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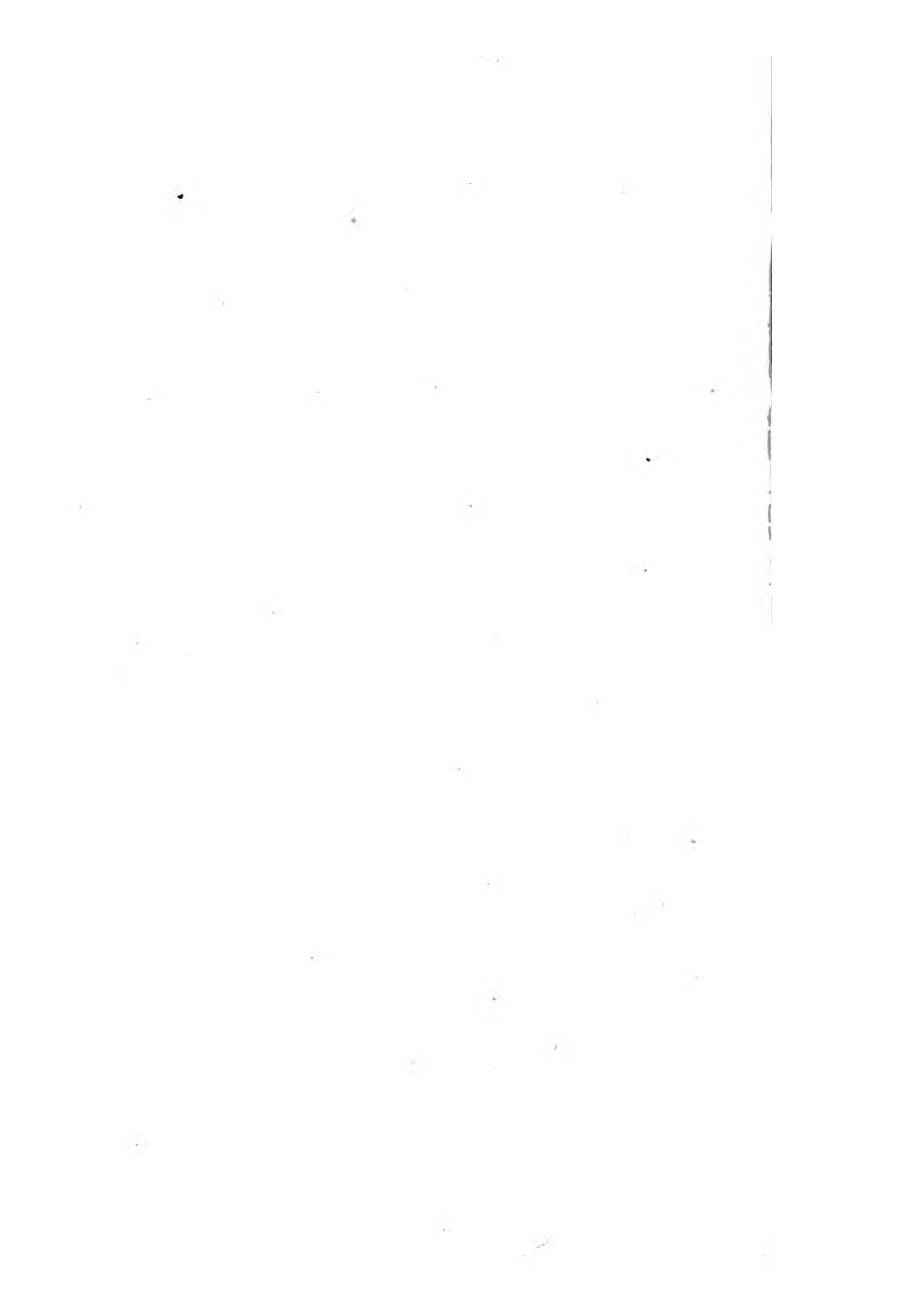
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OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF
ENGLISH



XL-11.

Presented by K. Sisam, by
1915.



T H E

FASHIONABLE LOVER:

[Price 1s. 6d.]

THE
FASHIONABLE LOVER;
A
COMEDY:
as it is acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.
A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N:
Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at GARRICK'S HEAD,
in Catherine-Street, Strand.
MDCCLXXII.



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

I COMMIT this Comedy to the prefs with all poffible gratitude to the Public for the reception it has met : I cannot flatter myself that the fame applaufe will follow it to the clofet ; for, as it owed much to an excellent representation, I have neither on this, nor any preceding occafion, confidered myfelf otherwife than as a fharer only with the Managers and Performers, who have diftinguifhed themfelves in the exhibition of my trifling productions. But it is not on the fcore of fpectacle only that I am obliged to Mr. Garrick ; I am, both in the inftance of this Comedy, and in that of the *West Indian*, materially indebted to his judgment, and owe the good effect of many incidents in both to his fuggeltion and advice : the correction of a real critic is as different from that of a pretender, as the operation of a furgeon from the ftab of an affaffin.

The

The Comedy, now submitted to the reader, is designed as an attempt upon his heart, and as such proceeds with little deviation from mine; if it should be thought, therefore, that I have meant well, the charge of having executed indifferently I shall patiently submit to: I have on this occasion (as on the two preceding ones) wholly rested my performance upon such poor abilities as I am master of: I am not conscious of having drawn any particular assistance, either in respect of character or design, from the productions of others; altho' I am far from presuming to say or think, that I have ever exhibited any character purely original: the level manners of a polish'd country, like this, do not supply much matter for the comic muse, which delights in variety and extravagance; wherever therefore I have made any attempts at novelty, I have found myself obliged either to dive into the lower class of men, or betake myself to the out-skirts of the Empire; the center is too equal and refined for such purposes.

Whether the reception of this Comedy may be such, as shall encourage me to future efforts, is of small consequence to the Public; but

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but if it should chance to obtain some little credit with the candid part of mankind, and it's author for once escape without those personal and unworthy aspersions, which writers, who hide their own names, fling on them who publish their's, my success it may be hoped will draw forth others to the undertaking with far superior requisites; and that there are numbers under this description, whose sensibility keeps 'em silent, I am well persuaded when I consider how general it is for men of the finest parts, to be subject to the finest feelings; and I would submit whether this unhandsome practice of abuse, is not calculated to create in the minds of men of genius, not only a disinclination to engage in dramatic compositions, but a languid and unanimated manner of executing them: It will drive men from a necessary confidence in their own powers, and it will be thought convenient to get out of the torrent's way, by mooring under the lee of some great name, either French or Italian, and sitting down contented with the humble, but less exposed, task of translation. Should this take place, a cold elaborate style will prevail in our drama, clearly opposite to the national character,

character, and not at all at unison with the taste of our writers themselves. Correctness will become the chief object in view; by which, though much may be avoided, little will be obtained: nothing great can be accomplished on a plain; turn to Shakespear, and you find the Alps not more irregular than his genius; had the critics of his days marked his inaccuracies with that illiberal spirit which seems reserved for our time, the bold and daring sallies of the sublimest Muse would probably have been suppressed, and neither the great Actor who has brought his scenes to life, nor the elegant Essayist * who has defended them, would have made such display of their own genius in the celebration and protection of his.

RICH^D. CUMBERLAND.

* Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespear.

P R O L O G U E.

S P O K E N B Y

M R. W E S T O N,

In the Character of a Printer's Devil.

I AM a devil, so please you,—and must hoof
Up to the poet yonder with this proof:
I'd read it to you : but, in faith, 'tis odds
For one poor Devil to face so many Gods.
A ready imp I am, who kindly greets
Young authors with their first exploits in sheets ;
While the Prefs groans, in place of dry-nurse stands,
And takes the bantling from the midwife's hands.

If any author of prolific brains,
In this good company, feels labour-pains ;
If any gentle poet, big with rhyme,
Has run his reck'ning out and gone his time ;
If any critic, pregnant with ill-nature,
Cries out to be deliver'd of his satire ;
Know such, that at our Hospital of Muses
He may lye in, in private, if he chuses ;
We've single lodgings there for secret sinners,
With good encouragement for young beginners.

Here's one now that is free enough in reason ;
This bard breeds regularly once a season ;
Three of a sort, of homely form and feature,
The plain coarse progeny of humble nature ;
Home-bred and born ; no strangers he displays,
Nor tortures free-born limbs in stiff French stays :

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P R O L O G U E.

Two you have rear'd ; but between you and me,
This youngest is the fav'rite of the three.
Nine tedious months he bore this babe about ;
Let it in charity live nine nights out ;
Stay but his month up ; give some little law ;
'Tis cowardly to attack him in the straw.

Dear Gentlemen Correctors, be more civil ;
Kind courteous Sirs, take counsel of the Devil ;
Stop your abuse ; for while your readers see
Such malice, they impute your works to me ;
Thus, while you gather no one sprig of fame,
Your poor unhappy friend is put to shame :
Faith, Sirs, you shou'd have some consideration,
When ev'n the Devil pleads against Damnation.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRR.

LADIES, your country's ornament and pride,
Ye, whom the nuptial deity has tied
In filken fetters, will ye not impart
For pity's sake, some portion of your art
To a mere novice, and prescribe some plan
How you would have me live with my good man?

Tell me, if I should give each passing hour
To love of pleasure or to love of power;
If with the fatal thirst of desperate play
I shou'd turn day to night and night to day:
Had I the faculty to make a prize
Of each pert animal that meets my eyes,
Say are these objects worth my serious aim;
Do they give happiness, or health, or fame?
Are hecatombs of lovers hearts of force
To deprecate the demons of divorce?

Speak, my advisers, shall I gain the plan
Of that bold club, which gives the law to man,
At their own weapons that proud sex defies
And sets up a new female paradise?
Lights for the ladies! Hark, the bar-bells sound!
Show to the club-room—See the glafs goes round—
Hail, happy meeting of the good and fair,
Soft relaxation from domestic care,
Where virgin minds are early train'd to loo,
And all Newmarket opens to the view.

In these gay scenes shall I affect to move,
Or pass my hours in dull domestic love?
Shall I to rural solitudes descend
With Tyrrel my protector, guardian, friend;
Or to the rich Pantheon's round repair,
And blaze the brightest heathen-goddes there?
Where shall I fix? Determine ye who know,
Shall I renounce my husband, or Soho?
With eyes half-open'd and an aking head
And ev'n the artificial roses dead,
When to my toilette's morning task resign'd,
What visitations then may seize my mind!

Save me, just Heaven, from such a painful life,
And make me an unfashionable wife!

P E R S O N S.

Lord Abberville,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
Mortimer,	-	-	-	-	Mr. King.
Aubrey,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barry.
Tyrrel,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Reddish.
Bridgemore,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bransby.
Doctor Druid,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Baddely.
Jarvis,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Griffiths.
Naphthali	-	-	-	-	Mr. Waldron.
La Jeunefse,	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. Burton.
Colin Macleod,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Moody.
Augusta Aubrey,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Bridgemore,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
Lucinda Bridgemore,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Egerton.
Mrs. Macintosh,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Love.
Maid Servant,	-	-	-	-	Miss Plat.

Servants, &c.

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

T H E

FASHIONABLE LOVER:

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A hall in LORD ABBERVILLE'S house, with a stair-case seen through an arch. Several domestics waiting in rich liveries. Flourish of French horns.

COLIN enters hastily.

Colin. **H**OOT! fellows, haud your honds: pack up your damn'd clarinets, and gang your gait for a pair of lubberly minstrels as you are. An you cou'd hondle the bagpipe instead, I wou'd na' say you nay: ah! 'tis an auncient instrument of great melody, and has whaftled many a braw lad to his grave; but your holidays horns there are fit only to play to a drunken city-barge on a swan-hopping party up the Thames.

LA JEUNESSE enters.

La. Feu. Fedon, Monsieur Colin, for why you have send away the horns? It is very much the ton in this country for the fine gentlemens to have the horns: upon my vord, my Lord this day give grand entertainment to very grand company; tous les maccaroni below stairs, et toute la coterie above. Hark, who vait dere? My lord ring his bell.—Voi la, Monsieur Colin, dere is all the company going to the tea-room.

Colin. (looking out) Now the de'il burst the weams of you all together, say I, for a pack of locusts; a cow in a clover-field has more moderation than the best among you;

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2 THE FASHIONABLE LOVER:

had my Lord Abberville the wealth of Glasgow, you'd swallow it all down before you gee'd over.—Crom, crom.

La. Feu. Vat is dat crom, crom? We do not know in France vat is dat crom, crom. But vat you say to the dinner? Upon my vord, Monsieur the cook make as fine dispositions for the table, as the Grand Condé did for the battle: ma foi, he merit to have his statue raised en crocan, in the center of his own performance.

Colin. Rais'd on a gibbet in the center of Hounslow Heath; that's what he merits.

La. Feu. Ah, barbare! Here come my Lord. [*Exit.*]

LORD ABBERVILLE to COLIN.

L. Abb. Colin, see that covers are laid for four-and-twenty, and supper served at twelve in the great eating-parlour.

Colin. Ecod, my Lord, had you ken'd the mefs of cakes and sweeties that was honded up amongst 'em just now, you wou'd na' think there cou'd be muckle need of supper this night.

L. Abb. What, fellow, would you have me starve my guests?

Colin. Troth, an you don't, they'll go nigh to starve you.

L. Abb. Let me hear no more of this, Colin Macleod; I took you for my servant, not for my adviser.

Colin. Right, my Lord, you did; but if by advising I can serve you, where's the breach of duty in that? [*Exit.*]

L. Abb. What a Highland savage it is!—My father indeed made use of him to pay the servant's wages, and post the tradesmen's accounts; as I never do either, I wish somebody else had him that does.

MORTIMER enters, repeating to himself.

Mort. "Is this a dinner, this a genial room?"

"This is a temple and a hecatomb."

L. Abb. What, quoting, Mortimer, and satire too?—I thought you need not go abroad for that.

Mort. True; therefore, I'm returning home.—Good night to you.

L. Abb. What, on the wing so soon! With so much company, can my philosopher want food to feast his spleen upon?

Mort.

Mort. Food! I revolt against the name; no Bramin cou'd abominate your fleshly meal more than I do; why, Hirtius and Apicius would have blush'd for it: Marc Antony, who roasted eight whole boars for supper, never massacred more at a meal than you have done.

L. Abb. A truce, good cynick: pr'ythee now get thee up stairs, and take my place; the ladies will be glad of you at cards.

Mort. Me at cards! Me at a quadrille-table! Pent in with fuzzing dowagers, gossiping old maids, and yellow admirals; 'sdeath, my Lord Abberville, you must excuse me.

L. Abb. Out on thee, unconformable being; thou art a traitor to society.

Mort. Do you call that society?

L. Abb. Yes; but not my society; none such as you describe will be found here; my circle, Mr. Mortimer, is form'd by people of the first fashion and spirit in this country.

Mort. Fashion and spirit! Yes, their country's like to suffer by their fashion more than 'twill ever profit by their spirit.

L. Abb. Come, come, your temper is too sour.

Mort. And your's too sweet: a mawkish lump of manna; sugar in the mouth, but physic to the bowels.

L. Abb. Mr. Mortimer, you was my father's executor; I did not know your office extended any further.

Mort. No; when I gave a clear estate into your hands, I clear'd myself of an unwelcome office: I was, indeed, your father's executor; the gentlemen of fashion and spirit will be your lordship's.

L. Abb. Pooh! You've been black-ball'd at some paltry port-drinking club; and set up for a man of wit and ridicule.

Mort. Not I, believe me: your companions are too dull to laugh at, and too vicious to expose.—There stands a sample of your choice.

L. Abb. Who, Doctor Druid? Where's the harm in him?

Mort. Where is the merit?—What one quality does that old piece of pedantry possess to fit him for the liberal office of travelling-preceptor to a man of rank? You know, my Lord, I recommended you a friend as fit to form your

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manners as your morals ; but he was a restraint ; and, in his stead, you took that Welchman, that buffoon, that antiquarian forsooth, who looks as if you had rak'd him out of the cinders of Mount Vesuvius.

L. Abb. And so I did : but pr'ythee, Mortimer, don't run away ; I long to have you meet.

Mort. You must excuse me.

L. Abb. Nay, I must have you better friends. — Come hither, Doctor ; hark'e —

Mort. Another time : at present, I am in no humour to stay the discussion of a cockle-shell, or the dissection of a butterfly's wing. [Exit.

DOCTOR DRUID enters.

Dr. Druid. Putterflies ! Putterflies in your teeth, Mr. Mortimer. What is the furly-poots prabbling about ? Cot give her coot luck ; will the man never leave off his flings and his fleers, and his segaries ; packpiting his petters ? — Coot, my Lord, let me call him back, and have a little tisputes and tisputations with him, d'ye see.

L. Abb. Hang him, tedious rogue, let him go.

Dr. Druid. Tedious ! ay, in coot truth is he, as tedious as a Lapland winter, and as melancholy too ; his crotchets and his humours damp all mirth and merriment, as a wet blanket does a fire : he is the very night-mare of society.

L. Abb. Nay, he talks well sometimes.

Dr. Druid. Ay, 'tis pig sound and little wit ; like a loud pell to a pad dinner.

L. Abb. Patience, good Doctor, patience ! Another time you shall have your revenge ; at present you must lay down your wrath, and take up your attention.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my Lord, I've done : laugh at my putterflies indeed ! If he was as pig and as pold as King Gryffyn, Doctor Druid wou'd make free to whisper an oord or two in his ear.

L. Abb. Peace, choleric King of the mountains, peace.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my Lord ; I say, I've done.

L. Abb. If you have done, let me begin. You must know then, I expect my city madam from Fish-Street Hill.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, the rich pig-pellied fellow's daughter, young Madam Pridgemore, my Lady Apperville, that is to be, pless her, and save her, and make her a coot wife, say I.

L. Abb. Pr'ythee, good Doctor, don't put a man in mind of his misfortunes: I tell you, she is coming here by appointment, with old Bridgemore and her mother; 'tis an execrable groupe; and, as I mean to make all things as easy to me as I can, I'm going out to avoid being troubled with their impertinence.

Dr. Druid. Going out, my Lord, with your house full of company?

L. Abb. Oh, that's no objection; none in the least; fashion reconciles all those scruples: to consult your own ease in all things is the very first article in the recipe for good breeding: when every man looks after himself, no one can complain of neglect; but, as these maxims may not be orthodox on the eastern side of Temple-Bar, you must stand Gentleman Usher in this spot; put your best face upon the matter, and marshal my citizens into the assembly-room, with as much ceremony, as if they came up with an address from the whole company of Cordwainers.

Dr. Druid. Out on it, you've some tevilish oomans in the wind; for when the tice are rattling above, there's nothing but teath, or the tevil, cou'd keep you below.

L. Abb. You've gueest it; such a divine, delicious little devil, lurks in my heart; Glendower himself cou'd not exercise her: I am possess'd; and from the hour I saw her by surprize, I have been plotting methods how to meet her; a lucky opening offers; the mine is laid, and Bridgemore's visit is the signal for springing it.

Dr. Druid. Pridgemore's! How so?

L. Abb. Why, 'tis with him she lives; what else cou'd make it difficult, and what but difficulty cou'd make me pursue it? They prudently enough wou'd have conceal'd her from me; for who can think of any other, when Miss Aubrey is in sight?—But hark! they're come; I must escape—Now, love and fortune stand my friends!

[Exit.

Dr. Druid. Pless us, what hastes and hurries he is in! and all for some young huffey—Ah! he'll never have a proper relish for the venerable antique: I never shall bring down his mercury to touch the proper freezing point, which that of a true virtuoso ought to stand at: sometimes, indeed, he will contemplate a beautiful statue, as if it was a ooman; I never cou'd persuade him to look upon a beautiful ooman, as if she was a statue.

BRIDGE-

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BRIDGEMORE, *Mrs. BRIDGEMORE, and LUCINDA.*

Bridge. Doctor, I kiss your hands; I kiss your hands, good Doctor.—How these nobles live! Zooks, what a swinging chamber!

Mrs. Bridge. Why, Mr. Bridgemore, sure you think yourself in Leatherfeller's-Hall.

Luc. Pray recollect yourself, Papa; indeed this is not Fish-Street Hill.

Bridge. I wish it was; I'd soon unhouse this trumpery: I'd soon furnish it with better goods: why this profusion, child, will turn your brain.

Mrs. Bridge. Law, how you stand and stare at things; stopping in the hall to count the servants, gaping at the lustre there, as if you'd swallow it.—I suppose our daughter, when she's a woman of quality, will behave as other women of quality do.—Lucinda, this is Doctor Druid, Lord Abberville's travelling tutor, a gentleman of very antient family in North Wales.

Luc. So it should seem, if he's the representative of it.

Dr. Druid. Without flattery, Mrs. Bridgemore, Miss has very much the behaviours of an ooman of quality already.

Mrs. Bridge. Come, Sir, we'll join the company, Lord Abberville will think us late.

Dr. Druid. Yes truly, he's impatient for our coming; but you shall find him not at home.

Mrs. Bridge. How! Not at home?

Luc. A mighty proof of his impatience, truly.

Dr. Druid. Why, 'twas some plaguy business took him out; but we'll dispatch it out of hand, and wait upon you quickly.

Bridge. Well, business, business must be done.

Mrs. Bridge. I thought my Lord had been a man of fashion, not of business.

Luc. And so he is; a man of the first fashion; you cannot have a fresher sample: the worst gallant in nature is your macaroni; with the airs of a coquette you meet the manners of a clown: fear keeps him in some awe before the men, but not one spark of passion has he at heart, to remind him of the ladies.

Mrs. Bridge. Well, we must make our curtsies above stairs—Our card was from Lady Caroline: I suppose she is not from home, as well as her brother.

Dr. Druid. Who waits there? shew the ladies up.

Bridge. Ay, ay, go up, and shew your cloaths, I'll chat with Dr. Druid here below. [Exeunt Ladies.

I love to talk with men that know the world : they tell me, Sir, you've travelled it all over.

Dr. Druid. Into a pretty many parts of it.

Bridge. Well, and what say you, Sir? you're glad to be at home; nothing I warrant like old England. Ah! what's France, and Spain, and Burgundy, and Flanders! no, old England for my money; 'tis worth all the world besides.

Dr. Druid. Your pelly says as much; 'twill fill the pot, but starve the prain; 'tis full of corn, and sheep, and villages, and people: England, to the rest of the world, is like a flower-garden to a forest.

Bridge. Well, but the people, Sir, what say you to the people?

Dr. Druid. Nothing: I never meddle with the human species; man, living man, is no object of my curiosity; nor ooman neither; at least, Mr. Pridgemore, till she shall be made a mummies of.

Bridge. I understand you; you speak in the way of trade: money's your object.

Dr. Druid. Money and trade! I scorn 'em both; the beaten track of commerce I disdain to follow: I've traced the Oxus, and the Ton; traversed the Riphæan Mountains, and pierced into the inmost Tefarts of Kalmuc Tartary—follow trade indeed! no; I've followed the ravages of Kouli Chan with rapturous delight: there is the land of wonders; finely depopulated; gloriously laid waste; fields without a hoof to tread 'em; fruits without a hand to gather 'em; with such a catalogue of pats, peetles, serpents, scorpions, caterpillars, toads—oh! 'tis a recreating contemplation, to a philosophic mind!

Bridge. Out on 'em, filthy vermin, I hope you left 'em where you found 'em.

Dr. Druid. No, to my honour be it spoken, I have imported above fifty different sorts of mortal poisons into my native country.

Bridge. Lackaday, there's people enough at home can poison their native country. (*Mrs. BRIDGEMORE and LUCINDA enter*) So, Ladies, have you finished your visit already?

Mrs. Bridge.

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Mrs. Bridge. We've made our curtsies and come away.

Dr. Druid. Marry, the fates and the fortunes forbid that you should go, till my Lord comes back.

Luc. Why not? if my Lord treats me already with the freedom of a husband, shoudn't I begin to practice the indifference of a wife? [Exeunt.

Dr. Druid. Well, but the supper, Mr. Pridgemore; you a citizen, and leave the supper?

Bridge. Your fifty mortal poisons have given me my supper: scorpions, and bats, and toads—come let's be gone. [Exeunt.

Dr. Druid. Wou'd they were in your pelly! [Exit.

An apartment in BRIDGEMORE'S house,

MISS AUBREY and TYRREL, and a maid-servant
with lights.

Aug. How I am watch'd in this house you well know, Mr. Tyrrel; therefore you must not stay: what you have done and suffer'd for my sake I never can forget; and 'tis with joy I see you now, at last, surmount your difficulties by the recovery of Lord Courtland: may your life never be again expos'd on my account.

Tyr. I glory in protecting you: when he, or any other rake, repeats the like offence, I shall repeat the like correction. I am now going to my uncle Mortimer, who does not know that I am in town. Life is not life without thee; never will I quit his feet, till I have obtained his voice for our alliance.

Aug. Alas! What hope of that from Mr. Mortimer, whose rugged nature knows no happiness itself, nor feels complacency in that of others?

Tyr. When you know Mr. Mortimer, you'll find how totally the world mistakes him. Farewel, my dear Augusta; back'd with thy virtuous wishes, how can I fail to prosper? (He goes out, and she enters an inner apartment.

The maid servant immediately introduces
LORD ABBERVILLE.

Serv. All's safe; follow me, my Lord; she is in her bed-chamber.

L. Abb. Where; where?

Serv. There; where you see the light through the
glafs-

glass-door. If I thought you had any wicked designs in your head, I wou'dn't have brought you here for the world; I shou'd be murder'd if the family were to know it: for pity's sake, my Lord, never betray me.

L. Abb. Go, get you gone; never talk of treason, my thoughts are full of love. (*The maid-servant goes out.*) First I'll secure the door: 'twill not be amiss to bar this retreat. (*Locks the door, and advances to the glass door.*) Ay, there she is!—How pensive is that posture!—Musing on her condition; which, in truth, is melancholy enough: an humble cousin to a vulgar tyrant.—'Sdeath, she cannot chuse but jump at my proposals.—See, she weeps.—I'm glad on't—Grief disposes to compliance—'Tis the very moment to assail her.

(*She comes to the door, with the candle in her hand; seeing*
LORD ABBERVILLE, starts.)

Aug. Who's there; who's at the door? Ah!—

L. Abb. Hush, hush; your screams will rouse the house.—'Tis I, Miss Aubrey—'tis Lord Abberville.—Give me your hand.—Nay, be compos'd.—Let me set down the candle: you are safe.

Aug. Safe, my Lord! Yes, I'm safe; but you are mistaken; Miss Bridgemore's not at home; or, if she was, this is no place to meet her in.

L. Abb. I'm glad of that; bless'd in Miss Aubrey's company, I wish no interruption from Miss Bridgemore.

Aug. I should be loath to think so; an avowal of baseness to one woman, should never be taken as flattery by another: in short, my Lord, I must intreat you to let the servants shew you to some fitter apartment. I am here in a very particular situation, and have the strongest reasons for what I request.

L. Abb. I guess your reasons, but cannot admit them. I love you, Madam; let that declaration be my excuse.

Aug. Nay, now your frolick has the air of insult, and I insist upon your leaving me. (*A rapping is heard at the door.*)

Luc. (*from without*) Who's within there?

Aug. Hark, hark, Miss Bridgemore, as I live.—Come in.

Luc. Come in! why you have lock'd the door.

Aug. Lock'd! is it lock'd?—for shame, for shame! thus am I sacrific'd to your ungenerous designs:—she must come in.

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L. Abb. Stay, stay ; she must not find me here ; there's one retreat ; your chamber ; lock me in there : I may still escape.

Luc. (*from without*) What are you about, Miss Aubrey ? Let me in.

Aug. Where shall I turn myself ? You've ruined all : if you're discovered, I shall never gain belief.

L. Abb. Be advised then : we have only this chance left. (*goes to the bed-room door.*)

Luc. Miss Aubrey, if you don't let me in immediately, I shall call up mamma ; so pray unlock the door.

Aug. I scarce know what I do (*after locking Lord Abberville in, opens the outward door.*) There, Madam, you're obeyed.

Luc. Why, surely you affect extraordinary privacy. It seems you've had your Tyrrel in our absence.

Aug. Yes, Mr. Tyrrel has been here.

Luc. Humph ! you're in mighty spirits.

Aug. No, Madam ; my poor spirits suit my poor condition : you, I hope, are rich in every sense.

Luc. She's happy I can see, though she attempts to hide it : I can't bear her.—Pray, Miss Aubrey, what are your designs—to ruin this young man ?

Aug. Madam !

Luc. Can you now in your heart suppose that Mortimer will let his nephew marry you ? Depend upon't (I tell you as your friend) as soon as that old cynic hears of it (which I have taken care he shall) your hopes are crushed at once.

Aug. When were they otherwise ?

Luc. I don't know what to make of her—she seems confus'd—her eyes wander strangely : watching the bed-room door—what is it she looks at ?

Aug. Where are you going ?

Luc. Going ! Nay, no where—she's alarmed—Miss Aubrey, I have a foolish notion in my head, that Mr. Tyrrel's in this house.

Aug. No, on my word—shall I light you to your room ?

Luc. So ready !—No ; your own will serve : I can adjust my head-dress at your glass—Hey-dey ; all's fast—you've locked the door.—

Aug. Have I, indeed ?

Luc. Yes, have you, Madam ; and if my suspicion's true, your lover's in it—open it.

Aug. I beg to be excused.

Luc. Oh! are you caught at last? Admit me.

Aug. You cannot sure be serious—think I've the sanction of a guest.

Luc. Ridiculous! I'll raise the house—let me come to the bell.

Aug. Hold! hold! you don't know what you do: for your own sake desist: to save your own confusion, more than mine, desist, and seek no farther.

Luc. No, Madam; if I spare you, may the shame that waits for you fall on my head.

Aug. At your own peril be it then! Look there. (*opens and discovers Lord Abberville.*)

Luc. Astonishing! Lord Abberville! This is indeed extraordinary; this, of all frolicks modern wit and gallantry have given birth to, is in the newest and the boldest stile.

L. Abb. Upon my life, Miss Bridgemore, my visit has been entirely innocent.

Luc. Oh, yes! I give you perfect credit for your innocence; the hour, the place, your Lordship's character, the Lady's composure, all are innocence itself. Can't you affect a little surprize, Ma'am, at finding a Gentleman in your bed-room, though you placed him there yourself? So excellent an actress might pretend a fit on the occasion: Oh, you have not half your part.

L. Abb. Indeed, Miss Bridgemore, you look upon this in too serious a light.

Luc. No, be assured: I'm charmed with your address; you are a perfect fashionable lover: so agreeable to invite us to your house, so wellbred to be from home, and so considerate to visit poor Miss Aubrey in our absence: altogether, I am puzzled which to prefer, your wit, politeness, or your honour.

Aug. Miss Bridgemore, 'tis in vain to urge my innocence to you; Heaven and my own heart acquit me; I must endure the censure of the world.

Luc. O Madam, with Lord Abberville's protection you may set that at nought: to him I recommend you: your company in this house will not be very welcome.

[*Exit.*

L. Abb. (*to her as she goes out*) Then, Madam, she shall come to mine; my house, my arms are open to receive

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her.—Fear nothing, set her at defiance; resign yourself to my protection; you shall face your tyrant, out-face her, shine above her, put her down in splendor as in beauty; be no more the servile thing her cruelty has made you; but be the life, the leader of each public pleasure, the envy of all womankind, the mistress of my happiness—

Aug. And murderer of my own. No, no, my Lord, I'll perish first: the last surviving orphan of a noble house, I'll not disgrace it: from these mean, unfeeling people, who to the bounty of my ancestors owe all they have, I shall expect no mercy; but you, whom even pride might teach some virtue, you to tempt me, you with unmanly cunning to seduce distress yourself created, sink you deeper in contempt than Heaven sinks me in poverty and shame. [Exit.

L. Abb. A very unpromising campaign truly: one lady lost, and the other in no way of being gained. Well, I'll return to my company; there is this merit however in gaming, that it makes all losses appear trivial but its own.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

*A Library in MORTIMER'S House.*MORTIMER *alone.*

SO! so! another day; another twelve hours round of folly and extravagance: 'psshaw! I am sick on't. What is it our men of genius are about? Jarring and jangling with each other, while a vast army of vices over-runs the whole country at discretion (*Jarvis enters.*) Now, Jarvis, what's your news?

Jar. My morning budget, Sir; a breakfast of good deeds; the offerings of a full heart and the return of an empty purse. There, Sir, I've done your errand; and wish hereafter you could find another agent for your charities.

Mort. Why so Charles?

Jar. Because the task grows heavy; besides, I'm old and foolish, and the sight is too affecting.

Mort. Why doesn't do like me then? Sheath a soft heart in a rough case, 'twill wear the longer; finer thyself, good Jarvis, as thy master does, and keep a marble outside to the world. Who dreams that I am the lewd fool of pity, and thou my pandar, Jarvis, my provider? You found out the poor fellow then, the half-pay officer I met last Sunday——

Jar. With difficulty; for he obtruded not his sorrows on the world; but in despair had crept into a corner, and, with his wretched family about him, was patiently expiring.

Mort. Pr'ythee no more on't: you sav'd him; you reliev'd him; no matter how; you made a fellow-creature happy, that's enough.

Jar. I did, Sir; but his story's so affecting——

Mort. Keep it to thyself, old man, then; why must my heart be wrung? I too am one of Nature's spoilt children, and havn't yet left off the tricks of the nursery.

Servant

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SERVANT enters.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Tyrrel's come to town, and begs to see you.

Mort. Let him come in (*Tyrrel enters.*) So, nephew, what bring's you to town? I thought you was a prisoner in the country.

Tyr. I was; but now my Lord Courtland has obtained his liberty, no reason holds why I should not recover mine.

Mort. Well, Sir, how have you fill'd up your time? In practising fresh thrusts, or repenting of that which is past? You've drawn your sword to satisfy one man, now think of satisfying the rest of mankind.

Tyr. You know my story, Sir: I drew my sword in the defence of innocence: to punish and repel the libertine attempts of an ennobled ruffian; every man of honour would have done the same.

Mort. Yes, honour: you young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all your faults, as that of passion all your follies.

Tyr. Honour is what mankind have made it; and as we hold our lives upon these terms, with our lives it behoves us to defend them.

Mort. You have made it reason then it seems; make it religion too, and put it out of fashion with the world at once: of this be sure, I would sooner cast my guineas in the sea, than give 'em to a duellist. But come, Frank, you are one from prejudice, not principle; therefore we'll talk no more on't. Where are you lodged?

Tyr. At the hotel hard by.

Mort. Then move your baggage hither, and keep house with me: you and I, nephew, have such opposite pursuits that we can never juggle; besides, they tell me you're in love; 'twill make a good companion of you; you shall rail at one sex, while I'm employ'd with t'other, and thus we may both gratify our spleen at once.

Tyr. O, Sir, unless you can consent to hear the praises of my lovely girl, from hour to hour, in endless repetition, never suffer me within your doors.

Mort. Thy girl, Frank, is every thing but rich, and that's a main blank in the catalogue of a Lady's perfections.

Tyr.

Tyr. Fill it up then, dear uncle; a word of your's will do it.

Mort. True, boy, a word will do it; but 'tis a long word; 'tis a lasting one; it should be, therefore, a deliberate one: but let me see your girl; I'm a sour fellow; so the world thinks of me; but it is against the proud, the rich I war: poverty may be a misfortune to Miss Aubrey; it would be hard to make it an objection.

Tyr. How generous is that sentiment!—Let me have your consent for my endeavours at obtaining her's, and I shall be most happy.

Mort. About it then; my part is soon made ready; your's is the task: you are to find out happiness in marriage; I'm only to provide you with a fortune. (*Exit Tyr.*) Well, Frank, I suspected thou hadst more courage than wit, when I heard of thy engaging in a duel; now thou art for encount'ring a wife, I am convinc'd of it. A wife! 'sdeath, sure some planetary madness reigns amongst our wives; the dog-star never sets, and the moon's horns are fallen on our heads.

COLIN MACLEOD *enters.*

Colin. The gude time o'day to you, gude Maister Mortimer.

Mort. Well, Colin, what's the news at your house?

Colin. Nay, no great spell of news, gude faith; aw things with us gang on after the auld sort. I'm weary of my life amongst 'em; the murrain take 'em all, sike a family of free-booters, Maister Mortimer; an I speak a word to 'em, or preach up a little needful œconomy, hoot! the whole clan is up in arms. I may speak it in your ear, an' the de'il himsell was to turn housekeeper, he cou'd na' pitch upon a fitter set; fellows of all trades, countries, and occupations; a ragamuffin crew; the very refuse of the mob, that canna' count past twa generations without a gibbet in their scutcheon.

Mort. Ay, Colin, things are miserably chang'd since your old master died.

Colin. Ah, Maister Mortimer, it makes my heart drop blude to think how much gude counsel I ha' cast away upon my Laird; i'faith I hanna' stinted him o' that; I gee'd him rules and maxims of gude husbandry in plenty, but aw in vain; the dice ha' deafen'd him.

Mort. Yes, and destroyed; his head, heart, happiness

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are gone to ruin; the least a gamester loses is his money.

Colin. Ecod and that's no trifle in his case: last night's performances made no small hole in that.

Mort. Whence learn you that?

Colin. From little Naphthali of St. Mary Axe: when a man borrows money of a Jew, 'tis a presumption no Christian can be found to lend him any.

Mort. Is your Lord driven to such wretched shifts?

Colin. Hoot! know you not that every losing gamester has his Jew? He is your only doctor in a desperate case; when the regulars have brought you to Death's door, the quack is invited to usher you in.

Mort. Your Jew, Colin, in the present case, favours more of the lawyer than the doctor: for I take it he makes you sign and seal as long as you have effects.

Colin. You've hit the nail o' the hede; my Laird will sign to any thing; there's bonds, and blanks, and bargains, and promissary notes, and a damn'd sight of rogueries, depend on't. Ecod he had a bundle for his breakfast, as big as little Naphthali cou'd carry; I wou'd it had braken his bock; and yet he is na' half the knave of yon fat fellow upon Fish-Street-Hill.

Mort. Bridgemore, you mean.

Colin. Ay, ay, he's at the bottom of the plot; this little Hebrew's only his jackall.

Mort. I comprehend you: Bridgemore, under cover of this Jew, has been playing the usurer with Lord Abberville, and means to pay his daughter's portion in parchment; this must be prevented.

Colin. You may spare your pains for that; the match is off.

Mort. Hey-day, friend Colin, what has put off that?

Colin. Troth, Maister Mortimer I canna' satisfy you on that hede; but yesternight the job was done; methought the business never had a kindly aspect from the first.

Mort. Well, as my Lord has got rid of Miss, I think he may very well spare her fortune.

Colin. Odzooks, but that's no reason he shou'd lose his own.

Mort. That, Colin, may be past my power to hinder; yet even that shall be attempted: find out the Jew that Bridgemore has employed, and bring him hither, if you can.

Colin.

Colin. Let me alone for that; there never was a Jew since Samson's time that Colin cou'd na' deal with; an' he hangs bock, and will na' follow kindly, troth, I'll lug him to you by the ears; ay, will I, and his Maister the fat fellow into the bargain.

Mort. No, no; leave me to deal with Bridgemore; I'll scare away that cormorant; if the son of my noble friend will be undone, it never shall be said he fell without an effort on my part to save him. [Exit.]

Colin. By Heaven you speak that like a noble Gentleman. Ah, Maister Mortimer, in England, he that wants monee, wants every thing; in Scotland now, few have it, but every one can do without it. [Exit Colin.]

An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE'S House.

BRIDGEMORE and DR. DRUID.

Bridge. But what is all this to me, Doctor? while I have a good house over my head, what care I if the Pyramids of Egypt were sunk into the earth? London, thank Heaven, will serve my turn.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, look ye, I never said it wasn't coot enough for them that live in it.

Bridge. Good enough! Why what is like it? Where can you live so well.

Dr. Druid. No where, coot truth, 'tis all cooks shops and putchers shambles; your very streets have savoury names; your Poultry, your Pye-corner, and Pudding-lane, your Bacon-alley, and Fish-street Hill here; o' my oord, the Map of London, would furnish out an admirable pill of fare for a Lord-Mayor's dinner.

Bridge. Well, Doctor, I'm contented with Fish-street Hill; you may go seek for lodgings yonder in the ruins of Palmyra.

Dr. Druid. Ruins indeed! what are all your new buildings, up and down yonder, but ruins? Improve your town a little further, and you'll drive every man of sense out of it; pless us, and save us, bye and bye not a monument of antiquity will be left standing from London-stone to Westminster-Hall.

Bridge. And if the Commissioners of Paving would mend the streets with one, and present t'other as a nuisance, bone-setters and lawyers would be the only people to complain.

D

Dr. Druid.

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Dr. Druid. Down with 'em then at once, down with every thing noble and venerable and antient amongst you; turn the Tower of London into a Pantheon, make a new Adelphi of the Savoy, and bid adieu to all ages but your own; you will then be no more in the way of deriving dignity from your progenitors, than you are of transmitting it to your posterity.

Bridge. Well, Doctor, well, leave me my opinion and keep your own; you've a veneration for rust and cobwebs; I am for brushing them off wherever I meet them: we are for furnishing our shops and warehouses with good profitable commodities; you are for storing 'em with all the monsters of the creation: I much doubt if we cou'd serve you with a dried rattlesnake, or a stuf't alligator, in all the purlieus of Fish-Street Hill.

Dr. Druid. A stuf't alligator! A stuf't alderman wou'd be sooner had.

Bridge. May be so; and let me tell you an antiquarian is as much to seek in the city of London, as an alderman wou'd be in the ruins of Herculaneum: every man after his own way, that's my maxim: you are for the paltry ore; I am for the pure gold; I dare be sworn now, you are as much at home amongst the snakes and serpents at Don Saltero's as I am with the Jews and jobbers at Jonathan's.

Dr. Druid. Coot truth, Mr. Pridgemore, 'tis hard to say which collection is the most harmless of the two.

MRS. BRIDGEMORE enters.

Mrs. Bridge. I'm out of patience with you, Mr. Bridgemore, to see you stir no brisker in this business; with such a storm about your ears, you stand as idle as a Dutch sailor in a trade-wind.

Bridge. Truly, love, till you come in, I heard nothing of the storm.

Mrs. Bridge. Recollect the misadventure of last night; the wickedness of that strumpet you have harboured in your house; that viper, which wou'd never have had strength to sting, hadn't you warm'd it in your bosom.

Dr. Druid. Faith and truth now, I havn't heard better reasoning from an ooman this many a day: you shall know Mr. Pridgemore, the viperous species love warmth; their sting, look ye, is then more venomous; but draw their
their

their teeth, and they are harmless reptiles; the conjurors in Persia play a thousand fancies and fagaries with 'em.

Bridge. But I'm no Persian, Doctor.

Mrs. Bridge. No, nor conjuror neither; you wou'd not else have been the dupe thus of a paltry girl.

Dr. Druid. A girl, indeed! why all the European world are made the dupes of girls: the Asiatics are more wise; saving your presence now, I've seen a Turkish Pacha or a Tartar Chan rule threescore, ay, three hundred wives, with infinite more ease and quiet, than you can manage one.

Mrs. Bridge. Manage your 'butterflies, your bats and beetles, and leave the government of wives to those who have 'em: we stand on British ground as well as our husbands; Magna Charta is big enough for us both; our bill of divorce is a full match for their bill of rights at any time: we have our Commons, Doctor, as well as the men; and I believe our privileges are as well managed here at St. Paul's, as theirs are yonder at St. Stephen's.

Dr. Druid. Your privileges, Mrs. Pridgemore, are not to be disputed by any in this company; and, if Miss is as well instructed in her's, I wish my Lord Abberville joy of his release; that's all. [Exit.

LUCINDA enters.

Luc. What did the fellow say? Who sent that old mummy hither?

Bridge. He came upon a qualifying message from Lord Abberville, as I believe; but 'tis such an extravagant old blade, he got amongst the pyramids of Egypt, before he could well bring it out.

Mrs. Bridge. I wou'd he was there, and his pupil with him; don't you see what a condition our poor girl is thrown into?

Luc. I into a condition! No; they shall never have to say they threw me into a condition: I may be angry, but I scorn to own I'm disappointed.

Bridge. That's right, child; sure there are more men in the world besides Lord Abberville.

Luc. Law, papa! your ideas are so gross, as if I car'd for any of the sex, if he hadn't singled her out from all women kind; but it was ever thus; she's born to be my

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evil genius; sure the men are mad—Tyrrel, Lord Abberville—one touch'd my heart, the other wounds my pride.

Bridge. Why, ay; there is a fine estate, a noble title, great connections, powerful interest.

Luc. Revenge is worth them all; drive her but out of doors, and marry me to a convent.

Bridge. But let us keep some shew of justice; this may be all a frolic of Lord Abberville's; the girl, perhaps, is innocent.

Luc. How can that be, when I am miserable?

Mrs. Bridge. Come, she's been suffer'd in your house too long; had I been mistress, she shou'd have quitted it last night upon the instant: wou'd she had never entered it.

Bridge. There you make a bad wish, Mrs. Bridgemore; she has proved the best feather in my wing; but call her down; go, daughter, call her down.

Luc. I'll send her to you; nothing shall prevail with me to speak to her, or look upon the odious creature more.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Bridge. What is it you are always hinting at about this girl? She's the best feather in your wing. Explain yourself.

Bridge. I can't; you must excuse me; 'tis better you shou'd never know it.

Mrs. Bridge. Why, where's the fear; what can you have to dread from a destitute girl, without father, and without friend?

Bridge. But is she really without a father? Was I once well assured of that—But hush! my daughter's here—Well, where's Miss Aubrey?

LUCINDA enters, followed by a Maid Servant.

Luc. The bird is flown.

Bridge. Hey-day, gone off!

Mrs. Bridge. That's flat conviction.

Bridge. What have you there? A letter?

Luc. She found it on her table.

Bridge. Read it, Lucy.

Luc. I beg to be excused, Sir; I don't chuse to touch her nasty scrawl.

Bridge. Well then, let's see; I'll read it myself.

Reads.

“ Sir, Since neither Lord Abberville’s testimony, nor
 “ my most solemn protestations can prevail with you to
 “ believe me innocent, I prevent Miss Bridgemore’s
 “ threaten’d dismissal by withdrawing myself for ever
 “ from your family: how the world will receive a destitute
 “ defenceless orphan I am now to prove; I enter on my
 “ trial without any armour but my innocence; which,
 “ though insufficient to secure to me the continuance of
 “ your confidence, will, by the favour of Providence,
 “ serve, I hope, to support me under the loss of it.

“ Augusta Aubrey.”

So! she’s elop’d.——

Mrs. Bridge. Ay, this is lucky; there’s an end of her; this makes it her own act and deed; give me the letter; go, you need not wait (*to the servant.*)

Serv. Madam!

Luc. Don’t you hear? Leave the room.

Serv. Pray don’t be angry; I beg to speak a word to you.

Luc. Go, go, another time; I’m busy.

Serv. I’ve done a wicked thing; and if I don’t discharge my heart, ’twill break, it is so full.

Mrs. Bridge. What have you done? Speak out.

Serv. Why, I have been the means of ruining an innocent person; for such Miss Aubrey is.

Bridge. How so? Go on.

Serv. ’Twas I that brought Lord Abberville last night into her chamber, unknown to her; I thought it was a little frolic to surprise her; but, when I heard her scream, I was alarmed, and ran and listened at the door.

Luc. Well, and what then?

Serv. Why, then I heard her chide him, and desire him to be gone; yes, and but just before you came up stairs, I heard the poor young Lady reproach him bitterly for his baseness in making love to her, when he was engaged to you, Madam: indeed, she is as innocent as the babe unborn.

Luc. Go your way for a simpleton, and say no more about the matter.

Serv. To be sure I was a simpleton to do as I did; but I should never survive it, if any mischief was to follow. [*Exit.*]

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Bridge. What's to be done now ?

Mrs. Bridge. What's to be done ? why let her take her course ; guilty or not, what matters it, if every man who offers for your daughter, is to turn aside and follow after her ?

Luc. True, where's the woman who can pardon that ? indeed, had she been really criminal, I cou'd have endur'd her better, for then I had had one qualification, which she had wanted ; now she piques me every way.

A Servant enters and speaks.

Lord Abberville, Madam, desires to be admitted to say a word to you.

Luc. Who ? Lord Abberville ?

Mrs. Bridge. Oh, by all means admit him ; now, Lucy, shew yourself a woman of spirit ; receive him, meet his insulting visit with becoming contempt.—Come, Mr. Bridgemoore, let us leave them to themselves.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. BRIDGEMORE.*]

Luc. Ahem ; now, pride support me !

LORD ABBERVILLE enters to her.

L. Abb. Miss Bridgemoore, your most obedient ; I come, Madam, on a penitential errand, to apologize to you and Miss Aubrey for the ridiculous situation in which I was surpris'd last night.

Luc. Cool, easy villain ! (*aside.*)

L. Abb. I dare say, you laugh'd most heartily after I was gone.

Luc. Most incontinently—incomparable assurance ! (*aside.*)

L. Abb. Well, I forgive you ; 'twas ridiculous enough ; a foolish frolick, but absolutely harmless be assur'd : I'm glad to find you no longer serious about it—But where's Miss Aubrey, pray ?

Luc. You'll find her probably at your own door ; she's gone from hence.

Servant enters and speaks.

Mr. Tyrrel, Madam.

Luc. Shew him in, pray—My Lord, you've no objection.

L. Abb. None in life ; I know him intimately ; but, if you please, I'll take my leave ; you may have business—
Curse on't, he is the Lady's lover (*aside.*)

Luc. Nay, I insist upon your staying—Now malice stand my friend!—Good morning to you, Sir, you're welcome to town.

TYRREL enters.

Tyr. I thank you—I am wrong, I believe; your servant should not have shewn me in here: 'tis with Miss Aubrey I request to speak.

Luc. Lord Abberville, you can direct Mr. Tyrrel to Miss Aubrey: she has left this family, Sir.

Tyr. Madam—My Lord—I beg to know—I don't understand—

L. Abb. Nor I, upon my soul: was ever any thing so malicious? (*aside.*)

Luc. My Lord, why don't you speak? Mr. Tyrrel may have particular business with Miss Aubrey.

L. Abb. Why do you refer to me? How shou'd I know any thing of Miss Aubrey?

Luc. Nay, I ask pardon; perhaps Mr. Tyrrel's was a mere visit of compliment.

Tyr. Excuse me, Madam; I confess it was an errand of the most serious sort.

Luc. Then it's cruel not to tell him where you've plac'd her.

Tyr. Plac'd her!

L. Abb. Ay plac'd her indeed? For Heaven's sake, what are you about?

Luc. Nay, I have done, my Lord; but after last night's fatal discovery, I conceived you wou'd no longer affect any privacy as to your situation with Miss Aubrey.

Tyr. What did you discover last night, Madam, tell me? I have an interest in the question.

Luc. I'm sorry for't, for then you'll not be pleas'd to hear that she admits Lord Abberville, by night, into her bedroom, locks him up in it, and on detection the next morning, openly avows her guilt, by eloping to her gallant.

Tyr. What do I hear?—My Lord, my Lord, if this is true—

L. Abb. What then?—What if it is? Must I account to you? Who makes you my inquisitor?

Tyr. Justice, humanity, and that controul which virtue gives me over its opposers: if more you wou'd, with anguish, I confess my heart unhappily was plac'd on her whom you have ruin'd; now you'll not dispute my right.

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L. Abb. This is no place to urge your right; I shall be found at home.

Tyr. I'll wait upon you there. [*Exit Tyrrel.*]

L. Abb. Do so—your servant—Miss Bridgemore, I am infinitely your debtor for this agreeable visit; I leave you to the enjoyment of your many amiable virtues, and the pleasing contemplation of what may probably ensue from the interview you have provided for me with Mr. Tyrrel.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Ha, ha, ha! I must be less or more than woman, if I did not relish this retaliation.

END OF THE SECOND ACT:

A C T

A C T III.

The Street, with a distant View of a Square.

COLIN *alone.*

AH, Colin, thou'rt a prodigal; a thriftless loon thou'st been, that cou'd na' keep a little pelf to thyfall when thou had'ft got it; now thou may'ft gang in this poor geer to thy live's end, and worse too for aught I can tell; 'faith, mon, 'twas a smeat little bysack of money thou hadst scrap'd together, and the best part of it had na' been laft amongst thy kinsfolk, in the Isles of Skey and Mull; muckle gude may it do the weams of them that ha' it! There was Jamie Mac Grejor, and Sawney Mac Nab, and the twa braw lads of Kinruddin, with old Charley Mac Dougall, my mother's first husband's second cousin: by my sol I cou'd na' see such near relations, and gentlemen of sic auncient families gang upon bare feet, while I rode a horseback: I had been na' true Scot, an I cou'd na' ge'en a countryman a gude laft upon occasion (*As he is going out, Miss Aubrey enters.*)

Aug. That house is Mr. Mortimer's; and yet I can't resolve to go to it: to appeal to Tyrrel is a dangerous step; it plunges him again in my unprosperous concerns, and puts his life a second time in danger; still, still I know not how to let him think me guilty: wretched, unfriended creature that I am, what shall I do? (*As she is going out, Colin advances.*)

Colin. Haud a bit, lassie, you that are bewailing; what's your malady?

Aug. Sir! Did you speak to me?

Colin. Troth, did I; I were loth to let affliction pass beside me and not ask it what it ail'd.

Aug. Do you know me then?

Colin. What need have I to know you? An you can put me in the way to help you, isn't that enough?

E

Aug.

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Aug. I thank you: if I have your pity, that is 'all my case admits of.

Colin. Wha' can tell that? I may be better than I seem: as sorry a figure as I cut, I have as gude blude in my veins, and as free of it too, as any Briton in the lond; troth, an you be of my country, Madam, you may have heard as much.

Aug. I do not question it; but I am not of Scotland.

Colin. Well, well, an' if you had the de'il a bit the worse shou'd I ha lik'd you for it; but it was not your lot; we did na' make ourfalls; Paradise itsal wou'd na' hald all mankind, nor Scotland neither; and let me tell you there's na braver or more auncient people underneath Heaven's canopy; no, nor a nation of the terrestrial globe wha have more love and charity for one another.

Aug. Well, Sir, you seem to wish to do me service: I've a letter here; I cannot well deliver it myself; if you are of this neighbourhood, perhaps you know the house of Mr. Mortimer.

Colin. Hoot! hoot! I ken him well; I came fra' thence but now.

Aug. Will you take charge of this, and give it as directed? the Gentleman will be found at Mr. Mortimer's.

Colin. To Francis Tyrrel, Esquire—Ah! an 'tis thereabouts you point, gadzooks, your labour's lost; you may ev'n wear the willow as they say, for by my troth he'll play the loon wi' you.

Aug. Is that his character?

Colin. No; but he canna' well be true to twa at the same time.

Aug. His heart's engag'd it seems: what is the Lady's name?

Colin. Woe worth her name! I canna' recollect it now; an it had been a Scottish name, I shou'd na' let it slip so; but I've no mighty memory for your English callings; they do na' dwell upon my tongue: out on't! 'tis with a grete fat lubber yonder in the city that she dwells; a fellow with a paunch below his gullet, like the poke of a pelican; and now I call to mind, 'tis Aubrey is her name; ay, ay, 'tis Aubrey; she's the happy woman.

Aug. Is she the happy woman? Well, Sir, if you'll deliver that letter into Mr. Tyrrel's hands; there is no
treason

treason in it against Miss Aubrey; she herself is privy to the contents.

Colin. You need na' doubt but I shall honde it to him; I were a sorry child an I cou'd grudge you that: where shall I bring his answer?

Aug. It requires none.

Colin. But an he craves to know your house, where mun I say you dwell?

Aug. I have no house, no home, no father, friend, or refuge, in this world; nor do I at this moment, fainting as I am with affliction and fatigue, know where to find a hospitable door.

Colin. Come with me then, and I will shew you one; ah! woe is me, we hanna' all cold hearts, that occupy cold climates: I were a graceless loon indeed, when Providence ha' done so much for me, an' I cou'd not pay bock a little to a fellow creature.

Aug. Who you may be I know not; but that sentiment perswades me I may trust you: know, in this wretched person you behold her whom you think the envied, the beloved Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Miss Aubrey! you Miss Aubrey! His presence be about us! and has that grete fat fellow in the city turn'd his bock upon you? Out on him, ugly hound, his stomach be his grave! I cou'd find in my heart to stick my dirk into his weam.

Aug. Have patience; 'tis not he, Lord Abberville's the source of my misfortunes.

Colin. Ah, woe the while the more's his shame, I'd rather hear that he were dead.

Aug. Do not mistake affliction for disgrace; I'm innocent.

Colin. I see it in your face: wou'd I cou'd say as much of him.

Aug. You know him then.

Colin. Ay, and his father afore him: Colin Macleod's my name.

Aug. Colin Macleod!

Colin. What do you start at? Troth, there's no shame upon't; 'tis nought a bit the worse for my wear; honesty was aw my patrimony, and, by my sol I hanna spent it: I serve Lord Abberville, but not his vices.

Aug. I readily believe you; and to convince you of it, put me, I beseech you, in some present shelter, till the

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labour of my hands can keep me, and hold me up but for a breathing space, till I can rally my exhausted spirits, and learn to struggle with the world.

Colin. Ay, will I by my sol, so Heaven gives life; and woe betide the child that does you wrong! I be na smuthly spoken, but you shall find me true.—And look, the first door that I cast my ey'n upon, I ken the name of Macintosh: troth, 'tis a gudely omen and prognostic; the Macintoshes and Macleods are aw of the same blood fra' long antiquity: had we searh'd aw the town we cou'd na' find a better. (*Knocks at the door.*) Odzooks, fear nothing, damsel, an she be a true Macintosh, you need na' doubt a welcome. (*Mrs. MACINTOSH comes to the door.*) Gude day to you, Madam, is your name Macintosh pray you?

Mrs. Mac. It is; what are your commands?

Colin. Nay, hau'd a bit, gude child, we command nought; but being, d'ye see, a Scottish kinsman of your's, Colin Macleod by name, I crave a lodgment in your house for this poor lassie—Gude troth you need na' squant at her so closely; there's nought to be suspected; and tho' she may na' boast so long a pedigree as you and I do, yet for an English family, she's of no despicable house; and as for reputation, gude faith the lamb is not more innocent: respecting mine own fall I will na' vaunt, but an' you've any do bts, you need na' gang a mighty length to satisfy 'em; I'm no impostor.

Mrs. Mac. I see enough to satisfy me; she is a perfect beauty:—pray, young Lady, walk in; pray walk up stairs, you are heartily welcome; lackaday, you seem piteously fatigu'd.

Aug. Indeed I want repose.

Colin. Rest you awhile; I'll deliver your letter and call on you anon.

Aug. I thank you.

[*Enters the house.*]

Mrs. Mac. Heavens, what a lovely girl!

Colin. Haud you a bit, you've done this kindly, cousin Macintosh, but we're na' come a bagging, d'ye see; here, take this money in your bonde and let her want for nought.

Mrs. Mac. You may depend upon my care.

Colin. Ay, ay, I ken'd you for a Macintosh at once; I am na' apt to be mistaken in any of your clan; and 'tis a comely presence that you have; troth 'tis the case with aw of you; the Macintoshes are a very personable people.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Mac. Another of my Scottish cousins—Oh, this new name of mine is a most thriving invention; a rare device to hook in customers; when I was plain Nan Rawlins of St. Martin's parish, scarce a yard of ferret cou'd I sell to club a prentice's hair on a Sunday morning; now there's not a Knight of the Thistle that does not wear my green paduasoy across his shoulder, nor a Mac passes my shop who does not buy snuff and black ribband of his kinf-woman; of such consequence is it to have a good name in this world. [Exit.

A room in LORD ABBERVILLE'S house.

LORD ABBERVILLE enters, followed by several servants.

L. Abb. You are a most unreasonable set of gentry truly; I have but one Scotchman in my family, and you are every one of you, cook, valet, butler, up in arms to drive him out of it.

La Feu. And with reason, my Lord; Monsieur Colin is a grand financier; but he has a little of what we call la maladie du pays; he is too œconomique; it is not for the credit of mi Lord Anglois to be too œconomique.

L. Abb. I think, La Jeunesse, I have been at some pains to put that out of dispute; but get you gone all together, and send the fellow to me; I begin to be as tir'd of him as you are.—(Exit servants.)—His honesty is my reproach; these rascals flatter while they rob me: it angers me that one, who has no stake, no interest in my fortune, should husband it more frugally than I who am the owner and the sufferer: in short, he is the glass in which I see myself, and the reflection tortures me; my vices have deform'd me; gaming has made a monster of me.

LA JEUNESSE re-enters.

L. Abb. Well, is the savage coming?

La Feu. He is only turning his cravat, my Lord, and will be here immediately.

L. Abb. Leave me. (Exit LE JEUNE. COLIN enters.)
Come hither, Colin; what is this I hear of you?

Colin. Saving your presence I shou'd guess a pratty many lies;

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lies; 'twill mostly be the case when companions in office give characters one of another.

L. Abb. But what is he whom nobody speaks well of? You are given up on all hands.

Colin. And so must truth itfall, when the de'il turns historian.

L. Abb. You've been applauded for your bluntness; 'tis no recommendation to me, Macleod; nor shall I part from all my family to accommodate your spleen; from the stable-boy to my own valet, there's not a domestic in this house gives you a good word.

Colin. Nor ever will, till I prefer their interest to your's; hungry curs will bark: but an' your Lordship would have us regale our friends below stairs, while you are feasting your's above, gadzooks, I have a pratty many countrymen in town, with better appetite sthan purfes, who will applaud the regulation.

L. Abb. 'Tis for such purfes and such appetites you would be a fit provider; 'tis for the latitude of the Highlands, not for the meridian of London, your narrow scale of œconomy is laid down.

Colin. Œconomy is no disgrace; 'tis batter living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

L. Abb. Well, Sir, you may be honest, but you are troublesome; my family are one and all in arms against you; and you must know, Colin Macleod, I've great objection to a rebellion either in a family or state, whatever you and your countrymen may think of the matter.

Colin. My Lord, my Lord; whan you have shad the blude of the offenders, it is na' generous to revive the offence: as for mine awn particular, Heaven be my judge, the realm of England does na' haud a heart more loyal than the one I strike my honde upon.

DOCTOR DRUID *enters to them.*

L. Abb. So, Doctor, what's the news with you?— Well, Colin, let me hear no more of these complaints; don't be so considerate of me— and hark'e, if you was not quite so parsimonious to yourself, your appearance would be all the better.

Colin. Troth, I'd be better habited, but I canna' afford it.

L. Abb.

L. Abb. Afford it, firrah? Don't I know you have money enough, if you had but spirit to make use of it?

Colin. True; but I fain wou'd keep a little together, d'ye see, lest you shou'd not. [Exit.

Dr. Druid. Plessing upon us, how the man prates and prattles! 'Twas but this morning he was differing and disputing truly about pedigrees and antiquities, tho' I can count forty and four generations from the grandmother of Saint Winifred, as regularly as a Monk can tell his beads.

L. Abb. Leave your generations to the worms, Dóctor, and tell me if you carried my message to Bridgemore— But why do I ask that? When I myself am come from putting the finishing hand to that treaty: and really if young women will keep companions who are handsomer than themselves, they mustn't wonder if their lovers go astray.

Dr. Druid. Ah, my Lord Apperville, my Lord Apperville, you've something there to answer for.

L. Abb. Preach not, good sixty-five, thy cold continence to twenty-three; the stars are in my debt one lucky throw at least; let them bestow Miss Aubrey, and I'll cancel all that's past. (*A servant delivers a letter*) What have we here?—From Tyrrei I suppose—No, 'tis from a more peaceable quarter; my commodious Mrs. Macintosh. (*Reads*)—"Chance has thrown in my way a girl, that quite eclipses your Miss Somers: come to me without loss of time, lest the bird should be on the wing."— What shall I do? I have but little stomach to the business. Aubrey is my goddess, and 'tis downright herefy to follow any other. (*Another Servant enters.*)

Serv. My Lord, a person without says he comes with a recommendation from Sir Harry Gamble.

L. Abb. What sort of a person?

Serv. A little ugly fellow: I believe he's a Jew.

L. Abb. That's right, I had forgot: my Jew is fairly jaded; Sir Harry's probably is better trained; so let me see him: who is in the antichamber?

Serv. There are several persons waiting to speak with your Lordship; they have called a great many'times.

L. Abb. Ay, ay, they come for money; he alone comes with it; therefore conduct that little ugly fellow as you call him to my closet, and bid those other people call again [*Exit Servant.*] Doctor, if any of my particulars
are

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are importunate to see me, don't let 'em interrupt me here; tell 'em I'm gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; they'll know the place, and my business in it. *[Exit.*

Dr. Druid. They may guess that without the gift of divination truly: ah! this passion is the prejudice of education! He may thank France and Italy for this: I would have carried him through Inghria, Esthonia, and Livonia; through Moldavia, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, Thrace; from the Gulph of Finland to the Streights of the Dardanelles. 'Tis a chance if he had seen a human creature in the whole course of his travels.

TYRREL enters to him.

Tyr. Doctor, forgive me this intrusion; where is Lord Abberville? His servants deny him to me, and I've business with him of a pressing sort.

Dr. Druid. Business indeed!

Tyr. Yes, business, Sir: I beg you to inform me where to find him.

Dr. Druid. I take it, Mr. Tyrrel, you are one of his particulars, therefore I tell you, he is gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; a commodious sort of a pody, who follows one trade in her shop, and another in her parlour.

Tyr. Yes, yes, I know her well, and know his business there.

Dr. Druid. Pleasure is all his business: I take for granted he finds some gratification in his visits there.

Tyr. Yes, the gratification of a devil; the pleasure of defacing beauty and despoiling innocence, of planting everlasting misery in the human heart for one licentious transitory joy: 'tis there he holds his riots; thither he is gone to repeat his triumphs over my unhappy Aubrey, and confirm her in her shame.

Dr. Druid. Ay, I suppose Miss Aubrey is the reigning passion now.

Tyr. Curs'd be his passions, wither'd be his powers! Oh, Sir, she was an angel once: such was the graceful modesty of her deportment, it seem'd as if the chastity, which now so many of her sex throw from them, centered all with her.

Dr. Druid. I've told too much; this lad's as mad as he—Well, Mr. Tyrrel, I can say but little in the case;
women

women and politics I never deal in ; in other words, I abhor cuckoldom, and have no passion for the pillory.

[Exit.

COLIN enters.

Colin. Gang your gait for an old smoak-dried piece of goat's-flesh (*shuts the door.*) Now we're alone, young Gentleman, there's something for your private reading (*delivers a letter.*)

Tyr. What do I see? Miss Aubrey's hand! Why does she write to me? Distraction, how this racks my heart!

Colin. Ay, and mine too—Ecod, it gave it sic a pull, I canna' for the sol of me, get it back into its place again: gude truth, you'll find it but a melancholy tale.

Tyr. (*reads*) "I am the martyr of an accident, which never will find credit; under this stroke, I can't conceal a wish that Mr. Tyrrel would not give me up; but, as his single opposition to the world's reproach might be as dangerous to him, as it must be ineffectual to me, I earnestly advise him to forget the unfortunate Augusta."—What am I to conclude? The paper looks like innocence; the words as soft as modesty could utter.—The martyr of an accident! She calls it accident; why that's no crime. Alas! it might be accident which threw temptation in her way, but voluntary guilt which yielded to the tempter; of him she makes no mention. Pray, Sir, inform me; you have seen this Lady——

Colin. I have.

Tyr. Discours'd with her——

Colin. I have.

Tyr. In that discourse, do you recollect if she named Lord Abberville?

Colin. I recollect she said he was the source of her misfortunes.

Tyr. Ay, did she say so much? That's guilty beyond doubt.

Colin. You're right; it carries a damn'd guilty look: I wou'd na' take his fortune to father his faults.

Tyr. Why you then give him up. Oh! 'tis too palpable! But, pray, did she herself give you this letter for me?

Colin. With her own hondes; gude faith, the heart

F

within

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within you wou'd ha malted to have seen the manner of it.

Tyr. That aggravates my torture!—Where was it you left her? In what wretched habitation?

Colin. Hoot! no disparagement upon her habitation; there's nought of wretchedness about it: odzooks! she's with a Lady of as gude a family!—But you mun be as close as wax, d'ye see; ye munna mang the secret to my Laird.

Tyr. Well, well, the place—

Colin. Nay, 'tis hard by; a cousin's of mine own; a comely courteous woman as you'd wish to commune with; one Mrs. Macintosh.

Tyr. 'Sdeath! that confirms it! There, Sir, bring me no more letters; whether you're dupe or pandar in this business, I desire never to be troubled more. *[Exit.*

Colin. Hoot! what the fiend possesses you? What time o' the moon is this? The lad's an errant bedlamite. There's mischief in the wind; and this same Laird of mine is at the bottom of it: gadzooks, there goes Maister Mortimer; I'll tell him aw the case, and take his counsel on the whole. *[Exit.*

Scene changes to Mrs. MACINTOSH'S House.

Mrs. MACINTOSH and TYRREL.

Mrs. Mac. Well, Mr. Tyrrel, if you must and will be heard, you must; but pray be short, my time is precious.

Tyr. So is my peace of mind: you've got a Lady in your house has taken that from me I never shall recover.

Mrs. Mac. What is't you mean? What Lady have I in my house?

Tyr. Miss Aubrey.

Mrs. Mac. Miss Aubrey! You mistake; I never heard the name.

Tyr. Come, you and I have long been friends: answer me truly, does not Lord Abberville visit a Lady here?

Mrs. Mac. Well, if he does, what then?

Tyr. Why then that Lady has undone me; she has broke my heart,

Mrs.

Mrs. Mac. Yes; but her name's not Aubrey; my Lord calls her Somers.

Tyr. Let my Lord call her what he will, coin what new name he pleases to elude my search, still I must see her.

Mrs. Mac. Why you're mad sure to think of such a thing; I thought you knew me better: violate a trust? No, no, young man, that's not my principle; you see no Lady here. Why, sure, I've not maintained an honourable character in the world till now, to make away with it at last.

Tyr. If you suspect me, stay and be present at our conference.

Mrs. Mac. Yes, and so have my Lord come in and catch us, and a tilting-bout ensue betwixt you; no, Mr. Tyrrel, mine's a sober well-conducted family: I'll have no coroner's inquest come within my doors—Hush, as I live, here comes my Lord: dear Tyrrel, be advised, come along with me, and betake yourself out of his way.

Tyr. No; I'll not seek a quarrel with Lord Abberville, but I cannot fly from him: go, go, and leave us to each other.
[Exit Mrs. Macintosh.]

Lord ABBERVILLE enters.

L. Abb. Tyrrel!—What brings you here? This is no place of meeting; if you've any explanation to require upon Miss Aubrey's account, come to my house: I answer nothing here.

Tyr. My Lord, when I'm assured Miss Aubrey is in this house, and see you her visitor, I can interpret for myself.

L. Abb. Miss Aubrey in this house! You rave.

Tyr. Come, 'tis in vain; your Scotchman told me so; your Mrs. Macintosh herself confessed it.

L. Abb. Humph! after all, 'twou'd be a lucky hit, should this be true: it may be so (*aside.*)

Tyr. If you require more witnesses to what I say, here comes an indisputable one, Miss Aubrey herself.

Miss AUBREY enters.

Aug. Oh, Mr. Tyrrel, this is generous indeed! Lord Abberville here too;—'tis what I dreaded. You have

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mischief in your minds; but, I beseech you, leave me to my misfortunes, nor cast away a thought upon a wretch like me.

Tyr. Give me your answer first to these demands. Have you been wrong'd? Have you an accusation to prefer against this Lord, or do you acquit him, and submit with patience to your situation?

Aug. I accuse no one; I submit with patience; I am content to be the only sufferer in this business, and earnestly intreat you to desist from any altercation with Lord Abberville on my account.

Tyr. I'm satisfied; and shall religiously obey you: Lord Abberville, I ask your pardon for this interruption; I never shall repeat it more.

Aug. But are you going?

Tyr. For ever. Dangerous to behold you are; therefore, before my fond, my foolish heart relapses into love, I'll seize the resolution of the moment, and bid farewell to you for ever. [Exit.

Aug. Astonishing!

L. Abb. There, Madam, you perceive the love, the honour of that Gentleman.

Aug. Cou'd I have thought this of him? Now I'm truly wretched.

L. Abb. No, Madam, if my purse, my person, my affectionate ardent love can fill the vacancy his falsehood makes, you've had no loss: dry up your tears, you've yet a friend; smile only on my wishes.

Aug. No, my Lord, no; you've made me wretched, guilty you shall never make me.

L. Abb. Inexorable girl, will nothing move? Then I've no longer any terms to keep: call to mind where you are; in a house where I am master; surrounded by creatures whom I command; your champion gives you up; resistance is in vain; if you refuse my favours, Madam, you shall feel my force (*attempts her.*)

Aug. What is't you mean, my Lord?—Stand off!

MORTIMER *enters.*

Mort. Ay, what is it you mean, my Lord?

L. Abb. Mortimer! 'sdeath, what evil genius conducted you hither?

Mort.

Mort. (*goes to the door.*) Nay, my good friend, come in. (*Colin enters.*) This honest man was my conductor: while you, Lord Abberville, in a distinguish'd rank are openly assaulting innocence, he, in his humble post, is secretly supporting it.—If you come under that description, Madam, I am your defender; if not, I have no further business here.

Aug. Why should I urge my innocence? I am unfortunate, I'm poor; your nephew, Sir, will tell you that is cause sufficient for abandoning me.

L. Abb. This grows too serious; I scorn to steal that from you half my fortune could not purchase. I believe you are as innocent as Heaven first form'd you; and to convince the world in what esteem I hold your virtues, here, before Mortimer, I offer you my hand, and lay my title, rank and fortune, at your feet.

Aug. No, there may be a legal prostitute as well as a licentious one; had you a world to give, after your base experiment, you cannot offer any thing that I shall take. You may find others less exceptious; but in a noble family, though stripped of fortune, there will still be pride.

L. Abb. I see my fate; I see a prepossession in your heart too strong for me to shake: I plainly perceive that Mr. Tyrrel can offend with more impunity than I can; however, Mortimer, you are a man of honour: I resign Miss Aubrey into your hands for the present, and shall expect you will avail yourself of no unfair advantages over me.—Macleod, I find Miss Aubrey is to thank you for this seasonable visit of Mr. Mortimer's. [*Exit.*]

Mort. Come, Madam, you are now my ward; Bridgmore must struggle hard to get you back again.

Aug. Sir!—Mr. Mortimer! You'll pardon me, but must I think you serious? If what you now propose is meant in kindness to me, I must say the world has not done justice to your character: I have been taught to look upon you as no friend to our sex in particular.

Mort. Nor am I; your sex have broke treaty with us, pass'd the bounds betwixt us, forc'd into our very taverns, and from being once the glory of my country are become its shame.

Aug. But all have not done this——

Mort.

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Mort. Nor am I then at enmity with all: a virtuous individual is of no sex, no country.

Colin. No country? Hoot! A true North Briton will give up his virtue afore his country at any time.

Aug. Yes, and I think it was a partiality to your country rather than to virtue which determin'd you to put me into this house.

Colin. De'il take me now, and all my kindred with me, if I knew ought about the house, more than the name of Macintosh upon the door.

Mort. Time will clear all things up: a general misconception is gone forth; my nephew I perceive has fallen under it. As for poor Colin, his design in bringing you hither was more than innocent, depend upon it, it was noble; I have heard his story, and at my request he brings me here: commit yourself therefore to my protection, and rely upon my justice.

Aug. How shall I answer you? Your generosity o'erwhelms me.

Mort. I generous! No, I am a meer voluptuary; I study luxury by principle, and am as sensual on the side of virtue, as Abberville, or any other fashionable rake, on that of vice. Colin, you'll settle matters with your countrywoman and come to us at my house. [Exeunt.]

Colin. My countrywoman! The fiend a bit! I never will believe she has a drop of Scottish blude in aw her composition; as I shall answer I never blush'd before for any of the name: there must be something spurious in her genealogy: I'll have a little serious talk with her on that; I've got the pedigree of the Macintoshes at my fingers ends, and if there's e'er a flaw in her descent 'twixt this and Noah, gadzooks, I'll wager a hundred pounds I prove her an impostor.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

*Fish-street Hill.*AUBREY *alone.*

IF Bridgemore hasn't shifted his abode, that is the house; 'twas there that eighteen years ago I lost a wife, and left an infant daughter. All-disposing Providence, who hast ordain'd me to this hour, and thro' innumerable toils and dangers led me back to this affecting spot, can it be wondered at, if I approach it with an anxious aching heart, uncertain as I am if I have still a child or not? What shall I do? If my Augusta's lost, 'twere better I should never enter those ill-omen'd doors; if she survives, how shall I disclose myself, and tell her she has still a father? Oh, that unknown and unperceiv'd, I cou'd but catch a sight of her, gaze till I'd gratified my longing, and till this throbbing might abate! I'll watch the door till somebody comes out, that I may speak to. (*Steps aside.*)

COLIN MACLEOD *enters.*

Colin. The murrain light upon this Fish-street Hill, wherever it may be: I wou'd it had na' got its name for nought, that I might fairly smail it out, for I am clear bewalder'd. Johnny Great's house wou'd as soon be found as this same Bradgemore's. One cries, turn o' this honde, one o' that, and t'other stares and grins forsooth because I hanna got the modern gabble on my tongue, but speak the language in its auncient purity. Hoot! this mon seems of a batter sort, and peradventure wou'd concede an answer. Speed you, Gentleman, I pray you whuch way leads to Fish-street Hill?

Aub. You are there already; this is Fish-street Hill.

Colin.

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Colin. Gadzooks! and that's the reason I could find it na' where else. Ken you one Bradgemore's may I ask?

Aub. He had us'd to live in yonder house with the great gates; but it is many years since I have been in England.

Colin. I'faith, you need na' tell me that; I apprehend as much from your civility.

Aub. Give me leave now in my turn to ask you a few questions.

Colin. With aw my heart; you have gude right; you may interrogate me freely.

Aub. You are acquainted with this Bridgemore——

Colin. I am.

Aub. And with his family——

Colin. I am.

Aub. And what does it consist of?

Colin. Troth, of a spouse and daughter.

Aub. Are they all?

Colin. Ay, and enough in aw gude reason; the de'il, Sir, in his vengeance need na' add a third.

Aub. But to be serious; tell me, I beseech you, do you know of no one else in Mr. Bridgemore's family.

Colin. Of none.

Aub. What do I hear? Pray recollect yourself: you don't seem to know his house; perhaps you are not well acquainted with his family.

Colin. Aw that he owns I know; what base begotten brats he may haue sculking up and down in holes and corners, troth, I can't pretend to say.—These city cattle sometimes will break pasture.

Aub. You misconceive me, honest friend: has no young Lady of the name of Aubrey come within your knowledge?

Colin. Ay, ay, poor lassie, she once liv'd with Bradgemore; the worse luck her's, but that is over; she has got her liberty; she's now releas'd.

Aub. I understand you——She is dead.

Colin. Dead! Heaven forefend! An you would give me time, I wou'd ha told you she's released from yon fat fellow's tyranny; na more: out on him, filthy porpoise, aw the bowels in his belly, tho' he has got gude store, dunna contain one grain of pity: troth, with his gude will she might ha' starv'd and perish'd in the streets.

Aub. What is't you tell me? In the same breath you bring

bring my hopes to life and murder them again.—Starv'd in the streets? I thought she had an affluent fortune.

Colin. In virtue, Sir, nought else, and that will not pass current for a dinner. Zooks, and I myfall, by Heaven's gude providence, had na' stapt in upon the very nick of time, my life upon't she had been lost.

Aub. Come to my arms then, whosoe'er thou art, and wonder not, for thou hast sav'd my daughter.

Colin. Daughter! Gadzooks, you make my heart jump to my laps for joy. Are you Miss Aubrey's father?

Aub. I am her father.

Colin. An if I'd found mine awn I cou'd na' been more happy. Wall, wall, I hope you'll merit your gude fortune; by my sol you've got an angel of a child—But where have you been buried aw the while? for we believ'd you dead.

Aub. You shall hear all my story, but this is no fit place to tell it in: satisfy me first if my poor child is safe.

Colin. Fear nought, she's safe with Maister Mortimer; I last her but this moment.

Aub. Who is Mr. Mortimer?

Colin. Why, Maister Mortimer is one who does a thousand noble acts without the credit of one; his tongue wounds and his heart makes whole; he must be known and not describ'd: an' you will bait a-while in yonder tavern till I come from Bradgemore's, I'll accompany you to where your daughter is.

Aub. Agreed! I fear I've been mistaken in this Bridgemore; three years ago I consign'd to him a cargo of great value from Scanderoon; if he has robb'd me—but till I've seen my daughter, I'll suspend my enquiry. Step with me into yonder tavern, there we'll concert the means of bringing Bridgemore to an interview at Mr. Mortimer's. Come, my good benefactor, how fortunate was this meeting! I long to know to whom I owe this happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

A Compting-House belonging to BRIDGEMORE.

BRIDGEMORE and NAPHTHALI.

Bridge. And so, friend Naphthali, Lord Abberville has had another tumble.

G

Naph.

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Napth. A damn one.

Bridge. I'm glad on't; this will wring his fine high pampers'd carcase to the quick.

Napth. I'fais, he flings and winces so, I tremble to come near; he look as dark as India stock upon a settling day.

Bridge. Ay, ay, the dice are little weapons, but they make deep wounds: what between those that win and us that lend, he bleeds at both arms. These are the bonds.

Napth. Take 'em: this is a memorandum of the premium on five thousand, and this the private contract for extraordinary interest. (*Gives several papers.*)

Bridge. Good, good, friend Napthali! The bonds give legal interest, and this doubles it. There, there, lye by and breed. (*Puts them by.*) But hark'e-me! Hast brought the abstract of the sale of the Neptune's cargo?

Napth. Aubrey's consignment you mean.

Bridge. The same; but mum! That's between you and me: close, close, my little Napthali.

Napth. A broker and betray his principal! That's not my vay; there is no senses in that. Here I have make out your account; 'tis var coot bargain I have make confidering diamond is a drug.

Bridge. Why this tells well; it mounts; the raw silk was old gold; the carpetting and cottons not amifs; and whuh! the rhubarb!

Napth. Ah, Sir, but vat is that?—Look at the coffee!

Bridge. Politics account for that; while news-papers bear price, coffee will hold its own. This rupture with the Ruffians was in our favour here.

Napth. Ay, ay, a charming stroke: war is a var coot thing; and then the plague; a blessed circumstance, tank Heaven; a blessed circumstance, coot 7 per cent.

Bridge. Let me see; altogether 'tis a thumping sum: it netted forty thousand: where's the conscience, Napthali, that woudn't strain a point for forty thousand pounds?

Napth. Oh, 'tis all fair in the vay of trade; you cou'd not strike a jury out of Jonathan's that woudn't acquit you. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, any thing more in my vay?

Bridge. Nothing at present. Did you call at Lloyd's?

Napth. Odfo! well recollected! The Sea-horse is arrived

rived from Scanderoon, she that had such high insurances upon her.

Bridge. What d'ye hear? What passengers come in her? Is she at Stangate Creek?

Napth. No, in the pool; she brought clean bills of health from Leghorn.

Bridge. Go, go; you have given me an ague-fit; the name of Scanderoon sets all my teeth a chattering. (*Exit. Napth.*) Well, would it had been possible to have kept my secret from that fellow—The Sea-horse come at last!—Why be it so.—What ails me; what possesses me? If she brings news of Aubrey's death, I'm a whole man; ay, and a warm one too.—How now; who's there?

COLIN MACLEOD enters.

Colin. Cawdie Macleod, a ragged Highlander, so please you, a wratched gaelly under favour of your raverence, na better,

Bridge. I recollect you now for one of my Lord Abberville's retinue—Well, you have some enquiries to make about Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Ecod, you are close upon the mark.

Bridge. I guest as much; but she is gone from hence, and you may follow.

Colin. Out on thee, ragamuffin; an I were not bound to secrecy, I'd gee the sic a pill shou'd lead that weam of thine the de'il a dance. (*Aside.*)

Bridge. No, Master Colin, your Scotch policy will stand you in no stead this turn.

Colin. Then I'll forswear my country—Well, you wull na' have my message then, I mun gang bock to Maister Mortimer, and tell the Turkish trader you'il na' see him.

Bridge. Hold, hold, what trader do you speak of?

Colin. Of one that's com'd a passenger from Scanderoon, aboard the what d'ye call the vessel—the Sea-horse I take it.

Bridge. What, who? It is not Aubrey.

Colin. Gude faith, I wou'd it was—the mon is dead.

Bridge. Which man is dead; the passenger or Aubrey?

Colin. Hoot! can't you think 'tis Aubrey?—By your leave,

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leave, truth, awhile; you will na' take it much to heart, an I make use of falshood to detect itfall. (*Aside.*)

Bridge. I'll go to Mr. Mortimer's; I'll go with all my heart. Give me your hand; I ask your pardon heartily, my honest friend—and so he is dead you say—you're sure he is dead—pray, what distemper did he die of?

Colin. When a mon's in his grave, what matters which distemper laid him there.

Bridge. That's true, that's true enough. Pray you sit down; I'll just run up and tell my wife and daughter—Zooks! suppose I brought them with me; will they meet a welcome think you?

Colin. Ay, sic a one as you don't look for, take my word.

Bridge. I'm a new man; I walk upon the air.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Colin. Ecod, the project takes; I drew for the cock bird, and have taken the whole covey.

NAPHTHALI *enters hastily.*

Napth. Odds my life, Mr. Bridgemore, I forgot—Who's there?—that devil Scotchman.

Colin. Hold, hold, friend Napthali; you and I munna part; you must keep pace wi' me to Maister Mortimer's.

Napth. To Mr. Mortimer's? Impossible: why I must be at Bank, Sir, I must be at Jonathan's: I've forty bargains to settle. I shall have half the Coffee-house on my back. Wou'd you make me a lame duck?

Colin. Duck, or no duck, ecod, Sir, you must travel.

[*Drags him out.*]

LUCINDA *enters.*

Heyday! I never saw the like before; I can't think what possesses my father; he's intoxicated; quite beside himself with this confirmation of Mr. Aubrey's death: for my part, I derive no particular gratification from it; so that Augusta had but one lover less, I care not if she had forty fathers living: Tyrrel's the man of her heart, and in truth he is an object worthy any woman's preference; if I cou'd draw him from her 'twou'd be full retaliation for Lord Abbervillie—I'll go to Mortimer's; 'tis an untoward visit; but I'll go there.

BRIDGE-

BRIDGEMORE enters to her.

Bridge. Come, bustle, daughter, bustle; get your cloak on, the coach will be here immediately: but where's my Scotchman? I forgot to ask the stranger's name.

[Exit hastily.

Mrs. BRIDGEMORE enters.

Mrs. Bridge. Where have you hid yourself, my dear? Come, are you ready? Your father's frantic with impatience.

Luc. I follow you— Now, Aubrey, 'tis my turn.

[Exeunt.

Changes to MORTIMER's Library.

MORTIMER and TYRREL.

Mort. Never tell me, you've acted like a giddy hot young man; put a few hear-say circumstances together, hook 'em in an empty noddle, and so produced a compound of nonsense and suspicion.

Tyr. I plainly see I've judg'd too hastily.

Mort. Judg'd! pooh, I wou'd not give a rush for such a judge: a magpye in a cage, that chatters out whore to every woman that goes by, will be as often right as you, and judge as wisely: never talk to me of judging others, till you've condemn'd yourself.

Tyr. I do condemn myself; and if Miss Aubrey does not sign my pardon, I am disposed not only to condemn, but execute.

Mort. Away then, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court; it is the fate of bunglers to be asking pardon.

[Exit Tyrrel.

COLIN enters.

Colin. Bless you, gude Maister Mortimer, I hanna slept in your commission: yon fat fellow upon Fish-Street Hill is on his march with bag and baggage.

Mort.

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Mort. What mean you? Does he bring his wife with him?

Colin. Troth does he, and his daughter too; the plot is thick'ning you mun know apace, and yon same buzzard canna spy it out.

Mort. What plot is thick'ning?

Colin. Zooks, mon, you shall behold as a pretty discovery, come the time, as ever your eyes look'd upon; but aw things in their course; I mun gang home the whilst, but I'll be quickly bock again, d'ye see.

Mort. Do so, my friend; and hark'e, tell your Lord I beg half an hour's conversation with him, when and where he pleases.

Colin. I shall do that; but you mun know, while I was on my way, I cross'd upon a Gentleman of no vulgar preference, and considering he has sojourned for a pretty many years with none but such as we denominate barbarians, as courteous in his manners as your heart cou'd wish.

Mort. Why that accounts for it. Well, what of him?

Colin. With your leave, Maister Mortimer, he'll tell you his own errand: troth, he wull'd me introduce him to you: he's without.

Mort. Admit him.

Colin. Gude faith, he has done that for himself; he's not habituated to our ceremonies. Maister Mortimer, I pray Heaven take you to its holy keeping till I see you again. [Exit.

AUBREY enters to MORTIMER.

Aub. Sir, your most humble servant. Can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?

Mort. A stranger, Sir, is welcome: I cannot always say as much to an acquaintance.

Aub. I plainly see your experience of mankind by the value you put upon them.

Mort. True, Sir; I've visited the world from arctic to ecliptic, as a surgeon does a hospital, and find all men sick of some distemper: the impertinent part of mankind are so busy, the busy so impertinent, and both so incurably addicted to lying, cheating and betraying, that their case is desperate: no corrosive can eat deep enough to bottom the corruption.

Aub.

Aub. Well, Sir, with such good store of mental provision about you, you may stand out a siege against society; your books are companions you never can be tir'd of.

Mort. Why truly their company is more tolerable than that of their authors wou'd be; I can bear them on my shelves, tho' I shou'd be sorry to see the impertinent puppies who wrote them: however, Sir, I can quarrel with my books too, when they offend my virtue or my reason.—But I'm taking up your time; the honest Scotchman, who announc'd you, told me you had something of importance to communicate to me.

Aub. I have: I'm told I am your debtor, and I came with a design to pay you down such thanks as your benevolence well merits; but I perceive already you are one, whom great professions wou'd annoy, whose principle is virtue, and whose retribution rises from within.

Mort. Pray, Sir, no more of this; if you have any thing to request, propose it: I'd rather much be told what I may do for you, than reminded of what I may have done.

Aub. I readily believe you, and according to your humour will address you: I own you may confer a benefit upon me; 'tis in your power, Mr. Mortimer, to make me happiest of all mankind.

Mort. Give me your hand; why now you speak good sense; I like this well: let us do good, Sir, and not talk about it: show me but how I may give happiness to you, with innocence to myself, and I shall be the person under obligation.

Aub. This then it is; you have a young person under your protection, a Lady of the name of Aubrey—

Mort. I have.

Aub. Resign her to my care.

Mort. Sir!

Aub. Put her into my hands: I am rich, Sir, I can support her.

Mort. You're insolent, or grossly ignorant, to think I wou'd betray a trust, a sacred trust: she is a ward of virtue; 'tis from want, 'tis from oppression I protect Miss Aubrey—who are you, that think to make a traitor of me?

Aub. Your zeal does honour to you; yet if you persist in it, and spite of my protest hold out, your constancy will be no virtue; it must take another name.

Mort.

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Mort. What other name, and why? Throw off your mystery, and tell me why!

Aub. Because—

Mort. Ay, let us hear your cause.

Aub. Because I am her father.

Mort. Do I live?

Aub. Yes, in my heart, while I have life or memory; that dear injur'd girl, whom you so honourably protect, is my daughter. The overflowings of a father's heart bless and reward you! You whom I know not, and that poor Highlander, out of his small pittance, have under Providence preserv'd my child; whilst Bridgemore, whom I rais'd from penury, and trusted with the earnings of my travel, has abandoned and defrauded her.

Mort. O mother Nature, thou'lt compel me to forswear thee.

Aub. Ah, Sir, you feel the villainy of man in every vein; I am more practis'd, and behold it only with a sigh: Colin and I have laid a little plot to draw this Bridgemore hither; he believes me dead, and thinks he is to meet a person at your house, who can relate particulars of my death; in which case it is clear he means to sink a capital consignment I sent him about three years since, and turn my daughter on the world.

Mort. Well, let him come; next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleas'd with the confusion of a rascal.

TYRREL enters hastily.

Tyr. Dear uncle, on my knees—what am I doing?

Mort. You thought I was alone.

Tyr. I did.

Mort. And what had you to tell me in such haste?

Tyr. I had a petition to prefer, on which my happiness in life depends.

Aub. I beg I may retire: I interrupt you.

Mort. By no means: I desire you will not stir; let him make his request; if it is not fit for you to hear, it is not fit for me to grant. Speak out: nay, never hesitate.

Tyr. What can I ask of you but to confirm my hopes, and make Miss Aubrey mine?

Mort. Was ever the like heard? Pray whence do you derive

derive pretensions to Miss Aubrey? Tell me in presence of this Gentleman.

Tyr. Not from my own deservings, I confess; yet, if an ardent, firm, disinterested passion, sanctified with all by her consent, can recommend me, I am not without some title.

Mort. Look you there now: this fellow you shall know, Sir, is my nephew; my sister's son; a child of fortune.—Hark'e, with what face do you talk of love, who are not worth a groat?

Tyr. You have allow'd me, Sir, to talk of love; openly, beneath your eye I have solicited Miss Aubrey's consent and gain'd it; as for my poverty, in that I glory, for therein I resemble her whom I adore; and I shou'd hope, tho' fortune has not favour'd us, we have not lost our title to the rights of nature.

Mort. Po h! the rights of nature! While you enjoy it's rights, how will you both provide against its wants?

Tyr. Your bounty hitherto has let me feel no wants; and shou'd it be your pleasure to withdraw it, thanks to Providence, the world is not so scantily provided but it can give to honest industry a daily dinner.

Mort. Fine words! But I'll appeal to this good Gentleman; let him decide betwixt us.

Aub. In truth, young Gentleman, your uncle has good reason on his side; and was I he, I never wou'd consent to your alliance with Miss Aubrey, till she brought a fortune large enough to keep you both.

Tyr. These are your maxims I've no doubt; they only prove to me that you love money more than beauty, generosity or honour.

Aub. But is your Lady in possession of all these? Let me be made acquainted with her, and perhaps I may come over to your sentiments.

Mort. Ay, Frank, go, fetch your girl, and let my friend here see her; I'm in earnest. Upon my honour, nephew, till you've gain'd this Gentleman's consent, you never can have mine; so go your ways and let us see if you have interest enough to bring her hither.

Tyr. Oh! if my fate depends upon her looks, they must be iron hearts that can withstand 'em. *[Exit,*

Aub. The manly and disinterested passion of this youth, while it possesses me strongly in his favour, gives an assurance

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of a virtuous conduct in my child: indeed, Sir, I am greatly taken with your nephew.

Mort. Thank Heaven, the boy as yet has never made me blush; and, if he holds his course, he may take one half of my fortune now, and t'other at my death——But, see, Sir, here your daughter comes.

TYRREL introduces Miss AUBREY.

Tyr. You are obeyed; you see the Lady, and you've nothing now to wonder at, but my presumption.

Aub. To wonder at! I do behold a wonder! 'Tis her mother's image! Gracious Providence, this is too much!

Mort. You will alarm her; your disorder is too visible.

Aub. I cannot speak to her; I pray you let me hear her voice.

Aug. Why am I sent for? Is your uncle angry? How have I offended?——

Aub. Hush, hush, she speaks; 'tis she herself, it is my long-lost wife restor'd and rais'd again.

Mort. Pooh! what had I to do to meddle with these matters?

Aug. Why does that Gentleman regard me so attentively? His eyes oppress me; ask him if he knows me?

Tyr. Sir, if you know the Lady, if you've any tidings to communicate that touch her happiness, oh! that I could inspire you with my feelings!

Aub. I knew your father, and am a witness to the hard necessity which tore him from an infant child, and held him eighteen tedious years in exile from his native land.

Aug. What do I hear? You was my father's friend?—The prayer and intercession of an orphan draw Heaven's righteous benediction down upon you!

Aub. Prepare yourself, be constant. I have news to tell you of your father.

Mort. I can't stand this: I wish I was any where else.

Tyr. Courage, my dear Augusta; my life upon it, there is happiness in store for thee.

Aug. Go on, go on.

Aub. You are in an error; you are not an orphan; you have a father, whom, thro' toil and peril, thro' sickness and thro' sorrow, Heaven has graciously preserved and blest at length his unremitting labours with abundance.

Tyr.

Tyr. Did I not tell you this? Bear up.

Aub. Yes, virtuous Augusta, all your sufferings terminate this moment; you may now give way to love and happiness; you have a father living who approves your passion, who will crown it with a liberal fortune, who now looks upon you, speaks to you, embraces you. [*Embraces her.*]

Mort. There, there; I'm glad 'tis over. Joy befall you both!

Tyr. See how her colour flies—She'll faint,

Aub. What have I done? Dear innocent, look up.

Aug. Oh, yes, to Heaven with gratitude for these divine vouchsafements—I have a father then at last—Pardon my tears; I'm little us'd to happiness, and have not learn'd to bear it.

Tyr. May all your days to come be nothing else! But look, she changes again—Help me to lead her into the air. [*Tyrrel and Aubrey lead her out.*]

Mort. I believe a little air will not be much amiss for any of us. Look at that girl; 'tis thus mortality encounters happiness; 'tis thus the inhabitant of earth meets that of heaven, with tears, with faintings, with surprize: let others call this the weakness of our nature; to me it proves the unworthiness; for had we merits to entitle us to happiness, the means wou'd not be wanting to enjoy it.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

The Hall in LORD ABBERVILLE'S House.

LORD ABBERVILLE followed by COLIN.

LORD ABBERVILLE.

SDEATH, Sir, am I or you the master of this house? who made you judge what company is fit for me to keep? The Gentlemen you excluded came by my special invitation and appointment.

Col. Gentlemen!

L. Abb. Ay, Gentlemen. Were they not such?

Col. Under favour, I took 'em to be sharpers; I know your Lordship always loses, and I've notic'd that they always win.

L. Abb. Impertinence! I had debts of honour to adjust with every one of them.

Col. Hang 'em, base vermin, pay them debts; pay your poor tradesmen; those are debts of honour. [*Half aside.*]

L. Abb. What is't you mutter? It was you too, I suppose, that drove away my Jew, that came with money to discharge those debts.

Col. That's true enow, gude faith; I promised him a beating, and I kept my word.

L. Abb. Rascal, thour't born to be my plague.

Col. Rascal! Your father never used that word.

L. Abb. On your life, name not him: my heart is torn with vultures, and you feed them: shall I keep a servant in my house to drive away my guests, to curb my pleasures, my pursuits, and be a spy upon my very thoughts; to set that cynic Mortimer upon me, and expose me in the moments of my weakness to that snarling humourist? I want no monitors to reproach me, my own thoughts can do that.

[*Exit.*]

Col. Well, well! 'tis vary well! A rascal! Let it pass—Zooks, I'm the first Macleod that ever heard that word and kept

kept my dirk within my girdle—Let it pass—I've seen the world, serv'd a spendthrift, heard myself called rascal, and I'll now jog back again across the Tweed, and lay my bones amongst my kindred in the Isle of Skey; they're all that will be left of me by then I reach the place.

LA JEUNESSE enters.

La. Feu. Ah! dere he stand, le pauvre Colin in disgrace! Ha! ha! ha! quelle spectacle! Ma foi, I must have one little vord wid him at parting—Monsieur le Financier, courage; I am inform my Lord have sign your lettre de cachet: vat of dat? the air of Scotland will be for your healt; England is not a country for les beaux esprits; de pure air of de Highlands will give you de grande appetit for de bonny clabber.

Colin. Take your jest, Master Frenchman, at my countrymen an' welcome; the de'il a jest they made of you last war. [Exit.]

La. Feu. Yes, you are all adroit enough at war, but none of you know how to be at peace. [Exit.]

An Apartment in MORTIMER'S House.

MORTIMER, AUBREY, and NAPHTHALI.

Mort. And these are all the money dealings you have had with Lord Abberville?

Napth. That is the amount of his debt; the bonds and contracts are in Bridgemore's hands.

Mort. You see your money has not slept in Bridgemore's keeping; your consignment, Mr. Aubrey, is put to pretty good interest. (*Mortimer looks over his papers.*)

Napth. Aubrey! Is your name Aubrey, may I ask?

Aub. It is.

Napth. Have you had any dealings with Mr. Bridgemore?

Aub. To my cost.

Napth. Did you consign him merchandize from Scanderoon?

Aub. I am the person who was guilty of that folly.

Napth. Bridgemore, I believe, thought you was dead.

Aub.

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Aub. I take for granted he would gladly have me so—
But do you know any thing of that consignment?

Napth. Heh! Do I know of it? I had better make a friend of him; 'tis up with Bridgemore fait; there is no senses in serving him any longer. (*Aside.*) Why you shall know, Sir, I was Bridgemore's broker for your merchandize: here is the abstract of the net proceeds. (*Gives a paper to Aubrey, who peruses it some time.*)

Mort. That's lucky as I live; I see an honest man never can want weapons to defeat a knave—And pray, Sir, what might be your profit on this sale; double commission for a breach of trust; that is the rule of the trade I think.

Napth. I work as others; I do nothing below market-price.

Mort. You're right, Sir; 'twou'd be starving many an honest family, if you made roguery too cheap—But get you gone together to my library; I observe a person coming who will interrupt you.—Hark'e, Mr. Aubrey, have an eye to our Jew.

Aub. Trust him to me: I'm pretty well accustom'd to their dealings. [*Exit with Napthali.*]

DOCTOR DRUID *enters.*

Dr. Druid. Save you, Sir, save you; is it true I pray you that a learned Gentleman, a traveller but just arrived, is now with you?

Mort. There is a person under that description in my house.

Dr. Druid. May he be seen, good now? May he be talk'd with? What has he brought home? Is he well stor'd with oriental curiosities?

Mort. Faith, Sir, indifferent well; he has brought a considerable parcel of sun-dried bricks from the ruins of antient Babylon; a heavy collection of ores from the mines of Siberia, and a pretty large cargo of common salt from the banks of the Caspian.

Dr. Druid. Inestimable!

Mort. Oh, Sir, mere ballast.

Dr. Druid. Ballast indeed; and what discoveries does he draw from all these?

Mort. Why, he has discovered that the bricks are not fit

fit for building ; the mines not worth the working, and the salt not good for preserving : in short, Doctor, he has no taste for these trifles ; he has made the human heart his study ; he loves his own species, and does not care if the whole race of butterflies was extinct.

Dr. Druid. Yes, putterflies—'tis in my mind, d'ye see, what you have said about my putterflies : 'tis upon my memory ; but no matter—your studies, Mr. Mortimer, and mine, are wide asunder.—But go on—reform the world, you'll find it a tough task ; I am content to take it as I find it.

Mort. While the sun shines, you'll carry a candle ; how will that light them, who travel in the night ? Away with such philosophers, here comes an honest man, and that's a character worth ten on't.—(*COLIN enters.*) So, Colin, what's the news with you ? If I'm to augur from your countenance, something goes wrong at your house.

Colin. Troth, Sir, no mighty matter ; only Laird Abberville has turn'd away a troublesome fellow, who bore your honour grete gude will,

Mort. What is't you tell me ? Is my Lord determined upon ruin, that he puts away the only honest man belonging to him ?

Dr. Druid. By this coot light, and that is well remember'd ; look'e, I've got your wages : come, hold out your hand.

Colin. Axcuse me, I'll ha' none on't.

Dr. Druid. No wages ? Why 'tis all coot money ; 'tis in full. What, man, think better on't : you'll want it when you get to Scotland, ten to one else.

Colin. Like enow, but by my sol I'll touch na filler ; he has geen a title to me, which I hanna merited, Heav'n knows, nor ever shall.

Mort. What title has he given you ?

Colin. Saving your presence, it ha' pleas'd my Laird to say, I am a rascall ; but I'll na wear a rascall's wages in a Scottish pouch : de'il o' my soul, I'd sooner eat my stroud for famine.

Mort. I think thou woud'ft, but wait a while with patience ; this rash young man's affairs pres to a crisis ; I have yet one effort more to make, which if it fails I shall take leave of him as well as you.

JARVIS enters.

Jar. Lord Abberville, Sir, desires to speak with you.

Mort. That's well. Colin, go you with honest Jarvis. Doctor, for once let us unite our studies in this cause; come you with me; if my advice can rescue your unhappy pupil from a course of guilty occupations, your philosophy may furnish harmless ones to fill their place: make haste; make haste, here come the Bridgemores. [Exit.

Servant enters, introducing BRIDGEMORE, his Wife and Daughter.

Serv. Please to walk in here; my master will wait upon you immediately.

Bridge. Nobody here!—Hark'e, friend, I expected to meet a stranger; a Gentleman just landed from Scanderoon. Know you of such a one?

Serv. He is now in the house.

Luc. And Mr. Tyrrel, Sir, is he at home?

Serv. He is; they both will wait upon you presently.

[Exit.

Bridge. That's well, that's well; as for old surly-boots we cou'd well spare his company; 'tis a strange dogged fellow, and execrated by all mankind.

Mrs. Bridge. Thank Heaven, he is a man one seldom meets; I little thought of ever setting foot in his house: I hope the savage won't grow ceremonious and return the visit.

Luc. Unless he brings his nephew in his hand.

MORTIMER enters.

Mort. Ladies, you do me honour. Mr. Bridgemore, you come here upon a melancholy errand——

Bridge. True, Sir, but death you know is common to all men; I look'd to meet a Gentleman here—this is all lost time.

Mort. True: therefore, before he comes, let us fill it up with something more material: I have a business to propose to you, which I consider as my own. You must know, Sir, I've a nephew——

Bridge.

Bridge. Mr. Tyrrel I suppose?

Mort. The same.

Mrs. Bridge. Mind that, Lucy, he is opening his commission.

Luc. Law, Ma'am, you put me into such a flutter—

Mort. There is a certain Lady, Mr. Bridgemore, whom, on this occasion, you must father.

Bridge. How tedious he is! Couldn't he as well have nam'd my daughter?—Well, Sir, what are your expectations from that Lady?

Mort. Nay, nothing but what you can readily supply: I know no good thing she stands in want of, but a fortune.

Bridge. Well, and who doubts but on a proper occasion I shall give her one? Ay, and a tolerable fortune too, Mr. Mortimer, as times go.

Mort. The fortune you was to have given my ward, Lord Abberville, will just suffice: I think the sum was forty thousand pounds.

Bridge. Why you speak out at once.

Mort. That's ever been my custom; I abominate long sleepy processes; life don't allow of 'em.

Bridge. But I hear nothing on your part; Mr. Tyrrel, as I take it, is wholly dependant on your bounty—besides, affairs, as I conceive, are yet scarce ripe.

Luc. Indeed, papa, you're very much mistaken.

Mrs. Bridge. Why really, Mr. Mortimer, the parties shou'd at least be suffer'd to consult each other's inclinations.

Mort. By all means; let 'em speak for themselves: 'tis their own cause, and they will plead it best: hark'e, come in: Sir, these are the parties.

TYRRELL and MISS AUBREY enter.

Luc. Ah!

Mort. What ails you; have you trod upon a thorn?

Mrs. Bridge. Astonishing assurance! Augusta here?

Mort. Yes: Francis Tyrrel and Augusta Aubrey. Do the names offend you? Look at the parties, are they not well match'd? Examine them, they'll tell you they're agreed. Who shall forbid their union?

Luc. Who cares about it? If Mr. Tyrrel and the Lady
I are

58 THE FASHIONABLE LOVER:

are agreed, that's enough : I suppose it is not necessary for us to be present at the ceremony.

Bridge. Ay, Sir, I pray you, where's the occasion for us to be call'd in, because your nephew chuses to take up with an unworthy girl, that I once harbour'd upon charity ?

Tyr. Hold your audacious tongue : let conscience keep you silent.

Aug. Hush, hush ! you frighten me ; pray be compos'd ; and let me own that no injustice, no severity can wholly cancel what I owe to Mr. Bridgemore for his past protection, and that share of education he allow'd me ; but when he puts this to the account of charity, he takes a virtue foreign to his heart, and only aggravates the shame that's falling on him.

Mrs. Bridge. Is the man thunder-struck ; why don't you answer ?

Mort. Charity keeps him silent.

Luc. Come let's begone : her words have daggers in 'em, and her looks have poison.

Aug. Before you go, Miss Bridgemore, suffer me to ask, when you related Lord Abberville's adventure to Mr. Tyrrel, why you suppress'd the evidence of your own maid, who conducted him into my chamber ?

Luc. Miss Aubrey, if it ever is your fate to have a rival, you will find an answer to that question.

[*Exit with Mrs. Bridgemore.*]

Mort. Hold ; you and I, Sir, must not part. (*To Bridgemore as he is going.*)

Bridge. Well, Sir, your pleasure ?

Aug. I suffer for him ; this is a scene I wish not to be present at. [Exit.]

Tyr. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, you that harbour'd my Augusta upon charity, I shall leave my uncle to discharge my obligations to you on that score, together with his own. [Exit.]

Mort. Well, Sir, we're now alone ; and if it needs must be that one of us shall come to shame, 'tis well we are so. It is thought I am a hard unfeeling man ; let it be so : you shall have justice notwithstanding : innocence requires no more. You are accus'd ; defend yourself.

Bridge. Accus'd of what ; and who is my accuser ?

Mort. A man ; and you shall face him like a man. Who waits ? (*A Servant enters.*) Desire the stranger to come

come hither. (*Exit Servant.*) Fear nothing; we're enough to try this question; where the human heart is present, and the appeal is made to Heaven, no jury need be summoned. Here is a stranger has the confidence to say that your pretensions to charity are false: nay, he arraigns your honesty; a charge injurious to any man, but mortal to a trader, and levell'd at the vital root of his profession.

Bridge. Ay, 'tis the Turkey merchant I suppose; let him come in; I know upon what ground I stand, and am afraid of no man living.

Mort. (aside.) We shall try that. Do you know this Gentleman?

AUBREY enters.

Bridge. (starting) Aubrey!

Aub. Thou wretch!

Bridge. He lives!

Aub. To thy confusion—Rais'd by the bounty of my family, is this your gratitude? When in the bitterness of my distress I put an infant daughter in your hands, the last weak scyon of a noble stock, was it to rob me you received her; to plunder and defraud an helpless orphan, as you thought her, and rise upon the ruins of your benefactor's fortune?

Bridge. Oh! I am trepan'd! How shall I look my wife and daughter in the face! (*Aside.*)

Aub. Where have you lodg'd the money I deposited with you at parting? I find my daughter destitute: what have you done with the remittances I sent from time to time? But above all, where is the produce of the Neptune's cargo? Villain, look here, I have the proofs; this is the abstract of the sale; if you dispute it, I am here provided with a witness, your Jew broker, ready at hand to attest it to your face.

Bridge. Expose me not; I will refund to the last farthing: I dispute nothing; call him not in.

Mort. There's no occasion for witnesses when a man pleads guilty.

60 THE FASHIONABLE LOVER:

MISS AUBREY enters and throws herself on her knees to her Father.

Aug. Dear Sir, upon my knees I do beseech you mitigate your severity; it is my first petition; he's detected, let his conscience add the rest.

Aub. Rise my beloved child, it shall be so. There, Sir, your pardon be your punishment; it was my money only you attempted, my choicest treasure you have left untouch'd: now go and profit by this meeting: I will not expose you: learn of your fraternity a more honourable practice; and let integrity for ever remain the inseparable characteristic of an English merchant.

Mort. Stay; I've another point to settle with you; you're a creditor of Lord Abberville's: I find you've put Miss Aubrey's money to extraordinary interest: Jarvis, shew this Gentleman into my library, you'll find a lawyer, there will settle your accounts.

Bridge. I think you've pretty well done that already— A fine visit truly I have made on't; and a fine reception I shall meet at home. [Exit.

Aub. So! This uneasy business past, let us now turn to happiness: where is your nephew?

Mort. Confering with Lord Abberville.

Aug. Lord Abberville! You frighten me.

Mort. Fear nothing; you will find him a new man; a deep incision has let out the disorder; and I hope a healthy regimen in time will heal the wound; in short I can't be idle; and now Frank is off my hands, I've once more undertaken to set this rickety babe of quality upon his legs— Oh, here he comes; why this is as it should be; now you look like friends.

Lord ABBERVILLE and Mr. TYRREL.

L. Abb. May we be ever so! O, Mortimer, I blush to look upon that Lady; your reproofs I bore with some composure; but methinks was she to chide me, I should sink with shame.

Aug. You've nothing, my Lord Abberville, to apprehend from me: I should be loth to give an interruption to your happiness in the height of my own.

Aub.

Aub. Give me thy hand, Augusta—In the hope that I was labouring for thy sake, and in thy person that I should restore the prostrate fortunes of an ancient house, I have toiled on through eighteen years of wearisome adventure: crown'd with success, I now at length return, and find my daughter all my fondest hope could represent; but past experience makes me provident: I would secure my treasure; I would bestow it now in faithful hands—What say you, Sir, will you accept the charge? (*To Tyrrel.*)

Tyr. Yes, and will bear it ever in my fight, watch over it with unremitting love, and guard it with my life.

Aub. What says my child, my dear Augusta? But I read her looks—Blest be you both!

Mort. Amen, say I. Live an example to the age; and when I read the list of marriages, as I do that of burials, with a sigh, let me have this to say, that there was one example of felicity.

L. Abb. O, Frank, 'tis hard to speak the word, but you deserve her; yours is the road to happiness: I have been lost in error; but I shall trace your steps, and press to overtake you.

Mort. Why that's well said; there spoke your father from within you: now begone; fly to the altars of your country lares; visit that nurse of contemplation, solitude; and while you range your groves, that shook at every rattle of the dice, ask of your reason, why you was a gamester.

L. Abb. I've been a madman; I have lost an humble faithful friend, whose services would be invaluable.

Mort. Why ay, your Highlander, your poor Macleod; our plan must stop without his help; I'm but a projector, he must execute—but there likewise I can serve you.

L. Abb. O Mortimer, how much have I mistaken thee!

Mort. Come, come, I have my faults; I'm an untoward fellow, and stand as much in need of a reform as any of you all.

DOCTOR DRUID enters hastily, followed by COLIN.

Dr. Druid. Tutor me truly—talk to me! Pray, Gentlemen, bear witness: is Master Colins here a proper teacher of the dialects, d'ye see, and pronunciations of the English tongue?

Colin.

Colin. Why not? Is there not Duncan Ross of Aberdeen that lectures twice a week in oratory at the Seven Dials? And does not Sawney Ferguson, a cousin of mine awn, administer the English language in its utmost elegance at Amsterdam?

Dr. Druid. Bear witness; that is all I say, bear witness.

Mort. We do: there is not one amongst us, Doctor, but can witness to some noble act of Colin's; and we would not wound his harmless vanity, for any bribe that you can offer.

L. Abb. Colin, I've done you wrong; but I was not myself; be you no worse a servant than you have been, and you shall find henceforward I will be a better master.

Colin. I'm satisfied; an you'll neglect yourself na more than I shall do, things will gang well enow.

Tyr. I must apologize to Colin too; like my Lord Abberville, I was not myself when I rebuff'd you on the business of Miss Aubrey's letter.

Colin. Say no more, Maister Tyrrel; 'tis not for a mon to resent the pertness of a child, or the petulance of a lover.

Aug. But what shall I say to him? Where shall I find words to thank him as I ought?

Aub. I father all your obligations; 'twas not you but me his bounty sav'd.

L. Abb. Hold, Sir; in point of obligation, I stand first. By how much there is more disgrace in doing than in suffering a violence, by so much I am more his debtor than you all.

Colin. Ecod, and that is true enow; Heaven sends misfortune, but the de'il sends mischief.

Dr. Druid. Well, Master Colins, all is past and over; you have got your place again, and all is well. Coot now, let me admonish you for the future to be quiet and hear reason; moderate your choler and your passions and your partialities: it is not for a clown like you to prattle and dispute with me; in fait you should know better.

Mort. Come, come, 'tis you that should know better; in this poor Highlander, the force of prejudice has some plea, because he is a clown; but you, a citizen that should be of the world, whose heart, philosophy and travel, might
have

have open'd, shou'd know better than to join the cry with those, whose charity, like the limitation of a brief, stops short at Berwick, and never circulates beyond the Tweed: By Heaven, I'd rather weed out one such unmanly prejudice from the hearts of my countrymen, than add another Indies to their Empire.

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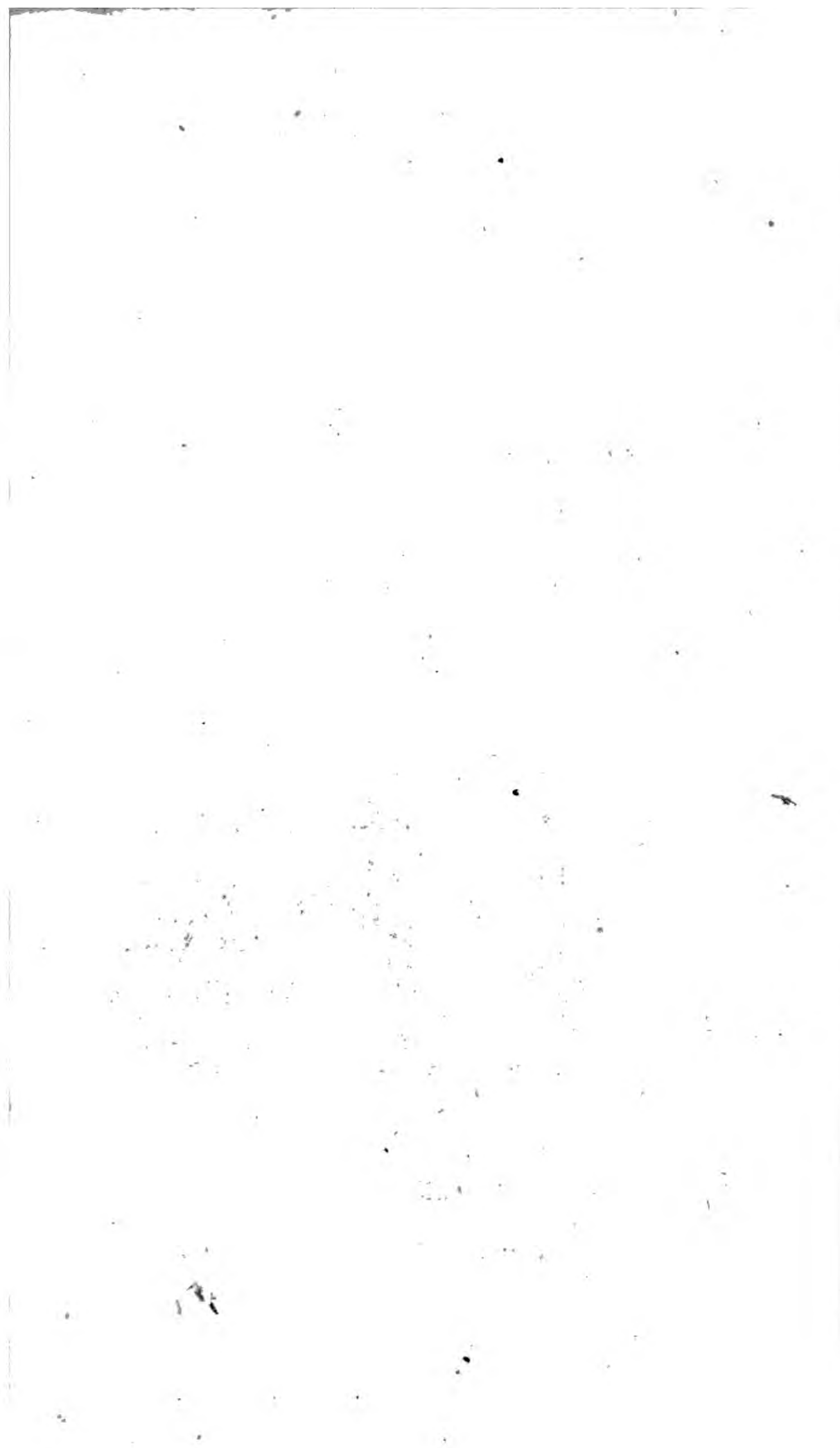
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T O H I S G R A C E

WILLIAM Duke of DEVONSHIRE,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.

MY LORD,

THE MINOR, who is indebted for his appearance on the stage to your Grace's indulgence, begs leave to desire your further protection, at his entering into the world.

Though the allegiance due from the whole dramatic people to your Grace's station, might place this address in the light of a natural tribute; yet, my Lord, I should not have taken that liberty with the Duke of Devonshire, if I could not at the same time, plead some little utility in the design of my piece; and add, that the public approbation has stamped a value on the execution.

The law, which threw the stage under the absolute government of a lord chamberlain, could not fail to fill the minds of all the objects of that power with very gloomy apprehensions; they found themselves (through their own licentiousness, it must be confess'd) in a more precarious dependent state, than any other of his Majesty's subjects. But when their direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whose ancestors had so successfully struggled for national liberty, they ceased to fear for their own. It was not from a patron of the liberal arts they were to expect an oppressor; it was not from the friend of freedom, and of man, they were to dread partial monopolies, or the establishment of petty tyrannies.

Their

Their warmest wishes are accomplished; none of their rights have been invaded, except what, without the first poetic authority, I should not venture to call a right, the Jus Nocendi.

Your tenderness, my Lord, for all the followers of the Muses, has been in no instance more conspicuous, than in your late favour to me, the meanest of their train; your Grace has thrown open (for those who are denied admittance into the palaces of Parnassus) a cottage on its borders, where the unhappy migrants may be, if not magnificently, at least, hospitably entertained.

I shall detain your Grace no longer, than just to echo the public voice, that, for the honour, progress, and perfection of letters, your Grace may long continue their candid CENSOR, who have always been their generous protector.

I have the honour, my Lord, to be, with the greatest respect, and gratitude,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

most oblig'd,

and obedient servant,

Ellestre,
July 8, 1760.

SAMUEL FOOTE!

THE
M I N O R.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter Canker and Smart.

Smart.

BUT are you sure he has leave?
Cank. Certain.

Smart. I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we shall have a laugh either with him, or at him, it does not signify which.

Cank. Not a farthing.

Smart. D'you know his scheme?

Cank. Not I. But is not the door of the Little Theatre open?

Smart.

8 THE MINOR.

Smart. Yes. Who is that fellow that seems to stand centry there?

Cank. By his tatter'd garb and meagre visage, he must be one of the troop.

Smart. I'll call him. Holo, Mr.—

Enter Pearse.

What, is there any thing going on over the way?

Pear. A rehearsal.

Smart. Of what?

Pear. A new piece.

Smart. Foote's?

Pear. Yes.

Cank. Is he there?

Pear. He is.

Smart. Zouns, let's go and see what he is about.

Cank. With all my heart.

Smart. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Foote and an Actor.

Foote. Sir, this will never do; you must get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true strolling.—

Enter Smart and Canker.

Smart. Ha, ha, ha! what, hard at it, my boy!—Here's your old friend Canker and

T H E M I N O R. 9

I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

Foote. Plan?

Smart. Ay, what are your characters? Give us your groupe; how is your cloth fill'd?

Foote. Characters!

Smart. Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, just come from the North, with the true Newcastle bur in her throat; and a nose and a chin.—I am afraid she is not well enough known: But I have a remedy for that. I'll bring her the first night of your piece, place her in a conspicuous station, and whisper the secret to the whole house. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

Foote. Oh, delicious!

Smart. But don't name me. For if she smokes me for the author, I shall be dash'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foote. Oh, never fear me, But I shou'd think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What, the politician?

Foote. Aye; that every day, after dinner, as soon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-stones, and pursues 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a stream of spilt port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foote.

10 T H E M I N O R .

Foote. Or what say you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy? who, tho' as broken-winded as a Hounslow post-horse, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. *Kata tore cara higlia.*

Smart. Admirable! by heavens!—Have you got 'em?

Foote. No.

Smart. Then in with 'em, my boy.

Foote. Not one.

Smart. Pr'ythee why not?

Foote. Why look'e, *Smart*, tho' you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I am sure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that?

Foote. Mischief.

Smart. No, pr'ythee—

Foote. How now am I sure that you, who so readily give up your relations, may not have some design upon me?

Smart. I don't understand you.

Foote. Why, as soon as my characters begin to circulate a little successfully, my mouth is stopp'd in a minute, by the clamour of your relations,——Oh, damme,—'tis a shame,—it should not be,——people of distinction brought upon the stage.— And so out of compliment to your cousins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own request.

Smart.

T H E M I N O R. II

Smart. How can you think I wou'd be such a dog? What the devil, then, are we to have nothing personal? Give us the actors however.

Foote. Oh, that's stale. Besides, I think they have, of all men, the best right to complain.

Smart. How so?

Foote. Because, by rendering them ridiculous in their profession, you, at the same time, injure their pockets. Now, as to the other gentry, they have providentially something besides their understanding to rely on; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before, was only the amusement of private parties.

Canker. Give us then a national portrait: a Scotchman or an Irishman.

Foote. If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a subject of satire or humour; it is an accidental unhappiness, for which a man is no more accountable, than the colour of his hair. Now affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, struck with a scheme of reformation, should advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the English the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter: nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty-

boys in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, should think he had a right to prescribe military laws to the first commander in Europe, be a less ridiculous object.

Smart. Are there such?

Foote. If you mean that the blunders of a few peasants, or the partial principles of a single scoundrel, are to stand as characteristic marks of a whole country; your pride may produce a laugh, but, believe me, it is at the expence of your understanding.

Canker. Heydey, what a system is here! Laws for laughing! And pray, sage Sir, instruct us when we may laugh with propriety?

Foote. At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

Smart. Psha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots, and cannots—damn'd abstruse jargon. Ha, Canker!

Cank. Well, but if you will not give us persons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a state intrigue, or a—

Foote. And so amuse the public ear at the expence of private peace. You must excuse me.

Cank. And with these principles, you expect to thrive on this spot?

Smart.

Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee the plain roast and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We must have high season'd ragoûts, and rich sauces.

Foote. Why, perhaps, by way of desert, I may produce something that may hit your palate.

Smart. Your bill of fare?

Foote. What think you of one of those itinerant field Orators, who, tho' at declar'd enmity with common sense, have the address to poison the principles, and at the same time pick the pockets, of half our industrious fellow-subjects?

Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground. Ludere cum sacris, you know.

Foote. Now I look upon it in a different manner. I consider these gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myself; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court, or the Hay-market, our purpose is the same, and the place is immaterial.

Cank. Why, indeed if it be considered—

Foote. Nay, more, I must beg leave to assert, that ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument can never cure: and should a little wholesome severity be applied, persecution would be the immediate cry: where then can we have recourse, but to the comic muse? Perhaps, the archness and severity of
her

her smile may redress an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.

Cank. Why, if it does not cure those already distemper'd, it may be a means to stop the infection.

Smart. But how is your scheme conducted?

Foote. Of that you may judge. We are just going upon a repetition of the piece. I should be glad to have your opinion.

Smart. We will give it you.

Foote. One indulgence: As you are Englishmen, I think, I need not beg, that as from necessity most of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

Smart. But reasonable.

Foote. Come, then, prompter, begin.

Pear. Lord, Sir, we are all at a stand.

Foote. What's the matter?

Pear. Mrs. O-Schohnesy has return'd the part of the bawd; she says she is a gentlewoman, and it would be a reflection on her family to do any such thing.

Foote. Indeed!

Pear. If it had been only a whore, says she, I should not have minded it; because no lady need be ashamed of doing that.

Foote. Well, there is no help for it; but these gentlemen must not be disappointed. Well, I'll do the character myself.

A C T

A C T I.

Sir William Wealthy, and Mr. Richard Wealthy.

Sir William.

COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A sagacious remark that, and highly probable, that we merchants, who maintain a constant correspondence with the four quarters of the world, should know less of it than your fashionable fellows, whose whole experience is bounded by Westminster bridge.

Sir Will. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany these four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony; France has furnished him with fawning and flattery; Italy equip'd him with capriols and cantatas; and thus accomplish'd,

complish'd, my young gentleman is return'd with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddlesticks, a most valuable member of the British commonwealth.

Sir Will. You dislike then my system of education?

R. Weal. Most sincerely.

Sir Will. The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir Will. The early part, I should imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Least of all. What, I suppose, because he has run the gauntlet thro' a public school, where, at sixteen, he had practis'd more vices than he would otherwise have heard of at sixty.

Sir Will. Ha, ha, prejudice!

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you remov'd him to the university; where, lest his morals should be mended, and his understanding improv'd, you fairly set him free from the restraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the privileg'd distinction of a silk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir Will. And all these evils, you think, a city education would have prevented?

R. Wealth. Doubtless.—Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholesome instruction. Idleness is the root of all evil. Regular hours, constant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Why truly, brother, had you stuck to your old civic vices, hypocrisy, couzenage, and avarice, I don't know, whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us sub-urbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are chang'd since the date of thy indentures; when the sleek, crop-eared apprentice us'd to dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under his arm, to St. Bride's, on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Islington, or Mile-End.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir *Will.* Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the Garden, their little lodgings, the snug depositories of their rusty swords, and occasional bag-wigs; their horses for the turf; ay, and their commissions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous aspersions!

Sir *Will.* But the last meeting at Newmarket, lord Lofty receiv'd at the hazard-table, the identical note from the individual taylor to whom he had paid it but the day before, for a new set of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir *Will.* These are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from

C

Cateaton-

Cateaton-street to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Wealth. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal spendthrift proceeds, will soon be the only seat of the family.

Sir Will. May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce!

R. Wealth. I do. None at all.

Sir Will. Why so?

R. Wealth. Because your means are ill-proportion'd to their end. Were he my son, I would serve him——

Sir Will. As you have done your daughter. Discard him. But consider, I have but one.

R. Wealth. That would weigh nothing with me: for, was Charlotte to set up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, she must expect to share the fate of her sister. I consider families as a smaller kind of kingdoms, and would have disobedience in the one, as severely punished, as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their respective societies.

Sir Will. Poor Lucy! But surely you begin to relent. Mayn't I intercede?

R. Weal. Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request; but if directly or indirectly, you interfere with my banishment of that wilful, headstrong, disobedient huffy, all

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all ties between us are broke; and I shall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir *Will.* I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

R. *Weal.* I shall attend the issue.

Sir *Will.* You will lend your aid, however?

R. *Weal.* We shall see how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, fir.

Sir *Will.* Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it?

Serv. The person is without, fir.

Sir *Will.* Bid him wait. [*Reads.*] [*Exit Serv.*]

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the person I promis'd to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him viva voce. So if you administer a few interrogatories, you will find, by cross-questioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,

Worthy Sir, &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. *The party's Name is Samuel Shift. He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and most delectable company; as we experience every Tuesday night at our club, the Magpye and Horse-skoe, Fetter-lane.*

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias! John.

Enter Servant.

Bid the person, who brought this Letter, walk in. [*Exit Serv.*] Have you any curiosity, brother?

R. *Weal.* Not a jot. I must to the Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at Jonathan's.

[*Exit R. Wealthy.*]

Sir *Will.* You shall hear from me.

Enter Shift and Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit Serv.*] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift. I did, sir.

Sir *Will.* Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, sir.

Sir *Will.* Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my bus'ness with you?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client; he wants to retain

tain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and give you your brief himself: if you adhere to his instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir Will. Ha, ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well, fir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But see that the door is fast. Now, fir, you are to——

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule, to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir Will. Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I question'd your generosity; but forms you know——

Sir Will. No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to understand one another a little. Pray, fir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum!——And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Will. Cou'd nothing induce you to unbosom yourself?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a je ne sçai quoi in your manner, that I will unlock: You shall see me all.

Sir *Will.* You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a taylor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of Light your Honour——A link boy.

Sir *Will.* A pleasant fellow.——Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, fir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the news-papers, between an illustrious lamp-lighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher.—Cat's meat, and dog's meat.——I dare say, you have heard my mother, fir. But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me——in the street.

Sir *Will.* Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school, which has produced many a great man; the avenues of the Play-house. There, fir, leaning on my extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, con-
nivance

nivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise, from their masters. Here, firrah, light me a-cross the kennel. —I hope your honour will remember poor Jack. —You ragged rascal, I have no half-pence —I'll pay you the next time I see you. —But, lack-a-day, fir, that time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the Theatre, I must add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, fir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me. —A detachment from the head-quarters here, took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage, and clipping the candles. There my skill and address was so conspicuous, that it procur'd me the same office the ensuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquir'd intrepidity; the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For I think, fir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir Will. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab-apple, apply'd to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Will. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the same. But as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher from the rebound.

Sir Will. How so?

Shift. My misfortune, fir, mov'd the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man, he took me into his service. To him I owe, what I believe, will make me useful to you.

Sir Will. Explain.

Shift. Why, fir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which, however disesteem'd at present, is, by Tully, reckon'd amongst the perfections of an orator; Mimickry.

Sir Will. Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift!

Shift. A smattering—But as I was saying, fir, nothing came amiss to my master. Bipedes, or quadrupeds; rationals, or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long-ear'd brethren

thren in Bunhill-Fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, fir, for two whole years, under this professor, I study'd and starv'd, impoverish'd my body, and pamper'd my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir Will. You have been successful, I hope.

Shift. Pretty well. I can't complain. My art, fir, is a pass-par-tout. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket-book.*] Hum,—hum,—Oh! Wednesday at Mrs. Gammut's near Hanover-square; there, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyship is in the opera interest: but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sustituto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parly of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarfops, near the Monument. So fir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Will. You can be secret as well as serviceable?

Shift. Mute as a mackrel.

Sir Will. Come hither then. If you betray me to my son——

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Will. Enough.—You must know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, center'd in one boy.

Shift. And, I warrant, he is a hopeful one.

Sir Will. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wished,—my death——

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Will. Nay, pray,—there wou'd soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy indeed. But families, like besoms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you say.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee peace for five minutes,

Shift. I am tongue-ty'd.

Sir Will. Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir Will. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir

Sir Will. George, as I have contriv'd it, shall experience all the misery of real ruin, without running the least risque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a coup de maître.

Sir Will. I have prevail'd upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen——

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Will. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Will. My brother, I say, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which, he is returned, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift. Immediately.

Sir Will. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir Will. Now, fir, guessing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have, in a feign'd character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduc'd to the last extremity; lost even to the most distant hope——

Shift. What then?

Sir Will. Then will I step in like his guardian-angel, and snatch him from perdition. If, mortify'd by misery, he becomes conscious of his errors, I have sav'd my son;
but

but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out, as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely resolv'd. But what part am I to sustain in this drama?

Sir Will. Why, George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command, by two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my sight they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your sight!

Sir Will. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science, can flip, shuffle, cog, or cut with the best of 'em.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice?

Sir Will. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.— Why, I wou'd engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourse, after his ill success, to the cent. per cent. gentry, the usurers, for a farther supply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Will. Pray do you know,—I forgot his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He sits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffee-house; and every evening, from
five

five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple-exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer the broker!

Sir Will. The same. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Ay, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday, he had me turn'd out at a feast, in Leather-seller's Hall, for singing Room for Cuckolds, like a parrot; and vow'd it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir Will. You have reason to remember him.

Shift. Yes, yes, I recommended a minor to him myself, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and wou'd you believe it, as I hope to be fav'd, we din'd, supp'd, and wetted five and thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Cross-keys, in order to settle the terms; and after all, the scoundrel would not lend us a stiver.

Sir Will. Cou'd you personate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you shall see me shift into his shamble in a minute: and, with a wither'd face, a bit of a purple nose, a cautionary stammer, and a sleek silver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to speak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimitably well. Have not you something of more consequence for me?

Sir Will. I have. Cou'd not you, master Shift, assume another shape? You have attended auctions?

Shift.

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a Niger to a nautilus, from the Apollo Belvidere to a butterfly.

Sir Will. One of these insinuating, oily orators I will get you to personate: for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Will. Within I'll give you farther instructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Will. [*Going, returns.*] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my drefs I can be furnish'd with in five minutes. [*Exit Sir Will.*] A whimsical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine!—What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others—Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that,
ay,

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ay, marry is there. 'Egad before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast; and then if there be but a bold shore and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes, you will meet with your match. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir George, Loader, and Servant.

Sir *Geo.* Let the Martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls sent to Hall's to be bitted——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have just enough left to discharge the baron; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a snub-nos'd son of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amongst his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Huf-farians.

Sir *Geo.* You had your share, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I! Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quarter man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir *Geo.* Rather too early. Besides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage a-fresh, till our old scores are discharg'd.

Load.

Load. Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let'em say what they will. Here, fir, they will vowel you, from father to son, to the twentieth generation. They wou'd as soon now-a-days pay a tradesman's bill, as a play debt. All sence of honour is gone, not a stiver stirring. They cou'd as soon raise the dead as two pounds two; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals—What, has Tranfer been here this morning?

Enter Dick.

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick, No body, your honour.

Load. Repique the rascal. He promis'd to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here, between seven and eight.

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered since we us'd to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels; all over the rheumatise.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake.

Dick.

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Dick. She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the tabernacle; after the exhortation, she says, she'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilst they only make profelytes from that profession, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe she has some such design upon me; for she offer'd me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast a fine, sober, psalm-singing countenance; and when thou hast been some time in their trammels, may'st make as able a teacher as the best of 'em.

Dick. Laud, sir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the spirit, the spirit will supply all that, Dick, never fear.

Enter Sir William, as a German baron.

My dear baron, what news from the Haymarket? What says the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Will. I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing—I vow to heaven, I was never see de like!

D

Sir

Sir *Geo.* But how did she receive my embassy? What hopes?

Sir *Will.* Why dere was, monsieur le chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people; ah, ah, dought I, by gad I guess your business. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand merchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, stick to your shop; or, if you must have de pretty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by gar dat is meat for your master.

Sir *Geo.* Insolent mechanic!—but she despis'd him?

Sir *Will.* Ah, may foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the signora, madam, der is one certain chevalier of dis country, who has travell'd, see de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by gar, to have de honour to drow himself at your feet.

Sir *Geo.* Well, well, baron.

Sir *Will.* She aska your name; as soon as I tell her, aha, by gar, dans an instant, she melt like de lomp of sugar: she run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir *Geo.* Give it me.

[*Reads.*

Les preliminaires d'une traité entre le chevalier Wealthy, and la signora Diamanti.

A bagatelle, a trifle : she shall have it.

Load. Hark'e, knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read ! The eloquence of angels, my dear baron !

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad ! I don't understand their Gibberish——What is it in English ?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a subsidy treaty, between Sir G. Wealthy, and signora Florenza ; that the said signora will resign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, dress, dogs, and diamonds ; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant ! She must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told so.

Load. Told so ! Why did you never see her ?

Sir Geo. No ; and possibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey-day ! Why what the devil——

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare, I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries of this

part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion, as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they possess: the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houses, you never inhabit; mistresses, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not surpriz'd at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir Geo. My dear baron, run, dispatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

Sir Will. I fall.

Sir Geo. Mr. Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the lady? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I wou'd not give six-pence for your signoras. One armful of good, wholesome British beauty, is worth a ship-

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load of their trapping, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, baron, how much for the table? Why she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir Will. Ay, ay, dere, is her moder, la complaisante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me, if I wou'd set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not——

[*Ex. Bar.*]

Sir Geo. But the lady waits. [*Ex. Load.*] A strange fellow this. What a whimsical jargon he talks. Not an idea abstracted from play. To say truth, I am sincerely sick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all distinctions.

Enter Mrs. Cole, supported by Loader and Dick.

Mrs. Cole. Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole, Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. Cole. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge——

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of—— Oh la! what, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no, ——There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's. Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroach?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel——He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs. Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earn'd thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry: But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsy-turvey.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl, from Rosemary-Lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no,—Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, abed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary, or mint-water in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [*Ex. Dick.*

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I am a going; a wasting and a wasting, Sir George. What will

become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows.—No.—When people are miss'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, tho' I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows; no knock me down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, no body have said, Mrs. Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs. Cole. However, it is a comfort after all, to think one has past thro' the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a galipot of ointment.

Enter Dick, with a dram.

Load. Come, haste, Dick, haste; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you, I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sip, to keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass; my hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to business. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I see a tight young wench in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. Cole. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. Cole. Impossible! She is engag'd to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that! Tip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd her brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or compass. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite swallow'd up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.—But however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a young country thing, to-morrow night I believe I can furnish you.

Load. As how?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertis'd this morning, in the register-office, for servants under seventeen; and ten to one but I light on something that will do.

Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, consistently with my conscience, I wou'd do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that monitor. But pray, how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs. Cole. Ever since my last visitation of the gout. Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts, and my waverings; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and no body to shew me the road. One time, I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it wou'd not do.

Sir

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs. Cole. I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent; and, wou'd you believe it, the barefooted, bald-pate beggars would not give me absolution, without I quitted my business——Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby——Besides, I cou'd not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things!——Oh, fix of them, for a season, wou'd finish my business here, and then I shou'd have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous!

Mrs. Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my last illness, I was wish'd to Mr. Squintum, who stept in with his saving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, fir, has sent to know if your honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with you. But bus'ness, you know——

Mrs. Cole. True, fir George. Mr. Loader, your arm——Gently, oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Wou'd you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cole*. Not a drop——I shall see you this evening?

Sir *Geo*. Depend upon me.

Mrs. *Cole*. To morrow I hope to suit you——We are to have, at the tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the register office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir *Geo*. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. *Cole*.

Mrs. *Cole*. Or if that should not do, I have a tid bit at home, will suit your stomach. Never brush'd by a beard. Well, heaven blefs you——Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader——Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently——so, so!

[*Exit Mrs. Cole and Loader.*]

Sir *Geo*. Dick, shew Mr. Transfer in——Ha, ha, what a hodgepodge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual; with what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No wonder these preachers have plenty of profelytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

Enter Loader.

Well, knight, I have hous'd her; but they want you within, sir.

Sir *Geo*. I'll go to them immediately.

A C T

A C T II.

Enter Dick, introducing Transfer.

Dick. **M**Y master will come to you presently.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Mr. Transfer, your servant.

Transf. Your Honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr. Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr. Transfer——but take a chair——you have had a long walk. Mr. Loader, I presume, open'd to you the urgency of my bus'ness.

Transf. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money? I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorsement, was as current as cash. If your uncle Richard now wou'd join in this security——

Sir Geo. Impossible.

Transf. Ay, like enough. I wish you were of age.

Sir

Sir Geo. So do I. But as that will be consider'd in the premium——

Transf. True, true——I see you understand bus'ness——And what sum does your honour lack at present?

Sir Geo. Lack!——How much have you brought?

Transf. Who, I? Dear me! none.

Sir Geo. Zounds, none!

Transf. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones, the tallow chandler, in Thames-street, us'd to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got 'there. Then I totter'd away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happen'd to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir Geo. Why what the devil can I do?

Transf. Good me, I did not know your honour had been so prest'd.

Sir Geo. My Honour prest! Yes, my Honour is not only prest, but ruin'd, unless I can raise money to redeem it. That block-head Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

Transf. Well, well, now I declare, I am quite sorry to see your Honour in such a taking.

Sir Geo. Damn your sorrow.

Transf. But come, don't be cast down: Tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the same thing.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* How, dear Transfer?

Transf. Why I have, at my warehouse in the city, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowlafs, with a curious fortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir *Geo.* Hey!

Transf. And stay, stay, then, again, at my country-house, the bottom of Gray's-inn-Lane, there's a hundred tun of fine old hay, only damag'd a little last winter, for want of thatching; with forty load of flint stones.

Sir *Geo.* Well.

Transf. Your Honour may have all these for a reasonable profit, and convert them into cash.

Sir *Geo.* Blubber and blankets? Why, you old rascal, do you banter me?

Transf. Who I? O law, marry heaven forbid.

Sir *Geo.* Get out of my—you stuttering scoundrel.

Transf. If your Honour wou'd but hear me——

Sir *Geo.* Troop, I say, unless you have a mind to go a shorter way than you came. [*Ex. Tr.*] And yet there is something so uncommonly ridiculous in his proposal, that were my mind more at ease. [*Enter Loader.*] So, sir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir

Sir Geo. He can't supply me with a shilling! and wants, besides, to make me a dealer in dowlafs.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means, must not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here! Thrown up the cards, with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, pr'ythee, of what use wou'd his——

Load. Use! of every use. Procure you the spankers, my boy. I have a broker, that in a twinkling, shall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Load. Indeed! Ay, indeed. You sit down to hazard, and not know the chances! I'll call him back.—Holo, Transfer.—A pretty, little, busy, bustling—You may travel miles, before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow boys bolt again.

Enter Transfer.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our Minor was a little too hasty; he did not understand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Transf. What I said, was to serve Sir George; as he seem'd——

Load. I told him so; well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more.

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But try, pr'ythee, if thou cou'dst not procure us some of the ready, for present spending.

Transf. Let me consider.

Load. Ay, do, come: shuffle thy brains; never fear the baronet. To let a lord of lands want shiners; 'tis a shame.

Transf. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend, that us'd to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Transf. Statute, the scrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nick'd the chance.

Transf. A hard man, master Loader!

Sir Geo. No matter.

Transf. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well said, knight!

Transf. But to save time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unnecessary.

Transf. Five per cent. legal interest.

Sir Geo. He shall have it.

Transf. Ten, the præmium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Transf. Then, as you are not of age, five more for ensuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Transf. As for what he will demand for the risque——

Sir Geo. He shall be satisfy'd.

E

Transf.

Transf. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply; Loader, dispatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now every thing is settled. All terms shall be comply'd with, reasonable or unreasonable. What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Ex. Tr.*] Hey, my knight, this is doing business. This pinch is a sure card.

Re-enter Transfer.

Transf. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Ay, ay; and a handsome present into the bargain, never fear.

Transf. Enough, enough.

Load. Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Whitney wares.

Transf. They shall be forthcoming.— You would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magistrates of the Baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He shall deal them as new pavement. [*Ex. Tr.*] So, that's settled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the last article. I know some traders that will truck: fellows with finery. Not commodities of such clumsy conveyance as old Transfer's.

Sir Geo. You are obliging.

Load.

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Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that shall dispose of 'em all in a crack. [Exit.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Your uncle, fir, has been waiting some time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in. [*Ex. Dick.*] Now for a lecture. My situation sha'n't sink my spirits, however. Here comes the musty trader, running over with remonstrances. I must banter the cit.

Enter Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. So, fir, what, I suppose, this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilst your presence chamber is crouded with pimps, bawds, and gamesters.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my respect, dear nuncle. Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduced you into such company?

R. Weal. Wonderfully considerate! Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here, I have received by the last mail, a quire of your draughts from abroad. I see you are determin'd our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did some credit to my country.

R. Weal. And how are all these to be paid?

Sir Geo. That I submit to you, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. From me!—Not a soufe to keep you from the counter.

Sir Geo. Why then let the scoundrels stay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which must be discharg'd.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical distinction! Here's a prostitution of words!—Honour! 'Sdeath, that a rascal, who has pick'd your pocket, shall have his crime gilded with the most sacred distinction, and his plunder punctually paid, whilst the industrious mechanic, who ministers to your very wants, shall have his debt delay'd, and his demand treated as insolent.

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. I confess my folly; but make yourself easy; you won't be troubled with many more of my visits. I own I was weak enough to design a short expostulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I shall take care not to squander away any more of it upon you,

Sir Geo. A prudent resolution.

R. Weal. One commiffion, however, I can't dispense with myself from executing.—It was agreed between your father and me,

me, that as he had but one son and I one daughter——

Sir *Geo.* Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margery and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! Such was our intention. Now his last will claims this contract.

Sir *Geo.* Dispatch, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, see me here demand the execution.

Sir *Geo.* What d'ye mean? For me to marry Margery?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir *Geo.* What, moi-me?

R. Weal. You, you——Your answer, ay or no?

Sir *Geo.* Why then concisely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or further circumlocution,——No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir *Geo.* So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it wou'd not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curiosity, What objections?

Sir *Geo.* None. I neither know her, have seen her, enquired after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps, I am the stumbling block?

Sir *Geo.* You have hit it.

R. Weal. Ay, now we come to the point. Well, and pray——

Sir Geo. Why it is not so much a dislike to your person, tho' that is exceptionable enough, but your profession, dear nuncle, is an insuperable obstacle.

R. Weal. Good lack! And what harm has that done, pray?

Sir Geo. Done! So stain'd, polluted, and tainted the whole mass of your blood, thrown such a blot on your 'scutcheon, as ten regular successions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The duce!

Sir Geo. And cou'd you now, consistently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I ask pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid, barbarous scheme!

R. Weal. But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the same flesh and blood with yourself, might prove in some measure, a kind of fullers-earth, to scour out the dirty spots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impossible!

R. Weal. Besides, here it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourse! Thank heav'n, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country,

country, where I have been too well instructed in the value of nobility, to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgeois. Why, what apology cou'd I make to my children, for giving them such a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I must despair, I am afraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes. Tho', upon recollection—Is the Griffette pretty?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought so.

Sir Geo. Ah la jolie petite Bourgoise! Poor girl, I sincerely pity her. And I suppose, to procure her emersion from the mercantile mud, no consideration wou'd be spar'd.

R. Weal. Why, to be sure, for such an honour, one wou'd strain a point.

Sir Geo. Why then, not totally to destroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany; that when a man of distinction engages in commerce, his nobility is suffer'd to sleep.

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir Geo. And upon his quitting the contagious connexion, he is permitted to resume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate,

Sir Geo. So, nuncle Richard, if you will sell out of the stocks, shut up your counting-house,

house, and quit St. Mary Ax for Grosvenor-square——

R. Weal. What then?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouse itself, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's person is pleasing, and the purchase-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevail'd upon to restore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condescension

Sir Geo. Good-nature is my foible. But, upon my soul, I wou'd not have gone so far for any body else.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, spendthrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head?——

Sir Geo. Hey dey, what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boasted patrimony from your great uncle, a soap-boiler!

Sir Geo. Infamous aspersions!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honest industry, that preserv'd your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repair'd your tottering hall, from the ruins of which, even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had perish'd! Insupportable! soap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal.

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in a country of commerce! It is treason against the community; and, for your punishment, I wou'd have you restor'd to the fordid condition from whence we drew you, and like your predecessors, the Pic'ts, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws, and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdasher.

R. Weal. One pleasure I have, that to this goal you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the sword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the master of your fate. [Exit.

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic! But that his Bourgois blood wou'd have foil'd my sword—

Enter Baron and Loader.

Sir Will. What is de matter?

Sir Geo. A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dar'd to upbraid me with being sprung from a soap-boiler.

Sir Will. Vat, you from the boiler of soap!

Sir Geo. Me.

Sir Will. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And harka you, mister monsieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir Geo. How!

Sir Will. De impertinence to sit down, play wid me?

Sir Geo. What is this?

Sir Will. A beggarly Bourgois vis-a-vis, a baron of twenty descents.

Load.

Load. But baron——

Sir Will. Bygar, I am almost a sham'd to win of such a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let a me never see your face.

Load. Why, but baron, you mistake this thing, I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir Will. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand signior. He was, indeed, a good-natur'd, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of soap, tar, and train-oil, he us'd to have it home to his house, and sell it to his acquaintance for ready money, to serve them.

Sir Will. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Will. Oh, dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter Dick.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr. Loader.

Load. I come—A pretty son of a bitch, this baron! pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, because his uncle was an oil-man.

[*Exit.*

Sir Will. I beg pardon, chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir

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Sir *Geo.* Oh, don't mention it; had the flam been fact, your behaviour was natural enough.

Enter Loader.

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir *Geo.* Shew him in, by all means.

[Exit Loader.]

Sir *Will.* You have affair.

Sir *Geo.* If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finished in five minutes.

Enter Loader, with Shift as Smirk.

Load. Here, master Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, knight, did I not tell you, old Moll was your mark? Here she has brought you a pretty piece of man's meat already; as sweet as a nosegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Dispatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl. *[Exit.]*

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir *Geo.* Even so. I have, Mr. Smirk, some things of a considerable value, which I want to dispose of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir *Geo.* Could you assist me?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir *Geo.* But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir *Geo.* Can that be done?

Smirk.

Smirk. Every day's practice : it is for the credit of the sale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a gentleman, going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate; though the real party was never master of above two Delft dishes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this must be conceal'd.

Smirk. Bury'd here. Oh, many an aigrette and solitaire have I sold, to discharge a lady's play-debt. But then we must know the parties; otherwise it might be knocked down to the husband himself. Ha, ha——
Hey ho!

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profession requires parts.

Smirk. No body's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what first brought me into the business?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may say. You must have known my predecessor, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, ay, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man; he would touch you up a lot; there was no resisting him. He wou'd force you to bid, whether you wou'd or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me, to vie with that great man. But as I was saying, my predecessor, Mr. Prig, was to have a sale as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly seiz'd with a violent cholic. He sent for me to his bedside, squeez'd me by the hand; Dear Smirk, said he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will be there; lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, the dutchess of Dupe, and every body at all: You see my state, it will be impossible for me to mount. What can I do?—It was not for me, you know, to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At last, looking wishfully at me, Smirk, says he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?—I'll put it to the test, says he; supply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to shew my love, rashly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness. But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me, was a wig; but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment. I resolved to consult my friends. I told them the affair——You
hear,

hear, gentlemen, what has happen'd; Mr. Prig, one of the greatest men in his way, the world ever saw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the cholic; to-morrow, the greatest shew this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world to be there; lady Dy Jofs, Mrs. Nankyn, dutchefs of Dupe, and all mankind; it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell——They star'd——It is true, gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided: some recommended a tye, others a bag: one mention'd a bob, but was soon over-rul'd. Now, for my part, I own, I rather inclin'd to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of rashness, I resolv'd to take Mrs. Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taste, a superior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir *Geo.* What was her decision?

Smirk. I told her the case——My dear, you know what has happen'd. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholic——the greatest shew this season, to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead.

You

You know the importance of a wig ; I have ask'd my friends—some recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion ? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirk, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling face would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyish, deficient in dignity for the solemn occasion ; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both.—I'll be hang'd, if you don't mean a major. I jump't at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the tryal. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber-utenfil, in Chelsea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh ; but I got thro' it. Her grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herself to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember, Dr. Trifle call'd it enthusiastic, and pronounc'd it a presage of my future greatness.

Sir Geo. What was that ?

Smirk. Why, fir, the lot was a Guido ; a single figure, a marvellous fine performance ;

well preserv'd, and highly finish'd. It stuck at five and forty; I, charm'd with the picture, and piqu'd at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty?—Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus, to start from the canvass and fall a bidding. A general plaudit ensu'd, I bow'd, and in three minutes knock'd it down at sixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a stroke at least equal to your master.

Smirk. O dear me! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner too was inimitably fine. I remember, they took him off at the play-house, some time ago; pleasant, but wrong. Public characters shou'd not be sported with—They are sacred—But we lose time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk. We shall see you. There will be a world of company. I shall please you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be surpris'd—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho!

[*Exit.*]

A C T

A C T III.

Enter Sir George and Loader.

Sir George.

A Most infernal run. Let's see, (*Pulls out a card.*) Loader a thousand, the Baron two, Tally—Enough to beggar a banker. Every shilling of Transfer's supply exhausted! nor will even the sale of my moveables prove sufficient to discharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plung'd me! And no resource?

Load. Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; she has brought the tid-bit I spoke of. Shall I bid her send her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do. [*Exit Loader.*]

Enter Mrs. Cole and Lucy.

Mrs. Cole. Come along, Lucy. You bashful baggage, I thought I had silenc'd your scruples. Don't you remember what Mr. Squintum said? A woman's not worth favouring, that won't be guilty of a swinging sin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your management.

nagement. She is young, tender, and timid ; does not know what is for her own good : but your honour will soon teach her. I wou'd willingly stay, but I must not lose the lecture. *[Exit.*

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward——Can't produce her publicly as mine ; but she will do for private amusement ——Will you be seated, miss? ——Dumb ! quite a picture ! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch——Will you be so kind, Ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair? ——Come, pr'ythee, why so coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you ——Come, miss.

Lucy. O, fir.

Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, spare me.

Sir Geo. In tears ! What can this mean ? Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'e, my dear, you may save this piece of pathetic for another occasion. It won't do with me ; I am no novice——So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, fir ; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you ! how came you here, and for what purpose ?

Lucy.

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Lucy. A shameful one. I know it all, and yet believe me, sir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't question that. Your pious patroness is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I say to gain your credit? And yet, sir, strong as appearances are against me, by all that's holy, you see me here, a poor distressed, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her style's above the common class; her tears are real.—Rise, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am safe.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee, child, collect yourself, and help me to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs. Cole.

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to trust her?

Lucy. Mine, sir, is a tedious, melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artless too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be just, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, fir, I rely'd in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me justice. Trust me with all your story. If you deserve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, fir I, was consider'd as the joint heiress of a respectable, wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy. There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel tho' he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter, suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man, fordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, tho' mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and banish'd me his house, distressed and destitute.

Sir Geo. Wou'd no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides, I knew, fir, such a step wou'd be consider'd by my father, as an
appeal

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appeal from his justice. I therefore retir'd to a remote corner of the town, trusting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident plac'd me in a house, the mistress of which profess'd the same principles with my infamous conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A constant attendance on their assemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and in return, receiv'd the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir Geo. Unfortunately indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was some time imposed upon. But an accident, which you will excuse my repeating, reveal'd all the horror of my situation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts us'd to seduce me: Happily they hitherto have fail'd. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder, sir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a gentleman, than

the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir *Geo.* The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your security. For tho' I can't boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted virtue; and however unfashionable, a spirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatch'd some pressing business here, I will lodge you in an asylum, sacred to the distresses of your sex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence rescu'd from infamy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shift.

Zooks, I have toil'd like a horse; quite tir'd, by Jupiter. And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! And what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an excise-man, I suppose, and so with an ink-horn at my button-hole and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppish, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his scene with the girl. I think I may trust him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a shame to have him
dup'd

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dup'd by this old don. It must not be. I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad I have a thought too, which if my heir apparent can execute, I shall still lie conceal'd, and perhaps, be rewarded on both sides.

I have it,—'tis engender'd, piping hot.

And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with a plot. [Exit.

Enter Sir William and Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. Well, I suppose, by this time, you are satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your foolery.

Sir Will. Got to the catastrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Will. I have already alarmed all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables.—Oh, you have my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir Will. It is almost time to produce it, or read him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, fir, we are all in the wrong box; our scheme is blown up; your son has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Will. Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngster.

Enter Sir George, driving in Loader and another.

Sir Geo. Rascals, robbers, that like the locust, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and desolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep-laid complicated villany? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and——O fir, are you here?——I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

Sir Will. What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have receiv'd. A baron, a nobleman, a sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when those,

T H E M I N O R. 73

those, whose honour is held as sacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these? [*pulls out dice*] pretty implements, the fruits of your leisure hours! They are dexterously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, secure the door.

Mrs. Cole, speaking as entering.

Mrs. Cole. Here I am, at last. Well, and how is your honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bless me! what is the matter here?

Sir Geo. I am, Madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your share. The little gentlewoman is safe, and in much better hands than you designed her. Abominable hypocrite! Who tottering under the load of irreverent age, and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceeds in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most sacred institutions to the most infernal purposes.

Mrs. Cole. I hope your honour——

Sir Geo. Take her away. As you have been singular in your penitence, you ought to be distinguish'd in your penance; which, I promise you, shall be most publickly and plentifully bestow'd. [*Exit Cole.*

Enter

Enter Dick.

Dick. The constables, fir.

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may consign these gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir Will.*] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of justice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Will. Why, don't you know me?

Sir Geo. Just as I guess'd. An impostor. He has recover'd the free use of his tongue already.

Sir Will. Nay, but George.

Sir Geo. Insolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Will. Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, set this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him! The very question is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father! Impossible!

Sir Will. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* My father alive! Thus let me greet the blessing.

Sir *Will.* Alive! Ay, and I believe I shan't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir *Geo.* But, dear sir, the report of your death——and this disguise——to what——

Sir *Will.* Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am sick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir *Will.* You did so. But if it had not been for those clumsy scoundrels, the plot was as good a plot——O George, such discoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir *Geo.* Perhaps, sir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [Pulls him by the sleeve.]

Sir *Geo.* Never fear. It is impossible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explain'd; till when, keep 'em in safe custody.——Do you know them, sir?

Sir *Will.* Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentlemen to refund too——But you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir *Geo.* I can't boast of my goodness, sir, but I think I could produce you a proof, that I am not so totally destitute of——

Sir

Sir Will. Ay! Why then pr'ythee do.

Sir Geo. I have, fir, this day, resisted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection.

Sir Will. To what?

Sir Geo. I will attend you with the explanation in an instant. [*Exit.*

Sir Will. Pr'ythee, Shift, what does he mean?

Shift. I believe I can guess.

Sir Will. Let us have it.

Shift. I suppose the affair I overheard just now, a prodigious fine elegant girl, faith; that, discarded by her family, for refusing to marry her grand-father, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you saw, who being the kind caterer for your son's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touch'd with her story, truth and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour, to the protector of her innocence.

Sir Will. Look'e there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not so bad at the bottom!

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the——But they are here.

Enter Sir George and Lucy.

Sir *Geo.* Fear nothing, madam, you may safely rely on the——

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, sir, can you forgive your poor distressed unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been us'd, since my banishment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want, anguish and shame, have been my constant partners.

Sir *Will.* Brother!

Sir *Geo.* Sir!

Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Rise, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suffer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What mischief had my rashness nearly compleated. Nephew, I scarce can thank you as I ought, but——

Sir *Geo.* I am richly paid, in being the happy instrument——Yet, might I urge a wish——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir *Geo.* That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's

daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That must depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice—What says your father?

Sir Will. Me! Oh, I'll shew you in an instant. Give me your hands. There, children, now, you are join'd, and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. Happiness attend you.

Sir Will. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my assistance, I hope, you'll own, sir.

Sir Will. That's true, honest Shift, and thou shalt be richly rewarded; nay, George shall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, son.

Sir Geo. I am no stranger to his abilities, sir. But, if you please, we will retire. The various struggles of this fair sufferer require the soothing softness of a sister's love. And now, sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to restrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

Some more estate, and principles, and wit,
Than brokers, bawds, and gamesters shall think fit.

S H I F T,

SHIFT, *addressing himself to Sir George.*

And what becomes of your poor servant Shift?
 Your father talks of lending me a lift— —
 A great man's promise, when his turn is serv'd!
 Capons on promises wou'd soon be starv'd:
 No, on myself alone, I'll now rely:
 'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye——
 Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
 Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,
 Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.
 With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
 And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
 Prick up your ears; a story now I'll tell,
 Which once a widow, and her child befel,
 I knew the mother, and her daughter well;
 Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
 For whatsoever they ask'd, was always granted:
 One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd,
 She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.
 [Child.] Mother, you cry! [Moth.] Oh, child,
 I've got no bread.
 [Child.] What matters that? Why Providence an't
 dead!
 With reason good, this truth the child might say,
 For there came in at noon, that very day,
 Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
 A better sure a table ne'er was put on:
 Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;
 But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.
 And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days?
 In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
 Let's go see Foote! ah, Foote's a precious limb!
 Old-nick will soon a football make of him!

For

For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove,

Think you to meet with side-boxes above?

Where gigling girls and powder'd fops may sit,

No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,

And croud the house for Satan's benefit.

Oh! what you snivel? well, do so no more,

Drop, to atone, your money at the door,

And, if I please,—I'll give it to the poor.

F I N I S.

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O R, T H E

T W O S O S I A S.

A

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 351

PROBLEM SET 1

1. A particle of mass m moves in a potential $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2$. Find the energy levels E_n and the wave functions $\psi_n(x)$ for $n = 0, 1, 2, 3$.

2. A particle of mass m moves in a potential $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}bx^4$. Find the energy levels E_n and the wave functions $\psi_n(x)$ for $n = 0, 1, 2, 3$.

3. A particle of mass m moves in a potential $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}bx^4 + \frac{1}{6}cx^6$. Find the energy levels E_n and the wave functions $\psi_n(x)$ for $n = 0, 1, 2, 3$.

4. A particle of mass m moves in a potential $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}bx^4 + \frac{1}{6}cx^6 + \frac{1}{8}dx^8$. Find the energy levels E_n and the wave functions $\psi_n(x)$ for $n = 0, 1, 2, 3$.

5. A particle of mass m moves in a potential $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}bx^4 + \frac{1}{6}cx^6 + \frac{1}{8}dx^8 + \frac{1}{10}ex^{10}$. Find the energy levels E_n and the wave functions $\psi_n(x)$ for $n = 0, 1, 2, 3$.

P R E F A C E.

THE Abilities of DRYDEN as a Writer, are so generally and so justly acknowledged to be of the first Class, that it would be something worse than Impropropriety, to alter any of his Productions without assigning the Reason. For the Alteration of his AMPHITRYON, indeed, the Reason is evident; for it is so tainted with the Profaneness and Immodesty of the Time in which he wrote, that the present Time, however selfish and corrupt, has too much Regard to external Decorum, to permit the Representation of it upon the Stage, without drawing a Veil, at least, over some Part of its Deformity: The principal Part of the Alterations, therefore, are made with a moral View; though some Inaccuracies, which were remarked on the Examination which these Alterations made necessary, are also removed, of which the following are the chief.

IN the Scene between *Sofia* and *Mercury* in the Second Act, *Amphitryon* is supposed to have sent a Buckle of Diamonds by *Sofia*, as a Present to *Alcmena*; for *Sofia* first asks *Mercury* “ if *Amphitryon* “ *did send a certain Servant with a Present to his* “ *Wife;*” and soon after asks him, “ what that “ Present was,” which, by *Mercury*’s Answer, appears to be the Diamond Buckle: Yet in the Scene between *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*, in the Third Act, when *Alcmena* asks him, as a Proof of his having been with her before, from whose Hands she had the Jewel, he cries out, “ This is “ amazing! have I already given you those Dia- “ monds? *the Present I reserved——*” And instead of supposing that *Sofia* had delivered them as

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Part of his Errand, which he pretended he could not execute, he appeals to him for their being in safe Custody, reserved to be presented by himself. This is an Inconsistency peculiar to DRYDEN, for neither PLAUTUS nor MOLIERE any where mention the Present to have been sent by *Sofia*.

THERE is another Inaccuracy of the same kind, which occurs both in PLAUTUS and MOLIERE. It appears in the Second Act, that one Part of *Sofia*'s Errand was to give *Alcmena* a particular Account of the Battle; and *Sofia*'s Account of his being prevented, is so extravagant and absurd that *Amphitryon* cannot believe it: Yet when *Alcmena*, in the Third Act, asks *Amphitryon* how she came to know "what he had sent *Sofia* to tell her," *Amphitryon* in Astonishment seems to admit that she could know these Particulars only from himself, and does not consider her Question as a Proof that *Sofia* had indeed delivered his Message, though for some Reasons he had pretended the contrary, and forged an incredible Story to account for his Neglect. As it would have been much more natural for *Amphitryon*, to have supposed that *Sofia* had told him a Lie, than that *Alcmena* had, by a Miracle, learnt what only he and *Sofia* could tell her, without seeing either of them; this Inaccuracy is removed, by introducing such a Supposition, and making the Dialogue correspond with it.

IN the Second Act, *Jupiter*, in the Character of *Amphitryon*, leaves *Alcmena* with much reluctance, pretending haste to return to the Camp, and great Solitude to keep his Visit to her a Secret from the *Thebans*: Yet when he appears again in the Third Act, which he knew would be taken for the third Appearance of *Amphitryon*, he does not account for his supposed second Appearance at the Return of

P R E F A C E.

the real *Amphitryon*, just after his Departure, which seems to be absolutely necessary to maintain his borrowed Character consistently; and without dropping the least Hint of his being no longer solicitous to conceal his Excursion from the Camp, he sends *Sofia* to invite several of the Citizens to Dinner.

MANY other Inaccuracies less considerable, and less apparent, have been removed, which it is not necessary to point out: Whoever shall think it worth while diligently to compare the Play as it stood, with the altered Copy, can scarce fail to see the Reason of the Alterations as they occur.

IT must be confessed, that there are still many Things in AMPHITRYON, which, though I did not obliterate, I would not have written; but I think none of these are exceptionable in a moral View. There are many Passages in which Lord *Amphitryon* and Lady *Alcmena* are treated by their Servants with a Familiarity, which is not now allowed on the greater Stage of the living World; and, indeed, from this Fault, I scarce know any Comedy that is perfectly free: However, some of the grosser Freedoms that were taken by *Phædra* with the Character of Judge *Gripus*, are rejected; and this was the more necessary, as *Gripus* was *Alcmena's* Uncle; and, therefore, in her Presence, could not, without the utmost Impropriety, be enquired after of *Amphitryon* himself, as a Wretch who had grown old in the Abuse of his Office as a Magistrate, by selling Justice, and swelling his Purse with Bribes.

IF after all it be asked, why this Play was altered at all, I answer, because it might otherwise have been revived, either by other Managers, or at another House, without being altered, otherwise than by being maimed: Some Parts, indeed
would

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would have been left out; but as nothing would have been substituted in the stead, it would have become imperfect, in proportion as it became less vicious; and would still have been so vicious in the very constituent Parts, as to sully, and, perhaps, corrupt almost every Mind, before which it had been represented. But though I should have been sorry to see the joint Work of PLAUTUS, MOLIÈRE, and DRYDEN, so mutilated, as to lose that Proportion of Parts by which alone those Parts can constitute a Whole; yet my principal View was effectually to prevent the Exhibition of it in a Condition, in which it could not be safely seen: And this, I hope, will be admitted as a sufficient Apology, for my having thus employed some Hours of that Time which shall return no more, by those who have little Regard for AMPHITRYON as a Piece of ancient Humour, retouched and heightened by two of the most eminent Masters that modern Times have produced.

PRO-



P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

THIS Night let busy Man to Pleasure spare :
Far hence be searching Thought, and pining Care ;
Far hence whate'er can agonize the Soul,
Grief, Terror, Rage, the Dagger and the Bowl !
The comic Muse, a gay propitious Pow'r,
To dimpled laughter gives this mirthful Hour.

The Scenes which PLAUTUS drew, To-night we shew
Touch'd by MOLIERE, by DRYDEN taught to glow.
DRYDEN ! — in evil Days his Genius rose,
When Wit and Decency were constant Foes :
Wit then defil'd in Manners and in Mind,
Whene'er he sought to please disgrac'd Mankind.
Freed from his Faults, we bring him to the Fair ;
And urge once more his Claim to Beauty's Care.
That thus we court your Praise, is Praise bestow'd ;
Since all our Virtue from your Virtue flow'd.

But there are some — no matter where they sit —
Who smack their Lips and hope the luscious Bit.
These claim Regard, deny it they that can —
“ The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman ! ”
Yet why apologize, tho' these complain ;
They're free to all the rest of Drury-Lane.

To these bright Rows we boast a kind Intent ;
We sought their Plaudit, and their Pleasure meant.
Yet not on what we give, our Fame must rise ;
In what we take away, our Merit lies.
On no new Force bestow'd we found our Claim ;
To make WIT HONEST, was our only Aim :
If we succeed, some Praise we boldly ask —
To make WIT HONEST is no easy Task.

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Jupiter,	<i>Mr. Rofs.</i>
Mercury,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Phœbus,	<i>Mr. Usher.</i>
Amphitryon,	<i>Mr. Havard.</i>
Sofia,	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>
Gripos,	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
Polidas,	<i>Mr. Walker.</i>
Tranio,	<i>Mr. Jefferson.</i>

W O M E N.

Alcmena,	<i>Mrs. Yates.</i>
Phædra,	<i>Mrs. Clive.</i>
Bromia,	<i>Mrs. Macklin.</i>
Night,	<i>Miss Minors.</i>

S C E N E, T H E B E S.

AMPHITRYON:



A M P H I T R Y O N :
O R, T H E
T W O S O S I A S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Mercury and Phœbus descend in several Machines.

P H O E B U S.

K NOW you the Reason of this present Summons?
'Tis neither Council-day, nor is this Heaven :
What Business has our *Jupiter* on Earth ?
Why more at *Thebes* than any other Place ?
And why are we, of all the Deities,
Selected out to meet him in Consult ?
They call me God of Wisdom ; but the Hind,
That whistling turns the Furrow to my Beams,
Knows full as much as I.

Merc. I have discharg'd my Duty ; which was to summon
you, *Phœbus* : we shall know more anon, when the Thunderer
comes down. 'Tis our Part to obey our Father ; and here
he is. [*Jupiter descends.*]

Jup. No Thoughts, not ev'n of Gods, are hid from *Jove* :
Your Doubts are all before me ; but my Will,
In awful Darkness wrapt, no Eye can reach
'Till I withdraw the Veil. Yet, thus far know,
That, for the Good of human Kind, this Night
I shall beget a future *Hercules* ;

B

Who

Who shall redress the Wrongs of injur'd Mortals,
Shall conquer Monsters, and reform the World.

Phœb. Some Mortal we presume of *Cadmus'* Blood—
Some *Theban* Beauty—

Jup. Yes, the fair *Alcmena*.

You two must be subservient to my Purpose.

Amphitryon, the brave *Theban* General,
Has overcome his Country's Foes in Fight,
And in a single Duel slain their King:
His conquering Troops are eager on their March,
Returning home; while their young General,
More eager to review his beauteous Wife,
Posts on before, wing'd with impetuous Love,
And, by To-morrow's Dawn, will reach this Town.

Phœb. Then how are we to be employ'd this Evening?
Time's precious, and these Summer Nights are short;
I must be early up to light the World.

Jup. You shall not rise; there shall be no To-morrow.

Merc. Then the World's to be at an End, I find.

Phœb. Or else a Gap in Nature, of a Day.

Jup. The Night, if not restrain'd, too soon would pass;
Too soon the Dawn would bring *Amphitryon* back,
Whose Place I mean to hold: and sure a Day,
One Day will be well lost to busy Man.
Night shall continue Sleep, and Care suspend:
So, many Men shall live, and live in Peace,
Whom Sunshine had betray'd to envious Sight,
And Sight to sudden Rage, and Rage to Death.

Phœb. I shall be curs'd by all the lab'ring Trades,
That early rise: but you must be obey'd.

Jup. No matter for the cheating Part of Man;
They have a Day's Sin less to answer for.

Phœb. When wou'd you have me wake?

Jup. Your Brother *Mercury* shall bring you Word.

[Exit *Phœbus* on his *Chariot*.]

[To *Merc.*] Now, *Hermes*, I must take *Amphitryon's* Form:
Thou must be *Sofia*, this *Amphitryon's* Slave;
Who, all this Night, is travelling to *Thebes*,
To tell *Alcmena* of her Lord's Approach,
And bring her joyful News of Victory.

Merc. But why must I be *Sofia*?

Jup. Dull God of Wit, thou Statue of thyself!
Thou must be *Sofia*, to keep out *Sofia*;
Whose Entrance well might raise unruly Noise,
And so distract *Alcmena's* tender Soul,
She wou'd not meet, with equal Warmth, my Love.

Merc. Let me alone ; I'll cudgel him away :
But I abhor so villainous a Shape.

Jup. Take it ; I charge thee on thy Duty, take it :
Nor dare to lay it down, till I command.

Night appears above in a Chariot.

Look up ; the *Night* is in her silent Chariot,
And rolling just o'er *Thebes* : bid her drive slowly ;
Or make a double Turn about the World ;
While I drop *Jove*, and take *Amphitryon's* Drefs,
To be the greater, while I seem the less. [Exit Jup.]

Merc. [to *Night*.] Madam *Night*, a good Even to you ! Fair
and softly, I beseech you, Madam : I have a Word or two to
you, from no less a God than *Jupiter*.

Night. O, my industrious and rhetorical Friend, is it you ?
What makes you here upon Earth at this unseasonable Hour ?

Merc. Why I'll tell you presently ; but first let me sit down,
for I'm confoundedly tired.

Night. Fye, *Mercury* ! sure your Tongue runs before your Wit
now : does it become a God, think you, to say that he's tired ?

Merc. Why do you think the Gods are made of Iron ?

Night. No ; but you should always keep up the Decorum of
Divinity in your Conversation, and leave to Mankind the use
of such vulgar Words as derogate from the Dignity of Im-
mortality.

Merc. Ay, 'tis fine Talking 'faith in that easy Chariot of
your's : you have a brace of fine Geldings before you, and
have nothing to do but to touch the Reins with your Finger or
Thumb, throw yourself back in your Seat, and enjoy your
Ride wherever you please : but 'tis not so with me : I, who am
the Messenger of the Gods, and traverse more Ground both in
Heaven and Earth than all of them put together, am, thanks
to Fate, the only one that is not furnish'd with a Vehicle.

Night. But if Fate has denied you a Vehicle, she has be-
stowed Wings upon your Feet.

Merc. Yes, I thank her, that I might make the more haste ;
but does making more haste keep me from being tired, d'ye
think ?

Night. Well, but to the Business : what have you to say to
me ?

Merc. Why, as I told you, I have a Message from *Jupiter* :
it is Will his and Pleasure, that you muffle up this part of the
World in your dark Mantle, somewhat longer than usual at this
time of the Year.

Night. Why what is to be done now ?

Merc. Done ! why he is this Night to be the Progenitor of
a Demigod, who shall destroy Monsters, humble Tyrants, and

redress the injured ; Men are to become happy by his Labours, and heroic by his Example.

Night. *Jupiter* is very gracious indeed to Mankind ! but I am not much oblig'd to him for the honourable Employment he has been pleas'd to assign me in this Business.

Merc. Not oblig'd to him, Madam ! why so ? You was always a Friend to Mankind, and he might reasonably think you would take pleasure in deserving their Homage upon so important an Occasion.

Night. Pleasure ! what in taking upon me the most odious Character, a Character that ——

Merc. Come, come, Madam, that is good of which Good comes ; this is a safe Principle for us Deities, whatever it is for Mortals, who can no more see the Consequences of their own Actions than what is doing behind your Curtain.

Night. Sir, I beg pardon—I acknowledge, Sir, that you are much better acquainted with these Affairs than I am ; and therefore I will e'en accept of my Employment, relying wholly upon your Judgment.

Merc. Not so fast, good Madam *Night* ; none of your Inuendo's if you please : you are reported not to be so shy as you pretend ; and I know that you are the trusty Confident of many a private Treaty, and have as little to boast of in some particulars as I.

Night. Well, well, do not let us expose ourselves to the malicious Laughter of Mankind by our Quarrels.

Merc. About your Business then : put a Spoke into your Chariot-wheels, and order the Seven Stars to halt, while I put myself into the Habit of a Serving-man ; and dress up a false *Sofia*, to wait upon a false *Amphitryon*. Good Night,
Night.

Night. My Service to *Jupiter*. Farewel *Mercury*.

[*Night goes backward.* [Exit *Merc.*

SCENE II. Amphitryon's Palace.

Enter Alcmena alone.

Alc. Why was I marry'd to the Man I love !
For, had he been indifferent to my Choice,
Or had been hated, Absence had been Pleasure ;
But now I fear for my *Amphitryon's* Life.
At home, in private, and secure from War,
I am amidst an Host of armed Foes :
Sustaining all his Cares, pierc'd with his Wounds ;
And if he falls (which O ye Gods avert)
Amin *Amphitryon* slain ! Wou'd I were there,

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nd he were here; so might we change our Fates;
 hat he might grieve for me, and I might die for him!

Enter Phædra running.

Phæd. Good News, good News, Madam!—O such admirable
 ews, that if I kept it in a Moment, I shou'd burst with it!

Alc. Is it from the Army?

Phæd. No matter.

Alc. From *Amphitryon*?

Phæd. No matter, neither.

Alc. Answer me, I charge thee, if thy good News be any
 ing relating to my Lord: If it be, assure thyself of a Reward.

Phæd. Ay, Madam, now you say something to the Matter:
 ou know the Business of a poor Waiting-woman, here upon
 arth, is to be scraping up something against a rainy Day,
 ll'd the Day of Marriage; every one in our own Vocation:
 ut what Matter is it to me if my Lord has routed the Enemy,
 I get nothing of their Spoils?

Alc. Say, is my Lord victorious?

Phæd. Why, he is victorious; indeed I pray'd devoutly to
Jupiter for a Victory; by the same Token, that you shou'd
 ve me ten Pieces of Gold, if I brought you News of it.

Alc. They are thine; supposing he be safe too.

Phæd. Nay, that's a new Bargain; for I vow'd to *Jupiter*,
 at then you should give me ten Pieces more. But I do under-
 ke for my Lord's Safety; if you will please to discharge *Ju-*
ter of the Debt, and take it upon you to pay.

Alc. When he returns in Safety, *Jupiter* and I will pay your
 ow.

Phæd. And I am sure I articed with *Jupiter*, that if I brought
 ou News, that my Lord was upon Return, you should grant
 e one small Favour more that will cost you nothing.

Alc. Make haste, thou Torturer; is my *Amphitryon* upon
 eturn?

Phæd. Promise me that I shall be your Bedfellow to Night,
 I have been ever since my Lord's Absence,—unless I shall
 : pleas'd to release you of your Word.

Alc. That's a small Request, 'tis granted.

Phæd. But swear by *Jupiter*.

Alc. I swear by *Jupiter*.

Phæd. Then I believe he is victorious: and I know he is safe;
 or I look'd through the Key-hole, and saw him knocking at
 e Gate.

Alc. And wou'dst thou not open to him? O thou Traitors!

Phæd. No, I was a little wiser: I left *Sofia's* Wife to let him
 : For I was resolv'd to bring the News, and make my Penny-
 orts out of him, as Time shall show.

Enter

Enter Jupiter in the Shape of Amphitryon, with Sofia's Wife, Bromia. He kisses and embraces Alcmena.

Jup. O let me live for ever on those Lips! ———
The Nectar of the Gods to these is tasteless.
I swear, that were I *Jupiter*, this Night
I wou'd renounce my Heav'n to be *Amphitryon*.

Alc. Then not to swear beneath *Amphitryon's* Oath,
(Forgive me, *Juno*, if I am profane)
I swear, I wou'd be what I am this Night;
And be *Alcmena*, rather than be *Juno*.

Brom. Good, my Lord, what's become of my poor Bedfellow,
your Man *Sofia*? What, I say, tho' I am a poor Woman, I
have a Husband as well as my Lady.

Phæd. And what have you done with your old Friend, and
my old Sweetheart, Judge *Gripus*? If he be rich, I'll make him
welcome, like an honourable Magistrate: but if not——

Alc. My Lord, you tell me nothing of the Battle.
Is *Thebes* victorious, are our Foes destroy'd?
For now I find you safe, I should be glad
To hear you were in Danger.

Brom. [*Pulling him on one Side.*] I ask'd the first Question
answer me, my Lord.

Phæd. [*Pulling him on t'other Side.*] Peace, mine's a Lover
and yours but a Husband: and my Judge is my Lord too; the
'Title shall take Place, and I will be answer'd.

Jup. *Sofia* is safe—*Gripus* is rich—both coming
I rode before 'em with a Lover's Haste——

Alc. Then I, it seems, am last to be regarded?

Jup. Not so, my Love; but these obstreperous Tongues
Have snatch'd their Answers first: They will be heard——
Let us retire where none shall interrupt us;
I'll tell thee there the Battle and Success.
But I shall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer Things,
That are not of a Piece, but patch'd with Kisses;
And Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love.

Alc. I am the Fool of Love; and find within me,
The Fondness of a Bride, without the Fear.
My whole Desires and Wishes are in you.
Great *Juno*, thou whose holy Care presides
O'er wedded Love, thy choicest Blessings pour
On this auspicious Night.

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Jup. *Juno* may grudge; for she may fear a Rival
In those bright Eyes: but *Jupiter* will grant,
And doubly bleſs this Night.

Phæd. [*Aside.*] But *Jupiter* ſhou'd ask my Leave firſt.

Alc. *Bromia*, prepare the Chamber:
The tedious Journey has diſpos'd my Lord
To ſeek his needful Reſt.

[*Exit Bromia.*]

Phæd. 'Tis very true, Madam; the poor Gentleman muſt
needs be weary: and, therefore, 'twas not ill-contriv'd that he
muſt lie alone to Night.

Alc. [*To Jupiter.*] I muſt confeſs I made a kind of Promiſe.—

Phæd. [*Almoſt crying*] A kind of Promiſe, do you call it? I
ſee you wou'd fain be coming off: I am ſure you ſwore to me,
by *Jupiter*, that I ſhould be your Bedfellow, and I'll accuſe you
to him too, the firſt Prayers I make; and I'll pray on Purpoſe
too, that I will.

Jup. O, the malicious Hilding!

Alc. I did ſwear indeed, my Lord.

Jup. Forſwear thyſelf; for *Jupiter* but laughs
At Lovers Perjuries.

Phæd. The more Shame for him if he does.

Jup. *Alcmena* come,——

Alc. [*Sighing.*] She has my Oath;
And ſure ſhe may release it if ſhe pleaſes——

Phæd. Why, truly Madam, I am not cruel in my Nature to
poor diſtreſſed Lovers; for it may be my own Caſe another
Day: and therefore, if my Lord pleaſes to conſider me——

Jup. Any thing, any thing! but name thy Wiſh, and have
it.——

Phæd. Ay, now you ſay, any thing, any thing! but you
wou'd tell me another Story to-morrow Morning. Look you,
my Lord, here's a Hand open to receive; you know the mean-
ing of it.

Jup. Thou ſhalt have all the Treafury of Heav'n.

Phæd. Yes, when you are *Jupiter* to diſpoſe of it. You
have got ſome Part of the Enemies ſpoil I warrant you—I ſee
a little trifling Diamond upon your Finger; and I am proud
enough to think it wou'd become mine too.

Jup. Here, take it. [*Taking a Ring off his Finger, and giving it.*]
This is a very Woman:
Her Sex is Avarice, and ſhe, in one,
Is all her Sex.

Phæd. Ay, ay, 'tis no Matter what you ſay of us. Go, get
you together, you naughty Couple: to-morrow Morning I ſhall
have another Fee for parting you.

[*Phædra goes out before Alcmena with a Light.*]

Jup.

Jup. [*Solus.*] Now, for one Night, I leave the World to Fate;
 Love is alone my great affair of State.
 This Night let all my Altars smoke in vain,
 And Man, unheeded, praise me or complain.
 Yet if in some short Intervals of Rest,
 By some fond Youth an am'rous Vow's address,
 His Pray'r is in an happy Hour preferr'd;
 And when Jove loves, a Lover shall be heard. [*Exit.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Night-Scene of a Palace.

Sofia with a Dark-Lantern: Mercury in Sofia's Shape, with a Dark-Lantern also.

Sof. **W**AS not the Devil in my Master, to send me out this dreadful dark Night, to bring the News of his Victory to my Lady? And was not I possess'd with ten Devils, for going on his Errand, without a Convoy for the Safeguard of my Person? Lord, how am I melted into Sweat with Fear! I am diminish'd of my natural Weight, above two Stone: I shall not bring half myself home again, to my poor Wife and Family. Well! the greatest Plague of a Serving-Man is to be hir'd to some great Lord! They care not what Drudgery they put upon us, while they lie lolling at their Ease a-bed, and stretch their lazy Limbs, in Expectation of the Whore which we are fetching for them. The better Sort of 'em will say, Upon my Honour, at every Word: Yet ask 'em for our Wages, and they plead the Privilege of their Honour, and will not pay us; nor let us take our Privilege of the Law upon them. These are a very hopeful Sort of Patriots, to stand up as they do for Liberty and Property of the Subject: There's Conscience for you!

Merc. [*Aside.*] This Fellow has something of the Republican Spirit in him.

Sof. [*Looking about him.*] Stay; this methinks shou'd be our House. And I shou'd thank the Gods now for bringing me safe home: But I think I had as good let my Devotions alone, till I have got the Reward for my good News, and then thank 'em once for all: for, if I praise 'em before I am safe within Doors, some damn'd Mastiff Dog may come out, and worry me; and then my Thanks are thrown away upon 'em.

Merc.

Merc. [*Aside*] Thou art a wicked Rogue, and wilt have thy Bargain before-hand: therefore thou get't it not into the House this Night; and thank me accordingly as I use thee.

Sof. Now I am to give my Lady an Account of my Lord's Victory: 'tis good to exercise my Parts before-hand, and file my Tongue into eloquent Expressions, to tickle her Ladyship's Imagination.

Merc. [*Aside.*] Good! and here's the God of Eloquence to judge of thy Oration.

Sof. [*Setting down his Lanthorn*] This Lanthorn, for once, shall be my Lady; because she is the Lamp of all Beauty and Perfection.

Merc. Excellent!

Sof. Then thus I make my Addressee to her: [*Bows*] Madam, my Lord has chosen me out, as the most faithful, tho' the most unworthy of his Followers, to bring your Ladyship this following Account of our glorious Expedition. Then she,——O my poor *Sofia*, [*In a shrill Tone*] how am I overjoy'd to see thee! She can say no less——Madam, you do me too much Honour, and the World will envy me this Glory:——Well answer'd on my Side.——And how does my Lord *Amphitryon*?——Madam, he always does like a Man of Courage when he is call'd by Honour.——There I think I nick'd it.——But when will he return?——As soon as possibly he can: but not so soon as his impatient Heart cou'd wish him with your Ladyship.

Merc. [*Aside.*] When *Thebes* is an University, thou deservest to be their Orator.

Sof. But what does he do, and what does he say? Pry'thee tell me something more of him—He always says less than he does, Madam; and his Enemies have found it to their cost—Where the Devil did I learn these Elegancies and Gallantries?

Merc. So; he has all the natural Endowments of a Fop, and only wants the Education!

Sof. [*Staring up to the Sky*] What, is the Devil in the Night? She's as long as two Nights: the Seven Stars are just where they were seven Hours ago! High Day—high Night, I mean, by my Favour—What, has *Phæbus* been playing the Good-fellow, and over-slept himself, that he forgets his Duty to us Mortals?

Merc. How familiarly the Rascal treats us Gods! but I shall make him alter his Tone immediately.

[*Mercury comes nearer, and stands just before him.*]

Sof. [*Seeing him, and starting back, aside*] How now! What do my Eyes dazzle, or is my dark Lanthorn false to me? Is not that a Giant before our Door? or a Ghost of some Body slain in the late Battle? If he be, 'tis unconscionably done, to fright

an honest Man thus, who never drew Weapon wrathfully in all his Life——Whatever Wight he be, I am devilishly afraid, that's certain; but, 'tis Discretion to keep my own Counsel: I'll sing, that I may seem valiant.

Sofia sings; and as Mercury speaks, by little and little drops his Voice.

Merc. What faucy Companion is this, that deafens us with his hoarse Voice? What Midnight Ballad-finger have we here? I shall teach the Villain to leave off Catterwawling.

Sof. I would I had Courage, for his Sake; that I might teach him to call my Singing Catterwawling—an illiterate Rogue; an Enemy to the Muses and to Musick!

Merc. There is an ill Savour that offends my Nostrils, and it wafteth this way.

Sof. He has smelt me out: My Fear has betray'd me into this Savour——I am a dead Man! The bloody Villain is at his Fee, fa, fum, already.

Merc. Stand, who goes there?

Sof. A Friend.

Merc. What Friend?

Sof. Why a Friend to all the World that will give me leave to live peaceably.

Merc. I defy Peace and all its Works——My Arms are out of Exercise, they have maul'd no Body these three Days: I long for an honourable Occasion to pound a Man, and lay him asleep at the first Buffet.

Sof. [*Aside.*] That would almost do me a Kindness; for I have been kept waking, without tipping one wink of Sleep, these three Nights.

Merc. Of what Quality are you, Fellow?

Sof. Why, I am a Man, Fellow—Courage, *Sofia!*—

Merc. What kind of Man?

Sof. Why a two-legg'd Man, what Man should I be? [*Aside.*]—I must bear up to him, he may prove as errant a Milk-sop as myself.

Merc. Thou art a Coward, I warrant thee; do not I hear thy Teeth chatter in thy Head?

Sof. Ay, ay, that's only a Sign they would be snapping at thy Nose. [*Aside.*]—Bless me, what an Arm and Fist he has! with great Thumbs too—and Golls and Knuckle-bones of a very Butcher.

Merc. Sirrah, from whence come you, and whither go you? Answer me directly, upon pain of Assassination.

Sof. I am coming from whence I came, and am going whither I go; that's directly home—Tho' this is somewhat an uncivil Manner of Proceeding, at the first Sight of a Man, let me tell you.

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Merc. Then to begin our better Acquaintance, let me first make you a small Present of this Box o' th' Ear——

[Strikes him.]

Sof. If I were as cholerick a Fool as you are now, here would be fine Work betwixt us two! but I am a little better bred, than to disturb the sleeping Neighbourhood; and so good Night, Friend——

[Going.]

Merc. [Stopping him] Hold, Sir; you and I must not part so easily. Once more, whither are you going?

Sof. Why I am going as fast as I can, to get out of the reach of your Clutches. Let me but only knock at that Door there.

Merc. What Business have you at that Door, Sirrah?

Sof. This is our House; and when I'm got in, I'll tell you more.

Merc. Whose House is this, Sauciness, that you are so familiar with, to call it ours?

Sof. 'Tis mine, in the first Place; and next, my Master's; for I lie in the Garret, and he lies under me.

Merc. Have your Master and you no Names, Sirrah?

Sof. His Name is *Amphitryon*——hear that and tremble!

Merc. What, my Lord General?

Sof. O, has his Name mollify'd you! I have brought you down a Peg lower already, Friend.

Merc. And your Name is——

Sof. Lord, Friend, you are so very troublesome,——what should my Name be but *Sofia*?

Merc. How, *Sofia*, say you? How long have you taken up that Name, Sirrah?

Sof. Here's a fine Question! Why I never took it up, Friend; it was born with me.

Merc. What was your Name born *Sofia*? Take this Remembrance for that Lye. [Beats him.]

Sof. Hold, Friend, you are so very flippant with your Hands, you won't hear Reason: What Offence has my Name done you, that you should beat me for it? *S. O. S. I. A.* they are as civil, honest, harmless Letters, as any are in the whole Alphabet.

Merc. I have no Quarrel to the Name, but that 'tis e'en too good for you, and 'tis none of yours.

Sof. What am not I *Sofia*, say you?

Merc. No.

Sof. I should think you are somewhat merrily disposed, if you had not beaten me in such sober Sadness. You would persuade me out of my Heathen Name, would you?

Merc. Say you are *Sofia* again at your Peril, Sirrah.

Sof. I dare say nothing; but Thought is free——But whatever I am call'd, I am *Amphitryon's* Man, and the first Letter of my

Name is *S* too. You had best tell me that my Master did not send me home to my Lady, with News of his Victory?

Merc. I say he did not.

Sof. Lord, Lord, Friend, one of us two is horribly given to Lying!—but I do not say which of us, to avoid Contention.

Merc. I say my Name is *Sofia*, and yours is not.

Sof. I would you could make good your Words; for then I should not be beaten, and you should.

Merc. I find you would be *Sofia*, if you durst—but if I catch you thinking so—

Sof. I hope I may think I was *Sofia*: and I can find no difference between my former Self, and my present Self; but that I was plain *Sofia* before, and now I am lac'd *Sofia*.

Merc. Take this, for being so impudent to think so.

[Beats him.]

Sof. [Kneeling] Truce a little, I beseech thee! I would be a Stock or a Stone now by my good Will, and would not think at all, for Self-preservation. But will you give me leave to argue the Matter fairly with you? And promise me to depose that Cudgel, if I can prove myself to be that Man that I was before I was beaten?

Merc. Well, proceed in Safety; I promise you I will not beat you.

Sof. In the first place then, is not this Town call'd *Thebes*?

Merc. Undoubtedly.

Sof. And is not this House *Amphitryon's*?

Merc. Who denies it?

Sof. I thought you would have deny'd that too; for all hang upon a String. Remember then, that those two preliminary Articles are already granted. In the next place, did not the aforefaid *Amphitryon* beat the *Teleboans*, kill their King *Pterelas*, and send a certain Servant, meaning some Body that for Sake-sake shall be nameless, with News of his Victory, and of his Resolution to return To-morrow?

Merc. This is all true, to a very tittle: but who is that certain Servant? there's all the Question.

Sof. Is it Peace or War betwixt us?

Merc. Peace.

Sof. I dare not wholly trust that abominable Cudgel—but 'tis a certain Friend of yours and mine, that had a certain Name before he was beaten out of it. But if you are a Man that depend not altogether upon Force and Brutality, but somewhat also upon Reason, now do you bring better Proofs that you are that same certain Man; and in order to it, answer me to certain Questions.

Merc. I say I am *Sofia*, *Amphitryon's* Man: what Reason have you to urge against it?

Sof.

Sof. What was your Father's Name ?

Merc. *Davus* ; who was an honest Husbandman, whose Sister's Name was *Harpage*, that was marry'd and died in a Foreign Country.

Sof. So far you are right, I must confess ; and your Wife's Name is——

Merc. *Bromia*—a devilish Shrew of her Tongue, and a Vixen of her Hands, that leads me a miserable Life—

Sof. By many a sorrowful Token. This must be I——

Merc. I was once taken upon Suspicion of Burglary, and was whipt thro' *Thebes*, and branded for my Pains.

Sof. Right Me again—But if you are I, as I begin to suspect, that Whipping and Branding might have been past over in Silence, for both our Credits :—And yet, now I think on't, if I am I, (as I am I) he cannot be I. All these Circumstances he might have heard ; but I will now interrogate him upon some private Passages. [*Aside*]——What was *Amphitryon's* Share of the Booty ?

Merc. A Buckle of Diamonds, consisting of five large Stones, which was worn as an Ornament by *Pterelas*.

Sof. What does he intend to do with it ?

Merc. To present it to his Wife *Alcmena*.

Sof. And where is it now ?

Merc. In a Case, seal'd with my Master's Coat of Arms.

Sof. This is prodigious, I confess !—but yet 'tis nothing now I think on't, for some false Brother may have reveal'd it to him. [*Aside*]——But I have another Question to ask you, of somewhat that pass'd only betwixt myself and me : if you are *Sofia*, what were you doing in the Heat of Battle ?

Merc. What a wise Man should, that has a Respect for his own Person. I ran into our Tent, and hid myself amongst the Baggage.

Sof. [*Aside*] Such another cutting Answer, and I must provide myself of another Name. [*To him*] And how did you pass your Time in that same Tent ?—You need not answer to every Circumstance so exactly now ; you must lye a little, that I may think you the more Me.

Merc. That Cunning shall not serve your Turn, to circumvent me out of my Name : I am for plain naked Truth—There stood a Hogshhead of old Wine, which my Lord reserv'd for his own Drinking——

Sof. [*Aside*] O the Devil ! As sure as Death, he must have hid himself in that Hogshhead, or he could never have known that !

Merc. And by that Hogshhead, upon the Ground there lay the kind Inviter and Provoker of good Drinking—

Sof. Nay, now I have caught you—there was neither Inviter, nor Provoker, for I was all alone.

Merc.

Merc. A lusty Gammon of——

Sof. [*Sighing*] Bacon!—that Word has quite made an End of me—Let me see—this must be I, in spite of me——but let me view him nearer. [*Walks about Mercury with his dark Lanthorn.*]

Merc. What are you walking about me for, with your dark Lanthorn?

Sof. No harm, Friend—I am only surveying a Parcel of Earth here, that I find we two are about to bargain for.—[*Aside*] He's damnable like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*, there's the Patch upon my Nose, with a Pox to him—*Item*, A very foolish Face with a long Chin at the End on't—*Item*, One Pair of shambling Legs, with two splay Feet belonging to them. And—*summa totalis*, from Head to Foot all my bodily Apparel—[*To Mercury*] Well, you are *Sofia*; there's no denying it: But what am I then? for my Mind gives me, I am some Body still, if I knew but who I were.

Merc. When I have a mind to be *Sofia* no more, then thou may'st be *Sofia* again.

Sof. I have but one Request more to thee—that, tho' not as *Sofia*, yet as a Stranger, I may go into that House, and carry a civil Message to my Lady.

Merc. No, Sirrah; not being *Sofia*, you have no Message to deliver, nor Lady in this House.

Sof. Thou canst not be so barbarous, to let me lie in the Streets all Night, after such a Journey, and such a Beating—and therefore I am resolv'd to knock at the Door in my own Defence.

Merc. If you come near the Door, I recal my Word, and break off the Truce——and then expect——

[*Holds up his Cudgel.*]

Sof. No, the Devil take me if I do expect—I have felt too well what sour Fruit that Crab-tree bears: I'll rather beat it back upon the Hoof to my Lord *Amphitryon*, to see if he will acknowledge me for *Sofia*: If he does not, then I am no longer his Slave; there's my Freedom dearly purchas'd with a sore Drubbing: If he does acknowledge me, then I am *Sofia* again; so far 'tis tolerably well: But then I shall have a second Drubbing for an unfortunate Ambassador as I am; and that's intolerable.

[*Exit Sofia.*]

Mercury alone.

I have fobb'd off his Excellency pretty well. Now let him return, and make the best of his Credentials. But here comes *Jupiter*.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Jupiter leading Alcmena, follow'd by Phædra. Pages with Torches before them.

Jup. Those Torches are offensive ; Stand aloof :

For, tho' they bless me with thy heav'nly Sight,
They may disclose the Secret I would hide :
The *Thebans* must not know I have been here ;
Detracting Clouds would blame me that I stole
These happy Moments from my publick Charge,
To consecrate to thee ; and I could wish
That none were witness of the Theft, but she
By whom it is approv'd —

*[To the Pages.
To her.]*

Alc. So long an Absence, and so short a Stay !
What, but one Night ! One Night of Joy and Love,
Could only pay one Night of Cares and Fears ;
And all the rest are an uncancell'd Sum !

Jup. *Alcmena*, I must go.

Alc. Not yet, my Lord.

Jup. Indeed I must.

Alc. Indeed you shall not go.

Jup. Behold the ruddy Streaks o'er yonder Hill !
Those are the Blushes of the breaking Morn,
That kindle Day-light to this nether World.

Alc. No matter for the Day, it was but made
To number out the Hours of busy Men.

Let 'em be busy still, and still be wretched ;
And take their fill of anxious drudging Day :
But you and I will draw our Curtains close,
Extinguish Day-light, and shut out the Sun.

Stay then, my Lord—I'll bribe you with this Kiss.

Merc. *[Aside]* That's a plaguy little Devil ; what a roguish
Eye she has ! I begin to like her strangely : she's the Perquisite
of my Place too ; for my Lady's Waitingwoman is the proper
Fees of my Lord's chief Gentleman.

Jup. A Bribe indeed that soon will bring me back,
Though now it is not possible to stay.

Alc. Not possible ! Alas, how short is Life
If we compute alone those happy Hours
In which we wish to live ! Our sev'nty Years
Are fill'd with Pains, Diseases, Wants and Woes,
And only dash'd with Love ; a little Love !
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand.
Count all our Joys from Childhood ev'n to Age,

They

They would but make a Day of ev'ry Year.
O! wou'd the Gods comprise the Quintessence
In sev'nty Days, and take the rest away!

Jup. By Heav'n, thy ev'ry Word and Look, *Alcmena*,
Fans the fierce Flame thy Charms have kindled here:
My Love increas'd by thine, as Fire by Fire,
Mounts with more Ardour in a brighter Blaze.
But yet one Scruple pains me at my parting;
I love so nicely that I cannot bear
To owe my Pleasures to submissive Duty:
Tell me, and sooth my Passion, that you give them
All to the Lover, and forget the Husband.

Alc. And yet, my Lord, the Husband's Right alone
Can justify the Love that burns for you:
Nor do I suffer ought that wou'd suggest
The scruple which your fond Desire has rais'd.

Jup. O that you lov'd like me! then you would find
A thousand, thousand Niceties in Love.
The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal:
But Love refin'd will fancy to itself
Millions of gentle Cares, and sweet Disquiets:
The being happy is not half the Joy;
The Manner of the Happiness is all!

Alc. Confessing that you love and are belov'd,
Rest happy in that Thought; nor wish to lose
The Right that consecrates the Lovers joy.

Jup. I am at once a Lover and an Husband:
But as a Lover only I am happy;
A Lover, jealous of a Husband's right,
By which he scorns to claim; whose tend'rest Joy
Must all be giv'n, not paid. O! my *Alcmena*
Indulge the Lover's Wishes thus refin'd,
Divide him from the Husband—give to each
What each requires; thy Virtue to the Husband,
And on the Lover lavish all thy Love.

Alc. I comprehend not what you mean, my Lord:
But only love me still, and love me thus,
And think me such as best may please your Thought.

Jup. There's Mystery of Love in all I say:
But Duty, cruel Duty tears me from thee.
Howe'er indulge at least this small Request—
When next you see your Husband, dear *Alcmena*,
Think of your Lover then.

Alc. O let me ne'er divide what Heav'n has join'd!
Husband and Lover both are dear to me.

Jup. Farewel——

Alc. Farewel—but will you soon return?

Jup. I will, believe me, with a Lover's haste.

[*Exeunt Jup. and Alc. severally: Phæd. follows her.*]

Merc. [*Alone*] Now I should follow him; but Love has laid a Lime-twigg for me, and made a lame God of me. Yet why should I love this *Phædra*? She's mercenary, and a Jilt into the Bargain. Three thousand Years hence, there will be a whole Nation of such Women, in a certain Country that will be call'd *France*; and there's a Neighbour Island too, where the Men will be all Interest. O what a precious Generation will that be, which the Men of the Island shall propagate out of the Women of the Continent!

Phædra Re-enters.

And so much for Prophecy; for she's here again, and I must love her in spite of me.

Phæd. Well, *Sofia*, and how go Matters?

Merc. Our Army is victorious.

Phæd. And my Servant, Judge *Gripus*?

Merc. A voluptuous Gormand.

Phæd. But has he gotten wherewithal to be voluptuous, is he wealthy?

Merc. He sells Justice as he uses, fleeces the rich Rebels, and hangs up the Poor.

Phæd. Then while he has Money he may make Love to me. Has he sent me no Token?

Merc. Yes, a Kiss; and by the same Token, I am to give it you, as a Remembrance from him.

Phæd. How now, Impudence! A beggarly Serving-man presume to kiss me!

Merc. Suppose I were a God, and shou'd make Love to you?

Phæd. I would first be satisfy'd whether you were a poor God or a rich God.

Merc. Suppose I were *Mercury*, the God of Merchandise?

Phæd. What, the God of small Wares and Fripperies, of Pedlars and Pilferers?

Merc. [*Aside*] How the Gipsy despises me!

Phæd. I had rather you were *Plutus* the God of Money, or *Jupiter* in a Golden Shower: there was a God for us Women! he had the Art of making Love. Dost thou think that Kings, or Gods either, get Mistresses by their good Faces? no 'tis the Gold and the Presents they can make; there's the Prerogative they have over their Fair Subjects

Merc. All this notwithstanding, I must tell you, pretty *Phædra*, I am desperately in love with you.

Phæd. And I must tell thee, ugly *Sofia*, thou hast not wherewithal to be in Love.

Merc. Yes, a poor Man may be in Love, I hope.

D

Phæd.

Phæd. I grant a poor Rogue may be in Love, but he can never make Love. Alas, *Sofia*, thou hast neither Face to invite me, nor Youth to please me, nor Gold to bribe me: and besides all this, thou hast a Wife—poor miserable *Sofia*! What ho, *Bromia*!

Merc. O thou merciless Creature! why dost thou conjure up that Spright of a Wife?

Phæd. To rid myself of that Devil of a poor Lover. Since you are so lovingly dispos'd, I'll put you together: What *Bromia*, I say, make haste.

Merc. Since thou wilt call her, she shall have all the Cargo I have gotten in the Wars.

Phæd. Why, what have you gotten, good Gentleman Soldier, besides a Legion of ——— [knaps her Fingers.

Merc. When the Enemy was routed, I had the Plundering of a Tent.

Phæd. That's to say, a House of Canvas, with Moveables of Straw: make haste, *Bromia* ———

Merc. But it was the General's own Tent.

Phæd. You durst not fight, I'm certain; and therefore came last in when the rich Plunder was gone beforehand — Will you come, *Bromia*?

Merc. Pr'ythee do not call so loud ——— A great Goblet that holds a Gallon.

Phæd. Of what was that Goblet made? answer quickly, for I am just calling very loud ——— *Bro* ———

Merc. Of beaten Gold. Now call aloud, if thou dost not like the Metal.

Phæd. *Bromia*.

[Very softly.

Merc. That struts in this Fashion, with his Arms a-kimbo, like a City Magistrate; and a great bouncing Belly, like a Hostess with Child of a Kilderkin of Wine. Now what say you to that Present, *Phædra*?

Phæd. Why I am considering ———

Merc. What, I pr'ythee?

Phæd. Why, how to divide the Business equally; to take the Gift, and refuse the Giver, thou art so damnably ugly and so old.

Merc. [Aside] O! that I was not confined to this ungodly Shape To-day!

But *Gripus* is as old and as ugly too.

Phæd. But *Gripus* is a Person of Quality, and my Lady's Uncle; and if he marries me, I shall take Place of my Lady. Hark, your Wife! she has sent her Tongue before her. I hear the Thunderclap already; there's a Storm approaching.

Merc. Yes, of thy Brewing, I thank thee for it: O how I shou'd hate thee now, if I cou'd leave loving thee!

Phæd. Not a Word of the dear Golden Goblet, as you hope for — you know what, *Sofia*.

Merc. You give me Hope then —

Phæd. Not absolutely Hope neither: but Gold is a great Cordial in Love Matters; and the more you apply of it, the better. — [*Aside*] I am honest, that's certain; but when I weigh my Honesty against the Goblet, I am not quite resolv'd on which Side the Scale will turn. [*Exit Phædra.*

Merc. [*Aloud*] Farewell, *Phædra*; remember me to my Wife, and tell her —

Enter Bromia.

Brom. Tell her what? Traytor! that you are going away without seeing her.

Merc. That I am doing my Duty, and following my Master.

Brom. Umph. — so brisk too! Your Master cou'd leave his Army in the Lurch, and come galloping home at Midnight, and steal to Bed as quietly as any Mouse, I warrant you: My Master knew what belong'd to a marry'd Life; but you, Sirrah — You Trencher-carrying Rascal, you worse than Dung-hill-Cock! that stood clapping your Wings and crowing without Doors, when you should have been at Roost, you Villain! —

Merc. Hold your Peace, Dame *Partlet*, and leave your Cackling: My Master charg'd me to stand Centry without Doors.

Brom. My Master! I dare swear thou bely'st him; my Master's more a Gentleman than to lay such an unreasonable Command upon a poor distressed marry'd Couple, and after such an Absence too. No, there's no Comparison between my Master and thee, thou Sneaksby.

Merc. No more than there is betwixt my Lady and you, *Bromia*. You and I have had our time in a civil way, Spouse, and much good Love has been betwixt us: but we have been marry'd fifteen Years, I take it; and that hoighty toighty Business ought, in Conscience, to be over.

Brom. Marry come up, my saucy Companion! I am neither old, nor ugly enough to have that said to me.

Merc. But will you hear Reason, *Bromia*? My Lord and my Lady are yet in a manner Bride and Bridegroom: — do but think in Decency, what a Jest it wou'd be to the Family, to see two venerable old married People, ogling and leering, and sighing out fine tender Things to one another!

Brom. How now, Traitor, dar'st thou maintain that I am past the Age of having fine Things said to me?

Merc. Not so, my Dear; but certainly I am past the Age of saying 'em.

Brom. Thou deserv'st not to be yok'd with a Woman of Honour, as I am, thou perjurd Villain!

Merc. Ay, you are too much a Woman of Honour, to my Sorrow; many a poor Husband wou'd be glad to compound for less Honour in his Wife, and more Quiet. Pr'ythee be but honest and continent in thy Tongue, and do thy worst with every Thing else about thee.

Brom. Thou wou'dst have me a Woman of the Town, wou'dst thou! to be always speaking my Husband fair, to make him digest his Cuckoldom more easily: Wou'dst thou be a Wittal, with a Vengeance to thee? I am resolv'd I'll scour thy Hide for that Word.

[*Holds up her Ladle at him.*]

Merc. Thou wilt not strike thy Lord and Husband, wilt thou?

[*She courjes him about.*]

Mercury running about. [*Afide*] Was ever poor Deity so Henpeck'd as I am! — Nay, then 'tis time to charm her asleep with my enchanted Rod, — before I am disgrac'd or ravish'd —

[*Plucks out his Caduceus, and strikes her upon the Shoulder with it.*]

Brom. What, art thou rebelling against thy anointed Wife? I'll make thee — How now! — What, has the Rogue bewitch'd me! I grow dull and stupid on the sudden — I can neither stir Hand nor Foot — [*Yawning*] — I can't so much as wag my Tongue — neither; and that's the last live-ing Part about a — Woman —

[*Falls down.*]

Mercury alone.

Lord, what have I suffer'd, for being but a counterfeit marry'd Man one Day! If ever I come to his House, as a Husband again — then — And yet that then was a Lye too — For while I am in Love with this young Gipsy, *Phædra*, I must return — But lie thou there, thou Type of *Juno*; thou that want'st nothing of her Tongue, but the Immortality. If *Jupiter* ever let thee set Foot where she is, *Juno* will have a rattling Second of thee.

For two such Tongues will break the Poles asunder;
And, hourly scolding, make perpetual Thunder.

[*Exit Mercury.*]



A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *before Amphitryon's Palace.*Amphitryon *and* Sofia.

Amph. NOW, Sirrah, follow me into the House—thou shalt be convinc'd at thy own Cost, Villain! What horrible Lies hast thou told me! such Improbabilities, such Stuff, such Nonfense! —

Sof. I am but a Slave, and you are Master; and a poor Man is always to lye, when a rich Man is pleas'd to contradict him: but as sure as this is our House——

Amph. So sure 'tis thy Place of Execution.

Sof. Hold, dear Sir! if I must have a second Beating, in Conscience let me strip first, that I may show you the black and blue Streaks upon my Sides and Shoulders. I am sure I offer'd them in your Service.

Amph. To what Purpose wou'dst thou show them?

Sof. Why, to the Purpose that you may not strike me upon the fore Places; and that as he beat me the last Night cross-ways, so you wou'd please to beat me long-ways, to make lean Work on't, that at least my Skin may look like Chequer-work.

Amph. This Request is too reasonable to be refus'd: but, that all Things may be done in Order, tell me over again the true Story, with all the Circumstances of thy Commission; that a Blow may follow in due Form for every Lye. To Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sof. No, it shall be all a Lye if you please, and I'll eat my Words to save my Shoulders.

Amph. Ay, Sirrah, now you find you are to be disprov'd: but 'tis too late: to Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sof. With all my Heart, to any Repetition but the Cudgel. But wou'd you be pleas'd to answer me one civil Question? am I to use Complaisance to you, as to a great Person, that will have all Things said your own Way; or am I to tell you the naked Truth alone, without the Ceremony of a farther beating?

Amph. Nothing but the Truth, and the whole Truth; so help thee Cudgel ——

Sof.

Sof. That's a damn'd Conclusion of a Sentence : but since it must be so— Back and Sides, at your own Peril—I set out from the Port in an unlucky Hour; I went darkling, and whistling, to keep myself from being afraid; mumbling Curfes betwixt my Teeth, for being sent at such an unnatural Time of Night.

Amph. How, Sirrah, cursing and swearing against your Lord and Master! take —— [Going to strike.]

Sof. Hold, Sir—pray consider, if this be not unreasonable, to strike me for telling the whole Truth, when you commanded me: I'll fall into my old Dog-trot of Lying again, if this must come of plain Dealing.

Amph. To avoid Impertinences, make an End of your Journey; and come to the House: what found you there?

Sof. I found before the Door a swinging Fellow, with all my Shapes and Features, and accoutred also in my Habit.

Amph. Who was that Fellow?

Sof. Who shou'd it be, but another *Sofia*! a certain Kind of other Me: who knew all my unfortunate Commission, precisely to a Word, as well as I *Sofia*; as being sent by yourself from the Port, upon the same Errand to *Alcmena*.

Amph. What gross Absurdities are these?

Sof. O Lord, O Lord! what Absurdities? as plain as any Packstaff. That other Me, had posted himself there before Me, Me.—You won't give a Man Leave to speak poetically now; or else I wou'd say, that I was arriv'd at the Door, just before I came thither.

Amph. This must either be a Dream, or Drunkenness, or Madness in thee. Leave your Buffooning and Lying, I am not in Humour to bear it, Sirrah.

Sof. I wou'd you shou'd know I scorn a Lye, and am a Man of Honour in every thing, but just Fighting. I tell you once again in plain Sincerity and Simplicity of Heart, that before last Night I never took myself but for one single individual *Sofia*; but, coming to our Door, I found myself I know not how divided, and as it were split into two *Sofias*.

Amph. Leave Buffooning: I see you wou'd make me laugh but you play the Fool scurvily.

Sof. That may be: but if I am a Fool, I am not the only Fool in this Company.

Amph. How now, Impudence! I shall ——

Sof. Be not in Wrath, Sir: I meant not you. I cannot possibly be the only Fool; for if I am one Fool, I must certainly be two Fools; because, as I told you, I am double.

Amph. That One should be Two is very probable!—A Man had need of Patience to endure this Gibberish—be brief, and come to a Conclusion—

Sof. What wou'd you have, Sir? I came thither, but the t'other I was there before me; for that there were two I's, is as certain, as that I have two Eyes in this Head of mine. This *I*, that am here, was weary: the t'other *I* was fresh: this *I* was peaceable, and to'ther *I* was a hectoring Bully *I*.

Amph. And thou expect'st I shou'd believe thee?

Sof. No, I am not so unreasonable; for I cou'd never have believ'd it myself, if I had not been well beaten into it: but a Cudgel, you know, is a convincing Argument in a brawny Fist. What shall I say, but that I was compell'd at last to acknowledge myself? I found that he was very *I*, without Fraud, Cozen, or Deceit. Besides, I view'd myself, as in a Mirror, from Head to Foot—he was handsome, of a noble Presence, a charming Air, loose and free in all his Motions—and saw he was so much *I*, that I shou'd have Reason to be better satisfied with my own Person, if his Hands had not been a little of the heaviest.

Amph. Once again to a Conclusion: Say you pass'd by him, and entred into the House.

Sof. I am a Friend to Truth, and say no such Thing: He defended the Door, and I could not enter.

Amph. How, not enter!

Sof. Why, how shou'd I enter? unless I were a Spright to glide by him, and shoot myself through Locks, and Bolts, and two Inch Boards?

Amph. O Coward! Didst thou not attempt to pass?

Sof. Yes, and was repuls'd, and beaten for my Pains.

Amph. Who beat thee?

Sof. I beat Me.

Amph. Didst thou beat thyself?

Sof. I don't mean *I*, here: but the absent *Me* beat me here present.

Amph. There's no End of this intricate Piece of Nonsense.

Sof. 'Tis only Nonsense, because I speak it who am a poor Fellow; but it wou'd be Sense, and substantial Sense, if a Great Man said it, that was back'd with a Title, and the Eloquence of Ten Thousand Pounds a Year.

Amph. No more—but let us enter. Hold; my *Alcmena* is coming out, and has prevented me! how strangely will she be surpriz'd to see me here, so unexpectedly!

Enter Alcmena and Phædra.

Alc. [*To Phæd.*] Make haste after me to the Temple; that we may thank the Gods for this glorious Success, which *Amphitryon* has had against the Rebels.

O Heaven!

[*Seeing him.*
Amph.

Amph. Those Heav'ns, and all the blest Inhabitants,
[Saluting her,

Grant, that the sweet Rewarder of my Pains
May still be kind, as on our Nuptial Night.

Alc. So soon return'd !

Amph. So soon return'd ! Is this my Welcome home ?
[Stepping back,

So soon return'd, says I am come unwish'd !
This is no Language of desiring Love :
Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years ;
And every little Absence is an Age.

Alc. What says my Lord ?

Amph. No, my *Alcmena*, no :
True Love by its Impatience measures Time,
And the dear Object never comes too soon.

Alc. Nor ever came you so, nor ever shall :
But you yourself are chang'd from what you were,
Pall'd in Desires, and surfeited of Bliss ;
Not such as when last Night at your Return
I flew with Transport to your clasping Arms.

Amph. How's this ?

Alc. Did you not read your Welcome in my Eyes ?
Did you not hear it in my falt'ring Voice ?
Did not the pleasing Tumult shake my Frame,
Nature's spontaneous Proof of sudden joy
Which no false Love can feign !

Amph. What's this you tell me ?

Alc. Far short of Truth, by Heav'n !
My Proofs of Joy, with Joy you then receiv'd,
And gave with Usury back. At Break of Day
You left me with a Sigh ; you now return,
Though not unwish'd, yet surely unexpected ;
And why shou'd my Surprise be thought a Crime ?

Amph. I left you with a Sigh at Break of Day !—

Alc. Yes, for the Cause,—have you forgot, *Amphitryon* ?

Amph. Or have you dreamt, *Alcmena* ?

Perhaps some kind, revealing Deity,
Has whisper'd, in your Sleep, the pleasing News
Of my Return ; and you believ'd it real !

Alc. Some melancholy Vapour, sure, has seiz'd
Your Brain, *Amphitryon*, and disturb'd your Sense :
Or Yesternight is not so long a time,
But you might spare my Blushes, and remember
How kind a Welcome to my Arms I gave you.

Amph. I thank you for my melancholy Vapour.

Alc. 'Tis but a just Requitall for my Dream.

Phæd. If my Master thinks fit thus to angle for a Quarrel, I think he had no great Reason to come back. [*In the mean time Amph. and Alc. walk by themselves, and frown at each other as they meet.*]

Amph. You dare not justify it to my Face.

Alc. Not what?

Amph. That I return'd before this Hour.

Alc. You dare not, sure, deny you came last Night, And staid till Break of Day.

Amph. O Impudence! — Why, *Sofia*!

Sof. Nay, I say nothing; for all Things here may go by Enchantment (as they did with me) for ought I know.

Alc. Speak, *Phædra*, Was he here?

Phæd. You know, Madam, I am but a Chamber-maid; and by my Place, I am to forget all that was done over Night in Love-Matters, — unless my Master please to rub up my Memory with another Diamond.

Amph. Now in the Name of all the Gods, *Alcmena*, A little recollect your scatter'd Thoughts, And weigh what you have said.

Alc. I weigh'd it well, *Amphitryon*, e'er I spoke; And she, and *Bromia*, all the Slaves and Servants, Can witness they beheld you when you came: If other Proof be wanting, tell me how I came to know your Fight, your Victory, The death of *Pterelas* in single Combat? —

Amph. [*turning angrily to Sofia*] Now, Rascal! — you did not get into the House And deliver my Message, did you? [*going to strike him.*]

Sof. Hold, Sir, for the sake of Truth and Mercy! — Dear Madam! [*to Alcmena*] as your gentle Nature is a Friend to distressed Innocence, interpose in my Behalf.

Alc. to *Amph.* Why will you not, *Amphitryon*, answer me? What in my Question can have turn'd your Rage On this poor Slave?

Amph. What but gross Falshoods, which he forg'd to mock me: And you abet him — But for this —

[*is again going to strike Sofia.*]

Sof. Nay, dear Sir, do not punish me unheard.

Amph. Did you not tell me —

Sof. Yes, I did tell you — and I told you truly, that when I would have gone into the House I was beaten away.

Amph. Well, Sirrah, and don't it now appear by what *Alcmena* says, that you did get in? how else could she know the News I sent you with Rascal?

Sof. And don't it appear by my Back and Shoulders, that I was beaten away? but you will not let a Man produce his Witnesses—

Amph. Did you not get in? Answer me that, Rogue, directly, and without Equivocation.

Sof. Why, yes, it is true—and I must confess that in some Sense, it may be said that I *did* get in; though it may also, in a certain Sense, be truly said, that I was beaten away.

Amph. Why thou impudent prevaricating—

Sof. Sir, let me beseech you, that Reason may predominate for my sake, and that you would make such Distinctions as the Nature of my Case requires: It is true that I *did* get in, and it is true that I did *not* get in; this *I*, that is here now, did not get in, but was beaten away by t'other *I*; but that other *I* did get in, and was not beaten away;—there is a *me* me, and there is a *he* me—

Amph. Audacious Slave! 'twere Infamy to spare thee.

Phæd. Do, my Lord, pray spare him till he has told the rest of his Story; it is but beating him a little the more when he has done.

Sof. [*earnestly to Phædra*] It was at that very Door, there it is—here was one *I*, and there was t'other.

Phæd. What, you mean that you squinted, and look'd two Ways at once.

Sof. I mean no such Thing—[*he now turns from her and addresses Alcmena*] It is not easy to make one's self understood in these nice Cases: but I say—hem! I say, that I being become the Duplicate of myself, as to the Body, and the Understanding, did notwithstanding find that there was a Diversity of the Will, and that both in Action and in Sufferance—

Amph. [*fiercely pulling him away*] Be gone—thy Folly tortures me to Madness.

Alc. [*interposing*] The same strange Phrensy has possess'd you both;

It was from you, not him, I heard the News.

Amph. From me!

Alc. From you—and when you told me *Pterelas's* death, You gave this Jewel, which he used to wear.

Amph. This is amazing!

Have I already given you those Diamonds,
The Present I reserved?

Alc. 'Tis an odd Question:

You see I wear 'em; look.

Amph. Now answer, *Sofia*.

Sof. Yes, now I can answer with a safe Conscience, as to that Point; all the rest may be Art Magick—but, as for the Diamonds, here they are, under safe Custody.

Alc.

Alc. Then what are these upon my Arm? [*To Sofia*

Sof. Flints, or Pebbles, or some such Trumpery of enchanted Stones. Yet now I think on't, Madam, did not a certain Friend of mine present 'em to you?

Alc. What Friend?

Sof. Why another *Sofia*; one that made himself *Sofia* in my despite, and also Unsofiated me.

Amph. Sirrah, leave your nauseous Nonsense; break open the Seal, and take out the Diamonds.

Sof. More Words than one to a Bargain, Sir, I thank you: That's no part of Prudence for me to commit Burglary upon the Seals. Do you look first upon the Signet, and tell me in your Conscience, whether the Seals be not as firm as when you clapt the Wax upon them.

Amph. The Signature is firm. [*Looking.*

Sof. Then take the Signature into your own Custody, and open it; for I will have nothing done at my proper Peril.

[*Giving him the Casket.*

Amph. O Heav'ns! here's nothing but an empty Space, the Nest where they were laid. [*Breaking open the Seal.*

Sof. Then if the Birds are flown, the Fault's not mine. Here has been fine conjuring Work! or else the Jewel, knowing to whom it shou'd be given, took Occasion to steal out, by a natural Instinct, and ty'd itself to that pretty Arm.

Amph. Can this be possible!

Sof. Yes, very possible: You, my Lord *Amphitryon*, may have brought forth another You my Lord *Amphitryon*; as well as I *Sofia* have brought forth another Me *Sofia*; and our Diamonds may have procreated these Diamonds; and so we are all three double.

Phæd. If this be true, I hope my golden Goblet has gigg'd another golden Goblet; and then they may carry double upon all four. [*Aside.*

Alc. My Lord, I have stood silent, out of Wonder What you cou'd wonder at.

Amph. A chilling Sweat, a damp of Jealousy, Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limbs. [*Aside.*
I fear, and yet I must be fatisfy'd:
And to be fatisfy'd, I must dissemble.

Alc. Why muse you so, and murmur to yourself?
If you repent your Bounty, take it back.

Amph. Not so; but, if you please, relate what past At our last Interview.

Alc. That Question wou'd infer you were not here.

Amph. I say not so;
only wou'd refresh my Memory,
and have my Reasons to desire the Story.

Alc. The Story is not long : you know I met you,
Kiss'd you, and press'd you close within my Arms,

Amph. I cou'd have spar'd that Kindness.
And what did I?

Alc. You strain'd me with a Masculine Embrace.

Amph. Go on ———

[*Aside*] And stab me with each Syllable thou speak'st.

Alc. I have no more to say.

Amph. Why, went we not to Bed?

Alc. Why not?

Is it a Crime for Husband and for Wife
To go to Bed, my Lord?

Amph. Perfidious Woman!

Alc. Ungrateful Man!

Amph. She justifies it too!

Alc. I need not justify: of what am I accus'd?

Amph. Of that Prodigality of Kindness
Giv'n to another, and usurp'd from me.
So bless me Heav'n, if since my first Departure,
I ever set my Foot upon this Threshold.

Alc. Then I, it seems, am false!

Amph. As surely false, as what thou say'st is true.

Alc. I have betray'd my Honour, and my Love!
And am a foul Adulteress!

Amph. What thou art,
Thou stand'st condemn'd to be by thy Relation.

Alc. Go, thou unworthy Man; for ever go:
No more my Husband! Go thou base Impostor;
Who tak'st a vile Pretence to taint my Fame;
And, not content to leave, wouldst ruin me.
Enjoy thy wish'd Divorce: I will not plead
My Innocence of this pretended Crime:
I need not; do thy worst, I fear thee not:
For know, the more thou wou'dst expose my Virtue,
Like purest Linen laid in open Air,
'Twill bleach the more, and whiten to the View.

Amph. 'Tis well thou art prepar'd for thy Divorce:
For, know thou too, that after this Affront,
This foul Indignity, done to my Honour,
Divorcement is but petty Reparation.
But, since thou hast, with Impudence, affirm'd
My false Return, and brib'd my Slaves to vouch it,
The Truth shall, in the Face of *Thebes*, be clear'd;
Thy Uncle, the Companion of my Voyage,
And all the Crew of Sea-men shall be brought,
Who were embark'd and came with me to Land,
Nor parted, till I reach'd this cursed Door:

[*Aside*,
To her.

So shall this Vision of my late Return
Stand a detected Lye; and woe to those
Who thus betray'd my Honour.

Sof. Sir, shall I wait on you?

Amph. No, I will go alone: Expect me here.

Phæd. Please you—that I——

[Exit Amphitryon.

[To Alcmena.

Alc. O! Nothing now can please me:

Darkness, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inseparable Train of Grief,

Attend my Steps for ever——

[Exit Alcmena.

Sof. What if I shou'd lye now, and say we have been here
before? I never saw any Good that came of telling Truth.

[Aside.

Phæd. He makes no more Advances to me: I begin a little
to suspect, that my Gold Goblet will prove but Copper. [Aside.

Sof. Yes, 'tis resolv'd—I will lye abominably, against the
Light of my own Conscience. For suppose the other *Sofia* has
been here: perhaps that strong Dog has not only beaten me,
but also has misus'd my Wife! Now, by asking certain Ques-
tions of her, with a Side-Wind, I may come to understand
how Squares go; and whether my Nuptial Bed be violated.

[Aside.

Phæd. Most certainly he has learn'd Impudence of his
Master, and will deny his being here; but that shall not serve
his Turn, to cheat me of my Present!——

[Aside.

Why, *Sofia*! What in a brown Study?

Sof. A little *cogitabund*, or so, concerning this dismal Revo-
lution in our Family.

Phæd. But that shou'd not make you neglect your Duty to
me, your Mistres.

Sof. Pretty Soul: I wou'd thou wert; upon Condition that
old *Bromia* were six Foot under Ground.

Phæd. What! is all your hot Courtship to me dwindled
into a poor unprofitable Wish? You may remember, I did not
bid you absolutely despair.

Sof. No, for all Things yet may be accommodated, in an
amicable Manner, betwixt my Master and my Lady.

Phæd. I mean, to the Business, betwixt you and me——

Sof. Why, I hope we two never quarrell'd.

Phæd. Must I remember you of a certain Promise that you
made me at our last Parting?

Sof. O, when I went to the Army; that I shou'd still be
praising thy Beauty to Judge *Gripus*, and keep up his Affections
to thee.

Phæd. No, I mean the Business betwixt you and me this
Morning—that you promis'd me——

Sof.

Sof. That I promis'd thee — I find it now: That strong Dog, my Brother *Sofia*, has been here before me, and made Love to her. [Aside.]

Phæd. You are confidering, whether or no you should keep your Promise —

Sof. No, sweet Creature, the Promise shall not be broken; but what I have undertaken, I will perform like a Man of Honour.

Phæd. Then you remember the Preliminaries of the Present—

Sof. Yes, yes, in grofs I do remember something; but this Disturbance of the Family has somewhat stupify'd my Memory: Some pretty *Quelque chose*, I warrant thee; some acceptable Toy, of small Value.

Phæd. You may call a Gold Goblet, a Toy: but I put a greater Value upon your Presents.

Sof. A Gold Goblet, say'st thou! Yes, now I think on't, it was a kind of a Gold Goblet; as a Gratuity——

Phæd. No, no; I had rather make sure of one Bribe beforehand, than be promis'd ten Gratuities.

Sof. Yes, now I remember, it was, in some Sense, a Gold Goblet, by way of earnest; and it contain'd——

Phæd. One large ——

Sof. How, one large ——

Phæd. Gallon.

Sof. No; that was somewhat too large, in Conscience: It was not a whole Gallon; but it may contain, reasonably speaking, one large —— Thimble-full. But Gallons and Thimble-fulls are so like, that, in speaking, I might easily mistake them.

Phæd. Is it come to this? Out, Traitor!

Sof. I had been a Traitor, indeed, to have betray'd thee to the swallowing of a Gallon; but a Thimble-full of Cordial-water is easily sift off: and then, this same Goblet is so very light too, that it will be no Burden to carry it about with thee in thy Pocket.

Phæd. O Apostate to thy Love! O perjur'd Villain!

Enter Bromia.

What are you here, *Bromia*! I was telling him his own: I was giving him a Rattle for his Treacheries to you, his Love: You see I can be a Friend, upon Occasion.

Brom. Ay, Chicken, I never doubted of thy Kindness: but, for this Fugitive —— this Rebel —— this Miscreant——

Sof. A kind Welcome to an absent Lover, as I have been.

Brom. Ay; and a kind Greeting you gave me, at your Return; when you us'd me so barbarously this Morning.

Sof.

Sof. Ay, the t'other *Sofia* has been with her too; and has us'd her barbarously: barbarously, that is to say, uncivilly; and uncivilly, I am afraid that means too civilly. [*Aside.*]

Phæd. You had best deny you were here this Morning! And by the same Token —

Sof. Nay, no more Tokens, for Heaven's Sake, dear *Phædra*. Now must I again ponder with myself a little, whether it be better for me to have been here, or not to have been here, this Morning. [*Aside.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. *Phædra*, my Lord's without; and will not enter till he has first spoken with you. [*Exit Servant.*]

Phæd. [*To him in private*] O, that I cou'd stay to help worry thee for this Abuse; but the best on't is, I leave thee in good Hands——Farewel Thimble,——*To him, Bromia.*
[*Exit Phædra.*]

Brom. No; to be sure you did not beat me, and put me into a Swoon, and deprive me of the natural Use of my Tongue for a long half Hour: You did not beat me down with your little Wand: But I shall teach you to use your Rod another Time——I shall.

Sof. Put her into a Swoon, with my little Wand, and so forth: That's more than ever I could do. These are terrible Circumstances, that some *Sofia* or other has been here: [*Aside*] Well, but *Bromia*——if I did beat thee down with my little Wand, I warrant, I was monstrous kind to thee afterwards.

Brom. Yes, monstrous kind indeed! You never said a truer Word; for, when I came to kiss you, you pull'd away your Mouth, and turn'd your Cheek to me.

Sof. Good.

Brom. How, Good! Here's fine Impudence: What, do you insult upon me too?

Sof. No, I do not insult upon you:—But, for a certain Reason, that I best know, I am glad that Matter ended so fairly and peaceably betwixt us.

Brom. Yes, 'twas very fair and peaceably; to strike a Woman down, and beat her most outrageously.

Sof. Is it possible that I drubb'd thee?

Brom. I find your Drift — You wou'd fain be provoking me to a new Trial now: But i'faith, you shall bring me to no more Handy-blows — I shall make bold to trust to my Tongue hereafter. You never durst have offer'd to hold up a Finger against me, till you went a Trooping.

Sof. Then I am Conqueror; and I laud my own Courage. This Renown I have atchiev'd by Soldiership and Stratagem.

Know your Duty, Spouse, henceforward, to your supreme
Commander. [Strutting.]

Enter Jupiter and Phædra.

Phæd. Indeed I wonder'd at your quick Return.

Jup. Ev'n so Almighty Love wou'd have it, *Phædra* ;
And the stern Goddess of sweet-bitter Cares,
Who bows our Necks beneath her brazen Yoke.
I wou'd have mann'd my Heart, and held it out :
But, when I thought of what I had possess'd ;
Those Joys, that never end but to begin,
My Duty soon was overborn ; I scorn'd
The busy Malice of censorious Tongues,
And, careless to conceal my stolen Journey,
Determin'd one Day more to spend in *Thebes*.

Phæd. And yet a second Time you left *Alcmena*,
With Looks unkind that threaten'd longer Absence.
'Twas but ev'n now——

Jup. Wou'd it had never been !
I die to make my Peace.

Phæd. 'Tis difficult.

Jup. But nothing is impossible to Love ;
To Love like mine : for I have prov'd its Force.
If I submit, there's Hope.

Phæd. It is possible I may sollicit for you.

Jup. But wilt thou promise me to do thy best ?

Phæd. Nay, I promise nothing—unless you begin
To promise first. [Curt'sying.]

Jup. I wo'not be ungrateful.

Phæd. Well ; I'll try to bring her to you.

Jup. That's all I ask :

And I will so reward thee, gentle *Phædra*——

Phæd. What with the sweet Sound of “ gentle *Phædra*, and
“ my kind Advocate.”——

Jup. No, there's a Sound will please thee better.

[Throwing her a Purse.]

Phæd. Ay, there's something of Melody in this Sound.
I could dance all Day, to the Music of *Chink, Chink*. [Exit *Phæd.*]

Jup. Go, *Sofia*,
To *Polidas*, to *Tranio*, and to *Gripus*,
Companions of our War : invite 'em all
To join their Pray'rs to smooth *Alcmena's* Brow ;
And, with a solemn Feast, to crown the Day.

Sof. [Taking Jupiter about the Knees] Let me embrace you, Sir.
—[Jupiter pushes him away] Nay, you must give me leave to ex-
press my Gratitude. I have not eaten, to say eating, nor drunk,

to

to say drinking, never since our villainous encamping [so near the Enemy.

Jup. You, *Bromia*, see that all Things be prepar'd
With that Magnificence, as if some God
Were Guest, or Master here.

Sof. Or, rather, as much as if twenty Gods were to be
Guests, or Masters here.

Brom. That you may eat for To-day, and To-morrow.

Sof. Or, rather again, for To-day and Yesterday; and as
many Months backward, as I am indebted to my own Belly.

Jup. Away both of you. [*Exeunt Sofia and Bromia severally.*
Now I have pack'd him hence; thou, other *Sofia*,
(Who tho' thou art not present, hear'st my Voice)
Be ready to attend me at my Call,
And to supply his Place.

*Enter Mercury to Jupiter; Alcmena and Phædra also enter, but
Alcmena seeing Jupiter, turns back and retires frowning.*

Jup. See, she appears! [*Seeing Alcmena.*
O stay.

Merc. She's gone; and seem'd to frown at parting.

Jup. Follow, and thou shalt see her soon appear'd;
For I, who made her, know her inward State:
No Woman, once well-pleas'd, can throughly hate.
I gave 'em Beauty, to subdue the Strong;
(A mighty Empire, but it lasts not long.)
I gave 'em Pride, to make Mankind their Slave;
But, in exchange, to Men I Flattery gave.
Th' offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits, to conquer; and but kneels, to rise.





A C T I V . S C E N E I .

Jupiter following Alcmena; Mercury, and Phædra.

Jup. O Stay, my dear *Alcmena*, hear me speak.
Alcm. No, I wou'd fly thee to the Ridge of Earth;
 And leap the Precipice, to 'scape thy Sight.

Jup. For Pity——

Alcm. Leave me, thou ungrateful Man!
 I hate myself, for having lov'd thee once.

Jup. Hate not the best and fairest of your Kind:
 Nor can you hate your Lover, tho' you wou'd.
 Your Tears, that fall so gently, are but Grief:
 There may be Anger; but there must be Love.
 The Dove that murmurs at her Mate's Neglect,
 But counterfeits a Coynefs to be courted.

Alcm. Courtship from thee, and after such Affronts!

Jup. Is this that everlasting Love you vow'd, last Night?

Alcm. Think what thou wert, and who cou'd swear too much?
 Think what thou art, and that absolves the Oath.

Jup. Can you forsake me, for so small a Fault?
 'Twas but a Jest, perhaps too far pursu'd;
 'Twas but, at most, a Trial of your Faith,
 How you could bear Unkindness:
 'Twas but to get a reconciling Kiss,
 A wanton Stratagem of Love.

Alcm. See how he doubles, like a hunted Hare!
 A Jest, and then a Trial, and a Bait;——

Jup. Think me Jealous, then.

Alcm. O that I could, for that's a noble Crime;
 And which a Lover can, with ease, forgive:
 'Tis the high Pulse of Passion, in a Fever;
 A sickly Draught but shews a burning Thirst:
 Thine was a Surfeit, not a Jealousy:
 And in that Loathing of thy satiate Love,
 Thou sawst the odious Object with Disdain.

Jup. O think not that: For you are ever new—
 Your Fruits of Love, like those of endless Spring
 In happy Climes, where some are in the Bud,
 Some green, and ripening some, while others fall.

Alc. Ay, now you tell me this. Your puny Passion,
 Like the deprav'd Desires of fretful Sicknes,
 Raves in short Fits of Craving and Disgust:

This Morn at Break of Day you wou'd be gone;
Then chang'd your Purpose and came back ; then raged
Because th' Effect of Chance was not foreseen;
Then left me in disgust, with Insult too;
And now, return'd again, you talk of Love.
But never hope to be receiv'd again :
You would again deny you were receiv'd,
And brand my spotless Fame.

Jup. I will not dare to justify my Crime :
No, I confess I have deserv'd your Hate.
Too charming Fair, I kneel for your Forgiveness :
I beg by those fair Eyes, [Kneeling.]
Which gave me Wounds that Time can never cure ;
Receive my Sorrows, and restore my Joys.

Alcm. Unkind, and cruel ! I can speak no more.

Jup. O give it vent, *Alcmena*, give it vent ;
I merit your Reproach, I wou'd be curs'd :
Let your Tongue curse me, while your Heart forgives.

Alc. Can I forget such Usage ?

Jup. Can you hate me ?

Alc. I'll do my best : for sure I ought to hate you.

Jup. That Word was only hatch'd upon your Tongue,
It came not from your Heart. But try again ;
And if, once more, you can but say, I hate you,
My Sword shall do you Justice.

Alc. Then, I hate you——

Jup. Then you pronounce the Sentence of my Death ?

Alc. I hate you much ;—but yet I love you more.

Jup. To prove that Love, then say, that you forgive me :
For there remains but this Alternative ;
Resolve to pardon, or to punish me.

Alc. Alas, what I resolve, appears too plain :
In saying that I cannot hate, I pardon.

Jup. But what's a Pardon worth, without a Seal ?
Permit me, in this Transport of my Joy—— [Kisses her Hand.]

Alc. Forbear ; I am offended with myself,
[Putting him gently away with her Hand.]

That I have shewn this Weakness——Let me go.
[Going and looking back on him.]

But come not you ;
Lest I should spoil you, with excess of Fondness,
And let you love again—— [Exit Alcmena.]

Jup. Forbidding me to follow, she invites me. [Aside.]
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex :

I gave 'em but one Tongue, to say us Nay ;
And two kind Eyes, to grant. Be sure that none [To Merc.]
Approach, to interrupt us. [Exit Jupiter after Alcmena.]
Mercury

Mercury and Phædra remain.

Merc. Your Lady has made the Challenge of Reconciliation to my Lord: Here's a fair Example for us two, *Phædra*.

Phæd. No Example at all, *Sofia*: for my Lady had the Diamonds before-hand, and I have none of the Gold Goblet.

Merc. The Goblet shall be forth-coming, if thou wilt give me Weight for Weight.

Phæd. Yes, and Measure for Measure too, *Sofia*: that is, for a Thimble-full of Gold, a Thimble-full of Love.

Merc. What think you now, *Phædra*? Here's a weighty Argument of Love for you!

[*Pulling out the Goblet in a Case from under his Cloak.*

Phæd. Now *Jupiter* of his Mercy, let me kiss thee, O thou dear Metal!

[*Taking it in both Hands.*

Merc. And *Venus*, of her Mercy, let me kiss thee, dear, dear *Phædra*.

Phæd. Not so fast, *Sofia*! there's an unlucky Proverb in your way—*Many Things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lip*, you know.

Merc. Why, thou wilt not cheat me of my Goblet?

Phæd. Yes; as sure as you would cheat me of my Maiden-head: I am yet but just even with you, for the last Trick you play'd me. And, besides, this is but a bare retaining Fee; you must give me another before the Cause is open'd.

Merc. Shall I not come to your Bed-side To-night?

Phæd. No, nor To-morrow Night neither: but this shall be my Sweetheart in your Place: 'tis a better Bedfellow, and will keep me warmer in cold Weather.

[*Exit Phædra.*

Mercury alone.

Merc. Now, what's the God of Wit in a Woman's Hand? This very Goblet I stole from *Gripus*; and he got it out of Bribes too. But this is the common Fate of ill-gotten Goods, that, as they came in by Covetousness, they go out by Whoring.

Enter Amphitryon.

O here's *Amphitryon* again, but I'll manage him above in the Balcony.

[*Exit Merc.*

Amph. Not one of those I look'd for, to be found!
Has some Enchantment hid 'em from my Sight?
Perhaps, as *Sofia* says, 'tis Witchcraft all:
Seals may be open'd, Diamonds may be stoln;
But how I came, in Person, Yesterday,
And gave that Present to *Alcmena's* Hands,
That which I never gave, nor ever came,
O there's the Rock, on which my Reason splits.
Wou'd that were all! I fear my Honour, too!

I'll try her once again : She may be mad :—
A wretched Remedy ! but all I have,
To keep me from Despair.

How now ! what means the locking up of my
Doors at this Time of Day ?

[Knocks.

Merc. [Above] Softly, Friend, softly ! You knock as loud, and as saucily, as a Lord's Footman, that was sent before him, to warn the Family of his Lordship's Visit. Sure, you think the Doors have no Feeling ! What the Devil are you, that rap with such Authority ?

Amph. Look out, and see : 'tis I.

Merc. You ? what you ?

Amph. No more, I say, but open.

Merc. I'll know to whom first.

Amph. I am one that can command the Doors open.

Merc. Then you had best command them, and try whether they will obey you.

Amph. Dost thou not know me ?

Merc. Pr'ythee, how shou'd I know thee ? dost thou take me for a Conjuror ?

Amph. What's this, Midsummer-Moon ? Is all the World gone a Madding ? Why *Sofia* !

Merc. That's my Name indeed : didst thou think I had forgot it ?

Amph. Dost thou see me ?

Merc. Why, dost thou pretend to go invisible ? If thou hast any Business here, dispatch it quickly ; I have no Leisure to throw away upon such prattling Companions.

Amph. Thy Companion, Slave ? How dar'st thou use this insolent Language to thy Master ?

Merc. How ! Thou my Master ? By what Title ? I never had any other Master, but *Amphitryon*.

Amph. Well : and for whom dost thou take me ?

Merc. For some Rogue or other ; but what Rogue I know not.

Amph. Dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon*, Slave !

Merc. How shou'd I know thee, when I see thou dost not know thyself ? Thou *Amphitryon* ? In what Tavern hast thou been ? and how many Bottles did thy Business, to metamorphose thee into my Lord ?

Amph. I will so drub thee for this Insolence !

Merc. How now, Impudence ! are you threatening your Betters ? I shou'd bring you to condign Punishment, but that I have a great Respect for the good Wine, tho' I find it in a Fool's Noddle.

Amph. What, none to let me in ? Why *Phædra* ! *Bromia* !

Merc. Peace, Fellow ; if my Wife hears thee, we are both undone.

undone. At a Word *Phædra* and *Bromia* are very busy; and my Lady, and my Lord must not be disturbed.

Amph. Amazement seizes me!

Merc. At what art thou amaz'd? My Lord *Amphitryon* and my Lady *Alcmena* had a falling out, and are retir'd, without Seconds, to decide the Quarrel. If thou wert not a meddling Fool, thou wouldst not be thrusting thy Nose into other Peoples Matters. Get thee about thy Business, if thou hast any; for I'll hear no more of thee. [*Exit Mercury from above.*]

Amph. Brav'd by my Slave, dishonour'd by my Wife!
To what a desp'rate Plunge am I reduc'd,
If this be true the Villain says? But why
That feeble If! It must be true; she owns it.
Now, whether to conceal, or blaze th' Affront?
One way, I spread my Infamy abroad;
And, t'other, hide a burning Coal within,
That preys upon my Vitals: I can fix
On nothing, but on Vengeance.

Enter to him Sofia, Polidas, Gripus, and Tranio.

Grip. Yonder he is; walking hastily to and fro, before his Door; like a Citizen, clapping his Sides before his Shop, in a frosty Morning: 'tis to catch a Stomach, I believe.

Sof. I begin to be afraid, that he has more Stomach to my Sides and Shoulders, than to his own Victuals. How he shakes his Head! and stamps! and what Strides he fetches! He's in one of his damn'd Moods again: I don't like the Looks of him.

Amph. Oh, my mannerly, fair spoken, obedient Slave, are you there! I can reach you now, without climbing: Now we shall try who's drunk, and who's sober.

Sof. Why this is as it should be: I was somewhat suspicious that you were in a pestilent Humour. Yes, we will have a Crash at the Bottle, when your Lordship pleases: I have summon'd 'em, you see; and they are notable Topers, especially Judge *Gripus*.

Grip. Yes, faith; I never refuse my Glass, in a good Quarrel.

Amph. [*To Sof.*] Why, thou insolent Villain; I'll teach a Slave how to use his Master thus.

Sof. Here's a fine Business towards! I am sure I ran as fast as ever my Legs could carry me, to call 'em: nay you may trust my Diligence, in all Affairs belonging to the Belly.

Grip. He has been very faithful to his Commission, I'll bear him witness.

Amph. How can you be Witness where you were not present? the Balcony! Sirrah, the Balcony!

Sof. Why, to my best Remembrance, you never invited the Balcony.

Amph. What Nonsense dost thou plead for an Excuse of thy foul Language, and thy base Replies!

Sof. You fright a Man out of his Senses, first; and blame him afterwards, for talking Nonsense:—but 'tis better for me to talk Nonsense, than for some to do Nonsense: I will say that, whatever comes on't. Pray Sir, let all Things be done decently: what, I hope, when a Man is to be hang'd, he is not trufs'd upon the Gallows like a dumb Dog, without telling him wherefore.

Amph. By your Pardon, Gentlemen; I have no longer Patience to forbear him.

Sof. Justice, Justice! my Lord *Gripus*; as you are a true Magistrate, protect me. Here's a Process of Beating going forward, without Sentence given.

Grip. My Lord *Amphitryon*, this must not be: Let me first understand the Demeirts of the Criminal.

Sof. Hold you to that Point, I beseech your Honour; as you commiserate the Case of a poor, innocent Malefactor.

Amph. To shut the Door against me, in my very Face! to deny me Entrance! to brave me from the Balcony! to laugh at me, to threaten me! what Proofs of Innocence call you these? But if I punish not this Insolence—

[Is going to beat him, and is held by Polidas and Tranio.]

I beg you let me go——

Sof. I charge you in the King's Name, hold him fast; for you see he's bloodily dispos'd.

Grip. Now, what hast thou to say for thyself, *Sofia*?

Sof. I say, in the first Place,—be sure you hold him, Gentlemen; for I shall never plead worth one Farthing, while I am bodily afraid.

Pol. Speak boldly; I warrant thee.

Sof. Then if I may speak boldly, under my Lord's Favour,—I do not say he lyes neither: no, I am too well bred for that; but his Lordship fibbs most abominably.

Amph. Do you hear his Impudence? yet will you let me go?

Sof. No Impudence at all, my Lord: for how cou'd I, naturally speaking, be in the Balcony and affronting you; when at the same time I was in every Street of *Thebes*, inviting these Gentlemen to Dinner?

Grip. Hold a little: how long since was it that he spoke to you, from the said Balcony?

Amph. Just now; not a Minute before he brought you hither.

Sof. Now speak my Witnesses.

Grip. I can answer for him, for this last half Hour.

Pol.

Pol. And I.

Tran. And I.

Sof. Now judge equitably, Gentlemen; whether I was not a civil well-bred Person, to tell my Lord he fibbs only?

Amph. Who gave you that Order, to invite 'em?

Sof. He that best might; yourself. By the same Token, you bid old *Bromia* provide and 'twere for a God; and I put in for a Brace, or a Leafh; no, now I think on't, it was for ten Couple of Gods, to make sure of Plenty.

Amph. When did I give thee this pretended Commission?

Sof. Why you gave me this pretended Commission, just after you had given *Phædra* a Purse of Gold to bring you and my Lady together, that you might try to make up Matters with her after your Quarrel.

Amph. Where, in what Place, did I give this Order?

Sof. Here, in this Place, in the Presence of this very Door, and of that Balcony: and if they cou'd speak, they wou'd both justify it.

Amph. O Heaven! these Accidents are so surprizing, the more I think of 'em, the more I am lost in my Imagination.

Grip. Nay, he has told us some Passages, as he came along, that seem to surpass the Power of Nature.

Sof. What think you now, my Lord, of a certain twin Brother of mine, call'd *Sofia*? 'tis a sly Youth: pray Heaven you have not just such another Relation, within Doors, call'd *Amphitryon*. It may be it was he that put upon me, in your Likeness: and perhaps he may have put something upon your Lordship too, that may weigh heavy upon the Forehead.

Amph. [*To those who hold him*] Let me go——*Sofia* may be innocent, and I will not hurt him:—Open the Door, I'll resolve my Doubts immediately.

Sof. The Door is peremptory that it will not be open'd without Keys: and my Brother, on the inside, is in Possession; and will not part with 'em.

Amph. Then 'tis manifest that I am affronted; break open the Door there.

Grip. Stir not a Man of you to his Assistance.

Amph. Dost thou take part with my Adulterers too, because she is thy Niece?

Grip. I take Part with nothing, but the Law; and to break the Doors open, is to break the Law.

Amph. Do thou command 'em then.

Grip. I command nothing without my Warrant; and my Clerk is not here to take his Fees for drawing it.

Amph. [*Aside*] The Devil take all Justice-brokers:— I curse him too when I have been hunting him all over the Town, to
be

be my Witnesses!—But I'll bring Soldiers to force open the Doors by my own Commission. *[Exit Amphitryon.]*

Sof. Pox o' these Forms of Law, to defeat a Man of a Dinner, when he's sharp set! 'tis against the Privilege of a Free-born Stomach; and is no less than Subversion of Fundamentals.

[Jupiter above in the Balcony.]

Jup. O, my Friends, I am sorry I have made you wait so long: you are welcome; and the Door shall be open'd to you immediately. *[Exit Jupiter.]*

Grip. Was not that *Amphitryon*?

Sof. Why, who shou'd it be else?

Grip. In all Appearance it was he: but how got he thither?

Pol. In such a Trice too!

Tran. And after he had just left us!

Grip. And so much alter'd, for the better, in his Humour?

Sof. Here's such a Company of foolish Questions, when a Man's hungry: You had best stay Dinner till he has prov'd himself to be *Amphitryon* in form of Law. But I'll make short Work of that Business: for I'll take mine Oath 'tis he.

Grip. I should be glad it were.

Sof. How, glad it were! with your damn'd Interrogatories—when you ought to be thankful, that so it is.

Grip. *[Aside]* That I may see my Mistress *Phædra*, and present her with my great Gold Goblet.

Sof. If this be not the true *Amphitryon*, I wish I may be kept without Doors, fasting, and biting my own Fingers for want of Victuals; and that's a dreadful Imprecation! I am for the inviting, and eating, and treating *Amphitryon*; I am sure 'tis he that is my lawfully begotten Lord: and if you had an Ounce of true Justice in you, you ought to have laid hold on t'other *Amphitryon*, and committed him for a Rogue, and an Impostor, and a Vagabond. *[The Door is open'd: Mercury from within.]*

Merc. Enter quickly, Masters: The Passage on the Right-hand leads to the Gallery, where my Lord expects you——For I am call'd another way.

[Gripus, Tranio, and Polidas go into the House.]

Sof. I should know that Voice, by a secret Instinct: 'Tis a Tongue of my Family; and belongs to my Brother *Sofia*—It must be so; for it carries a cudgelling Kind of Sound in it——But, put the worst—let me weigh this matter wisely—Here's a Beating and a Belly-full, against no Beating and no Belly-full. The beating is bad; but the Dinner is good: Now, not to be beaten, is but negatively good; but, not to fill my Belly, is positively bad—Upon the whole matter, my final Resolution is, to take the Good and the Bad as they come together.

[Is entering: Mercury meets him at the Door.]

G

Merc.

Merc. Whither now, you Kitchen-skum? From whence this Impudence, to enter here without Permission?

Sof. Most illustrious Sir! My Ticket is my Hunger. Shew the full Bowels of your Compassion, to the empty Bowels of my Famine.

Merc. Were you not charg'd to return no more? I'll cut you into Quarters, and hang you upon the Shambles.

Sof. You'll get but little Credit by me: Alas, Sir, I am but mere Carrion! Brave *Sofia*, compassionate Coward *Sofia*; and beat not thyself, in beating me.

Merc. Who gave you that Privilege, Sirrah, to assume my Name? Have you not been sufficiently warn'd of it; and receiv'd part of Punishment already?

Sof. May it please you, Sir, the Name is big enough for both of us. I would have obey'd you, and quitted my Title to it; but, where-ever I come, the malicious World will call me *Sofia*, in spite of me. I am sensible there are two *Amphitryons*; and why may not there be two *Sofia's*? Let those two cut one another's Throats at their own Pleasure; but you and I will be wiser, by my Consent, and hold good Intelligence together.

Merc. No, no: Two *Sofia's* would make but two Fools.

Sof. Then let me be the Fool, and be you the prudent Person; and chuse for yourself some wiser Name: Or you shall be the eldest Brother; and I'll be content to be the younger, tho' I lose my Inheritance.

Merc. I tell thee, I am the only Son of our Family.

Sof. Ah! Then let me be your Bastard Brother, and the Son of a Whore—I hope that's but reasonable.

Merc. No, thou shalt not disgrace my Father: for there are few Bastards now-a-days worth owning.

Sof. Ah! poor *Sofia*! What will become of thee?

Merc. Yet again profanely using my proper Name?

Sof. I did not mean myself—I was thinking of another *Sofia*, a poor Fellow, that was once of my Acquaintance, unfortunately banish'd out of Doors, when Dinner was just coming upon the Table.

Enter Phædra.

Phæd. *Sofia*, you and I must—Bless me! what have we here—a Couple of you! or do I see double?

Sof. I would fain bring it about, that I might make one of 'em: But he's unreasonable, and will needs incorporate me, and swallow me whole into himself. If he would be content to be but one and a half, 'twould never grieve me.

Merc. 'Tis a perverse Rascal! I kick him, and cudgel him to no purpose; for still he's obstinate to stick to me: And I can never beat him out of my Resemblance.

Plæd.

Phæd. Which of you two is *Sofia*? for t'other must be the Devil.

Sof. You had best ask him, that has play'd the Devil with my Back and Sides.

Merc. You had best ask him, who gave you the Gold Goblet.

Phæd. No, that's already given: but he shall be my *Sofia*, that will give me such another.

Merc. I find you have been interloping, Sirrah.

Sof. No, indeed, Sir! I only promis'd her a Gold Thimble; which was as much as comes to my Proportion of being *Sofia*.

Phæd. This is no *Sofia* for my Money: beat him away, t'other *Sofia*; he grows insufferable.

Sof. [*Aside*] Wou'd I were valiant, that I might beat him away; and succeed him at the Dinner, for a pragmatistical Son of a Whore, as he is —

Merc. What's that you are muttering betwixt your Teeth, of a Son of a Whore, Sirrah?

Sof. I am sure I meant you no Offence; for, if I am not *Sofia*, I am the Son of a Whore, for ought I know: and, if you are *Sofia*, you may be the Son of a Whore, for ought you know.

Merc. Whatever I am, I will be *Sofia*, as long as I please: and whenever you visit me, you shall be sure of the Civility of the Cudgel.

Sof. If you will promise to beat me into the House, you may begin when you please with me: but to be beaten out of the House, at Dinner-time, Flesh and Blood can never bear it.

[*Mercury beats him about, and Sofia is still making towards the Door: but Mercury gets betwixt; and at length drives him off the Stage.*]

Phæd. In the Name of Wonder, what are you that are *Sofia*, and are not *Sofia*?

Merc. If thou wouldst know more of me, my Person is freely at thy disposing.

Phæd. Then I dispose of it to you again; for 'tis so ugly, 'tis not for my Use.

Merc. I can be ugly or handsome, as I please; go to Bed old, and rise young. I have so many Suits of Persons by me, I can shift 'em when I will.

Phæd. You are a Fool then, to put on your worst Clothes, when you come a wooing.

Merc. Go to: ask no more Questions. I am for thy Turn; for I know thy Heart, and see all thou hast about thee. In thy right Pocket — let me see — three Love-Letters from Judge *Gripus*, written to the Bottom, on three Sides; full of Fustian Passion, and hearty Nonsense: as also in the same Pocket, a Letter of thine intended to him; consisting of nine

Lines and a half, scrawl'd and false spell'd, to shew thou art a Woman.

Phæd. Is the Devil in you, to see all this? Now, for Heaven's Sake, do not look in t'other Pocket——

Merc. Nay, there's nothing there, but a bawdy Lampoon, and——

Phæd. [*Giving a great Frisk*] Look no farther, I beseech you——

Merc. And a Silver Spoon——

Phæd. [*Shrieking*] Ah!

Merc. Which you purloin'd last Night from *Bromia*.

Phæd. Keep my Counsel, or I am undone for ever.

[*Holding up her Hands to him.*]

Merc. No: I'll mortify thee, now I have an Handle to thy Iniquity, if thou wilt not love me——

Phæd. Well, if you'll promise me to be secret, I will love you: because indeed I dare do no other.

Merc. 'Tis a good Girl—I will be secret; and further, I will be assisting to thee in thy Filching: for thou and I were born under the same Planet.

Phæd. And we shall come to the same End too, I'm afraid.

Merc. No, no; since thou hast Wit enough already to cozen a Judge, thou needst never fear Hanging,

Phæd. And will you make-yourself a younger Man, and be handsome too, and rich? for you that know Hearts, must needs know, that I shall never be constant to such an ugly old *Sofia*.

Merc. As to my Youth and Beauty, you shall know more of that another Time. But, prithee, why art thou so covetous of Riches?

Phæd. Why? because Riches will procure every thing else that I can wish for.

Merc. But what if every thing else could be procur'd without Riches: would not that do as well?

Phæd. Why no; there's a Pleasure, methinks, in having the Money before one lays it out.

Merc. And yet, 'till it is laid out, it is as usefess as so much Dirt.

Phæd. Aye—that may be—but when my Heart dances to the chinking of Money, it is not at leisure to think of that.

Merc. But suppose, that, without Money, you could procure all that Money could buy and more.

Phæd. Why, as well as I love Money, I have no Objection to any good Thing that Money won't buy: but pray how is it to be had?

Merc. To be had? why, upon the easiest Terms in the World; only by a Motion of the Finger, or a Stamp with the Foot.

Phæd. Phoo, that's impossible.

Merc.

Merc. You shall make the Experiment.

Phæd. Shall I? so I will then, this Minute. Must I stamp with my Foot, or beckon with my Finger?

Merc. First try to find out what you wish for, which I have known a difficult Task for a Woman.

Phæd. Let me see——

Merc. Come, I'll help you—If you had been put into Possession of *Gripus's* Wealth Yesterday, what wou'd you have had to entertain you To-day?

Phæd. Why, I wou'd have had——let me see——I wou'd have had, just now, a band of the best Music in *Thebes*, and a Song in the Character of *Plutus* in praise of Money.

Merc. Well, now stamp with your Foot.

[*Phædra stamps; the Music strikes up; she starts and screams out.*]

Merc. Nay, nay, don't spoil the Music—there's a Friend of mine in the Character of *Plutus* just coming in.

Phæd. I am very much oblig'd to you and your Friend; but, if you please, I had rather keep a little farther out of his reach.

Merc. Pshaw, pshaw, stay where you are; my Friends hurt no Body without my Leave.

S O N G in the Character of PLUTUS.

‘ Away with the Fables Philosophers hold,
 ‘ Of Pleasure that Honesty gains without Gold:
 ‘ To be rich is the Blessings of Life to secure;
 ‘ And the Man must be certainly wretched that's poor.
 ‘ The Virtue that claims all the Gods for its Friends,
 ‘ On Gold, mighty Gold, for Existence depends:
 ‘ What Wrongs, without Gold, can a Mortal redress?
 ‘ Or who, without Gold, can get Blessings, or blefs?
 ‘ The Weak can you succour, the Worthy reward,
 ‘ If Money be wanting, the Gift and the Guard?
 ‘ In Gold there is *Strength* which no Foe can withstand;
 ‘ It conquers and triumphs, by Sea and by Land.
 ‘ In Gold there are *Charms*; for the Youth and the Fair,
 ‘ Sigh one for an Heirefs, and one for an Heir.
 ‘ There's *Sense* for each Circle that listens demure,
 ‘ Consents with a Grin, and cries “ Yes to be sure!”
 ‘ To be rich, if you trust your own Ears and your Eyes,
 ‘ Is at once to be *strong*, to be *fair*, to be *wife*.’

Phæd. There's for you now——what have you to say to that?

Merc. Why, Wit shall reply for me; and, to mortify you the more, it shall be in the Character of a Woman.

Phæd.

Phæd. [to *Plutus*, who is going] Stay then, Mr. *Plutus*, if you please——let's hear what he'll say by way of Reply.

Merc. That's but an ill-natur'd Experiment; for Wit and Wealth have no kindness for one another: however, it shall be as you please for once.

[*Mercury waves his Caduceus, a Nymph enters in the Character of Wit.*]

S O N G.

- ' *Plutus*, vain is all your vaunting,
- ' *Wit* must Life with Bliss supply.
- ' Gold, alas! should *Wit* be wanting,
- ' Wou'd not find a Joy to buy.

- ' *Wit* alone creates the Blessing,
- ' Which, exchang'd for Gold, you share:
- ' Steril Gold alone possessing,
- ' What has Man but Gloom and Care?

- ' *Wit*, of ev'ry Art deviser,
- ' Ev'ry Passion can controul:
- ' Can to Pity move the Miser,
- ' Can with Mirth dilate his Soul.

- ' Gold itself, on *Wit* depending,
- ' Thence derives its utmost Pow'r:
- ' Folly all profusely spending,
- ' Folly hoarding all is poor.'

Phæd. To her, Mr. *Plutus*.

D U E T.

- ' *Plut.* In vain wou'd your Jargon our Senses bewitch,
- ' D'ye tell me that Gold will not make a Man rich?
- ' *Wit.* It is Wit, Wit alone; that can keep it or use;
- ' And it cannot enrich those that hide it or lose.
- ' *Plut.* Your Quibbles I scorn.
- ' *Wit.* But you cannot reply.
- ' *Plut.* I boldly affirm —
- ' *Wit.* What I boldly deny.
- ' *Plut.* I'll bet you ten Millions.
- ' *Wit.* No Wagers I lay.
- ' *Plut.* You dare not.
- ' *Wit.* I scorn you.
- ' *Plut.* I hate you.
- ' *Wit.* Away —

Plut.

‘ *Plut.* I go—may great *Jove* in his Mercy decree ;
That we never may meet, since we ne’er can agree.

‘ *Wit.* Go you to the Foolish.

‘ *Plut.* And you to the Poor.

‘ *Wit.* The Poor I can blefs, and their Bleffings secure.’

[*Exeunt feverally.*]

Phæd. Well, for all these fine Promises of *Wit*, I have no great Opinion of the Happiness of Poverty.

Merc. If you will not yield to Argument, let Experiment convince you.

[*Strikes the Scene with his Caduceus, and it changes to a rural Prospect, with a Dance of Peasants to Country Musick.*]

Merc. Well, what think you *Phædra*—are these People happy ?

Phæd. If they are happy, they owe their Happiness as little to *Wit* as to Money, I believe.

Merc. I beg your Pardon— if it had not been for the Arts that *Wit* has invented, they would have had neither Pipe nor Dance : and mere Ease and Content are but negative Happiness at the best.

Phæd. Well, I find ’tis in vain to dispute with you ; but I shall hold my Opinion for all that. Adieu— if you make me happy according to my Way of Thinking, perhaps I may make you happy according to yours. [*Exit.*]

Merc. Woman—mere Woman !—however, I love thee but as mere Woman, and only as mere Woman thou art mine.

Such Bargain-Loves as I with *Phædra* treat,
Are all the Leagues and Friendship of the Great.

Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold :

’Tis who bids most—for all Men wou’d be fold. [*Exit.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gripus and Phædra. Gripus has the Goblet in his Hand.

Phæd. YOU will not be so base to take it from me ?
Grip. ’Tis my proper Chattel : and I’ll seize my own, in whatever Hands I find it.

Phæd. You know I only show’d it you to provoke your Generosity, that you might out-bid your Rival with a better Present.

Grip. My Rival is a Thief : and I’ll indite you for a Receiver of stol’n Goods.

Phæd.

Phæd. Thou Hide-bound Lover!

Grip. Thou very mercenary Mistress!

Phæd. Thou most mercenary Magistrate!

Grip. Thou Seller of thyself!

Phæd. Thou Seller of other People! Thou Weather-cock of Government: that when the Wind blows for the Subject, point'st to Privilege; and when it changes for the Sovereign, veer'st to Prerogative.

Grip. Will you compound, and take it as my Present?

Pæd. No: but I'll send thy Rival to force it from thee.

Grip. When a Thief is Rival to his Judge, the Hangman will soon decide the Difference. [Exit Phædra.]

Enter Mercury, with two Swords.

Merc. [Bowling] Save your good Lordship.

Grip. From an impertinent Coxcomb—I am out of Humour, and am in haste—Leave me.

Merc. 'Tis my Duty to attend on your Lordship, and to ease you of that indecent Burden.

Grip. Gold was never any Burden to one of my Profession.

Merc. By your Lordship's Permission, *Phædra* has sent me to take it from you.

Grip. What, by Violence?

Merc. [still Bowling] No; but by your Honour's Permission, I am to restore it to her, and persuade your Lordship to renounce your Pretensions to her.

Grip. Tell her flatly, I will neither do one, nor t'other.

Merc. O my good Lord, I dare pass my Word for your free Consent to both.—Will your Honour be pleas'd to take your Choice of one of these?

Grip. Why these are Swords: what have I to do with them?

Merc. Only to take your Choice of one of them—which your Lordship pleases; and leave the other to your most obedient Servant.

Grip. What, one of these ungodly Weapons? Take Notice I'll lay you by the Heels, Sirrah: this has the Appearance of an unlawful bloody Challenge.

Merc. You Magistrates are pleas'd to call it so, my Lord; but with us Sword-men, 'tis an honourable Invitation to the cutting of one another's Throats.

Grip. Be answer'd; I have no Throat to cut. The Law shall decide our Controversy.

Merc. By your Permission, my Lord, it must be dispatch'd this way.

Grip. I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee any such Permission, to dispatch me into another World.

Merc. At the least, my Lord, you have no Occasion to complain

complain of my want of Respect to you: You will neither restore the Goblet, nor renounce *Phædra*: I offer you the Combat; you refuse it; all this is done in the Forms of Honour: It follows, that I am to affront, cudgel you, or kick you, at my own Arbitrement; and I suppose, you are too honourable not to approve of my Proceeding.

Grip. Here's a new sort of Process, that was never heard of in any of our Courts.

Merc. This, my good Lord, is Law in Short-hand; without your long Preambles, and tedious Repetitions, that signify nothing but to squeeze the Subject: Therefore, with your Lordship's Favour, I begin. [*Fillips him under the Chin.*]

Grip. What's this for?

Merc. To give you an Occasion of returning me a box o'th' Ear; that so, all things may proceed methodically.

Grip. I put in no Answer, but suffer a Non-suit.

Merc. No, my Lord; for the Costs and Charges are to be paid: Will you please to restore the Cup?

Grip. I have told thee, no.

Merc. Then from your Chin, I must ascend to your Lordship's Ears.

Grip. Oh, oh, oh, oh. — Wilt thou never leave lugging me by the Ears?

Merc. Not till your Lordship will be pleas'd to hear Reason. [*Pulling again.*]

Grip. Take the Cup, and the Devil give thee Joy on't.

Merc. [*still holding him*] And your Lordship will farther be graciously pleas'd, to release all Claims, Titles, and Actions whatsoever to *Phædra*: You must give me leave to add one small memento, for that too. [*Pulling him again.*]

Grip. I renounce her, I release her.

Enter Phædra.

Merc. [*to her*] *Phædra*, my Lord has been pleas'd to be very gracious, without pushing Matters to Extremity.

Phæd. I over-heard it all. But give me Livery and Seisin of the Goblet, in the first Place.

Merc. There's an Act of Oblivion shou'd be pass'd too.

Phæd. Let him begin to remember Quarrels, when he dare; now I have him under my Girdle, I'll cap Verses with him to the end of the Chapter.

Enter Amphitryon and Guards.

Amph. [*to Gripus*] At last I have got Possession without your Lordship's Warrant: *Phædra*, tell *Alcmena* I am here.

Phæd. I'll carry no such lying Message——You are not here, and you cannot be here; for, to my Knowledge, you are above with my Lady, in the Chamber.

Amph. All of a Piece, and all Witchcraft! Answer me precisely; dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon*?

H

Phæd.

Phæd. Answer me first: Did you give me a Diamond, and a Purse of Gold?

Amph. Thou know'st I did not.

Phæd. Then, by the same Token, I know you are not the true *Amphitryon*.

Amph. I'll undo this Enchantment with my Sword, and kill the Sorcerer; Come up, Gentlemen, and follow me. [*To the Guards.*

Phæd. I'll save you the Labour, and call him down to confront you, if you dare attend him. [*Exit Phædra.*

Merc. [*Aside*] Now the Spell is ended, and *Jupiter* can enchant no more; or else *Amphitryon* had not enter'd so easily. — [*Gripus is stealing off*] Whither now, *Gripus*? I have Business for you. If you offer to stir, you know what follows.

Enter Jupiter, follow'd by Tranio and Polidas.

Jup. Who dares to play the Master in my House? What Noise is this that calls me from above, Invades my soft Reces,

And, like a Tide, breaks in upon my Love?

Amph. O Heav'ns, what's this I see?

Tran. What a Prodigy!

Pol. How! Two *Amphitryons*!

Grip. I have beheld th' Appearance of two Suns, But still the false was dimmer than the true; Here, both shine out alike.

Amph. This is a Sight, that, like the *Gorgon's Head*, Chills all my blood, and stiffens me to Stone. I need no more inquire into my Fate; For what I see resolves my Doubts too plain.

Tran. Two Drops of Water cannot be more like.

Pol. They are two very Sames.

Merc. [*Aside*] Our *Jupiter* is a great Comedian, he counterfeits most admirably.

Amph. Now I am gather'd back into myself; My Heart beats high, and pushes out the Blood,

[*Drawing his Sword.*

To give me just Revenge on this Impostor.

If you are brave, assist me [*To the Guards*] — Not one stirs!

What, are all brib'd to take th' Enchanter's Part? —

'Tis true, the Work is mine; and thus —

[*Going to rush upon Jupiter; and is held by Tranio and Polidas.*

Pol. It must not be.

Jup. Give him his Way: I dare the Madman's worst. But still take Notice, that it looks not like The true *Amphitryon*, to fly out at first To brutal Force: it shews he doubts his Cause, Who dares not trust his Reason to defend it.

Amph. [*Struggling*] Thou base Usurper of my Name, and Bed!

No

No less than thy Heart's Blood can wash away
Th' Affronts I have sustain'd.

Tran. We must not suffer
So strange a Duel, as *Amphitryon*
To fight against himself.

Pol. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your Hands;
We know our Duty to our General;
We know the Tyes of Friendship to our Friend;
But who that Friend, or who that Gen'ral is,
Without more certain Proofs betwixt you two,
Is hard to be distinguish'd by our Reason,
Impossible by Sight.

Amph. I know it; and have satisfy'd myself,
I am the true *Amphitryon*.

Jup. See again,
He shuns the certain Proofs; and dares not stand
Impartial Judgment, and award of Right.
But since *Alcmena's* Honour is concern'd,
Whom, more than Life and all the World, I love;
This I propose, as equal to us both.

Tranio and *Polidas*, be you Assistants;
The Guards be ready to secure th' Impostor,
When once so prov'd, for publick Punishment;
And *Gripus*, be thou Umpire of the Cause.

Amph. I am content; Let him proceed to Examination.

Grip. [*Aside to Merc*] On whose Side wou'd you please that
I shou'd give the Sentence?

Merc. [*Aside to him*] Follow thy Conscience for once: but
not to make a Custom of it neither; nor to leave an evil Pre-
cedent of Uprightness to future Judges — [*Aside*] 'Tis a good
thing to have a Magistrate under Correction: Your old forni-
cating Judge dares never give Sentence against him that knows
his Haunts.

Polid. Your Lordship knows I was Master of *Amphitryon's*
Ship; and I desire to know of him, what pass'd in private be-
twixt us two at his Landing, when he was just ready to engage
the Enemy?

Grip. Let the true *Amphitryon* answer first——

Jup. and Amph. together—My Lord, I told him——

Grip. Peace both of you!—'Tis a plain Case they are both
true; for they both speak together: but for more certainty, let
the false *Amphitryon* speak first.

Merc. Now they are both silent——

Grip. Then 'tis as plain on t'other Side, that they are both
false *Amphitryons*.

Merc. Which *Amphitryon* shall speak first?

Grip. Let the Choleric *Amphitryon* speak: and let the Peace-
able hold his Peace.

Amph. [to *Polid.*] You may remember that I whisper'd you, not to part from the Stern, one single Moment.

Polid. You did so.

Grip. No more Words then : I proceed to Sentence.

Jup. 'Twas I that whisper'd him ; and he may remember I gave him this Reason for it, that if our Men were beaten, I might secure my own Retreat.

Polid. You did so.

Grip. Now again he's as true as t'other.

Tran. You know I was Pay-master : what Directions did you give me the Night before the Battle ?

Grip. To which of the You's art thou speaking ?

Amph. I order'd you to take particular Care of the great Bag.

Grip. Why this is Demonstration.

Jup. The Bag that I recommended to you, was of Tyger's Skin ; and mark'd *Beta*.

Grip. In Sadness I think they are both Jugglers : Here's nothing, and here's nothing ; and then *hiccus doccius*, and they are both here again.

Tran. You, peaceable *Amphitryon*, what Money was there in that Bag ?

Jup. The Sum, in gross, amounted just to fifty Attick Talents.

Tran. To a Farthing.

Grip. Paugh ! Obvious, obvious.

Amph. Two thousand Pieces of Gold were ty'd up in a Handkerchief by themselves.

Tran. I remember it.

Grip. Then 'tis dubious again.

Jup. But the rest was not all Silver ; for there were just four thousand Brass Halfpence.

Grip. Being but Brass, the Proof is inconsiderable : if they had been Silver, it had gone on your Side.

Amph. [to *Jup.*] Death and Hell, you will not persuade me, that I did not kill *Pterelas* ?

Jup. Nor you me, that I did not enjoy *Alcmena* ?

Amph. That last was Poison to me.——

[*Aside.*]

Yet there's one Proof thou canst not counterfeit :

In killing *Pterelas*, I had a Wound

Full in the brawny Part of my right Arm ;

Where still the Scar remains : Now blush, Impostor ;

For this thou canst not show.

[*Bares his Arm, and shews the Scar, which they all look on.*]

Omnis. This is the true *Amphitryon*.

Jup. May your Lordship please——

Grip. No, Sirrah, it does not please me : Hold your Tongue, I charge you, for the Case is manifest.

Jup. By your Favour then, this shall speak for me.

[*Bares his Arm, and shews it.*]

Tran. 'Tis just in the same Muscle.

Polid.

Polid. Of the same Length and Breadth; and the Scar of the same bluish Colour.

Grip. [to *Jup.*] Did not I charge you not to speak?
'Twas plain enough before: and now you have puzzled it again.

Amph. Good Gods, how can this be!

Grip. For certain there was but one *Pterelas*; and he must have been in the Plot against himself too: For he was kill'd first by one of them; and then rose again out of Respect to t'other *Amphitryon*, to be kill'd twice over.

Enter Alcmena, Phædra, and Bromia.

Alc. [turning to *Phæd.* and *Brom.*]

No more of this; it sounds impossible
That two shou'd be so like, no Difference found.

Phæd. You'll find it true.

Alc. Then where's *Alcmena's* Honour and her Fame?—
Farewel my needless Fear, it cannot be:
This is a Case too nice for vulgar Sight—
But let me come, my Heart will guide my Eyes
To point, and tremble to its proper Choice.

[*Seeing Amphitryon, goes to him.*]

There neither was, nor is, but one *Amphitryon*;
And I am only his— [Goes to take him by the Hand.]

Amph. [pushing her away from him] Away, Adulteress!

Jup. My gentle Love, my Treasure and my Joy,
Follow no more that false and foolish Fire,
That wou'd mislead thy Fame to sure Destruction!
Look on thy better Husband, and thy Friend,
Who will not leave thee liable to Scorn,
But vindicate thy Honour from that Wretch,
Who wou'd by base Aspersions blot thy Virtue.

Alc. [Going to him, who embraces her]

I was indeed mistaken; thou art he!
Thy Words, thy Thoughts, thy Soul is all *Amphitryon*.
Th' Impostor has thy Features, not thy Mind;
The Face might have deceiv'd me in my Choice,
Thy Kindness is a Guide that cannot err.

Amph. What! in my Presence to prefer the Villain?
O execrable Cheat! I break the Truce;
And will no more attend your vain Decisions.
To this—and to the Gods I'll trust my Cause.

[*Is rushing upon Jupiter, and is held a' air.*]

Jup. Poor Man; how I contemn those idle Threats!
Were I dispos'd, thou might'st as safely meet
The Thunder launch'd from the red Arm of *Jov.*
But in the Face of *Thebes*, she shall be clear'd;
And what I am, and what thou art, be known,
Attend, and I will bring convincing Proofs.

Amph.

Amph. Thou wouldst elude my Justice, and escape :
But I will follow thee, thro' Earth, and Seas ;
Nor Hell shall hide thee from my just Revenge.

Jup. I'll spare thy Pains : It shall be quickly seen,
Betwixt us two, who seeks, and who avoids.—
Come in my Friends—and thou who seem'st *Amphitryon* ;
That all who are in Doubt, may know the true.

[*Jupiter re-enters the House ; with him Amphitryon, Alcmena,
Polidas, Tranio, and Guards.*

Merc. Thou *Gripus*, and you *Bromia*, stay with *Phædra* :
[*To Grip. and Brom. who are following.*

Let their Affairs alone, and mind we ours.

Amphitryon's Rival shall appear a God :

But know before-hand, I am *Mercury* ;

Who want not Heav'n, while *Phædra* is on Earth.

Brom. But, an't please your Lordship, is my Fellow Servant,
Phædra to be exalted into the Heav'ns, and made a Star ?

Phæd. When that comes to pass, if you look up a-nights, I
shall remember old Kindness, and vouchsafe to twinkle on you.
Enter Sofia, peeping about him ; and seeing Mercury, is starting back.

Sof. Here he is again ; and there's no passing by him into the
House, unless I were a Spright, to glide in thro' the Key-hole.
—I am to be a Vagabond, I find.

Merc. Sofia, come back.

Sof. No, I thank you—you may whistle me long enough ; a
beaten Dog has always the Wit to avoid his Master.

Merc. I permit thee to be *Sofia* again.

Sof. 'Tis an unfortunate Name, and I abandon it : he that
has an Itch to be beaten, let him take it up for *Sofia* ;—What
have I said now ! I mean for me ; for I neither am nor will be
Sofia.

Merc. But thou may'st be so in Safety : for I have acknow-
ledg'd myself to be God *Mercury*.

Sof. I am your most humble Servant, good Mr. *Mercury*. But
how shall I be sure that you will never assume my Shape again ?

Merc. Because I am weary of wearing so villainous an Outside.

Sof. Well, well ; as villainous as it is, here's old *Bromia* will
be contented with it.

Brom. Yes, now I am sure that I may chastise you safely.

Sof. Ay, but you had best take heed you attempt it ; for as
Mercury has turn'd himself into me, so I may take the Toy into
my Head, to turn myself into *Mercury*, that I may swinge you
off, condignly.

Merc. In the mean time, be all my Witnesses, that I take
Phædra for my Wife of the Left-hand ; that is, in the Nature
of a lawful Concubine.

Phæd. You shall pardon me for believing you, for all you are
a God : for you have a terrible ill Name below ; and I'm afraid
you'll get a Footman, instead of a Priest to marry us.

Merc.

Merc. But here's *Gripus* shall draw up Articles betwixt us.

Phæd. But he's terribly us'd to false Conveyancing—Well, be it so: for my Counsel shall overlook 'em before I sign. Come on, *Gripus*; that I may have him under black and white.

[*Here Gripus gets ready Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Merc. With all my Heart.

Phæd. [to *Grip.*] Begin, begin; Heads of Articles to be made, &c. betwixt *Mercury*, God of Thieves—

Merc. And *Phædra*, Queen of Gypsies——*Imprimis*, I promise to buy and settle upon her an Estate, containing nine thousand Acres of Land, in any Part of *Bœotia*, to her own liking.

Phæd. Provided always, that no Part of the said nine thousand Acres shall be upon, or adjoining to Mount *Parnassus*: for I will not be fobb'd off with a poetical Estate.

Merc. *Memorandum*, that she be always constant to me: and admit of no other Lover.

Phæd. *Memorandum*, unless it be a Lover that offers more; and that the Constancy shall not exceed the Settlement.

Merc. *Item*, that she shall keep no Male Servants in her House.

Brom. Here's no Provision made for Children yet.

Phæd. Well remember'd, *Bromia*; I bargain that my eldest Son shall be a Hero, and my eldest Daughter a King's Mistress.

Merc. That it to say, a Blockhead, and a Harlot, *Phædra*.

Phæd. That's true; but who dares call 'em so? Then for the younger Children:—but now I think on't, we'll have no more, but Master and Miss; for the rest wou'd be but chargeable, and a Burden to the Nation.

Merc. Yes, yes; the second shall be a false Prophet: he shall have Wit enough to set up a new Religion; and too much Wit to die a Martyr for it.

Phæd. O what had I forgot? there's Pin-money, and Alimony, and separate Maintenance, and a thousand Things more to be consider'd; that are all to be tack'd to this Act of Settlement.

Ses. I am a Fool, I must confess—but yet I can see as far into a Mill-stone as the best of you. I have observ'd, that you Women-Wits are commonly so quick upon the Scent, that you often over-run it: Now I wou'd ask of Madam *Phædra*, that in case Mr. Heaven there, shou'd be pleas'd to break these Articles, in what Court of Judicature she intends to sue him?

Phæd. The Fool has hit upon't:—Gods, and Great Men, are never to be sued; for they can always plead Privilege: and therefore for once, Monsieur, I'll take your Word; for as long as you love me you'll be sure to keep it: and in the mean time I shall be gaining Experience how to manage some rich Cully; for no Woman ever made her Fortune by a Wit.

It thunders; and the Company within Doors, Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polidas, and Tranio, all come running out, and join with the rest, who were on the Theatre before.

Amph. Sure 'tis some God! He vanish'd from our Sight,
And told us we should see him soon return.

Alc. I know not what to Hope, nor what to Fear.
A simple Error, is a real Crime;
And unconsenting Innocence is lost.

A second Peal of Thunder. After which, Jupiter appears in a Machine.

Jup. Look up, *Amphitryon*, and behold above
Th' Impostor God, the Rival of thy Love:
In thy own Shape see *Jupiter* appear,
And let that Sight secure thy jealous Fear.
Disgrace, and Infamy, are turn'd to Boast;
No Fame, in *Jove's* Concurrence, can be lost:
What he enjoys, he sanctifies from Vice;
And by partaking stamps into a Price.

Merc. [*Aside*] *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena* both stand mute, and know not how to take it.

Sof. [*Aside*] Our Sovereign Lord *Jupiter* is a sly Companion; he knows how to gild a bitter Pill.

Jup. From this auspicious Night shall rise an Heir,
Great like his Sire, and like his Mother Fair:
Wrongs to redress, and Tyrants to disseize;
Born for a World that wants a *Hercules*.
Monsters, and Monster-men he shall engage,
And toil and struggle thro' an impious Age.
Peace to his Labours shall at length succeed;
And murm'ring Men, unwilling to be freed,
Shall be compell'd to Happiness, by Need. }

[*Jupiter is carry'd back to Heaven.*

Omnes. We all congratulate *Amphitryon*.

Sof. Ah, *Bromia, Bromia*, if thou hadst been as handsome and as young as *Phædra*! I say no more,—but somebody might have made his Fortunes as well as his Master, and never the worse Man neither.

But—down Ambition! let me not complain—
Enough that I am *Sofia* once again!
Though not a Cuckold, yet content I'll be;
The Great Man's Happiness is not for me.
But of myself shall I be robb'd no more?—
Your Voice, “ye learned *Thebans*,” I implore—
Give me your Suffrage, I'll be *Sofia* still;
Let Bully *Merc'ry* there, do what he will.

T H E E N D.

T H E
J E A L O U S W I F E :
A
C O M E D Y .

AS IT IS ACTED

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By GEORGE COLMAN.

Servatâ semper LEGE et RATIONE. — JUV.

The F O U R T H E D I T I O N .



O X F O R D ,

Printed by W. JACKSON, in the HIGH-STREET:

For J. NEWBERRY, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; R. BALDWIN, in
Paternoster-Row; T. BECKET and Company, in the *Strand*;
T. DAVIES, in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden, London*; and
A. KINCAID and Company, in *Edinburgh*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Use that has been made in this Comedy of *Fielding's* admirable Novel of *Tom Jones*, must be obvious to the most ordinary Reader. Some Hints have also been taken from the Account of Mr. and Mrs. *Freeman*, in No. 212, and No. 216, of the *Spectator*; and the short Scene of *Charles's* Intoxication, at the End of the Third Act, is partly an Imitation of the Behaviour of *Syrus*, much in the same Circumstances, in the *Adelphi* of *Terence*. There are also some Traces of the Character of the Jealous Wife, in one of the latter Papers of the *Connoisseur*.

It would be unjust, indeed, to omit mentioning my Obligations to Mr. *Garrick*. To his Inspection the Comedy was submitted in its first rude State; and to my Care and Attention to follow his Advice in many Particulars, relating both to the Fable and Characters, I know that I am much indebted for the Reception which this Piece has met with from the Publick.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The EARL of BATH.

MY LORD,

AFTER having written a Play entirely without your Knowledge; and after having frankly confessed that I only concealed my design, because I doubted of its meeting with your Approbation: Excuse me, if I attempt to vindicate one Act of Presumption by another; and now the Piece is come abroad into the World, give me Leave to hope that You will take it under your Protection.

When I address myself to You on so publick an Occasion, they, who know how much I owe to You, will undoubtedly expect that I shall not let slip so fair an Opportunity of expressing my Gratitude. They will naturally imagine, that the Countenance You have ever shewn me, the Kindness and Indulgence with which You have treated me, and your continued Acts of Benevolence and Generosity to me, will not be forgot; but that I shall dwell with Pleasure on a Subject, whereon I have nothing to say but what comes immediately from my Heart.

The World, however, is deceived. Your eminent Qualities are too well known, for me to expatiate on them: And as to your particular

DEDICATION.

Goodness to me, That, I fear, becomes too inconsiderable for general Notice from the Object on which it has been exerted. I should chuse, therefore, rather to fall into another Vein: To shew that Scholars and Writers have a Title to your Patronage; and to prove, that You, of all Persons in the great World, are the very Man, with whom it is most likely that an Adventurer in Letters should make free.

Let us only review your Life and Conversation, the Company You have always kept, and the Methods by which You have signalized Yourself in this Kingdom! Were not your earliest Connections formed with an Attention to Literature? Were not your intimate Acquaintance the most eminent Men of their Time, remarkable not only for worldly Talents, and what are called solid Understandings, but distinguished by that Brilliancy and Vivacity, peculiar to the Lovers of the *Belles Lettres*? Did not You even condescend to associate with the professed Wits of the Age? It is well known, that You have passed many a social Evening with *Steele* and *Addison*; You have joined in the rich Humour of *Arbutnot*; You have read the Comedies of *Congreve* (my Brother-Student of the Law) in Manuscript; You have corresponded with *Pope* and *Swift*; and *Gay* lived and wrote in your House.

How you spent your Time in this dangerous Company, it is too easy to conceive. The Turn and Spirit of your Compositions, notwithstanding your Endeavours to be concealed, soon betrayed You for their Author. Deep in the
Mysteries

DEDICATION.

Myſteries of Politicks, and acquainted with the Revolution of every Wheel of Government, You rendered your Wit ſubſervient to theſe greater Purpoſes. You have been frequently known to ſeaſon the Severity of Debate, by a ſtrong Leaven of Pleaſantry and Humour: Nay more, if I may believe what I have heard, You have not been contented merely with displaying your Eloquence in Parliament, but have exerciſed your other Talents, for the ſame Ends, in Concert with other wicked Wits, without Doors.

This, my Lord, is the Character, which I am told You have always borne in the World: and I muſt confeſs, that, in my Opinion, You are not in the leaſt altered. Notwithſtanding You are ſo much farther advanced in Life, You have as much Wit, and, for ought I ſee, as great a Love for Wit, and Tendency to be witty, as ever. If a Pamphlet appears, whoſe Solidity of Argument, and Strength of Stile, gives an Alarm to the Publick, it is immediately attributed to the Earl of *Bath*. If a little *feu d'Esprit*, or a *Bon Mot*, goes about the Town, ten to one but it is ſaid to be the Earl of *Bath's*. I perhaps am queſtioned about it. I know nothing of the Matter: But from what I ſee of the Earl of *Bath*, I am always apt to think, that if the Work is maſterly, Nobody is more equal to the Execution of it; or, if the Wit is excellent, Nobody is ſo likely to have thrown it out in ſuch a careleſs Manner, as to have forgot, almoſt immediately, what they who heard it, always muſt remember.

DEDICATION.

Filled with this Idea of your Character, how can I bring myself to make a formal Apology for the present Undertaking? I do not find that your Wit has ever done You any Harm: That mine, if I had any, should, like Yours, be made conducive to greater Ends, might, I fear, rather be wished than expected: And yet, whether "I shall leave a Calling for this idle Trade," is a Point, which, I hope, the World will not too hastily decide, but candidly leave to Time alone to determine. If I am to blame in what I have done, You have been in Part the innocent Occasion of it, and must give me Leave to quote You as a fresh Instance of the dangerous Quality of Wit, and in the Spirit of *Shakespear's Dogberry*, to desire You "to correct yourself for the Example of others."

I am,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most obliged,

Lincoln's-Inn,
Feb. 18, 1761.

And grateful humble Servant,

GEORGE COLMAN.

P R O L O G U E

WRITTEN by Mr. LLOYD.

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK.

THE *Jealous Wife! A Comedy! Poor Man!*
A charming Subject! But a wretched Plan.
His skittish Wit, o'erleaping the due Bound,
Commits flat Trespass upon Tragick Ground.
Quarrels, Upbraidings, Jealousies, and Spleen,
Grow too familiar in the Comick Scene.
Tinge but the Language with Heroick Crime,
'Tis Passion, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
What round big Words had swell'd the pompous Scene,
A King the Husband, and the Wife a Queen!
Then might Distraction rend her graceful Hair,
See sightless Forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Drawcansir Death had rag'd without Controul,
Here the drawn Dagger, there the poison'd Bowl.
What Eyes had stream'd at all the whining Woe!
What Hands had thunder'd at each Hah! and Oh!
But Peace! The gentle Prologue Custom sends,
Like Drum and Serjeant, to beat up for Friends.
At Vice and Folly, each a lawful Game,
Our Author flies, but with no partial Aim.
He read the Manners, open as they lie
In Nature's Volume to the general Eye.
Books too be read, nor blush'd to use their Store——
He does but what his Betters did before.
Shakespeare has done it, and the Grecian Stage
Caught Truth of Character from Homer's Page.
If in his Scenes an honest Skill is shewn,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a Master's happy Pencil drew
He brings more forward in Dramatick View;
To your Decision he submits his Cause,
Secure of Candour, anxious for Applause.

P R O L O G U E.

*But if, all rude, his artless Scenes deface
The simple Beauties which He meant to grace,
If, an Invader upon others Land,
He spoil and plunder with a Robber's Hand,
Do Justice on Him!—As on Fools before,
And give to Blockheads past one Blockhead more.*

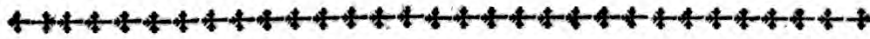


Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Oakly,</i>	Mr. GARRICK.
<i>Major Oakly,</i>	Mr. YATES.
<i>Charles,</i>	Mr. PALMER.
<i>Russet,</i>	Mr. BURTON.
<i>Sir Harry Beagle,</i>	Mr. KING.
<i>Lord Trinket,</i>	Mr. OBRIEN.
<i>Captain O'Cutter,</i>	Mr. MOODY.
<i>Paris,</i>	Mr. BLAKES.
<i>William,</i>	Mr. ACKMAN.
<i>John,</i>	Mr. CASTLE.
<i>Tom,</i>	Mr. CLOUGH.
<i>Servant to Lady Freelove,</i>	Mr. FOX.
<i>Mrs. Oakly,</i>	Mrs. PRITCHARD.
<i>Lady Freelove,</i>	Mrs. CLIVE.
<i>Harriot,</i>	Miss PRITCHARD.
<i>Toilet,</i>	Mrs. JOHNSTON.
<i>Chambermaid,</i>	Mrs. SIMPSON.



T H E
J E A L O U S W I F E .



A C T I .

SCENE, *A Room in Oakly's House. Noise heard within.*

Mrs. Oakly, within.



ON'T tell me—I know it is so—It's monstrous, and I will not bear it.

Oak. within. But, my Dear!—

Mrs. Oak. Nay, nay, &c.

[Squabbling within.]

Enter Mrs. Oakly, with a Letter, Oakly following.

Mrs. Oak. Say what you will, Mr. *Oakly*, you shall never persuade me, but this is some filthy Intrigue of yours.

Oak. I can assure you, my Love!—

Mrs. Oak. Your Love!—Don't I know your—Tell me, I say, this Instant, every Circumstance relating to this Letter.

Oak. How can I tell you, when you will not so much as let me see it?

Mrs.

2 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Mrs. Oak. Look you, Mr. *Oakly*, this Usage is not to be borne. You take a Pleasure in abusing my Tenderness and soft Disposition.—To be perpetually running over the whole Town, nay the whole Kingdom too, in pursuit of your Amours!—Did not I discover that you was great with Mademoiselle, my own Woman?—Did not you contract a shameful Familiarity with Mrs. *Freeman*?—Did not I detect your Intrigue with Lady *Wealthy*?—Was not you——

Oak. Oons! Madam, the Grand Turk himself has not half so many Mistresses—You throw me out of all Patience—Do I know any body but our common Friends?—Am I visited by any body, that does not visit you?—Do I ever go out, unless you go with me?—And am I not as constantly by your Side, as if I was tied to your Apron Strings?

Mrs. Oak. Go, go, you are a false Man——Have not I found you out a thousand Times? And have not I this Moment a Letter in my Hand, which convinces me of your Baseness?——Let me know the whole Affair, or I will——

Oak. Let you know? Let Me know what you would have of me—You stop my Letter before it comes to my Hands, and then expect that I shou'd know the Contents of it.

Mrs. Oak. Heaven be praised! I stopt it.—I suspected some of these Doings for some Time past—But the Letter informs me who she is, and I'll be revenged on her sufficiently. Oh, you base Man, you!

Oak. I beg, my Dear, that you would moderate your Passion!—Shew me the Letter, and I'll convince you of my Innocence.

Mrs. Oak. Innocence! — Abominable! — Innocence!—But I am not to be made such a Fool—I am convinced of your Perfidy, and very sure that——

Oak.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 3

Oak. 'Sdeath and Fire! your Passion hurries you out of your Senses.—Will you hear me?

Mrs. Oak. No, you are a base Man; and I will not hear you.

Oak. Why then, my Dear, since you will neither talk reasonably yourself, nor listen to Reason from me, I shall take my Leave till you are in a better Humour. So, your Servant! [*Going.*]

Mrs. Oak. Ay, go, you cruel Man!—Go to your Mistresses, and leave your poor Wife to her Miseries.—How unfortunate a Woman am I!—I could die with Vexation.—

[*Throwing herself into a Chair.*]

Oak. There it is—Now dare not I stir a Step further—If I offer to go, she is in one of her Fits in an Instant—Never sure was Woman at once of so violent and so delicate a Constitution!—What shall I say to sooth her?—Nay, never make Thyself so uneasy, my Dear—Come, come, you know I love You. Nay, nay, you shall be convinced.

Mrs. Oak. I know you hate me; and that your Unkindness and Barbarity will be the Death of me.

[*Whining.*]

Oak. Do not vex yourself at this Rate—I love you most passionately—Indeed I do—This must be some Mistake.

Mrs. Oak. O, I am an unhappy Woman!

[*Weeping.*]

Oak. Dry up thy Tears, my Love, and be comforted!—You will find that I am not to blame in this Matter—Come, let me see this Letter.—Nay, you shall not deny me. [*Taking the Letter.*]

Mrs. Oak. There! take it, you know the Hand, I am sure.

Oak. To Charles Oakly, Esq; (*Reading.*)—Hand! 'Tis a Clerk-like Hand, indeed! a good round Text! and was certainly never penned by a fair Lady.

Mrs.

4 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Mrs. Oak. Ay, laugh at me, do!

Oak. Forgive me, my Love, I did not mean to laugh at thee——But what says the Letter?——
[*Reading.*]—*Daughter eloped—You must be privy to it—Scandalous—Disbonourable—Satisfaction—Revenge um, um, um—injured Father.*

Henry Ruffet.

Mrs. Oak. [*Rising.*] Well, Sir—You see I have detected you——Tell me this Instant where she is concealed.

Oak. So—so—so —— This hurts me —— I'm shock'd——[*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. What are you confounded with your Guilt? Have I caught you at last?

Oak. O that wicked *Charles!* To decoy a young Lady from her Parents in the Country! The Profligacy of the young Fellows of this Age is abominable. [*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. [*Half aside and musing*] *Charles!*—Let me see!——*Charles!*—No!—Impossible.—This is all a Trick.

Oak. He has certainly ruined this poor Lady.

[*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. Art! Art! all Art!—There's a sudden Turn now!—You have ready Wit for Intrigue, I find.

Oak. Such an abandoned Action!—I wish I had never had the Care of him. [*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. Mighty fine, Mr. *Oakly!*—Go on Sir, go on!—I see what you mean.——Your Assurance provokes me beyond your very Falshood itself.—So you imagine, Sir, that this affected Concern, this flimsy Pretence about *Charles*, is to bring you off.—Matchless Confidence!—But I am armed against every Thing.——I am prepar'd for all your dark Schemes: I am aware of all your low Stratagems.

Oak. See there now! Was ever any Thing so provoking?

The JEALOUS WIFE. 5

provoking? To persevere in your ridiculous —
For Heaven's Sake, my Dear, don't distract me.
When you see my Mind thus agitated and uneasy,
that a young Fellow, whom his dying Father, my
own Brother, committed to my Care, should be
guilty of such enormous Wickedness; I say, when
you are witness of my Distress on this Occasion, how
can you be weak enough and cruel enough to —

Mrs. Oak. Prodigiously well, Sir! You do it very
well.—Nay keep it up, carry it on, there's nothing
like going through with it.—O you artful Crea-
ture! But, Sir, I am not to be so easily satisfied.—
I do not believe a Syllable of all this—Give me
the Letter.—[*Snatching the Letter.*]—You shall
forely repent this vile Business, for I am resolved
that I will know the Bottom of it. [Exit.]

Oakly, *solus.*

Oak. This is beyond all Patience.—Provoking
Woman!—Her absurd Suspicions interpret every
Thing the wrong Way. She delights to make me
wretched, because she sees I am attached to her,
and converts my Tenderness and Affection into the
Instruments of my own Torture.—But this ungra-
cious Boy!—In how many Troubles will he involve
his own and this Lady's Family—I never ima-
gin'd that he was of such abandon'd Principles.—
O, here he comes!

Enter Major Oakly, and Charles.

Char. Good-morrow, Sir!

Maj. Good-morrow, Brother, good-morrow!—
What! you have been at the old Work, I find. I
heard you—ding! dong! i'faith!—She has rung a
noble Peal in your Ears.—But how now? Why sure
you've had a remarkable warm Bout on't.—You
seem more ruffled than usual.

Oak. I am, indeed, Brother!—Thanks to that
young

The JEALOUS WIFE. 7

Oak. I like his Emotion. It looks well. It may serve too to convince my Wife of the Folly of her Suspicions. Wou'd to Heav'n I cou'd quiet them for ever!

Maj. Why pray now, my dear naughty Brother, what heinous Offence have you committed this Morning? What new Cause of Suspicion?—You have been asking one of the Maids to mend your Ruffle, I suppose, or have been hanging your Head out of Window, when a pretty young Woman has past by, or——

Oak. How can you trifle with my Distresses, *Maj.* ?—Did not I tell you it was about a Letter?

Maj. A Letter!—Hum—A suspicious Circumstance to be sure!—What, and the Seal a True-Lover's Knot now, hey! or an Heart transfixt with Darts; or possibly the Wax bore the industrious Impression of a Thimble; or perhaps the Folds were lovingly connected by a Wafer, pricked with a Pin, and the Direction written in a vile Scrawl, and not a Word spelt as it should be; ha! ha! ha!

Oak. Pooh! Brother——Whatever it was, the Letter, you find, was for *Charles*, not for me——This outrageous Jealousy is the Devil.

Maj. Mere matrimonial Blessings and domestick Comfort, Brother! Jealousy is a certain Sign of Love.

Oak. Love! it is this very Love that hath made us both so miserable—Her Love for me has confined me to my House, like a State Prisoner, without the Liberty of seeing my Friends, or the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper; while my Love for her has made such a Fool of me, that I have never had the Spirit to contradict her.

Maj. Ay, ay, there you've hit it; Mrs. *Oakly* would make an excellent Wife, if you did but know how to manage her.

Oak. You are a rare Fellow, indeed, to talk of managing a Wife——A debauch'd Batchelor——

A rattle-

4 9
2-5
6 5

8 The JEALOUS WIFE.

A rattle-brain'd, rioting, Fellow——who have pick'd up your Common-place Notions of Women in Bagnios, Taverns, and the Camp; whose most refined Commerce with the Sex, has been in order to delude Country Girls at your Quarters, or to besiege the Virtue of Abigails, Milliners or Mantuamaker's Prentices.

Maj. So much the better!—So much the better! Women are all alike in the main, Brother, high or low, married or single, Quality or no Quality. I have found them so, from a Duchefs down to a Milkmaid.

Oak. Your savage Notions are ridiculous. What do you know of a Husband's Feelings?—You, who comprife all your Qualities in your *Honour*, as you call it!—Dead to all Sentiments of Delicacy, and incapable of any but the grossest Attachments to Women.—This is your boasted Refinement, your thorough Knowledge of the World! While, with regard to Women, one poor Train of Thinking, one narrow Set of Ideas, like the Uniform of the Regiment, serves the whole Corps.

Maj. Very fine, Brother!——There's Common-place for you with a Vengeance. Henceforth, expect no Quarter from me.—I tell you again and again, I know the Sex better than you do. They all love to give themselves Airs, and to have Power:—Every Woman is a Tyrant at the Bottom. But they cou'd never make a Fool of me.—No, no! No Woman should ever domineer over me, let her be Mistrefs or Wife.

Oak. Single Men can be no Judges in these Cafes.——They must happen in all Families.—But when Things are driven to Extremities——To see a Woman in Uneasiness——A Woman one loves too——One's Wife—Who can withstand it?——You neither speak nor think like a Man that has lov'd, and been married, *Major!*

Maj.

The JEALOUS WIFE: 9

Maj. I wish I could hear a married Man speak my Language——I'm a Batchelor, its true; but I am no bad Judge of your Cafe for all that. I know yours and Mrs. *Oakly's* Disposition to an Hair. She is all Impetuosity and Fire.——A very Magazine of Touchwood and Gunpowder.—You are hot enough too upon Occasion, but then it's over in an Instant. In comes Love and conjugal Affection, as you call it;—that is, mere Folly and Weakness—And you draw off your Forces, just when you shou'd persue the Attack, and follow your Advantage. Have at her with Spirit, and the Day's your own, Brother!

Oak. I tell you, Brother, you mistake the Matter. Sulkiness, Fits, Tears!——These, and such as these, are the Things which make a feeling Man uneasy. Her Passion and Violence have not half such an Effect on me.

Maj. Why, then, you may be sure, she'll play that upon you, which she finds does most Execution. But you must be Proof against every Thing. If she's furious, set Passion against Passion; if you find her at her Tricks, play off Art against Art, and foil her at her own Weapons. That's your Game, Brother!

Oak. Why, what wou'd you have me do?

Maj. Do as you please, for one Month, whether she likes it or not; and, I'll answer for it, she will consent you shall do as you please all her Life after.

Oak. This is fine talking. You do not consider the Difficulty that——

Maj. You must overcome all Difficulties. Assert your Right boldly, Man! Give your own Orders to Servants, and see they observe them; read your own Letters, and never let her have a Sight of them; make your own Appointments, and never be persuaded to break them; see what Company you like; go out when you please; return when you please, and don't suffer yourself to be call'd to

B

account

10 The JEALOUS WIFE.

account where you have been. In short, do but shew yourself a Man of Spirit, leave off whining about Love and Tenderneſs, and Nonſenſe, and the Buſineſs is done, Brother!

Oak. I believe you're in the Right, *Major!* I ſee you're in the Right. I'll do't, I'll certainly do't.—But then it hurts me to the Soul, to think what Uneaſineſs I ſhall give her. The firſt Opening of my Deſign will throw her into Fits, and the Perſuit of it perhaps may be fatal.

Maj. Fits! Ha! ha! ha!—Fits!—I'll engage to cure her of her Fits. No-body underſtands Hyſterical Caſes better than I do: Beſides, my Siſter's Symptoms are not very dangerous. Did you ever hear of her falling into a Fit, when you was not by?—Was ſhe ever found in Con- vulſions in her Cloſet?—No, no, theſe Fits, the more Care you take of them, the more you will increaſe the Diſtemper: Let them alone, and they will wear themſelves out, I warrant you.

Oak. True—Very true—You're certainly in the Right—I'll follow your Advice. Where do you dine To-day? I'll order the Coach, and go with you.

Maj. O brave! Keep up this Spirit, and you're made for ever.

Oak. You ſhall ſee now, *Major!* Who's there? [*Enter Servant.*] Order the Coach directly. I ſhall dine out To-day.

Serv. The Coach, Sir!—Now? Sir!

Oak. Ay, now immediately.

Serv. Now? Sir!—The—the—Coach! Sir!
—That is—my Miſtreſs—

Oak. Sirrah! Do as you're bid. Bid them put to this Inſtant.

Serv. Ye—yes, Sir—Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Oak. Well, where ſhall we dine?

Maj. At the *St. Alban's*, or where you will. This is excellent, if you do but hold it.

Oak.

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Oak. I will have my own Way I am determined.

Maj. That's right.

Oak. I am Steel.

Maj. Bravo!

Oak. Adamant.

Maj. Bravissimo!

Oak. Just what you'd have me.

Maj. Why, that's well said. But *will* you do it?

Oak. I will.

Maj. You won't.

Oak. I will. I'll be a Fool to her no longer.— But hark-ye, *Major!* my Hat and Sword lie in my Study. I'll go and steal them out, while she is busy talking with *Charles*.

Maj. Steal them! For Shame! Prithee take them boldly, call for them, make them bring them to you here, and go out with Spirit, in the Face of your whole Family.

Oak. No, no — You are wrong — Let her rave after I am gone, and when I return, you know, I shall exert myself with more Propriety, after this open Affront to her Authority.

Maj. Well, take your own Way.

Oak. Ay, ay — Let me manage it, let me manage it. [Exit.

Major Oakly, solus.

Maj. Manage it! Ay, to be sure, you're a rare Manager! It is dangerous, they say, to meddle between Man and Wife. I am no great Favourite of *Mrs. Oakly's* already; and in a Week's Time I expect to have the Door shut in my Teeth.

Enter *Charles*.

How now, *Charles*, what News?

Char. Ruin'd and undone! She's gone, Uncle! My *Harriot's* lost for ever.

B 2

Maj.

12 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Maj. Gone off with a Man?—I thought so : they are all alike.

Char. O no ! Fled to avoid that hateful Match with Sir *Harry Beagle*.

Maj. Faith, a Girl of Spirit!—Joy ! *Charles*, I give you Joy ; she is your own, my Boy !—A Fool and a great Estate ! Devilish strong Temptations !

Char. A Wretch ! I was sure she wou'd never think of him.

Maj. No ! to-be-sure ! Commend me to your Modesty ! Refuse Five Thousand a Year, and a Baronet, for pretty Mr. *Charles Oakly* ! It is true, indeed, that the Looby has not a single Idea in his Head, besides a Hound, a Hunter, a five-barred Gate, and a Horse Race : But then he's rich, and that will qualify his Absurdities. Money is a wonderful Improver of the Understanding.——But whence comes all this Intelligence ?

Char. In an angry Letter from her Father.——How miserable I am ! If I had not offended my *Harriot*, much offended her by that foolish Riot and Drinking at your House in the Country, she wou'd certainly at such a Time have taken Refuge in my Arms.

Maj. A very agreeable Refuge for a young Lady to be sure, and extremely decent !

Char. I am all Uneasiness. Did not she tell me, that she trembled at the Thoughts of having trusted her Affections with a Man of such a wild Disposition ?——What a Heap of Extravagancies was I guilty of !

Maj. Extravagancies with a Witness ! Ah, you silly young Dog, you wou'd ruin yourself with her Father, in spite of all I cou'd do. There you sat, as drunk as a Lord, telling the old Gentleman the whole Affair, and swearing you would drive Sir *Harry Beagle* out of the Country, though I kept winking and nodding, pulling you by the Sleeve, and

The JEALOUS WIFE. 13

and kicking your Shins under the Table, in Hopes of stopping you, but all to no Purpose.

Char. What Distress may she be in at this Instant! Alone and defenceless!—Where? Where can she be?

Maj. What Relations or Friends has she in Town?

Char. Relations! Let me see.—Faith! I have it.—If she is in Town, ten to one but she is at her Aunt's, Lady *Freelove's*. I'll go thither immediately.

Maj. Lady *Freelove's*! Hold, hold, *Charles*!—Do you know her Ladyship?

Char. Not much; but I'll break through all Forms, to get to my *Harriot*.

Maj. I do know her Ladyship.

Char. Well, and what do you know of her?

Maj. O nothing!—Her Ladyship is a Woman of the World, that's all—She'll introduce *Harriot* to the best Company.

Char. What do you mean?

Maj. Yes, yes, I wou'd trust a Wife, or a Daughter, or a Mistress with Lady *Freelove*, to be sure!—I tell you what, *Charles*! you're a good Boy, but you don't know the World. Women are fifty Times oftner ruined by their Acquaintance with each other, than by their Attachment to Men. One thorough-paced Lady will train up a thousand Novices. That Lady *Freelove* is an arrant—By the Bye, did not she, last Summer, make formal Proposals to *Harriot's* Father from Lord *Trinket*?

Char. Yes! but they were received with the utmost Contempt. The old Gentleman, it seems, hates a Lord, and he told her so in plain Terms.

Maj. Such an Aversion to the Nobility may not run in the Blood. The Girl, I warrant you, has no Objection. However, if she's there, watch her narrowly, *Charles*! Lady *Freelove* is as mischievous

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as a Monkey, and as cunning too.—Have a Care of her. I say, have a Care of her.

Char. If she's there, I'll have her out of the House within this Half Hour, or set Fire to it.

Maj. Nay, now you're too violent.—Stay a Moment, and we'll consider what's best to be done.

Re-enter Oakly.

Oak. Come, is the Coach ready? Let us be gone. Does *Charles* go with us?

Char. I go with you!—What can I do? I am so vext and distracted, and so many Thoughts crowd in upon me, I don't know which Way to turn myself.

Mrs. Oak. [*within.*] The Coach!—Dines out! —Where is your Master?

Oak. Zouns! Brother, here she is!

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. Oak. Pray, Mr. *Oakly*, what is the Matter you cannot dine at Home To-day?

Oak. Don't be uneasy, my Dear!—I have a little Business to settle with my Brother; so I am only just going to Dinner with him and *Charles* to the Tavern.

Mrs. Oak. Why cannot you settle your Business here as well as at a Tavern? But it is some of your *Ladies* Business, I suppose, and so you must get rid of my Company—This is chiefly your Fault, Major *Oakly*!

Maj. Lord! Sister, what signifies it, whether a Man dines at home or abroad? [*Cooly.*

Mrs. Oak. It signifies a great deal, Sir! And I don't chuse—

Maj. Phoo! Let him go, my dear Sister, let him go! He will be ten times better Company when he comes back. I tell you what, Sister—You sit at home till you are quite tired of one another, and then

The JEALOUS WIFE. 15

then you grow cross, and fall out. If you wou'd but part a little now and then, you might meet again in good Humour.

Mrs. Oak. I beg, Major Oakly, that you wou'd trouble yourself about your own Affairs; and let me tell you, Sir, that I——

Oak. Nay, do not put thyself into a Passion with the Major, my Dear!—It is not his Fault; and I shall come back to thee very soon.

Mrs. Oak. Come back!—Why need you go out?—I know well enough when you mean to deceive me: For then there is always a Pretence of dining with Sir John, or my Lord, or Somebody; but when you tell me, that you are going to a Tavern, it's such a barefac'd Affront——

Oak. This is so strange now!—Why, my Dear, I shall only just——

Mrs. Oak. Only just go after the Lady in the Letter, I suppose.

Oak. Well, well, I won't go then.—Will that convince you?—I'll stay with you, my Dear!—Will that satisfy you?

Maj. For Shame! Hold out, if you are a Man.

Oak. She has been so much vext this Morning already, I must humour her a little now.

Maj. Fie! fie! Go out, or you're undone.

Oak. You see it's impossible——

[To Mrs. Oakly.] I'll dine at home with Thee, my Love.

Mrs. Oak. Ay, ay, pray do, Sir!—Dine at a Tavern indeed! [Going.]

Oak. [Returning.] You may depend on me another Time, Major.

Maj. Steel and Adamant!—Ah!

Mrs. Oak. [Returning.] Mr. Oakly!

Oak. O my Dear!

[Exeunt.]

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Manent Major Oakly, and Charles.

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! There's a Picture of Resolution. There goes a Philosopher for you! Ha! *Charles!*

Char. O Uncle! I have no Spirits to laugh now.

Maj. So! I have a fine Time on't, between you and my Brother. Will you meet me to Dinner at the *St. Alban's* by Four? We'll drink her Health, and think of this Affair.

Char. Don't depend on me. I shall be running all over the Town in Pursuit of my *Harriot*. I have been considering what you have said, but at all Events I'll go directly to *Lady Freeloze's*. If I find her not there, which Way I shall direct myself, Heaven knows.

Maj. Hark'ye, *Charles!* If you meet with Her, you may be at a Loss. Bring her to my House. I have a snug Room, and——

Char. Phoo! prithee, Uncle, don't trifle with me now.

Maj. Well, seriously then, my House is at your Service.

Char. I thank you: But I must be gone.

Maj. Ay, ay, bring her to my House, and we'll settle the whole Affair for you. You shall clap her into a Post-Chaise, take the Chaplain of our Regiment along with you, wheel her down to *Scotland*, and when you come back, send to settle her Fortune with her Father: That's the modern Art of making Love, *Charles!*

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.



ACT II.

SCENE a Room in the Bull and Gate Inn.

Enter Sir Harry Beagle, and Tom.

Sir Harry. **T**EN Guineas a Mare, and a Crown
the Man? Hey, Tom!

Tom. Yes, your Honour.

Sir H. And are you sure, Tom, that there is no
Flaw in his Blood?

Tom. He's as good a Thing, Sir, and as little be-
holden to the Ground, as any Horse that ever went
over the Turf upon four Legs. Why, here's his
whole Pedigree, your Honour!

Sir H. Is it attested?

Tom. Very well attested: It is signed by Jack
Spur, and my Lord Startall. [Giving the Pedigree.]

Sir H. Let me see—[Reading]—Tom come tickle
me was out of the famous *Tantwyvy* Mare, by
Sir *Aaron Driver's* Chesnut Horse *White Stockings*.
White Stockings his Dam, was got by Lord *Hedge's*
South Barb, full Sister to the *Proserpine Filley*, and
his Sire *Tom Jones*; his Grandam was the *Irish*
Duchess, and his Grandfire 'Squire *Sportly's Trajan*;
his great Grandam, and great, great, Grandam,
were *Newmarket Peggy* and *Black Moll*, and his great
Grandfire, and great great Grandfire, were Sir *Ralph*
Whip's Regulus, and the famous Prince *Anamaboo*.

his

JOHN  SPUR,
Mark.

STARTALL.

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Tom. All fine Horses, and won every Thing! A Foal out of your Honour's *Bald-faced Venus*, by this Horse, would beat the World.

Sir H. Well then, we'll think on't.—But pox on't, *Tom*, I have certainly knock'd up my little roan Gelding, in this damn'd wild-goose Chace of threescore Miles an end.

Tom. He's deadly blown to be sure, your Honour; and I am afraid we are upon a wrong Scent after all. Madam *Harriot* certainly took a-crofs the Country, instead of coming on to *London*.

Sir H. No, no, we trac'd her all the Way up—But d'ye hear, *Tom*, look out among the Stables and Repositories here in Town, for a smart Road-Nag, and a strong Horse to carry a Portmantua.

Tom. Sir *Roger Turf's* Horses are to be sold—I'll see if there's ever a tight Thing there——But I suppose, Sir, you would have one somewhat stronger than *Snip*——I don't think he's quite enough of a Horse for your Honour.

Sir H. Not enough of a Horse! *Snip's* a powerful Gelding; Master of two Stone more than my Weight. If *Snip* stands sound, I would not take a hundred Guineas for him. Poor *Snip*! Go into the Stable, *Tom*! See they give him a warm Mash, and look at his Heels and his Eyes.—But where's Mr. *Ruffet* all this while?

Tom. I left the Squire at Breakfast on a cold Pigeon-Pye, and enquiring after Madam *Harriot* in the Kitchen. I'll let him know your Honour wou'd be glad to see him here.

Sir H. Ay, do: But hark'ye *Tom*, be sure you take Care of *Snip*.

Tom. I'll warrant your Honour.

Sir H. I'll be down in the Stables myself by and by. [Exit *Tom*.

Sir Harry

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Sir Harry solus.

Let me see—Out of the famous *Tantwivy* by *White Stockings*: *White Stockings* his Dam, full Sister to the *Proserpine Filley*, and his Sire—Pox on't, how unlucky it is, that this damn'd Accident shou'd happen in the *Newmarket Week*!—Ten to one I lose my Match with Lord *Cboakjade*, by not riding myself, and I shall have no Opportunity to hedge my Bets neither—What a damn'd Piece of Work have I made on't!—I have knock'd up poor *Snip*, shall lose my Match, and as to *Harriot*, why, the Odds are that I lose my Match there too—A skittish young Tit! If I once get her tight in hand, I'll make her wince for it.—Her Estate join'd to my own, I would have the finest Stud, and the noblest Kennel in the whole Country—But here comes her Father, puffing and blowing, like a broken-winded Horse up Hill.

Enter Ruffet.

Ruf. Well, Sir *Harry*, have you heard any Thing of her?

Sir H. Yes, I have been asking *Tom* about her, and he says you may have her for Five Hundred Guineas.

Ruf. Five Hundred Guineas! How d'ye mean? Where is she? Which Way did she take?

Sir H. Why first she went to *Epsom*, then to *Lincoln*, then to *Nottingham*, and now she is at *York*.

Ruf. Impossible! She could not go over half the Ground in the Time. What the Devil are you talking of?

Sir H. Of the Mare you was just now saying you wanted to buy.

Ruf. The Devil take the Mare!—Who wou'd think of her, when I am mad about an Affair of so much more Consequence?

Sir H

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Sir *H.* You seem'd mad about her a little while ago. She's a fine Mare, and a Thing of Shape and Blood.

Ruf. Damn her Blood!—*Harriot!* My dear provoking *Harriot!* Where can she be? Have you got any Intelligence of her?

Sir *H.* No, Faith not I: We seem to be quite thrown out here—But however I have ordered *Tom* to try if he can hear any Thing of her among the Ostlers.

Ruf. Why don't you enquire after her yourself? Why don't you run up and down the whole Town after her?—T'other young Rascal knows where she is, I warrant you—What a Plague it is to have a Daughter! When one loves her to Distraction, and has toil'd and labour'd to make her happy, the ungrateful Slut will sooner go to Hell her own Way—But she *shall* have him—I will make her happy, if I break her Heart for it—A provoking Gipsy!—To run away, and torment her poor Father, that doats on her!—I'll never see her Face again—Sir *Harry*, how can we get any Intelligence of her? Why don't you speak? Why don't you tell me?—Zouns! You seem as indifferent as if you did not care a Farthing about her.

Sir *H.* Indifferent! You may well call me Indifferent—This damn'd Chace after her will cost me a Thousand—If it had not been for her, I wou'd not have been off the Course this Week, to have sav'd the Lives of my whole Family—I'll hold you Six to Two that—

Ruf. Zouns! Hold your Tongue, or talk more to the Purpose—I swear, she is too good for you—You don't deserve such a Wife—A fine, dear, sweet, lovely, charming Girl!—She'll break my Heart.—How shall I find her out?—Do, prithee, Sir *Harry*, my dear honest Friend, consider how We may discover where She is fled to.

Sir *H.*

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Sir H. Suppose you put an Advertifement into the News-papers, describing her Marks, her Age, her Height, and where she stray'd from. I recover'd a bay Mare once by that Method.

Ruf. Advertife her! — What! Describe my Daughter, and expose her in the Publick Papers, with a Reward for bringing her home, like Horfes, stolen or stray'd! — Recover'd a bay Mare! — The Devil's in the Fellow! — He thinks of nothing but Racers, and bay Mares, and Stallions. — 'Sdeath! I wish your —

Sir H. I wish *Harriot* was fairly pounded. It wou'd save Us both a deal of Trouble.

Ruf. Which way shall I turn myself! — I am half distracted. — If I go to that young Dog's House, he has certainly convey'd her somewhere out of my Reach — If she does not send to me To-day, I'll give her up for ever — Perhaps though, she may have met with some Accident, and has nobody to assist her. — No, she is certainly with that young Rascal. — I wish she was dead, and I was dead — I'll blow young *Oakly's* Brains out.

Enter Tom.

Sir H. Well, *Tom*, how is poor *Snip*?

Tom. A little better, Sir, after his warm Mash: But *Lady*, the Pointing Bitch that followed you all the Way, is deadly Foot-fore.

Ruf. Damn *Snip* and *Lady*! — Have you heard any thing of *Harriot*?

Tom. Why I came on Purpose to let my Master and your Honour know, that *John Ostler* says as how, just such a Lady, as I told him Madam *Harriot* was, came here in a four-wheel Chaise, and was fetch'd away soon after by a fine Lady in a Chariot.

Ruf. Did She come alone?

Tom. Quite alone, only a Servant-Maid, please your Honour.

Ruf.

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Ruf. And what Part of the Town did They go to?

Tom. *John* Oftler fays as how, They bid the Coachman drive to *Grosvenor* Square.

Sir H. Soho! Pufs—Yoics!

Ruf. She is certainly gone to that young Rogue —He has got his Aunt to fetch her from hence —Or else she is with her own Aunt, Lady *Free-love*—They both live in that Part of the Town. I'll go to his House, and in the mean while, *Sir Harry*, You shall step to Lady *Freelove's*:—We'll find Her, I warrant You. I'll teach my young Mistrefs to be gadding. She shall marry you To-night. Come along, *Sir Harry*, come along! We won't lose a Minute. Come along!

Sir H. Soho! Hark forward! Wind 'em and cross 'em! Hark forward! Yoics! Yoics! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to *Oakly's*—*Mrs. Oakly* sola.

Mrs. Oak. After all, that Letter was certainly intended for my Husband. I see plain enough They are all in a Plot against Me. My Husband intriguing, the Major working him up to affront me, *Charles* owning his Letters, and so playing into each other's Hands.—They think me a Fool I find—but I'll be too much for Them yet—I have desired to speak with Mr. *Oakly*, and expect him here immediately. His Temper is naturally open, and if he thinks my Anger abated, and my Suspicions laid asleep, he will certainly betray himself by his Behaviour. I'll assume an Air of Good-humour, pretend to believe the fine Story they have trumped up, throw him off his Guard, and so draw the Secret out of him.—Here He comes.—How hard it is to dissemble one's Anger! O, I cou'd rate him soundly! But I'll keep down my Indignation at present, though it choaks me.

Enter

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Enter Oakly.

O my Dear! I am very glad to see You. Pray sit down. [*They sit.*] I longed to see You. It seemed an Age till I had an Opportunity of talking over the silly Affair that happened this Morning. [*Mildly.*

Oak. Why really, my Dear——

Mrs. Oak. Nay, don't look so grave now. Come—Its all over. *Charles* and You have cleared up Matters. I am satisfied.

Oak. Indeed! I rejoice to hear it. You make me happy beyond my Expectation. This Disposition will insure our Felicity. Do but lay aside your cruel unjust Suspicion, and we shou'd never have the least Difference.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed I begin to think so. I'll endeavour to get the better of it. And really sometimes it is very ridiculous. My Uneasiness this Morning, for Instance! ha! ha! ha! To be so much alarmed about that idle Letter, which turned out quite another Thing at last—Was not I very angry with You? ha! ha! ha! [*Affecting a Laugh.*

Oak. Don't mention it. Let Us both forget it. Your present Chearfulness makes Amends for every thing.

Mrs. Oak. I am apt to be too violent:—I love you too well to be quite easy about you. [*Fondly.*] —Well—no Matter—What is become of *Charles*?

Oak. Poor Fellow! He is on the Wing, rambling all over the Town in Pursuit of this young Lady.

Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone, pray?

Oak. First of all, I believe, to some of her Relations.

Mrs. Oak. Relations! Who are they? Where do they live?

Oak. There is an Aunt of her's lives just in the Neighbourhood; *Lady Freelove.*

Mrs. Oak.

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Mrs. Oak. Lady *Freelove*! Oho! Gone to Lady *Freelove*'s, is he?—And do you think he will hear any thing of her?

Oak. I don't know; but I hope so with all my Soul.

Mrs. Oak. Hope! with all your Soul! Do you hope so? [*Alarmed.*]

Oak. Hope so! Ye—yes—Why don't you hope so? [*Surprised.*]

Mrs. Oak. Well—yes—[*Recovering.*—] O ay, to be sure. I hope it of all Things. You know, my Dear, it must give Me great Satisfaction, as well as yourself, to see *Charles* well settled.

Oak. I should think so; and really I don't know where he can be settled so well. She is a most deserving young Woman, I assure you.

Mrs. Oak. You are well acquainted with her then?

Oak. To be sure, my Dear! After seeing her so often last Summer at the Major's House in the Country, and at her Father's.

Mrs. Oak. So often!

Oak. O ay, very often—*Charles* took Care of that—Almost every Day.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed! But pray—a—a—a—I say, —a—a— [*Confused.*]

Oak. What do you say? My Dear!

Mrs. Oak. I say—a—a— [*Stammering.*] Is she handsome?

Oak. Prodigiously handsome indeed.

Mrs. Oak. Prodigiously handsome! And is she reckoned a sensible Girl?

Oak. A very sensible, modest, agreeable young Lady as ever I knew. You would be extremely fond of her, I am sure. You can't imagine how happy I was in her Company. Poor *Charles*! She soon made a Conquest of him, and no Wonder. She has so many elegant Accomplishments! such an infinite Fund of Chearfulness and Good-humour!

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humour! Why, she's the Darling of the whole Country.

Mrs. Oak. Lord! you seem quite in Raptures about her.

Oak. Raptures!—Not at all. I was only telling you the young Lady's Character. I thought you wou'd be glad to find that *Charles* had made so sensible a Choice, and was so likely to be happy.

Mrs. Oak. O, *Charles*! True, as you say, *Charles* will be mighty happy.

Oak. Don't you think so?

Mrs. Oak. I am convinc'd of it. Poor *Charles*! I am much concern'd for him. He must be very uneasy about her. I was thinking whether We cou'd be of any Service to him in this Affair.

Oak. Was you? my Love! That is very good of you. Why, to be sure, we must endeavour to assist him. Let me see! how can we manage it? Gad! I have hit it. The luckiest Thought! And it will be of great Service to *Charles*.

Mrs. Oak. Well, what is it? [*Eagerly.*]—You know I wou'd do any Thing to serve *Charles*, and oblige you. [*Mildly.*]

Oak. That is so kind! Lord, my Dear, if you wou'd but always consider Things in this proper Light, and continue this amiable Temper, we shou'd be the happiest People——

Mrs. Oak. I believe so: But what's your Proposal?

Oak. I am sure you'll like it.—*Charles*, you know, may perhaps be so lucky as to meet with this Lady.—

Mrs. Oak. True.

Oak. Now I was thinking, that he might, with your Leave, my Dear——

Mrs. Oak. Well!

Oak. Bring her home here——

Mrs. Oak. How!

Oak. Yes, bring her home here, my Dear!—It will make poor *Charles* his Mind quite easy; and

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you may take her under your Protection, till her Father comes to Town.

Mrs. Oak. Amazing! This is even beyond my Expectation.

Oak. Why! ——— What! ———

Mrs. Oak. Was there ever such Assurance? Take her under my Protection! What! Wou'd you keep her under my Nose?

Oak. Nay, I never conceiv'd — I thought you wou'd have approv'd ———

Mrs. Oak. What! make me your convenient Woman! ——— No Place but my own House to serve your Purposes?

Oak. Lord, this is the strangest Misapprehension! I am quite astonished.

Mrs. Oak. Astonished? Yes ——— confused, detected, betrayed by your vain Confidence of imposing on me: Why, sure you imagine me an Idiot, a Driveller. Charles, indeed! Yes, Charles is a fine Excuse for you. The Letter this Morning, the Letter, Mr. Oakly!

Oak. The Letter! Why sure that ———

Mrs. Oak. Is sufficiently explained. You have made it very clear to me. Now I am convinced. I have no Doubt of your Perfidy. But I thank you for some Hints you have given me, and you may be sure I shall make Use of them: Nor will I rest, till I have full Conviction, and overwhelm you with the strongest Proofs of your Baseness towards me.

Oak. Nay but ———

Mrs. Oak. Go, Go! I have no Doubt of your Falshood: Away! [Exit. Mrs. Oak.

Oakly, *solus*.

Was there ever any Thing like this? Such unaccountable Behaviour! Angry I don't know why! Jealous of I know not what! Pretending to be
fatisfied

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satisfied merely to draw me in, and then creating imaginary Proofs out of an innocent Conversation!—Hints!—Hints I have given her!—What can she mean?—

Toilet crossing the Stage.

Toilet! where are you going?

Toilet. To order the Porter to let in no Company to my Lady to-day. She won't see a single Soul, Sir! *[Exit.]*

Oak. What an unhappy Woman! Now will she sit all Day feeding on her Suspicions, till she has convinced herself of the Truth of them.

John crossing the Stage.

Well, Sir, what's your Business?

John. Going to order the Chariot, Sir!—My Lady's going out immediately. *[Exit.]*

Oak. Going out! What is all this?—But every way she makes me miserable. Wild and ungovernable as the Sea or the Wind! Made up of Storms and Tempests! I can't bear it: And one way or other I will put an End to it. *Exit.*

SCENE *Lady Freelove's.*—

Enter Lady Freelove with a Card—Servant following.

L. Free. *[Reading as she enters.]*—“ And will “ take the Liberty of waiting on her Ladyship on “ Cavalier, as he comes from the Menéage.” Does any body wait that brought this Card?

Serv. Lord *Trinket's* Servant is in the Hall, Madam.

L. Free.—My Compliments, and I shall be glad to see his Lordship.—Where is Miss *Russet*?

Serv. In her own Chamber, Madam.

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L. *Free*. What is she doing?

Serv. Writing, I believe, Madam.

L. *Free*. Oh! ridiculous! — Scribbling to that *Oakly*, I suppose. [*Apart.*] — Let her know I shou'd be glad of her Company here. [*Exit* *Servant*.

Lady Free love sola.

It is a mighty troublesome Thing to manage a simple Girl, that knows nothing of the World. *Harriot*, like all other Girls, is foolishly fond of this young Fellow of her own chusing, her first Love, that is to say, the first Man that is particularly civil, and the first Air of Consequence which a young Lady gives herself. Poor silly Soul! — But *Oakly* must not have her positively. A Match with Lord *Trinket* will add to the Dignity of the Family. I must bring her into it. I will throw her into his Way as often as possible, and leave him to make his Party good as fast as he can. But here she comes.

Enter *Harriot*.

Well! *Harriot*, still in the Pouts! Nay, prithee, my dear little run-away Girl, be more chearful! Your everlasting Melancholy puts one into the Vapours.

Har. Dear Madam, excuse me. How can I be chearful in my present Situation? I know my Father's Temper so well, that I am sure this Step of mine must almost distract him. I sometimes wish that I had remained in the Country, let what would have been the Consequence.

L. *Free*. Why, it is a naughty Child, that's certain; but it need not be so uneasy about Papa, as you know that I wrote by last's Night Post to acquaint him that his little lost Sheep was safe, and that you are ready to obey his Commands in every Particular, except marrying that Oaf, Sir *Harry Beagle*. —

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Beagle.—Lord! Lord! What a Difference there is between a Country and Town Education! Why, a *London* Lass would have jumped out of a Window into a Gallant's Arms, and without thinking of her Father, unless it were to have drawn a few Bills on him, been an hundred Miles off in nine or ten Hours, and perhaps out of the Kingdom in twenty-four:

Har. I fear I have already been too precipitate. I tremble for the Consequences.

L. Free. I swear, Child, you are a downright Prude. Your Way of talking gives me the Spleen; so full of Affection, and Duty, and Virtue, 'tis just like a Funeral Sermon. And yet, pretty Soul! It can love.—Well, I wonder at your Taste; a sneaking simple Gentleman! without a Title! And when to my Knowledge you might have a Man of Quality To-morrow.

Har. Perhaps so. Your Ladyship must excuse me; but many a Man of Quality would make me miserable.

L. Free. Indeed, my Dear, these antediluvian Notions will never do now a-days; and at the same Time too, those little wicked Eyes of yours speak a very different Language! Indeed you have fine Eyes, Child! and they have made fine Work with Lord *Trinket*.

Har. Lord *Trinket*! [*Contemptuously.*]

L. Free. Yes, Lord *Trinket*: You know it as well as I do, and yet, you ill-natured Thing, you will not vouchsafe him a single Smile. But you must give the poor Soul a little Encouragement, prithee do.

Har. Indeed I can't, Madam, for of all Mankind Lord *Trinket* is my Aversion.

L. Free. Why so? Child! He is counted a well bred, sensible, young Fellow, and the Women all think him handsome.

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Har. Yes, he is just polite enough to be able to be very unmannerly with a great deal of good Breeding; is just handsome enough to make him most excessively vain of his Person; and has just Reflection enough to finish him for a Coxcomb; Qualifications, which are all very common among those whom your Ladyship calls Men of Quality.

L. Free. A Satirist too! Indeed, my Dear, this Affectation sits very awkwardly upon you. There will be a Superiority in the Behaviour of Persons of Fashion.

Har. A Superiority, indeed! For his Lordship always behaves with so much insolent Familiarity, that I shou'd almost imagine He was solliciting me for other Favours, rather than to pass my whole Life with him.

L. Free. Innocent Freedoms, Child, which every fine Woman expects to be taken with her, as an Acknowledgment of her Beauty.

Har. They are Freedoms, which I think, no innocent Woman can allow.

L. Free. Romantick to the last Degree!——
Why you are in the Country, still, *Harriot!*

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord *Trinket*, Madam! [*Exit* Servant.

L. Free. I swear now I have a good Mind to tell him all you have said.

Enter Lord *Trinket*, in *Boots*, &c. as from the *Riding-House*.

Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

L. Trinket. Your Ladyship does me too much Honour. Here I am *en'bottine* as you see,—just come from the *Menége*. Miss *Ruffet*, I am your Slave. I declare it makes me quite happy to find you

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you together. 'Pon Honour, Ma'am [to Harriot.] I begin to conceive great Hopes of you: and as for you, Lady *Freelove*, I cannot sufficiently commend your Affiduity with your fair Pupil. She was before possesst of every Grace that Nature cou'd bestow on her, and No-body is so well qualified as your Ladyship, to give her the *Bon Ton*.

Har. Compliment and Contempt all in a Breath! My Lord, I am obliged to you. But waving my Acknowledgments, give me leave to ask your Lordship, whether Nature and the *Bon Ton* (as you call it) are so different, that we must give up one in order to obtain the other?

L. Trink. Totally opposite, Madam. The chief Aim of the *Bon Ton* is to render Persons of Family different from the Vulgar, for whom indeed Nature serves very well. For this Reason it has, at various Times, been ungenteel to see, to hear, to walk, to be in good Health, and to have twenty other horrible Perfections of Nature. Nature indeed may do very well sometimes. It made you, for Instance, and it then made something very lovely, and if you wou'd suffer us of Quality to give you the *Ton*, you would be absolutely divine: But now — me — Madam — me — Nature never made such a Thing as me.

Har. Why, indeed, I think your Lordship has very few Obligations to her.

L. Trink. Then you really think it's all my own? I declare now that is a mighty genteel Compliment. Nay, if you begin to flatter already, you improve a-pace. 'Pon Honour, Lady *Freelove*, I believe we shall make something of her at last.

L. Free. No Doubt on't. It is in your Lordship's Power to make her a complete Woman of Fashion at once.

L. Trink. Hum! Why ay——

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Har. Your Lordship must excuse me. I am of a very tasteless Disposition. I shall never bear to be carried out of Nature.

L. Free. You are out of Nature now, *Harriot!* I am sure no Woman but yourself, ever objected to being carried among Persons of Quality. Wou'd you believe it? My Lord! here has she been a whole Week in Town, and wou'd never suffer me to introduce her to a Rout, an Assembly, a Concert, or even to Court, or to the Opera; nay, wou'd hardly so much as mix with a living Soul that has visited me.

L. Trink. No Wonder, Madam, you do not adopt the Manners of Persons of Fashion, when you will not even honour them with your Company. Were you to make one in our little *Coteries*, we shou'd soon make you sick of the Boors and Bumpkins of the horrid Country. By the bye, I met a Monster at the Riding-House this Morning, who gave me some Intelligence, that will surprise you, concerning your Family.

Har. What Intelligence?

L. Free. Who was this Monster, as your Lordship calls him? A Curiosity, I dare say.

L. Trink. This Monster, Madam, was formerly my Head Groom, and had the Care of all my Running Horses, but growing most abominably furly and extravagant, as you know all those Fellows do, I turned him off; and ever since my Brother *Slouch Trinket* has had the Care of my Stud, rides all my principal Matches himself, and——

Har. Dear my Lord, don't talk of your Groom and your Brother, but tell me the News. Do you know any Thing of my Father?

L. Trink. Your Father, Madam, is now in Town. This Fellow, you must know, is now Groom to Sir *Harry Beagle*, your sweet rural Swain, and informed me, that his Master, and your Father,
were

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were running all over the Town in quest of you ; and that he himself had Orders to enquire after you ; for which Reason, I suppose, he came to the Riding-House Stables to look after a Horse, thinking it, to be sure a very likely Place to meet you. Your Father perhaps is gone to seek you at the Tower, or Westminster-Abbey, which is all the Idea he has of London ; and your faithful Lover is probably cheapning a Hunter, and drinking strong Beer at the Horse and Jockey in Smithfield.

L. Free. The whole Set admirably disposed of!

Har. Did not your Lordship inform him where I was?

L. Trink. Not I, 'pon Honour, Madam: That I left to their own Ingenuity to discover.

L. Free. And pray, my Lord, where in this Town have this polite Company bestowed Themselves?

L. Trink. They lodge, Madam, of all Places in the World, at the Bull and Gate Inn in Holborn.

L. Free. Ha! ha! ha! The Bull and Gate! Incomparable! What, have they brought any Hay or Cattle to Town?

L. Trink. Very well, Lady Freelove, very well, indeed!—There they are, like so many Graziers ; and there, it seems, they have learnt that this Lady is certainly in London.

Har. Do, dear Madam, send a Card directly to my Father, informing him where I am, and that your Ladyship wou'd be glad to see him here. For my Part, I dare not venture into his Presence, till you have in some Measure pacified him ; but for Heaven's Sake desire him not to bring that wretched Fellow along with him.

L. Trink. Wretched Fellow! Oho! Courage, Milor Trinket! [*Aside.*]

L. Free. I'll send immediately. Who's there?

Enter

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Enter Servant.

Serv. [*Apart to L. Freelove.*] Sir Harry Beagle is below, Madam.

L. Free. [*Apart. to Serv.*] I am not at Home.— Have they let him in?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

L. Free. How abominably unlucky this is! Well, then shew him into my Dressing Room, I will come to him there. [*Exit* Servant.]

L. Trink. Lady Freelove! No Engagement, I hope. We won't part with you, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. The worst Engagement in the World. A Pair of musty old Prudes! Lady Formal and Miss Prate.

L. Trink. O the Beldams! As nauseous as *Ipecacuanba*, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. Lud! lud! What shall I do with them? Why do these foolish Women come troubling me now? I must wait on them in the Dressing-Room, and you must excuse the Card, *Harriot*, till they are gone. I'll dispatch them as soon as I can, but Heaven knows when I shall get rid of them, for they are both everlasting Gossips; though the Words come from her Ladyship one by one, like Drops from a Still, while the other tiresome Woman overwhelms us with a Flood of Impertinence. *Harriot*, you'll entertain his Lordship till I return. [*Exit.*]

L. Trink. Gone! — 'Egad, my Affairs here begin to grow very critical, — the Father in Town! — Lover in Town! — Surrounded by Enemies! — What shall I do? — [*to Harriot.*] I have nothing for it but a *Coup de Main*. 'Pon Honour I am not sorry for the coming in of these old Tabbies, and am much obliged to her Ladyship for leaving us such an agreeable *Tête-à-Tête*.

Har.

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Har. Your Lordship will find me extremely bad Company.

L. Trink. Not in the least, my Dear! We'll entertain ourselves one Way or other, I'll warrant you. — 'Egad, I think it a mighty good Opportunity to establish a better Acquaintance with you.

Har. I don't understand you.

L. Trink. No? — Why then I'll speak plainer. — [*Pausing and looking her full in the Face.*] You are an amazing fine Creature, 'pon Honour.

Har. If this be your Lordship's polite Conversation, I shall leave you to amuse yourself in Soliloquy. [*Going.*]

L. Trink. No, no, no, Madam, that must not be. [*Stopping her.*] This Place, my Passion, the Opportunity all conspire —

Har. How, Sir! you don't intend to do me any Violence.

L. Trink. 'Pon Honour, Ma'am, it will be doing great Violence to myself, if I do not. You must excuse me. [*Struggling with her.*]

Har. Help! help! murder! help!

L. Trink. Your yelping will signify nothing; No body will come. [*Struggling.*]

Har. For Heaven's Sake! — Sir! My Lord! — [*Noise within.*]

L. Trink. Pox on't, what Noise? — Then I must be quick. [*Still struggling.*]

Har. Help! murder! help! help!

Enter Charles, hastily.

Char. What do I hear? My *Harriot's* Voice calling for Help? Ha! [*Seeing them.*] Is it possible? Turn, Ruffian! — I'll find you Employment. [*Drawing.*]

L. Trink.

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L. *Trink*. You are a most impertinent Scoundrel, and I'll whip you through the Lungs, 'pon Honour.

[*They fight, Harriot runs out screaming Help! &c. Then*

Enter Lady Freelove, Sir Harry Beagle, and Servants.

L. *Free*. How's this?—Swords drawn in my House!—Part them—[*They are parted.*] This is the most impudent Thing.

L. *Trink*. Well, Rascal, I shall find a Time, I know you, Sir!

C. *Char*. The sooner the better, I know your Lordship too.

Sir H. I'faith, Madam, [*To L. Free.*] We had like to have been in at the Death.

L. *Free*. What is all this? Pray, Sir, what is the Meaning of your coming hither to raise this Disturbance? Do you take my House for a Brothel? [*To Charles.*]

C. *Char*. Not I, indeed, Madam! But I believe his Lordship does.

L. *Trink*. Impudent Scoundrel!

L. *Free*. Your Conversation, Sir, is as insolent as your Behaviour. Who are you? What brought you here?

C. *Char*. I am one, Madam, always ready to draw my Sword in Defence of Innocence in Distress, and more especially in the Cause of that Lady I delivered from his Lordship's Fury; in Search of whom I troubled your Ladyship's House.

L. *Free*. Her Lover, I suppose, or what?

C. *Char*. At your Ladyship's Service; tho' not quite so violent in my Passion as his Lordship there.

L. *Trink*. Impertinent Rascal!

L. *Free*. You shall be made to repent of this Insolence.

L. *Trink*.

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L. *Trink*. Your Ladyship may leave that to me.

Char. Ha! ha!

Sir *H*. But pray what is become of the Lady all this while? Why, Lady *Freelove*, you told me she was not here, and, I'faith I was just drawing off another Way, if I had not heard the View-Hollow.

L. *Free*. You shall see her immediately, Sir! Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Where is Miss *Ruffet*?

Serv. Gone out, Madam.

L. *Free*. Gone out! Where?

Serv. I don't know, Madam: But she ran down the back Stairs crying for Help, crossed the Servants Hall in Tears, and took a Chair at the Door.

L. *Free*. Blockheads! To let her go out in a Chair alone!—Go, and enquire after her immediately. [*Exit* Servant.]

Sir *Har*. Gone! What a pox had I just run her down, and is the little Puffs stole away at last?

L. *Free*. Sir, if you will walk in [*To* Sir *Har*.] with his Lordship and me, perhaps you may hear some Tidings of her; though it is most probable she may be gone to her Father. I don't know any other Friend she has in Town.

Char. I am heartily glad she is gone. She is safer any where than in this House.

L. *Free*. Mighty well! Sir.—My Lord! Sir *Harry*!—I attend you.

L. *Trink*. You shall hear from me, Sir!

[*To* Charles.]

Char. Very well, my Lord!

Sir *H*. Stole away!—Pox on't—stole away.

[*Exeunt* Sir *H*. and L. *Trink*.]

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Manent Charles and Lady Freelove.

L. Free. Before I follow the Company, give me Leave to tell you, Sir, that your Behaviour here has been so extraordinary——

Char. My Treatment here, Madam, has indeed been very extraordinary.

L. Free. Indeed!—Well—No Matter—Permit me to acquaint you, Sir, that there lies your Way out, and that the greatest Favour you can do me, is to leave the House immediately.

Char. That your Ladyship may depend on. Since you have put Miss *Ruffet* to flight, you may be sure of not being troubled with my Company. I'll after her immediately—I can't rest till I know what is become of her.

L. Free. If she has any Regard for her Reputation, she'll never put herself into such Hands as your's.

Char. O, Madam, there can be no Doubt of her Regard to that, by her leaving your Ladyship.

L. Free. Leave my House.

Char. Directly.—A charming House! and a charming Lady of the House too! Ha! ha! ha!

L. Free. Vulgar Fellow.

Char. Fine Lady! [Exeunt severally.]

END of the SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

SCENE *Lady Freelove's.*

Enter Lady Freelove, and Lord Trinket.

Lord Trinket.

*D*oucement, Doucement, my dear *Lady Freelove!*
—Excuse me! I meant no Harm, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. Indeed, indeed, my *Lord Trinket*, this is absolutely intolerable. What, to offer Rudeness to a young Lady in my House! What will the World say of it?

L. Trink. Just what the World pleases.—It does not signify a Doit what They say.—However I ask Pardon; but, 'Egad, I thought it was the best Way.

L. Free. For Shame, for Shame, my Lord! I am quite hurt at your Want of Discretion. Leave the whole Conduct of this Affair to me, or I'll have done with it at once. How strangely you have acted! There I went out of the Way on purpose to serve you, by keeping off that Looby *Sir Harry Beagle*, and preventing Him or her Father, from seeing the Girl, till we had some Chance of managing her Ourselves.—And then you chose to make a Disturbance, and spoilt all.

L. Trink. Devil take *Sir Harry*, and t'other Scoundrel too!—That they shou'd come driving hither just at so critical an Instant!—And that
the

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the wild little 'Thing shou'd take Wing, and fly away the Lord knows whither!

L. *Free*. Ay!—And there again you was indiscreet past Redemption. To let her know, that her Father was in Town, and where he was to be found too! For there I am confident she must be gone, as she is not acquainted with one Creature in *London*.

L. *Trink*. Why a Father is in these Cafes the *Pis-aller* I must confess. 'Pon Honour, Lady *Freelove*, I can scarce believe this obstinate Girl a Relation of yours. Such narrow Notions! I'll swear, there is less Trouble in getting ten Women of the *Prémier Volée*, than in conquering the Scruples of a silly Girl in that Stile of Life.

L. *Free*. Come, come, my Lord, a Truce with your Reflections on my Niece! Let us consider what is best to be done.

L. *Trink*. E'en just what your Ladyship thinks proper.—For my Part I am entirely *dérangée*.

L. *Free*. Will you submit to be governed by me then?

L. *Trink*. I'll be all Obedience—Your Ladyship's Slave, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free*. Why then, as this is rather an ugly Affair in regard to Me, as well as your Lordship, and may make some Noise, I think it absolutely necessary, merely to save Appearances, that you shou'd wait on her Father, palliate Matters as well as you can, and make a formal Repetition of your Proposal of Marriage.

L. *Trink*. Your Ladyship is perfectly in the right.—You are quite *au fait* of the Affair. It shall be done immediately, and then your Reputation will be safe, and my Conduct justified to all the World.—But shou'd the old Rustick continue as stubborn as his Daughter, your Ladyship, I hope, has no Objections to my being

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being a little *rufée*, for I must have her, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free*. Not in the least.

L. *Trink*. Or if a good Opportunity should offer, and the Girl should be still untractable.—

L. *Free*. Do what you will, I wash my Hands of it. She's out of my Care now, you know.— But you must beware your Rivals. One, you know is in the House with her, and the other will lose no Opportunities of getting to her.

L. *Trink*. As to the fighting Gentleman, I shall cut out Work for him in his own Way. I'll fend him a *petit Billet* to-morrow Morning, and then there can be no great Difficulty in outwitting her Bumkin Father, and the Baronet.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain 'O Cutter to wait on your Ladyship.

L. *Free*. O the hideous Fellow! The *Irish* Sailor-Man, for whom I prevailed on your Lordship to get the Post of a Regulating Captain. I suppose he is come to load me with his odious Thanks. I won't be troubled with him now.

L. *Trink*. Let him in, by all Means. He is the best Creature to laugh at in Nature. He is a perfect Sea-Monster, and always looks and talks as if he was upon Deck. Besides, a Thought strikes me.—He may be of Use.

L. *Free*. Well—send the Creature up then.

[*Exit* Servant.]

But what fine Thought is this?

L. *Trink*. A *Coup de maitre* 'pon Honour! I intend—but hush! Here the Porpus comes.

Enter Captain 'O Cutter.

L. *Free*. Captain, your Humble Servant! I am very glad to see you.

D

'O Cut.

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O' Cut. I am much oblig'd to you, my Lady! Upon my Conscience, the Wind favours me at all Points. I had no sooner got under Way to tank your Ladyship, but I have born down upon my noble Friend his Lordship too. I hope your Lordship's well.

L. Trink. Very well, I thank you, Captain!— But you seem to be hurt in the Service: What is the Meaning of that Patch over your right Eye?

'O Cut. Some advanced Wages from my new Post, my Lord! This Pressing is hot Work, tho' it entitles us to no Smart-money.

L. Free. And pray in what perilous Adventure did you get that Scar, Captain?

'O Cut. Quite out of my Element, indeed my Lady! I got in an Engagement by Land. A Day or two ago I spied three stout Fellows, belonging to a Marchant-man. They made down *Wapping*. I immediately gave my Lads the Signal to chase, and we bore down right upon them. They tacked, and lay to. We gave them a tundering Broadside, which they resaved like Men; and one of them made use of small Arms, which carried off the weathermost Corner of *Ned Gage's* Hat; so I immediately stood in with him, and raked him, but resaved a Wound on my starboard Eye, from the Stock of the Pistol. However, we took them all, and they now lie under the Hatches, with fifty more, a-board a Tender off the Tower.

L. Trink. Well done, noble Captain!— But however you will soon have better Employment, for I think the next Step to your present Post, is commonly a Ship.

'O Cut. The sooner the better, my Lord! Honest *Terence 'O Cutter* shall never flinch I warrant you; and has had as much Seen-Sarvice as any Man in the Navy.

L. Trink.

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L. Trink. You may depend on my good Offices, Captain! — But in the mean Time it is in your Power to do me a Favour.

'*O Cut.* A Favour! my Lord! your Lordship does me Honour. I would go round the World, from one End to the other, by Day or by Night, to sarve your Lordship, or my good Lady here.

L. Trink. Dear Madam, the luckiest Thought in Nature! [*Apart to L. Free.*]—The Favour I have to ask of you, Captain, need not carry you so far out of your Way. The whole Affair is, that there are a Couple of impudent Fellows at an Inn in *Holborn*, who have affronted me, and you wou'd oblige me infinitely, by pressing them into his Majesty's Service.

L. Free. Now I understand you.——Admirable! [*Apart to L. Trink.*]

'*O Cut.* With all my Heart, my Lord, and tank you too, fait. But, by the bye, I hope they are not Housekeepers, or Freemen of the City. There's the Devil to pay in meddling with them. They boder one so about Liberty and Property, and Stuff. It was but t'other Day that *Jack Trowser* was carried before my Lord Mayor, and lost above a Twelvemonth's Pay, for nothing at all—at-all.

L. Trink. I'll take Care you shall be brought into no Trouble. These Fellows were formerly my Grooms. If you'll call on me in the Morning, I'll go with you to the Place.

'*O Cut.* I'll be with your Lordship, and bring with me four or five as pretty Boys as you'd wish to clap your two lucking Eyes upon of a Summer's Day.

L. Trink. I am much obliged to you. But, Captain, I have another little Favour to beg of you.

'*O Cut.* Upon my Shoul, and I'll do it.

L. Trink. What, before you know it?

'*O Cut.* Fore and Aft, my Lord!

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L. *Trink*. A Gentleman has offended me in a Point of Honour——

'O *Cut*. Cut his Troat.

L. *Trink*. Will you carry him a Letter from me?

'O *Cut*. Indeed and I will : And I'll take you in Tow too, and you shall engage him Yard-arm and Yard-arm.

L. *Trink*. Why then, Captain, you'll come a little earlier To-morrow Morning than you proposed, that you may attend him with my *Billet*, before you proceed on the other Affair.

'O *Cut*. Never fear it, my Lord!——Your Sarvant!——My Ladyship, your humble Sarvant!

L. *Free*. Captain yours! Pray give my Service to my Friend Mrs. 'O *Cutter*. How does She do?

'O *Cut*. I tank your Ladyship's Axing——The dear Crature is purely tight and well.

L. *Trink*. How many Children have you, Captain?

'O *Cut*. Four, and please your Lordship, and another upon the Stocks.

L. *Trink*. When it is launched, I hope to be at the Christening. I'll stand Godfather, Captain!

'O *Cut*. Your Lordship's very good.

L. *Trink*. Well, you'll come To-morrow.

'O *Cut*. O, I'll not fail, my Lord! Little *Terrence* 'O *Cutter* never fails, fait, when a Troat is to be cut. [Exit.

L. *Free*. Ha! ha! ha! But sure you don't intend to ship off both her Father and her Country Lover for the *Indies*?

L. *Trink*. O no! Only let them contemplate the Inside of a Ship for a Day or two.

L. *Free*. Well, but after all, my Lord, this is a very bold Undertaking. I don't think you'll be able to put it in Practice.

L. *Trink*. Nothing so easy, 'pon Honour. To press a Gentleman——a Man of Quality——one
of

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of us——wou'd not be so easy, I grant you. But these Fellows, you know, have not half so decent an Appearance as one of my Footmen: And from their Behaviour, Conversation and Drefs, it is very possible to mistake them for Grooms and Ostlers.

L. *Free*. There may be something in that indeed. But what Use do you propose to make of this Stratagem?

L. *Trink*. Every Use in Nature. This Artifice must at least take them out of the Way for some Time, and in the mean while Measures may be concerted to carry off the Girl.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. *Oakly*, Madam, is at the Door, in her Chariot, and desires to have the Honour of speaking to your Ladyship on particular Business.

L. *Trink*. Mrs. *Oakly*! What can that jealous-pated Woman want with you?

L. *Free*. No Matter what.—I hate her mortally.—Let her in. [*Exit Servant.*

L. *Trink*. What Wind blows her hither?

L. *Free*. A Wind that must blow us some good.

L. *Trink*. How?——I was amazed you chose to see her.

L. *Free*. How can you be so slow of Apprehension?——She comes you may be sure on some Occasion relating to this Girl: In order to assist young *Oakly* perhaps, to sooth me, and gain Intelligence, and so forward the Match; but I'll forbid the Banns, I warrant you.——Whatever she wants, I'll draw some sweet Mischief out of it.——But away! away!——I think I hear her—slip down the back Stairs——or, stay, now I think on't, go out this Way,—meet her—and be sure to make her a very respectful Bow, as you go out.

L. *Trink*. Hush! here she is.

D 3

Enter

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

[*L. Trinket bows, and Exit.*

Mrs. Oak. I beg Pardon for giving your Ladyship this Trouble.

L. Free. I am always glad of the Honour of seeing Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. Oak. There is a Letter, Madam, just come from the Country, which has occasioned some Alarm in our Family. It comes from Mr. *Ruffet*—

L. Free. Mr. *Ruffet*!

Mrs. Oak. Yes, from Mr. *Ruffet*, Madam! And is chiefly concerning his Daughter. As she has the Honour of being related to your Ladyship, I took the Liberty of waiting on You.

L. Free. She is indeed, as you say, Madam, a Relation of mine! but after what has happened, I scarce know how to acknowledge her.

Mrs. Oak. Has she been so much to blame then?

L. Free. So much? Madam? — Only judge for yourself. — Though she had been so indiscreet, not to say indecent in her Conduct, as to elope from her Father, I was in Hopes to have hush'd up that Matter, for the Honour of our Family. — But she has run away from Me too, Madam! — Went off in the most abrupt Manner, not an Hour ago.

Mrs. Oak. You surprisè me. Indeed her Father, by his Letter, seems apprehensive of the worst Consequences. — But does your Ladyship imagine any Harm has happened?

L. Free. I can't tell — I hope not — But indeed she is a strange Girl. You know, Madam, young Women can't be too cautious in their Conduct. She is, I am sorry to declare it, a very dangerous Person to take into a Family.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed! [*Alarmed.*

L. Free.

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L. *Free*. If I was to say all I know!

Mrs. *Oak*. Why sure your Ladyship knows of nothing that has been carried on clandestinely between Her and Mr. *Oakly*. [*In Disorder*.

L. *Free*. Mr. *Oakly*!

Mrs. *Oak*. Mr. *Oakly*—no, not Mr. *Oakly*—that is, not my Husband—I don't mean Him—not him—but his Nephew—young Mr. *Oakly*.

L. *Free*. Jealous of her Husband!—So! So! Now I know my Game. [*Aside*.

Mrs. *Oak*. But pray, Madam, give me Leave to ask, was there any Thing very particular in her Conduct, while she was in your Ladyship's House?

L. *Free*. Why really, considering she was here scarce a Week, her Behaviour was rather mysterious;—Letters and Messages, to and fro, between her and I don't know who—I suppose you know that Mr. *Oakly*'s Nephew has been here, Madam!

Mrs. *Oak*. I was not sure of it. Has he been to wait on your Ladyship already on this Occasion?

L. *Free*. To wait on Me!—The Expression is much too polite for the Nature of his Visit.—My Lord *Trinket*, the Nobleman whom you met as you came in, had, you must know, Madam, some Thoughts of my Niece, and as it wou'd have been an advantageous Match, I was glad of it; but I believe, after what He has been Witness to this Morning, he will drop all Thoughts of it.

Mrs. *Oak*. I am sorry that any Relation of mine shou'd so far forget himself——

L. *Free*. It's no Matter—his Behaviour indeed, as well as the young Lady's, was pretty extraordinary—And yet after all, I don't believe He is the Object of her Affections.

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Mrs. Oak. Ha! [*Much alarmed.*]

L. Free. She has certainly an Attachment somewhere, a strong one; but his Lordship, who was present all the Time, was convinced, as well as Myself, that Mr. Oakly's Nephew was rather a convenient Friend, a kind of Go-between, than the Lover.—Bless me, Madam, you change Colour! You seem uneasy: What's the Matter?

Mrs. Oak. Nothing, — Madam, — Nothing—A little shock'd that my Husband shou'd behave so.

L. Free. Your Husband! Madam.

Mrs. Oak. His Nephew, I mean.—His unpardonable Rudeness—But I am not well—I am sorry I have given your Ladyship so much Trouble—I'll take my Leave.

L. Free. I declare, Madam, you frighten me. Your being so visibly affected, makes me quite uneasy: I hope I have not said any Thing—I really don't believe your Husband is in Fault. Men, to be sure, allow themselves strange Liberties. But I think, nay I am sure, it cannot be so. It is impossible. Don't let what I have said, have any Effect on you!

Mrs. Oak. No, it has not—I have no Idea of such a Thing—Your Ladyship's most obedient—[*Going, Returns.*]—But sure, Madam, you have not heard, or don't know any Thing.

L. Free. Come, come, Mrs. Oakly, I see how it is, and it wou'd not be kind to say all I know. I dare not tell you what I have heard. Only be on your Guard! There can be no Harm in that. Do you be against giving the Girl any Countenance, and see what Effect it has.

Mrs. Oak. I will — I am much obliged — But does it appear to your Ladyship then that Mr. Oakly —

L. Free. No, not at all — Nothing in't, I dare say —

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say—I wou'd not create Uneasiness in a Family—
But I am a Woman myself, have been married,
and can't help feeling for you. — But don't be
uneasy, there's nothing in't, I dare say.

Mrs. Oak. I think so. ——— Your Ladyship's
humble Servant!

L. Free. Your Servant, Madam! — Pray don't
be alarmed, I must insist on your not making
yourself uneasy.

Mrs. Oak. Not at all alarmed—not in the least
uneasy,—Your most obedient! [Exit.

L. Free. Ha! ha! ha! There she goes, brim-
full of Anger and Jealousy, to vent it all on her
Husband. Mercy on the poor Man!

Enter Lord Trinket.

Bless me! my Lord, I thought you was gone.

L. Trink. Only into the next Room. My Curio-
sity wou'd not let me stir a step further. I heard
it all, and was never more diverted in my Life,
'pon Honour. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Free. How the silly Creature took it! Ha!
ha! ha!

L. Trink. Ha! ha! ha! — My dear Lady Free-
love, you have a deal of Ingenuity, a deal of
Esprit, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. A little Shell thrown into the Enemy's
Works, that's all.

Both. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

L. Free. But I must leave you. I have twenty
Visits to pay. You'll let me know how you suc-
ceed in your secret Expedition.

L. Trink. That you may depend on.

L. Free. Remember then that To-Morrow
Morning I expect to see you. — At present your
Lordship will excuse me. — Who's there? [*Call-
ing to the Servants.*] Send *Epingle* into my Dressing-
Room. [Exit.

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Lord Trinket solus.

L. Trink. So! — If 'O *Cutter* and his *Myrmidons* are alert, I think I can't fail of Success, and then *prenez garde, Mademoiselle Harriot!* — This is one of the drollest Circumstances in Nature. — Here is my Lady *Freelove*, a Woman of Sense, a Woman that knows the World too, assisting me in this Design. I never knew her Ladyship so much out. — How, in the Name of Wonder, can she imagine that a Man of Quality, or any Man else 'egad, wou'd marry a fine Girl, after — Not I, 'pon Honour. No — no — When I have had the *Entamure*, let who will take the rest of the Loaf. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to Mr. Oakly's — Enter Harriot following a Servant.

Har. Not at home! — Are you sure that Mrs. *Oakly* is not at home, Sir?

Serv. She is just gone out, Madam.

Har. I have something of Consequence — If you will give me Leave, Sir, I will wait till she returns.

Serv. You wou'd not see her, if you did, Madam. She has given positive Orders not to be interrupted with any Company To-day.

Har. Sure, Sir, if you was to let her know that I had particular Business —

Serv. I shou'd not dare to trouble her, indeed, Madam.

Har. How unfortunate this is! What can I do? — Pray Sir, can I see Mr. *Oakly* then?

Serv. Yes, Madam: I'll acquaint my Master, if you please.

Har. Pray do, Sir.

Serv. Will you favour me with your Name, Madam? *Har.*

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Har. Be pleased, Sir, to let him know that a Lady desires to speak with him.

Serv. I shall, Madam. [Exit Servant.]

Harriot sola.

I wish I cou'd have seen Mrs. *Oakly*! What an unhappy Situation am I reduced to! What will the World say of Me? And yet what cou'd I do? To remain at Lady *Freelove's* was impossible. *Charles*, I must own, has this very Day revived much of my Tenderness for Him; and yet I dread the Wildness of his Disposition. I must now, however solicit Mr. *Oakly's* Protection, a Circumstance (all Things considered) rather disagreeable to a delicate Mind, and which nothing, but the absolute Necessity of it, cou'd excuse. Good Heavens! What a Multitude of Difficulties and Distresses am I thrown into, by my Father's obstinate Perseverance to force me into a Marriage, which my Soul abhors!

Enter Oakly.

Oak. [At Entering.] Where is this Lady?—
[Seeing her.] Bless me, Miss *Ruffet*, is it You?—
Was ever any Thing so unlucky? [Aside.] Is it possible, Madam, that I see you here?

Har. It is too true, Sir! And the Occasion on which I am now to trouble you, is so much in Need of an Apology, that—

Oak. Pray make none, Madam!—If my Wife shou'd return before I get her out of the House again!—[Aside.]

Har. I dare say, Sir, you are not quite a Stranger to the Attachment your Nephew has profess'd to Me.

Oak. I am not Madam! I hope *Charles* has not been guilty of any Baseness toward you. If he has, I'll never see his Face again.

Har.

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Har. I have no Cause to accuse him. But——

Oak. But what? Madam! Pray be quick!——
The very Person in the World I would not have
seen! [*Aside.*

Har. You seem uneasy, Sir!

Oak. No, nothing at all—— Pray, go on,
Madam.

Har. I am at present, Sir, through a Concur-
rence of strange Accidents, in a very unfortunate
Situation, and do not know what will become of
me without your Assistance.

Oak. I'll do every Thing in my Power to serve
you. I know of your leaving your Father, by a
Letter we have had from him. Pray let me know
the rest of your Story.

Har. My Story, Sir, is very short. When I left
my Father's I came immediately to *London*, and
took Refuge with a Relation, where, instead of
meeting with the Protection I expected, I was
alarmed with the most infamous Designs upon my
Honour. It is not an Hour ago, since your Ne-
phew rescued me from the Attempts of a Villain.
I tremble to think, that I left him actually engaged
in a Duel.

Oak. He is very safe. He has just sent home
the Chariot from the *St. Alban's Tavern*, where he
dines To-day. But what are your Commands for
me, Madam?

Har. I am heartily glad to hear of his Safety.—
The Favour, Sir, I would now request of you is,
that you will suffer me to remain for a few Days
in your House.

Oak. Madam!

Har. And that in the mean Time you will use
your utmost Endeavours to reconcile me to my
Father, without his forcing me into a Marriage
with Sir *Harry Beagle*.

Oak.

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Oak. This is the most perplexing Situation! —Why did not *Charles* take Care to bestow you properly?

Har. It is most probable, Sir, that I should not have consented to such a Measure myself. The World is but too apt to censure, even without a Cause: And if you are so kind as to admit me into your House, I must desire not to consider Mr. *Oakly* in any other Light than as your Nephew; as in my present Circumstances I have particular Objections to it.

Oak. What an unlucky Circumstance! —Upon my Soul, Madam, I wou'd do any Thing to serve you—but being in my House, creates a Difficulty that—

Har. I hope, Sir, you do not doubt the Truth of what I have told you.

Oak. I religiously believe every Tittle of it, Madam, but I have particular Family Considerations, that—

Har. Sure, Sir, you cannot suspect me to be base enough to form any Connections in your Family, contrary to your Inclinations, while I am living in your House.

Oak. Such Connections, Madam, would do me and all my Family great Honour. I never dreamt of any Scruples on that Account.—What can I do? —Let me see—let me see—suppose—[*Pausing.*]

Enter Mrs. Oakly behind, in a Capuchin, Tippet, &c.

Mrs. Oak. I am sure I heard the Voice of a Woman conversing with my Husband—Ha! [*Seeing Harriot.*] It is so, indeed! Let me contain myself—I'll listen.

Har. I see, Sir, you are not inclin'd to serve me—Good Heaven! What am I reserv'd to?—
Why,

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Why, Why did I leave my Father's House to expose myself to greater Distresses? [*Ready to weep.*]

Oak. I would do any Thing for your Sake: Indeed I wou'd. So pray be comforted, and I'll think of some proper Place to bestow you in.

Mrs. Oak. So! so!

Har. What Place can be so proper as your own House?

Oak. My dear Madam, I—I——

Mrs. Oak. My dear Madam——Mighty well!

Oak. Hush!——hark!——what Noise——No——nothing. But I'll be plain with you, Madam, We may be interrupted.——The Family Consideration I hinted at, is nothing else than my Wife. She is a little unhappy in her Temper, Madam!—And if you was to be admitted into the House, I don't know what might be the Consequence.

Mrs. Oak. Very fine——

Har. My Behaviour, Sir!

Oak. My dear Life, it wou'd be impossible for you to behave in such a Manner, as not to give her Suspicion.

Har. But if your Nephew, Sir, took every Thing upon himself——

Oak. Still that would not do, Madam!—Why this very Morning, when the Letter came from your Father, though I positively denied any Knowledge of it, and *Charles* owned it, yet it was almost impossible to pacify her.

Mrs. Oak. The Letter!——How I have been bubbled!

Har. What shall I do? What will become of me?

Oak. Why, look'ye, my dear Madam, since my Wife is so strong an Objection, it is absolutely impossible for me to take you into the House. Nay if I had not known she was gone out, just before you came, I should be uneasy at your being here even now. So we must manage as well as

we

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we can. I'll take a private Lodging for you a little Way off, unknown to *Charles* or my Wife, or any Body; and if Mrs. *Oakly* should discover it at last, why the whole Matter will light upon *Charles*, you know.

Mrs. *Oak*. Upon *Charles*!

Har. How unhappy is my Situation! [*Weeping.*] I am ruined for ever.

Oak. Ruin'd! Not at all. Such a Thing as this has happened to many a young Lady before you, and all has been well again.—Keep up your Spirits! I'll contrive, if I possibly can, to visit you every Day.

Mrs. *Oak*. [*Advancing.*] Will you so? O Mr. *Oakly*! Have I discovered you at last? I'll visit you indeed. And you, my dear Madam, I'll——

Har. Madam, I don't understand——

Mrs. *Oak*. I understand the whole Affair, and have understood it for some Time past.——You shall have a private Lodging, Miss!——It is the fittest Place for you, I believe.——How dare you look me in the Face?

Oak. For Heaven's Sake, my Love, don't be so violent.——You are quite wrong in this Affair——You don't know who you are talking to. That Lady is a Person of Fashion.

Mrs. *Oak*. Fine Fashion, indeed! To seduce other Women's Husbands!

Har. Dear Madam; how can you imagine——

Oak. I tell you, my Dear, this is the young Lady that *Charles*——

Mrs. *Oak*. Mighty well! But that won't do, Sir!——Did not I hear you lay the whole Intrigue together? Did not I hear your fine Plot of throwing all the Blame upon *Charles*?——

Oak. Nay, be cool a Moment.——You must know, my Dear, that the Letter which came this Morning, related to this Lady——

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Oak*. I know it.

Oak. And since that, it seems, *Charles* has been so fortunate as to——

Mrs. *Oak*. O you deceitful Man!—That Trick is too stale to pass again with me.—It is plain now what you meant by your proposing to take her into the House this Morning.—But the Gentlewoman cou'd introduce herself, I see.

Oak. Fie! fie, my Dear, she came on purpose to enquire for You.

Mrs. *Oak*. For Me! —— Better and better!— Did not She watch her Opportunity, and come to You just as I went out? But I am obliged to you for your Visit, Madam. It is sufficiently paid. Pray don't let me detain you.

Oak, For Shame! For Shame, Mrs. *Oakly*! How can you be so absurd? Is this proper Behaviour to a Lady of her Character!

Mrs. *Oak*. I have heard her Character. Go, my fine run-away Madam! Now you've eloped from your Family, and run away from your Aunt! Go!——You shan't stay here, I promise you.

Oak. Prithee, be quiet. You don't know what you are doing. She shall stay.

Mrs. *Oak*. She shan't stay a Minute.

Oak. She shall stay a Minute, an Hour, a Day, a Week, a Month, a Year!——'Sdeath, Madam, she shall stay for ever if I chuse it.

Mrs. *Oak*. How!

Har. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, let me go. I am frighted to Death.

Oak. Don't be afraid, Madam!—— She shall stay, I insist upon it.

Ruffet, within. I tell you, Sir, I will go up. I am sure that the Lady is here, and nothing shall hinder me.

Har. O my Father! My Father! [*Faints away*.]

Oak.

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Oak. See! She faints. [*Catching her.*]—Ring the Bell! Who's there?

Mrs. Oak. What! Take her into your Arms too!—I have no Patience.

Enter Ruffet, and Servants.

Ruf. Where is this——Ha! Fainting! [*Running to her.*] O my dear *Harriot!* My Child! My Child!

Oak. Your coming so abruptly shocked her Spirits. But she revives. How do you, Madam?

Har. [*To Ruffet.*] O, Sir!

Ruf. O my dear Girl! How cou'd you run away from your Father, that loves you with such Fondness!——But I was sure I shou'd find you here——

Mrs. Oak. There — There! — Sure he shou'd find her here! Did not I tell you so?——Are not you a wicked Man, to carry on such base under-hand Doing, with a Gentleman's Daughter?

Ruf. Let me tell you, Sir, whatever you may think of the Matter, I shall not easily put up with this Behaviour.—How durst you encourage my Daughter to an Elopement, and receive her in your House?

Mrs. Oak. There, mind that! ——The Thing is as plain as the Light.

Oak. I tell you, you misunderstand——

Ruf. Look you, Mr. *Oakly*, I shall expect Satisfaction from your Family for so gross an Affront.—Zouns, Sir, I am not to be us'd ill by any Man in *England*.

Har. My dear Sir, I can assure you ——

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, Girl! You'll put me in a Passion.

Oak. Sir, this is all a Mistake.

Ruf. A Mistake! Did not I find her in your House?
E Oak.

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Oak. Upon my Soul, she has not been in the House above——

Mrs. Oak. Did not I hear you say you wou'd take her a Lodging? A private Lodging!

Oak. Yes, but that ——

Ruf. Has not this Affair been carried on a long Time in spite of my Teeth?

Oak. Sir, I never troubled myself——

Mrs. Oak. Never troubled yourself!—Did not you insist on her staying in the House, whether I wou'd or no?

Oak. No.

Ruf. Did not you send to meet her, when she came to Town?

Oak. No.

Mrs. Oak. Did not you deceive me about the Letter this Morning?

Oak. No—no—no——I tell you, No.

Mrs. Oak. Yes—yes—yes——I tell you, Yes.

Ruf. Shan't I believe my own Eyes?

Mrs. Oak. Shan't I believe my own Ears?

Oak. I tell you, you are both deceived.

Ruf. Zounds, Sir, I'll have Satisfaction.

Mrs. Oak. I'll stop these fine Doings, I warrant you.

Oak. 'Sdeath, you will not let me speak—And you are both alike I think. —— I wish you were married to one another with all my Heart.

Mrs. Oak. Mighty well! Mighty well!

Ruf. I shall soon find a Time to talk with You.

Oak. Find a Time to talk! You have talked enough now for all your Lives.

Mrs. Oak. Very fine! Come along, Sir! Leave that Lady with her Father. Now she is in the properest Hands. [Exit.

Oak. I wish I could leave you in his Hands.— [Going, Returns.] I shall follow you, Madam!— One Word with you, Sir! —— The Height of your
your

The JEALOUS WIFE. 59

your Passion, and Mrs. *Oakly's* strange Misapprehension of this whole Affair, makes it impossible to explain Matters to you at present. I will do it when you please, and how you please. [*Exit.*]

Manent Ruffet and Harriot.

Ruf. Yes, yes: I'll have Satisfaction.—So, Madam! I have found you at last.—You have made a fine Confusion here.

Har. I have, indeed, been the innocent Cause of a great deal of Confusion.

Ruf. Innocent!—What Business had you to be running hither after——

Har. My dear Sir, you misunderstand the whole Affair. I have not been in this House half an Hour.

Ruf. Zouns, Girl, don't put me in a Passion! —You know I love you—but a Lie puts me in a Passion. But come along—We'll leave this House directly—[*Charles singing without.*] Heyday! what now?

After a Noise without, Enter Charles, drunk.

Char. *But my Wine neither Nurses nor Babies can bring,
And a big-bellied Bottle's a mighty good Thing.*

[*Singing.*]

What's here? a Woman? *Harriot!* Impossible! My dearest, sweetest *Harriot!* I have been looking all over the Town for you, and at last—when I was tired—and weary—and disappointed—why then the honest *Major* and I sat down together to drink your Health in Pint Bumpers. [*Running up to her.*]

Ruf. Stand off! —How dare you take any Liberties with my Daughter before me? Zouns, Sir, I'll be the Death of you.

E 2

Char.

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Char. Ha! 'Squire *Ruffet* too! — You jolly old Cock, how do you? — But *Harriot!* my dear Girl! [*Taking hold of her.*] My Life, my Soul, my——

Ruf. Let her go, Sir, — Come away *Harriot!* — Leave him this Instant, or I'll tear you afunder. [*Pulling her.*]

Har. There needs no Violence to tear me from a Man who could disguise himself in such a gross Manner, at a Time when he knew I was in the utmost Distress. [*Disengages herself, and Exit with Ruffet.*]

Charles *solus.*

Only hear me, Sir, — Madam! — My dear *Harriot* — Mr. *Ruffet* — Gone! — She's Gone! — and 'egad in very ill Humour, and in very bad Company! — I'll go after her — But hold! — I shall only make it worse — as I did — now I recollect — once before. How the Devil came They here? — Who wou'd have thought of finding Her in my own House? — My Head turns round with Conjectures. — I believe I am drunk — very drunk — so 'egad, I'll e'en go and sleep myself sober, and then enquire the Meaning of all this. For, *I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.*

[*Exit Singing.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.



ACT IV.
SCENE Oakly's.

Enter Mrs. Oakly, and Major Oakly.

Major.

WELL—well—But Sister!—
Mrs. Oak. I will know the Truth of this Matter. Why can't you tell me the whole Story?

Maj. I'll tell you nothing.—There's nothing to tell—You know the Truth already.—Besides, what have I to do with it? Suppose there was a Disturbance Yesterday,—What's that to me? Was I here? It's no Business of mine.

Mrs. Oak. Then why do you study to make it so? Am I not well assured that this Mischief commenced at your House in the Country? And now you are carrying it on in Town.

Maj. This is always the Case in Family-squabbles. My Brother has put you out of Humour, and you chuse to vent your Spleen upon me.

Mrs. Oak. Because I know that you are the Occasion of his Ill-usage. *Mr. Oakly* never behaved in such a Manner before.

Maj. I! Am I the Occasion of it?

Mrs. Oak. Yes, you. I am sure on't.

Maj. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed!

Maj. Ay, indeed: And you are the more obliged to me.—Come, come, Sister, it's Time you shou'd reflect a little. My Brother is become a public Jest; and by-and-by, if this foolish Affair gets Wind, the whole Family will be the Subject of Town-talk.

Mrs. Oak. And well it may, when you take so
E 3 much

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much Pains to expose us.—The little Disquiets and Uneasinesses of other Families are kept secret ; but here Quarrels are fomented, and afterwards industriously made publick—And you, Sir, you have done all this—you are my greatest Enemy.

Maj. Your truest Friend, Sister.

Mrs. Oak. But it's no Wonder. You have no Feelings of Humanity, no Sense of Domestick Happiness, no Idea of Tendernefs or Attachment to any Woman.

Maj. No Idea of Plague or Disquiet—No, no—And yet I can love a Woman for all that—heartily—As you say, tenderly—But then I always chuse a Woman shou'd shew a little Love for me too.

Mrs. Oak. Cruel Insinuation!—But I defy your Malice—*Mr. Oakly* can have no Doubt of my Affection for him.

Maj. Nor I neither! and yet your Affection, such as it is, has all the evil Properties of Aversion. You absolutely kill him with Kindness. Why, what a Life he leads! He serves for nothing but a mere Whetstone of your Ill-humour.

Mrs. Oak. Pray now, Sir!—

Maj. The Violence of your Temper makes his House uncomfortable to him, poisons his Meals, and breaks his Rest.

Mrs. Oak. I beg, Major *Oakly*, that—

Maj. This it is to have a Wife that doats upon one!—The least Trifle kindles your Suspicion; you take Fire in an Instant, and set the whole Family in a Blaze.

Mrs. Oak. This is beyond all Patience—No, Sir, 'tis you are the Incendiary. You are the Cause of—I can't bear such—[*Ready to weep.*]—From this Instant, Sir, I forbid you my House. However *Mr. Oakly* may treat me himself, I'll never be made the Sport of all his insolent Relations.

[*Exit.*

Major Oakly, solus.

Yes, yes, I knew I should be turn'd out of Doors. There she goes——Back again to my Brother directly. Poor Gentleman!——'Slife, if he was but half the Man that I am, I'd engage to keep her going to and fro all Day, like a Shuttlecock.

Enter Charles.

What *Charles*!

Char. O Major! Have you heard of what happened after I left you Yesterday?

Maj. Heard! Yes, yes, I have heard it plain enough. But poor *Charles*! Ha! ha! ha! What a Scene of Confusion! I wou'd give the World to have been there.

Char. And I wou'd give the World to have been any where else. Cursed Fortune!

Maj. To come in so opportunely at the Tail of an Adventure!——Was not your Mistress mighty glad to see you? You was very fond of her, I dare say.

Char. I am upon the Rack. Who can tell what Rudeness I might offer her? I can remember nothing——I deserve to lose her——To make myself a Beast!——And at such a Time too!——O Fool! Fool! Fool!

Maj. Prithee, be quiet, *Charles*!——Never vex yourself about nothing; this will all be made up the first Time you see her.

Char. I shou'd dread to see her——And yet the not knowing where she is, distracts me——Her Father may force her to marry Sir *Harry Beagle* immediately.

Maj. Not he, I promise you. She'd run plum into your Arms first, in spite of her Father's Teeth.

Char. But then her Father's Violence, and the Mildness of her Disposition——

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Maj. Mildness!—Ridiculous!—Trust to the Spirit of the Sex in her. I warrant you, like all the rest, she'll have Perverseness enough not to do as her Father would have her.

Char. Well—well— But then my Behaviour to her—To expose myself in such a Condition to her again! The very Occasion of our former Quarrel!—

Maj. Quarrel! ha! ha! ha! What signifies a Quarrel with a Mistress? Why, the whole Affair of making Love, as they call it, is nothing but quarrelling and making it up again. They quarrel o'purpose to kiss and be Friends.

Char. Then indeed Things seemed to be taking a fortunate Turn—To renew our Difference at such a Time!—Just when I had some Reason to hope for a Reconciliation!—May Wine be my Poison if ever I am drunk again!

Maj. Ay, ay, so every Man says the next Morning.

Char. Where! where can she be? her Father wou'd hardly have carried her back to Lady *Free-love's*, and he has no House in Town himself, nor Sir *Harry*—I don't know what to think—I'll go in Search of her, though I don't know where to direct myself.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A Gentleman, Sir, that calls himself Captain 'O Cutter desires to speak with you.

Char. Don't trouble me—I'll see nobody—I'm not at home—

Serv. The Gentleman says he has very particular Business, and he must see you.

Char. *What's* his Name? *Who* did you say?

Serv. Captain 'O Cutter, Sir!

Char. Captain 'O Cutter! I never heard of him before. Do you know any Thing of him, *Major*?

Maj.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 65

Maj. Not I——But you hear he has particular Business. I'll leave the Room.

Char. He can have no Business that need be a Secret to you.—Desire the Captain to walk up.—[*Exit Servant.*]——What would I give if this unknown Captain was to prove a Messenger from my *Harriot*!

Enter Captain 'O Cutter.

'O Cut. Jontlemen, your Sarvant! Is either of your Names *Charles Oakly*, Esq.

Char. *Charles Oakly*, Sir, is my Name, if you have any Business with it.

'O Cut. Avast, avast, my Dear!—I have a little Business with your Name, but as I was to let nobody know it, I can't mention it, till you clear the Decks, fait.—[*Pointing to the Major.*]

Char. This Gentleman, Sir, is my most intimate Friend, and any Thing that concerns me may be mentioned before him.

'O Cut. O, if he's your Friend, my Dear, we may do all above board. It's only about your deciding a Deference with my Lord *Trinket*. He wants to shew you a little warm Work; and as I was steering this Way, he desired me to fetch you this Letter. [*Giving a Letter.*]

Maj. How, Sir, a Challenge!

'O Cut. Yes, fait, a Challenge. I am to be his Lordship's Second; and if you are fond of a hot Birth, and will come along with that Jontleman, we'll all go to it together, and make a little Line of Battle a-head of our own, my Dear!

Char. [*Reading.*] Ha! What's this? This may be useful. [*Aside.*]

Maj. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you—A rare Fellow this! [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, I'll meet all the good Company. I'll be there in my Waistcoat and
Pumps,

66 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Pumps, and take a Morning's Breathing with you. Are you very fond of Fighting? Sir.

'O *Cut.* Indeed and I am. I love it better than salt Beef or Biscuit.

Maj. But pray, Sir, how are you interested in this Difference? Do you know what it is about?

'O *Cut.* O the Devil burn me, not I. What signifies what it's about, you know? So we do but tilt a little.

Maj. What! fight and not know for what?

'O *Cut.* When the Signal's out for engaging, what signifies talking?

Maj. I fancy, Sir, a Duel is a common Breakfast with you. I'll warrant now, you have been engag'd in many such Affairs.

'O *Cut.* Upon my Shoul, and I have; Sea or Land, its all one to little *Terence 'O Cutter*—When I was last in *Dublin*, I fought one Jontleman for cheating me out of a Toufand Pounds: I fought two of the *Mermaid's* Crew about *Sally Mac-guire*; tree about Politicks; and one about the Play-houfe in *Smock-Alley*. But upon my Fait! since I am in *England*, I have done noting at all, at all.

Char. This is lucky—but my Transport will discover me. [*Aside.*] Will you be so kind, Sir, [*To 'O Cutter.*] as to make my Compliments to his Lordship, and assure him that I shall do myself the Honour of waiting on him.

'O *Cut.* Indeed, and I will.—Arrah, my Dear, won't you come too? [*To Maj.* Oakly.

Maj. Depend upon't. We'll go thro' the whole Exercise: Carte, Tierce, and Segoon, Captain!

Char. Now to get my Intelligence. [*Aside.*] I think the Time, Sir, his Lordship appoints, in his Letter, is—a——

'O *Cut.* You say right——Six o'Clock.

Char. And the place—a—a—is——I think, behind *Mantague*'House.

'O *Cut.*

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'O *Cut.* No, my Dear!—Avast, by the Ring in *Hyde-Park*, fait—I settled it there myself for fare of Interruption.

Char. True, as you say, the Ring in *Hyde-Park*—I had forgot—Very well, I'll not fail you, Sir.

'O *Cut.* Devil burn me, not I. Upon my Shoul litte *Ternce* 'O *Cutter* will see fair Play, or he'll know the Reason—And so, my Dear, your Sarvant. [Exit.

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! What a Fellow!—He loves Fighting, like a Game Cock.

Charl. O Uncle! the luckiest Thing in the World!

Maj. What, to have the Chance of being run through the Body! I desire no such good Fortune.

Char. With me Joy, with me Joy! I have found her, my dear Girl, my *Harriot*!—She is at an Inn in *Holborn*, Major!

Maj. Ay! how do you know?

Char. Why this dear, delightful, charming, blundering Captain, has delivered me a wrong Letter.

Maj. A wrong Letter!

Char. Yes, a Letter from Lord *Trinket* to Lady *Freelove*.

Maj. The Devil! What are the Contents?

Char. The News I told you just now, that she's at an Inn in *Holborn*:—And besides, an Excuse from my Lord, for not waiting on her Ladyship this Morning, according to his Promise, as he shall be entirely taken up with his Design upon *Harriot*.

Maj. So!—so!—A Plot between the Lord and the Lady!

Char. What his Plot is I don't know, but I shall beg Leave to be made a Party in it: So perhaps his Lordship and I may meet, and *decide* our *Deference*, as the Captain calls it, before To-morrow Morning.—There! read, read, Man!

[Giving the Letter.

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Maj. [*Reading.*] Um—um—um——Very fine !
And what do you propose doing ?

Char. To go thither immediately.

Maj. Then you shall take me with you. Who knows what his Lordship's Designs may be ? I begin to suspect foul Play.

Char. No, no ; pray mind your own Business. If I find there is any Need of your Assistance, I'll send for you.

Maj. You'll manage this Affair like a Boy now—Go on rashly with Noise and Bustle, and Fury, and get yourself into another Scrape.

Char. No—no—Let me alone ; I'll go *incog.*—Leave my Chariot at some Distance—Proceed prudently, and take Care of myself, I warrant you.—I did not imagine that I shou'd ever rejoice at receiving a Challenge, but this is the most fortunate Accident that cou'd possibly have happened. B'ye, b'ye Uncle !
[*Exit hastily.*]

Major Oakly, solus.

I don't half approve this—and yet I can hardly suspect his Lordship of any very deep Designs neither.—*Charles* may easily outwit him. Harkye, *William* ! [*As seeing a Servant at some distance.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir !

Maj. Where's my Brother ?

Serv. In his Study——alone, Sir !

Maj. And how is he, *William* ?

Serv. Pretty well, I believe, Sir ?

Maj. Ay, ay, but is he in good Humour, or——

Serv. I never meddle in Family Affairs, not I,
Sir !
[*Exit.*]

Major Oakly, solus.

Well said, *William* !——No bad Hint for me, perhaps !——What a strange World we live in !——
No

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No two People in it love one another better than my Brother and Sister, and yet the bitterest Enemies cou'd not torment each other more heartily— Ah, if He had but half my Spirit!—And yet he don't want it neither—But I know his Temper— He pieces out the Matter with Maxims, and Scraps of Philosophy, and Odds and Ends of Sentences— I must live in Peace—Patience is the best Remedy—Any Thing for a quiet Life! and so on— However, Yesterday, to give him his Due, he behaved like a Man. Keep it up, Brother! Keep it up! Or it's all over with you. Since Mischief is on Foot, I'll e'en set it forwards on all Sides. I'll in to him directly, read him one of my Morning Lectures, and persuade him, if I possibly can, to go out with Me immediately; or work him up to some open Act of Rebellion against the sovereign Authority of his Lady-Wife. Zouns, Brother, rant, and roar, and rave, and turn the House out of the Window. If I was a Husband!— 'Sdeath, what a Pity it is, that Nobody knows how to manage a Wife, but a Batchelor. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Bull and Gate Inn.*

Harriot, *sola.*

What will become of Me? My Father is enraged, and deaf to all Remonstrances, and here I am to remain by his positive Orders, to receive this booby Baronet's odious Addresses.—Among all my Distresses, I must confess that *Charles* his Behaviour Yesterday is not the least. So wild! So given up to Excesses! And yet—I am ashamed to own it even to Myself—I love him: And Death itself shall not prevail on me to give my Hand to Sir *Harry*.—But here he comes! What shall I do with him?

Enter

Enter Sir Harry Beagle.

Sir H. Your Servant, Miss! ——— What! Not speak! ——— Bashful mayhap ——— Why then I will. ——— Look'e, Miss, I am a Man of few Words. ——— What signifies hagling? It looks just like a Dealer. ——— What d'ye think of me for a Husband? ——— I am a tight young Fellow ——— sound Wind and Limb ——— free from all natural Blemishes ——— Rum all over, damme.

Har. Sir, I don't understand you. Speak *English*, and I'll give you an Answer.

Sir H. *English!* Why so I do ——— and good plain *English* too. ——— What d'ye think of Me for a Husband? ——— That's *English* ——— e'nt it? ——— I know none of your *French* Lingo, none of your *Parlyvoos*, not I. ——— What d'ye think of me for a Husband? The 'Squire says you shall marry me.

Har. What shall I say to him? I had best be civil. [*Aside.*] ——— I think, Sir, you deserve a much better Wife, and beg ———

Sir H. Better! No, no, ——— though you're so knowing, I'm not to be taken in so. ——— You're a fine Thing ——— Your Points are all good.

Har. *Sir Harry!* Sincerity is above all Ceremony. Excuse me, if I declare I never will be your Wife. And if you have a real Regard for me, and my Happiness, you will give up all Pretension to me. Shall I beseech you, Sir, to persuade my Father not to urge a Marriage, to which I am determined never to consent?

Sir H. Hey! how! what! be off! ——— Why it's a Match, Miss! ——— It's done and done on both Sides.

Har. For Heaven's sake, Sir, withdraw your Claim to me. ——— I never can be prevailed on ——— indeed I can't ———

Sir H. What make a Match, and then draw Stakes!

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Stakes! That's doing of nothing——Play or pay all the World over.

Har. Let me prevail on you, Sir!——I am determined not to marry you at all Events.

Sir H. But your Father's determin'd you shall, Miss!——So the Odds are on my Side.——I am not quite sure of my Horse, but I have the Rider hollow.

Har. Your Horse! Sir—d'ye take me for—but I forgive you.—I beseech you come into my Proposal. It will be better for us both in the End.

Sir H. I can't be off.

Har. Let me intreat you.

Sir H. I tell you, it's unpossibile.

Har. Pray, pray do, Sir.

Sir H. I can't, damme.

Har. I beseech you.

Sir Har. [*Whistles.*]

Har. How! laugh'd at?

Sir H. *Will you Marry me? Dear Ally, Ally Croker!* [*Singing.*]

Har. Marry you? I had rather be married to a Slave, a Wretch——You! [*Walks about.*]

Sir H. A fine going Thing.——She has a deal of Foot——treads well upon her Pasterns——goes above her Ground——

Har. Peace! Wretch!——Do you talk to me as if I were your Horse?

Sir H. Horse! Why not speak of my Horse? If your fine Ladies had half as many good Qualities, they wou'd be much better Bargains.

Har. And if their Wretches of Husbands liked them half so well as they do their Horses, they wou'd lead better Lives.

Sir H. May-hap so.——But what signifies talking to You?——The 'Squire shall know your Tricks——He'll doctor you.——I'll go and talk to him.

Har.

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Har. Go any where, so that you go from me.

Sir H. He'll break you in—If you won't go in a Snaffle, you must be put in a Curb—He'll break you, damme. [Exit.

Harriot sola.

A Wretch!—But I was to blame to suffer his brutal Behaviour to ruffle my Temper.—I cou'd expect nothing else from him, and he is below my Anger.—How much Trouble has this odious Fellow caused both to me and my poor Father!—I never disobeyed him before, and my Denial now makes him quite unhappy. In any Thing else I would be all Submission; and even now, while I dread his Rage, my Heart bleeds for his Uneasiness—I wish I cou'd resolve to obey him!

Enter Ruffet.

Ruf. Are not you a sad Girl? a perverse, stubborn, obstinate—

Har. My dear Sir—

Ruf. Look ye, *Harriot*, don't speak,—You'll put me in a Passion—Will you have him?—Answer me that—Why don't the Girl speak?—Will you have him?

Har. Dearest Sir, there is nothing in the World else—

Ruf. Why there!—there!—Look ye there!—Zouns, you shall have him—Hussy, you shall have him—You shall marry him To-night—Did not you promise to receive him civilly?—How came you to affront him?

Har. Sir, I did receive him very civilly; but his Behaviour was so insolent and insupportable—

Ruf. Insolent!—Zouns, I'll blow his Brains out.—Insolent to my dear *Harriot*!—A Rogue! a Villain! a Scoundrel! I'll—but it's a Lie—I know
it's

it's a Lie—He durst not behave insolent—Will you have him? Answer me that. Will you have him?—Zouns you shall have him.

Har. If you have any Love for me, Sir—

Ruf. Love for you?—You know I love you—You know your poor fond Father doats on you to Madness.—I wou'd not force you, if I did not love you—Don't I want you to be happy?—But I know what you would have. You want young *Oakly*, a rakehelly, drunken—

Har. Release me from Sir *Harry*, and if I ever marry against your Consent, renounce me for ever.

Ruf. I *will* renounce you, unless you'll have Sir *Harry*.

Har. Consider, my dear Sir, you'll make me miserable. I would die to please you, but cannot prostitute my Hand to a Man my Heart abhors.—Absolve me from this hard Command, and in every Thing else it will be Happiness to obey you.

Ruf. You'll break my Heart, *Harriot*, you'll break my Heart—Make you miserable!—Don't I want to make you happy? Is not he the richest Man in the County?—That will make you happy.—Don't all the pale-faced Girls in the Country long to get him?—And yet you are so perverse, and wayward, and stubborn—Zouns you shall have him.

Har. For Heaven's sake, Sir—

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, *Harriot*!—I'll hear none of your Nonsense.—You shall have him, I tell you, you shall have him—He shall marry you this very Night—I'll go for a Licence and a Parson immediately. Zouns! Why do I stand arguing with you? An't I your Father? Have not I a Right to dispose of you? You shall have him.

Har. Sir!—

F

Ruf.

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Ruf. I won't hear a Word. You shall have him.
[*Exit.*

Harriot, sola.

Sir!—Hear me!—but one Word!—He will not hear me, and is gone to prepare for this odious Marriage. I will die before I consent to it. You *shall* have him! O that Fathers would enforce their Commands by better Arguments!—And yet I pity him, while he afflicts me.—He upbraided me with *Charles* his Wildness and Intemperance—Alas! but too justly—I see that he is wedded to his Excesses; and I ought to conquer an Affection for him, which will only serve to make me unhappy.

Enter Charles in a Frock, &c.

Ha! What do I see? [*Screaming.*

Char. Peace! my Love!—My dear Life, make no Noise!—I have been hovering about the House this Hour—I just now saw your Father and Sir *Harry* go out, and have seized this precious Opportunity to throw myself at your Feet.

Har. You have given yourself, Sir, a great deal of needless Trouble. I did not expect or hope for the Favour of such a Visit.

Char. O my dear *Harriot*, your Words and Looks cut me to the Soul. You can't imagine what I suffer, and have suffer'd since last Night—And yet I have in some fond Moments flatter'd myself, that the Service I was so fortunate as to do you at Lady *Freelove's*, wou'd plead a little in my Father.

Har. You may remember, Sir, that you took a very early Opportunity of cancelling that Obligation.

Char. I do remember it with Shame and Despair. But may I perish, if my Joy at having delivered you from a Villain, was not the Cause! My Transport more than half intoxicated me, and Wine made

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made an easy Conquest over me.—I tremble to think lest I shou'd have behav'd in such Manner, as you cannot pardon.

Har. Whether I pardon you or no, Sir, is a Matter of mighty little Consequence.

Char. O my *Harriot!* Upbraid me, reproach me, do any Thing but look and talk with that Air of Coldness and Indifference. Must I lose you for one Offence? when my Soul doats on you, when I love you to Distraction!

Har. Did it appear like Love, your Conduct Yesterday? To lose yourself in Riot, when I was expos'd to the greatest Distresses!

Char. I feel, I feel my Shame, and own it.

Har. You confess that you don't know in what Manner you behaved. Ought not I to tremble at the very Thoughts of a Man, devoted to a Vice which renders him no longer a Judge or Master of his own Conduct?

Char. Abandon me, if ever I am guilty of it again. O *Harriot!* I am distracted with ten thousand Fears and Apprehensions of losing you for ever.—The Chambermaid, whom I brib'd to admit me to you, told me that when the two Gentlemen went out, they talk'd of a Licence.—What am I to think? Is it possible that you can resign yourself to Sir *Harry Beagle?*—[*Harriot pauses.*]—Can you then consent to give your Hand to another? No let me once more deliver you—Let us seize this lucky Moment!—My Chariot stands at the Corner of the next Street—Let me gently force you, while their Absence allows it, and convey you from the brutal Violence of a constrained Marriage.

Har. No!—I will wait the Event, be it what it may—O *Charles,* I am too much inclin'd—They shan't force me to marry Sir *Harry*—But your Behaviour—Not half an Hour ago, my

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Father reproach'd me with the Looseness of your Character. [*Weeping.*]

Char. I see my Folly, and am ashamed of it. You have reclaim'd me, *Harriot!* — On my Soul, you have. — If all Women were as attentive as yourself to the Morals of their Lovers, a Libertine wou'd be an uncommon Character. — But let me persuade you to leave this Place, while you may — Major *Oakly* will receive us at his House with Pleasure — I am shock'd at the Thoughts of what your Stay here may reserve you to.

Har. No, I am determin'd to remain. — To leave my Father again, to go off openly with a Man, of whose libertine Character he has himself so lately been a Witness, wou'd justify his Anger, and impeach my Reputation.

Char. Fool! Fool! How unhappy have I made myself! — Consider, my *Harriot*, the Peculiarity of your Situation; besides I have Reason to fear other Designs against you.

Har. From other Designs I can be no where so secure as with my Father.

Char. Time flies — Let me persuade you!

Har. I am resolv'd to stay here.

Char. You distract me. For Heaven's sake.

Har. I will not think of it.

Char. Consider, my Angel! —

Har. I do consider, that your Conduct has made it absolutely improper for me to trust myself to your Care.

Char. My Conduct! — Vexation! 'Sdeath! — But then, my dear *Harriot*, the Danger you are in, the Necessity —

Enter Chambermaid.

Chamb. O Law, Ma'am! — Such a terrible Accident! — As sure as I am here, there's a Press-Gang has seiz'd the two Gemmin, and is carrying

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carrying them away, thof so be one an 'em fays as how he's a Knight and Baronight, and that t'other's a 'Squire and a Housekeeper.

Har. Seiz'd by a Prefs-Gang! Impossibile.

Char. O, now the Design comes out.——But I'll balk his Lordship.

Chamb. Lack-a-dasy, Ma'am, what can we do? There is Master, and *John* Ostler, and Boot-catcher, all gone a'ter 'em.——There is such an Uproar as never was—— [Exit.

Har. If I thought this was your Contrivance, Sir, I wou'd never speak to you again.

Char. I wou'd sooner die than be guilty of it. This is Lord *Trinket's* Doing, I am sure. I knew he had some Scheme in Agitation, by a Letter I intercepted this Morning.

Har. [Screams.

Char. Ha! Here he comes! Nay then, it's plain enough. Don't be frightened, my Love! I'll protect you.——But now I must desire you to follow my Directions.

Enter Lord Trinket.

L. Trink. Now Madam!——Pox on't, He here again!——Nay then! [Drawing.] Come, Sir! You're unarmed, I see. Give up the Lady: Give Her up, I say, or I am through you in a Twinkling. [Going to make a Pass at Charles.

Char. Keep your Distance, my Lord! I have Arms [Producing a Pistol.] If you come a Foot nearer, you have a Brace of Balls thro' your Lordship's Head.

L. Trink. How? What's this? Pistols!

Char. At your Lordship's Service.——Sword and Pistol, my Lord!——Those, you know, are our Weapons.——If this misses, I have the Fellow to't in my Pocket.—Don't be frightened, Madam! His Lordship has removed your Friends and Relations,

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tions, but he will take great Care of You. Shall I leave you with him ?

Har. Cruel *Charles!* You know I *must* go with you now.

Char. A little away from the Door, if your Lordship pleases. [*Waving his Hand.*]

L. Trink. Sir!—'Sdeath!—Madam!——

Char. A little more round, my Lord! [*Waving.*]

L. Trink. But Sir! Mr. *Oakly!*

Char. I have no Leisure to talk with your Lordship now.——A little more that Way, if you please. [*Waving.*].—You know where I live——If you have any Commands for Miss *Ruffet*, you will hear of Her too at my House.——Nay, keep back, my Lord! [*Presenting.*].—Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant. [*Exit with Harriot.*]

Manet Lord Trinket.

[*Looking after them, and pausing for a short Time.*]

—— I cut a mighty ridiculous Figure here 'pon Honour.——So I have been concerting this deep Scheme, merely to serve Him.——Oh, the Devil take such Intrigues, and all silly Country Girls, that can give up a Man of Quality and Figure, for a Fellow that Nobody knows ! [*Exit.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.



ACT V.

SCENE Lady *Freelove's*.

Enter Lord Trinket, Lady Freelove with a Letter, and Captain 'O Cutter.

Lord *Trinket*.

WAS ever any Thing so unfortunate? Pox on't Captain, how cou'd you make such a strange Blunder?

'O *Cut*. I never tought of a Blunder. I was to daliver two Letters, and if I gave them one a Piece I tought it was all one, fait.

L. *Free*. And so, my Lord, the ingenious Captain gave the Letter intended for me to young *Oakly*, and here he has brought me a Challenge.

L. *Trink*. Ridiculous! Never was any Thing so *mal-apropos*——Did not you read the Direction? Captain!

'O *Cut*. Who me!——Devil burn me, not I. I never rade at all.

L. *Trink*. 'Sdeath! How provoking! When I had secur'd the Servants, and got all the People out of the Way——When every Thing was *en train*.

L. *Free*. Nay, never despair, my Lord! Things have happened unluckily, to be fure; and yet I think I could hit upon a Method to fet every Thing to right again.

L. *Trink*. How? how? My dear Lady *Freelove*, how?

L. *Free*. Suppose then your Lordship was to go and deliver these Country Gentlemen from their

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Confinement; make them believe that it was a Plot of young *Oakly's* to carry off my Niece; and so make a Merit of your own Services with the Father.

L. *Trink*. Admirable! I'll about it immediately.

'O *Cut*. Has your Lordship any Occasion for my Sarvice in this Expedition?

L. *Trink*. O no: ——— Only release me these People, and then keep out of the Way, dear Captain!

'O *Cut*. With all my Heart, fait! But you are all wrong! this will not signify a Brass Farding. If you wou'd let me alone, I wou'd give him a Salt Eel, I warrant you——But upon my Credit ——There's noting to be done without a little Tilting. [*Exit*.

L. *Free*. Ha! ha! Poor Captain!

L. *Trink*. But where shall I carry them, when I have deliver'd them?

L. *Free*. To Mr. *Oakly's*, by all Means. You may be sure my Niece is there.

L. *Trink*. To Mr. *Oakly's*!——Why, does your Ladyship consider? 'Tis going directly in the Fire of the Enemy——Throwing the *Dementi* full in their Teeth.

L. *Free*. So much the better. Face your Enemies: Nay, you shall outface them too. Why where's the Difference between Truths and Untruths, if you do but stick close to the Point? Falshood wou'd scarce ever be detected, if we had Confidence enough to support it.

L. *Trink*. Nay, I don't want *Bronze* upon Occasion——But to go amongst a whole Troop of People, sure to contradict every Word I say, is so dangerous——

L. *Free*. To leave *Ruffet* alone amongst them, wou'd be ten Times more dangerous. You may
be

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be sure that *Oakly's* will be the first Place he will go to after his Daughter, where, if you don't accompany him, he will be open to all their Suggestions. They'll be all in one Story, and Nobody there to contradict them: And then their dull Truth wou'd triumph, which must not be. No——no——positively, my Lord, you must battle it out.

L. *Trink.*——Well! I'll go, 'pon Honour——and if I cou'd depend on your Ladyship as a *Corps de reserve.*——

L. *Free.* I'll certainly meet you there.—Tush! my Lord, there's nothing in it. It's hard, indeed if two Persons of Condition can't bear themselves out against such trumpery Folks as the Family of the *Oaklys*.

L. *Trink.* Odious low People!——But I lose Time——I must after the Captain——and so, till we meet at Mr. *Oakly's*, I kiss your Ladyship's Hands.——You won't fail me.

L. *Free.* You may depend on me. [*Exit L. Trink.*]

Lady Freelove, sola.

So here is fine Work! This artful little Huffy has been too much for us all: Well? what's to be done? Why, when a Woman of Fashion gets into a Scrape, nothing but a Fashionable Assurance can get her out of it again. I'll e'en go boldly to Mr. *Oakly's*, as I have promised, and if it appears practicable, I will forward Lord *Trinket's* Match; but if I find that Matters have taken another Turn, his Lordship must excuse me. In that Case I'll fairly drop him, seem a perfect Stranger to all his Intentions, and give my Visit an Air of Congratulation to my Niece and any other Husband; which Fortune, her wise Father, or her ridiculous Self has provided for her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

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SCENE *changes to Mrs. Oakly's Dressing-Room.*

Mrs. Oakly, sola.

This is worfe and worfe! — He never held me so much in Contempt before——To go out without so much as speaking to me, or taking the least Notice! — I am obliged to the *Major* for this——How cou'd he take him out? and how cou'd Mr. *Oakly* go with him?——

Enter Toilet.

Mrs. Oak. Well, *Toilet!*

Toil. My Master is not come back yet, Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone?

Toil. I don't know, I can assure your Ladyship.

Mrs. Oak. Why don't you know? — You know nothing——But I warrant you know well enough, if you wou'd tell——You shall never persuade me but you knew of Mr. *Oakly's* going out To-day.

Toil. I wish I may die, Ma'am, upon my Honour, and I protest to your Ladyship, I knew nothing in the World of the Matter, no more than the Child unborn. There is Mr. *Paris*, my Master's Gentleman, knows——

Mrs. Oak. What does he know?

Toil. That I knew nothing at all of the Matter.

Mrs. Oak. Where is *Paris*? What is he doing?

Toil. He is in my Master's Room, Ma'am.

Mrs. Oak. Bid him come here.

Toil. Yes, Ma'am. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Oak. He is certainly gone after this young Flirt.——His Confidence and the *Major's* Insolence provoke me beyond Expression.

Re-enter Toilet with Paris.

Where's your Master?

Par. *Il est sortie.*

Mrs. Oak.

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Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone?

Par. Ah, Madame! *Je n'en scai rien.* I know nothing of it.

Mrs. Oak. Nobody knows any Thing. Why did not you tell me he was going out?

Par. I drefs him—*Je ne m'en soucie pas du plus—* He go where he will—I have no Bisness wis it.

Mrs. Oak. Yes you shou'd have told me— That was your Businefs — And if you don't mind your Businefs better, you shan't stay here, I can tell you, Sir.

Par. *Voila! quelque chose d'extraordinaire!*

Mrs. Oak. Don't stand jabbering and shrugging your Shoulders, but go, and enquire—go—and bring me Word where he is gone.

Par. I don't know what I am do——I'll ask *John.*——

Mrs. Oak. Bid *John* come to me.

Par. *De tout mon cœur.—Jean! ici! Jean—* Speak mi Ladi! [Exit.

Mrs. Oak. Impudent Fellow! His insolent gravity and indifference is insupportable——*Toilet!*

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Where's *John*? Why don't he come? Why do you stand with your Hands before you? Why don't you fetch him?

Toil. Yes, Ma'am —— I'll go this Minute—— O! here! *John!* My Lady wants you,

Enter John.

Mrs. Oak. Where's your Master?

John. Gone out, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Why did not you go with him?

John. Because he went out in the Major's Chariot, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Where did they go to?

John. To the Major's, I suppose, Madam.

Mrs,

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Mrs. Oak. Suppose ! Don't you know ?

John. I believe so, but can't tell for certain, indeed, Madam !

Mrs. Oak. Believe ! and suppose !——and don't know ! and can't tell —— You are all Fools—— Go about your Business ! [John going]——Come here ! [Returns.] Go to the Major's——No—it does not signify——go along——[John going]——Yes, hark'ye ! [Returns.] Go to the Major's, and see if your Master is there.

John. Give your Compliments ? Madam !

Mrs. Oak. My Compliments ! Blockhead ! Get along ! [John going.] Come hither ! [Returns.]——Can't you go to the Major's, and bring me Word if Mr. Oakly is there, without taking any further Notice ?

John. Yes, Ma'am !

Mrs. Oak. Well ! Why don't you go then ? And make haste back——And d'ye hear ? John ! [John going, returns.]

John. Madam !

Mrs. Oak. Nothing at all —— go along—— [John goes.]——How uneasy Mr. Oakly makes me !——Hark'ye ! John ! [John returns.]

John. Madam !

Mrs. Oak. Send the Porter here.

John. Yes, Madam ! [Exit John.]

Tail. So ! She's in a rare Humour ! I shall have a fine Time on't——[Aside.]——Will your Ladyship chuse to dress ?

Mrs. Oak. Prithee, Creature, don't tease me with your fiddle-faddle Stuff——I have a thousand Things to think of——Where is the Porter ? Why has not that Booby sent him ? What is the Meaning——

Re-enter John.

John. Madam, my Master is this Moment returned

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turned with Major *Oakly*, and my young Master, and the Lady that was here Yesterday.

Mrs. *Oak*. Very well. [*Exit* John.]—Returned! —Yes, truly, he *is* returned—and in a very extraordinary Manner—This is setting me at open Defiance—But I'll go down, and shew them I have too much Spirit to endure such Usage. —[*Going.*]—Or stay—I'll not go amongst his Company—I'll go out—*Toilet!*

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. *Oak*. Order the Coach, I'll go out. [*Toilet going.*]—*Toilet!* stay!—I'll e'en go down to them—No—*Toilet!*

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. *Oak*. Order me a boil'd Chicken—I'll not go down to Dinner—I'll dine in my own Room, and sup there—I'll not see his Face these three Days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Enter *Oakly*, Major *Oakly*, Charles, and Harriot.

Char. My dear *Harriot*, do not make yourself so uneasy.

Har. Alas! I have too much Cause for my Uneasiness. Who knows what that vile Lord has done with my Father?

Oak. Be comforted, Madam! We shall soon hear of Mr. *Ruffet*, and all will be well I dare say.

Har. You are too good to me, Sir!—But I can assure you, I am not a little concerned on your Account as well as my own; and if I did not flatter myself with the Hopes of explaining every Thing to Mrs. *Oakly's* Satisfaction, I should never forgive myself for having disturbed the Peace of such a worthy Family. *Maj.*

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Maj. Don't mind that, Madam! They'll be very good Friends again——This is nothing among married People.——'Sdeath! Here she is!——No——It's only Mrs. *Toilet*.

Enter Toilet.

Oak. Well, *Toilet*, What now? [*Toil. whispers.*] Not well?——Can't come down to Dinner?——Wants to see me above? —— Hark'ye, Brother, what shall I do?

Maj. If you go, you're undone.

Har. Go, Sir!——go to Mrs. *Oakly*——Indeed you had better——

Maj. 'Sdeath, Brother! don't budge a Foot——This is all Fractiousness and Ill-humour——

Oak. No——I'll not go——Tell her I have Company, and we shall be glad to see her here.

Exit Toilet.

Maj. That's right.

Oak. Suppose I go and watch how she proceeds?

Maj. What d'ye mean?——You wou'd not go to her!——Are you mad?

Oak. By no Means go to her——I only want to know how she takes it.——I'll lie *perdue* in my Study, and observe her Motions.

Maj. I don't like this pitiful Ambuscade-Work——This Bush-fighting——Why can't you stay here? ——Ay! ay!——I know how it will be——She'll come bounce in upon you with a Torrent of Anger and Passion, or, if necessary, a whole Flood of Tears, and carry all before her at once.

Oak. You shall find that you're mistaken, *Major*!——Don't imagine that because I wish not to be void of Humanity, that I am destitute of Resolution. Now I am convinc'd I'm in the Right, I'll support that Right with ten Times your Steadiness.

Maj.

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Maj. You talk this well, Brother!

Oak. I'll do it well, Brother!

Maj. If you don't, you're undone.

Oak. Never fear! never fear! [Exit.

Maj. Well, Charles!

Char. I can't bear to see my *Harriot* so uneasy. I'll go immediately in quest of Mr. *Ruffet*. Perhaps I may learn at the Inn where his Lordship's Ruffians have carried him.

Ruf. [without.] Here? Yes, yes, I know she's here well enough. Come along, Sir *Harry*, come along.

Har. He's here! — My Father! I know his Voice. Where is Mr. *Oakly*? O now, good Sir, [To Major.] Do but pacify him, and you'll be a Friend indeed.

Enter Ruffet, Lord Trinket, and Sir Harry Beagle.

L. Trink. There! Sir—I told you it was so.

Ruf. Ay, ay, it is too plain. — O you provoking Slut! — Elopement after Elopement! And at last to have your Father carried off by Violence! To endanger my Life! Zouns! I am so angry, I dare not trust myself within reach of you.

Char. I can assure you, Sir, that your Daughter is entirely —

Ruf. You assure me? You are the Fellow that has perverted her Mind — That has set my own Child against me —

Char. If you will but hear me, Sir —

Ruf. I won't hear a Word you say — I'll have my Daughter — I won't hear a Word.

Maj. Nay, Mr. *Ruffet*, hear Reason. If you will but have Patience —

Ruf. I'll have no Patience — I'll have my Daughter, and she shall marry Sir *Harry* To-night.

L. Trink. That is dealing rather too much *en cavalier* with me, Mr. *Ruffet*, 'pon Honour. You take

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take no Notice of my Pretensions, though my Rank and Family——

Ruf. What care I for Rank and Family! I don't want to make my Daughter a rantipole Woman of Quality. I'll give her to whom I please. Take her away, Sir *Harry*! She shall marry you To-night.

Har. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, hear me but a Moment.

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, Girl! Take her away, Sir *Harry*, take her away.

Char. It must not be.

Maj. Only three Words, Mr. *Ruffet*.——

Ruf. Why don't the Booby take her?

Sir Har. Hold hard! hold hard! You are all on a wrong Scent: Hold hard! I say, hold hard!—Hark ye, Squire *Ruffet*.

Ruf. Well! what now?

Sir Har. It was proposed you know, to match me with Miss *Harriot*——But she can't take kindly to me.—When one has made a bad Bet, it is best to hedge off, you know——and so I have e'en swopped her with Lord *Trinket* here for his brown Horse *Nabob*, that he bought of Lord *Whistle-Jacket*, for Fifteen Hundred Guineas.

Ruf. Swopped her? Swopped my Daughter for a Horse? Zouns, Sir, what d'ye mean?

Sir Har. Mean? Why I mean to be off, to be sure——It won't do——I tell you it won't do——First of all I knocked up myself and my Horses, when they took for *London*——and now I have been stewed aboard a Tender——I have wasted three Stone at least——If I cou'd have rid my Match, it would not have grieved me——And so as I said before, I have swopped her for *Nabob*.

Ruf. The Devil take *Nabob*, and yourself, and Lord *Trinket*, and——

L. Trink.

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L. Trink. Pardon! *je vous demande Pardon Monsieur Ruffet!* 'pon Honour.

Ruf. Death and the Devil! I shall go distracted. My Daughter plotting against me—the——

Maj. Come, come, Mr. *Ruffet*, I am your Man after ail. Give me but a Moment's Hearing, and I'll engage to make Peace between you and your Daughter, and throw the Blame where it ought to fall most deservedly.

Sir Har. Ay, ay, that's right. Put the Saddle on the right Horse, my Buck!

Ruf. Well, Sir!——What d'ye say?——Speak——I don't know what to do——

Maj. I'll speak the Truth, let who will be offended by it.—I have Proof presumptive and positive for you, Mr. *Ruffet*. From his Lordship's Behaviour at Lady *Freelove's*, when my Nephew rescued her, we may fairly conclude that he wou'd stick at no Measures to carry his Point.——There's Proof presumptive.——But, Sir, we can give you Proof positive too——Proof under his Lordship's own Hand, that he, likewise, was the Contriver of the gross Affront that has just been offered you.

Ruf. Hey! How?

L. Trink. Every Syllable Romance, 'pon Honour.

Maj. Gospel, every Word on't.

Char. This Letter will convince you, Sir!——In Consequence of what happened at Lady *Freelove's*, his Lordship thought fit to send me a Challenge: But the Messenger blundered, and gave me this Letter instead of it [*Giving the Letter*] I have the Case which inclosed it in my Pocket.

L. Trink. Forgery, from Beginning to End, 'pon Honour.

Maj. Truth upon *my* Honour.——But read, read, Mr. *Ruffet*, read and be convinced.

G

Ruf.

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Ruf. Let me see—let me see—[*Reading*]—
Um—um—um—um—so! so!—um—um
um—Damnation!—*Wish me Success—obedient
Slave—Trinket.*—Fire and Fury! How dare
you do this?

L. Trink. When you are cool, Mr. *Ruffet*, I will
explain this Matter to you.

Ruf. Cool? 'Sdeath and Hell!—I'll never be
cool again—I'll be revenged.—So my *Harriot*,
my dear Girl is innocent at last.—Say so, *Har-
riot*, tell me you are innocent. [*Embracing her.*]

Har. I am, indeed Sir! and happy beyond
Expression, at your being convinced of it.

Ruf. I am glad on't—I am glad on't—I believe
you, *Harriot*!—You was always a good Girl.

Maj. So she is, an excellent Girl!—Worth
a Regiment of such Lords and Baronets—
Come, Sir, finish every Thing handsomely at
once.—Come,—*Charles* will have a hand-
some Fortune.

Ruf. Marry!—She durst not do it.

Maj. Consider, Sir, they have long been fond
of each other,—old Acquaintance—faithful
Lovers—Turtles—and may be very happy.

Ruf. Well, well—since Things are so—I
love my Girl.—Hark'ye, young *Oakly*, if you
don't make her a good Husband, you'll break my
Heart, you Rogue.

Char. Do not doubt it, Sir! my *Harriot* has re-
formed me altogether.

Ruf. Has she?—Why then—there—
Heaven bless you both—there—now there's
an End on't.

Sir Har. So, my Lord, you and I are both
distanced—A hollow thing, damme.

L. Trink. *N'importe.*

Sir Har. [*Aside.*] Now this Stake is drawn, my
Lord may be for hedging off mayhap. Ecod!
I'll

The JEALOUS WIFE. 91

I'll go to *Jack Speed's*, and secure *Nabob*, and be out of Town in an Hour——Soho! Lady *Freelove*! Yoics! [Exit.

Enter Lady Freelove.

L. *Free.* My dear Miss *Russet*, you'll excuse——

Char. Mrs. *Oakly*, at your Ladyship's Service.

L. *Free.* Married?

Har. Not yet, Madam, but my Father has been so good as to give his Consent.

L. *Free.* I protest, I am prodigiously glad of it. My Dear, I give you Joy——and you, Mr. *Oakly*,——I wish you Joy, Mr. *Russet*, and all the good Company——for I think they are most of them Parties concerned.

Maj. How easy, impudent, and familiar!——

[*Afide.*

L. *Free.* Lord *Trinket* here too! I vow I did not see your Lordship before.

L. *Trink.* Your Ladyship's most obedient Slave. [Bowling.

L. *Free.* You seem grave, my Lord!——Come, come, I know there has been some Difference between you and Mr. *Oakly*——You must give me Leave to be a Mediator in this Affair.

L. *Trink.* Here has been a small *Fracas* to be sure, Madam!——We are all blown, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free.* Blown! What do you mean, my Lord?

L. *Trink.* Nay, your Ladyship knows that I never mind these Things, and I know that they never discompose your Ladyship——But Things have happened a little *en travers*——The little *Billet* that I sent your Ladyship has fallen into the Hands of that Gentleman——[Pointing to *Char.*]——and so——there has been a little *Brouillerie* about it——that's all.

G 2

L. *Free.*

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L. *Free*. You talk to me, my Lord, in a very extraordinary Stile—If you have been guilty of any Misbehaviour, I am sorry for it; but your ill Conduct can fasten no Imputation on me.—Miss *Ruffet* will justify me sufficiently.

Maj. Had not your Ladyship better appeal to my Friend *Charles* here?—The Letter! *Charles*! —Out with it this Instant!

Char. Yes, I have the Credentials of her Ladyship's Integrity in my Pocket.—Mr. *Ruffet*, the Letter you read a little while ago, was inclosed in this Cover, which also I now think it my Duty to put into your Hands.

Ruf. [*Reading.*] *To the Right Honourable Lady Freelove*——'Sdeath and Hell!—and now I recollect, the Letter itself was pieced with Scraps of *French*, and *Madam*, and *Your Ladyship*—Fire and Fury! Madam, how came you to use me so? I am obliged to you then for the Insult that has been offered me.

L. *Free*. What is all this? Your Obligations to me, Mr. *Ruffet*, are of a Nature that——

Ruf. Fine Obligations! I dare say I am partly obliged to you too for the Attempt on my Daughter by that Thing of a Lord yonder at your House. Zouns! Madam, these are Injuries never to be forgiven—They are the grossest Affronts to me and my Family——All the World shall know them——Zouns!—I'll——

L. *Free*. Mercy on me! how boisterous are these Country Gentlemen! Why really, Mr. *Ruffet*, you rave like a Man in *Bedlam*—I am afraid you'll beat me—and then you swear most abominably.——How can you be so vulgar?——I see the Meaning of this low Malice——But the Reputations of Women of Quality are not so easily impeached——My Rank places me above the Scandal of little People, and I shall meet such petty Insolence

The JEALOUS WIFE. 93

Insolence with the greatest Ease and Tranquility.—
But you and your simple Girl will be the Sufferers.
—I had some Thoughts of introducing her into
the first Company—But now, Madam, I shall nei-
ther receive nor return your Visits, and will entirely
withdraw my Protection from the ordinary Part of
the Family. *[Exit.]*

Ruf. Zouns! what Impudence! that's worse than
all the rest.

L. Trink. Fine Prefence of Mind, faith!—The
true *French Nonchalance*—But good Folks, why
such a deal of Rout and *Tapage* about nothing at
all?—If Mademoiselle *Harriot* had rather be
Mrs. *Oakly* than Lady *Trinket*—Why—I wish
her Joy, that's all—Mr. *Ruffet*, I wish you Joy
of your Son-in-Law—Mr. *Oakly*, I wish you Joy
of the Lady—and you, Madam, *[To Harriot.]* of
the Gentleman—And in short, I wish you all Joy
of one another, 'pon Honour! *[Exit.]*

Ruf. There's a fine Fellow of a Lord now! The
Devil's in your *London* Folks of the first Fashion,
as you call them. They will rob you of your Es-
tate, debauch your Daughter, or lie with your
Wife—and all as if they were doing you a
Favour—'Pon Honour!—*[Bell rings violently.]*

Maj. Hey! What now?

Enter Oakly.

Oak. D'ye hear *Major*, d'ye hear?

Maj. Zouns! What a Clatter!—She'll pull
down all the Bells in the House.

Oak. My Observations since I left you, have con-
firm'd my Resolution. I see plainly, that her Good-
humour, and her Ill-humour, her Smiles, her Tears,
and her Fits, are all calculated to play upon me.

Maj. Did not I always tell you so? Its the Way
with them all—They will be rough, and smooth,

94 The JEALOUS WIFE.

and hot, and cold, and all in a Breath. Any Thing to get the better of us.

Oak. She is in all Moods at present, I promise you—I am at once angry and ashamed of her; and yet she is so ridiculous I can't help laughing at her—There has she been in her Chamber, fuming and fretting, and dispatching a Messenger to me every two Minutes—Servant after Servant—Now she insists on my coming to her—Now again she writes a Note to intreat—Then *Toilet* is sent to let me know that she is ill—absolutely dying—Then, the very next Minute, she'll never see my Face again—She'll go out of the House directly. [*Bell rings.*] Again! now the Storm rises!—

Maj. It will soon drive this Way then—now Brother, prove yourself a Man—You have gone too far to retreat.

Oak. Retreat!—Retreat!—No, no!—I'll preserve the Advantage I have gained, I am determined.

Maj. Ay, ay!—keep your Ground!—fear nothing!—Up with your noble Heart! Good Discipline makes good Soldiers; stick close to my Advice, and you may stand buff to a Tigress—

Oak. Here she is, by Heavens—Now! Brother!

Maj. And now! Brother!—Now, or never!

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. Oak. I think, Mr. *Oakly*, you might have had Humanity enough to have come to see how I did. You have taken your Leave, I suppose, of all Tenderness and Affection—But I'll be calm—I'll not throw myself into a Passion—You want to drive me out of your House—I see what you aim at, and will be aforehand with you—Let me keep my Temper!—I'll send for a Chair, and leave the House this Instant.

Oak.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 95

Oak. True, my Love! I knew you wou'd not think of dining in your own Chamber alone, when I had Company below. You shall sit at the Head of the Table, as you ought to be sure, as you say, and make my Friends welcome.

Mrs. Oak. Excellent Raillery! Look ye, Mr. *Oakly*, I see the Meaning of all this affected Coolness and Indifferencé.—

Oak. My Dear, consider where you are.—

Mrs. Oak. You wou'd be glad, I find, to get me out of your House, and have all your Flirts about you.—

Oak. Before all this Company! Fie!—

Mrs. Oak. But I'll disappoint you, for I shall remain in it to support my due Authority—As for you, Major *Oakly*! —

Maj. Hey day! What have I done?

Mrs. Oak. I think you might find better Employment, than to create Divisions between married People—and you, Sir! —

Oak. Nay, but my Dear! —

Mrs. Oak. Might have more Sense, as well as Tenderness, than to give Ear to such idle Stuff.—

Oak. Lord! Lord! —

Mrs. Oak. You and your wife Counsellor there, I suppose think to carry all your Points with me.—

Oak. Was ever any Thing.—

Mrs. Oak. But it won't do Sir! You shall find that I will have my own Way, and that I will govern my own Family.

Oak. You had better learn to govern yourself by half. Your Passion makes you ridiculous. Did ever any body see so much Fury and Violence, affronting your best Friends, breaking my Peace, and disconcerting your own Temper? And all for what? for nothing. 'Sdeath! Madam, at these Years you ought to know better.

Mrs. *Oak*. At these Years!—Very fine!—Am I to be talk'd to in this Manner?

Oak. Talk'd to!—Why not?—You have talk'd to me long enough—almost talk'd me to Death—and I have taken it all in hopes of making you quiet—but all in vain, for the more one bears, the worse you are. Patience, I find, is all thrown away upon you—and henceforward, come what may, I am resolv'd to be Master of my own House.

Mrs. *Oak*. So! so!—Master indeed!—Yes, Sir, and you'll take Care to have Mistresses enough too, I warrant you.

Oak. Perhaps I may; but they shall be quiet ones, I can assure you.

Mrs. *Oak*. Indeed! and do you think I am such a tame Fool as to sit quietly and bear all this? You shall know, Sir, that I will resent this Behaviour—You shall find that I have a Spirit—

Oak. Of the Devil.

Mrs. *Oak*. Intolerable!—You shall find then that I will exert that Spirit. I am sure I have need of it.—As soon as the House is once cleared again, I'll shut my Doors against all Company—You shan't see a single Soul for this Month.

Oak. 'Sdeath! Madam, but I will.—I'll keep open House for a Year—I'll send Cards to the whole Town—Mr. *Oakly's* Route! All the World will come—And I'll go among the World too—I'll be mew'd up no longer.

Mrs. *Oak*. Provoking Insolence!—This is not to be endured. Look'ye, Mr. *Oakly*—

Oak. And look'ye, Mrs. *Oakly*, I will have my own Way.

Mrs. *Oak*. Nay then, let me tell you, Sir—

Oak. And let me tell you, Madam, I will not be cross'd—I won't be made a Fool.

Mrs. *Oak*. Why, you won't let me speak—

Oak.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 97

Oak. Because you don't speak as you ought—Madam! Madam! you shan't look, nor walk, nor talk, nor think, but as I please.

Mrs. Oak. Was there ever such a Monster! I can bear this no longer. [*Bursts into Tears*] O you vile Man!—I see through your Design—You cruel, barbarous, inhuman—Such Usage to your poor Wife!—You'll be the Death of her.

Oak. She shan't be the Death of me, I am determined.

Mrs. Oak. That it should ever come to this!—To be contradicted—[*Sobbing*]—insulted—abused—hated—'Tis too much—my Heart will burst with—oh—oh— [Falls into a Fit.

Harriot, Charles, &c. run to her Assistance.

Oak. [*Interposing.*] Let her alone.

Har. Sir, Mrs. Oakly—

Char. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, she will be—

Oak. Let her alone, I say, I won't have her touched—Let her alone—If her Passions throw her into Fits, let the Strength of them carry her through them.

Har. Pray, my dear Sir, let us assist her! She may—

Oak. I don't care—You shan't touch her—Let her bear them patiently—She'll learn to behave better another Time.—Let her alone, I say.

Mrs. Oak. [*Rising.*] O you Monster!—You Villain!—You base Man!—Wou'd you let me die for Want of Help?—Wou'd you—

Oak. Bless me! Madam, your Fit is very violent—Take Care of yourself.

Mrs. Oak. Despised—ridiculed—But I'll be revenged—You shall see, Sir—

Oak. *Tcl-de-rol loll-de-rol loll-de-rol loll.* [*singing.*
Mrs.

98 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Mrs. Oak. What, am I made a Jest of? Exposed to all the World—If there's Law or Justice——

Oak. *Tol-de-rol loll-de-roll loll-de-rol loll.* [singing.

Mrs. Oak. I shall burst with Anger——Have a Care, Sir, you may repent this—Scorned and made ridiculous!—No Power on Earth shall hinder my Revenge. [Going.

Har. [Interposing.] Stay, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Let me go. I cannot bear this Place.

Har. Let me beseech you Madam!

Oak. What does the Girl mean?

Maj. Courage! Brother. You have } *Apart.*
done Wonders.

Oak. I think, she'll have no more Fits. }

Har. Stay, Madam!——Pray stay!——but one Moment. I have been a painful Witness of your Uneasiness, and in great Part the innocent Occasion of it. Give me Leave then——

Mrs. Oak. I did not expect indeed to have found you here again. But however——

Har. I see the Agitation of your Mind, and it makes me miserable. Suffer me to tell you the real Truth. I can explain every Thing to your Satisfaction.

Mrs. Oak. May be so—I cannot argue with you.

Char. Pray, Madam, hear her—for my Sake—for your own——Dear Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Well——well——proceed.

Oak. I shall relapse, I can't bear to see } *Apart.*
her so uneasy.

Maj. Hush!——Hush!

Har. I understand, Madam, that your first Alarm was occasioned by a Letter from my Father to your Nephew.

Ruf. I was in a bloody Passion to be sure, Madam!—The Letter was not over-civil I believe—I did not know but the young Rogue had ruined my Girl.—But it's all over now, and so——

Mrs. Oak.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 99

Mrs. Oak. You was here Yesterday, Sir!

Ruf. Yes, I came after Harriot. I thought I should find my young Madam with my young Sir, here.

Mrs. Oak. With Charles, did you say? Sir.

Ruf. Ay, with Charles, Madam! The young Rogue has been fond of her a long Time, and she of him, it seems.

Mrs. Oak. I fear I have been to blame. [*Aside.*]

Ruf. I ask Pardon, Madam, for the Disturbance I made in your House.

Har. And the abrupt Manner, in which I came into it, demands a thousand Apologies. But the Occasion must be my Excuse.

Mrs. Oak. How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*]
——But did not I overhear you and Mr. Oakly—
[*To Harriot.*]

Har. Dear Madam! You had but a partial Hearing of our Conversation. It related entirely to this Gentleman.

Char. To put it beyond Doubt, Madam, Mr. Ruffet and my Guardian have consented to our Marriage; and we are in hopes that you will not withhold your Approbation.

Mrs. Oak. I have no further Doubt—I see you are innocent, and it was cruel to suspect you—You have taken a Load of Anguish off my Mind—And yet your kind Interposition comes too late, Mr. Oakly's Love for me is entirely destroyed. [*Weeping.*]

Oak. I must go to her——

Maj. Not yet!——Not yet!

} *Apart.*

Har. Do not disturb yourself with such Apprehensions, I am sure Mr. Oakly loves you most affectionately.

Oak. I can hold no longer, [*Going to her.*] My Affection for you, Madam, is as warm as ever. Nothing can ever extinguish it. My constrained Behaviour cut me to the Soul—For within these few
Hours

100 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Hours it has been all constrained—and it was with the utmost Difficulty that I was able to support it.

Mrs. Oak. O, Mr. *Oakly*, how have I exposed myself! What low Arts has my Jealousy induced me to practice! I see my Folly, and fear that you can never forgive me.

Oak. Forgive you!——You are too good, my Love!——Forgive you!——Can you forgive me?——This Change transports me.——Brother! Mr. *Ruffet*! *Charles*! *Harriot*! give me Joy!——I am the happiest Man in the World.

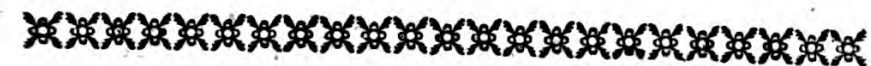
Maj. Joy, much Joy to you both! though, by-the-bye, you are not a little obliged to me for it. Did not I tell you I wou'd cure all the Disorders in your Family? I beg Pardon, Sister, for taking the Liberty to prescribe for you. My Medicines have been somewhat rough, I believe, but they have had an admirable Effect, and so don't be angry with your Physician.

Mrs. Oak. I am indeed obliged to you, and I feel——

Oak. Nay, my Dear, no more of this: All that's past must be utterly forgotten.

Mrs. Oak. I have not merited this Kindness, but it shall hereafter be my Study to deserve it. Away with all idle Jealousies! And since my Suspicions have hitherto been groundless, I am resolved for the future never to suspect at all.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPILOGUE;

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

LADIES! I've had a Squabble with the Poet—
About his Characters—and you shall know it.
Young Man, said I, restrain your saucy Satire!
My Part's ridiculous—false—out of Nature.
Fine Draughts indeed of Ladies! sure you hate 'em!
Why, Sir!—My Part is Scandalum Magnatum.

“ Lord, Ma'am, said he, to copy Life my Trade is,
And Poets ever have made free with Ladies:
One Simon—the Duce take such Names as these!—
A hard Greek Name—O—ay—Simonides—
He shew'd,—our Freaks, this Whim and that Desire,
Rose first from Earth, Sea, Air, nay, some from Fire;
Or that we owe our Persons, Minds, and Features
To Birds, forsooth, and filthy four-legg'd Creatures.

The Dame, of Manners various, Temper fickle,
Now all for Pleasure, now the Conventicle!
Who Prays, then Raves, now Calm, now all Commotion,
Rises, another Venus, from the Ocean.

Constant at every Sale, the Curious Fair,
Who longs for Dresden, and old China Ware;
Who doats on Pagods, and gives up vile Man
For niddle-noddle Figures from Japan;
Critick in Fars and Fosses, shews her Birth
Drawn, like the brittle Ware itself, from Earth.

The flaunting she, so stately, rich, and vain,
Who gains her Conquests by her Length of Train;
While all her Vanity is under Sail,
Sweeps, a proud Peacock, with a gaudy Tail.

Husband

E P I L O G U E.

*Husband and Wife, with Sweets! and Dears! and
Loves!*

*What are they but a Pair of cooing Doves?
But seiz'd with Spleen, Fits, Humours, and all that,
Your Dove and Turtle turn to Dog and Cat.*

*The Gossip, Prude, Old Maid, Coquette, and Trapes,
Are Parrots, Foxes, Magpies, Wasps, and Apes:
But She, with ev'ry Charm of Form and Mind,
Oh! She's—sweet Soul—the Phœnix of her Kind."*

*This his Apology!—'Tis rank Abuse——
A fresh Affront, instead of an Excuse!
His own Sex rather such Description suits:
Why don't He draw their Charaēters——The Brutes!
Ay, let him paint those ugly Monsters, Men!——
Mean time—Mend We our Lives, He'll mend his Pen.*

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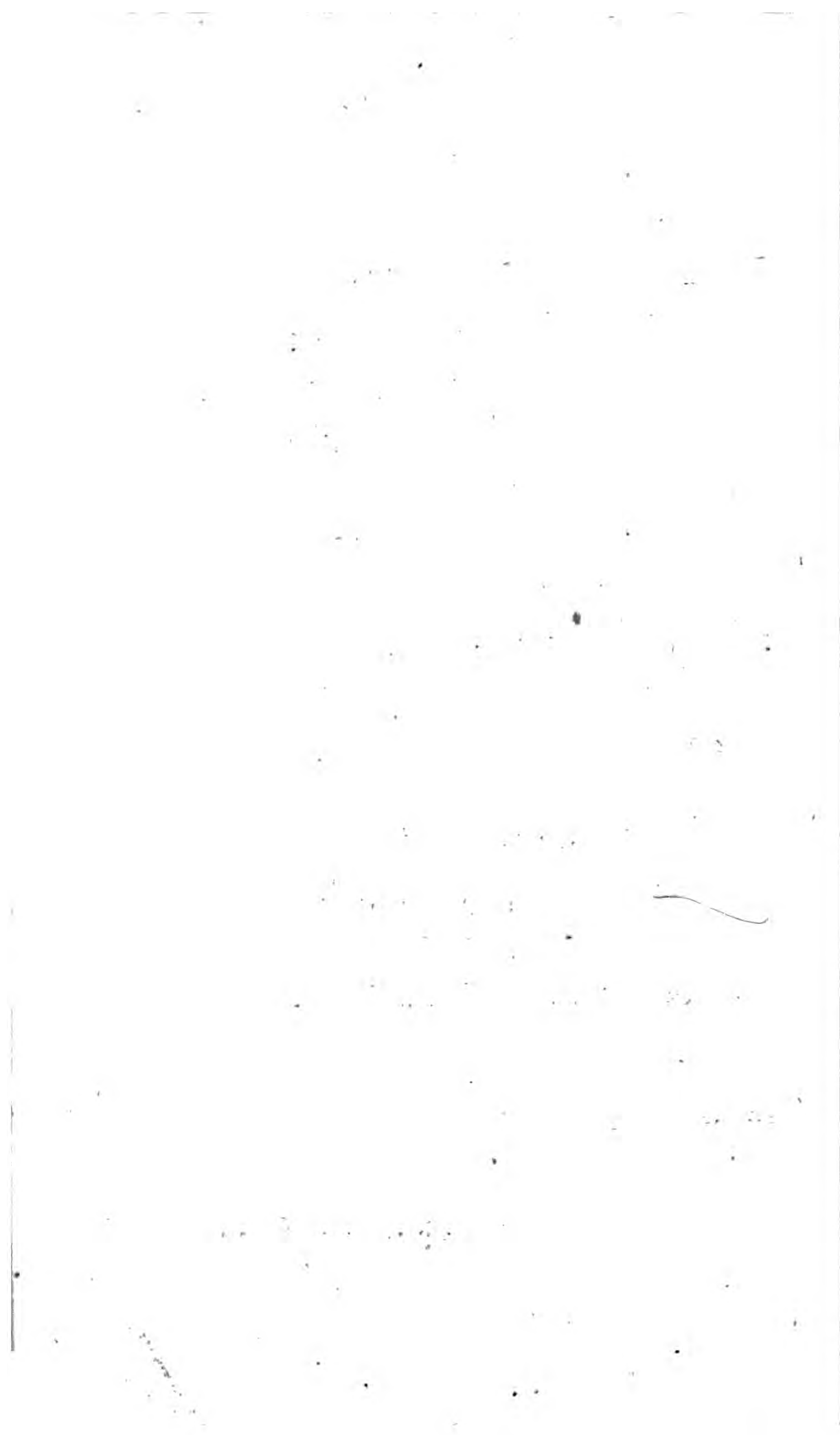
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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FRANCIS SEYMOUR CONWAY,
EARL OF HERTFORD,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF
HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSHOLD,
TO WHOSE
POLITENESS AND CANDOUR
THE AUTHOR
OWES EVERY ACKNOWLEDGMENT,
THIS COMEDY IS
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY
HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST OBLIGED
AND
MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

North End.

SAM. FOOTE.



P R O L O G U E.

Written and Spoken by Mr. GENTLEMAN.

*PROLOGUES, like cards of compliment, we find,
Most as unmeaning as politely kind;
To beg a favour, or to plead excuse,
Of both appears to be the gen'ral use.
Shall my words, tipt with flattery, prepare
A kind exertion of your tend'rest care?
Shall I present our Author to your sight,
All pale and trembling for his fate this night?
Shall I solicit the most pow'rful arms
To aid his cause—the force of beauty's charms?
Or tell each critic, his approving taste
Must give the sterling stamp, wherever plac'd?
This might be done—but so to seek applause
Argues a conscious weakness in the cause.
No—let the Muse in simple truth appear,
Reason and Nature are the judges here:
If by their strict and self-describing laws,
The sev'ral characters to-night she draws;
If from the whole a pleasing piece is made,
On the true principles of light and shade;
Struck with the harmony of just design,
Your eyes—your ears—your hearts, will all combine
To grant applause:—but if an erring hand
Gross disproportion marks in motley band,
If the group'd figures false connexions show,
And glaring colours without meaning glow,
Your wounded feelings, turn'd a diff'rent way,
Will justly damn—the abortion of a play.
As Farquhar has observ'd, our English law,
Like a fair spreading oak, the Muse should draw,
By Providence design'd, and wisdom made
For honesty to thrive beneath its shade;
Yet from its boughs some insects shelter find,
Dead to each nobler feeling of the mind,
Who thrive, alas! too well, and never cease
To prey on justice, property, and peace.*

P R O L O G U E.

*At such to-night, with other legal game,
Our vent'rous author takes satiric aim ;
And brings, he hopes, originals to view,
Nor pilfers from th' Old Magpie, nor the New*.
But will to Candour chearfully submit ;
She reigns in boxes, galleries, and pit.*

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's Prologue to the Jubilee.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir LUKE LIMP,	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
Serjeant CIRCUIT,	<i>Mr. Vandermere.</i>
Colonel SECRET,	<i>Mr. Robson.</i>
JACK,	<i>Mr. Weston.</i>
Mr. WOODFORD,	<i>Mr. Knowles.</i>
Mr. FAIRPLAY,	<i>Mr. Wheeler.</i>
First SERVANT,	<i>Mr. Dancer.</i>
Second SERVANT,	<i>Mr. Griffiths.</i>

W O M E N.

Mrs. CIRCUIT,	<i>Mrs. Gardner.</i>
CHARLOT,	<i>Mrs. Jewell.</i>
Mrs. SIMPER,	<i>Mrs. Saunders.</i>
BETTY,	<i>Mrs. Read.</i>



THE
LAME LOVER.

A C T I.

Enter Serjeant CIRCUIT and CHARLOT.

CHARLOT.



Tell you, Sir, his love to me is all a pretence: it is amazing that you, who are so acute, so quick in discerning on other occasions, should be so blind upon this.

SERJEANT.

But where are your proofs, Charlot? What signifies your opening matters which your evidence cannot support?

CHARLOT.

Surely, Sir, strong circumstances in every court should have weight.

B

SER.

2 THE LAME LOVER.

S E R J E A N T.

So they have collaterally, child, that is by way as it were of corroboration, or where matters are doubtful; then indeed, as Plowden wisely, observes “*Les circonstances ajout beaucoup de poids aux faits.*”—You understand me?

C H A R L O T.

Not perfectly well.

S E R J E A N T.

Then to explain by case in point; A, we will suppose, my dear, robs B of a watch upon Hounslow heath—dy'e mind, child?

C H A R L O T.

I do, Sir.

S E R J E A N T.

A, is taken up and indicted; B swears positively to the identity of A.—Dy'e observe?

C H A R L O T.

Attentively.

S E R J E A N T.

Then what does me A, but sets up the alibi C, to defeat the affidavit of B.—You take me.

C H A R L O T.

Clearly.

S E R J E A N T.

So far you see then the ballance is even.

C H A R L O T.

True.

S E R J E A N T.

But then to turn the scale, child, against A, in favour of B, they produce the circumstance D, viz. B's watch found in the pocket of A; upon which

THE LAME LOVER. 3

which, the testimony of C being contradicted by B,—no, by D,—why then A, that is to say C,—no D,—joining B, they convict C,—no, no, A,—against the affidavit of C.—So this being pretty clear, child, I leave the application to you.

CHARLOT.

Very obliging, Sir. But suppose now, Sir, it should appear that the attention of Sir Luke Limp is directed to some other object, would not that induce you to—

SERGEANT.

Other object! Where?

CHARLOT.

In this very house.

SERGEANT.

Here! why the girl is non compos; there's nobody here, child, but a parcel of Abigals.

CHARLOT.

No, Sir?

SERGEANT.

No.

CHARLOT.

Yes, Sir, one person else.

SERGEANT.

Who is that?

CHARLOT.

But remember, Sir, my accusation is confined to Sir Luke.

SERGEANT.

Well, well.

B 2

CHAR-

4 THE LAME LOVER.

CHARLOT.

Suppose then, Sir, those powerful charms which made a conquest of you, may have extended their empire over the heart of Sir Luke?

SERJEANT.

Why, huffy, you don't hint at your mother-in-law?

CHARLOT.

Indeed, Sir, but I do.

SERJEANT.

Ay; why this is point blank treason against my sovereign authority: but can you, Charlot, bring proof of any overt acts?

CHARLOT

Overt acts!

SERJEANT.

Ay; that is any declaration by writing, or even word of mouth is sufficient; then let 'em demur if they dare.

CHARLOT.

I can't say that, Sir; but another organ has been pretty explicit.

SERJEANT.

Which?

CHARLOT.

In those cases a very infallible one—the eye.

SERJEANT.

Pshaw! nonsense and stuff.—The eye!—The eye has no authority in a court of law.

CHARLOT.

Perhaps not, Sir; but it is a decisive evidence in a court of love.

THE LAME LOVER. 5

SERJEANT.

Hark you, huffy, why you would not file an information against the virtue of madam your mother; you would not insinuate that she has been guilty of crim. con.?

CHARLOT.

Sir, you mistake me; it is not the lady, but the gentleman I am about to impeach.

SERJEANT.

Have a care, Charlot! I see on what ground your action is founded—jealousy.

CHARLOT.

You were never more deceiv'd in your life; for it is impossible, my dear Sir, that jealousy can subsist without love.

SERJEANT.

Well.

CHARLOT.

And from that passion (thank heaven) I am pretty free at present.

SERJEANT.

Indeed!

CHARLOT.

A sweet object to excite tender desires!

SERJEANT.

And why not, huffy?

CHARLOT.

First as to his years.

SERJEANT.

What then?

CHAR-

6 THE LAME LOVER.

CHARLOT.

I own, Sir, age procures honor, but I believe it is very rarely productive of love.

SERGEANT.

Mighty well.

CHARLOT.

And tho' the loss of a leg can't be imputed to Sir Luke Limp as a fault—

SERGEANT.

How!

CHARLOT.

I hope, Sir, at least you will allow it a misfortune.

SERGEANT.

Indeed!

CHARLOT.

A pretty thing truly, for a girl, at my time of life, to be ty'd to a man with one foot in the grave.

SERGEANT.

One foot in the grave! the rest of his body is not a whit the nearer for that.—There has been only an execution issued against part of his personals, his real estate is unencumbered and free—besides, you see he does not mind it a whit, but is as alert, and as merry, as a defendant after non-suiting a plaintiff for omitting an S.

CHARLOT.

O! Sir! I know how proud Sir Luke is of his leg, and have often heard him declare, that he would not change his bit of timber for the best flesh and bone in the kingdom.

SER-

THE LAME LOVER. 7

SERJEANT.

There's a hero for you!

CHARLOT.

To be sure, sustaining unavoidable evils with constancy is a certain sign of greatness of mind.

SERJEANT.

Doubtless.

CHARLOT.

But then to derive a vanity from a misfortune, will not I'm afraid be admitted as a vast instance of wisdom, and indeed looks as if the man had nothing better to distinguish himself by.

SERJEANT.

How does that follow?

CHARLOT.

By inunendo.

SERJEANT.

Negatur.

CHARLOT.

Besides, Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity, not inferior to that I have mention'd.

SERJEANT.

Cite them.

CHARLOT,

The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

SERJEANT.

Titles! I don't understand you?

CHARLOT.

I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but be-

8 THE LAME LOVER.

cause of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the Baronet is superceded by my Lord; quitting the puny Peer for an Earl; and sacrificing all three to a Duke.

S E R J E A N T.

Keeping good company! a laudable ambition!

C H A R L O T.

True, Sir, if the virtues that procur'd the father a peerage, could with that be entail'd on the son.

S E R J E A N T.

Have a care, huffy—there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.—

C H A R L O T.

Sir!

S E R J E A N T.

Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why you are not one of those vulgar fluts that think a man the worse for being a Lord?

C H A R L O T.

No, Sir; I am contented with only, not thinking him the better.

S E R J E A N T.

For all this, I believe, huffy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

C H A R L O T.

Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, Sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

S E R J E A N T.

Not a whit the less honest for that.

C H A R-

THE LAME LOVER. 9

CHARLOT.

It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

SERGEANT.

Proofs of an open temper, you baggage: but, come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

CHARLOT.

You mean, Sir, they prove the object a trifle.

SERGEANT.

Why you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is—

CHARLOT.

Nobody.

SERGEANT.

Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out?—He is neither person attained or outlaw'd, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney, or in propria persona, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods, and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever, and wheresoever.

CHARLOT.

But, Sir—

SERGEANT.

Nay, further child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm lett, ditto lands, to any person whomsoever—and—

C

CHAR-

10 THE LAME LOVER.

CHARLOT.

Without doubt, Sir; but there are notwithstanding in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by lord Coke.

SERJEANT.

Hey!

CHARLOT.

There is your next-door neighbour, Sir Harry Hen, an absolute blank.

SERJEANT.

How so, Mrs. Pert?

CHARLOT.

What, Sir! a man who is not suffer'd to hear, see, smell, or in short to enjoy the free use of any one of his senses; who, instead of having a positive will of his own, is deny'd even a paltry negative; who can neither resolve or reply, consent or deny, without first obtaining the leave of his lady: an absolute monarch to sink into the sneaking state of being a slave to one of his subjects—Oh fye!

SERJEANT.

Why, to be sure, Sir Harry Hen, is as I may say—

CHARLOT.

Nobody Sir, in the fullest sense of the word—Then your client Lord Solo.

SERJEANT.

Heyday!—Why you would not annihilate a peer of the realm, with a prodigious estate and an allow'd judge too of the elegant arts.

CHAR-

THE LAME LOVER. II

CHARLOT.

O yes, Sir, I am no stranger to that nobleman's attributes; but then, Sir, please to consider, his power as a peer he gives up to a proxy; the direction of his estate, to a rapacious, artful attorney: and as to his skill in the elegant arts, I presume you confine them to painting and music, he is directed in the first by Mynheer Van Eisel, a Dutch dauber; and in the last is but the echo of Signora Florenza, his lordship's mistress and an opera singer.

SERJEANT.

Mercy upon us! at what a rate the jade runs!

CHARLOT.

In short, Sir, I define every individual who, ceasing to act for himself, becomes the tool, the mere engine of another man's will, to be nothing more than a cypher.

SERJEANT.

At this rate the jade will half unpeople the world: but what is all this to Sir Luke? to him, not one of your cases apply.

CHARLOT.

Every one—Sir Luke has not a first principle in his whole composition; not only his pleasures, but even his passions are prompted by others; and he is as much directed to the objects of his love and his hatred, as in his eating, drinking, and dressing. Nay, though he is active, and eternally busy, yet his own private affairs are neglected; and he would not scruple to break an appointment that was to determine a considerable part of his property, in order to

12 THE LAME LOVER.

exchange a couple of hounds for a lord, or to buy a pad-nag for a lady. In a word—but he's at hand, and will explain himself best; I hear his stump on the stairs.

S E R J E A N T.

I hope you will preserve a little decency before your lover at least.

C H A R L O T,

Lover! ha, ha, ha!

Enter Sir LUKE LIMP.

Sir L U K E.

Mr. Serjeant, your slave—Ah! are you there my little—O Lord! Miss, let me tell you something for fear of forgetting—Do you know that you are new christen'd, and have had me for a gossip?

C H A R L O T.

Christen'd! I don't understand you.

Sir L U K E.

Then lend me your ear—Why last night, as Colonel Kill'em, Sir William Weezy, Lord Frederick Foretop, and I were carelessly sliding the Ranelagh round, picking our teeth, after a damn'd muzzy dinner at Boodle's, who should trip by but an abbess, well known about town, with a smart little nun in her suite. Says Weezy (who, between ourselves, is as husky as hell) Who is that? odds flesh, she's a delicate wench! Zounds! cried Lord Frederick, where can Weezy have been, not to have seen the Harietta before? for you must know Frederick is a bit of Macaroni, and adores the soft Italian termination in *a*.

THE LAME LOVER. 13

CHARLOT.

He does?

Sir L U K E.

Yes, a delitanti all over.—Before? replied Weezy; crush me if ever I saw any thing half so handsome before!—No! replied I in an instant; Colonel, what will Weezy say when he sees the Charlotta?—Hey! you little—

CHARLOT.

Meaning me, I presume.

Sir L U K E.

Without doubt; and you have been toasted by that name ever since.

S E R J E A N T.

What a vast fund of spirits he has!

Sir L U K E.

And why not, my old splitter of causes?

S E R J E A N T.

I was just telling Charlot, that you was not a whit the worse for the loss.

Sir L U K E.

The worse! much the better, my dear. Consider, I can have neither strain, splint, spavin, or gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins, or tread on my toes.

S E R J E A N T.

Right.

Sir L U K E.

What d'ye think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drumsticks, or chop with Lord Lumber for both of his logs?

14 THE LAME LOVER.

S E R J E A N T,

No!

Sir L U K E.

No, damn it, I am much better. — Look there—Ha!—What is there I am not able to do? To be sure I am a little awkward at running; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town for his sum.

S E R J E A N T,

Ay, and I'll go his halves.

Sir L U K E.

Then as to your dancing, I am cut out at Madam Cornelly's, I grant, because of the croud; but as far as a private set of six couple, or moving a chair-minuet, match me who can.

C H A R L O T.

A chair-minuet! I don't understand you.

Sir L U K E.

Why, child, all grace is confined to the motion of the head, arms, and chest, which may fitting be as fully displayed, as if one had as many legs as a polypus.—As thus—*tol de rol*—don't you see?

S E R J E A N T.

Very plain.

Sir L U K E.

A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are, with but half the things that we have.

C H A R L O T.

Ay, Sir Luke; how do you prove that?

Sir

THE LAME LOVER. 15

Sir L U K E.

By constant experience.—You must have seen the man who makes and uses pens without hands.

S E R J E A N T.

I have.

Sir L U K E.

And not a twelvemonth ago, I lost my way in a fog, at Mile-End, and was conducted to my house in May-Fair by a man as blind as a beetle.

S E R J E A N T.

Wonderful!

Sir L U K E.

And as to hearing and speaking, those organs are of no manner of use in the world.

S E R J E A N T.

How!

Sir L U K E.

If you doubt it, I will introduce you to a whole family, dumb as oysters, and deaf as the dead, who chatter from morning till night by only the help of their fingers.

S E R J E A N T.

Why, Charlot, these are cafes in point.

Sir L U K E.

Oh! clear as a trout-stream; and it is not only, my little Charlot, that this piece of timber answers every purpose, but it has procured me many a bit of fun in my time.

S E R J E A N T.

Ay!

Sir

16 THE LAME LOVER.

Sir L U K E.

Why, it was but last summer, at Tunbridge, we were plagued the whole season by a bullet-headed Swiss from the canton of Bern, who was always boasting, what, and how much he dared do; and then, as to pain, no Stoic, not Diogenes, held it more in contempt.—By gods, he was no more minds it dan notings at all—So, foregad, I gave my German a challenge.

S E R J E A N T.

As how!—Mind, Charlot.

Sir L U K E.

Why to drive a corkin pin into the calves of our legs.

S E R J E A N T.

Well, well.

Sir L U K E.

Mine, you may imagine, was easily done—but when it came to the Baron—

S E R J E A N T.

Ay, ay.

Sir L U K E.

Our modern Cato soon lost his coolness and courage, screw'd his nose up to his foretop, rapp'd out a dozen oaths in high Dutch, limp'd away to his lodgings, and was there laid up for a month—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant, and delivers a Card to Sir Luke.

Sir L U K E *reads.*

“ Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of
“ Sir Luke Limp’s company to dine. An an-
“ swer

THE LAME LOVER. 17

“swer is desired.” Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engag’d for these three weeks.

S E R J E A N T.

What, I find Sir Gregory is return’d for the corporation of *Fleesum*.

Sir L U K E.

Is he so? Oh ho!—That alters the case.—George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I’ll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to alderman Inkle’s, in Threadneedle-street; sorry can’t wait upon him, but confin’d to bed two days with *new influenza*.

C H A R L O T.

You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir L U K E.

What can a man do? These damn’d fellows (when one has the misfortune to meet them) take scandalous advantage; teaze, When will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day.—They are as bad as a beggar, who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them, without a penny to one, and a promise to t’other.

S E R J E A N T.

True; and then for such a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer affizes.

Sir L U K E.

Not but, upon these occasions, no man in England is more punctual than——

D

Enter

18 THE LAME LOVER.

Enter a Servant, who gives Sir Luke a Letter.

From whom?

S E R V A N T.

Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir L U K E.

Answer!—By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlot. [*Reads.*] “Taste for music—Monf. “Duport—fail—Dinner upon table at five”—Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory’s servant an’t gone.

S E R V A N T.

Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir L U K E.

Run after him as fast as you can—tell him, quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can’t in nature be missed,—and return in an instant.

C H A R L O T.

You see, Sir, the Knight must give way for my Lord.

Sir L U K E.

No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlot; you saw that was quite an extempore business.—No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

C H A R L O T.

By the choice of his company he gives an answerable instance of that.

Sir

T H E L A M E L O V E R. 19

Sir L U K E.

You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit : You know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

S E R J E A N T.

What need he fear ? His person is sacred ; for by the tenth of William and Mary—

Sir L U K E.

He knows that well enough ; but for all that—

S E R J E A N T.

Indeed, by a late act of his own house, (which does them infinite honour) his goods or chattels may be——

Sir L U K E.

Seiz'd upon when they can find them ; but he lives in ready-furnish'd lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

S E R J E A N T.

Nay, if the sheriff return " non inventus"—

Sir L U K E.

A pox o'your law, you make me lose sight of my story. One morning, a Welch coach-maker came with his bill to my Lord, whose name was unluckily Loyd. My Lord had the man up. You are call'd, I think, Mr. Loyd ?— At your Lordship's service, my Lord.— What, Loyd with an L ?—It was with an L indeed, my Lord.—Because in your part of the world I have heard that Loyd and Floyd were

synonymous, the very same names.—Very often indeed, my lord.—But you always spell your's with an L?—Always.—That, Mr. Loyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L.—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir L U K E.

That is unlucky: tell my Lord I'll attend him.—I'll call on Sir Gregory myself.

SERJEANT.

Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir L U K E.

Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotta; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people positively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's Office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arriv'd; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

SERJEANT.

True, true.

Sir

THE LAME LOVER. 21

Sir L U K E.

At your toilet to-morrow at ten you may—

Enter a SERVANT abruptly, and runs against

Sir L U K E.

Can't you see where you are running, you rascal!

S E R V A N T.

Sir, his grace the Duke of—

Sir L U K E.

Grace!—Where is he?—Where—

S E R V A N T.

In his coach at the door.—If you an't better engaged would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir L U K E.

In his own coach did you say?

S E R V A N T.

Yes, Sir.

Sir L U K E.

With the coronets—or—

S E R V A N T.

I believe so.

Sir L U K E.

There's no resisting of that.—Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goofe's.

S E R V A N T.

He is already gone to alderman Inkle's.

Sir L U K E.

Then do you step to the Knight—hey!—no—you must go to my Lord's—hold, hold, no—I

I

have

22 THE LAME LOVER.

have it—Step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

S E R V A N T.

What shall I say to Sir Gregory ?

Sir L U K E.

Any thing—what I told you before.

S E R V A N T.

And what to my Lord ?

Sir L U K E.

What !—Why tell him that my uncle from Epfom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey !—Why tell him—hold I have it—Tell him, that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney coach, and carried to the Py'd Bull in the Borough ; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor—
[Exit Sir Luke.

C H A R L O T.

Well, Sir, what dy'e think of the proofs ? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

S E R J E A N T.

Why, huffy, you have hit upon points ; but then they are but trifling flaws, they don't vitiate the title, that stands unimpeach'd ; and—
But, madam, your mother.

Enter

THE LAME LOVER. 23

Enter Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

What have you done with the Knight?—Why you have not let him depart?

CHARLOT.

It was not in my power to keep him.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

I don't wonder at that; but what took him away?

CHARLOT.

What will at any time take him away—a Duke at the door.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Are you certain of that?

SERGEANT.

Why truly, chuck, his retreat was rather precipitate for a man that is just going to be marry'd.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

The prospect of marriage does not always prove the strongest attachment.

SERGEANT.

Pardon me, lovee; the law allows no higher consideration than marriage.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Pshaw!

SERGEANT.

Infomuch, that if duke A was to intermarry with chambermaid B, difference of condition would prove no bar to the settlement.

Mrs.

24 THE LAME LOVER.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Indeed!

S E R J E A N T.

Ay; and this was held to be law by Chief-baron Bind'em, on the famous case of the Marquis of Cully, and Fanny Flip-flap the French dancer.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

The greater blockhead the Baron: but don't pester me with your odious law cases.—Did not you tell me you was to go to Kingston to day to try the crown causes?

S E R J E A N T.

I was begg'd to attend for fear his Lordship should not be able to sit; but if it proves inconvenient to you—

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

To me! Oh, by no means in the world; I am too good a subject to desire the least delay in the law's execution: and when d'ye set out?

S E R J E A N T.

Between one and two; I shall only just give a law lecture to Jack.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Lord! I wonder Mr. Circuit you would breed that boy up to the bar.

S E R J E A N T.

Why not, chuck? He has fine steady parts, and for his time moots a point—

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Steady! stupid you mean: nothing sure cou'd add to his heaviness but the being loaded with law. Why don't you put him into the army?

S E R-

THE LAME LOVER. 25

S E R J E A N T.

Nay, chuck, if you choose it, I believe I have interest to get Jack a commiffion.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Why, Mr. Circuit, you know he is no fon of mine; perhaps a cockade may animate the lad with fome fire.

S E R J E A N T.

True, lovee; and a knowledge of the law mayn't be amifs to restrain his fire a little.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

I believe there is very little danger of his exceeding that way.

S E R J E A N T.

Charlot, fend hither your brother.

[Exit Charlot.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

I'll not interrupt you

S E R J E A N T.

Far from it, lovee; I fould be glad to have you a witness of Jacky's improvement.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Of that I am no judge; besides, I am full of bufinefs to day—There is to be a ballot at one for the *Ladies' Club* lately established, and lady Bab Bafto has propofed me for a member.—Pray, my dear, when will you let me have that money to pay my Lord Loo?

S E R J E A N T.

The three hundred you mean?

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

And besides, there is my debt to Kitty Crib-
bidge; I proteft I almost blush whenever I meet
them.

E

S E R-

26 THE LAME LOVER.

S E R J E A N T.

Why really, lovee, 'tis a large sum of money.—Now, were I worthy to throw in a little advice, we might make a pretty good hand of this business.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

I don't understand you.

S E R J E A N T.

Bring an action against them on the statute, in the name of my clerk; and so not only rescue the *debt* from their hands, but recover likewise considerable *damages*.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

A pretty conceit, Mr. Serjeant! but does it not occur to your wisdom, that as I have (by the help of Captain Cog) been oftener a winner than loser, the tables may be turned upon *us*?

S E R J E A N T.

No, no, chuck, that did not escape me; I have provided for that.—Do you know, by the law, both parties are equally culpable; so that, lovee, we shall be able to fleece your friends not only of what they have *won* of poor dearee, but likewise for what they have *lost*.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Why, what a paltry, pettifogging puppy art thou!—And could you suppose that I would submit to the scandalous office?

S E R J E A N T.

Scandalous! I don't understand this strange perversion of words. The scandal lies in *breaking* the *laws*, not in bringing the offenders to *justice*.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Mean-spirited wretch!—What, do you suppose

THE LAME LOVER. 27

pose that those laws could be levell'd against people of their high rank and condition? Can it be thought that any set of men would submit to lay legal restraints on *themselves*?—Absurd and preposterous!

S E R J E A N T.

Why, by their public practice, my love, one would suspect that they thought themselves excepted by a particular clause.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Oh! to be sure; not the least doubt can be made.

S E R J E A N T.

True, chuck—But then your great friends should never complain of highwaymen stopping their coaches, or thieves breaking into their houses.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Why, what has that to do with the business?

S E R J E A N T.

Oh! the natural consequence, love; for whilst the superiors are throwing away their fortunes, and consequently their independence *above*—you can't think but their domestics are following their examples *below*.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Well, and what then?

S E R J E A N T.

Then! the same distress that throws the master and mistress into the power of any who are willing to purchase them, by a regular gradation, seduces the servants to actions, though more *criminal*, perhaps not more *atrocious*.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Pshaw! stuff!—I have no head to examine

E 2

your

your dirty distinctions—Don't teize me with your jargon.—I have told you the fums I shall want, so take care they are ready at your returning from Kingston.—Nay, don't hesitate; recollect your own state of the case, and remember, my honour is in pawn, and must, some way or other, be redeem'd by the end of the week. [*Exit.*

S E R J E A N T *solus.*

My honour is in pawn!—Good Lord! how a century will alter the meaning of words!—Formerly, *chastity* was the honour of women, and *good faith* and *integrity* the honour of men: but *now*, a lady who ruins her family by punctually paying her losses at play, and a gentleman who kills his best friend in some trifling frivolous quarrel, are your only tip-top people of *honour*. Well, let them go on, it brings grist to our mill: for whilst both the sexes stick firm to their *honour*, we shall never want business, either at Doctor's Commons, or the Old Bailey. [*Exit.*



A C T II.

Enter SERJEANT CIRCUIT *and* JACK.

S E R J E A N T.

JACK, let Will bring the chaise to the door.

J A C K.

Mr. Fairplay, Sir, the attorney, begs to speak a few words.

S E R-

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SERJEANT.

How often have I told you, that I will see none of these sort of folks but at chambers; you know how angry your mother is at their rapping, and littering the house.

JACK.

He says, Sir, he will not detain you five minutes.

SERJEANT.

Well, bid him walk in.

Enter FAIRPLAY.

Well, Mr. Fairplay, what's your will?

FAIRPLAY.

I just call'd, Mr. Serjeant, to know your opinion upon the case of young Woodford, and if you like the proposal of being concern'd.

SERJEANT.

If it turns out as you state it, and that the father of the lad was really a minor, the Essex estate may without doubt be recover'd; and so may the lands in the North.

FAIRPLAY.

We have full proofs to that fact.

SERJEANT.

May be so; but really Mr. Fairplay, you know the length of time that these kind of suits—

FAIRPLAY.

True Sir, but then your experience will shorten I appreh—

SERJEANT.

That's more than I know: and then not only my fees lying dormant, but, perhaps, an expectation of money advanc'd.

FAIR-

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F A I R P L A Y.

The property, Sir, is of very great value, and, upon the recovery, any acknowledgment shall be readily made.

S E R J E A N T.

There again, *any!* do you know that in law, that word *any* has no meaning at all? besides, when people are in distress, they are lavish enough of their offers; but when their business is done, then we have nothing but grumbling and grudging.

F A I R P L A Y.

You have only to dictate your terms.

S E R J E A N T.

Does the lad live in town?

F A I R P L A Y.

He has been under my care since the death of his father; I have given him as good an education as my narrow fortune would let me; he is now studying the law in the Temple, in hopes that should he fail of other assistance, he may be able one day to do *himself* justice.

S E R J E A N T.

In the Temple?

F A I R P L A Y.

Yes, Sir, in those little chambers just over your head—I fancy the young gentleman knows him.

J A C K.

Who? Mr. Woodford! Lord as well as myself, he is a sweet sober youth, and will one day make a vast figure, I am sure.

S E R J E A N T.

Indeed!

J A C K.

I am positive, Sir, if you were to hear him
speak

THE LAME LOVER. 31

Speak at the Robinhood in the Butcher-row, you would say so yourself: why he is now reckon'd the third; except the breeches-maker from Barbican, and Sawny Sinclair the snuffman, there is not a mortal can touch him.

S E R J E A N T.

Peace, puppy; well Mr. Fairplay, leave the papers a little longer with me and—pray who is employ'd against you?

F A I R P L A Y.

A city attorney, one Sheepskin.

S E R J E A N T.

A cunning fellow, I know him; well, Sir, if you will call at Pump-court in a week.

F A I R P L A Y.

I shall attend you.

S E R J E A N T.

Jack, open the door for Mr.—[*Exeunt Fairplay and Jack.*] Something may be made of this matter: I'll see this Sheepskin myself. So much in future for carrying on the suit, or so much in hand to make it miscarry: a wise man should well weigh which party to take for.

Enter Jack.

So, Jack, any body at chambers to day?

J A C K.

Fieri Facias from Fetter-lane, about the bill to be filed by Kit Crape against Will Vizard, this term.

S E R J E A N T.

Praying for an equal partition of plunder?

J A C K.

Yes, Sir.

S E R-

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S E R J E A N T.

Strange world we live in, that even highway-men can't be true to each other! [*half aside to himself.*] but we shall make master Vizard refund, we'll shew him what long hands the law has.

J A C K.

Facias says, that in all the books he can't hit on a precedent.

S E R J E A N T.

Then I'll make one myself; *aut inveniam, aut faciam*, has been always my motto. The charge must be made for partnership-profit, by bartering lead and gunpowder, against money, watches, and rings, on Epping-forest, Hounslow-heath, and other parts of the kingdom.

J A C K.

He says, if the court should get scent of the scheme, the parties would all stand committed.

S E R J E A N T.

Cowardly rascal! but however, the caution mayn't prove amiss. [*Aside.*] I'll not put my own name to the bill.

J A C K.

The declaration too is deliver'd in the cause of Roger Rapp'em against Sir Solomon Simple.

S E R J E A N T.

What, the affair of the note?

J A C K.

Yes.

S E R J E A N T.

Why he is clear that his client never gave such a note.

J A C K.

Defendant never saw plaintiff since the hour he was born; but, notwithstanding, they have
three

THE LAME LOVER. 33

three witnesses to prove a consideration, and signing the note.

S E R J E A N T.

They have?

J A C K.

He is puzzled what plea to put in.

S E R J E A N T.

Three witnesses ready, you say?

J A C K.

Yes.

S E R J E A N T.

Tell him Simple must acknowledge the note, [Jack starts] and bid him, against the trial comes on, to procure *four* persons at least to prove the payment, at the Crown and Anchor, the 10th of December.

J A C K.

But then how comes the note to remain in plaintiff's possession?

S E R J E A N T.

Well put, Jack; but we have a *salvo* for that; plaintiff happen'd not to have the note in his pocket, but promis'd to deliver it up, when call'd thereunto by defendant.

J A C K.

That will do rarely.

S E R J E A N T.

Let the defence be a secret, for I see we have able people to deal with. But come, child, not to lose time, have you carefully conn'd those instructions I gave you?

J A C K.

Yes, Sir.

F

S E R-

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S E R J E A N T.

Well, that we shall see. How many points are the great object of practice?

J A C K.

Two.

S E R J E A N T.

Which are they?

J A C K.

The first is to put a man into possession of what is his right.

S E R J E A N T.

The second?

J A C K.

Either to deprive a man of what is *really* his right, or to keep him as long as possible *out* of possession.

S E R J E A N T.

Good boy! To gain the last end, what are the best means to be us'd?

J A C K.

Various and many are the legal modes of delay.

S E R J E A N T.

Name them.

J A C K.

Injunctions, demurrers, sham-pleas, writs of error, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, sur-rebutters, replications, exceptions, essoigns, and imparlance.

S E R J E A N T.

[*To himself.*] Fine instruments in the hands of a man, who knows how to use them.—But now, Jack, we come to the point: if an able advocate has his choice in a cause, (which if he is in reputation he may readily have,) which side should he choose, the right, or the wrong?

JACK.

A great lawyer's business, is always to make choice of the wrong.

SERGEANT.

And prythee why so?

JACK.

Because a good cause can speak for itself, whilst a bad one demands an able counsellor to give it a colour.

SERGEANT.

Very well. But in what respects will this answer to the lawyer himself?

JACK.

In a two-fold way; firstly, his fees will be large in proportion to the dirty work he is to do.

SERGEANT.

Secondly?—

JACK.

His reputation will rise, by obtaining the victory in a desperate cause.

SERGEANT.

Right, boy. — Are you ready in the case of the cow?

JACK.

Pretty well, I believe.

SERGEANT.

Give it then.

JACK.

First of April, anno seventeen hundred and blank, John a Nokes was indicted by blank, before blank, in the county of blank, for stealing a cow, contra pacem etcet.—and against the statute in that case provided and made, to prevent stealing of cattle.

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S E R J E A N T.

Go on.

J A C K.

Said Nokes was convicted upon the said statute.

S E R J E A N T.

What follow'd upon?—

J A C K.

Motion in arrest of judgment, made by counsellor Puzzle. First, Because the field from whence the cow was convey'd is laid in the indictment as *round*, but turn'd out upon proof to be *square*.

S E R J E A N T.

That's well; a valid objection.

J A C K.

Secondly, Because in said indictment the colour of the cow is called red, there being no such things in rerum natura as red cows, no more than black lions, spread eagles, flying griffins, or blue boars.

S E R J E A N T.

Well put.

J A C K.

Thirdly, said Nokes has not offended against form of the statute; because stealing of *cattle* is there provided against: whereas we are only convicted of stealing a *cow*. Now, though cattle may be cows, yet it does by no means follow that cows must be cattle.

S E R J E A N T.

Bravo, bravo! buss me, you rogue; you are your father's own son! go on, and prosper.—I am sorry, dear Jack, I must leave thee. If Providence but sends thee life and health, I prophesy, thou wilt wrest as much land from the
owners,

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owners, and save as many thieves from the gallows, as any practitioner since the days of king Alfred.

JACK.

I'll do my endeavour. [*Exit Serjeant.*
So!—father is fet off. Now if I can but lay eyes on our Charlot, just to deliver this letter, before madam comes home. There she is.—
Hist, sifter Charlot!

Enter CHARLOT.

CHARLOT.

What have you got there, Jack?

JACK.

Something for you, sifter.

CHARLOT.

For me! Prythee what is it?

JACK.

A thing.

CHARLOT.

What thing?

JACK.

A thing that will please you I'm sure.

CHARLOT.

Come, don't be a boy, let me have it. [*Jack gives the letter.*] How's this! a letter! from whom?

JACK.

Can't you guefs?

CHARLOT.

Not I; I don't know the hand.

JACK.

May be not; but you know the inditer.

CHARLOT.

Then tell me his name.

JACK.

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JACK.

Break open the seal, and you'll find it.

CHARLOT.

[Opening the letter] "Charles Woodford!"—
I am sure I know nothing of him.

JACK.

Ay, but fister you do.

CHARLOT.

How! when, and where?

JACK.

Don't you remember about three weeks ago,
when you drank tea at our chambers, there
was a young gentleman in a blue fattin waist-
coat, who wore his own head of hair?

CHARLOT.

Well?

JACK.

That letter's from he.

CHARLOT.

What can be his business with me?

JACK.

Read that, and you'll know.

CHARLOT reads.

"Want words to apologize—hum, hum—
"very first moment I saw you—hum, hum—
"smother'd long in my breast—hum, hum—
"happiest, or else the most wretched of men."
—So, Sir, you have undertaken a pretty com-
mission! and what do you think my father
will—

JACK.

Why, I hope you won't go for to tell him.

CHARLOT.

Indeed, Sir, but I shall.

JACK.

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JACK.

No, sifter, I'm fure you won't be fo crofs. Befides, what could I do? The poor young lad begg'd fo hard; and there for this fortnight he has gone about fighting, and mufing, and moping: I am fatisfied it would melt you to fee him. Do, sifter, let me bring him this evening, now father is out.

CHARLOT.

Upon my word!—The young man has made no bad choice of an agent; you are for pushing matters at once.—But harkee, Sir, who is this spark you are fo anxious about? And how long have you known him?

JACK.

Oh! a prodigious long while: above a month I am certain. Don't you think him mighty genteel? I affure you he is vastly lik'd by the ladies.

CHARLOT.

He is.

JACK.

Yes, indeed. Mrs. Congo, at the Grecian coffee-house, fays, he's the foberest youth that comes to the houfe; and all Mrs. Mittens's 'prentices throw down their work, and run to the window every time he goes by.

CHARLOT.

Upon my word!

JACK.

And moreover, befides that, he has feveral great eftates in the country; but only for the prefent, he is kept out of 'em all by the owners.

CHARLOT.

Ah, Jack! that's the worft part of the ftory.

JACK.

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JACK.

Pshaw! that's nothing at all. His guardian, Mr. Fairplay, has been with father to-day, and says, he is certain that he can set all to rights in a trice.

CHARLOT.

Well, Jack, when that point is determin'd, it will be time enough to—

JACK.

Then! Lord of mercy! why, sister Charlot, it is my private opinion that if you don't give him some crumbs of comfort, he won't live till Midsummer term.

CHARLOT.

I warrant you. Either Cupid's darts were always but poetical engines, or they have been lately depriv'd of their points. Love holds no place in the modern bills of mortality. However, Jack, you may tell your friend, that I have observ'd his frequent walks in our street.

JACK.

Walks! Why one should think he was appointed to relieve the old watchman; for no sooner one is *off*, but the other comes *on*.

CHARLOT.

And that from his eyes being constantly fixed on my window (for the information of which, I presume he is indebted to you.)—

JACK.

He! he! he!

CHARLOT.

I had a pretty shrewd guess at his business; but tell him that unless my fa——Hush! our tyrant is return'd. Don't leave the house till I see you.

THE LAME LOVER. 41

Enter Mrs. CIRCUIT and BETTY.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

So, Sir, what makes you loitering from chambers? I thought I told you, you should never be here but at meals? [*Exit Jack.*] One spy is enough in a family.—Miss, you may go to your room; and d'ye hear—I shall have company, so you need not come down. [*Exit Charlot.*]—Betty, no message or letter?

BETTY.

None, Madam.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

That is amazing!—You know I expect Colonel Secret and Mrs. Simper every instant.

BETTY.

Yes, Madam.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Put the fruit and the wine on the table in the next room.

BETTY.

Very well, Madam.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

And, Betty, order the fellow to let nobody in but Sir Luke.

BETTY.

Madam, I shall take care. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. CIRCUIT *sits down.*

The ballot must be over by this time. Sure there is nothing so dreadful as a state of suspense: but should they black ball me!—No, there's no danger of that; miss Mattadore has insur'd me success.—Well, this is certainly one of the most useful institutions; it positively supplies the only point of time one does not

G

know

42 THE LAME LOVER.

know how to employ. From twelve, the hour of one's rising, to dinner, is a most horrible chasm; for though teizing the mercers and milliners by tumbling their wares, is now and then an entertaining amusement, yet upon repetition it palls.—But every morning to be sure of a party, and then again at night after a rout, to have a place to retire to; to be quite freed from all pain of providing; not to be pester'd at table with the odious company of clients, and country cousins; for I am determin'd to dine, and sup at the club, every day. I can tell 'em, they'll have but very few forfeits from me.

Enter BETTY, in haste, with a Letter.

B E T T Y.

By a chairman, Madam, from the Thatch'd House.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Give it me, Betty, this instant;—ay—this is Mattadore's hand. [*opens and reads the letter.*]
“ My dear Circuit—it is with the utmost concern, and confusion, I find myself oblig'd to acquaint you, that notwithstanding all the pains I have taken, the club have thought fit to reject.”—Oh! [*she faints.*]

B E T T Y.

Bless my soul! my lady is gone!—John! Will! Kitty! run hither this instant.—

Enter two MAIDS and a Man SERVANT.

A L L.

What, what's the matter?

B E T T Y.

Quick! quick! some hartshorn and water [*pats her hand.*] Madam! madam—

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S E R V A N T.

Here! here! here! [*bringing water.*]

B E T T Y.

John, go for the *potter-carrier* this instant—I believe to my soul she is dead—Kitty, fetch some feathers to burn under her nose;—there, stand further off, and give her some air—

Enter Sir LUKE.

Sir L U K E.

Hey day! what the deuce is the matter? what's the meaning of all this, Mrs. Betty?

B E T T Y.

Oh! Sir, is it you—my poor lady! [*cries*] clap the bottle hard to her nose.

Sir L U K E.

But how came it about?

B E T T Y.

Some of the *continents* of that curs'd letter, she has there in her hand.

Sir L U K E.

Here, here, take some of my eau de luce. [*offering a bottle.*]

B E T T Y.

There! she recovers a little—some water—I believe it is nothing but a *satirical* fit, I have had them myself—now she opens her eyes—so, so—bend her forward a little.

Sir L U K E.

My sweet Mrs. Circuit.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Who is that?

B E T T Y.

Nobody at all madam, but only Sir Luke.

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Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Oh! Sir Luke, such a stroke, so fatal, so sudden, it is not in nature I should ever survive it.

Sir L U K E.

Marry heaven forbid! but what cause—what could—

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Leave the room. [*To the servants, who go out.*] Only, look over that letter.

Sir L U K E.

Hum, hum,—[*reads*] “fit to reject you—this—

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

There! there! there!

Sir L U K E.

I own this is the utmost malice of fortune—but let me finish the letter.—“This calamity, dear Circuit, is of such a nature as baffles all advice, or interposition of friends, I shall therefore leave you to time, and your own good understanding.” [*pretty and sensible.*]—“yours,” &c.—But let us see, what says the postscript—[*reads.*] “Perhaps it may give you some comfort to know that you had sixteen almonds, and but two raisins against you.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

But two!

Sir L U K E.

No more.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

This must be Kitty Cribbage’s doing, she has been tattling about the paltry trifle I owe her.

Sir L U K E.

Not unlikely: but come, bear up, my dear madam, and consider that *two*—

THE LAME LOVER. 45

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Is as bad as two thousand.

Sir L U K E.

Granted; but perhaps it mayn't be too late to repair.—Gadso! I have thought of a scheme—I'll be elected myself, and then I warrant we manage—

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

You, Sir Luke? that never can be.

Sir L U K E.

No, Madam, and why not?—why you don't suppose that they wou'd venture to—

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

It would not only be against the spirit, but the very letter of their constitution to chuse you a member.

Sir L U K E.

Ay, Madam, how so?

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Their statutes are selected from all the codes that ever existed from the days of Lycurgus to the present Czarina.

Sir L U K E.

Well.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

The law that relates to your case they have borrow'd from the Roman religion.

Sir L U K E.

As how?

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

As no man can be admitted a monk, who has the least corporal spot, or defect; so, no candidate can be receiv'd as a member who is depriv'd of the use of any one of his limbs.

Sir

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Sir L U K E.

Nay, then indeed I am clearly cut out; that incapacity can never be got over.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Indeed, the Serjeant says, if the club could be induc'd to *resolve* in your favour, then the *original law* would signify nothing.

Sir L U K E.

Well, well, we'll see what can be done. [*A loud knocking.*] But hush! the company's come; collect yourself, sweet Mrs. Circuit; don't give your enemies the malicious pleasure of seeing how this disappointment affects you.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Never fear; I know a little too much of the world not to turn this defeat to my credit.

Enter Colonel SECRET and Mrs. SIMPER.

Mrs. S I M P E R.

Your servant, Sir Luke; my dear Circuit, I am frighten'd to death—your people tell me, you are but just recover'd from a—

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Oh! nothing at all! a faintness, a kind of swimming—but those people are ever swelling that mole hills to mountains.

Mrs. S I M P E R.

I protest I was afraid that you had suffer'd your late disappointment to lay hold of your spirits.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

What disappointment, my dear?

C O L O N E L.

Mrs. Simper hints at the little mistake made this morning at the Thatch'd House.

THE LAME LOVER. 47

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

That! ridiculous! I could have told you that
a fortnight ago, child—all my own doing.

Mrs. S I M P E R.

How!

Sir L U K E.

Entirely.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Oh! I always detested the thoughts of the
thing;—they would put me up, let me say what
I would, so I was reduc'd to the necessity of
prevailing upon two of my friends to *black ball*
me.

Mrs. S I M P E R.

That, indeed, alters the case.

C O L O N E L.

I am vastly happy to hear it: your old ae-
quaintance were afraid they should lose you.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

It is a sign they know but little of me—but
come, my good folks, I have prepared a small
collation in the next room, will you— [*Exeunt.*

Enter JACK and WOODFORD.

J A C K.

I'll watch sifter, to see that nobody comes;
now Woodford make good use of your time.
[*Exit Woodford.*] There, I have left 'em to-
gether; if I had staid, I don't believe they
would have open'd their mouths for a month: I
never saw such an alteration in a lad since the
day I was born.—Why, if I had not known him
before, I should not have thought he had a
word to throw to a dog; but I remember the
old proverb:

True

48 THE LAME LOVER.

True lovers are shy,
When people are by.

I'll take a peep to see how they go on:—there they are, just in the same posture I left them; she folding her fingers, and he twirling his hat; why they don't even look at each other: was there ever such a couple of—stay, stay, now he opens his mouth—pshaw!—lord! there he shuts it again—hush! I hear somebody coming—no—nothing at all:—mother is safe I am sure,—there is no danger from her—now let us take t'other—*[peeps at the door.]* hum!—gadso, matters are mightily mended—there! there! very well—there he lays down the law—now he claps his hand on his heart—vastly pretty, I vow—there he swops with both his knees on the ground—charming!—and squeezes his hat with both hands, like one of the actors—delightful! she wants him to rise, and he won't—prodigious moving indeed!

Enter BETTY.

B E T T Y.

So Sir, what are you doing there?

J A C K.

There! where?

B E T T Y.

With your eyes glew'd close to the keyhole.

J A C K.

I wanted to speak a word to my sister.

B E T T Y.

Then why don't you open her door?

J A C K.

I did not know but she might be saying her prayers.

B E T T Y.

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B E T T Y.

Prayers! a likely story! Who says their prayers at this time of the day?—No, no, that won't pass upon me.—Let me look—very pretty! So, so, I see there's somebody else at his prayers too—fine doings!—As soon as the company goes, I shall take care to inform Madam your mother.

J A C K.

Nay, but Mrs. Betty you won't be so—

B E T T Y.

Indeed, Mr. John, but I shall—I'll swallow none of your secrets, believe me.

J A C K.

What, perhaps your stomach is overloaded already.

B E T T Y.

No matter for that, I shall be even with Miss for telling Master about and concerning my drums.

J A C K.

Why, Mrs. Betty, surely sister could not—

B E T T Y.

When she very well knows that I have not sent cards but twice the whole season.

J A C K.

Lord! what signi—

B E T T Y.

What would she say, if she visited the great families I do? For tho' I am as I may say but a commoner, no private gentlewoman's gentlewoman, has a more prettier set of acquaintance.

J A C K.

Well but—

H

B E T-

B E T T Y.

My routs indeed!—There is Mrs. Allspice, who lives with lady Cicily Sequence, has fix tables every Sunday, besides looers, and braggers; and moreover proposes giving a masquerade, the beginning of June, and I intends being there.

J A C K.

Well, but to talk calmly.

B E T T Y.

And as Miss is so fond of fetching and carrying, you may tell her we are to have a private play among ourselves, as the quality have: the *Distrustful* Mother, 'tis call'd—Pylades, by Mr. Thomas, Lord Catastrophe's butler—Hermione, Mrs. Allspice; and I shall do Andromache myself.

J A C K.

A play! lord, Mrs. Betty, will you give me a ticket?

B E T T Y.

All's one for that—and so you may tell Miss that—[*bell rings*] coming, Madam, this minute—and that, Mr. John, is the long and the short on't. [*Bell rings again.*] Lord, I am coming—[*Exit.*]

Enter WOODFORD *to* JACK.

W O O D F O R D.

What's the matter?

J A C K.

Here, Betty, my mother's fac totum, has just discover'd your haunts; and is gone to lay an information against you—so depend upon it, a search warrant will issue directly.

W O O D F O R D.

Stay but a moment, till I take leave of your sister.

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JACK.

Zooks! I tell you the constables will be here in a trice, so you have not a moment to lose.

WOODFORD.

How unlucky this is!

JACK.

But I hope you have obtain'd a verdict however.

WOODFORD.

No.

JACK.

No!

WOODFORD.

It would not have been decent, to have prefs'd the judge too soon for a sentence.

JACK.

Soon!—You are a ninny, I tell you so:—here you will suffer judgment to go by default.—You are a pretty practitioner indeed!

WOODFORD.

This, you may know, my dear Jack, is an equity case; I have but just fil'd my bill; one must give the parties time to put in an answer.

JACK.

Time!—How you may come off in court I can't tell, but you will turn out but a poor chamber counsel I fear.—Well, come along, perhaps I may be able to procure another hearing before it is—but lord o'mercy! there is father crossing the hall—should he see us all's over—we have nothing for't but taking shelter with sister.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

Sir LUKE LIMP, Mrs. CIRCUIT, Colonel SECRET, and Mrs. SIMPER, discover'd at a table, with a collation before them.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

OH! by the bye, Sir Luke—take some of these sweetmeats, my dear [*to Mrs. Simper*]—did not you promise to introduce to me that little agreeable piece of imperfection that belongs to the opera?—Colonel, won't you taste the champaign?

Sir LUKE.

Who, Signior *Piano*?—Let me assist Mrs. Simper.—Why, Madam, I made an attempt; but at present—shan't I send you a biscuit?—he is in the possession of a certain lady, who never suffers him out of her sight for a moment.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Oh! the curmudgeon!—I am vastly fond of these custards.

Sir LUKE.

Yes, they have a delicate flavour—but he promis'd, if possible, to escape for an hour—won't you? [*to Mrs. Circuit.*]

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

No, it gives me the heart-burn.—Then let us leave him a cover.

COLONEL.

By all means in the world.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

But there is, likewise, another party, for whom a place ought to be kept.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Another! Who can that be I wonder?

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Mrs. C I R C U I T.

A small appendix of mine.

Sir L U K E.

How, Madam!

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

You need not be jealous, Sir Luke—taste that tart Mrs. Simper—it is only my husband the Serjeant.—Ha! ha! ha!—Betty makes them herself.

Mrs. S I M P E R.

Oh! you abominable creature! How could such a thought come into your head?

Sir L U K E.

Ma'am— [*Offering sweetmeats to Mrs. Simper.*]

Mrs. S I M P E R.

Not a bit more, I thank you.—I swear and vow I should swoon at the sight.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

And I should receive him with the polite indifference of an absolute stranger.

Sir L U K E.

Well said, my good Lady Intrepid! But, notwithstanding, I would venture a trifle that his appearance would give you such an electrical shock——

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

You are vastly deceiv'd.

Sir L U K E.

Dare you come to the proof? Will you give me leave to introduce Mr. Serjeant? He is not far off.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

What, my husband?

Sir L U K E.

Even he! I saw him as I enter'd the hall.

Mrs.

54 THE LAME LOVER.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Impoffible !

Sir L U K E.

Nay, then I muft fetch him. [*Exit Sir Luke.*]

C O L O N E L.

I can't conceive what the knight wou'd be at.

Mrs. S I M P E R.

Why he is mad.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Or turn'd fool.

Enter Sir LUKE, with the SERJEANT'S peruke on a block.

Sir L U K E.

Now, Madam, have I reason ? Is this your husband or not ?

Mrs. S I M P E R.

It is he ; not the leaft doubt can be made.

C O L O N E L.

Yes, yes, it is the Serjeant himself.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

I own it ; I acknowledge the lord of my wifhes. [*Kiffes the block.*]

Mrs. S I M P E R.

All his features are there !

C O L O N E L.

The grave caft of his countenance !

Sir L U K E.

The vacant ftare of his eye !

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

The livid hue of his lips !

Mrs. S I M P E R.

The rubies with which his cheeks are enrich'd !

C O L O N E L.

The filent solemnity when he fits on the bench !

THE LAME LOVER. 55

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

We must have him at table; but pray good folks let my husband appear like himself.—I'll run for the gown. *Exit.*

Mrs. S I M P E R.

By all means in the world.

Sir L U K E.

Dispatch, I beseech you.

Mrs. C I R C U I T returns with a gown and band.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Sir Luke, lend your assistance.

C O L O N E L.

There, place him at the head of the table.

[They fix the head at the back of a chair, and place it at table; then all sit.]

Mrs. S I M P E R.

Madam, you'll take care of your husband.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

I don't want to be put in mind of my duty.

Mrs. S I M P E R.

Oh, Madam! I know that very well.

Sir L U K E.

Come, Hob or Nob, Master Circuit—let us try if we can't fuddle the Serjeant.

C O L O N E L.

O! fye! have a proper respect for the coif.

Mrs. S I M P E R.

Don't be too facetious, Sir Luke: it is not quite so safe to sport with the heads of the law; you don't know how soon you may have a little business together.

Sir L U K E.

But come, the Serjeant is sulky.—I have thought of a way to divert him:—You know

56 THE LAME LOVER:

he is never so happy as when he is hearing a cause ; suppose we were to plead one before him ; Mrs. Circuit and I to be counsel, the colonel the clerk, and Mrs. Simper the cryer.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

The finest thought in the world ! And stay, to conduct the trial with proper solemnity, let's rummage his wardrobe ; we shall there be able to equip ourselves with suitable dresses.

Sir L U K E.

Alons, alons !

Mrs. S I M P E R.

There is no time to be lost. *[All rise.]*

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

[Stopping short as they are going out.] But won't my husband be angry, if we leave him alone ? Bye, dearee—we shall soon return to thee again. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Serj. CIRCUIT, not perceiving the collation.

S E R J E A N T.

So, my lord not being able to sit, there was no occasion for me.—I can't put that girl's nonsense out of my head—My wife is young to be sure, and loves pleasure I own ; but as to the *main* article, I have not the least ground to suspect her in that—No, no !—And then Sir Luke ! my *prosten ami*, the dearest friend I have in the—Heyday ! *[seeing the collation]* What the deuce have we here ?—A collation !—So, so—I see madam knows how to divert herself during my absence.—What's this ? *[seeing the block]* Oh, ho ! ha ! ha ! ha !—Well, that's pretty enough I protest.—Poor girl, I see she could not be happy without having something at table that resembled me.—How pleas'd she will

THE LAME LOVER. 57

will be to find me here in propriâ personâ.—By your leave, Mrs. Circuit—*[sits down and eats]* Delicate eating, in troth—and the wine *[drinks]*—Champaign as I live—must have t'other glaſs—They little think how that gentleman there regales himself in their absence—Ha! ha! ha!—quite convenient, I vow—the heat of the weather has made me—Come, brother Coif, here's your health—*[drinks]*—I must pledge myself I believe—*[drinks again]*—devilish strong—pshut!—Somebody's coming—*[gets up and goes towards the wings]*—What do I ſee? Four lawyers! What the devil can be the meaning of this? I ſhould be glad to get at the bottom of—Hey! By your leave, brother Serjeant—I must crave the use of your robe—*[sits down, and gets under the gown]*—Between ourſelves, this is not the firſt time this gown has cover'd a fraud.

Enter Sir LUKE, Colonel, Mrs. CIRCUIT, and Mrs. SIMPER, dressed as counſellors.

Sir L U K E.

Come, come, gentlemen, diſpatch, the court has been waiting ſome time. Brother Circuit, you have look'd over your brief?

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

What, do you ſuppoſe, Sir, that like ſome of our brethren I defer that till I come into court? No, no.

Sir L U K E.

This cauſe contains the whole marrow and pith of all modern practice.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

One ſhould think, Sir Luke, you had been bred to the bar.

Sir L U K E.

Child, I was ſome years in the Temple; but
I the

the death of my brother robb'd the robe of my labours.

Mrs. SIMPER.

What a loss to the public!

Sir L U K E.

You are smart, Mrs. Simper. I can tell you, Serjeant Snuffle, whose manner I study'd, pronounc'd me a promising youth.

Mrs. SIMPER.

I don't doubt it.

Sir L U K E.

But let us to business. And first, for the state of the case: The parties you know are Hobson and Nobson; the object of litigation is a small parcel of land, which is to decide the fate of a borough.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

True; call'd Turnbury Mead.

Sir L U K E.

Very well. Then to bring matters to a short issue, it was agreed, that Nobson should on the premises cut down a tree, and Hobson bring his action of damage.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

True, true.

Sir L U K E.

The jury being sworn, and the counsellors feed, the court may proceed.—Take your seats—But hold—I hope no gentleman has been touch'd on both sides.

A L L.

Oh! fye!

Sir L U K E.

Let silence be call'd.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Silence in the court!

Sir

THE LAME LOVER. 59

Sir L U K E.

But stop. To be regular, and provide for fresh causes, we must take no notice of the borough and lands, the real objects in view, but stick fast to the tree, which is of no importance at all.

A L L.

True, true.

Sir L U K E.

Brother Circuit, you may proceed.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Gentlemen of the Jury.—I am in this cause counsel for Hobson, the plaintiff.—The action is brought against Nebuchadnezer Nobson, That he the said Nobson did cut down a tree, value two-pence, and to his own use said tree did convert.—Nobson justifies, and claims tree as his tree. We will, gentlemen, first state the probable evidence, and then come to the positive: and first as to the probable.—When was this tree here belonging to Hobson, and claim'd by Nobson, cut down? Was it cut down publicly in the day, in the face of the sun, men, women, and children, all the world looking on?—No; it was cut down privately, in the night, in a dark night, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see.—Hum—And then with respect and regard to this tree, I am instructed to say, gentlemen, it was a beautiful, an ornamental tree to the spot where it grew. Now can it be thought that any man would come for to go in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree, which tree was an ornamental tree, if tree had been his tree?—Certainly no.—And again, gentlemen, we moreover insist, that this

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tree was not only ornamental to the spot where it grew, but it was a useful tree to the owner : it was a plumb-tree, and not only a plum-tree, but I am authoriz'd to say the best of plum-trees, it was a damfin plum.—Now can it be thought, that any man wou'd come for to go, in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree ; which tree was not only an ornamental tree, but a useful tree ; and not only a useful tree, but a plum-tree ; and not only a plum-tree, but the best of plum-trees, a damfin plum ? Most assuredly no.—If so be then, that this be so, and so it most certainly is, I apprehend no doubt will remain with the court, but my client a verdict will have, with full costs of suits, in such a manner and so forth, as may nevertheless appear notwithstanding.

Sir L U K E.

Have you done, Mr. Serjeant ?

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

You may proceed.

Sir L U K E.

Gentlemen of the jury—I am in this cause counsel for Hob—Zouns ! I think the head moves.

A L L.

Hey !

C O L O N E L.

No, no, Mrs. Simper jogg'd the chair with her foot, that was all.

Sir L U K E.

For Hercules Hobson—(I cou'd have sworn it had stir'd)—I sha'nt gentlemen upon this occasion, attempt to move your passions, by flowing periods, and rhetorical flowers, as Mr. Serjeant

T H E L A M E L O V E R. 61

jeant has done; no, gentlemen, if I get at your hearts, I will make my way thro' your heads, however thick they may be—in order to which, I will pursue the learned gentleman, thro' what he calls his probable proofs: and first, as to this tree's being cut down in the night; in part we will grant him that point, but, under favour, not a dark night, Mr. Serjeant; no, quite the reverse, we can prove that the moon shone bright, with uncommon lustre that night—So that if so be as how people did not see that was none—[Serjeant *sneezes.*] nay, Mrs. Circuit, if you break the thread of my—

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Me break!—I said nothing I'm sure.

Sir L U K E.

That's true, but you sneez'd.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Not I.

Sir L U K E.

I am sure somebody did; it could not be the head—consider the least interruption puts one out of one's—None of our faults, they might have look'd on and seen if they would. And then as to this beautiful tree, with which Mr. Serjeant has ornamented his spot—No, gentlemen, no such matter at all; I am instructed to say quite the reverse; a stunted tree, a blighted, blasted tree; a tree not only limblefs, and leafless, but very near lifeless; that was the true state of the tree: and then as to its use, we own it was a plum-tree indeed, but not of the kind Mr. Serjeant sets forth, a damfin plum; our proofs say loudly a bull plum; but if so be and it had been a damfin plum, will any man go for to say, that a damfin plum is the

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best kind of plum; not a whit, I take upon me to say it is not a noun substantive plum—with plenty of sugar it does pretty well indeed in a tart, but to eat it by itself, will Mr. Serjeant go to compare it with the queen mother, the padrigons—

S E R J E A N T.

[*Appearing suddenly from under the gown.*]
The green gages, or the orlines.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

As I live 'tis my husband!

S E R J E A N T.

Nay, Sir Luke don't you run away too—give me a buss—since I was born, I never heard a finer reply; I am sorry I did not hear your argument out—but I cou'd not resist.

Sir L U K E.

This I own was a little surprize—had you been long here Mr. Serjeant?

S E R J E A N T.

But the instant you enter'd.

Sir L U K E.

So, then all is safe.

[*Aside.*]

S E R J E A N T.

But come, won't you refresh you, Sir Luke—you have had hard duty to day.

Sir L U K E.

I drank very freely at table.

S E R J E A N T.

Nay, for the matter of that, I ha'n't been idle; [*both drink.*] But come, throw off your gown, and let us finish the bottle: I ha'n't had such a mind to be merry I can't tell the day when.

Sir L U K E.

Nay then, Mr. Serjeant, have at you—come, here's long life and health to the law. [*Drinks.*]

S E R-

T H E L A M E L O V E R. 63

S E R J E A N T.

I'll pledge that toast in a bumper.—[*Drinks.*]
—I'll take Charlot's hint, and see if I can't draw
the truth out of the Knight by a bottle. [*Aside.*]

Sir L U K E.

I'll try if I can't fuddle the fool, and get rid of
him that way. [*Aside.*]

S E R J E A N T.

I could not have thought it: why where the
deuce did you pick up all this? But by the bye,
pray who was the cryer?

Sir L U K E.

Did not you know her? Mrs. Simper, your
neighbour.

S E R J E A N T.

A peffilent jade! she's a good one I warrant.

Sir L U K E.

She is thought very pretty; what say you to
a glafs in her favor?

S E R J E A N T.

By all means in the world! [*they drink*] and
that spark the clerk?

Sir L U K E.

Colonel Secret, a friend to the lady you
toasted.

S E R J E A N T.

A friend! oh, ay—I understand you—come,
let us join 'em together.

Sir L U K E.

Alons. [*drink.*] Egad, I shall be caught in
my own trap, I begin to feel myself fluster'd
already. [*Aside.*]

S E R J E A N T.

Delicate white wine, indeed! I like it better
every glafs. [*Sings.*]

Drink and drive care away,
Drink and be merry.

Sir

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Sir L U K E.

True, my dear Serjeant—this is the searcher of secrets—the only key to the heart.

S E R J E A N T.

Right boy, in veritas vino.

Sir L U K E.

No deceit in a bumper. [*Sings.*] Drink and be merry.

S E R J E A N T.

Merry! dammee, what a sweet fellow you are; what would I give, to be half so jolly and gay.

Sir L U K E.

[*Appearing very drunk.*] Would you? and yet do you know, Serjeant, that at this very juncture of time, there is a thing has popp'd into my head, that distresses me very much.

S E R J E A N T.

Then drive it out with a bumper [*Drink.*] Well, how is it now.

Sir L U K E.

Now!—the matter is not mended at all.

S E R J E A N T.

What the deuce is the business that so sticks in your stomach.

Sir L U K E.

You know, my dear Serjeant, I am your friend, your real, your affectionate friend.

S E R J E A N T.

I believe, it Sir Luke.

Sir L U K E.

And yet, for these six months, I have conceal'd a secret, that touches you near, very near—

S E R J E A N T.

Me near! That was wrong, very wrong; friends should have all things in common.

THE LAME LOVER. 65

Sir L U K E.

That's what I said to myself; Sir Luke, says I, open your heart to your friend; but to tell you the truth, what sealed up my lips, was the fear that this secret should make you sulky and sad.

S E R J E A N T.

Me sulky and sad! ha! ha! how little you know of me.

Sir L U K E.

Swear then that you won't be uneasy.

S E R J E A N T.

Well, I do.

Sir L U K E.

[*Rising.*] Soft! let us see that all's safe;—well, Mr. Serjeant, do you know that you are—a fine, honest fellow?

S E R J E A N T.

Is that such a secret?

Sir L U K E.

Be quiet; a damn'd honest fellow—but as to your wife—

S E R J E A N T.

Well?

Sir L U K E.

She is an infamous strum—

S E R J E A N T.

How! it is a falsehood Sir Luke, my wife is as virtuous a wom—

Sir L U K E.

Oh! if you are angry, your servant—I thought that the news would have pleas'd you—for after all, what is the business to me? What do I get by the bargain?

S E R J E A N T.

That's true; but then would it not vex any man to hear his wife abus'd in such a—

Sir L U K E.

Not if it's true, you old fool.

K

S E R-

66 THE LAME LOVER.

SERJEANT.

If say it is false: prove it; give me that satisfaction Sir Luke.

Sir LUKE.

Oh! you shall have that pleasure directly; and to come at once to the point—you remember last New-year's day how severely it froze.

SERJEANT.

I do recollect.

Sir LUKE.

Very well; we are all invited to dine at Alderman Inkle's.

SERJEANT.

Very right.

Sir LUKE.

Well, and I did not go: Mrs. Circuit made me dine here, in this house—was it my fault?

SERJEANT.

No, no, Sir Luke, no.

Sir LUKE.

At table says she—she said, I was the picture of you—was it my fault?

SERJEANT.

Well, and suppose you are; where's the mischief in that?

Sir LUKE.

Be quiet, I tell you;—then throwing her arms round my neck,—it is my husband himself I embrace, it is my little old man that I kiss!—for she has a prodigious affection for you at bottom—was it my fault?

SERJEANT.

But what is there serious in this, dost think I mind such trifles?

Sir LUKE.

Hold your tongue, you fool, for a moment—then throwing her Teresa aside—upon my soul she is prodigious fine every where here—was it my fault?

SER-

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SERJEANT.

My fault! my fault! I see no fault in all this.

Sir L U K E.

[*Hatching a cry.*] No! why then my dear friend, do you know that I was so unworthy, so profligate, so abandon'd—as to—[*rises*] say no more, the business is done.

SERJEANT.

Ay, indeed!

Sir L U K E.

Oh! fact! there is not the least doubt of the matter; this is no *bear say*, dy'e see, I was by all the while.

SERJEANT.

Very pretty! very fine upon my word.

Sir L U K E.

Was it my fault? what could I do? put yourself in my place; I must have been more, or less, than man to resist.

SERJEANT.

Your fault, Sir Luke, no, no—you did but your duty—but as to my wife—

Sir L U K E.

She's a diabolical fiend, I shall hate her as long as I live.

SERJEANT.

And I too.

Sir L U K E.

Only think of her forcing me, as it were with a sword at my breast, to play such a trick; you, my dear Serjeant, the best, truest friend I have in the world. [Weeps.]

SERJEANT.

[Weeping.] Dry your tears, dear Sir Luke; I shall ever gratefully acknowledge your confidence in trusting *me* with the secret—[*taking him forward.*] But I think it might be as well kept from the rest of the world,

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Sir L U K E.

My dear soul, do you think I would tell it to any mortal but *you*? No, no, not to my brother himself—You are the only man upon earth I wou'd trust.

S E R J E A N T.

Ten thousand thanks, my dear friend! sure there is no comfort, no balsam in life like a friend—but I shall make Madam Circuit remember—

Sir L U K E.

We neither of us ought to forgive her—were I you, I'd get a divorce.

S E R J E A N T.

So I will—provided you will promise not to marry her after.

Sir L U K E.

Me! I'll sooner be torn to pieces by wild horses—no, my dear friend, we will retire to my house in the country together, and there, in innocence and simplicity, feeding our pigs and pigeons, like Pyramus and Thisbe, we will live the paragons of the age.

S E R J E A N T.

Agreed; we will be the whole earth to each other; for, as Mr. *Shakespur* says,

“The friend thou hast and his adoption try'd
“Clasp to thy soul, and quit the world beside.”—

Sir L U K E.

Zouns, here comes Madam Serjeant herself.

Enter Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Mrs C I R C U I T.

So, Gentlemen! a sweet tête a tête you have been holding—but I know it all, not a syllable you have said has been lost.

Sir L U K E.

Then, I hope you have been well entertained Mrs. Circuit?

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Mrs. C I R C U I T.

And you, you mean spirited, dastardly wretch, to lend a patient ear to his infamous, improbable tales, equally shameful both to you and me.

S E R J E A N T.

How Madam! have you the assurance—

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Yes, Sir, the assurance that innocence gives; there is not a soul, I thank heaven, that can lay the least foil, the least spot, on my virtue; nor is there a man on earth but yourself would have sat and silently listen'd to the fictions and fables of this intemperate sot.

S E R J E A N T.

Why to be sure the knight is overtaken a little; very near drunk.

Sir L U K E.

I hope he believes it is a lie. [Aside.]

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Do me instant justice on this defamer, this liar, or never more expect to see me in your house.

S E R J E A N T.

I begin to find out the fraud, this is all a sham of the knight's.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

I'll drive this instant to a friend of mine in the Commons, and see if no satisfaction can be had, for blasting the reputation of a woman like me—and hark you Sir, what inducement, what devil could prompt?—

S E R J E A N T.

Ay; what devil could prompt—

Sir L U K E.

Heyday!

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

But I guess at your motive; you flatter'd yourself

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yourself, that by marrying Charlot, and discarding of me you should engross all his affections and—

SERJEANT.

True, true—stop, my life, let me come at him, a little: hark you, Mr. Knight, I begin to discover that you are a very sad dog.

Sir L U K E.

Et tu Brute!

SERJEANT.

Brute!—you'll find I am not the brute you would have made me believe—I have consider'd both sides of the question.

Sir L U K E.

Both sides of the question?

SERJEANT.

Both: if your story is true, you are a scoundrel to debauch the wife of your friend; and if it is false, you are an infamous liar.

Sir L U K E.

Well argued.

SERJEANT.

So in both cases, get out of my house.

Sir L U K E.

Nay, but Serjeant—

SERJEANT.

Troop I tell you, and never again enter these walls—you have libelled my wife, and I will see you no more.

Sir L U K E.

Was there ever such a—

SERJEANT.

March! and as to my daughter, I would as soon marry her to a *forma pauperis* client.

[Exit Sir Luke.]

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Do you consider, Mr. Circuit, where you are pushing the fellow?—That chamber is Charlot's.

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Enter Sir LUKE, WOODFORD, CHARLOT, and JACK.

Sir L U K E.

Heyday! who the deuce have we here?—
Pray walk in, my good folks—your servant Miss
Charlot; your servant Mr. What-d'ye-call-um.
—Mr. Serjeant, you need not trouble yourself
to cater for Miss; your family you see can pro-
vide for themselves.

S E R J E A N T.

Heyday! What the deuce is all this! Who
are you Sir, and how came you here? [*To*
Woodford.]

J A C K.

It was I, father, that brought him.

S E R J E A N T.

How, firrah!

Sir L U K E.

Well said my young limb of the law.

J A C K.

Come, let us have none o'your—tho' I
brought Mr. Woodford, you could not persuade
me to do the same office for you—father, never
tir if he did not make me the proffer, if I would
let him into the house the night you was at
Kingston, of a new pair of silk stockings, and
to learn me a minuet.

Sir L U K E.

Me! I should never have got you to turn
out your toes.

J A C K.

Ay, and moreover you made me push out
my chest, and do so with my fingers, as if I
was taking two pinches of snuff.

Sir L U K E.

You see, Mr. Serjeant, what a fondness, I
have for every twig of your family.

S E R.

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SERJEANT.

I shall thank *you* hereafter—but from you, Charlot, I expected other guefs—

CHARLOT.

When, Sir, you hear this whole matter explain'd, you will acquit I am sure.

WOODFORD.

Indeed, Sir, *I* am wholly to blame; my being here was as much a surprize upon Miss Charlot as—

SERJEANT.

But now you are here, pray what's your business?

JACK.

O! father, I can acquaint you with that—he wanted me to bring a love letter to Charlot, so I told him he might bring it himself, for that I would not do any such thing for never so much, for fear of offending of you.

SERJEANT.

You mended the matter indeed—but after all, who, and what are you?

JACK.

It's the young gentleman that lives over our heads, to whom Mr. Fairplay is guardian.

SERJEANT.

Who, Woodford?

JACK.

The same.

SERJEANT.

And are you, young man in, a situation to think of a wife?

WOODFORD.

I am flattered, Sir, that as *justice* is with me, I shall one day have no contemptible fortune to throw at her feet.

SERJEANT.

Justice is! What signifies justice?—Is the *law* with you, you fool?

THE LAME LOVER. 73

WOODFORD.

With your help, Sir, I should hope for their union, upon this occasion at least.

SERGEANT.

Well, Sir, I shall re-consider your papers, and, if there are probable grounds, I may be induc'd to hear your propofals.

WOODFORD.

Nay then, Sir, the recovering my paternal possessions makes me anxious indeed.—Could I hope that the young lady's good wish would attend me?

CHARLOT.

I have a father, and can have no will of my own.

Sir LUKE.

So then it seems poor Pil Garlick here is discarded at once.

SERGEANT.

Why, could you have the impudence, after what has happen'd, to hope that—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

He has given wonderful proofs of his modesty.

Sir LUKE.

Be quiet, Mrs. Circuit.—Come, good folks, I will set all matters to rights in a minute; and first, Mr. Serjeant, it becomes me to tell you, that I never intended to marry your daughter.

SERGEANT.

How! never!

Sir LUKE.

Never. She is a fine girl I allow; but would it now, Mr. Serjeant, have been honest in me, to have robb'd the whole sex of my person, and confin'd my favors to her?

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SER-

74 THE LAME LOVER.

SERJEANT.

How!

Sir L U K E.

No! I was struck with the immorality of the thing; and therefore to make it impossible that you should ever give me your daughter, I invented the story I told you concerning Mrs. Circuit and me.

SERJEANT.

How!

Sir L U K E.

Truth, upon my honour.—Your wife there will tell you the whole was a lye.

SERJEANT.

Nay, then indeed.—But with what face can I look up to my dear? I have injur'd her beyond the hopes of forgiveness.—Wou'd you, lovee, but pass an act of oblivion—

Sir L U K E.

See me here prostrate to implore your clemency in behalf of my friend.

Mrs. C I R C U I T.

Of that I can't determine directly.—But as you seem to have some sense of your guilt, I shall grant you a reprieve for the present; which contrition and amendment may, perhaps, in time swell into a pardon.

But if again offending you are caught,

SERJEANT.

Then let me suffer, dearee, as I ought.

F I N I S.

