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THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*A COMEDY*



This is number ..... of an edition limited to 527 copies, as follows:

1 copy, numbered I, containing two extra sets of the engravings (one in first state, one in final state), and all the original drawings, signed.

6 copies, numbered II to VII, containing two extra sets of the engravings (one in first state, one in final state).

70 copies, numbered 1 to 70, containing an extra set of the engravings in final state.

450 copies, numbered 71 to 520.

The copies numbered I to VII and 1 to 70 are printed on Batchelor hand-made paper and signed by the artist; they are stamped in gilt on the cover with a special design by J. E. LABOUREUR.



GEORGE FARQUHAR  
THE BEAUX STRATAGEM  
*A COMEDY*



With Seven Engravings on Copper by  
J. E. LABOUREUR  
and an Introduction by  
BONAMY DOBRÉE

DOUGLAS CLEVERDON  
BRISTOL  
1929





**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**  
**TEXT PRINTED IN ENGLAND**  
**ENGRAVINGS PRINTED IN FRANCE**



## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The edition was originally printed at the Country Life Press, Garden City, New York, by Messrs Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., who published in U.S.A. the copies numbered 2 to 520 in even numbers. The remaining copies, numbered I to VII consecutively, and 1 to 519 in odd numbers, were withdrawn by Douglas Cleverdon, and reprinted for him by Walter Lewis at the University Press, Cambridge. The engravings were printed by MM. A. & M. Vernant, Paris.

The text of the play follows the first edition of 1707, except for the correction of a few obvious misprints and omissions; in accordance with the principle that the punctuation of the period should be considered as rhythmical rather than formal, the original punctuation is retained. The *Two Songs* are taken from the fifth edition of the *Works* of Farquhar, where they were first printed in full. The scene from the entrance of Count Bellair on p. 59 to the end of Act III, with the entire part of the Count, was omitted by the author after the first performance, the part of the Count in the last scene of Act v being given to Foigard.



## ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>Aimwell dress'd</i>	Vignette
<i>Enter Aimwell in riding Habit</i>	opposite page 2
<i>Kisses her</i>	„ 16
<i>Enter Archer, combing a Perrywig</i>	„ 30
<i>Mrs Sullen drops her Glove</i>	„ 52
<i>Dorinda takes his Hand</i>	„ 70
<i>. . . the Pistol to his Breast</i>	„ 104





## GEORGE FARQUHAR

1678-1707

To rummage in a man's life with the object of explaining his art is often beside the point; but sometimes to know how or why a work was written may raise the curtain, not so much on the writer's self, but on something in the work which might otherwise have passed unheeded. Such is the case with *The Beaux Stratagem*, a work of irresistible gaiety, dancing along with a whole-hearted scorn of the likely or the true. What, for instance, could be a more sublime absurdity than Mrs Sullen's directions to the country gammer for curing her spouse's limb?

“You must lay your husband's leg upon a table, and with a chopping knife you must lay it open as broad as you can; then you must take out the bone, and beat the flesh soundly with a rolling pin; then take salt, pepper, cloves, mace and ginger, some sweet herbs, and season it very well; then roll it up like brawn, and put it into the oven for two hours.”

This is the top of healthy tomfoolery; yet Farquhar wrote this play in the misery of a mean garret, with the pangs of death already, at

GEORGE FARQUHAR

twenty-nine, shaking his body, on whose efforts depended a penniless wife and two unfortunate daughters.

Our immediate feeling is one of admiration, of great liking, for the brave spirit rising so merrily to defeat circumstance, and to laugh in the face of death. We love both Farquhar and his work the better for it. Not that it is unusual for comedy to emerge from melancholy, as a saving grace in life: Molière's plays are the standing example of this. Moreover, we know that no good work can come from merely light-hearted impulses. But there is a seriousness in the very cadences of Molière's prose or verse utterly lacking in Farquhar's style, which also, in his lightest of light satire, is altogether devoid of ill-nature, though not of a tinge of bitterness. A man faced with death, we cannot but argue, if he is capable of work of such quality as Farquhar's (its survival alone makes needless any defence of its value) must have something definite to say: there is another urgency besides that of providing money. Thus in this rollicking comedy, which makes us laugh oftener from pleasure than from malice, as Hazlitt remarked, there must be some expression of an attitude, if not implied in its form and language, then at least here and there stated by the airy beings who move about in it.

Indeed there is, and what Farquhar had to

GEORGE FARQUHAR

say was amazingly in advance of his time. It is not only that he happily combines the riotous warmth of the Elizabethans with the lucid logic of the Irishman that he was, but that his thought outstretches the mind of his contemporaries; he is freer. There is more than a touch of Voltaire about him. When at Trinity, Dublin, he was set to write an essay upon Christ walking the waters, he made an airy reference to those born to be hanged, sadly scandalizing the authorities. That is a boyish flippancy, but the author of *Candide* might well have written, and been proud of, that delicious sally of Gibbet's in this play: "Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions." That is Eighteenth Century scepticism, Eighteenth Century dislike of "enthusiasm" making its appearance. It is astonishing enough; but what is really staggering is that Farquhar should sometimes speak with the authentic voice of our own century. His time did not, on the whole (for we must not forget such writers as Mandeville), doubt the common values: Addison only wrote what oft was thought, but ne'er so comfortingly expressed: the age, rather, was wary of trying to carry out its own ideals, and laughed gently at the folly of trying to do so. In those days, for instance, to be poor and live retired was a noble vision; if one did not follow it out it was

GEORGE FARQUHAR

only because the flesh was weak, and could not withstand the temptations of luxury, power, and fame. Nobody thought it wrong to be poor. But when Farquhar declares that "there is no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty," might it not be "Erewhon" Butler speaking? Similarly, to pay a gambling debt was long after Queen Anne's time considered a matter of honour—the tradesmen might wait—but Farquhar, in *The Twin Rivals*, speaks with the very accent of Mr Shaw when he asserts that such obligations are debts of dishonour. The value, however, he most questions in this play, is that of the marriage tie where there is no compatibility of temper. "You and your wife, Mr Guts," Sir Charles Freeman says, "may be one flesh because ye are nothing else, but rational creatures have minds that must be united."

In this connection it has been claimed that Farquhar is more wholesome than the writers of Restoration comedy, and for precisely the same reason he has been blamed as worse than his predecessors for a less formalized, a more "luscious" treatment of sex. Where such divergencies appear it is plain that the basis of criticism must be wrong. The truth is, it is absurd to class Farquhar among Restoration writers, because by the time he came to write, the conditions which gave birth to Wycherley and

#### GEORGE FARQUHAR

Congreve had ceased to exist. Nor can his style be judged by the same standards as theirs, and to say, as is often done in deprecation, that he is further from literature than Congreve but nearer to life, is merely to confuse the issue. For it is precisely the business of good literature to be close to life; it is only bad literature that is distant from it. The plain fact is that Farquhar's intention was not that of his forerunners. He did not try to make a self-existent appearance; he was not concerned to satirize. It is just because he was sceptical of the values his predecessors admitted, because his ideals were not so mediævally rigid and unreachable, that he did not need to be cynical about human nature. Congreve was pleading for something very difficult and delicate in life, Farquhar for rational ease. In the same way, his is not the brilliant prose of Congreve, any more than it is that of Landor: it is the homely, familiar prose, rather, of Pepys or of Jane Austen, though it is deliberately richer than theirs; and of its kind it is very good, if not, perhaps, of the first rank. He does not write like Congreve, but that is not to say he is further from literature, for in that house there are many mansions: nor is he nearer to life; he treats of different elements, that is all.

He was not, I have said, concerned to satirize, by which is meant only that he was not



GEORGE FARQUHAR

indicting the whole society of his day, for there are elements of brisk satire throughout his work. This is especially the case where the false ideal of a "gentleman" is in question. There is one good stroke in this play, namely where Bonniface says "his master...is so much a gentleman every manner of way that he must be a highwayman." But this particular point is made, I think, in all his plays: he is for ever at it, the most delightful dig being the remark in another play: "The gentleman, indeed, behaved himself like a gentleman; for he drew his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing." This again is in contradistinction to the accepted values of his time, but in this instance there is a personal explanation. Farquhar was of gentle birth, and, coming from Ireland a Whig and a wit, hoped to be admitted to the best society of his day: but for some reason the Kit-Cats held aloof from him, and his resentment, light, gentle and generous as it was, eased itself in this manner.

It must not be thought, however, that Farquhar was primarily a moralist; he was first and foremost a dramatist, relishing life in all its vigorous, active forms: there is much of the Elizabethan in him, in his swift movement, his exuberance of word and phrase, his obvious desire for enjoyment. He protested that comedy was no mere "agreeable vehicle for counsel and

GEORGE FARQUHAR

reproof," and his work bears no relation to those "do-me-good, lack-a-daisical, whining, make-believe comedies" written to conform to the precepts of Jeremy Collier. He was a writer born, intensely observant of life, with no little experience of it both in its affairs and in its troubles, who brought a keenly rational mind to aid him in his art. Above all, apart from his fun, and the gusts of refreshing laughter by which he "expectorated his grief," he is a friendly, companionable writer; we feel at home with him just because he does not ask too much of us. A fine gentleman he was not; but in every other sense of the word, in honesty, kindness, forbearance, in a genuine wish for the happiness of others, he was that best of human products, a gentleman by nature.

BONAMY DOBRÉE



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
QUEEN'S THEATRE  
in the Hay-Market.

by

Her MAJESTY'S Sworn Comedians.

---

*Written by Mr. Farquhar,*  
*Author of the Recruiting-Officer.*

---

London: Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the  
*Cross-Keys* next *Nando's* Coffee-House in *Fleetstreet*.

[ 1707 ]



## *ADVERTISEMENT*

The Reader may find some Faults in this Play, which my Illness prevented the amending of, but there is great Amends made in the Representation, which cannot be matched, no more than the friendly and indefatigable Care of *Mr Wilks*, to whom I chiefly owe the Success of the Play.

GEORGE FARQUHAR



## PROLOGUE

*Spoken by MR WILKS*

*When Strife disturbs or Sloth Corrupts an Age,  
Keen Satyr is the Business of the Stage.  
When the Plain-Dealer writ, he lash'd those Crimes  
Which then infested most—The Modish Times:  
But now, when Faction sleeps and Sloth is fled,  
And all our Youth in Active Fields are bred;  
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN's fair extensive Round,  
The Trumps of Fame the Notes of UNION sound;  
When ANNA's Scepter points the Laws their Course,  
And Her Example gives her Precepts Force:  
There scarce is room for Satyr, all our Lays  
Must be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praise:  
But as in Grounds best cultivated, Tares  
And Poppies rise among the Golden Ears;  
Our Products so, fit for the Field or School,  
Must mix with Nature's Favourite Plant—A Fool:  
A Weed that has to twenty Summer's ran,  
Shoots up in Stalk, and Vegetates to Man.  
Simpling our Author goes from Field to Field,  
And culls such Fools, as may Diversion yield;*



PROLOGUE

*And, Thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,  
For Rain, or Shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows.  
Follies, to Night we shew, ne'er lashed before,  
Yet, such as Nature shews you every Hour;  
Nor can the Pictures give a Just Offence,  
For Fools are made for Jest to Men of Sense.*

AN  
EPILOGUE

*Design'd to be spoke in the Beaux Stratagem*

[By *Mr Smith*, the Author of  
PHAEDRA and HYPOLITUS]

*If to our Play Your Judgment can't be kind,  
Let its expiring Author Pity find.  
Survey his mournful Case with melting Eyes,  
Nor let the Bard be dam'd before he dies.  
Forbear you Fair on his last Scene to frown,  
But his true Exit with a Plaudit Crown;  
Then shall the dying Poet cease to Fear,  
The dreadful Knell, while your Applause he hears.  
At Leuctra so, the Conqu'ring Theban dy'd,  
Claim'd his Friend's Praises, but their Tears deny'd:  
Pleas'd in the Pangs of Death he greatly Thought  
Conquest with loss of Life but cheaply bought.  
The Difference this, the Greek was one wou'd fight  
As brave, tho' not so gay as Serjeant Kite;  
Ye Sons of Will's what's that to those who write?  
To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his Bays, }  
You may the Bard above the Hero raise, }  
Since yours is greater than Athenian Praise. }*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

### MEN

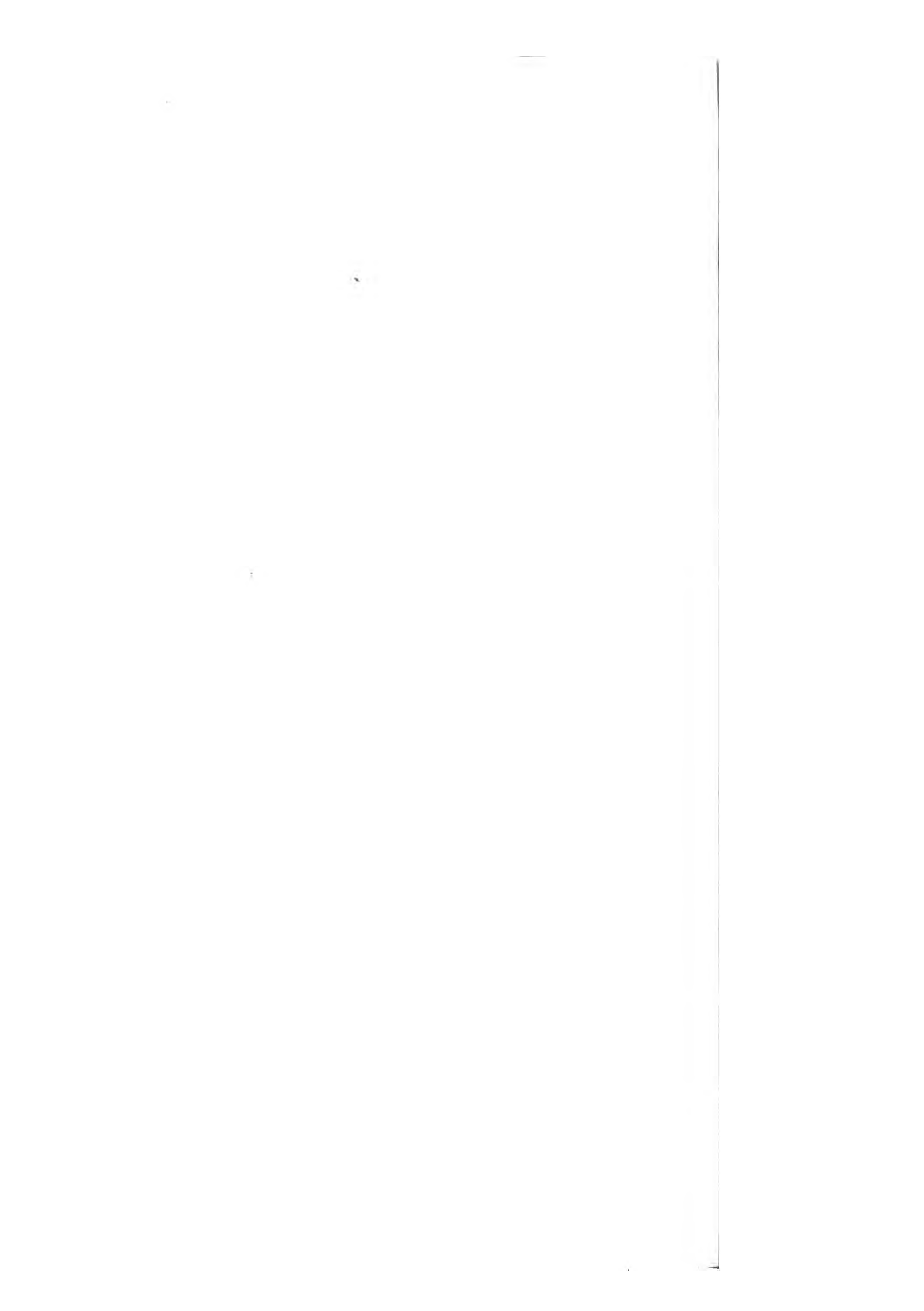
<i>Aimwell</i> . . . . .	<i>Mr Mills</i>
<i>Archer</i> . . . . .	<i>Mr Wilks</i>
Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes, the first as Master, and the second as Servant	
<i>Count Bellair</i> . . . . .	<i>Mr Bowman</i>
A French Officer, Prisoner at <i>Litchfield</i>	
<i>Sullen</i> . . . . .	<i>Mr Verbruggen</i>
A Country Blockhead, brutal to his Wife	
<i>Freeman</i> . . . . .	<i>Mr Keen</i>
A Gentleman from <i>London</i>	
<i>Foigard</i> . . . . .	<i>Mr Bowen</i>
A Priest, Chaplain to the French Officers	
<i>Gibbet</i> . . . . .	<i>Mr Cibber</i>
A High-way-man	
<i>Hounslow</i>	
<i>Bagshot</i>	
His Companions	
<i>Bonniface</i> . . . . .	<i>Mr Bullock</i>
Landlord of the Inn	
<i>Scrub</i> . . . . .	<i>Mr Norris</i>
Servant to Mr Sullen	

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WOMEN

- Lady Bountiful* . . . . . *Mrs Powel*  
An old civil Country Gentlewoman,  
that cures all her Neighbours of all  
Distempers, and foolishly fond of her  
Son Sullen
- Dorinda* . . . . . *Mrs Bradshaw*  
Lady Bountiful's Daughter
- Mrs Sullen* . . . . . *Mrs Oldfield*  
Her Daughter-in-law
- Gipsey* . . . . . *Mrs Mills*  
Maid to the Ladies
- Cherry* . . . . . *Mrs Bignal*  
The Landlord's Daughter in the Inn

SCENE, *Litchfield*



# THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

## ACT I

SCENE, An Inn.

*Enter Bonniface running.*

*Bon.* Chamberlain, Maid, Cherry, Daughter  
Cherry, all asleep, all dead?

*Enter Cherry running.*

*Cherry.* Here, here, Why d'ye baul so, Father?  
dy'e think we have no Ears?

*Bon.* You deserve to have none, you young  
Minx;—The Company of the Warrington  
Coach has stood in the Hall this Hour, and no  
Body to shew them to their Chambers.

*Cher.* And let 'em wait farther; there's neither  
Red-Coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it.

*Bon.* But they threaten to go to another Inn to  
Night.

*Cher.* That they dare not, for fear the Coachman  
should overturn them to Morrow——Coming,  
coming: Here's the London Coach arriv'd.

*Fan.* The way to my chamber, please your grace,  
I'll follow you, and sit me down by you.

*Don.* Very well, my friend.  
*Ch.* My grace, I am your chamber-  
page, and I'll attend your grace  
to the best lodging in the house, if your grace please.

*Don.* My friend, I'll take your  
offer, please your grace.

*Ba.* The lady is waiting for  
you, my grace, and I'll lead you  
to her room, if your grace please.

*Don.* My friend, I'll take your  
offer, please your grace. [Exit.

*Ba.* My grace, I'll attend you  
to the best lodging in the house, if your grace please.

*Don.* My friend, I'll take your  
offer, please your grace.

*Ch.* My grace, I am your chamber-  
page, and I'll attend your grace  
to the best lodging in the house, if your grace please.

*Don.* My friend, I'll take your  
offer, please your grace.

*Ba.* My grace, I'll attend you  
to the best lodging in the house, if your grace please.

*Don.* My friend, I'll take your  
offer, please your grace.

*Ch.* My grace, I am your chamber-  
page, and I'll attend your grace  
to the best lodging in the house, if your grace please.

*Don.* My friend, I'll take your  
offer, please your grace.





THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Enter several People with Trunks, Band-boxes,  
and other Luggage, and cross the Stage.*

*Bon.* Welcome, Ladies.

*Cher.* Very welcome, Gentlemen—Chamberlain, shew the *Lyon* and the *Rose*.

*[Exit with the Company.]*

*Enter Aimwell in riding Habit, Archer as  
Footman carrying a Portmantle.*

*Bon.* This way, this way, Gentlemen.

*Aim.* Set down the things, go to the Stable, and see my Horses well rubb'd.

*Arch.* I shall, Sir. *[Exit.]*

*Aim.* You're my Landlord, I suppose?

*Bon.* Yes, Sir, I'm old Will. Bonniface, pretty well known upon this Road, as the saying is.

*Aim.* O Mr Bonniface, your Servant.

*Bon.* O Sir—What will your Honour please to drink, as the saying is?

*Aim.* I have heard your Town of Litchfield much fam'd for Ale, I think I'll taste that.

*Bon.* Sir, I have now in my Cellar Ten Tun of the best Ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as Oil, sweet as Milk, clear as Amber, and strong as Brandy; and will be just Fourteen Year old the Fifth Day of next March old Stile.

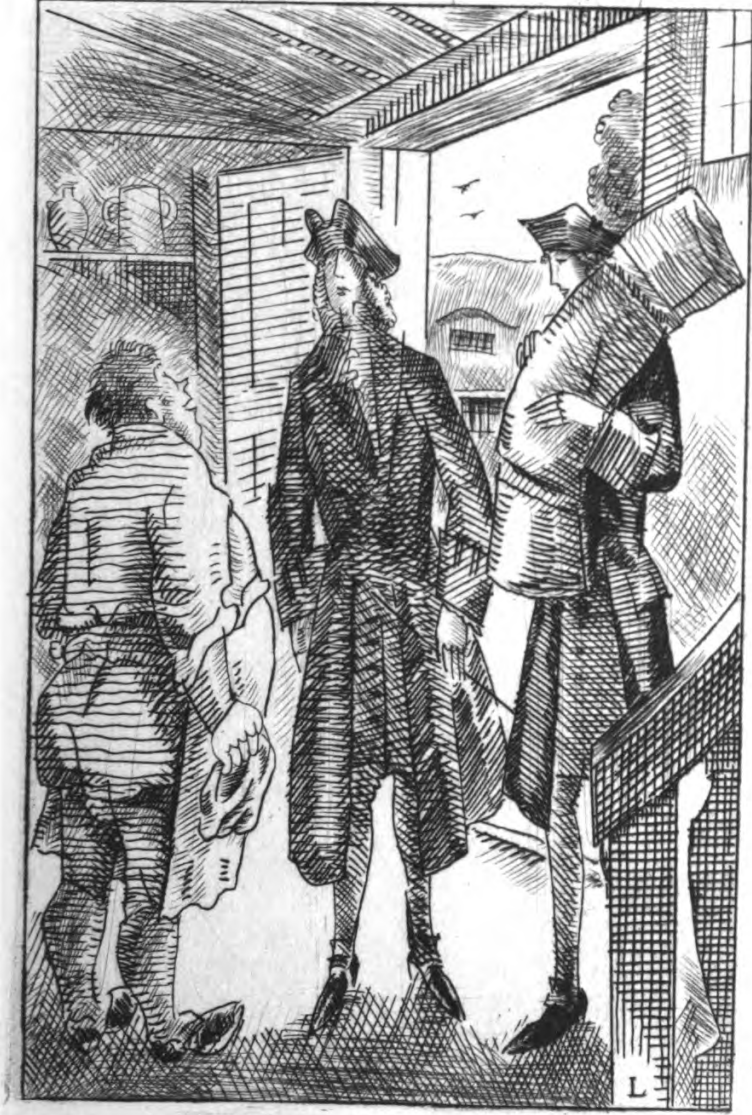
*Aim.* You're very exact, I find, in the Age of your Ale.

*Bon.* As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of



*Bon.* 3  
*Ain.* S  
see n. y. i  
*Arch.* I  
*Aim.* Y  
*Bon.* Y  
well kn.  
*Aim.* O  
*Bon.* O  
drink, as  
*Am.* I  
much fan  
*Bon.* Sir, I  
the best A  
sweet as M  
Brandy;  
Fif, Day  
For Your  
our Mr.

***Bon.* As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of**





THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

my Children: I'll shew you such Ale—Here, Tapster, broach Number 1706, as the saying is;—Sir, you shall taste my "Anno Domini;"—I have liv'd in Litchfield Man and Boy above Eight and fifty Years, and I believe have not consum'd Eight and fifty Ounces of Meat.

*Aim.* At a Meal, you mean, if one may guess your Sense by your Bulk.

*Bon.* Not in my Life, Sir; I have fed purely upon Ale; I have eat my Ale, drank my Ale, and I always sleep upon Ale.

*Enter Tapster with a Bottle and Glass.*

Now, Sir, you shall see, [*filling it out*] your Worship's Health; ha! delicious, delicious,—fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth Ten Shillings a Quart.

*Aim.* [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

*Bon.* Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

*Aim.* And have you liv'd so long upon this Ale, Landlord?

*Bon.* Eight and fifty Years, upon my Credit, Sir; but it kill'd my Wife, poor Woman, as the saying is.

*Aim.* How came that to pass?

*Bon.* I don't know how, Sir; she would not let the Ale take its natural Course, Sir, she was for qualifying it every now and then with a Dram, as the saying is; and an honest Gentleman that

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

came this way from Ireland, made her a Present of a dozen Bottles of Usquebaugh—But the poor Woman was never well after: But howe're, I was obliged to the Gentleman, you know.

*Aim.* Why, was it the Usquebaugh that kill'd her?

*Bon.* My Lady Bountyful said so,—She, good Lady, did what could be done, she cured her of Three Tympanies, but the Fourth carry'd her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

*Aim.* Who's that Lady Bountyful, you mention'd?

*Bon.* Ods my Life, Sir, we'll drink her Health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountyful is one of the best of Women: Her last Husband Sir Charles Bountyful left her worth a Thousand Pound a Year; and I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable Uses for the Good of her Neighbours; she cures Rheumatisms, Ruptures, and broken Shins in Men, Green Sickness, Obstructions, and Fits of the Mother in Women;—The Kings-Evil, Chin-Cough, and Chilblains in Children; in short, she has cured more People in and about Litchfield within Ten Years than the Doctors have kill'd in Twenty; and that's a bold Word.

*Aim.* Has the Lady been any other way useful in her Generation?

*Bon.* Yes, Sir, She has a Daughter by Sir Charles, the finest Woman in all our Country,

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

and the greatest Fortune. She has a Son too by her first Husband Squire Sullen, who marry'd a fine Lady from London t'other Day; if you please, Sir, we'll drink his Health?

*Aim.* What sort of a Man is he?

*Bon.* Why, Sir, the Man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, Faith: But he's a Man of a great Estate, and values no Body.

*Aim.* A Sportsman, I suppose.

*Bon.* Yes, Sir, he's a Man of Pleasure, he plays at Whisk, and smoaks his Pipe Eight and forty Hours together sometimes.

*Aim.* And marry'd, you say?

*Bon.* Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir,—But he's a—He wants it, here, Sir. [*Pointing to his Forehead.*]

*Aim.* He has it there, you mean.

*Bon.* That's none of my Business, he's my Landlord, and so a Man, you know, wou'd not,—But—Icod, he's no better than—Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a Farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his Rent at Quarter day, I have a good running Trade, I have but one Daughter, and I can give her—But no matter for that.

*Aim.* You're very happy, Mr. Bonniface, pray what other Company have you in Town?

*Bon.* A power of fine Ladies, and then we have the French Officers.



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Aim.* O that's right, you have a good many of those Gentlemen: Pray how do you like their Company?

*Bon.* So well, as the saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em, they're full of Money, and pay double for everything they have; they know, Sir, that we pay'd good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my House.

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* Landlord, there are some French Gentlemen below that ask for you.

*Bon.* I'll wait on' em;—Does your Master stay long in Town, as the saying is? [*To Archer.*

*Arch.* I can't tell, as the saying is.

*Bon.* Come from London?

*Arch.* No.

*Bon.* Going to London, may hap?

*Arch.* No.

*Bon.* An odd Fellow this. I beg your Worship's Pardon, I'll wait on you in half a Minute. [*Exit.*

*Aim.* The Coast's clear, I see,— Now my dear Archer, welcome to Litchfield.

*Arch.* I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

*Aim.* Iniquity! prithee leave Canting, you need not change your Stile with your Dress.

*Arch.* Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

my Maxim, that there is no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime so shameful as Poverty.

*Aim.* The World confesses it every Day in its Practice, tho' Men won't own it for their Opinion: Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, single out of the Side-box to sup with him t'other Night?

*Arch.* Jack Handycraft, a handsom, well dress'd, mannerly, sharpening Rogue, who keeps the best Company in Town.

*Aim.* Right, and pray who marry'd my Lady Manslaughter t'other Day, the great Fortune?

*Arch.* Why, Nick Marrabone, a profess'd Pick-pocket, and a good Bowler; but he makes a handsom Figure, and rides in his Coach, that he formerly used to ride behind.

*Aim.* But did you observe poor Jack Generous in the Park last Week?

*Arch.* Yes, with his Autumnal Perriwig, shading his melancholly Face, his Coat older than any thing but his Fashion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his useless Teeth; and tho' the Mall was crowded with Company, yet was poor Jack as single and solitary as a Lyon in a Desart.

*Aim.* And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money.

*Arch.* And that's enough; Men must not be poor, Idleness is the Root of all Evil; the World's wide enough, let 'em bustle; Fortune

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

has taken the weak under her Protection, but Men of Sense are left to their Industry.

*Aim.* Upon which Topick we proceed, and I think luckily hitherto: Wou'd not any Man swear now that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinsick Value were known——

*Arch.* Come, come, we are the Men of intrinsick Value, who can strike our Fortunes out of our selves, whose worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolutions in Government; we have Heads to get Money, and Hearts to spend it.

*Aim.* As to our Hearts, I grant'ye, they are as willing Tits as any within Twenty Degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our Heads from the Service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they have brought us from London hither to Litchfield, made me a Lord, and you my Servant.

*Arch.* That's more than you cou'd expect already. But what Money have we left?

*Aim.* But Two hundred Pound.

*Arch.* And our Horses, Cloaths, Rings, &c., why we have very good Fortunes now for moderate People; and let me tell you, besides that this Two hundred Pound, with the experience that we are now Masters of, is a better Estate than the Ten Thousand we have spent.—Our Friends indeed began to suspect that our Pockets were low; but we came off with

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

flying Colours, shew'd no signs of want either in Word or Deed.

*Aim.* Ay, and our going to Brussels was a good Pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and I warrant you, our Friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering.

*Arch.* Why Faith, if this Prospect fails, it must e'en come to that, I am for venturing one of the Hundreds if you will upon this Knight-Errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the t'other to carry us to some Counterscarp, where we may die as we liv'd in a Blaze.

*Aim.* With all my Heart; and we have liv'd justly, Archer, we can't say that we have spent our Fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

*Arch.* Right, so much Pleasure for so much Money, we have had our Penyworths, and had I Millions, I wou'd go to the same Market again. O London, London! well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful; Past Pleasures, for ought I know are best, such as we are sure of, those to come may disappoint us.

*Aim.* It has often griev'd the Heart of me, to see how some inhumane Wretches murder their kind Fortunes; those that by sacrificing all to one Appetite, shall starve all the rest.—You shall have some that live only in their Palates, and in their sense of tasting shall drown the other Four: Others are only Epicures in Appearances, such who shall starve their Nights to

#### THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

make a Figure a Days, and famish their own to feed the Eyes of others: A contrary Sort confine their Pleasures to the dark, and contract their spacious Acres to the Circuit of a Muff-string.

*Arch.* Right; but they find the Indies in that spot where they consume 'em, and I think your kind Keepers have much the best on't; for they indulge the most Senses by one Expence, there's the Seeing, Hearing, and Feeling amply gratify'd; and some Philosophers will tell you, that from such a Commerce there arises a sixth Sense that gives infinitely more Pleasure than the other five put together.

*Aim.* And to pass to the other Extremity, of all Keepers, I think those the worst that keep their Money.

*Arch.* Those are the most miserable Wights in being, they destroy the Rights of Nature, and disappoint the Blessings of Providence: Give me a Man that keeps his Five Senses keen and bright as his Sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their just order and strength, with his Reason as Commander at the Head of 'em, that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever Party of Pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least Appearance of Disadvantage or Danger:—For my part I can stick to my Bottle, while my Wine, my Company, and my Reason holds good; I can be

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

charm'd with Sappho's singing without falling in Love with her Face; I love Hunting, but wou'd not, like Acteon, be eaten up by my own Dogs; I love a fine House, but let another keep it; and just so I love a fine Woman.

*Aim.* In that last particular you have the better of me.

*Arch.* Ay, you're such an amorous Puppy, that I'm afraid you'll spoil our Sport; you can't counterfeit the Passion without feeling it.

*Aim.* Tho' the whining part be out of doors in Town, 'tis still in force with the Country Ladies;—And let me tell you Frank, the Fool in that Passion shall outdoe the Knave at any time.

*Arch.* Well, I won't dispute it now, you Command for the Day, and so I submit;— At Nottingham you know I am to be Master.

*Aim.* And at Lincoln I again.

*Arch.* Then at Norwich I mount, which, I think, shall be our last Stage; for if we fail there, we'll imbark for Holland, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

*Aim.* A Match! [*Enter Bonniface.*] Mum.

*Bon.* What will your Worship please to have for Supper?

*Aim.* What have you got?

*Bon.* Sir, we have a delicate piece of Beef in the Pot, and a Pig at the Fire.

*Aim.* Good Supper-meat, I must confess,—I can't eat Beef, Landlord.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* And I hate Pig.

*Aim.* Hold your prating, Sirrah, do you know who you are?

*Bon.* Please to bespeak something else, I have every thing in the House.

*Aim.* Have you any Veal?

*Bon.* Veal! Sir, we had a delicate Loin of Veal on Wednesday last.

*Aim.* Have you got any Fish or Wildfowl?

*Bon.* As for Fish, truly Sir, we are an inland Town, and indifferently provided with Fish, that's the Truth ont, and then for Wildfowl,—We have a delicate Couple of Rabbets.

*Aim.* Get me the Rabbets fricasay'd.

*Bon.* Fricasay'd! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with Onions.

*Arch.* Pshaw! damn your Onions.

*Aim.* Again, Sirrah!—Well, Landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small Charge of Money, and your House is so full of Strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your Custody than mine; for when this Fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing.—Here, Sirrah, reach me the strong Box.

*Arch.* Yes, Sir,—This will give us a Reputation. [*Aside.*] [*Brings the Box.*]

*Aim.* Here, Landlord, the Locks are sealed down both for your Security and mine; it holds somewhat above Two hundred Pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after Supper; but



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

be sure you lay it where I may have it at a Minute's warning; for my Affairs are a little dubious at present, perhaps I may be gone in half an Hour, perhaps I may be your Guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your Ostler to keep my Horses always saddled; but one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this Fellow have none of your "Anno Domini," as you call it;—For he's the most insufferable Sot.—Here, Sirrah, light me to my Chamber. *[Exit lighted by Archer.*

*Bon.* Cherry, Daughter Cherry?

*Enter Cherry.*

*Cher.* D'ye call, Father?

*Bon.* Ay, Child, you must lay by this Box for the Gentleman, 'tis full of Money.

*Cher.* Money! all that Money! why, sure Father the Gentleman comes to be chosen Parliament-man. Who is he?

*Bon.* I don't know what to make of him, he talks of keeping his Horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

*Cher.* Ay, ten to one, Father, he's a High-way-man.

*Bon.* A High-way-man! upon my Life, Girl, you have hit it, and this Box is some new purchased Booty.—Now cou'd we find him out, the Money were ours.



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Cher.* He don't belong to our Gang?

*Bon.* What Horses have they?

*Cher.* The Master rides upon a Black.

*Bon.* A Black! ten to one the Man upon the black Mare; and since he don't belong to our Fraternity, we may betray him with a safe Conscience; I don't think it lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own.—Look'ye, Child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work, Proofs we must have, the Gentleman's Servant loves Drink, I'll ply him that way; and ten to one loves a Wench; you must work him t'other way.

*Cher.* Father, wou'd you have me give my Secret for his?

*Bon.* Consider, Child, there's Two hundred Pound to Boot. [*Ringing without.*] Coming, coming.—Child, mind your Business. [*Exit.*

*Cher.* What a Rogue is my Father! my Father! I deny it.—My Mother was a good, generous, free-hearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her good Nature might have extended for the good of her Children. This Landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his Guest, and debauch his Daughter into the bargain,—By a Footman too!

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* What Footman, pray, Mistress, is so happy as to be the Subject of your Contemplation?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Cher.* Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

*Arch.* I hope so, for I'm sure you did not think of me.

*Cher.* Suppose I had?

*Arch.* Why then you're but even with me; for the Minute I came in, I was a considering in what manner I should make love to you.

*Cher.* Love to me, Friend!

*Arch.* Yes, Child.

*Cher.* Child! Manners; if you kept a little more distance, Friend, it would become you much better.

*Arch.* Distance! Good night, Sauce-box. [*Going.*

*Cher.* A pretty Fellow! I like his Pride,—Sir, pray, Sir, you see, Sir, [*Archer returns.*] I have the Credit to be intrusted with your Master's Fortune here, which sets me a Degree above his Footman; I hope, Sir, you an't affronted.

*Arch.* Let me look you full in the Face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.—S'death, Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

*Cher.* Why, Sir, don't I see every body?

*Arch.* Ay, but if some Women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body.—Prithee, instruct me, I wou'd fain make Love to you, but I don't know what to say.

*Cher.* Why, did you never make Love to any body before?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* Never to a Person of your Figure, I can assure you, Madam, my Addresses have been always confin'd to People within my own Sphere, I never aspir'd so high before.

*But you look so bright,*

*And are dress'd so tight, &c. [A Song.]*

*Cher.* What can I think of this Man? [*Aside.*]  
Will you give me that Song, Sir?

*Arch.* Ay, my Dear, take it while 'tis warm.  
[*Kisses her.*] Death and Fire! her Lips are Honey-combs.

*Cher.* And I wish there had been Bees too, to have stung you for your Impudence.

*Arch.* There's a swarm of Cupids, my little Venus, that has done the Business much better.

*Cher.* This Fellow is misbegotten as well as I.  
[*Aside.*] What's your Name, Sir?

*Arch.* Name! I gad, I have forgot it. [*Aside.*]  
Oh! Martin.

*Cher.* Where were you born?

*Arch.* In St Martin's Parish.

*Cher.* What was your Father?

*Arch.* St Martin's Parish.

*Cher.* Then, Friend, good night.

*Arch.* I hope not.

*Cher.* You may depend upon't.

*Arch.* Upon what?

*Cher.* That you're very impudent.

*Arch.* That you're very handsome.

*Cher.* That you're a Footman.





THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* That you're an Angel.

*Cher.* I shall be rude.

*Arch.* So shall I.

*Cher.* Let go my Hand.

*Arch.* Give me a Kiss. *[Kisses her.*

*[Call without, Cherry, Cherry.*

*Cher.* I'mm—My Father calls; you plaguy Devil, how durst you stop my Breath so?— Offer to follow me one step, if you dare. *[Exit.*

*Arch.* A fair Challenge by this Light; this is a pretty fair opening of an Adventure; but we are Knight-Errants, and so Fortune be our Guide. *[Exit.*

*End of the First Act.*

## ACT II

SCENE, A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.

*Mrs Sullen and Dorinda meeting.*

*Dor.* Morrow, my dear Sister; are you for Church this Morning?

*Mrs Sull.* Any where to Pray; for Heaven alone can help me: But, I think, Dorinda, there's no Form of Prayer in the Liturgy against bad Husbands.

*Dor.* But there's a Form of Law in Doctors-Commons; and I swear, Sister Sullen, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that: For besides the part that I bear in your vexatious Broils, as being Sister to the Husband, and Friend to the Wife; your Example gives me such an Impression of Matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my Person to a long Vacation all its Life.—But supposing, Madam, that you brought it to a Case of Separation, what can you urge against your Husband? My Brother is, first, the most constant Man alive.

*Mrs Sull.* The most constant Husband, I grant 'ye.

*Dor.* He never sleeps from you.

*Mrs Sull.* No, he always sleeps with me.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Dor.* He allows you a Maintenance suitable to your Quality.

*Mrs Sull.* A Maintenance! do you take me, Madam, for an hospital Child, that I must sit down, and bless my Benefactors for Meat, Drink and Clothes? As I take it, Madam, I brought your Brother Ten thousand Pounds, out of which, I might expect some pretty things, call'd Pleasures.

*Dor.* You share in all the Pleasures that the Country affords.

*Mrs Sull.* Country Pleasures! Racks and Torments! dost think, Child, that my Limbs were made for leaping of Ditches, and clambring over Stiles; or that my Parents wisely foreseeing my future Happiness in Country-pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural Accomplishments of drinking fat Ale, playing at Whisk, and smoaking Tobacco with my Husband; or of spreading of Plaisters, brewing of Diet-drinks, and stilling Rosemary-Water with the good old Gentlewoman, my Mother-in-Law.

*Dor.* I'm sorry, Madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish indeed that our Entertainments were a little more polite, or your Taste a little less refin'd: But, pray, Madam, how came the Poets and Philosophers that labour'd so much in hunting after Pleasure, to place it at last in a Country Life?

*Mrs Sull.* Because they wanted Money, Child,



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

to find out the Pleasure of the Town: Did you ever see a Poet or Philosopher worth Ten thousand Pound; if you can shew me such a Man, I'll lay you Fifty Pound you'll find him somewhere within the weekly Bills.—Not that I disapprove rural Pleasures, as the Poets have painted them; in their Landschape every Phillis has her Coridon, every murmuring Stream, and every flowry Mead gives fresh Alarms to Love.—Besides, you'll find, that their Couples were never marry'd:—But yonder I see my Coridon, and a sweet Swain it is, Heaven knows.—Come, Dorinda, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother; and between both is he not a sad Brute?

*Dor.* I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best Judge.

*Mrs Sull.* O Sister, Sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent Sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks:—There's some Diversion in a talking Blockhead; and since a Woman must wear Chains, I wou'd have the Pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little.—Now you shall see, but take this by the way;—He came home this Morning at his usual Hour of Four, waken'd me out of a sweet Dream of something else, by tumbling over the Tea-table, which he broke all to pieces, after his Man and he had rowl'd about the Room like sick Passengers in a Storm, he comes flounce into Bed, dead

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

as a Salmon into a Fishmonger's Basket; his Feet cold as Ice, his Breath hot as a Furnace, and his Hands and his Face as greasy as his Flanel Night-cap.—Oh Matrimony!—He tosses up the Clothes with a barbarous swing over his Shoulders, disorders the whole Oeconomy of my Bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole Night's Comfort is the tuneable Serenade of that wakeful Nightingale, his Nose.—O the Pleasure of counting the melancholly Clock by a snoring Husband!—But now, Sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred Man, he will beg my Pardon.

*Enter Sullen.*

*Sull.* My Head akes consumedly.

*Mrs Sull.* Will you be pleased, my Dear, to drink Tea with us this Morning? it may do your Head good.

*Sull.* No.

*Dor.* Coffee? Brother.

*Sull.* Pshaw.

*Mrs Sull.* Will you please to dress and go to Church with me, the Air may help you.

*Sull.* Scrub.

*Enter Scrub.*

*Scrub.* Sir.

*Sull.* What Day o'th Week is this?

*Scrub.* Sunday, an't please your Worship.

*Sull.* Sunday! bring me a Dram, and d'ye hear,

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

set out the Venison-Pasty, and a Tankard of strong Beer upon the Hall-Table, I'll go to Breakfast. [Going.

*Dor.* Stay, stay, Brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naught last Night, and must make your Wife Reparation; come, come, Brother, won't you ask Pardon?

*Sull.* For what?

*Dor.* For being drunk last Night.

*Sull.* I can afford it, can't I?

*Mrs Sull.* But I can't, Sir.

*Sull.* Then you may let it alone.

*Mrs Sull.* But I must tell you, Sir, that this is not to be born.

*Sull.* I'm glad on't.

*Mrs Sull.* What is the Reason, Sir, that you use me thus inhumanely?

*Sull.* Scrub?

*Scrub.* Sir.

*Sull.* Get things ready to shave my Head. [Exit.

*Mrs Sull.* Have a care of coming near his Temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there that may turn the Edge of your Razor.—Inveterate Stupidity! did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a Spleen as his? O Sister, Sister! I shall never ha' Good of the Beast till I get him to Town; London, dear London is the Place for managing and breaking a Husband.

*Dor.* And has not a Husband the same Opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* No, no, Child, 'tis a standing Maxim in conjugal Discipline, that when a Man wou'd enslave his Wife, he hurries her into the Country; and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Husband, she wheedles her Booby up to Town.—A Man dare not play the Tyrant in London, because there are so many Examples to encourage the Subject to rebel. O Dorinda, Dorinda! a fine Woman may do any thing in London: O'my Conscience, she may raise an Army of Forty thousand Men.

*Dor.* I fancy, Sister, you have a mind to be trying your Power that way here in Litchfield; you have drawn the French Count to your Colours already.

*Mrs Sull.* The French are a People that can't live without their Gallantries.

*Dor.* And some English that I know, Sister, are not averse to such Amusements.

*Mrs Sull.* Well, Sister, since the Truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think one way to rouse my Lethargick sotish Husband, is, to give him a Rival; Security begets Negligence in all People, and Men must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their Duty: Women are like Pictures of no Value in the Hands of a Fool, till he hears Men of Sense bid high for the Purchase.

*Dor.* This might do, Sister, if my Brother's Understanding were to be convinc'd into a

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Passion for you; but I fancy there's a natural Aversion of his side; and I fancy, Sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

*Mrs Sull.* I own it, we are united Contradictions, Fire and Water: But I cou'd be contented, with a great many other Wives, to humour the censorious Mob, and give the World an Appearance of living well with my Husband, cou'd I bring him but to dissemble a little Kindness to keep me in Countenance.

*Dor.* But how do you know, Sister, but that instead of rousing your Husband by this Artifice to a counterfeit Kindness, he should awake in a real Fury.

*Mrs Sull.* Let him:—If I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

*Dor.* But how must I behave my self between ye.

*Mrs Sull.* You must assist me.

*Dor.* What, against my own Brother!

*Mrs Sull.* He's but half a Brother, and I'm your entire Friend: If I go a step beyond the Bounds of Honour, leave me; till then I expect you should go along with me in every thing, while I trust my Honour in your Hands, you may trust your Brother's in mine.—The Count is to dine here to Day.

*Dor.* 'Tis a strange thing, Sister, that I can't like that Man.

*Mrs Sull.* You like nothing, your time is not

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

come; Love and Death have their Fatalities, and strike home one time or other:—You'll pay for all one Day, I warrant'ye.—But, come, my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis almost Church-time. [Exeunt.

SCENE, The Inn.

*Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.*

*Aim.* And was she the Daughter of the House?

*Arch.* The Landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better Blood in her Veins.

*Aim.* Why dost think so?

*Arch.* Because the Baggage has a pert *Je ne sçai quoi*, she reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubled with Vapours.

*Aim.* By which Discoveries I guess that you know more of her.

*Arch.* Not yet, Faith, the Lady gives her self Airs, forsooth, nothing under a Gentleman.

*Aim.* Let me take her in hand.

*Arch.* Say one Word more o' that, and I'll declare my self, spoil your Sport there, and every where else; look'ye, Aimwell, every Man in his own Sphere.

*Aim.* Right; and therefore you must pimp for your Master.

*Arch.* In the usual Forms, good Sir, after I have

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

serv'd my self.—But to our Business:—You are so well dress'd, Tom, and make so handsome a Figure, that I fancy you may do Execution in a Country Church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that Impression favourable.

*Aim.* There's something in that which may turn to Advantage: The Appearance of a Stranger in a Country Church draws as many Gazers as a blazing Star; no sooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a Train of Whispers runs buzzing round the Congregation in a moment;—Who is he? whence comes he? do you know him?—Then I, Sir, tips me the Verger with half a Crown; he pockets the Simony, and Inducts me into the best Pue in the Church, I pull out my Snuff-box, turn my self round, bow to the Bishop, or the Dean, if he be the commanding Officer; single out a Beauty, rivet both my Eyes to hers, set my Nose a bleeding by the Strength of Imagination, and shew the whole Church my concern by my endeavouring to hide it; after the Sermon, the whole Town gives me to her for a Lover, and by perswading the Lady that I am a dying for her, the Tables are turn'd, and she in good earnest falls in Love with me?

*Arch.* There's nothing in this, Tom, without a Precedent; but instead of riveting your Eyes to a Beauty, try to fix 'em upon a Fortune, that's our Business at present.



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Aim.* Pshaw, no Woman can be a Beauty without a Fortune.—Let me alone, for I am a Mark'sman.

*Arch.* Tom.

*Aim.* Ay.

*Arch.* When were you at Church before, pray?

*Aim.* Um—I was there at the Coronation.

*Arch.* And how can you expect a Blessing by going to Church now?

*Aim.* Blessing! nay, Frank, I ask but for a Wife.  
[*Exit.*

*Arch.* Truly the Man is not very unreasonable in his Demands. [Exit at the opposite Door.

*Enter* Bonniface and Cherry.

*Bon.* Well Daughter, as the saying is, have you brought Martin to confess?

*Cher.* Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young you know, Father, and I don't understand Wheedling.

*Bon.* Young! why you Jade, as the saying is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young, you'r Mother was useless at five and twenty; not wheedle! would you make your Mother a Whore and me a Cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you his Silence confesses it, and his Master spends his Money so freely, and is so much a Gentleman every manner of way that he must be a Highwayman.



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Enter Gibbet in a Cloak.*

*Gib.* Landlord, Landlord, is the Coast clear?

*Bon.* O, Mr Gibbet, what's the News?

*Gib.* No matter, ask no Questions, all fair and honourable; here, my dear Cherry [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred Sterling Pounds, as good as any that ever hang'd or sav'd a Rogue; lay 'em by with the rest, and here—Three wedding or mourning Rings, 'tis much the same you know—Here, two Silver-hilted Swords; I took those from Fellows that never shew any part of their Swords but the Hilt: Here is a Diamond Necklace which the Lady hid in the privatest place in the Coach, but I found it out: This Gold Watch I took from a Pawn-broker's Wife; it was left in her Hands by a Person of Quality, there's the Arms upon the Case.

*Cher.* But who had you the Money from?

*Gib.* Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her;—From a poor Lady just elop'd from her Husband, she had made up her Cargo, and was bound for Ireland, as hard as she cou'd drive; she told me of her Husband's barbarous Usage, and so I left her half a Crown: But I had almost forgot, my dear Cherry, I have a Present for you.

*Cher.* What is't?

*Gib.* A Pot of Cereuse, my Child, that I took out of a Lady's under Pocket.

*Cher.* What, Mr Gibbet, do you think that I paint?

*Gib.* Why, you Jade, your Betters do; I'm sure the Lady that I took it from had a Coronet

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

upon her Handkerchief.—Here, take my Cloak, and go, secure the Premises.

*Cher.* I will secure 'em. [Exit.

*Bon.* But, heark'ye, where's Hounslow and Bagshot?

*Gib.* They'll be here to Night.

*Bon.* D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o'the Pad on this Road?

*Gib.* No.

*Bon.* I fancy that I have two that lodge in the House just now.

*Gib.* The Devil! how d'ye smoak 'em?

*Bon.* Why, the one is gone to Church.

*Gib.* That's suspicious, I must confess.

*Bon.* And the other is now in his Master's Chamber; he pretends to be Servant to the other, we'll call him out, and pump him a little.

*Gib.* With all my Heart.

*Bon.* Mr Martin, Mr Martin?

*Enter Archer combing a Perrywig, and singing.*

*Gib.* The Roads are consumed deep; I'm as dirty as old Brentford at Christmas.—A good pretty Fellow that; who's Servant are you, Friend?

*Arch.* My Master's.

*Gib.* Really?

*Arch.* Really.

*Gib.* That's much.—The Fellow has been at the Bar by his Evasions:—But, pray, Sir, what is your Master's Name?

*de Jure*

*de Jure*



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* *Tall, all dall;* [*sings and combs the Perrywig.*] This is the most obstinate Curl——

*Gib.* I ask you his Name?

*Arch.* Name, Sir,—*Tall, all dal*——I never ask'd him his Name in my Life. *Tall, all dall.*

*Bon.* What think you now?

*Gib.* Plain, plain, he talks now as if he were before a Judge: But, pray, Friend, which way does your Master travel?

*Arch.* A Horseback.

*Gib.* Very well again, an old Offender, right;—But, I mean does he go upwards or downwards?

*Arch.* Downwards, I fear, Sir: *Tall, all.*

*Gib.* I'm afraid my Fate will be a contrary way.

*Bon.* Ha, ha, ha! Mr Martin you're very arch.——This Gentleman is only travelling towards Chester, and wou'd be glad of your Company, that's all.——Come, Captain, you'll stay to Night, I suppose; I'll shew you a Chamber—Come, Captain.

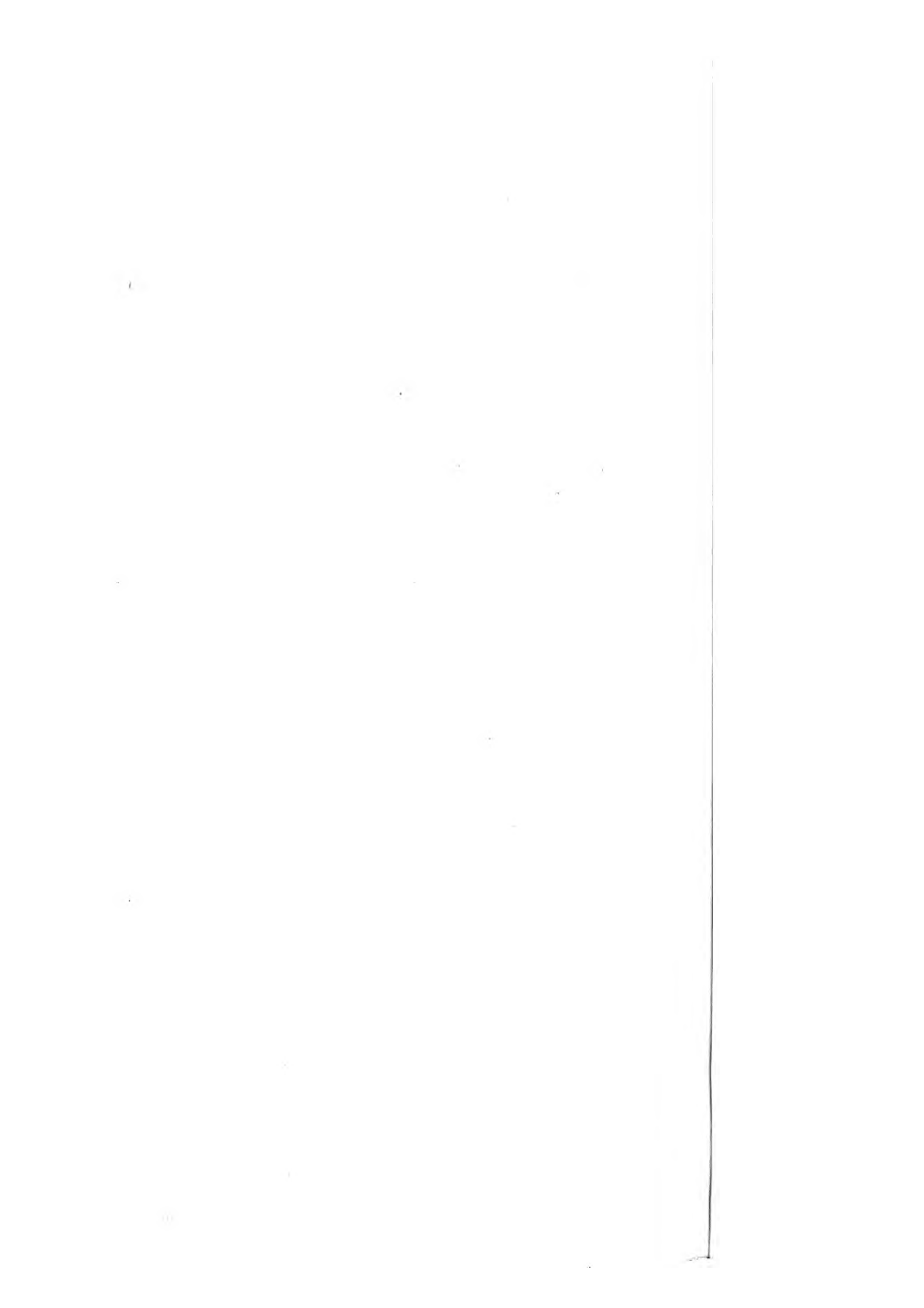
*Gib.* Farewel, Friend—— [Exeunt.

*Arch.* Captain, your Servant.——Captain! a pretty Fellow; s'death, I wonder that the Officers of the Army don't conspire to beat all Scoundrels in Red, but their own.

*Enter Cherry.*

*Cher.* Gone! and Martin here! I hope he did not listen; I wou'd have the Merit of the discovery all my own, because I wou'd oblige him





THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

to love me. [*Aside.*] Mr Martin, who was that Man with my Father?

*Arch.* Some Recruiting Serjeant, or whip'd out Trooper, I suppose.

*Cher.* All's safe, I find.

*Arch.* Come, my Dear, have you con'd over the Catechise I taught you last Night?

*Cher.* Come, question me.

*Arch.* What is Love?

*Cher.* Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

*Arch.* Very well, an apt Scholar. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*] Where does Love enter?

*Cher.* Into the Eyes.

*Arch.* And where go out?

*Cher.* I won't tell'ye.

*Arch.* What are Objects of that Passion?

*Cher.* Youth, Beauty, and clean Linen.

*Arch.* The Reason?

*Cher.* The two first are fashionable in Nature, and the third at Court.

*Arch.* That's my Dear: What are the Signs and Tokens of that Passion?

*Cher.* A stealing Look, a stammering Tongue, Words improbable, Designs impossible, and Actions impracticable.

*Arch.* That's my good Child, kiss me.—What must a Lover do to obtain his Mistress?

*Cher.* He must adore the Person that disdains him, he must bribe the Chambermaid that



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

betrays him, and court the Footman that laughs at him;—He must, he must——

*Arch.* Nay, Child, I must whip you if you don't mind your Lesson; he must treat his——

*Cher.* O, ay, he must treat his Enemies with Respect, his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with Contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his Ruine, and throw himself away.

*Arch.* Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine? come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

*Cher.* Because being blind, he leads those that see, and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.

*Arch.* Mighty well.—And why is Love pictur'd blind?

*Cher.* Because the Painters out of the weakness or privilege of their Art chose to hide those Eyes that they cou'd not draw.

*Arch.* That's, my dear little Scholar, kiss me again.—And why shou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

*Cher.* Because that a Child is the end of Love.

*Arch.* And so ends Love's Catechism.—And now, my Dear, we'll go in, and make my Master's Bed.

*Cher.* Hold, hold, Mr Martin,—You have taken a great deal of Pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn't by it?

*Arch.* What?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Cher.* That your Discourse and your Habit are Contradictions, and it wou'd be nonsense in me to believe you a Footman any longer.

*Arch.* 'Oons, what a Witch it is!

*Cher.* Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in this Garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to Servitude, I hate it:—Own your Condition, swear you love me, and then—

*Arch.* And then we shall go make the Bed.

*Cher.* Yes.

*Arch.* You must know then, that I am born a Gentleman, my Education was liberal; but I went to London a younger Brother, fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who stript me of my Money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my Necessity brings me to what you see.

*Cher.* Then take my Hand—promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you Master of two thousand Pound.

*Arch.* How!

*Cher.* Two thousand Pound that I have this Minute in my own Custody; so throw off your Livery this Instant, and I'll go find a Parson.

*Arch.* What said you? A Parson!

*Cher.* What! do you scruple?

*Arch.* Scruple! no, no, but—two thousand Pound you say?

*Cher.* And better.

*Arch.* S'death, what shall I do—but heark'e, Child, what need you make me Master of your

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

self and Money, when you may have the same Pleasure out of me, and still keep your Fortune in your Hands.

*Cher.* Then you won't marry me?

*Arch.* I wou'd marry you, but——

*Cher.* O sweet, Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught, wou'd you perswade me that any Gentleman who cou'd bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery, wou'd refuse two thousand Pound let the Condition be what it wou'd—no, no, Sir,—but I hope you'll Pardon the Freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform my self of the Respect that I ought to pay you. [*Going.*

*Arch.* Fairly bit, by Jupiter—hold, hold, and have you actually two thousand Pound?

*Cher.* Sir, I have my Secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free, and be assur'd that I have Discoveries that will match yours, be what they will—in the mean while be satisfy'd that no Discovery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my Father.— [*Exit.*

*Arch.* So—we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as Don Quixote had in his—let me see,—two thousand Pound! if the Wench wou'd promise to dye when the Money were spent, Igad, one wou'd marry her, but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live—Lord knows how long? then

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

an Innkeeper's Daughter; ay that's the Devil—  
there my Pride brings me off.

*For whatso'er the Sages charge on Pride  
The Angels fall, and twenty Faults beside,  
On Earth I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal Calling,  
Pride saves Man oft, and Woman too from falling.*  
[Exit.

*End of the Second Act.*

### ACT III

SCENE, Lady Bountyful's House.

*Enter Mrs Sullen, Dorinda.*

*Mrs Sull.* Ha, ha, ha, my dear Sister, let me embrace thee, now we are Friends indeed! for I shall have a Secret of yours, as a Pledge for mine—now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the Subjects of the Sex.

*Dor.* But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at first sight?

*Mrs Sull.* Pshaw! now you spoil all, why shou'd not we be as free in our Friendships as the Men? I warrant you the Gentleman has got to his Confident already, has avow'd his Passion, toasted your Health, call'd you ten thousand Angels, has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air and every thing, in a Description that warms their Mirth to a second Enjoyment.

*Dor.* Your Hand, Sister, I an't well.

*Mrs Sull.* So,—she's breeding already—come Child up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we saw at Church just now?

*Dor.* The Man's well enough.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* Well enough! is he not a Demigod, a Narcissus, a Star, the Man i'the Moon?

*Dor.* O Sister, I'm extreamly ill.

*Mrs Sull.* Shall I send to your Mother, Child, for a little of her Cephalick Plaister to put to the Soals of your Feet, or shall I send to the Gentleman for something for you?—Come, unlace your Steas, unbosome your self—the Man is perfectly a pretty Fellow, I saw him when he first came into Church.

*Dor.* I saw him too, Sister, and with an Air that shone, methought like Rays about his Person.

*Mrs Sull.* Well said, up with it.

*Dor.* No forward Coquett Behaviour, no Airs to set him off, no study'd Looks nor artful Posture,—but Nature did it all——

*Mrs Sull.* Better and better—one Touch more—come.—

*Dor.* But then his Looks—did you observe his Eyes?

*Mrs Sull.* Yes, yes, I did—his Eyes, well, what of his Eyes?

*Dor.* Sprightly, but not wandring; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me—and then his Looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with Pride dye at my Feet, tho' he scorn'd Slavery any where else.

*Mrs Sull.* The Physick works purely——How d'ye find your self now, my Dear?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Dor.* Hem! much better, my Dear—O here comes our Mercury! [*Enter Scrub.*] Well Scrub, what News of the Gentleman?

*Scrub.* Madam, I have brought you a Packet of News.

*Dor.* Open it quickly, come.

*Scrub.* In the first place I enquir'd who the Gentleman was? they told me he was a Stranger, Secondly, I ask'd what the Gentleman was, they answer'd and said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I enquir'd what Countryman he was, they reply'd 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came, their Answer was, they cou'd not tell. And Fifthly, I ask'd whither he went, and they reply'd they knew nothing of the matter,—and this is all I cou'd learn.

*Mrs Sull.* But what do the People say, can't they guess?

*Scrub.* Why some think he's a Spy, some guess he's a Mountebank, some say one thing, some another; but for my own part, I believe he's a Jesuit.

*Dor.* A Jesuit! why a Jesuit?

*Scrub.* Because he keeps his Horses always ready saddled, and his Footman talks French.

*Mrs Sull.* His Footman!

*Scrub.* Ay, he and the Count's Footman were Gabbering French like two intreaguing Ducks in a Mill Pond, and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Dor.* What sort of Livery has the Footman?

*Scrub.* Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a Captain, he's so bedizen'd with Lace, and then he has Tops to his Shoes, up to his mid Leg, a silver headed Cane dangling at his Nuckles, —he carries his Hands in his Pockets just so— [*Walks in the French Air*] and has a fine long Perriwig ty'd up in a Bag—Lord, Madam, he's clear another sort of Man than I.

*Mrs Sull.* That may easily be—but what shall we do now, Sister?

*Dor.* I have it—This Fellow has a world of Simplicity, and some Cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance—*Scrub.*

*Scrub.* Madam.

*Dor.* We have a great mind to know who this Gentleman is, only for our Satisfaction.

*Scrub.* Yes, Madam, it would be a Satisfaction, no doubt.

*Dor.* You must go and get acquainted with his Footman, and invite him hither to drink a Bottle of your Ale, because you're Butler to Day.

*Scrub.* Yes, Madam, I am Butler every Sunday.

*Mrs Sull.* O brave, Sister, O my Conscience, you understand the Mathematicks already—'tis the best Plot in the World, your Mother, you know, will be gone to Church, my Spouse will be got to the Ale-house with his Scoundrels, and the House will be our own—so we drop in



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

by Accident and ask the Fellow some Questions our selves. In the Countrey you know any Stranger is Company, and we're glad to take up with the Butler in a Country Dance, and happy if he'll do us the Favour.

*Scrub.* Oh! Madam, you wrong me, I never refus'd your Ladyship the Favour in my Life.

*Enter Gipsey.*

*Gip.* Ladies, Dinner's upon Table.

*Dor.* Scrub, We'll excuse your waiting—Go where we order'd you.

*Scrub.* I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Changes to the Inn.

*Enter Aimwell and Archer.*

*Arch.* Well, Tom, I find you're a Marksman.

*Aim.* A Marksman! who so blind cou'd be, as not discern a Swan among the Ravens.

*Arch.* Well, but heark'ee, Aimwell.

*Aim.* Aimwell! call me Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis, all that Romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll answer. O Archer, I read her thousands in her Looks, she look'd like Ceres in her Harvest, Corn, Wine and Oil, Milk and Honey, Gardens, Groves and Purling Streams play'd on her plenteous Face.

*Arch.* Her Face! her Pocket, you mean; the

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Corn, Wine and Oil lies there. In short, she has ten thousand Pound, that's the English on't.

*Aim.* Her Eyes——

*Arch.* Are Demi-Cannons to be sure, so I won't stand their Battery. [Going.

*Aim.* Pray excuse me, my Passion must have vent.

*Arch.* Passion! what a plague, d'ee think these Romantick Airs will do our Business? Were my Temper as extravagant as yours, my Adventures have something more Romantick by half.

*Aim.* Your Adventures!

*Arch.* Yes, The Nymph that with her twice ten hundred Pounds

With brazen Engine hot, and Quoil  
clear starch'd

Can fire the Guest in warming of the  
Bed——

There's a Touch of Sublime Milton for you, and the Subject but an Inn-keeper's Daughter; I can play with a Girl as an Angler do's with his Fish; he keeps it at the end of his Line, runs it up the Stream, and down the Stream, till at last, he brings it to hand, tickles the Trout, and so whips it into his Basket.

*Enter Bonniface.*

*Bon.* Mr Martin, as the saying is—yonder's an honest Fellow below, my Lady Bountiful's Butler, who begs the Honour that you wou'd go Home with him and see his Cellar.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* Do my *Baisemains* to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do my self the Honour to wait on him immediately. [*Exit* Bon.]

*Aim.* What do I hear? soft Orpheus Play, and fair Toftida sing?

*Arch.* Pshaw! damn your Raptures, I tell you here's a Pump going to be put into the Vessel, and the Ship will get into Harbour, my Life on't. You say there's another Lady very handsome there.

*Aim.* Yes, faith.

*Arch.* I'am in love with her already.

*Aim.* Can't you give me a Bill upon Cherry in the mean time?

*Arch.* No, no, Friend, all her Corn, Wine and Oil is ingross'd to my Market.—And once more I warn you to keep your Anchorage clear of mine, for if you fall foul of me, by this Light you shall go to the Bottom.—What! make Prize of my little Frigat, while I am upon the Cruise for you!  
[*Exit.*]

*Enter* Bonniface.

*Aim.* Well, well, I won't—Landlord, have you any tolerable Company in the House, I don't care for dining alone.

*Bon.* Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below; as the saying is, that arrived about an Hour ago.

*Aim.* Gentlemen of his Coat are welcome every

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

where; will you make him a Complement from me, and tell him I should be glad of his Company.

*Bon.* Who shall I tell him, Sir, wou'd.—

*Aim.* Ha! that Stroak was well thrown in— I'm only a Traveller like himself, and wou'd be glad of his Company, that's all.

*Bon.* I obey your Commands, as the saying is.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* S'Death! I had forgot, what Title will you give your self?

*Aim.* My Brother's to be sure, he wou'd never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his Honour this bout—you know the rest of your Cue.

*Arch.* Ay, ay.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Gibbet.*

*Gib.* Sir, I'm yours.

*Aim.* 'Tis more than I deserve, Sir, for I don't know you.

*Gib.* I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never saw me before, I hope.

[*Aside.*

*Aim.* And pray, Sir, how came I by the Honour of seeing you now?

*Gib.* Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any Gentleman—but my Landlord—

*Aim.* O, Sir, I ask your Pardon, you're the Captain he told me of.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Gib.* At your Service, Sir.

*Aim.* What Regiment, may I be so bold?

*Gib.* A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps.

*Aim.* Very old, if your Coat be Regimental,  
[*Aside.*] You have serv'd abroad, Sir?

*Gib.* Yes, Sir, in the Plantations, 'twas my Lot to be sent into the worst Service, I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a Man of Honour, you know— Besides 'twas for the good of my Country that I shou'd be abroad—Any thing for the good of one's Country—I'm a Roman for that.

*Aim.* One of the first, I'll lay my Life [ *Aside.* ]  
You found the West Indies very hot, Sir?

*Gib.* Ay, Sir, too hot for me.

*Aim.* Pray, Sir, han't I seen your Face at Will's Coffee-house?

*Gib.* Yes, Sir, and at White's too.

*Aim.* And where is your Company now, Captain?

*Gib.* They an't come yet.

*Aim.* Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

*Gib.* They'll be here to Night, Sir.

*Aim.* Which way do they march?

*Gib.* Across the Country—The Devil's in't, if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about.

*Aim.* Is your Company to quarter in Litchfield?

*Gib.* In this House, Sir.

*Aim.* What! all?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Gib.* My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha, we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

*Aim.* You're merry, Sir.

*Gib.* Ay, Sir, you must excuse me, Sir, I understand the World, especially, the Art of Travelling; I don't care, Sir, for answering Questions directly upon the Road—for I generally ride with a Charge about me.

*Aim.* Three or four, I believe. [Aside.

*Gib.* I am credibly inform'd that there are Highway-men upon this Quarter, not, Sir, that I cou'd suspect a Gentleman of your Figure—But truly, Sir, I have got such a way of Evasion upon the Road, that I don't care for speaking Truth to any Man.

*Aim.* Your Caution may be necessary—Then I presume you're no Captain?

*Gib.* Not I, Sir, Captain is a good travelling Name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish Inquiries that are generally made about Gentlemen that travel, it gives a Man an Air of something, and makes the Drawers obedient—And thus far I am a Captain, and no farther.

*Aim.* And pray, Sir, what is your true Profession?

*Gib.* O, Sir, you must excuse me—upon my Word, Sir, I don't think it safe to tell you.

*Aim.* Ha, ha, ha, upon my word I commend you. [Enter Bonniface.] Well, Mr Bonniface, what's the News?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Bon.* There's another Gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make the third Man if you wou'd give him leave.

*Aim.* What is he?

*Bon.* A Clergyman, as the saying is.

*Aim.* A Clergyman! is he really a Clergyman? or is it only his travelling Name, as my Friend the Captain has it.

*Bon.* O, Sir, he's a Priest and Chaplain to the French Officers in Town.

*Aim.* Is he a French-man?

*Bon.* Yes, Sir, born at Brussels.

*Gib.* A French-man, and a Priest! I won't be seen in his Company, Sir; I have a Value for my Reputation, Sir.

*Aim.* Nay, but Captain, since we are by our selves—Can he speak English, Landlord?

*Bon.* Very well, Sir, you may know him, as the saying is, to be a Foreigner by his Accent, and that's all.

*Aim.* Then he has been in England before?

*Bon.* Never, Sir, but he's a Master of Languages, as the saying is, he talks Latin, it do's me good to hear him talk Latin.

*Aim.* Then you understand Latin, Mr Bonniface?

*Bon.* Not I, Sir, as the saying is, but he talks it so very fast that I'm sure it must be good.

*Aim.* Pray desire him to walk up.

*Bon.* Here he is, as the saying is.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Enter Foigard.*

*Foig.* Save you, Gentlemen's, both.

*Aim.* A French-man! Sir, your most humble Servant.

*Foig.* Och, dear Joy, I am your most faithful Shervant, and yours alsho.

*Gib.* Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty Twang of the Foreigner.

*Foig.* My English is very vel for the vords, but we Foregners you know cannot bring our Tongues about the Pronunciation so soon.

*Aim.* A Foreigner! a down-right Teague by this Light. [*Aside.*] Were you born in France, Doctor?

*Foig.* I was educated in France, but I was borned at Brussels, I am a Subject of the King of Spain, Joy.

*Gib.* What King of Spain, Sir, speak.

*Foig.* Upon my Shoul Joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

*Aim.* Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor, he's a Stranger.

*Foig.* O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation that is not easily put out of Countenance.

*Aim.* Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Dispute.— Here, Landlord, is Dinner ready?

*Bon.* Upon the Table, as the saying is.

*Aim.* Gentlemen—pray—that Door——

*Foig.* No, no fait, the Captain must lead.

*Aim.* No, Doctor, the Church is our Guide.

*Gib.* Ay, ay, so it is. [*Exit foremost, they follow.*]



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

SCENE, Changes to a Gallery in Lady  
Bountyful's House.

*Enter Archer and Scrub singing, and hugging  
one another, Scrub with a Tankard in his  
Hand, Gipsej listning at a distance.*

*Scrub. Tall, all dall—* Come, my dear Boy—  
Let's have that Song once more.

*Arch.* No, no, we shall disturb the Family;—  
But will you be sure to keep the Secret?

*Scrub.* Pho! upon my Honour, as I'm a gentle-  
man.

*Arch.* 'Tis enough.—You must know then  
that my Master is the Lord Viscount Aimwell;  
he fought a Duel t'other day in London,  
wounded his Man so dangerously, that he  
thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether  
the Gentleman's Wounds be mortal or not:  
He never was in this part of England before,  
so he chose to retire to this Place, that's all.

*Gip.* And that's enough for me. *[Exit.*

*Scrub.* And where were you when your Master  
fought?

*Arch.* We never know of our Masters Quarrels.

*Scrub.* No! if our Masters in the Country here  
receive a Challenge, the first thing they do is  
to tell their Wives; the Wife tells the Servants,  
the Servants alarm the Tenants, and in half an  
Hour you shall have the whole County in Arms.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for:— But if you should chance to talk now of my Business?

*Scrub.* Talk! ay, Sir, had I not learn't the knack of holding my Tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great Family.

*Arch.* Ay, ay, to be sure there are Secrets in all Families.

*Scrub.* Secrets, ay;—But I'll say no more.— Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard: Here—

*Arch.* With all my Heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh— Here's your Ladies Healths; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be Secrets among 'em.

*Scrub.* Secrets! Ay, Friend; I wish I had a Friend—

*Arch.* Am not I your Friend? come, you and I will be sworn Brothers.

*Scrub.* Shall we?

*Arch.* From this Minute.—Give me a kiss—And now Brother Scrub—

*Scrub.* And now, Brother Martin, I will tell you a Secret that will make your Hair stand on end:— You must know, that I am consumedly in Love.

*Arch.* That's a terrible Secret, that's the Truth on't.

*Scrub.* That Jade, Gipsej, that was with us just now in the Cellar, is the arrantest Whore that

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

ever wore a Petticoat; and I'm dying for love of her.

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha—Are you in love with her Person, or her Vertue, Brother Scrub?

*Scrub.* I should like Vertue best, because it is more durable than Beauty; for Vertue holds good with some Women long, and many a Day after they have lost it.

*Arch.* In the Country, I grant ye, where no Woman's Vertue is lost, till a Bastard be found.

*Scrub.* Ay, cou'd I bring her to a Bastard, I shou'd have her all to my self; but I dare not put it upon that Lay, for fear of being sent for a Soldier.—Pray, Brother, how do you Gentlemen in London like that same Pressing Act?

*Arch.* Very ill, Brother Scrub;—'Tis the worst that ever was made for us: Formerly I remember the good Days, when we cou'd dun our Masters for our Wages, and if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have a Warrant to carry 'em before a Justice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us before three Justices.

*Scrub.* And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the Justices won't give their own Servants a bad Example. Now this is my Misfortune—I dare not speak in the House, while that Jade Gipsej dings about like a Fury—Once I had the better end of the Staff.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* And how comes the Change now?

*Scrub.* Why, the Mother of all this Mischief is a Priest.

*Arch.* A Priest!

*Scrub.* Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of Babylon, that came over hither to say Grace to the French Officers, and eat up our Provisions—— There's not a Day goes over his Head without Dinner or Supper in this House.

*Arch.* How came he so familiar in the Family?

*Scrub.* Because he speaks English as if he had liv'd here all his Life; and tells Lies as if he had been a Traveller from his Cradle.

*Arch.* And this Priest, I'm afraid has converted the Affections of your Gipsej.

*Scrub.* Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear Friend:—For I'm afraid he has made her a Whore and a Papist.—But this is not all; there's the French Count and Mrs Sullen, they're in the Confederacy, and for some private Ends of their own to be sure.

*Arch.* A very hopeful Family yours, Brother Scrub; I suppose the Maiden Lady has her Lover too.

*Scrub.* Not that I know;—She's the best on 'em, that's the Truth on't: But they take care to prevent my Curiosity, by giving me so much Business, that I'm a perfect Slave.—What d'ye think is my Place in this Family?

*Arch.* Butler, I suppose.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Scrub.* Ah, Lord help you—I'll tell you—Of a Monday, I drive the Coach; of a Tuesday, I drive the Plough; on Wednesday, I follow the Hounds; a Thursday, I dun the Tenants; on Fryday, I go to Market; on Saturday, I draw Warrants; and a Sunday, I draw Beer.

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha! if variety be a Pleasure in Life, you have enough on't, my dear Brother—But what Ladies are those?

*Scrub.* Ours, ours; that upon the right Hand is Mrs Sullen, and the other is Mrs Dorinda.—Don't mind 'em, sit still, Man—

*Enter Mrs Sullen, and Dorinda.*

*Mrs Sull.* I have heard my Brother talk of my Lord Aimwell, but they say that his Brother is the finer Gentleman.

*Dor.* That's impossible, Sister.

*Mrs Sull.* He's vastly rich, but very close, they say.

*Dor.* No matter for that; if I can creep into his Heart, I'll open his Breast, I warrant him: I have heard say, that People may be guess'd at by the Behaviour of their Servants; I could wish we might talk to that Fellow.

*Mrs Sull.* So do I; for, I think he's a very pretty Fellow: Come this way, I'll throw out a Lure for him presently.

[*They walk a turn towards the opposite side of the Stage, Mrs Sullen drops her Glove, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*]











THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* Corn, Wine, and Oil, indeed—But, I think, the Wife has the greatest plenty of Flesh and Blood; she should be my Choice—Ah, a, say you so—Madam—Your Ladyship's Glove.

*Mrs Sull.* O, Sir, I thank you—what a handsom Bow the Fellow has!

*Dor.* Bow! why I have known several Footmen come down from London set up here for Dancing-Masters, and carry off the best Fortunes in the Country.

*Arch.* [*Aside.*] That Project, for ought I know, had been better than ours, Brother Scrub—Why don't you introduce me.

*Scrub.* Ladies, this is the strange Gentleman's Servant that you see at Church to Day; I understood he came from London, and so I invited him to the Cellar, that he might show me the newest Flourish in whetting my Knives.

*Dor.* And I hope you have made much of him?

*Arch.* O yes, Madam, but the Strength of your Ladyship's Liqueur is a little too potent for the Constitution of your humble Servant.

*Mrs Sull.* What, then you don't usually drink Ale?

*Arch.* No, Madam, my constant Drink is Tea, or a little Wine and Water; 'tis prescrib'd me by the Physician for a Remedy against the Spleen.

*Scrub.* O la, O la!—a Footman have the Spleen.—

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* I thought that Distemper had been only proper to People of Quality.

*Arch.* Madam, like all other Fashions it wears out, and so descends to their Servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe it proceeds from some melancholly Particles in the Blood, occasion'd by the Stagnation of Wages.

*Dor.* How affectedly the Fellow talks—How long, pray, have you serv'd your present Master?

*Arch.* Not long; my Life has been mostly spent in the Service of the Ladies.

*Mrs Sull.* And pray, which Service do you like best?

*Arch.* Madam, the Ladies pay best; the Honour of serving them is sufficient Wages; there is a Charm in their looks that delivers a Pleasure with their Commands, and gives our Duty the Wings of Inclination.

*Mrs Sull.* That Flight was above the pitch of a Livery; and, Sir, wou'd not you be satisfied to serve a Lady again?

*Arch.* As a Groom of the Chamber, Madam, but not as a Footman.

*Mrs Sull.* I suppose you serv'd as Footman before.

*Arch.* For that Reason I wou'd not serve in that Post again; for my Memory is too weak for the load of Messages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in London; my Lady Howd'ye, the

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

last Mistress I serv'd call'd me up one Morning, and told me, Martin, go to my Lady Allnight with my humble Service; tell her I was to wait on her Ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs Rebecca, that the Preliminaries of the Affair she knows of, are stopt till we know the concurrence of the Person that I know of, for which there are Circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old Place; but that in the mean time there is a Person about her Ladyship, that from several Hints and Surmises, was necessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more Importance.

*Mrs Sull.* } Ha, ha, ha! where are you going, Sir?  
*Dor.* }

*Arch.* Why, I han't half done.—The whole Howd'ye was about half an Hour long; so I hapned to misplace two Syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable——

*Dor.* The pleasantest Fellow, Sister, I ever saw.——But, Friend, if your Master be marry'd,—I presume you still serve a Lady.

*Arch.* No, Madam, I take care never to come into a marry'd Family; the Commands of the Master and Mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

*Dor.* There's a main point gain'd.—My Lord is not marry'd, I find. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs Sull.* But, I wonder, Friend, that in so

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

many good Services, you had not a better Provision made for you.

*Arch.* I don't know how, Madam.—I had a Lieutenancy offer'd me three or four Times; but that is not Bread, Madam—I live much better as I do.

*Scrub.* Madam, he sings rarely.—I was thought to do pretty well here in the Country till he came; but alack a day, I'm nothing to my Brother Martin.

*Dor.* Does he? Pray, Sir, will you oblige us with a Song?

*Arch.* Are you for Passion, or Humour?

*Scrub.* O le! he has the purest Ballad about a Trifle—

*Mrs Sull.* A Trifle! pray, Sir, let's have it.

*Arch.* I'm asham'd to offer you a Trifle, Madam: But since you command me—[*Sings to the tune of Sir Simon the King.*

*A trifling Song you shall hear,*

*Begun with a Trifle, and ended, &c.*

*Mrs Sull.* Very well, Sir, we're obliged to you. —Something for a pair of Gloves.

[*Offering him Money.*

*Arch.* I humbly beg leave to be excused: My Master, Madam, pays me; nor dare I take Money from any other Hand without injuring his Honour, and disobeying his Commands. [*Exit.*

*Dor.* This is surprising: Did you ever see so pretty a well bred Fellow?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* The Devil take him for wearing that Livery.

*Dor.* I fancy, Sister, he may be some Gentleman, a Friend of my Lords, that his Lordship has pitch'd upon for his Courage, Fidelity, and Discretion to bear him Company in this Dress, and who, ten to one was his Second too.

*Mrs Sull.* It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so:—For I like him.

*Dor.* What! better than the Count?

*Mrs Sull.* The Count happen'd to be the most agreeable Man upon the Place; and so I chose him to serve me in my Design upon my Husband.—But I shou'd like this Fellow better in a Design upon my self.

*Dor.* But now, Sister, for an Interview with this Lord, and this Gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

*Mrs Sull.* Patience! you Country Ladies give no Quarter, if once you be enter'd.—Wou'd you prevent their Desires, and give the Fellows no wishing-time.—Look'ye, Dorinda, if my Lord Aimwell loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it.—My Business comes now upon the Tapis—Have you prepar'd your Brother?

*Dor.* Yes, yes.

*Mrs Sull.* And how did he relish it?

*Dor.* He said little, mumbled something to him-

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

self, promis'd to be guided by me: But here he comes——

*Enter Sullen.*

*Sull.* What singing was that I heard just now?

*Mrs Sull.* The singing in you're Head, my Dear, you complain'd of it all Day.

*Sull.* You're impertinent.

*Mrs Sull.* I was ever so, since I became one Flesh with you.

*Sull.* One Flesh! rather two Carcasses join'd unnaturally together.

*Mrs Sull.* Or rather a living Soul coupled to a dead Body.

*Dor.* So, this is fine Encouragement for me.

*Sull.* Yes, my Wife shews you what you must do.

*Mrs Sull.* And my Husband shews you what you must suffer.

*Sull.* S'death, why can't you be silent?

*Mrs Sull.* S'death, why can't you talk?

*Sull.* Do you talk to any purpose?

*Mrs Sull.* Do you think to any purpose?

*Sull.* Sister, heark'ye; [*Whispers.*] I shan't be home till it be late. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs Sull.* What did he whisper to ye?

*Dor.* That he wou'd go round the back way, come into the Closet, and listen as I directed him.— But let me beg you once more, dear Sister, to drop this Project; for, as I told you

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

before, instead of awakening him to Kindness, you may provoke him to a Rage; and then who knows how far his Brutality may carry him?

*Mrs Sull.* I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you: But here comes the Count, vanish.

[*Exit Dorinda.*]

*Enter Count Bellair.*

Don't you wonder, *Monsieur le Count*, that I was not at Church this Afternoon?

*Count.* I more wonder, Madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare to lift those Eyes to Heaven that are guilty of so much killing.

*Mrs Sull.* If Heaven, Sir, has given to my Eyes with the Power of killing, the Virtue of making a Cure, I hope the one may atone for the other.

*Count.* O largely, Madam; wou'd your Ladyship be as ready to apply the Remedy as to give the Wound?—Consider, Madam, I am doubly a Prisoner; first to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering Eyes; my first Chains are easy, there a Ransom may redeem me, but from your Fetters I never shall get free.

*Mrs Sull.* Alass, Sir, why shou'd you complain to me of your Captivity, who am in Chains my self? you know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, most betied up in that particular that might give you ease: I am like you, a Prisoner of War—Of War indeed:—I have given my Parole of Honour; wou'd you break yours to gain your Liberty?



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Count.* Most certainly I wou'd, were I a Prisoner among the Turks; dis is your Case; you're a Slave, Madam, Slave to the worst of Turks, a Husband.

*Mrs Sull.* There lies my Foible, I confess; no Fortifications, no Courage, Conduct, nor Vigilancy can pretend to defend a Place, where the Cruelty of the Governour forces the Garrison to Mutiny.

*Count.* And where de Besieger is resolv'd to die before de Place—Here will I fix; [*Kneels.*] With Tears, Vows, and Prayers assault your Heart, and never rise till you surrender; or if I must storm—Love and St Michael—And so I begin the Attack—

*Mrs Sull.* Stand off—Sure he hears me not—And I cou'd almost wish he—did not.—The Fellow makes love very prettily. [*Aside.*] But, Sir, why shou'd you put such a Value upon my Person, when you see it despis'd by one that knows it so much better?

*Count.* He knows it not, tho' he possesses it; if he but knew the Value of the Jewel he is Master of, he wou'd always wear it next his Heart, and sleep with it in his Arms.

*Mrs Sull.* But since he throws me unregarded from him.

*Count.* And one that knows your Value well, comes by, and takes you up, is it not Justice.

[*Goes to lay hold on her.*]

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Enter Sullen with his Sword drawn.*

*Sull.* Hold, Villain, hold.

*Mrs Sull.* [*Presenting a Pistol.*] Do you hold.

*Sull.* What! Murder your Husband, to defend your Bully.

*Mrs Sull.* Bully! for shame, Mr Sullen; Bullies wear long Swords, the Gentleman has none, he's a Prisoner you know—I was aware of your Outrage, and prepar'd this to receive your Violence, and, if Occasion were, to preserve myself against the Force of this other Gentleman.

*Count.* O Madam, your Eyes be better Fire Arms than your Pistol, they nevre miss.

*Sull.* What! court my Wife to my Face!

*Mrs Sull.* Pray, Mr Sullen, put up, suspend your Fury for a Minute.

*Sull.* To give you time to invent an Excuse.

*Mrs Sull.* I need none.

*Sull.* No, for I heard every Sillable of your Discourse.

*Count.* Ay! and begar, I tink de Dialogue was vera pretty.

*Mrs Sull.* Then I suppose, Sir, you heard something of your own Barbarity.

*Sull.* Barbarity! oons what does the Woman call Barbarity? do I ever meddle with you?

*Mrs Sull.* No.

*Sull.* As for you, Sir, I shall take another time.

*Count.* Ah, begar, and so must I.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Sull.* Look'e, Madam, don't think that my Anger proceeds from any Concern I have for your Honour, but for my own, and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold, do it and welcome.

*Mrs Sull.* Sir, I thank you kindly, you wou'd allow me the Sin but rob me of the Pleasure— No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the Crime without the Satisfaction of seeing you punish'd for't.

*Sull.* Then will you grant me this, my Dear? let any Body else do you the Favour but that French-man, for I mortally hate his whole Generation. .

[*Exit.*

*Count.* Ah, Sir, that be ungrateful, for begar, I love some of your's, Madam.—[*Approaching her.*]

*Mrs Sull.* No, Sir.—

*Count.* No, Sir,—Garzoon, Madam, I am not your Husband.

*Mrs Sull.* 'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir—I believ'd your Addresses to me were no more than an Amusement, and I hope you will think the same of my Complaisance, and to convince you that you ought, you must know, that I brought you hither only to make you instrumental in setting me right with my Husband, for he was planted to listen by my Appointment.

*Count.* By your Appointment?

*Mrs Sull.* Certainly.

*Count.* And so, Madam, while I was telling

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

twenty Stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while.

*Mrs Sull.* I ask your pardon, Sir, but I hope this will give you a Taste of the Vertue of the English Ladies.

*Count.* Begar, Madam, your Vertue be vera Great, but Garzoon your Honeste be vera little.

*Enter Dorinda.*

*Mrs Sull.* Nay, now you're angry, Sir.

*Count.* Angry! fair Dorinda [*Sings Dorinda the Opera Tune, and addresses to Dorinda,*] Madam, when your Ladyship want a Fool, send for me, fair *Dorinda, Revenge, &c.* [*Exit.*

*Mrs Sull.* There goes the true Humour of his Nation, Resentment with good Manners, and the height of Anger in a Song,—Well Sister, you must be Judge, for you have heard the Trial.

*Dor.* And I bring in my Brother Guilty.

*Mrs Sull.* But I must bear the Punishment,—'Tis hard Sister.

*Dor.* I own it—but you must have Patience.

*Mrs Sull.* Patience! the Cant of Custom—Providence sends no Evil without a Remedy—shou'd I lie groaning under a Yoke I can shake off, I were accessary to my Ruin, and my Patience were no better than self-Murder.

*Dor.* But how can you shake off the Yoke—Your Divisions don't come within the Reach of the Law for a Divorce.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* Law! what Law can search into the remote Abyss of Nature, what Evidence can prove the unaccountable Disaffections of Wedlock—can a Jury sum up the endless Aversions that are rooted in our Souls, or can a Bench give Judgment upon Antipathies.

*Dor.* They never pretended Sister, they never meddle but in case of Uncleanness.

*Mrs Sull.* Uncleanness! O Sister, casual Violation is a transient Injury, and may possibly be repair'd, but can radical Hatreds be ever reconcil'd—No, no, Sister, Nature is the first Lawgiver, and when she has set Tempers opposite, not all the golden Links of Wedlock, nor iron Manacles of Law can keep 'um fast.

*Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,*

*But such as Heaven ordain'd it first to be,*

*Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife*

*As mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.*

*View all the Works of Providence above,*

*The Stars with Harmony and Concord move;*

*View all the Works of Providence below,*

*The Fire the Water, Earth, and Air, we know*

*All in one Plant agree to make it grow.*

*Must Man the chiefest Work of Art Divine,*

*Be doom'd in endless Discord to repine.*

*No, we shou'd injure Heaven by that surmise*

*Omnipotence is just, were Man but wise.*

*End of the Third Act.*

## ACT IV

SCENE continues.

*Enter Mrs Sullen.*

*Mrs Sull.* Were I born an humble Turk, where Women have no Soul nor Property there I must sit contented—But in England, a Country whose Women are it's Glory, must Women be abus'd, where Women rule, must Women be enslav'd? nay, cheated into Slavery, mock'd by a Promise of comfortable Society into a Wilderness of Solitude—I dare not keep the Thought about me—O, here comes something to divert me—

*Enter a Country Woman.*

*Wom.* I come an't please your Ladyships, you're my Lady Bountiful, an't ye?

*Mrs Sull.* Well, good Woman go on.

*Wom.* I come seventeen long Mail to have a Cure for my Husband's sore Leg.

*Mrs Sull.* Your Husband! what Woman, cure your Husband!

*Wom.* Ay, poor Man, for his Sore Leg won't let him stir from Home.

*Mrs Sull.* There, I confess, you have given me a Reason. Well good Woman, I'll tell you what

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

you must do——You must lay your Husbands Leg upon a Table, and with a Choping-knife, you must lay it open as broad as you can, then you must take out the Bone, and beat the Flesh soundly with a rowling-pin, then take Salt, Pepper, Cloves, Mace and Ginger, some sweet Herbs, and season it very well, then rowl it up like Brawn, and put it into the Oven for two Hours.

*Wom.* Heavens reward your Ladyship—I have two little Babies too that are pitious bad with the Graips, an't please ye.

*Mrs Sull.* Put a little Pepper and Salt in their bellies, good Woman. I beg your Ladyship's [*Enter Lady Bountiful.*] Pardon for taking your Business out of your Hands, I have been a tampering here a little with one of your Patients.

*L. Boun.* Come, good Woman, don't mind this mad Creature, I am the Person that you want, I suppose—What wou'd you have, Woman?

*Mrs Sull.* She wants something for her Husband's sore Leg.

*L. Boun.* What's the matter with his Leg, Goody?

*Wom.* It come first as one might say with a sort of Dizziness in his Foot, then he had a kind of a Laziness in his Joints, and then his Leg broke out, and then it swell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke out again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* Ha, ha, ha.

*L. Boun.* How can you be merry with the Misfortunes of other People?

*Mrs Sull.* Because my own make me sad, Madam.

*L. Boun.* The worst Reason in the World, Daughter, your own Misfortunes shou'd teach you to pittify others.

*Mrs Sull.* But the Woman's Misfortunes and mine are nothing alike, her Husband is sick, and mine, alas, is in Health.

*L. Boun.* What! wou'd you wish your Husband sick?

*Mrs Sull.* Not of a sore Leg, of all things.

*L. Boun.* Well, good Woman, go to the Pantrey, get your Belly-full of Victuals, then I'll give you a Receipt of Diet-drink for your Husband— But d'ye hear Goody, you must not let your Husband move too much.

*Wom.* No, no, Madam, the poor Man's inclinable enough to lye still. [Exit.

*L. Boun.* Well, Daughter Sullen, tho' you laugh, I have done Miracles about the Country here with my Receipts.

*Mrs Sull.* Miracles, indeed, if they have cur'd any Body, but, I believe, Madam, the Patient's Faith goes farther toward the Miracle than your Prescription.

*L. Boun.* Fancy helps in some Cases, but there's your Husband who has as little Fancy as any Body, I brought him from Death's-door.



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* I suppose, Madam, you made him drink plentifully of Asse's Milk.

*Enter Dorinda, runs to Mrs Sullen.*

*Dor.* News, dear Sister, news, news.

*Enter Archer running.*

*Arch.* Where, where is my Lady Bountiful—  
Pray which is the old Lady of you three?

*L. Boun.* I am.

*Arch.* O, Madam, the Fame of your Ladyship's Charity, Goodness, Benevolence, Skill and Ability have drawn me hither to implore your Ladyship's Help in behalf of my unfortunate Master, who is this Moment breathing his last.

*L. Boun.* Your Master! where is he?

*Arch.* At your Gate, Madam, drawn by the Appearance of your handsome House to view it nearer, and walking up the Avenue within five Paces of the Court-Yard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what, but down he fell, and there he lies.

*L. Boun.* Here, Scrub, Gipse, all run, get my easie Chair down Stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

*Arch.* Heaven will reward your Ladyship for this charitable Act.

*L. Boun.* Is your Master us'd to these Fits?

*Arch.* O yes, Madam, frequently— I have known him have five or six of a Night.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*L. Boun.* What's his Name?

*Arch.* Lord, Madam, he's a dying, a Minute's Care or Neglect may save or destroy his Life.

*L. Boun.* Ah, poor Gentleman! come Friend, show me the way, I'll see him brought in my self. [Exit with Archer.

*Dor.* O Sister my Heart flutters about strangely, I can hardly forbear running to his Assistance.

*Mrs Sull.* And I'll lay my Life, he deserves your Assistance more than he wants it; did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you. Love's his Distemper, and you must be the Physitian; put on all your Charms, summon all your Fire into your Eyes, plant the whole Artillery of your Looks against his Breast, and down with him.

*Dor.* O Sister, I'm but a young Gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the Piece shou'd recoil and hurt my self.

*Mrs Sull.* Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

*Dor.* No, no, dear Sister, you have miss'd your Mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

*Enter Aimwell in a Chair, carry'd by Archer and Scrub, Lady Bountiful, Gipsej. Aimwell counterfeiting a Swoon.*

*L. Boun.* Here, here, let's see the Hartshorn-drops—Gipsej a Glass of fair Water, his Fit's

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

very strong—Bless me, how his Hands are clinch'd.

*Arch.* For shame, Ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us—Pray, Madam, [*To Dorinda.*] Take his Hand and open it if you can, whilst I hold his Head. [*Dorinda takes his Hand.*]

*Dor.* Poor, Gentleman,—Oh—he has got my Hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully—

*L. Boun.* 'Tis the Violence of his Convulsion, Child.

*Arch.* O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these Cases—he'll bite if you don't have a care.

*Dor.* Oh, my Hand, my Hand.

*L. Boun.* What's the matter with the foolish Girl? I have got this Hand open, you see, with a great deal of Ease.

*Arch.* Ay, but, Madam, your Daughter's Hand is somewhat warmer than your Ladyship's, and the Heat of it draws the Force of the Spirits that way.

*Mrs Sull.* I find, Friend, you're very learned in these sorts of Fits.

*Arch.* 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them my self, I find my self extremely ill at this Minute.

[*Looking hard at Mrs Sullen.*]

*Mrs Sull.* [*Aside.*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

*L. Boun.* His Fit holds him very long.



very  
clinch

*Arch.* I don't

don't

*Tab.* I don't

hold

*Doc.* I don't

Hand

fully

*L. Boun.* I

Child

*Rich.* I don't

these

*Doc.* I don't

*L. Boun.* I don't

*Rich.* I don't

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*Rich.* I don't

cure you.  
**L. Boun.** His Fit holds him very long.





THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* Longer than usual, Madam,—Pray, young Lady, open his Breast, and give him Air.

*L. Boun.* Where did his Illness take him first, pray?

*Arch.* To Day at Church, Madam.

*L. Boun.* In what manner was he taken?

*Arch.* Very strangely, my Lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his Eyes, which at the first he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas Pain or Pleasure.

*L. Boun.* Wind, nothing but Wind.

*Arch.* By soft Degrees it grew and mounted to his Brain, there his Fancy caught it; there form'd it so beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay pleasing Colours, that his transported Appetite seiz'd the fair Idea, and straight convey'd it to his Heart. That hospitable Seat of Life sent all its sanguine Spirits forth to meet, and open'd all its sluicy Gates to take the Stranger in.

*L. Boun.* Your Master shou'd never go without a Bottle to smell to—Oh!—He recovers—The Lavender Water—Some Feathers to burn under his Nose—Hungary-water to rub his Temples—O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, Sir, hem—Gipseey, bring the Cordial-water.

[*Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.*

*Dor.* How d'ye, Sir?

*Aim.* Where am I? [Rising.

Sure I have pass'd the Gulph of silent Death,  
And now I land on the Elisian Shore—



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Behold the Goddess of those happy Plains,  
Fair Proserpine—Let me adore thy bright  
Divinity. [*Kneels to Dorinda and kisses her Hand.*  
*Mrs Sull.* So, so, so, I knew where the Fit wou'd  
end.

*Aim.* Euridice perhaps—How cou'd thy  
Orpheus keep his word,  
And not look back upon thee;  
No Treasure but thy self cou'd sure have  
brib'd him

To look one Minute off thee.

*L. Boun.* Delirious, poor Gentleman.

*Arch.* Very Delirious, Madam, very Delirious.

*Aim.* Martin's Voice, I think.

*Arch.* Yes, my Lord—How do's your Lordship?

*L. Boun.* Lord! did you mind that, Girls.

*Aim.* Where am I?

*Arch.* In very good Hands, Sir,—You were taken  
just now with one of your old Fits under the  
Trees just by this good Lady's House, her Lady-  
ship had you taken in, and has miraculously  
brought you to your self, as you see—

*Aim.* I am so confounded with Shame, Madam,  
that I can now only beg Pardon—and refer my  
Acknowledgements for your Ladyship's Care,  
till an Opportunity offers of making some  
Amends— I dare be no longer troublesome—  
Martin, give two Guineas to the Servants.

[*Going.*

*Dor.* Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

into the Air, you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

[*Here Archer talks to L. Bountiful in dumb shew.*

*Aim.* That I shall never be, Madam, my present Illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my Grave.

*Mrs Sull.* Don't despair, Sir, I have known several in your Distemper shake it off, with a Fortnight's Physick.

*L. Boun.* Come, Sir, your Servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse if you go into the Air—Your good Manners shan't get the better of ours—You shall sit down again, Sir,—Come, Sir, we don't mind Ceremonies in the Country—Here, Sir, My Service t'ye—You shall taste my Water; 'tis a Cordial I can assure you, and of my own making—drink it off, Sir, [*Aimwell drinks.*] And how d'ye find your self now, Sir.

*Aim.* Somewhat better—Tho' very faint still.

*L. Boun.* Ay, ay, People are always faint after these Fits—Come Girls, you shall show the Gentleman the House, 'tis but an old Family Building, Sir, but you had better walk about and cool by Degrees than venture immediately into the Air— You'll find some tolerable Pictures—Dorinda, show the Gentleman the way. [*Exit.*] I must go to the poor Woman below.

*Dor.* This way, Sir.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Aim.* Ladies shall I beg leave for my Servant to wait on you, for he understands Pictures very well.

*Mrs Sull.* Sir, we understand Originals, as well as he do's Pictures, so he may come along.  
[*Exeunt* Dorinda, Mrs Sullen, Aimwell, Archer.  
*Aimwell leads* Dorinda.

*Enter* Foigard *and* Scrub, *meeting.*

*Foig.* Save you, Master Scrub.

*Scrub.* Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a Priest, I abhor the French, and I defie the Devil—Sir, I'm a bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my Blood to keep out Popery and Slavery.

*Foig.* Master Scrub, you wou'd put me down in Politicks, and so I wou'd be speaking with Mrs Shipsey.

*Scrub.* Good Mr Priest, you can't speak with her, she's sick, Sir, she's gone abroad, Sir, she's—dead two Months ago, Sir.

*Enter* Gipsey.

*Gip.* How now, Impudence; how dare you talk so saucily to the Doctor? Pray, Sir, don't take it ill; for the Common-people of England are not so civil to Strangers, as——

*Scrub.* You lie, you lie—'Tis the Common People that are civilest to Strangers.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Gip.* Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out, I say.

*Scrub.* I won't.

*Gip.* You won't, Sauce-box—Pray, Doctor, what is the Captain's Name that came to your Inn last Night?

*Scrub.* The Captain! Ah, the Devil, there she hampers me again;—The Captain has me on one side, and the Priest on t'other:—So between the Gown and the Sword, I have a fine time on't.—But, *Cedunt Arma togæ.* [Going.

*Gip.* What, Sirrah, won't you march?

*Scrub.* No, my Dear, I won't march——But I'll walk——And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[Goes behind the side-Scene, and listens.

*Gip.* Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarously treated, that's the Truth on't.

*Foig.* Ah, Mrs Gipse, upon my Shoul, now, Gra, his Complaining's wou'd mollifie the Marrow in your Bones, and move the Bowels of your Commiseration; he veeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: In conclusion, Joy, he's afflicted, *a la Francois*, and a Stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

*Gip.* What wou'd you have me do, Doctor?

*Foig.* Noting, Joy, but only hide the Count in Mrs Sullen's Closet when it is dark.

*Gip.* Nothing! Is that nothing? it wou'd be both a Sin and a shame, Doctor.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Foig.* Here is twenty Lewidores, Joy, for your shame; and I will give you an Absolution for the Shin.

*Gip.* But won't that Money look like a Bribe?

*Foig.* Dat is according as you shall tauk it.— If you receive the Money beforehand, 'twill be *Logicè* a Bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a Gratification.

*Gip.* Well, Doctor, I'll take it *Logicè*.—But what must I do with my Conscience, Sir?

*Foig.* Leave dat wid me, Joy; I am your Priest, Gra; and your Conscience is under my Hands.

*Gip.* But shou'd I put the Count into the Closet—

*Foig.* Vel, is dere any Shin for a Man's being in a Closhet; one may go to Prayers in a Closhet.

*Gip.* But if the Lady shou'd come into her Chamber, and go to Bed?

*Foig.* Vel, and is dere any Shin in going to Bed, Joy?

*Gip.* Ay, but if the Parties shou'd meet, Doctor?

*Foig.* Vel den—The Parties must be responsible.—Do you be after putting the Count in the Closet; and leave the Shins wid themselves.— I will come with the Count to instruct you in your Chamber.

*Gip.* Well, Doctor, your Religion is so pure—Methinks I'm so easie after an Absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security, that I'm resolv'd to die a Martyr to't.—Here's the Key

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

of the Garden-door, come in the back way when 'tis late,—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my Hand, I'll lead you, and do you lead the Count, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Scrub.*

*Scrub.* What Witchcraft now have these two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here?—There's twenty Lewidores, I heard that, and saw the Purse: But I must give room to my Betters. [*Exit.*

*Enter Aimwell leading Dorinda, and making Love in dumb Show—Mrs Sullen and Archer.*

*Mrs Sull.* Pray, Sir, [*To Archer.*] how d'ye like that Piece?

*Arch.* O, 'tis Leda.—You find, Madam, how Jupiter comes disguis'd to make Love—

*Mrs Sull.* But what think you there of Alexander's Battles?

*Arch.* We want only a Le Brun, Madam, to draw greater Battles, and a greater General of our own.—The Danube, Madam, wou'd make a greater Figure in a Picture than the Granicus; and we have our Ramelies to match their Arbela.

*Mrs Sull.* Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the Corner there?

*Arch.* O, Madam, 'tis poor Ovid in his Exile.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* What was he banish'd for?

*Arch.* His ambitious Love, Madam. [*Bowing.*]  
His Misfortune touches me.

*Mrs Sull.* Was he successful in his Amours?

*Arch.* There he has left us in the dark.—He  
was too much a Gentleman to tell.

*Mrs Sull.* If he were secret, I pity him.

*Arch.* And if he were successful, I envy him.

*Mrs Sull.* How d'ye like that Venus over the  
Chimney?

*Arch.* Venus! I protest, Madam, I took it for  
your Picture; but now I look again, 'tis not  
handsome enough.

*Mrs Sull.* Oh, what a Charm is Flattery! if you  
wou'd see my Picture, there it is, over that  
Cabinet;—How d'ye like it?

*Arch.* I must admire any thing, Madam, that  
has the least Resemblance of you—But, me-  
thinks, Madam—

*[He looks at the Picture and Mrs Sullen three or  
four times, by turns.*

Pray, Madam, who drew it?

*Mrs Sull.* A famous Hand, Sir.

*[Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.*

*Arch.* A famous Hand, Madam—Your Eyes,  
indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the  
sparkling Moisture shining fluid, in which they  
swim. The Picture indeed has your Dimples;  
but where's the Swarm of killing Cupids that  
shou'd ambush there? the Lips too are figur'd

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

out; but where's the Carnation Dew, the pouting Ripeness that tempts the Taste in the Original?

*Mrs Sull.* Had it been my Lot to have match'd with such a Man!

*Arch.* Your Breasts too, presumptuous Man! what! paint Heaven! Apropos, Madam, in the very next Picture is Salmoneus, that was struck dead with Lightning, for offering to imitate Jove's Thunder; I hope you serv'd the Painter so, Madam?

*Mrs Sull.* Had my Eyes the power of Thunder, they shou'd employ their Lightning better.

*Arch.* There's the finest Bed in that Room, Madam, I suppose 'tis your Ladyship's Bed-Chamber.

*Mrs Sull.* And what then, Sir?

*Arch.* I think the Quilt is the richest that ever I saw:—I can't at this Distance, Madam, distinguish the Figures of the Embroidery; will you give me leave, Madam——

*Mrs Sull.* The Devil take his Impudence.—Sure if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not offer it.—I have a great mind to try.—[*Going.*]  
[*Returns.*] S'death, what am I doing?—And alone too!—Sister, Sister? [Runs out.]

*Arch.* I'll follow her close——

*For where a French-man durst attempt to storm,  
A Briton sure may well the Work perform.* [Going.]



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Enter Scrub.*

*Scrub.* Martin, Brother Martin.

*Arch.* O, Brother Scrub, I beg your Pardon, I was not a going; here's a Guinea, my Master order'd you.

*Scrub.* A Guinea, hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! eh—by this Light it is a Guinea; but I suppose you expect One and twenty Shillings in change.

*Arch.* Not at all; I have another for Gipsey.

*Scrub.* A Guinea for her! Faggot and Fire for the Witch.—Sir, give me that Guinea, and I'll discover a Plot.

*Arch.* A Plot!

*Scrub.* Ay, Sir, a Plot, and a horrid Plot.—First, it must be a Plot because there's a Woman in't; secondly, it must be a Plot because there's a Priest in't; thirdly, it must be a Plot because there's French Gold in't; and fourthly, it must be a Plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

*Arch.* Nor any body else, I'm afraid, Brother Scrub.

*Scrub.* Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a Priest and a Woman, there's always a Mystery and a Riddle.—This I know, that here has been the Doctor with a Temptation in one Hand, and an Absolution in the other; and Gipsey has sold her self to the Devil; I saw the Price paid down, my Eyes shall take their Oath on't.

*Arch.* And is all this bustle about Gipsey?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Scrub.* That's not all; I cou'd hear but a Word here and there; but I remember they mention'd a Count, a Closet, a back Door, and a Key.

*Arch.* The Count! did you hear nothing of Mrs Sullen?

*Scrub.* I did hear some word that sounded that way; but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda, I cou'd not distinguish.

*Arch.* You have told this matter to no Body, Brother?

*Scrub.* Told! No, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word *pro* nor *con*, till we have a Peace.

*Arch.* You're i'th' right, Brother Scrub; here's a Treaty a foot between the Count and the Lady.—The Priest and the Chamber-maid are the Plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard but I find a way to be included in the Treaty.—Where's the Doctor now?

*Scrub.* He and Gipsej are this moment devouring my Lady's Marmalade in the Closet.

*Aim.* [*From without.*] Martin, Martin.

*Arch.* I come, Sir, I come.

*Scrub.* But you forget the other Guinea, Brother Martin.

*Arch.* Here, I give it with all my Heart.

*Scrub.* And I take it with all my Soul. [*Exit Archer.*] I'cod, I'll spoil your Plotting, Mrs Gipsej; and if you shou'd set the Captain upon me, these two Guineas will buy me off. [*Exit.*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Enter Mrs Sullen and Dorinda meeting.*

*Mrs Sull.* Well, Sister.

*Dor.* And well, Sister.

*Mrs Sull.* What's become of my Lord?

*Dor.* What's become of his Servant?

*Mrs Sull.* Servant! he's a prettier Fellow, and a finer Gentleman by fifty Degrees than his Master.

*Dor.* O'my Conscience, I fancy you cou'd beg that Fellow at the Gallows-foot.

*Mrs Sull.* O'my Conscience, I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a Friend of yours in his Room.

*Dor.* You desir'd me, Sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the Bounds of Honour.

*Mrs Sull.* Thou dear censorious Country-Girl—What dost mean? you can't think of the Man without the Bedfellow, I find.

*Dor.* I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought; while the Mind is conversant with Flesh and Blood, it must conform to the Humours of the Company.

*Mrs Sull.* How a little Love and good Company improves a Woman; why, Child, you begin to live—you never spoke before.

*Dor.* Because I was never spoke to.—My Lord has told me that I have more Wit and Beauty than any of my Sex; and truly I begin to think the Man is sincere.

*Mrs Sull.* You're in the right, Dorinda, Pride is

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

the Life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily Bread; and she's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as she that believes him in any thing else—But I'll lay you a Guinea, that I had finer things said to me than you had.

*Dor.* Done—What did your Fellow say to'ye?

*Mrs Sull.* My Fellow took the Picture of Venus for mine.

*Dor.* But my Lover took me for Venus her self.

*Mrs Sull.* Common Cant! had my Spark call'd me a Venus directly, I shou'd have believ'd him a Footman in good earnest.

*Dor.* But my Lover was upon his Knees to me.

*Mrs Sull.* And mine was upon his Tiptoes to me.

*Dor.* Mine vow'd to die for me.

*Mrs Sull.* Mine swore to die with me.

*Dor.* Mine spoke the softest moving things.

*Mrs Sull.* Mine had his moving things too.

*Dor.* Mine kiss'd my Hand Ten thousand times.

*Mrs Sull.* Mine has all that Pleasure to come.

*Dor.* Mine offer'd Marriage.

*Mrs Sull.* O lard! D'ye call that a moving thing?

*Dor.* The sharpest Arrow in his Quiver, my dear Sister,—Why, my Ten thousand Pounds may lie brooding here this seven Years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill natur'd Clown like yours:—Whereas, If I marry my Lord Aimwell, there will be Title, Place and Precedence, the Park, the Play, and the drawing-Room, Splendor, Equipage, Noise and Flambeaux—Hey,

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

my Lady Aimwell's Servants there—Lights, Lights to the Stairs—My Lady Aimwell's Coach put forward—Stand by, make room for her Ladyship—Are not these things moving?—What! melancholly of a sudden?

*Mrs Sull.* Happy, happy Sister! your Angel has been watchful for your Happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his Charge.—Long smiling Years of circling Joys for you, but not one Hour for me! [Weeps.

*Dor.* Come, my Dear, we'll talk of something else.

*Mrs Sull.* O Dorinda, I own my self a Woman, full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul,—easie and yielding to soft Desires; a spacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might lodge. And must the fair Apartment of my Breast be made a Stable for a Brute to lie in?

*Dor.* Meaning your Husband, I suppose.

*Mrs Sull.* Husband! No,—Even Husband is too soft a Name for him.—But, come, I expect my Brother here to Night or to Morrow; he was abroad when my Father marry'd me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

*Dor.* Will you promise not to make your self easy in the mean time with my Lord's Friend?

*Mrs Sull.* You mistake me, Sister—It happens with us, as among the Men, the greatest Talkers are the greatest Cowards; and there's a Reason for it; those Spirits evaporate in prattle, which

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

might do more Mischief if they took another Course;—Tho' to confess the Truth, I do love that Fellow;—And if I met him drest as he shou'd be, and I undrest as I shou'd be— Look'ye, Sister, I have no supernatural Gifts;— I can't swear I cou'd resist the Temptation,— tho' I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

*[Exeunt Mrs Sullen and Dorinda.]*

SCENE, The Inn.

*Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.*

*Arch.* And the awkward Kindness of the good motherly old Gentlewoman——

*Aim.* And the coming Easiness of the young one —S'death, 'tis pity to deceive her.

*Arch.* Nay, if you adhere to those Principles, stop where you are.

*Aim.* I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

*Arch.* S'death, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

*Aim.* Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle Evenings at White's, Tom's, or Will's, and be stinted to bear looking at our old Acquaintance, the Cards; because our impotent Pockets can't afford us a Guinea for the mercenary Drabs.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* Or be oblig'd to some Purse-proud Coxcomb for a scandalous Bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the Discourse, because we can't pay our Club o'th Reckoning;—dam it, I had rather sponge upon Morris, and sup upon a Dish of Bohee scor'd behind the Door.

*Aim.* And there expose our want of Sense by talking Criticisms, as we shou'd our want of Money by railing at the Government.

*Arch.* Or be oblig'd to sneak into the side-Box, and between both Houses steal two Acts of a Play, and because we han't Money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five.

*Aim.* And Ten thousand such rascally Tricks,—had we outliv'd our Fortunes among our Acquaintance.—But now——

*Arch.* Ay, now is the time to prevent all this.—Strike while the Iron is hot.—This Priest is the luckiest part of our Adventure;—He shall marry you, and pimp for me.

*Aim.* But I shou'd not like a Woman that can be so fond of a Frenchman.

*Arch.* Alas, Sir, Necessity has no Law; the Lady may be in Distress; perhaps she has a confounded Husband, and her Revenge may carry her farther than her Love.—I gad, I have so good an Opinion of her, and of my self, that I begin to fancy strange things; and we must say this for the Honour of our Women, and indeed



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

of our selves, that they do stick to their Men, as they do to their Magna Charta.—If the Plot lies as I suspect,—I must put on the Gentleman.—But here comes the Doctor.—I shall be ready. [Exit.

*Enter Foigard.*

*Foig.* Sauve you, noble Friend.

*Aim.* O Sir, your Servant; pray Doctor, may I crave your Name?

*Foig.* Fat Naam is upon me? my Naam is Foigard, Joy.

*Aim.* Foigard, a very good Name for a Clergyman: Pray, Doctor Foigard, were you ever in Ireland?

*Foig.* Ireland! No Joy.—Fat sort of Plaace is dat saam Ireland? dey say de People are catcht dere when dey are young.

*Aim.* And some of 'em when they're old;—as for Example. [Takes Foigard by the Shoulder.

Sir, I arrest you as a Traytor against the Government; you're a Subject of England, and this Morning shew'd me a Commission, by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the French Army: This is Death by our Law, and your Reverence must hang for't.

*Foig.* Upon my Shoul, Noble Friend, dis is strange News you tell me, Fader Foigard a Subject of England, de Son of a Burgomaster of Brussels, a Subject of England! Ubooboo—



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Aim.* The Son of a Bogtrotter in Ireland; Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

*Foig.* And is my Tongue all your Evidensh, Joy?

*Aim.* That's enough.

*Foig.* No, no, Joy, for I vill never spake English no more.

*Aim.* Sir, I have other Evidence—Here, Martin, you know this Fellow.

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* [*In a Brogue.*] Saave you, my dear Cussen, how do's your Health?

*Foig.* Ah! upon my Shoul dere is my Countryman, and his Brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynheer, Ick wet neat watt hey zacht, Ick univers-ton ewe neat, sacramant.*

*Aim.* Altering your Language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your Person, and will swear to your Face.

*Foig.* Faace! fey, is dear a Brogue upon my Faash, too?

*Arch.* Upon my Soulvation dere ish Joy—But Cussen Mack-shane vil you not put a remembrance upon me.

*Foig.* Mack-shane! by St Paatrick, dat is Naame, shure enough. [*Aside.*]

*Aim.* I fancy, Archer, you have it.

*Foig.* The Devil hang you, Joy—By fat Acquaintance are you my Cussen?

*Arch.* O, de Devil hang your shelf, Joy, you

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

know we were little Boys togeder upon de School, and your foster Moder's Son was marry'd upon my Nurse's Chister, Joy, and so we are Irish Cussens.

*Foig.* De Devil taak the Relation! vel, Joy, and fat School was it?

*Arch.* I tinks is vas—Aay—'Twas Tipperary.

*Foig.* No, no, Joy, it vas Kilkenny.

*Aim.* That's enough for us—Self-Confession—Come, Sir, we must deliver you into the Hands of the next Magistrate.

*Arch.* He sends you to Gaol, you're try'd next Assizes, and away you go swing into Purgatory.

*Foig.* And is it so wid you, Cussen?

*Arch.* It vil be sho wid you, Cussen, if you don't immediatly confess the Secret between you and Mrs Gipsey—Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the Secret, take your Choice.

*Foig.* The Gallows! upon my Shoul I hate that saam Gallow, for it is a Diseash dat is fatal to our Family—Vel den, dere is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs Shullen wou'd spaak wid the Count in her Chamber at Midnight, and dere is no Haarm, Joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the Plash, my shelf.

*Arch.* As I guess'd—Have you communicated the matter to the Count?

*Foig.* I have not sheen him since.

*Arch.* Right agen; why, then, Doctor—you shall conduct me to the Lady instead of the Count.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Foig.* Fat my Cussen to the Lady! upon my Shoul, gra, dat is too much upon the Brogue.

*Arch.* Come, come, Doctor, consider we have got a Rope about your Neck, and if you offer to squeek, we'll stop your Windpipe, most certainly we shall have another Job for you in a Day or two, I hope.

*Aim.* Here's Company coming this way, let's into my Chamber, and there concert our affair farther.

*Arch.* Come, my dear Cussen, come along.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Bonniface, Hounslow *and* Bagshot *at one Door, Gibbet at the opposite.*

*Gib.* Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine Night for our Enterprize.

*Houns.* Dark as Hell.

*Bag.* And blows like the Devil; our Landlord here has show'd us the Window where we must break in, and tells us the Plate stands in the Wainscoat Cupboard in the Parlour.

*Bon.* Ay, ay, Mr Bagshot, as the saying is, Knives and Forks, and Cups, and Canns, and Tumblers, and Tankards—There's one Tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me, it was a Present to the Squire from his Godmother, and smells of Nutmeg and Toast like an East India Ship.

*Houns.* Then you say we must divide at the Stair-head?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Bon.* Yes, Mr Hounslow, as the saying is—At one end of that Gallery lies my Lady Bountifull and her Daughter, and at the other Mrs Sullen—As for the Squire——

*Gib.* He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half seas over already—But such a Parcel of Scoundrels are got about him now, that I gad I was asham'd to be seen in their Company.

*Bon.* 'Tis now Twelve, as the saying is—Gentlemen, you must set out at One.

*Gib.* Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our Arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

*Houns.* } We will.  
*Bag.* }

[*Exeunt.*

*Gib.* Well, my dear Bonny, you assure me that Scrub is a Coward.

*Bon.* A Chicken, as the saying is——You'll have no Creature to deal with but the Ladies.

*Gib.* And I can assure you, Friend, there's a great deal of Address and good Manners in robbing a Lady, I am the most a Gentleman that way that ever travell'd the Road—But, my dear Bonny, this Prize will be a Galleon, a Vigo Business—I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand Pound.

*Bon.* In Plate, Jewels and Money, as the saying is, you may.

*Gib.* Why then, Tyburn, I defie thee, I'll get up to Town, sell off my Horse and Arms, buy my

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

self some pretty Employment in the Houshold,  
and be as snug, and as honest as any Courtier of  
'um all.

*Bon.* And what think you then of my Daughter  
Cherry for a Wife?

*Gib.* Look'ee, my dear Bonny—Cherry *is the*  
*Goddess I adore*, as the Song goes; but it is a  
Maxim that Man and Wife shou'd never have it  
in their Power to hang one another, for if they  
should, the Lord have Mercy on 'um both.

[*Exeunt.*

*End of the Fourth Act.*

## ACT V

SCENE continues.

*Knocking without. Enter Bonniface.*

*Bon.* Coming, coming—A Coach and six foaming Horses at this time o'Night! Some great Man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other People.

*Enter Sir Charles Freeman.*

*Sir Ch.* What, Fellow! a Publick-house, and a Bed when other People Sleep.

*Bon.* Sir, I an't a Bed, as the saying is.

*Sir Ch.* Is Mr Sullen's Family a Bed, think'e?

*Bon.* All but the Squire himself, Sir, as the saying is, he's in the House.

*Sir Ch.* What Company has he?

*Bon.* Why, Sir, there's the Constable, Mr Gage the Exciseman, the Hunchback'd barber, and two or three other Gentlemen.

*Sir Ch.* I find my Sister's Letters gave me the true Picture of her Spouse.

*Enter Sullen Drunk.*

*Bon.* Sir, here's the Squire.

*Sull.* The Puppies left me asleep—Sir.

*Sir Ch.* Well, Sir.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Sull.* Sir, I'm an unfortunate Man—I have three thousand Pound a Year, and I can't get a Man to drink a Cup of Ale with me.

*Sir Ch.* That's very hard.

*Sull.* Ay, Sir—And unless you have pitty upon me, and smoke one Pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my Wife, and I had rather go the Devil by half.

*Sir Ch.* But, I presume, Sir, you won't see your Wife to Night, she'll be gone to Bed—you don't use to lye with your Wife in that Pickle?

*Sull.* What! not lye with my Wife! why, Sir, do you take me for an Atheist or a Rake.

*Sir Ch.* If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lye from her.

*Sull.* I think so too, Friend—But I'm a Justice of Peace, and must do nothing against the Law.

*Sir Ch.* Law! as I take it, Mr Justice, no Body observes Law for Law's Sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

*Sull.* But if the Law orders me to send you to Gaol, you must ly there, my Friend.

*Sir Ch.* Not unless I commit a Crime to deserve it.

*Sull.* A Crime! Oons an't I marry'd?

*Sir Ch.* Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a Crime, you must disown it for a Law.

*Sull.* Eh!—I must be acquainted with you, Sir—But, Sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the Truth of this Matter.

*Sir Ch.* Truth, Sir, is a profound Sea, and few

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the Line of your Understanding mayn't be long enough.

*Sull.* Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Sea of Truth, but if a good Parcel of Land can intitle a Man to a little Truth, I have as much as any He in the Country.

*Bon.* I never heard your Worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

*Sull.* Because I never met with a Man that I lik'd before—

*Bon.* Pray, Sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one Question, are not Man and Wife one Flesh?

*Sir Ch.* You and your Wife, Mr Guts, may be one Flesh, because ye are nothing else—but rational Creatures have minds that must be united.

*Sull.* Minds.

*Sir Ch.* Ay, Minds, Sir, don't you think that the Mind takes place of the Body?

*Sull.* In some People.

*Sir Ch.* Then the Interest of the Master must be consulted before that of his Servant.

*Sull.* Sir, you shall dine with me to Morrow.—Oons I always thought that we were naturally one.

*Sir Ch.* Sir, I know that my two Hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Actions of Life, but I cou'd not say so much, if they were always at Cuffs.

*Sull.* Then 'tis plain that we are two.

*Sir Ch.* Why don't you part with her, Sir?

*Sull.* Will you take her, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* With all my Heart.

*Sull.* You shall have her to Morrow Morning, and a Venison-pasty into the Bargain.

*Sir Ch.* You'll let me have her Fortune too?

*Sull.* Fortune! why, Sir, I have no Quarrel at her Fortune—I only hate the Woman, Sir, and none but the Woman shall go.

*Sir Ch.* But her Fortune, Sir——

*Sull.* Can you play at Whisk, Sir?

*Sir Ch.* No, truly, Sir.

*Sull.* Nor at All-fours.

*Sir Ch.* Neither!

*Sull.* Oons! where was this Man bred? [*Aside.*] Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but two a Clock.

*Sir Ch.* For half an Hour, Sir, if you please— But you must consider 'tis late.

*Sull.* Late! that's the Reason I can't go to Bed——Come, Sir.——

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cherry, runs across the Stage and knocks at Aimwell's Chamber-door. Enter Aimwell in his Night-cap and Gown.*

*Aim.* What's the matter, you tremble, Child, you're frighted.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Cher.* No wonder, Sir—But in short, Sir, this very Minute a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's House.

*Aim.* How!

*Cher.* I dogg'd 'em to the very Door, and left 'em breaking in.

*Aim.* Have you alarm'd any Body else with the News?

*Cher.* No, no, Sir, I wanted to have discover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other things to your Man Martin; but I have search'd the whole House and can't find him; where is he?

*Aim.* No matter, Child, will you guide me immediately to the House?

*Cher.* With all my Heart, Sir, my Lady Bountiful is my Godmother; and I love Mrs Dorinda so well—

*Aim.* Dorinda! The Name inspires me, the Glory and the Danger shall be all my own—Come, my Life, let me but get my Sword.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Changes to a Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's House.

*Enter Mrs Sullen and Dorinda undress'd;  
a Table and Lights.*

*Dor.* 'Tis very late, Sister, no News of your Spouse yet?

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his Company.

*Dor.* Well, my Dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'll go directly to Bed, I suppose.

*Mrs Sull.* I don't know what to do? hey-hoe.

*Dor.* That's a desiring Sigh, Sister.

*Mrs Sull.* This is a languishing Hour, Sister.

*Dor.* And might prove a Critical Minute, if the pretty Fellow were here.

*Mrs Sull.* Here! what, in my Bed-chamber, at two a Clock o'th' Morning, I undress'd, the Family asleep, my hated Husband abroad, and my lovely Fellow at my Feet—O gad, Sister!

*Dor.* Thoughts are free, Sister, and them I allow you—So, my Dear, good Night. *[Exit.*

*Mrs Sull.* A good Rest to my dear Dorinda—Thoughts free! are they so? why then suppose him here, dress'd like a youthful, gay and burning Bridegroom. *[Here Archer steals out of the Closet.]* with Tongue enchanting, Eyes bewitching, Knees imploring. *[Turns a little o' one side, and sees Archer in the Posture she describes.]* Ah! *[Shreeks, and runs to the other Side of the Stage]* Have my Thoughts rais'd a Spirit?—What are you, Sir, a Man or a Devil?

*Arch.* A Man, a Man, Madam. *[Rising.*

*Mrs Sull.* How shall I be sure of it?

*Arch.* Madam, I'll give you Demonstration this Minute. *[Takes her Hand.*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

*Arch.* Yes, Madam, if you please.

*Mrs Sull.* In the Name of Wonder, Whence came ye?

*Arch.* From the Skies, Madam—I'm a Jupiter in Love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

*Mrs Sull.* How came you in?

*Arch.* I flew in at the Window, Madam, your Cozen Cupid lent me his Wings, and your Sister Venus open'd the Casement.

*Mrs Sull.* I'm struck dumb with Admiration.

*Arch.* And I with wonder.

[*Looks passionately at her.*]

*Mrs Sull.* What will become of me?

*Arch.* How beautiful she looks—The teeming Jolly Spring Smiles in her blooming Face, and when she was conceiv'd, her Mother smelt to Roses, look'd on Lillies—

*Lillies unfold their white, their fragrant Charms,  
When the warm Sun thus Darts into their Arms.*

[*Runs to her.*]

*Mrs Sull.* Ah! [*Shreeks.*]

*Arch.* Oons, Madam, what d'ye mean? you'll raise the House.

*Mrs Sull.* Sir, I'll wake the Dead before I bear this—What! approach me with the Freedoms of a Keeper; I'm glad on't, your Impudence has cur'd me.

*Arch.* If this be Impudence [*Kneels*] I leave to your partial self; no panting Pilgrim after a

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

tedious, painful Voyage, e'er bow'd before his Saint with more Devotion.

*Mrs Sull.* Now, now, I'm ruin'd, if he kneels!  
[*Aside*] Rise thou prostrate Engineer, not all thy undermining Skill shall reach my Heart—Rise, and know, I am a Woman without my Sex, I can love to all the Tenderness of Wishes, Sighs and Tears—But go no farther—Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, I can speak my Frailty, confess my Weakness even for you—But—

*Arch.* For me! [Going to lay hold on her.]

*Mrs Sull.* Hold, Sir, build not upon that—For my most mortal hatred follows if you disobey what I command you now—leave me this Minute—If he denies, I'm lost. [Aside.]

*Arch.* Then you'll promise—

*Mrs Sull.* Any thing another time.

*Arch.* When shall I come?

*Mrs Sull.* To Morrow when you will.

*Arch.* Your Lips must seal the Promise.

*Mrs Sull.* Pshaw!

*Arch.* They must, they must [*Kisses her*] Raptures and Paradise! and why not now, my Angel? the Time, the Place, Silence and Secresy, all conspire—And the now conscious Stars have preordain'd this Moment for my Happiness.

[Takes her in his Arms.]

*Mrs Sull.* You will not, cannot sure.

*Arch.* If the Sun rides fast, and disappoints not

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mortals of to Morrow's Dawn, this Night shall crown my Joys.

*Mrs Sull.* My Sex's Pride assist me.

*Arch.* My Sex's Strength help me.

*Mrs Sull.* You shall kill me first.

*Arch.* I'll dye with you. *[Carrying her off.*

*Mrs Sull.* Thieves, Thieves, Murther—

*Enter Scrub in his Breeches, and one Shoe.*

*Scrub.* Thieves, Thieves, Murther, Popery.

*Arch.* Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in rutting time. *[Draws and offers to Stab Scrub.*

*Scrub.* *[Kneeling.]* O, Pray, Sir, spare all I have and take my Life.

*Mrs Sull.* *[Holding Archer's Hand.]* What do's the Fellow mean?

*Scrub.* O, Madam, down upon your Knees, your Marrow-bones—He's one of 'um.

*Arch.* Of whom?

*Scrub.* One of the Rogues—I beg your Pardon, Sir, one of the honest Gentlemen that just now are broke into the House.

*Arch.* How!

*Mrs Sull.* I hope, you did not come to rob me?

*Arch.* Indeed I did, Madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might ha' spar'd, but your crying Thieves has wak'd this dreaming Fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

*Scrub.* Granted! 'tis granted, Sir, take all we have.



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* The Fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

*Scrub.* Oons, Madam, they're broke in to the House with Fire and Sword, I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this Minute.

*Arch.* What, Thieves!

*Scrub.* Under Favour, Sir, I think so.

*Mrs Sull.* What shall we do, Sir?

*Arch.* Madam, I wish your Ladyship a good Night.

*Mrs Sull.* Will you leave me?

*Arch.* Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone just now upon pain of your immortal Hatred?

*Mrs Sull.* Nay, but pray, Sir——

[*Takes hold of him.*

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd—You see now, Madam, you must use Men one way or other; but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the benefit of his Courage, unless you'll take his Love along with it.—How are they arm'd, Friend?

*Scrub.* With Sword and Pistol, Sir.

*Arch.* Hush—I see a dark Lanthorn coming thro' the Gallery.—Madam, be assur'd I will protect you, or lose my Life.

*Mrs Sull.* Your Life! no Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore, now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* No, Madam, I'll consult my own Safety for the sake of yours, I'll work by Stratagem: Have you Courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em?

*Mrs Sull.* Yes, yes, since I have scap'd your Hands, I can face any thing.

*Arch.* Come hither, Brother Scrub, don't you know me?

*Scrub.* Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses Archer.*]

*Arch.* This way—Here—

[*Archer and Scrub hide behind the Bed.*]

*Enter Gibbet with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand and a Pistol in t'other.*

*Gib.* Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone.

*Mrs Sull.* Who are you, Sir? what wou'd you have? d'ye come to rob me?

*Gib.* Rob you! alack a day, Madam, I'm only a younger Brother, Madam; and so, Madam, if you make a Noise, I'll shoot you thro' the Head; but don't be afraid, Madam.

[*Laying his Lanthorn and Pistol upon the Table.*]

These Rings, Madam, don't be concern'd, Madam, I have a profound Respect for you, Madam; your Keys, Madam, don't be frighted, Madam, I'm the most of a Gentleman.

[*Searching her Pockets.*]

This Necklace, Madam, I never was rude to a



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Lady;—I have a Veneration—for this Neck-lace——

[*Here Archer having come round and seiz'd the Pistols, takes Gibbet by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*]

*Arch.* Hold, profane Villain, and take the Reward of thy Sacrilege.

*Gib.* Oh! Pray, Sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

*Arch.* How many is there of 'em, Scrub?

*Scrub.* Five and Forty, Sir.

*Arch.* Then I must kill the Villain to have him out of the way.

*Gib.* Hold, hold, Sir, we are but three upon my Honour.

*Arch.* Scrub, will you undertake to secure him?

*Scrub.* Not I, Sir; kill him, kill him.

*Arch.* Run to Gipsy's Chamber, there you'll find the Doctor; bring him hither presently.

[*Exit Scrub running.*]

Come, Rogue, if you have a short Prayer, say it.

*Gip.* Sir, I have no Prayer at all; the Government has provided a Chaplain to say Prayers for us on these Occasions.

*Mrs Sull.* Pray, Sir, don't kill him;—You fright me as much as him.

*Arch.* The Dog shall die, Madam, for being the Occasion of my disappointment.—Sirrah, this Moment is your last.

*Gib.* Sir, I'll give you Two hundred Pound to spare my Life.





THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* Have you no more Rascal;

*Gib.* Yes, Sir, I can command Four hundred;  
but I must reserve Two of 'em to save my Life  
at the Sessions.

*Enter Scrub and Foigard.*

*Arch.* Here, Doctor, I suppose Scrub and you  
between you may manage him.—Lay hold of  
him, Doctor. [Foigard *lays hold of* Gibbet.

*Gib.* What! turn'd over to the Priest already.—  
Look'ye, Doctor, you come before your time;  
I'ant condemn'd yet, I thank'ye.

*Foig.* Come, my dear Joy, I vill secure your  
Body and your Shoul too; I vill make you a  
good Catholick, and give you an Absolution.

*Gib.* Absolution! can you procure me a Pardon,  
Doctor?

*Foig.* No, Joy.—

*Gib.* Then you and your Absolution may go to  
the Devil.

*Arch.* Convey him into the Cellar, there bind  
him:—Take the Pistol, and if he offers to resist,  
shoot him thro' the Head,—and come back to  
us with all the speed you can.

*Scrub.* Ay, ay, come, Doctor, do you hold him  
fast, and I'll guard him.

[*Exeunt* Foigard and Gibbet, Scrub *following.*

*Mrs Sull.* But how came the Doctor?

*Arch.* In short, Madam—[*Shreeking without.*]  
S'death! the Rogues are at work with the other

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Ladies.—I'm vex'd I parted with the Pistol;  
but I must fly to their Assistance.—Will you  
stay here, Madam, or venture your self with me.

*Mrs Sull.* O, with you, dear Sir, with you.

*[Takes him by the Arm and Exeunt.]*

SCENE, Changes to another Apartment in the  
same House.

*Enter Hounslow dragging in Lady Bountyfull  
and Bagshot halling in Dorinda; the Rogues with  
Swords drawn.*

*Houn.* Come, come, your jewels, Mistriss.

*Bag.* Your Keys, your Keys, old Gentlewoman.

*Enter Aimwell and Cherry.*

*Aim.* Turn this way, Villains; I durst engage  
an Army in such a Cause. *[He engages 'em both.]*

*Dor.* O, Madam, had I but a Sword to help the  
brave Man?

*L. Boun.* There's three or four hanging up in the  
Hall; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one  
however. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Archer and Mrs Sullen.*

*Arch.* Hold, hold, my Lord, every Man his Bird,  
pray.

*[They engage Man to Man, the Rogues are thrown  
and disarm'd.]*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Cher.* What! the Rogues taken! then they'll impeach my Father; I must give him timely Notice. [Runs out.]

*Arch.* Shall we kill the Rogues?

*Aim.* No, no, we'll bind them.

*Arch.* Ay, ay; here, Madam, lend me your Garter? [To Mrs Sullen who stands by him.]

*Mrs Sull.* The Devil's in this Fellow; he fights, loves, and banTERS, all in a Breath.—Here's a Cord that the Rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.

*Arch.* Right, right, the Rogue's Destiny, a Rope to hang himself.—Come, my Lord,—This is but a scandalous sort of an Office, [Binding the Rogues together.] if our Adventures shou'd end in this sort of Hangman-work; but I hope there is something in prospect that—[Enter Scrub.] Well, Scrub, have you secur'd your Tartar?

*Scrub.* Yes, Sir, I left the Priest and him disputing about Religion.

*Aim.* And pray carry these Gentlemen to reap the Benefit of the Controversy.

[Delivers the Prisoners to Scrub, who leads 'em out.]

*Mrs Sull.* Pray, Sister, how came my Lord here?

*Dor.* And pray, how came the Gentleman here?

*Mrs Sull.* I'll tell you the greatest piece of Villainy— [They talk in dumb show.]

*Aim.* I fancy, Archer, you have been more successful in your Adventures than the Housebreakers.

*Arch.* No matter for my Adventure, yours is the

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

principal.—Press her this Minute to marry you, —now while she's hurry'd between the Palpitation of her Fear, and the Joy of her Deliverance, now while the Tide of her Spirits are at High-flood—Throw your self at her Feet; speak some Romantick Nonsense or other;—Address her like Alexander in the height of his Victory, confound her Senses, bear down her Reason, and away with her—The Priest is now in the Cellar, and dare not refuse to do the work.

*Enter Lady Bountifull.*

*Aim.* But how shall I get off without being observ'd?

*Arch.* You a Lover! and not find a way to get off—Let me see.

*Aim.* You bleed, Archer.

*Arch.* S'death, I'm glad on't; this Wound will do the Business! I'll amuse the old Lady and Mrs Sullen about dressing my Wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

*L. Boun.* Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the Services—

*Arch.* Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for Complements, I'm wounded, Madam.

*L. Boun.* } How! wounded!  
*Mrs Sull.* }

*Dor.* I hope, Sir, you have receiv'd no Hurt?

*Aim.* None but what you may cure.—

[*Makes Love in dumb show.*]

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*L. Boun.* Let me see your Arm, Sir.—I must have some Powder-sugar to stop the Blood—O me! an ugly Gash upon my Word, Sir, you must go into Bed.

*Arch.* Ay, my Lady a Bed wou'd do very well.—Madam, [*To Mrs Sull.*] Will you do me the Favour to conduct me to a Chamber?

*L. Boun.* Do, do, Daughter—while I get the Lint and the Probe and the Plaister ready.

[*Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.*]

*Arch.* Come, Madam, why don't you obey your Mother's Commands.

*Mrs Sull.* How can you, after what is past, have the Confidence to ask me?

*Arch.* And if you go to that, how can you after what is past, have the Confidence to deny me?—Was not this Blood shed in your Defence, and my Life expos'd for your Protection.—Look'ye, Madam, I'm none of your Romantick Fools, that fight Gyants and Monsters for nothing; my Valour is down right Swiss; I'm a Soldier of Fortune and must be paid.

*Mrs Sull.* 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your Services.

*Arch.* 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

*Mrs Sull.* How! at the Expence of my Honour.

*Arch.* Honour! can Honour consist with Ingratitude? if you wou'd deal like a Woman of



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Honour, do like a Man of Honour, d'ye think I wou'd deny you in such a Case?

[*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you that your Brother is below at the Gate.

*Mrs Sull.* My Brother? Heavens be prais'd.—Sir, he shall thank you for your Services, he has it in his Power.

*Arch.* Who is your Brother, Madam?

*Mrs Sull.* Sir Charles Freeman.—You'll excuse me, Sir; I must go and receive him. [*Exit.*

*Arch.* Sir Charles Freeman! S'death and Hell! —My old Acquaintance. Now unless Aimwell has made good use of his time, all our fair Machine goes souse into the Sea like the Edystone.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, Changes to the Gallery in the same House.

*Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.*

*Dor.* Well, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous Action will I hope, plead for my easie yielding, tho' I must own your Lordship had a Friend in the Fort before.

*Aim.* The Sweets of Hybla dwell upon her Tongue.—Here, Doctor—

[*Enter Foigard with a Book.*

*Foig.* Are you prepar'd boat?

*Dor.* I'm ready: But, first, my Lord one Word; —I have a frightful Example of a hasty

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Marriage in my own Family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my Lord, consider a little—

*Aim.* Consider! Do you doubt my Honour or my Love?

*Dor.* Neither: I do believe you equally Just as Brave.—And were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuse, I shou'd not cast a look upon the Multitude if you were absent.—But my Lord, I'm a Woman; Colours, Concealments may hide a thousand Faults in me;—Therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know my self in any thing except my Love.

*Aim.* Such Goodness who cou'd injure; I find my self unequal to the Task of Villain; she has gain'd my Soul, and made it honest like her own;—I cannot, cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Doctor, retire. [*Exit Foigard.*]

Madam, behold your Lover and your Proselite, and judge of my Passion by my Conversion.—I'm all a Lie, nor dare I give a Fiction to your Arms; I'm all Counterfeit except my Passion.

*Dor.* Forbid it Heaven! a Counterfeit!

*Aim.* I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come with a mean, a scandalous Design to prey upon your Fortune:—But the Beauties of your Mind and Person have so won me from my self, that like a trusty Servant, I prefer the Interest of my Mistress to my own.

*Dor.* Sure I have had the Dream of some poor

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

Mariner, a sleepy image of a welcome Port,  
and wake involv'd in Storms.—Pray, Sir, who  
are you?

*Aim.* Brother to the Man whose Title I usurp'd,  
but Stranger to his Honour or his Fortune.

*Dor.* Matchless Honesty—Once I was proud,  
Sir, of your Wealth and Title, but now am  
prouder that you want it: Now I can shew my  
Love was justly levell'd, and had no Aim but  
Love. Doctor, come in.

*Enter Foigard at one Door, Gipsej at another,  
who whispers Dorinda.*

Your Pardon, Sir, we shannot want you now.  
Sir, you must excuse me,—I'll wait on you  
presently. *[Exit with Gipsej.*

*Foig.* Upon my Shoul, now, dis is foolish. *Exit.*

*Aim.* Gone! and bid the Priest depart.—It  
has an ominous Look.

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* Courage, Tom—Shall I wish you Joy?

*Aim.* No.

*Arch.* Oons, Man, what ha' you been doing?

*Aim.* O, Archer, my Honesty, I fear, has ruin'd  
me.

*Arch.* How!

*Aim.* I have discover'd my self.

*Arch.* Discover'd! and without my Consent?  
what! have I embark'd my small Remains in

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my Partnership?

*Aim.* O, Archer, I own my Fault.

*Arch.* After Conviction——'Tis then too late for Pardon.—You may remember, Mr Aimwell, that you propos'd this Folly—As you begun, so end it.—Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune single.—So farewell.

*Aim.* Stay, my dear Archer, but a Minute.

*Arch.* Stay! what to be despis'd, expos'd and laugh'd at—No, I wou'd sooner change Conditions with the worst of the Rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful Smile from the proud Knight that once I treated as my equal.

*Aim.* What Knight?

*Arch.* Sir Charles Freeman, Brother to the Lady that I had almost——But no matter for that, 'tis a cursed Night's Work, and so I leave you to make your best on't. [Going.

*Aim.* Freeman!——One Word, Archer. Still I have Hopes; methought she receiv'd my Confession with Pleasure.

*Arch.* S'death! who doubts it?

*Aim.* She consented after to the Match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

*Arch.* To her self, I warrant her, as you shou'd have been.

*Aim.* By all my Hopes, she comes, and smiling comes.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Enter Dorinda mighty gay.*

*Dor.* Come, my dear Lord,—I fly with Impatience to your Arms.—The Minutes of my Absence was a tedious Year. Where's this Priest?

*Enter Foigard.*

*Arch.* Oons, a brave Girl.

*Dor.* I suppose, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy to our Affairs?

*Arch.* Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father.

*Dor.* Come, Priest, do your Office.

*Arch.* Make hast, make hast, couple 'em any way. [*Takes Aimwell's Hand.*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you—

*Dor.* My Mind's alter'd, I won't.

*Arch.* Eh—

*Aim.* I'm confounded.

*Foig.* Upon my Shoul, and sho is my shelf.

*Arch.* What's the matter now, Madam?

*Dor.* Look'ye, Sir, one generous Action deserves another—This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my Justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: In short, Sir, you are the Person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount Aimwell; and I wish your Lordship Joy. Now, Priest, you may be gone; if my Lord is pleas'd now with the Match, let his Lordship marry me in the face of the World.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Aim. Arch.* What do's she mean?

*Dor.* Here's a Witness for my Truth.

*Enter Sir Charles and Mrs Sullen.*

*Sir Ch.* My dear Lord Aimwell, I wish you Joy.

*Aim.* Of what?

*Sir Ch.* Of your Honour and Estate: Your Brother died the Day before I left London; and all your Friends have writ after you to Brussels; among the rest I did my self the Honour.

*Arch.* Hark'ye, Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

*Sir. Ch.* 'Tis Truth upon my Honour.

*Aim.* Thanks to the pregnant Stars that form'd this Accident.

*Arch.* Thanks to the Womb of Time that brought it forth; away with it.

*Aim.* Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the Prize—— [*Taking Dorinda's Hand.*

*Arch.* And double Thanks to the noble Sir Charles Freeman. My Lord, I wish you Joy. My Lady I wish you joy.—I Gad, Sir Freeman, you're the honestest Fellow living.—S'death, I'm grown strange airy upon this matter—My Lord, how d'ye?—a word, my Lord; don't you remember something of a previous Agreement, that entitles me to the Moyety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think, will amount to Five thousand Pound.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Aim.* Not a Penny, Archer; You wou'd ha' cut my Throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this Lady.

*Arch.* Ay, and I'll cut your Throat again, if you shou'd deceive her now.

*Aim.* That's what I expected; and to end the Dispute, the Lady's Fortune is Ten thousand Pound; we'll divide Stakes; take the Ten thousand Pound, or the Lady.

*Dor.* How! is your Lordship so indifferent?

*Arch.* No, no, no, Madam, his Lordship knows very well, that I'll take the Money; I leave you to his Lordship, and so we're both provided for.

*Enter Count Bellair.*

*Count.* *Mesdames, & Messieurs,* I am your Servant trice humble: I hear you be rob, here.

*Aim.* The Ladies have been in some danger, Sir.

*Count.* And Begar, our Inn be rob too.

*Aim.* Our Inn! by whom?

*Count.* By the Landlord, begar—Garzoon he has rob himself and run away.

*Arch.* Rob'd himself!

*Count.* Ay, begar, and me too of a hundre Pound.

*Arch.* A hundred Pound.

*Count.* Yes, that I ow'd him.

*Aim.* Our Money's gone, Frank.

*Arch.* Rot the Money, My Wench is gone——

*Scavez vous quelque chose de Mademoiselle Cherry?*

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and a Letter.*

*Fell.* Is there one Martin here?

*Arch.* Ay, ay,—who wants him?

*Fell.* I have a Box here and Letter for him.

*Arch.* [*Taking the Box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here? Legerdemain! by this Light, my Lord, our Money again; but this unfolds the Riddle. [*Opening the Letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum—O, 'tis for the Publick good, and must be communicated to the Company.

MR MARTIN,

*My Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues that are taken to Night is gone off, but if you can procure him a Pardon he will make great Discoveries that may be useful to the Country; cou'd I have met you instead of your Master to Night, I wou'd have deliver'd my self into your Hands with a Sum that much exceeds that in your strong Box, which I have sent you, with an Assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful Friend till Death.*

CHERRY BONNIFACE.

there's a Billet-doux for you—As for the Father I think he ought to be encouraged, and for the Daughter,—Pray, my Lord, persuade your Bride to take her into her Service instead of Gipsey.

*Aim.* I can assure you, Madam, your Deliverance was owing to her Discovery.



THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Dor.* Your Command, my Lord, will do without the Obligation. I'll take care of her.

*Sir Ch.* This good Company meets opportunely in favour of a Design I have in behalf of my unfortunate Sister, I intend to part her from her Husband—Gentlemen will you assist me?

*Arch.* Assist you! S'Death who wou'd not.

*Count.* Assist! Garzoon, we all assest.

*Enter Sullen.*

*Sull.* What's all this?—They tell me Spouse that you had like to have been rob'd.

*Mrs Sull.* Truly, Spouse, I was pretty near it—Had not these two Gentlemen interpos'd.

*Sull.* How came these Gentlemen here?

*Mrs Sull.* That's his way of returning Thanks you must know.

*Count.* Garzoon, the Question be a propo for all dat.

*Sir Ch.* You promis'd last Night, Sir, that you wou'd deliver your Lady to me this Morning.

*Sull.* Humph.

*Arch.* Humph. What do you mean by humph—Sir, you shall deliver her—In short, Sir, we have sav'd you and your Family, and if you are not civil we'll unbind the Rogues, join with 'um and set fire to your House—What do's the Man mean? not part with his Wife!

*Count.* Ay, Garzoon de Man no understan Common Justice.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* Hold, Gentlemen, all things here must move by consent, Compulsion wou'd Spoil us, let my Dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

*Sull.* Let me know first who are to be our Judges—Pray, Sir, who are you?

*Sir Ch.* I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your Wife.

*Sull.* And you, good Sir.

*Aim.* Charles Viscount Aimwell, come to take away your Sister.

*Sull.* And you pray, Sir?

*Arch.* Francis Archer, Esq; come—

*Sull.* To take away my Mother, I hope—Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome, I never met with three more obliging People since I was born—And now, my Dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

*Arch.* And the last for five Pound.

*Mrs Sull.* Spouse.

*Sull.* Ribb.

*Mrs Sull.* How long have we been marry'd?

*Sull.* By the Almanak fourteen Months—But by my Account fourteen Years.

*Mrs Sull.* 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

*Count.* Garzoon, their Account will agree.

*Mrs Sull.* Pray, Spouse, what did you marry for?

*Sull.* To get an Heir to my Estate.

*Sir Ch.* And have you succeeded?

*Sull.* No.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Arch.* The Condition fails of his side—Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?

*Mrs Sull.* To support the Weakness of my Sex by the Strength of his, and to enjoy the Pleasures of an agreeable Society.

*Sir Ch.* Are your Expectations answered?

*Mrs Sull.* No.

*Count.* A clear Case, a clear Case.

*Sir Ch.* What are the Bars to your mutual Contentment.

*Mrs Sull.* In the first Place I can't drink Ale with him.

*Sull.* Nor can I drink Tea with her.

*Mrs Sull.* I can't hunt with you.

*Sull.* Nor can I dance with you.

*Mrs Sull.* I hate Cocking and Racing.

*Sull.* And I abhor Ombre and Piquet.

*Mrs Sull.* Your Silence is intollerable.

*Sull.* Your Prating is worse.

*Mrs Sull.* Have we not been a perpetual Offence to each other—A gnawing Vulture at the Heart.

*Sull.* A frightful Goblin to the Sight.

*Mrs Sull.* A Porcupine to the Feeling.

*Sull.* Perpetual Wormwood to the Taste.

*Mrs Sull.* Is there on Earth a thing we cou'd agree in?

*Sull.* Yes—To part.

*Mrs Sull.* With all my Heart.

*Sull.* Your Hand.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

*Mrs Sull.* Here.

*Sull.* These Hands join'd us, these shall part us  
—away—

*Mrs Sull.* North.

*Sull.* South.

*Mrs Sull.* East.

*Sull.* West—far as the Poles asunder.

*Count.* Begar the Ceremony be vera pretty.

*Sir Ch.* Now, Mr Sullen, there wants only my  
Sister's Fortune to make us easie.

*Sull.* Sir Charles, you love your Sister, and I love  
her Fortune; every one to his Fancy.

*Arch.* Then you won't refund?

*Sull.* Not a Stiver.

*Arch.* Then I find, Madam, you must e'en go to  
your Prison again.

*Count.* What is the Portion?

*Sir Ch.* Ten thousand Pound, Sir.

*Count.* Garzoon, I'll pay it, and she shall go  
home wid me.

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha, French all over—Do you  
know, Sir, what ten thousand Pound English is?

*Count.* No, begar, not justement.

*Arch.* Why, Sir, 'tis a hundred thousand Livres.

*Count.* A hundre tousand Livres—A Garzoon, me  
canno' do't, your Beauties and their Fortunes  
are both too much for me.

*Arch.* Then I will.—This Nights Adventure has  
prov'd strangely lucky to us all—for Captain  
Gibbet in his walk had made bold, Mr Sullen,

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

with your Study and Escritoire, and had taken out all the writings of your Estate, all the Articles of Marriage with this Lady, Bills, Bonds, Leases, Receipts to an infinite Value, I took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir Charles.

*[Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.*

*Sull.* How, my Writings! my Head akes consumedly—Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate my Sister's Wedding, and my Divorce, you may command my House—but my Head akes consumedly—Scrub, bring me a Dram.

*Arch.* Madam, [*to Mrs Sullen*] there's a Country Dance to the trifle that I sung to Day; your Hand, and we'll lead it up. [*Here a Dance.*

*Arch.* 'Twou'd be hard to guess which of these Parties is the better pleas'd, the Couple Join'd, or the Couple Parted? the one rejoycing in hopes of an untasted Happiness, and the other in their Deliverance from an experienc'd Misery.

*Both happy in their several States we find,  
Those parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.  
Consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee,  
Consent is Law enough to set you free.*

FINIS

*TWO SONGS*



## TWO SONGS

Sung by Archer in Act I, Scene I (p. 16), and Act III, Scene III (p. 56). First printed in the fifth edition of the *Works*.

*(First Song)*

BUT you look so bright,  
And are dress'd so tight,  
That a Man would swear you're Right,  
As Arm was e'er laid over.

Such an Air  
You freely wear  
To ensnare,  
As makes each Guest a Lover.

Since then, my Dear, I'm your Guest,  
Prithee give me of the Best  
Of what is ready Drest;  
Since then, my Dear, &c.



TWO SONGS

*(Second Song)*

SONG of a TRIFLE

A TRIFLING SONG you shall hear,  
Begun with a Trifle and ended:  
All Trifling People draw near,  
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Trifles, a few,  
That lately have come into Play;  
The Men wou'd want something to do,  
And the Women want something to say.

What makes Men trifle in Dressing?  
Because the Ladies (they know)  
Admire by often Possessing,  
That eminent Trifle a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has triff'd,  
The Trifle of Trifles to gain:  
No sooner the Virgin is Rifled,  
But a Trifle shall part 'em again.

TWO SONGS

What mortal Man wou'd be able  
At White's half an Hour to sit?  
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table  
Without talking of Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles secure,  
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see:  
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,  
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,  
Where Trifles abundantly breed,  
The Levee will show you his Grace  
Make Promises Trifles indeed.

A Coach with six Footmen behind,  
I 'count neither Trifle nor Sin:  
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find,  
A scandalous Trifle within?

A Flask of Champaign, People think it  
A Trifle, or something as bad:  
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,  
You'll find it no Trifle egad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,  
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow:  
A Peace is a Trifle to-day,  
Who knows what may happen to-morrow.

TWO SONGS

A Black Coat a Trifle may cloak,  
Or to hide it, the Red may endeavour:  
But if once the Army is broke,  
We shall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle, they say,  
The Reason, pray carry along,  
Because at ev'ry new Play,  
The House they with Trifles so throng.

But with People's Malice to Trifle,  
And to set us all on a Foot;  
The Author of this is a Trifle,  
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.



