that robs our hope of its imagined rapture.' The blind are only happy; for if we look thro' reason's never-erring perspective, we then survey their souls, and find the rubbish we were chaffering for. And such I find Hillaria's mind is made of. This letter is an order for the knocking off my fetters, and I'll send it her immediately.

Enter Young Worthy.

Y. W. 'Morrow, brother. [Seeing the letter.] What, is your sister turn'd again? What beau's box now has Hillaria snuff from? What fool has led her from the

* Guineas went then at 30s.

box to her coach? What top was she offered to read a play or a novel to her? or whose money was she indiscreetly won at basket?—Come, come, let's see the ghastly wound she has made in your quiet that I may know how much claret to prescribe you.

El. Wor. I have my wound and cure from the same person, I'll assure you; the one from Hilaria's wit and beauty, and the other from her pride and vanity.

Y. Wor. That's what I could never yet find her guilty of. Are you angry at her loving you?

El. Wor. I am angry at myself, for believing her as ever did.

Y. Wor. Have her actions spoke the contrary? Come, you know the loves.

El. Wor. Indeed she gave a great proof on't last night here in the Park, by fastening on a fool, and caressing him before my face, when she might have so easily avoided him.

Y. Wor. What! and I warrant, interrupted you in the middle of your sermon; for I don't question but you were preaching to her. But, pr'ythee, who was the fool she fastened upon?

El. Wor. One that Heaven intended for a man; but the whole business of his life is to make the world believe he is of another species. 'A thing that affects mightily to ridicule himself, only to give others a kind of necessity of praising him. I can't say he's a slave to any new fashion, for he pretends to be master of it; and is ever reviving some old, or advancing some new piece of foppery; and tho' it don't take, is still as well pleased, because it then obliges the town to take the more notice of him. He's so fond of a public reputation, that he is more extravagant in his attempts to gain it, than the fool that fired Diana's temple to immortalize his name.'

Y. Wor. You have said enough to tell me his name is Sir Novelty Fashion.

El. Wor. The same. But that which most concerns me, he has the impudence to address Hilaria, and she vanity enough not to discard him.

Y. Wor. Is this all? Why, thou art as hard to please as a wife, as thy mistress in a new gown. H—any wo

LOVE IN THE LAST SHIFT. 17

El. Wor. And yet can't please yourself
El. Wor. I should have the best goods, when I of-
 fer my love as a dowry for them. Hillaria has
 some good qualities, but not enough to make a wife of.

El. Wor. And money.

El. Wor. Too much; enough to supply her vanity.

El. Wor. She has sense.

El. Wor. Not enough to believe I am no fool.

El. Wor. She has wit.

El. Wor. Not enough to deceive me.

El. Wor. Why, then you are happy, if she can't de-
 ceive you.

El. Wor. Yet she has folly enough to endeavour it.
 I'll see her no more, and this shall tell her so.

El. Wor. Which in an hour's time you'll repent, as
 much as ever—

El. Wor. As ever I should marrying her.

El. Wor. You'll have a damn'd speaking look, when
 you are forced to ask her pardon for your ungenerous
 suspicion, and lay the fault upon excess of love.

El. Wor. I am not so much in love as you imagine.

El. Wor. Indeed, Sir, you are in love, and that letter
 tells her so.

El. Wor. Read it; you'll find it to the contrary.

El. Wor. Pr'ythee, I know what's in it better than thou
 dost. You say, 'tis to take your leave of her; but I say,
 'tis in hopes of a kind, excuse answer. But, faith, you
 mistake her and yourself too; she is too high-spirited not
 to take you at your word; and you are too much in love,
 not to ask her pardon.

El. Wor. Well, then, I'll not be too rash, but will
 show my resentment in forbearing my visits.

El. Wor. Your visits! Come, I shall soon try what a
 man of resolution you are—for yonder she comes. Now,
 let's see if you have power to move.

El. Wor. I'll soon convince you of that—Farewel.

[Exit El. Wor.]

El. Wor. Ha! gone! I don't like that. I am sorry to
 find him so resolute. But I hope Hillaria has taken too

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fast hold of his heart, to let it shake him off. I must
to her, and make up this breach; for while his amou
stands still, I have no hopes of advancing my own.

Enter Hillaria, Narcissa, and Amanda in mourning.

Hil. Well, dear Amanda, thou art the most constant
wife I ever heard of, not to shake off the memory of an
ill husband, after eight or ten years absence; not to
mourn, for ought you know, for the living too, and
a husband, that, tho' he were alive, would never
you for it. Why d'y'e persist in such a hopeless grief?

Am. Because 'tis hopeless. For if he be alive, he is
dead to me. His dead affections not virtue itself can e'er
retrieve. Would I were with him, tho' in his grave!

Hil. In my mind, you are much better where you are.
The grave! — Young widows use to have warmer wishes.
But, methinks, the death of a rich old uncle should be a
cordial to your sorrows.

Am. That adds to them; for he was the only relation
I had left, and was as tender of me as the nearest. He
was a father to me.

Hil. He was better than some fathers to you; for he
died just when you had occasion for his estate.

Nar. 'I have an old father, and, the deuce take me,
' I think he only lives to hinder me of my occasions;
' but, Lord' blefs me, Madam! how can you be unhap-
py with two thousand pounds a year in your own pos-
session?

Hil. For my part, the greatest reason I think you have
to grieve is, that you are not sure your husband's dead;
for, were that confirmed, then, indeed, there were hopes
that one poison might drive out another. You might
marry again.

Am. All the comfort of my life is, that I can tell my
conscience, I have been true to virtue.

Hil. And to an extravagant husband, that cares not a
farthing for you. But come, let's leave this unseasonable
talk, and, pray, give me a little of your advice. What
shall I do with this Mr. Worth? Would you advise me
to make a husband of him?

Am. I am but an ill judge of men; the only one
thought myself secure of, most cruelly deceiv'd me.

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 19

Nar. Better than I am, I'll tell to give warning. What

Am. Better than of any man I know. I read nothing in him, but what is some part of a good man's character.

Hil. He's jealous.

Am. He's a lover.

Hil. He takes me with a fool.

Am. He would preserve your reputation; and a fool's love only ends in the ruin of it.

Hil. Methinks he's not handsome.

Am. He's a man, Madam.

Hil. Why, then, even let him make a woman of me.

Nar. Bray, Madam, what d'ye think of his brother?

[Smiling.]

Am. I would not think of him.

Nar. Oh, dear! why, pray?

Am. He puts me in mind of a man too like him, one that had beauty, wit, and rashness.

Nar. You have hit some part of his character I must confess, Madam; but as to his truth, I'm sure he loves only me.

Am. I don't doubt but he tells you so; nay, and swears it too.

Nar. Oh, Lord, Madam! I hope I may without vanity believe him.

Am. But you will hardly, without magic, secure him.

Nar. I shall use no spells or charms, but this poor face, Madam.

Am. And your fortune.

Nar. Senseless malice! [Aside.] I know he'd marry me without a groat.

Am. Then he's not the man I take him for.

Nar. Why, pray, what do you take him for?

Am. A wild young fellow, that loves every thing he sees.

Nar. He never loved you yet. [Peevishly.]

Am. I hope, Madam, he never saw any thing in me to encourage him.

Nar. In my conscience, you are in the right on't, Madam: I dare swear he never did, nor e'er would, tho' he razed till dooms-day.

[Am.]

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Am. I hope, Madam, your charms will prevent his putting himself to the trial, and I wish he may never—

Nar. Nay, dear Madam, no more railing at him; unless you would have me believe you love him.

Hil. Indeed, ladies, you are both in the wrong; you, cousin, in being angry at what you desired, her opinion of your lover; and you, Madam, for speaking truth against the man she resolves to love.

Nar. Love him! Pr'ythee, cousin, no more of that old stuff!

Hil. Stuff! Why, don't you own you are to marry him this week?—Here he comes; I suppose you'll tell him another thing in his ear.

Enter Young Worthy.

Mr. Worthy, your servant; you look with the face of business. What's the news, pray?

Y. W. Faith, Madam, I have news for you all, and private news too; but that of the greatest consequence is with this lady. Your pardon, ladies; I'll whisper with you all, one after another.

Nar. Come, cousin, will you walk? The gentleman has business; we shall interest for him.

Hil. Why, really, cousin, I don't say positively you love Mr. Worthy; but, I vow, this looks very like jealousy.

Nar. Pish! Lord, Hilary, you are in a very odd humour to-day. But to let you see I have no such weak thoughts about me, I'll wait unconcerned as yourself. I'll rattle him. [Aside.]

Am. Not displeasing, say you? Pray, Sir, unfold yourself, for I have long despaired of welcome news.

Y. W. Then, in a word, Madam, your husband Mr. Loveless, is in town, and has been there three days; I parted with him an hour ago.

Am. In town! You amaze me; For Heaven's sake, go on.

Y. W. Faith, Madam, considering Italy and those parts have furnished him with nothing but an improvement of that lewdness he carried over, I can't properly give you joy of his arrival. Besides, he is so very poor, that you would take him for an inhabitant of that country. And when I confirmed your being dead, he only

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Am. You need not call me a rash-ventured fool, or to that effect; nay, though I told him his unkindness broke my heart.

Am. Barbarous man! not shed a tear upon my grave? But why did you tell him I was dead?

T. Hor. Because, Madam, I thought you had no mind to have your house plundered; and for another reason, which, if you dare listen to me, perhaps you'll not dislike: in a word, 'tis such a stratagem, that will either make him ashamed of his folly, or in love with your vir-

Am. Can there be a hope, when ev'n my death cou'd not move him to a relenting sigh? Yet, pray instruct me, Sir.

T. Hor. You know, Madam, 'twas not above four or five months after you were married, but, (as most young husbands do) he grew weary of you. Now, I am confident, 'twas more an affectation of being fashionably vicious, than any reasonable dislike he cou'd either find in your mind or person: therefore cou'd you, by some artifice, pass upon him as a new mistress, I am apt to believe you wou'd find a great deal of the former success in his love, but a younger heart and sense than mine.

Am. Suppose this done, what could be the consequence?

T. Hor. Oh, your having then a just occasion to reproach him with his broken vows, and to let him see the weakness of his deluded fancy, which even in a wife, while unknown, cou'd find those real charms, which his blind, ungrateful lewdness wou'd ne'er allow her to be mistress of. After this, I'd have you seem freely to resign him to those fancied raptures, which he denied were in a virtuous woman: who knows but this, with a little submissive eloquence, may strike him with so great a sense of shame, as may reform his thoughts, and fix him yours?

Am. You have reviv'd me, Sir; but how can I assure myself he'll like me as a mistress?

T. Hor. From your being a new one——Leave the management of all to me: I have a trick shall draw him to your bed; and when he's there, faith, ev'n let him cuckold himself: I'll engage he likes you as a mistress.

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'strefs, though he could not as a wife. At least, she
'have the pleasure of knowing the difference between
'husband and a lover, without the scandal of the former.

Am. You have obliged me, Sir; if I succeed, the glory
shall be yours.

2. Wor. I'll wait on you at your lodgings, and consult
how I may be farther serviceable to you: but you must
put this in speedy execution, lest he should hear of you,
and prevent your design; in the mean time, 'tis a secret
to all the world but yourself and me.

Am. I'll study to be grateful, Sir.

2. Wor. Now for you, Madam. [*To Hillaria.*]

Nar. So! I am to be last serv'd: very well. [*Aside.*]

T. Wor. My brother, Madam, confesses he scattered
some rough words last night; and I take the liberty to tell
you, you gave him some provocation.

Hil. That may be; but I'm resolv'd to be mistress of
my actions before marriage, and no man shall usurp a
power over me, till I give it him.

T. Wor. At least, Madam, consider what he said as the
effects of an impatient passion; and give him leave this
afternoon to set all right again.

Hil. Well, if I don't find myself out of order after din-
ner, perhaps I may step into the garden: but I won't pro-
mise you neither.

T. Wor. I dare believe you without it.—Now, Madam,
I am your humble servant.

Nar. And every body's humble servant. [*To Nar.*]

T. Wor. Why, Madam, I am come to tell you—

Nar. What success you had with that lady, I suppose
—I don't mind intrigues, Sir.

T. Wor. I like this jealousy, however, though I scarce
know how to appease it. [*Aside.*] 'Tis business of mo-
ment, Madam, and may be done in a moment.

Nar. Yours is done with me, Sir; but my business is
not so soon done as you imagine.

T. Wor. In a word, I have very near reconciled my
brother and your cousin, and I don't doubt but to-morrow
will be the day; if I were but as well assured of your con-
sent for my happiness too—

Nar.

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Nar. First tell me your discourse with that lady; and afterwards, if you can, look me in the face—Oh, are you *ladying*, Sir?

T. Wor. 'Sdeath! I must not trust her with it; she'll tell it the whole town for a secret—Pux! ne'er a lie?

[*Aside*.

Nar. You said it was of the greatest consequence too.

T. Wor. A good hint, faith. [*Aside*] Why, Madam, since you will needs force it from me, 'twas to desire her to advance my interest with you: but all my intreaties could not prevail; for she told me, I was unworthy of you: was not this of consequence, Madam?

Nar. Nay, now I must believe you, Mr. Worthy, and I ask your pardon; for she was just railing against you for a husband before you came.

T. Wor. Oh! Madam, a favoured lover, like a good poem, for the malice of some few, makes the generous temper more admire it.

Nar. Nay, what she said, I must confess, had much the same effect, as the coffee-criticks ridiculing Prince Arthur; for I found a pleasing disappointment in my reading you; and till I see your beauties equalled, I shan't dislike you for a few faults.

T. Wor. Then, since you have blest me with your good opinion, let me beg of you, before these ladies, to complete my happiness to-morrow. Let this be the last night of your lying alone.

Nar. What d'ye mean?

T. Wor. To marry you to-morrow, Madam.

Nar. Marry me! Who put that in your head?

T. Wor. Some encouragement which my hopes have form'd, Madam.

Nar. Hopes! Oh, insolence! 'D'ye think I can be moved to love a man, to kiss, and toy with him, and so forth?

T. Wor. I gad, I find nothing but downright impudence will do with her. [*Aside*.] No, Madam, 'tis the man must kiss, and toy with you, and so forth. Come, dear angel, pronounce the joyful word, and draw the due of my eternal happiness. Ah! methinks I'm there already, eager and impatient of approaching bliss! Just laid within the bridal-bed; our friends retired;

' the

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' the curtains close drawn around us; no light but
' her eyes; no noise but her soft trembling words, and
' broken sighs, that plead in vain for mercy. And now a
' trickling tear steals down her glowing cheek, which
' tells the happy lover at length she yields; yet vows
' she'd rather die; but still submits to the unexperienc'd
' joy. [Embracing her.

' *Hil.* What raptures, Mr. Worthy!

Y. Wor. Only the force of love in imagination, Madam.

Nar. O Lord! dear cousin, and Madam, let's be gone!
I vow he grows rude. Oh, for heaven's sake! I shall
shake off my fright these ten days. O Lord! I will no
stay—Begone; for I declare I loath the sight of you.

[Exit.

Y. Wor. I hope you'll stand my friend, Madam.

Hil. I'll get her into the garden after dinner. [Exit.

Y. Wor. I find there's nothing to be done with my
lady before company; 'tis a strange affected piece—But
there's no fault in her thousand pounds a year, and that's
the loadstone that attracts my heart——The wife
and grave may tell us of strange chimeras called virtues
in a woman, and that they alone are the best dowry; but,
faith, we younger brothers are of another mind.

Women are chang'd from what they were of old:

Therefore let lovers still this maxim hold,

She's only worth, that brings her weight in gold.

[Exit.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

The SCENE, a Garden belonging to Sir William Wise-
wou'd's House.

Enter Narcissa, Hillaria, and Sir Novelty Fashion.

HILLARIA.

O H! for heaven's sake! no more of this gallantry,
Sir Novelty: for I know you say the same to every
woman you see.

Nar. Every one that sees you, Madam, must say so. Your beauty, like the rack, forces every body to confess his crime—of daring to adore you.

Nar. Oh! I han't patience to hear all this. If he be blind, I'll open his eyes. [*Aside.*] I vow, Sir Novelty, all men of amour are strange creatures: you think no woman worth your while, unless you walk over a rival's head to her heart: I know nothing has encouraged your passion to my cousin more than her engagement to Mr. Worthy.

Hil. Poor creature! Now is she angry she ha'n't the address of a top I nauseate. [*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. Oh, Madam! as to that I hope the lady will easily distinguish the sincerity of her adorers. Though I must allow, Mr. Worthy is infinitely the handsomer person.

Nar. O sic! Sir Novelty, make not such a preposterous comparison.

Sir Nov. Oh, Gad! Madam, there's no comparison.

Nar. Pardon me, Sir, he's an unpolished animal.

Sir Nov. Why, does your ladyship really think me tolerable.

Hil. So! she has snapt his heart already. [*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. Pray, Madam, how do I look to-day?—What, cursedly? I'll warrant; 'with a more hellish complexion than a state actress in a morning.'—I don't know, Madam:—"Tis true—the town does talk of me indeed;—but the devil take me, in my mind, I am a very ugly fellow.

Nar. Now you are too severe, Sir Novelty.

Sir Nov. Not I, burn me!—for heaven's sake deal freely with me, Madam; and if you can, tell me—one tolerable thing about me.

Hil. 'Twould pose me, I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

Nar. Oh, Sir Novelty! this is unanswerable: 'tis hard to know the brightest part of a diamond.

Sir Nov. You'll make me blush, stop my vitals, Madam.—I'gad, I always said she was a woman of sense. Strike me dumb, I am in love with her.—I'll try her further. [*Aside.*] But, Madam, is it possible I may vie with Mr. Worthy?—Not that he is any rival of mine, Ma-

dam;

dam; for I can assure you, my inclinations lie where perhaps, your ladyship little thinks.

Hil. So! now I am rid of him. [Aside]

Sir Nov. But, pray tell me, Madam, for I really love a severe critick: I am sure you must believe he has more happy genius in dress: for my part, I am but floven.

Nar. He is a genius unsufferable! Why he dresses more than a captain of the militia: but you, Sir Novelty, are a true original, the very pink of fashion: I'll warrant there's not a milliner in town but has got an estate by you.

Sir Nov. I must confess, Madam, I am for doing good to my country: for you see this suit, Madam—I suppose you are not ignorant what a hard time the ribband weavers have had since the late mourning: now my design is to let the poor rogues up again, by recommending this new trimming: 'the fancy is pretty well for 'second mourning.'—By the way, Madam, I had fifteen hundred guineas laid in my hand, as a gratuity to encourage it: but, I find, I trusted them, being well acquainted with the consequences of taking a bribe in a national concern.

Hil. A very shabby fashion, indeed, Sir Novelty! But how if it should not take?

Nar. Ridiculous! Take! I warrant you in a week the whole town will have it; though perhaps Mr. Worthy will be one of the last of them: he's a mere Valet de Chambre to all fashions; and never is in any till his betters have left them off.

Sir Nov. Nay, Gad, now I must laugh; for the devil take me, if I did not meet him, not above a fortnight ago, in a coat with buttons no bigger than nutmegs.

Hil. There, I must confess, you out-do him, Sir Novelty.

Sir Nov. Oh, dear Madam, why mine are not above three inches diameter.

Hil. But methinks, Sir Novelty, your sleeve is a little too extravagant.

Sir Nov. Nay, Madam, there you does but reach my knuckles, but my Lord does cover his diamond ring.

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Hil. Yes, I think the fashion may be very useful to you gentlemen that make campaigns: for should you unhappily lose an arm, or so, that sleeve might be very convenient to hide the defect on't.

Sir Nov. Ha! I think your ladyship's in the right on't. *[Hiding his hand in his sleeve.]*

Oh! such an air! so becoming a negligence—upon my soul, Sir Novelty, you'll be the envy of the monde.

Hil. Mr. Worthy! a good fancy were thrown away upon him; but you, Sir, are an ornament to your clothes.

Sir Nov. Then your ladyship really thinks they are—*[Hil. enters.]*

Hil. A merveille, Monsieur.

Sir Nov. She has almost as much wit as her cousin.

[Aside.] I must confess, Madam, this coat has had an universal approbation; for this morning I had all the eminent tailors in town at my house, earnestly petitioning for the first measure of it; now, Madam, if you thought it would oblige Mr. Worthy, I would let his tailor have it before any of them.

Nar. See, here he comes, and the deuce take me, I think 'twould be a good piece of good-nature; for I declare he looks as much like a French corporal—Pr'ythee, Sir Novelty, let's laugh at him.

Sir Nov. O Gad! no, Madam, that were too cruel: why, you know he can't help it.—Let's take no notice of him.

Hil. Wretched coxcomb! *[Aside.]*

Enter Elder Worthy.

El. Wor. I find my resolution is but vain, my feet have brought me hither against my will: but sure I can command my tongue, which I'll bite off ere it shall seek a reconciliation. Still so familiar there! But 'tis no matter, I'll wear indifference, and seem as careless in my behaviour as of her honour, which she can never be the worth of, while she persists to let a man do so. *[Aside.]* Ladies, your humble ser-

...t forbear fretting his spleen a little.
O Mr. Worthy! we are admiring Sir Novelty,

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and his new suit. Did you ever see so sweet a fancy as is as full of variety as a good play.

El. Wor. He's a very pleasant comedy, indeed, Madam; and dressed with a great deal of good satire and, no doubt, may oblige both the stage and the town, and the ladies.

Hil. So! There's for me——

Sir Nov. O Gad! Nay, pr'ythee, Tom, you know your humour——Ladies (stop my vitals) I don't believe there are five hundred in town that ever took any notice of me.

El. Wor. Oh, Sir, there are some that take so much notice of you, that the town takes notice of them for it.

Hil. It works rarely.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Nov. How of them, Tom, upon my account? O Gad, I wou'd not be the ruin of any lady's reputation, for the world. Stop my vitals, I'm very sorry for't. Pr'ythee, name but one that has a favourable thought of me, and to convince you that I have no design upon her, I'll instantly visit her in an unpowdered periwig.

El. Wor. Nay, she I mean is a woman of sense too,

Sir Nov. Phoo! Pr'ythee, pox, don't banter me: 'tis impossible! What can she see in me?

El. Wor. Oh, a thousand taking qualities. This lady will inform you——Come, I'll introduce you. [*Pulls him.*]

Sir Nov. O Gad, no. Pr'ythee——hark you in your ear——I am off of her; demme, if I ben't: I am, stop my vitals——

El. Wor. Wretched rogue! [*Aside.*] Pshaw, no matter? I'll reconcile you. Come, Madam.

Hil. Sir.

El. Wor. This gentleman humbly begs to kiss your hand.

Hil. He needs not your recommendation, Sir.

El. Wor. True; a fool recommends himself to your sex, and that's the reason men of common sense live unmarried.

Hil. A fool without jealousy, is better than a wise man with an ill-nature.

El. Wor. A friendly office, seeing your fault, is a good nature.

have, is pitiful.—You
 would scorn him, and scorn him.

Y. Wor. I have a secret art of pleasing women :
 not to delight you, you would not hazard your repu-
 tation by encouraging his love.

Hil. Does he wrong my reputation ?

Y. Wor. He need not ; the world will do it for him,
 and keep him company.

Hil. I'll answer it to the world.

Y. Wor. Then why does not

Hil. I'll do so, with a fondness I never should for-

Y. Wor. To partle in it, is what I'll never forgive.

Hil. Indulgence ! Is it come to this ? Never see me more.

Y. Wor. I have lost the sight of you already ; there
 hangs a cloud of folly between you and the woman I once
 loved. *[Exit Hil. in going off.]*

Enter Young Worth.

Y. Wor. What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ceasing, does the purpose lose,
 Madam, therefore, pray let me engage you to stay a little
 till your resentment is over, that you may see whether
 you have reason to be angry, or no.

Sir New. *[To Nar. Piny.]* Madam, who is that gen-
 tleman ?

Nar. Mr. Worth's brother, Sir ; a gentleman of no
 mean parts, I can assure you.

Sir New. I don't doubt it, Madam.—He has a very
 good penning.

Hil. To be jealous of me with a fool, is an affront to
 my understanding.

Y. Wor. Tamely to resign your reputation to the mer-
 ciless vanity of a fool, were no proof of his love.

Hil. 'Tis questioning my conduct

Y. Wor. Why, you let him kiss your hand last night
 before my face.

Hil. The fool diverted me, and I gave him my hand,
 my money, fan, or handkerchief to a
 fool, that I might see him play all his tricks

T. Wor. O, Madam, do justice to discretion; do not stop; for while you look for safety in the face, he has taken away your reputation with more ease than he has taken your pocket.

Hil. Some fools indeed are dangerous.

T. Wor. I grant you, your design is only to betray him; but that's more than he finds out: therefore you must expect he will tell the world another story, and listen to one but the consequence makes you a prey to curiosity.

Hil. You speak like an oracle: I tremble at the thoughts on't.

T. Wor. Here's one that reproaches you. Brother, I have done your business. Hilary is the victim of her indiscretion, and has a pardon ready for your signing it.

El. Wor. She's the criminal; I have no objection to it.

T. Wor. See, she comes toward you; give her a word at least.

Hil. Mr. Worthy, I'll not be behind-hand in the acknowledgement I owe you: I freely confess my folly, and forgive your harsh construction of it: nay, I'll not condemn your want of good-nature, in not endeavouring (as your brother has done) by mild arguments to convince me of my error.

El. Wor. Now you vanquish me! I blush to be done in generous love! I am your slave, dispose of me as you please.

Hil. No more; from this hour be you the master of my actions, and my heart.

El. Wor. This goodness gives you the power, and I obey with pleasure.

T. Wor. So! I find I han't preached to no purpose. Well, Madam, if you find him guilty of love, e'en let to-morrow be his execution-day; make a husband of him, and there's the extent of love's law.

El. Wor. Brother, I am indebted to you.

T. Wor. Well, I'll give you a discharge, if you'll but leave me half an hour in private with that lady.

Hil. How will you get rid of Sir Novelty?

T. Wor. I warrant you; leave him to

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Now, Madam, as we walk, I will inform you of the way I intend to handle that wretch to your satisfaction.

Now, Madam, that I want revenge on so wicked a creature is reasonable; but I think you owe this to yourself, either to see (if possible) you never pardon (or forgive) him, than he really is.

Now, Madam, I am in your politicks: pr'ythee consider as thou wilt.

Now, Madam, I am in your politicks: pr'ythee consider as thou wilt.

Enter Elder Worsby and Hillaria.

Now, Madam, I am in your politicks: pr'ythee consider as thou wilt.

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Now, Madam, I am in your politicks: pr'ythee consider as thou wilt.

am resolv'd Sir Novelty shall not go yet ; for I have the pleasure of hearing myself praised a little ; and I don't marry this month for't. *[Aside.]* Good men, since you both say love's your business ; and for yourselves ; and he that speaks the greatest good of me, have the fairest return.

T. Wor. Oh, the devil ! now is the time for hopes of a little flattery. There's no room for patience. ' S'death ! What a piece have I to say to you !

Nar. Come, gentlemen, one at a time ; what have you to say to me ?

Sir Nov. In the first place, Madam, I was the first son in England that was complimented with the title of beau, which is a title I prefer before right honourable : for that may be inherited ; but this I extorted from the whole nation, by my surprising mien, and unexampled gallantry.

Nar. So, Sir.

Sir Nov. Then another thing, Madam : it has been observed, that I have been eminently successful in those fashions I have recommended to the town ; and I don't question but this very f it will raise as many ribband-weavers, as ever the clipping or melting trade did goldsmiths.

Nar. Pish ! What does the fool mean ! he says nothing of me yet. *[Aside.]*

Sir Nov. ' In short, Madam, the cravat-string, the garter, the sword-knot, the centurine, bardash, the steinkirk, the large button, the long sleeve, the full peruke, were all created, cry'd down, and cry'd up by me : in a word, Madam, there has never been any thing particularly taking or agreeable for these many years past, but your humble servant was the author of it.

T. Wor. Where the devil will this end ?

Nar. This is all extravagant, Sir Novelty : what have you to say to me, Sir ?

Sir Nov. I'll come to you presently, Madam, I'm just done : then you must know, my coach is as well known as myself ; and since the ruin of two play-houses, I have a better opportu-

—Whisk—I am gone
—Oh! what pleasure 'tis, at a good
—before half an old's done?

—What's at a good play?

—Now, O, Madam, it looks particular, and gives
me some indication an opportunity of turning upon me
—Then do they conclude I have some extra-
ordinary interest, or a fine woman to go to at least:
—Then saying, a little my contempt of what the
—but if I do stay
—back to the stage.

I have been
—I have been who talks to
—Madam, do I
take more pains to preserve a public reputation, than
ever of lady rank, after the small part, to recover her
complexions.

—Well, but to the point. What have you to say to
the Novelty?

—Now, the next time I shall
—our better best place. [Aside.]

—Now, Baym, Madam?—Why, I have been say-
ing all this to you.

—To what end, Sir?

—Now, Why, all this I have done for your sake.

—What London is a town?

—Now, Madam, don't you think it more
particular per-
—than to be
—souls that have lived in-

—Now, That I much doubt, is a prevailing argument:
—why you love me.

—You've told me he has left for me, Madam.

—I never undertake, I must
—if I tell a lady why she
—

—Now, Madam, he's too conceited: he's so in love
—a woman the bare comfort of
—Well, Mr. Worthy.

T. W. W.

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nt.—

May then, Sir, your humble servant. So!

— You see, Mr. Worthy, a dancer is a mistress, sometimes, as well as a maid; and I can't persuade your sex to a favourable opinion of that trade.

— I thought, Madam, for an opportunity to correct your error, and therefore give me leave to inform you, that I will free me from the pain of farthinging, and make a husband of me.—Come, I have already named

— I have named you, Madam, for an enemy to the dance; and they that consider much, will be so too. No, no;

— I am not enough to consider a marriage—

— Why are you so much so? — Not but I do so great a mischief. Shall be the day, Mr. Worthy; but I am afraid you have not loved me long enough to set out marriage with the town-talk; for as the fashions now to be the town-talk; and you know, one had as good be out of the mode, as out of the fashion.

— I don't know, Madam, what you call town-talk; but it has been in the news-letters above a fortnight ago, that we were already married. Beside, the last long I made of you, I have been at the musick-house, and I have seen you, Madam, I took no notice of you, and the beaux know who

— Well, and what of the ladies? — What is most observable, Madam, was, that while it was saying, my Lady Manlove went out in a great passion.

— How odd, and how odd! On my conscience, that horrible creature has such a fund of kind compliance for all your sex, while love lies dead upon their faces, that she has been as great a hindrance to us vir-

— As ever the Bank of England was to the

— T. War.

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T. Wor. The reason of that is, Madam, because
 ' virtuous ladies pay no interest; I must content
 ' principal, our health, is a little secure with you.

Nar. Well; and is not that an advantage worth en-
 ' tering into bonds for? Not, but I vow, we virtuous
 ' devils do love to insult a little; and to say truth, it
 ' looks too credulous and easy in a woman, to encourage
 ' a man before he has fighed himself to a skeleton.

T. Wor. But, Heaven be thanked, we are prettily
 ' with you in the end; for the longer you hold us out
 ' before marriage, the sooner we fall off after it.

Nar. What, then you take marriage to be a kind of
 Jesuit's powder, that infallibly cures the fever of
 love?

T. Wor. 'Tis indeed a Jesuit's powder, for the priests
 first invented it; and only abstained from it, because
 they knew it had a bitter taste; then gilded it over with
 a pretended blessing, and so palm'd it upon the unthink-
 ing laity.

Nar. Pr'ythee don't screw your wit beyond the com-
 pass of good manners——D'ye think I shall be tuned
 to matrimony by your railing against it? If you have
 so little stomach to it, I'll ev'n make you fast a week
 longer.

T. Wor. Ay, but let me tell you, Madam, 'tis no po-
 licy to keep a lover at a thin diet, in hopes to raise his
 appetite on the wedding night; for then

We come like starving beggars to a feast,	}
Where, unconfin'd, we feed with eager haste,	
Till each repeated morsel palls the taste.	}
Marriage gives prodigals a boundless treasure,	
Who squander that, which might be lasting pleasure.	
And women think they ne'er have over-measure.	}

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE. As William Wilewou'd's House.

*Enter Amanda and Hilaria, meeting.**Amanda.*

*M*Y dear, I have news for you.
Hil. I guess it, and this would be satisfied of
 the privilege. Your husband is returned, and, I hear,
 knows nothing of your being alive. Young Worthy has
 told me of your design upon him.

A. 'Tis thus I wanted your advice in: what think
 you of it?

Hil. Oh! I admire it: next to forgetting your hus-
 band, 'tis the best counsel was ever given you; for un-
 der the disguise of a mistress, you may now take a fair
 advantage of indulging your love; and the little ex-
 perience you have had of it already, has been just enough
 not to let you be afraid of a man.

Am. Will you never leave your mad humour?

Hil. Not till my youth leaves me: why should wo-
 men affect ignorance among themselves? When we con-
 verse with men, indeed, modesty and good-breeding
 oblige us not to understand what, sometimes, we can't
 help thinking of.

Am. Nay, I don't think the worse of you for what
 you say: 'tis a shrewd, not a dragging lover, and
 as for the other, you are withheld from what they would
 give; the one has no reason to expect to receive a favour,
 as the other has still an opportunity.

Hil. Men indeed have a wrong sense of modesty, as
 if it were a quality: if you don't fight with all you
 meet, it is from all you do; you are presently thought
 a coward, or an ill-will'd.

Am. You by this, without hand a matter, now-a-
 days, are so much to be seen to converse with men,
 that they are now obliged to draw his sword: for many
 have been seen to act their parts. 'Tis
 a business that has been ever sacred; and I
 am sure, it is not by an unadvised undertaking;
 there-

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therefore, dear Hilaria, help me, for I am at a loss
I justify, think you, my intended design upon my husband?

Hil. As how, pr'ythee?

Am. Why, if I court and conquer him as a mistress
am not I accessory to his violating the bonds of marriage? For though I am his wife, yet while he loves
me not as such, I encourage an unlawful passion; and
though the act be safe, yet his intent is criminal: how
can I answer this?

Hil. Very easily; for if he don't intrigue with you,
he will with somebody else in the mean time; and I
think you have as much right to his remains as any
one.

Am. Nay, but I am afraid I shall be will pretend
to me in vain, and to occasion that I shall prevent
his doing worse elsewhere.

Hil. It is true, a certain ill ought not to be done for
an uncertain good. But then again, of two evils, choose
the less; and turn his ill intention to let him love you
as a mistress, than to let him have you as a wife. If
you succeed, I suppose you will easily forgive your
guilt to the undertaker.

Am. The say with, I find no argument yet strong
enough to consider my justification to it. But is there
no danger, think you, of his knowing me?

Hil. Not one least, in my opinion; in the first place,
he confidently believes you are dead: then he has not
seen you these eight or ten years: besides, you were
not above sixteen when he left you: this, with the al-
teration the small-pox has made on you (though not for
the worse) I think, are sufficient disguises to secure you
from his knowledge.

Am. Nay, and to this I may add, the considerable
improvement of my fortune; for when he left me, I had
only my bare jointure for a subsistence; besides, my
strange manner of receiving him. —

Hil. That's what I would fain be acquainted with.

Am. I expect farther instructions from Mr. Worth
every moment; then you shall know all, my dear.

Hil. N.y, he will do you no small service.
thief is the best thief-catcher.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, your servant is below, who says young
Mr.

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Mr. Worthy's man waits at your lodgings with earnest business from his master.

Am. 'Tis well.—Come, my dear, I must have your assistance too.

Hil. With all my heart; I love to be at the bottom of a secret; for they say, the confidant of an amour sometimes more pleasure in the observation, than parties concerned in the enjoyments. But, methinks, you don't look with a good heart upon the business.

Am. I can't help a little concern in a business of such moment: for though my reason tells me my design must prosper, yet my fears say 'twere happiness too great.—Oh! to reclaim the man I'm bound by Heaven to love, to expose the folly of a roving mind, in pleasing him with what he seemed to loath, were such a sweet revenge for blighted love, so vast a triumph of rewarded constancy; as might persuade a better part of womankind even to forsake inconstancy, and still to live with virtue.

Re-enter the Servant with Villaria.

Serv. Sir Novelty is come below in his coach, Madam, and requests for your Ladyship, or Madam Narcissa.

Hil. You know my cousin is gone out with my Lady Tattle-tongue: I hope you did not tell him I was within.

Serv. No, Madam, I did not know if your Ladyship would be at home, and therefore came to see.

Hil. Then tell him I went with her.

Serv. I will, Madam.

[Exit Servant.]

Hil. You may know, my dear, I have sent to that lady, Mrs. Faint, whom this Sir Novelty keeps, and have sent her to some purpose, with an account of his quarrel with his cousin: I owed him a quarrel, for that he made between Mr. Worthy and me, and I hope her jealousy will promote revenge it; therefore I sent my cousin out of the house because (unknown to her) her name is my design.—Here he comes. Pr'ythee, go down the back-stairs, and take coach.

[Exit Am. and Hil.]

[Re-enter Servant, conducting Sir Novelty.]

Serv. Will you please to take the ladies abroad, say you? Is Sir Wil-

Serv. Yes, Sir; if you please to walk in, I'll show him that you expect him here.

Sir Nov. Do so, pr'ythee; and in the mean time let me consider what I have to say to him.—*Exit Serv.*—In the first place, his daughter is in love with me.—Would I marry her? No; damn it, 'tis mechanical to love the woman you love; men of quality should love those they never saw.—But I hear young Worthy marries her to-morrow; which if I prevent not, will spoil my design upon her. Let me see—I have it—I'll persuade the old fellow, that I would marry her myself; upon which he immediately rejects young Worthy, and gives me free access to her—Good—What follows upon that? Opportunity, importunity, resistance, force, entreaty, persisting—Doubting, swearing, lying—Blushes, yielding, victory, pleasure—Indifference—Oh! here he comes *in ordine ad*—

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd.

Sir Wil. Sir Novelty, your servant: have you any commands for me, Sir?

Sir Nov. I have some proposals to make, Sir, concerning your happiness and my own, which, perhaps, will surprize you. In a word, Sir, I am upon the very brink of matrimony.

Sir Wil. 'Tis the best thing you can pursue, Sir, considering you have a good

Sir Nov. But whom do you think I intend to marry?

Sir Wil. I can't imagine. Dear Sir, be brief, lest your delay transport me into a crime I would avoid, which is impatience. Sir, pray go on.

Sir Nov. In fine, Sir, 'tis your very daughter, the fair Narcissa.

Sir Wil. Humph—Pray, Sir, how long have you had this in your head?

Sir Nov. Above these two hours, Sir.

Sir Wil. Very good! then you ha'n't slept upon it.

Sir Nov. No, nor shan't sleep, for thinking on't. Did not I tell you I would surprize you?

Sir Wil. Oh! you have indeed, Sir: I am amazed! I am amazed!

Sir Nov. Well, Sir, and what think you of my proposal?

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Sir Will. Who truly, Sir, 'tis not: but if I did, 'tis now too late; my daughter is disposed of to a gentleman that she and I like very well: at present, Sir, I have a little business: if this be all, your humble servant, I am well.

Sir New. I would, what an insensib'le blockhead's this! 'tis not all the business — Is this all the acknowledgment you make for my service? I delign'd you?

Sir Will. Why, Sir, 'tis an honour that I am not ashamed of on your terms, I do not like you for a son-in-law.

Sir New. Now you speak to the purpose, Sir: but, pr'ythee, what are thy exceptions to me?

Sir Will. Why, in the first place, Sir, you have too great a passion for your own person, to have any for your wife's: in the next place, you take such an extravagant care in the clothing your body, that your understanding goes naked. If I were your son-in-law, I should take the liberty to call you an extravagant fellow.

Sir New. 'Egad, there are a great many gentlemen, and I'll tell thee a secret, upon my word, Sir, from me, that all young fellows hate the same of top, as women do the same of wigs. 'Egad, they both 'love the pleasure of being so, faith, and 'tis as hard a matter for some men to be tops, as you call them, as 'tis for some women to be wigs.

Sir Will. That's pleasant, faith. Can't any man be a top, or any woman be a whore, that has a mind to it?

Sir New. No, faith, Sir; for let me tell you, 'tis not the coldness of my Lady Freelove's inclination, but her age and wrinkles that won't let her cuckold her husband. And again, 'tis not Sir John Wou'dlook's aversion to dress, but his want of a fertile genius, that won't let him look like a gentleman: 'therefore in vindication of all well-dressed gentlemen, I intend to write a play, where my chief character shall be a downright English fellow, that sets to be a beau, without either a great education, and to call it, in imitation of your comedy, *He Would if he Could*: 'tis done, you are answered, Sir.' Have you my birth or family, pray Sir?

Sir, I have; you seem to be the off-

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spring of more than one man's labour; for certainly less than a dancing, singing, and fencing master, a taylor, milliner, perfumer, peruke-maker, and a French *valet de chambre*, could be at the begetting of you.

Sir Nov. All these have been at the finishing of me since I was made.

Sir Wil. That is, Heaven made you a man, and they have made a monster of you: and so farewell to ye.

Sir Nov. Hark ye, Sir: am I to expect no farther satisfaction in the proposals I made you?

Sir Wil. Sir—nothing makes a man lose himself like passion: now I presume you are young, and consequently rash upon a disappointment; therefore, to prevent any difference that may arise by repeating my refusal of your suit, I do not think it convenient to hold any farther discourse with you.

Sir Nov. Nay, faith, thou shalt stay to hear a little more of my mind first.

Sir Wil. Since you press me, Sir, I will rather bear with, than resist you.

Sir Nov. I doubt, old gentleman, you have such a torrent of philosophy running through your *pericranium*, that it has washed your brains away.

Sir Wil. Pray, Sir, why do you think so?

Sir Nov. Because you chuse a beggarly, unaccountable sort of a younger brotherish rake-hell for your son-in-law, before a man of quality, estate, good parts and breeding, demine.

Sir Wil. Truly, Sir, I know neither of the persons to whom these characters belong; if you please to write their names under them, perhaps I may tell you if they be like or no.

Sir Nov. Why then, in short, I would have been your son-in-law; and you, it seems, prefer young Worthy before me. Now are your eyes open?

Sir Wil. Had I been blind, Sir, you might have been my son-in-law; and if you were not blind, you would not think that I design my daughter for young Worthy? His brother, I think, may deserve her.

Sir Nov. Then you are not jealous of young Worthy?
Humb!

Sir

Sir Nov. No, Sir, nor of you neither.
Porter. *And thy hand: thou art very happy, for thou dost not see thou art blind—*
How dost thou know Worthy? Ha! Ha!—How now?
Enter Sir Novelty's Footman, with a Porter.
Porter. Sir, here is a porter with a letter for your ho-

Sir Nov. I am ordered to give it into your own hand, Sir, and receive an answer.

Sir Nov. [Reads.] "Excuse, my dear Sir Novelty, the forced indifference I have shown you, and let me recompense your past sufferings with an hour's conversation, this afternoon, at Robinson's. There, where you will find me, I am welcome to the sight of your Narcissa"—Unexpected happiness! the arms of your Narcissa! 'Egad, and when I am there, I'll be as welcome. Faith, I did not think she was to be gone neither—But I don't question, there are five hundred more in her condition.—I have a good mind to go, faith—Yet, hang it, I will too, only to be revenged of this old fellow. Nay, I'll have the pleasure of making it public too; for I will give her the name, and show all the town to be witness of my triumph.—What is the lady?

[To the Porter.

Porter. In a hackney coach, at the corner of the street.

Sir Nov. Through: tell her I will certainly be there.—
[Exit Porter.] Well, then you are resolved I shall see you? Your daughter is dis-

Sir Nov. Well, then you are resolved, Sir; you shall be no

Sir Nov. Fie, fie, old philosophy: and (d'ye hear?) I would advise you to study nothing but the art of patience: you may have an unexpected occasion for it. Have you, would it not nettle you damnably, to hear me say that you grandfather?

Sir Nov.—Notwithstanding this provocation, I am not like other men, a slave to passion, I shall be as calm as calling you impertinent. How I swell
[Exit Sir Novelty.]—Leave me, leave me; go, Sir,
[Exit Sir Novelty.]—
[Angrily.]
Sir

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Sir Nov. Oh! have a care of passion, dear Diog.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Will. So! [*Sighing.*] At last I have conquered.
Pray, Sir, oblige me with your absence; [*Taking off his hat.*] I protest I am tired with you; pray leave my house.

[*Submissively.*]

Sir Nov. Demn your house, your family, your ancestors, your generation, and your eternal posterity.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Will. Ah! a fair riddance. How I bless myself, that it was not in this fool's power to provoke me beyond that serenity of temper which a wise man ought to be master of! How near are men to brutes, when their unruly passions break the bounds of reason? And of all passions, anger is the most violent; which often puts me in mind of that admirable saying,

He that strives not to stem his anger's tide,
Does a wild horse without a bridle ride.

The SCENE changes to St. James's Park.

Enter Young Worthy and Loveless, as from the Tavern; Snap following.

Y. Wor. What a sweet evening it is?—Pr'ythee, Ned, let's walk a little——'ook how lovingly the trees are joined, since thou wert here, as if Nature had designed this walk for the private shelter of forbidden love. [*Several crossing the Stage.*] Look, here are some for making use of the convenience.

Love. But hark ye, friend, are the women as tame and civil as they were before I left the town? Can they endure the smell of tobacco, or vouchsafe a man a word with a dirty cravat on?

Y. Wor. Ay, that they will; for keeping is almost out of fashion: so that now an honest fellow, with a promising back, need not fear a night's lodging for bare good fellowship.

Love. If whoring be so poorly encouraged, methinks the women should turn honest in their own defence.

Y. Wor. Faith, I don't find there's a ~~whore~~ ^{whore} left for it; the pleasure of fornication is still the same; all the difference is, lewdness is not so barefaced as heretofore.

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Virtue is as much debased as our money; for Goldenheads are as scarce as our milled half-crowns; and faith, *Dei gratia* is as hard to be found in a girl of fifteen, as round the brim of an old shilling.

Love. Well, I find, in spite of law and duty, the flesh will get the better of the spirit. But I see no game yet.—Pr'ythee, Will, let's go and take t'other temper to enliven assurance, that we may come down-right to the business.

T. Hor. No, no; what we have in our bellies already, by the help of a little fresh air, will soon be in good temper, and work us to a right pitch to taste the pleasure of the night.

Love. The day is now past, and I am weary of my life, I should have thought I should have known the day of my life, but that the night is yet to come, and I am weary of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life.

T. Hor. I am weary of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life.

Love. I am weary of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life.

T. Hor. He! look out, Will, there's the enemy before you.

Love. What then, is Caesar's? Come, follow me.

[*Exit Loveless.*]

T. Hor. I am weary of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life, and I should have thought I should have known the day of my life.

Enter Mrs. Flareit and her Maid.

Maid. I wonder, Madam, Sir Novelty don't come yet; I am so afraid he should see Narcissa, and find out the trick of your letter.

Fla. No, no; Narcissa is out of the way; I am sure he won't be long; for I heard the hautboys, as they passed by me, mention his name; I suppose, to make the intrigue more fashionable, he intends to give me the measure.

Maid. Suppose he take you for Narcissa, what advantage do you propose by it?

Fla.

Fla. I shall then have a just occasion to quarrel with him for his perfidiousness, and so force his pocket to make his peace with me: beside, my jealousy will let me rest till I am revenged.

Maid. Jealousy! why, I have often heard you say you loathed him.

Fla. 'Tis my pride, not my love, that makes me jealous.

Maid. See, Madam, here he is, and the music with him.

Fla. Put on your mask, and leave me. [*They march.*]

Enter Sir Novelty with the music.

Sir Nov. Here, gentlemen, place yourselves on this spot, and pray oblige me with a trumpet sonata——
'This taking a man at his first word, is a very new way
'of preserving reputation; stop my violin——nay, and a
'secure one too; for now may we enjoy and grow weary
'of one another, before the town can take any notice of
'us.' [*Flareit making towards him.*] Ha! this must be she——I suppose, Madam, you are no stranger to the contents of this letter.

Fla. Dear Sir, this place is too public for my acknowledgment; if you please to withdraw to a more private conveniency. [*Exeunt.*]

[The music prepares to play, and all sorts of people gather about it.]

Enter at one door Narcissa, Hillaria, Amanda, Elder Worthy, and Young Worthy; *at another,* Loveless and Snap, *who talk to the masks.*

E. Wor. What say you, ladies, shall we walk home-wards? It begins to be dark.

Y. Wor. Pr'ythee don't be so impatient, it's light enough to hear the music, I'll warrant ye.

Am. Mr. Worthy, you promised me a sight I long for: is Mr. Loveless among all those?

Y. Wor. That's he, Madam, surveying that masked lady.

Am. Ha! Is't possible? Methinks I read his vices in his person. Can he be insensible, even to the smart of pinching poverty? Pray, Sir, your hand—I find myself disordered. It troubles me to think I dare not speak to him after so long a separation.

Y. Wor. Madam, your staying here may be dangerous. [*Exit.*]

there-

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before let me advise you to go home, 'and get all things in order to receive him. About an hour hence will be a convenient time to let my daughter go; till then, let me beg you to have a little patience.' Give me leave, Madam, to see you to your coach.

Am. I'll not trouble you, Sir; yonder's my cousin Melbred, I'll beg his protection. *[Exit.]*

[The music plays; after which Narcissa speaks.]

Nar. 'Tis very fine, considering what dull souls our nation are; I find 'tis a harder matter to reform their manners, than their government or religion.

E. Wor. Since the one has been so happily accomplished, I know no reason why we should despair of the other; I hope in a little time to see our youth return from travel, big with praises of their own country.

Nar. I suppose, Madam, the same Madam I suppose;

E. Wor. I suppose, why, you have a little of the same passion of your own. I have heard you praised as much as I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you.

Nar. I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you.

E. Wor. I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you.

Nar. I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you, as much as I have heard of you.

— Why, look there now; is it not comical, to see that wretched creature there, with her autumnal face, dressed in all the colours of the spring?

E. Wor. Pray, who is she, Madam?

Nar. A thing that won't believe herself out of date, though she was a known woman at the Restoration.

E. Wor. Oh! I know her, 'tis Mrs. Holdour, one that is proud of being an original of fashionable fornication, and values herself mightily for being one of the first mistresses that ever kept her coach publicly in England.

Fil. Pray, who's that impudent young fellow there?

E. Wor. Oh, that's an eternal fan-tracer, and a constant persecutor of womankind: he had a great misfortune lately.

Nar.

Nicro ftx th

' *Nar.* Pray what was it?

' *E. Wor.* Why, impudently presuming to cuckold a Dutch officer, he had his foreteeth kicked out.

' *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

' *Nar.* There's another too, Mr. Worthy: do you know him?

' *T. Wor.* That's beau Noisy; one that brags of favours from my lady, though refused by her woman; that sups with a lord, and borrows his club of his footmen, and beats the watch, and is kicked by his companions; that is one day at court, and the next in gaol; that goes to church without religion, is valiant without courage, witty without sense, and drunk without measure.

' *E. Wor.* A very complete gentleman.

' *Hil.* Pr'ythee, cousin, who's that over-shy lady there, that won't seem to understand what that brisk young fellow says to her?

' *Nar.* Why that's my lady Clorlove: the other ceremonious gentleman is her lover. She is so over-modest, that she makes a scruple of shifting her tail before her woman; but afterwards makes none of doing it before her gallant.

' *T. Wor.* Hang her; she is a jest to the whole town; for though she has been the mother of two by-blows, she endeavours to appear as ignorant in all company, as if she did not know the distinction of sexes.

' *Nar.* Look, look, Mr. Worthy, I vow there's the Countess of Incog, out of her dishabille, in a high head, I protest!

' *T. Wor.* 'Tis as great a wonder to see her out of a hackney coach, as out of debt, or—

' *Nar.* Or out of countenance.

' *T. Wor.* That indeed she seldom changes; for she is never out of a mask, and is so well known in it, that when she has a mind to be private she goes barefaced.

Nar. Come, cousin, now let's see what monsters the next walk affords.

T. Wor. With all my heart; 'tis in our way home.

T. Wor. Ladies, I must beg your pardon for a moment; yonder comes one I have a little business with, I'll dispatch it immediately, and follow you.

Will. No, no; we'll stay for you.

Nar. You may, if you please, cousin; but I suppose I'll hardly thank you for it.

Mrs. What, then you conclude 'tis a woman's business, by his promising a quick dispatch?

K. Wor. Madam, in three minutes you shall know the business. If it displease you, condemn me to an eternal adieu.

El. Wor. Come, Madam, let me be his security.

Nar. I dare take your word, Sir.

[*Exeunt El. Wor. Hil. and Nar.*]

Enter Sly, Servant to Young Worthy.

T. W. Well, how goes matters? Is he in readiness to start?

Sly. A hair, Sir; every servant has his cue, and all wait till the comedy begins.

T. W. Stand aside a little, and let us watch our opportunity.

[*Enter a Maid.*] I am gone about half an hour hence to meet the Grindstone.

Maid. Your honour will with all my heart: but to-night I am engaged to the chaplain of Colonel Thunder's regiment.

Snap. When will you have me for a mutton chop? For hat's all he'll give you, I'm sure.

Maid. You are mistaken, faith; he keeps me.

Snap. Not to himself, I'll engage him; yet he may too, if nobody likes you better than I do. Hark you, child; pr'ythee, when was your smock washed?

Maid. Why, dost thou pretend to fresh linen, that never wore a clean shirt, but of thy mother's own washing?

[*Goes from him.*]

Love. What, no adventure, no game, Snap?

Snap. None, none, Sir; I can't prevail with any, from the point head-cloths to the Horse-guard whore.

Love. What a pox! sure the whores can't smell an empty pocket?

Snap. No, no, that's certain, Sir, they must see it in our faces.

Sly. [*To Loveless.*] My dear boy, how is't? 'Egad, I am glad thou art come to town. My Lady expected you here an hour ago, and I am overjoyed I have found

thee. Come, come, come along ; she's impatient
fees you.

Sn. 7p. Odsbud, Sir, for the day, 18th Aug. 1841.

Love. 'Egad, it looks
I'll humour him---W

Sly. Oddheart, she is
 a most virtuous fine creature, ye see,
 such a tongue between the
 man's soul on fire !

Love. The rogue makes an impression

Sly. Come, come, the key, the key, you dear
rogue!

Snap. Oh, Lord! the key; the key. *[Aside.*

Love. The key! Why, sh— sh— sh— should yo—
yo— you have it?

Sly. A'—

October 1, 1964

and the β phase is the β phase of the β phase.

2.000 100.000
2.000 100.000

...the pressure to divert my

pany with the story. Poor Amanda! thou wilt desire
a better husband; thou wert never wanting in thy e-

ours to reclaim him; and, faith, considering how
a despair has worn thee,

'Twere pity now thy hopes should not succeed ;

This new attempt is Love's last shift indeed.

[Exit.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

AUT/

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

ACT IV.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Elder Worthy, Young Worthy, Hilaria, and Narcissa.

ELDER WORTHY.

WELL, ladies, I believe 'tis time for us to be walking.

Hil. No, pray, let me engage you to stay a little longer. Yonder comes Sir Novichy and his mistress, in pursuance of the design I told you of. Pray, have a little patience, and you will see the effect on.

They stand aside.

mask'd.

*in unexampled
such early kind-
gments.*

*Kisses her hand.
er for another.*

*Hilaria should
ver.*

my life and fortune can protect it.

Nar. Oh, Gad! let me go. Does the impudent creature take my name upon her?—I'll pull off her head-cloaths.

Hil. Oh, fie, cousin! what an ungenteel revenge would that be! Have a little patience.

Nar. Oh, I am all in a flame!

Fla. But will you never see that common creature, Flareit, more?

Sir Nov. Never, never feed on such homely fare, after so rich a banquet.

Fla. Nay, but you must hate her too

Sir Nov. That I did long ago. 'Tis true, I have been seduced away; but I detest a strumpet. I am informed she keeps a fellow under my nose; and for that reason I would not make the settlement I lately gave her

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some hopes of. But e'en let her please herself—
I am wholly yours.

Fla. Oh, now you charm me! But will you ever?

Sir Nov. Will you be ever kind?

Fla. Be sure you never see Flareit more.

Sir Nov. When I do, may this soft hand
perjury.

Fla. So it shall, villain!

[Strikes him a box on the ear.]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Nov. Flareit! the devil!

Fla. What, will nothing but go down with you,
thou miserable, conceited wretch! Oh! I'm a home-
ly pils, a strumpet, not worth notice! Devil, I'll
be revenged.

Sir Nov. Damn your revenge; I'm sure I feel it.

[Holding his cheek.]

Nar. Really, Sir Novelty, I am oblig'd to you for
your kind thoughts of me, and your extraordinary care
of my reputation.

Sir Nov. 'Sdeath, she's he expos'd to half the
town!—Well, I must wait, however.

[Wall is interested.]

Fla. What, no pretence, no now?

Sir Nov. There's no occasion for any, Madam.

Fla. Come, come, swear you knew me all this while.

Sir Nov. No, faith, Madam, I did not know you; for
it I had, you would not have found me so furious a
lover.

Fla. Furies and hell! dares the monster own his guilt?
This is beyond all sufferance. Thou wretch! thou
thing! thou animal! that I (to the everlasting forfeiture
of my sense and understanding) have made a man; for
till thou knewest me, 'twas doubted if thou wert of hu-
man kind. And dost thou think I'll suffer such a worm
as thee to turn against me? No, when I do, may I be
curst to thy embraces all my life, and never know a joy
beyond thee.

Sir Nov. Wh—wh—wh—what will your Ladyship's
fury do, Madam?

[Sneering.]

Fla. Only change my lodging, Sir.

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 53

Sir Nov. I shall keep mine, Madam, that you may
 know he loves me; I have yet a surer way

[Walks by her.]

know he loves me;
 I have yet a surer way

[Aside.]

it bravely.

es, I'll warrant you.

a better politician than

Now, woman. *[Aside.]*

peak with you.

Sir Nov. Ay, Madam.

Fla. Before we part *[Sir Nov.]* I find I have irrecoverably
 let me beg of you, that from this hour,
 make any new attempts to
 nature's such, I

[Aside.]

first acquaint-

dom me; I hope

let me have them

returned to-mor-

you as much hap-

ended I could give

Farwell; and

may your next mischance love you and hate you. *[Is going.]*

Sir Nov. So, now must I seem to persuade her. *[Aside.]*

Nay, prithee, my dear! why do you struggle so? Whi-
 ther would you go?

Fla. Pray, Sir, give me leave to pass; I can't bear to
 stay. *[Crying]*

Sir Nov. What is't that frightens you?

Fla. Your barbarous usage: Pray, let me go.

Sir Nov. Nay, if you are resolved. Madam, I won't
 press you against your will. Your humble servant; *[Leaves her.]*
 and a happy riddance, stop my virals! *[Aside.]*

[Flareit looks back.]

Fla. Ha! not move to call me back! So unconcern'd!
 Oh, I could tear my flesh, stab every feature in this dull,
 decaying face, that wants a charm to hold him! Damn

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him, I loath him too ! But shall my pride now fall from such an height, and bear the torture unrevenge'd ? my very soul's on fire ; and nothing but blood shall quench it. Devil, have at thee.

[Snatches Young Worthy's sword, and runs.]

Y. Wor. Have a care, Sir.

Sir Nov. Let her alone, gentlemen ; I'll warrant

[Draws, and stands upon him.]

[*Y. Worthy takes the sword from her, and holds it aloft.*]

Fla. Prevented ! Oh, I shall cheek with boiling blood ! Oh ! Oh ! humph !—Let me go ; I'll have his blood, his blood !

Sir Nov. Let her come, let her come, gentlemen.

Fla. Death and vengeance ! am I become his sport ? He's pleased, and smiles to see me rage the more ; but he shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman. Scorned, slighted, dismissed without a parting pang ! Oh, torturing thought ! May all the racks mankind e'er gave our easy sex, neglected love, decaying beauty, and all the dotage of undon't after light on me, if e'er I cease to be the eternal play of his remaining life ; nay, after death,

When his black soul lies howling in despair,

I'll plunge to hell, and be his torment there. [Exit.]

Fl. Wor. Sure, Sir Novelty, you ne'er loved this lady, if you are so indifferent at parting.

Sir Nov. Why, faith, Tom, to tell you the truth, her jealousy has been so troublesome and so expensive to me of late, that I have these three months sought an opportunity to leave her ; but, faith, I had always more respect to my life, than to let her know it before.

Fl. Wor. Methinks, Sir Novelty, you had very little respect to her life, when you drew upon her.

Sir Nov. Why, what would you have had me done, Madam ? Complimented her with my naked bosom ? No, no. Look ye, Madam, if she had made any advances, I could have disarmed her in second at the very first pass—But come, ladies ; as we walk, I'll beg your judgments in a particular nice fancy that I intend to appear in the very first week the court is quite out of mourning.

Fl. Wor. With all my heart, Sir Novelty. 'Come, ladies, I think 'twere a charity not to keep you up any longer.

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 55

longer.—[To his Servants.] See the coach is ready at
[Exeunt.]

ENE, Amanda's House.

Enter two Servants.

come, make haste. Is the supper and
ready?

It is, 'tis. Well, is he come?

Ay, ay; I came before, to tell my Lady the

The rogue Sly, managed him rarely; he has

his half hour pretending to pick the lock of the

door. Well, poor lady! I wish her good luck

with him; for he's certainly the best mistress living.

Hark ye, is the wine stow'd, as she ordered? Be sure

you ply him home; for he must have two or three

you may assist him for her design. See, here he

[Exeunt.]

for him.

—No-

house is

spirit at his

night-gown,

I'll acquaint

[Exit.]

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir,

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to an anti-chamber; a table and a light;
a night-gown and peruke lying by.

Enter Loveless and Snap.

Love. Ha! what sweet lodgings are here! Where can
this end?

Snap. 'Egad, Sir, I long to know—Pray Heaven we
are not deluded hither to be starved. Methinks, I wish I
had brought the remnants of my dinner with me.

Love. Hark! I hear somebody coming. Hide your-
self, rascal; I would not have you seen.

Snap. Well, Sir, I'll line this trench, in case of your
being in danger.

[Gets under the table.]

Love. Ha! this night-gown and peruke don't lie
here

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* here for nothing. I'll make myself agreeable. I have
 * baulked many a woman in my time for want of a clean
 * shirt. [Puts them on.]

Enter Servants with a supper; after them a Man and a Woman.

Love. Ha! a supper! Heaven send it be no vision.
 the meat be real, I shall believe the lady may prove flesh
 and blood. Now am I damnable puzzled to know whe-
 ther this be she or not. [*Aside.*] Madam—

Wom. Sir, my Lady begs your pardon for a moment.

Love. Humph, her Lady—Good.

Wom. She's unfortunately detained by some female vi-
 sitors, which she will dispatch with all the haste imagina-
 ble. In the mean time, be treated to refresh yourself
 with what the house affords. *Love.* Sir, sit down.

Love. Not alone; Madam, you must bear me com-
 pany.

Wom. To oblige you, Sir, I'll exceed my commission. *

Snap. [*Under the table.*] Was there ever so unfortunate
 a dog? What the devil put it into my master's head to hide my-
 self before supper? Why, this is worse than being lock'd
 into a closet, while another man's a-bed with my wife.
 I suppose my master will take as much care of me too, as
 I should of him, if I were in his place.

Wom. Sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*]

Love. Madam, your humble servant; 'I'll pledge
 'you.' Snap, when there's any danger, I'll call you.
 In the mean time, lie still, d'ye hear? [*Aside to Snap.*]

Snap. 'Egad, I'll shift for myself then. [*Snatches a flask*
unseen.] So, now I am arm'd; defiance to all danger.

Love. Madam, your Lady's health.

Snap. Ay, ay, let it go round, I say. [*Drinks.*]

Wom. Why, really, Sir, my Lady's very happy that
 she has got loose from her relations; for they were al-
 ways teasing her about you. But she defies them all now.
 Come, Sir, to both your wishes. [*Drinks.*]

Love. Give me a glass; methinks this health inspires
 me. My heart grows lighter for the weight of the wine
 here, Madam—Prosperity to the man that ventures most
 to please her.

Wom. What think you of a song to support this glee?

heart. [*A Song here.*] You have
 gad, I like this girl. She
 y, I am half persuaded she's
 Lady don't make a little haste,
 humble service to her. [*Aside.*]

Whispers Amanda's Woman,

ardon ; my Lady has some com-
 turn immediately. [*Exit.*]

—Methinks this is a new me-

be new ; for the old way com-
 monly called heating. But a pox of danger,
 I say ; and for, here, good luck to you, Sir.

Love. Sink, and dis-

cover

or this is ex-

pe

dy coming.

his wine has

Gray Heaven

auty. Ha !

ce, assist me.

into his arms,

and live for ever there !

Love. My life ! my soul ! [*Runs and embraces her.*]

By Heaven, a tempting creature ! Melting, soft, and

warm, as my desire—' Oh, that I could hide my face for

' ever, thus, that, undiscovered, I might reap the harvest

' of a ripe desire, without the lingering pains of growing

' love.'

Am. Look up, my Lord, and bless me with a tender

look ; and let my talking eyes inform thee how I have

languished for thy absence.

Love. Let's retire, and chase away our fleeting cares

with the raptures of untired love.

Am. Bless me ! your voice is strangely altered—Ha !

defend me ! Who's this ? Help, help ! within there !

Love. So, I am discovered. A pox on my tattling,

that I could not hold my tongue, till I got to her bed-

chamber.

Exit

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Enter Sly, and other Servants.

Sly. Did your Ladyship call here, Madam, about the matter?

Am. Villain! slave! who's this? What's he here for? you brought here?—'Dog, I'll have you considered

Sly. Bless me! Oh, Lord! I fear I have done wrong, Madam, pardon. As I hope to be saved, Madam, 'tis a mistake; I took him for Mr. —

Am. Be dumb, eternal blockhead! — Take this fellow, toss him in a blanket, and let him be turned out of my doors immediately.

Sly. Oh, pray, dear Madam! for Heaven's sake; I am a ruined man——

Snap. Ah, Snap! what's become of thee? Thou art fallen into the hands of a villain, who has lost her whelp. I have no hopes, but in my master's impudence; Heaven strengthen it.

Am. 'I'll hear no more; away with him.' [*Exeunt the Servants with Sly.*]

Love. A man, Madam, and a very good one.

Am. Not a stranger, Sir; but one that has a right and title to that welcome, which, by mistake, has been given to you.

Love. Not an husband, I presume. He would not have been so privately conducted to your chamber, and in the dark too.

Am. Whoever it was, Sir, is not your business to examine. But, if you would have civil usage, pray, be gone.

Love. To be used civilly, I must stay, Madam. There can be no danger in so fair a creature.

Am. I doubt you are mad, Sir.

Love. While my senses have such luscious food before them, no wonder if they are in some confusion, each striving to be foremost at the banquet; and sure my greedy eyes will starve the rest. [*Approaching her.*]

Am. Pray, Sir, keep your distance, lest your feeling too be gratified.

Snap. Oh, Lord! Would I were a hundred leagues off at sea.

Love. Then briefly thus, Madam—Know, I like and

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Now, if you have so much generosity as to
 what title my pretended rival has to your
 your inclinations; perhaps the little hopes I
 supplanting him may make me leave
 my love shall still pursue you, tho'
 which I shall not easily resign,

but in a better cause,
 [Exit.] What
 trifling?
 perhaps

trays
 serve or
 thoughts a more
 heart; a heart which
 because my passion's if a

me for
 the
 harming of your sex;
 you form'd for love;
 your very look and mo-
 within you, which
 we provokes it.—
 to make me hold it

me be impudent;
 be love. No wo-
 ter she had once

the favour.

Am. Pray, Sir, forbear.

Low. How can I, when my desire's so violent? Oh,
 let me snatch the rosy dew from those distilling lips! and
 as you see your power to charm, so chide me with your
 pity. Why do you thus cruelly turn away your face?
 I own the blessing's worth an age's expectation; but if
 refused till merited, 'tis esteemed a debt. Would you
 oblige your lover, let loose your early kindness.

I shall not take your counsel, Sir, while I know a
 woman's early kindness is as little sign of her generosity.

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as her generosity is a sign of her discretion. Nor would I have you believe I am so ill as to listen to any man's first address.

Love. Why, Madam, wouldst thou have me think you had a thirst?

Am. Yes; but not before I drink.

Love. If you can't drink, yet that may give you inclination.

Am. Your pardon, Sir; I drink but my own. As the man I love, so my inclination keeps me true.

Love. That's a cheat imposed on vanity; for, when your back's to the wall, your maid-servant's lips of your leaviness will be your trial. Constancy in love is all a cheat; women of your understanding know it. The joy of love is only great when they are new; and to make the change, we must often change.

Am. Suppose 'twere a fresh lover I now expected.

Love. Why, then, Madam, your expectation's answered, for, I must confess, I don't take you for an old acquaintance, tho' somewhere I have seen a face not much unlike you. Come, your arguments are vain; for they are so charmingly delivered, they but inspire me the more, as blows in battle raise the brave man's courage. Come, every thing pleads for me, your beauty, wit, time, place, opportunity, and my own excess of burning passion.

Am. Stand off, distant as the globes of heaven and earth, that, like a falling star, I may shoot with greater force into your arms, and think it Heaven to lie expiring there.

[Runs into his arms.]

Snap. Ha, ha, ha! rogue, the day's our own.

Love. Thou sweetest, loftest creature Heaven e'er form'd! Thus let me twine myself about thy beauteous limbs, till, struggling with the pangs of painful bliss, motionless and mute, we yield to conquering love; both vanquish'd, and both victors.

Am. Can all this heat be real? Oh, why has hateful vice such power to charm, while poor abandoned virtue lies neglected?

[Aside.]

Love. Come, let us surfeit on our new-born raptures;

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 61

waken sleeping nature with delight, till we may
Now, now we live!

Let's indulge the transports of our
bid defiance to our future change of
state?

Amanda's Woman.

Truly, if my apartment's ready, I
am charmed! I have found the
one that can, and dares main-
tain of a lawless love. I own myself
a foe to that dull thing call'd virtue,
of sickly nature. Pleasure's the end
of all I wish. I'm mistress of myself and fortune,
I will not be brought to the height. Speak freely, then, (not
that I love, like other women, the nauseous pleasure
of a little flattery) but tell me, like a man that scorns
to flatter you, Sir? May I, from
this moment, make a pleasure to myself in

may. I have seen all the
world on, but never saw the fun-
der half the world in search
of a home, had ne'er been

I wished might love me! —
love true. [*Exit.*] Be sure
when my person tires you,
change whenever you will, I'll

confess it freely; change whenever you will, I'll
change as soon. But while we chance to meet, still
let it be with raging fire; no matter how soon it dies,
provided, the small time it lasts, it burns the fiercer.

Love. Oh, would the blinded world, like us, agree to
change, how lasting might the joys of love be! For
thus, beauty, tho' stale to one, might somewhere else
be new; and while this man were bless'd in leaving
what he loathed, another were new bless'd in receiving
what he ne'er enjoyed.

Re-enter Amanda's Woman.

Wom. Madam, every thing is according to your
order.

Love. Oh, lead me to the scene of insupportable de-
light! rack me with pleasures never known before, till

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' I lie gasping with convulsive passion.' This night let us be lavish to our unbounded wishes;

Give all our stock at once to rattle the fire,
And revel to the height of loose desire.

[*Exeunt Loveless and Amanda.*]

Wom. Ah, what a happy creature's my Lady now! I trace many an unsatisfied wife about town who'd be glad to have her husband as wicked as my master, upon the same terms my Lady has him. ' Few women, I am afraid, would grudge an husband the laying out his stock of love, that could receive such considerable interest for it.' Well, now shan't I take one wink of sleep, for thinking how they'll employ their time to-night. Faith, I must listen, if I were to be hanged for it. *[Listens at the door.]*

Snap. So; my master's provided for; therefore it's time for me to take care of myself. I have no mind to be locked out of my lodgings. I fancy there's room for two in the maid's bed, as well as my Lady's. This same flask was plagu' strong wine; I find I shall storm, if she don't surrender fairly. By your leave, dainsel.

Wom. Bless me! who's this? Oh, Lord! what would you have? Who are you?

Snap. One that has a right to your body; my master having already taken possession of your Lady's.

Wom. Let me go, or I'll cry out.

Snap. Ye lie; ye dare not disturb your Lady. But the better to secure you, thus I stop your mouth.

[*Kisses her.*]

Wom. Humph—Lord bless me! is the devil in you, tearing one's things?

Snap. Then shew me your bed-chamber.

Wom. The devil shall have you first.

Snap. A' shall have both together then. Here will I fix, [*Takes her about the neck.*] just in this posture, till to-morrow morning. In the mean time, when you find your inclinations stirring, pr'ythee, give me a call; for at present I am very sleepy. *[Seems to sleep.]*

Wom. Foh! how he stinks! Ah, what a whiff was there! The rogue's as drunk as a sailor with a twelve-month's arrears in his pocket, ' or a Jacobite upon a day ' of ill news.' I'll ha' nothing to say to him—Let me see—How shall I get rid of him?—Oh, I have it—I'll

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 63

...her, I'll warrant him——Soho, Mr.
...here do you intend to lie to-night?
...you lay last night, unless

...of you. Make no
...follow me softly, for

...no fear of spoiling her
...the same. [Exit.

...to a dark Entry.

...Snap and Woman.

Wom. Where are you? Lend me your hand.

Snap: Here, here, make haste, my dear concupiscence.

Hold; stand there a little, while I open the

footman.

...and opens a trap-door.
way.

...straight forward.

...and falls into the cellar.

I have broke my neck.

so, however; I should

w d'ye, Sir?

under ground.

Wom. No, no; you're still in the road to it, I dare
say. Ah, dear! why will you follow lewd women at this
rate, when they lead you to the very gulf of destruction?
I knew you would be swallowed up at last. Ha, ha, ha!

Snap. Ah, ye sneering whore!

Wom. Shall I fetch you a prayer-book, Sir, to arm
you against the temptations of the flesh?

Snap. No, you need but shew your damn'd ugly face
to do that. Hark ye, either help me out, or I'll hang
myself, and swear you murdered me.

Wom. Nay, if you are so bloody-minded, good night
to ye, Sir.

[She offers to shut the door over him, and he catches hold
of her.

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Snap. Ah, ah, ah! have I caught you? 'Egad, we'll pig together now.

Woni. O Lord! pray let me go, and I'll do any thing.

Snap. And so ye shall before I part with you.

[*Pulls*]
And now, master, my humble service to you.

[*He pulls the door over him.*]

A C T V.

SCENE, Sir William Wisewou'd's house.

Enter El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, and a Lawyer with a

ELDER WORTHY.

ARE the ladies ready?

Y. Wor. Hillaria is just gone up to hasten her cousin, and Sir William will be here immediately.

El. Wor. But hark you, brother, I have considered of it, and pray let me oblige you not to pursue your design on his five thousand pounds; for, in short, 'tis no better than a cheat, and what a gentleman should scorn to be guilty of. Is it not sufficient that I consent to your wronging him of his daughter?

Y. Wor. Your pardon, brother, I can't allow that a wrong: for his daughter loves me: her fortune, you know, he has nothing to do with; and 'tis a hard case a young woman shall not have the disposal of her heart.

— Love's a fever of the mind, which nothing but our wishes can assuage; and I don't question but we shall find marriage a very cooling cordial. — And as to the five thousand pounds, 'tis no more than what he has endeavoured to cheat his niece of.

El. Wor. What d'ye mean? I take him for an honest man.

Y. Wor. Oh! very honest! As honest as an old agent to a new-raised regiment.—No, faith, I'll say that for him, he will not do an ill thing, unless he gets by it. In a word, this so very honest Sir William, as you take him

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 65

to be, has offered me the refusal of your mistress : and upon condition I will secure him five thousand pounds marriage with her, he will secure me her d pounds, the remaining part of guardian for ye ! What think ye

think he deserves to be served in the age and avarice are inseparable ; what you can of him, and I will hark you, Mr. Forge, are you sure w, if Sir William signs the bond ? t in England, Sir.

El. Wor. Then there's your fifty pieces ; and if it succeeds, here's as many more in the same pocket to answer 'em. But, munn—here comes Sir William and the ladies.

Enter Sir William Wisewou'd, Hillaria, and Narcissa.

274. Good-morrow, gentlemen. Mr. Worthy, I if my heels were as light as my to forbear dancing.— *(from Narcissa's band.)* nds a year, and my

[Aside.]

are ready, Sir.
man—What's this ?
troublesome thing ; for
now-a-days, away his own, with-
out repeating the hundred times over ;
when, in former times, a man might have held his title
to twenty thousand pounds a year in the compass of an
horn-book.

Law. That is, Sir, because there are more knaves now-a-days, and this age is more treacherous and distrustful than heretofore.

Sir Will. That is, Sir, because there are more lawyers than heretofore. But, come, what's this, pr'ythee ?

Law. These are the old writings of your daughter's fortune.—This is Mr. Worthy's settlement upon her ;—and this, Sir, is your bond for five thousand pounds to him ;

him: there wants nothing but filling up in with the parties names; if you please, Sir, I'll do immediately.

Sir Will. Do so.

Law. May I crave your daughter's christian name? the rest I know, Sir.

Sir Will. Narcissa: Pr'ythee, make haste.

• *T. Wor.* You know your business. *[Exit to the lady's room.]*

• *Law.* I warrant you, Sir. *[Sits to write.]*

Sir Will. Mr. Worthy, methinks your daughter does not relish your happiness as he shou'd do; your man. I'll warrant he wishes himself in his brother's condition.

T. Wor. Not I, I'll assure you, Sir.

Sir Will. Niece, niece, have you no pity? Pr'ythee look upon him a little. Odd! he's a pretty young fellow,—‘I am sure he loves you, or he would not have frequented my house so often. D'ye think his brother could not tell my daughter his own story without your assistance? Pshaw-waw! I tell you, you were the beauty that made him so assiduous.’ Come, come, give him your hand, and he'll soon creep into your heart, I'll warrant you: come, say the word, and make him happy.

Hill. What, to make myself miserable, Sir? Marry a man without an estate!

Sir Will. Hang an estate; true love's beyond all riches. 'Tis all dirt—mere dirt—Beside, ha'n't you fifteen thousand pounds to your portion?

Hill. I doubt, Sir, you would be loth to give him your daughter, though her fortune's larger.

Sir Will. Odd, if he lov'd her but half so well as he loves you, he should have her for a word speaking.

Hill. But, Sir, this asks some consideration.

• *Nar.* You see, Mr. Worthy, what an extraordinary kindness my father has for you.

• *T. Wor.* Ay, Madam, and for your cousin too: but I hope, with a little of your assistance, we shall be both able, very shortly, to return it.

• *Nar.* Nay, I was always ready to serve Hillaria: for Heaven knows, I only marry to revenge her quarrel to my father: I cannot forgive his offering to sell her.

• *T. Wor.* Oh, you need not take such pains, Madam,

to

your passion for me; you may own it without your wedding-day.

When did you hear me acknowledge that you could believe me guilty of anything after I had married you, I'd

honour this, faith! What a shame have we two to answer for! It is to conceal her love, than I wish to promote it. [*Aside.*] Well, I'll trust myself with your giving me leave

'No, if I don't give, you'll take, I suppose.'

Hil. Wor. Uncle, I won't promise you, but I'll go to church, and see them married; when we come back, 'tis ten to one but I surprize you where you least think on.

Sir Will. Why, that's well said—Mr. Worthy, now, now's your time: Odd! I have so fired her, 'tis not in her power to deny you, man.—To her, to her; I warrant, herthy owp, boy.—You'll keep your word; five thousand pounds upon the day of marriage.

T. Hor. I'll give you my hand on demand, Sir.

Sir Will. O! I dare take your word, Sir——Come, lawyer, have you done? Is all ready?

Lew. All, Sir. This is your bond, Mr. Worthy. Will you be pleased to sign that first, Sir?

Sir Will. Ay, ay; let's see: The condition of this obligation [*Reads.*] Hum, um—Come, lend me the pen.—There—Mr. Worthy, I deliver this as my act and deed to you, and Heaven send you a good bargain.—'Niece, will you witness it? [*Which she does.*]' Come, lawyer, your fist. [*Lawyer witnesses it.*]

Lew. Now, Sir, if you please to sign the jointure.

El. Wor. Come on.—Sir William, I deliver this to you for the use of your daughter. Madam, will you give yourself the trouble once more? [*Hillaria sets her band.*] Come, Sir. [*The lawyer does the same.*] So, now let a coach be called as soon as you please, Sir.

Sir Will. You may save that charge, I saw your own at the door.

El. Wor.

El. Wor. Your pardon, Sir; that would make our business too publick: for which reason, Sir William, I hope you will excuse our not taking you along with us.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sir Will. Ay, ay, with all my heart; the more privacy, the less expence. But pray, what time may I expect you back again? for Amanda has sent to me for the writings of her husband's estate: I suppose she intends to redeem the mortgage, and I am afraid she will keep me there till dinner-time.

El. Wor. Why about that time she has oblig'd me to bring some of her nearest friends to be witnesses to her good or evil fortune with her husband: methinks I long to know of her success; if you please, Sir William, we'll meet you there.

Sir Will. With all my heart.—[*Enter a Servant.*]

' Well, is the coach come?

' *Serv.* It is at the door, Sir.'

Sir Will. Come, gentlemen, no ceremony, your time's short.

El. Wor. Your servant, Sir William.

[*Ex. El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Narcissa, and Hillaria.*]

' *Sir Will.* So, here's five thousand pounds got with a wet finger? This 'tis to read mankind! I knew, a young lover wou'd never think he gave too much for his mistress. Well, if I don't suddenly meet with some misfortune, I shall never be able to bear this tranquillity of mind. [*Exit.*]

The SCENE changes to Amanda's house.

Enter Amanda sola.

Am. Thus far my hopes have all been answered, and my disguise of vicious love has charm'd him ev'n to a madness of impure desire.—but now I tremble to pull off the mask, lest barefac'd virtue should fright him from my arms for ever. ' Yet sure there are charms in virtue; ' nay, stronger and more pleasing far than hateful vice ' can boast of; else why have holy martyrs perished for ' its sake? while lewdness ever gives severe repentance ' and unwilling death.'—Good heaven, inspire my heart, and hang upon my tongue the force of truth and eloquence,

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 67

that I may lure this wandering falcon back to
—He comes, and now my dreadful task

in new cloaths.

—I've not already think your-
red with my easy love?
—You have so fill'd my thoughts
to reflect on them is still new
bliss must last while I have

—I lov'd you for your plain deal-
ing. —Your good opinion, tell me, what
—your persuading juice? Come, speak
—at tavern bush put all this out of

—With you, I am apt
—or though love
—they make no mu-
—separately they ra-
—room for the
—to wait the

—I have observed, Sir,
—of a man that
—give me leave to
ask of you; or
came?

Love. Why, in the first place, Madam,—by birth
I am a gentleman; by ill friends, good wine, and
false dice, almost a beggar: but by your servant's mistak-
ing me, the happiest man that ever love and beauty smil'd
on.

Am. One thing more, Sir: are you married?—Now
my fears. *[Aside.]*

Love. I was, but very young.

Am. What was your wife?

Love. A foolish loving thing, that built castles in the
air, and thought it impossible for a man to forswear him-
self when he made love.

Am. Was not she virtuous?

Love.

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

Love. Umph—Yes, faith, I believe she might, I was ne'er jealous of her.

Am. Did you ne'er love her?

Love. Ah, most damnably at first, for she was with-
in two women of my maidenhead.

Am. What's become of her?

Love. Why, after I had been from her beyond ten
about seven or eight years, like a very loving fool she
died of the pip, and civilly left me the world to range
in.

Am. Why did you leave her?

Love. Because she grew stale, and I could not whore
in quiet for her: ' besides she was always exclaiming
' against my extravagances, particularly my gaming,
' which she so violently opposed, that I fancied a pleasure
' in it, which since I never found; for in one month I
' lost between eight and ten thousand pounds, which I
' had just before called in to pay my debts. This mis-
' fortune made my creditors come so thick upon me, that
' I was forced to mortgage the remaining part of my
' estate to purchase new pleasure; which I knew I could
' not do on this side of the water, amidst the clamours of
' insatiate duns, and the more hateful noise of a com-
' plaining wife.

Am. Don't you wish you had taken her counsel,
though?

Love. Not I, faith, Madam.

Am. Why so?

Love. Because 'tis to no purpose: I am 'master of
' more philosophy, than to be concerned at what I can't
' help.—But now, Madam,—pray give me
leave to inform myself as far in your condition.

Am. In a word, Sir, till you know me thoroughly, I
must own myself a perfect riddle to you.

Love. Nay, nay, I know you are a woman: but in
what circumstances, wife or widow?

Am. A wife, Sir; a true, a faithful, and a virtuous
wife.

Love. Umph! truly, Madam, your story begins some-
thing like a riddle: a virtuous wife, say you? What, and
was you never false to your husband?

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 71

Am. I never was, by heaven! for him and only him I
 have the world,

Prav. Pray, Madam, don't your me-
 ges? because I fancy you don't re-
 over-night.

Am. I should appear a riddle to you :
 give me leave, I'll now unloose your
 —but I must first amaze you

Sir. satisfy me with one particular—

Am. It is this,—What are your undissembled thoughts of vir-
 tue? Now, if you can, shake off your loose unthinking
 part, and summon all your force of manly reason to re-
 solve me.

Love. Faith, Madam, methinks this is a very odd
 question for a woman of your character. I must con-
 fess you have amazed me.

Am. It ought not to amaze you. Why should you
 think I make a mock of virtue? But last night you al-
 lowed my understanding greater than is usual in our
 sex: if so, can you believe I have no farther sense of
 happiness than what this empty, dark, and barren
 world can yield me? No, I have yet a prospect of a
 sublimer bliss, an hope that carries me to the brighter
 regions of eternal day.

Love. Humh! I thought her last night's humour
 was too good to hold. I suppose, by and by she will
 ask me to go to church with her. [*Aside.*] Faith, Ma-
 dam, in my mind this discourse is a little out of the way.
 You told me I should be acquainted with your condi-
 tion, and at present that's what I had rather be informed
 of.

Am. Sir, you shall: but first, this question must be
 answered: your thoughts of virtue, Sir? —By all my
 hopes of bliss hereafter, your answering this pronounces
 half my good or evil fate for ever: but on my knees I beg
 you, do not speak till you have weighed it well: —an-
 swer me with the same truth and sincerity, as you would
 answer heaven at your latest hour.

Love. Your words confound me, Madam: some won-
 drous secret sure lies ripened in your breast, and seems to
 struggle for its fatal birth. What is it I must answer you?

Am.

7: LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

Am. Give me your real thoughts of virtue, Sir: can you believe there ever was a woman truly mistress of it, or is it only notion?

Love. Let me consider, Madam.———Why this mean? Why is she so earnest in her demand? begs me to be serious, as if her life depended upon my answer?——I will resolve her as I ought, as truth, and reason, and the strange occasion seems to press me. [*Aside.*] Most of your sex confound the very name of virtue: but they would seem to live without desires; whilst they do, that were not virtue, but the defect of an unperforming nature, and no praise to them: for who can boast a victory, when they have no foe to conquer? Now she alone gives the fairest proofs of virtue, whose conscience, and whose force of reason can curb her warm desires, when opportunity would rouse them: that such a woman may be found, I dare believe.

Am. May I believe, that from your soul you speak this undissembled truth?

Love. Madam, you may. But still you rack me with amazement! Why am I asked, so strange a question?

Am. I'll give you ease immediately.——Since then you have allowed a woman may be virtuous—how will you excuse the man who leaves the bosom of a wife so qualified, for the abandoned pleasures of a deceitful prostitute; ruins her fortune, contemns her counsel, loaths her bed, and leaves her to the lingering miseries of despair and love? while, in return of all these wrongs, she, his poor forsaken wife, meditates no revenge, but what her piercing tears, and secret vows to heaven for his conversion yields her; yet still loves on, is constant and unshaken to the last. Can you believe that such a man can live without the stings of conscience, and yet 'be master of his senses?' Conscience? Did you ne'er feel the checks of it? Did it never, never tell you of your broken vows?

Love. That you should ask me this, confounds my reason:——and yet your words are uttered with such a powerful accent, they have awakened my soul, and strike my thoughts with horror and remorse.———

[*Stands in a fixed posture*

Am.

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 73

let me strike you nearer, deeper yet.—
mind with gentle pity first, or I am lost for

re. I am all pity, ' all faith, expectation, and con-
amazement. Be kind, be quick, and ease my
grief.

Give your dead remem-
[*Kneels.*] hate me not
give this innocent at-
I shall die in quiet.

[*Amazed.*

's too weighty for my
ks beneath the fatal
[*Falls to the ground.*

fair creature! be-
and fain would
sorrows. Oh! thou
thoucks my soul.

The conflict's past, and
know then, even all
your love, you found
our wife—

, as your next breath

Love. My wife! impossible! Is she not dead? How
shall I believe thee?

Am. How time and my afflictions may have altered
me, I know not: but here's an indelible confirmation.
[*Bares her arms.*] These speaking characters, which in
their chearful bloom our early passions mutually re-
corded.

• *Love.* Hah! 'tis here:—'tis no illusion, but my real
name; which seems to upbraid me as a witness of my
perjured love.—Oh, I am confounded with my guilt,
and tremble to behold thee.—Pray, give me leave to
think.

[*Turns from her.*

Am. I will; [*Kneels.*] but you must look upon me: for
only eyes can hear the language of the eyes; and mine
have sure the tenderest tale of love to tell, that ever misery,
at the dawn of rising hope, could utter.

Love. I have wronged you, (Oh rise!) base'ly wrong'd
you. And can I see your face!

74 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT

Am. One kind, one pitying look, cancels those w.
for ever. And, Oh! forgive my fond presuming
tion; for from my soul I pardon and forgive you all; all,
all but this, the greatest, your unkind delay of love.

Love. Oh! seal my pardon with thy trembling lips,
while, with this tender grasp of fond reviving love, I seal
my bliss, and stifle all thy wrongs for ever.

[*Embraces her.*]

Am. No more; I'll wash away their memory in tears
of flowing joy.

Love. Oh! thou hast roused me from my deep le-
thargy of vice: for hitherto my soul has been enslaved
to loose desires, to vain deluding follies, and shadows of
substantial bliss; but now I wake with joy, to find my
rapture real. Thus let me kneel and pay my thanks to
her, whose conquering virtue has at last subdued me.
Here will I fix, thus prostrate, sigh my shame, and wash
my crimes in never ceasing tears of penitence.

Am. Oh, rise! this posture heap new guilt on me:
Now you overpay me.

Love. Have I not used thee like a slave? For almost
ten long years deprived thee of my love, and ruined all
thy fortune? But I will labour, dig, beg, or starve, to
give new proofs of my unfeigned affection.

Am. Forbear this tenderness, lest I repent of having
moved your soul so far. You shall not need to beg, Hea-
ven has provided for us beyond its common care. 'Tis
now near two years since my uncle, Sir William Wealthy,
sent you the news of my pretended death; knowing the
extravagance of your temper, he thought it fit you should
believe no other of me: and about a month after he had
sent you that advice, poor man, he died, and left me in
full possession of two thousand pounds a year, which I
now cannot offer as a gift, because my duty, and your
lawful right, makes you the undisputed master of it.

Love. How have I laboured for my own undoing!
while in despite of all my follies, kind Heaven resolved
my happiness.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Serv. Madam, Sir William Wisewood has sent your
Ladyship the writings you desired him, and says he'll
wait on you immediately.

Am.

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 75

Ani. Now, Sir, if you please to withdraw a while, you may inform yourself how fair a fortune you are master of.

Love. None, none that can outweigh a virtuous mind; while in my arms I thus can circle thee, I grasp more than thou canst in a day the poss'ing sun can travel o'er. What have I not to say of thee? In the perfections of thy mind and person, I have found my dear wife, I found my dear friend, my dear friend, my dear friend. Is it not thy worth, thy worth, thy worth, thy worth? Is it not thy reason, thy reason, thy reason, thy reason? O, I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee, I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee.

Love. I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee, I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee. [Exit.

Am. I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee, I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee.

Am. I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee, I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee. Look at Amanda's face.

Am. I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee, I have found thee, I have found thee, and lost thee. Face.

Wom. Oh! I am undone! ruin'd!

2d Serv. Pray, Sir, who are you; and what was your business? and how in the devil's name, came you here?

Snap. Why, truly, Sir, the flesh led me to the cellar door; but I believe the devil push'd me in.—That gentlewoman can inform you better.

3d Serv. Pray, Mrs. Anne, how came you two together in the cellar?

Wom. Why, he—he---pu---pu---pull'd me in.

[Sobbing.

3d Serv. But how the devil came he in?

Wom. He fe---fe---fe---tell in.

2d Serv. How came he into the house?

Wom. I don---do---don't know.

2d Serv. Ah! you are a crocodile; I thought what was the reason I could never get a good word from you.

76 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

' What in a cellar too? But come, Sir, we will take
' care of you however. Bring him along; we will first
' carry him before my Lady, and then toss him in a
' blanket.

' *Snap.* Nay, but gentlemen, dear gentlemen.' . . .
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, another Chamber.

Enter Loveless, Amanda, Elder Worthy, Young Wor-
thy, Narcissa, and Hilaria.

E. Wor. This is indeed a joyful day; we must all con-
gratulate your happiness.

Am. Which while our love permits us to enjoy, we
must still reflect with gratitude on the . . . ous author of
it. Sir, we owe you more than words can.

Love. Words are indeed too weak, therefore let my
gratitude be dumb till it can speak in actions.

T. Wor. The success of the design I thought on, suf-
ficiently rewards me.

Hil. When I reflect upon Amanda's past aff-
liction, I could almost weep to think of her unexpected change of
fortune.

E. Wor. Methinks her fair example should persuade all
constant wives ne'er to repent at unrewarded virtue. Nay,
e'en my brother being the first adviser of it, has atoned
for all the looseness of his character.

Love. I never can return his kindness!

' *Nar.* In a short time, Sir, I suppose you'll meet with
' an opportunity, if you can find a receipt to preserve
' love, after his honey-moon's over.

' *Love.* The receipt is easily found, Madam; love's a
' tender plant, which can't live out of a warm bed: you
' must take care, with undissembled kindness, to keep
' him from the northern blast of jealousy.

' *Nar.* But I have heard your experienced lovers make
' use of coldness, and that's more agreeable to my in-
' clination.

' *Love.* Coldness, Madam, before marriage, like throw-
' ing a little water upon a clear fire, makes it burn the
' fiercer: but after marriage you must still take care to
' lay on fresh fuel.

' *Nar.* Oh, fie, Sir! How many examples have we of
' men hating their wives for being too fond of them!

Love.

you may stifle a flame,

“There is no other way of doing it,” he says, “but to love till doomsday.”

powder, gentlemen?

collegian, I hope, that
the proctor.

8. 11. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 8

...for him to return

1907-1908. 1909-1910. 1910-1911. 1911-1912. 1912-1913. 1913-1914. 1914-1915. 1915-1916. 1916-1917. 1917-1918. 1918-1919. 1919-1920. 1920-1921. 1921-1922. 1922-1923. 1923-1924. 1924-1925. 1925-1926. 1926-1927. 1927-1928. 1928-1929. 1929-1930. 1930-1931. 1931-1932. 1932-1933. 1933-1934. 1934-1935. 1935-1936. 1936-1937. 1937-1938. 1938-1939. 1939-1940. 1940-1941. 1941-1942. 1942-1943. 1943-1944. 1944-1945. 1945-1946. 1946-1947. 1947-1948. 1948-1949. 1949-1950. 1950-1951. 1951-1952. 1952-1953. 1953-1954. 1954-1955. 1955-1956. 1956-1957. 1957-1958. 1958-1959. 1959-1960. 1960-1961. 1961-1962. 1962-1963. 1963-1964. 1964-1965. 1965-1966. 1966-1967. 1967-1968. 1968-1969. 1969-1970. 1970-1971. 1971-1972. 1972-1973. 1973-1974. 1974-1975. 1975-1976. 1976-1977. 1977-1978. 1978-1979. 1979-1980. 1980-1981. 1981-1982. 1982-1983. 1983-1984. 1984-1985. 1985-1986. 1986-1987. 1987-1988. 1988-1989. 1989-1990. 1990-1991. 1991-1992. 1992-1993. 1993-1994. 1994-1995. 1995-1996. 1996-1997. 1997-1998. 1998-1999. 1999-2000. 2000-2001. 2001-2002. 2002-2003. 2003-2004. 2004-2005. 2005-2006. 2006-2007. 2007-2008. 2008-2009. 2009-2010. 2010-2011. 2011-2012. 2012-2013. 2013-2014. 2014-2015. 2015-2016. 2016-2017. 2017-2018. 2018-2019. 2019-2020. 2020-2021. 2021-2022. 2022-2023. 2023-2024. 2024-2025. 2025-2026. 2026-2027. 2027-2028. 2028-2029. 2029-2030. 2030-2031. 2031-2032. 2032-2033. 2033-2034. 2034-2035. 2035-2036. 2036-2037. 2037-2038. 2038-2039. 2039-2040. 2040-2041. 2041-2042. 2042-2043. 2043-2044. 2044-2045. 2045-2046. 2046-2047. 2047-2048. 2048-2049. 2049-2050. 2050-2051. 2051-2052. 2052-2053. 2053-2054. 2054-2055. 2055-2056. 2056-2057. 2057-2058. 2058-2059. 2059-2060. 2060-2061. 2061-2062. 2062-2063. 2063-2064. 2064-2065. 2065-2066. 2066-2067. 2067-2068. 2068-2069. 2069-2070. 2070-2071. 2071-2072. 2072-2073. 2073-2074. 2074-2075. 2075-2076. 2076-2077. 2077-2078. 2078-2079. 2079-2080. 2080-2081. 2081-2082. 2082-2083. 2083-2084. 2084-2085. 2085-2086. 2086-2087. 2087-2088. 2088-2089. 2089-2090. 2090-2091. 2091-2092. 2092-2093. 2093-2094. 2094-2095. 2095-2096. 2096-2097. 2097-2098. 2098-2099. 2099-2100. 2100-2101. 2101-2102. 2102-2103. 2103-2104. 2104-2105. 2105-2106. 2106-2107. 2107-2108. 2108-2109. 2109-2110. 2110-2111. 2111-2112. 2112-2113. 2113-2114. 2114-2115. 2115-2116. 2116-2117. 2117-2118. 2118-2119. 2119-2120. 2120-2121. 2121-2122. 2122-2123. 2123-2124. 2124-2125. 2125-2126. 2126-2127. 2127-2128. 2128-2129. 2129-2130. 2130-2131. 2131-2132. 2132-2133. 2133-2134. 2134-2135. 2135-2136. 2136-2137. 2137-2138. 2138-2139. 2139-2140. 2140-2141. 2141-2142. 2142-2143. 2143-2144. 2144-2145. 2145-2146. 2146-2147. 2147-2148. 2148-2149. 2149-2150. 2150-2151. 2151-2152. 2152-2153. 2153-2154. 2154-2155. 2155-2156. 2156-2157. 2157-2158. 2158-2159. 2159-2160. 2160-2161. 2161-2162. 2162-2163. 2163-2164. 2164-2165. 2165-2166. 2166-2167. 2167-2168. 2168-2169. 2169-2170. 2170-2171. 2171-2172. 2172-2173. 2173-2174. 2174-2175. 2175-2176. 2176-2177. 2177-2178. 2178-2179. 2179-2180. 2180-2181. 2181-2182. 2182-2183. 2183-2184. 2184-2185. 2185-2186. 2186-2187. 2187-2188. 2188-2189. 2189-2190. 2190-2191. 2191-2192. 2192-2193. 2193-2194. 2194-2195. 2195-2196. 2196-2197. 2197-2198. 2198-2199. 2199-2200. 2200-2201. 2201-2202. 2202-2203. 2203-2204. 2204-2205. 2205-2206. 2206-2207. 2207-2208. 2208-2209. 2209-2210. 2210-2211. 2211-2212. 2212-2213. 2213-2214. 2214-2215. 2215-2216. 2216-2217. 2217-2218. 2218-2219. 2219-2220. 2220-2221. 2221-2222. 2222-2223. 2223-2224. 2224-2225. 2225-2226. 2226-2227. 2227-2228. 2228-2229. 2229-2230. 2230-2231. 2231-2232. 2232-2233. 2233-2234. 2234-2235. 2235-2236. 2236-2237. 2237-2238. 2238-2239. 2239-2240. 2240-2241. 2241-2242. 2242-2243. 2243-2244. 2244-2245. 2245-2246. 2246-2247. 2247-2248. 2248-2249. 2249-2250. 2250-2251. 2251-2252. 2252-2253. 2253-2254. 2254-2255. 2255-2256. 2256-2257. 2257-2258. 2258-2259. 2259-2260. 2260-2261. 2261-2262. 2262-2263. 2263-2264. 2264-2265. 2265-2266. 2266-2267. 2267-2268. 2268-2269. 2269-2270. 2270-2271. 2271-2272. 2272-2273. 2273-2274. 2274-2275. 2275-2276. 2276-2277. 2277-2278. 2278-2279. 2279-2280. 22

YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANT. Dear Love-

...the same time, I am so enjoyed at thy good

THEY ARE THE ONLY TOWN RINGS OF IT AL-

...fired a pair of horses

...the other side of the door, leaving, gentlemen, that

...very good occasion, I

joining my joy with

—

Starting 5th Nov

But now, I'm together again. I have just parted

24 MAY 1945

And how do you find yourself after it?

2, Madam ; pleasant,

ha! [Capers.] I beg

but, upon my soul, I

...the day of capture.

How do you feel about this?

Sir Neri. On, Madam ! the s engaged already to a tem-

beau: I saw them in a coach together, so fond, and

re it with as unmoved a countenance, as Tom Worthy.

er a thundering jest in a comedy, when the whole

use roars it.

T. Wor. Pray, Sir, what occasioned your separation?

Sir Nov. Why, this, Sir:—you must know, the being

possessed with a brace of implacable devils, called re-

ange and jealousy, dogged me this morning to the cho-

late-house, where I was obliged to leave a letter for a

ung tool. In girl, that—(you'll excuse me, Sir) which

And no sooner delivered to the maid of the house, but, in the next instant, it was out of her hand, flying as her like

up, she snatches it out of her hand, flew at her like a

78 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

dragon, tore off her head-clothes, flung down three four sets of lemonade glasses, dashed my Lord Whiff chocolate in his face, cut him over the nose, and I like to have strangled me in my own steinkirk.

Love. Pray, Sir, how did this end?

Sir Nov. Comically, stop my vitals; for in the clo of powder that she had battered out of the beau's peri I stole away: after which, I sent a friend to her with offer, which she readily accepted (three hundred po a year during life) provided she would renounce all c to me, and resign my person to my own disposal.

E. Wor. Methinks, Sir Novelty, you were a lit
 ' extravagant in your settlement, considering he
 ' price of women is fallen.

Sir Nov. Therefore I did it—to be the
 ' should raise their price: for, the devil take me,
 ' men of the town now come down so low, that my very
 ' footman, while he kept my place t'other day at the
 ' playhouse, carried a mask out of the side-box with him;
 ' and, stop my vitals, the rogue is now taking physick for it.

Enter the Servants with Snap.

1st Serv. Come, bring him along there.

Love. How, now? *High!* Snap in hold? Pray let's
 ' know the business.

1st Serv. Why, an't please you, Sir, this fellow was
 ' taken in the cellar with my Lady's woman: she says
 ' he kept her in by force, and was rude to her; she
 ' stands crying here without, and begs her Ladyship to
 ' do her justice.

Am. Mr. Loveless, we are both the occasion of this
 ' misfortune; and for the poor girl's reputation sake
 ' something should be done.

Love. Snap, answer me directly, have you lain with
 ' this poor girl?

Snap. Why, truly, Sir, imagining you were doing
 ' little less with my Lady, I must confess I did commit
 ' familiarity with her, or so, Sir.

Love. Then you shall marry her, Sir. No reply,
 ' unless it be your promise.

Snap. Marry her? Oh, lord, Sir, after I have lain
 ' with her? Why, Sir, how the devil can you think a
 ' man can have any stomach to his dinner, after he has
 ' had three or four slices off the spit?

Love.

Well, firrah, to renew your appetite, and because you haſt been my old acquaintance, I'll give thee five hundred pounds with her, and thirty pounds a year for her life, to ſet you up in ſome honeſt employment.

Ah, Sir, now I underſtand you: Heaven reſtore you. Well, Sir, I partly find that the genteel part of our lives are pretty well over; and I thank Heaven, that I have ſo much grace left, that I can reſolve, when I have no more opportunities of being married.---Come, ſpouſe, [*She enters.*] here's my hand, the reſt of my body ſhall be forth coming.---Ah! little did my maſter and I think laſt night that we were rob-

[*Exeunt.*]

Brother, 'tis done for your good; here comes

[*Enter Sir William Wilewood.*]

Brother, I'm very glad to ſee you. Madam, I congratulate you on your marriage. Will, my dear nephew, muſt not I give you ſome money?

Yes, Sir, if you pleaſe, Sir; but I confeſs I have more than I can ſerve already.

Do you think you are then married?

Yes, Sir, I am married.

Mr. Will. O! my dear nephew, I dare ſwear thou doſt not give me five hundred pounds.

Yes, Sir, I really Sir, you have given me all that could be ſaid for me, but the advantage of a father's blessing. [*Exeunt with Narcissa.*]

Mr. Will. My dear nephew, what ſhall I ſay more? I am none of your father.

What! This lady is your daughter, Sir, I hope.

Mr. Will. Pr'ythee, get up; pr'ythee, get up, thou art ſtark mad. True, I believe ſhe may be my daughter: Well, and ſo, Sir.---

Y. Wor. If ſhe be not, I'm certain ſhe's my wife, Sir.

Sir Will. Humh! Mr. Worthy, pray, Sir, do me the favour to help me to underſtand your brother a little---Do you know any thing of his being married?

E. Wor. Then, without any abuſe, Sir William, he married your daughter this very morning, not an hour ago, Sir.

Sir Will. Pray, Sir, whoſe conſent had you? Who adviſed you to it?

Y. Wor.

80 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

T. Wor. Our mutual love, and your consent, &c. which these writings, entitling her to a thousand pounds a year, and this bond, whereby you have obliged yourself to pay me five thousand pounds on our day of marriage, are sufficient proofs of.

Sir Wil. He, he! I gave your brother such a bond, Sir.

T. Wor. You did so; but the obligation is to me. Look there, Sir.

Sir Wil. Very good, this is my hand, I must confess, Sir; and what then?

T. Wor. Why then, I expect my five thousand pounds, Sir. Pray, Sir, do you know my name?

Sir Wil. I am not drunk, Sir; I am sure it was Worthy, and Jack, or Tom, or Dick, or something.

T. Wor. No, Sir, I'll shew you---'tis William; look you there, Sir; you should have taken more care of the lawyer, Sir, that filled up the blank.

E. W. So, now his eyes are open.

Sir Wil. And have you married my daughter against my consent, and tricked me out of five thousand pounds, Sir?

Hil. His brother, Sir, ~~was~~ married me too with my consent, and I am not tricked out of five thousand pounds.

Sir Wil. Insulting witch! Look ye, Sir, I never had a substantial cause to be angry in my life before: but now I have reason on my side, I will indulge my indignation most immoderately: 'I must confess, I have not patience to wait the slow redress of a tedious law-suit; therefore am resolved to right myself the nearest way.' Draw, draw, Sir; you must not enjoy my five thousand pounds, though I fling as much more after it, in procuring a pardon for killing you. *[They hold him.]* Let me come at him; I'll murder him; I'll cut him; I'll tear him; I'll broil him, and eat him; a rogue! a dog! a cursed dog! a cut-throat, murdering dog!

E. W. Oh, fie: Sir William, how monstrous is this passion!

Sir Wil. You have disowned me; but I shall find a time to poison him.

Love. Think better on't, Sir William; your daughter has married a gentleman, and one whose love entitles him to her person.

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 81

Mr. By. But the five thousand pounds, Sir—Why the report of his having such a fortune, will ruin you. I warrant you, within this week, he will have more at his chamber in a morning, than a gaming house has good night at the groom-porters, or a poet's fourth day of his new play. I shall never be paid for paying it against my own consent, Sir.

Mr. W. You would have had me done it, Sir William : never, I heartily wish you would as freely forgive Mr. Worthy, as I do you, Sir.

Mr. W. I must confess, this girl's good-nature makes me ashamed of what I have offered : but, Mr. Worthy, I did not expect such usage from a man of your character ; I always took you for a gentleman.

Mr. W. You shall find me no other, Sir. Brother, a

Mr. W. I have some obligations to this gentleman, and he has a promise in your daughter's name, to return to me the money I lent him, after the expiration of the year, in his being your

Mr. W. I have foretold your pur-

Mr. W. I have been beforehand with you, and have to offer Sir William the money you promised him.

Love. With all my heart, Sir. Dare you take our bonds, Sir William ?

Mr. W. Hold, gentlemen ; I should blush to be obliged to that degree ; therefore, Sir William, as the first proof of that respect and duty I owe a father, I here, unasked, return your bond, and will henceforth expect nothing from you, but as my conduct may deserve it.

Mr. W. This is indeed a generous act ; methinks 'twere pity it should go unrewarded.

Sir W. Nay, now you vanquish me ; after this, I can't suspect your future conduct : there, Sir, 'tis yours ; I acknowledge the bond, and wish you all the happiness of a bridal bed. Heaven's blessing on you both. Now rise, my boy ; and let the world know 'twas I set you upon your legs again.

Mr. W. I'll study to deserve your bounty, Sir.

Love.

82 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT

Love. Now, Sir William, you have shewn your father. This prudent action has secured your father from the usual consequence of a stolen marriage; your father's curse. Now she must be happy in her love; you have such a tender care on't.

Am. This is indeed a happy meeting: we have drawn our several prizes in the lottery of life; therefore I beg our joys may be united: not one of us must part this day. The ladies I'll intreat my guests.

Love. The rest are mine, and I hope will often be so.

Am. 'Tis yet too soon to dine: therefore, to divert us in the mean time, what think you of a little music? the subject perhaps not improper to this occasion.

E. Wor. I will oblige us, Madam; we are all lovers of it.

The SCENE draws, and discovers Love seated on a Throne, attended by Lame, with a Chorus.

Fame. Hail! Hail! victorious Love!

 'To whom all hearts below,
 With no less pleasure bow,
 Than to the thund'ring Jove,
 The happy souls above.

Cho. Hail! &c.

Enter Reason.

Reason. Cease, cease, fond fools, your empty noise,
 And follow not such idle joys:
 Love gives you but a short-liv'd bliss,
 But I bestow immortal happiness.

Love. Rebellious Reason talk no more;
 Of all my slaves, I thee abhor:
 But thou, alas! dost strive in vain
 To free the lover from a pleasing chain;
 In spite of Reason, Love shall live and reign.

Cho. In spite, &c.

A Martial Symphony.

Enter Honour.

Hon. What wretch would follow Love's alarms,
 When Honour's trumpet sounds to arms?
 Hark! how the warlike notes inspire
 In ev'ry breast a glowing fire.

Love. Hark! how it swells with love and soft desire.

Hon.

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 83

Behold, behold the marry'd state,

' By thee too soon betray'd.

' Repenting now too late.

' *Enter Marriage, with his Yokes.*

Oh! tell me, cruel God of Love,

Why didst thou my thoughts possess

With an eternal round of happiness?

And yet, alas! I lead a wretched life,

Com'd to this galling yoke,—the emblem of a wife.

Ove. Ungrateful wretch! how dar'st thou Love up-
braid?

I gave thee raptures in the bridal bed.

Alas! long since, alas! the airy vision fled,

And I with wand'ring flames my passion feed.

O! tell me, pow'rful God,

Why art thou thus?

Why dost thou thus of mind?

Love. Why dost thou thus? I promis'd thee a happy life,

And thou art thus in a virtuous wife.

O! tell me, pow'rful God,

Why art thou thus? I promis'd thee a happy life,

And thou art thus in a virtuous wife.

O! tell me, pow'rful God,

Why art thou thus? I promis'd thee a happy life,

And thou art thus in a virtuous wife.

Al Cebus.

Love. 'Twas thus I was designed, and all my life to
' come shall shew how I approve the moral. Oh, Aman-
da! once more receive me to thy arms; and while I am
there, let all the world confess my happiness. By my ex-
ample taught, let every man, whose fate has bound him
to a married life, beware of letting loose his wild desires;
for, if experience may be allowed to judge, I must pro-
claim the folly of a wandering passion. The greatest
happiness we can hope on earth,

And sure the nearest to the joys above, '
Is the chaste rapture of a virtuous love.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken in the Character of CUPID.

NOW, gallants, for the author. First, to you,
Kind city gentlemen o'th' middle row;
He hopes you nothing to his charge can lay,
There's not a cuckold made in all his play.
Nay, you must own, if you believe your eyes,
He draws his pen against your enemies:
For he declares, to-day he merely strives
To maul the *beaux*—because they maul your wives.
Nor, Sirs, to you whose sole religion's drinking,
Whoring, roaring, without the pain of thinking.
He fears he's made a fault you'll no'er forgive,
A crime beyond the hopes of a reprieve:
An honest rake forgo the joys of life,
His whores and wine, t' embrace a dull chaste wife!
Such out-of-fashion stuff! But then again,
He's loud for above four acts, gent' men.
For saith, he knew, when once he'd chang'd his fortune,
And reform'd his vice, 'twas time—to drop the curtain.
Four acts for your coarse palates were design'd,
But then the ladies taste is more refin'd;
They, for Amanda's sake, will sure be kind.
Pray let this figure once your pity move;
Can you resist the pleasing God of Love?
In vain my prayers the other sex pursue,
Unless your conqu'ring smiles their stubborn hearts subdue.

