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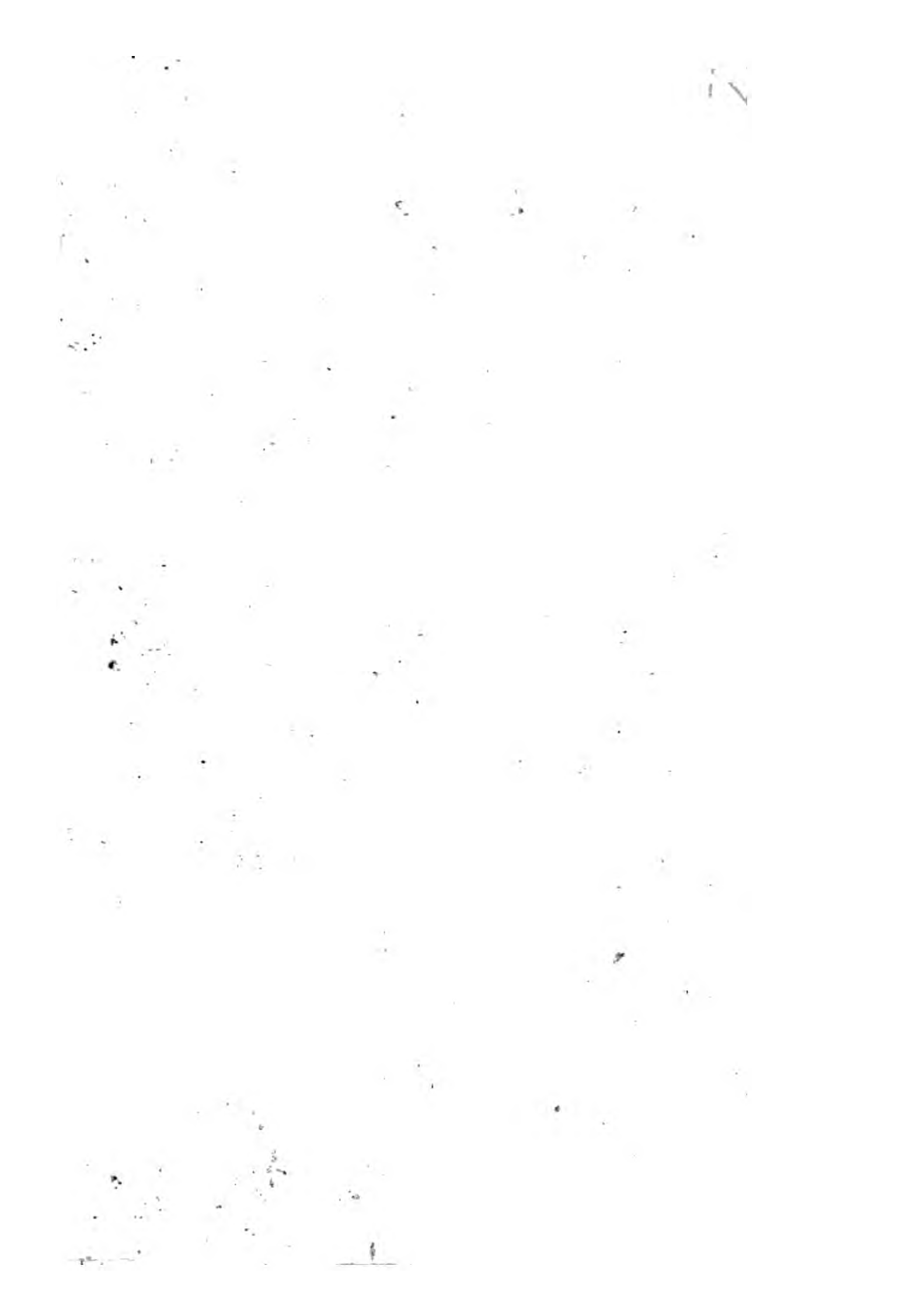
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THE
WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

WITH

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE THIRD EDITION.



LONDON:
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.
MDCCLXVI.

NO. 100

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF DALLAS.

I, the undersigned, Judge of the County Court of the County of Dallas, State of Texas, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears in the files of the County Court.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said County Court at Dallas, Texas, this 10th day of May, 1900.

THE JUDGE OF THE COUNTY COURT.

THE CLERK OF THE COUNTY COURT.

C O N T E N T S

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TO
RALPH ALLEN, Esq;
OF
PRIOR PARK, BATH.

SIR,

THIS complete Edition of the Works of HENRY FIELDING, Esq; can be addressed to none so properly as to you, who contributed so liberally to his support while he was living, and since his death have extended your bounty in so generous a manner to his widow and family.

To enumerate your great and good qualities, I know would offend; and therefore I shall only add, That I

VOL. I.

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fin-

DEDICATION.

~~sincerely with a life so beneficial to~~
mankind may long be preserved, as
a blessing to your country; and that
I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

AND. MILLAR.

NOTICE

as, however, be preserved, and that

AN
E S S A Y

ON THE
L I F E and G E N I U S
OF

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

TO stand distinguished from the common race of mankind, and by the efforts of extraordinary virtues breaking out into acts of magnanimity and public spirit, or by a vigorous exertion of the faculties of the mind, enriching human life with the invention of arts, or the graces of elegant composition, to attain that point of eminence, to which succeeding times shall look back with gratitude and admiration, is a lot assigned but to very few. The generality of people seem to be called into this world for no higher purposes, than to breathe, to gaze at the sun, to eat and drink, to sleep and expire. When little more than a century has rolled away, and a whole generation of men have passed from nature to eternity, as the poet solemnly expresses it, how few names, out of that wonderful multitude, stand recorded to posterity for any memorable performances, or any remarkable use made of their existence! Xerxes wept when he surveyed his mil-

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lions round him, and reflected that in the course of a few years not one of them should remain upon the face of the earth; but the reflection grows still more gloomy, when it is considered, how few of them were ever to be heard of again! It is a melancholy curiosity to cast an eye through the columns of chronology, where the princes, heroes, patriots, legislators, philosophers, poets, historians, and artists, who have figured in the world since the creation almost to the present day, are all carefully preserved, and like Egyptian kings embalmed for the notice of mankind: How scanty the number! What a thrifty list does it afford us, when we compare it with those prodigious bills of mortality which the perishing generations, of whom we only know that they lived and they died, have furnished forth for the space of six thousand years! It calls to our minds the battles recorded of Cyrus, Semiramis, and other eastern sovereigns, in which we only know that they led an astonishing number of millions to the field, and, almost all, sunk together into one undistinguished state of oblivion. Nor should this observation carry with it a satire upon the inactivity of mankind in general; for many, no doubt, who have not, to use Lord Verulam's expression, survived the weathers of time, employed themselves in a course of laudable industry, and used strenuous endeavours not to wear away their lives in silence, like the beasts of the field, prone to the earth, and subservient only to the excitements of appetite: But the small returns (if I may use a modern military phrase) of good and serviceable men, must not only be owing to the vicissitudes of human affairs, and the devastations of wars civil and religious, but also to the arduous difficulty of serving mankind by public conduct, or per-

performing any thing in the arts either elegant or useful, and so bequeathing to posterity a lasting legacy.

To the number of those, who by the vigour of their talents, and the vivacity of their wit, seem to have enlarged the bounds prescribed, in the common course of things, to the memory of man, and gained a pass-port to future ages, may be added the late HENRY FIELDING, whose works will be admired, while a taste for true humour remains in this country. The materials of his own monument he has left behind him, scattered indeed without arrangement, and dispersed about the world: These, in justice to so eminent an author, Mr. Millar has determined to collect together, that the public may have, in one body, a good and valuable edition of writings, whose merit is so universally acknowledged.

In the progress of this design it naturally occurred, that our author would be followed by the same kind of curiosity, which ever attends on those, who have made themselves conspicuous in their time; which, with solicitude and an attachment to their memories, loves to inform itself of the minutest circumstances relating to them, where they were born, of what stature they were, of what temper of mind, what difficulties they met with in life, and with what disposition they met those difficulties, whether with despondency or fortitude, with gaiety or moroseness, what sort of companions they were, with other anecdotes of the same nature. That the generality of readers, even though our author's memory is still recent in the minds of many, would expect to be gratified in these particulars, was a very obvious

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remark; and therefore it was resolved to prefix to this edition an Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding.

IN complying with this usual demand of the curious, it is not the intention of the present writer to disturb the Manes of the dead, as has been practised by certain biographers; to insult his memory with an unnecessary detail of his distresses, and the actions which resulted from them; to infer the character of his heart from the overflowings of sudden and momentary passions; to tear off ungenerously the shroud from his remains, and pursue him with a cruelty of narrative, till the reader's sense is shocked, and is forced to express his horror, like Virgil's Æneas, when he meets in the regions of the dead the shade of his mangled friend,

*Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto à sanguine Teucris,
Quis tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas?
Cui tantum de te licuit?—*

It will it is hoped, be sufficient for the reader's curiosity if the principal features of his mind are here delineated; if his temper is shewn, as much of it, at least, as he transfused into his writings; if some account be given of his family, and of the various situations in life which his fortune allotted him. For more than this the author of this little tract has determined not to ransack; for it is not the entire history of the man, but the memoirs of an author, which he proposes to offer to the public.

HENRY FIELDING was born at Sharpham Park in Somersetshire near Glastonbury, April 22, 1707. His father, Edmund Fielding, served

in

of HENRY FIELDING, Esq; 7

in the wars under the Duke of Marlborough, and arrived to the rank of Lieutenant General at the latter end of George I. or the beginning of George II. He was grandson to an earl of Denbigh; nearly related to the Duke of Kingston, and many other noble and respectable families. His mother was the daughter of Judge Gold, the grandfather of the present Sir Henry Gold, one of the Barons of the Exchequer. By these his parents he had four sisters, Catharine, Ursula, Sarah and Beatrice; and one brother, Edmund, who was an officer in the marine service. Sarah Fielding, his third sister, is well known to the literary world by the proofs she has given of a lively and penetrating genius in many elegant performances, particularly DAVID SIMPLE, and the letters, which she afterwards published, between the characters introduced into that work. The reader will see a very just criticism on these performances at the end of the fourth Volume of these Works; where, though the affection of the brother appears, yet the author shews himself the friend of truth as well as his sister. Our author's mother having paid her debt to nature, Lieutenant General Fielding married a second time, and the issue of that marriage were six sons, George, James, Charles, John, William, and Basil, all dead, excepting John, who is at present in the commission of the peace for the counties of Middlesex, Surry, Essex, and the Liberties of Westminster, and has lately been raised to the honour of knighthood by his Majesty, in reward of that zeal and spirited assiduity with which he serves his country as a public magistrate.

HENRY FIELDING received the first rudiments of his education at home, under the care of the

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Rev. Mr. Oliver, to whom, we may judge, he was not under any considerable obligations from the very humorous and striking portrait given of him afterwards under the name of parson Trulliber, in *Joseph Andrews*. From Mr. Oliver's care our author was removed to Eton School, where he had the advantage of being early known to many of the first people in the kingdom, namely Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and the late Mr. Winnington, &c. At this great seminary of education, Henry Fielding gave distinguishing proofs of strong and peculiar parts; and when he left the place, he was said to be uncommonly versed in the Greek authors, and an early master of the Latin classics; for both which he retained a strong admiration in all the subsequent passages of his life. Thus accomplished he went from Eton to Leyden, and there continued to shew an eager thirst for knowledge, and to study the civilians with a remarkable application for about two years, when, remittances failing, he was obliged to return to London, not then quite twenty years old.

It is to be lamented that an excellent course of education was thus interrupted, as there is no manner of doubt but with such excellent endowments from nature, as he certainly possessed, he might, by a continuance at a seat of learning, have laid in a much ampler store of knowledge, and have given such a complete improvement to his talents, as might afterwards have shone forth with still greater lustre in his writings; not to mention that in a longer and more regular course of study, he might have imbibed such deep impressions of an early virtue, as would have made him

him less accessible afterwards to those allurements of pleasure, which, though they could not suppress the exertion of his genius, yet retarded its true vigour; and, like clouds around the sun, made it seem to struggle with opposing difficulties, instead of throwing out at once a warm, an equal, and an intense heat. At this period however our author had provided himself with a fund of more solid learning than usually is the portion of persons of his age, and his mind was at least so seasoned with literature, that amidst his wildest dissipations afterwards, nothing could subdue the love of reading which he had so early contracted. It appears from a preface to one of his plays, that he had conceived an early inclination for dramatic composition; the comedy called *Don Quixote in England*, having made part of his literary amusement at Leyden; though, by his own account, it should seem that what he executed of it there, was little more than his canvass in a more advanced age, when he gave it to the stage with additional strokes of humour, and higher colourings than his inexperience had bestowed upon it at first. The play contains a true vein of good sense and satire, though his usual hurry in the production of his pieces did not afford him leisure, when he once determined to offer it to the public, to give it all the dramatic finishings requisite in a complete piece. Mr. Fielding's case was generally the same with that of the poet described by *Juvenal*; with a great genius he must have starved, if he had not sold his performance to a favourite actor.

Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.

To the same motive we must ascribe the multiplicity of his plays, and the great rapidity with
 B 5 which

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which they were produced; for we find that tho' such a writer as Mr. Congreve was content in his whole life to produce four comedies and one tragedy, yet the exigence of our author's affairs required at his hand no less than eight entire plays, besides fifteen farces, or pieces of a subordinate nature. It has been often a matter of wonder that he, who most undoubtedly possessed a vein of true and genuine humour, should not have proved more successful in his theatrical productions, that is to say, should not in some legitimate comedy have discovered the future father of JOSEPH ANDREWS, TOM JONES, and AMELIA. This however, from what has been premised, seems pretty fairly accounted for; but yet for the real cause of this inequality we must still go somewhat deeper than this remark, which lies too palpable upon the surface of things. The enquiry may perhaps not be incurious, and it shall be pursued in its due place, when we come to analyse his genius, and determine its nature and quality.

AT the age of twenty years, or thereabout, Henry Fielding returned from Leyden to London; in the fullest vigour of constitution, which was remarkably strong, and patient of fatigue; still unshaken by excesses of pleasure, and unconquered by midnight watchings, till frequent returns of the gout attacked him with a severity, that made him, in the latter part of his days, a melancholy repentant for the too free indulgencies of his youth, and drove him at length to Lisbon in the hopes of lingering a little longer in life. From the account of his voyage to that place we may judge of the activity of his mind, and the strenuous flow of his spirits, which, under a complication of infirmities, could yet prompt him

him to the exercise of his wit and the sallies of his imagination. What then must have been the gaiety and quickness of his fancy, when his strength was yet unimpaired by illness, and when young in life curiosity was eager to know the world, and his passions were ready to catch at every hook pleasure had baited for them? It is no wonder that, thus formed and disposed for enjoyment, he launched wildly into a career of dissipation. Though under age, he found himself his own master, and in London: *Hoc fonte derivata clades!* From that source flowed all the inconveniencies that attended him throughout the remainder of his life. The brilliancy of his wit, the vivacity of his humour, and his high relish of social enjoyment, soon brought him into high request with the men of taste and literature, and with the voluptuous of all ranks; to the former he was ever attentive, and gladly embraced all opportunities of associating with them; if the latter often ensnared him, and won from him too great a portion of his time, it cannot be wondered at, considering the greenness of his years, the sensibility of his temper, and the warmth of his imagination. His finances were not answerable to the frequent draughts made upon him by the extravagance which naturally followed. He was allowed two hundred pounds a year by his father, which, as he himself used to say, "any body might pay that would."

THE fact was, General Fielding, with very good inclinations to support his son in the handsomest manner, very soon found it impracticable to make such appointments for him, as he could have wished. He had married again soon after the death of our author's mother, and had so

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large an increase of family, and that too so quick, that, with the necessary demands of his station for a genteel and suitable expence, he could not spare out of his income any considerable disbursements for the maintenance of his eldest son. Of this truth Henry Fielding was sensible, and he was therefore, in whatever difficulties he might be involved, never wanting in filial piety, which, his nearest relations agree, was a shining part of his character. By difficulties his resolution was never subdued; on the contrary, they only roused him to struggle through them with a peculiar spirit and magnanimity. When he advanced a little more in life, and his commerce with mankind became enlarged, disappointments were observed by his acquaintance to provoke him into an occasional peevishness, and severity of animadversion. This however had not a tendency to embitter his mind, or to give a tinge to his general temper; which was remarkably gay, and for the most part overflowing into wit, mirth, and good humour. As he disdained all littleness of spirit, wherever he met with it in his dealings with the world, his indignation was apt to rise; and as he was of a penetrating discernment, he could always develope selfishness, mistrust, pride, avarice, interested friendship, the ungenerous, and the unfeeling temper, however plausibly disguised; and as he could read them to the bottom, so he could likewise assault them with the keenest strokes of spirited and manly satire. Amongst the many fine traits of description in that character, which TACITUS has left us of AGRICOLA, there is a very delicate touch, which occurs to me at present, and seems applicable to the temper of our author; his reproof was sometimes thought to carry with it a degree of asperity; as to the good
and

and amiable, he was polite, to the unworthy he was rather harsh; but his anger once vented, there remained no trace of it; from his secrecy and silence you had nothing to apprehend. *Apud quosdam acerbior in conviciis narrabatur; ut bonis comis, ita adversus malos injucundus. Ceterum ex iracundia nihil supererat: secretum & silentium ejus non timeres.* Disagreeable impressions never continued long upon his mind; his imagination was fond of seizing every gay prospect, and in his worst adversities filled him with sanguine hopes of a better situation. To obtain this, he flattered himself that he should find his resources in his wit and invention; and accordingly he commenced a writer for the stage in the year 1727, being then about twenty years of age.

His first dramatic piece soon after adventured into the world, and was called *Love in several Masques*. It immediately succeeded the *Provoked Husband*, a play, which, as our author observes, for the continued space of twenty-eight nights received as great and as just applauses, as ever were bestowed on the English stage. "These, says Mr. Fielding, were difficulties, which seemed rather to require the superior force of a Wycherley or a Congreve than a raw and unexperienced pen (for I believe I may boast that none ever appeared so early upon the stage.*)" Notwithstanding these obstacles, the play, we find, was favourably received: and considering that it was his first attempt, it had, no doubt, the marks of a promising genius. His second play, the *Temple Beau*, appeared the year after, and contains a great deal of spirit and real humour. Perhaps in those days, when audiences were in the æra of delicate and higher comedy, the success of this piece was not very remarkable;

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markable; but surely pieces of no very superior merit have drawn crowded houses within our own memory, and have been attended with a brilliancy of success; not but it must be acknowledged that the picture of a Temple Rake since exhibited by the late Dr. Hoadly in the *Suspicious Husband*, has more of what the *Italians* call *FORTUNATO*, than can be allowed to the careless and hasty pencil of Mr. *Fielding*. It would lead a great way from the intention of this essay should we attempt to analyse the several dramatic compositions of this author; and indeed, as he confessedly did not attain to pre-eminence in this branch of writing, at least was unequal to his other productions, it may be sufficient to observe that from the year 1727 to the end of 1736, almost all his plays and farces were written, not above two or three having appeared since that time; so that he produced about eighteen theatrical performances, plays and farces included, before he was quite thirty years old. No selection has been made of those pieces, but they are all printed together in this edition, that the public might have the *entire theatre* of Henry Fielding. For though it must be acknowledged that in the whole collection there are few plays likely to make any considerable figure on the stage hereafter, yet they are worthy of being preserved, being the works of a genius, who in his wildest and most inaccurate productions, yet occasionally displays the talent of a master. Though in the plan of his pieces he is not always regular, yet is he often happy in his diction and stile; and in every groupe, that he has exhibited, there are to be seen particular delineations that will amply recompence the attention bestowed upon them. The comedy of the *Miser*, which he has mostly
taken

taken from Moliere, has maintained its ground upon the stage ever since it was first performed, and has the value of a copy from a great painter by an eminent hand. If the comedy of *Pasquin* were restored to the stage, it would perhaps be a more favourite entertainment with our audiences than the much admired *Rehearsal*; a more rational one it certainly would be, as it would undoubtedly be better understood. The *Rehearsal* at present seems to be received rather from prescription than any real delight it affords: it was the work of a noble wit, and the object of its satire was one of the greatest geniuses of this nation, the immortal Dryden. These two circumstances gave the play a wonderful eclat on its first appearance; and the wit and humour of the parodies were undoubtedly very high-flavoured. But has it not lost its relish at present? and does not the whole appear a wild *caricatura* which very few can refer to any original objects? However, its traditional fame still procures for it a fashionable prejudice in its favour; and for the sake of having the favourite actor, who performs the part of *Bayes*, continually before the eye, we crowd to it still, whenever it is acted, and we laugh, and applaud, and roar and “wonder with a foolish face
“of praise.” What Mr. Dryden has said concerning this celebrated performance, is but a mild judgment from one, who might have used more exasperated language. “I have answered not the
“*Rehearsal*,” says he, “because I knew the author sat to himself, when he drew the picture,
“and was the very *Bayes* of his own farce. Because also I know that my betters were more
“concerned than I was in that satire; and, lastly,
“because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main
“pillars of it, were too such languishing gentlemen

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“ tlemen in their own conversation, that I could
 “ liken them to nothing, but their own relations,
 “ those noble characters of men of wit and plea-
 “ sure about the town.”

*But sense survived when merry jests were past, as his generous rival has sung since; and Dryden is now the admiration of his country. The Pasquin of Fielding came from the pen of an author in indigence, or, as the late Colly Cibber has contumeliously called him, a broken wit; and therefore, though its success was considerable, it never shone forth with a lustre equal to its merit; and yet it is a composition that would have done honour to the Athenian stage, when the Middle Comedy, under the authority of the laws, made use of fictitious names to satyrise vice and folly, however dignified by honours and employments. But the middle comedy did not flourish long at Athens; the archness of its aim, and the poignancy of its satire soon became offensive to the officers of state; a law was made to prohibit those oblique strokes of wit, and the comic muse was restrained from all indulgencies of personal satire, however humourously drawn, under the appearance of imaginary characters. The same fate attended the use of the middle comedy in England; and it is said that the wit and humour of our modern Aristophanes, Mr. Fielding, whose quarry in some of his pieces, particularly the *Historical Register*, was higher game than in prudence he should have chosen, were principal instruments in provoking that law, under which the British theatre, has groaned ever since. But the minister was sore, and in his resentment he struck too deep a blow. Had he considered that by the bill, which afterwards passed into a law, he was entailing*

tailing slavery on the Muses, and that a time might come, when all dramatic genius should thereby be led a vassal in the train of the managers of the theatre, to be graciously fostered, or haughtily oppressed, according to their caprice and prejudice; perhaps then, as he was himself of a large and comprehensive understanding, and possessed besides the virtues of humanity, he might have been contented with milder restrictions, and not have made the remedy almost worse than the disease. But licentiousness was to be retrenched, and liberty received a stab in the operation: luxuriant branches, that were extravagant in their growth were to be lopped away, and to make short work of it, the woodman in a fit of anger applied his ax to the root of the tree. The tree, it is true, is not quite fallen to the ground; but it is grown sapless, withered and unproductive; its annual fruits want the high flavour, which they might have in a more generous nursery; no wood-notes wild are heard from its branches, and it is exactly in the state described by *Lucan*;

Trunca, non frondibus efficit umbram.

But it may be asked, are the players to be judges of the king's ministers? Shall grimace and mimicry attack the most exalted characters; and must the great officers of state be, at the mercy of the actors, exhibited on a public stage? Why no;—except in a coronation, I think, his Majesty's servants should not be made ridiculous; and the dangerous tendency of this buffooning kind of humour is strongly marked by a learned writer*, when he observes that “this weapon, “in the dissolute times of Charles II. completed “the ruin of the best minister of that age. The

* The author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*.

“historians

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“ historians tell us, that Chancellor Hyde was
“ brought into his Majesty’s contempt by this
“ court argument. They mimicked his walk
“ and gesture, with a fire shovel and bellows for
“ the mace and purse. Thus it being the repre-
“ sentation, and not the object represented, which
“ strikes the fancy, vice and virtue must fall in-
“ differently before it.”

If such were the effects of private mimickry,
public drolls would undoubtedly be found of more
pernicious consequence. Away with them there-
fore; they are illiberal, they are unworthy; let
licentiousness be banished from the theatres, but
let the liberty of the free-born muse be immortal!
The true idea of liberty consists in the free and
unlimited power of doing whatever shall not in-
jure the civil and religious institutions of the state,
nor be deemed invasive of the peace and welfare
of our fellow-subjects; but dramatic authors are
so circumstanced at present, that this invaluable
blessing is withdrawn from them; the muses are
enslaved in a land of liberty, and this at least
should excuse the poets of the age for not rising
to nobler heights, till the weight is taken off,
which now depresses their strongest efforts. It
must be allowed, that in restraining the licentious-
ness of the theatre our legislature very wisely imi-
tated the good sense of the Athenian magistracy,
who by law interdicted the freedoms of the MID-
DLE COMEDY; but it is to be wished that they
had also imitated the moderation of the Greek
lawgivers, who, when they resolved to give a
check to indecorum, yet left a free and unbounded
scope to the *New Comedy*, which consisted in agree-
able and lively representations of manners, pas-
sions, virtues, vices, and follies from the general
volume

volume of nature, without giving to any part of the transcript the peculiar marks or singularities of any individual. Thus poets were only hindered from being libellers, but were left in full possession of useful and general satire, and all avenues of access to the public were generously thrown open to them. As we have at present the happiness of living in a reign, when majesty condescends to look with a favourable aspect on the liberal arts, many are sanguine enough to entertain hopes that the muse may be released from her fetters, and restored to the free exercise of the amiable part of her province. When a bee has been deprived of its noxious sting, it may be safely permitted to rove at large among all the flowers of a garden; and it will be no inconsiderable addition to the lustre of the crown, if with an AUGUSTAN REIGN of equity, moderation, victory, and wisdom, which every Briton promises himself, there be also revived an AUGUSTAN AGE OF LETTERS.

THOUGH the foregoing observations may appear digressive from the main design of this essay, yet as the subject is important, and took its rise in a great measure from the writings of Mr. Fielding, to advert awhile to the consequences which flowed to the community from his actions, cannot be deemed altogether impertinent. It is only like going out of the way a little to trace a rivulet in its progress, to mark its windings, to observe whether it bestows fertility on the neighbouring meadows, and then returning to the straight road, to pursue the regular tract of the journey.

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IN the comedy called *Rape upon Rape, or the Coffee-house Politician*, we have an admirable draught of a character very common in this country, namely, a man who is smitten with an insatiable thirst for news, and concerns himself more about the balance of power than of his books. The folly of these statesmen out of place is there exhibited with a masterly ridicule; and indeed in all the plays of our author, however in some respects deficient, there are strokes of humour and half-length paintings not excelled by some of the ablest artists. The farces written by Mr. Fielding were almost all of them very successful, and many of them are still acted every winter with a continuance of approbation. They were generally the production of two or three mornings, so great was his facility in writing; and to this day, they bear frequent repetition, at least as well as any other pieces of the kind. It need not be observed, in justification of their being preserved in this collection of more important works, that farce is deemed by our best critics an appendage of the theatre as well as pieces of a higher nature. A learned and excellent * critic has given it a full consideration in his *Dissertation on the several Provinces of the Drama*. “The representations,” says he, “of common nature may either be taken accurately, so as to reflect a *faithful and exact* image of their original, which alone is that I would call COMEDY; or they may be forced and overcharged above the simple and just proportions of nature; as when the excesses of a few are giving for *standing* characters, when not the Man (in general) but the *passion* is described; or when, in the draught of the man, the leading *feature* is extended beyond measure;

* The Rev. Mr. Hurd.

“and

“ and in these cases the representation holds of
 “ the province of farce,”

THESE remarks, from the pen of so accurate and sensible a writer, will evince that our author's farces very justly make a part of this edition. The mock tragedy of TOM THUMB is replete with as fine parody as, perhaps, has ever been written: the LOTTERY, the INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID, and the VIRGIN UNMASKED, besides the real entertainment they afford, had on their first appearance this additional merit, that they served to make early discoveries of that true comic genius which was then dawning forth in Mrs. Clive, which has since unfolded itself to a fullness of perfection, and continues to this day to be one of the truest ornaments of the stage. As this excellent actress received great advantages from the opportunities Mr. Fielding's pen afforded her, so he, in his turn, reaped the fruits of success from her abilities, and accordingly we find him acknowledging it in a very handsome letter addressed to her, and prefixed to the INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID: such a testimony of her merit, as it conduced to advance her progress, so it now will serve to perpetuate her fame, being enrolled in the records of a genius, whose works will be long admired. “ I cannot help reflection, says our
 “ author, that the town has one obligation to me,
 “ who made the first discovery of your great capacity,
 “ and brought you earlier forward on the theatre,
 “ than the ignorance of some, and the envy of others
 “ would have otherwise permitted. I shall not here
 “ dwell on any thing so well known as your theatrical
 “ merit, which one of the finest judges, and the greatest
 “ man of his age, hath acknowledged to exceed in hu-
 “ mour that of any of your predecessors in his time.”

If

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If this remark was true thirty years ago, it may be added, to her honour, that she hath not been eclipsed by any, who have entered into the service of the comic muse since that time.

As this essay promises to treat of the genius, as well as the life of Henry Fielding, it may not be improper to pause here for an enquiry into his talents, though we are not arrived at that period of his life, when they displayed themselves in their full warmth and splendor. And here it is necessary to caution the reader not to confine his idea of what is intended by the word *genius* to any one single faculty of the mind; because it is observable that many mistakes have arisen, even among writers of penetrating judgment, and well versed in critical learning, by hastily attaching themselves to an imperfect notion of this term so common in literary dissertations. That invention is the first great leading talent of a poet has been a point long since determined, because it is principally owing to that faculty of the mind that he is able to create, and be as it were a MAKER, which is implied in his original title given to him by the consent of Greece. But surely there are many other powers of the mind as fully essential to constitute a fine poet, and therefore, in order to give the true character of any author's abilities, it should seem necessary to come to a right understanding of what is meant by GENIUS, and to analyse and arrange its several qualities. This once adjusted, it might prove no unpleasing task to examine what are the specific qualities of any poet in particular, to point out the talents of which he seems to have the freest command, or in the use of which he seems, as it were, to be left-handed. In this plain fair-dealing way the true

true and real value of an author will be easily ascertained; whereas in the more confined method of investigation, which establishes, at the outset, one giant quality, and finding the object of the enquiry deficient in that, immediately proceeds to undervalue him in the whole, there seems to be danger of not trying his cause upon a full and equitable hearing. Thus, I think, a late celebrated poet is likely to suffer an unjust sentence from a gentleman, who has already obliged the public with the first volume of an Essay on his Life and Genius. The common assertion which has been in every half-critic's mouth, namely, that Mr. Pope had little invention, and therefore has but a bad claim to the name of poet, seems to be unguardedly adopted in the very beginning of that ingenious and entertaining work; and from that principle the conclusion will probably decide against our English Homer. From the elegant; and, in general, true spirit of criticism, which the Essayist on Mr. Pope's Life and writings is acknowledged to possess, it was reasonably to be expected that he would have taken a comprehensive view of what INVENTION is, and then examined how far the want of it can be charged upon his author. But in that point, does he not seem to think him defenceless, when he asserts that it is upon the merit of the Rape of the Lock that he will rank as a poet with posterity? The introduction of machinery into this beautiful poem, Mr. Wharton seems to think shews more invention than any other composition of the Twickenham bard; tho' even in this point he deals out to him the reputation of a MAKER with a sparing and a thrifty hand. As the book is near me, I will transcribe his words: "It is in this composition Pope principally appears a poet, in which

" he

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“ he has displayed more imagination than in all
“ his other works taken together: It should how-
“ ever be remembered that he was not the FIRST
“ former and creator of those beautiful machines
“ the Sylphs, on which his claim to imagination
“ is chiefly founded. He found them existing
“ ready to his hand, but has indeed employed
“ them with singular judgment and artifice.”
But surely in the use made of the *Sylphs* and
Gnomes, and the various employments assigned to
those imaginary beings, the British author is as
much a POET, as manifestly a MAKER, as the
great father of the epic fable. Homer invented
not the gods and goddesses which he has inter-
woven in his immortal Rhapsody. He took up
the system of theology which he found received
in Greece. “ He rose,” says Mr. Pope, “ with
“ the finest turn imaginable for poetry, and, de-
“ signing to instruct mankind in the manner for
“ which he was most adapted, made use of the
“ ministry of the gods to give the highest air of
“ veneration to his writings. Nor was it his bu-
“ siness, when he undertook the province of a
“ poet (not of a mere philosopher) to be the first
“ who should discard that, which furnishes poetry
“ with its most beautiful appearance. What-
“ ever therefore he might think of his gods, he
“ took them as he found them; he brought them
“ into action according to the notions which were
“ then entertained, and in such stories as were
“ then believed.” In the same manner, the au-
thor of the Rape of the Lock availed himself of
the Rosicrucian system, as he found it set forth in
a French book, called, “ LE COMTE DE GA-
“ BALIS,” and to those ideal beings he has given
such a ministry, such interests, affections, and
employments as carried with them sufficient poe-
tical

tical probability, and made a very beautiful machinery in his poem, enlarging the main action, and ennobling the trifles, which it celebrates; not to mention that the superintendency of those imaginary agents was as new in poetry, as the *Ministeria Deorum* in the Iliad or Odyſſey. Perhaps, if the matter could be traced with accuracy, and a full knowledge of the ſtate of learning, the various ſystems of theology, and all the doctrines, opinions, and fables, which exiſted in Homer's days, could be attained, we ſhould find that the invention of the father of epic poetry, did not ſo much conſiſt in creating new exiſtencies, and ſtriking out new ideas, as in making a poetic uſe of the fabulous deities which previously exiſted in the imaginations of mankind, and in forming new combinations of thoſe ideas, which had been conceived before, but had never been arranged in thoſe complexities into which his fancy was able to diſpoſe them. Thus we find that Homer's celebrated deſcription of the ſtate of the dead, is an abſolute copy of the rites, cuſtoms, and ceremonies obſerved by the Egyptians at their funerals. The diſtribution of rewards and puniſhments, the reſidence of the bleſſed in the Elyſian fields, and the ſhadows of the deceased, correſpond exactly, ſays Diodorus Siculus, with the funerals of the Egyptians. The Grecian Mercury was founded upon the cuſtom of a man's delivering a dead body to be conveyed or carried by another, who wore a maſk with three heads reſembling the fiction of *Cerberus*. The Ocean was no other than the Nile, and was even ſo called by the Egyptians; the gates of the ſun, meant the town of Heliopolis; and the manſions of the happy, the delightful country about the lake Acheruſia, near Memphis, where the dead were depoſited in ſub-

terraneous vaults. Many other circumstances also agree with the solemnities of Egypt, as they were practised in the time of Diodorus; as the boat in which the deceased were carried; the ferryman, who was called Charon in the language of the country; the temple of Hecate, placed by the poets at the entrance of the infernal regions; the gates of Cocytus and Lethe shut with bars of brass, and the gates of Truth, where there was an image of Justice. Minos and Rhadamanthus were indeed names taken from Crete, but the ideas were derived from the Egyptian custom of sitting in judgment upon the life, manners, and conduct of the dead, before they were allowed the rites of sepulture. And even strong traces of the punishment of *Tityos*, *Tantalus*, and *Sisyphus*, appear in the antiquities of Egypt; not to mention that the allotment of the daughters of *Danaus*, is a manifest allusion to the ceremony of three hundred and twenty priests pouring water from the Nile into a vessel with holes in the bottom, at a city not far from Memphis. The Greek traveller and historian enumerates many other mystic traditions, fables, and religious ceremonies, from which the poet made palpable insertions into his work: Sir John Marsham also, elaborate in his researches into antiquity, has pointed out, in the *Canon Ægyptiacus*, a considerable number of those transfusions from the customs and *theology* of Egypt. But it would lead too far from the scope of this essay, should we enter into a detail of these matters; the curious reader may, if he pleases, see this enquiry pursued with great taste and accuracy by the ingenious author of the Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer; who makes it sufficiently evident that Egypt, like its own Nile upon the adjacent country, overflowed with all the fertility

tility of science, fable, and mythology, to enrich the vast and capacious imagination of the Grecian bard. It will be proper however to add one observation more in this place, namely, that Homer was not the first who saw that the Asiatic customs, manners, and learning were capable of being perpetuated with that venerable air, with which they have come down to posterity: a very illustrious ornament both of the republic of letters and the church*, in a most admirable dissertation on the sixth book of the *Æneid*, has observed that “*in the MYSTERIES, the description of the passage into the other world was borrowed,*” by the Egyptians themselves, “*as was natural, from the circumstances of their funeral rites: and it might easily be proved, if there were occasion, that they themselves transferred these realities into the ΜΥΘΟΣ, and not the Greeks, as later writers generally imagine.*” The same learned enquirer into antiquity has remarked in another part of the same tract, that if “*an old poem, under the name of Orpheus, intitled, a Descent into Hell, had been now extant, it would, perhaps, have shewn us that no more was meant than Orpheus’s initiation.*” Now as it is a settled point that Orpheus preceded Homer, what shall we say of that invention which all succeeding ages have agreed to call the very origin and fountain of poetry? Shall we, in the stile of the *ancient* or the modern *Zoilus*, illiberally call his immortal Rhapsodies *mere patch-work plundered from the fopperies of Ægypt*? Shall we not rather admire and venerate the vigour of that mind, which, in an age of general darkness and ignorance, could, by unabating industry, by indefatigable travels, and a constant pursuit of knowledge, so replenish itself

* The author of the Divine Legation of Moses.

with the stores of morality, history, politics, geography, fable, and theology, as to import them all into Greece from the various Asiatic climes, which he had visited, and interweave them into the texture of two poems, adorned and dignified with all the graces of the most fruitful imagination? If Homer did not originally form and create those prodigious images which abound in his work; if he was not the MAKER of many of those fables, particularly the Descent into Hell, which mankind have so much admired, he at least found out the use and application of them; the combination of those ideas was his own; the scheme was his which assembled them all into that wonderful union: in other words, the general fable was Homer's, and it required no less a genius to give uniformity amidst such an exuberance of variety, intricacy and complication, with such a noble perspicuity, such a consent of parts so uniting, as the painters express it, into harmony, and rising gradually into such a wonderful whole, that, as Mr. Pope expresses it, *it shall always stand at the top of the sublime character, to be gazed at by readers with an admiration of its perfection, and by writers with a despair that it should ever be emulated with success.* There can be no manner of doubt but Homer, from the fecundity of his own fancy, enriched his poetry with many noble descriptions and beautiful episodes which had never presented themselves to any of his predecessors: but as the models of many passages are still extant in the records of antiquity, it must be allowed that he possessed two sorts of invention; one, primary and original, which could associate images never before combined; the other, secondary and subordinate, which could find out for those ideas, which had been assembled before, a new place,

place, a new order, and arrangement, with new embellishments of the most harmonious and exalted language. From this observation arises the true idea of INVENTION; and whether a poet is hurried away into the description of a fictitious battle, or a grand council of gods or men, or employs himself in giving poetic colourings to a real system of *Mysteries*, (as Virgil has done in the sixth *Æneid*) there is invention in both cases; and though the former may astonish more, the latter will always have its rational admirers, and from such a commentary as the Bishop of Gloucester's, instead of losing from its influence, will appear with a truer and more venerable sublimity, than when it was considered as the mere visionary scheme of a poetic imagination. Thus then we see the two provinces of INVENTION: at one time it is employed in opening a new vein of thought; at another, in placing ideas, that have been pre-occupied, in a new light, and lending them the advantages of novelty by the force of a sublimer diction, or the turn of delicate composition. There is a poetic touch that changes whatever it lights upon to gold; and surely he who calls forth from any object in nature, or any image of the mind, appearances that have not been observed before, is the INVENTOR, the MAKER of those additional beauties. There is reason to believe, that of what we have called PRIMARY, or ORIGINAL INVENTION, there has not been so much in any one poet (not even excepting HOMER) as has been generally imagined; and indeed, from the many fine descriptions in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssy*, which can fairly be proved to be copies, but the copies of a master-poet, there seems room to think, that of the second sort he held a very considerable portion. Nor

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Should this remark be thought derogatory from the high character of the bard, because it only tends to shew that he availed himself of all the knowledge, religion, and mythology, that in his time were scattered over the different regions of Asia and Greece. What is here asserted concerning Homer, may also with truth be asserted of Mr. Pope. Determining to acquire the exalted character of a poet, he enriched his mind with all the knowledge that subsisted in his time; all that could be furnished by the valuable remains of antiquity, all the improvements in science which modern application has brought to light, the pure morality and sublime theology which revelation has delivered down to us, together with the various systems of philosophy, which speculative men have formed; and of all these he has made as noble an use as a fine imagination could suggest. The scheme of thought which introduces his acquired ideas into any of his poems, was surely his own; the VIRTUE and VENUS of ORDER, which he has given to them, was his own; the apt allusion which illustrates, the metaphor which raises his language into dignity, the general splendor of his diction, the harmony of his numbers, and in short, the poetic turn of his pieces, were all his own; and all these surely were the work of INVENTION. And as this INVENTION glows equally through all his poetry, it is not easy to conceive upon what principle it can be said, that upon the single strength of the Rape of the Lock he will rank as a poet with posterity. Can it be said that INVENTION solely consists in describing imaginary beings? or that where there is not what the Critics call a Fable, that is to say, an unity of action, with all the various perplexities and incidents which retard or accelerate the progress
of

of that action, together with a proper degree of marvellous machinery, INVENTION must be proscribed, and declared to have no hand in the work? Even in this way of reasoning, the DUNCIAD will be an everlasting instance of Mr. Pope's INVENTION, and will, perhaps, constitute him a poet in a degree superior to the *Rape of the Lock*, however exquisite it be in its kind. But these two pieces (if we except the latter part of the fourth Dunciad, which is in its subject important, and in its execution sublime) seem to be but the sportive exercise of the poet's fancy; or as he himself, talking of the *Batrachomyomachia*, has expressed it, they are "a beautiful raillery, in which a great writer might delight to unbend himself; an instance of that agreeable trifling, which generally accompanies the character of a rich imagination; like a vein of mercury running mingled with a mine of gold." The Essay on Man will always stand at the top of the sublime character: a noble work indeed, where we find the thorny reasons of philosophy blooming and shooting forth into all the flowers of poetry; *feret & rubus asper amomum!* To give to a subject of this kind such beautiful embellishments, required, in Lord Shaftsbury's language, a *Musa-like apprehension*; and I cannot see why the treating of essential truths in a poetic manner should not be allowed as cogent an instance of INVENTION, as the ornamented display of an Egyptian theology. The Georgics would have gained Virgil the name of a poet, though the *Æneid* had never been written; and Mr. Pope must ever be considered by posterity as a CHRISTIAN LUCRETIUS. It was perhaps harder to give a poetic air and grace to the following ideas, than to describe

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the imaginary beings of the *Rosicrucian* philosophy, or the fabulous deities of Greece.

Say what the use, were finer optics given?
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven!
The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the musick of the spheres,
How would he wish that heav'n had left him
still
The whisp'ring Zephir, and the purling rill?

An entire piece written in this true vein of poetry, requires as fine an imagination to give grace, elegance, and harmony to the composition, as any other subject whatever; and though fable, including various incidents, passions, and characters, be wanting, yet he who forms a plan such as the nature of his materials require, and in a barren field finds the most beautiful flowers to adorn his design, can never in reason be charged with a want of INVENTION. The three great primary branches of composition are finely united in the writings of Pope; the imagination is delighted, the passions are awakened, and reason receives conviction; there is poetry to charm, rhetoric to persuade, and argument to demonstrate: and perhaps if *Empedocles*, whom Aristotle pronounces a *physiologist*, rather than a *poet*, had been thus excellent in the graces of style, the great critic would have passed upon him a less severe sentence.

It may be observed by the reader, that in pursuing the foregoing train of reflections, sight has been

been lost of HENRY FIELDING ! but it never was intended, in this little tract, to observe the rules of strict biography. Besides, men of genius, like the arts they practise, have a connection with each other, and are in a manner linked together by certain ties of affinity; *habent quoddam commune vinculum, & quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.* Moreover, it was expedient, for the true delineation of an eminent writer's character, to remove difficulties out of the way, and to explain the terms of art which critics make use of. And thus having shewn the different provinces of INVENTION, we may now arrive at a juster idea of what is meant, when we talk of an author's GENIUS.

HE may be truly said to be a GENIUS, who possesses the leading faculties of the mind in their vigour, and can exercise them with warmth and spirit upon whatever subject he chuses. The imagination (in order to form a writer of eminence) must, in particular, be very quick and susceptible, or, as a fine poet has expressed it, it must be *feelingly alive all o'er*, that it may receive the strongest impressions either from the objects of nature, the works of art, or the actions and manners of men; for it is in proportion as this power of the mind is wrought upon, that the author feels in his own breast those fine sensations, which it is his business to impart to others, and that he is able to describe things in so lively a manner, as to make them, as it were, present to us, and of consequence to give what turn he pleases to our affections. The JUDGMENT also must be clear and strong, that the proper parts of a story or description may be selected, that the disposition of the various members of a work may be such, as to give a lucid order

order to the whole, and that such expression may be made use of as shall not only serve to convey the intended ideas, but shall convey them forcibly, and with that decorum of stile which the art of composition requires; so that simplicity shall not be impoverished into meanness, nor dignity be incumbered with a load of finery, and affected ornament. Invention must also concur, that new scenery may be opened to the fancy, or at least that new lights may be thrown upon the prospects of nature; that the sphere of our ideas may be enlarged, or a new assemblage may be formed of them, either in the way of fable or illustration; so that if the author does not disclose original traces of thinking, by presenting to us objects unseen before, he may at least delight by the novelty of their combination, and the points of view in which he offers them. The power of the mind, moreover, which exerts itself in what Mr. Locke calls the association of ideas, must be quick, vigorous, and warm, because it is from thence that language receives its animated figures, its bold translation of phrases from one idea to another, the *Verbum ardens*, the glowing metaphorical expression, which constitutes the richness and boldness of his imagery; and from thence likewise springs the readiness of ennobling a sentiment or description with the pomp of sublime comparison, or striking it deeper on the mind by the aptness of witty allusion. Perhaps what we call genius, might be still more minutely analysed; but these are its principal efficient qualities; and in proportion as these, or any of these, shall be found deficient in an author, so many degrees shall he be removed from the first rank and character of a writer. To bring these remarks home to the late Mr. Fielding, an estimate of him may be justly formed, by enquiring

quiring how far these various talents may be attributed to him; or if he failed in any, what that faculty was, and what discount he must suffer for it. But tho' it will appear, perhaps, that when he attained that period of life, in which his mind was come to its full growth, he enjoyed every one of these qualifications, in great strength and vigour; yet in order to give the true character of his talents, to mark the distinguishing specific qualities of his genius, we must look into the temper of the man, and see what byas it gave to his understanding; for when abilities are possessed in an eminent degree by several men, it is the peculiarity of habit that must discriminate them from each other.

A LOVE of imitation very soon prevailed in Mr. Fielding's mind. By Imitation the reader will not understand that illegitimate kind, which consists in mimicking singularities of person, feature, voice or manner; but that higher species of representation, which delights in just and faithful copies of human life. So early as when he was at Leyden, a propensity this way began to exert its emotions, and even made some efforts towards a comedy in the sketch of Don Quixote in England. When he left that place, and settled in London, a variety of characters could not fail to attract his notice, and of course to strengthen his favourite inclination. It has been already observed in this essay, that distress and disappointments betrayed him into occasional fits of peevishness, and satyric humour. The eagerness of creditors, and the fallacy of dissembling friends, would for a while sour his temper; his feelings were acute, and naturally fixed his attention to those objects from whence his uneasiness sprung; of course he became,

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became, very early in life, an observer of men and manners. Shrewd and piercing in his discernment, he saw the latent sources of human actions, and he could trace the various incongruities of conduct arising from them. As the study of man is delightful in itself, affording a variety of discoveries, and particularly interesting to the heart, it is no wonder that he should feel delight from it; and what we delight in soon grows into an habit. The various ruling passions of men, their foibles, their oddities, and their humours, engaged his attention; and from these principles he loved to account for the consequences which appeared in their behaviour. The inconsistencies that flow from vanity, from affectation, from hypocrisy, from pretended friendship, and in short, all the dissonant qualities, which are often whimsically blended together by the folly of men, could not fail to strike a person who had so fine a sense of ridicule. A quick perception in this way, perhaps, affords as much real pleasure as the exercise of any other faculty of the mind; and accordingly we find that the ridiculous is predominant through all our author's writings, and he never seems so happy, as when he is developing a character made up of motley and repugnant properties, and shews you a man of specious pretences, turning out in the end the very reverse of what he would appear. To search out and to describe objects of this kind, seems to have been the favourite bent of Mr. Fielding's mind, as indeed it was of Theophrastus, Moliere, and others; like a vortex it drew in all his faculties, which were so happily employed in descriptions of the manners, that upon the whole he must be pronounced an admirable COMIC GENIUS.

WHEN

WHEN I call our author a COMIC GENIUS, I should be understood in the largest acceptation of the phrase, implying humorous and pleasant imitation of men and manners, whether it be in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic composition. In the former species of writing, lay the excellence of Mr. Fielding: but in dramatic imitation he must be allowed to fall short of the great masters in that art; and how this hath happened to a COMIC GENIUS, to one eminently possessed of the talents requisite in the humorous provinces of the drama, will appear at the first blush of the question something unaccountable. But several causes concurred to produce this effect. In the first place, without a tincture of delicacy running through an entire piece, and giving to good sense an air of urbanity and politeness, it appears to me that no comedy will ever be of that kind, which Horace says, will be particularly desired, and seen, will be advertised again. I know that the influence of a favourite performer may for a time uphold a middling production; but when a *Wilks* leaves the stage, even a *Sir Harry Wildair* will be thrown by neglected. The idea of delicacy in writing, I find so well explained in an ingenious essay on that subject now on the table before me, that I shall transcribe the passage. “*Delicacy,*” says this polite author, “*is good sense; but good sense refined; which produces an inviolable attachment to decorum, and sanctity as well as elegance of manners, with a clear discernment and warm sensibility of whatever is pure, regular, and polite; and, at the same time, an abhorrence of whatever is gross, rustic, or impure; of unnatural, effeminate, and over-wrought ornaments of every kind. It is, in short, the graceful and the beautiful added to the just and the good.*” By snatching

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snatching the grace here defined and described, the late Colly Cibber has been able in a few of his plays to vie with, and almost outstrip, the greatest wits of this country; and by not adverting to this embellishment, this liberal air of expression, if I may so call it, Mr. Fielding, with strong observation upon life, and excellent discernment of the humorous and the ridiculous, in short, with a great COMIC GENIUS, has been rather unsuccessful in COMEDY. There seems to me little or no room to doubt but that this want of refinement, which we here complain of, was principally owing to the woundings which every fresh disappointment gave him, before he was yet well disciplined in the school of life, and hackney'd in the ways of men; for in a more advanced period, when he did not write *recentibus odiis*, with his uneasiness just beginning to fester, but with a calmer and more dispassionate temper, we perceive him giving all the graces of description, to incidents and passions, which in his youth he would have dashed out with a rougher hand. An ingenious writer *, to whom we have already referred, has passed a judgment upon *Ben Johnson*, which, though Fielding did not attain the same dramatic eminence, may be justly applied to him. “ His
 “ taste for ridicule was strong, but indelicate,
 “ which made him not over-curious in the choice
 “ of his topicks. And lastly, his *style* in pictur-
 “ ing his characters, tho' masterly, was without
 “ that elegance of hand, which is required to
 “ correct and allay the force of so bold a colour-
 “ ing. Thus the byass of his nature leading him
 “ to Plautus, rather than Terence, for his model,
 “ it is not to be wondered that his wit is too fre-
 “ quently caustic; his raillery coarse; and his

* Mr. Hurd.

“ humour

“humour excessive.” Perhaps the asperity of Fielding’s muse was not a little encouraged by the practice of two great wits, who had fallen into the same vein before him; I mean *Wycherley* and *Congreve*, who were in general painters of harsh features, attached more to subjects of deformity than grace; whose drawings of women are ever a sort of *Harlot’s Progress*, and whose men for the most part lay violent hands upon deeds and settlements, and generally deserve informations in the king’s bench. These two celebrated writers were not fond of copying the amiable part of human life; they had not learned the secret of giving the softer graces of composition to their tablature, by contrasting the fair and beautiful in characters and manners to the vicious and irregular, and thereby rendering their pieces more exact imitations of nature. By making *Congreve* his model, it is no wonder that our author contracted this vicious turn, and became faulty in that part of his art, which the painters would call DESIGN. In his style, he derived an error from the same source: he sometimes forgot that humour and ridicule were the two principal ingredients of comedy; and, like his master, he frequently aimed at decorations of wit, which do not appear to make part of the ground, but seem rather to be embroidered upon it. It has been observed *, that the plays of *Congreve* appear not to be legitimate comedies, but strings of repartees and sallies of wit, the most poignant and polite indeed, but unnatural and ill-placed. If we except the *Old Batchelor*, *Foresight*, and *Sir Sampson Legend*, there will hardly, perhaps, be found a character in this lively writer exempt from this general censure. The frequent surprizes of allusion, and the quickness and vivacity of those

* See the *Adventurer*,

sudden turns, which abound in Mr. Congreve, breaking out where you least expected them, as if a train of wit had been laid all around, put one in mind of those fire-works in a water-piece, which used formerly to be played off at *Cuper's Gardens*; no sooner one tube, charged with powder, raised itself above the surface, and vented itself in various forms and evolutions of fire, but instantly another and another was lighted up; and the pleasure of the spectators arose from seeing secret artificial mines blazing out of an element, in which such a machinery could not be expected. The same kind of entertainment our author aimed at, too frequently, in his comedies; and as in this he bore a similitude to *Wycherley* and *Congreve*, so he also frequently resembled them in the indelicacy, and sometimes the downright obscenity of his rail-ery; a vice introduced, or, at least, pampered by the wits of Charles II. the dregs of it, till very lately, not being quite purged away. There is another circumstance respecting the drama, in which *Fielding's* judgment seems to have failed him: the strength of his genius certainly lay in fabulous narration, and he did not sufficiently consider that some incidents of a story, which, when related, may be worked up into a deal of pleasure and humour, are apt, when thrown into action, to excite sensations incompatible with humour and ridicule. I will venture to say, that if he had resolved to shape the business and characters of his last comedy (*the Wedding Day*) into the form of a novel, there is not one scene in the piece, which, in his hands, would not have been very susceptible of ornament: but as they are arranged at present in dramatic order, there are few of them from which the taste and good sense of an audience ought not, with propriety, to revolt. When

Virgil

Virgil is preparing the catastrophe of his *Dido*, the critics have never objected to him that he describes the nurse with a motherly and officious care tottering along the apartments :

— Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.

But woe to the tragic poet, that should offer to present the same circumstance to the eye of an audience ! The *Tom Jones* of our author, and the *Gil Blas* of *Le Sage*, still continue to yield universal delight to their respective readers ; but two late attempts to dramatize them, if I may so call it, have demonstrated that the characters and incidents of those applauded performances, which, when figured to us by the imagination only, are found so agreeable and interesting, lose much of their comic force and beauty, when they are attempted to be realised to us on the stage. There are objects and parts of nature, which the rules of composition will allow to be described, but not actually to be produced on the scene, because they are attended with some concomitant circumstances, which in the narrative are overlooked, but, when shewn to view, press too hardly on the mind, and become indelicate.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. —*

To these causes of our author's failure in the province of the drama, may be added that sovereign contempt he always entertained for the understandings of the generality of mankind. It was in vain to tell him that a particular scene was dangerous on account of its coarseness, or because it retarded the general business with feeble efforts
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of wit; he doubted the discernment of his auditors, and so thought himself secured by their stupidity, if not by his own humour and vivacity. A very remarkable instance of this disposition appeared, when the comedy of the *Wedding Day* was put into rehearsal. An actor, who was principally concerned in the piece, and, though young, was then, by the advantage of happy requisites, an early favourite of the public, told Mr. Fielding he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage; adding, that a repulse might so flurry his spirits as to disconcert him for the rest of the night, and therefore begged that it might be omitted. "No, d—mn 'em," replied the bard, "if the scene is not a good one, let them find *that* out." Accordingly the play was brought on without alteration, and, just as had been foreseen, the disapprobation of the house was provoked at the passage before objected to; and the performer, alarmed and uneasy at the hisses he had met with, retired into the green-room, where the author was indulging his genius, and solacing himself with a bottle of champain. He had by this time drank pretty plentifully; and cocking his eye at the actor, while streams of tobacco trickled down from the corner of his mouth, "*What's the matter, Garrick?*" says he, "*what are they hissing now? Why the scene that I begged you to retrench; I knew it would not do, and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night. Oh! d—mn 'em,* replies the author, *they HAVE found it out; have they?*"—

If we add to the foregoing remarks an observation of his own, namely; that he left off writing for the stage, when he ought to have begun; and together

together with this consider his extreme hurry and dispatch, we shall be able fully to account for his not bearing a more distinguished place in the rank of dramatic writers. It is apparent, that in the frame and constitution of his genius there was no defect, but some faculty or other was suffered to lie dormant, and the rest of course were exerted with less efficacy: at one time we see his wit superceding all his other talents; at another his invention runs riot, and multiplies incidents and characters in a manner repugnant to all the received laws of the drama. Generally his judgment was very little consulted. And indeed, how could it be otherwise? When he had contracted to bring on a play, or a farce, it is well known by many of his friends now living, that he would go home rather late from a tavern, and would, the next morning, deliver a scene to the players, written upon the papers, which had wrapped the tobacco, in which he so much delighted.

NOTWITHSTANDING the inaccuracies, which have arisen from this method of proceeding, there is not a play in the whole collection which is not remarkable for some degree of merit very striking in its kind; in general, there prevails a fine idea of character; occasionally, we see the true comic both of situation and sentiment; and always, we find a strong knowledge of life, delivered indeed with a caustic wit, but often zested with fine infusions of the ridiculous: so that, upon the whole, the plays and farces of our author are well worthy of a place in this general edition of his works; and the reader, who peruses them attentively, will not only carry away with him many useful discoveries of the foibles, affectations, and humours of mankind, but will also agree with
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me that inferior productions are now successful upon the stage.

As it was the lot of Henry Fielding to write always with a view to profit, it cannot but mortify a benevolent mind to perceive, from our author's own account (for he is generally honest enough to tell the reception his pieces met with) that he derived but small aids towards his subsistence from the treasurer of the play-house. One of his farces he has printed as it was *damned* at the theatre royal in Drury-lane; and that he might be *more generous to his enemies than they were willing to be to him*, he informs them, in the general preface to his Miscellanies, that for the *Wedding Day*, though acted six nights, his profits from the house did not exceed fifty pounds. A fate not much better attended him in his earlier productions; but the severity of the public, and the malice of his enemies met with a noble alleviation from the patronage of the late Duke of Richmond, John Duke of Argyle, the late Duke of Roxborough, and many persons of distinguished rank and character; among whom may be numbered the present Lord Lyttelton, whose friendship to our author softened the rigour of his misfortunes, while he lived, and exerted itself towards his memory, when he was no more, by taking pains to clear up imputations of a particular kind, which had been thrown out against his character.

MR. FIELDING had not been long a writer for the stage, when he married Miss Craddock, a beauty from Salisbury. About that time his mother dying, a moderate estate at Stower in Dorsetshire devolved to him. To that place he retired
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with his wife, on whom he doted, with a resolution to bid adieu to all the follies and intemperances to which he had addicted himself in the career of a town-life. But unfortunately a kind of family-pride here gained an ascendant over him, and he began immediately to vie in splendor with the neighbouring country squires. With an estate not much above two hundred pounds a year, and his wife's fortune, which did not exceed fifteen hundred pounds, he encumbered himself with a large retinue of servants all clad in costly yellow liveries. For their master's honour, these people could not descend so low as to be careful in their apparel, but in a month or two were unfit to be seen; the squire's dignity required that they should be new-equipped; and his chief pleasure consisting in society and convivial mirth, hospitality threw open his doors, and, in less than three years, entertainments, hounds, and horses entirely devoured a little patrimony, which, had it been managed with œconomy, might have secured to him a state of independence for the rest of his life; and, with independence, a thing still more valuable, a character free from those interpretations, which the severity of mankind generally puts upon the actions of a man, whose imprudencies have led him into difficulties: for when once it is the fashion to condemn a character in the gross, few are willing to distinguish between the impulses of necessity, and the inclinations of the heart. Sensible of the disagreeable situation he had now reduced himself to, our author immediately determined to exert his best endeavours to recover, what he had wantonly thrown away, a decent competence; and being then about thirty years of age, he betook himself to the study of the law. The friendships he met with

with in the course of his studies, and indeed through the remainder of his life, from the gentlemen of that profession in general, and particularly from some, who have since risen to be the first ornaments of the law, will for ever do honour to his memory. His application, while he was a student in the Temple, was remarkably intense; and though it happened that the early taste he had taken of pleasure would occasionally return upon him, and conspire with his spirits and vivacity to carry him into the wild enjoyments of the town, yet it was particular in him that amidst all his dispositions nothing could suppress the thirst he had for knowledge, and the delight he felt in reading; and this prevailed in him to such a degree, that he has been frequently known by his intimates, to retire late at night from a tavern to his chambers, and there read, and make extracts from the most abstruse authors, for several hours before he went to bed; so powerful were the vigour of his constitution and the activity of his mind. A parody on what *Paterculus* says of *Scipio* might justly be applied to Henry Fielding: always over a social bottle or a book, he enured his body to the dangers of intemperance, and exercised his mind with studies: *semperque inter arma ac studia versatus, aut corpus periculis, aut animum disciplinis exercuit.* After the customary time of probation at the Temple, he was called to the bar, and was allowed to have carried with him to Westminster Hall no incompetent share of learning. He attended with punctual assiduity both in term-time and on the Western circuit, as long as his health permitted him; but the gout soon began to make such assaults upon him, as rendered it impossible for him to be as constant at the bar as the laboriousness of his profession re-

quired: he could only now follow the law by snatches, at such intervals as were free from indisposition; which could not but be a dispiriting circumstance, as he saw himself at once disabled from ever rising to the eminence he aspired to. However, under the severities of pain and want, he still pursued his researches with an eagerness of curiosity peculiar to him; and, though it is wittily remarked by Wycherley, that *Apollo* and *Littleton* seldom meet in the same brain, yet Mr. Fielding is allowed to have acquired a respectable share of jurisprudence, and in some particular branches he is said to have arisen to a great degree of eminence, more especially in crown-law, as may be judged from his leaving two volumes in folio upon that subject. This work still remains unpublished in the hands of his brother, Sir John Fielding; and by him I am informed that it is deemed perfect in some parts. It will serve to give us an idea of the great force and vigour of his mind, if we consider him pursuing so arduous a study under the exigencies of family-distress, with a wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, looking up to him for subsistence, with a body lacerated by the acutest pains, and with a mind distracted by a thousand avocations, and obliged for immediate supply to produce almost extempore a play, a farce, a pamphlet, or a news-paper. A large number of fugitive political tracts, which had their value when the incidents were actually passing on the great scene of business, came from his pen: the periodical paper, called the *Champion*, owed its chief support to his abilities; and tho' his essays in that collection cannot now be so ascertained, as to perpetuate them in this edition of his works, yet the reputation arising to him at the time of publication was

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was not inconsiderable. It does not appear that he ever wrote much poetry : with such talents as he possessed, it cannot be supposed that he was unqualified to acquit himself handsomely in that art ; but correct versification probably required more pains and time than his exigencies would allow. In the preface to his Miscellanies he tells us, that his poetical pieces were mostly written when he was very young, and were productions of the heart rather than of the head. He adds, that this branch of writing is what he very little pretended to, and was very little his pursuit. Accordingly, out of this edition, which is intended to consist entirely of pieces more highly finished than works of mere amusement generally are, his verses are all discarded : but as a specimen of his ability in this way, it is judged proper to preserve, in this Essay on his Life and Genius, one short piece, which the reader will not find unentertaining.

AN EPISTLE

To the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,
Our nation's envy and its pride;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And curse those councils, which they praise;
Would you not wonder, Sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.

You know, great Sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.
If then, as it might follow streight,
Wretched to be, is to be *great*;
Forbid it, Gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be so great as-I.

THE family that dines the latest,
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall
'Fore him, who never dines at all.

YOUR taste in architect, you know,
Hath been admir'd by friend and foe;
But can your earthly domes compare
With all my castles—in the air?

WE'RE often taught, it doth behove us
To think those greater, who're above us;

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Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you, twice two story;
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of *Arlington**.

GREATNESS by poets still is painted
With many followers acquainted:
This too doth in my favour speak;
Your levee is but twice a week;
From mine I can exclude but one day,
My door is quiet on a Sunday.

NOR in the manner of attendance
Doth your great bard claim less ascendance;
Familiar you to admiration
May be approach'd by all the nation;
While I, like the Mogul in *Indo*,
Am never seen but at my window.
If with my greatness you're offended,
The fault is easily amended;
For I'll come down with wondrous ease,
Into whatever *place* you please.

I'M not ambitious; little matters
Will serve us great, but humble creatures.
Suppose a Secretary o' this isle
Just to be doing with a while;
Admiral, gen'ral, judge, or bishop:
Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negociation,
Tusean and *French* are in my head,
Latin I write, and *Greek*—I read.

If you should ask, what pleases best?
To get the most, and do the least.
What fittest for?—You know, I'm sure,
I'm fittest for—a *sine-cure*.

* Where Sir Robert lived.

This

This piece, it appears, was written in the year 1730, and it shews at once our author's early acquaintance with distress, and the firmness of mind, which he supported under it. Of his other works (I mean such as were written before his genius was come to its full growth) an account will naturally be expected in this place; and fortunately he has spoken of them himself in the discourse prefixed to his Miscellanies (which is not reprinted in the body of this edition) in terms so modest and sensible that I am sure the reader will dispense with any other criticism or analysis of them.

“THE *Essay on Conversation*,” says Mr. Fielding, “was designed to ridicule out of society, one of the most pernicious evils which attends it, viz. pampering the gross appetites of selfishness and ill-nature, with the shame and disquietude of others; whereas true good-breeding consists in contributing to the satisfaction and happiness of all about us.”

“THE *Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men* exposes a second great evil, namely hypocrisy; the bane of all virtue, morality and goodness; and may serve to arm the honest, undesigning, open-hearted man, who is generally the prey of this monster, against it.”

THE *Journey from this World to the Next*, it should seem, provoked the dull, short sighted, and malignant enemies of our author to charge him with an intention to subvert the settled notions of mankind in philosophy and religion: for he assures us, in form, that he did not intend, in this allegorical piece, “to oppose any prevailing sys-

tem, or to erect a new one of his own. With greater justice," he adds, "that he might be arraigned of ignorance, for having, in the relation which he has put into the mouth of *Julian*, whom they call the Apostate, done many violences to history, and mixed truth and falsehood with much freedom. But he professed fiction, and though he chose some facts out of history, to embellish his work, and fix a chronology to it, he has not, however, confined himself to nice exactness, having often antedated, and sometimes post-dated the matter, which he found in the Spanish history, and transplanted into his work." The reader will find a great deal of true humour in many passages of this production; and the surprize with which he has made Mr. Addison hear of the *Eleusinian Mysteries*, in the sixth *Æneid*, is a well turned compliment to the learned author who has, with so much elegance and ability, traced out the analogy between Virgil's system and those memorable rites.

WITH regard to the History of *Jonathan Wild*, his design, he tells us, was not "to enter the list with that excellent historian, who, from authentic papers and records, &c. hath given so satisfactory an account of this great man; nor yet to contend with the memoirs of the ordinary of Newgate, which generally contain a more particular relation of what the heroes are to suffer in the next world, than of what they did in this. The history of *Jonathan Wild* is rather a narrative of such actions, as he might have performed, or would, or should have performed, than what he really did; and may in reality as well suit any other such great man, as

" the

“ the person himself, whose name it bears. As
 “ it is not a very faithful portrait of *Jonathan*
 “ *Wild*, so neither is it intended to represent the
 “ features of any other person; roguery, and
 “ not a rogue, is the subject; so that any par-
 “ ticular application will be unfair in the reader,
 “ especially if he knows much of the great
 “ world, since he must then be acquainted with
 “ more than one, on whom he can fix the re-
 “ semblance.”

OUR author proceeds to give a further account
 of this work in a strain, which shews, however
 conversant he might be in the characters of men,
 that he did not suffer a gloomy misanthropy to
 take such possession of him, as to make him en-
 tertain depreciating ideas of mankind in general,
 without exceptions in favour of a great part of
 the species. Though the passage be long, I shall
 here transcribe it, as it will prove subservient to
 two purposes: it will throw a proper light upon
 the History of *Jonathan Wild*, and it will do ho-
 nour to Mr. Fielding's sentiments. “ I solemnly
 “ protest,” says he, “ that I do by no means
 “ intend, in the character of my hero, to repre-
 “ sent human nature in general. Such infinua-
 “ tions must be attended with very dreadful con-
 “ clusions; nor do I see any other tendency they
 “ can naturally have, but to encourage and sooth
 “ men in their villainies, and to make every well-
 “ disposed man disclaim his own species, and
 “ curse the hour of his birth into such a society.
 “ For my part, I understand those writers, who
 “ describe human nature in this depraved charac-
 “ ter, as speaking only of such persons as *Wild*
 “ and his gang; and, I think, it may be justly
 “ inferred, that they do not find in their own

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“ bosoms any deviation from the general rule.
 “ Indeed it would be an insufferable vanity in
 “ them to conceive themselves as the only ex-
 “ ception to it. But without considering New-
 “ gate as no other than human nature with its
 “ mask off, which some very shameless writers
 “ have done, I think we may be excused for
 “ suspecting, that the splendid palaces of the
 “ great are often no other than Newgate with the
 “ mask on ; nor do I know any thing which can
 “ raise an honest man’s indignation higher, than
 “ that the same morals should be in one place at-
 “ tended with all imaginable misery and infamy,
 “ and in the other, with the highest luxury and
 “ honour. Let any impartial man in his senses
 “ be asked, for which of these two places a com-
 “ position of cruelty, lust, avarice, rapine, inso-
 “ lence, hypocrisy, fraud and treachery, is best
 “ fitted? Surely his answer must be certain and
 “ immediate ; and yet I am afraid all these in-
 “ gredients, glossed over with wealth and a title,
 “ have been treated with the highest respect and
 “ veneration in the one, while one or two of
 “ them have been condemned to the gallows in
 “ the other. If there are then any men of such
 “ morals, who dare call themselves great, and are
 “ so reputed, or called at least, by the deceived
 “ multitude, surely a little private censure by the
 “ few is a very moderate tax for them to pay,
 “ provided no more was to be demanded : but
 “ however the glare of riches and awe of title
 “ may dazzle and terrify the vulgar ; nay, how-
 “ ever hypocrisy may deceive the more discern-
 “ ing, there is still a judge in every man’s breast,
 “ which none can cheat or corrupt, tho’ perhaps
 “ it is the only uncorrupt thing about him. And
 “ yet, inflexible and honest as this judge is (how-
 “ ever

“ ever polluted the bench he on which he sits)
 “ no man can, in my opinion, enjoy any ap-
 “ plause, which is not adjudged to be his due.
 “ Nothing seems to me more preposterous than
 “ that, while the way to true honour lies so
 “ open and plain, men should seek false by
 “ such perverse and rugged paths; that while
 “ it is so easy and safe, and truly honourable
 “ to be good, men should wade through dif-
 “ ficulty and danger, and real infamy, to be
 “ great, or to use a synonymous word, *villains*.
 “ Nor hath goodness less advantage in the article
 “ of pleasure, than of honour, over this kind of
 “ greatness. The same righteous judge always
 “ annexes a bitter anxiety to the purchasers of
 “ guilt, whilst it adds double sweetness to the
 “ enjoyments of innocence and virtue; for fear,
 “ which, all the wise agree, is the most wretched
 “ of human evils, is, in some degree, always at-
 “ tending the former, and never can in any man-
 “ ner molest the happiness of the latter. This is
 “ the doctrine, which I have endeavoured to in-
 “ culcate in this history, confining myself at the
 “ same time within the rules of probability: for,
 “ except in one chapter, which is meant as a
 “ burlesque on the extravagant accounts of tra-
 “ vellers, I believe I have not exceeded it. And
 “ though perhaps it sometimes happens, contrary
 “ to the instances I have given, that the villain
 “ succeeds in his pursuit, and acquires some tran-
 “ sitory imperfect honour or pleasure to himself
 “ for his iniquity; yet, I believe, he oftener
 “ shares the fate of *Jonathan Wild*, and suffers
 “ the punishment, without obtaining the reward.
 “ As I believe it is not easy to teach a more use-
 “ ful lesson than this, if I have been able to add
 “ the pleasant to it, I might flatter myself with

" having carried every point. But, perhaps,
 " some apology may be required of me, for hav-
 " ing used the word *greatness*, to which the world
 " have annexed such honourable ideas, in so dis-
 " graceful and contemptuous a light. Now if
 " the fact be, that the greatness which is com-
 " monly worshipped, is really of that kind which
 " I have here represented, the fault seems rather
 " to lie in those who have ascribed to it those
 " honours, to which it hath not in reality the
 " least claim. The truth, I apprehend, is, we
 " often confound the ideas of goodness and great-
 " ness together, or rather include the former in
 " our idea of the latter. If this be so, it is surely
 " a great error, and no less than a mistake of the
 " capacity for the will. In reality, no qualities
 " can be more distinct: for as it cannot be doubted
 " but that benevolence, honour, honesty, and
 " charity, make a good man; and that parts and
 " courage are the efficient qualities of a great
 " man; so it must be confessed, that the ingre-
 " dients which compose the former of these cha-
 " racters bear no analogy to, nor dependence on
 " those, which constitute the latter. A man may
 " therefore be great without being good, or good
 " without being great. However, though the
 " one bear no necessary dependence on the other,
 " neither is there any absolute repugnancy among
 " them, which may totally prevent their union;
 " so that they may, though not of necessity, as-
 " semble in the same mind, as they actually did,
 " and all in the highest degree, in those of So-
 " crates and Brutus; and perhaps in some among
 " us. I at least know one, to whom nature
 " could have added no one great or good quality,
 " more than she hath bestowed on him. Here
 " then appear three distinct characters; the *great*,
 " the

“ the *good*, and the *great and good*. The last of
 “ these is the true sublime in human nature; that
 “ elevation, by which the soul of man, raising
 “ and extending itself above the order of this cre-
 “ ation, and brightened with a certain ray of di-
 “ vinity, looks down on the condition of mor-
 “ tals. This is indeed a glorious object, on
 “ which we can never gaze with too much praise
 “ and admiration. A perfect work! the Iliad of
 “ nature! ravishing, and astonishing, and which
 “ at once fills us with love, with wonder, and
 “ delight. The second falls greatly short of this
 “ perfection, and yet hath its merit. Our won-
 “ der ceases; our delight is lessened; but our
 “ love remains; of which passion goodness hath
 “ always appeared to me the only true and proper
 “ object. On this head, it may be proper to ob-
 “ serve, that I do not conceive my good man to
 “ be absolutely a fool or a coward; but that he
 “ often partakes too little of parts or courage to
 “ have any pretension to greatness. Now as to
 “ that greatness, which is totally devoid of good-
 “ ness, it seems to me in nature to resemble the
 “ *false sublime* in poetry, where *bombast* is, by the
 “ ignorant and ill-judging vulgar, often mistaken
 “ for solid wit and eloquence, whilst it is in effect
 “ the very reverse. Thus pride, ostentation, in-
 “ solence, cruelty, and every kind of villany, are
 “ often construed into true greatness of mind, in
 “ which we always include an idea of goodness.
 “ This *bombast greatness* then is the character I
 “ intend to expose; and the more this prevails
 “ in and deceives the world, taking to itself not
 “ only riches and power, but often honour, or at
 “ least the shadow of it, the more necessary it is
 “ to strip the monster of these false colours, and
 “ shew it in its native deformity; for by suffering

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“ vice to possess the reward of virtue, we do a
“ double injury to society, by encouraging the
“ former, and taking away the chief incentive to
“ the latter. Nay, though it is, I believe, im-
“ possible to give vice a true relish of honour and
“ glory, or though we give it riches and power,
“ to give it the enjoyment of them; yet it con-
“ taminates the food it cannot taste, and sullies
“ the robe, which neither fits nor becomes it, till
“ virtue disdains them both.”

THUS hath our author developed the design, with which he wrote the history of *Jonathan Wild*; a noble purpose surely, and of the highest importance to society. A satire like this, which at once strips off the spurious ornaments of hypocrisy, and shews the genuine beauty of the moral character, will be always worthy of the attention of the reader, who desires to rise wiser or better from the book he peruses; not to mention that this performance hath in many places such seasonings of humour, that it cannot fail to be a very high entertainment to all, who have a taste for exhibitions of the absurd and ridiculous in human life. But though the merit of the life of *Jonathan Wild* be very considerable, yet it must be allowed to be very short of that higher order of composition which our author attained in his other pieces of invention. Hitherto he seems but preluding, as it were, to some great work, in which all the component parts of his genius were to be seen in their full and vigorous exertion; in which his *imagination* was to strike us by the most lively and just colouring, his *wit* to enliven by the happiest allusions, his *invention* to enrich with the greatest variety of character and incident, and his *judgment* to charm not only by the propriety and grace of particular

particular parts, but by the order, harmony, and congruity of the whole: to this high excellence he made strong approaches in the *Joseph Andrews*; and in the *Tom Jones* he has fairly bore away the palm.

IN the progress of Henry Fielding's talents there seem to have been three remarkable periods; one, when his genius broke forth at once with an effulgence superior to all the rays of light it had before emitted, like the sun in his morning glory, without the ardor and the blaze which afterwards attend him; the second, when it was displayed with collected force, and a fullness of perfection, like the sun in meridian majesty, with all his highest warmth and splendor; and the third, when the same genius, grown more cool and temperate, still continued to cheer and enliven, but shewed at the same time that it was tending to its decline, like the same sun, abating from its ardor, but still gilding the western hemisphere.

To these three epochas of our author's genius, the reader will be before-hand with me in observing that there is an exact correspondency in the *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*. *Joseph Andrews*, as the preface to the work informs us, was intended for an imitation of the stile and manner of *Cervantes*: and how delightfully he has copied the humour, the gravity, and the fine ridicule of his master, they can witness who are acquainted with both writers. The truth is, Fielding, in this performance, was employed in the very province for which his talents were peculiarly and happily formed; namely, the fabulous narration of some imagined action, which did occur, or might probably have occurred in human life. No-

thing could be more happily conceived than the character of Parson Adams for the principal personage of the work; the humanity, and benevolence of affection, the goodness of heart, and the zeal for virtue, which come from him upon all occasions, attach us to Mr. Adams in the most endearing manner; his excellent talents, his erudition, and his real acquirements of knowledge in classical antiquity, and the sacred writings, together with his honesty, command our esteem and respect; while his simplicity and innocence in the ways of men provoke our smiles by the contrast they bear to his real intellectual character, and conduce to make him in the highest manner the object of mirth, without degrading him in our estimation, by the many ridiculous embarrassments to which they every now and then make him liable; and to crown the whole, that habitual absence of mind, which is his predominant foible, and which never fails to give a tinge to whatever he is about, makes the honest clergyman almost a rival of the renowned *Don Quixote*; the adventures he is led into, in consequence of this infirmity, assuming something of the romantic air which accompanies the knight errant, and the circumstances of his forgetfulness tending as strongly to excite our laughter as the mistakes of the Spanish hero. I will venture to say, that when *Don Quixote* mistakes the barber's basin for *Mambrino's* helmet, no reader ever found the situation more ridiculous and truly comic than Parson Adams's travelling to London to sell a set of sermons, and actually *snapping his fingers and taking two or three turns round the room in extacy*, when introduced to a bookseller in order to make an immediate bargain; and then immediately after, not being able to find those same sermons,

when

when he exclaims, "I profess, I believe I left them behind me." There are many touches in the conduct of this character, which occasion the most exquisite merriment; and I believe it will not be found too bold an assertion, if we say that the celebrated character of an absent man by La Bruyere is extremely short of that true and just resemblance to nature with which our author has delineated the features of Adams: the former indeed is carried to an agreeable extravagance, but the latter has the fine lights and shades of probability. It will not be improper here to mention that the reverend Mr. Young, a learned and much esteemed friend of Mr. Fielding's, sat for this picture. Mr. Young was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors, and had as passionate a veneration for *Æschylus* as Parson Adams; the overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of *reverie* were as frequent, and occurred too upon the most interesting occasions. Of this last observation, a singular instance is given by a gentleman who served, during the last war in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which Mr. Young was chaplain. On a fine summer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk; and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent: the beauties of the hemisphere and the landskip round him pressed warmly on his imagination; his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the Supreme Dispenser of that emanation of glory, which covered the face of things. It is very possible that a passage in his dearly beloved *Æschylus* occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections,

tions, certain it is that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of absence, Mr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself by the repetition of *Qui va la*, from the soldiers upon duty. The officer, who commanded, finding that he had strayed thither in the undesigned simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner, which commanded his respect, very politely gave him leave to pursue his contemplations home again. Such was the gentleman from whom the idea of Parson Adams was derived; how it is interwoven into the History of Joseph Andrews, and how sustained with unabating pleasantry to the conclusion, need not be mentioned here, as it is sufficiently felt and acknowledged. The whole work indeed abounds with situations of the truly comic kind; the incidents and characters are unfolded with fine turns of surprize; and it is among the few works of invention, produced by the English writers, which will always continue in request. But still it is but the sun-rise of our author's genius. The hint, it seems, was suggested to him by the success of the late Mr. *Richardson's* history of Pamela Andrews: Joseph is here represented as her brother, and he boasts the same virtue and continency which are the characteristics of his sister. In the plan of the work, Mr. Fielding did not form to himself a circle wide enough for the abundance of his imagination; the main action was too trivial and unimportant to admit of the variety of characters and events which the reader generally looks for in such productions: the attainment

tainment of perfection in this kind of writing was in reserve for Mr. Fielding in a future work.

Soon after the publication of Joseph Andrews, the last comedy, which came from this writer's pen, was exhibited on the stage, intitled *the Wedding Day*: and, as we have already observed, it was attended with an indifferent share of success. The law from this time had its hot and cold fits with him; he pursued it by starts, and after frequent intermissions, which are ever fatal in this profession, in which whoever is situated, is, for a long time, in the condition of the boatman described in the *Georgics*, working his way against the stream; and if he should by chance remit from his labour, he is rapidly carried back, and loses from the progress he had made.

— *si brachia fortè remisit,*

Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

These occasional relaxations of industry Mr. Fielding felt, and he also felt the inconveniencies of them; which was the more severe upon him, as voluntary and wilful neglect could not be charged upon him. The repeated shocks of illness disabled him from being as assiduous an attendant at the bar, as his own inclination, and patience of the most laborious application, would otherwise have made him. Besides the demands for expence, which his valetudinarian habit of body constantly made upon him, he had likewise a family to maintain; from business he derived little or no supplies, and his prospects therefore grew every day more gloomy and melancholy. To these discouraging circumstances, if we add the infirmity of his wife, whom he loved tenderly, and the agonies he felt on her account, the measure

sure of his afflictions will be well nigh full. To see her daily languishing and wearing away before his eyes, was too much for a man of his strong sensations; the fortitude of mind, with which he met all the other calamities of life, deserted him on this most trying occasion; and her death, which happened about this time, brought on such a vehemence of grief, that his friends began to think him in danger of losing his reason. When the first emotions of his sorrow were abated, philosophy administered her aid; his resolution returned, and he began again to struggle with his fortune. He engaged in two periodical papers successively, with a laudable and spirited design of rendering service to his country. The first of these was called the *True Patriot*, which was set on foot during the late rebellion, and was conducive to the excitement of loyalty, and a love for the constitution in the breasts of his countrymen. A project of the same kind had been executed in the year 1715, when the nation laboured under the same difficulties, by the celebrated Mr. *Addison*, who afterwards rose to be secretary of state. The *Freeholder* by that elegant writer contains, no doubt, many seasonable animadversions, and a delicate vein of wit and raillery: but it may be pronounced with safety, that in the *True Patriot* there was displayed a solid knowledge of the British laws, and government, together with occasional sallies of humour, which would have made no inconsiderable figure in the political compositions of an *Addison*, or a *Swift*. The *Jacobite Journal* was calculated to discredit the shattered remains of an unsuccessful party, and by a well-applied raillery and ridicule to bring the sentiments of the disaffected into contempt, and thereby efface them not only from the conversation, but the minds of men.

men. How excellently he succeeded in this design, may be felt by the reader, if he will be at the small trouble of turning over the leaves, which close the sixth volume of this edition.

OUR author by this time attained the age of forty-three, and being incessantly pursued by reiterated attacks of the gout, he was wholly rendered incapable of pursuing the business of a barrister any longer. He was obliged therefore to accept an office, which seldom fails of being hateful to the populace, and of course liable to many injurious imputations, namely, an acting magistrate in the commission of the peace for *Middlesex*. That he was not inattentive to the calls of his duty, and that, on the contrary, he laboured to be an useful citizen, is evident from the many tracts he published, relating to several of the penal laws, and to the vices and mal-practices which those laws were intended to restrain. Under this head will be found several valuable pieces; particularly a Charge to the grand jury, delivered at Westminster on the 29th of June, 1749. In this little work the history of grand juries from their origin, and the wise intention of them for the cognizance of abuse, and the safety of the subject, are thought to be traced with no small skill and accuracy. The pamphlet on the *Encrease and Cause of Robberies*, has been held in high estimation by some eminent persons who have administered justice in Westminster Hall, and still continue to serve their country in a legislative capacity. It has been already observed, that he left behind him two volumes of Crown Law; and it will not be improper to mention in this place a pamphlet intitled, *A Proposal for the Maintenance of the Poor*; which, though it is not re-
printed

printed in this collection, not being deemed of a colour with works of invention and genius, yet it does honour to our author as a magistrate, as it could not be produced without intense application, and an ardent zeal for the service of the community.

AMIDST these severe exercises of his understanding, and all the laborious duties of his office, his invention could not lie still; but he found leisure to amuse himself, and afterwards the world, with the History of *Tom Jones*. And now we are arrived at the second grand epoch of Mr. Fielding's genius, when all his faculties were in perfect unison, and conspired to produce a complete work. If we consider *Tom Jones* in the same light in which the ablest critics have examined the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and the *Paradise Lost*, namely, with a view to the fable; the manners, the sentiments, and the style, we shall find it standing the test of the severest criticism, and indeed bearing away the envied praise of a complete performance. In the first place, the action has that unity, which is the boast of the great models of composition; it turns upon a single event, attended with many circumstances, and many subordinate incidents, which seem, in the progress of the work, to perplex, to entangle, and to involve the whole in difficulties, and lead on the reader's imagination, with an eagerness of curiosity, through scenes of prodigious variety, till at length the different intricacies and complications of the fable are explained after the same gradual manner in which they had been worked up to a crisis: incident arises out of incident; the seeds of every thing that shoots up, are laid with a judicious hand, and whatever occurs in the latter
part

part of the story, seems naturally to grow out of those passages which preceded; so that, upon the whole, the business with great propriety and probability works itself up into various embarrassments, and then afterwards, by a regular series of events, clears itself from all impediments, and brings itself inevitably to a conclusion; like a river, which, in its progress, foams amongst fragments of rocks, and for a while seems pent up by unfurmountable oppositions; then angrily dashes for a while, then plunges under ground into caverns, and runs a subterraneous course, till at length it breaks out again, meanders round the country, and with a clear placid stream flows gently into the ocean. By this artful management, our author has given us the perfection of fable; which, as the writers upon the subject have justly observed, consists in such obstacles to retard the final issue of the whole, as shall at least, in their consequences, accelerate the catastrophe, and bring it evidently and necessarily to that period only, which, in the nature of things, could arise from it; so that the action could not remain in suspense any longer, but must naturally close and determine itself. It may be proper to add, that no fable whatever affords, in its solution, such artful states of suspense, such beautiful turns of surprise, such unexpected incidents, and such sudden discoveries, sometimes apparently embarrassing, but always promising the catastrophe, and eventually promoting the completion of the whole. *Vida*, the celebrated critic of Italy, has transmitted down to us, in his *Art of Poetry*, a very beautiful idea of a well-concerted fable, when he represents the reader of it in the situation of a traveller to a distant town, who, when he perceives but a faint shadowy glimmering of its walls, its
spires,

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spires, and its edifices, pursues his journey with more alacrity than when he cannot see any appearances to notify the place to which he is tending, but is obliged to pursue a melancholy and forlorn road through a depth of vallies, without any object to flatter or to raise his expectation.

*Haud aliter, longinqua petit qui fortè viator
Mœnia, si positas altis in collibus arces
Nunc etiam dubias oculis videt, incipit ultrâ
Lætior ire viam, placidumque urgere laborem,
Quam cum nusquam ullæ cernuntur quas adit arces,
Obscurum sed iter tedit convallibus imis.*

IN the execution of this plan, thus regular and uniform, what a variety of humorous scenes of life, of descriptions, and characters has our author found means to incorporate with the principal action; and this too, without distracting the reader's attention with objects foreign to his subject, or weakening the general interest by a multiplicity of episodical events? Still observing the grand essential rule of unity in the design, I believe, no author has introduced a greater diversity of characters, or displayed them more fully, or in more various attitudes. *Allworthy* is the most amiable picture in the world of a man who does honour to his species: in his own heart he finds constant propensities to the most benevolent and generous actions, and his understanding conducts him with discretion in the performance of whatever his goodness suggests to him. And tho' it is apparent that the author laboured this portrait *con amore*, and meant to offer it to mankind as a just object of imitation, he has soberly restrained himself within the bounds of probability, nay, it may be said, of strict truth; as in the general

neral opinion, he is supposed to have copied here the features of a worthy character still in being. Nothing can be more entertaining than WESTERN; his rustic manners, his natural undisciplined honesty, his half-enlightened understanding, with the self-pleasing shrewdness which accompanies it, and the bias of his mind to mistaken politics, are all delineated with precision and fine humour. The sisters of those two gentlemen are aptly introduced, and give rise to many agreeable scenes. *Tom Jones* will at all times be a fine lesson to young men of good tendencies to virtue, who yet suffer the impetuosity of their passions to hurry them away. *Thwackum* and *Square* are excellently opposed to each other; the former is a well drawn picture of a *divine*, who is neglectful of the moral part of his character, and ostentatiously talks of religion and grace; the latter is a strong ridicule of those, who have high ideas of the dignity of our nature, and of the native beauty of virtue, without owning any obligations of conduct from religion. But grace, without practical goodness, and the moral fitness of things, are shewn, with a fine vein of ridicule, to be but weak principles of action. In short, all the characters down to Partridge, and even to a maid or an hostler at an inn, are drawn with truth and humour: and indeed they abound so much, and are so often brought forward in a dramatic manner, that every thing may be said to be here in action; every thing has MANNERS; and the very manners which belong to it in human life. They look, they act, they speak to our imaginations just as they appear to us in the world. The SENTIMENTS which they utter, are peculiarly annexed to their habits, passions, and ideas; which is what poetical propriety requires;

quires; and, to the honour of the author, it must be said, that, whenever he addresses us in person, he is always in the interests of virtue and religion, and inspires, in a strain of moral reflection, a true love of goodness, and honour, with a just detestation of imposture, hypocrisy, and all specious pretences to uprightness.

THERE is, perhaps, no province of the comic muse that requires so great a variety of stile as this kind of description of men and manners, in which Mr. Fielding so much delighted. The laws of the mock-epic, in which this species of writing is properly included demand, that, when trivial things are to be represented with a burlesque air, the language should be raised into a sort of tumor of dignity, that by the contrast between the ideas and the pomp in which they are exhibited, they may appear the more ridiculous to our imaginations. Of our author's talent in this way, there are instances in almost every chapter; and were we to assign a particular example, we should refer to the relation of a battle in the *Homeric stile*. On the other hand, when matters, in appearance, of higher moment, but, in reality, attended with incongruous circumstances, are to be set forth in the garb of ridicule, which they deserve, it is necessary that the language should be proportionably lowered, and that the metaphors and epithets made use of be transferred from things of a meaner nature, that so the false importance of the object described may fall into a gay contempt. The first specimen of this manner that occurs to me is in the *Jonathan Wild*:
 “ For my own part,” says he, “ I confess I look
 “ on this death of hanging to be as proper for a
 “ hero as any other; and I solemnly declare,
 “ that

“that had Alexander the Great been hanged, it would not in the least have diminished my respect to his memory.” A better example of what is here intended might, no doubt, be chosen, as things of this nature may be found almost every where in *Tom Jones*, or *Joseph Andrews*; but the quotation here made will serve to illustrate, and that is sufficient. The mock-epic has likewise frequent occasion for the gravest irony, for florid description, for the true sublime, for the pathetic, for clear and perspicuous narrative, for poignant satire, and generous panegyrick. For all these different modes of eloquence, Mr. Fielding’s genius was most happily versatile, and his power in all of them is so conspicuous, that he may justly be said to have had the rare skill, required by Horace, of giving to each part of his work its true and proper colouring.

—*Servare vices, operumque colores.*

In this consists the specific quality of fine writing: and thus our author being confessedly eminent in all the great essentials of composition, in fable, character, sentiment, and elocution; and as these could not be all united in so high an assemblage, without a rich invention, a fine imagination, an enlightened judgment, and a lively wit, we may fairly here decide his character, and pronounce him the ENGLISH CERVANTES.

It may be added, that in many parts of the *Tom Jones* we find our author possessed the softer graces of character-painting, and of description; many situations and sentiments are touched with a delicate hand, and throughout the work he seems to feel as much delight in describing the amiable part of human nature, as in his early days

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days he had in exaggerating the strong and harsh features of turpitude and deformity. This circumstance breathes an air of philanthropy thro' his work, and renders it *an image of truth*, as the Roman orator calls a comedy. And hence it arose, from this *truth of character* which prevails in Tom Jones, in conjunction with the other qualities of the writer, above set forth, that the suffrage of the most learned critic * of this nation was given to our author, when he says, " Mons. de Marivaux, in France, and Mr. Fielding in England stand the foremost among those, who have given a faithful and chaste copy of *life and manners*, and by enriching their romance with the best part of the comic art, may be said to have brought it to perfection." Such a favourable decision from so able a judge, will do honour to Mr. Fielding with posterity; and the excellent genius of the person, with whom he has paralleled him, will reflect the truest praise on the author, who was capable of being his illustrious rival.

MARIVAUX possessed rare and fine talents; he was an attentive observer of mankind, and the transcripts he made from thence are the *image of truth*. At his reception into the French Academy, he was told in an elegant speech, made by the Archbishop of Sens, that the celebrated La Bruyère seemed to be revived in him, and to retrace with his pencil those admirable portraits of men and manners, which formerly unmasked so many characters, and exposed their vanity and affectation. *Marivaux* seems never so happy as when he is reprobating the false pretences of assumed characters: the dissimulation of friends, the policy of the ambitious, the littleness and ar-

* Dr. Warburton.

rogance of the great, the insolence of wealth, the arts of the courtesan, the impertinence of foppery, the refined foibles of the fair sex, the dissipation of youth, the gravity of false-importance, the subtleties of hypocrisy and exterior religion, together with all the delicacies of real honour, and the sentiments of true virtue, are delineated by him in a lively and striking manner. He was not contented merely to copy their appearances; he went still deeper, and searched for all the internal movements of their passions, with a curiosity that is always penetrating, but sometimes appears over-solicitous, and, as the critic expresses it, *ultra perfectum trahi*. It is not intended by this to insinuate that he exceeds the bounds of truth; but occasionally he seems to refine, till the traces grow minute and almost imperceptible. He is a painter, who labours his portraits with a careful and scrupulous hand; he attaches himself to them with affection; knows not when to give over; *nescivit quod bene cessit, relinquere*, but continues touching and retouching, till his *traits* become so delicate, that they at length are without efficacy, and the attention of the connoisseur is tired, before the diligence of the artist is wearied. But this refinement of *Marivaux* is apologized for by the remark of the ethic poet, who observes that this kind of enquiry is

Like following life thro' insects we dissect;
We lose it in the moment we detect.

If therefore he sometimes seems over-curious, it is the nature of his subject that allures him, and, in general, he greatly recompenses us for the unwillingness he shews to quit his work, by the valuable illustrations he gives it, and the delicacy with which he marks all the finer features of the

mind. His diction, it must not be dissembled, is sometimes, but not often, far-fetched and strained; and it was even objected to him in the speech, already mentioned of the *Archbishop of Sens*, that his choice of words was not always pure and legitimate. Each phrase, and often each word is a sentence; but he was apt to be hazardous and daring in his metaphors, which was observed to him, lest his example and the connivance of the Academy, which sits in a kind of legislative capacity upon works of taste, should occasion a vicious imitation of the particulars in which he was deemed defective. This criticism *Mariwau* has somewhere attempted to answer, by observing that he always writes more like a man than an author, and endeavours to convey his ideas to his readers in the same light they struck his own imagination, which had great fecundity, warmth, and vivacity. The *Paysan Parvenu* seems to be the *Joseph Andrews* of this author, and the *Marianne* his higher work, or his *Tom Jones*. They are both, in a very exquisite degree, amusing and instructive. They are not written, indeed, upon any of the laws of composition promulged by *Aristotle*, and expounded by his followers: his romances begin regularly with the birth and parentage of the principal person, and proceed in a narrative of events, including indeed great variety, and artfully raising and suspending our expectation: they are rather to be called *fictional biography*, than a comic fable, consisting of a *beginning*, a *middle*, and *end*, where one principal action is offered to the imagination, in its process is involved in difficulties, and rises gradually into tumult and perplexity, till, in a manner unexpected, it works itself clear, and becomes, by natural but unforeseen incidents, to a termination.

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In this last mentioned particular, *Fielding* boasts a manifest superiority over *Marivaux*. Uniformity amidst variety is justly allowed in all works of invention to be the prime source of beauty, and it is the peculiar excellence of *Tom Jones*. The author, for the most part, is more readily satisfied in his drawings of character than the French writer; the strong specific qualities of his personages he sets forth with a few masterly strokes, but the nicer and more subtle workings of the mind he is not so anxious to investigate; when the passions are agitated, he can give us their conflicts, and their various transitions, but he does not always point out the secret cause that sets them in motion, or in the poet's language, "the small pebble that stirs the peaceful lake." *Fielding* was more attached to the *manners* than to the *heart*: in descriptions of the former he is admirable; in unfolding the latter he is not equal to *Marivaux*. In the management of his story, he piques and awakens curiosity more strongly than his rival of France; when he interests and excites our affections, he sometimes operates more by the force of situation, than by the tender pathetic of sentiment, for which the author of *Marianne* is remarkable; not that it must be imagined that *Fielding* wanted these qualities; we have already said the reverse of him; but in these particulars *Marivaux* has the preference. In point of style, he is more unexceptionable than *Marivaux*, the critics never having objected to him that his figures are forced or unnatural; and in humour the praise of pre-eminence is entirely his. *Marivaux* was determined to have an air of originality, and therefore disdained to form himself upon any eminent mode of preceding writers; *Fielding* considered the rules of composition as

delivered by the great philosophic critic, and finding that Homer had written a work, intitled *Margites*, which bore the same relation to comedy, that the *Iliad* or *Odysssey* does to tragedy, he meditated a plan * conformable to the principles of a well-arranged fable. Were the *Margites* still extant, it would perhaps be found to have the same proportion to this work of our author, as the sublime epic has to the *Telemaque* of *Fenelon*. This was a noble vehicle for humorous description; and to ensure his success in it, with great judgment, he fixed his eye upon the stile and manner of *Cervantes*, as *Virgil* had before done in respect to *Homer*. To this excellent model, he added all the advantages he could deduce from *Scarron* and *Swift*; few or no sprinklings of *Rablais* being to be found in him. His own strong discernment of the foibles of mankind, and his quick sense of the ridiculous being thus improved, by a careful attention to the works of the great masters of their art, it is no wonder that he has been able to raise himself to the top of the comic character, to be admired by readers with the most lively sensations of mirth, and by novel-writers with a despair that he should ever be emulated with success.

THUS we have traced our author in his progress to the time when the vigour of his mind was in its full growth of perfection; from this period it sunk, but by slow degrees, into a decline: *Amelia*, which succeeded *Tom Jones* in about four years, has indeed the marks of genius, but of a genius beginning to fall into its decay. The author's invention in this performance does not appear to have lost its fertility; his judgment too seems as strong as ever; but the warmth of imagination is

* *Vide* the Preface to *Joseph Andrews*.

abated;

abated; and in his landscapes or his scenes of life, Mr. Fielding is no longer the colourist he was before. The personages of the piece delight too much in narrative, and their characters have not those touches of singularity, those specific differences, which are so beautifully marked in our author's former works: of course the humour, which consists in happy delineations of the caprices and predominant foibles of the human mind, loses here its high flavour and relish. And yet *Amelia* holds the same proportion to *Tom Jones*, that the *Odyssey* of *Homer* bears, in the estimation of *Longinus*, to the *Iliad*. A fine vein of morality runs through the whole; many of the situations are affecting and tender; the sentiments are delicate; and upon the whole, it is the *Odyssey*, the moral and pathetic work of Henry Fielding*.

WHILE he was planning and executing this piece, it should be remembered, that he was distracted by that multiplicity of avocations, which surround a public magistrate; and his constitution, now greatly impaired and enfeebled, was labouring under attacks of the gout, which were, of course, severer than ever. However, the activity of his mind was not to be subdued. One literary pursuit was no sooner over, than fresh game arose. A periodical paper, under the title of *The Covent Garden Journal*, by *Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knight, and Censor General of Great Britain*, was immediately set on foot. It was published twice in every week, viz. on *Tuesday* and *Saturday*, and conducted so much to the en-

* It is proper the reader should be informed that *Amelia*, in this edition, is printed from a copy corrected by the author's own hand. The exceptionable passages, which inadvertency had thrown out, are here retrenched; and the work, upon the whole, will be found nearer perfection than it was in its original state.

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tainment of the public, for a twelvemonth together, that it was at length felt with a general regret that the author's health did not enable him to persist in the undertaking any longer. There are, in that collection, many essays of such good sense and fine humour, that they would have been admired in the lucubrations of the *Tatler* or the *Spectator*; and the reader will find them carefully selected and preserved in this edition. Soon after this work was dropt, our author's whole frame of body was so entirely shattered by continual inroads of complicated disorders, and the incessant fatigue of business in his office, that, by the advice of his physicians, he was obliged to set out for Lisbon, to try if there was any restorative quality in the more genial air of that climate. Even in this distressful condition, his imagination still continued making its strongest efforts to display itself; and the last gleams of his wit and humour faintly sparkled in the account he left behind him of his voyage to that place. In this his last sketch he puts us in mind of a person, under sentence of death, jesting on the scaffold; for his strength was now quite exhausted; and in about two months after his arrival at Lisbon, he yielded his last breath, in the year 1754, and in the forty-eighth year of his age.

He left behind him (for he married a second time) a wife, and four children, three of which are still living, and are now training up in a handsome course of education under the care of their uncle, with the aid of a very generous donation, given annually by Ralph Allen, Esq; for that purpose. An instance of humanity, which the reader did not want to learn of him, whose life is a constant effusion of munificence, but for the

the sake of the writer, whose works have afforded such exquisite entertainment, he will be glad to know that the generous patron of the father is now the tender guardian of his orphans.

Thus was closed a course of disappointment, distress, vexation, infirmity, and study: for with each of these his life was variously checquered, and, perhaps, in stronger proportions than has been the lot of many. Shall we now, after the manner of the *Egyptian* ritual, frame a public accusation against his memory, or shall we rather suffer him to pass by quietly, and rest in peace among the departed? The former method would gratify malevolence, the more especially if we stated facts with aggravation, or discoloured them a little by misrepresentation, and then, from premises injuriously established, drew, with a pretended reluctance, a few conclusions to the utter destruction of his moral character. But the candid reader will recollect that the charge of venality never ceases to be exhibited against abilities in distress, which was our author's lot in the first part of his life, and that the first magistrate for Westminster is ever liable to imputations; for an answer to which we refer to a passage in the *Voyage to Lisbon*, and a note annexed to it.

“ A predecessor of mine used to boast that he
 “ made one thousand pounds a year in his office :
 “ but how he did this (if indeed he did it) is
 “ to me a secret. His clerk, now mine, told
 “ me I had more business than he had ever
 “ known there; I am sure I had as much as any
 “ man could do. The truth is, the fees are so
 “ very low, when any are due, and so much is
 “ done for nothing, that if a single justice of
 “ peace had business enough to employ twenty
 “ clerks ;

“ clerks ; neither he nor they would get much
 “ by their labour. The public will not there-
 “ fore, I hope, think I betray a secret when I
 “ inform them, that I received from the govern-
 “ ment a yearly pension out of the public service-
 “ money ; which I believe, indeed, would have
 “ been larger, had my great patron been con-
 “ vinced of an error, which I have heard him
 “ utter more than once, That he could not in-
 “ deed say, that the acting as a principal justice
 “ of peace in Westminster was on all accounts
 “ very desirable, but that all the world knew it
 “ was a very lucrative office. Now to have
 “ shewn him plainly, that a man must be a rogue
 “ to make a very little this way, and that he
 “ could not make much by being as great a rogue
 “ as he could be, would have required more con-
 “ fidence than, I believe, he had in me, and
 “ more of his conversation than he chose to allow
 “ me ; I therefore resigned the office, and the
 “ farther execution of my plan to my brother,
 “ who had long been my assistant. And now,
 “ lest the case between me and the reader should
 “ be the same in both instances as it was between
 “ me and the great man, I will not add another
 “ word on the subject.” The indignation with
 which he throws the dishonour from him will
 plead in his behalf with every candid mind ; more
 particularly when it is considered as the decla-
 ration of a dying man. It will therefore be the
 more humane and generous office, to set down to
 the account of slander and defamation a great part
 of that abuse which was discharged against him
 by his enemies, in his life-time ; deducing, how-
 ever, from the whole, this useful lesson, That
 quick and warm passions should be early con-
 trolled, and that dissipation and extravagant plea-
 sures

asures are the most dangerous palliatives that can be found for disappointments and vexations in the first stages of life. We have seen how Mr. Fielding very soon squandered away his small patrimony, which, with œconomy, might have procured him independence; we have seen how he ruined, into the bargain, a constitution, which, in its original texture, seemed formed to last much longer. When illness and indigence were once let in upon him, he no longer remained the master of his own actions; and that nice delicacy of conduct, which alone constitutes and preserves a character, was occasionally obliged to give way. When he was not under the immediate urgency of want, they, who were intimate with him, are ready to aver that he had a mind greatly superior to any thing mean or little; when his finances were exhausted, he was not the most elegant in his choice of the means to redress himself, and he would instantly exhibit a farce or a puppet-show in the Haymarket theatre, which was wholly inconsistent with the profession he had embarked in. But his intimates can witness how much his pride suffered, when he was forced into measures of this kind; no man having a juster sense of propriety, or more honourable ideas of the employment of an author and a scholar.

- HENRY FIELDING was in stature rather rising above six feet; his frame of body large, and remarkably robust, till the gout had broke the vigour of his constitution. Considering the esteem he was in with all the artists, it is somewhat extraordinary that no portrait of him had ever been made. He had often promised to sit to his friend Hogarth, for whose good qualities and excellent genius he always entertained so high an esteem,

that he has left us in his writings many beautiful memorials of his affection: unluckily, however, it so fell out that no picture of him was ever drawn; but yet, as if it was intended that some traces of his countenance should be perpetuated, and that too by the very artist whom our author preferred to all others, after Mr. Hogarth had long laboured to try if he could bring out any likeness of him from images existing in his own fancy; and just as he was despairing of success, for want of some rule to go by in the dimensions and outlines of the face, fortune threw the grand *desideratum* in the way. A lady, with a pair of scissars, had cut a profile, which gave the distances and proportions of his face sufficiently to restore his lost ideas of him. Glad of an opportunity of paying his last tribute to the memory of an author whom he admired, Mr. Hogarth caught at this outline with pleasure, and worked with all the attachment of friendship till he finished that excellent drawing, which stands at the head of this work, and recalls to all, who have seen the original, a corresponding image of the man.

HAD the writer of this Essay the happy power of delineation which distinguishes the artist mentioned, he would here attempt a portrait of Mr. Fielding's mind: of the principal features, such as they appear to him, he will at least endeavour to give a sketch, however imperfect. His passions, as the poet expresses it, were tremblingly alive all o'er: whatever he desired, he desired ardently; he was alike impatient of disappointment, or ill-usage, and the same quickness of sensibility rendered him elate in prosperity, and overflowing with gratitude at every instance of friendship or generosity: steady in his private attachments,

ments, his affection was warm, sincere, and vehement; in his resentments he was manly, but temperate, seldom breaking out in his writings into gratifications of ill-humour, or personal satire. It is to the honour of those whom he loved, that he had too much penetration to be deceived in their characters; and it is to the advantage of his enemies, that he was above passionate attacks upon them. Open, unbounded, and social in his temper, he knew no love of money; but inclining to excess even in his very virtues, he pushed his contempt of avarice into the opposite extreme of imprudence and prodigality. When young in life he had a moderate estate, he soon suffered hospitality to devour it; and when in the latter end of his days he had an income of four or five hundred a-year, he knew no use of money, but to keep his table open to those who had been his friends when young, and had impaired their own fortunes. Though disposed to gallantry by his strong animal spirits, and the vivacity of his passions, he was remarkable for tenderness and constancy to his wife, and the strongest affection for his children. Of sickness and poverty he was singularly patient, and under the pressure of those evils, he could quietly read *Cicero de Consolatione*; but if either of them threatened his wife, he was impetuous for her relief: and thus often from his virtues arose his imperfections. A sense of honour he had as lively and delicate as most men, but sometimes his passions were too turbulent for it, or rather his necessities were too pressing; in all cases where delicacy was departed from, his friends know how his own feelings reprimanded him. The interests of virtue and religion he never betrayed; the former is amiably enforced in his works; and, for the defence of the latter, he

He had projected a laborious answer to the post-humous philosophy of Bolingbroke; and the preparation he had made for it of long extracts and arguments from the fathers and the most eminent writers of controversy, is still extant in the hands of his brother, Sir John Fielding. In short, our author was unhappy, but not vicious in his nature; in his understanding lively, yet solid; rich in invention, yet a lover of real science; an observer of mankind, yet a scholar of enlarged reading; a spirited enemy, yet an indefatigable friend; a satirist of vice and evil manners, yet a lover of mankind; an useful citizen, a polished and instructive wit; and a magistrate zealous for the order and welfare of the community which he served.

SUCH was the man, and such the author, whose works we now offer to the public. Of this undertaking we shall only say, that the proprietor was above taking advantage of the author's established reputation to enhance the price, but studied principally to send it into the world at as cheap a purchase as possible; and the editor, from the prodigious number of materials before him, was careful, after communicating with the ablest and best of the author's friends, to reprint every thing worthy of a place in this edition of his Works; which is intended, and, no doubt, will prove, A LASTING MONUMENT OF THE GENIUS OF HENRY FIELDING.

Lincoln's Inn,
March 25, 1762.

ARTHUR MURPHY,

...to the ...
...and ...
...of ...
...the most ...
...in the ...
...in ...
...his ...
...the ...

L O V E
IN SEVERAL MASQUES.

A C O M E D Y.

First Acted in 1727.

*Nec Veneris Pharetris macer est, nec Lampade fervet;
Inde faces ardent; veniunt a dote fagittæ.*

Juv. Sat. 6.

T O T T E

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORDS

M A R Y - M O N T A G U E

M A D A M

YOUR LORDSHIP'S petition sheweth, that
as by the petition of the said Mary-Montague
it appears, that she is the daughter of a par-
son, for prefixing to the said work the
name of a lady, which contrary to the
has long been the custom of her own sex, and
the world of such a kind, and is not
from a vanity, or wish of being
the first person of the said name.

I would not have your LORDSHIP think
this play for the sake of a name; for
I know it not from your LORDSHIP, nor
which else I have not seen in any
Immediate manner of the said petition
keeps pace with your LORDSHIP, and you
please to think that in return of such

This is a petition very visible to all
who are admitted to the house of your
LORDSHIP: since from those that in

T O T H E
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY
M A R Y W O R T L E Y
M O N T A G U E.

M A D A M,

YOUR ladyship's known goodness gives my presumption the hopes of a pardon, for prefixing to this slight work the name of a lady, whose accurate judgment has long been the glory of her own sex, and the wonder of ours : especially, since it arose from a vanity, to which your indulgence, on the first perusal of it, gave birth.

I would not insinuate to the world that this play past free from your censure ; since I know it not free from faults, not one of which escaped your immediate penetration. Immediate indeed ! for your judgment keeps pace with your eye, and you comprehend almost faster than others overlook.

THIS is a perfection very visible to all who are admitted to the honour of your conversation : since, from those short intervals you can be supposed to have had to
yourself,

lxxxviii D E D I C A T I O N.

yourself, amid the importunities of all the polite admirers and professors of wit and learning, you are capable of instructing the pedant, and are at once a living confutation of those morose schoolmen who would confine knowledge to the male part of the species, and a shining instance of all those perfections and softer graces which nature has confined to the female.

BUT I offend your ladyship, whilst I please myself and the reader; therefore I shall only beg your leave to give a sanction to this Comedy, by informing the world that its representation was twice honoured with your ladyship's presence, and am, with the greatest respect,

M A D A M,

Your ladyship's most obedient

most humble servant,

H E N R Y F I E L D I N G.

P R E F A C E.

I Believe few plays have ever adventured into the world under greater disadvantages than this. First, as it succeeded a comedy, which, for the continued space of twenty-eight nights, received as great (and as just) applauses, as were ever bestowed on the English theatre. And secondly, as it is cotemporary with an entertainment which engrosses the whole talk and admiration of the town.

THESE were difficulties which seemed rather to require the superior force of a WYCHERLY, or a CONGREVE, than of a raw and unexperienced pen (for I believe I may boast that none ever appeared so early on the stage.) However, such was the candour of the audience, the play was received with greater satisfaction than I should have promised myself from its merit, even preceded the PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

BUT after having returned thanks to the spectators, I cannot rest 'till I have been in some measure grateful to the performers. As for Mr. WILKS and Mr. CIBBER, I cannot sufficiently acknowledge their civil and kind behaviour, previous to its representation. How advantageously both they and the other personages set off their respective parts at that time, has been spoken of by much politer and better judges than myself.

LASTLY,

LASTLY, I can never express my grateful sense of the good-nature of Mrs. OLDFIELD; who, tho' she had contracted a slight indisposition by her violent fatigue in the part of Lady TOWNLY, was prevailed on to grace that of Lady MATCHLESS; which placed her in a light so far inferior to that which she had in the other. Nor do I owe less to her excellent judgment, shewn in some corrections, which I shall, for my own sake, conceal. But the ravishing perfections of this lady are so much the admiration of every eye, and every ear, that they will remain fixed in the memory of many, when these light scenes shall be forgotten.

PROLOGUE.

Occasioned by this Comedy's succeeding that of
the PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

AS when a RAPHAEL's master-piece has been
By the astonish'd judge, with rapture seen,
Shou'd some young artist next his picture show,
He speaks his colours faint, his fancy low;
Though it some beauties has, it still must fall,
Compar'd to that, which has excell'd in all.
So when, by an admiring, ravish'd age,
A finish'd piece is plauded on the stage,
What fate, alas! must a young author share,
Who, deaf to all intreaties, ventures there?
Yet, too too certain of his weaker cause,
He claims nor equal merit, nor applause.
Compare 'em not: should favour do its most,
He owns, by the comparison, he's lost.
Light, airy scenes, his comick muse displays,
Far from the buskin's higher vein he strays,
By humour only catching at the bays:
Humour, still free from an indecent flame,
Which, should it raise your mirth, must raise your shame:
Indecency's the bane to ridicule,
And only charms the libertine, or fool:
Nought shall offend the fair ones' ears to-day,
Which they might blush to hear, or blush to say.
No private character these scenes expose,
Our bard at vice, nor at the vicious, throws.
If any by his pointed arrows smart,
Why did he bear the mark within his heart?
Since innocently, thus, to please he aims,
Some merit, surely, the intention claims:
With candor, critics, to his cause attend;
Let pity to his lighter errors bend,
Forgive, at least; but, if you can, commend.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

WISEMORE,	Mr. MILLS.
MERITAL,	Mr. WILKS.
MALVIL,	Mr. BRIDGWATER.
Lord FORMAL,	Mr. GRIFFIN.
RATTLE,	Mr. CIBBER.
Sir POSITIVE TRAP,	Mr. HARPER.
Sir APISH SIMPLE,	Mr. MILLER.

W O M E N.

Lady MATCHLESS,	Mrs. OLDFIELD.
VERMILIA,	Mrs. PORTER.
HELENA,	Mrs. BOOTH.
Lady TRAP,	Mrs. MOOR.
CATCHET,	Mrs. MILLS.

SCENE, LONDON.

LOVE

IN SEVERAL MASQUES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, the Piazza.

MERITAL, MALVIL.

MERITAL.

MR. Malvil, good morrow; I thought the spirit of Champagne wou'd have lengthen'd your repose this morning.

MAL. No, Sir, the spirit of something else disturbs my mind too much: an unfortunate lover and repose are as opposite as any lover and sense.

MER. Malapert simile! What is there in life? what joys, what transports, which flow not from the spring of love? The birth of love is the birth of happiness, nay, even of life; to breathe without it is to drag on a dull phlegmatic insipid being, and struggle imperfect in the womb of nature.

MALV. What in the name of fustian's here?

MER. Did you not see the lady Matchless last night? what ecstasies did she impart even at a distance to her beholders!

MALV. A beautiful, rich, young widow in a front-box, makes as much noise, as a blazing-star in the sky; draws as many eyes on her, and is as much criticised on in the polite world, as the other in the learned. With what envious glances was she attacked by
the

the whole circle of belles! and what amorous ones by the gentlemen proprietors of the toupet, snuff-box, and sword-knot!

MER. Nor cou'd all this elevate her to the least pride or haughtiness; but she carried it with an air not conscious of the envy and adoration she contracted. That becoming modesty in her eyes! that lovely, easy sweetness in her smile! that gracefulness in her mien! that nobleness, without affectation, in her looks! in short, that one compleat charm in her person!—Such a woman as this does as much mischief amongst the men of sense—

MALV. As some beaux do amongst the women of none. But, by your speaking so feelingly, I should suspect some mischief here. [*Claps Merital's breast.*]

MER. Why that fort is not impregnable to the batteries of a fair eye; but there is a certain beautiful, rich, young virgin who keeps guard there.

MALV. Ha! she is a blazing-star, indeed; where does she live? or rather, where is she worshipped? and in what street is her temple?

MER. I have described her, and sure my picture is not so bad as to require its name under it.

MALV. But it is so good, that I am afraid you hardly took nature for a pattern.

MER. Thou art always endeavouring to be satirical on the ladies: pr'ythee, desist; for the name of an ill-natured wit will slightly ballance the loss of their favour. Who wou'd not prefer a dear smile from a pretty face—

MALV. To a frown from an ugly one—But have I never seen this inestimable?

MER. No, Sir, the fun has never seen her but by peeping through a window; she is kept as close as a jealous Spaniard keeps his wife, or a city-usurer his treasure; and is now brought to town to be married to that gay knight, Sir Apish Simple.

MALV. You have a rival then, there's one difficulty.

MER. Ay, and many difficulties, which, in love, are so many charms. In the first place, the young lady's guardian, Sir Positive Trap by name, is an old, precise knight, made up of avarice, folly, an ill-bred

furliness of temper, and an odd, fantastic pride built on the antiquity of his family, into which he enrolls most of the great men he ever heard of. The next is his lady, who is his absolute empress; for tho' he be monstrously morose to the rest of the world, he is as foolishly easy and credulous to his wife.

MALV. And she, I suppose, is as easy to the rest of the world, as imperious to him.

MER. Then my mistress is made up of natural spirit, wit and fire; all these she has improved by an intimate conversation with plays, poems, romances, and such gay studies, by which she has acquired a perfect knowledge of the polite world without ever seeing it, and turned the confinement of her person into the enlargement of her mind. Lastly, my rival,—but his character you know already. And these are my obstacles.

MALV. But what objection does the old knight make to your pretensions?

MER. Several. My estate is too small, my father was no baronet, and I am——no fool.

MALV. These are weighty objections, I must confess: to evade the first you must bribe his lawyer, to conquer the second purchase a title—and utterly to remove the last, plead lover.

MER. Kindly advised. But what success are you like to reap from that plea with Vermilia?

MAL. Why faith! our affair is grown dull as a chancery-suit; but, if it be much more prolix, my stock of love will be so far exhausted, that I shall be like a contested heir who spends his estate in the pursuit of it, and, when his litigious adversary is overthrown, finds his possessions reduced to a long lawyer's bill for more than he is able to pay.

MER. But then your fates will be different, the one condemned to starve in prison, the other to surfeit in matrimony. Tho' by what I see, you are in little danger of bringing matters to that issue.

MAL. Hast thou seen? Come, perhaps you have discovered what, indeed, her late coldness gives me reason to fear.

MER.

MER. What?

MALV. A rival.

MER. Ha, ha, ha! you certainly are the most unfortunate in your temper, and most an enemy to yourself, of any man in the world. Be assured, Jack, that if after what has passed between you, so long a service, and so many apparent signs of the sincerest passion on your side, and such a manifest reception of it on hers, she jilts you; she yet has rid you of the greatest pest in nature.

MALV. 'Sdeath! cou'd I reason thus with myself, I might think so, but I love her above my reason. I see my folly, and despise it, and yet cannot shun it.

MER. Well, you are the first in the class of romantic lovers. But, for my part, I wou'd as soon turn chymist and search for the philosopher's stone, as a lover to run headlong after an Ignis Fatuus, that flies the faster the more it is pursued.

MALV. These are the known sentiments of you light, gay, fluttering fellows; who, like the weathercock, never fix long to a point, 'till you are good for nothing.

MER. And you platonic lovers, like the compass, are ever pointing to the same pole, but never touch it.

MALV. You are a sort of sports-men who are always hunting in a park of coquets, where your sport is so plenty, that you start fresh game before you have run down the old.

MER. And you are a sort of anglers ever fishing for prudes, who cautiously steal, and pamper up their vanity with your baits, but never swallow the hook.

MAL. But hast thou then discovered any thing in Vermilia's conduct, that——?

MER. That makes me confident you will never gain her, so I advise you to raise the siege; for you must carry that garrison by storm, and, I know, you have not so much bravery in love——Ha, amazement! is not that Wisemore?

SCENE

SCENE II.

WISEMORE, MERITAL, MALVIL.

WISEM. Mr. Merital, Mr. Malvil, your humble servant; I am fortunate, indeed, at my first arrival to embrace my friends.

MALV. Dear Wisemore, a thousand welcomes; what propitious wind has drove thee to town?

WISEM. No wind propitious to my inclination, I assure ye, gentlemen; I had taken leave of this place long ago, its vanities, hurries, and superficial, empty, ill-digested pleasures.

MER. But you have seen your error, and, like a relenting nun who had too rashly taken leave of the world, art returned to enjoy thy pleasures again.

WISEM. No, 'tis business, business, gentlemen, that drags me hither; my pleasures lie another way, a way little known to you gentlemen of the town.

MALV. Not so little known as you imagine, Ned, nor have you been supposed alone these three years in the country. 'Tis no secret that you have had the conversation of—

WISEM. —The wise, the learned, the virtuous. Books, Sir, have been mostly my companions, a society preferable to that of this age. Who wou'd converse with fools and fops, whilst they might enjoy a Cicero or an Epictetus, a Plato or an Aristotle? Who wou'd waste his afternoons in a coffee-house, or at a tea-table, to be entertained with scandal, lies, balls, operas, intrigues, fashions, flattery, nonsense, and that swarm of impertinences which compose the common-place chat of the world? Who would bear all this, did he know the sweets of retirement?

MER. Let me survey thee a little, that I may be certain you are my old friend metamorphosed, and no apparition.

WISEM. Look ye, Sirs, of all places in the world, my spirit would never haunt this. London is to me, what the country is to a gay, giddy girl, pampered up with the love of admiration; or a young heir just leapt into his estate and chariot. It is a mistress, whose imperfections I have discovered, and cast off. I

know it; I have been a spectator of all its scenes. I have seen hypocrisy pass for religion, madness for sense, noise and scurrility for wit, and riches for the whole train of virtues. Then I have seen folly beloved for its youth and beauty, and revered for its age. I have discovered knavery in more forms than ever Proteus had, and traced him through them all, 'till I have lodg'd him behind a counter, with the statute of bankruptey in his hand, and a pair of gilded horns in his pocket.

MER. } Ha, ha, ha!
MALV. }

WISEM. I know the folly, foppery, and childishness of your diversions——I know your vices too.

MALV. And hast practis'd them, to my knowledge.

WISEM. So much the more have they contracted my hate. Oons! If I do not get out of this vile town in three days, I shall get out of the world in four.

MER. But what earnest business has drove thee hither now, so much against thy will?

MALV. He is married, his wife has drawn him hither, and he is jealous.

MER. Or are you in law, and have been rid down this morning by a fat serjeant or sollicitor?

MALV. He has been writing philosophy, and is come to town to publish it.

WISEM. I have been studying folly, and am come to town to publish it. I know that title will sell any productions, or some of your modern poets, who hardly merit that name by their works, wou'd merit it by starving.

MER. But they deal not so openly with the world, for they promise much tho' they perform little. Nay, I've sometimes seen treatises where the author has put all his wit in the title-page.

WISEM. Why, faith, and politick enough; for few readers now look farther than the title-page.

MER. But pr'ythee what is this errand of folly, as you are pleased to term it?

WISEM. O beyond conception; I shudder with the apprehension of its being known. But why do I fear it? folly or vice must be of a prodigious height
to

to over-top the crowd; but if it did, the tall, overgrown monster would be admired, and, like other monsters, enrich the possessor. I see your women have gone through with the transformation and dress like us; nay, they frequent coffee-houses too; I was frightened from one just now by two girls in paduasuy coats, and breeches.

MALV. Ha, ha, ha! these were two beaux, Ned.

WISEM. So much the greater transformation; for they had, apparently, more of the woman than the man about them. But, perhaps, by them this amphibious dress may be a significant calculation; for I have known a beau with every thing of a woman but the sex, and nothing of a man besides it.

MALV. They will esteem you for that assertion.

WISEM. Why ay, it may recommend them to the tea-tables. For the natural perfections of our sex, and the unnatural acquisitions of her own, must be a rare compound to make a woman's idol.

MER. Sure, never was man so altered! Do not affect singularity this way; for in town, we look on none to be so great a fool as a philosopher, and there is no fool so out of fashion.

WISEM. A certain sign fools are in fashion. Philosophy is a true glass, which shews the imperfections of mind as plain as the other of the body; and, no more than a true glass, can be agreeable to a town-constitution.

MER. So, here comes one who will hit your taste—

SCENE III.

To them, RATTLE.

RATTLE. Merital, Malvil, a buss, dear boys. Ha! hum! what figure is that?

MER. Mr. Rattle, pray know my friend, Mr. Wisemore?

RATTLE. That I will gladly. Sir, I am your most obedient, humble servant, Sir.

WISEM. Sir, I am very much yours.

RATTLE. Well, I know you will be witty upon me, but since the town will blab, I will put on the

armour of assurance, and declare boldly, that I am very, very deeply in love.

MALV. A bold declaration, indeed! and what may require some assurance to maintain, since it is ten to four, thou hast never spoke to this new mistress, nay, perhaps, never seen more of her than her picture.

RATTLE. Her picture! ha, ha, ha; who can draw the sun in its meridian glories? Neither painting, poetry, nor imagination can form her image. She is young and blooming as the spring, gay and teeming as the summer, ripe and rich as the autumn.

MALV. Thy chymistry has from that one virtue extracted all the rest, I very modestly suppose.

MER. You know, Harry, Malvil allows the sex no virtues.

RATTLE. That's because they allow him no favours. But to express my mistress's worth, in a word, and prove it too—She is the lady Matchless.

WISEM. Ha!

[*Aside.*

MER. But what hopes can you have of succeeding against the multitudes which swarm in her drawing-room?

RATTLE. Pugh! Tom, you know I have succeeded against greater multitudes before now—and she is a woman of excellent sense.

WISEM. You fix your hopes on a very sound foundation, Sir; for a woman of sense will, undoubtedly, set a just value on a laced coat, which qualification is undeniably yours.

RATTLE. Sir, as I take it, there are other qualifications appertaining to—

WISEM. But none preferable in the eyes of some women, and the persons of some men, Sir.

RATTLE. I believe she will find some preferable in the person of your humble servant, Sir.

WISEM. Say you so! then know, Sir, I am your rival there.

RATTLE. Rival, Sir! and do you think to supplant me, Sir?

WISEM. I think to maintain my ground, Sir.

MER. And is this the folly you are come to town

to publish? For a philosopher to go a widow-hunting, is a folly with a vengeance.

WISEM. [*Aside.*] Am I become a jest? I deserve it. Why did I come hither, but to be laughed at by all the world! my friends will deride me out of love, my enemies out of revenge! wise men from their scorn, and fools from their triumph to see me become as great a fool as themselves. [*To them.*] I see, by your mirth, gentlemen, my company grows tedious, so I'm your humble servant.

SCENE IV.

MERITAL, MALVIL, RATTLE.

MER. Nay, dear Ned.

RATTLE. What queer bundle of rusticity is that?

MER. A man of admirable sense, I assure you. Your hopes in the widow now are not worth much.

RATTLE. Pugh! there's a rival, indeed! besides, I am sensible that I am the happy he whom she has chosen out of our whole sex. She is stark mad in love, poor soul! and let me alone when I have made an impression. I tell ye, Sirs, I have had opportunities, I have had encouragements, I have had kisses and embraces, lads; but, mum. Now, if you tell one word, devil take me, if ever I trust you with a secret again.

MALV. You will pardon me, Harry; but if I believe one word of it, may I never know a secret again.

RATTLE. I am glad of that; my joy makes me blab, but it may be for the lady's honour not to have it believ'd.

MALV. Ay, faith, and for the honour of her sense too.

RATTLE. I pumped Sir Apish, as you desired; it seems, all matters are agreed on with the old folks, he has nothing now but to get his mistress's own consent.

MALV. That's only a form; miss says yes now after her father, as readily as after the parson.

RATTLE. Well, well, I thank fate my mistress is at her own disposal.

MER. And you did not tell Sir Apish I was his rival? you can keep a secret?

RATTLE. O inviolably to serve a friend, and provided there be an intrigue in the case. I love intrigues so well, I almost think myself the son of one.

MALV. And to publish them so well, that had you been so and known it, your supposed father wou'd have known his blessing, and the world his title.

RATTLE. But why shou'd you think I can't keep a secret? Now, upon my honour, I never publish any one's intrigues but my own.

MALV. And your character is so public, that you hurt no-body's name but your own.

RATTLE. Nay, curse take me, if I am ashamed of being publickly known to have an affair with a lady, at all.

MALV. No? but you shou'd be ashamed of boasting of affairs with ladies, whom it is known you never spoke to.

MER. There you are too hard on him, for Rattle has affairs.

RATTLE. And with women of rank,

MALV. Of very high rank, if their quality be as high as their lodgings are.

RATTLE. Pry'thee, Malvil, leave this satirical, ill-natur'd way, or, upon my word, we pretty fellows shall not care to be seen in your company.

MER. You must excuse him, he is only envious of your success; and as the smiles of a mistress raise your gayety, so the frowns of a mistress cause his spleen.

RATTLE. Do they? But you and I, Tom, know better: for, curse me, if it be in the power of the frowns of the whole sex to give me an uneasy moment. Neither do I value their smiles at a pinch of snuff. And yet, I believe, I have as few of the first, and as many of the last, as —

MER. How! how! not value the widow's smiles?

RATTLE. Humph! they are golden ones.

MALV. Here's a rogue would persuade us he is in love, and all the charms he can find in his mistress are in her pocket.

RATTLE. Agad, and that opinion is not singular.
I have

I have known a fine gentleman marry a rich heiress with a vast deal of passion, and bury her at the month's end with a perfect resignation.

MALV. Then his resignation seems to me much more apparent than his passion.

RATTLE. You fix his passion on the wrong object; it was her fortune he was so violently enamour'd with, and had that been demanded of him, agad, he wou'd have had no more resignation than a lawyer to refund his fee.

MER. I am of Rattle's opinion; for if this was not the general notion, how wou'd some celebrated toasts maintain their Eclat, who, considered out of the light of their fortune, have no more charms than beau Grin out of his embroidery.

RATTLE. Or my lady Wrinkle out of her paint.

MER. And again, others be neglected who have every charm but wealth. In short, beauty is now considered as a qualification only for a mistress, and fortune for a wife.

MALV. The ladies are pretty even with us, for they have learnt to value good qualities only in a gallant, and to look for nothing but an estate in a husband.

RATTLE. These are rare sentiments in a platonick lover.

MER. Well put. How can a man love, who has so ill an opinion of the sex?

MALV. Merital, you are always touching the wounds of your friends, which are too tender to endure it.

MER. Well, gentlemen, are you for the Mall this morning?

RATTLE. With all my heart.

MALV. I have business, but will meet you there.

RATTLE. Gad, that's well thought on, I must call on some ladies, but they lie in our way.

MALV. Ay, your ladies commonly lie in every body's way.

MER. You will find me in the Mall, or at St. James's.

SCENE V.

MERITAL, *Lord* FORMAL.

MER. Ha! here's a fool coming, and he is unavoidable. My lord, your humble servant; to see you at this end of the town is a miracle, at so early an hour.

L. FORM. Why, positively, Mr. Merital, this is an hour wherein I seldom make any excursions farther than my drawing-room. But, being a day of business, I have rid down two brace of chairmen this morning. I have been, Sir, at three milliners, two perfumers, my bookfeller's, and a fan shop.

MER. Ha, ha, ha! a very tiresome circuit.

L. FORM. It has exagitated my complexion to that exorbitancy of Vermeille, that I shall hardly reduce it to any tolerable consistency under a fortnight's course of acids.

MER. I think, my lord, it is hardly worth while to be concerned about natural colours, now we are arrived at such a perfection in artificial.

L. FORM. Pardon me. We have, indeed, made some progress in red, but for your pale colours, they must be acquired naturally; your white washes will not subdue cherry-checks.

MER. O if that be the malady, I wou'd prescribe to the gentlemen a course of rakery, and to the ladies a course of vapours.

L. FORM. Well, positively, going into a bookfeller's shop is to me the last of fatigues, and yet it is a necessary one: for since the ladies have divided their time between cards and reading, a man, to be agreeable to them, must understand something of books, as well as quadrille.

MER. I am afraid, if this humour continue, it will be as necessary in the education of a pretty gentleman to learn to read, as to learn to dance.

L. FORM. Why, I'll tell you how I do. By going to a bookfeller's shop once a month, I know the titles and author's of all the new books: so when I name one in company, it is, you know, of consequence supposed I have read it; immediately some lady pronounces

nounces sentence, either favourable, or not, according as the fame of the author and her ladyship's card; run high or low, — then good manners enrolls me in her opinion.

MER. A very equitable court of justice truly.

L. FORM. Reading, Sir, is the worst thing in the world for the eyes; I once gave into it, and had in a very few months gone through almost a dozen pages of Cassandra. But I found it vastly impaired the lustre of my eyes. I had, Sir, in that short time, perfectly lost the direct ogle — But I lose time — for I'm going to make a visit just by — a — I presume, you hear that I intend shortly to quarter my coat of arms.

MER. The world, my lord, is rather amazed how my lord Formal has so long withstood such temptations.

L. FORM. Why truly I have had as many temptations as any man. But I have ever laid it down as a maxim, that a wife shou'd be very rich. Men who do not know the world will talk of virtue and beauty. Now, in my opinion, virtue is so scarce, it is not worth the looking after; and beauty so common, it is not worth the keeping.

MER. Do you think a fine woman so trifling a possession, my lord?

L. FORM. Why, a fine woman — is a very fine thing — and so — is a fine house, I mean to entertain your friends with: for they, commonly, enjoy both, with the additional pleasure of novelty, whilst they pall on your own taste.

MER. This from you, my lord, is surprizing. Sure, you will allow some women to be virtuous.

L. FORM. O yes. I will allow an ugly woman to be as virtuous as she pleases, just as I will a poor man to be covetous. But beauty in the hands of a virtuous woman, like gold in those of a miser, prevents the circulation of trade.

MER. It is rather like riches in the possession of the prudent. A virtuous woman bestows her favours on the deserving, and makes them a real blessing to the man who enjoys her; whilst the vicious one, like a squandering prodigal, scatters them away; and, like a

prodigal, is often most despised by those to whom she has been most kind.

L. FORM. This from the gay Mr. Merital is, really, very surprizing.

MER. Yes, my lord, the gay Mr. Merital now stands candidate for a husband. So you cannot wonder that I wou'd persuade the ladies of my good principles, which may engage some or other to chuse me.

L. FORM. It will as soon engage a country borough to chuse you parliament-man. But I must take an abrupt leave. For the sweetness of your conversation has perfumed my senses to the forgetfulness of an affair, which being of consequential effence, obliges me to assure you that I am your humble servant.

SCENE VI.

MERITAL *alone.*

Prince of coxcombs! s'death! 'tis in the mouths of such fellows as these, that the reputations of women suffer: for women are like books. Malice and envy will easily lead you to the detection of their faults; but their beauties good judgment only can discover, and good-nature relish. And woman, that noble volume of our greatest happiness,

Which to the wise affords a rich repast,
Fools only censure from their want of taste.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Lady MATCHLESS's House.*

Lady MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

Lady MATCHLESS.

UPON my word, Vermilia, you wrong me, if you think noise, equipage or flattery give me any real pleasure; it is, indeed, a pleasing triumph for a prisoner eloped, to reflect on her past confinement,

ment, and present freedom; freed from that torment, an injurious husband: one who—but he is gone, and, I hope, to heaven.

VERM. That's a generous wish, my dear; and yet I believe it is the wish of many whose husbands deserve a worse place.

LA. MATCH. You mean, during the life of a bad husband; but those prayers, then, flow more from self-interest than generosity; for who wou'd not wish her spouse in heaven, when it was the only way to deliver herself out of a hell?

VERM. True, indeed. But yours are the efforts of pure good-nature, you pray for the happiness of your tyrant now you are delivered out of his power.

LA. MATCH. Ah! poor man! since I can say nothing to his advantage, let him sleep in peace; my revenge shall not be on his memory, but his sex; that part of it which I know wou'd follow his example, were they but in his place.

VERM. You have opportunities enough of revenge, and objects enough to execute it upon; for, I think, you have as many slaves in your assemblies, as the French king in his galleys.

LA. MATCH. Why, really, I sometimes look on my drawing-room as a little parliament of fools, to which every different body sends its representatives. Beaus of all forts. The courtly lord, who addresses me with a formal, well-bred dissimulation. The airy Sir Plume, who always walks in the minuet-step, and converses in recitativo.

VERM. And is a Narcissus in every thing but beauty.

LA. MATCH. Then the robust warrior, who proceeds by way of storm or siege. The lawyer, who attacks me, as he would a jury, with a cringe, and a lie at the tip of his tongue. The cit, who would cheat me by way of bargain and sale. And—your settling country esquire, who wou'd put my life into half his estate, provided I wou'd put his whole family's into all mine.

VERM. There is a more dangerous, tho' a more ridiculous fool than any of these, and that is a fine

gentleman, who becomes the disguise of a lover worse than any you have named.

LA. MATCH. O, ay; a man of sense acts a lover, just as a Dutchman wou'd a harlequin. He stumbles at every straw we throw in his way, which a fop wou'd skip over with ease.

VERM. But pray, my dear, what design have you in view from all these lovers?

LA. MATCH. The very design nature had when she formed them, to make fools of them.

VERM. But you will not be surprized, if I admire that you give the least encouragement to the finest gentlemen.

LA. MATCH. Indeed, I approve your remark. Why, it proceeds from this reason; that of love, like other fevers, is only dangerous to a rich constitution, and therefore I am cautious of giving a distemper which I do not intend to cure—for I have no absolute intention ever to marry again.

VERM. Nor absolute resolution against it, I dare swear.

LA. MATCH. To say the truth, I cannot positively affirm I have: nor, if I had, am I confident I shou'd be able to keep it. For when Sir William died, I made a secret resolution never to run a second hazard: but—a—at the year's end, I don't know how—a—I had like to have fallen into the snare again.

VERM. Well, and by what lucky chance delivered?

LA. MATCH. The very night before our intended marriage, I flew away to London, and left my poor disappointed swain to vent his passion to the wind.

VERM. O what a profusion was there of sighs, vows, prayers, oaths, tears and curses!—And so you are fled to London as a place of security against love-debts? I know not why it is, but certainly a woman is the least liable to play the fool here; perhaps the hurry of diversions and company keep the mind in too perpetual a motion to let it fix on one object. Whereas in the country, our ideas are more fixed and more romantick. Courts and cities have few heroes or heroines in love.

LA.

LA. MATCH. Ah! Vermilia, let the jealous husband learn from me; there is more danger in woods and purling streams, than in an assembly or a play-house. When a beauteous grove is your theatre, a murmuring cascade your musick, nature's flowry landscapes your scene, heaven only the spectator, and a pretty fellow the actor—the Lord knows what the play will be.

VERM. But I hope this five months absence has restored you to a perfect Statu quo.

LA. MATCH. Had he pursued his conquest then, I am afraid I shou'd have fallen before him; but he has given resolution time to rally, and I am now so fortified against him, that all his attacks wou'd prove in vain.

VERM. Be not too confident, for I have heard military men say, that a garrison, to be secure, shou'd have its works well mann'd as well as strong.

SCENE II.

To them CATCHIT.

CATCH. Madam, your ladyship's coach is at the door.

LA. MATCH. Come, my dear, by this, I believe, the Park begins to fill.

VERM. I am ready to wait on you, my dear. Catchit, if Mr. Malvil comes, you may tell him where I'm gone.

CATCH. Yes, Madam.

SCENE III.

CATCHIT *alone.*

Well, sure nature has not a more ridiculous creature than a jealous lover. Never did a lady in my profession get more by forging smiles and favourable expressions from a mistress, than I, by making Mr. Malvil believe mine values him less than she does. He has promised me a diamond ring to discover his rival. Ay, but how shall I discover his rival, when he has none?

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none? Hum! suppose I make him one! Ay, but that may make mischief; well, but that must make for me. Well then. But who shall this rival be? Ha! Mr. Merital is a favourite of my lady, and is often here. There is an appointment too between him and Helena to meet here at five—my lady will be at home too. Now if I cou'd but persuade Malvil that that assignation was meant with him!

[Stands considering.]

SCENE IV.

MALVIL, CATCHIT.

MALV. Your servant, pretty Mrs. Catchit. What is that pretty head of yours meditating on?

CATCH. Whatever it be, Sir, it is for your service; you will be the death of me, you will. I am always contriving, and plotting, and studying, and lying, and swearing, for you.

MAL. And you shall see no end of my gratitude.

CATCH. Nor no beginning either, I am afraid: you are in my debt at least five hundred pound at the rate of a guinea a perjury: if I had carried them to Westminster-hall I had made a better bargain.

MAL. Let me enjoy that dear cold mistress of thine, and thou shalt be paid.

CATCH. I fear that's an uncertain condition.

MALV. Ha! what say you?

CATCH. Why, Sir, I say that—I say, Sir, that you have the prettiest ring on your finger there.

MALV. 'Sdeath! do not torture me.

CATCH. It sparkles so sweetly.

MALV. Come, you have discovered something. I have a rival then. Vermilia is a jilt.

CATCH. Yes, marry, have you.

MALV. Be quick, dear tormenter.

CATCH. Well, it is the prettiest ring I ever saw.

MALV. Here, take it, take any thing, tell me but all thou knowest.

CATCH. O your servant, Sir; well, you are a charming

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charming man, and one can deny you nothing. I have made such a discovery.

MALV. O dear, dear rogue!

CATCH. This very morning, has my lady been praising a certain gentleman with such raptures; running him over from head to foot with so much admiration and fondness! then every now and then, Catchit, (says she) don't you think him an angel? Hum! a very dark one (says I.) Did you ever see such eyes, such teeth, such a mouth? (says she.) In my opinion, they are all very poor, (says I.) Then such a shape! such an air (says she.) Why, ay, the man wou'd do for a dancing-master (says I.) Lud! Madam, (says I) wou'd you wou'd think of poor Mr. Malvil. (And, to be sure, the tears stood in my eyes when I said it.) O no (says she) I will think of none but Merital. Then (says I)——

MALV. Torments and furies! Merital!

CATCH. My Mistress doats on him, and has appointed to meet him.

MALV. How? where? when?

CATCH. Here, at five.

MALV. 'Sdeath! 'tis impossible.

CATCH. It may be impossible, perhaps; but it is true.

MALV. Merital a villain! Vermilia a jilt! then the whole world's an illusion.

[Walks and speaks disorderly.]

Dy'e hear; do not disclose a word of this to any one.

CATCH. You may depend on me, Sir.

MALV. But where's Vermilia?

CATCH. Gone to the Park with lady Matchless.

MALV. Be secret, and be diligent, and you shall not repent your pains.

CATCH. Not whilst you have jealousy in your head, and money in your pocket, Signior. Well, how this affair will end I know not; but, I am sure, the beginning has been good.

[Kisses the ring.]

SCENE

SCENE V.

SCENE *Sir POSITIVE TRAP's House.**Lady* TRAP, HELENA.

HEL. To be sold! to be put up at auction! to be disposed of, as a piece of goods, by way of bargain and sale!

LA. TRAP. Niece, niece, you are dealt with, as a piece of rich goods; you are to be disposed of at a high price; Sir Positive understands the world, and will make good conditions for you. You will have a young gentleman, and a pretty gentleman.

HEL. Yes; if a good estate can make a pretty gentleman.

LA. TRAP. Sooner than a pretty gentleman can make a good estate. The pretty gentlemen of our age know better how to spend, than to get one.

HEL. Well, well, Madam, my own fortune is sufficient to make the man I love happy. And he shall be one whose merit is his only riches, not whose riches are his only merit.

LA. TRAP. The man you love! O impudence! I wou'd be ashamed, was I a young woman, to be even thought to have an indecent passion for a particular young fellow.

HEL. I would, indeed be ashamed, was I an old woman, to be known to have an indecent passion for all fellows in general.

LA. TRAP. Audacious! dare you reflect on me! on me for fellows! who am notorious for my abhorrence of that beastly sex. The young women of our age, really, are enough to put one out of countenance.

HEL. Youth, Madam, always will put age out of countenance in beauty, as age will youth in wisdom: therefore pray, aunt, don't you pretend to the one, and I'll resign all pretensions to the other.

LA. TRAP. Do you think you have so much beauty then, miss?

HEL. I think I have enough to do so small an execution; and, I am sure, I have enough to please myself, and him I desire to please; let the rest of the world

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world think what they will, 'tis not worth my care; I have no ambition to be toasted in every company of men, and roasted in every assembly of women: for the envy of the women is a necessary consequence of the admiration of the men.

SCENE VI.

To them, Sir POSITIVE TRAP.

SIR POS. What lie are you telling? ha!

LA. TRAP. Justify me, deary, justify me; your niece says I have an indecent passion for your whole sex.

SIR POS. That I will, by the family of the Traps. So far from that, hussy, she hates our whole sex; she has hardly a decent passion for her own husband, because he's a man.

HEL. You have hit the nail on the head, my dear uncle.

SIR POS. Hussy, hussy, you are a disgrace to the family of the Traps. I can hardly believe Sir Nicodemus Trap to have been your grand-father, Sir Gregory your father, and Sir Positive your uncle.

HEL. Surfeiting genealogy! ha, ha, ha.

SIR POS. Do you ridicule your ancestors, the illustrious race of Traps?

HEL. No, Sir; I honour them so far, that I am resolved not to take a fool into the family.

SIR POS. Do you mean Sir Apish, minx? Do you call a baronet a fool, and one of so ancient a house? Hussy, the Simples and the Traps are the two ancientest houses in England. Don't provoke me, don't provoke me, I say; I'll send for Sir Apish immediately; you shall be wedded, bedded, and executed in half an hour.

HEL. Indeed! executed? O barbarous!

SIR POS. These girls love plain-dealing. She wants it *in puris naturalibus*. [Half aside.

LA. TRAP. Had you heard her just now, you wou'd have thought her ripe for any thing; I protest she made me blush.

SIR POS. O monstrous! make my lady wife blush!

HEL.

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HEL. She who did that, I am sure, was ripe for any thing.

SIR POS. Huffy, you are no Trap; you have nothing of the Traps in you. The midwife put a cheat on Sir Gregory.

LA. TRAP. I have wonder'd how a creature of such principles, cou'd spring up in a family so noted for the purity of its women.

SIR POS. She shall change her name to-morrow; prepare to receive Sir Apish, for this is the last day of your virginity.

HEL. Do you look on my consent as unnecessary then? for he has never made any addresses to me.

SIR POS. Addresses to you! Why, I never saw my lady there 'till an hour before our marriage. I made my addresses to her father, her father to his lawyer, the lawyer to my estate, which being found a Smithfield equivalent—the bargain was struck. Addressing quotha! What need have young people of addressing, or any thing, 'till they come to undressing?

LA. TRAP. Ay, this courtship is an abominable, diabolical practice, and the parent of nothing but lies and flattery. The first who used it was the serpent to beguile Eve.

SIR POS. Oons! and it hath beguiled above half the women since. I hope to see the time, when a man may carry his daughter to market with the same lawful authority, as any other of his cattle. But for you, Madam, to-morrow's your wedding-day. I have said it, and I am positive.

HEL. Yes. But know, uncle of mine, that I am a woman, and may be as positive as you; and so your servant.

LA. TRAP. After her, honey; don't leave her to herself in this rage.

SIR POS. I'll bring her to herself, by the right hand of the Traps.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lady TRAP alone.

If Helena be Sir Simple's to-morrow, I have but this day for my design on Merital. Some way he must know my love: But shou'd he reject it and betray me! why, if he does, 'tis but denying it bravely, and my reserv'd behaviour has rais'd me such a reputation of virtue, that he wou'd not be believed. Yet how to let him know! Shou'd I write! that were too sure a testimony against me; and yet that's the only way. My niece goes to lady Matchless's this evening. I'll make him an assignation, in her name, to meet by dark, in the dining-room. But how to make it in her name! *[Pauses.]* Ha! I have thought of a way, and will about it instantly.

SCENE VIII.

HELENA, and Sir POSITIVE TRAP.

HEL. Don't teaze me so, dear uncle. I can never like a fool, I abhor a fop.

SIR Pos. But there are three thousand pounds a year, and a title. Do you abhor those, huffy?

HEL. His estate I don't want, and his title I despise.

SIR Pos. Very fine! very fine! despise a title! huffy, you are no Trap; Oons! I believe you are no woman either. What, wou'd you take a scandalous, sneaking Mister, one who can't make you a lady?

HEL. Since nothing else will do, I am engaged by all the strength of vows and honour.

SIR Pos. Engaged! why was not the widow Jilt engaged to Mr. Goodland, and left him immediately on the arrival of Sir Harry Rich, whom she left again for my lord Richmore? Never tell me of engagements, contracts, and I don't know what. Mere bug-bears to frighten children with; all women of sense laugh at them. You are no more obliged to stand to your word when you have promised a man, than when you have refused him. The law dissolves all contracts without

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without a valuable consideration; or, if it did not, a valuable consideration would dissolve the law.

HEL. Perhaps, Sir, I'll never marry at all.

SIR POS. Huffy, huffy, you have a sanguine constitution. You will either marry, or do worse.

HEL. In my opinion, I can't do worse, than to marry a fool.

SIR POS. A very fine notion, indeed!—I must sell her soon, or she will go off but as a piece of second-hand goods. [Aside.

SCENE IX.

To them, Lady TRAP with a Letter.

LA TRAP. O my dear, see what good luck has presented us with. A letter from your niece to Merital.

Sir POSITIVE reads.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ This afternoon my uncle will be abroad, tomorrow I am intended for Sir Apish. I need say no more, than at six this evening, you will find in the dining-room yours,

HELENA.”

P. S. “ I shall be alone, and in the dark; ask no questions, but come up directly.”

But, deary, this is not her hand.

LA. TRAP. Do you think, child, she would not disguise it as much as possible?

SIR POS. I smell it. I see it. I read it. 'Tis her hand with a witness. See here, thou vile daughter of Sir Gregory. An assignation to a man.

HEL. Insupportable! to confront me with a forgery!

SIR POS. Your own forgery, huffy.

LA. TRAP. But, really, it does not look very like her hand.

SIR POS. Let me see, hum! 'tis not exactly, very, very like. Methinks 'tis not like at all.

[Looking through spectacles.

LA.

LA. TRAP. This may be some counterfeit. I wou'd engage my honour she is innocent. Copy it over before your uncle, my dear, that will be a conviction.

SIR POS. Copy it over before Sir Positive, hussy.

HEL. Bring pen, ink, and paper there. You shall not have the least pretence to accuse me.

SIR POS. I would not have thee guilty for the world. I wou'd not have such a disgrace fall on our noble and ancient family. It might render us ridiculous to every upstart.

[Here a servant brings pen, &c. Helena writes.]

LA. TRAP. O horrible! write to a man! had I held a pen, at her age, with that design, my hand wou'd have shook so, that I shou'd have spilt my ink, with the bare apprehension.

HEL. Now, Sir, be convinced, and justify me.

[Giving the letter with the copy to Sir Pos.]

SIR POS. There is indeed, no resemblance.

LA. TRAP. Are you blind? they are both alike to a tittle.

[Taking them.]

SIR POS. To a dot. Her hand to a dot. I'll send for Sir Apish immediately, I smell it, a rank plot! I smell it.

HEL. You have out-faced me bravely before Sir Positive. You may not, perhaps, do so before an impartial judge.

SCENE X.

Lady TRAP alone.

It is strange that women shou'd contend for wit in a husband, when they may enjoy such an advantage from having a fool.

SCENE XI. *St. JAMES'S Park.*

Lady MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, MERITAL, RATTLE.

MER. Indeed, Vermilia, it is very barbarous in you to torment poor Malvil so. Don't you think, if you shou'd drive him to any desperate extremity, you wou'd have a great deal to answer for? And I assure you,

you, by words he has lately dropt, I fear he has some such design.

RATTLE. Don't you imagine, widow, that an humble servant of yours is in as much danger?

LA. MATCH. If he be so, I wish him a safe deliverance.

VER. Wou'd he have me believe him mad enough to run his neck into one noose, because I am not mad enough to run mine into a worse. No, no. You all use those words, ropes, daggers, swords and pistols, only as embellishments of speech; or, if you have any design by them, it is to frighten us, not injure yourselves.

LA. MATCH. But I am resolved not to be alarmed with threats. Let me see a gallant fairly swinging— And then—I'll say, poor Strephon, alas! he did love.

MER. You might justly say, he had more love than reason.

VER. Why do you attempt then to persuade us into so despicable an opinion of your reason?

MER. Malvil says, that's the surest way to your love: and that the lower we are in your opinion of our sense, the higher we are in your favour. He compares those to two scales, of which as the one rises the other falls.

LA. MATCH. And, upon my word, he is in the right: for who expects wit in a lover, any more than good musick in an English opera, or common sense in an Italian one!—They are all three absolute farces— Not but I wou'd have the creature be a little rational, and able to divert one in the fullness of a monkey or a parrot. So as to sing half a favourite song, or read a new play, or fill up a party at quadrille.

MER. As a chair does at a country-dance, or a country justice a chair at a quarter-sessions.

LA. MATCH. Right. A lover, when he is admitted to cards, ought to be solemnly silent, and observe the motions of his mistress. He must laugh when she laughs, sigh when she sighs. In short, he shou'd be the shadow of her mind. A lady, in the presence of her lover, shou'd never want a looking-glass, as a beau,

beau, in the presence of his looking-glass, never wants a mistress.

MER. Since a lover is such a ridiculous thing, Madam, e'en turn one into a husband.

LA. MATCH. Ah! the very name throws me into the vapours—

RATTLE. It is a receipt, which has cured many a vapoured lady of my acquaintance.

MER. But, lady Matchless, what wou'd you say to a lover who shou'd address himself to your reason, and try to convince you of the principal end in the formation of woman, and the benefits of matrimony; from the lights of nature and religion, disclose to you the system of platonic love, and draw his pretensions from his wisdom, and his arguments from his philosophy.

LA. MATCH. If he had more philosophy than love, I shou'd advise him to seek his cure from that. But if he had more love than philosophy—Mercy upon him.

MER. Then you have just such a lover arrived.

LA. MATCH. Bless us! 'tis not Seneca's ghost, I hope.

MER. No, 'tis the ghost of a departed beau in the habit of a country squire, with the sentiments of an Athenian philosopher, and the passion of an Arcadian swain.

LA. MATCH. This must be Wisemore. [Aside.]

VER. A motly piece indeed. I fancy, my dear, there is as ridiculous a variety in this one, as in all the rest of your admirers.

RATTLE. Variety enough: for by his dress you wou'd imagine he came from North Friezland, and his manners seem piping hot from the Cape of Good-Hope.

LA. MATCH. Fie! you rally.

MER. Why, positively, the poor man is an apter object of pity than of railery, and wou'd better become an elegy than a lampoon. He look'd as melancholy, as ill natur'd, and as absurd, as I've seen a young poet who cou'd not out-live the third night.

RATTLE. ——— Or an old bride-groom who has out-liv'd the third night.

VER.

120 LOVE IN SEVERAL MASQUES.

VER. Dear Matchless, let us turn; for I see one coming whom I wou'd avoid.

MER. You won't be so cruel! I'll discover you.

VER. Do: and I will revenge myself on you to Helena.

SCENE XII.

MALVIL, MERITAL.

MALV. Who are those fine ladies you parted from?

MER. Some of Rattle's acquaintance.

MALV. Was not Vermilia there?

MER. She was.

MALV. Do you act friendly, Merital?

MER. Ay, faith! and very friendly; for I have been pleading your cause with the same earnestness as if I had been your council in the affair. I have been a sort of proxy to you.

MALV. Confusion!

[*Aside.*

MER. Why, thou art jealous, I believe. Come, do we dine together?

MALV. I am engaged, but will meet at five.

MER. Nay, then I am engaged, and to meet a mistress.

MALV. A mistress at five!

MER. Ay, Sir, and such a mistress.—But I see something has put you out of humour: so I will not expatiate on my happiness: for I know lovers are, of all creatures, the most subject to envy. So, servant.

SCENE XIII.

MALVIL *alone.*

MAL. And thou shalt find they are subject to rage too. Do you laugh at your successful villany! Yet his open carriage wou'd persuade me he has no ill design. This morning too he told me of another mistress. But that may be false, and only intended to blind my suspicions. It must be so. Vermilia's fond expressions, her appointment, his denying her. O they are glaring proofs! and I am now convinced. Yet all these appearances may be delusions. Well, I will

will once more see her. If I find her innocent, I am happy; if not, the knowing her guilt may cure my love. But anxiety is the greatest of torments.

In doubt, as in the dark, things sad appear,
More dismal, and more horrid than they are.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Lady MATCHLESS's House.*

MALVIL, VERMILIA.

MALVIL.

HOW have I deserved this usage, Madam? By what behaviour of mine, have I provoked you to make me that despicable thing the dangler after a woman who is carrying on an affair with another man?

VERM. An affair, Sir!

MALV. You know too well the justice of my accusation, nor am I a stranger to your soft, languishing fondness, your wanton praises of my rival, of Merital, your walking in the Park, your appointment with him.

VERM. O jealousy, thou child and bane of love! rash, dreaming mad-man, cou'd you awake from your errors, and see how grossly you abuse me, if you had the least spark of humanity left, it wou'd raise a flame of horror in your soul.

MALV. O, it were worse than ten thousand deaths to find I have wrong'd you, and I wou'd undergo them all to prove you innocent.

VERM. To think you innocent, I must think you mad. Invention cannot counterfeit any other excuse.

MALV. A reflection on your own conduct, Madam, will justify every part of mine, but my love.

VERM. Name not that noble passion. A savage is as capable of it as thou art. And do you tax me with my love to Merital? He has as many virtues as thou hast blemishes. The proudest of our sex might glory in his addressees, the meanest might be ashamed of thine. Go, curse thy fate, and nature, which has

made thee an object of our scorn : but thank thy jealousy, which has discovered to thee that thou art the derision of a successful rival, and my aversion.

SCENE II.

MALVIL, CATCHIT. [*Malvil stands as in a maze.*]

CATCH. O gemini ! Sir, what's the matter ? I met my mistress in the greatest rage.

MALV. You know enough, not to have asked that. Here, take this letter, and when Merital comes to his appointment, you will find an opportunity to deliver it him. Be sure to do it before he sees your mistress ; for I have contrived a scheme in it that will ruin him for ever with her.—You will deliver it carefully ?

CATCH. Yes, indeed, Sir.

MALV. And learn what you can, and come to my lodgings to-morrow morning—take this kiss, as an earnest of what I'll do for you.

SCENE III.

CATCHIT *alone.*

CATCH. Methinks I long to know what this scheme is. I must know, and I will know. 'Tis but wafer-sealed. I'll open it and read it. But here are the ladies.

SCENE IV.

Lady MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

LA. MATCH. Ha, ha, ha ! and so the creature has taken a fit of jealousy into his head, and has been raving most tragically ! Don't look so dull, dear ; what, because he gives himself airs, will you give yourself the vapours ?

VERM. I am concerned only that I should ever have favoured him in my opinion.

LA. MATCH. Indeed, you have no cause : for you have revenge in your own hand, since nothing but matrimony will cure his phrenzy.

VERM.

VERM. Which cure when I afford him, may I—

LA. MATCH. O no oaths, no imprecations. But, if any, let it be this. When next you are inclined to forgive him, may he be so stubborn not to ask it; that, I am sure, is curse enough.

VERM. Nay, but, dear Matchless, do not rally me on that subject.

LA. MATCH. Is there any subject fitter for railery? the wife, you know, have always made a jest of love.

VERM. Yes, and love has made a jest of the wife, who seem to have no other quarrel to it, but that they are the least successful in it.

LA. MATCH. Nay, if you are an advocate for love, I shall think—

VERM. What?

LA. MATCH. That you are in love.

VERM. Well, you are a censorious, ill-natur'd, teasing—

LA. MATCH. Don't be out of humour, child. I tell you the fellow's your own.

SCENE V.

To them RATTLE.

RATTLE. Ladies, you humble servant.

LA. MATCH. O, you are most opportunely come, for poor Vermilia is horridly in the vapours, and you are, we know, a skilful physician.

RATTLE. But what signifies skill in the physician, when the patient will not take his advice?

VERM. When he mistakes the disease, his advice is not like to be safe. And, I assure you, I never was less in the vapours than now.

LA. MATCH. That's a dangerous symptom: for when a sick lady thinks herself well, her fever must be very high.

RATTLE. Pox take her, wou'd she was dead: for she's always in my way. [*Aside.*]

VERM. This is acting physicians, indeed, to persuade me into a distemper.

RATTLE. I believe, Madam, you are in very little danger.

danger. But, widow, the whole town wonders you are not surfeited with so much courtship.

VERM. Courtship, Mr. Rattle, is a dish adapted to the palate of our sex.

RATTLE. But there is a second course more agreeable, and better adapted to a lady's palate. Courtship is but a long, dull grace to a rich entertainment, both equally banes to sharp-set appetite, and equally out of fashion; the beau-monde say only *Benedicite*, and then fall on.

LA. MATCH. No. Courtship is to marriage, like a fine avenue to an old falling mansion beautified with a painted front; but no sooner is the door shut on us, than we discover an old, shabby, out-of-fashion'd hall, whose only ornaments are a set of branching stag's horns — lamentable emblems of matrimony.

SCENE VI.

Lady MATCHLESS, *Lord* FORMAL,
VERMILIA, RATTLE.

L. FORM. Ladies, I am your most obedient, and obsequious humble servant. Mr. Rattle, I am your devoted.

RATTLE. That's an over-strain'd compliment, my lord: we all know you are entirely devoted to the ladies.

LA. MATCH. That's an over-strain'd compliment to us; for we must be all proud of so elegant a devoté!

L. FORM. Your ladyship has infused more pride into the ingredients of my nature by that one word, than was ever in them since their first mingling into man. And if my title, or the opinion which the world has (I will not say justly) conceived of me, can render me agreeable to the fountain of beauty, I wou'd, with pleasure, throw off all other canals, and let the pure current of my joys flow from her alone.

LA. MATCH. That were to draw the envy of the whole world on me; and wou'd be as unreasonable, as a desire to monopolize the light of the sun.

L. FORM. As your ladyship says, I have been compared to the sun. But the comparison will break, if pursued:

purfued : for the fun fhines on all alike ; whereas my influence wou'd be ftrictly confined to one centre.

RATTIE. Methinks, my lord, you who profefs good-breeding, fhould be lefs particular before ladies.

VERM. O, we may excufe particularity in a lover ; befides, lord Formal is fo perfect a mafter of good-breeding, that if he launched a little out of the common road, the world wou'd efteem it a precedent, and not an error.

LA. MATCH. O, we fhall never out-fhine the court of France, till lord Formal is at the head of *Les Affaires de Beau Monde*.

L. FORM. Your ladyfhip's compliments are fuch an inundation, that they hurry the weak return of mine down their fream. But, really, I have been at fome pains to inculcate principles of good-breeding, and laid down fome rules concerning diftance, fubmiffion, ceremonies, laughing, fighing, ogling, vifits, affronts, refpect, pride, love.

VERM. Has your lordfhip publifhed this book ? It muft be mightily read, for it promifes much — And then the name of the author —

RATTLE. [*Afide.*] Promifes nothing.

L. FORM. Why, I am not determined to print it at all ; for there are an ill-bred fet of people called critics, whom I have no great notion of encountring.

SCENE VII.

To them, Sir POSITIVE TRAP, Sir APISH SIMPLE, HELENA.

SIR POS. Ladies, your humble fervant ; your fervant, gentlemen.

LA. MATCH. You are a great ftranger, Sir Pofitive.

SIR POS. Ay, coufin, you muft not take our not vifiting you oftner amifs, for I am full of bufinefs, and fhe there, poor girl, is never eafy but when fhe is at home. The Traps are no gadding family, our women ftay at home and do bufinefs.

RATTLE. [*Afide.*] Their husbands bufinefs, I believe.

SIR POS. They are none of your fidgeting, flirting, flanting

flanting lasses, that sleep all the morning, dress all the afternoon, and card it all night. Our daughters rise before the sun, and go to bed with him: the Traps are house-wives, cousin. We teach our daughters to make a pye instead of a curtsie, and that good old English art of clear starching, instead of that heathenish gambol called dancing.

L. FORM. Sir, give me leave to presume to ask your pardon.

SIR APISH. Why, Sir father of mine, you will not speak against dancing before the ladies. Clear-starching, indeed! you will pardon him, Madam, Sir Positive is a little *a la Campagne*.

SIR POS. Dancing begets warmth, which is the parent of wantonness. It is, Sir, the great-grandfather of cuckoldom.

L. FORM. O inhuman! it is the most glorious invention that has been conceived by the imagination of mankind, and the most perfect mark that distinguishes us from the brutes.

SIR POS. Ay, Sir, it may serve some, perhaps; but the Traps have always had reason to distinguish them.

L. FORM. You seem to have misunderstood me, Sir; I mean the polite world from the savage.

L. MATCH. Have you seen the new opera, cousin Helena?

HEL. I never saw an opera, cousin, and, indeed, I have a great curiosity——

L. FORM. May I presume on the honour of waiting on you?

SIR POS. Sir, Sir, my niece has an antipathy to musick, it always makes her head ake.

SIR APISH. Ha, ha, ha! musick make a lady's head ake!

SIR POS. Ay, and her husband's heart ake too, by the right hand of the Traps.

L. FORM. Pray, Sir, who are the Traps?

SIR POS. Why, Sir, the Traps are a venerable family. We have had, at least, fifty knights of the shire, deputy-lieutenants, and colonels of the militia in it. Perhaps the grand mogul has not a nobler coat

coat of arms. It is, Sir, a lion rampant, with a wolf couchant, and a cat currant, in a field gules.

L. FORM. It wants nothing but supporters to be very noble, truly.

SIR POS. Supporters, Sir! it has six thousand a year to support its nobility, and six thousand years to support its antiquity.

L. FORM. You will give me leave to presume, Sir, with all the deference imaginable to your superiority of judgment, to doubt whether it be practicable to confer the title of noble on any coat of arms that labours under the deplorable deficiency of a coronet.

SIR POS. How, Sir! do you detract from the nobility of my coat of arms? If you do, Sir, I must tell you, you labour under a deficiency of common sense.

LA. MATCH. O fie, Sir Positive! you are too severe on his lordship.

SIR POS. He is a lord then! and what of that? an old English baronet is above a lord. A title of yesterday! an innovation! Who were lords, I wonder, in the time of Sir Julius Cæsar? And it is plain he was a baronet, by his being called by his Christian name.

VERM. Christen'd name! I apprehend, Sir, that Cæsar lived before the time of Christianity.

SIR POS. And what then, Madam? he might be a baronet without being a Christian, I hope. But I don't suppose our antiquity will recommend us to you: for women love upstarts, by the right hand of the Traps.

SCENE VIII.

To them WISEMORE.

WISEM. Ha! grant me patience, Heaven. Madam, if five months absence has not effaced the remembrance of what has passed between us, you will recollect me with blushing cheeks. Not to blush now were to forsake your sex.

LA. MATCH. You have forsaken your humanity, Sir, to affront me thus publickly.

WISEM. How was I deceived by my opinion of your good sense! but London wou'd seduce a faint. A widow no sooner comes to this vile town, than she keeps open house for all guests. All, all are welcome. Your hatchments were at first intended to repel visitants; but they are now hung out for the same hospitable end as the bills, "Lodgings to let;" with this difference only, that the one invites to a mercenary, the other to a free tenement.

KATTLE. This behaviour, Sir, will not be suffered here.

SIR APISH. No, Sir, this behaviour, Sir, will not be suffered here, Sir.

L. FORM. Upon my title, it is not altogether consonant to the rules of consummate good-breeding.

LA. MATCH. Pray, gentlemen, take no notice.

WISEM. Madam, I may have been too rude; I hope you'll pardon me. The sudden surprize of such a sight hurried away my senses, as if I sympathized with the objects I beheld. But I have recovered them. My reason cools, and I can now paint out your errors. Start not at that word, nor be offended that I do it before so many of your admirers: for tho' my colours be never so lively, the weak eye of their understanding is too dim to distinguish them. They will take them for beauties: they will adore you for them. You may have a coronet, doubtless. A large jointure is as good a title to a lord, as a coronet is to a fine lady.

LA. MATCH. Ha, ha, ha! witty, I protest, and true; for, in my opinion, a lord is the prettiest thing in the world.

L. FORM. And your ladyship may make him the happiest thing in the world.

WISEM. O nature, nature, why didst thou form woman, in beauty the master-piece of the creation, and give her a soul capable of being caught with the tinsel outside of such a fop as this! this empty, gaudy, nameless thing!

L. FORM. Let me presume to tell you, that nameless thing will be agreeable to the ladies, in spite of your envy.

WISEM.

WISEM. Madam, by all that's heavenly, I love you more than life; wou'd I might not say, than wisdom. If it be not in my power to merit a return, let me obtain this grant, that you wou'd banish from you these knaves, these vultures; wolves are more merciful than they. What is their desire, but to riot in your plenty? to sacrifice your boundless stores to their licentious appetites? to pay their desponding creditors with your gold? to ravage you, ruin you; nay, to make you curse that auspicious day which gave you birth!

L. FORM. This is the rudest gentleman that ever offended my ears since they first enjoyed the faculty of hearing. [Aside.

VERM. This is very unaccountable, methinks.

LA. MATCH. Lord, my dear, don't you know he has been formerly a beau? and was, indeed, very well received in his time: 'till going down into the country, and shutting himself up in a study among a set of paper-philosophers, he, who went in a butterfly, came out a book-worm. Ha, ha, ha!

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha!

WISEM. When once a lady's raillery is set a running, it very seldom stops 'till it has exhausted all her wit.

RATTLE. Agad, I would advise you to wade off before the stream's too high; for your philosophy will be sure to sink you.

SIR POS. Ay, ay, sink sure enough: for, by the right hand of the Traps, a lady's wit is seldom any thing but froth.

RATTLE. I have seen it make many a wise esquire froth at the mouth before now.

VERM. That must be a very likely sign of a lover, indeed.

WISEM. O very, very likely; for it is a certain sign of a madman.

L. FORM. If those are synonymous terms, I have long since entered into a state of distraction.

WISEM. If I stay, I shall be mad, indeed. Madam, farewell; may Heaven open your eyes before you are shut into perdition.

SCENE IX.

Lady MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, HELENA,
Lord FORMAL, Sir POSITIVE, Sir APISH,
and RATTLE.

LA. MATCH. Ha, ha, ha, rustick! Did you ever see such a creature?

L. FORM. No, upon my title; nor am I perfectly determinate what species of animals to assign him to, unless he be one of those barbarous insects the polite call country 'squires.

SIR POS. Barbarous! Sir, I'd have you to know there are not better-natured people alive.

HEL. [*Aside.*] I am uneasy at this disappointment of Merital.—Sir, my aunt will be at home before us.

SIR POS. 'o she will, chucky. Lookee, coufin, you see the Traps don't love gadding.

L. FORM. May I presume to lead you to your coach?

SIR POS. Sir, I always lead my niece myself: it's the custom of the Traps.

L. FORM. Sir, your most obedient and obsequious humble servant.

SCENE X.

Lady MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, Lord FORMAL,
Sir APISH, and RATTLE.

L. FORM. If they are all like you, the Traps are the worst bred family in Europe. [*Aside.*]—I presume that gentleman has some heiress with him.

SIR APISH. Why, she is to be my wife to-morrow morning.

LA. MATCH. How, Sir Apish! this is surprizing.

SIR APISH. Why, indeed, I do not like country education; but then I consider that the town air will produce town breeding: for there was Lady Rig, who, when first she came to town, nothing was ever so awkward. But now she swims a minuet, and sits you eight and forty hours at quadrille.

L. FORM. Her ladyship is indebted to my instructions;

tions; for 'tis well known, before I had the honour of her acquaintance, she has publickly spoke against that divine collection of polite learning written by Mr. Gulliver: but now, the very moment it is named, she breaks out into the prettiest exclamation, and cries, O the dear, sweet, pretty, little creatures: Oh! gemini! wou'd I had been born a Lilliputian.

LA. MATCH. But methinks, Sir Apish, a lady who has seen the world should be more agreeable to one of your refined taste: besides, I have heard you say you like a widow.

SIR APISH. Ah! l'amour! a perfect declaration! she is in love with me, mardie! [*Aside.*]—Ah! Madam, if I durst declare it, there is a certain person in the world, who, in a certain person's eye, is a more agreeable person than any person, amongst all the persons, whom persons think agreeable persons.

LA. MATCH. Whoever that person is, she, certainly, is a very happy person.

SIR APISH. Ah! madam, my eyes sufficiently and evidently declare, that that person is no other person than your ladyship's own person.

LA. MATCH. Nay, all this I have drawn on myself.

L. FORM. Your ladyship's eyes are two loadstones that attract the admiration of our whole sex: their virtues are more refined than the loadstone's; for you, madam, attract the golden part.

RATTLE. Come, gentlemen, are you for the opera?

L. FORM. Oh! by all means. La i'es, your most humble servant.

SIR APISH. Your ladyship's everlasting creature.

SCENE XI.

Lady MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

VERM. And pray, my dear, what do you mean by an additional lover?

LA. MATCH. To deliver my cousin Helena from so detestable a match. She intreated it of me; and I believe I have now done her business, and am a successful rival.

SCENE XII.

To them CATCHIT.

CATCH. Oh, madam, I have been waiting this half hour for an opportunity. There's a terrible scene of mischief going forwards. Mr. Malvil has been taxing me about Mr. Merital; and so I let drop a few words, and so he has taken a fit of jealousy, and so see the consequence. *[Gives an open letter.*

VERM. Ha! 'tis a challenge! How came you by it?

CATCH. Why, madam, he had heard that Mr. Merital had an appointment here, and so, he desired me to give him this letter, and so, and so ———

VERM. And so you had the curiosity to open it.

LA. MATCH. Since it has given us an opportunity to prevent mischief, you must pardon her.

VERM. Prevent! No, I'll further it rather.

LA. MATCH. But, my dear, consider here is the life of the innocent as well as guilty at stake.

CATCH. O, dear madam, don't let poor Mr. Merital suffer for my fault.

VERM. Your fault!

CATCH. If you will pardon me, madam, I'll discover the whole mistake.

LA. MATCH. On that condition, I'll assure your pardon.

CATCH. Why, madam, I had heard that Mrs. Helena was to be here at five, and so I sent word to Mr. Merital; and Mr. Malvil coming in at that time (which was when your ladyship went to the park this morning), I dropt a word or two about meeting a mistress here; and so, I suppose, he thought it was your ladyship; and so, this afternoon he gave me a letter, which, I must own, my curiosity ———

VERM. Very fine, indeed!

LA. MATCH. I have a thought just risen, which may turn this accident into a very lucky scene of diversion. Mistress Catchit, can you not change the name of Merital on the superscription into that of Wisemore?

CATCH.

CATCH. O, madam, I am dextrous at those things.

LA. MATCH. Come in then, and I'll tell you farther. Give me your hand, Vermilia: take my word for it, child, the men are very filly creatures; therefore let us laugh at mankind,

And teach them that, in spite of all their scorn,
Our slaves they are, and for our service born.

SCENE XIII.

SCENE, *Sir POSITIVE TRAP's House.*

Lady TRAP discovered, and then MERITAL.

LA. TRAP. Every thing is prepared; now is the happy hour. I hear some steps; 'tis surely he. Who's there? my love?

MER. My life! my soul! my joy!

LA. TRAP. Soft, my aunt will hear us.

MER. Oh, name her not. She is a perfect antidote to love. Let these blessed moments be spent in nothing but soft caresses. Oh! let me breathe out my fond soul on thy lips, and let thine own inform thee what I'd say. It will, I know, be tender as my thoughts.

LA. TRAP. [*Aside.*] What fools men are to make bustles about particular women, when they know not one from another in the dark?

MER. But say, my life, what method shall I contrive for your escape? Consider you are in the jaws of wretches, who would, for a little profit, see you miserable for ever.

LA. TRAP. I must blame my ill-advifed boldness, in trusting myself alone, even with you. I fear the frailty of my own sex, and the strength of yours.

MER. Not infant babes can love their tender mothers with more innocence. Sure my Helena has observed nothing in my conduct to ground such a suspicion on. But let us not trifle: go with me now; do not trust your aunt; she has cunning enough to deceive a thousand Argos's.

LA. TRAP. Nay, you have no reason to asperse
my

my aunt; she always speaks well of you, and I hate ingratitude.

[Here Helena entering with a candle, overbearing Lady Trap, blows it out, retires to the corner of the scene, and listens.]

MER. 'Tis the aunt herself. What a nose have I to mistake a bunch of hemlock for a nosegay of violets! I don't know the meaning of this; but I'll try how far she will carry it; perhaps I may blind her suspicions for the future. [Aside.]

Come, come, madam, contrive some way for an escape, or I shall make use of the present opportunity. My passion must be cooled.

LA. TRAP. [In a low voice.] I'll call my aunt, if you dare attempt.

MER. She is here already, madam. Ha, ha, ha, did you think I did not know a fine woman from a green girl? Cou'd not my warm, vigorous kisses inform you that I knew on whom they were bestowed? You must long since have discover'd my passion for your niece to have been a counterfeit, a covering on my flame for you. Be assured, madam, she has nothing agreeable to me but her fortune. Wou'd you manage wisely, you might secure yourself a gallant, and your gallant an estate.

LA. TRAP. Cou'd I believe you, Sir, it were an affront to my virtue.

MER. Ah! madam, whom did you expect just now, when, with a languishing sigh, you cried, Who's there? my love? That's not a name for a husband.

LA. TRAP. Since I am discovered, I will own—

MER. Let me kiss away the dear word. — Brandy and affafoetida, by Jupiter. [Aside.]

LA. TRAP. But will you be a man of honour?

MER. [Aloud.] For ever, madam, for ever, whilst those bright eyes conquer all they behold. The devil's in it if this does not alarm somebody. [Aside.]

LA. TRAP. Softly, Sir, you will raise the house.

MER. [Aside.] I am sure I never wanted relief more.—

LA. TRAP. Ha! I am alone, in the dark, a bed-chamber by, if you shou'd attempt my honour, who knows

knows what the frailty of my sex may consent to? Or, if you shou'd force me, am I, poor weak woman, able to resist? Ay, but then there is law and justice; yet you may depend too fatally on my good-nature.

MER. Consider, madam, you are in my power; remember your declaration. I had your love from your own dear lips. Consider well the temptation of so much beauty, the height of my offered joys, the time, the place, and the violence of my passion. Think on this, madam, and you can expect no other than that I should this moment seize on all my transports.

LA. TRAP. If you shou'd—Heaven forgive you.

MER. [*louder still.*] Yet, to convince you of my generosity, you are at your liberty. I will do nothing without your consent.

LA. TRAP. Then to shew you what a confidence I repose in your virtue, I vow to grant whate'er you ask.

MER. [*very loud.*] And to shew you how well I deserve that confidence, I vow never to tempt your virtuous ears with love again; but try, by your example, to reduce licentious passion to pure Platonic love.

SCENE XIV.

HELENA *behind, with Sir POSITIVE with a Broad-sword.*

SIR POS. I hear 'em, I hear 'em.

LA. TRAP. Ha! Sir Positive's voice! Avaunt, nor think all thy intreaties shall avail against my virtue, or that it is in the power of all mankind to make me wrong the best, the kindest of husbands. I swear, I never will, even in thought, more that at this moment.

SIR POS. O! incomparable virtue! what an excellent lady have I! Lights there, lights..

[*Servants bring lights.*]

LA. TRAP. O! my dear, you are most seasonably come; for I was hardly able to resist him.

SIR POS. What's your business here, Sir?

MER. My usual business, Sir, cuckoldom. My design is against your worship's head and your lady's heart.

SIR

SIR POS. A very pretty gentleman! And so, Sir, you are beginning with my wife first?

MER. Yes, Sir, the easiest way to the husband is through the wife.

SIR POS. Come away, lady wife; come away, niece. Sir, there's the door: the next time I catch you here, I may, perhaps, teach you what it is to make a cuckold of Sir Positive Trap.

HEL. Assure yourself I'll speak to you no more.

LA. TRAP. Au! the monster!

MER. Your monster is gone before, madam.—So, whilst I am trying to blind the aunt with a pretended passion for her, the niece over-hears, and she'll speak to me no more!—There never comes any good of making love to an old woman.

SCENE XV.

SCENE, WISEMORE'S lodgings.

WISEMORE *alone.*

How vain is human reason, when philosophy cannot overcome our passions! when we can see our errors, and yet pursue them. But if to love be an error, why should great minds be the most subject to it? No, the first pair enjoyed it in their state of innocence, whilst error was unborn.

SCENE XVI.

To him, Servant with a letter.

SERV. A letter, Sir.

WISEMORE *reads.*

“ SIR,

“ You who are conscious of being secretly my rival
 “ in the midst of an intimate friendship, will not be
 “ surprized when I desire that word may be cancelled
 “ between us, and that you wou'd not fail me to-mor-
 “ row at seven in Hyde-park. Your injured,

MALVIL.”

What can this mean? Ha! here's a postscript.

P. S.

P. S. "Your poor colourings of love for another woman, which you put on this morning, has confirm'd, not baffled my suspicion. I am certain you had no mistress to meet at lady Matchless's but Vermilia."

Who brought this letter?

SERV. A porter, Sir, who said it required no answer.

WISEM. What am I to think? am I in a dream? or was this writ in one? Sure madness has possessed the world, and men, like the limbs of a tainted body, universally share the infection. What shall I do! to go, is to encounter a madman, and yet I will. Some strange circumstances may have wrought this delusion, which my presence may dissipate. And, since love and jealousy are his diseases, I ought to pity him, who know by dreadful experience,

When love in an impetuous torrent flows,
How vainly reason wou'd its force oppose;
Hurl'd down the stream, like flowers before the wind,
She leaves to love, the empire of the mind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, HYDE-PARK.

Lady MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, *masqued*.

Lady MATCHLESS.

I AM sure I saw some one hereabouts, who, by his posture, actions, and dress, must be my swain. Well, Vermilia, this sure is the maddest prank—what will the world say?

VERM. The world is a censorious, ill-natur'd critic, and I despise its cavillings. Besides, I am now grown careless of every thing. O! my dear! it is the most valuable privilege of friendship to disburthen our secrets into one another's bosoms—If you knew those of mine—I am sure you wou'd pity me.

SCENE

SCENE II.

To them WISEMORE.

LA. MATCH. I do pity you, indeed, for sure to be in love——

WISEM. Is to be foolish, mad, miserable—To be in love is to be in hell. [*Advancing from behind.*]

LA. MATCH. Do you speak from experience, Sir?

WISEM. From sad experience—I have been in love—so monstrously in love, that, like a bow over-bent, I am now relaxed into an opposite extreme—and heartily hate your whole sex.

LA. MATCH. Poor Cardenio! ha, ha, ha! be not so disconsolate, you may yet find your Lucinda.

WISEM. No, she has lost herself—and in a wilderness.

LA. MATCH. How, in a wilderness?

WISEM. Ay, in that town! that worst of wildernesses! where follies spread like thorns; where men act the part of tygers, and women of crocodiles; where vice lords it like a lion, and virtue, that phoenix, is so rarely seen, that she is believed a fable.—But these sentiments do not please you, so, pray leave me.

VERM. Our company, Sir, was your own choice.

LA. MATCH. And now you have raised our curiosity, you shall lay it.

WISEM. I would have raised the devil sooner, and sooner wou'd I have laid him—Your curiosity, Madam, is a sort of a hydra, which not even Hercules can tame; so, dear ladies, leave me, or I shall pull off your sham-faces——

LA. MATCH. You would repent it, heartily, if you did.

WISEM. Perhaps so. I believe, indeed, you shew the best part of you.

LA. MATCH. You wou'd give half your soul to see the best part of me.

WISEM. Half-a-crown I will. The best sight to me is your back, turn it, and away; you lose your time, indeed, you do. What can such as you, with a plain honest man like me? Go, seek your game: the beaux will

will begin to yawn presently, and fots return home from their debauches; strike in there, and you make your fortune, at least, get a dinner, which you may want by staying here.

LA. MATCH. Do not be angry, dear rustic—for we are both enamorata's as well as you—nay, perhaps, I am so with yourself. Hang constancy, you know too much of the world to be constant, sure.

WISEM. 'Tis from a knowledge of the world, Madam, that I am constant.—For I know it has nothing which can pay me for the exchange.

LA. MATCH. Come, come, you wou'd have more modern notions, if you knew that a certain woman of fortune has some kind thoughts of you; and, I assure you, I am not what I seem.

WISEM. Faith, Madam, I shou'd not. Grandeur is to me nauseous as a gilded pill, and fortune, as it can never raise my esteem for the possessor, can never raise my love. My heart is no place of mercenary entertainment, nor owns more than one mistress. Its spacious rooms are all, all hers who flights and despises it. Yes, she has abandon'd me, and I will abandon myself to despair; so, pray, leave me to it, for such as you can have no business with the unhappy.

LA. MATCH. Generous, worthy man! [*Aside.* Romantick nonsense!—I tell you, I am a woman of family and fortune, perhaps, beauty too, and so violently enamoured of your humour, that I am afraid my life is in your power.

WISEM. Wou'd your tongue was in my power, tho' I question, even then, the possibility of stopping it. I wonder the anatomy of a woman's tongue does not enable our modern philosophers to discover a perpetual motion. To me, the Turkish yawl at an on-fet, the Irish howl at a funeral, or the Indian exclamation at an eclipse, are all soft musick to that single noise.—It has no likeness in nature, but a rattle-snake: the noise as odious, and the venom as dangerous.

LA. MATCH. But, like a rattle-snake, it gives you warning, and if you will front the danger, you must blame your own prowess if you smart for it.

WISEM.

WISEM. The serpent practises not half your wiles. He covers not his poison with the cloak of love. Like lawyers, you gild your deceit, and lead us to misery, whilst we imagine ourselves pursuing happiness.

LA. MATCH. Ha, ha, ha. Piqued malice! you have lost an estate for want of money, and a mistress for want of wit.

WISEM. Methinks, either of those possessions shou'd be maintained by juster titles—In my opinion, the only title to the first shou'd be right, and to the latter, merit, love, and constancy.

LA. MATCH. Ha, ha, ha! then know, thou romantick hero, that right is a sort of knight-errant, whom we have long since laughed out of the world. Merit is demerit, constancy dulness, and love an out-of-fashion Saxon word, which no polite person understands—Looke, Sir, pull out your purse to a lawyer, and your snuff-box to a lady, and I warrant you carry your point with both.

WISEM. The purse may, indeed, win the lawyer; but for the other, you must depend on chance. You may as well teach us a certain method to gain that fickle, airy, imaginary mistress, Fortune, whose emblems you are. For your favours are as blindly bestowed, as fickle in their duration—and, like Fortune, you often curse him most to whom you seem most kind.

SCENE III.

To them MALVIL.

MALV. Wisemore and women! my philosopher turned rake! Good-morrow, Ned; I see a country gentleman must have his morning walk.

WISEM. What does he mean? this coldness ill suits his letter. [*Aside*]—Ay, Sir, and you are very seasonably come to my assistance, or I had been devoured by two she-wolves, more ravenous than any in the deserts of America.

MALV. Nay, ladies, it was barbarous to attack with odds, when even singly you might have vanquished.

[*Talks apart with Vermilia.*

WISEM.

WISEM. Will you take away your companion, and leave us? for that gentleman and I have business.

LA. MATCH. Not till you agree to an assignation. Promise to meet me barefaced at ten, and I am your servant.

WISEM. I'll promise any thing to be rid of you.

LA. MATCH. Step aside then, and I'll give you the signals.

Malvil and Vermilia advance.

VERM. Indeed! so gallant!

MALV. O Madam, a lady is never more agreeable to me than at first sight; for, to my temper, a woman palls as much by frequent conversation, as enjoyment.

VERM. But how are you sure that first sight will be agreeable?

MALV. Why, faith! as no woman has charms enough to engage my constancy to the last, so neither does any want enough to fire my desires at first. But, if thy face be potently ugly, keep it to thyself, and discover only thy beauties. You are young, I am sure, and well-shaped, have a vast share of wit, and a very little share of modesty.

VERM. Impudence! In what, pray, have I discovered my want of it?

MALV. In your pretension to it, child; and, faith! that's better than the real possession. What is modesty, but a flaming sword to keep mankind out of Paradise? It is a Jack-with-a-lantern, that mis-leads poor women in their roads to happiness. It is the contempt of all society; lawyers call it the sign of a bad cause, soldiers of cowardice, courtiers of ill-breeding, and women—the worst sign of a fool. Indeed, it has, sometimes, made a good cloak for the beauteous, tawdry outside of a lady's reputation. But, like other cloaks, it is now out of fashion, and worn no where but in the country.

VERM. Then to silence your impertinence at once, know, Sir, that I'm a woman of fashion, rigidly virtuous, and severely modest.

MALV. A blank verse, faith! and may make a figure

figure in a fustian tragedy. Four fine sounding words, and mean just nothing at all.

VERM. I suppose these are the sentiments of you modern fine gentlemen. The beaux of this age, like the criticks, will not see perfections in others which they are strangers to themselves. You confine the masterly hand of nature, to the narrow bands of your own conceptions.

MALV. Why what have we here? Seneca's morals under a masque!

VERM. I hope that title will prevent your farther perusal.

MALV. I'll tell you a way to do it.

VERM. O name it.

MALV. Unmasque then. If I like your face no better than your principles, Madam, I will immediately take my leave of both.

VERM. That's an uncertainty, I'm afraid, considering the sentiments you just now professed.—Was you, indeed, that heroe in love which your friend is there?

MALV. No, faith! I have been heroe in love long enough.

VERM. What woman was blessed with so faithful an admirer. Pray, what was your mistress's name?

MALV. Her name was nothing. I was violently enamoured with a constellation of virtues in a fine lady, who had not one in her whole composition.

VER. And pray, Sir, how was you cured of your love?

MALV. As children are of their fear, when they discover the bug-bear.

LA. MATCH. [*Advancing with Wisemore.*] Well, you will be punctual?

VERM. O, my dear, I have met with a discarded lover too, full as romantick as yours.

LA. MATCH. Say you so? then, I believe, these are the very two famed heroes in Don Quixote.

WISEM. Shall we never lose your prating?

LA. MATCH. Promise not to dodge us.

WISEM. Not even to look after you.

LA.

LA. MATCH. Adieu then.

VERM. Bie, constancy ; ha, ha, ha!

SCENE IV.

WISEMORE, MALVIL.

WISEM. Well, Sir ; you see I am come.

MALV. And am very forry to see it too, Ned, ha, ha, ha!

WISEM. This reception, Sir, ill agrees with your letter. But 'twere absurd to expect coherencies in a madman's behaviour.

MALV. What's this ?

WISEM. Was it, Sir, from my expressed abhorrence of this civil butchery, you pitched on me as one who wou'd give you the reputation of a duelist, without the danger? perhaps, you had rather met with another.

MALV. That I had, indeed.

WISEM. Death and the devil! did you invite me here to laugh at me ?

MALV. Are you mad, or in a dream.

WISEM. He who denies to-day, what he writ yesterday, either dreams, or worse. Your monstrous jealousy, your challenge, and your present behaviour, look like a feverish dream.

MALV. Invite ! jealousy ! challenge ! what do you mean ?

WISEM. [*Shows a letter.*] Read there, then ask my meaning.

MALV. [*Reads.*] Ha ! my letter to Merital ! villainous jade ! she has altered the name too on the superscription. I am abused, indeed !

WISEM. Well, Sir !

MALV. Wisemore, be assured my surprize is equal to yours. This letter, I did, indeed, write, but not to you.

WISEM. How !

MALV. Believe me, on my honour, I did not send it you. His name to whom I designed it is erased, and yours superscribed, I suppose, by the person to whom

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whom I entrusted the delivery. And, be assured, you was not the enemy I wished to meet here.

WISEM. What novel's this?

MALV. Faith! it may be a pleasant one to you, and no less useful to me. But the morning is late; you shall go home, and breakfast at my lodgings, and, in the way, I will let you into the whole story.

WISEM. Whatever it be which clears my friend from the imputation of so wild a delusion, must be agreeable to me.

MALV. And now we will have our swing at satire against the sex.

WISEM. I shall be as severe, as a damned poet is on the age.

MALV. And, perhaps for the same reason—at least the world will always give satire on women the names of malice and revenge—whoever aims at it, will succeed

Like a detracting courtier in disgrace,
The wise will say, He only wants a place.

SCENE V.

SCENE *Sir POSITIVE TRAP'S House.*

HELENA *alone.*

HEL. Of three deplorable evils, which shall I chuse? To endure the tyranny of an imperious aunt? to venture on a man whose inconstancy I have been an ocular witness of? or support the company of a fool for life? Certainly, the last is the least terrible. I do now think our parents are wiser than we are, and have reason to curb our inclinations: since it is a happier lot to marry a fool with a good estate, than a knave without one.

SCENE VI.

Sir POSITIVE, HELENA.

SIR POS. Are you ready? Are you prepar'd? Hey?

HEL. I am sensible, Sir, how unworthily I had fixed
my

my heart; and I think, neither wisdom nor honour oblige me to be undutiful to you longer.

SIR POS. You are a wise girl! a very wise girl! and have considered doubtless the vast difference between a Baronet and a Mister. Ha! ha! and here he comes.

SCENE VII.

To them Sir APISH.

SIR POS. Sir Apish Simple, your humble servant. You are early. What, you have not slept a wink. I did not sleep for a week before I was married to my lady.

SIR APISH. You had a very strong constitution then, Sir Positive.

SIR POS. Ay, Sir, we are a strong family, an Herculean race! Hercules was a Trap by his mother's side. Well, well, my niece there has given her consent, and every thing is ready. So, take her by the hand——and——

SIR APISH. Upon my word, Sir Positive, I cannot dance a step.

SIR POS. How! when I was as young as you, I cou'd have danced over the moon, and into the moon too, without a fiddle. But come, I hate trifling. The lawyer is without with the deeds, and the parson is drest in his Pontificalibus.

SIR APISH. The parson! I suppose he is a Welch one, and plays on the violin, ha, ha, ha!

HEL. I see my cousin has been as good as her word. [Aside.]

SIR POS. Sir Apish, jesting with matrimony, is playing with edged tools.

SIR APISH. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! Sir Positive is merry this morning.

SIR POS. Sir, you will put me out of humour presently.

SIR APISH. Sir, I have more reason to be out of humour; for you have invited me to breakfast, without preparing any.

SIR POS. Is not my niece prepared, Sir?

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SIR APISH. Sir, I am no Cannibal.

SIR POS. Did not you come to marry my niece, Sir?

SIR APISH. Sir, I never had such a thought since I was begotten.

SIR POS. The man is mad. [Staring.

SIR APISH. Poor Sir Positive! it is his first fit, Madam?

SIR POS. A dark room and clean straw wou'd be of service.

SIR APISH. Nay, nay, I have no time to reason with a madman; but I hope when you hear I am married to one of the finest ladies about town, it will cure your phrenzy; and so, Sir, your humble servant.

HEL. Bless me, Sir? what's the meaning of this?

SIR POS. Why the meaning is that he is mad, and this news will make my lady mad, and that will make me mad; and you may be mad for a husband, by what I can see, by the right hand of the Traps.

HEL. So. I had yesterday two lovers; but now I have forsaken the one, and the other has forsaken me. Well, these men are jewels; so far, I am sure, they are jewels, that the richest lady has always the most in her equipage.

SCENE VIII. *The Piazza.*

MALVIL, WISEMORE.

MALV. How! an assignation from Vermilia?

WISEM. That's the name, the place this, the hour ten.

MALV. Impudent harlot!

WISEM. She made me pass my word to keep it secret from you; but when I perceived it the same name with that in your letter, I thought myself obliged by friendship to discover it. The other signals were a red cloak and a masque.

MALV. Thou dearest, best of friends. Ten, you say? it is now within an hour of the time. Since you do not intend to keep your assignation, I will take it off your hands. But you may yet heap another obligation

igation on me by your presence ; for I am resolved to expose her.

WISEM. I am to meet a serjeant-at-law hard by— but will return with all possible expedition, and then— if I can be of service.

MALV. If you return before the hour, you will find me at Tom's, if not here.

WISEM. Till then farewell—How am I involving myself in other mens affairs, when my own require my utmost diligence ! What course shall I take ? I cannot resolve to leave her, and, I am sure, she has given me no hopes of gaining her. Yet she has not shewn any real dislike, nor will I ever imagine her inclination's leaning to any of those fops she is surrounded with.

SCENE IX.

MERITAL, WISEMORE.

MER. So thoughtful, Wisemore ? What point of philosophy are you discussing ?

WISEM. One that has puzzled all who ever attempted it——Woman, Sir, was the subject of my contemplation.

MER. Ha ! hey ! what point of the compass does the widow turn to now ?

WISEM. A very frozen one. Foppery.

MER. Let me advise thee, Ned, to give over your attack, or change your method. For, be assur'd, widows are a study you will never be any proficient in, 'till you are initiated into that modern science which the French call *Le bon Assurance*.

WISEM. Ay, ay, we may allow you gentlemen of professed gayety those known turns of raillery, since they were the estate of your fore-fathers : there is an hereditary fund of little pleasantries which the beaux of every age enjoy, in a continual succession.

MER. Well, and I hope you will do those of this age the justice to confess, they do not attempt any innovation in the province of wit.

WISEM. Art thou so converted then as to despise the fops ?

MER. As much as thou dost the women, I believe, Ned.

WISEM. You mistake me. It is their follies only I despise. But there, certainly, are women, whose beauty to their minds, like dress to their beauty, is rather a covering than an ornament.

MER. These are high flights, indeed. But, tell me, on what do you build your hopes of the widow?

WISEM. On an opinion I have of her good sense, and good nature. The first will prevent her favouring a fop, the latter may favour me.

MER. And, pray, what foundation is your opinion of her good sense built on? If, as you just now seem'd to think, the beaux are its supporters—it is a very rotten one.

WISEM. No; when I said she inclined to foppery, I meant only for her diversion.

MER. Hum! I believe, women very seldom take matrimony for a penance.

WISEM. You draw too direct inferences from her conduct towards coxcombs. Depend on it, they are mirrors, in which you can hardly discover the mind of a woman of sense, because she seldom shews it them unmasqued. If she be not a woman of sense, I have, indeed, built a castle in the air, which every breeze of perfumes can over-turn.

MER. Why, really, it seems to me very little else, by what I know of her ladyship. But you are one of those reasonable lovers who can live a day on a kind look, a week on a smile, and a soft word wou'd victual you for an East-India voyage.

WISEM. I find the conversation of a friend effaces the remembrance of business.

MER. Any thing to the island of love?

WISEM. No, no, to that of law.

MER. Success attend you——why, I have been forgetful too. But fortune, I see, is so kind as to remind me.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Sir APISH, MERITAL.

MER. Sir Apish, your humble servant.

SIR APISH. Dear Tom, I kiss your button.

MER. That's a pretty suit of yours, Sir Apish, perfectly gay, new, and *à la mode*.

SIR APISH. He, he, he! the ladies tell me I refine upon them. I think I have studied dress long enough to know a little, and I have the good fortune to have every suit liked better than the former.

MER. Why, indeed, I have remarked that, as your dull pretenders to wisdom grow wiser with their years, so your men of gayety the older they grow, the finer they grow. But, come, your looks confess there is more in this. The town says it too.

SIR APISH. What, dear Tom?

MER. That you are to be married, and to a Yorkshire great fortune.

SIR APISH. He, he, he! I'll make you my confidant in that affair. 'Tis true, I had such a treaty on foot, for the girl has ten thousand pounds, which would have patched up some breaches in my estate; but a finer lady has vouchsafed to throw a hundred into my lap, and so I have e'en dropt the other.

MER. What, are you in actual possession?

SIR APISH. Of her heart, Sir, and shall be, perhaps, of every thing else in a day or two. Ah! she's a fine creature, Tom; she is the greatest beauty, and the greatest wit—Pshaw! can't you guess whom I mean?

MER. No—for I know no orange wench of such a fortune. [*Aside.*

SIR APISH. Why, who can be all this but lady Matchless?

MER. Upon my word, I commend your exchange. Sir Apish, it lies in your power to do me an exquisite favour—and, I know, you will do any thing to serve your friend.

SIR APISH. I would as much as another, indeed—

why what a pox, does he intend to borrow money of me? [*Aside.*]

Yes, yes, as I was saying, Tom, I wou'd do any thing to serve a friend in necessity; but badness of tenants, two or three supernumerary suits of laced cloaths, and a bad run of dice, have reduced me, really, to such an extremity of cash——

MER. You misapprehend me. You were this morning, I hear, to be married to Helena?

SIR APISH. And, ha, ha, ha! I must tell it you: I have been just now with Sir Positive Trap, her uncle; and when he expected the performance of articles, I persuaded him he was mad, laughed at him, and, with a brave front, faced him down that I knew nothing of the matter.

MER. You shall go back then immediately, turn your former visit into raillery—tho' it be a little absurd, it will pass on the knight—dissemble a willingness to go through affairs; I will be your chaplain, and may, perhaps, go through affairs in your place.

SIR APISH. Is she an acquaintance of yours then?

MER. O, ay.

SIR APISH. Dear Tom, I am very glad I can oblige you by a resignation, and will do to the utmost of my power; and to shew you, Sir, that I love to serve a friend, Sir, I'll but step to the next street, and be here, Sir, at your commands, Sir, in a moment, Sir.

MER. [*solus.*] My rencounter with the old lady, last night, surprized me: there must have been some mystery in that affair, which my disguise may help me to unravel. Men of capricious tempers wou'd raise a hundred jealousies on this occasion; but it shall be ever my sentiments of a mistress, in all doubtful cases—

That if she's true, time will her truth discover,
But if she's false, I'll be as false a lover.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

SCENE, *Lady MATCHLESS's House.*

Lady MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

LA. MATCH. Ha, ha, ha! love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

VER. The best embitterers, you mean; but, in my opinion, scandal is the sweetest of the two, and least dangerous.

LA. MATCH. Love is not so dangerous to our sex as you imagine. It is a warfare wherein we always get the better, if we manage prudently; men are perfect empty bullies in it; and, as a certain poet says—

“ Swift to attack, and swift to run away.”

VER. Well, but what do you intend by your assignation?

LA. MATCH. Only to get an excuse for discarding a troublesome lover. Lookee, Vermilia, you shall attack him for me; I am afraid of a discovery myself. If you can but bring him to terms, that is, if you can procure his consent to a second treaty, I shall be very handsomely disengaged of mine.

VER. You banter, sure. But, if you are in earnest, I must advise you to get another proxy; for I heartily hate mankind, and will forswear any conversation with them.

LA. MATCH. Nay, but you shall force your inclinations to serve your friend.

VER. And, pray, what has caused this sudden revolution in your temper, since, if I am not mistaken, you, but yesterday, expressed some favour for him.

LA. MATCH. But I have found him such an out-of-fashion creature, that I am heartily ashamed of him; besides, I have this morning received proposals from that prince of pretty fellows—Lord Formal.

VER. O constancy! thou art a virtue.

LA. MATCH. It is indeed. For virtues, like faints, are never canonized 'till after they are dead—which poor Constancy has been long ago.

VER. I am afraid it proved abortive, and died before it was born. But if it ever had being, it was most certainly feminine; and, indeed, the men have been so modest to allow all the virtues to be of our sex.

LA. MATCH. O! we are extremely obliged to them; they have found out housewifery to belong to us too. In short, they throw their families and their honour into our care, because they are unwilling to have the trouble of preserving them themselves.

VER. But you raily, sure, in what you say concerning lord Formal.

LA. MATCH. Fie! my dear, is a title so ludicrous a thing?—But, come, you shall undertake my affignation with Wisemore.

VER. Were I sure it wou'd give an uneasy moment to Malvil, I wou'd; for there is nothing I wou'd stick at to be revenged on him.

LA. MATCH. When we resolve revenge against our lovers, that little rogue Love sits on his throne, and laughs till he almost bursts,

Tho' ne'er so high our rage, the rogue will find }
 Some little, ticklish corner in the mind, }
 Work himself in, and make the virgin kind. }
 When next before her feet her lover lies,
 All her resentment, in a moment, dies.
 Then, with a sigh, the tender maid forgives,
 And love's the only passion that survives.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir POSITIVE's House.*

Sir POSITIVE, HELENA.

Sir POSITIVE.

I Say, it was your own plot, your own contrivance, your own stratagem. You threaten'd him to—
 Hey! and he was fool enough to believe you!

HEL. He was wise enough to believe me: for I threaten'd no impossibilities. But don't put on that
 severe

severe aspect, dear uncle; for, I protest, it makes you look so like one of the Cæsar's heads in our long gallery.

SIR POS. Very likely, there may be a resemblance, indeed; for Julius Cæsar, by his great-grandfather's wife's great-grandmother, was a Trap.

HEL. Ha, ha, ha! I am afraid we can hardly call cousin. But pray, did he leave any legacy to us?

SIR POS. A swinging legacy! abundance of honour!

HEL. And pray, what will all that honour sell for?

SIR POS. Your right honour is not to be bought nor obtained: it is what a man brings into the world with him. He is as much an upstart who gets his own honour, as he who gets his own estate. Take it for a maxim, child, no one can be a great man, unless his father has been so before him. Your true old English honour, like your English oak, will not come to any maturity under a hundred years. It must be planted by one generation for the good of another.

HEL. But if I were to chuse a husband, I shou'd be more forward to enquire into his own merits, than those of his ancestors.

SIR POS. Ay, ay, to be sure. You wou'd prefer one who is likely to leave a long retinue behind him, to one who has had never so many glorious ancestors before him; and be sooner enamoured of a fine coat than a fine coat of arms. Hearkee, huffy, most of these fine fellows are but mere snails, they carry their all upon their backs; and yet it is as difficult to keep our wives and daughters from the one, as our fruit from the other.

HEL. Do you think so, Sir? I have heard there is not a more dangerous place than a china-shop: take care my aunt does not bring one home in a jar, and then you may chance to see it pop forth its horns on the top of your cabinet.

SIR POS. [*Aside.*] Ha! I must own, I do not like these morning rambles.

HEL. Lookee, Sir, I can make discoveries to you; and since my aunt has falsely accused me with being the occasion of Sir Apish's behaviour to-day, I will

tell you out of revenge what I would never have told you out of love. In short, my aunt has——

SIR POS. How! what?

HEL. Planted something that will branch to maturity in less than a hundred years, ha, ha, ha! She has set a modern front upon your old tabernacle, ha, ha, ha!—I hear the coach stop this moment. Step but into that closet, and you shall hear her convict herself.—I'll bring her to confession.

SIR POS. [*Aside.*] Hum! methinks, I grow suspicious.

HEL. Nay, nay, nay, if you don't accept the trial, I shall proclaim you dare not.

SIR POS. Lookee, huffy, if you wrong my lady, by the right hand of the Traps! ——

HEL. Any, any punishment. By fly, she's just here.

SCENE II.

Lady TRAP, HELENA.

LA. TRAP. I am fatigued to death.—Oh! your servant, miss; but, perhaps, I ought to say, mistress; your husband may have changed your title since I saw you.

HEL. And your ladyship may have changed your husband's title.—But that change has been made long ago.

LA. TRAP. What do you mean, madam?

HEL. Ha, ha, ha! dear aunt, the world knows the use of china-shops, tho' Sir Positive does not.

LA. TRAP. You seem to know, madam, I think, more than is consistent with your years.

HEL. And you seem to practise, madam, more than is consistent with yours. The theory becomes my age much better than the practice does yours.

LA. TRAP. Your age! marry, come up: you are always boasting of that youth and beauty which you have.

HEL. That's more excusable than to boast of that youth and beauty which we have not.

LA. TRAP. I know whom you reflect on.—I thank
my

my stars, indeed, I am no girl; and as for beauty, if my glafs be allowed a judge——

HEL. A very corrupt judge: for a glafs is so well-bred a thing, that it tells every woman she is a beauty. O! it is the greatest flatterer in the world to our faces; but the reverse in one thing; for it never disparages us behind our backs.

LA. TRAP. Malapert creature! A girl is now a-days no sooner out of her leading-strings than she sets up for a toast. And as the girls are women before their time, so the men are children all their lives; for they will be devouring the green fruit.

HEL. And sure the green is preferable to the withered, aunt. Come, come, madam, you had better make me your friend and confident; for, if you declare war, I shall be able to enlist more soldiers than you. But here's my hand; and if you will let me into your secrets, I'll give you the honour of a woman never to disclose them.

SCENE III.

To them, Sir APISH, MERITAL disguised as a Parson.

SIR APISH. Lady Trap, I am your most obedient; sweet mistress Helena, I am everlastingly yours.

LA. TRAP. Sir Apish, your behaviour this morning staggered us; but I am glad to find you are relapsed.

SIR APISH. He, he, he! it was all a jest upon my word; as I question not but my future behaviour will explain to that lady.

HEL. It has already explained you, Sir, to me, to be the greatest jest in nature.

LA. TRAP. Sir Apish, you know too much of the world to regard a young lady's coyness: and I assure you, Sir, it is all affected; for she is ever repeating your name, even in her sleep. Don't blush, child. But you'll excuse the faults of youth: she will learn more sense.

HEL. I don't know whether you move my anger or

my pity most. But for that thing there, I'd have him know, I scorn and detest him.

SIR APISH. I wou'd not have your ladyship chagrin at my bride's expression; for, I'll engage, we shall hate one another with as much good breeding as any couple under the sun.

MER. Give me the permission to lead you, madam.

SIR APISH. [*Apart to Lady Trap.*] If you'd leave miss a few minutes with Mr. Parson here, I wou'd engage for his success.—He is a noted match-maker.

LA. TRAP. Niece, pray, be attentive to that reverend gentleman; he will convince you of your errors.—Come, Sir Apish, we'll take a turn in the dining-room; Sir Positive will not be long.

[*Apart to Sir Apish.*

[*These two speeches spoke together.*]

HEL. [*Aside.*] Sir Positive is safe, I'm sure, 'till I give him an opportunity to sneak off; so I've a reprieve at least.

SCENE IV.

HELENA, MERITAL.

HEL. What, gone?—Ha!

MER. Be not frightned, dear madam; for I have nothing of sanctity but the masque, I assure you.

[*Discovering himself.*

HEL. I believe it; nor of any other virtue.

MER. Very prettily frowned.—I know some ladies who have practised a smile twenty years, without becoming it so well.—But, come, we have no time to lose.

HEL. No, to upbraid you were loss of time, indeed; for the remonstrances of an injured woman have but little weight with such harden'd sinners.

MER. Hum! the sight of a gown has not inspired you, I hope: you don't intend to preach; but if you do, the wedding, you know, is always before the sermon,—which is one of the chief things wherein hanging and matrimony disagree. [*Aside.*

HEL. Mr. Merital, I lik'd your raillery well enough whilst I believed you innocent. But as that gaiety in dress,

dress, which gives a bloom to beauty, shews deformity in its worst light; so that mirth and humour, which are vastly amiable in the innocent, look horrid in the guilty.

MER. Are you really in earnest, child?

HEL. That question surprizes me, when you know I was witness to your last night's adventure.

MER. Faith, my dear, I might have been more justly surprized, that you should make me an assignation, and send your aunt to keep it.

HEL. I make you an assignation! I'll never see you more.

MER. Turn, mighty conquerers, turn your eyes this way,

And hear at once your priest and lover pray.

In vain, by frowns, you wou'd the world subdue,
For when, with all your might, you've knit your
brow,

Your grandmother more wrinkles has than you. }
Ha, ha, ha! don't put on those severe looks, dear
Helena; good humour sets off a lady's face more
than jewels.

HEL. I wish my looks had the power to blast you.

MER. No, no, madam, I have a sort of armour called common-sense that's frown-proof, I assure you. Your smiles may melt, but your frowns will never pierce it. What, to make me an assignation with your own hand, then send your aunt for a proxy? My good-nature, indeed, gave it the turn of a trial, —tho' she was a fitter object to try my vigour than my constancy. *[Half aside.]*

HEL. I write to you yesterday?

MER. Why, I cannot say positively it was you; for I begin to think myself in Don Quixote's case, and that some wicked enchanters have transmogrified my Dulcinea. I'll leave it to your own judgment, whether you are not a little altered since you writ this. *[Shows a letter.]*

HEL. Ha! the letter I copied before my aunt! then I've wronged him, indeed. Unheard-of baseness! —Mr. Merital, perhaps my suspicions have been too ill grounded; but for your reproaches, Sir—

MER.

158 LOVE IN SEVERAL MASQUES.

MER. Nay, if there be a mystery in it, and I am guilty of undeserved reproaches, your justice cannot, shall not pardon me, 'till I have atoned for it with a ten years service. Yet impute what I have said to the sincerity of my love: my passions sympathize with yours; and if one wild delusion has possessed us, let us partake the equal joy of its discovery.

HEL. That discovery is too long to be made now; but there is a riddle in that letter which will surprize you.

MER. Let then those lovely eyes reassume their sweetness, and, like pure gold, rise brighter from the flames.

HEL. Well, well, you know your own terms, a ten years siege, and then——

MER. Ah! but will not the garrison be starved in that long time? and I shall shut it up with a very close blockade.—So you had best surrender now on honourable conditions.

HEL. Well, but you'll allow the garrison to make a sally first.—Sir Positive, uncle, ha, ha, ha! come and help me to laugh.—The same worthy gentleman who came after your wife last night, is now come after your niece.

SCENE V.

To them, Sir POSITIVE from the closet.

SIR POS. A brave girl, a very brave girl! Why, why, why, what a pox do you want here, Sir?

HEL. Bless me, how he stares! I wonder he is not confined: I'm afraid he will take away some body's life.

SIR POS. I believe his intention is to give some body life: such as he oftner increase families than diminish them.

HEL. Or perhaps the poor gentleman is an itinerant preacher. Did you come to preach to us, Sir?

MER. Do you take me for the ordinary of Bedlam, madam? Was I to reason with you, it should be by the doctrine of fire and faggot,

HEL,

HEL. Say you so? Nay then, I believe, uncle, he is a popish inquisitor.

SIR POS. An inquisitor after fortunes, I suppose. Ah! Sir, is not that your pious errand? You are one of the royal society of fortune hunters? eh!

HEL. I'll secure his masquerading garb among the trophies of our family.

SCENE VI.

Sir POSITIVE, MERITAL.

SIR POS. Well, Sir, and pray have you any pretensions to my niece? Where's your estate, Sir? what's your title, Sir? what's your coat of arms? Does your estate lie in *Terrâ Firmâ*, or in the stocks?

MER. In a stock of assurance, Sir. My cash is all brass, and I carry it in my forehead, for fear of pick-pockets.

SIR POS. Are there no guardians to be cheated, no cuckolds to be made, but Sir Positive Trap? I'd have you know, Sir, there has not been a cuckold amongst the Traps since they were a family.

MER. That is, Sir, I suppose, a tacit insinuation that you are the first of your family.

SIR POS. You are ignorant as well as impudent. The first of my family! The whole world knows, that neither I, nor my father before me, have added one foot of land to our estate; and my grandfather smoaked his pipe in the same easy chair that I do.

MER. Very likely.—And what then?

SIR POS. What then! Why, then there's the door, and then I desire you'd go out. Upstart, quotha! Sir Positive Trap an upstart! I had rather be called knave. I had rather be the first rogue of a good family, than the first honest man of a bad one.

MER. Indeed!

SIR POS. Ay, indeed; for do not we upbraid the son whose father was hanged; whereas, many a man who deserves to be hanged, was never upbraided in his whole life.

MER. Oons! how am I jilted! [Aside.
Lookee, Sir Positive, to be plain, I did come hither
with

with a design of inveigling your niece; but she shall now die a maid for me. I imposed on Sir Apish, as I wou'd have done on you; but you see I have failed: so you may smooke on in your easy chair, Sir Trap.

SIR POS. So, so, I began to suspect Sir Apish was in the plot; but I'm glad to find my mistake.

SCENE VII.

Sir POSITIVE, Lady TRAP.

SIR POS. O, my dear lady, are you come? I have such a discovery! such a rare discovery! you will so hug me—

LA. TRAP. Not so close as you do your discovery, my dear.—But where's Helena?

SIR POS. He, he, he, rogue! conjurer! My lady's a conjurer! why, 'tis about her I am going to discover. But where's the baronet?

LA. TRAP. He waits below with his chaplain.

SIR POS. His chaplain! ha, ha, ha! 'tis a rogue in the chaplain's habit; the wild young spark that has haunted my niece so long.

LA. TRAP. How!

SIR POS. Ay, and he is stole off without his disguise, which the girl has secured as a trophy of her victory.

LA. TRAP. Cheated! ruin'd! undone!

SIR POS. Ha! what?

LA. TRAP. She is gone, she is lost—without there—she's gone, I say, and we are cheated.

SIR POS. How, by the right hand of the Traps!

LA. TRAP. By the wrong head of the Traps. I thought what your discovery wou'd be.—Where's Sir Apish?

[To a servant entering.]

SERV. Gone out with his chaplain, and another gentleman, madam.

LA. TRAP. Pursue them, pursue them.

SIR POS. Get down my broad-sword and bandoliers, and Sir Gregory's blunderbuss. Fly, fly.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

SCENE, the Piazza.

MALVIL, *meeting* CATCHIT *masqued*.

MALV. So, I find she's exact to her assignation.— Well encountred, madam : what, I suppose I am not the game you look for. O thou perfidious, false, dissembling woman. Nay, do not offer to stir, for you are betrayed, and by all the powers of love you've wrong'd, I will expose you. Come, unmasque, unmasque this instant, or——

CATCH. [*unmasquing*.] I protest you are very rude, Mr. Malvil; I wou'd not be seen here for the world.

MALV. Ha! now I thank my stars, indeed. Thou vile intriguer, forge some lie to excuse thyself in an instant, or it shall be thy last.

CATCH. O lud! you will frighten me into fits.

MALV. Come, confess how you came here? by what means did Wisemore get my letter? Confess all; and if I find you faltering in one syllable, I'll cram it down your throat with my sword.

CATCH. O lud! I——I——I——

MALV. What, you belied Vermilia in all you said? Speak—you belied her, I say?

CATCH. O! O! but will you pardon me then?

MALV. Speak the truth, I will pardon you; but if I ever discover the least falshood in what you now tell me, if you had a thousand lives you shou'd forfeit them.

CATCH. Why then, indeed, it was all false: she never said a kind thing of Mr. Merital in her life—and—and, so, when you gave me the letter, I suspected what it was, and so I carried it to my mistress; and Lady Matchless being by, she took it, and sealed, and sent it to Mr. ——and so, my lady and she went into the park this morning; and Lady Matchless made an appointment in her name, and wou'd have had her kept it, and she wou'd not—and so I was sent.

MALV. And how!—how did the devil tempt you to belie her to me?

CATCH. O lud! Sir, it was not the devil, indeed!
but

but you had often teased and promised me, if I wou'd discover your rival; and, heaven knows, you have none in the world.

MALV. But on what embassy was you sent hither?

CATCH. Here's a letter which, I believe, will tell you. But pray don't keep me, for we are all very busy; my lady Matchless is to be married in a day or two to my Lord Formal.

MALV. How! to my Lord Formal?

CATCH. Yes, Sir.

MALV. Well, tell her you delivered the letter as you was ordered. Don't mention a word of me.—Be trusty now, and I'll forgive the past.

CATCH. I will, indeed, Sir.—O lud! I shall not recover it this week.

SCENE IX.

MALVIL, WISEMORE.

MALV. Wisemore, most opportunely arrived. I find you are more concerned in this assignation than I imagined, as this will explain to you.

WISEMORE takes the letter, and reads.

“ SIR,

“ You will be surprized at the news of so sudden
 “ a conquest; but, I hope, that surprize will be an
 “ agreeable one, when you know it is over a woman
 “ of a considerable fortune: and if seven thousand
 “ a year can make me as acceptable to Mr. Wisemore
 “ as his virtue renders him lovely to me, I shall meet
 “ with a favourable answer; for which the messenger
 “ who brings you this will attend, an hour after the
 “ delivery. Yours till then, INCOGNITA.

“ P. S. I am glad I can inform you, that my rival
 “ is this day to be married to another.”

How received you this letter?

MALV. From the very person who convey'd you mine.

WISEM. O Malvil, I find myself concerned, indeed, and, I fear, fatally.

MALV.

MALV. I am sorry to be the messenger of ill news — but I just now heard your mistress is carrying on a treaty with one of the greatest coxcombs in town.

WISEM. There is but one way, and I must beg your immediate assistance. I have contrived a stratagem to convince her of the mercenary views of her pretended admirers.

MALV. But do you draw any of your fears from that letter? For I have very good reason to believe it came from Lady Matchless.

WISEM. Impossible!

MALV. I am confident it did.

WISEM. By heav'n, thou hast revived a spark of hope.

MALV. And lovers must nurse up feeble, infant hopes till they grow big, and ripen into certain joys.

WISEM. I will do so: for I have always looked on love as on a sea, whose latitude no one ever discovered; and therefore,

Like mariners, without the compass tost,
We may be near our port, when we esteem it lost.

SCENE X.

SCENE, *Lady MATCHLESS's House.*

Lady MATCHLESS, Lord FORMAL, Sir APISH, VERMILIA, and RATTLE.

LA. MATCH. I hope the sincerity which I have discovered in your lordship's passion, and the glorious character you bear in the world, will excuse my easy consent.

L. FORM. I wou'd not be so ill-bred as to blush; but your ladyship's compliments have really raised an inordinate flushing in my cheeks.

VERM. Why, my dear, this will be a surprize to the town, indeed.

RATTLE. I'm sure it is no agreeable one to me.

Why, widow, do you intend to leave me in the lurch? [*Aside.*

SIR APISH. And me in the lurch too, madam? I assure you, I have refused a great fortune on your account.

account. Has your ladyship forgot your declaration yesterday?

LA. MATCH. Yesterday! O unpolite! are you so conversant in the *beau monde*, and don't know that women, like quicksilver, are never fixed till they are dead?

RATTLE. Agad, they are more like gold, I think; for they are never fixed but by dross. [*Aside.*]

SCENE XI.

To them, MERITAL, HELENA.

HEL. Dear cousin Matchless!

LA. MATCH. My dear, this is very kind; being earlier with me than my expectation, is a double favour.

MER. It may be called a double favour, madam, for you are partly obliged for it to your humble servant.

LA. MATCH. How's this, Helena?

HEL. I don't know, cousin; I was weary of my old guardian, I think, and so I chose a new one.

MER. Yes, madam, and we preferred the church to the chancery, to save expences.

LA. MATCH. O, it was a most commendable prudence. So you are married.—Well, give you joy, good people.—But, methinks, you shou'd not have made your guardian your heir. [*To Helena.*] No wife person ever suffered an heir to be trustee to his own estate.

MER. Not till at years of discretion, madam; and, I'm sure, the men shou'd be that when they marry.

LA. MATCH. And the women too, or they never will.

HEL. Why so, cousin?

LA. MATCH. Because it is probable they may soon after run mad. You see, my lord, I have not the highest notions of a married state; therefore, you may be sensible how high an opinion I must entertain of your merit, which can persuade me to it.

MER. Do you intend to follow our example, Lady Matchless?

RATTLE.

RATTLE. I can bear no longer. Looke, my lord, if matrimony be your play, fighting must be your prologue. *[Apart to Lord Formal.]*

L. FORM. He, he, he! Mr. Rattle, fighting is more commonly the epilogue to that play.

RATTLE. Damn your joke, Sir, either walk out with me, or I shall use you ill. *[Apart.]*

L. FORM. Then you will shew your ill-breeding, and give me an opportunity of displaying my gallantry, by sacrificing the affront to the presence of the ladies.

MER. Fie, fie, gentlemen, let us have no quarrels, pray.

RATTLE. 'Sdeath! Sir, but we will; I shall not resign my mistress, Sir.

SIR APISH. Nor I neither; and so, madam, if you don't stand to your promise, I hope you'll give me leave to sue you for it.

LA. MATCH. I have told you already that a lady's promise is an insect which naturally dies almost as soon as it is born.

SCENE XII.

To them, WISEMORE in a Serjeant's gown, his hat over his ears.

WISEM. Pray, which is the Lady Matchless?

LA. MATCH. Have you any business with me, Sir?

L. FORM. This must be a very ill-bred gentleman, or he wou'd not come before so much good company with his hat on. *[Aside.]*

WISEM. It concerns an affair, madam, which will be soon so publick, that I may declare it openly. There is one Mr. John Matchless, who, being heir at law to your ladyship's late husband, intends to prosecute his right, which, as his council, out of a particular regard to your ladyship, I shall farther let you know, I am persuaded we shall make good—and, I'm afraid, it will touch you very sensibly.

LA. MATCH. My cousin John Matchless heir at law to Sir William! I wou'd not have you be under any appre-

apprehension on my account, good Sir; I am afraid he has a better right to Bedlam than my estate.

MER. Be not concerned, madam; a declaration of a title is not always a proof.

VERM. } We condole you heartily, my dear, on
HEL. } this bad news.

LA. MATCH. Ladies, I thank you for your kind concern; but do assure you, it gives me none.

WISEM. I am sensible you will find your error; my clerk will be here immediately with the ejection.

L. FORM. I perceive the reason of her ladyship's haste to be married. [*Aside.*]

LA. MATCH. What can this mean! I know my title to be secure: it must be some trumped up cheat; and I'll try to divert the chagrin of my friends by a trial of my lovers, whom, I already know, I shall find guilty. [*Aside.*]—Well, as most misfortunes bring their alloy with them, so this dispute of my estate will give me an opportunity to distinguish the sincerity of a lover. [*Looks on Formal.*]

L. FORM. He, he, he! it has always been my good fortune to conduce to the entertainment of the ladies, and I find your ladyship has a most inexhaustible vein of raillery.

LA. MATCH. Raillery, my lord!

L. FORM. Ah! madam, it were an unpardonable vanity in me to esteem it otherwise. It wou'd be contrary to all the rules of good-manners for me to offer myself up at the shrine of your beauty. Ah! 'tis a sacrifice worthy a higher title than mine. Indeed, I have some thoughts of purchasing, which when I do, I shall throw myself at your feet in raptures; but till then, I am, with the greatest distance, madam, your ladyship's most obsequious humble servant.

RATTLE. Why, indeed, I think all raillery is unseasonable on so serious an occasion; therefore, to drop the jest, dear widow, I do assure you, all that has passed between us has been meer gallantry; for I have been long since engaged to a widow lady in the city.

SIR APISH. And to shew you, madam, that no slights from you can lessen my affection, I do intirely relinquish all pretensions to any promise whatsoever.

S C E N E

SCENE XIII.

To them, MALVIL.

MALV. Where's, where's my injured mistress? where's Vermilia? O, see at your feet the most miserable of mankind.

VERM. What mean you, Sir?

MALV. Think not I wou'd extenuate; no, I come to blazon out my crimes, to paint them in the utmost cast of horror, to court, not fly the severity of justice; for death's to me a blessing. Ah! my friend's blood cries out for vengeance on me; and jealousy, rage, madness, and false honour, stand ready witnesses against me. — [*To Vermilia.*] Of you, madam, I am to beg a pardon for your wronged innocence. — [*To Lady Match.*] But to you I have a harder task; to implore it, for having deprived you of the best of lovers, whose dying sighs were loaded with your name. — Yes, the last words your Wisemore uttered, were to implore eternal blessings on you; your Wisemore, whom this rash, this fatal hand has slain.

[*Lady Matchless sinks into the arms of Vermilia.*]

MER. Help, help! she faints!

HEL. A glass of water, the hartshorn immediately.

RATTLE. Rustick's dead then, hey? Poor Rustick!

VERM. How do you, dear?

LA. MATCH. O! I shall rave, my frantick brain will burst: and did he bless me with his latest breath? he should have cursed me rather, for I alone am guilty. Oh! I have wildly played away his life. — Then, take my fortune all, since he is gone, to reward whose merit I only valued riches. But now farewell content, greatness, happiness, and all the sweets of life. — I'll study to be miserable.

WISEM. O never, never; be blessed as love and life and happiness can make you — be blessed as I am now. [*Discovering himself, and running to her.*]

LA. MATCH. And art thou then my Wisemore?

[*After a long pause.*]

WISEM. And do I live to hear you call me yours? O my heart's joy! my everlasting bliss!

LA. MATCH. And can you generously forgive?

WISEM. O name it not, but swear you never will revoke what you have said.

LA. MATCH. O, would I had worlds to give thee; for all the happiness I can bestow is nothing to the merit of your love.

WISEM. My heart o'erflows with raptures. Oh! my tender love, now do I live, indeed—

MER. Why, after these high flights, Ned, I am afraid wishing you joy will be too low a phrase.

WISEM. Dear Merital, I thank you.—But here am I eternally indebted; for I shall always attribute my happiness (next to this lady) to your friendship.

[To Malvil.

MAL. Be assured it gives me an equal satisfaction, as if I had procured my own.

MER. I have known two friends embrace just before cutting of throats; but I believe you are the first who ever embraced after it.

RATTLE. Formal.

[Sheepishly.

L. FORM. By my title, I am perfectly amazed.

SIR APISH. We are all bit, agad!

[Aside.

MER. Come, Harry, put the best face you can on the matter; tho' I know you have a little chagrin in your heart.—As for his lordship, the lady may be a widow again before he gets his title.—And my friend Sir Apish has refused a very fine lady this morning before.

SIR APISH. Yes, I had two strings to my bow; both golden ones, agad! and both cracked.

VERM. Dear Matchless, this sudden revolution of your fortune has so amazed me, that I can hardly recover myself to congratulate you on it.

LA. MATCH. Well, but I hope you will not see your friend embarked on a second voyage, and hesitate at undertaking the first.

VERM. If I were sure my voyage wou'd be as short as yours has been; but matrimony is too turbulent a sea to be ventured on in so light a vessel as every little blast can overset.

MALV. Madam, when Mrs. Catchit has discovered the whole affair to you, as she has done to me, I doubt

not but your good-nature will seal my pardon, since excess of love caused the offence.

LA. MATCH. Nay, we must all sue.

MER. }
HEL. } All, all.

VERM. Well, to avoid so much importunity, and to shew you the power of a prevalent example—In hopes of future amendment, Mr. Malvil, here—take my hand.

MALV. O my fairest, softest, I have no words to express my gratitude, or my love.

VERM. Pray, let them be both understood then; for we have had so many raptures already, they must be but a dull repetition.

L. FORM. When it is in vain to strive against the stream, all well-bred men fail with it. [Aside.

Ladies, I beg leave to presume to advance with my compliments of congratulation on this glorious occasion. I must own your ladyship's choice has something novel in it; but, by the sanction of so great an authority, I don't question, but it may be reconciled with the rules of consummate good-breeding.

SIR APISH. I am always his lordship's second. Ladies, I heartily wish you joy, upon my word.

RATTLE. And so do I, widow.—This fellow will be poisoned before the honey-moon's out. [Aside.

SCENE *the last.*

Sir POSITIVE TRAP, Lady TRAP, Lady MATCHLESS, Lord FORMAL, VERMILIA, HELENA, WISEMORE, MALVII, MERITAL, RATTLE, Sir APISH SIMPLE.

SIR POS. O cousin, I am undone, and ruined! The Traps are abused, disgraced, dishonoured!

LA. MATCH. What's the matter, Sir Positive?

SIR POS. I am undone, my niece is lost and ruined.

HEL. I had been so, Sir, but for the interposition of a worthy gentleman here.

MER. It is, indeed, my happy fate to be——

SIR POS. Is it so? is it so? and, I believe, this will be your happy fate. [Pointing to his neck.

She is an heiress, and you are guilty of felony, and

shall be hanged, with the whole company, your abettors.

L. FORM. This gentleman must have had a barbarous education. [*Afide.*]

MER. Lookee, madam, as you expect that what has passed between us shall be kept secret—[*To Lady Trap.*]

L.A. TRAP. [*To Mer.*] I understand you.—Sir Positive, be appeas'd, and leave this matter to me.

SIR POS. I am calm.

L.A. MATCH. My cousin, Sir, is married to a gentleman of honour, and one who, I doubt not, loves her.—By your resentment, you will call your conduct, not hers, into question.

SIR POS. Then you have been her adviser, I suppose.

L.A. MATCH. If I have, cousin, you cannot be angry, since it is an advice I am like to follow myself.

SIR POS. Why, what, are you going to be married again?

WISEM. Sir Positive, I hope shortly to be your relation.

SIR POS. That's more than I do, Sir, till I know your name and family.

WISEM. You shall both, Sir. My name is Wisemore.

SIR POS. Wisemore! Wisemore! why, it is a good name—but I thought that family had been extinct.—Well, cousin, I am glad to see you have not married a snuff box.

L.A. MATCH. To perfect the good-humour of the company, and since dinner is not yet ready, I'll entertain you with a song, which was sent me by an unknown hand. Is Mr. Hemhem there? Sir, if you will oblige us, Gentlemen and ladies, please to sit.

S O N G.

I.

Ye nymphs of Britain, to whose eyes
The world submits the glorious prize
Of beauty to be due;
Ah! guard it with assiduous care,
Let neither flattery ensnare,
Nor wealth your hearts subdue.

II.

II.

Old Bromio's rank'd among the beaus ;
 Young Cynthio solitary goes,
 Unheeded by the fair !
 Ask you then what this preference gives ?
 Six Flanders mares the former drives,
 The latter but a pair.

III.

Let meaner things be bought and sold,
 But beauty never truck'd for gold ;
 Ye fair, your value prove :
 And since the world's a price too low,
 Like Heaven, your ecstasies bestow
 On constancy and love.

IV.

But still, ye generous maids, beware,
 Since hypocrites to heaven there are
 And to the beauteous too :
 Do not too easily confide,
 Let every lover well be try'd,
 And well reward the true.

The COMPANY advance.

WISEM. The song is not without a moral.—And now, ladies, I think myself bound to a solemn recantation of every slander I have thrown upon your sex : for I am convinced, that our complaints against you flow generally (if not always) more from our want of merit than your want of justice.

For when vain fools or fops your hearts pursue,
 To such the charming prize is never due.
 But when the men of sense their passions prove,
 You seldom fail rewarding 'em with love :
 Justly on them the fair their hearts bestow,
 Since they, alone, the worth of virtue know.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss ROBINSON, jun.

OUR author, full of sorrow, and repentance,
Has sent me here, to mitigate his sentence.
To you tremendous criticks in the pit,
Who on his first offence in judgment sit!
He pleads—Oh gad! how terrible his case is!
For my part, I am frighten'd by your faces.
Think on his youth—it is his first essay;
He may in time, perhaps,—atonement pay,
If but repriev'd this execution-day—
Methinks I see some elder critick rise,
And darting furious justice from his eyes,
Cry, “Zounds! what means the brat? why all this
“ fufs?
“ What are his youth and promises to us?
“ For shou'd we from severity refrain,
“ We soon shou'd have the coxcomb here again.
“ And, brothers, such examples may invite
“ A thousand other senseless rogues to write!”
From you then—ye toupets—he hopes defence:
You'll not condemn him—for his want of sense—
What, now you'll say, I warrant, with a sneer,
“ He's chose too young an advocate, my dear!”
Yet boast not (for if my own strength I know)
I am a match sufficient—for a beau!
Lastly, to you, ye charmers, he applies,
For in your tender bosoms mercy lies,
As certain as destruction in your eyes.
Let but that lovely circle of the fair
Their approbation, by their smiles declare,
Then let the criticks damn him—if they dare.

THE
TEMPLE BEAU.
A COMEDY.

First Acted in 1729.

Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix Flumine Lembum
Remigiis subigit. VIRG. Georg.

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia Nobis.
HOR. Art. Poet.

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PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. RALPH, and Spoken by
Mr. GIFFARD.

HUMOUR and wit, in each politer age,
Triumphant, rear'd the trophies of the stage :
But only farce, and shew, will now go down,
And HARLEQUIN's the darling of the town.
WILL's has resign'd its old pretence to wit,
And beaux appear, where critics us'd to sit.
BUTTON himself, provok'd at wit's decline,
Now lets his house, and swears he'll burn his sign.
Ah ! shou'd all others that on wit depend,
Like him, provok'd ; like him, their dealings end ;
Our Theatres might take th' example too,
And Players starve themselves—as Authors do.

But, if the gay, the courtly world disdain
To hear the Muses and their sons complain ;
Each injur'd Bard shall to this refuge fly,
And find that comfort, which the Great deny :
Shall frequently employ this infant stage,
And boldly aim to wake a dreaming age.
The comic muse, in smiles severely gay,
Shall scoff at vice, and laugh its crimes away.
The voice of sorrow pine in tragick lays,
And claim your tears, as the sincerest praise.

Merit, like Indian gems, is rarely found ;
Obscure, 'tis sullied with the common ground :
But when it blazes in the world's broad eye,
All own the charms, they pass'd unheeded by.
Be you the first t' explore the latent prize,
And raise its value, as its beauties rise.
Convince that town, which boasts its better breeding,
That riches—are not all that you exceed in.
Merit, wherever found, is still the same,
And this our stage may be the road to fame.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir AVARICE PEDANT,	Mr. COLLET.
Sir HARRY WILDING,	Mr. PENKETHMAN.
WILDING,	Mr. GIFFARD.
VEROMIL,	Mr. W. GIFFARD.
VALENTINE,	Mr. WILLIAMS.
PEDANT,	Mr. BULLOCK.
PINCET,	Mr. BARDIN.

W O M E N.

Lady LUCY PEDANT,	Mrs. GIFFARD.
Lady GRAVELY,	Mrs. HAUGHTON.
BELLARIA,	Mrs. PURDEN.
CLARISSA,	Mrs. SEAL.

Taylor, Perriwig-maker, Servants, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

T H E
T E M P L E B E A U.

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

S C E N E, An Antichamber in Sir AVARICE,
PEDANT'S House.

Lady LUCY PEDANT, *Lady* GRAVELY.

Lady LUCY, entering in a passion, followed by *Lady*
GRAVELY.

NO more of your lectures, dear sister. Must I be fatigu'd every morning, with an odious repetition of fulsome, dull, antiquated maxims, extracted from old philosophers and divines, who no more practis'd what they wrote, than you practise what you read? Sure, never woman had such a time on't!—Between a husband mad with avarice, a son-in-law mad with learning, a niece mad with love—and a sister——

L. GRA. Ay, what am I? I'd be glad to know what I am.

L. LUCY. The world knows what you are——

L. GRA. How, Madam!—the world knows nothing of me:

L. LUCY. It says it does; it talks of you very freely, child. First, that you are not so young as you would seem; nor so handsome, or good as you do seem; that your actions are as much disguised by your words, as your skin by paint; that the virtue in your mouth, no more proceeds from the purity of

your heart, than the colour in your cheeks does from the purity of your blood.

L. GRA. Very fine, indeed!

L. LUCY. That your ardency to reprove the world, is too often rank envy; that you are not angry with the deformities of the mind, but the beauties of the person: for it is notorious, that you never spoke well of a handsome woman, nor ill of an ugly one.

L. GRA. Impudent scandal!

L. LUCY. That you rail at the diversions of the town, for several reasons; but the love of goodness has nothing to do with any. Assemblies, because you are very little regarded in them; operas, because you have no ear; plays, because you have no taste; balls, because you can't dance: and, lastly—that you went to church twice a-day, a whole year and half, because—you was in love with the parson; ha, ha, ha!

L. GRA. As ill as that malicious smile becomes you, I am glad you put it on: for it convinces me, that what you have said is purely your own suggestion, which I know how to despise. Or, perhaps, you call a set of flirts, the world: by such a world, I would always be spoken ill of: the slander of some people, is as great a recommendation, as the praise of others. For one is as much hated by the dissolute world, on the score of virtue, as by the good, on that of vice. Sister, your malicious invectives against me, reflect on yourself only: I abhor the motive, and I scorn the effect.

L. LUCY. Nay, but how ungenerous is this! when you have often told me, that to put one in mind of faults, is the truest sign of friendship; and that sincerity in private, should give no more pain, than flattery in publick, pleasure.

L. GRA. And yet (methinks) you could not bear plain-dealing just now. But I'm glad that your last hint has awakened me to a perfect sense of my duty; therefore, sister, since we are in private, I'll tell you what the world says of you.—In the first place, then, it says, that you are both younger and handsomer than you seem.

L. LUCY. Nay, this is flattery, my dear!

I

L. GRA.

L. GRA. No indeed, my dear! for, that folly, and affectation, have disguised you all over, with an air of dotage and deformity.

L. LUCY. This carries an air of sincerity—thank you, my dear.

L. GRA. That admiration is the greatest pleasure, and to obtain it, the whole business of your life; but that the ways you take to it are so preposterous, one would be almost persuaded, you aimed rather at contempt: for the actions of an infant seem the patterns of your conduct. When you are in the play-house, you seem to think yourself on the stage; and when you are at church, I should swear you thought yourself in the play-house, did I not know you never think at all. In every circle, you engross the whole conversation, where you say a thousand silly things, and laugh at them all; by both which the world is always convinced, that you have very fine teeth, and very bad sense.

L. LUCY. Well, I will convince you, for I must laugh at that; ha, ha, ha!

L. GRA. That you are not restrain'd from unlawful pleasures, by the love of virtue, but variety; and that your husband is not safe, from having no rival, but from having a great many; for your heart is like a coffee-house, where the beaux frisk in and out, one after another; and you are as little the worse for them, as the other is the better; for one lover, like one poison, is your antidote against another.

L. LUCY. Ha, ha, ha! I like your comparison of love and poison, for I hate them both alike.

L. GRA. And yet you are in love, and have been in love a long while.

L. LUCY. Dear soul, tell me who the happy creature is, for I am sure he'll think himself so.

L. GRA. That I question not; for I mean yourself.

L. LUCY. Ha, ha, ha! and I'm sure you like my taste.

L. GRA. In short, to end my character, the world gives you the honour of being the most finish'd coquet in town.

L. LUCY. And I believe it is as little news to you,

that you have that of leading the vast, grave, solemn body of prudes: so let us be friends——since, like the fiery partizans of state, we aim only at the same thing, by several ways: their aim is a place at court—ours is—this, my dear sister!

L. GRA. (Now would my arms were fire-brands—I would embrace you then with better will.) [Aside.

SCENE II.

To them, Young PEDANT.

Y. PED. Hey-day! what, is it customary here for you women to kiss one another? It intimates the men to be scarce, or backward, in my opinion.

L. LUCY. And so, taking advantage of the dearth of gallants, you are come to town to be enrolled in the number.

Y. PED. May I be expelled the university that day: if your women want fools 'till I turn one to please them, they shall want them——'till their fools turn scholars like me, or 'till they themselves turn Penelopes, that is (*breviter*) 'till the world's turn'd topsy turvy.

L. LUCY. Or, 'till such illiterate pedants as you turn fine gentlemen.

Y. PED. Illiterate! Mother-in-law?——You are a woman. [Scornfully.

L. LUCY. You are a coxcomb.

Y. PED. I rejoice in the irony. To be called coxcomb by a woman is as sure a sign of sense, as to be called rogue by a courtier is of honesty.

L. GRA. You should except your relations, nephew; and truly, for the generality of women, I am much of your opinion.

Y. PED. Are you? then you are a woman of sense, aunt; a very great honour to your sex.

L. LUCY. Did you ever hear so conceited, ignorant a wretch!

Y. PED. Ignorant!——Know, Madam, that I have revolv'd more volumes, than you have done pages; I might say lines. More sense has gone in at these eyes——

L. LUCY,

L. LUCY. Than will ever come out at that mouth, I believe.—Ha, ha, ha!

Y. PED. What do you laugh at? I could convince you, that what you said then was only false wit. Look ye, mother, when you have been conversant with the Greek poets, you'll make better jests.

L. LUCY. And when you have convers'd with a French dancing-master, you'll make a better figure; 'till when, you had best converse with yourself. Come, sister.

Y. PED. Sooner than converse with thee, may I be oblig'd to communicate with a drunken, idle, illiterate fop: a creature, of all, my aversion.

SCENE III.

Sir AVARICE PEDANT, and Young PEDANT.

SIR AV. How now, son! what puts you into this passion? I never knew any thing got by being in a passion.

Y. PED. Sir, with your piece, I am not in a passion; I have read too much philosophy, to have my passions irritated by women.

SIR AV. You seem, indeed, to have read a great deal; for you said several things last night beyond my understanding: but I desire you would give me some account of your improvement in that way which I recommended to you at your going to the university; I mean that useful part of learning, the arts of getting money: I hope your tutor has, according to my orders, infill'd into you a tolerable insight into stock-jobbing. I hope to see you make a figure at Garaway's, boy.

Y. PED. Sir, he has instructed me in a much nobler science—Logick—I have read all that has been written on that subject from the time of Aristotle, to that great and learned modern, Burgerdicius; truly, almost a cart-load of books.

SIR AV. Have they taught you the art to get a cart-load of money?

Y. PED. They have taught me the art of getting knowledge. Logick is in learning, what the compass

is in navigation. It is the guide, by which our reason steers in the pursuit of true philosophy.

SIR AV. Did ever mortal man hear the like!—

Have I been at this expence to breed my son a philosopher? I tremble at the name; it brings the thought of poverty into my mind. Why, do you think if your old philosophers were alive, any one would speak to them, any one wou'd pay their bills!— Ah! these universities are fit for nothing but to debauch the principles of young men; to poison their minds with romantick notions of knowledge and virtue: what could I expect, but that philosophy should teach you to crawl into a prison; or poetry, to fly into one.— Well, I'll shew you the world! where you will see, that riches are the only titles to respect; and that learning is not the way to get riches. There are men who can draw for the sum of a hundred thousand pounds, who can hardly spell it.

Y. PED. Sir, you were pleas'd to send for me to town in an impetuous manner. Two days have pass'd since my arrival, I would therefore importune you to declare to me the reasons of your message.

SIR AV. That is my intention, and you will find by it how nicely I calculate. You know my losses in the South-Sea had sunk my fortune to so low an ebb, that from having been offered, ay, and courted, to accept a wife of quality (my present lady) I fell so low, to have my proposals of marriage between you and the daughter of a certain citizen, rejected; tho' her fortune was not equal to that of my wife. For I must tell you, that a thousand a year is all you can expect from me, who might have left you ten.

Y. PED. And is to me as desirable a gift.

SIR AV. I am sorry to hear you have no better principles. But I have hit on a way to double that sum. In short, I intend to marry you to your cousin Bellaria. I observed her, the night of your arrival, at supper, look much at you; tho' you were then rough, and just off your journey: my brother sent her hither to prevent her marrying a gentleman in the country of a small fortune. Now, I'll take care you shall have sufficient opportunities together: and I
question

question not but to compass the affair; by which I gain just ten thousand pound clear, for her fortune is twenty.

Y. PED. Sir, I desire to deliver my reasons opposite to this match; they are two: first, to the thing, matrimony. Secondly, to the person, who is my cousin-german.

SIR AV. Now, Sir, I desire to deliver mine. I have but one, and that is very short. If you refuse, I'll disinherite you.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, here's a gentleman who calls himself Wilding, at the door.

SIR AV. Shew him in. Son, you will consider of what I have told you.

Y. PED. Yes, I will consider, but shall never find a reply to so substantial, prevalent, and convincing an argument.

SCENE IV.

To them Sir HARRY WILDING.

SIR HAR. Is not your name, Sir, Sir Avarice Pedant?

SIR AV. At your service, Sir.

SIR HAR. Then, Sir, I am your very humble servant.

SIR AV. I don't know you, Sir.

SIR HAR. Don't you, Sir! why then, 'tis probable, by reading this letter, you will know more than you do now.

SIR AV. [Reads.]

“ Dear BROTHER,

“ The bearer is my very good friend, Sir Harry
 “ Wilding; he comes to town to introduce his eldest
 “ son to Bellaria. The young man, I'm told, has a
 “ great character for sobriety, and I know his fortune
 “ equal to my demands. I fear her old lover will
 “ find her out, unless prevented by an immediate
 “ match. Get every thing ready as quick as possible:

“ I will

“ I will be in town soon ; ’till when, be particularly
 “ civil to Sir Harry and his son. [*Afide.* Ay, with a
 “ pox to them !]

“ Your humble servant,

“ and affectionate brother,

“ GEO. PEDANT.”

[*To Sir Harry.*] Sir, your very humble servant. My brother here informs me of your proposals ; I presume, Sir, I know your son.

SIR HAR. I am surprized at that, Sir, for he has no acquaintance but with books. Alas, Sir, he studies day and night !

SIR AV. May I ask what he studies, Sir ?

SIR HAR. Law, Sir ; he has follow’d it so close these six years, that he has hardly had time to write even to—me, (unless when he wants necessaries.) But I cannot convince you better than by one of his bills—let me see—ay, here—here it is !—here’s a bill—I shall see the rogue a judge—This bill, Sir, is only for one quarter.

For law-books, 50l.

Fifty pounds worth of law-books read in one quarter of a year.—I shall see the rogue a judge.

Item. For paper, pens, ink, sand, pencils, pen-knives, 10l.

For fire and candles, 8l.

You see, he reads all night,

Paid a woman to brush books, 1l.

For places in Westminster-Hall, 5l.

For coaches thither, at 4s. per time, 12l.

For night-gown, slippers, caps, physick—

SIR AV. Hold, hold, pray ; it’s enough in conscience.

SIR HAR. In short, the whole bill amounts to two hundred and seventy-five pounds, for the necessaries of study only. I shall see the rogue a judge.

SIR AV. But (methinks) there is one article a little extraordinary : how comes it that your son pays four shillings for a coach to Westminster, when four lawyers go thither for one ?

SIR

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SIR HAR. Ay! why, that's a question, now, that has been ask'd me several times; heart! I believe you are all envious of my boy. If he pays four times as much, he carries four times as much law, and that, I think, is an answer.

SIR AV. I wonder, Sir Harry, a gentleman of your plentiful fortune, should breed your eldest son to the law.

SIR HAR. Oh, Sir! I'll give you a very good reason for that—My father was a lawyer, and he got an estate. It was my misfortune to be bred a gentleman. My father kept me in the country 'till I was three and twenty, and my wife has kept me there ever since; for except when I brought my son to the Temple, and this present journey, I never was twenty miles from home.

SIR AV. It was your misfortune to be bred a gentleman, Sir Harry!

SIR HAR. Ay, Sir; but I always resolv'd to breed my son to the law; I determin'd it before he was born; and I don't question but to see him a judge.—I am impatient 'till I find him out; so I am your humble servant. You may expect me at dinner.

SIR AV. That's kind, however. — You see, son, we have but a short time to execute our project in; and if we are not expeditious, the stock will be sold to another purchaser. I am obliged to go into the city on business: after dinner, I will introduce you to my niece. In the mean time, think on some fine speeches, some high compliments: for in dealing with women (contrary to all other merchandize) the way to get them cheap, is to cry them up as much beyond their value as possible.

Y. PED. So the matter is reduced to this, "Either to be married or disinherited." I'll accept the Prior; for, if I am disinherited, I shall never get my estate again; but, if I am married (providentially) I may get rid of my wife.

SCENE

SCENE V. St. JAMES'S Park.

VALENTINE *and* VEROMIL.

VAL. This was an agreeable surprize indeed! for of all men, my Veromil is he whom I most wished, but least expected to meet.

VER. My wishes, Valentine, were equal to yours, but my expectations greater; for I was told the town, and all its pleasures, had long engrossed the heart of my Valentine. Nor has my information been false, I find. These cloaths! these looks! these airs! give me reason to wonder how I recollect my metamorphosed friend.

VAL. Why, faith! I am a little changed since those happy times, when after a day spent in study, we us'd to regale at night, and communicate our discoveries in knowledge over a pint of bad port. While, poor creatures! we were strangers to the greatest, pleasantest part of knowledge——

VER. What?

VAL. Woman, dear Charles, woman; a sort of books prohibited at the university, because your grave-dons don't understand them. But what part of the world has possess'd you these years?

VER. The first twelvemonth after I left the university, I remained in the country with my father, (you had not then forgot to correspond with me.) I then made the tour of France and Italy. I intended to visit Germany; but on my return to Paris, I there received the news of my father's death!

VAL. S'death! he did not deserve the name.—— Nay, I am no stranger to your misfortunes. Sure, Nature was as blind when she gave him such a son, as Fortune when she robbed you of your birth-right.

VER. Valentine, I charge thee, on thy friendship, not to reflect on that memory which shall be ever sacred to my breast. Who knows what arts my brother may have used? Nay, I have reason to believe my actions abroad were misrepresented. I must have fallen by a double deceit. He must have colour'd my innocence with the face of vice, and cover'd his
own

own notorious vices under the appearance of innocence.

VAL. Hell in its own shape reward him for it.

VER. Heaven forgive him. I hope I can.

VAL. But tell me, (tho' I dread to ask) he did not, could not, disinherit you of all!

VER. All in his power. My mother's fortune fell to me, he could not hinder it. And, Oh! my friend! I could with that small competency outvie my brother's happiness, had I not, with my fortune, lost a jewel dear to me as my soul—yet here I forget even that. To hold, to embrace so dear a friend, effaces every care.

VAL. I still have been your debtor: 'tis your superior genius to oblige; my utmost efforts will be still your due.

VER. Let us then sacrifice this day to mirth and joy.

VAL. With all my heart.

VER. Is not that Wilding just come into the Mall?

VAL. I am sure he is alter'd since you saw him. I wonder his dress, indeed, did not prevent your knowing him.

VER. No; it is by his dress I do know him, for I saw him in the very same at Paris. He remembers me too, I perceive. Mr. Wilding, your humble servant.

SCENE VI.

WILDING, VEROMIL, VALENTINE.

WILD. Ha! my dear Veromil, a thousand welcomes to England. When left you that delicious place, Paris?

VER. Soon after you left it.

WILD. I thought you intended for Vienna. But I am glad that we enjoy you so much sooner. For I suppose you are now come to town for good?

VAL. Nay, he shall not escape us again.

VER. My inclinations would bid me spend my whole life with my Valentine: but necessity confines our happiness to this day.

VAL.

VAL. This day!

VER. To-morrow night I am to meet a friend at Dover, to embark for France. I am glad we met so soon; for every hour I am with you, tho' it seems a moment, is worth an age.

WILD. You are soon weary of your country, Mr. Veromil, which you long'd to see so much when we were at Paris.

VER. Misfortunes have made it disagreeable.

WILD. Come, come, I see the bottom of this: there is a mistress in the case.

VAL. To France for a mistress!

WILD. Ay, or what do all our fine gentlemen there?

VAL. Learn to please an English one. It would be more rational in a Frenchman to come abroad for a dancing-master, than in an Englishman to go abroad for a mistress.

VER. However you'll allow a lover to be partial; you must excuse me if I think France has now the finest woman in the universe. But to end your amazement, she is our country-woman.

WILD. And has some devilish coquet led you a dance to Paris? Never stir after her; if she does not return within ten weeks, I'll be bound to—fetch her.

VAL. Who can this great uncelebrated beauty be?

VER. Oh! Valentine! she is one, whose charms would delude stoicism into love: the luscious dreams of amorous boys ne'er rais'd ideas of so fine a form, nor man of sense e'er wish'd a virtue in his mistress's mind which she has not. That modesty! that sweetness! that virtue!

WILD. Her name, her name?

VAL. Her fortune, her fortune?

VER. I know, gentlemen, you who have liv'd so much in the gay world, will be surprized to hear me talk so seriously on this affair. But be assured, my whole happiness is in the breast of one woman.

WILD. I own myself surprized; but our friend here can hardly be so, for he is to-morrow to be happy with one woman.

VER.

VER. How!

VAL. Wilt thou never have done with it? A man can't appear in publick, after it's known that he is to be married, but every one who wants a wife will rally him out of envy.

WILD. Ay, — and every one who has a wife, out of pity.

VAL. 'Sdeath! I'll be married to-morrow, and away into the country the next morning.

WILD. Oh! the country is vastly pleasant during the honey-moon; groves and mountains give one charming ideas in the spring of matrimony. I suppose we shall have you in town again in the winter: at least, you'll be so obliging to send your wife up. A husband would be as publick-spirited a man, if he did not run away with his wife, as he who buys a fine picture and hangs it up in his house, for the benefit of all comers. But robbing the publick of a fine woman, is barbarous; and he who buries his wife, is as great a miser as he who buries his gold.

VER. The publick may thank themselves; for no man would do either, had not the world affixed shame to the sounds of poverty and cuckoldom.

VAL. You mention the name, as if there was something frightful in it: one would imagine you had liv'd in the first age and infancy of cuckoldom. Custom alters every thing. A pair of horns (perhaps) once seem'd as odd an ornament for the head, as a perriwig: but now they are both equally in fashion, and a man is no more star'd at for the one than for the other.

WILD. Nay, I rather think cuckoldom is an honour. I wish every cuckold had a statue before his door, erected at the publick expence.

VAL. Then the city of London would have as many statues in it, as the city of Rome had.

WILD. The ladies are oblig'd to you for your opinion.

VAL. I think so. What is yours, pray?

WILD. Mine! that the poets ought to be hanged for every compliment they have made them.

VER. Hey-day!

WILD.

WILD. For that they have not said half enough in their favour—Ah! Charles! there are women in the world—

[Hugs Veromil.]

VER. Bravo! women!

WILD. Dost thou think I confine my narrow thoughts to one woman? No; my heart is already in the possession of five hundred, and there is enough for five hundred more.

VAL. Why, thou hast more women in thy heart, than the grand Turk has in his seraglio.

WILD. Ay, and if I have not finer women—'Sdeath! well recollected. Valentine, I must wait on one of your aunts to an auction this morning.

VER. Nay, dear honest reprobate, let us dine together.

WILD. I am engaged at the same place.

VER. Veromil, if you please, I'll introduce you. Perhaps you will be entertain'd with as merry a mixture of characters as you have seen. There is (to give you a short *Dramatis Personæ*) my worthy uncle, whose whole life and conversation runs on that one topick, Gain. His son, whom I believe you remember at the university, who is since, with much labour and without any genius, improved to be a learned blockhead.

VER. I guess his perfections by the dawnings I observ'd in him. His learning adorns his genius, as the colouring of a great painter would the features of a bad one.

WILD. Or the colouring of some ladies do the wrinkles of their faces.

VAL. Then I have two aunts as opposite in their inclinations, as two opposite points of the globe; and I believe as warm in them as the centre.

WILD. And point to the same centre too, or I'm mistaken.

VAL. Lastly, two young ladies, one of whom is as romantically in love as yourself, and whom, perhaps, when you have seen, you will not allow the finest woman in the world to be in France.

VER. I defy the danger. Besides, I desire we may have

have the afternoon to ourselves. I declare against all cards and parties whatsoever.

VAL. I'll second your resistance: for I know we shall be ask'd; and they will be as difficultly refus'd too as a starving author, who begs your subscription to his next miscellany; and you will get much the same by both compliances, a great deal of nonsense and impertinence for your money—for he who plays at Quadrille without being let into the secret, as surely loses, as he would at Newmarket.

WILD. Ay, but then he is let sometimes into much more charming secrets.

VAL. Faith! very rarely!—Many have succeeded by the contrary practice, which is the reason why sharpers have been so often happy in their favours. Your success would be more forwarded by winning five hundred, than by losing five thousand.

WILD. Why, faith! on a second consideration, I begin to be of your opinion.

For gratitude may to some women fall,
But money, powerful money, charms them all.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, WILDING'S chambers in the Temple.

PINCET *alone.*

'TIS a fine thing to have a clear conscience: but a clear purse, and a loaded conscience, is the devil. To have been a rogue, in order to be a gentleman, and then reduced to be a servant again!—What, refuse paying my annuity the second half year, and bid discover if I dare! [*Shows a letter.*]—Discover if I dare! you shall repent that, my dear brother rogue: for since I can't live like a gentleman by my roguery, I'll e'en tell the truth, and stand in the pillory like one, by my honesty. [*Knocking.*] So, the duns begin: well, I can say truly, my master is
not

not at home now—but if he were, it would be the same thing. [Knocking harder.]

SCENE II.

Sir HARRY WILDING, PINCET.

PIN. Hey-day! this is some scrivener, or dun of authority.

SIR HAR. Here, you, firrah, where's your master?

PIN. I do not know, Sir.

SIR HAR. What, is not he at home?

PIN. No, Sir.

SIR HAR. And when do you expect him home?

PIN. I can't tell.

SIR HAR. I warrant, gone to Westminster—A diligent rogue—when did your master go out?

PIN. I don't know. (What strange fellow is this?)

SIR HAR. [*Afide.*] I warrant before this rascal was up.—Come, firrah, show me your master's library.

PIN. His library, Sir?

SIR HAR. His library, Sir, his study, his books.

PIN. My master has no books, Sir.

SIR HAR. Show me his books, or I'll crack your skull for you, Sir.

PIN. Sir, he has no books. What would you have with my master, Sir?

SIR HAR. What's this? [*Taking a book up.*] Rochester's poems? What does he do with poems?—but 'tis better to spend an hour so, than in a tavern.—What book is this?—Plays—what, does he read plays too?—Hark ye, firrah, show me where your master keeps his law-books.

PIN. Sir, he has no law-books: what should he do with law-books!

SIR HAR. I'll tell you, villain!

Goes to strike him. [Knocking.]

O here he comes, I'll meet my dear boy.

SCENE

SCENE III.

To them, TAYLOR.

TAYL. Mr. Pincet, is your master within? I have brought my bill.

PIN. You must come another time.

TAYL. Another time! Sir, I must speak with him now. I have been put off this twelve-month, I can stay no longer.

SIR HAR. Give me your bill.

TAYL. Will you pay it, Sir?

SIR HAR. Perhaps I will, Sir.

TAYL. Here it is, Sir.

SIR HAR. Agad! it's a good long one. "For a suit of lac'd cloaths made your honour last Michaelmas was two years, forty pounds."—What, do your Templars wear lac'd cloaths?

TAYL. Do they? ha, ha, ha! wou'd they pay'd for them too. We have gentlemen here, Sir, who dress as finely as any beaus of them all.

PIN. And pay as finely too, I believe, to your sorrow. [*Aside.*]

SIR HAR. "A suit of black velvet, twenty three pounds." Adad, the rogue is extravagant.

SCENE IV.

To them, MILLINER, PERRIWIGMAKER,
SHOEMAKER, HOSIER.

MILL. Mr. Pincet, is your master within?

PIN. No, no, no,—you must all come another time.

PER. Sir, we shall not come another time; we agreed to come all in a body; and unless we are paid, we shall take other methods. [*Knocking.*]

SIR HAR. Hell and the devil! what have we here!

[*Staring as in the greatest confusion.*]

PIN. [*Without.*] He is not at home.

TRICKSY. I tell you he is, and I will see him.

SCENE V.

To them, Mrs. TRICKSY. *As she is crossing the stage,*
Sir HARRY takes hold on her.

SIR HAR. Hark ye, Madam, are you acquainted with my son?

TRIC. Nor none of the scrubs that belong to you, fellow, I hope.

SIR HAR. The gentleman who owns these chambers, Madam, is my son.

TRIC. Sir, you are an impudent coxcomb; the gentleman who owns these chambers has no such dirty relations.

SIR HAR. Very fine, very fine! I see it now. My son is an extravagant rake, and I am imposed upon. But I'll be reveng'd on these fop-makers at least.

PER. Sir, I will have my money.

SIR HAR. I'll pay you, Sir, with a vengeance.—Dogs! villains! whores!

[Beats them out, and returns.]

SCENE VI.

Sir HARRY alone.

A rogue! a rogue! is this his studying law?—Oh! here's his strong box, we'll see what's in thee however. *[Breaks it open.]*—What's this? *[Reads.]*

“DR. BUNNY,

“I will meet you in the balcony at the Old Play-house this evening at six. Dumps is gone into the country. I chuse rather to see you abroad than at my own house; for some things, lately happen'd, I fear, have given the cuckold reason for suspicion. Nothing can equal my contempt for him, but my love for you.

“Yours, affectionately,

“J. G.”

Oh! the devil! the devil!—Law!—ay, ay, he has studied law with a vengeance. I shall have him suffer

Suffer the law, instead of practising it. I'll demolish your fopperies for you, rascal.—Dear Bunny, [*Looks on the letter.*] I shall see the rogue hanged.

SCENE VII. *An antichamber in Sir AVARICE
PEDANT'S House.*

Lady LUCY, Lady GRAVELY, BELLARIA,
CLARISSA.

L. LUCY. Ha, ha, ha!—And have you the assurance to own yourself in love, in an age, when 'tis as immodest to love before marriage, as 'tis unfashionable to love after it?

BELL. And when the merit of him I do love is much more a rarity than either. 'Tis only when we fix our affections unworthily, that they are blameable; but where virtue, sense, reputation, worth, love and constancy meet in a man, the mistress who is ashamed of her passion must have a soul too mean to distinguish them.

L. GRAVE. What will the immodesty of this age come to?

L. LUCY. What will the stupidity of it come to?

L. GRAVE. A young woman to declare openly she loves a man!

L. LUCY. A young woman to declare openly she loves one man only! Your wit and beauty, Bellaria, were intended to enslave mankind. Your eyes should first conquer the world, and then weep, like Alexander's, for more worlds to conquer.

BELL. I rather think he should have wept for those he had conquered. He had no more title to sacrifice the lives of men to his ambition, than a woman has their ease. And I assure you, Madam, had my eyes that power you speak, I would only defend my own by them, which is the only warrantable use of power in both sexes.

L. LUCY. Well, for a woman, who has seen so much of the world, you talk very strangely.

L. GRAVE. It is to her town education, to her seeing the world, as you call it, that she owes these immodest thoughts; had her father confin'd her in the country,

as her uncle did, and as I advis'd him, she would have scorn'd fellows as much as I do.

BEL. I hope, Madam, I shall never give any of my friends reason to regret my education.

L. GRA. Yes, Madam, I do regret it;—I am sorry I have a relation who has no more virtue, than to love a man.

BEL. My father commanded me, Madam, to love him.

L. GRA. Yes, but your uncle has commanded you not.

BEL. It is not in my power to obey him, nor am I obliged to it. I defy you to say, I ever gave encouragement to any other; or to him, before I had my father's leave, his command. He introduced him to me, and bid me think of him as my husband. I obey'd with difficulty, 'till I discovered such worth, such virtues in his soul, that the reception which I at first gave him out of duty, I afterwards gave him out of love. I plac'd the dear image in my heart; and you, or all the world, shall never tear it thence, or plant another's there.

L. GRA. Did you ever hear such a wretch! I could almost cry, to hear her.

L. LUCY. I can't help laughing at her; ha, ha, ha!

L. GRA. Madam! Madam! more gravity would become you.

L. LUCY. More gaiety would become you, dear niece.

BEL. I find, aunts, it's impossible to please you both, and I am afraid it will be difficult for me to please either; for indeed, lady Gravely, I shall never come up to your gravity; nor I believe lady Lucy, to your gaiety.

L. LUCY. Dear creature! you will alter your opinion, when you have the liberty to go to plays and assemblies.

L. GRA. Plays! and assemblies! send her to church.

BEL. I dare venture to both—I shall never reach that sublime way of thinking, which imputes dulness to that, or levity to this.—And if you will give me leave to be free, I think, lady Gravely may go more to the one, and lady Lucy ought to go more to the other.

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

To them SERVANT.

SERV.—Ladies, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Wilding, and another gentleman are below.

L. LUCY. Shew them up.

L. GRA. I'll not be seen.

L. LUCY. Nay, lady Gravely.

L. GRA. I don't like such company——besides, I have some business in my chamber.

SCENE IX.

VALENTINE, WILDING, VEROMIE, *Lady*
LUCY, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

VAL. Ladies, your humble servant. I beg the honour of introducing a friend of mine—Lady Lucy, Mrs. Bellaria. *[They salute.]*

BEL. Oh, heav'ns! *[Aside.]*

L. LUCY. Was there much company in the Park?

WILD. All the world, but yourselves; I wonder you could resist the temptation of so fine a day, lady Lucy.

L. LUCY. Oh! never be surpriz'd at me, but when you see me walking; for I am the most lazy creature in the world. I would not have walk'd to my coach this morning, to have been empress of the universe. Oh! I adore the eastern way of travelling on men's shoulders: but walking is so vulgar an exercise, I wonder people of quality give into it.

VAL. It has only the recommendation of being wholesome and innocent.

L. LUCY. Great recommendations truly, to some antiquated prude, some poor-spirited animal, who is proud of an innocent face.

WILD. That is a face, which never does the beholders any harm.

L. LUCY. Unless it frightens them—ha, ha, ha!

WILD. Some women are innocent from their want of beauty, as some men are from their want of courage.

L. LUCY. True. We should all be tyrants, if we had power.

WILD. You will be too late for the auction, lady Lucy.

L. LUCY. The other lady has disappointed us, so I shall not go. But I have bought a picture since I saw you, which if you don't admire, as much as I do, I shall not admire your judgment.

WILD. If I do not admire it, I'll say I do, and that's the same thing.

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, CLARISSA, VEROMIL,
BELLARIA.

VAL. You look very ill to day, Clarissa.

CLA. You were not obliged to tell me so, methinks.

VAL. Freedom in a husband, is——

CLA. Impertinence——stay till you have the title.

VAL. A day will give it me.

CLA. Perhaps not. This troublesome, impertinent freedom, makes me believe you not so near your happiness.

VAL. Madam! Madam! this turbulency of temper, makes me fear I am too near my misery.

CLA. I don't understand you.

VAL. I fear you are more difficult to be understood than I am.——Stay till I have a title!——He who marries a woman, or pays for an estate before he is apprized of their real value, will find it then too late to lament. The purchaser, indeed, may sell his estate to another, with loss; but the husband, like a loaded ass, must drag on the heavy burthen, till death alone relieves him.

CLA. Intolerable insolence!——I'll never see you more.

VAL. Pardon me, Bellaria, I must follow her.——
To make the quarrel irreconcilable. [*Aside.*]

SCENE

SCENE XI.

VEROMIL, BELLARIA.

[VEROMIL and BELLARIA, who had stood this while silent, rush into one another's arms.]

VER. My Bellaria!

BEL. Are you—can you be my Veromil?

VER. Let this fond kiss confirm me to be Veromil, and yours.

BEL. And this embrace, which pulls you to my heart, assure you, that I know I hold my Veromil: for none but him these arms should e'er encircle.

VER. My dear, my tender love!

BEL. Oh! tell me what strange, what unexpected chance, has brought us once again together.

VER. A chance so strange; it seems the direction of a providence, which looks with propitious pleasure on the sincerity of our virtuous loves: for had not the accidental meeting of a friend prevented it, I had tomorrow gone for France, whither I falsely heard you was sent.

BEL. Did you never receive any letter from me?

VER. And did not my Bellaria then forget me!—Oh! how blest had I been to have seen a line from her.

BEL. Then I have been betray'd; for know, my Veromil, I was forc'd from my uncle's house in the middle of the night, and in two days brought hither; where I have been kept the closest prisoner: yet I found means to write to you, and gave the letter to my maid, with a ring from my finger to enforce her faithfulness; and she has a thousand times sworn she sent it you.

VER. O the false jade!

BEL. Heav'n knows what different agonies I have felt! sometimes I thought you dead.—Nay, once I fear'd you false.

VER. Oh, my Paradise! no words could have tempted me; for, by this sweetest, dearest hand, I swear there's not an atom in that charming form, which I would change for worlds.

BEL. You know how willingly I believe you.—
But hark! if we are over-seen, we are ruined.

VER. Tell me—O tell me, what I shall do.

BEL. I'll think of it.—Is Valentine your friend?

VER. Most nearly.

BEL. Then consult with him, if you believe it safe.

VER. Oh Bellaria!

BEL. Farewel—My heart. } *[Looking fondly on
one another.]*

VER. Eternal transports, agonies of joy delight thy
soul. Excellent, charming creature!—But ah! a
sudden damp chills all my rising joys; for oh! what
dragons must be overcome, before I gather that deli-
cious fruit!—I must impart it to Valentine; for on
his friendship hangs my sure success.

SCENE XII.

VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

VAL. Alone, and musing, dear Veromil! Are you
thinking on your lady in France?

VER. Valentine!—are you my friend?

VAL. If you doubt it, I am not.

VER. It is in your power, perhaps, to grant me my
utmost wish—will you?

VAL. You know I will.

VER. Be it whatever—

VAL. Humph!—Faith! unless it should be to
go abroad with you to-morrow; for the same reason
keeps me at home that sends you away,—a woman;
and I believe, now you have seen her, you will confess
a fine one.

VER. What do you mean!

VAL. In a word, that lady I left you alone with,
I doat on to distraction.—You seem disturb'd, Ve-
romil! Did I not know you already engag'd, and the
constancy of your temper, her charms might excuse
my suspecting a sudden conquest.

VER. Be assur'd it is not in the power of wealth or
beauty to change my passion.—And are you to be
married to her to-morrow?

VAL. Would I were.—To shew you I distrust not
your friendship, I'll open my whole breast to you.

had

had for almost two years pursued that other lady, and after a long series of importunity, at last obtain'd her consent, and to-morrow was the appointed day. But about a month since, the lady whom I told you of in our way from the Park came hither; that I lik'd her, you'll easily believe; but by frequent conversation, the disease possess'd my whole mind. My love for her, and aversion for my former mistress, increased daily—till I resolv'd to break with the old, and pursue the new passion. The one I have accomplish'd in an irreconcilable quarrel with Clarissa: the first step I will take to the latter, shall be by all means whatsoever to lessen her value for him she thinks herself engag'd to—whom, cou'd I once remove, I easily should supply his place.

VER. But can you do this with honour?

VAL. Ha, ha, ha! you and I had strange notions of that word when we us'd to read the moralists at Oxford; but our honour here is as different from that as our dress. In short, it forbids us to receive injuries, but not to do them.

VER. Fine honour truly!—Just the reverse of Christianity.

VAL. Pshaw!—thou art so unfashionably virtuous!

VER. Virtue may indeed be unfashionable in this age; for ignorance and vice will always live together. And sure the world is come to that height of folly and ignorance, posterity may call this the Leaden age. But virtue loses not its worth by being slighted by the world, more than the pearl, when the foolish cock prefer'd a barley-corn. Virtue is a diamond, which when the world despises, 'tis plain that knaves and fools have too much sway therein.

VAL. Ay, virtue and diamonds may be very like one another—but, faith! they are seldom the ornaments of the same person.

VER. I am sorry for it.

VAL. Well, now tell me in what I can serve you?

VER. I must first persuade you into other thoughts; but I hear company. If you please, we'll walk in the garden.

SCENE XIII.

Lady GRAVELY, following Sir AVARICE.

L. GRA. I tell you it's in every one's mouth——
the whole world says it.

SIR AV. Well, and what do I lose by that? Would
you have me part with my wife, because the world is
pleas'd to belie her? I'll as soon sell out of the stocks
the next report that is rais'd about Gibraltar.

L. GRA. Insensible wretch!

SIR AV. Insensible! you are mistaken; I have
computed it, and I find it cheaper to maintain my
wife at home, than to allow her a separate maintenance.
She has great relations, and will consequently have
a great allowance.

L. GRA. Abandon'd! would you keep a serpent
in your bosom?

SIR AV. If she is a serpent, it's more than I know.
If you can prove any thing against her, do it.

L. GRA. Will you prosecute it, if I do?

SIR AV. If her gallant be rich: but if he's poor,
look you, I will have nothing to do with him; for
I have resolv'd never to go to law with a beggar or
a lord: the one you will never cast, and the other
you will get nothing by casting.

L. GRA. You'll get revenge.

SIR AV. I am too good a christian to give money
for revenge.

L. GRA. But not to give up your conscience for
money. Will you set up for a christian without
honesty?

SIR AV. I'll have faith, at least; and so, sister, I
believe my wife honest, and will believe it, 'till you
prove the contrary.

L. GRA. Can a woman be honest who frequents
assemblies, auctions, plays, and reads romances?

SIR AV. Very innocently, I dare swear.

L. GRA. Who keeps an assembly herself! whose
house is a publick rendezvous for idle young fellows!
and who is, I am afraid, sometimes alone with one
fellow.

SIR

SIR AV. And very innocently, I dare aver.

L. GRA. How! innocently alone with a fellow! Brother, I would not be innocently alone with a fellow for the universe.

SIR AV. Since you enrage me, you yourself have a worse character than my wife.

L. GRA. Monster! I an ill character! I, who have lived reputably with two husbands!

SIR AV. And buried them both with great satisfaction.

L. GRA. The world knows how decently I grieved for them both; yes, you see too well I have not worn off the loss of the last to this day.

SIR AV. Nor will not, 'till you have got a third, which I heartily wish you had that my house might be at ease, and that my poor wife, my poor Penelope, might not be disturb'd. For I will no more believe any thing against her, than I will believe a stock-jobber on the Exchange, or a lawyer in Westminster-hall.

L. GRA. The curses of cuckoldom and credulity attend you, 'till thy horns put out those eyes which cannot see them.

SCENE XIV.

WILDING and Lady GRAVELY.

WILD. So, now must I transform myself into a shape as foreign to my natural one, as ever Proteus did. [*Aside.*]—Hem! hem!—Lady Gravelly, your humble servant!

L. GRA. How got you admittance here, Sir? I thought you knew that I receive no visits from men at this hour!

WILD. As my visits, madam, are always innocent, I presumed your ladyship might admit me at a time when you deny access to the looser of our sex. I am, indeed, unfortunately, of that part of the species which your ladyship disesteems; but sobriety, I know, recommends even a man to your ladyship's favour.

L. GRA. Sobriety! you have, indeed, a great title to sobriety, Sir.

WILD. I own, indeed, the former part of my life has been too freely spent; but love has made me a convert. Love, which has made the sober often gay, has made me sober.

L. GRA. I am glad a good effect can proceed from a bad cause. Who can be who has wrought this miracle!

WILD. Wou'd I durst tell you!

L. GRA. What do your fear?

WILD. Your anger.

L. GRA. Tho' I disapprove of love—if virtuous, I could forgive it.

WILD. Then 'tis yourself, yourself, madam; the object of my thoughts, my dreams, my wishes—

L. GRA. In love with me! I hope, Sir, my conduct has not given encouragement.

WILD. Oh! do not, do not look thus cruel on me. Those eyes shou'd only dart their lightnings on the profligate; but when approach'd with purity, should be all gentle, mild, propitious. I, madam, despise and hate the world, as you. Coquets are my aversion.

L. GRA. That, indeed, shews your sense.

WILD. Would but my fate so far bless me, that I might have the opportunity of conversing with a woman of your sense, of communicating my censures on the world to you, and approving yours. Nothing can be harmful that passes between such a pair. [*Kissing her hand.*] Let what will proceed from their amours.

L. GRA. Odious name!

WILD. Their virtuous hours. [*Kissing it harder.*] The world never lays any censure on their conduct.

L. GRA. The world is not half so censorious as it ought to be on the flirting part of the sex.—Really, I know very few who are not downright naughty.

WILD. Yes, and openly—it is six times the crime. The manner of doing ill, like the manner of doing well, is chiefly consider'd—and then the persons too.

L. GRA. The gigling, ogling, filly, vile creatures.

WILD.

WILD. I don't know a woman, beside yourself, one can converse with.

L. GRA. Truly, I am at a loss for conversation among my sex.

WILD. Ah! madam, might one who has the misfortune to be a man—

L. GRA. Don't call it a misfortune, since the women are so bad.

WILD. Can I hope?

L. GRA. 'Tis to the men too we are obliged for knowing what women are; if they were secret, all women wou'd pass for virtuous.

WILD. Yet I abhor want of secrecy. Had I been admitted to familiarities, I would have sooner died than discover'd them.

L. GRA. I cannot deny, indeed, but that secrecy is a manly virtue.

WILD. Oh! it is the characteristick of a man.

L. GRA. I am glad to see a young man of such charming principles.

WILD. Oh, madam!

L. GRA. Such a just and bad notion of the world.

WILD. Madam! madam!

L. GRA. Such a thorough, thorough hatred of bad women.

WILD. Dear madam!

L. GRA. And at the same time such a perfect, tender, manly concern for the reputation of all women.

WILD. Oh! eternally careful, madam.

L. GRA. And to shew you my approbation, I will venture to walk with you in the garden till dinner.— I will but speak to a servant, and follow you. [Exit.

WILD. Soh! by what I can see, Lady Lucy, you are in a fair way to repent sending me of this errand. Make diversion for you! I shall make diversion for myself, I believe; for nothing but the Devil can prevent my success, and I'm sure it's not his business to prevent it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Anti-chamber.**Lady LUCY and WILDING.**Lady LUCY.*

I Have been half dead with impatience to know your success.

WILD. If ever I am sent on such an errand again—

L. LUCY. I'll engage she gave it you home.

WILD. That she did, indeed.

L. LUCY. And—and—Ha, ha, ha!—How did she receive you?—Ha, ha, ha!

WILD. Why, I attacked her in a grave solemn style. I put on as hypocritical a countenance as a jesuit at a confession.

L. LUCY. and she received you like a nun, I suppose.

WILD. Sir (sa's she) while you frequent my sister's assemblies, your affected sobriety will gain no place in my belief. I receive no visits from any man—but from such a gay, wild, loose, raking, dancing, singing, fluttering—

L. LUCY. Coxcomb! Ha, ha, ha!

WILD. Would you recommend yourself to me, you must leave off your whole set of company, and particularly that wild, vain, thoughtless, flirting, unfix'd, inconstant—

L. LUCY. Hold! hold!

WILD. Mimicking, sighing, laughing—

L. LUCY. Whom do you mean?

WILD. She nam'd no body.

L. LUCY. No, she did not need. I know whom she scandaliz'd, and I'll tell her, be it only to make mischief.

WILD. I say, she nam'd no body at first; but when she found I did not know the picture by her colours, she writ your name at the bottom.

L. LUCY. My name!

WILD.

WILD. 'Tis too true.

L. LUCY. The devil take you for telling me of it; it has discompos'd me so—I find it impossible to have any complexion to-day.

WILD. You need none, you have done mischief enough already; 'tis time to think of repairing some of it.

L. LUCY. But I will not repair any mischief I have done.

WILD. That's an affectation: you are better-natur'd.

L. LUCY. Indeed, I am as cruel as Caligula. I wish your whole sex had but one pair of eyes, that I might kill them all with a frown.

WILD. And one body, that you might recover them as easily. Come, come, Lady Lucy, I have been your fool long enough, and have had no reward for my pains.

L. LUCY. No reward! Have I not spoke to you in all publick places? Have I not read your odious letters? Have I not sung your more odious songs? Have I not suffer'd you to gallant my fan, to kiss my lap-dog? what can a reasonable creature ask, which I have not done?

WILD. The only thing a reasonable creature would ask. You have turn'd the tables on me finely, indeed, and made that my reward which I should have pleaded as my merit. A prince would be finely serv'd truly who, when his soldiers asked him for a reward, was to tell them, the honour of serving him was one.

L. LUCY. I can reckon fifty lovers of mine contented with less.

WILD. Rare lovers! A lady wou'd be as finely serv'd by such lovers as a king by such soldiers—fellows only fit to guard a drawing-room, or to court in it; and of no more use in the real fields of love or war, than an eunuch in a bed-chamber, or a parson in a battle.

L. LUCY. I have taken a sudden resolution—

WILD. Have a care of a bad one!

L. LUCY. Never to see you more.

WILD

WILD. I thank you for telling me, however, because it has led me into another resolution.

L. LUCY. Impertinent!

WILD. Never to leave you more, till you have given me all the joys in your power.

L. LUCY. I hate you.

WILD. That's barbarous, when you know my love.

L. LUCY. Yes, I do know your love; and therefore I have us'd you like a spaniel, and will use you like a spaniel.

WILD. And I, like a spaniel, will but fawn the more, my angel. *[Takes her in his arms.]*

SCENE II.

To them, Sir AVARICE PEDANT.

SIR AV. Hoity-toity! Hey-day! What's here to do? Have I caught you, gentlefolks? I begin to see I am rightly inform'd. Are these your innocent gaieties, madam?

SCENE III.

To them, Sir HARRY WILDING.

SIR HAR. Where is the dog? Sirrah! scoundrel! where are you? I shall see you hang'd, rascal! I shall see you hang'd, firrah! I'll begin the executioner's work. I'll chastise you, firrah!

WILD. Humph!

SIR AV. Sir Harry! what is the matter?

SIR HAR. The matter! Why, Sir, my boy, my lawyer, that I told you of, is ruin'd and undone.

SIR AV. How, pray?—*[Aside.]* I'm glad to hear it, however.

SIR HAR. How! why, he is a fop, a coxcomb, and I shall see him hang'd.—That's he, Sir, that's the lawyer.—I'll difinherit you, dog.

WILD. Sir, I hope I have done nothing to deserve such a fate.

SIR HAR. Nothing! Is disappointing my hopes nothing? Is being a beau, when I thought you a lawyer,

lawyer, nothing?—I'll disinherit you, firrah!—you are no son of mine—you have proved your mother a strumpet, and me a cuckold.

SIR AV. Truly, so he has me too, I am afraid.

L. LUCY. Heaven send us safe off. [Aside.]

SIR HAR. You must know, Sir, I came up to town to marry you to this gentleman's niece, a fine young lady with twenty thousand pound—

L. LUCY. Ha! [Aside.]

SIR HAR. But you shall beg, or starve, or steal, it is equal to me. Sir, I cannot but be in a passion; he has injur'd me in the tenderest point.

SIR AV. So he has me, truly.

L. LUCY. And me, I am sure.

SIR AV. In short, I suspect, Sir Harry, that he has been too free with my wife; and he who is too free with one's wife, may, some time or other, rob one's house.

SIR HAR. Nay, perhaps, he has begun to rob already. It's probable I may see him hang'd before I go out of town.

L. LUCY. He has been too free, indeed! What did you ever see in me, Sir, or in my conduct, which cou'd give you an ill suspicion of me?

WILD. So! I'm in a fine way, i'faith. [Aside.]

SIR HAR. I shall see him hang'd.

SIR AV. He deserves it truly.

L. LUCY. What could make you imagine that I was to be brib'd to so mean, base, low an action! what could make you think I'd ever sell my niece?

SIR AV. }
SIR HAR. } How!

L. LUCY. Sir Avarice, you are a stranger to the arts of this wicked young man: he has importuned me a thousand times, since Bellaria's coming to town, to betray her to him; and just now he vow'd never to let me go, till I had promis'd.—Had you not come in, Heav'n knows whether I should have ever got away from him.

WILD. Can you blame the effects of love, madam? You yourself see what a metamorphosis it has caused

in

in me.—I, who for six long years scarce ever liv'd out of a study, who knew no amusement, no diversion, but in books, no sooner saw the charming maid, than reading grew my bane; gaiety, dress, every thing that might charm the fair, has since employ'd my thoughts.

SIR HAR. What do I hear!

WILD. My father here, who, from not knowing the cause of this transformation, has so severely re-
sented it, can testify the truth of what I say.

SIR HAR. I shall see the rogue a judge! —
That I can, my dear boy; and I will take care that thou shalt not be forc'd to bribe or beg any one: the girl shall be thy own.—Sir Avarice, I ask your pardon; and, madam, I ask your pardon; and, Harry, I ask your pardon.

WILD. Oh Sir! you make me blush.—Dear witty creature!

SIR AV. You were not so good as your word at dinner, Sir Harry. [Aside.]

SIR HAR. I was hunting after my boy here; but I will be glad to be recommended to the butler presently.

SIR AV. At your own time.—Come, my dear; Sir Harry may have some privacies for his son: I have something to impart to you too.

SCENE IV.

Sir HARRY WILDING, Young WILDING.

SIR HAR. But heark you, young man; what's become of all your law-books, hey?

WILD. Books, Sir? at my chambers, Sir.

SIR HAR. Then they are invisible. If I could but have seen as much of them as of my own in the country (I mean the outsidies) I should have been satisfied.—And pray, Sir, how came you by this letter?

WILD. Damnation!

SIR HAR. Why don't you answer?

WILD. That letter, Sir!

SIR HAR. Yes, Sir, that letter, Sir.

WILD.

WILD. That letter, Sir!

SIR HAR. Yes, Sir.

WILD. I don't know what it is, Sir, I never read it.

SIR HAR. You are too great a man to read your own letters, I suppose. You keep a secretary, I hope. I have paid off your secretary, I assure you. But I presume—a—you can read it.—You are not a perfect beau, I hope.

WILD. What shall I do! I am ruin'd and undone.

[*Aside.*

SIR HAR. Or shall I read it for you. [*reads it.*] I found this in your chamber, Sir; in your strong box. Your effects were all paper, Sir. Are not you a fine gentleman? Oh! Harry! Harry! that ever I shou'd find such a letter as this, directed to—ha! to capt. Belvil.

WILD. S'death! how came I not to recollect that sooner. [*Aside.*—To capt. Belvil!—I see the whole mistake.

SIR HAR. What mistake!

WILD. You have been at another gentleman's chambers.

SIR HAR. Sir, I was at those chambers where I plac'd you.

WILD. Ah, Sir! there's the mistake, I chang'd them about a fortnight ago: they were so noisy, they discompos'd me in my study. I should have sent you word of it in my next letter.

SIR HAR. How!—I have committed a fine set of errors, I'm sure.

WILD. What have you done, Sir?

SIR HAR. Broke open a few locks, that's all—— I may be hang'd myself now, before I go into the country.

WILD. Forbid it——you have a most litigious man to deal with.

SIR HAR. I must make it up in the best manner I can. You must assist me with law. But come, we will lose no time with our heirefs. Besides, I long to see your chambers, and your books. I am resolv'd I'll find some time this afternoon. I'll first obey a certain call that I find within me, and then wash my face

face and hands, and get my wig powder'd, that I may be fit to wait on the young lady : so don't be out of the way.

WILD. This is a miraculous escape ; or rather a short reprieve ; for how to carry on the deceit I don't know. I'll e'en go and advise with trusty Pincet ; for I believe he is (as well as several of my brother Templar's servants) a better lawyer than his master.

SCENE V.

Sir AVARICE, *Lady* LUCY, BELLARIA,
Young PEDANT.

SIR AV. Be not angry with me, Bellaria, I get nothing by this match ; and when I get nothing by an affair, it is very hard I shou'd be blamed for it.

BEL. I know not whom to be angry with.

L. LUCY. Look-you, Bellaria, I am heartily sorry for your misfortune ; because I know nothing so inconvenient, as being married to a very gay man. Mr. Wilding may be a diverting lover, but he is not fit for a husband.

BEL. I cannot distinguish between those names, Madam.

L. LUCY. Don't affect the prude, dear Bellaria.— You see yourself reduc'd to a necessity of marrying, and I know but one way in the world to avoid the match propos'd — and that too, by Sir Avarice's leave.

SIR AV. Any thing in my power. I confess I do not approve of the young man.

L. LUCY. Then let us leave the lovers together. If you can agree, Bellaria, to prefer a sober young man who loves you, to a wild fellow who values you no more than a thousand others, you may escape what you so much dread.

SIR AV. Well, well, you see my excessive fondness, niece. I sacrifice my reputation to your happiness.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

BELLARIA, *Young* PEDANT.

BEL. I am infinitely oblig'd to your concern for me—

[*A long silence here.*]

So, cousin, you hear what my aunt says; you are in love with me, it seems.

Y. PED. No, truly, I can't profess that I am. Matrimony is a subject I have very little revolved in my thoughts: but obedience to a parent is most undoubtedly due.

BEL. Obedience to a parent, cousin!

Y. PED. Nay, nay, I shall not require any thing to be given which admits of a dispute—or which (as Mr. Locke very well observes) does not receive our assent as soon as the proposition is known and understood. Let us introduce then this syllogism:

Whatever the law of nature enjoins, is indispensably just:

But the law of nature enjoins obedience to a parent:
Ergo, Obedience to a parent is indispensably just.

BEL. Nay, but what have we to do with the law of nature?

Y. PED. O, if you require farther—the divine law confirms the law of nature. I shall proceed to shew that it is approved by prophane writers also; translating them as they occur for their more immediate comprehension.

BEL. I'll leave you to your meditations.

SCENE VII.

Young PEDANT *alone.*

Y. PED. Venus says to Æneas in Virgil, “Fear not the commands of a parent; nor refuse to obey her precepts.”—What says Polynices to Jocasta in Euripides?—“Whatever you will, O my mother, shall also be grateful to me.”—The sons of Metellus, as recorded by Alexander, are a great instance—Plautus in Sticho; “Whatever our parents command,

“command, we are obliged to perform.” Why are Cleobis and Biton prefer’d, by Solon in Herodotus? why, for their piety to their mother. What an instance have we in the second son of Artaxerxes——

S C E N E VIII.

To him, VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

VAL. So, cousin Pedant, what, arguing with yourself?

PED. What! is she gone?

VAL. Who?

PED. The lady: Bellaria, I think they call her. The women of this age are profoundly wicked! I was proving to her the necessity of obeying a parent, and she wou’d not stay to hear it.

VAL. Oh! you must not entertain ladies with those subjects.

PED. I shou’d rejoice egregiously not to be obliged to entertain them at all. I have a very hard fate, that I cannot be permitted to pursue my studies, but must be summoned up hither to be married. I have money enough to buy books, and the necessaries of life; why should I marry then?——Because my wife is rich.——Why, if it be granted that I have enough, the conclusion will be, that I do not want more.

VER. Here’s news for you, Valentine.

VAL. The villany of my uncle gives me more surprize, than I have apprehension from his son.

VER. Surprized at villany, now-a-days! No, Valentine, be surprized when you see a man honest; when you find that man, whom gold will not transform into a knave, I will believe it possible you may find that stone which will change every thing into gold.

S C E N E IX.

To them, WILDING.

WILD. With me joy, with me joy, my friends!

VER. We shou’d rather ask the occasion of your joy.

WILD. The usual occasion, marriage——I don’t know but I may be married to-morrow——But (perhaps)

haps) you'll think, from what I said to-day, I shou'd have rather begg'd your pity than your congratulation.

VER. Your wife may (perhaps) want that most—
But who is she?

WILD. She is——she is——Ha, ha, ha!

VAL. One thou art asham'd to name, I believe.

WILD. She is a very great friend of a friend of yours. She is even——Bellaria.

VAL. Bellaria?

VER. Confusion!

[*Afide.*

WILD. My father is arrived on that purpose. The matter is agreed with the guardian in the country, who is himself coming to town. This haste (it seems) is lest she shou'd be discover'd by a lover in the country. But you don't wish me joy, methinks.

VAL. Because I believe you won't have her.

WILD. Ha, ha, ha! If I have her not: if I don't win her, wed her, love her, and grow weary of her in a month, may I be reduced to that last extremity, to live by the charity of superannuated widows of the town, and either go to bed with an old woman, or without a supper.

VAL. A very modest declaration! and may you thrive according to your merits. But I must leave you on some business——Veromil.

SCENE X.

WILDING, *Young* PEDANT.

WILD. So cold! 'Sdeath! this fellow's in love with matrimony itself, and jealous of any others sharing in it.

Y. PED. Sir, if I recollect your face, your name is Wilding.

WILD. Ha! Mr. Pedant, your very humble servant.

Y. PED. I hear, Sir, you are about to consummate with a young lady here. I assure you, none will so sensibly rejoice in your fortune, as myself.

WILD. Dear Sir!

Y. PED. For your preferment will be my deliverance, and the occasion of restoring me to my studies.

WILD. Oh! Sir!

Y. PED.

Y. PED. For books are, in my eyes, as much preferable to women, as the Greek language is to the French.

WILD. You say true — and women are as much more difficult to be understood.

Y. PED. Ay, Sir; and when you have studied them your whole life, you may justly say of them, what a certain philosopher romanced of learning — “that you know nothing at all.”

WILD. It is, no doubt, a very great uneasiness to you, to be absent from your books.

Y. PED. Yet, Sir, do not imagine me totally absent: I have the benefit of a friend's chambers in the Temple, one formerly my chum, now out of town, who has no very bad collection, and condescends to permit me the use of his rooms.

WILD. You just now told me, you rejoiced in my fortune.

Y. PED. I remember.

WILD. It is then in your power to promote it infinitely, by lending me your chambers this afternoon.

Y. PED. Sir, you may depend upon my doing — *quantum* in me, to serve you. How will they be instrumental?

WILD. If you will walk with me I'll tell you, for I hear company.

SCENE XI.

CLARISSA *follow'd by* BELLARIA, VALENTINE, *and* VEROMIL.

CLAR. Nothing shall prevail with me, — I detest his sight; the appearance of ghosts or fiends can bring no greater horror, nor more wou'd I avoid them.

VAL. You see, Bellaria, how happy I should have been in a wife.

BEL. This is only affectation; you must not part so. Follow her, Mr. Valentine; she can fly no farther than that chamber. Nay, I vow you shall. — The little quarrels of lovers, are only throwing water on the flames, which quells them for a while, then makes them burn the brighter.

VAL. But when you throw on too great a quantity, the flames may be extinguish'd.

BEL. Nay, this is barbarous: you must and shall follow her, and appease her.

VAL. Since you command, Madam——It shall be my own fault, if this be not the last visit. *[Aside.*

SCENE XII.

VEROMIL, BELLARIA.

VER. *[Looking on Bellaria, and speaking as to himself.]* Can deceit take root in such a soil?——No. I'll sooner disbelieve my friend——she can't be false; heaven never would have stamp't its image on so base a coin. The eyes which have beheld that face, will never believe themselves against her——so lively is innocence writ there——can falshood then——

BEL. What means my love?

VER. I know not what I mean.

BEL. Nam'd you not falshood!

VER. Ha! do you start at that sound? A guilty conscience starts when it is upbraided—the name of a crime has magick in it to the guilty ear.

BEL. I am confounded!

VER. So am I, Bellaria!

BEL. Oh! tell me what it is that afflicts you. I will relieve your pain.

VER. Have you the power then of that fabled spear, can you as easily cure as give a wound?

BEL. *[Smiling.]* If I have given you the wound, I will have the charity to cure it.

VER. Your charity is extensive, Madam; you wou'd do the same to more—to Valentine.—But Oh! you cannot wound him as you have wounded me; his heart is better fortified; one of those whom love may make a scar in for a while, which time will soon wear off. You have pierc'd my soul, Bellaria.

BEL. It never felt a pain, like that torments me now; tell me, be generous, and tell me all your griefs.

VER. What can they be? but that Bellaria's false; false with my friend; she triumphs in her falshood, and bid me make a confident of my happier rival.

BEL. Do I hear this, and live!

VER. Wonder rather that I have liv'd to tell it. Live! I do not! my life was wrapp'd in you, in you, my only love, whom youth or beauty, wit or wealth, could never chace away from my bosom; whom through a tedious three years absence, amidst the splendor of foreign courts, my constant breast still cherish'd as its guardian angel; for whom I've sigh'd, I've wept more than becomes a man to boast of.

BEL. I shall not boast what I have done for you; yet this; I would not have accused you without a cause.

VER. A cause! demonstration is one.

BEL. Demonstration!

VER. Ay, Madam; the words of such a friend are little less: he told me, that you knew of his passion, and had not discourag'd it.

BEL. By all that's virtuous! by all the powers of heav'n, he wrong'd me.

VER. Whom shall I believe?

BEL. Your friend—a woman's testimony bears no proportion with a man's.

VER. By heav'n, it shou'd not.

BEL. Still maintain the unjust superiority; allow no virtue, no merit to us; make us as you do your slaves. Inconstancy, which damns a woman, is no crime in man. The practis'd libertine, who seduces poor, unskilful, thoughtless virgins, is applauded, while they must suffer endless infamy and shame. Well have ye reveng'd the sin of Eve upon us: for man has since supplied the serpent's place, and scandalously lurks to cause our ruin: for what but such an infernal spirit cou'd inspire a villain to abuse my innocence to you?

VER. Cou'd he be such a villain!

BEL. Do, believe him, ungrateful as thou art; but oh! remember this, you'll find too late how much you've wrong'd me, and curse that credulous ear which separates us for ever.

[As she is going, he catches hold of her.]

VER. Oh, stay! *[Looking fondly at her.]* by heav'n's thou canst not be false.

BEL.

BEL. Be not too sure of any thing; I was too sure you never cou'd have thought me so.

VER. Oh! did you know the torments of my mind, you'd pity, not upbraid me.

BEL. Witness heav'n I do pity you; and while I am rack'd with torments of my own, I feel yours too.

VER. Oh! thou art all angel: would I had had no ears, or he no tongue, or that I had lost my own, ere I had said—I believe, I know thee innocent; thy mind is white as purest snow. But Oh! that curs'd suspicion has blacken'd mine. I never shall forgive it to myself.

BEL. For my fake ease the tempests of your mind. I'll never think on't more.

VER. When I deserve it, do. Surely thou art more than woman. How dearly mightest thou have revenged my unjust accusation, by keeping me a few moments in the horror of having offended thee, or doubt of thy pardon!

BEL. Unkindly you think me capable of such a behaviour. No, Veromil, I know the sincerity of your love—and wou'd not give you an uneasy hour, to gain more worlds than you deserve.

VER. Hear her, ye wanton fools, who sacrifice your own and lovers happiness to fantastick triumphs, and an ill-judging world. O may'st thou be the pattern of thy sex; 'till women, learning by thy bright example, wipe off the scandals which are thrown upon them. O let me press thee to my heart for ever.

Still searching out new beauties in thy mind,
A perfect woman till I prove, design'd
By heaven, its greatest blessing on mankind.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

WILDING, PINCET.

WILDING.

YOU have your part perfect?

PIN. As my catechism, Sir; and I'll engage, that I act it to your satisfaction. If I am not revenged on those blows of yours, old gentleman— if I don't make your heart bleed, may you fetch the last drop out of mine!

WILD. Fetch but the money out of his pocket—

PIN. That's my intention—the way to most men's hearts, is through their pockets.

WILD. But do you think he will not discover you, when you are disguis'd in the gown?

PIN. Oh, Sir! you need not fear that; a gown will hide a rogue at any time.

WILD. Away then; for should the old gentleman see us together, we are ruin'd.—My affairs in this house are in a very good situation. Here are four ladies in it, and I am in a fair way of being happy with three of them. Agad, I begin to wish myself fairly off from my two aunts; for I think a modest and reasonable man can desire no more than one woman, out of a family. But, I have gone too far, to make an honourable retreat; for women act in love, as heroes do in war: their passions are not presently rais'd for the combat; but when once up, there's no getting off without fighting. Here comes one. Humph!

[*Stands with his arms a-cross.*]

SCENE II.

Lady GRAVELY, WILDING.

L. GRA. Are you meditating, Mr. Wilding?

WILD. Lady Gravelly, I ask a thousand pardons.

L. GRA. Oh! you can't recommend yourself to me more; I love to see young men thoughtful. And really,

really, young men now-a-days seem to be ashamed to think.

WILD. They ought to be so! for the only excuse to their actions, is a supposition that they do not.

L. GRA. That's very justly said. I find you and I sympathize in opinion.

WILD. Their dress, however, wou'd persuade one otherwise: the care and art employed in that, seem the effects of thought——

L. GRA. —In milliners, and *Valet-de-Chamberr.*

WILD. I wonder how they recommend themselves to so many fine ladies.

L. GRA. You mistake. There are half a dozen green-sickness girls, who long for beaus, and chalk, and those things——but they are equally despis'd by knowing women. For my part, I think them pardonable no longer than a doll.

WILD. And of no more use. Like that too, they rise in value, as they are richer dress'd.

L. GRA. They are my aversion.

WILD. That I fear our whole sex is.

L. GRA. That's too generally spoken. I can't say all; I have found two exceptions already——and I don't know but I have seen a third.

WILD. Is it possible!

L. GRA. You can't guess how excessively some things you have said, have succeeded in my favour.

WILD. O my happiness!

L. GRA. So much, that I shall do for you——what, I vow, I never did to any but my husbands.

WILD. Soh! [*Aside.*]

L. GRA. Yet I fear I shall not prevail on you.

WILD. O my angel! I vow by this soft hand, I'll instantly obey.

L. GRA. Then I will give you my advice.—Think no more of Bellaria.

WILD. Humph!

L. GRA. What can she have to tempt you?

WILD. She is really handsome.

L. GRA. Her face, indeed, looks pretty well; but she paints. Then for her shape; she bolsters her stays. Then I'll tell you two particular deformities——she

has a rotten tooth in the left side of her upper jaw, and crooked legs.

WILD. Still, Madam, there is one pleasure, which recompenses all; my marrying your niece, will entitle me to your conversation.

L. GRA. So far from that—If you marry her, I'll never see you more.

WILD. What reason can you have?

L. GRA. A thousand—the world might suspect our familiarity; how must my reputation then suffer! O I wou'd not for worlds even now be thought—but now a thousand excuses might be made.—There's no consanguinity in the case; the naughtiness of others; an agreeable young man! passion of love!

WILD. Oh! my faint!

[He takes her by the hand, and during the rest of the scene, is hauling her to the door.]

L. GRA. Though I wou'd not now—yet if I did—my reputation wou'd suffer in so small a degree—now-a-days scarce at all.—And if you were secret—

WILD. No torments shou'd extort it from me.

L. GRA. I shou'd have only my own conscience to satisfy.—And tho' no conscience is more tender; yet, temptations allowed for—

SIR HAR. *[without.]* Harry, Harry! where's Harry?

L. GRA. I faint, I die, I am undone! run, run into that chamber, and fasten the door on the inside: I'll knock when you may come out.

SCENE III.

Sir HARRY WILDING, Lady GRAVELY.

SIR HAR. Have you seen my son, madam?

L. GRA. Not since dinner, Sir Harry.

SIR HAR. What can be become of him! I have been beating about this half hour. I have unkenell'd a fox in less time.

L. GRA. Sir Harry, you may thank your stars that conducted you to me; for perhaps it is in my power to save your son from ruin.

SIR

SIR HAR. How, madam!

L. GRA. I fear he is about marrying a woman who will make him miserable.

SIR HAR. No, no, madam, I have taken care to prepare such a match, as shall make him happy.

L. GRA. Perhaps you are mistaken. I speak against my relation; but honour obliges it. In short, Sir Harry, my niece has not those principles which can make a good wife.

SIR HAR. I ask your pardon, madam, she has twenty thousand pounds—very good principles, I think.

L. GRA. She is a wild, flirting, giddy jilt.

SIR HAR. Is that all?

L. GRA. I am afraid she is no better than she shou'd be.

SIR HAR. I don't expect it.

L. GRA. Her reputation has a flaw—a flaw, as wide in it—

SIR HAR. She has money enough to stop it up, madam.

L. GRA. Wou'd you marry your son to a woman who has a flaw in her reputation?

SIR HAR. If she had as many as she has pounds; and if I were to receive a pound for every flaw, the more she had the better. [Exit.

L. GRA. What shall I do!—If he marries her, I lose him for ever.—I am distracted.

SCENE IV.

Lady LUCY, *Lady* GRAVELY, *Young* PEDANT.

L. LUCY. You seem discompos'd, sister; what's the matter?

L. GRA. I suppose you are in the plot too.

L. LUCY. What plot?

L. GRA. To sell my niece; to give her up to a wild, raking, extravagant young fellow; to Wilding.

L. LUCY. Indeed, you wrong me. I came this moment to consult with you how to prevent it. Not that I imagine Wilding what you call him, nor that

Bellaria would be unhappy with him ; but I have another's happiness in my view.

L. GRA. Distraction ! she's in love with him herself. [*Aside.*

L. LUCY. Now, my dear, if you may be trusted with a secret.

L. GRA. Any secret is safe with me, that is not contrary to virtue and honour.

L. LUCY. Nay, but I am afraid that you refine too much on those words.

L. GRA. Refine, madam ! I believe to censure your conduct needs no refinement. I see very well what your drift is ; I know what you wou'd say.

Y. PED. Hold, aunt : that you can know what my mother is going to say is denied ; for to know one's thoughts, before that knowledge is convey'd by words, implies a supernatural insight into the mind. It will be proper, therefore, to prove you have that insight, before any assent to your proposition can be requir'd.

L. GRA. Fool ! coxcomb ! pedant ! You shou'd be sent to an academy to learn men, before you converse with them ; or else be confined to a tub, as one of your philosophers were, 'till you had learnt enough to know you are a fool.

Y. PED. Aunt, I wish a female relation of mine was shut up, 'till any one thought her wise, beside herself.——Shut up in a tub ! I agree, so that no women trouble me. I had rather live in a tub by myself, than in a palace with a woman. You see, madam, what an encouragement I have to marry.—What a task must I undertake, to marry a girl, when my aunt, who has had two husbands, is not half tamed !——Get me such a wife as Andromache was, and I'll marry ; but for your fine ladies, as you term them, I wou'd as soon put on a laced coat ; for they are both alike : your fine coat is only admired when new, no more is your fine lady : your fine coat is most commonly the property of a fool, so is your fine lady : your fine coat it to be bought, so is your fine lady. I despise them both to an excessive degree.

L. LUCY.

L. LUCY. Leave us, Sir, 'till you learn more manners.

Y. PED. I obey willingly.

SCENE V.

Lady LUCY, *Lady* GRAVELY.

L. LUCY. A pedant is a most intolerable wretch: I'm afraid she'll never endure him.

L. GRA. Who endure him?

L. LUCY. That is my secret. — Sir Avarice sent for this wretch to town, in order to match him to Bellaria. I was afraid to trust you with it, because of your nice principles.

L. GRA. Indeed, I do not approve of any clandestine affair; but since it is the lesser evil of the two, it is to be preferr'd; for nothing can equal the misery of marrying a rake. Oh! the vast happiness of a life of vapours with such a husband.

L. LUCY. I am a little in the vapours at this present; I wish, my dear, you wou'd give me a spoonful of your rataña.

L. GRA. Was ever any thing so unfortunate! It is in the closet of my chamber, and I have lost the key.

L. LUCY. One of mine will open it.

L. GRA. Besides, now I think on't, I threw down the bottle yesterday, and broke it.

L. LUCY. You have more; for I drank some this morning.

L. GRA. Did you so? then, I assure you, you shall taste no more this day; I'll have some regard for your health, if you have none.

L. LUCY. Nay, I will have one drop.

L. GRA. Indeed you sha'nt.

L. LUCY. Indeed I will.

[They struggle. Lady Lucy gets to the door, and pushes it.]

SCENE VI.

To them, WILDING, from the closet.

L. LUCY. If this be your ratafia, you may keep it all to yourself: the very sight of it has cur'd me. Ha, ha, ha!

L. GRA. Sir, if I may expect truth from such as you, confess by what art, and with what design, you convey'd yourself into my chamber.

L. LUCY. Confess, Sir, by what art did you open the door when the key was lost?

L. GRA. I cannot suspect a gentleman of a design to rob me.

L. LUCY. Only like a gentleman, of what you wou'd not be a bit the poorer for losing.

L. GRA. Speak, Sir; how got you there? what was your design?

L. LUCY. He is dumb.

L. GRA. He is inventing a lie, I suppose.

L. LUCY. He is bringing forth truth, I believe: it comes so difficultly from him.

WILD. If I am not revenged on you, madam!— Look ye, ladies, since our design is prevented, I don't know why it shou'd be kept a secret; so, Lady Lucy, you have my leave to tell it.

L. LUCY. I tell!

L. GRA. Oh! the creature! is she in the plot? O virtue, virtue! whither art thou flown! O the monstrous impiety of the age!

WILD. Nay, there was no such impiety in the case neither: so tell, Lady Lucy.

L. LUCY. Surprizing!

L. GRA. Oh! the confidence of guilt!

WILD. Come, come, discover all: tell her ladyship the whole design of your putting me in her chamber.——But you will own you have lost the wager.

L. LUCY. Impudence beyond belief!

L. GRA. Tell me, Sir; I beseech you, tell me.

WILD. Only a wager between Lady Lucy and me, whether your ladyship was afraid of sprites. So Lady Lucy

Lucy conveyed me into your chamber; and if, upon my stalking out as frightful as possible, your ladyship shriek'd out, I was to lose the wager.

L. LUCY. Prodigious!

L. GRA. No, no; it is for evil consciences to fear; innocence will make me bold; but let me tell you, sister, I do not like jesting with serious things. So you thought to frighten me, Sir: I am not to be frightened, I assure you. —

L. LUCY. By any thing in the shape of a man, I am confident. [*Afide.*

SERVANT. [*entring.*] Lady Basto, madam, is at the door.

L. GRA. I am to go with her to Deards's. I forgive your frolick, sister, and I hope you are convinced that I am not afraid of sprites.

SCENE VII.

Lady LUCY, WILDING.

L. LUCY. Leave the room.

WILD. When you command with a smile I obey; but as a fine lady never frowns but in jest, what she says then may be supposed to be spoken in jest too.

L. LUCY. This assurance is insupportable; to belie me to my sister; before my face too.

WILD. Hear this now! What way shall a man take to please a woman? Did you not desire me to make love to her for your diversion? Have I not done it? Am I not striving to bring matters to an issue? Should I not have frustrated it all at once, if I had not come off some way or other? What other way cou'd I have come off? Have I not been labouring, sweating, toiling for your diversion? and do you banish me for it?

L. LUCY. Nay, if this be true——

WILD. Rip open my heart, that fountain of truth, and there you will see it with your own dear image.

L. LUCY. Well then, do one thing, and I forgive you.

WILD. Any thing.

L. LUCY. Refuse my niece.

L 6

WILD!

WILD. Any thing but that.

L. LUCY. You shall, you must.

WILD. To refuse a fine lady, with twenty thousand pounds, is neither in my will, nor in my power. It is against law, reason, justice. — In short, it is a most execrable sin, and I'll die a martyr to matrimony ere I consent to it.

L. LUCY. And I'll die a thousand times rather than you shall have her.

WILD. What reason can you have?

L. LUCY. Ill-nature.

WILD. I see a better—you wou'd have me yourself. Lookee, madam, I'll lay a fair wager I am at liberty again before you. You will never bury Sir Avarice; you are not half fond enough. Kindness is the surest pill to an old husband; the greatest danger from a woman, or a serpent, is in their embraces.

L. LUCY. Indeed, you are mistaken, wife Sir: I do not want to bury him; but if I did bury him, matrimony shou'd be the last folly I'd commit again, and you the last man in the world I'd think of for a husband.

WILD. But the first for a lover, my angel.

L. LUCY. Keep off. Remember the serpent.

WILD. I'm resolv'd to venture.

L. LUCY. I'll alarm the house; I'll raise the powers of Heaven and hell to my assistance.

WILD. And I,

Claspt in the folds of love will meet my doom,
And act my joys, tho' thunder shook the room.

SIR AV. [*without.*] Oh! the villain, the rogue!

WILD. It thunders now, indeed.

SIR AV. Was ever such a traitor heard of!

SCENE VIII.

To them, Sir AVARICE PEDANT.

L. LUCY. What's the matter, Sir Avarice?

SIR AV. Ask me nothing: I am in such a passion, I shall never come to myself again.

L. LUCY. That will break my heart, certainly.

SIR

SIR AV. We have harboured in our house a traitor, a thief, a villain.

L. LUCY. Whom, my dear?

SIR AV. The gentleman Valentine brought hither to-day, I have overheard making love to Bellaria.

WILD. Whom, Veromil?

L. LUCY. I am glad to hear it. [*Aside.*

SCENE IX.

To them, VALENTINE.

SIR AV. Pack up your all, Sir, pack up your all, and be gone; you shall not bring a set of idle vagabonds to my house, I am resolved.

VAL. You surprize me, Sir! what vagabonds have I brought?

SIR AV. Why, good Sir, the gentleman you were so kind to introduce to me this day, I have discovered addressing Bellaria.

VAL. How, Sir!

SIR AV. I have overheard him, Sir, just now. So, if you please to go to him from me, and desire him civilly to walk out of my house.

VAL. Nay, Sir——if it be so——

SIR AV. And hearkee, Sir, if you please to shew him the way, to conduct him yourself, you will prevent my using rougher means. Here, Sir, you harbour no longer.—I see him coming up the gallery; we'll leave you to deliver your message.——Heark you! cut his throat, and I will deal favourably with you in that affair: you know what I mean. [*Aside.*

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

VAL. If Veromil be a villain!

VER. Valentine, I am glad to find you: I have been looking for you.

VAL. I am sorry, Mr. Veromil should have acted in a manner to make our meeting uneasy to either. I am forced to deliver you a message from my uncle, less civil than I thought you cou'd have deserved.

VER.

VER. What's this, Valentine?

VAL. The violation of our long and tender friendship shocks me so, I have hardly power to disclose your crime, more—than that you know my love, and have basely wronged it.

VER. How, Sir!

VAL. You have injur'd me—you know it.

VER. Valentine, you have injur'd me, and do not know it: yet the injustice of the act you know. Yes, too well you know religion forbids an injury to a stranger.

VAL. Preach not religion to me.—Oh! it well becomes the mouth of hypocrisy to thunder Gospel tenets to the world, while there is no spark of honour in the soul. †

VER. You speak the meaning of a libertine age; the heart that throws off the face of religion, wears but the mask of honour.

VAL. Rather, he that has not honour, wears but the mask of piety. Canting fits easy on the tongue that wou'd employ its rhetorick against a friend.

VER. Your reflection on me is base and vain. You know I scorn the apprehension of doing a wrong.

VAL. Ha!

VER. Nay, 'tis true; true as that you did intend to wrong another; to rob him of his right, his love; and Heaven, in vengeance on the black design, ordained it to be your friend. Yes, Valentine, it was from me the beauteous, lovely Bellaria was torn: her whom I ignorantly wou'd have pursued abroad; and 'tis to you I owe, that I am not robbed of her for ever.

VAL. Curse on the obligation! 'Tis to chance, not me: for had I known to whom I had discover'd her, thou hadst still been ignorant.—But thus I cancel it, and all our friendship, in a breath. Henceforward, I am thy foe.

VER. Cou'd I as easily be thine, I shou'd deride and scorn thee, as I pity thee now. By Heav'ns! I shou'd disclaim all friendship with a man who falsely wrong'd my love.—You I can forgive.

VAL. Forgive! I ask it not. Do thy worst.

[Laying his hand on his sword.

VER.

VER. Hero in sin! wouldst thou seal all in thy friend's blood? Art thou a man, and can thy passions so outstrip thy reason, to send thee wading through falsehood, perjury, and murder, after a flying light which you can ne'er o'er take!—Think not I fear you as a rival. By Heav'n! 'tis friendship bids me argue with you, bids me caution you from a vain pursuit, whence the utmost you can hope is to make her you pursue as wretched as her you have forsaken.

VAL. Hell! hell and confusion!

VER. You see she meets my passion with an equal flame; and tho' a thousand difficulties may delay our happiness, they can't prevent it. Yours she can never be; for all your hopes must lie in her affection, which you will never gain. No, Valentine, I know myself so fix'd, so rooted in that dear bosom, that art or force wou'd both prove ineffectual.

VAL. I'm rack'd to death!

VER. Reflect upon the impossibility of your success.—But grant the contrary; wou'd you sacrifice our long, our tender friendship, to the faint, transitory pleasures of a brutal appetite? for love, that is not mutual, is no more.

VAL. Grant not that I might succeed. No passion of my soul cou'd counterpoise my love; nor reason's weaker efforts make a stand against it.

VER. Think it impossible then.

VAL. Thou knowest not the strugglings of my breast; for Heaven never made so fine a form.

VER. Can love, that's grounded on the outside only, make so deep an impression on your heart. Possession soon wou'd quench those sudden flames. Beauty, my Valentine, as the flowery blossoms, soon fades; but the diviner excellencies of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of the plant, remain in it, when all those charms are withered. Had not that beautiful shell so perfect an inhabitant, and were our souls not link'd, not join'd so fast together, by Heav'n, I wou'd resign her to my friend.

VAL. O Veromil! Life, fortune, I cou'd easily abandon for thy friendship.—I will do more, and strive to forget thy mistress.

VER.

VER. Let me applaud thy virtue, and press thy noble bosom to my heart.

VAL. It will be necessary for you to remove from hence. I will, if possible, find some means to effect your wishes. Within this hour you shall find me at the coffee-house.

VER. Once more let me embrace thee.—The innocent, the perfect joy that flows from the reflection of a virtuous deed, far surpasses all the trifling momentary raptures that are obtained by guilt. To triumph o'er a conquer'd passion, is a pride well worthy of a man.

Safe o'er the main of life the vessel rides,
When passion furls her sails, and reason guides;
While she who has that surest rudder lost,
'Midst rocks and quicksands by the waves is tost:
No certain road she keeps, nor port can find,
Toss'd up and down by ev'ry wanton wind.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, CLARISSA'S *Apartment.*

CLARISSA *alone, arising from a table with a letter in her hand.*

SO! the task is done: heav'n knows how difficult a one; so entirely to subdue the stubbornness of my resentment. What have I writ? I will see once more. *[Breaks open the letter.*

“ If there be the least spark of honour remaining
“ in your breast, you will, you must be obliged to
“ relent of your behaviour towards me. I am now
“ too well assured of the reason of your late conduct,
“ from Bellaria: but as it is impossible you shou'd
“ succeed there, I hope”—I can read no farther—
“ I hope you will reflect on those vows you have
“ so solemnly made to the unhappy

“ CLARISSA.”

I am resolv'd not to send it.

[Throws it down on the table.

SCENE

SCENE II.

To her, VALENTINE.

CLA. Ha! he's here, and comes to insult me. Distraction!

VAL. I fear, Madam, you are surprized at this sudden renewal of my visit.

CLA. I own, Sir, I expected your good breeding, if not your good-nature, wou'd have forbidden you to continue your affronts to a woman—but if your making me uneasy, wretched, miserable, can do you any service to Bellaria—cruel! barbarous! how have I deserved this usage? If you can be cruel, perfidious, forsworn, forgetful of your honour—yet, sure, to insult me, is beneath a man.

VAL. If to relent—if with a bleeding heart to own my crime, and with tears to ask your pardon, be insulting—

CLA. Ha!

VAL. See, see my grief, and pity me. I cannot excuse, nor dare I name my crime; but here will kneel 'till you forgive it.

CLA. Nay, since you repent, you shall not have a cause for kneeling long—Rise, I forgive you.

VAL. Sure, such transcendent goodness never commanded a woman's heart before! it gives new strength to my reviving passion; a love, which never more shall know decay. Let us this moment tie the joyful knot.

CLA. Never, never, Valentine. As a christian, I forgive you; but, as a lover, will never regard you more. O I have seen too lively an instance of your inconstancy.

VAL. Forbid it, heav'n!

CLA. May it, indeed, forbid our marriage. No, Valentine, if ever more I hearken to your vows; if ever I once think of you as my husband, may I—

VAL. Swear not, I conjure you; for, unless you make me happy in yourself, your pardon but augments my misery.

CLA. 'Tis all in vain.—Were you to kneel, swear, threaten,

threaten, I'd never grant it. If my forgiveness will content you, well; if not, you never shall have more. There is another more worthy of my love.

VAL. Oh! name him.

CLA. Not 'till your vengeance shall come too late.

VAL. This letter may unfold——

[Takes the letter from the table.]

CLA. Oh! I am ruin'd.——Deliver it, ravisher.

VAL. What do I see!——Is it possible?

CLA. It will do you little service.

VAL. Not to discover the man: but it has shewn me a woman in the liveliest colours. This letter, Madam, is the production of no new amour. 'Tis too plain, you are false. Oh! how happy is this discovery. What a wretch shou'd I have been, with the cast, forgotten, slighted mistress of another. When I see you next, when I am that slave to ask, to wish, to hope you for a wife, may I be curs'd with all the plagues that ever curs'd a husband.——Adieu.

CLA. Oh! stay, and hear my innocence.

VAL. 'Tis impossible.

CLA. You, you are the man, whose forgotten mistress you have call'd me——I blush to say, 'twas you to whom that letter was intended. Nay, read, read the direction.

VAL. Amazement!

CLA. Your genius is triumphant, and here my empire ends; for I must own, with blushing shame must own, that all my disdain to you has still been counterfeit. I had a secret growing love for you, even before you first intimated yours. But I am sure the agonies I have this day felt, have severely revenged all those pangs my vanity has given you.——So here's my hand.

VAL. Let my eternal gratitude demonstrate with what raptures I receive it.

SCENE III.

To them, BELLARIA, with an open letter.

BEL. I am witness of the bargain. The farther sealing it shall be perform'd at the finishing another.——

I have

I have confider'd your friend's propofals [*Shows the letter.*] and approve them.

VAL. I hope, then, Madam, my diligence in their execution, will prevail on you to forget—

BEL. I am fure I fhall have no reafon to recollect—

VAL. This goodnefs, Madam, at the fame time that it pardons, pleads alfo an excufe for my crime.— I fhall do my utmoft to merit it.

SCENE IV.

CLARISSA, BELLARIA.

CLA. I am afraid, my dear, my late conduct has appear'd very ftrange to you, after what you have formerly feen.

BEL. Your former conduct was to me much more wonderful; for, to difguife our paffions, is, in my opinion, a harder task than to difcover them. I have often laughed at the ridiculous cruelty of women; to torment ourfelves, to be revenged on an enemy, is abfurd; but to do it that we may give pain to a lover, is as monftrous a folly as 'tis a barbarity.

CLA. You wou'd ftrip beauty of all its power!

BEL. I wou'd ftrip beauty of all its imperfections, and perfuade her whom nature has adorn'd without, to employ her chief art to adorn herfelf within; for believe it, my dear Clariffa, a pretty face, over affectation, pride, ill-nature, in a word, over coquetry, is but a gilt cover over a volume of nonfence, which will be defpifed by all wife men; and having been expos'd to fale for a few years, in all the publick auctions of the town, will be doom'd to rufh neglected in the poffeffion of a coxcomb.

SCENE V.

To them WILDING, and Sir HARRY *drefs'd and powder'd.*

SIR HAR. Madam, your moft humble fervant. I fuppofe, Madam, Sir Avarice has opened the affair to you, which has brought me to town; it was fettled before I left the country, as to the material points.

Nothing

Nothing now remains but the ceremonies of the marriage, &c.—So this visit is to desire to know what day you fix on for that purpose.

BEL. Your method of proceeding, Sir, something surprizes me! Your son has never mentioned a word of that nature to me.

SIR HAR. Alack-a-day, Madam! the boy is modest; Harry's modest, Madam: but, alas! you are the only person to whom he has not mention'd it: perhaps the rogue may think, as old Cowley says;

“ I will not ask her—'tis a milder fate,
“ To fall by her not loving, than her hate.”

BEL. Very gallant, Sir Harry! By what I can see, you give greater proofs of love, than your son does.

WILD. I with those lovely eyes cou'd see as far into my heart, as they pierce: I shou'd not then be oblig'd to paint in the weak colourings of words, a passion no language can express, because none ever felt before.

SIR HAR. To her, boy, to her.—I'll leave you together. Come, young lady, you must not spoil sport.

SCENE VI.

WILDING, BELLARIA.

WILD. I am afraid, Madam, what you have heard me rally of matrimony, makes you suspect my ill opinion of it; but that state, which, with all other women, wou'd be hell to me, with you is paradise, is heaven. Oh! let me touch that tender hand, and pressing it in raptures to my heart——

BEL. Ay, this is something like love; by that time you have sigh'd away two years in this manner, I may be persuaded to admit you into the number of my admirers.

WILD. [*Aside.*] I shall be admitted into Bedlam first, I hope.—'Tis that very thing makes so many couple unhappy; for you ladies will have all our love before-hand, and then you expect it all afterwards. Like a thoughtless heir, who spends his estate before
he

he is in the possession; with this difference—he antedates his pleasures, you postpone them.

BEL. Finely argued! I protest, Mr. Wilding, I did not think you had made such a proficiency in your studies.—It wou'd be pity to take so promising a young man from the bar.—You may come to be a judge.

WILD. You only rally me; for I cannot think you believe that I ever studied law: dress, and the ladies, have employed my time.—I protest to you, Madam, I know no more of the law, than I do of the moon.

BEL. I thought you had been six years in the Temple.

WILD. Ha, ha, ha! Madam, you may as well think I am a scholar, because I have been at Oxford, as that I am a lawyer, because I have been at the Temple.

BEL. So then, you have deceived your father in the character of a lawyer; how shall I be sure you will not me, in that of a lover?

WILD. Oh! a thousand ways, Madam: first, by my countenance; then by the temptation; and lastly, I hope you will think I talk like a lover. No one, I am sure, ever heard me talk like a lawyer.

BEL. Indeed, you do now,—very like one; for you talk for a fee.

WILD. Nay, Madam, that's ungenerous. How shall I assure you? If oaths will—I swear—

BEL. No, no, no; I shall believe you swear like a lawyer too—that is, I shall not believe you at all. Or, if I was to allow your oaths came from a lover, it wou'd be much the same; for I think truth to be a thing in which lovers and lawyers agree.

WILD. Is there no way of convincing you?

BEL. Oh! yes. I will tell you how. You must flatter me egregiously; not only with more perfections than I have, but than ever any one had; for which you must submit to very ill usage. And when I have treated you like a tyrant over-night, you must, in a submissive letter, ask my pardon the next morning, for having offended me; tho' you had done nothing.

WILD. This is easy.

BEL.

BEL. You must follow me to all publick places, where I shall give an unlimited encouragement to the most notorious fools I can meet with, at which you are to seem very much concerned, but not dare to upbraid me with it——then if, when I am going out, you offer me your hand, I don't see you, but give it to one of the fools I mention'd——

WILD. This is nothing.

BEL. Then you are sometimes to be honour'd with playing with me at Quadrille; where, to shew you my good-nature, I will take as much of your money as I can possibly cheat you of. And when you have done all these, and twenty more such trifling things, for one five years, I shall be convinc'd—that you are an ass, and laugh at you five times more heartily than I do now. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE VII.

WILDING *alone.*

Shall you so?——I may give you reason for another sort of passion long before that time. I shall be master of the citadel with a much shorter siege, I believe.——She is a fine creature; but pox of her beauty, I shall surfeit on't in six days enjoyment. The twenty thousand pound! there's the solid charm, that may last, with very good management, almost as many years.

SCENE VIII.

To him, Lady GRAVELY.

Your ladyship's most humble servant. You have not made a great many visits.

L. GRA. No; the lady I went with has been laying out a great sum of money; she carried me as a sort of appraiser; for I am thought to have some judgment. But I believe Sir Harry is coming up stairs. I was desired to give you this, by one who has an opinion of my secrecy and yours.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

WILDING, *solus; reads.*

“ I hear, by Sir Harry, you have a great collection of books. You know my curiosity that way, so send me the number of your chambers, and this evening I will come and look over them.”

What shall I do? If I disappoint her, her resentment may be of ill consequence, and I must expect the most warm one. I do not care neither, at this crisis, to let her into the secret of my deceit on my father. Suppose I appoint her at young Pedant's—that must be the place. And since I can't wait on her myself, I'll provide her other company. I'll appoint lady Lucy at the same time and place; so they will discover one another, and I shall be rid of them both, which I begin to wish: for since I have been propos'd a wife out of it, my stomach is turn'd against all the rest of the family.

SCENE X.

PINCET, *as a counsellor, Servant.*

SERV. I believe, Sir, Sir Harry is in the house; if you please to walk this way, I'll bring you to him.

PIN. But stay; enquire if he has any company with him— if so, you may let him know I am here, and would be glad to speak with him.

SERV. Whom, Sir, shall I mention?

PIN. A counsellor at law, Sir.

SERV. Sir, I shall.

PIN. I am not much inclin'd to fear, or superstition, or I should think I this day saw the ghost of him I've injur'd. I cannot rest with what I have done, nor know I well by what course to make a reparation.— But here comes my game.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

To him, Sir HARRY and WILDING.

Mr. Wilding, your servant. I presume this may be my client, the good Sir Harry.

SIR HAR. Sir!

PIN. I believe, Sir Harry, I have not the honour of being known to me. My name is Ratsbane — counsellor Ratsbane, of the Inner Temple. I have had, Sir, according to the order of your son, a conference with Mr. counsellor Starchum, who is for the plaintiff, and have come to a conclusion thereon.

SIR HAR. Oh! have you?—I am your humble servant, dear Sir; and if it lies in my power to oblige you, in return——

PIN. Oh, dear Sir! No obligation! we only do our duty. Our case will be this:—first, a warrant will be issued; upon which, we are taken up; then we shall be indicted; after which, we are convicted (that no doubt we shall, on such a strength of proof) immediately sentence is awarded against us, and then execution regularly follows.

SIR HAR. Execution, Sir!—what execution?

WILD. Oh, my unfortunate father!——Hanging, Sir.

PIN. Ay, ay, hanging, hanging is the regular course of law; and no way to be averted. But, as to our conveyance to the place of execution, that I believe we shall be favoured in. The sheriff is to render us there; but whether in a coach or cart, I fancy a small sum may turn that scale.

SIR HAR. Coach or cart! Hell and the devil! why son, why Sir, is there no way left!

PIN. None. We shall be convicted of felony, and then hanging follows of course.

WILD. It's too true——so says Cook against Littleton.

SIR HAR. But Sir, dear Sir, I am as innocent——

PIN. Sir, the law proceeds by evidence—my brother Starchum indeed offered, that upon a bond of five thousand pounds he would make up the affair;

I

but

but I thought it much too extravagant a demand; and so I told him flatly—we wou'd be hang'd.

SIR HAR. Then you told a damn'd lie; for if twice that sum wou'd save us, we will not.

PIN. How, Sir! are you willing to give that money?

SIR HAR. No, Sir, I am not willing; but I am much less willing to be hang'd.

WILD. But do you think, Mr. Counsellor, you cou'd not prevail for four thousand?

PIN. That truly we cannot reply to, till a conference be first had.

SIR HAR. Ay, or for four hundred?

PIN. Four hundred!—why it wou'd cost you more the other way, if you were hang'd any thing decently. Look you, Sir, Mr. Starchum is at the Crown and Rolls just by; if you please we will go thither, and I assure you to make the best bargain I can.

WILD. Be quick, Sir; here's Sir Avarice coming.

SIR HAR. Come along—Oons! I wou'd not have him know it for the world.

SCENE XII.

VALENTINE, *Sir* AVARICE, *Young* PEDANT.

VAL. Have but the patience to hear me, Sir. The gentleman I unwittingly brought hither, was the very man on whose account Bellaria was sent to town,

SIR AV. How!

VAL. Bellaria, imagining me his friend, in the highest rage of despair, when she found her lover discover'd, laid open her whole breast to me, and begg'd my advice: I have promised to contrive an interview. Now, I will promise her, to convey her to Veromil, and bring her to a place where she shall meet you, and your son. When you have her there, and a parson with you, if you do not finish the affair, it will be your own fault.

SIR AV. Hum! it has an appearance.

VAL. But, Sir, I shall not do this, unless you de-

liver me up those writings of mine in your hands, which you unjustly detain.

SIR AV. Sir!

VAL. And moreover, Sir, unless you do, I will frustrate your design for ever.

SIR AV. Very well, Sir; when she is married.

VAL. Sir, I will have no conditions. What I ask is my own, and unless you grant it, I will publish your intentions to the world, sooner than you can accomplish them.

SIR AV. Well, well, I'll fetch them; stay you here, and expect my return.

SCENE XIII.

VALENTINE, *Young* PEDANT.

Y. PED. Cousin Valentine, have I offended you? have I injured you any way?

VAL. No, dear cousin.

Y. PED. Will you please, Sir, then to assign the reason why you do contrive my ruin, by espousing me to this young woman.

VAL. Are you unwilling?

Y. PED. Alas! Sir, matrimony has ever appeared to me a sea full of rocks and quicksands; it is Scylla, of whom Virgil

“*Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.*”

Or as Ovid,—“*Gerens latrantibus inguina monstros.*”

VAL. Well, then you may be comforted; for I assure you, so far from bringing you into this misfortune, I am taking measures to deliver you out of it.

SCENE XIV.

To them, Sir AVARICE.

SIR AV. Here, Sir, is a note which I believe will content you.

VAL. How Sir! these are not my writings.

SIR AV. No, Sir; but if your intentions are as you say, it is of equal value with them. I have there
promis'd

promis'd to pay you the sum, which you say I have in my hands, on the marriage of my niece. Now if you scruple accepting that condition, I shall scruple trusting her in your hands.

VAL. [*having read it, and mus'd.*] Well, Sir, to shew you my sincerity, I do accept it; and you shall find I will not fail delivering the young lady at the appointed hour and place.

SIR AV. Let the hour be eight, and the place my son's chambers. I'll prepare matters that nobody shall prevent you. And hearkee, suppose you give her a dose of opium in a dish of chocolate; if she were married half a-sleep, you and I cou'd swear she was awake, you know.

Y. PED. I cannot assent to that. Suppose the *Positum* be—

The woman is but half a-sleep: will it follow, *Ergo*, she is awake?

SIR AV. The *Positum* is twenty thousand pounds—*ergo*—I will swear any thing.

Y. PED. Oh dear! oh dear! was ever such logick heard of: did Burgerfdicius ever hint at such a method of reasoning?

SIR AV. Burgerfdicius was an ass, and so are you.

VAL. Be not in a passion, Sir Avarice; our time is short. I will go perform my part; pray, observe yours.

SCENE XV.

Sir AVARICE PEDANT, *Young* PEDANT.

SIR AV. Logick, indeed! can your logick teach you more than this? two and two make four: take six out of seven, and there remains one. The sum given is twenty thousand pounds; take nought out of twenty, and there remains a score. If your great logician, your Aristotle, was alive, take nought out of his pocket, and there wou'd remain nought. A compleat notion of figures, is beyond all the Greek and Latin in the world. Learning is a fine thing indeed, in an age when of the few that have it, the greater part starve. I remember when a set of strange

fellows us'd to meet at Will's coffee-house ; but now it's another Change-Alley. Every man now who wou'd live, must be a stock-jobber.—Here is twenty thousand pounds capital stock fallen into your hands, and wou'd you let it slip ?

Y. PED. But, Sir, is not injustice a——

SIR AV. Injustice! Hark-you, firrah! I have been guilty of five hundred pieces of injustice for a less sum. I don't see why you shou'd reap the benefit of my labours, without joining your own.

SCENE XVI. *Young PEDANT's Chambers.*

Lady GRAVELY, SERVANT.

L. GRA. Your master has not been at home yet ?

SERV. No, Madam ; but if you please to divert yourself with these books, I presume he will not be long. (I dare not ask her what master she means, for fear of a mistake : tho' as I am in no great doubt what her ladyship is, I suppose it to be my beau master.) [*Afide.*

L. GRA. It is now past the time of our appointment ; and a lover who retards the first, will be very backward indeed on the second. His bringing me off yesterday to my sister, gave me no ill assurance of both his honour and his wit. I wish this delay wou'd not justify my suspecting his love.—Hark, I hear him coming.

SCENE XVII.

Lady LUCY, Lady GRAVELY.

L. GRA. Ah!

L. LUCY. Sister, your servant ; your servant, sister.

L. GRA. I am surpriz'd at meeting you here.

L. LUCY. Ha, ha, ha! I am a little surpriz'd too, Ha, ha!

L. GRA. I have scarce strength enough to tell you how I came here. I was walking up from the Temple stairs to take a chair, (I'll never venture myself alone by water as long as I live) what shou'd I meet but a rude young Templar, who wou'd have forc'd

forc'd me to a tavern; but by great fortune, another Templar meeting us, endeavoured to wrest me from him: at which my ravisher let go my hand to engage his adversary. I no sooner found myself at liberty, but seeing a door open, in I ran, so frightened I shall never recover it.

L. LUCY. You were a little unfortunate tho', not to find the doctor at home.

L. GRA. What doctor?

L. LUCY. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor Wilding, my dear, a physician of great practice among the ladies—I presume your ladyship uses him.

L. GRA. I know no such physician.

L. LUCY. But you know a gentleman of that name, I suppose.

L. GRA. Sure I am not in that wretch's chambers!

L. LUCY. Indeed you are.

L. GRA. It must be the devil, or my evil genius, that has laid this trap for me.—What can have brought you hither too?

L. LUCY. A chair, my dear.

L. GRA. By what accident?

L. LUCY. By my own orders.

L. GRA. How, sister!

L. LUCY. Indeed, sister, 'tis true.

L. GRA. And have you the confidence to own it to me? I desire, Madam, you wou'd not make me privy to your intrigues: I shall not keep them secret, I assure you. She who conceals a crime, is in a manner accessary to it.

L. LUCY. I see your policy. You wou'd preserve yourself, by sacrificing me: but tho' a thief saves his life by sacrificing his companion, he saves not his reputation. Your nice story of a couple of Templars, will not be admitted by the court of scandal, at lady Prude's tea-table.

L. GRA. Madam, Madam, my brother shall know what a wife he has.

L. LUCY. Madam, Madam, the world shall know what a sister I have.

L. GRA. I disclaim your kindred. You are no relation of mine.

L. LUCY. You make me merry.

L. GRA. I may spoil your mirth : at least I'll prevent it this time, I'm resolved.

L. LUCY. That's more ill-natur'd than I'll shew myself to you—so, your servant. [Exit.]

L. GRA. I'll take a hackney coach, and be at home before her—I see he's a villain ; but I'll find a way to be revenged on them both.

L. LUCY. (*Re-entring*) O ! for heaven's sake, let us lay aside all quarrels, and take care of both our reputations. Here's a whole coach-load coming up stairs. I hear them enquire for these chambers—Here's a closet ; in, in. I never was so frightened in my whole life.

SCENE XVIII.

VALENTINE, VEROMIL, BELLARIA,
CLARISSA.

VER. The clergyman outstays his time, or the impatience of my love outflies it. I'm rack'd 'till the dear bond be tied beyond the power of art to undo. Think then, my sweet, if the least apprehension of losing thee can shock my soul ; what agonies must I have liv'd in, when hope was as distant, as fear is now.

BEL. Too easily, my Veromil, I guess ; I know them by my own ; for sure I am not in debt one sigh to love.

VER. In debt ! not all the service of my life can pay thee for a tender thought of me. Oh ! how I long for one soft hour to tell thee all I've undergone. For to look back upon a dreadful sea which we've escap'd, adds to the prospect of the beauteous country we are to enjoy.

SERVANT. [*Entring.*] Gentlemen, a clergyman in the other room—

VER. Come, my Bellaria, a few short moments lead me into Paradise.

VAL. Wou'd thou hadst found another ; but love forbids you this— You know I strove with all my power against it ; but it has conquer'd—and through my heart you only reach Bellaria.

VER.

VER. Ha! Nay then, wert thou as much my friend, as thou art unworthy of the name—through twenty hearts like thine, I'd rush into her arms.

[*Fight. The women shriek. Lady Lucy, Lady Gravely, run out of the closet; they all hold Valentine; and as Veromil is leading off Bellaria, Sir Harry, Wilding, and Pincet meet them at the door.*]

Then take thy life—and now, my sweetest——

SCENE XIX.

Sir HARRY WILDING, WILDING, PIN-CET, Lady LUCY, Lady GRAVELY, VALENTINE, VEROMIL, BELLARIA, and CLARISSA.

VAL. Away. Stand off. Eternal furies seize you.

L. LUCY. You may rave, good Sir; but three women will be too hard for you, though you were as stout and as mad as Hercules.

SIR HAR. Hey-day! we had but one whore before, here's a seraglio.

VER. Let me pass, Sir.

SIR HAR. No, indeed, Sir. I must first know how you came here, and then, perhaps, you shall pass—to the Round-house.

VER. Then I'll force my way thus.

WILD. Nay, I must secure my father.

[*Veromil makes at Sir Harry, Wilding interposes—he pushes at Wilding, and is disarmed—the ladies loose Valentine.*]

BEL. Oh heav'ns! my Veromil, you are not wounded!

VER. Through the heart, Bellaria, by this prevention.

BEL. Be easy then; for all the powers of hell shall never part us.

SCENE XX.

To them, Sir AVARICE, Young PEDANT.

SIR AV. Hey! what have we here? my wife, and sister, and Sir Harry, and all the world!

SIR HAR. Death and the devil! what does this mean?

SIR AV. Nay, good people! how came you all here?

SIR HAR. Ay, how came you all here? for I will know before any one go out—

PIN. Sir, I beg to be excus'd—[Offering to go.

SIR HAR. Not a step: I shall have business for you. I'll see by what law these people make a publick rendezvous of my son's chambers.

SIR AV. Your son's chambers, Sir Harry!

Y. PED. That they were his, *datur*—that they are his, *negatur*—for the time that they were lent for is expir'd—*ergo*, they were his, but are not.

L. LUCY. }
J. GRA. } What's this!

SIR HAR. Were his, but are not!—What, have you sold these too, Harry?

WILD. 'Twill out.

SIR HAR. Speak, Sir; why don't you speak? are not these your chambers?

WILD. No, Sir.

SIR AV. His!

L. LUCY. His, indeed!

L. GRA. What do you think, Sir Harry, I shou'd do in your son's chambers?

L. LUCY. Or what do you see here like the apartment of a beau—but I ask pardon: Your son is a lawyer.

OMNES. A lawyer! Ha, ha, ha!

L. GRA. In short, Sir Harry, your son is as great a rake as any in town.

Y. PED. And as ignorant as any at the university.

L. LUCY. Ay, or as one half of his brother Templars.

SIR

SIR AV. And as great a rogue, I'm afraid, as the other half.

SIR HAR. He shall be as great a beggar then as those that are honest.

WILD. That, Sir, an honest captain of my acquaintance will prevent; for as they were my locks that were broke open, he has given up those articles you were pleas'd to enter into, to me and my use. For which I am to thank the honest counsellor Ratf-bane; into whose possession you have given a bond of annuity of five hundred pounds a year.

SIR HAR. Cheated! abus'd! dog! villain—ha! I'll see whether I am able to recover it——

[Searches Pincet's pockets, throws out several papers, and pulls his wig off.]

WILD. It's beyond your search, I assure you.

PIN. Help! murder!

VER. Nay, Sir Harry!

SIR HAR. Dog! rascal!—I'll be revenged on you all——

SCENE XXI.

Sir AVARICE, Young PEDANT, Lady LUCY, Lady GRAVELY, WILDING, VEROMIL, VALENTINE, BELLARIA, CLARISSA, and PINCET.

VER. *[taking up a letter.]* Here's one of your papers, Sir—*[starts]* Gilbert, my father's servant!——
[looking on the letter.] By heav'ns! my brother's hand too—then my curiosity is pardonable. *[Reads it.]*

PIN. Heaven I see is just.

VER. Prodigious!——Gentlemen, I beg that man may be secur'd.

WILD. He is my servant, Sir.

VER. He formerly was my father's—This letter here, which is from my brother to him, will inform you farther.

“ GILBERT,

“ I received yours, and shou'd have paid you your
 “ half year's annuity long since, but I have had ur-
 “ gent occasions for my money.—You say, it is hard
 “ to be reduced to your primitive degree, when you
 “ have ventur'd your soul to raise yourself to a
 “ higher; and a little after have the impudence to
 “ threaten to discover—discover if you dare—you
 “ will then find you have ventur'd your body too;
 “ and that perjury will entitle you to the same re-
 “ ward, as you audaciously say forgery will me—
 “ expect to hear no more from me. You may dis-
 “ cover if you please, but you shall find I will not
 “ spare that money which your roguery has assisted
 “ me in getting, to have the life of him who is the
 “ cause of my losing it. J. VEROMIL.”

PIN. If there yet want a stronger confirmation—
 I, Sir, the wretch whom the hopes of riches have
 betray'd to be a villain, will openly attest the disco-
 very, and by a second appearance in a publick court,
 restore the lawful heir what my first coming there has
 robbed him of.

BEL. Is this possible?

VER. Yes, my sweet—I am now again that
 Veromil, to whom you first were promis'd, and from
 whose breast nothing can tear you more. Sir Avarice,
 you may be at ease; for it is now in my power to
 offer up a better fortune to this lady's merit, than any
 of her pretenders.

BEL. No fortune can ever add to my love for you,
 nor loss diminish it.

SIR AV. What is the meaning of this?

VER. That fortune, Sir, which recommended me
 to this lady's father, and which by forgery and per-
 jury I was depriv'd of, my happy stars now promise
 to restore me.

PIN. You need not doubt your success. The other
 evidence to the deed has been touched with the same
 scruples of conscience, and will be very ready on an
 assur'd pardon to recant.

WILD.

WILD. Dear Veromil, let me embrace thee. I am heartily glad I have been instrumental in the procuring your happiness; and tho' it is with my mistress, I wish you joy sincerely.

VER. Wilding, I thank you; and in return, I wish you may be restor'd into your father's favour.

WILD. I make peace with sword in hand, and question not but to bring the old gentleman to reason.

BEL. There yet remains a quarrel in the company, which I would reconcile—Clarissa, I think I read forgiveness in your face; and I am sure penitence is very plain in Valentine's.

VAL. I am too much a criminal to hope for pardon. Yet, if my fault may be attoned for, I will employ my utmost care to do it. Cou'd I think the acquisition of fortune any recommendation, Sir Avarice has obliged himself to pay me seven thousand pounds on this lady's marriage.

SIR AV. The conditions are not fulfill'd, Sir, and——

VAL. Not 'till she is married, Sir. As you have not been pleas'd to mention to whom, Veromil will fill the place as well as any other.

SIR AV. Sir!

VAL. Sir, what you have agreed to give is but my own; your conditions of delivering it are as scandalous as your retaining it: so you may make a bustle, and lose as much reputation as you please; but the money you will be obliged to pay.

SIR AV. And pray, Sir, why did you invite all this company hither?

VAL. How some of it came here, I know no more than you do.

I. GRA. I can only account for myself and sister.

L. LUCY. Ay, my sister and I came together.

WILD. Mine is a long story; but I will divert you all with it some other time.

PIN. May I then hope your pardon?

VER. Deserve it, and I will try to get his majesty's for you, which will do you most service.

SCENE *the last.**To them, a SERVANT.*

SERV. An't please your honour, your honour's brother, Mr. Pedant, is just come to town, and is at home now with Sir Harry Wilding.

SIR AV. Then all my hopes are frustrated. Get chairs to the door.

VER. This is lucky news indeed! and may be so for you too, Wilding: for Sir Harry is too good-humour'd a man to be an exception to the universal satisfaction of a company. I hope this lady will prevent the uneasiness of another. [*To Clarissa.*]

VAL. This generosity stabs me to the soul—Oh! my Veromil! my friend! let this embrace testify my repentance.

VER. And bury what is past.

VAL. Generous, noble soul!

VER. Madam, give me leave to join your hands.

BEL. Nay, since I have been the unfortunate cause of separating them, I must assist.

CLA. I know not whether the world will pardon my forgiving you—but—

VAL. Oh! say no more, lest I am lost in too excessive joy.

L. LUCY. Indeed I think she need not.

L. GRA. [*To Wild.*] Your excuses to me are vain. We have both discover'd you to be a villain. I have seen the assignation you made my sister, and she has seen mine: so you may be assured we will neither of us speak to you more.

WILD. I hope to give you substantial reasons for my conduct; at least my secrecy you may be assured of.

SIR AV. Come, gentlemen and ladies, we will now adjourn, if you please, to my house; where, Sir, [*to Ver.*] if my brother and you agree (as certainly you will, if you prove your title to your father's estate) I have nothing to say against your match.

Y. PED. Nor against my returning to the university, I hope.

VER. Sir Avarice, I wait on you; and before the conclusion of this evening, I hope you will not have a discontented mind in your house. Come, my dear Bellaria; after so many tempests, our fortune once more puts on a serene aspect; once more we have that happiness in view, which crowns the success of virtue, constancy and love.

All love, as folly, libertines disclaim;
And children call their folly by its name.
Those joys which from its purest fountains flow,
No boy, no fool, no libertine can know:
Heav'n meant so blest, so exquisite a fate,
But to reward the virtuous and the great.

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Friend, and spoken by Mrs. GIFFARD.

CRITICKS, no doubt, you think I come to pray
Your pardon, for this foolish, virtuous play.
As Papists, by a saint; so authors practise,
To get their crimes atton'd for, by an actress.
Our author too wou'd fain have brought me to it;
But faith! I come to beg you'd damn the poet.

What did the dullard mean, by stopping short,
And bringing in a husband to spoil sport?

No sooner am I in my lover's arms,
But—pop—my husband all our joys alarms!
—Madam, to save your virtue, cries Sir Bard,
I was oblig'd—To save my virtue! —Lard!
A woman is her own sufficient guard.

For, spight of all the strength which men rely in,
We very rarely fall—without complying.

Some modern bards, to please you better skill'd,
Had, without scruple, the whole thing fulfill'd;
Had sent us off together, and left you in
A sad suspence, to guess what we were doing;
Then fans had hid the virtuous ladies faces,
And cuckolds hats had shelter'd their grimaces.
But ours, forsooth, will argue that the stage
Was meant t'improve, and not debauch the age.
Pshaw! to improve!—the stage was first design'd,
Such as they are, to represent mankind.

And, since a poet ought to copy nature,
A cuckold, sure, were not so strange a creature.

Well, tho' our poet's very modest muse,
Cou'd, to my wish, so small a thing refuse,
Criticks, to damn him, sure, will be so civil—
That's ne'er refus'd by criticks—or the devil.

But shou'd we both aēt parts so very strange,
And, tho' I ask, shou'd you refuse revenge;
Oh! may this curse alone attend your lives!
May ye have all Bellaria's to your wives!

Sung by Miss THORNOWETS, in the Second Act.

I.

LIKE the whig and the tory,
Are prude and coquette ;
From love these seek glory,
As those do from state.
No prude or coquette
My vows shall attend,
No tory I'll get,
No whig for a friend.

II.

The man who by reason
His life doth support,
Ne'er rises to treason,
Ne'er sinks to a court,
By virtue, not party,
Does actions commend ;
My soul shall be hearty
Towards such a friend.

III.

The woman who prizes
No fool's empty praise ;
Who censure despises,
Yet virtue obeys ;
With innocence airy,
With gaiety wise,
In every thing wary,
In nothing precise :

IV.

When truth she discovers,
She ceases disdain ;
Nor hunts after lovers,
To give only pain.
So lovely a creature,
To worlds I'd prefer ;
Of bountiful Nature
Ask nothing but her.

Sung in the Third Act, by the same Person.

I.

VAIN, Belinda, are your wiles,
Vain are all your artful smiles,
While, like a bully, you invite,
And then decline th' approaching fight.

II.

Various are the little arts,
Which you use to conquer hearts;
By empty threats he wou'd affright,
And you, by empty hopes delight.

III.

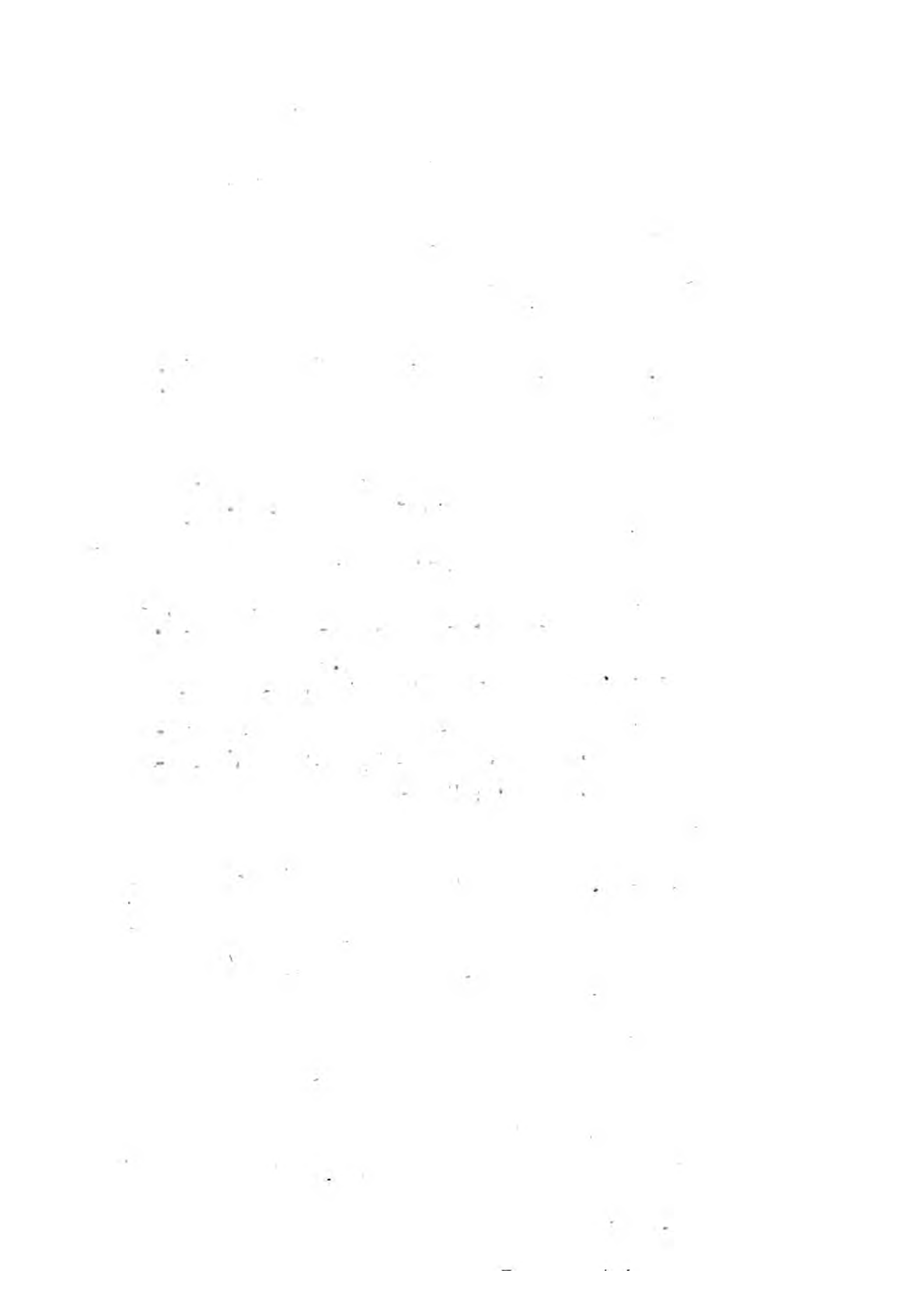
Cowards may by him be brav'd;
Fops may be by you enslav'd;
Men wou'd he vanquish, or you bind,
He must be brave, and you be kind.

THE

THE
AUTHOR'S FARCE;
WITH A
PUPPET-SHOW,
CALL'D THE
PLEASURES of the TOWN.

First acted at the Hay-Market in 1729, and revived some years after at Drury-Lane, when it was revised, and greatly alter'd by the AUTHOR, as now printed.

——— Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
Juv. Sat. I.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. JONES.

TOO long the Tragick Muse hath aw'd the stage,
And frightned wives and children with her rage.
Too long Drawcansir roars, Parthenope weeps,
While ev'ry lady cries, and critick sleeps.
With ghosts, rapes, murders, tender hearts they wound,
Or else, like thunder, terrify with sound.
When the skill'd aëtriss to her weeping eyes,
With artful sigh, the handkerchief applies,
How griev'd each sympathizing nymph appears!
And box and gallery both melt in tears.
Or, when in armour of Corinthian brass,
Heroick aëtor stares you in the face,
And cries aloud with emphasis that's fit, on
Liberty, freedom, liberty and Briton;
While frowning, gaping for applause he stands,
What generous Briton can refuse his hands?
Like the tame animals design'd for show,
You have your cues to clap, as they to bow?
Taught to commend, your judgments have no share;
By chance you guess aright, by chance you err.

But handkerchiefs and Britain laid aside,
To-night we mean to laugh, and not to chide.

PROLOGUE.

*In days of yore, when fools were held in fashion,
Tho' now, alas! all banish'd from the nation,
A merry jester had reform'd his lord,
Who wou'd have scorn'd the sterner Stoick's word.*

*Bred in Democritus his laughing schools,
Our author flies sad Heraclitus' rules :
No tears, no terror plead in his behalf ;
The aim of Farce is but to make you laugh.
Beneath the tragick or the comick name,
Farces and puppet-shows ne'er miss of fame.
Since then, in borrow'd dress, they've pleas'd the town,
Condemn them not, appearing in their own.*

*Smiles we expect from the good-natur'd few ;
As ye are done by, ye malicious, do ;
And kindly laugh at him, who laughs at you.*

1
2

Persons

Persons in the FARCE.

MEN.

LUCKLESS, the Author and Master of the Show,	}	Mr. MULLART.
WITMORE, his friend,		Mr. LACY.
MARPLAY sen.	} Comedians,	Mr. REYNOLDS.
MARPLAY jun.		Mr. STOPLER.
BOOKWEIGHT, a Bookseller,		Mr. JONES.
SCARECROW,	} Scriblers,	Mr. MARSHAL.
DASH,		Mr. HALLAM.
QUIBBLE,		Mr. DOVE.
BLOTPAGE,		Mr. WELLS jun.
INDEX,		—————
JACK, Servant to LUCKLESS,		Mr. ACHURCH.
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T H E

THE
AUTHOR'S FARCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LUCKLESS's Room in Mrs. MONEYWOOD's House.

Mrs. MONEYWOOD, HARRIOT,
LUCKLESS.

MONEYWOOD.

NEVER tell me, Mr. Luckless, of your play, and your play. I tell you, I must be paid. I would no more depend on a benefit-night of an unacted play, than I would on a benefit-ticket in an undrawn lottery. Cou'd I have guess'd that I had a poet in my house! Cou'd I have look'd for a poet under lac'd clothes!

LUCK. Why not? since you may often find poverty under them: nay, they are commonly the signs of it. And therefore, why may not a poet be seen in them as well as a courtier?

MONEY. Do you make a jest of my misfortune, Sir?

LUCK. Rather my misfortune. I am sure I have a better title to poverty than you; for notwithstanding the handsome figure I make, unless you are so good to invite me, I am afraid I shall scarce prevail on my stomach to dine to-day.

MONEY. O never fear that: you will never want a dinner till you have dined at all the eating-houses round.—No one shuts their doors against you the first time; and I think you are so kind, seldom to trouble them a second.

LUCK.

LUCK. No.—And if you will give me leave to walk out of your doors, the Devil take me if ever I come into 'em again.

MONEY. Pay me, Sir, what you owe me, and walk away whenever you please.

LUCK. With all my heart, Madam; get me a pen and ink, and I'll give you my note for it immediately.

MONEY. Your note! who will discount it? Not your bookfeller; for he has as many of your notes, as he has of your works; both good lasting ware, and which are never likely to go out of his shop, and his scrutore.

HAR. Nay, but Madam, 'tis barbarous to insult him in this manner.

MONEY. No doubt you'll take his part. Pray, get you about your business. I suppose he intends to pay me, by ruining you. Get you in this instant; and remember if ever I see you with him again, I'll turn you out of doors.

SCENE II.

LUCKLESS, *Mrs.* MONEYWOOD.

LUCK. Discharge all your ill-nature on me, Madam, but spare poor Miss Harriot.

MONEY. Oh! then it is plain. I have suspected your familiarity a long while. You are a base man. Is it not enough to stay three months in my house without paying me a farthing, but you must ruin my child?

LUCK. I love her as my soul. Had I the world, I'd give it her all.

MONEY. But as you happen to have nothing in the world, I desire you wou'd have nothing to say to her. I suppose you wou'd have settled all your castles in the air. Oh! I wish you had liv'd in one of them, instead of my house. Well, I am resolv'd, when you are gone away (which I heartily hope will be very soon) I'll hang over my door in great red letters, "No Lodgings for Poets."—Sure, never was such a guest as you have been. My floor is all spoil'd with
ink,

ink, my windows with verfes, and my door has been almost beat down with duns.

LUCK. Would your houfe had been beaten down, and every thing but my dear Harriot crush'd under it.

MONEY. Sir, Sir—

LUCK. Madam, Madam! I will attack you at your own weapons; I will pay you in your own coin.

MONEY. I wish you'd pay me in any coin, Sir.

LUCK. Look ye, Madam, I'll do as much as a reasonable woman can require; I'll shew you all I have; and give you all I have too, if you please to accept it.

[Turns his pockets inside out.]

MONEY. I will not be us'd in this manner. No, Sir, I will be paid if there be any such thing as law.

LUCY. By what law you will put money into my pocket, I know not; for I never heard of any one who got money by the law, but the lawyers. I have told you already, and I tell you again, that the first money I get shall be yours; and I have great expectations from my play. In the mean time, your staying here can be of no service, and you may possibly drive some fine thoughts out of my head. I wou'd write a love-scene, and your daughter wou'd be more proper company, on that occasion, than you.

MONEY. You wou'd act a love-scene, I believe; but I shall prevent you; for I intend to dispose of myself before my daughter.

LUCK. Dispose of yourself!

MONEY. Yes, Sir, dispose of myself—'Tis very well known, that I have had very good offers since my last dear husband died. I might have had an attorney of New-Inn, or Mr. Fill-pot the exciseman: yes, I had my choice of two parsons, or a doctor of physick; and yet I slighted them all; yes, I slighted them for—for—you.

LUCK. For me!

MONEY. Yes, you have seen too visible marks of my passion; too visible for my reputation. *[Sobbing.]*

LUCK. I have heard very loud tokens of your passion; but I rather took it for the passion of anger than of love.

MONEY. O! it was love, indeed. Nothing but love, upon my soul.

LUCK. The Devil! This way of dunning is worse than the other.

MONEY. If thou canst not pay me in money, let me have it in love.—If I break through the modesty of my sex, let my passion excuse it.—I know the world will call it an impudent action; but if you will let me reserve all I have to myself, I will make myself yours for ever.

LUCK. Toll, loll, loll!

MONEY. And is this the manner you receive my declaration, you poor beggarly fellow? You shall repent this; remember you shall repent it, remember that. I'll shew you the revenge of an injur'd woman.

LUCK. I shall never repent any thing that rids me of you, I am sure.

SCENE III.

LUCKLESS, HARRIOT.

LUCK. Dear Harriot!

HAR. I have waited an opportunity to return to you.

LUCK. Oh! my dear, I am so sick.

HAR. What's the matter?

LUCK. Oh! your mother! your mother!

HAR. What, has she been scolding ever since?

LUCK. Worse! worse!

HAR. Heav'n forbid, she should threaten to go to law with you.

LUCK. Oh, worse! worse! she threatens to go to church with me. She has made me a generous offer, that if I will but marry her, she will suffer me to settle all she has upon her.

HAR. Generous creature! Sure you will not resist the proposal?

LUCK. Hum! what would you advise me to?

HAR. Oh, take her, take her, by all means; you will be the prettiest, finest, loveliest, sweetest couple—Auh! what a delicate dish of matrimony you will make?

make? Her age with your youth, her avarice with your extravagance, and her scolding with your poetry.

LUCK. Nay, but I am serious, and I desire you wou'd be so. You know my unhappy circumstances, and your mother's wealth. It would be at least a prudent match.

HAR. Oh! extremely prudent, ha, ha, ha! the world will say, Lard! who could have thought Mr. Luckless had had so much prudence. This one action will overbalance all the follies of your life.

LUCK. Faith, I think it will: but, dear Harriot, how can I think of losing you for ever? And yet, as our affairs stand, I see no possibility 'of our being happy together. It will be some pleasure too, that I may have it in my power to serve you. Believe me it is with the utmost reluctance I think of parting with you. For if it was in my power to have you—

HAR. Oh, I am very much oblig'd to you—I believe you—Yes, you need not swear, I believe you.

LUCK. And can you as easily consult prudence, and part with me? for I wou'd not buy my own happiness at the price of yours.

HAR. I thank you, Sir—Part with you—intolerable vanity!

LUCK. Then I am resolv'd; and so, my good landlady, have at you.

HAR. Stay, Sir, let me acquaint you with one thing; you are a villain! and don't think I'm vex'd at any thing, but that I should have been such a fool, as ever to have had a good opinion of you. [*Crying.*]

LUCK. Ha, ha, ha! caught by Jupiter! And did my dear Harriot think me in earnest?

HAR. And was you not in earnest?

LUCK. What, to part with thee? A pretty woman will be sooner in earnest to part with her beauty, or a great man with his power.

HAR. I wish I were assur'd of the sincerity of your love.

AIR. *Butter'd Pease.*

LUCK. Does my dearest Harriot ask
 What for love I wou'd pursue?
 Wou'd you, charmer, know what task
 I wou'd undertake for you?

Ask the bold ambitious, what
 He for honours wou'd atchieve?
 Or the gay voluptuous, that
 Which he'd not for pleasure give?

Ask the miser what he'd do,
 To amass excessive gain?
 Or the faint, what he'd pursue,
 His wish'd Heav'n to obtain?

These I wou'd attempt, and more:
 For Oh! my Harriot is to me,
 All ambition, pleasure, store,
 Or what Heav'n itself can be!

HAR. Wou'd my dearest Luckless know,
 What his constant Harriot can
 Her tender love and faith to show,
 For her dear, her only man.

Ask the vain coquette, what she
 For men's adoration wou'd;
 Or from censure to be free,
 Ask the vile censorious prude.

In a coach and six to ride,
 What the mercenary jade,
 Or the widow to be bride
 To a brisk broad-shoulder'd blade.

All these I wou'd attempt for thee,
 Cou'd I but thy passion fix;
 Thy will, my sole commander be,
 And thy arms my coach and six.

MONEY. [*within.*] Harriot, Harriot.

HAR. Hear the dreadful summons, adieu. I will
 take the first opportunity of seeing you again.

LUCK.

LUCK. Adieu, my pretty charmer; go thy ways for the first of thy sex.

SCENE IV.

LUCKLESS, JACK.

LUCK. So! what news bring you?

JACK. An't please your honour, I have been at my lord's, and his lordship thanks you for the favour you have offer'd of reading your play to him; but he has such a prodigious deal of business, he begs to be excus'd. I have been with Mr. Keyber too: he made me no answer at all. Mr. Bookweight will be here immediately.

LUCK. Jack.

JACK. Sir.

LUCK. Fetch my other hat hither. Carry it to the pawnbroker's.

JACK. To your honour's own pawnbroker?

LUCK. Ay—And in thy way home call at the cook's shop. So, one way or other I find my head must always provide for my belly.

SCENE V.

LUCKLESS, WITMORE.

LUCK. I am surprized! dear Witmore!

WIT. Dear Harry!

LUCK. This is kind, indeed; but I do not more wonder at finding a man in this age, who can be a friend to adversity, than that fortune should be so much my friend, as to direct you to me; for she is a lady I have not been much indebted to lately.

WIT. She who told me, I assure you, is one you have been indebted to a long while.

LUCK. Whom do you mean?

WIT. One who complains of your unkindness in not visiting her; Mrs. Lovewood.

LUCK. Dost thou visit there still, then?

WIT. I throw an idle hour away there sometimes. When I am in an ill humour, I am sure of feeding it there with all the scandal in town; for no bawd is half

so diligent in looking after girls with an uncrack'd maidenhead, as she in searching out women with crack'd reputations.

LUCK. The much more infamous office of the two.

WIT. Thou art still a favourer of the women, I find.

LUCK. Ay, the women and the muses; the high roads to beggary.

WIT. What, art thou not cured of scribbling yet?

LUCK. No, scribbling is as impossible to cure as the gout.

WIT. And as sure a sign of poverty as the gout of riches. 'Sdeath! in an age of learning and true politeness, where a man might succeed by his merit, there would be some encouragement. But now, when party and prejudice carry all before them; when learning is decried, wit not understood, when the theatres are puppet-shows, and the comedians ballad-singers: when fools lead the town, wou'd a man think to thrive by his wit? If you must write, write nonsense, write operas, write Hurlothrumbo's, set up an oratory, and preach nonsense, and you may meet with encouragement enough. Be profane, be scurrilous, be immodest; if you wou'd receive applause, deserve to receive sentence at the Old Baily: and if you wou'd ride in a coach, deserve to ride in a cart.

LUCK. You are warm, my friend.

WIT. It is because I am your friend. I cannot bear to hear the man I love ridiculed by fools, by idiots.—To hear a fellow, who had he been born a Chinese, had starv'd for want of genius, to have been even the lowest mechanick, tols up his empty noddle with an affected disdain of what he has not understood; and women abusing what they have neither seen nor read, from an unreasonable prejudice to an honest fellow, whom they have not known. If thou wilt write against all these reasons, get a patron, be pimp to some worthless man of quality, write panegyrics on him, flatter him with as many virtues as he has vices. Then, perhaps, you will engage his lordship, his lordship engages the town on your side,
and

and then write till your arms ake, sense or nonsense, it will all go down.

LUCK. Thou art too satirical on mankind. It is possible to thrive in the world by justifiable means.

WIT. Ay, justifiable, and so they are justifiable by custom. What does the foldier or phyfician thrive by, but slaughter? The lawyer, but by quarrels? The courtier, but by taxes? The poet, but by flattery? I know none that thrive by profiting mankind, but the husbandman and the merchant: the one gives you the fruit of your own soil, the other brings you those from abroad; and yet these are represented as mean and mechanical, and the others as honourable and glorious.

LUCK. Well, but prithee leave railing, and tell me what you wou'd advise me to do.

WIT. Do! why, thou art a vigorous young fellow, and there are rich widows in town.

LUCK. But I am already engaged.

WIT. Why don't you marry then——for I suppose you are not mad enough to have any engagement with a poor mistress.

LUCK. Even so, faith, and so heartily that I wou'd not change her for the widow of a Cræsus.

WIT. Now thou art undone, indeed. Matrimony clenches ruin beyond retrieval. What unfortunate stars wert thou born under! Was it not enough to follow those nine ragged jades the muses, but you must fasten on some earth-born mistress as poor as them?

MAR. jun. [*within.*] Order my chairmen to call on me at St. James's.—No, let them stay.

WIT. Heyday! whom the Devil have we here?

LUCK. The young captain, sir; no less person, I assure you.

SCENE VI.

LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MARPLAY junior.

MAR. jun. Mr. Luckless, I kiss your hands——Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant; you see, Mr. Luckless, what power you have over me.

I attend your commands, tho' several persons of quality have staid at court for me above this hour.

LUCK. I am obliged to you — I have a tragedy for your house, Mr. Marplay.

MAR. jun. Ha! if you will send it to me, I will give you my opinion of it; and if I can make any alterations in it that will be for its advantage, I will do it freely.

WIT. Alterations, sir?

MAR. jun. Yes, sir, alterations — I will maintain it, let a play be never so good, without alteration it will do nothing.

WIT. Very odd, indeed.

MAR. jun. Did you ever write, sir?

WIT. No, sir, I thank Heav'n.

MAR. jun. Oh! your humble servant—your very humble servant, Sir. When you write yourself, you will find the necessity of alterations. Why, Sir, wou'd you guess that I had alter'd Shakespear?

WIT. Yes faith, Sir, no one sooner.

MAR. jun. Alack-a-day! Was you to see the plays when they are brought to us, a parcel of crude, undigested stuff. We are the persons, Sir, who lick them into form, that mould them into shape—The poet make the play indeed! the colour-man might be as well said to make the picture, or the weaver the coat: my father and I, Sir, are a couple of poetical tailors: when a play is brought us, we consider it as a tailor does his coat; we cut it, Sir, we cut it: and let me tell you, we have the exact measure of the town; we know how to fit their taste. The poets, between you and me, are a pack of ignorant—

WIT. Hold, hold, Sir. This is not quite so civil to Mr. Luckless: besides, as I take it, you have done the town the honour of writing yourself.

MAR. jun. Sir, you are a man of sense, and express yourself well. I did, as you say, once make a small sally into Parnassus, took a sort of flying leap over Helicon: but if ever they catch me there again — Sir, the town have a prejudice to my family; for if any play cou'd have made them ashamed to damn it, mine must. It was all over plot. It wou'd have

have made half a dozen novels: nor was it cram'd with a pack of wit-traps, like Congreve and Wycherley, where every one knows when the joke was coming. I defy the sharpest critick of them all to have known when any jokes of mine were coming. The dialogue was plain, easy, and natural, and not one single joke in it from the beginning to the end: besides, Sir, there was one scene of tender melancholy conversation, enough to have melted a heart of stone; and yet they damn'd it: and they damn'd themselves; for they shall have no more of mine.

WIT. Take pity on the town, Sir.

MAR. jun. I! No, Sir, no. I'll write no more. No more; unless I am forc'd to it.

LUCK. That's no easy thing, Marplay.

MAR. jun. Yes, Sir. Odes, Odes, a man may be oblig'd to write those you know.

LUCK. } Ha, ha, ha. That's true indeed.
WIT. }

LUCK. But about my tragedy, Mr. Marplay?

MAR. jun. I believe my father is at the play-house: if you please we will read it now; but I must call on a young lady first—Hey! who's there? Is my footman there? Order my chair to the door—Your servant, gentlemen—*Caro vien.* [Exit singing.

WIT. This is the most finish'd gentleman I ever saw, and hath not, I dare swear, his equal.

LUCK. If he has; here he comes.

SCENE VII.

LUCKLESS, WITMORE, BOOKWEIGHT.

LUCK. Mr. Bookweight, your very humble servant.

BOOK. I was told, Sir, that you had particular business with me.

LUCK. Yes, Mr. Bookweight; I have something to put into your hands. I have a play for you, Mr. Bookweight.

BOOK. Is it accepted, Sir?

LUCK. Not yet.

BOOK. Oh! Sir, when it is, it will be then time enough to talk about it. A play, like a bill, is of no

value till it is accepted : nor indeed when it is, very often. Besides, Sir, our playhouses are grown so plenty, and our actors so scarce, that really plays are become very bad commodities. But pray, Sir, do you offer it to the players or the patentees ?

LUCK. Oh ! to the players, certainly.

BOOK. You are in the right of that : but a play which will do on the stage, will not always do for us ; there are your acting plays, and your reading plays.

WIT. I do not understand that distinction.

BOOK. Why, Sir, your acting play is entirely supported by the merit of the actor ; in which case, it signifies very little whether there be any sense in it or no. Now your reading play is of a different stamp, and must have wit and meaning in it. These latter I call your substantive, as being able to support themselves. The former are your adjective, as what require the buffoonry and gestures of an actor to be join'd with them, to shew their signification.

WIT. Very learnedly defined truly.

LUCK. Well, but Mr. Bookweight, will you advance fifty guineas on my play ?

BOOK. Fifty guineas ! Yes, Sir. You shall have them with all my heart, if you will give me security for them. Fifty guineas for a play ? Sir, I wou'd not give fifty shillings.

LUCK. S'death, Sir ! do you beat me down at this rate ?

BOOK. No, nor fifty farthings. Fifty guineas ! Indeed your name is well worth that.

LUCK. Jack ! take this worthy gentleman, and kick him down stairs.

BOOK. Sir, I shall make you repent this.

JACK. Come, Sir, will you please to brush ?

BOOK. Help ! murder ! I'll have the law of you, Sir.

LUCK. Ha, ha, ha !

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

LUCKLESS, WITMORE, *Mrs. MONEYWOOD.*

MONEY. What noise is this? It is a very fine thing truly, Mr. Luckless, that you will make these uproars in my house.

LUCK. If you dislike it, it is in your power to drown a much greater. Do you but speak, Madam, and I am sure no one will be heard but yourself.

MONEY. Very well, indeed! fine reflections on my character! Sir, Sir, all the neighbours know that I have been as quiet a woman as ever liv'd in the parish. I had no noises in my house till you came. We were the family of love. But you have been a nuisance to the whole neighbourhood. While you had money, my doors were thundered at every morning at four and five, by coachmen and chairmen; and since you have had none, my house has been besieged all day by creditors and bailiffs: then there's the rascal your man; but I will pay the dog, I will scour him, — Sir, I am glad you are a witness of his abuses of me.

WIT. I am indeed, Madam, a witness how unjustly he has abus'd you. [*Jack whispers Luckless.*]

LUCK. Witmore, excuse me a moment.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. MONEYWOOD, WITMORE.

MONEY. Yes, Sir; and, Sir, a man that has never shewn one the colour of his money.

WIT. Very hard, truly: how much may he be in your debt, pray? Because he has order'd me to pay you.

MONEY. Ah! Sir, I wish he had.

WIT. I am serious, I assure you.

MONEY. I am very glad to hear it, Sir. Here is the bill as we settled it this very morning. I always thought, indeed, Mr. Luckless had a great deal of honesty in his principles; any man may be unfortu-

nate: but I knew when he had money I should have it; and what signifies dunning a man, when he hath it not? Now that is a way with some people which I cou'd never come into.

WIT. There, Madam, is your money. You may give Mr. Luckless the receipt.

MONEY. Sir, I give you both a great many thanks. I am sure it is almost as charitable as if you gave it me; for I am to make up a sum to-morrow morning. Well, if Mr. Luckless was but a little soberer, I should like him for a lodger exceedingly; for I must say, I think him a very pleasant good-humour'd man.

SCENE X.

LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MONEYWOOD.

LUCK. Those are words I never heard out of that mouth before.

MONEY. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleas'd to be merry, ha, ha!

LUCK. Why, Witmore, thou hast the faculty opposite to that of a witch, and canst lay a tempest. I should as soon have imagin'd one man cou'd have stoppt a cannon-ball in its full force, as her tongue.

MONEY. Ha, ha, ha! he is the best company in the world, Sir, and so full of his similitudes.

WIT. Luckless, good morrow: I shall see you soon again.

LUCK. Let it be soon, I beseech you; for thou hast brought a calm into this house that was scarce ever in it before.

SCENE XI.

LUCKLESS, Mrs. MONEYWOOD, JACK.

MONEY. Well, Mr. Luckless, you are a comical man, to give one such a character to a stranger.

LUCK. The company is gone, Madam; and now, like true man and wife, we may fall to abusing one another as fast as we please.

MONEY.

MONEY. Abuse me as you please, so you pay me, Sir.

LUCK. 'Sdeath, Madam, I will pay you.

MONEY. Nay, Sir, I do not ask it before it is due. I don't question your payment at all: if you was to stay in my house this quarter of a year, as I hope you will, I shou'd not ask you for a farthing.

LUCK. Toll, loll, loll.—But I shall have her begin with her passion immediately; and I had rather be the object of her rage for a year, than of her love for half an hour.

MONEY. But why did you choose to surprize me with my money? Why did you not tell me you wou'd pay me?

LUCK. Why, have I not told you!

MONEY. Yes, you told me of a play, and stuff: but you never told me you wou'd order a gentleman to pay me. A sweet, pretty, good-humour'd gentleman he is, heav'n blefs him. Well, you have comical ways with you: but you have honesty at the bottom, and I'm fure the gentleman himself will own I gave you that character.

LUCK. Oh! I smell you now.—You see, Madam, I am better than my word to you; did he pay it you in gold or silver?

MONEY. All pure gold.

LUCK. I have a vast deal of silver, which he brought me, within; will you do me the favour of taking it in silver? that will be of use to you in the shop too.

MONEY. Any thing to oblige you, Sir!

LUCK. Jack, bring out the great bag, number One. Please to tell the money, Madam, on that table.

MONEY. It's easy told: heaven knows there's not so much on't.

JACK. Sir, the bag is so heavy, I cannot bring it in.

LUCK. Why then, come and help to thrust a heavier bag out.

MONEY. What do you mean?

LUCK. Only to pay you in my bed-chamber.

MONEY!

MONEY. Villain, dog, I'll swear a robbery, and have you hang'd : rogues, villains !

LUCK. Be as noisy as you please.—[*Shuts the door.*] Jack, call a coach ; and d'ye hear, get up behind it and attend me.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PLAYHOUSE.

LUCKLESS, MARPLAY senior, MARPLAY junior.

LUCKLESS [*Reads.*]

“ THEN hence my sorrow, hence my ev'ry fear ;
 “ No matter where, so we are blest'd together.
 “ With thee, the barren rocks, where not one step
 “ Of human race lies printed in the snow,
 “ Look lovely as the smiling infant spring.”

MAR. sen. Augh ! will you please to read that again, Sir.

LUCK. “ Then hence my sorrow, hence my ev'ry
 “ fear.”

MAR. sen. “ Then hence my sorrow”—Horror is a much better word.—And then in the second line—
 “ No matter where, so we are blest'd together”—
 Undoubtedly ; it shou'd be, No matter where, so
 somewhere we're together. *Where* is the question,
somewhere is the answer—Read on, Sir.

LUCK. “ With thee,” &c.

MAR. sen. No, no, I cou'd alter those lines to a much better idea.

“ With thee, the barren blocks, where not a bit
 “ Of human face is painted on the bark,
 “ Look green as Covent-Garden in the spring.”

LUCK. Green as Covent Garden !

MAR. jun. Yes, yes ; Covent-Garden market,
 where they sell greens.

LUCK. Monstrous !

MAR. sen. Pray, Sir, read on.

LUCK.

LUCK. "Leandra! Oh, my Harmonio, I cou'd
"hear thee still;

"The nightingale to thee sings out of tune,
"While on thy faithful breast my head reclines,
"The downy pillow's hard; while from thy lips
"I drink delicious draughts of nectar down,
"Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

MAR. jun. Here's meat, drink, singing, and lodging, egad.

LUCK. He answers.

MAR. jun. But, Sir——

LUCK. "Oh, let me pull thee, press thee to my
"heart,

"Thou rising spring of everlasting sweets;
"Take notice, Fortune, I forgive thee all,
"Thou'ft made Leandra mine; thou flood of joy
"Mix with my soul, and rush thro' ev'ry vein."

MAR. sen. Those two last lines again, if you please.

LUCK. "Thou'ft made," &c.

MAR. jun. "——Thou flood of joy

"Mix with my soul, and rush thro' ev'ry vein."

Those are two excellent lines indeed: I never writ better myself: but, Sar——

LUCK. "Leandra's mine, go bid the tongue of fate

"Pronounce another word of bliss like that;
"Search thro' the eastern mines and golden shores,
"Where lavish nature pours forth all her stores;
"For to my lot cou'd all her treasures fall,
"I wou'd not change Leandra for them all."

There ends act the first, and such an act as, I believe, never was on this stage yet.

MAR. jun. Nor never will, I hope.

MAR. sen. Pray, Sir, let me look at one thing.

"Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

Pray, Sir, what sort of wines may your Falernian be? for I never heard of them before; and I am sure, as I keep the best company, if there had been such sorts of wines, I should have tasted them. Tokay I have drank, and Lacrimæ I have drank, but what your Falernian is, the devil take me if I can tell.

MAR. jun. I fancy, father, these wines grow at the top of Parnassus.

LUCK.

LUCK. Do they so, Mr. Pert? why then I fancy you have never tasted them.

MAR. fen. Suppose you shou'd say, The wines of Cape are bitter to my taste.

LUCK. Sir, I cannot alter it.

MAR. fen. Nor we cannot act it. It won't do, Sir, and so you need give yourself no farther trouble about it.

LUCK. What particular fault do you find?

MAR. jun. Sar, there is nothing that touches me, nothing that is coercive to my passions.

LUCK. Fare you well, Sir: may another play be coercive to your passions.

SCENE II.

MARPLAY fenior, MARPLAY junior.

MAR. fen. Ha, ha, ha!

MAR. jun. What do you think of the play?

MAR. fen. It may be a very good one, for ought I know: but I am resolv'd, since the town will not receive any of mine, they shall have none from any other. I'll keep them to their old diet.

MAR. jun. But suppose they won't feed on't.

MAR. fen. Then it shall be cram'd down their throats.

MAR. jun. I wish, father, you wou'd leave me that art for a legacy, since I am afraid I am like to have no other from you.

MAR. fen. 'Tis buff, child, 'tis buff—true Corinthian brags: and heav'n be prais'd, tho' I have giv'n thee no gold, I have giv'n thee enough of that, which is the better inheritance of the two. Gold thou might'st have spent, but this is a lasting estate that will stick by thee all thy life.

MAR. jun. What shall be done with that farce which was damn'd last night?

MAR. fen. Give it them again to-morrow. I have told some persons of quality that it is a good thing, and I am resolv'd not to be in the wrong: let us see which will be weary first, the town of damning, or we of being damn'd.

MAR.

MAR. jun. Rat the town, I say.

MAR. sen. That's a good boy; and so say I: but prithee, what did'st thou do with the comedy which I gave thee t'other day, that I thought a good one?

MAR. jun. Did as you order'd me, return'd it to the author, and told him it wou'd not do.

MAR. sen. You did well. If thou writest thyself, and that I know thou art very well qualified to do, it is thy interest to keep back all other authors of any merit, and be as forward to advance those of none.

MAR. jun. But I am a little afraid of writing; for my writings, you know have far'd but ill hitherto.

MAR. sen. That is because thou hast a little mistaken the method of writing. The art of writing, boy, is the art of stealing old plays, by changing the name of the play, and new ones, by changing the name of the author.

MAR. jun. If it was not for these cursed hisses and catcalls—

MAR. sen. Harmless musick, child, very harmless musick, and what, when one is but well season'd to it, has no effect at all: for my part, I have been us'd to them.

MAR. jun. Ay, and I have been us'd to them too, for that matter.

MAR. sen. And stood them bravely too. Idle young actors are fond of applause, but take my word for it, a clap is a mighty silly, empty thing, and does no more good than a hiss; and therefore, if any man love hissing, he may have his three shillings worth at me, whenever he pleases. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A room in BOOKWEIGHT'S House.

DASH, BLOTPAGE, QUIBBLE, *writing
at several Tables.*

DASH. Pox on't, I'm as dull as an ox, tho' I have not a bit of one within me. I have not din'd these two days, and yet my head is as heavy as any alderman's or lord's. I carry about me symbols of all the elements;

elements; my head is as heavy as water, my pockets are light as air, my appetite is as hot as fire, and my coat is as dirty as earth.

BLOT. Lend me your Byfshe, Mr. Dash, I want a rhyme for wind.

DASH. Why there's blind, and kind, and behind, and find, and mind: it is of the easiest termination imaginable; I have had it four times in a page.

BLOT. None of those words will do.

DASH. Why then you may use any that end in ord, or and, or end. I am never so exact, if the two last letters are alike, it will do very well. Read the verse.

BLOT. "Inconstant as the seas, or as the wind."

DASH. What wou'd you express in the next line?

BLOT. Nay, that I don't know, for the sense is out already. I would say something about inconstancy.

DASH. I can lend you a verse, and it will do very well too.

"Inconstancy will never have an end."

End rhimes very well with Wind.

BLOT. It will do well enough for the middle of a poem.

DASH. Ay, ay, any thing will do well enough for the middle of a poem. If you can but get twenty good lines to place at the beginning for a taste, it will sell very well.

QUIB. So that according to you, Mr. Dash, a poet acts pretty much on the same principles with an oyster-woman.

DASH. Pox take your simile, it has set my chaps a watering: but come, let us leave off work for a while, and hear Mr. Quibble's song.

QUIB. My pipes are pure and clear, and my stomach is as hollow as any trumpet in Europe.

DASH. Come, the song.

S O N G.

S O N G.

AIR, Ye Commons and Peers.

How unhappy's the fate
 To live by one's pate,
 And be forc'd to write hackney for bread ?
 An author's a joke,
 To all manner of folk,
 Wherever he pops up his head, his head,
 Wherever he pops up his head.

Tho' he mount on that hack,
 Old Pegafus' back,
 And of Helicon drink till he burst,
 Yet a curse of those streams,
 Poetical dreams,
 They never can quench one's thirst, &c.

Ah! how shou'd he fly
 On fancy so high,
 When his limbs are in durance and hold ?
 Or how shou'd he charm,
 With genius so warm,
 When his poor naked body's a cold, &c.

SCENE IV.

BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOT-
 PAGE.

BOOK. Fy upon it, gentlemen! what, not at your pens? Do you consider, Mr. Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was publish'd? Is it not high time for an answer to come out? At this rate, before your answer is printed, your letter will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answer'd it in the afternoon, and answer'd that again at night.

QUIB. Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible; but it is harder to write on this side the question, because it is the wrong side.

BOOK.

BOOK. Not a jot. So far on the contrary, that I have known some authors choose it as the properest to shew their genius. But let me see what you have produced, 'With all deference to what that very learned and most ingenious person, in his Letter to a friend in the Country, hath advanced.' Very well, Sir; for besides that it may sell more of the letter, all controversial writers should begin with complimenting their adversaries, as prize-fighters kiss before they engage. Let it be finish'd with all speed. Well, Mr. Dash, have you done that murder yet?

DASH. Yes, Sir, the murder is done; I am only about a few moral reflections to place before it.

BOOK. Very well: then let me have the ghost finished by this day se'nnight.

DASH. What sort of a ghost wou'd you have this? Sir, the last was a pale one.

BOOK. Then let this be a bloody one. Mr. Quibble, you may lay by that life which you are about; for I hear the person is recovered: and write me out proposals for delivering five sheets of Mr. Bailey's English dictionary every week, till the whole be finished. If you do not know the form, you may copy the proposals for printing Bailey's dictionary in the same manner. The same words will do for both.

Enter INDEX.

So, Mr. Index, what news with you?

INDEX. I have brought my Bill, Sir.

BOOK. What's here? For fitting the motto of *Risum teneatis Amici* to a dozen pamphlets, at sixpence per each, six shillings—For *Omnia vincit Amor, & nos cedamus Amori*, sixpence—For *Difficile est Satyram non scribere*, sixpence—Hum! hum, hum! Sum total, for thirty-six Latin motto's, eighteen shillings; ditto English, one shilling and nine pence; ditto Greek, four, four shillings. These Greek motto's are excessively dear.

IND. If you have them cheaper at either of the universities, I will give you mine for nothing.

BOOK. You shall have your money immediately; and pray remember that I must have two Latin seditious

ditions motto's, and one Greek moral motto for pamphlets by to-morrow morning.

QUIB. I want two Latin sentences, Sir, one for page the fourth, in the praise of loyalty, and another for page the tenth, in praise of liberty and property.

DASH. The ghost wou'd become a motto very well, if you wou'd bestow one on him.

BOOK. Let me have them all.

IND. Sir, I shall provide them. Be pleased to look on that, Sir, and print me five hundred propofals, and as many receipts.

BOOK. ' Propofals for printing by subscription a new translation of Cicero Of the Nature of the Gods, and his Tusculan Questions, by Jeremy Index, Esq;' I am sorry you have undertaken this, for it prevents a design of mine.

IND. Indeed, Sir, it does not; for you see all of the book that I ever intend to publish. It is only a handsome way of asking one's friends for a guinea.

BOOK. Then you have not translated a word of it, perhaps.

IND. Not a single syllable.

BOOK. Well, you shall have your propofals forthwith; but I desire you wou'd be a little more reasonable in your bills for the future, or I shall deal with you no longer; for I have a certain fellow of a college, who offers to furnish me with second-hand motto's out of the Spectator for two-pence each.

IND. Sir, I only desire to live by my goods, and I hope you will be pleased to allow some difference between a neat fresh piece piping hot out of the Claficks, and old thread-bare, worn-out stuff, that has past thro' ev'ry pedant's mouth, and been as common at the universities as their whores.

SCENE V.

BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOT-PAGE, SCARECROW.

SCARE. Sir, I have brought you a libel against the ministry.

BOOK.

BOOK. Sir, I shall not take any thing against them ;
—for I have two in the press already. [*Afide.*]

SCARE. Then, Sir, I have an apology in defence
of them.

BOOK. That I shall not meddle with neither ; they
don't sell so well.

SCARE. I have a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*,
with notes on it, if we can agree about the price.

BOOK. Why, what price wou'd you have ?

SCARE. You shall read it first, otherwise how will
you know the value ?

BOOK. No, no, Sir, I never deal that way : a poem
is a poem, and a pamphlet a pamphlet with me.
Give me a good handsome large volume, with a full
promising title-page at the head of it, printed on a
good paper and letter, the whole well bound and gilt,
and I'll warrant its selling—You have the common
error of authors, who think people buy books to
read—No, no, books are only bought to furnish
libraries, as pictures and glasses, and beds and chairs
are for other rooms. Look-ye, Sir, I don't like your
title-page ; however, to oblige a young beginner, I
don't care if I do print it at my own expence.

SCARE. But pray, Sir, at whose expence shall I eat ?

BOOK. At whose ? Why at mine, Sir, at mine. I
am as great a friend to learning, as the Dutch are to
trade : no one can want bread with me who will earn
it ; therefore, Sir, if you please to take your seat at
my table, here will be every thing necessary provided
for you : good milk-porridge, very often twice a-day,
which is good wholesome food, and proper for stu-
dents : a translator too is what I want at present ; my
last being in Newgate for shop-lifting. The rogue
had a trick of translating out of the shops as well as
the languages.

SCARE. But I am afraid I am not qualified for a
translator, for I understand no language but my own.

BOOK. What, and translate Virgil ?

SCARE. Alas ! I translated him out of Dryden.

BOOK. Lay by your hat, Sir, lay by your hat, and
take your seat immediately. Not qualified ! thou art
as well vers'd in thy trade, as if thou hadst labour'd

in my garret these ten years. Let me tell you, friend, you will have more occasion for invention than learning here. You will be obliged to translate books out of all languages, especially French, that were never printed in any language whatsoever.

SCARE. Your trade abounds in mysteries.

BOOK. The study of bookfelling is as difficult as the law; and there are as many tricks in the one as the other. Sometimes we give a foreign name to our own labours, and sometimes we put our names to the labours of others. Then as the lawyers have John-a-Nokes and Tom-a-Stiles, so we have Messieurs Moore near St. Paul's, and Smith near the Royal-Exchange.

SCENE VI.

To them, LUCKLESS.

LUCK. Mr. Bookweight, your servant. Who can form to himself an idea more amiable than of a man at the head of so many patriots working for the benefit of their country?

BOOK. Truly, Sir, I believe it is an idea more agreeable to you, than that of a gentleman in the Crown-Office paying thirty or forty guineas for abusing an honest tradesman.

LUCK. Pshaw! that was only jocosely done, and a man who lives by wit must not be angry at a jest.

BOOK. Look ye, Sir, if you have a mind to compromise the matter, and have brought me any money——

LUCK. Hast thou been in thy trade so long, and talk of money to a modern author? You might as well have talk'd Latin or Greek to him. I have brought you paper, Sir.

BOOK. That is not bringing me money, I own. Have you brought me an opera?

LUCK. You may call it an opera, if you will, but I call it a puppet-show.

BOOK. A puppet-show!

LUCK. Ay, a puppet-show, and is to be play'd this night at Drury-Lane playhouse.

BOOK. A puppet-show in a playhouse.

LUCK. Ah, why, what have been all the playhouses a long while but puppet-shows?

BOOK. Why, I don't know but it may succeed; at least if we can make out a tolerable good title-page: so, if you will walk in, if I can make a bargain with you I will: gentlemen, you may go to dinner.

SCENE VII.

Enter JACK-PUDDING, Drummer, Mob.

JACK-P. This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies, and others, that at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, this evening will be perform'd the whole puppet-show called The Pleasures of the Town; in which will be shewn the whole court of nonsense, with abundance of finging, dancing, and several other entertainments:—Also the comical and diverting humours of Some-body and No-body: Punch and his wife Joan, to be perform'd by figures; some of them six foot high. God save the King.

[Drum beats.]

SCENE VIII.

WITMORE *with a paper, meeting* LUCKLESS.

WIT. Oh! Luckless, I am overjoy'd to meet you: here, take this paper, and you will be discouraged from writing, I warrant you.

LUCK. What is it?—Oh! one of my play-bills.

WIT. One of thy play-bills!

LUCK. Even so—I have taken the advice you gave me this morning.

WIT. Explain.

LUCK. Why, I had some time since given this performance of mine to be rehearsed, and the actors were all perfect in their parts; but we happen'd to differ about some particulars, and I had a design to have given it over; 'till having my play refus'd by Mar-play, I sent for the managers of the other house in a passion, join'd issue with them, and this very evening it is to be acted.

WIT. Well, I wish you success.

LUCK. Where are you going?

WIT. Any where but to hear you damn'd, which I must, was I to go to your puppet-show.

LUCK. Indulge me in this trial; and I assure thee, if it be successless, it shall be the last.

WIT. On that condition I will: but shou'd the torrent run against you, I shall be a fashionable friend, and his with the rest.

LUCK. No, a man who cou'd do so unfashionable and so generous a thing, as Mr. Witmore did this morning—

WIT. Then I hope you will return it, by never mentioning it to me more. I will now to the pit.

LUCK. And I behind the scenes.

SCENE IX.

LUCKLESS, HARRIOT.

LUCK. Dear Harriot!

HAR. I was going to the playhouse to look after you. I am frightned out of my wits; I have left my mother at home with the strangest sort of man, who is inquiring after you: he has rais'd a mob before the door by the oddity of his appearance; his dress is like nothing I ever saw, and he talks of kings, and Bantam, and the strangest stuff.

LUCK. What the devil can he be?

HAR. One of your old acquaintance, I suppose, in disguise: one of his majesty's officers with his commission in his pocket, I warrant him.

LUCK. Well, but have you your part perfect?

HAR. I had, unless this fellow hath frighten'd it out of my head again: but I am afraid I shall play it wretchedly.

LUCK. Why so?

HAR. I shall never have assurance enough to go thro' with it, especially if they shou'd hiss me.

LUCK. O! your mask will keep you in countenance, and as for hissing you need not fear it. The audience are generally so favourable to young beginners: but hilt, here is your mother, and she has

seen us. Adieu, my dear, make what haste you can to the playhouse. [Exit.

SCENE X.

HARRIOT, MONEYWOOD.

HAR. I wish I cou'd avoid her, for I suppose we shall have an alarm.

MON. So, so, very fine: always together, always cater-wauling. How like a hangdog he stole off; and its well for him he did, for I shou'd have rung such a peal in his ears—There's a friend of his at my house wou'd be very glad of his company, and I wish it was in my power to bring them together.

HAR. You wou'd not surely be so barbarous.

MON. Barbarous, ugh! You whining puling fool! Huffy, you have not a drop of my blood in you. What, you are in love, I suppose?

HAR. If I was, Madam, it wou'd be no crime.

MON. Yes, Madam, but it wou'd, and a folly too. No woman of sense was ever in love with any thing but a man's pocket. What, I suppose he has fill'd your head with a pack of romantick stuff of streams and dreams, and charms and arms. I know this is the stuff they all run on with, and so run into our debts, and run away with our daughters.—Come, confess, are not you two to live in a wilderness together on love? Ah! thou fool! thou wilt find he will pay thee in love, just as he has paid me in money. If thou wert resolv'd to go a begging, why did you not follow the camp? There, indeed, you might have carried a knapsack; but here you will have no knapsack to carry. There, indeed, you might have had a chance of burying half a score husbands in a campaign; whereas a poet is a long-liv'd animal: you have but one chance of burying him, and that is starving him.

HAR. Well, Madam, and I wou'd sooner starve with the man I love, than ride in a coach and fix with him I hate: and as for his passion, you will not make me suspect that, for he hath given me such proofs on't.

MON.

MON. Proofs! I shall die. Has he given you proofs of love!

HAR. All that any modest woman can require.

MON. If he has given you all a modest woman can require, I am afraid he has given you more than a modest woman shou'd take: because he has been so good a lodger, I suppose I shall have some more of the family to keep. It is probable I shall live to see half a dozen grandsons of mine in Grubstreet.

SCENE XI.

MONEYWOOD, HARRIOT, JACK.

JACK. Oh Madam! the man whom you took for a bailiff, is certainly some great man; he has a vast many jewels and other fine things about him; he offer'd me twenty guineas to shew him my master, and has given away so much money among the chairmen, that some folks believe he intends to stand member of parliament for Westminster.

MON. Nay, then I am sure he is worth inquiring into. So, d'ye hear, firrah, make as much haste as you can before me, and desire him to part with no more money till I come.

HAR. So, now my mother is in pursuit of money, I may securely go in pursuit of my lover; and I am mistaken, good mamma, if e'en you wou'd not think that the better pursuit of the two.

In generous love transporting raptures lie,
Which age, with all its treasures, cannot buy:

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The PLAYHOUSE.**Enter LUCKLESS as Master of the Show, and
MANAGER.*

LUCKLESS.

IT'S very surprizing, that after I have been at all this expence and trouble in setting my things up in your house, you should desire me to recant; and now too, when the spectators are all assembled, and will either have the show or their money.

MAN. Nay, Sir, I am very ready to perform my covenant with you; but I am told that some of the players do not like their parts, and threaten to leave the house: some to the Hay-Market, some to Goodman's-Fields, and others to set up two or three more new playhouses in several parts of the town.

LUCK. I have quieted all that, and believe there is not one engag'd in the performance, but who is now very well satisfied.

MAN. Well, Sir, then so am I: but pray what is the design or plot? for I cou'd make neither head nor tail on't.

LUCK. Why, Sir, the chief business is the election of an arch-poet, or, as others call him, a poet laureat, to the goddess of Nonsense. I have introduc'd, indeed, several other characters, not intirely necessary to the main design; for I was assur'd by a very eminent critick, that in the way of writing, great latitude might be allow'd; and that a writer of puppet-shows might take as much more liberty than a writer of operas, as an opera-writer might be allow'd beyond a writer of plays. As for the scene, it lies on the other side the river Styx, and all the people in my play are dead.

MAN. I wish they may not be damn'd too, with all my heart.

LUCK.

LUCK. Sir, I depend much on the good-nature of the audience; but they are impatient, I hear them knock with their canes. Let us begin immediately: I think we will have an overture play'd on this occasion. Mr. Seedo, have you not provided a new overture on this occasion?

SEEDO. I have compos'd one.

LUCK. Then pray let us have it. Come, Sir, be pleas'd to sit down by me.

Gentlemen, the first thing I present you with is Punchinello.

[The curtain draws, and discovers Punch in a great chair.]

PUNCH *sings.*

AIR I. Whilst the town's brimfull of folly.

Whilst the town's brimfull of farces,

Flocking whilst we see her asses

Thick as grapes upon a bunch,

Criticks, whilst you smile on madness,

And more stupid, solemn fadness;

Sure you will not frown on Punch.

LUCK. The next is Punch's wife Joan.

Enter JOAN.

JOAN. What can ail my husband? he is continually humming tunes, tho' his voice be only fit to warble at Hog's Norton, where the pigs would accompany it with organs. I was in hopes death would have stopp'd his mouth at last. But he keeps his old harmonious humour even in the shades.

PUNCH. Be not angry, dear Joan; Orpheus obtain'd his wife from the shades, by charming Pluto with his musick.

JOAN. Sirrah, firrah, should Pluto hear you sing, you cou'd expect no less punishment than Tantalus has:—nay, the waters would be brought above your mouth to stop it.

PUNCH. Truly, Madam, I don't wish the same success Orpheus met with; could I gain my own liberty, the devil might have you with all my heart.

AIR II.

Joan Joan, Joan, has a thund'ring tongue,
 And Joan, Joan, Joan, is a bold one.
 How happy is he,
 Who from wedlock is free :
 For who'd have a wife to scold one ?

JOAN. Punch, Punch, Punch, pr'ythee think of your
 hunch,
 Pr'ythee look on your great strutting belly :
 Sirrah, if you dare
 War with me declare,
 I will beat your fat guts to a jelly.

[*They dance.*]

AIR III. Bobbing Joan.

PUN. Joan, you are the plague of my life,
 A rope wou'd be welcomer than such a wife.
 JOAN. Punch, your merits had you but shar'd,
 Your neck had been longer by half a yard :
 PUN. Ugly witch,
 JOAN. Son of a bitch,
 BOTH. Wou'd you were hang'd, or drown'd in a ditch.

[*Dance again.*]

PUN. Since we hate like people in vogue,
 Let us call not bitch and rogue :
 Gentler titles let us use,
 Hate each other, but not abuse.

JOAN. Pretty dear !

PUN. Ah ! Ma Chere !

BOTH. Joy of my life, and only care.

[*Dance and Exeunt.*]

LUCK. Gentlemen, the next is Charon and a poet ;
 they are disputing about an affair pretty common with
 poets—going off without paying.

Enter CHARON, *and a* POET.

CHAR. Never tell me, Sir, I expect my fare. I
 wonder what trade these authors drive in the other
 world :

world: I would with as good a will see a foldier aboard my boat. A tatter'd red coat, and a tatter'd black one, have bilk'd me so often, that I am resolv'd never to take either of them up again—unless I am paid before-hand.

POET. What a wretched thing it is to be poor? My body lay a fortnight in the other world before it was buried. And this fellow has kept my spirit a month, sunning himself on the other side the river, because my pockets were empty. Wilt thou be so kind as to shew me the way to the court of Nonsense?

CHA. Ha, ha! the court of Nonsense! Why, pray, Sir, what have you to do there? these rags look more like the dress of one of Apollo's people, than of Nonsense's.

POET. Why, fellow, didst thou never carry rags to Nonsense?

CHA. Truly, Sir, I cannot say but I have; but it is a long time ago, I assure you. But if you are really bound thither, and are a poet, as I presume from your outward appearance, you shou'd have brought a certificate from the goddess's agent, Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, the gentleman that writes odes—so finely! However, that I may not hear any more of your verses on the river side, I'll e'en carry you over on her account: she pays for all her insolvent votaries. Look at that account, Sir. She is the best deity to me in the shades.

POET. Spirits imported for the goddess of Nonsense.

Five people of great quality,

Seven ordinary courtiers,

Nineteen attorneys,

Eleven counsellors,

One hundred poets, players, doctors, and apothecaries, fellows of colleges, and members of the royal society.

LUCK. Gentlemen, the next is one of Charon's men with a prisoner.

Enter SAILOR, and a SEXTON.

CHA. How now?

O 4

SAIL,

SAIL. We have caught him at last. This is Mr. Robgrave the sexton, who has plunder'd so many spirits.

CHA. Are you come at last, Sir? What have you to say for yourself? Ha! Where are all the jewels and other valuable things you have stolen? Where are they, firrah? ha!

SEX. Alack, Sir, I am but a poor rogue; the parish-officers and others have had them all; I had only a small reward for stealing them.

CHA. Then you shall have another reward here, Sir. Carry him before justice Minos; the moment he gets on the other side the water, let him be shackled and put aboard. *[Exeunt Sailor and Sexton.]*

POET. Who knows whether this rogue has not robb'd me too. I forgot to look in upon my body before I came away.

CHA. Had you any things of value buried with you?

POET. Things of inestimable value; six folio's of my own works.

LUCK. Most poets of this age will have their works buried with them.

[The next is the ghost of a Director.]

Enter DIRECTOR.

DIR. Mr. Charon, I want a boat to cross the river.

CHA. You shall have a place, Sir; I believe I have just room for you, unless you are a lawyer, and I have strict orders to carry no more over yet: Hell is too full of them already.

DIR. Sir, I am a director.

CHA. A director! what's that?

DIR. A director of a company, Sir. I am surpris'd you should not know what that is: I thought our names had been famous enough on this road.

CHA. Oh, Sir, I ask your honour's pardon; will you be pleas'd to go aboard.

DIR. I must have a whole boat by myself; for I have two waggon-loads of treasure that will be here immediately.

CHA.

CHA. It is as much as my place is worth to take any thing of that nature aboard.

DIR. Pshaw, pshaw, you shall go snacks with me, and I warrant we cheat the devil. I have been already too hard for him in the other world——Do you understand what security on bottomry is? I'll make your fortune.

CHA. Here, take the gentleman, let him be well fetter'd, and carried aboard; away with him.

SAIL. Sir, here are a waggon-load of ghosts arriv'd from England, that were knock'd on the head at a late election.

CHA. Fit out another boat immediately: but be sure to search their pockets, that they carry nothing over with them. I found a bank-bill of fifty pounds t'other day in the pocket of a cobbler's ghost, who came hither on the same account.

2 SAIL. Sir, a great number of passengers arriv'd from London, all bound to the court of Nonsense.

CHA. Some plague I suppose, or a fresh cargo of physicians come to town from the universities.

LUCK. Now, gentlemen, I shall produce such a set of figures, as I defy all Europe, except our own playhouses, to equal.—Come, put away; pray mind these figures.

Enter Don TRAGEDIO, Sir FARCICAL COMICK, Dr. ORATOR, Signior OPERA, Monsieur PANTOMIME, and Mrs. NOVEL.

POET. Ha! Don Tragedio, your most obedient servant. Sir Farcical! Dr. Orator! I am heartily glad to see you. Dear Signior Opera! Monsieur Pantomime! Ha! Mynheer Van-treble! Mrs. Novel in the shades too! What lucky distemper cou'd have sent so much good company hither?

TRAG. A tragedy occasion'd me to die;
That perishing the first day, so did I.

FARC. A pastoral sent me out of the world. My life went out in a hiss; flap my vitals.

ORA. A Muggletonian dog stabb'd me.

A I R IV. Silvia, my dearest.

OPER. Claps universal,
 Applauses resounding;
 Hisses confounding
 Attending my song:
 My senses drowned,
 And I fell down dead;
 Whilst I was singing, ding, dang, dong.

POET. Well, Monsieur Pantomime, how came you by your fate?

PANTOM. [*Makes signs to his neck.*]

POET. Broke his neck. Alas, poor gentleman!—
 And you, Mynheer Van-treble, what sent you hither?
 And you, Madam. Novel?

A I R V. 'Twas when the seas were roaring.

NOV. Oh! pity all a maiden,
 Condemn'd hard fates to prove;
 I rather would have laid-in,
 Than thus have died for love!
 'Twas hard to encounter death-a,
 Before the bridal bed;
 Ah! would I had kept my breath-a,
 And lost my maidenhead.

POET. Poor lady!

CHA. Come, my masters, it is a rare fresh gale; if you please I'll shew you aboard.

LUCK. Observe, gentlemen, how these figures walk off. The next, gentlemen, is a Blackamore lady, who comes to present you with a saraband and castanets. [*A dance.*]

Now, gentlemen and ladies, I shall produce a Book-seller who is the prime minister of Nonsense, and the Poet.

Enter BOOKSELLER and POET.

POET. 'Tis strange, 'tis wondrous strange!

BOOK. And yet 'tis true. Did you observe her eyes?

POET.

POET. Her ears rather, for there she took the infection. She saw the Signior's visage in his voice.

BOOK. Did you not mark how she melted when he sung?

POET. I saw her like another Dido. I saw her heart rise up to her eyes, and drop again to her ears.

BOOK. That a woman of so much sense as the Goddess of Nonsense should be taken thus at first sight! I have serv'd her faithfully these thirty years as a bookseller in the upper world, and never knew her guilty of one folly before.

POET. Nay, certainly, Mr. Curry, you know as much of her as any man.

BOOK. I think I ought; I am sure I have made as large oblations to her as all Warwick-lane and Pater-noster-row.

POET. But is she, this night, to be married to Signior Opera?

BOOK. This is to be the bridal night. Well, this will be the strangest thing that has happen'd in the shades since the rape of Proserpine.—But now I think on't, what news bring you from the other world?

POET. Why, affairs go much in the same road there as when you were alive; authors starve, and booksellers grow fat, Grub-street harbours as many pirates as ever Algiers did. They have more theatres than are at Paris; and just as much wit as there is at Amsterdam; they have ranfack'd all Italy for fingers, and all France for dancers.

BOOK. And all hell for conjurers.

POET. My lord-mayor has shorten'd the time of Bartholomew-fair in Smithfield, and so they are resolv'd to keep it all the year round at the other end of the town.

BOOK. I find matters go swimmingly; but I fancy I am wanted. If you please, Sir, I will shew you the way.

POET. Sir, I follow you. [Exeunt.]

Enter PUNCH.

PUNCH. You, fidler.

LUCK. Well, Punch, what's the matter now?

PUNCH. What do you think my wife Joan is about?

LUCK. Faith, I can't tell.

PUNCH. Odsbobs, she is got with three women of quality at quadrille.

LUCK. Quadrille! ha, ha!

PUNCH. I have taken a resolution to run away from her, and set up a trade.

LUCK. A trade? why, you have no stock.

PUNCH. Oh, but I intend to break, cheat my creditors, and so get one.

LUCK. That bite is too stale, master Punch.

PUNCH. Is it? Then I'll e'en turn lawyer. There is no stock required there, but a stock of impudence.

LUCK. Yes, there is a stock of law, without which you will starve at the bar.

PUNCH. Ay, but I'll get upon the bench, then I shall soon have law enough; for then I can make any thing I say to be law.

LUCK. Hush, you scurrilous rascal.

PUNCH. Odsbobs, I have hit it now.

LUCK. What now?

PUNCH. I have it at last; the rarest trade! Punch, thou art made for ever.

LUCK. What conceit has the fool got in his head now?

PUNCH. I'll e'en turn parliament man.

LUCK. Ha, ha, ha! Why, sirrah, thou hast neither interest nor qualification.

PUNCH. How! not interest? Yes, Sir, Punch is very well known to have a very considerable interest in all the corporations in England; and for qualification, if I have no estate of my own, I can borrow one.

LUCK. This will never do, master Punch—You must think of something you have a better qualification for.

PUNCH. Ay, why then I'll turn great man, that requires no qualification whatsoever.

LUCK. Get you gone, you impudent rogue. Gentlemen, the next figures are Some-body and No-body, come to present you with a song and a dance.

Enter

Enter SOME-BODY and NO-BODY.

AIR VI. Black Joke.

SOME. Of all the men in London town,
Or knaves, or fools, in coat, or gown,
The representative am I.

No. Go thro' the world, and you will find,
In all the classes of human kind,
Many a jolly No-body.

For him, a No-body, sure we may call,
Who during his life does nothing at all,
But eat, and snore,
And drink, and rore,

From whore to the tavern, from tavern to whore,
With a lac'd coat, and that is all.

LUCK. Gentlemen, this is the end of the first interlude.



LUCK. Now, gentlemen, I shall present you with the most glorious scene that has ever appear'd on the stage; it is the COURT OF NONSENSE. Play away, soft musick, and draw up the curtain.

The curtain drawn up to soft musick, discovers the GODDESS OF NONSENSE on a throne; the ORATOR in a tub; TRAGEDIO, &c. attending.

NONS. Let all my votaries prepare
To celebrate this joyful day.

LUCK. Gentlemen, observe what a lover of recitativo Nonsense is.

NONS. Monsieur Pantomime! you are welcome.

PANT. [*Cuts a caper.*]

NONS. Alas, poor gentleman! he is modest: you may speak; no words offend, that have no wit in them.

MAST. Why, Madam Nonsense, don't you know that Monsieur Pantomime is dumb? and yet, let me tell you, he has been of great service to you; he is

the only one of your votaries that sets people asleep without talking. But here's Don Tragedio will make noise enough.

TRAG. Yes, Tragedio is indeed my name,
 Long since recorded in the rolls of fame,
 At Lincoln's-Inn, and eke at Drury-Lane.
 Let everlasting thunder sound my praise,
 And forked light'ning in my scutcheon blaze;
 To Shakespear, Johnson, Dryden, Lee, or Rowe,
 I not a line, no, not a thought, do owe.
 Me, for my novelty, let all adore,
 For, as I wrote, none ever wrote before.

NONS. Thou art doubly welcome, welcome.

TRAG. That welcome, yes, that welcome is my due,
 Two tragedies I wrote, and wrote for you;
 And had not hisses, hisses me dismay'd,
 By this, I'd writ two-score, two-score, by jay'd.

LUCK. By jay'd! Ay, that's another excellence
 of the Don's; he does not only glean up all the bad
 words of other authors, but makes new bad words of
 his own.

FARC. Nay, i'gad, I have made new words, and
 spoil'd old ones too, if you talk of that; I have made
 foreigners break English, and Englishmen break Latin.
 I have as great a confusion of languages in my play,
 as was at the building of Babel.

LUCK. And so much the more extraordinary, be-
 cause the author understands no language at all.

FARC. No language at all!—Stap my vitals.

NONS. Dr. Orator, I have heard of you.

ORAT. Ay, and you might have heard me too; I
 bawl'd loud enough, I'm sure.

MAST. She might have heard you: but if she had
 understood your advertisements, I will believe Non-
 sense to have more understanding than Apollo.

ORAT. Have understood me, Sir! What has un-
 derstanding to do? My hearers would be diverted, and
 they are so; which could not be if understanding were
 necessary, because very few of them have any.

NONS. You've all deserv'd my hearty thanks—
 but here my treasure I bestow. [To Opera.

OPER. Your highness knows what reward I prize.

A I R.

A I R VII. Lillibolera.

OP. Let the foolish philosopher strive in his cell;
 By wisdom, or virtue, to merit true praise;
 The soldier in hardship and danger still dwell,
 That glory and honour may crown his last days;
 'The patriot sweat,
 To be thought great;
 Or beauty all day at the looking-glass toil;
 That popular voices
 May ring their applauses,
 While a breath is the only reward of their coil.

But would you a wise man to action incite,
 Be riches propos'd the reward of his pain:
 In riches is center'd all human delight;
 No joy is on earth but what gold can obtain.
 If women, wine,
 Or grandeur fine,
 Be most your delight, all these riches can;
 Would you have men to flatter?
 To be rich is the matter;
 When you cry he is rich, you cry a great man.

NONs. [*Repeating in an ecstasy.*]

“When you cry he is rich, you cry a great man.”

Bravissimo! I long to be your wife.

LUCK. Gentlemen, observe and take notice how
 the Goddess of Nonsense is smitten by musick, and
 falls in love with the ghost of Signior Opera.

NOVEL. If all my romances ever pleas'd the ear of
 my goddess—if I ever found favour in her sight—
 Oh, do not rob me thus!

NONs. What means my daughter?

NOVEL. Alas, he is my husband!

CURRY. But tho' he were your husband in the
 other world, death solves that tye, and he is at liberty
 now to take another; and I never knew any one in-
 stance of a husband here, who would take the same
 wife again.

A I R

A I R VIII. Whilst I gaz'd on Cloe trembling,

NOVEL. May all maids from me take warning,

How a lover's arms they fly :
Left the first kind offer scorning,
They, without a second, die.

How unhappy is my passion !
How tormenting is my pain !
If you thwart my inclination,
Let me die for love again.

CURRY. Again! What, did you die for love of your husband?

NOVEL. He knows he ought to have been so.—
He swore he would be so.—Yes, he knows I dy'd
for love; for I dy'd in childbed.

ORAT. Why, Madam, did you not tell me all the road hither, that you was a virgin?

A I R IX. Highland Laddy.

OPER. I was told, in my life,
Death for ever,
Did dissever,
Men from ev'ry mortal strife,
And that greatest plague, a wife.
For had the priests possess'd men,
That to Tartarus
Wives came after us.
Their devil would be a jest then,
And our devil a wife.

NONS. Avaunt, polluted wretch! begone;
Think not I'll take pollution to my arms,
No, no,——no, no,——no, no, no.

OPER. Well, since I can't have a goddess, I'll e'en
prove a man of honour.—I was always in love with
thee, my angel; but ambition is a dreadful thing.
However my ghost shall pay the debts of my body.

NOVEL. Now I am happy, verily.

OPER. My long lost dear!

NOVEL. My new-found bud!

A I R

A I R X. *Dufty Miller.*

OPER. Will my charming creature
Once again receive me?
Tho' I prov'd a traitor,
Will she still believe me?

I will well repay thee,
For past faults of roving,
Nor shall any day be
Without proofs of loving.

On that tender lily breast
Whilst I lie panting,
Both together blest,
Both with transports fainting.

BOTH. Sure no human hearts
Were ever so delighted!
Death, which others parts,
Hath our souls united.

A I R XI. *Over the Hills and far away.*

OPER. Were I laid on Scotland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my dear,
Let scrubbado do its most,
I wou'd know no grief or fear.

Nov. Were we cast on Ireland's foil,
There confin'd in bogs to dwell,
For thee potatoes I wou'd boil,
No Irish spouse should feast so well.

OPER. And tho' we scrubb'd it all the day,

Nov. We'd kifs and hug the night away;

OPER. Scotch and Irish both should say,

BOTH. Oh, how blest! how blest are they!

ORAT. Since my Goddess is disengaged from one
lover, may the humblest, yet not the least diligent of
her servants, hope she wou'd smile on him.

LUCK. Master Orator, you had best try to charm
the Goddess with an oration.

ORAT.

ORAT. The history of a fiddle and a fiddlestick is going to be held forth ; being particularly desired in a letter from a certain querist on that point.

A fiddle is a statesman : Why ? Because it's hollow. A fiddlestick is a drunkard : Why ? Because it loves ros'ning.

LUCK. Gentlemen, observe how he balances his hands ; his left hand is the fiddle, and his right hand is the fiddlestick.

ORAT. A fiddle is like a bear's nose, because the bridge is often down ; a fiddlestick is like a mountebank, because it plays upon a crowd.—A fiddle is like a stockjobber's tongue, because it sounds different notes ; and a fiddlestick is like a stockjobbers wig, because it has a great deal of horsehair in it.

LUCK. And your oration is like yourself, because it has a great deal of nonsense in it.

NONS. In vain you try to charm my ears, unless by musick.

ORAT. Have at you then.

MAST. Gentlemen, observe how the Doctor sings in his tub. Here are no wires ; all alive, alive, ho !

ORAT. Chimes of the times, to the tune of Moll Pately.

A I R XII. Moll Pately.

All men are birds by nature, fir.

Tho' they have not wings to fly ;

On earth a soldier's a creature, fir,

Much resembling a kite in the sky ;

The physician is a fowl, fir,

Whom most men call an owl, fir,

Who by his hooting,

Hooting, hooting,

Hooting, hooting,

Hooting, hooting.

Tells us that death is nigh.

The usurer is a swallow, fir,

That can swallow gold by the jorum ;

A woodcock is 'Squire Shallow, fir ;

And a goose is oft of the quorum ;

The gamester is a rook, fir;
 The lawyer, with his Coke, fir,
 Is but a raven,
 Croaking, croaking,
 Croaking, croaking,
 Croaking, croaking,
 After the ready Rhinorum.

Young virgins are scarce as rails, fir;
 Plenty as bats the night-walkers go;
 Soft Italians are nightingales, fir,
 And a cock-sparrow mimicks a beau:
 Like birds men are to be caught, fir;
 Like birds men are to be bought, fir:
 Men of a side,
 Like birds of a feather,
 Will flock together,
 Will flock together,
 Both sexes like birds will—too.

NONS. 'Tis all in vain.

TRAG. Is Nonsense of me then forgetful grown,
 And must the Signior be preferr'd alone?
 Is it for this, for this, ye gods, that I
 Have in one scene made some folks laugh, some cry?
 For this does my low bluff'ring language creep,
 At once to wake you, and to make you sleep?

FAR. And so all my puns, and quibbles, and con-
 numdrums, are quite forgotten, flap my vitals!

ORAT. More chimes of the times, to the tune of
 Rogues, rogues, rogues.

A I R XIII. There was a jovial beggar.

The stone that all things turns at will
 To gold, the chymist craves;
 But gold, without the chymist's skill,
 Turns all men into knaves.

For a cheating they will go, &c.
 The merchant wou'd the courtier cheat,
 When on his goods he lays
 Too high a price—but faith he's bit,
 For a courtier never pays.

For a cheating, &c.
 The

The lawyer, with a face demure,
Hangs him who steals your pelf;
Because the good man can endure
No robber but himself.

For a cheating they will go, &c.

Betwixt the quack and highwayman
What difference can there be?
Tho' this with pistol, that with pen,
Both kill you for a fee.

For a cheating, &c.

The husband cheats his loving wife,
And to a mistress goes;
Whilst she at home, to ease her life,
Carouses with the beaux.

For a cheating, &c.

That some directors cheats were,
Some have made bold to doubt;
Did not the supercargo's care
Prevent their finding out.

For a cheating, &c.

The tenant doth the steward nick,
(So low this art we find)
The steward doth his lordship trick,
My lord tricks all mankind.

For a cheating, &c.

One sect there are to whose fair lot
No cheating arts do fall,
And those are parsons call'd, God wot;
And so I cheat you all.

For a cheating, &c.

Enter CHARON.

CHAR. An't please your majesty, there is an odd sort of a man on t'other side the water says he's recommended to you by some people of quality. — Egad, I don't care to take him aboard, not I. — He says his name is Hurloborumbo — rumbo — Hurloborumbolo, I think he calls himself; he looks like one of Apollo's people, in my opinion; he seems to be mad enough to be a real poet.

NONS. Take him aboard.

CHAR.

CHAR. I had forgot to tell your ladyship, I hear rare news; they say you are to be declared Goddesses of Wit.

CURRY. That's no news, Mr. Charon.

CHAR. Well, I'll take Hurloborumbo aboard.

[Exit Charon.

ORAT. I must win the goddesses before he arrives, or else I shall lose her for ever.—A rap at the times.

A I R XIV. When I was a dame of honour.

Come all who've heard my cushion beat,
 Confess me as full of dulness
 As any egg is full of meat,
 Or full moon is of fulness:
 Let the justice and his clerk both own,
 Than theirs my dulness greater;
 And tell how I've harangu'd the town,
 When I was a bold orator.

The lawyer wrangling at the bar,
 While the reverend bench is dozing,
 The scribbler in a pamphlet war,
 Or Grubstreet bard composing:
 The trudging quack in scarlet cloke,
 Or coffee-house politick prater;
 Can none come up to what I have spoke,
 When I was a bold orator.

The well-bred courtier telling lies,
 Or Levée hunter believing:
 The vain coquette that rolls her eyes,
 More empty fops deceiving;
 The parson of dissenting gang,
 Or flattering dedicator,
 Could none of them like me harangue,
 When I was a bold orator.

Enter PUNCH.

PUNCH. You, you, you.

LUCK. What's the matter, Punch.

PUNCH. Who is that?

LUCK. That's an orator, master Punch.

PUNCH.

PUNCH. An orator—What's that?

LUCK. Why an orator is—egad, I can't tell what;
—he is a man that nobody dares dispute with.

PUNCH. Say you so; I'll be with him presently.
Bring out my tub there. I'll dispute with you, I'll
warrant. I am a Muggletonian.

ORAT. I am not.

PUNCH. Then you are not of my opinion.

ORAT. Sirrah, I know that you and your whole
tribe would be the death of me; but I am resolv'd
to proceed to confute you as I have done hitherto,
and as long as I have breath you shall hear me; and
I hope I have breath enough to blow you all out of
the world.

PUNCH. If noise will.

ORAT. Sir, I——

PUNCH. Hear me, Sir.

NONS. Hear him; hear him; hear him.

A I R XV. Hey Barnaby, take it for warning.

PUNCH. No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken;
Punch will not be thus confuted,
Bring forth your reasons, or you are non-
suted,

Heigh ho.

No tricks shall save your bacon.
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken.

ORAT. Instead of reasons advancing,
Let the dispute be concluded by dancing.

Ti, to.

[*They dance.*]

NONS. 'Tis all in vain: a virgin I will live; and
oh, great Signior, pr'ythee take this chaplet, and still
wear it for my sake.

LUCK. Gentlemen, observe how Signior Opera is
created arch-poet to the goddess of Nonsense.

TRAG. And does great Nonsense then at length
determine

To give the chaplet to that singing vermin?

NONS. I do.

TRAG.

TRAG. Then Opera come on, and let us try,
Whether shall wear the chaplet, you or I.

A I R XVI. Be kind and love.

Nov. Oh, spare to take his precious life away;
So sweet a voice must sure your passion lay:
Oh hear his gentle murmurs first, and then,
If you can kill him, I will cry Amen.

TRAG. Since but a song you ask, a song I'll hear;
But tell him, that last song is his last prayer.

A I R XVII.

OP. Barbarous cruel man,
I'll sing thus while I'm dying, I'm dying like a swan,
A swan,
A swan,
With my face all pale and wan.
More fierce art thou than pirates,
Than pirates,
Whom the Sirens musick charms,
Alarms,
Disarms;
More fierce than men on the high roads,
On the high—roads,
On the high—roads.
More fierce than men on the high roads,
When Polly Peachum warms.
The devil
Was made civil,
By Orpheus's tuneful charms;
And can-----
-----n,
He gentler prove than man?

TRAG. I cannot do it—— [Sheaths his sword.
Methinks I feel my flesh congeal'd to bone,
And know not if I'm flesh and blood, or stone.

PANT. [Runs several times round the stage.]

NONS. Alas, what means monsieur Pantomime?

CURRY. By his pointing to his head, I suppose he
would have the chaplet.

NONS.

NONS. Pretty youth!

NOV. Oh, my dear, how shall I express the trouble of my soul?

OP. If there be sympathy in love, I'm sure I felt it; for I was in a damnable fright too.

NOV. Give me a buss then.

A I R. XVIII. Under the Greenwood Tree.

In vain a thousand heroes and kings
Should court me to their arms,
In vain should give me a thousand fine things,
For thee I'd reserve my charms:
On that dear breast, intranc'd in joy,
Oh, let me ever be.

OP. Oh, how I will kiss thee,
How I'll embliss thee,
When thou art a-bed with me.

NONS. [*repeats*] Oh, how I will kiss thee, &c.

Alas! what mighty noise?

LUCK. Gentlemen, the next is a messenger.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESS. Stay, goddess, nor with haste the prize bequeath,
A mighty spright now hastens here beneath;
Long in the world your noble cause he fought,
Your laureat there, your precepts still he taught.
To his great son he leaves that laurel now,
And hastens to receive one here below.

NONS. I can't revoke my grant, but he
Shall manager of our players be.

LUCK. The next is Count Ugly, from the opera-house in the Hay-market.

Enter COUNT UGLY.

NONS. Too late, O mighty count, you came.

COUNT. I ask not for myself, for I disdain
O'er the poor ragged tribe of bards to reign.
Me did my stars to happier fates prefer,
Sur-intendant dez plaisirs d'Angleterre;

If

If masquerades you have, let those be mine,
But on the Signior let the laurel shine.

TRAG. What is thy plea? Has't written?

COUNT. No, nor read.

But if from dulness any may succeed,
To that and nonsense I good title plead,
Nought else was ever in my masquerade.

NONS. No more, by Styx I swear
That Opera the crown shall wear.

A I R.

NOV. Away each meek pretender flies,
Opera thou hast gain'd the prize.
Nonsense grateful still must own,
Thou best support'st her throne.
For her subscriptions thou dost gain
By thy soft alluring strain,
When Shakespear's thought
And Congreve's brought
Their aids to sense in vain.

Beauties who subdue mankind,
Thy soft chains alone can bind;
See within their lovely eyes
The melting wish arise:
While thy sounds inchant the ear,
Lovers think the nymph sincere;
And projectors
And directors,
Lose a while their fear.

Enter CHARON.

LUCK. How now, Charon? you are not to enter yet.

CHAR. To enter, Sir! Alack-a-day! we are all undone: here are Sir John Bindover and a constable coming in.

Enter Sir JOHN, and CONSTABLE.

CONST. Are you the master of the puppet-show?

LUCK. Yes, Sir.

CONST. Then you must along with me, Sir ; I have a warrant for you, Sir.

LUCK. For what ?

SIR JOHN. For abusing Nonsense, firrah.

CONST. People of quality are not to have their diversions libell'd at this rate.

LUCK. Of what do you accuse me, gentlemen ?

SIR JOHN. Shall you abuse Nonsense, when the whole town supports it ?

LUCK. Pox on't, had this fellow staid a few moments longer, till the dance had been over, I had been easy. Harkye, Mr. Constable, shall I only beg your patience for one dance, and then I'll wait on you ?

SIR JOHN. Sirrah, don't try to corrupt the magistrate with your bribes : here shall be no dancing.

NOV. What does this fellow of a constable mean by interrupting our play ?

A I R XX. Fair Dorinda.

Oh Mr. Constable,
 Drunken rascal,
 Would I had thee at the Rose.
 May'st thou be beaten,
 Hang'd up and eaten,
 Eaten by the carrion crows.
 The filth that lies in common shores,
 May it ever lie in thy nose,
 May it ever
 Lie in thy nose,
 Oh may it lie in thy nose.

LUCK. Mollify yourself, Madam.

SIR JOHN. That is really a pretty creature, it were a piece of charity to take her to myself for a handmaid. [*Aside.*

CONST. Very pretty, very pretty truly :—If magistrates are to be abus'd at this rate, the devil may be a constable for me. Harkee, Madam, do you know who we are ?

NOV. A rogue, Sir.

CONST. Madam, I'm a constable by day, and a justice of peace by night.

NOV.

Nov. That is a buzzard by day, and an owl by night.

A I R XXI. New-market.

CONST. Why, Madam, do you give such words as these
 To a constable and a justice of peace?
 I fancy you'll better know how to speak,
 By that time you've been in Bridewell a week;
 Have beaten good hemp, and been
 Whipt at a post;
 I hope you'll repent, when some skin
 You have lost.
 But if this makes you tremble, I'll not be
 severe;
 Come down a good guinea, and you shall be
 clear.

Nov. Oh, Sir John, you, I am sure, are the commander in this enterprize. If you will prevent the rest of our show, let me beg you will permit the dance.

A I R XXII. Charming Betty.

Sweetest hony,
 Good Sir Johny,
 Pr'ythee let us take a dance,
 Leave your canting,
 Zealous ranting,
 Come and shake a merry haunch.
 Motions firing,
 Sounds inspiring,
 We are led to softer joys;
 Where in trances
 Each soul dances,
 Musick then seems only noise.

SIR JOHN. Verily, I am conquer'd. Pity prevail-eth over severity, and the flesh hath subdued the spirit. I feel a motion in me, and whether it be of grace or no I am not certain. Pretty maid, I cannot be deaf any longer to your prayers; I will abide the performing a dance, and will myself, being thereto mov'd by

an inward working, accompany you therein, taking for my partner that reverend gentleman.

MAST. Then strike up.

Enter WITMORE, MONEYWOOD, HAR-
RIOT, BANTOMITE.

WIT. Long live his majesty of Bantam!

MONEY. Heaven preserve him!

BANT. Your gracious father, Sir, greets you well.

LUCK. What, in the Devil's name, is the meaning of this?

BANT. I find he is intirely ignorant of his father.

WIT. Ay, Sir, it is very common in this country for a man not to know his father.

LUCK. What do you mean?

BANT. His features are much alter'd.

LUCK. Sir, I shall alter your features, if you proceed.

BANT. Give me leave to explain myself. I was your tutor in your earliest days, sent by your father, his present majesty Francis IV. king of Bantam, to shew you the world. We arrived at London; when one day, among other frolicks, our ship's crew shooting the bridge, the boat overset, and of all our company, I and your royal self were only saved by swimming to Billingsgate: but tho' I saved my life, I lost for some time my senses, and you, as I then fear'd, for ever. When I recover'd, after a long fruitless search for my royal master, I set sail for Bantam, but was driven by the winds on far distant coasts, and wander'd several years, till at last I arriv'd once more at Bantam.—Guess how I was receiv'd—The king order'd me to be imprison'd for life. At last some lucky chance brought thither a merchant, who offer'd this jewel as a present to the king of Bantam.

LUCK. Ha! it is the same which was tied upon my arm, which by good luck I preserv'd from every other accident, till want of money forced me to pawn it.

BANT. The merchant being strictly examined, said he had it of a pawnbroker; upon which I was immediately

mediately dispatch'd to England, and the merchant kept close prisoner till my return, then to be punish'd with death, or rewarded with the government of an island.

LUCK. Know then, that at that time when you lost your senses, I also lost mine. I was taken up half-dead by a waterman, and convey'd to his wife; who sold oysters, by whose assistance I recover'd. But the waters of the Thames, like those of Lethe, had caus'd an intire oblivion of my former fortune.—But now it breaks in like light upon me, and I begin to recollect it all. Is not your name Gonfalvo?

BANT. It is.

LUCK. Oh, my Gonfalvo!

BANT. Oh, my dearest lord!

[Embrace.]

LUCK. But say, by what lucky accident you discover'd me.

BANT. I did intend to have advertis'd you in the Evening-Post, with a reward; but being directed by the merchant to the pawnbroker, I was accidentally there enquiring after you, when your boy brought your nab. (Oh, sad remembrance, that the son of a king should pawn a hat!) The woman told me, that was the boy that pawn'd the jewel, and of him I learnt where you lodg'd.

LUCK. Prodigious fortune! [*A wind-born without.*]

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. An express is arriv'd from Bantam with the news of his majesty's death.

BANT. Then, Sir, you are king. Long live Henry I. king of Bantam.

OMNES. Long live Henry I. king of Bantam.

LUCK. Witmore, I now may repay your generosity.

WIT. Fortune has repaid me, I am sure, more than she ow'd, by conferring this blessing on you.

LUCK. My friend.—But here I am indebted to the golden goddess, for having given me an opportunity to aggrandise the mistress of my soul, and set her on the throne of Bantam. Come, Madam, now you may lay aside your mask: so once repeat your

acclamations; Long live Henry and Harriot, king and queen of Bantam.

OMNES. Huzza!

AIR XXIII. Gently touch the warbling lyre.

HARR. Let others fondly court a throne,
All my joy's in you alone;
Let me find a crown in you,
Let me find a sceptre too,
Equal in the court or grove,
I am blest, do you but love.

LUCK. Were I not with you to live,
Bantam would no pleasure give,
Happier in some forest I
Could upon that bosom lie.
I would guard you from all harms,
While you slept within my arms.

HARR. Would an Alexander rise,
Him I'd view with scornful eyes.

LUCK. Would Helen with thy charms compare,
Her I'd think not half so fair:
Dearest shalt thou ever be.

HARR. Thou alone shalt reign in me.

CONST. I hope your majesty will pardon a poor ignorant constable: I did not know your worship, I assure you.

LUCK. Pardon you—Ay, more—You shall be chief constable of Bantam—You, Sir John, shall be chief justice of peace; you, Sir, my orator; you my poet-laureat; you my bookseller; you, Don Iragedio, Sir Farcical, Signior Opera, and Count Ugly, shall entertain the city of Bantam with your performances; Mrs. Novel, you shall be a romance-writer; and to shew my generosity, Monsieur Marplay, you shall superintend my theatres.—All proper servants for the king of Bantam.

MONEY. I always thought he had something more than ordinary in him.

LUCK.

LUCK. This gentlewoman is the queen's mother.

MONEY. For want of a better, gentlemen.

A I R XXIV. Oh ponder well.

MONEY. Alack how alter'd is my fate!

What changes have I seen!
For I, who lodgings let of late,
Am now again a queen.

PUNCH. And I, who in this puppet-show
Have played Punchenello,
Will now let all the audience know
I am no common fellow.

PUNCH. If his majesty of Bantam will give me leave, I can make a discovery which will be to his satisfaction. You have chose for a wife Henrietta, princess of Old Brentford.

OMNES. How!

PUNCH. When the king of Old Brentford was expell'd by the king of the New, the queen flew away with her little daughter, then about two years old, and was never heard of since. But I sufficiently recollect the phiz of my mother; and thus I ask her blessing.

MONEY. Oh, my son!

HARR. Oh, my brother!

PUNCH. Oh, my sifter!

MONEY. I am sorry, in this pickle, to remember who I am. But alas! too true is all you've said. Tho' I have been reduced to let lodgings, I was the queen of Brentford; and this, tho' a player, is a king's son.

Enter JOAN.

JOAN. Then I am a king's daughter, for this gentleman is my husband.

MONEY. My daughter!

HARR. } My sifter!

LUCK. }

PUNCH. My wife!

LUCK. Strike up kettle-drums and trumpets.—
Punch, I will restore you into your kingdom at the
expence of my own. I will send an exprefs to Ban-
tam for my army.

PUNCH. Brother, I thank you.—And now,
if you please, we will celebrate these happy discoveries
with a dance.

A D A N C E.

LUCK. Taught by my fate, let never bard despair,
Tho' long he drudge, and feed on Grub-
street air :
Since him (at last) 'tis possible to see
As happy and as great a king as me.

EPILOGUE.

1 POET,	Mr. JONES.
2 POET,	Mr. DOVE.
3 POET,	Mr. MARSHAL.
4 POET,	Mr. WELLS jun.
PLAYER,	Miss PALMS.
CAT,	Mrs. MARTIN.

Four POETS sitting at a Table.

- 1 Po. *B*Rethren, we are assembled here to write
An Epilogue, which must be spoke to-night.
- 2 Po. *L*et the first lines be to the Pit address'd.
- 3 Po. *I*f criticks too were mention'd, it were best;
*W*ith fulsome flattery let them be cramm'd,
*B*ut if they damn the play——
- 1 Po. ————— *L*et them be damn'd.
- 2 Po. *S*upposing, therefore, brother, we shou'd lay
*S*ome very great encomiums on the play?
- 3 Po. *I*t cannot be amiss——
- 1 Po. ————— *N*ow mount the boxes,
*A*buse the beaus, and compliment the doxies.
- 4 Po. *A*buse the beaus! ————— *B*ut how?
- 1 Po. ————— *O*h! never mind. }
*I*n ev'ry modern Epilogue you'll find }
*E*nough, which we may borrow of that kind. }
- 3 Po. *W*hat will the name of imitation soften?
- 1 Po. *O*h! Sir, you cannot say good things too often;
*A*nd sure those thoughts which in another shine,
*B*ecome not duller, by becoming mine.
- 3 Po. *I*'m satisfy'd.
- 1 Po. ————— *T*he audience is already
*D*ivided into critick, beau, and lady;
*N*or box, nor pit, nor gallery, can show
*O*ne, who's not lady, critick, or a beau.
- 3 Po. *I*t must be very difficult to please
*F*ancies so odd, so opposite as these.

- 1 Po. *The task is not so difficult, as put ;
There's one thing pleases all.*
- 2 Po. — *What is that ?*
- 1 Po. ————— *Smut.*
*For as a whore is lik'd, for being tawdry,
So is an Epilogue for —————*
- 3 Po. [in a passion] ————— *I order you,
On pain of my departure, not to chatter,
One word so very sav'ry of the creature ;
For, by my pen, might I Parnassus share,
I'd not, to gain it all, offend the fair.*
- 1 Po. *You are too nice ——— for say whate'er we can,
Their modesty is safe behind a fan.*
- 4 Po. *Well, let us now begin.*
- 3 Po. ————— *But we omit
An Epilogue's chief decoration, wit.*
- 1 Po. *It hath been so ; but that stale custom's broken ;
Tho' dull to read, 'twill please you when 'tis
spoken.*

Enter the AUTHOR.

- AUTH. *Fy, gentlemen, the audience now hath staid
This half hour for the Epilogue ———*
- ALL PO. ————— *'Tis not made.*
- AUTH. *How ! then I value not your aid of that,
I'll have the Epilogue spoken by a Cat.
Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss, puss, puss.*

Enter CAT.

- 1 Po. ————— *I'm in a rage !
When Cats come on, Poets should leave the
stage. [Exeunt Poets.*
- CAT. *Mew, mew.*
- AUTH. ————— *Poor puss, come hither, pretty rogue, }
Who knows but you may come to be in vogue ? }
Some ladies like a cat, and some a dog. }*

Enter a PLAYER.

- PLAY. *Cass ! cass ! cass ! cass ! Fy, Mr. Luckless,
what
Can you be doing with that filthy Cat ?
[Exit Cat.*

AUTH. *Oh! curst misfortune—what can I be doing?
This devil's coming in has prov'd my ruin.
She's driv'n the Cat and Epilogue away.*

PLAY. *Sure you are mad, and know not what you say.*

AUTH. *Mad you may call me, Madam; but you'll
own,*

I hope, I am not madder than the town.

PLAY. *A Cat to speak an Epilogue —*

AUTH. ~~—————~~ *Speak! — no,*

Only to act the Epilogue in dumb-show. }

PLAY. *Dumb-show!*

AUTH. ~~—————~~ *Why, pray, is that so strange in comedy?*

And have you not seen Perseus and Andromeda?

Where you may find strange incidents intended,

And regular intrigues begun and ended,

Tho' not a word doth from an actor fall; }

As 'tis polite to speak in murmurs small, }

Sure, 'tis politer not to speak at all.

PLAY. *But who is this?*

Enter CAT as a Woman.

AUTH. ~~—————~~ *I know her not—*

CAT. ~~—————~~ *I that*

Am now a Woman, lately was a Cat.

[Turns to the Audience.]

Gallants, you seem to think this transformation:

As strange as was the rabbit's procreation;

That 'tis as odd a Cat shou'd take the habit

Of breeding us, as we shou'd breed a rabbit.

I'll warrant eating one of them wou'd be

As easy to a beau, as—kissing me.

I wou'd not for the world that thing shou'd

catch us,

Cries scar'd Sir Plume—Fore gad, my lord,

she'd scratch us.

Yet let not that deter you from your sport,

You'll find my nails are pair'd exceeding short.

But—Ha!—what murmurs thro' the benches

roam!

The husbands cry—We've cat enough at home.

This transformation can be strange to no man,

There's a great likeness' twixt a cat and Woman.

E P I L O G U E.

*Chang'd by her lover's earnest prayers,
we're told,*

*A Cat was, to a beauteous maid of old.
Cou'd modern husbands thus the gods prevail on.
Oh Gemini! what wife wou'd have no tail on,
Puffs wou'd be seen where madam lately sat,
And ev'ry Lady Townley be a Cat.*

*Say, all of you, whose honey-moon is over,
What wou'd you give such changes to discover;
And waking in the morn, instead of bride,
To find poor pussy purring by your side.*

*Say, gentle husbands, which of you wou'd curse,
And cry, My wife is alter'd for the worse?*

*Shou'd to our sex the gods like justice show,
And at our pray'rs transform our husbands too,
Many a lord, who now his fellow scorns,
Wou'd then exceed a Cat by nothing—but
his horns.*

*So plenty then wou'd be those foes to rats,
Henley might prove that all mankind are Cats.*

THE
LOTTERY.
A FARCE.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1731.

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER, Junr.

*AS Tragedy prescribes to passion rules,
So Comedy delights to punish fools ;
And while at nobler games she boldly flies,
Farce challenges the vulgar as her prize.
Some follies scarce perceptible appear
In that just glass, which shews you as you are:
But Farce still claims a magnifying right,
To raise the object larger to the sight,
And shew her insect fools in stronger light.
Implicit faith is to her poets due,
And all her laughing legends still are true.
Thus when some conjurer does wives translate,
What dull, affected critick damns the cheat ?
Or should we see credulity profound,
Give to ten thousand fools, Ten Thousand Pound ;
Should we behold poor wretches horse away
The labour of a twelvemonth in a day ;
Nay, should our poet, with his muse agog,
Show you an Alley-broker for a rogue,
Tho' 'tis a most impossible suggestion,
Faith ! think it all but Farce, and grant the question.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Mr. STOCKS,	Mr. HARPER.
JACK STOCKS,	Mr. CIBBER, jun.
First BUYER,	Mr. BERRY.
Second BUYER, a	} Mr. MULLART.
Hackney-coachman.	
LOVEMORE,	Mr. STOPPELAER.
WHISK,	Mr. R. WETHERILT.

WOMEN.

CHLOE,	Miss RAFTOR.
Mrs. STOCKS, sister-	} Mrs. WETHERILT.
in-law to Stocks,	
JENNY,	Miss WILLIAMS.
LADY,	Mrs. OATES.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE
L O T T E R Y.

SCENE I.

Mr. STOCKS alone.

AIR I.

A LOTTERY is a taxation
Upon all the fools in creation;
And Heav'n be prais'd,
It is easily rais'd,
Credulity's always in fashion:
For, folly's a fund
Will never lose ground,
While fools are so rife in the nation.
[*Knocking without.*]

Enter 1 BUYER.

1 BUY. Is not this a house where people buy lottery-tickets?

STOCKS. Yes, Sir—I believe I can furnish you with as good tickets as any one.

1 BUY. I suppose, Sir, 'tis all one to you what number a man fixes on.

STOCKS. Any of my numbers.

1 BUY. Because I wou'd be glad to have it, Sir, the number of my own years, or my wife's; or if I cou'd not have either of those, I wou'd be glad to have it the number of my mother's.

STOCKS. Ay, or suppose, now, it was the number of your grandmother's?

1 BUY. No, no! she has no luck in lotteries: she had

had a whole ticket once, and got but fifty pounds by it.

STOCKS. A very unfortunate person, truly. Sir, my clerk will furnish you, if you'll walk that way up to the office. Ha, ha, ha!—There's one 10,000l. got.—What an abundance of imaginary rich men will one month reduce to their former poverty!

[Knocking without.]

Come in.

Enter 2 BUYER.

2 BUY. Does not your worship let horses, Sir?

STOCKS. Ay, friend.

2 BUY. I have got a little money by driving a hackney coach, and I intend to ride it out in the lottery.

STOCKS. You are in the right; it is the way to drive your own coach.

2 BUY. I don't know, Sir, that——but I am willing to be in Fortune's way, as the saying is.

STOCKS. You are a wise man, and it is not impossible but you may be a rich one—'Tis not above——no matter how many to one, but that you are this night worth ten thousand pounds.

A I R II. Free-mason's tune.

Here are the best horses

That ever ran courses,

Here is the best pad for your wife, Sir;

Who rides one a day,

If luck's in his way,

May ride in a coach all his life, Sir.

The sportsman esteems

The horse more than gems,

That leaps o'er a pitiful gate, Sir;

But here is the hack,

If you sit but his back,

Will leap you into an estate, Sir.

2 BUY. How long a man may labour to get that at work, which he can get in a minute at play!

A I R

AIR III. Black Joke.

The foldier in a hard campaign,
 Gets less than the gamester, by throwing a main,
 Or dealing to bubbles, and all, all that:
 The stoutest failor, every one knows,
 Gets less than the courtier, with cringing bows,
 And, Sir, I'm your vassal, and all, all that:
 And town-bred ladies too, they say,
 Get less by virtue than by play:
 And dowdy Joan
 Had ne'er been known,
 Nor coach had been her ladyship's lot,
 But for the black ace, and all, all that.

And belike you, Sir, I wou'd willingly ride upon the number of my coach.

STOCKS. Mr. Trick, let that gentleman have the number of his coach—[*Afide.*] No matter whether we have it or no.—As the gentleman is riding to a castle in the air, an airy horse is the properest to carry him. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday! this is some person of quality, by the impudence of the footman.

Enter LADY.

LADY. Your servant, Mr. Stocks.

STOCKS. I am your ladyship's most obedient servant.

LADY. I am come to buy some tickets, and hire some horses, Mr. Stocks.—I intend to have twenty tickets and ten horses every day.

STOCKS. By which, if your ladyship has any luck, you may very easily get 30 or 40,000 l.

LADY. Please to look at these jewels, Sir—they cost my lord upwards of 6000 l.—I intend to lay out what you will lend upon 'em.

STOCKS. If your ladyship pleases to walk up into the dining-room, I'll wait on you in a moment.

Enter PORTER.

Well, friend, what's your business?

PORTER.

PORTER. Here's a letter for you, an't please you.
STOCKS [*Reading.*]

" Brother STOCKS,

" Here is a young lady come to lodge at my house
" from the country, has desir'd me to find out some
" one who may instruct her how to dispose of 10,000 l.
" to the best advantage.—I believe you will find her
" worth your acquaintance. She seems a mere no-
" vice, and I suppose has just receiv'd her fortune;
" which is all that's needful from

" Your affectionate brother,

" TIM. STOCKS."

Very well.—It requires no other answer than that
I will come. [*Knocking hard without.*

Heyday! more people of quality— [*Opens the door.*

Enter JACK STOCKS.

Ha!

J. STOCKS. Your servant, brother.

STOCKS. Your servant, brother.—Why, I have not
seen you this age.

J. STOCKS. I have been a man of great business
lately.

STOCKS. I hope your business has turn'd to a good
account.—I hope you have clear'd handsomely.

J. STOCKS. Ay, it has turn'd to a very good ac-
count.—I have clear'd my pockets, faith!—

STOCKS. I am sorry for that—but I hope you
will excuse me at present, dear brother.—Here is
a lady of quality stays for me; but as soon as this
hurry of business is over, I shou'd be very glad
to—drink a dish with you at any coffee-house you
will appoint.

J. STOCKS. Oh! I shall not detain you long; and
so, to cut the affair as short as possible, I desire you
wou'd lend me a brace of hundreds.

STOCKS. Brother!

J. STOCKS. A brace of hundreds! Two hundred
pounds in your own language.

STOCKS. Dear Jack, you know I wou'd as soon
lend

lend you two hundred pounds as one; but I am at present so out of cash, that—

J. STOCKS. Come, come, brother, no equivocation: two hundred pounds I must have, and will.

STOCKS. Must have, and will!—Ay, and shall have too, if you can get 'em.

J. STOCKS. 'Sdeath, you fat rascal! what title had you to come into the world before me?

STOCKS. You need not mention that, brother; you know my riches, if I have any, are owing to my industry; as your poverty is to your laziness and extravagance—and I have rais'd myself by the Multiplication-table, as you have undone yourself at the Hazard-table.

J. STOCKS. That is as much as to say, I have undone myself like a gentleman, and you have rais'd yourself like a pickpocket—Sirrah, you are a scandal to the family; you are the first tradesman that has been in it.

STOCKS. Ay, and the first that has been worth a groat in it. And tho' you don't deserve it, I have thought of a method to put you in a way to make you the second. There, read that letter. [J. Stocks reads it to himself.] Well, Sir, what say you to 10,000l. and a wife?

J. STOCKS. Say! that I only want to know how to get them.

STOCKS. Nothing so easy.—As she is certainly very silly, you may depend upon it, she will be very fond of a lac'd coat and a lord.—Now, I will make over both those to you in an instant.—My Lord Lace hath pawn'd his last suit of birth-night clothes to me; and as I intend to break before he can redeem 'em—the clothes and the title are both at your service.—So, if your lordship pleases to walk in, I will but just dispatch my lady, and be with you.

J. STOCKS. If I can but nick this time, ame's-ace I defy thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter LOVEMORE.

What a chace has this girl led me? However I have track'd her all the way, till within a few miles of this town.—If I start her again, let her look to't.—I am mistaken, or she began to find her passion growing too violent, before she attempted this flight—and when once a woman is fairly wounded, let her fly where she will, the arrow still sticks in her side.

A I R IV. Cloe is false, but still she is charming.

Women in vain love's powerful torrent,
With unequal strength oppose;
Reason, a while, may stem the strong current,
Love still at last her soul o'erflows.

Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride disarms her;
Down, down she goes.

Enter WHISK.

So, Whisk, have you heard any news?

WHISK. News, Sir! ay, I have heard news, and such as will surprize you.

LOVE. What! no rival, I hope.

WHISK. You will have rivals enough now, I suppose.—Why, your mistress is got into fine lodgings in Pall-Mall.—I found her out by meeting that baggage her maid, in the street, who wou'd scarce speak to me. I follow'd her to the door; where, in a very few minutes, came out such a procession of milliners, mantua-makers, dancing-masters, fiddlers, and the devil knows what; as I once remember at the equipping a parliament-man's country lady, to pay her first visit.

LOVE. Ha! by all that's infamous, she is in keeping already; some bawd has made prize of her as she alighted from the stage-coach.—While she has been

been flying from my arms, she has fallen into the colonel's.

AIR V.

How hapless is the virgin's fate,
Whom all mankind's pursuing;
For while she flies this treach'rous bait,
From that, she meets her ruin.
So the poor hare, when out of breath,
From hound to man is prest,
Then she encounters certain death,
And 'scapes the gentler beast. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHLOE and JENNY.

CHLOE. Oh Jenny! mention not the country, I faint at the sound of it—there is more pleasure in the rattling of one hackney-coach, than in all the musick that romances tell us of singing birds and falling waters.

AIR VI.

Farewel, ye hills and valleys;
Farewel, ye verdant shades;
I'll make more pleasant fallies,
To plays and masquerades.
With joy, for town I barter
Those banks where flowers grow;
What are roses to a garter?
What lilies to a beau?

JENNY. Ay, Madam—wou'd the 10,000l. prize were once come up.

CHLOE. Oh Jenny! be under no apprehension. It is not only from what the fortune-teller told me, but I saw it in a coffee-dish, and I have dreamt of it every night these three weeks—Indeed, I am so sure of it, that I think of nothing but how I shall lay it out.

JENNY. Oh, Madam! there is nothing so easy in nature, in this town, as laying it out.

CHLOE. First of all, Jenny, I will buy one of the best

best houses in town, and furnish it.—Then I intend to set up my coach and six, and have six fine tall footmen.—Then I will buy me as many jewels as I can wear.—All sorts of fine clothes I'll have too.—These I intend to purchase immediately; and then for the rest, I shall make a shift, you know, to spend it in housekeeping, cards, plays, and masquerades, and other diversions.

JENNY. It is possible you may.—She has laid out twenty thousand of her ten, already.

CHLOE. Well, I shall be a happy creature.—I long to begin, methinks.

A I R VII. In Perseus and Andromeda.

Oh what pleasures will abound,
When I've got ten thousand pound!
Oh how courted I shall be!
Oh what lords will kneel to me!
Who'll dispute my
Wit and beauty,
When my golden charms are found?
O what flattery,
In the lottery,
When I've got ten thousand pound!

A'nt I strangely alter'd in one week, Jenny? Don't I begin to look as if I was born and bred in London, already? Eh! does not the nasty red colour go down out of my face? Han't I a good deal of pale quality in me?

JENNY. Oh, Madam, you come on gloriously.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Madam! here's one Mr. Spadille at the door.

CHLOE. Mr. Spadille! Who is that?

JENNY. It is your ladyship's Quadrille master, Madam.

CHLOE. Bid him come another time.—I an't in a humour to learn any thing more this morning.—I'll take two lessons to-morrow tho'—for they tell me one is not qualify'd for any company, till one can play at Quadrille.

SERV. Mr. Stocks the broker too, Madam, is below.

CHLOE. Oh! that's the gentleman who is to dispose of my ten thousand pound for me——desire him to walk up. Is it not pretty now to have so many visitants? Is not this better than staying at home for whole weeks, and seeing none but the curate and his wife, or the squire?

JENNY. It may be better for you than seeing the squire; for, if I mistake not, had you stay'd many weeks longer, he had been a dangerous visitant.

CHLOE. I am afraid so to——for I began to be in love with him, and when once a woman's in love, Jenny——

JENNY. Lud have mercy upon her!

A I R VIII.

CHLOE. When love is lodg'd within the heart,
 Poor virtue to the outworks flies;
 The tongue, in thunder, takes her part,
 She darts in lightning from the eyes.
 From lips and eyes with gifted grace,
 In vain we keep out charming sin;
 For love will find some weaker place
 To let the dear invader in.

Enter STOCKS.

STOCKS. I had the honour of receiving your commands, Madam.

CHLOE. Sir, your humble servant.—Your name is Mr. Stocks, I suppose.

STOCKS. So I am call'd in the Alley, Madam; a name, tho' I say it, which wou'd be as well receiv'd at the bottom of a piece of paper, as any He's in the kingdom. But if I mistake not, Madam, you wou'd be instructed how to dispose of 10,000l.

CHLOE. I wou'd so, Sir.

STOCKS. Why, Madam, you know at present, publick interest is very low, and private securities very difficult to get——and I am sorry to say it, I am afraid there are some in the Alley who are not the honestest men in the kingdom. In short, there is one

way to dispose of money with safety and advantage, and that is—to put it into the charitable corporation.

CHLOE. The charitable corporation! pray, what is that?

STOCKS. That is, Madam, a method invented, by some very wise men, by which the rich may be charitable to the poor, and be money in pocket by it.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Madam, here is one my lord Lace desires to know if you are at home.

CHLOE. Lord Lace! Oh Gemini! who's that?

STOCKS. He is a man of the first quality, and one of the best estates in the kingdom; why, he's as rich as a Supercargo.

Enter JACK STOCKS, as lord Lace.

J. STOCKS. Bid the chair return again an hour hence, and give orders that the chariot be not us'd this evening.—Madam, I am your most obedient humble servant.—Ha! Egad, Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons, I expected to have met another lady.

STOCKS. I suppose your lordship means the countess of—

J. STOCKS. Ay, the countess of Seven Dials.

STOCKS. She left these lodgings this day-se'night, my lord, which was the day this lady came into 'em.

J. STOCKS. I shall never forgive myself being guilty of so great an error; and unless the breath of my submission can blow up the redundancy of your goodness, till it raise the wind of compassion, I shall never be able to get into the harbour of quiet.

STOCKS. Well said, faith—the boy has got something by following plays, I see. *[Aside.]*

CHLOE. Is this one of your proud lords? Why, he is ten times more humble than the parson of our parish.

J. STOCKS. Ha! and are you then resolv'd not to pardon me! Oh! it is now too late; you may pronounce my pardon with your tongue, when you have executed me with your eyes.

AIR IX.

CHLOE. Alas! my lord, you're too severe,
 Upon so slight a thing;
 And since I dare not speak for fear,
 Oh give me leave to sing.
 A rural maid you find in me,
 That fate I've oft deplor'd;
 Yet think not I can angry be,
 With such a noble lord.

J. STOCKS. Oh ravishing! exquisite! ecstasy! joy!
 transport! misery! flames! ice! How shall I thank
 this goodness that undoes me!

CHLOE. Undoes you, my lord!

J. STOCKS. Oh Madam! there is a hidden poison
 in those eyes, for which nature has no antidote.

JENNY. My lord has the same designs as the squire,
 I fear; he makes love too violent for it to be ho-
 nourable. *[Aside.]*

CHLOE. Alas, my lord! I am young and ignorant
 —tho' you shall find I have sense enough to make
 a good market. *[Aside.]*

J. STOCKS. Oh Madam! you wrong your own
 charms.—Mr. Stocks, do you send this lady the dia-
 mond ring you have of mine to set.—Shall I beg
 you wou'd honour it with wearing? It is a trifle, not
 worth above 3000l.—You shall have it again the
 day after we are marry'd, upon honour.

[Aside to Stocks.]
 STOCKS. It shall be sent to your lordship's order
 in three days time—which will be after you are
 marry'd, if you are marry'd at all. *[Aside to him.]*

CHLOE. Indeed, my lord, I know not what to say.

J. STOCKS. Nor I neither, rat me! *[Aside.]* Say
 but you will be mine.

CHLOE. You are too hasty, Sir. Do you think I
 can give my consent at first sight?

J. STOCKS. Oh! it is the town way of wooing;
 people of fashion never see one another above twice
 before marriage——

STOCKS. Which may be the reason why some of 'em scarce see one another above twice after they are marry'd.

J. STOCKS, I wou'd not presume to ask such a thing, if I were not pressed by necessity. For if I am not marry'd in a day or two, I shall be obliged to marry another whom I have promis'd already.

CHLOE. Nay, if you have been once false, you will always be so.

A I R. X.

I've often heard
 Two things averr'd
 By my dear grandmamma,
 To be as sure,
 As light is pure,
 As knavery in law.
 The man who'll prove
 Once false to love,
 Will still make truth his scoff;
 And women that
 Has—you know what,
 Will never leave it off.

STOCKS. I see, Madam, this is a very improper time for business, so I'll wait on your ladyship in the afternoon.

J. STOCKS. Let me beg leave, Madam, to give you a little advice. I know something of this town.—Have nothing to do with that fellow, he is one of the greatest rogues that ever was hang'd.

CHLOE. I thought, my lord, you had spoke just now as if you had employ'd him too.

J. STOCKS. Yes, Madam, yes,—the fellow has some 40 or 50,000*l.* of mine in his hands, which if ever I get out, I give you my honour, if I can help it, I'll never see his face again. But as for your money, don't trouble yourself about it, leave the disposal of that to me.—I'll warrant I find ways to lay it out.

Enter

Enter LOVEMORE.

LOVEM. My Chloe! Ha! can you turn thus disdainful from me?

CHLOE. Sir, I know you not.

LOVEM. Not know me! And is this the fellow for whom I am unknown? this powderpuff.—Have you surrender'd to him in one week, what I have been ages in soliciting.

J. STOCKS. Harkye, Sir,—whoever you are, I wou'd not have you think, because I am a beau, and a lord, that I won't fight.

LOVEM. A lord! Oh! there it is! the charms are in the title.—What else can you see in this walking perfume-shop, that can charm you? Is this the virtue, and the virtue, that you have been thund'ring in my ears? Sdeath! I am distracted! that ever a woman shou'd be proof against the arts of mankind, and fall a sacrifice to a monkey.

A I R XI. Son Confuso.

Some confounded planet reigning,
Must have mov'd you to these airs;
Or could your inclination.

Stoop so low,

From my passion,

To a beau?

Blood and thunder!

Wounds and wonder!

Can you under-rate me so?

But since I, to each pretender

My pretensions must surrender,

Farewel all your frowns and scorns;

Rot me, Madam, I

Wish my rival joy!

Much joy! much joy of his horns.

Zounds! and furies! can I bear it?

Can I tamely stand the shock?

Sure — ten thousand devils

Cannot prove

Half such evils,

As to love.

Q3

Blood

THE LOTTERY.

Blood and thunder!
Wounds and wonder!
Who'd be under
Woman's love?

A I R XII.

CHLOE. Dear Sir, be not in such a passion,
There's never a maid in the nation,
Who wou'd not forego
A dull squire for a beau;
Love is not your proper vocation.

LOVEM. Dear Madam, be not in such a fury,
For from St. James's to Drury,
No widow you'll find,
No wife of your mind.

CHLOE. Ah hideous! I cannot endure you
Ah! see him—how neat!
Ah! smell him—how sweet!
Ah! hear but his honey words flow;
What maid in her senses,
But must fall into trances,
At the sight of so lovely a beau!

J. STOCKS. Ha, ha, ha! we are very much oblig'd
to you, Madam.—Ha, ha!—squire Noodle, faith you
make a very odd sort of a ridiculous figure, Ha, ha!

CHLOE. Not worth your lordship's notice.

LOVEM. I wou'd advise you, my lord, as you love
the safety of that pretty person of yours, not to let
me find it at my return; for if I come within the
smell of your pulvilio, I will so metamorphose your
beauship

J. STOCKS. Impudent scoundrel!

CHLOE. I am frighten'd out of my wits, for I
know he is very desperate.

J. STOCKS. Oh, Madam! leave me to deal with
him; I'll let a little light thro' his body.

CHLOE. Ah! but my lord! what will be the con-
sequence of that?

J. STOCKS. Nothing at all, Madam—I have
kill'd half a dozen such dirty fellows, and no notice
taken of it.

CHLOE.

CHLOE. For my sake, my lord, have a care of yourself.

AIR XIII.

Ah think, my lord! how I shou'd grieve,
 To see your lordship bang'd;
 But greater still my fears, believe,
 Lest I shou'd see you hang'd.
 Ah! who cou'd see,
 On Tyburn tree,
 You swinging in the air!
 A halter round
 Your white neck bound,
 Instead of folitaire.

J. STOCKS. To prevent all danger, then, let us be married this instant.

CHLOE. Oh fy! my lord; the world will say I am a strange forward creature.

J. STOCKS. The world, Madam, might be faucy enough to talk of you, if you were marry'd to a private gentleman—but as you will be a woman of quality, they won't be surpris'd at any thing you do.

CHLOE. People of quality have indeed privileges, they say, beyond other people; and I long to be one of them.

AIR XIV. White joak.

Oh how charming my life will be,
 When marriage has made me a fine lady!
 In chariot, six horses, and diamonds bright,
 In Flanders lace and 'broidery clothes,
 O how I'll flame it among the beaus!
 In bed all the day, at cards all the night.
 O! how I will revel the hours away!
 Sing it, and dance it, coquette it, and play;
 With feasting, toasting,
 Jesting, roasting,
 Rantum scantum, flanting janting,
 Laughing at all the world can say. [Exit]

JENNY. This is something like—there is some mettle in these London lords.—Our poor country squires will always put us to the blush of consenting—these sparks know a woman's mind before she speaks it. Well, it is certainly a great comfort to a woman, who has done what she shou'd not do, that she did it without her own consent.

Enter LOVEMORE.

LOVEM. Ha! flown? Mrs. Jenny, where's your mistress?

JENNY. My mistress, Sir, is with my master.

LOVEM. Damnation! Where? Shew me this instant, and——

JENNY. And what? It is surprizing to me how a man of Mr. Lovemore's sense shou'd pursue a woman who uses him so ill—when, to my certain knowledge, there is a woman in the world has a much juster notion of his merit.

LOVEM. Harkye, Mrs. Minx, tell me where your mistress is, or I'll squeeze your little soul out.

JENNY. Oh, murder! murder! help! murder!

Enter Mrs. STOCKS.

MRS. STOCKS. Heyday! what's the matter? Who is this committing murder in my house? Who are you, Sir? What rascal, what thief are you, Sir? Hey!

LOVEM. This must be the bawd, by the politeness of her language. [*Aside.*]—Dear Madam, be not in such a passion; I am no bilking younger brother; and tho' I'm no lord, you may find me a good customer, and as good a paymaster as any lac'd fop in Christendom.

MRS. STOCKS. Sir, I keep no shop—nor want any of your custom.—What has he done to you, child? [*To Jenny.*]

JENNY. He has done nothing to me, indeed, Madam, only squeez'd me by the arm, to tell him where my mistress was.

MRS. STOCKS. And what have you to do with her mistress?

LOVEM.

LOVEM. Why faith, I am like to have nothing to do with her mistress, without your good offices.— Lookye, mother, let me have the first of her, and here are 500*l.* at your service.

MRS. STOCKS. What does the faucebox mean?

LOVEM. Ha, ha, ha!

AIR XV.

When the candidate offers his purse,
 What voter requires what he meant?
 When a great man attempts to disburse,
 What little man asks his intent?
 Are you not then asham'd,
 When my mistress I've nam'd,
 And my purse I've pull'd out,
 Any longer to doubt
 My meaning, good mother?

MRS. STOCKS. Mother!—Oh that ever I shou'd live to see this day!—I that have escap'd the name of a whore in my youth, to be call'd a bawd in my old age.—Sirrah, firrah, the mother that bore you was not an honest woman.

Enter JACK STOCKS, and CHLOE.

J. STOCKS. What's the matter, Mrs. Stocks?

MRS. STOCKS. Oh, Madam! had you heard how I've been abus'd upon your account—Here's a filthy fellow has offer'd me money to——

CHLOE. What, dear Madam?

MRS. STOCKS. To procure your ladyship—dear Madam.——

J. STOCKS. Sir, I desire you wou'd omit any farther solicitations to this lady, and on that condition, I forgive the past. This lady is now my wife.

LOVEM. How! Is this true, Chloe?

CHLOE. Ev'n as you've heard, Sir.

J. STOCKS. Here's a fellow won't take a lord's word for a wife!

LOVEM. Henceforth, I will never take a woman's word for any thing.

J. STOCKS. Then I wish you'd take yourself away, Sir.

LOVEM. Sir, I shall take the liberty of staying here, because I believe my company is disagreeable to you.

J. STOCKS. Very civil, faith!—Come, my dear, let us leave this fullen gentleman to enjoy his spleen by himself.

CHLOE. Oh, my dear lord! let's go to the Hall to see the lottery drawn.

J. STOCKS. If your ladyship pleases.—So, dear squire, adieu. [Exit J. Stocks and Chloe.]

LOVEM. I'll follow her still; for such a coxcomb of a husband will but give her a better relish for a gallant. [Exit.]

JENNY. And I'll follow you still; for such usage from one mistress, will give you the better relish for another. [Exit.]

SCENE III. GUILD-HALL.

COMMISSIONERS, CLERKS, SPECTATORS, MOB, &c.

1 MOB. What, are they not drawing yet?
STOCKS. No, but they'll begin presently.

AIR XVI. South-Sea ballad.

STOCKS. The lottery just is beginning,
"Twill soon be too late to get an estate,
For Fortune, like dames fond of sinning,
Does the tardy adventurer hate,
Then if you've a mind to have her,
To-day with vigour pursue her,
Or else to-morrow,
You'll find to your sorrow,
She's as granted another the favour,
Which to-day she intended for you.

1 MOB. Never tell me, Thomas, it is all a cheat; what do those people do behind the curtain? There's never any honesty behind the curtain.

2 MOB.

2 MOB. Harkye, neighbour, I fancy there is somebody in the wheels that gives out what tickets he pleases; for if you mind, sometimes there are twenty blanks drawn together, and then two or three prizes.

1 MOB. Nay, if there be twenty blanks drawn together, it must be a cheat; for, you know, the man where I hired my horses told me there was not quite ten blanks to a prize.

2 MOB. Fox take their horses! I am sure they have run away with all the money I have brought to town with me.

1 MOB. And yet it can't be all a cheat, neither; for you know Mrs. Sugarfops of our town got twenty pound.

2 MOB. Ay, you fool; but does not her brother live with a parliament-man?

1 MOB. But he has nothing to do with the lottery; has he?

2 MOB. Ah, Laud help thee!—Who can tell what he has to do with it?

1 MOB. But here's Mrs. Sugarfops herself.

Enter Mrs. SUGARSOPS.

SUG. How do you, neighbour Harrow?

2 MOB. Ah! Mrs. Sugarfops! you are a lucky woman.

SUG. I wish you would make your words good.

2 MOB. Why, have not you got twenty pound in the lottery?

SUG. Ah Lud! that's all rid away, and twenty pounds more to it.—Oh! 'tis all a cheat; they let one get a little at first, only to draw one in, that's all. I have hired a horse to-day, and if I get nothing by that, I'll go down into the country to-morrow.

1 MOB. I intend to ride no longer, nor neighbour Graze here neither.—He and I go halves in a ticket to-day.—See here is the number.

SUG. As I live, the very ticket I have hired myself!

2 MOB. Nay, that cannot be. It may be the same number, perhaps, but it cannot be the same ticket, for we have the whole ticket for ourselves.

SUG.

SUG. I tell you, we are both cheated.

IRISHMAN. Upon my shoul, it is very brave luck, indeed; the deel take me but this will be brave news to carry back to Ireland.

1 MOB. Ay, there's he that has got the five thousand pound which came up to-day.

2 MOB. I give you joy of the five thousand pound, Sir.

IRISHMAN. Ah honey! fait, I have not got it as yet—but, upon my shoul, I was within a ticket of it, joy.

3 MOB. I hope your worship will take care that my horse be drawn to-day, or to-morrow, because I shall go out of town next day.

STOCKS. Never fear, friend.

SUG. You are a fine gentleman, to let me the same ticket you had let before to these men here.

STOCKS. Pshaw! Madam, it's impossible; it's a mistake!

SUG. Here is the number, Sir; it is the same on both papers.

STOCKS. Ha! why Mr. Trick has made a little blunder here indeed! However, Madam, if it comes up a prize, you shall both receive it.—Ha, ha, ha! d'ye think my horses won't carry double, Madam? —This number is a fure card, for it was drawn a blank five days ago. *[Aside.]*

Enter COACHMAN.

COACH. Oh Sir! your worship has let me a very lucky horse: it is come up twenty pound already. So if your worship would let me have the money—

STOCKS. Let me see, tickets are this day nineteen pound; and your prize is worth eighteen pound eighteen shillings; so if you give me two shillings, which are the difference, we shall be quit.

COACH. How, Sir! how!

STOCKS. Upon my word, friend, I state the account right.

COACH. Oh, the devil! and have I given three pound for the chance of losing two shillings more?

STOCKS. Alas, Sir! I cannot help ill fortune.—

You

You have had ill luck ; it might have come up a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand.

COACH. Ten thousand !—ten thousand devils take you all! Oons ! if I can but once get a stock-jobber into my coach, if I don't break his neck !—

AIR XVII. Buff-coat.

In all trades we've had
Some good, and some bad,
But a stock-jobber has no fellow ;
To hell who wou'd fally,
Let him go to Change-alley,
There are fiends who will make his soul bellow.
The lawyer who's been
In the pillory seen,
While eggs his complexion made yellow :
Nay, the devil's to blame,
Or he'll own to his shame,
That a stock jobber has no fellow.

Enter J. STOCKS and CHLOE. *Commissioners advance to open the wheels.*

J. STOCKS. Well, my dear, this is one of the most unaccountable rambles, just after matrimony !—but you shall always find me the most complaisant of husbands.

CHLOE. Oh ! my lord ! I must see all the curi-
fities ; the Tower, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the court, and the opera.

J. STOCKS. Yes, yes, my dear, you shall see every thing—But the devil take me, if I accompany your ladyship. I think I will not talk to her of her fortune before to-morrow morning. *[Aside.]*

CHLOE. I will not mention the ten thousand pound before its come up : it will be the prettiest surprize ! *[Aside.]*

J. STOCKS. So, the lottery is going to begin drawing.

THE LOTTERY.

A I R XVIII. Now ponder well, ye parents dears.

1 PROCL. Number one hundred thirty two!

2 PROCL. That number is a blank.

1 PROCL. Number one hundred ninety nine!

2 PROCL. And that's another blank.

1 PROCL. Number six thousand seventy one!

2 PROCL. That number blank is found.

1 PROCL. Number six thousand eighty two.

2 PROCL. Oh! that is twenty pound.

1 MOB. Oh! ho! are you come? I am glad to find there are some prizes here.

A I R XIX. Dutch skipper. Second part.

1 PROCL. Number six thousand eighty two,

2 PROCL. Is twenty pound, is twenty pound.

1 PROCL. Number six thousand eighty two!

2 PROCL. Oh! that is twenty pound.

You see 'tis all fair

See nothing is there,

[Pointing to the boys, who hold up their hands.

The hammer goes down,

Hey Presto! be gone,

And up comes the twenty pound.

CHORUS. You see 'tis all fair, &c.

1 PROCL. Forty-five thousand three hundred and ten.

2 PROCL. Blank.

1 PROCL. Sixty one thousand ninety seven.

4 MOB. Stand clear! stand clear! that's my ticket.

2 PROCL. Blank.

4 MOB. Oh Lud! Oh Lud! [Exit crying.

1 PROCL. Number four thousand nine hundred sixty.

2 PROCL. Blank. [Chloe faints.

J. STOCKS. Help! help!

SUG. Here, here are some Hartshorn and Salvo-latile drops.

1 MOB. Poor lady! I suppose her ticket is come up blank.

2 MOB. May be, her horse has thrown her, neighbour.

[The lottery continues drawing in dumb show.

Enter

Enter LOVEMORE *and* JENNY.

J. STOCKS. What's the matter, my angel?

CHLOE. Oh!—that last blank was my ticket.

J. STOCKS. Ha, ha! and cou'd that give you any pain?

CHLOE. Does it not you?

J. STOCKS. Not a moment's, my dear, indeed.

CHLOE. And can you bear the disappointment, without upbraiding me?

J. STOCKS. Upbraiding you! Ha, ha, ha! With what?

CHLOE. Why, did not you marry me for my fortune?

J. STOCKS. No, no, my dear—I marry'd you for your person? I was in love with that only, my angel.

CHLOE. Then the loss of my fortune shall give me no longer uneasiness.

J. STOCKS. Loss of your fortune! Ha! How! What! What!

CHLOE. O my dear! I had no fortune, but what I promis'd myself from the lottery.

J. STOCKS. Ha!

CHLOE. So, the devil take all lotteries, dreams, and conjurers.

J. STOCKS. The devil take them, indeed—and am I marry'd to a lottery-ticket, to an imaginary ten thousand pound? Death! hell! and furies! blood! blunders! blanks!

CHLOE. Is this your love for me, my lord?

J. STOCKS. Love for you! Dem you, fool, idiot.

JENNY. This it is to marry a lord—he can't be civil to his wife the first day.

Enter STOCKS.

STOCKS. Madam, the subscriptions are ready—and if my lord—

J. STOCKS. Brother, this is a trick of yours to ruin me.

STOCKS. Heyday! What's the matter now?

J. STOCKS,

THE LOTTERY.

J. STOCKS. Matter! why, I have had a Levant thrown upon me.

LOVEM. The ten thousand pound is come up a blank, that's all.

STOCKS. A blank?

J. STOCKS. Ay, a blank! do you pretend to be ignorant of it? However, Madam, you are bit as well as I am; for I am no more a lord, than you are a fortune.

CHLOE. Now I'm undone, indeed.

A I R XX. Virgins beware.

LOVEM. Now, my dear Chloe, behold a true lover,
Whom, tho' your cruelty seem'd to disdain,

Now your doubts and fears may discover,

One kind look's a reward for his pain,

Thus to fold thee,

How blest is life!

Love shall hold thee

Dearer than wife.

What joys in chains of dull marriage can be,
Love's only happy, when liking is free.

As you seem, Sir, to have no overbearing fondness for your wife, I'll take her off your hands.—As you have mis'd a fortune with her, what say you to a fortune without her?—Resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I'll give you a thousand pound this instant.

J. STOCKS. Ha! pox! I suppose they are a thousand pounds you are to get in the lottery.

LOVEM. Sir, you shall receive 'em this moment.

J. STOCKS. Shall I? Then, Sir, to shew you I'll be before-hand with you, here she is—take her—and if ever I ask her back of you again, may I lose the whole thousand at the first sitting!

CHLOE. And can you part with me so easily?

J. STOCKS. Part with you? If I was marry'd to the whole sex, I'd part with 'em all for half the money.

LOVEM. Come, my dear Chloe, had you been marry'd,

marry'd, as you imagin'd, you shou'd have lost nothing by the change.

CHLOE. A lord! faugh! I begin to despise the name now, as heartily as I lik'd it before.

Commissioners, &c. close the wheels, and come forward.

AIR XXI.

Since you whom I lov'd,
So cruel have prov'd;
And you whom I slighted so true;
From my delicate fine powder'd spouse,
I retract all my thrown away vows,
And give them with pleasure to you.

Hence all women learn,
When your husbands grow stern,
And leave you in conjugal want;
Ne'er whimper and weep out your eyes,
While what the dull husband denies,
Is better supply'd by gallant.

STOCKS. Well, Jack, I hope you'll forgive me; for if I intended you any harm, may tickets fall, and all the horses I have let to-day, be drawn blanks to-morrow!

J. STOCKS. Brother, I believe you; for as I do not apprehend you cou'd have got a shilling by being a rogue, it is possible you may have been honest.

LOVEM. Come, my dear Chloe, don't let your luck grieve you—you are not the only person has been deceiv'd in a lottery.

AIR XXII.

That the world is a lottery, what man can doubt?
When born, we're put in, when dead, we're drawn
out;
And tho' tickets are bought by the fool, and the
wife,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a
prize.

Sing Tantararara, fools all, fools all.

THE LOTTERY.

STOCKS.

The court has itself a bad lottery's face,
Where ten draw a blank, before one draws
a place;

For a ticket in law who wou'd give you
thanks?

For that wheel contains scarce any but
blanks.

Sing Tantararara, keep out, keep out.

LOVEM.

'Mongst doctors and lawyers some good
ones are found;

But, alas! they are rare as the ten thou-
sand pound.

How scarce is a prize, if with women
you deal,

Take care how you marry — for, Oh! in
that wheel,

(Sing Tantararara) blanks all, blanks all.

STOCKS.

That the stage is a lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
Where ten plays are damn'd, ere one can
succeed;

The blanks are so many, the prizes so few,

We all are undone, unless kindly you,

(Sing Tantararara) clap all, clap all.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss RAFTOR.

LUD! I'm almost asham'd to show my face!
Was ever woman like my lady Lace?
Maids have been often wives, and widows soon,
But I'm maid, wife, and widow, all in one.
Who'd trust to Fortune, if she plays such pranks?
Ten thousand—and a lord! and both prove blanks?
A piteous case! and what is still more madding,
To lose so fine a lord before I had him.
Had all been well till honey-moon was over,
It had been then no wonder to discover,
I a new mistress, he a rival lover. }
To wake so soon from such delicious dreams,
Such pure, polite, extravagant fine schemes
Of plays, and operas, and masquerades,
Of equipage, quadrille, and powder'd blades,
And all blown up at once—Oh! horrid sentence!
Forc'd to take up at last—with—faugh! an old ac-
quaintance.
But hold—when my misfortunes I recal,
Agad! 'tis well I've any man at all.
Yet, since discarded once at such short warning,
This too may turn me off to-morrow morning.
If that should happen, I were finely slur'd;
What should I then do? What! why get a third.
Well, if he does, as I have cause to fear,
To-morrow night, gallants, you'll find me here.

EC

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END of the FIRST VOLUME.

