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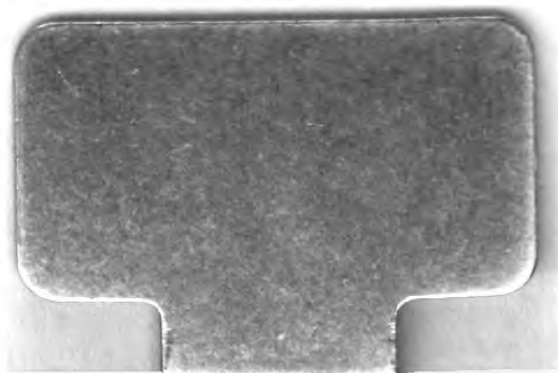
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THE BELLES-LETTRES
SERIES

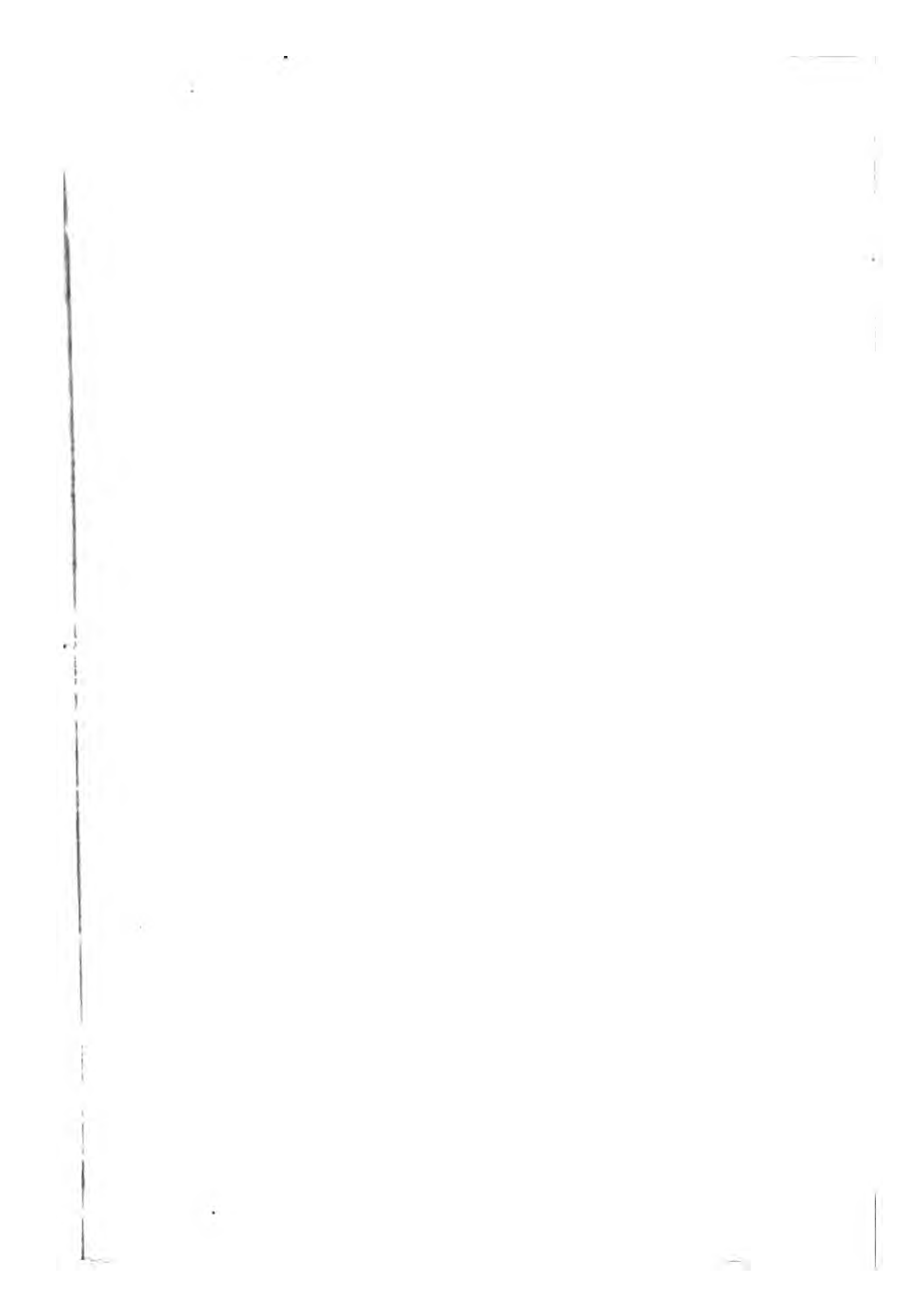


THE ENGLISH DRAMA

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The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

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**THE COUNTRY WIFE
AND
THE PLAIN DEALER**

**BY
WILLIAM WYCHERLEY**

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IN AMHERST COLLEGE**

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Life

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY was born at Clive, about seven miles north of Shrewsbury, in or about 1640. His father, Daniel Wycherley, a man of ancient family and good estate, was a teller of the exchequer, and afterwards chief steward of the Marquis of Winchester. His mother was Bethia Shrimpton, who married Daniel Wycherley February 20, 1640. At the age of fifteen, Wycherley was sent to France, where he had the advantage of intercourse with the brilliant circle of the Duchesse de Montausier, formerly Mademoiselle de Rambouillet. Here he is said to have become a Papist. By 1659 he had returned to London, where, on November 10, he was admitted to the Inner Temple, of which his father was a member. In July, 1660, he was entered in the public library (the Bodleian) at Oxford, as *Philosophiæ studiosus*, and he resided in the lodgings of the Provost of Queen's College; but he seems never to have matriculated as a member of either college or university.

During his subsequent residence in the Temple Wycherley acquired at least a sufficient acquaintance with the law to write the legal scenes of *The Plain Dealer*; but he was chiefly occupied with the life of the fashionable and court circle, and with literary work. *Hero and Leander in Burlesque*, published anonymously in 1669, has been attributed to Wycherley, on what authority, the editor has been unable to ascertain; but the style of the verses bears little resemblance to that of his later poems. His first play, *Love in a Wood*, produced at the Theatre Royal probably in the spring of 1671, obtained for him the friendship of the Duchess of Cleveland, mistress of Charles II, and to her he dedicated the published version of the play. The intimate favors which she bestowed on him were no bar to her securing the good-will of the king for her playwright lover. The Duke of Buckingham, also one of the Duchess's lovers, likewise became a friend. June 19, 1672, Wycherley was commissioned captain-lieutenant in Buckingham's regiment; and as Master of the Horse Buckingham appointed him an equerry. February 27, 1674, he was

commissioned "Capt. of that cy. whf. Geo. Duke of Buckingham was Capt. before the Reg. under his comd. was disbanded [in 1673]"; but he "resigned his commission a week after."¹

The Gentleman Dancing Master, Wycherley's second play, was produced late in 1671 or early in 1672.² Wycherley was probably one of the many of the court circle who shortly after "packed to sea" in the war with the Dutch, declared March 17, 1672. He was, at all events, present at a naval battle, described in his "Lines on a Sea-Fight," in the *Posthumous Works*, which probably occurred in 1672 or 1673. *The Country Wife* was produced probably in 1673; *The Plain Dealer* probably in 1676. In 1678 or 1679 Wycherley fell ill of a fever. The king visited him in his lodgings, and sent him with a gift of £500 to Montpellier in the South of France to recover his health. In the following spring he returned to England, fully restored, save, if Pope is to be believed, for an enfeebled memory. Shortly after, he married Laetitia Isabella, the widowed Countess of Drogheda, daughter of Lord Robartes, later first Earl of Radnor. Of their first meeting, in a bookseller's shop at Tunbridge Wells, where the Countess was inquiring for *The Plain Dealer*, Dennis tells a vivacious and dramatic little story.³ It is uncertain whether the marriage is to be dated 1679 or 1680; though as Lord Drogheda died June 18, 1679, the later year is perhaps the more likely.

The marriage brought little but unhappiness to Wycherley. Charles had just offered to make him governor of his son, the Duke of Richmond, at an annual salary of £1500 with subsequent pension. This opportunity had now to be given up, and Wycherley's relations with the court were ended, through his fear of the king's displeasure at his marriage, and possibly also through the influence of his wife, who proved exceedingly jealous. After her death, probably in 1681, and indeed even before it,⁴ Wycherley was involved in an unsuccessful lawsuit for his wife's estate. His debts had now become

¹ Dalton, *English Army Lists*, 1, 170.

² For the dates of writing, production and publication of the plays, see *Introduction*, pp. xv-xxvii.

³ Dennis, *Original Letters*, 1, 222.

⁴ Cf. the verses "To my Lord Chancellor Boyle," *Miscellany Poems*, p. 247.

so great that he was thrown into prison, where, failing to receive assistance from his father or others, he remained seven years. In 1683 appeared, anonymously, in verse, Wycherley's *Epistles to the King and Duke*. They picture his condition as that of a "Spaniel of the Crown, Kick'd out," but while full of flattery, they contain no unworthy lamentation or appeal. About 1688 Wycherley was freed from prison by the kindness of King James, who, pleased by a performance of *The Plain Dealer* which he had been induced to attend, ordered the payment of the author's debts and promised a pension of £200. But Wycherley, through shame or an unwise modesty, failed to give the king's messenger a full account of his debts, and he was not wholly free from his difficulties till his father came to his assistance and paid the remainder. The relief was, however, only temporary, and until the end of his life Wycherley appears to have been constantly hampered by want of money. The death of his father in 1697 left him, indeed, an estate, but an estate of which he was only tenant for life, with no right to sell, and the income from which, if the statements of Wycherley's relative, Captain Shrimpton, may be believed,¹ was diminished by collusion of the heir-at-law, Wycherley's nephew, with the tenants.

In 1704 Wycherley published a collection of *Miscellany Poems*, which brought him no money, owing to the bankruptcy of his publisher, but led to an acquaintance with Pope. The young protégé, at first delighted and assisted by the kindness of the older man-of-letters, to whom he dedicated his third "Pastoral," was soon acting as critic and reviser of his friend's verses; and in later years he falsely gave the world to understand that he had occupied this position from the first. His criticisms and corrections of Wycherley's manuscripts, and possibly Wycherley's recognition of certain lines in the *Essay on Criticism* as satire upon himself, led to an estrangement; but in 1711 a reconciliation took place, and from that time till Wycherley's death the relations of the two seem to have been friendly, though not at all intimate. The *Posthumous Works* of Wycherley, another collection of miscellaneous verse together with some prose "Maxims," published by Theobald in 1728, show the effect of Pope's criticism and contain "corrections" and additions by his hand.

On December 20, 1715, Wycherley, being near to death, was

¹ Egerton, *Life of Mrs. Oldfield*, pp. 122-138.

married to Elizabeth Jackson, of St. James's, Westminster. He was in debt, and a few weeks before had been under arrest. From the rents of his property in Shropshire, owing to the hostility of his nephew, he could expect little. Of his wife's fortune he appears to have received £190, with which he discharged his obligation; and in return he settled upon her a jointure of £400 a year, with which he was legally entitled to burden the Shropshire estate. He thus had the additional satisfaction of revenge upon the nephew who had so ill-treated him.

There is no good reason to doubt the commonly accepted date of Wycherley's death, December 31, 1715, although the *Dictionary of National Biography* ascribes it to the following day. The account of Captain Shrimpton, Wycherley's kinsman and attendant in his last days, who relates¹ that Wycherley died "in about two Hours after the signing of his Will, on a *Saturday* [Dec. 31]," is inherently probable, and is corroborated by the circumstances of Shrimpton's taking possession of the Shropshire estate in the right of the jointress, before the nephew could hear of Wycherley's death by the next post, which did not leave London till Monday. The date January 1, 1716, rests only on the statement of the Supplement of Pointer's *Chronological History of England*, iii, 886, which is accepted by Le Neve, *Monumenta Anglicana*, v, 305. Neither can be relied on. Wycherley was buried in the vault of the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden.

Three months after Wycherley's death, Shrimpton married his widow. They were sued by the nephew, who claimed that the deed of jointure had been given without consideration, and that before her marriage to Wycherley Elizabeth Jackson had been married to Shrimpton; but in 1718 judgment was given for the defendants. The statement of Pope that Miss Jackson was Shrimpton's mistress cannot be verified.

¹ Egerton, *Life of Mrs. Oldfield*.

Introduction

WHEN the first comedy of William Wycherley was presented at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane a decade had passed since the restoration of the monarchy and the reopening of the theatres. For the dramatists as for the court these years had been marked by a process of orientation and self-revelation. It was hardly so much a development of society that had taken place as the discovery of its own nature, the determination of its relations to the rest of the world, and the evolution of an adequate means of self-expression in the drama.

It was not the court of Charles I that had been restored by the advent of Charles II. It was a court composed of Englishmen and Englishwomen who had been deeply inoculated with French manners and French standards of life. It had been privileged for years to observe and even to form some part of a society devoted to the intensive cultivation of the art of living, to the elimination of the crude, the awkward, the individual, and to the universal acquisition of the grace, the charm, the harmony of the social. It was this ordered elegance of life that captivated the exiled Englishman, which he eagerly sought to acquire, and which he introduced, at least as an ideal, into England, when he had once more a court of his own. It mattered nothing to him that these newly adopted

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standards were unmoral; he had no moral standards of his own that he was first obliged to throw away. It did not matter either that these standards had to do with only the surface of life; he was quite content to live upon the surface only, if such living could be made elegantly enjoyable. But there were some things both in his own nature and in that of the Frenchman of which he was not fully aware. He did not realize, for instance, that to the Frenchman the grace and elegance with which his social enjoyment was invested was an essential part of the enjoyment itself: to the Englishman it was a mere garment the beauty of which proved enjoyable only so long as it did not hamper and prevent the satisfaction of his raw passion for what it covered. He did not realize that social satisfactions could never conquer or suppress the clamor of his nature for the satisfactions of the individual. It is extremely doubtful if the Englishman of Charles's court ever had any clear vision of society as an organization whose laws profoundly modify the norms and standards of the individual, an organization whose demands not seldom rise into a sphere where the common sense and the social judgment become almost, if not quite, a moral law.

By the beginning of the seventies it was plain how far the admiration of the English court for what was French had gone in the way of actual assimilation, and how far it remained truly English. It was a society highly self-conscious and interested in nothing so much as itself. Certain ideals of social intercourse, the admiration of witty converse, of fidelity to social conventions, of *savoir-faire*, the love of ease and gaiety and

glitter, testify to the lasting influence of France. But English society had already proved to itself, and more, it had come to protest openly with a certain satisfaction, that it was not French. It had not only largely cast off the imitation of externals — so that a Monsieur de Paris had become a ridiculous figure, the butt of society and of comedy; it had flung away all the trammels of elegant speech and conduct, and revealed and flaunted the unashamed vulgarity of the Englishman given over to the pursuit of sensual gratification. “’T is too bold for the French manners,” wrote Voltaire of Wycherley’s *Country Wife*. An audacious shamelessness is the characteristic that in 1671 chiefly distinguished the court of Charles from that of Louis XIV.

The development of an adequate self-expression in the drama, the establishment of a new comedy, was a process coincident in time with that by which English society had “found” itself. At the beginning of the period there were a few years when the managers of the Royal and the Duke’s theatres were hard put to it to find satisfactory stage entertainment for their patrons of the court. The old dramatic tradition had been broken by the lapse of nearly twenty years. There were few who remembered it, and still fewer who had the power to make even the attempt to revive it. When the former period had closed, the old drama was nearly exhausted; it was not to be expected that the fifth-rate dramatists of the beginning of the new period could breathe into it fresh life. Yet the history of comedy in these early years is that of an attempt to do just this. Most of this comedy is “a long way after” the

model of Ben Jonson, "a string of pothouse buffoneries and preposterous 'humours,'" as Mr. Gosse characterizes it.¹ Even Dryden in his *Wild Gallant* of 1663 is following the same model. So late as 1668, Shadwell, in his first play, *The Sullen Lovers*, which in its material and arrangement shows some influence of Molière, is proclaiming his utter devotion to Jonson, whom he thinks "all Dramatick Poets ought to imitate," "the only person that appears . . . to have made perfect Representations of Humane Life," who "never wrote Comedy without seven or eight excellent Humours." "In the plays that have been written of late," declares Shadwell, "there is no such thing as perfect character."²

It was in 1664 that Restoration society began to find a comedy that cared nought for the perfect character or individual "humour"; but sought to present upon the stage a true reflection of life as it actually was lived in the circle for which the dramatist wrote and of which he was himself a part. Sir George Etherege had been a member of Charles's circle in France, had outstaid him there some three years, and had returned to England to associate with such men as Sedley, Buckingham and Rochester. He was, like his companions, a fine flower of Restoration society, a wit, gallant, roisterer and profligate. His stay in France during the first three years of the decade had given him the opportunity to become acquainted with the work of Molière in *L'Étourdi*, *Le Dépit Amoureux* and *Les*

¹ *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 237.

² Preface to *The Sullen Lovers*.

Précieuses Ridicules; and it was from that work that he derived the impulse to a similar comic treatment of the society in which he moved. In *The Comical Revenge*, 1664, he presented a reproduction of the fashionable world to which he belonged; and the immense success of his play showed that his world recognized in it what it had long been seeking, a true expression of itself. In *She Would if She Could*, 1668, he offered a play which not only was an advance upon the former in unity and skilful dramatic construction, but marks, as Miles keenly perceives, "a development of unity in the worldly society, a consciousness of its own ideals and of its separateness, which cannot be paralleled in earlier Restoration plays."¹ In Etheredge's work, apart from some borrowing of material, and inspiration of the animation and ease with which Etheredge handles his comic scenes and dialogue, the influence of Molière is confined to the conception of a comedy whose sufficient subject and interest is "manners," the behavior of society as it is. Etheredge had no standards, social or moral, that differed from those of the society he portrayed. He had no share in Molière's conception of the sanative, rationalizing, ordering values of right social standards. There is in him nothing of the genial, sympathetic satirist. "It is a heartless world he presents, and he laughs with an entire acquiescence in its point of view."²

In his two plays of the first decade Etheredge had really established the new kind of drama. How much

¹ *Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy*, p. 65.

² Miles, *Influence of Molière, etc.*, p. 67.

formative influence these plays exercised upon his successor, Wycherley, it is impossible to say. Wycherley had spent four years of his early youth in France in the circle of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and young as he was when he returned to England, he had become acquainted with the best that French society had to offer. He had also had an opportunity to see *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, or at all events must have been fully alive to its effectiveness as a satire upon a cult with which his own circle was associated. It is evident, too, that he made a close study of Molière's later work. His life in France and England, and his acquaintance with Molière, are in themselves sufficient explanation of the impulse that produced his plays.

It is the chief distinction of William Wycherley among all the writers of Restoration comedy that he most accurately and fully expressed the society for which he wrote. What was French, what was English in his world is plainest in his comedies. If his dialogue lacks the grace, the sustained ease of wit that is to be found in Congreve's, it is a more faithful presentation of what was to be heard in the fashionable circle of his day ; if corruption is nakeder and more shameless in his plays than in any others, it is because he was truer to the fact. It is an English sensual society that he depicts, along with what it had really acquired and retained from the influence of France. And it is to be added that he came nearer than any other to a real comprehension of the French social ideal, especially as that is revealed in the plays of Molière. More than this, Wycherley, alone among the comic playwrights

of the Restoration, appears to have had some notion — vague and even grotesque as it was — of the true fruit of a genuine social consciousness; and alone among his fellows in the midst of his unsparing realism made some attempt to depict ideal characters that should express the common sense and controlled judgment, the passion for sincerity, the faithfulness of love, which must have lurked somewhere, if only as a vision of despair, in that society which we are perhaps too ready to call utterly corrupt.

Concerning the time when Wycherley's plays were composed there has been much debate and difference. Pope declared¹ that he was well acquainted with the chronology of the plays, "for he has told it me over and over. 'Love in a Wood,' he wrote when he was but nineteen [1659]; 'The Gentleman Dancing-Master,' at twenty-one [1661]; 'The Plain Dealer,' at twenty-five [1665]; and 'The Country Wife' at one or two and thirty [1671-2]." That it is impossible to accept this statement of the plays as published was abundantly shown by Macaulay.² *Love in a Wood*, for example, contains allusions which must be dated at least as late as 1666, while "the whole air and spirit of the piece" belong to a post-Restoration time; and *The Plain Dealer* contains allusions to events in 1675. The possibility of revision and insertions Macaulay did not consider, and with this in mind many, including W. C. Ward, in his introductions to the plays, have continued to give more or less credence to Pope's

¹ Singer's Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 161.

² *Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*.

statement. But the careful investigation of Klette¹ is decisive, and with some modification his conclusion, that *Love in a Wood* was written in 1669, *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* in 1671, *The Country Wife* in 1672, *The Plain Dealer* in 1675.

If Pope's statement were true, at the time when Wycherley's first play appeared he would have had in readiness all his plays, except possibly *The Country Wife*. It is impossible to believe that under these circumstances Wycherley would have made his first appearance with *Love in a Wood*, or that he would have held back *The Plain Dealer* for more than ten years. Or, if he had begun with *Love in a Wood*, upon its proving acceptable, his other plays would naturally have followed in rapid succession, *The Country Wife* appearing last. As Aitken, the author of the article on Wycherley in the Dictionary of National Biography, points out, the first two plays, if written in 1660 or 1661, would readily have been accepted at the theatre. As the strongest ground for doubting Pope's statement, Aitken urges that "the plays, even the earliest of them, at least in the form in which we have them, seem to be the work of a mature man, and not of a youth of nineteen or twenty-one." A rigid exclusion of scenes and allusions which must be regarded as additions, if we are to believe Pope, does not remove this impression, and we should be further obliged to assume very thorough-going revisions.

An examination of the individual plays furnishes numerous points in corroboration of this view, most of

¹ *Wycherley's Leben und dramatische Werke*, pp. 20-30.

them already noted by Klette. In *Love in a Wood*, Macaulay marks ¹ “an allusion to gentlemen’s periwigs, which first came into fashion in 1663; an allusion to guineas, which were first struck in 1663; an allusion to the vests which Charles ordered to be worn at court in 1666; an allusion to the fire of 1666; and several allusions to political and ecclesiastical affairs which must be assigned to times later than the year of the Restoration.” To these Klette adds the reference to “this new-fashioned caterwauling, this midnight coursing in the Park,” which must be dated well after 1660. These allusions, argues Klette, and with reason, have no meaning for the action or the characterization, are but natural parts of the realistic dialogue. “Their whole character indicates that they were not woven into a revision of the first draft of 1659, but that the first draft itself was not made till some time after the latest occurrence alluded to.” ² Most readers will also agree with Macaulay, that “the whole air and spirit of the piece belong to a period subsequent to that mentioned by Wycherley.”

Still more definite proof is afforded by the relation of the play to its “sources.” In his plot Wycherley made use of Molière’s *L’École des Maris*, published in August, 1661, and of *L’École des Femmes*, which did not appear until March, 1663. It seems likely that *Love in a Wood* was suggested by Sedley’s play, *The Mulberry Garden*, which was produced in 1668. It is probable that the composition of Wycherley’s play lies be-

¹ *The Comic Dramatists*, etc.

² *Wycherley’s Leben*, etc., p. 22.

tween this date and the end of 1669 or 1670. (Cf. date of production, below, p. xxii, xxiii.)

That Wycherley's (or Pope's) date for the composition of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* is false, it is not possible to prove so definitely from the play itself. That it must have undergone revision, if that date is correct, is clear from certain allusions (*e. g.*, Act I, sc. I, to PUNCHINELLO, introduced in England about 1666); but one cannot say so confidently as in the case of *Love in a Wood* that these allusions are of such a character as to make it unlikely that they appeared first in a revision. Nor can one say that the whole air of the piece is indubitably of a time much later than the Restoration. Klette's argument¹ that the piece must date from a time subsequent to Wycherley's acquaintance with the court, depends upon the connection of certain episodes in the play with others that occurred in the court circle; and this, while perhaps probable, cannot be proved. But the influence of both *L'École des Maris* and *L'École des Femmes* is apparent in the play, giving us a date at least as late as 1663. Quaa's assumption² that this play was written before *Love in a Wood*, because it shows better technic and characterization and has but a single plot, — superior artistry, but less well adapted to the taste of the audience, — cannot be held to have much force; and it involves in itself a contradiction of Wycherley's statement of the order of the plays.

According to Pope, Wycherley declared that he wrote *The Country Wife* in 1671 or 1672, and later

¹ *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 51.

² *Wycherley als Mensch und Dichter*, p. 178.

than *The Plain Dealer*. That the latter is extremely unlikely is shown below. The latest form of the play, at least, must be dated very late in 1672 or, more probably, in 1673. The mention of *L'École des Filles* (I, I, 117; cf. note, p. 179) quite certainly alludes to an edition of 1671 or 1672; and *Covent Garden Drollery* (mentioned III, 2, 192; cf. note, p. 183) was published in 1672, and apparently late in the year, as it is advertised in the Term Catalogue for Michaelmas Term, licensed for printing November 21.¹ These facts, combined with Wycherley's statement as to the date, make it fairly sure that in the case of this play, at least, there was but one form, and that it was written in 1673. Klette, who decides for 1672, was unaware how late in the year *Covent Garden Drollery* was published. His mention of a second collection of this name, published in the same year, is incorrect.² (Cf. note, p. 184.) There is but one collection to consider.

That even a first draught of *The Plain Dealer* can have been written in 1665 or even 1666, is impossible. It depends on Molière's *Le Misanthrope*, and this was not published till the end of December, 1666. If, as seems probable, Racine's *Les Plaideurs* suggested the character of Widow Blackacre, her part in the play must be dated after 1668. A first form of the play without the widow, Jerry, Freeman, and the whole legal action, together with the connection of the other characters with this action or with the widow, is perhaps imaginable, but decidedly unlikely. The critique of *The Country*

¹ Arber, *Term Catalogues*, I, 117.

² *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 29.

Wife must, of course, be dated after the production of that play, probably in 1673 (cf. below, p. xxv). Various allusions, most of them gathered together by Klette, must also be later than the declared date. Of these the most important are the reference to Dryden as "Bayes" (cf. note, p. 416), which must be dated after the production of *The Rehearsal*, December 14, 1671; the reference to "the late conjuncture of affairs in relation to coffee-houses" (iv, 2, 325, 326; cf. note, p. 430), which must be dated after the end of November, 1675; and the reference to Shadwell's *Libertine* (ii, 1, 227; cf. note, p. 421), which was acted in 1675, and advertised for publication in the Term Catalogue for Hilary Term, 1676, licensed for printing on February 10.¹ The common assumption that the first production of *The Plain Dealer* took place in 1674, an assumption which I show below (p. xxvi) to be based on no evidence, compels also the assumption that in the case of this play Wycherley made insertions not only before but after its first production.

On the other hand, Klette's argument² that a first form of the play cannot be dated before 1672, because Manly's disaster in the Channel is to be referred to the battle of Soulsby, June 7, 1672, to which the author not improbably refers in his poem, "Lines on a Sea-fight which the author was in betwixt the English and the Dutch" (*Posthumous Works*), cannot be pressed. Manly is represented as in command of a vessel acting as convoy to merchantmen bound for India, held back

¹ Arber, *Term Catalogues*, 1, 227.

² *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 28.

in the Channel by contrary winds and attacked and defeated by the Dutch. The circumstances do not correspond to those of the war fleet which in May and early June, 1672, was cruising in the Channel, looking for an encounter with the Dutch. Nor can Klette's decided statement that "Wycherley wrote *The Plain Dealer* in December, 1675," and that Pope's declaration that Wycherley wrote the play in three weeks is proved, be accepted even of the latest form of the play. It rests on an easy error, that of failing to note that the date of the license for printing, January 9, 1676, is old style. In modern style it is, of course, 1677. Thus 1676 is a possibility for the writing of at least the latest form of the play before production. (Cf. below, p. xxvii.)

A review of all these facts concerning the four plays will not induce a cautious judge to declare that there were certainly no revisions or insertions. But it is quite clear that Spence's statement of what Pope said Wycherley said as to the time when the plays were composed is the only evidence of such changes, and that this statement, at least in regard to *Love in a Wood* and *The Plain Dealer*, is false. For the error, either of Macaulay's suggested reasons, vanity, or the known weakness of Wycherley's memory in later life, is sufficient, though not the only possible, explanation. Till other evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, it will seem safe to assume that in all essentials the plays had but one form, and that each was written not long before the date of its production.

To determine the dates at which Wycherley's plays were first produced has proved a considerably easier task

than to establish the dates of writing, though the limits determined are, in the cases of most of the plays, still too far apart to be thoroughly satisfactory.

Love in a Wood was registered for publication at Stationers' Hall on October 6, 1671. The title-page of the first edition bears the date 1672; but it was common to give the date of the following year to books published late in the fall, and this seems to have been the fact with *Love in a Wood*. For in the "Term Catalogue" of books "printed and published in London in Michaelmas Term 1671"¹ is advertised "Love in a Wood or St. James's Park. A Comedy, as it is Acted at the Theatre Royal by his Majesties Servants. Written by Mr. Wycherley." This is enough to show that the play was acted before October, 1671, and that the production took place in the spring of the year is indicated by the author's dedication to the Duchess of Cleveland: "Your Grace did me the honour to see my play twice together . . . 'twas in Lent." This could not have been in 1669, for Pepys, whose diary closes in May, 1669, would certainly have mentioned the play. (Cf. Klette, p. 32, and *The Athenæum*, January 2, 1841.) Between the spring of 1670 and that of 1671 an absolute decision is not possible. The Duchess of Cleveland did not receive this title till August 3, 1670; but it is not certain, as W. C. Ward seems to assume,² that the printed dedication is the same in this respect as that which Wycherley sent her with the copy of the play which she commanded of him. She may have been still

¹ Arber, *Term Catalogues* 1, 87.

² *William Wycherley* (Mermaid Series), p. 3.

Lady Castlemaine when she saw the play, and it is worth noting that Dennis, in his account of the conversation between her and Wycherley about the play,¹ makes the author continually address her as "Your Ladyship." But this may be, as Ward believes, "a mere slip on the part of Dennis." It is most likely that the performances which the lady attended were among the earliest, it is rather unlikely that a year and a half or more elapsed between the production and the publication of the play; and we are fairly safe in assigning the first performance of *Love in a Wood* to the spring of 1671.

The first edition of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* bears the date 1673. As it is advertised in the Term Catalogue for Michaelmas Term, 1672, it is possible as in the case of *Love in a Wood* that the edition is post-dated, and really appeared in 1672. The play was produced at the new theatre of the Duke of York's company in Dorset Gardens, near Salisbury Court, the first performance in which, that of Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all*, had been given on November 9, 1671. In the epilogue of Wycherley's play occur the words "all gentlemen must pack to sea," a reference to the impending war with the Dutch, formally declared March 17, 1672. Somewhere between those dates, then, must lie the first performance of the play. Downes, the prompter of the Duke's company, says² that it was the third new play given at his theatre, old plays having been acted between each two new plays. A computation of the time recorded for the performances of the

¹ *Original Letters*, 1, 214.

² *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 32.

new pieces, and of the probable duration of the old pieces (cf. Genest, I, 136, and Ward's introduction to the play) places the performance of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* in December, 1671, or January, 1672.

It is not quite certain, however, that the play had not been given previously at the old theatre of the Duke's company, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The prologue, written for the performance at Dorset Gardens, begins with the words :

Our author (like us) finding 'twould scarce do
At t' other end o' th' town, is come to you;
And, since 'tis his last trial, has that wit
To throw himself on a substantial pit.

These words, says Ward, "seem to imply a previous and unsuccessful performance, probably by the same company, at their old theatre." "The presumption, therefore, is strongly in favor of 1671 as the year in which *The Gentlemen Dancing-Master* was first brought on the stage."¹ Klette, interpreting in the same way, and reckoning on a month as the probable time occupied by the company in their removal from the old theatre, dates the piece "schon vor Oktober 1671."² But it is possible that the author found it would not do at the other end of the town otherwise than by an unsuccessful trial, and "since 'tis his last trial" does not necessarily mean that this play had been tried before. And Downes's reference to the play as a new piece when given at Dorset Gardens is not easily to be disregarded.

¹ *Wycherley* (Mermaid Series), p. 127.

² *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 31.

The Country Wife was published in 1675. That it was produced later than *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* is shown by the prologue, in which Wycherley refers to himself as "the late so baffled scribbler," an allusion to the ill-success of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, which "lasted but 6 days, being lik'd but indifferently."¹ Thus the earliest possible date is subsequent to January, 1672. It has been customary to set the latest possible date as previous to March or April, 1674, the date of the production of *The Plain Dealer*. But, as shown below (p. xxvi), this date is wrong. "The late so baffled scribbler," however, implies that *The Country Wife* was produced not very long after the preceding play. The published play was advertised in the Term Catalogue for Easter, 1675, as "Acted at the Duke's Theatre Royal."² It was acted by the King's company, which after the burning of their theatre in Drury Lane, in January, 1672, occupied the former Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields from February 26, 1672, to the opening of their new theatre on March 26, 1674. *The Country Wife* was therefore first produced at some time between these dates, and probably in 1673. Of this date we could be very sure, if we knew that there were no insertions in the published form of the play. Cf. above, p. xix.

The Plain Dealer was published in 1677, and early in that year. It was licensed for printing on January 9,

¹ Genest, *History of the Drama*, etc., 1, 137; Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 32.

² Arber, *Term Catalogues*, 1, 205.

and the first edition is advertised in the Term Catalogue of the Easter Term.¹ The second edition, which bears the same date, is advertised in the Catalogue for Michaelmas Term.² The play was produced after *The Country Wife*, of which there is a criticism in Act II, scene 1. That the play in its published form could not have been produced before the end of 1675 has been shown above. But it has been generally assumed that this is a revised form, and that the first production was given in the spring of 1674 (cf. W. C. Ward, *Introduction* to the play, Genest, I, 161, *Dictionary of National Biography*, sub Wycherley, and also A. W. Ward, *Eng. Dram. Lit.*, III, 464). The evidence offered for this is an allusion to the play in the preface of Dryden's *State of Innocence*. "The author of *The Plain Dealer*," writes Dryden, "whom I am proud to call my friend, has obliged all honest and virtuous men by one of the most bold, most general, and most useful satires, which has ever been presented on the English theatre." *The State of Innocence* was registered at Stationers' Hall, for publication, on April 17, 1674. But there is not the slightest evidence that this preface had been written when the registration took place. It has been generally assumed that *The State of Innocence* was published in 1674, in November or December, after the death of Milton; but, as I have shown in detail elsewhere (*The Relation of Dryden's "State of Innocence" to Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Wycherley's "Plain Dealer," Modern Philology*, IV, 2), there is no evidence of such a publication, and

Arber, *Term Catalogues*, I, 273.

² *Ibid.*, p. 296.

the edition of 1677 appears to be the first. This was advertised in the Term Catalogue for Hilary Term, 1676/77, licensed for printing on February 12.¹ The latest date for the first production of Wycherley's play would therefore be the end of 1676. As there is no reason left for assuming that the published play was a revised form, the references to Shadwell's *Libertine* and the coffee-houses (cf. above, p. xx) give us as the earliest possible date of the first production the end of 1675. It is pretty safe to date it 1676.

That *The Country Wife* is to a certain extent based on Molière's *L'École des Femmes* and *L'École des Maris*, and *The Plain Dealer* upon *Le Misanthrope*, is apparent at a glance. But the degree and nature of this dependence have been subject to very various judgments. Macaulay, too obsessed by his moral thesis for either a careful eye to facts or a calm critical analysis, declared that Wycherley "has scarcely more claim to originality than Terence. It is not too much to say that there is hardly anything of the least value in his plays of which the hint is not to be found elsewhere."² Hazlitt is as bluntly on the other side: "the best things are his own."³ Both critics confused the question of originality with that of moral and dramatic values. There are two distinct questions to determine: How far is Wycherley original? and What is his originality worth? And they must be settled apart from each other.

In the two *Écoles* of Molière the basic idea is the

¹ Arber, *Term Catalogues*, 1, 266.

² *The Comic Dramatists*, etc.

³ *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, 3d ed., p. 149.

same. In each an old bachelor brings up a young ward with the intent that she shall become his wife. Each guardian distrusts the world and keeps his ward far from it, in the determination that she shall be safe from its seductions, and deliberately refuses her an education, that ignorance may prevent her from learning how to deceive him. But youth and age will not together, compulsion awakens the desire for freedom, a youthful, romantic lover calls to the heart of each girl, and each, the one through a series of happy chances, the other by "the adroit stratagem of an innocent love," escapes from her bonds to the arms of the loved one.

In *The Country Wife* is told what is in many respects a combination and adaptation of the stories of these two plays. An old bachelor marries his ward, an ignorant country girl, and is forced by circumstances, much against his will, to bring her to town, where by a series of chances and by the girl's own bold abandon and stratagems she becomes the mistress of a town lover. The main lines of the story are the same in Wycherley and Molière; and the resemblance is increased by the fact that Margery, in *The Country Wife*, like Isabelle in *L'École des Maris*, cunningly induces her guardian to become the bearer of a love-letter to her lover, and finally accomplishes her desire by pretending that the amour is not her own but her sister's. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that Wycherley's play has borrowed its basic idea and a few incidents from the two plays of Molière.

But striking as are the resemblances, not less striking are the differences. In the plays of the French author

the lovers are sincerely and romantically in love with the heroines, whom they wish to marry. The guardians are men with whose theory of life and marriage we disagree: but they are honorable and clean, their knowledge of the world's faults has been gained by observation, not by practice; though we wish to see them defeated, we sympathize with them in their loss. The heroines are both attractive figures. Agnès wins us by her simple, tender innocence; Isabelle, who reminds us not too distantly of some of Shakespeare's heroines, gains our admiration by the intelligent energy with which, secure in the purity of her desires, she forces her way through the bonds of convention to the wished-for end. All these characters deserve and have our sympathy.

Of Wycherley's characters no one has any claim upon our hearts. The lover is a lustful monster, preying successfully by a disgusting ruse upon the world of women. The guardian, who is at the same time husband, is an ancient rake, pursuing in his marriage the same end as in his former amours, a selfish pleasure. His aims are in no respect different from the lover's; he is merely bent upon winning on both sides of the game. His goal is to keep his own wife to himself though he has made prey of other men's wives. As for the heroine, Margery, she is ignorant, but not innocent. Her aim is as surely as her husband's a selfish pleasure, her end adultery. She has no shadow of the tender romanticism of Agnès, none of the intelligence of Isabelle. Her stratagems are mostly supplied by another, and what is chiefly striking in that which she originates is her

determination to abandon herself. We feel that Agnès and Isabelle must succeed because a pure and natural love cannot in the ideal scheme of things be defeated; Margery cannot fail to gain her end because in Wycherley's world no inexperience can prevent the woman who is bound to throw herself away.

Our interest in the intrigue is therefore wholly intellectual. Since they are playing a game upon precisely the same terms, we enjoy seeing Horner defeat Pinchwife, not because the former deserves to win, but because the latter deserves to lose. We are tickled by Margery's successful deception of her husband, because it is truly comic that experienced selfishness should be defeated by selfishness that is without experience.

Of the dramatic values of this interest something is said elsewhere. Here it is enough to make clear the essential difference between the aim of Molière and that of Wycherley. It is Wycherley's thesis, like Molière's, that human nature is not to be defeated by the unnatural, that the call of life is bound to be heard in any seclusion and beyond all walls, that the world's contamination cannot be prevented by an enforced ignorance. But Molière works out this thesis by dramatic situations which show innocent and untaught human nature escaping from unnatural bonds to its like, or the same innocence, unconstrained and acquiring experience, as in the case of Léonor, recognizing its like by means of its experience. Wycherley works out the thesis in the form of vicious human nature constrained by vice, and escaping surely to its counterpart as chosen by itself.

The figure of Alithea, it is true, is plainly modelled upon that of Léonor in *L'École des Maris*. Each is the woman of experience in the ways of the world, contrasted with the ignorant and imprisoned heroine. Each is meant to show in the results of her conduct the salutary effect of freedom upon a wise and clear-judging intelligence. There is similarity in Léonor's criticism of Sganarelle's attitude toward Isabelle and Alithea's criticism of Pinchwife's treatment of Margery. And Alithea and Léonor are the passive instruments of almost the same stratagem on the part of the heroines of the two plays.

But the contrast is far more clearly and precisely drawn, and the lesson more successfully taught, by Molière than by Wycherley. In *L'École des Maris* Isabelle is lost to Sganarelle by his stupid constraint, Léonor gained by Ariste through the experience resulting from the wise freedom which he allows her. In Wycherley's play Alithea has no guardian whose treatment is contrasted with Pinchwife's. She has two lovers, and the utter lack of jealousy in the first, Sparkish, is contrasted with Pinchwife's jealousy. But Sparkish's conduct is not that of a wise man but that of a pin-headed fool. Alithea's fidelity to him is wholly unsatisfactory; for while, as Krause suggests,¹ it may be more admirable to be faithful to a fool than to an old man of character and wisdom, the bond between Alithea and Sparkish is no compliment to her intelligence. The second lover, Harcourt, on the other hand, is neither sufficiently distinguished in his life nor sufficiently elevated in his char-

¹ *Wycherley und Seine Französischen Quellen*, p. 20.

acter to serve as a satisfactory ideal compensation for Alithea's conduct. In Alithea, then, Wycherley, in imitation of Molière, attempts an ideal character, and fails of success because his knowledge of English society prevents his getting far from realism. The union of Léonor and Ariste, "romantic" as it is, was doubtless not impossible in French society. Wycherley's failure to satisfy the modern romantic sense need not be ascribed to his "nihilistic cynicism" regarding women, but to the constraint laid upon him by his knowledge of life. In the society of his day a Harcourt was probably the most an Alithea could expect to win.

Of verbal imitations and borrowings from Molière (most of which are indicated in the notes) there are striking examples. It is their character, and not their number, that makes them striking: they are mostly apothegms, maxims of conduct, reflections on life. If an occasional brilliance would be lost by their omission, there would be no disappearance of any essential touch in characterization, plot or dialogue.

In view of the similarities of purpose and situation their number is surprisingly small. It is, in fact, a distinguishing characteristic of Wycherley's method that there is comparatively little verbal imitation where it would be most expected, in the dialogue of imitated situations. An excellent example is scene 2, Act IV, of *The Country Wife*, where Pinchwife questions Margery about her conduct with her gallant, as Arnolphe questions Agnès in Act II, scene 5, of *L'École des Femmes*. Here each guardian is on tenterhooks lest his examination discover the very worst. In the scene of

the French play the suspense is worked up to a climax prolonged through many lines by the hesitation of Agnes to reveal what in the conduct of her lover she fears her guardian will most dislike. The situation is precisely the same in Wycherley's scene. There is the same suspense and climax, hanging as in Molière's dialogue upon a single word; but in Wycherley the climax is over in three lines. Dramatically the work of Molière is far more effective; no considerations of decency restrained Wycherley, for there is less periphrasis in his dialogue than in Molière's; and one is almost forced to the conclusion that an author's self-respect restrained the English playwright in the degree of his imitation. There are but one or two verbal imitations; and so unlike are the characters and the circumstances of the lovers, in spite of the likeness in the situation, that the two scenes have a very different aspect and atmosphere. Both in its likeness to the original and in its variation from it, this scene is typical of Wycherley's method.

What Wycherley borrowed, then, for the plot of *The Country Wife*, the basic idea and a very few incidents, was so skillfully varied by his invention and setting, by characterization and dialogue, that little remains to which he did not give a thorough impress of his own, little of which we are tempted to say, this is Molière, not Wycherley. Horner and his crew, Lady Fidget and her coterie of women, Sparkish, in most of his attributes, are Wycherley's own; Pinchwife and Margery are likewise wholly Wycherley's so far as their characters are concerned. Alithea and Lucy, the maid, are the only characters for whom we cannot claim

originality; and the former, as we have seen, is sufficiently distinguished from Molière's Léonor by the feebler lines with which she is drawn, while the latter is given a larger place in the action than is taken by Molière's Lisette.

In the conduct of the plot Wycherley's play is superior to Molière's, as Voltaire unhesitatingly declared: "The English writer has corrected the only defect that is in Molière's Comedy [*L'École des Femmes*], the Thinness of the Plot, which also is so dispos'd that the characters in it do not enough raise our Concern."¹ Molière's plot is thin because the actual conduct of the intrigue between Agnès and Horace is carried on behind the scenes, and because there is no intrigue at all in the story of Léonor. In action for its own sake the French playwright was not interested, but only as it developed his dramatic thesis and revealed his characters. Wycherley's audience loved abundant movement and demanded complicated intrigue. In his play, hampered by no stage conventions or considerations of decency, nearly the whole Horner-Margery-Pinchwife intrigue is placed upon the stage, stopping barely short of the last, impossible detail. To this is added the contest of Harcourt and Sparkish for the hand of Alithea, and, still further, the intrigue of Horner with Lady Fidget and her friends. From the beginning to the end, interest is constantly renewed by the ever-recurring situations full of dramatic suspense, and their ingenious solutions.

In *The Plain Dealer* Wycherley again found his

¹ *Letters concerning the English Nation*, p. 182.

theme and the groundwork of his chief characters in Molière. They are borrowed from *Le Misanthrope* (first acted on June 4, 1666), which has been a mine for many other writers of English comedy, including Shadwell, Congreve, and Sheridan. In this instance the borrowings are even plainer and larger in amount than in *The Country Wife*. Manly is, of course, Alceste, "naturalised in England." Both heroes are at war with the hypocrisies and conventionalities of the world, hate all men as false and wicked or as compliers with wickedness, and have dedicated themselves to the other extreme, of "plain dealing." This is not only openness and honesty of speech, but an eccentricity of attitude carried so far that they would be sorry to appear rational in the eyes of the world, and desire rather to fly from it to a "wilderness" or "the Indies." To each hero is attached a companion, Philinte, Freeman, whose views are the exact opposite, who are "compliers with the age" and preach compliance. Each hero is restrained from rushing into solitude by the fact that he is weak enough to be infatuated with a woman, Célimène, Olivia, a coquette or worse, who eventually plays him false. Each of these in turn is provided with a contrast, Éliante, Eliza, whose rôle is to furnish a medium between the two extremes, a rational attitude toward life, which finds it possible to enjoy the world without either wickedness or misanthropy.

There are further likenesses in the minor characters. The Novel of the English play is in some respects, including his name, modelled upon Acaste, who describes himself (*Le Misanthrope*, III, 1, 15, *et seq.*) as follows :

*Pour de l'esprit, j'en ai sans doute, et du bon goût
 A juger sans étude et raisonner de tout,
 A faire aux nouveautés, dont je suis idolâtre,
 Figure de savant sur les bancs du théâtre,
 Y décider en chef, et faire du fracas
 A tous les beaux endroits qui méritent des has.*

So Novel is described by Olivia (*P. D.*, II, 1, 165, *et seq.*) as one "who affects novelty as much as the fashion . . . who likes nothing but what is new," who is "a friend to all [plays] that are new," and who thinks that "the new plays wou'd not be the worse for my [his] advice" (II, 1, 605, *et seq.*). Novel also plays the part of Acaste in the detraction scene (*P. D.*, II, 1; *L. M.*, II, 4) and the letter scene (*P. D.*, IV, 2; *L. M.*, V, 4). Plausible corresponds to Oronte in his "ceremony and great professing" of friendship for Manly (*P. D.*, I, 1; *L. M.*, I, 2): elsewhere he plays the part of Clitandre in the detraction scene and, as the wooer of Olivia, in the letter scene.

Molière's prude, Arsinoé, rival and foe of Célimène, does not appear in Wycherley, and Éliante's rôle as the sincere friend of the hero, to whom the latter turns when Célimène proves false, is taken by Fidelia, a character of a wholly different sort. Her disguise and her devotion to Manly make it evident that she is a borrowing from the Viola of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, though the actions through which she is forced leave her nothing of the delicacy of Viola, and little of her strength. The relations of Olivia to Manly and Fidelia show that Olivia's name, at least, is likewise borrowed from *Twelfth Night*. Klette's suggestion¹

¹ *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., pp. 61, 62.

that Wycherley may have gone directly to Bandello instead of Shakespeare, because the Vernish–Olivia–Fidelia situation at the end of the play resembles the Gerrardo–Catella–Paolo situation in Bandello’s story, seems improbable. The resemblance is too remote.

The Widow Blackacre seems also to have been suggested to Wycherley. Hunt thought her “an original which he had doubtless met with in the courts of law,”¹ but most others have found her source in the Comtesse de Pimbesche of Racine’s *Les Plaideurs*. “This supposed discovery of a non-existent coincidence,” says W. C. Ward,² “appears to have arisen from a misinterpretation of Voltaire’s words in the French edition of his *Letters concerning the English Nation*: ‘On a encore lardé cette pièce (*The Plain Dealer*) d’une Comtesse de Pimbesche, vieille plaideuse.’ But Voltaire clearly employs the title of ‘Comtesse de Pimbesche’ only as a generic term for a litigious female.” Ward’s interpretation is supported by the English edition of the *Letters*, which was published before the French. Its statement reads: “This play is also larded with a petulant, litigious old woman.” But whether Voltaire has been misinterpreted or not, the likeness between the two characters is such as to suggest very strongly that the French character was the original of the English. This is the view of Klette, though he credits the French with nothing more than the mere suggestion:³ “die Figuren haben nur eins gemeinsam:

¹ *Wycherley, Congreve, etc.*, 1851, p. xvii.

² *Wycherley* (Mermaid Series), p. 366.

³ *Wycherley’s Leben, etc.*, p. 61.

die Sucht zu prozessieren"; therein agreeing with Ward, "There is a litigious old woman in *Les Plaideurs*, there is a litigious old woman in *The Plain Dealer*; and here the likeness begins and ends." Krause¹ goes further, asserting that the widow was borrowed from the Countess. Racine shows how litigation may become a kind of disease, as the Countess has engaged in litigation for thirty years, finds content in this only, and "de son bien en procès consume le plus beau." "Ohne Zweifel," says Krause, "sind dies dieselben Züge, die Wycherley in der Witwe Blackacre glücklich verwerthet und weiter entwickelt hat." He finds corroboration of this view in Jerry Blackacre, "laden with green bags," who reminds one much of Racine's Petit Jean, "trainant un gros sac de procès" (*Les Plaideurs*, 1, 1).

There are certain other minor points of resemblance, which while they are of no great importance in themselves serve to strengthen the likelihood that Racine's character suggested the other. In *Les Plaideurs*, 1, 6, the Comtesse keeps interrupting Chicanneau and will not let him finish his sentences. In like manner in *The Plain Dealer*, 1, 1, Manly finds it impossible to shut off the Widow, who pays no heed to his questions but insists on talking of her own affairs. In the same scene, the Comtesse falls out with Chicanneau, they call each other names, and the Comtesse sues Chicanneau for his insults, demanding a retraction before witnesses. Suggestive of this is Act II, scene 1, of *The Plain Dealer*, where the Widow assails Oldfox with oppro-

¹ *Wycherley u. s. Fr. Quellen*, pp. 32, 33.

brious epithets, and drives him to retaliate with the accusation that she is cheating her minor — her son Jerry, — which she counters with “ Pray, sir [to Freeman], bear witness ; cheat my minor ! I’ll bring my action of the case for the slander.” Compare also the words of the Widow (*P.D.*, v, 3, 118, *et seq.*), “ Matrimony, to a woman, is worse than excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the law ; and I would rather be deprived of life,” with the Comtesse’s “ *Mais vivre sans plaider, est-ce contentement ?* ”

Such points must not be pushed too far as arguments. It is a possibility that Wycherley created the Widow wholly independently of Racine. But it is unlikely that Wycherley, otherwise familiar with the French stage, was unacquainted with Racine’s play, which was acted at the Hôtel de Bourgogne in the fall of 1668 and licensed for print on December 5 of the same year. Ward’s objection that “ It is, to say the least, doubtful if *Les Plaideurs* was written before *The Plain Dealer* ” has been disposed of in the discussion of the dates at which Wycherley’s plays were written. Far the likeliest supposition is that the Widow is another example of Wycherley’s common method in handling the figures that he borrowed from the French comedy. The basic idea of the character is adopted ; but in manners, dialogue and intrigue it is so transformed that it becomes both English and Wycherley’s own.

That there should be likenesses in the plots of *The Plain Dealer* and *Le Misanthrope*, is, since there are such imitations in the characters and the theme, most natural. The large features in which the two plots re-

semble each other are the disappointment of each lover in his mistress and his failure to recognize his true friends. But here the plays part company, for Manly is rewarded by the hand of his faithful friend Fidelity, in union with whom he is made happy, while Alceste is left in disappointed loneliness. How far the action of *Le Misanthrope* is borrowed by Wycherley may be most clearly indicated by a comparison of scenes. The visit and attitude of Lord Plausible in Act I, scene I, of *The Plain Dealer* are borrowed from those of Oronte in *Le Misanthrope*, I, 2. Plausible is not a sonneteer, to be sure, but this part of Oronte's rôle is carried out in Freeman's later remark (*P. D.*, I, I, 333-335), "And I shou'd tell the scribler of honour, that heraldry were a prettier and fitter study for so fine a gentleman than poetry?", and Manly's "the noble sonneteer wou'd trouble thee no more with his madrigals." More direct even than this is Manly's reference (*P. D.*, III, I, 678-681) to his quarrel with a poet whom he has advised "to leave off writing, and turn lawyer, because he is dull and impudent, and sayes or writes nothing now but by precedent."

Manly's discussion with Freeman in Act I, scene I, is a direct imitation of Molière's first scene, in general conception and movement, in some details and in a few verbal borrowings (for which see notes). As Alceste rejects Philinte as a friend, so Manly rejects Freeman. Each is thoroughly opposed to his companion's compliant attitude toward the world, and declaims against it. Each discusses with his companion the proper conduct to maintain in a series of hypothetical social

situations suggested by the latter. But Wycherley develops and extends Molière's scene, and there are very significant differences, which are discussed below. At the close of the scene Manly and Freeman discuss the former's attitude toward his mistress, whose fidelity Freeman distrusts. This is an imitation of *Le Misanthrope*, I, I, 205 *et seq.*, where there is a like discussion of Alceste and Philinte over Célimène. Again there are significant differences, and notably in the introduction of Manly's male friend, Vernish, who is later to play an important part in the intrigue.

In Act II, scene I, the famous detraction scene is, again, a direct imitation of *Le Misanthrope*, II, 4. Olivia and her friends Plausible and Novel exercise their satirical wit upon their acquaintances, as do Célimène and the marquises, and at the end Manly like Alceste becomes the object of the satire. The resemblance in the management of the scenes is close, but the details of the criticism differ, save that Mrs. Grideline is adapted from Bélise (cf. notes).

The general design of *Plain Dealer*, IV, 2, is borrowed from *Le Misanthrope*, III, 1, and V, 4. In the former scene Clitandre and Acaste, rivals for the love of Célimène, satirize the pretensions of each other. Acaste describes his own good points, Clitandre, with self-satisfied irony, hints that the other is deceived. In V, 4, each brings to Célimène a letter which he has received from her, encouraging himself and contemning the other. They have compared notes, and now read their letters aloud to Célimène and her companions. Having thus made known her falsity, they abandon

their suit. These two scenes Wycherley condenses into one. Clitandre's part is developed, for Plausible as well as Novel recounts the good points that Olivia has praised in him. They show each other the encouraging letters they have received from Olivia, and find them — a device of Wycherley's own — to be exactly the same. There are a few verbal resemblances (cf. notes).

In Act II, scene I, Wycherley has introduced a critique of *The Country Wife* which follows in idea and general manner scene 3 of Molière's *La Critique de L'École des Femmes*, first presented June 1, 1663. In Wycherley's scene Olivia takes the part of Climène, while Eliza represents not only Molière's Élise, but in some of her remarks Urania as well. The scene is condensed, and direct transfer of detail is in general avoided, but there are some verbal borrowings (cf. notes). Olivia's speech is, in consonance with Wycherley's conception of her character, far coarser than Climène's.

In all this comparison of Wycherley's play with its sources, emphasis has thus far been laid upon the imitations and resemblances. The total amount of his borrowings and adaptations is manifestly large, and to others is due the inception of some of Wycherley's most effective scenes. It is not so easy to show by analysis, but it is perfectly evident to even the casual reader of the plays, that in spite of this dependence the influence of sources is completely subordinate to Wycherley's own work. Even those scenes and characters in which the dependence is greatest have scarcely for a moment the air of the original. To everything Wycherley has given

his own impress, and so strong and so individual is this that commentators and editors have often been led into incautiously minimizing statements as to the author's indebtedness to others. Ward's statement¹ is not too strong, that "It is almost a truism that the most original writers are frequently the most extensive plagiarists, and Wycherley has so overlaid his appropriations with the coloring of his own brilliant individuality, that his play appears almost equally a masterpiece of originality as of ingenuity."

What is the nature of this originality? Wherein does it lie? In every branch of dramatic construction, in characterization, in plot, in situation, in dialogue, in "manners." It is, in the first place, because Wycherley's originality is constant throughout the play that even after a thorough perception of his relation to Molière one can scarcely for a moment in reading the play dwell upon that relation.

That the characters of Wycherley are original has to be conceded even by those who have most strongly denied him originality. The best example of this concession, made somewhat unconsciously though it is, is the famous attack of Macaulay.² "The only thing original about Wycherley," he writes, "the only thing which he could furnish from his own mind in inexhaustible abundance, was profligacy. It is curious to observe how everything that he touched, however pure and noble, took in an instant the colour of his own mind. . . . The character of Manly is the best illus-

¹ *Wycherley* (Mermaid Series), p. 365.

² *The Comic Dramatists*.

tration of our meaning. Molière exhibited in his misanthrope a pure and noble mind which had been sorely vexed by the sight of perfidy and malevolence disguised under the forms of politeness. . . . He is often to blame; he is often ridiculous: but he is always a good man. . . . Wycherley borrowed *Alceste*, and turned him — we quote the words of so lenient a critic as Mr. Leigh Hunt — into ‘a ferocious sensualist, who believed himself as great a rascal as he thought everybody else.’ The surliness of Molière’s hero is copied and caricatured. But the most nauseous libertinism and the most dastardly fraud are substituted for the purity and integrity of the original.” If all this is granted, it yet makes clear that Manly is something far different from *Alceste*. It is only in their fundamental attitude toward the world that the two characters are alike; in the attributes that make them individuals they are far asunder. It is a difference that goes beyond “the difference between the two societies and the two countries.”¹ It is the force, the savage brutality, the “nauseous libertinism” of Manly that make him original and unique. He is as unworthy as you please; but he holds one breathless by his force, and his every trait is fixed indelibly in the memory.

Much the same is to be said of Olivia. For the coquette *Célimène* is substituted a woman whose “impudence is like a professed courtesan’s.”² Shameless, disgusting, she is, but individual and unforgettable. With these two goes the litigious widow. Voltaire thought her

¹ Taine, *History of Eng. Lit.*, trans. Van Laun, I, 486.

² *Ibid.*, I, 485.

the most comical character that was ever brought upon the stage. Macaulay calls her "beyond comparison Wycherley's best comic character," while in the same breath he dubs her merely "the Countess in Racine's *Plaideurs*, talking the jargon of English instead of that of French chicane." But it is not the Widow's jargon that makes her the effective character that she is: it is the immortal energy with which she pursues her ends, her self-reliance, the almost masculine competence with which she handles her suitors, the dominating will, unbroken till the end. And these are Wycherley's.

Freeman is a worse Philinte, and wherein he is worse becomes, like Manly and Olivia, original. Philinte's grounds for his attitude toward the world are rational; Freeman's purely and individually selfish. Where Philinte after the departure of those whom he has received with warmth of manner speaks of them with indifference, Freeman calls them "rogues, villains, rascals" whom he despises and hates. Wholly Wycherley's also is Freeman's clever pursuit of the Widow, and his final victory over her at her own game. Novel and Plausible, if suggested by the Acaste and Clitandre of Molière, speak their own language, and Plausible is individualized and differentiated from his companion more than is Clitandre. Fidelity, inevitably a failure from the modern point of view, is at least differentiated from her predecessor by her inferiority and by the unpleasant part which she is made to play in Manly's intrigue.

In plot and action Wycherley's play is quite as much distinguished from Molière's as in characterization.

The similarities have already been shown : the differences are far greater. As in *The Country Wife* the action is immensely increased over that of the French play. The most effective characterization and the wittiest dialogue could not supply the place of the vivacious movement demanded by the Restoration audience. Wycherley's talent was naturally bent to the satisfaction of this demand; and what this means in regard to the originality of this play is seen in the fact that the whole Widow Blackacre-Freeman-Oldfox-Jerry intrigue, and the Manly-Vernish-Olivia-Fidelia intrigue, save in the general foundations already pointed out, are Wycherley's own. Of all the effective scenes borrowed from Molière, only one, the letter scene, is an integral part of the action. At the beginning of the play both intrigues are set going, the fate of Manly and that of the Widow are revealed as the goals of the action, and no character-drawing or brilliant dialogue is allowed very long to delay the movement. The action not only moves but develops, the intrigue is constantly supplied with sudden turns and surprises, is increasingly complicated but never confusing, and it is brought to an end by dramatic revelations which form a genuine climax of interest. Of all this there is nothing in Molière.

Of the dialogue how much is due to Molière I have attempted to show above and in the notes. More is due to the French author than in *The Country Wife*; but even in the borrowings it is general conceptions rather than language that is borrowed. A Manly cannot speak like an Alceste, or an Olivia like a Célimène. The wit and the satire are non-French both in their downright

force and directness, and in their coarseness. As in the characterization and the intrigue the whole atmosphere is peculiarly English and peculiarly Wycherley's.

Having thus reviewed in detail the relations of Wycherley's two plays to those of Molière, one may now look at those relations in a broader light.

Typical Restoration comedy is what has aptly been called the comedy of "recognition." It gave the audience the pleasure of recognizing on the stage what it saw daily in actual life, and amused it in the theatre with the same amusements that it had in actual life. The ideals and standards, the objects of admiration and of ridicule of the typical play were those of the circle for whom the play was written. If the successful pursuit of "love"-intrigues, if reputation as "wits," were the chief aims of those who formed the theatre's audience, then skilfully managed love-intrigues and witty dialogue were bound to be the aim of the playwright. If in his love-affairs the gallant knew no restraint of morality and in his conversation few restraints of decency, the same freedom was to be expected on the stage. If the unskilful, and hence unsuccessful, lover, the cuckold, the would-be wit, the empty-headed fop, the unconscious fool, the unfashionable "cit," the country bumpkin, were the objects of actual mirth and derision, these were the natural sources of comic effect upon the stage. In the typical Restoration play the norm was the taste of the court circle, and it was departure from that norm that made the comic incongruity. Sympathy with his characters, a serious interest in their conduct or fate, or a desire to suggest a more reasonable or a more elevated standard

of judgment were absent in the typical Restoration playwright.

But an examination of the work of the great French writer who in material and manner so largely influenced the English drama of his day reveals a comedy with a very different attitude and purpose. His is also a comedy of recognition, finding its material in the inexhaustible phases of daily life and filled with inextinguishable laughter at the follies and weaknesses of his contemporaries. But Molière had standards other and higher than those of the society of his time. For him the norm was not the prevalent taste, but "the *reasonable* demands of society."¹ What was reasonable he estimated by the standards of his own social philosophy. He demanded that the individual should be true to his real self, unaffected by the conceits and fashions and affectations of his fellows; but he demanded also that the individual should recognize that he lived in a world of his fellows, and that with their claims to the realization of their best selves his own claim must not come into opposition. He selected characters whose conduct was at variance with this law, and he showed how such conduct meets with inevitable disaster. He taught his lessons with sane and purifying laughter, with tenderness and sympathy; but he was, at the same time, instructor and corrector — *castigat ridendo mores*.

It is plain that the inward spirit of this man's work is wholly different from that of the typical English Restoration comedy. Wycherley alone in his time did not

¹ Cf. Miles, *The Influence of Molière*, etc., p. 68, and throughout, for a discussion of Molière's principles and influence.

derive from Molière merely the notion of a comedy of daily life, or treat him merely as a mine of material or a teacher of manner ; but drew from his study some faint infusion of the master's spirit. This is to be seen chiefly in two things : in Wycherley's satiric attitude and in his presentation of certain characters whose principles and conduct he appears to offer as worthy of approval.

The satiric spirit Wycherley shared, of course, with his fellow playwrights. The objects of his derision were largely the same as theirs, and the standards by which he found them laughable. But he had other standards than these, standards not merely intellectual and the taste of his time, but genuine convictions of right social life, of a social life in which morality was not wholly disregarded. If Wycherley is "the most licentious writer of a licentious age," he is such in the nature of the material that he uses and the frank audacity with which he handles it ; not — and this one would wish to emphasize, even if some exception has to be made — in an attitude of delight in it or even of sympathy with it.

In *The Country Wife* Horner and Lady Fidget stand for the shamelessness of men and women. In them Wycherley has pushed aside any seductiveness that the intriguing gallants and ladies or the comic playwrights may have found in the immoral conduct of their class, any veil of illusion with which they invested it ; what these figures reveal is licentiousness in its essential nature, naked, bestial, devoid of any trace of finer emotion. Such figures were in themselves the keenest satire upon the men and women who looked upon them in the theatre. Stripped of all glamor and grace, here was a

reality, a portrait to the life, beyond any realism to which they had been accustomed. It is true that Wycherley leaves Horner victorious at the end of the comedy, and Lady Fidget free to pursue her adulterous way. Molière's method of enforcing a social thesis is adopted only to the extent of making Pinchwife pay the penalty of his jealousy, just as in *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* Wycherley enforces the similar thesis that unnatural restraint of a daughter is the surest way to lose her. But if poetic justice is not done upon Horner and Fidget, this by no means leaves us to suppose that Wycherley was in love with the nastiness he drew. It is evident enough that he had no intent to play the part of a reformer ; but it is equally evident that he cherished no illusions as to the real nature of the life about him. It would seem that no one could read the scene (v, 4) in which Horner and Lady Fidget frankly reveal themselves to each other as they are, and believe that Wycherley meant them for other than essentially typical, if extreme, examples of the man and woman of pleasure, or that he felt for them other than scorn. Satire upon the true nature of "gallantry" could hardly go further and remain within the bounds of legitimate comedy.

In *The Plain Dealer* Wycherley's satire takes on a deeper note. It has become intenser, bitter, vehement. In the Prologue he utters his purpose boldly, directly: —

But the course dauber of the coming scenes
To follow life and nature only means ;
Displays you as you are ; makes his fine woman
A mercenary jilt, and true to no man :
His men of wit and pleasure of the age
Are as dull rogues as ever cumber'd stage :

He draws a friend only to custom just,
 And makes him naturally betray his trust.
 I, only, act a part like none of you,
 And yet you 'll say, it is a fool's part too :
 An honest man ; who, like you, never winks
 At faults ; but, unlike you, speaks what he thinks :
 The onely fool who ne'r found patron yet,
 For truth is now a fault, as well as wit.
 And where else, but on stages, do we see
 Truth pleasing, or rewarded honesty ?
 Which our bold poet does this day in me.

Olivia and Vernish are Wycherley's examples of the false mistress and the false friend, but they are more than examples. They are presented as typical of the fine woman and the customary friend, and as in *The Country Wife*, they are made extreme types, that Wycherley's judgment of his world may be the clearer and more forceful. It is the speeches of Manly that in general convey the author's criticism, and nothing could be more cynical or bitter. They are the words of a man who finds the world utterly false and worthless. So thorough-going is the satire, so intense the feeling, that the comic ridicule virtually disappears ; and in spite of *Novel and Plausible*, in spite of the *Widow*, the play as a whole is invested with an almost savage seriousness that goes far toward removing it from the bounds of genuine comedy. How far it is from the typical Restoration play is felt at once when it is compared with any of the plays of Etherege or Vanbrugh.

Whence came these standards of judgment peculiar to Wycherley ? No complete answer to that question is possible without a history of Wycherley's mind of which we possess no trace ; but it is more than probable that

they were partly derived from the master whose work he had so carefully studied and adapted to his own ends. The social philosophy, the judgments and purposes of Molière were too plain for him to overlook. That he made them at least partly his own is all the clearer because he could not preserve the gaiety or sympathy with which the Frenchman treated the faults he would correct. Wycherley's vehemence and cynicism are only to be explained as the natural language of an Englishman to whom ridicule and mirth were inadequate for the treatment of that for which he felt downright scorn.

That Wycherley's satiric attitude toward society derived something of its impulse from Molière is the more certain because of Molière's influence upon those characters of Wycherley that may in some sense be called ideal, characters whose conduct Wycherley regards with approbation and puts forward as examples of a right social attitude and life — Alithea in *The Country Wife*, Eliza, Fidelia and Manly in *The Plain Dealer*. Three of these characters are adapted, as we have seen, from Molière. Alithea and Eliza — Molière's Léonor and Éliante — are presented as types of women who are able healthily to enjoy the world without loss of sincerity or virtue, true social women. Faithfulness in love Wycherley had already depicted in the Christina of his first play; but Fidelia he makes a romantic type, unique in Restoration comedy, of an absolutely loving and devoted woman, in sharpest contrast to Wycherley's typical woman of the world. Imperfect as all these characters are, they are immensely significant in comparison with the characters of the other comic play-

wrights of Wycherley's day. He alone made special effort to present to his audience the positively admirable woman.

Most significant of all is the character of Manly, and in no respect more significant of Molière's influence than in his unlikeness to Molière's misanthrope from whom he was adapted. Alceste is presented as a faulty character, whose weakness is satirized and shown to produce inevitable disaster. For his sincerity, his demand for plain dealing, there is entire sympathy; for his hostility to humanity, his unsocialness, condemnation. This figure Wycherley takes as his hero, and presents him with approbation. His demand for sincerity, his hostility to the world as hypocritical, false, unworthy, are supported and enforced throughout. If he have a weakness, it is the weakness of inconstancy to his own beliefs. It is because he does not distrust the world sufficiently that he is betrayed by Olivia and Vernish. Alceste is left at the end of the play a disappointed and lonely man; Manly is rewarded by the discovery of the one true woman in the world, and by a friend who is at last acceptable because he is become — by authorial compulsion, to be sure — “a *Plain-dealer* too.” And lest someone cry out that the reward is inconsistent with Manly's wholesale condemnation of mankind, the author has taken his precaution. This is an ideal, not a realistic outcome:

Where else, but on stages, do we see
Truth pleasing, or rewarded honesty?

From Molière's character Wycherley took that side which made most appeal to him: he showed his con-

temporaries a misanthrope upon whom they had most need to look. There was no need to satirize to them the vice of hostility to society; there was abundant need to satirize society's selfish hypocrisy. It was a plain dealer in a world of deceit that Wycherley made his hero, not an enemy of society in a world which reasonably demanded that the individual should harmonize his life with itself. In *Manly*, most of all, does Wycherley show both his ability to draw something of the best from Molière's philosophy, and at the same time, by his adaptation of it to the needs of his own stage and world, his originality. His was a genuine process of assimilation; and because it was such, it is true both that Wycherley derives from others the hint of much that is of value in his plays, and that "the best things are his own." Profligacy was *not* the only thing original about Wycherley; and if his *Manly* is a "ferocious sensualist," that fact must not be allowed to conceal what he is else. For the inconsistency and the imperfection an explanation must be sought elsewhere.

The foregoing study of Wycherley's relation to Molière has partly brought to light his distinguishing characteristics and merits, and these may now be completed and summarized.

Most apparent of all his merits, unequalled by any of his contemporaries, is his force. No other knew how to lend his characters that abounding vigor, that clear-cut individuality which Wycherley's chief figures possess. This power of vigorous delineation he exhibited from the first, and it reaches its culmination in the hero of his last play. Even the conventional figures of

his earliest comedy, *Love in a Wood*, Dapperwit, the wit, Simon, the fool, Gripe, the city alderman, show marked signs of this individualizing and energizing power; it is at least equally evident in the farcical figures of Don Diego, Monsieur de Paris, and the admirably drawn Mrs. Caution, of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, and rises high in the frank spirit of the determined and inventive Hippolita; in *The Country Wife* it makes Lady Fidget supreme among her kind in all Restoration Comedy, gives life and interest to the revolting figure of Horner, and produces an individuality in the "idiot" Margery that has made hers a favorite rôle of famous actresses and kept her on the stage down to the present day. In *The Plain Dealer* Manly is force personified, ruthless and uncontrolled, while in Olivia the hardened assurance of an utterly selfish woman is portrayed with scarcely less vigor.

The effects of this vigor of characterization are not always pleasing. Sometimes it manifests itself in a more or less necessary theatrical exaggeration, sometimes the exaggeration is that of the farcical, in some figures the result is the revolting. In his later work, as we have seen, Wycherley's tendency is to make his characters extreme types; and this, as has been frequently remarked, lends to some of the most powerfully drawn a kind of unreality in the midst of his thorough-going realism. At its best, however, this tendency produces figures, like Horner and Lady Fidget, which convey the impression that what is extreme in them is the essential truth, and in them the intent that appears in the author's method is entirely successful. Of all his char-

acters Margery is dramatically the most effective and attractive: she "cuckolds her Husband with a simplicity that has infinitely more Merit than the witty Malice of the most experienc'd Ladies."¹ All in all, whatever the defects of Wycherley's characterization in nobility or naturalness, by sheer vigor he produced an unequalled gallery of figures that arouse an intensely concentrated interest and impress themselves indelibly upon the memory.

In the management of plot Wycherley is nearly as successful. The plot of *Love in a Wood*, though the play has no purpose beyond entertainment, is handled with theatrical cleverness; the interest of two lines of action is steadily developed, and there are many effective situations. *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* shows an increasing mastery in the skill with which the plot is naturally developed by character rather than by chance or the mere will of the playwright. In this respect and in adequacy of motivation no other play of Wycherley is quite so successful. That it has but a single line of action is, along with its lack of indecency, doubtless responsible for its failure with a Restoration audience. In *The Country Wife* and *The Plain Dealer* Wycherley is notably successful in maintaining and implicating several lines of intrigue without confusion and with increasing interest. The plots are rarely deficient in naturalness, proper motivation is seldom lacking, and the self-consistency of the characters is not disturbed. Some of his intrigue-devices have been criticised: it has been suggested, for example, that Horner could not have guarded his secret or Fidelia her

¹ Voltaire, *Letters concerning the English Nation*, p. 186.

disguise; but the criticism appears unjust. Horner's success is not so remarkable in the circle within which he plays his part; and even in Wycherley's realistic world success may as fairly be assumed for the idealized Fidelity as for Viola.

That the vigor which Wycherley shows in his characterization and plotting is maintained in his dialogue hardly needs emphasizing. It is often direct and forceful to the point of disgust, as nakedly realistic as the rest of Wycherley's work. If it is in this respect extreme, it otherwise keeps close to what we feel to have been the natural language of his age. That he could have employed a subtler and more exquisite, if more artificial, style, had he chosen, is proved by the dedication of *The Plain Dealer*. As Quaaas points out, even in the most passionate moments, such as declarations of love, there is no heightening of the language, no "stylistic fineness."¹ Vivacity of dialogue Wycherley is never at a loss to preserve; and by means of this he secures constant interest for passages that might otherwise tend to tediousness because they delay the action. The management of the famous detraction scene in *The Plain Dealer*, II, I, is an excellent example. It is much lengthened beyond the scene of Molière which it imitates, but the introduced device of the combat between Olivia and Novel for the privilege of doing the censuring lends "go" to the whole scene. This constant interchange of speeches, which often becomes truly "staccato," is one of Wycherley's favorite means of obtaining briskness in his dialogue.

Wycherley never tires of satirizing the "simile-

¹ *William Wycherley als Mensch und Dichter*, p. 188.

makers''; but the making of similes is the one prominent rhetorical device which he uses to lend his dialogue wit. This is realistic enough when put in the mouths of his would-be wits, for it was the common method of the time; but he uses it frequently for his own purpose, and, it must be confessed, with no great success. It often gives a hardness and formality to his dramatic style that weigh heavily upon its movement. Lightness, indeed, is not a characteristic of his style. "The wit of his dialogue is less sparkling and spontaneous than that of Congreve's or of Vanbrugh's; he is, as Leigh Hunt says, somewhat heavy as well as brawny in his step, and he lacks in general the gaiety of spirit which is the most charming phase of comic humour."¹

Of genuine humour there is really little in Wycherley, and that little is to be found in the one play, *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, which, as Ward says, resembles Molière in manner more than any other of Wycherley's plays."² And here the humor is not to be found so much in the dialogue as in the characterization, and in the contrasts and cross-purposes of the characters. Wycherley is witty rather than humorous, and his wit is keen and annihilating rather than gay and sparkling because of the nature of his satiric spirit. Scorn and contempt for what he saw and pictured were too deep in his heart for him to treat it gaily or even with philosophic indifference. For him there could be no satiric weapon save the sarcasm and irony that cut to the bone, and in this sort of wit he is supreme.

¹ A. W. Ward, *Eng. Dram. Lit.*, III, 462.

² *Ibid.*, III, 463.

Of the morality of Wycherley's plays it is not necessary here to say more than a few words. In his work the license of Restoration comedy reached its height. A reconciliation of this fact with his severe satire of his time is difficult, but perhaps not wholly impossible. Partly, at least, Wycherley's license is the result of his method of portraying the life and characters of his day in terms of the extreme. He exercised no restraint, because he meant to show that life exactly as he perceived it to be, essentially brutal and bestial. But this does not explain why he leaves a Horner and a Lady Fidget to go triumphantly on their way; or why Manly is made a "ferocious sensualist," perpetrating a revolting revenge, and Fidelia his instrument. Never was manliness more nearly negated than by the one, or unselfish devotion in love more degraded than by the other. The end of *The Country Wife* may perhaps be regarded as deliberate realism, as if Wycherley said to his audience, "These are the characters that in your life *do* succeed. To wreak 'poetic justice' on them would be a denial of the truth." But in Manly and Fidelia he was drawing ideal figures; and there is nothing left to say save that they reveal how low a pitch Wycherley's idealism was constrained to fly. He was caught within the meshes of the very society whose real nature he saw so clearly and scorned. The revenge of Manly upon such a society, it seemed, must make use of the very thing that was scorned; brutality could be met only by greater brutality, deceit by deceit. Sexual immorality in itself Wycherley nowhere condemns; but the eager pursuit of sensual pleasure, mercenary motives, hypocrisy and deceit, — in short, the foul selfishness of

his world, called out his bitterest satire. He had no very clear vision of how the foulness was to be purified, and no very exalted standard of that in which purity consists. How such a standard would have affected the success of his plays is only too certain. But his contemporaries did feel that he had high standards, and that he meant to teach them, as Dryden,¹ Dennis,² Evelyn³ and others plainly declare. Naked as are his language and his treatment, one feels in them no mirth or delight of the author; and if we may not, with Charles Lamb, regard his plays as a world where to apply moral standards were to misapply them, yet this is to be said in Wycherley's favor: it is the very nakedness of his license that removes its power to harm; it neither seduces nor allures.

That Wycherley's plays should not long have kept the stage unchanged after the downfall of the Stuarts is natural. They were too truly creations of their own time to survive in the colder atmosphere that followed the Revolution. But, indecency aside, there was that in both of his last two plays which the theatre-going public would not willingly let die. The character and intrigue of Mrs. Pinchwife and the forceful satire of *The Plain Dealer* appealed for preservation. At intervals of several years, sometimes as many as ten, down to 1748, *The Country Wife* continued to be revived in its original form. In 1765 the actor Lee produced a version in the form of a farce in two acts. In this Horner

¹ Preface of *The State of Innocence*.

² *The Usefulness of the Stage*, p. 30.

³ As long as men are false and women vain,
Whilst gold continues to be virtue's bane,
In pointed satire WYCHERLEY shall reign.

disappears and Dorilant takes his place as the lover of Mrs. Pinchwife. Wycherley's characterization is much changed, notably in the case of Pinchwife, and the whole play is flat. Of Lee's version Genest records four productions, the last in 1786. In 1766 Garrick, who had become manager of the new Drury Lane Theatre, altered Wycherley's play for his own company. In his version, called *The Country Girl*, Mrs. Pinchwife becomes Miss Peggy Thrift, Pinchwife becomes Moody, her guardian, not her husband, and Horner is replaced by the more romantic Belville as Peggy's lover. Lady Fidget and her crew disappear. Klette's judgment of the piece is fair. "What this adaptation gains in morality . . . it loses in wit, complication of intrigue, and characterization, and on the whole it gives but a weak picture of the original."¹ Yet the decency of the piece made a long life possible, and the preserved characterization of Peggy ensured it. Garrick played the part of Moody, and the rôle of Peggy was taken by Miss Hopkins, the "creator" of Lady Teazle. In 1785 the play was again revived, and the famous actress, Dora Jordan, whose name has ever since been attached to the part, made her London début as Peggy. While she played, the piece was very popular. The last important English revival of the play was at Covent Garden in 1828. In America *The Country Girl* was first given at the John Street Theatre in New York in 1789. From 1839, when it was performed at the old Park Theatre, it seems to have disappeared from the American stage for forty-five years. In 1884 it was

¹ *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 68.

again revived by Augustin Daly, with Miss Ada Rehan as Peggy; and to Mr. Daly's enterprise and Miss Rehan's charm and competence it is due that the present generation of playgoers have seen something of the work of Wycherley upon the living stage, and that his work cannot yet be said to have perished as acted drama.

The fate of *The Plain Dealer* has not been so fortunate, for powerful as it is, it does not contain the same elements of continued life. Originally more impressive than *The Country Wife*, it was revived at longer intervals, once, at least, after a break of more than twenty years. In 1765 was presented at Drury Lane a new version with alterations by Isaac Bickerstaffe. Bickerstaffe's criticisms of the original follow in general the same lines as the modern objections, but his alterations cannot be called dramatically successful. Fidelia is freed from serving as an actual pander. Freeman is made to pursue the Widow in order to recover an estate which lawfully belongs to him, and Manly's roughness is toned down. The dialogue is shortened and generally weakened, and the alterer "has foisted in several short, insipid scenes of his own."¹ Of this form of the play Genest records four revivals, the last in 1796, when "it did not meet with the success it deserved" and "was acted but 3 times."²

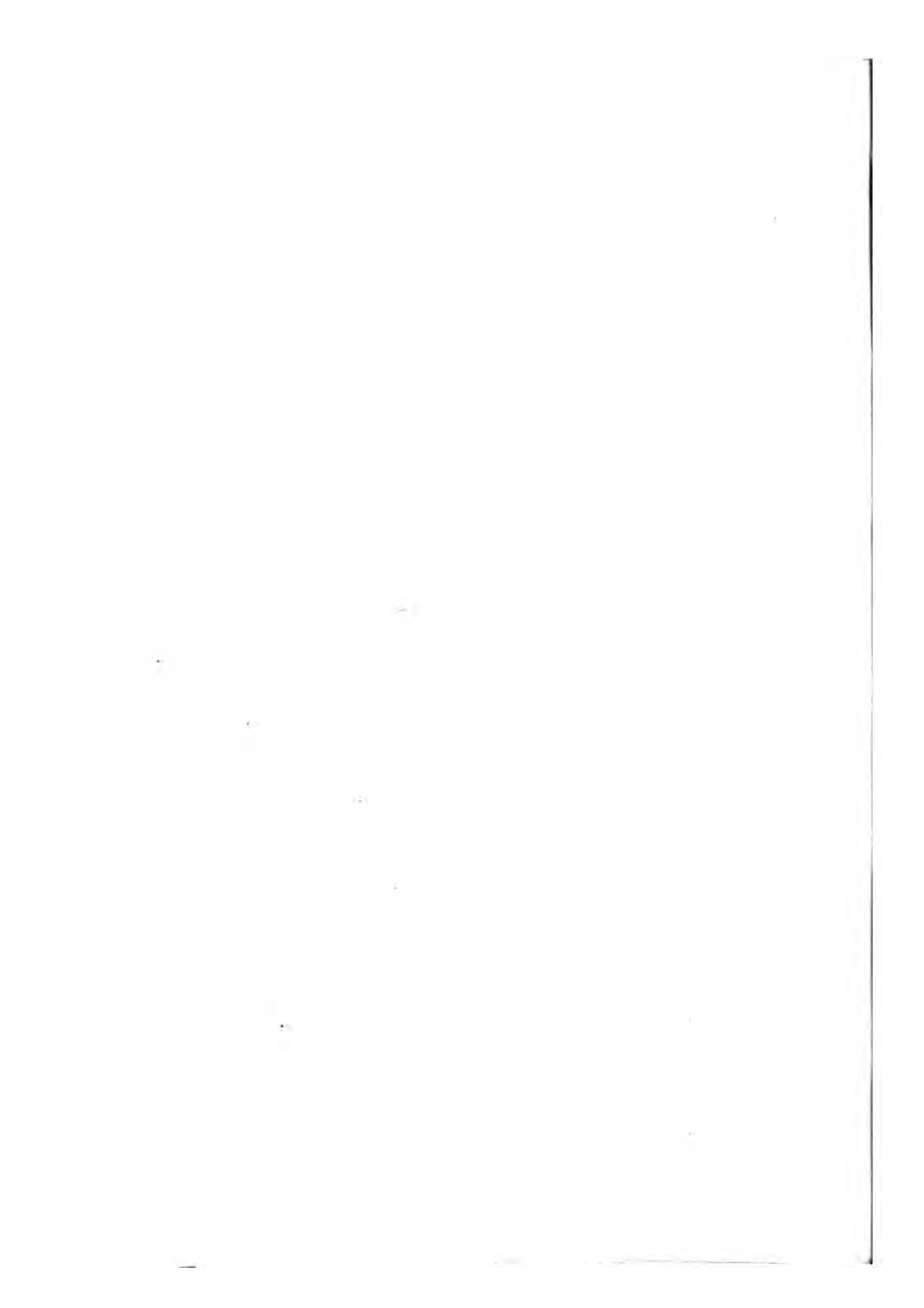
There are two translations of Wycherley: *La Femme de Campagne*, 1752, a translation of *The Country Wife* by Du Bocage, and *L'Homme Franc*, 1823, a translation of *The Plain Dealer*, by E. Mennechet. A Ger-

¹ Genest, *History of the Drama*, etc., v, 90.

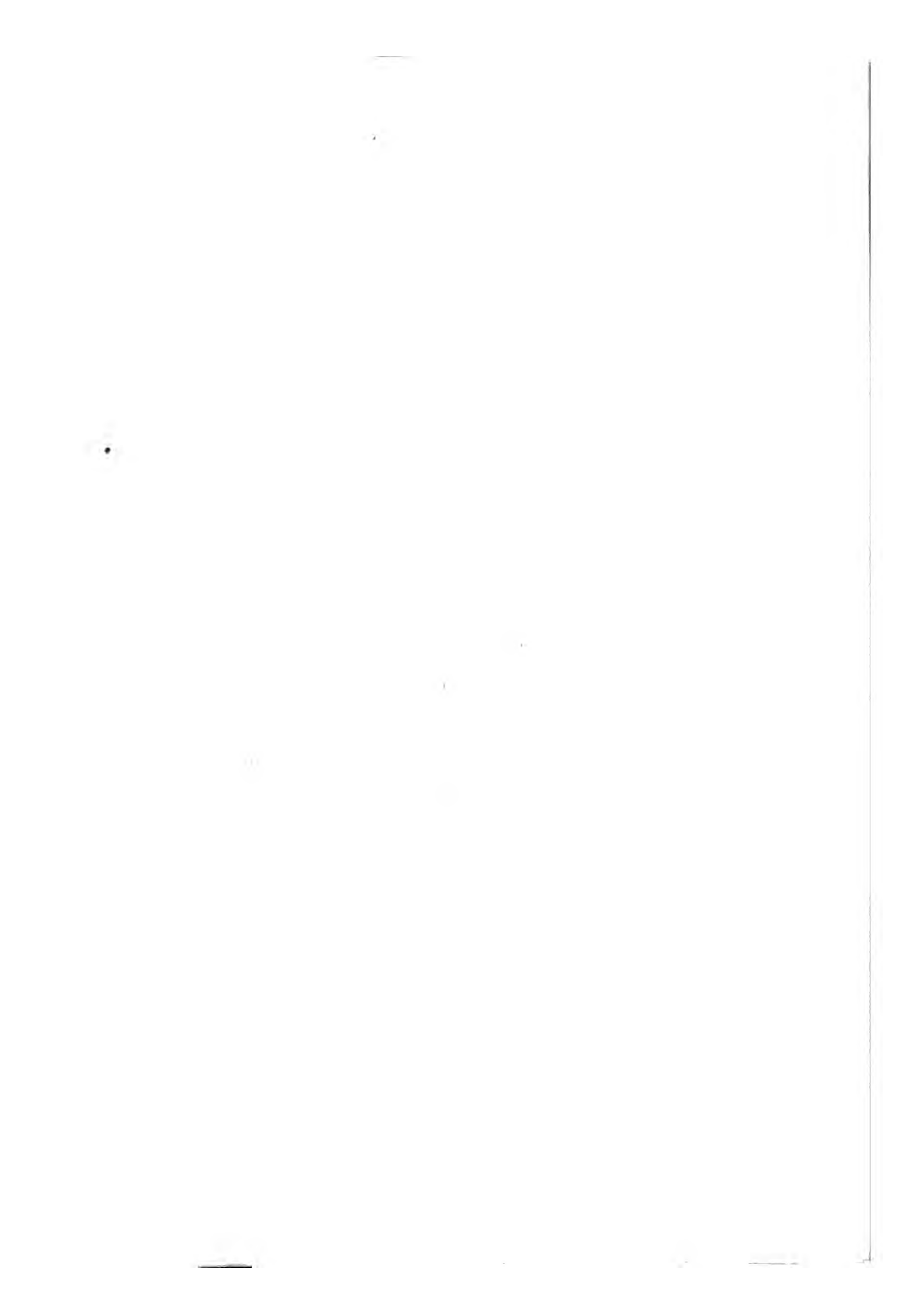
² *History of the Drama*, etc., vii, 233.

man adaptation of *The Country Wife*, “*Das Landmädchen oder Weiberlust geht über Alles, ein Lustspiel in 4 Akten nach Wycherley und Molière* von B. Christopher D’Arien, 1794,” is mentioned by Lacroix, *Bibliographie Molièresque*, No. 735.¹ Voltaire is the author of an adaptation of *The Plain Dealer*, entitled *La Prude, ou la Gardeuse de la cassette*. This was first produced in the theatre of the Château de Sceaux before the Duchess of Maine, Dec. 15, 1747, and was first published in 1748. It was never given in a public theatre, being still too bold for the French manners. The intrigue is confined to the relations of Olivia, Vernish, Manly and Fidelia; and Voltaire calls his piece “*bien moins une traduction qu’une esquisse légère de la fameuse comédie de Wicherley.*”

¹ Klette, *Wycherley’s Leben*, etc., p. 68.



The Country Wife



THE TEXT

THIS text of *The Country Wife* follows the copy of the first quarto, of 1675, in the British Museum. It has been collated with the second quarto, 1683, in the Yale University Library, the third quarto, 1688, in the British Museum, the fourth quarto, 1695, in the Harvard University Library, the fifth quarto, 1695, in the possession of Beverly Chew, Esq., New York, and the version in the collected edition of Wycherley's *Works*, 1713, here referred to as O. Of all these, Q1 is, save for some misprints, clearly the best. Q2 and Q3 correct most of the misprints of Q1, from which they otherwise differ but slightly. In Q4 the variants increase. Q5 was evidently printed from Q4, from which, however, it differs markedly. It is badly printed, and has many erroneous variants. O seems to have been printed from Q4. There is no evidence that it was revised by Wycherley, and it is clearly inferior to Q1. The text has also been collated with the editions of Hunt, 1851, and W. C. Ward, *Mermaid Series*, 1903. Hunt seems to have followed in general the inferior text of O, and introduced many changes and some errors of his own. Ward's text claims to be "that of the first editions . . . carefully collated with and occasionally corrected by, the text of the edition of 1713 . . . and that of Leigh Hunt's edition of 1849." In reality, Ward generally prefers the inferior authority of O, and has kept practically all of Hunt's emendations and errors. The latter are in most cases left unnoticed in the variants and notes of the present edition, but accepted emendations or additions are credited, save perfectly obvious stage directions.

In accordance with the rule of this series, the spelling of the original has been retained, while the capitalization has been disregarded. The punctuation has been changed, when necessary, to conform to the modern mode; but that of the original has been preserved wherever possible. That too great readiness to introduce changes may lead to a confusion of the author's meaning is far too evident in the editions of Hunt and Ward. Some obvious errors

and misprints have been corrected, and some additions made to the list of persons and to the stage directions : but all these changes and additions are indicated by brackets in the text and variants at the foot of the page. "Aside," "Apart," etc., have been transferred from the end to the beginning of the speech to which they refer ; and speakers' names or titles are modernized in spelling, abbreviated, or written in full (for the first speech) otherwise than in the original. All other variants of the five quartos and of O, except mere errors and different spellings, are given in the footnotes.

THE
Country - Wife,
A
COMEDY,

Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by Mr. *Wycherley*.

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam Antiquis, sed honorem & premia posci.*
Horat.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *Harrow*, at the
Corner of *Chancery-Lane* in *Fleet-street*. 1675.

SOURCES

FOR the main lines of the plot of *The Country Wife*, for a few of its situations, and for the groundwork of Pinchwife, Margery, Alithea and Lucy, Wycherley is indebted to two plays of Molière, *L'École des Femmes* and *L'École des Maris*, which he in a measure combined and adapted for his purpose. The ultimate source of Horner is the *Eunuchus* of Terence, but he appears to have no immediate prototype. For a consideration of Wycherley's method of handling his borrowed material, see the *Introduction*.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. HART

*Poets, like cudgel'd bullys, never do
At first or second blow submit to you ;
But will provoke you still, and ne're have done,
Till you are weary first with laying on.
The late so basted scribler of this day, 5
Though he stands trembling, bids me boldly say,
What we before most playes are us'd to do,
For poets out of fear first draw on you ;
In a fierce prologue the still pit defie,
And, e're you speak, like Castril, give the lye. 10
But though our Baysees battles oft I've fought,
And with bruis'd knuckles their dear conquests
bought ;
Nay, never yet fear'd odds upon the stage,
In prologue dare not hector with the age ;
But wou'd take quarter from your saving hands, 15
Though Bayse within all yielding countermands,
Says you confed'rate wits no quarter give,
Ther'fore his play shan't ask your leave to live.
Well, let the vain, rash fop, by huffing so,
Think to obtain the better terms of you ; 20*

19 *huffing*, Q4, *buffing*.

Prologue

*But we, the actors, humbly will submit,
Now, and at any time, to a full pit ;
Nay, often we anticipate your rage,
And murder poets for you, on our stage :
We set no guards upon our tiring-room,
But when with flying colours there you come,
We patiently, you see, give up to you
Our poets, virgins, nay, our matrons too.*

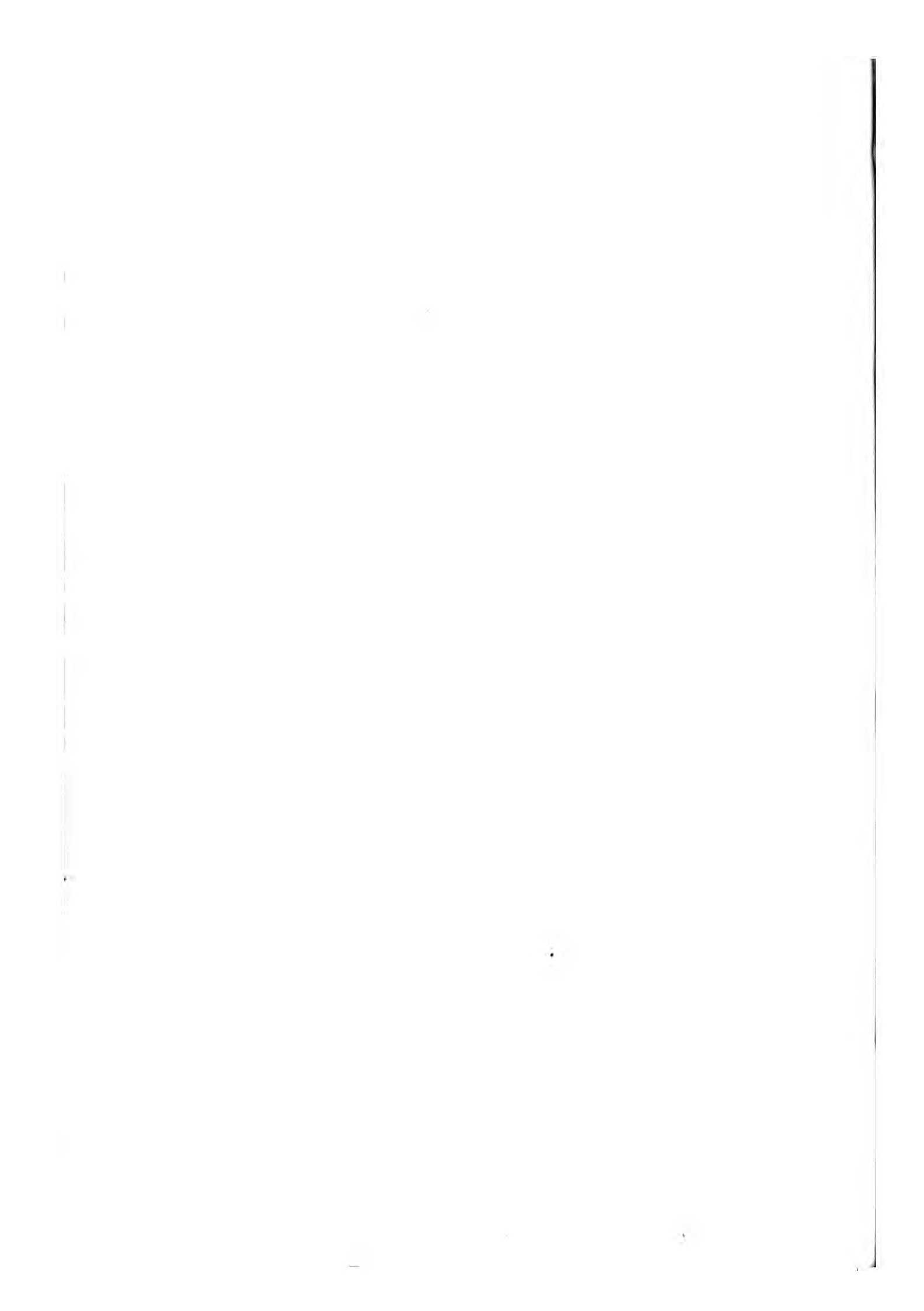
25

25 upon, O, up on.

THE PERSONS

Mr. HORNER.	Mr. <i>Hart.</i>
Mr. HARCOURT.	Mr. <i>Kenaston.</i>
Mr. DORILANT.	Mr. <i>Lydal.</i>
Mr. PINCHWIFE.	Mr. <i>Mobun.</i>
Mr. SPARKISH.	Mr. <i>Haynes.</i>
Sir JASPAR FIDGET.	Mr. <i>Cartwright.</i>
Mrs. MARGERY PINCHWIFE.	Mrs. <i>Bowtel.</i>
Mrs. ALITHEA [Sister to PINCHWIFE].	
	Mrs. <i>James.</i>
My Lady FIDGET.	Mrs. <i>Knep.</i>
Mrs. DAINTY FIDGET [Sister to Sir JASPAR].	
	Mrs. <i>Corbet.</i>
Mrs. SQUEAMISH [Cousin to Lady FIDGET].	
	Mrs. <i>Wyatt.</i>
Old Lady SQUEAMISH.	Mrs. <i>Rutter.</i>
Waiters, Servants, and Attendants.	
A Boy.	
A QUACK.	Mr. <i>Schotterel.</i>
[CLASP, a Bookseller.]	
[A PARSON.]	
LUCY, ALITHEA'S Maid.	Mrs. <i>Cory.</i>

The SCENE, London.



The Country Wife

ACT I. SCENE I.

[*Horner's Lodging.*]

Enter Horner, and Quack following him at a distance.

Horner. (*Aside.*) A quack is as fit for a pimp, as a midwife for a bawd; they are still but in their way both helpers of nature. — Well, my dear Doctor, hast thou done what I desired?

Quack. I have undone you for ever with the women, and reported you throughout the whole town as bad as an eunuch, with as much trouble as if I had made you one in earnest. 5

Horn. But have you told all the midwives you know, the orange wenches at the play-houses, the city husbands, and old fumbling keepers of this end of the town? for they'l be the readiest to report it. 10

Quack. I have told all the chamber-maids, waiting women, tyre women, and old women of my acquaintance; nay, and whisper'd it as a secret to 'em, and to the whisperers of White-hal; so that you need not doubt 'twill spread, 15

and you will be as odious to the handsome young women, as —

20

Horn. As the small pox. Well —

Quack. And to the married women of this end of the town, as —

Horn. As the great ones; nay, as their own husbands.

25

Quack. And to the city dames, as Annis-seed Robin, of filthy and contemptible memory; and they will frighten their children with your name, especially their females.

Horn. And cry, Horner's coming to carry you away. I am only afraid 'twill not be believ'd. You told em 'twas by an English-French disaster, and an English-French chirurgeon, who has given me at once not only a cure, but an antidote for the future, against that damn'd malady, and that worse distemper, love, and all other womens evils?

35

Quack. Your late journey into France has made it the more credible, and your being here a fortnight before you appear'd in publick, looks as if you apprehended the shame, which I wonder you do not. Well, I have been hired by young gallants to bely 'em t'other way; but you are the first wou'd be thought a man unfit for women.

45

32 'twas, Qq. 2-5, O, it was.

Horn. Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain rogues be contented only to be thought abler men than they are, generally 'tis all the pleasure they have; but mine lyes another way.

Quack. You take, methinks, a very preposterous way to it, and as ridiculous as if we operators in physick shou'd put forth bills to disparage our medicaments, with hopes to gain customers. 50

Horn. Doctor, there are quacks in love as well as physick, who get but the fewer and worse patients for their boasting; a good name is seldom got by giving it ones self; and women no more than honour are compass'd by bragging. Come, come, Doctor, the wisest lawyer never discovers the merits of his cause till the tryal; the wealthiest man conceals his riches, and the cunning gamster his play. Shy husbands and keepers, like old rooks, are not to be cheated but by a new unpractis'd trick: false friendship will pass now no more than false dice upon 'em; no, not in the city. 65

Enter Boy.

Boy. There are two ladies and a gentleman coming up. [Exit.]

Horn. A pox! some unbelieving sisters of my former acquaintance, who, I am afraid, expect their sense shou'd be satisfy'd of the falsity of the report. No — this formal fool and women! 70

Enter Sir Jasp[ar] Fidget, Lady Fidget, and Mrs. Dainty Fidget.

Quack. His wife and sister.

Sir Jasp[ar]. My coach breaking just now before your door, sir, I look upon as an occasional 75
repremand to me, sir, for not kissing your hands,
sir, since your coming out of France, sir; and
so my disaster, sir, has been my good fortune,
sir; and this is my wife, and sister, sir.

Horn. What then, sir? 80

Sir Jasp[ar]. My lady, and sister, sir.— Wife,
this is Master Horner.

Lady Fidget. Master Horner, husband!

Sir Jasp[ar]. My lady, my Lady Fidget, sir.

Horn. So, sir. 85

Sir Jasp[ar]. Won't you be acquainted with her,
sir? — (*Aside.*) So the report is true, I find, by
his coldness or aversion to the sex; but I'll play
the wag with him.— Pray salute my wife, my
lady, sir. 90

Horn. I will kiss no mans wife, sir, for him,
sir; I have taken my eternal leave, sir, of the
sex already, sir.

Sir Jasp[ar]. (*Aside.*) Hah! hah! hah! I'll plague
him yet.— Not know my wife, sir? 95

Horn. I do know your wife, sir; she's a
woman, sir, and consequently a monster, sir, a
greater monster than a husband, sir.

Sir Jasp. A husband! how, sir?

Horn. So, sir; but I make no more cuck-100
holds, sir. *Makes horns.*

Sir Jasp. Hah! hah! hah! Mercury! Mer-
cury!

Lady Fid. Pray, Sir Jasp., let us be gone from
this rude fellow. 105

Mrs. Dainty. Who, by his breeding, wou'd
think he had ever been in France?

Lady Fid. Foh! he's but too much a French
fellow, such as hate women of quality and virtue
for their love to their husbands, S[i]r Jasp. A 110
woman is hated by 'em as much for loving her
husband as for loving their money. But pray let's
be gone.

Horn. You do well, madam; for I have noth-
ing that you came for. I have brought over not 115
so much as a bawdy picture, new postures, nor
the second part of the *Escole de Filles*; nor—

Quack. (*Apart to Horner.*) Hold, for shame,
sir! what d'y mean? you'l ruine your self for
ever with the sex — 120

Sir Jasp. Hah! hah! hah! he hates women
perfectly, I find.

Mrs. Dain. What pitty 'tis he shou'd!

Lady Fid. Ay, he's a base rude fellow for't.
But affectation makes not a woman more odious 125
to them than virtue.

Horn. Because your virtue is your greatest affectation, madam.

Lady Fid. How, you sawcy fellow! wou'd you wrong my honour? 130

Horn. If I cou'd.

Lady Fid. How d'y mean, sir?

Sir Jasp. Hah! hah! hah! no, he can't wrong your ladyships honour, upon my honour. He, poor man—hark you in your ear—[*Whis-* 135
pers.] a meer eunuch.

Lady Fid. O filthy French beast! foh! foh! why do we stay? let's be gone: I can't endure the sight of him.

Sir Jasp. Stay but till the chairs come; they'l 140
be here presently.

Lady Fid. No, no.

Sir Jasp. Nor can I stay longer. 'Tis, let me see, a quarter and a half quarter of a minute past eleven. The council will be sate; I must away. 145
Business must be preferr'd always before love and ceremony with the wise, Mr. Horner.

Horn. And the impotent, Sir Jaspas.

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, the impotent, Master Horner; hah! ha! ha! 150

Lady Fid. What, leave us with a filthy man alone in his lodgings?

Sir Jasp. He's an innocent man now, you know. Pray stay, I'll hasten the chaires to you.

— Mr. Horner, your servant ; I shou'd be glad ¹⁵⁵
to see you at my house. Pray come and dine
with me, and play at cards with my wife after
dinner ; you are fit for women at that game yet,
hah ! ha ! — (*Aside.*) 'Tis as much a husbands
prudence to provide innocent diversion for a wife ¹⁶⁰
as to hinder her unlawful pleasures ; and he had
better employ her than let her employ her self.
— Farewel.

Horn. Your servant, S[i]r Jaspar.

Exit Sir Jaspar.

Lady Fid. I will not stay with him, foh ! — ¹⁶⁵

Horn. Nay, madam, I beseech you stay, if it
be but to see I can be as civil to ladies yet as
they wou'd desire.

Lady Fid. No, no, foh ! you cannot be civil
to ladies. 170

Mrs. Dain. You as civil as ladies wou'd de-
sire ?

Lady Fid. No, no, no, foh ! foh ! foh !

*Exeunt Ladie Fid[get] and [Mrs.] Dainty
[Fidget].*

Quack. Now, I think, I, or you your self,
rather, have done your business with the ¹⁷⁵
women.

¶ 158-59 *game yet, hah !* Q1, Q2, misprint game; yet hah.

¶ *Exit Sir Jaspar*, in the originals follows Sir Jaspar's speech,
above.

Horn. Thou art an ass. Don't you see, already, upon the report and my carriage, this grave man of business leaves his wife in my lodgings, invites me to his house and wife, who before wou'd not 180 be acquainted with me out of jealousy?

Quack. Nay, by this means you may be the more acquainted with the husbands, but the less with the wives.

Horn. Let me alone; if I can but abuse the 185 husbands, I'll soon disabuse the wives. Stay — I'll reckon you up the advantages I am like to have by my stratagem. First, I shall be rid of all my old acquaintances, the most insatiable sorts of duns, that invade our lodgings in a morning; 190 and next to the pleasure of making a new mistress is that of being rid of an old one, and of all old debts. Love, when it comes to be so, is paid the most unwillingly.

Quack. Well, you may be so rid of your old 195 acquaintances; but how will you get any new ones?

Horn. Doctor, thou wilt never make a good chymist, thou art so incredulous and impatient. Ask but all the young fellows of the town if they 200 do not loose more time, like huntsmen, in starting the game, than in running it down. One knows not where to find 'em; who will or will

not. Women of quality are so civil, you can hardly distinguish love from good breeding, and ²⁰⁶ a man is often mistaken : but now I can be sure, she that shews an aversion to me loves the sport, as those women that are gone, whom I warrant to be right. And then the next thing is, your women of honour, as you call 'em, are only chary ²¹⁰ of their reputations, not their persons ; and 'tis scandal they wou'd avoid, not men. Now may I have, by the reputation of an eunuch, the priviledges of one, and be seen in a ladies chamber in a morning as early as her husband ; kiss vir- ²¹⁵ gins before their parents or lovers ; and may be, in short, the *Pas par tout* of the town. Now, Doctor —

Quack. Nay, now you shall be the doctor ; and your process is so new that we do not know but ²²⁰ it may succeed.

Horn. Not so new neither ; *probatum est*, Doctor.

Quack. Well, I wish you luck, and many patients, whil'st I go to mine. *Exit Quack.* ²²⁵

Enter Harcourt and Dorilant to Horner.

Harcourt. Come, your appearance at the play yesterday, has, I hope, hardned you for the future against the womens contempt, and the mens raillery ; and now you'l abroad as you were wont.

Horn. Did I not bear it bravely?

Dorilant. With a most theatrical impudence; nay, more than the orange-wenches shew there, or a drunken vizard mask, or a great belly'd actress; nay, or the most impudent of creatures,²³⁵ an ill poet; or what is yet more impudent, a second-hand critick.

Horn. But what say the ladies? have they no pitty?

Har. What ladies? The vizard masques, you²⁴⁰ know, never pitty a man when all's gone, though in their service.

Dor. And for the women in the boxes, you'd never pitty them when 'twas in your power.

Har. They say 'tis pitty but all that deal with²⁴⁵ common women shou'd be serv'd so.

Dor. Nay, I dare swear they won't admit you to play at cards with them, go to plays with 'em, or do the little duties which other shadows of men are wont to do for 'em. 250

Horn. Who do you call shadows of men?

Dor. Half men.

Horn. What, boyes?

Dor. Ay, your old boyes, old *beaux garcons*, who, like superannuated stallions, are suffer'd to²⁵⁵ run, feed, and whinney with the mares as long as they live, though they can do nothing else.

Horn. Well, a pox on love and wenching!

Women serve but to keep a man from better company. Though I can't enjoy them, I shall 260
you the more. Good fellowship and friendship are lasting, rational and manly pleasures.

Har. For all that, give me some of those pleasures you call effeminate too; they help to relish one another. 265

Horn. They disturb one another.

Har. No, mistresses are like books; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for company; but if us'd discreetly, you are the fitter for conversation by 270
'em.

Dor. A mistress shou'd be like a little country retreat near the town; not to dwell in constantly, but only for a night and away, to tast the town the better when a man returns. 275

Horn. I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of women, as 'tis to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of money. You cannot follow both, then choose your side. Wine gives you liberty, love 280
takes it away.

Dor. Gad, he's in the right on't.

Horn. Wine gives you joy; love, grief and tortures, besides the chirurgeon's. Wine makes

284 *tortures, besides the chirurgeon's. Wine makes, Qq., tortures; besides the chirurgeon's Wine makes; O, tortures; besides the chirurgeons Wine makes.*

us witty; love, only sots. Wine makes us sleep; 285
love breaks it.

Dor. By the world, he has reason, Harcourt.

Horn. Wine makes —

Dor. Ay, wine makes us — makes us princes;
love makes us beggars, poor rogues, y gad — and 290
wine —

Horn. So, there's one converted. — No, no,
love and wine, oil and vinegar.

Har. I grant it; love will still be uppermost.

Horn. Come, for my part, I will have only 295
those glorious manly pleasures of being very
drunk and very slovenly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr. Sparkish is below, sir. [Exit.]

Har. What, my dear friend! a rogue that is
fond of me, only, I think, for abusing him. 300

Dor. No, he can no more think the men
laugh at him than that women jilt him; his opin-
ion of himself is so good.

Horn. Well, there's another pleasure by drink-
ing I thought not of, — I shall loose his acquaint- 305
ance, because he cannot drink: and you know
'tis a very hard thing to be rid of him; for he's
one of those nauseous offerers at wit, who, like
the worst fiddlers, run themselves into all com-
panies. 310

Har. One that, by being in the company of men of sense, wou'd pass for one.

Horn. And may so to the short-sigh[t]ed world; as a false jewel amongst true ones is not discern'd at a distance. His company is as trouble-³¹⁵ some to us as a cuckolds when you have a mind to his wife's.

Har. No, the rogue will not let us enjoy one another, but ravishes our conversation; though he signifies no more to't than Sir Martin Mar-³²⁰ all's gaping, and auker'd thrumming upon the lute, does to his man's voice and musick.

Dor. And to pass for a wit in town shewes himself a fool every night to us, that are guilty of the plot. ³²⁵

Horn. Such wits as he are, to a company of reasonable men, like rooks to the gamesters; who only fill a room at the table, but are so far from contributing to the play, that they only serve to spoil the fancy of those that do. ³³⁰

Dor. Nay, they are us'd like rooks too, snub'd, check'd, and abus'd; yet the rogues will hang on.

Horn. A pox on 'em, and all that force nature, and wou'd be still what she forbids 'em! Affec-³³⁵ tation is her greatest monster.

Har. Most men are the contraries to that they

³¹³ *short-sigh[t]ed*, Qq. 2-5, O, short-sighted.

wou'd seem. Your bully, you see, is a coward with a long sword; the little humbly fawning physician, with his ebony cane, is he that de-340 stroys men.

Dor. The usurer, a poor rogue, possess'd of moldy bonds and mortgages; and we they call spend-thrifts, are only wealthy, who lay out his money upon daily new purchases of pleasure. 345

Horn. Ay, your errantest cheat is your trustee or executor; your jealous man, the greatest cuckold; your church-man, the greatest atheist; and your noisy pert rogue of a wit, the greatest fop, dullest ass, and worst company, as you shall see; 350 for here he comes..

Enter Sparkish to them.

Sparkish. How is't, sparks? how is't? Well, faith, Harry, I must railly thee a little, ha! ha! ha! upon the report in town of thee, ha! ha! ha! I can't hold, y faith; shall I speak? 355

Horn. Yes; but you'l be so bitter then.

Spark. Honest Dick and Franck here shall answer for me; I will not be extream bitter, by the unifers.

Har. We will be bound in [a] ten thousand 360 pound bond, he shall not be bitter at all.

Dor. Nor sharp, nor sweet.

Horn. What, not down right insipid?

360 [a], inserted by Hunt.

Spark. Nay then, since you are so brisk, and provoke me, take what follows. You must know, ³⁶⁵ I was discoursing and raillying with some ladies yesterday, and they hapned to talk of the fine new signes in town —

Horn. Very fine ladies, I believe.

Spark. Said I, I know where the best new ³⁷⁰ sign is. — Where? says one of the ladies. — In Covent-Garden, I reply'd. — Said another, In what street? — In Russel-street, answer'd I. — Lord, says another, I'm sure there was ne're a fine new sign there yesterday. — Yes, but there was, ³⁷⁵ said I again; and it came out of France, and has been there a fortnight.

Dor. A pox! I can hear no more, prethee.

Horn. No, hear him out; let him tune his crowd a while. 380

Har. The worst musick, the greatest preparation.

Spark. Nay, faith, I'll make you laugh. — It cannot be, says a third lady. — Yes, yes, quoth I again. — Says a fourth lady — 385

Horn. Look to't, we'l have no more ladies.

Spark. No — then mark, mark, now. Said I to the fourth, Did you never see Mr. Horner? he lodges in Russel-street, and he's a sign of a man, you know, since he came out of France; ³⁹⁰ heh! hah! he!

Horn. But the divel take me if thine be the sign of a jest.

Spark. With that they all fell a laughing, till they bepiss'd themselves. What, but it do's not 395 move you, methinks? Well, [I] see one had as good go to law without a witness, as break a jest without a laugher on ones side. — Come, come, sparks, but where do we dine? I have left at Whitehal an earl, to dine with you. 400

Dor. Why, I thought thou hadst lov'd a man with a title, better than a suit with a French trimming to't.

Har. Go to him again.

Spark. No, sir, a wit to me is the greatest 405 title in the world.

Horn. But go dine with your earl, sir; he may be exceptious. We are your friends, and will not take it ill to be left, I do assure you.

Har. Nay, faith, he shall go to him. 410

Spark. Nay, pray, gentlemen.

Dor. We'l thrust you out, if you wo'not; what, disappoint any body for us?

Spark. Nay, dear gentlemen, hear me.

Horn. No, no, sir, by no means; pray go, sir. 415

Spark. Why, dear rogues —

Dor. No, no. *They all thrust him out of the room.*

All. Ha! ha! ha!

396 [I], Q1, Q2, Q4, Q5, omit.

398 *laugher*, Qq. 2-5, O, *laughter*. 404 *Go to*, Q1, *Go, to*.

Spar[kish] returns.

Spark. But sparks, pray hear me. What, d'ye think I'll eat then with gay, shallow fops and⁴²⁰ silent coxcombs? I think wit as necessary at dinner as a glass of good wine; and that's the reason I never have any stomach when I eat alone. — Come, but where do we dine?

Horn. Ev'n where you will. 425

Spark. At Chateline's?

Dor. Yes, if you will.

Spark. Or at the Cock?

Dor. Yes, if you please.

Spark. Or at the Dog and Partridg? 430

Horn. Ay, if you have [a] mind to't; for we shall dine at neither.

Spark. Pshaw! with your fooling we shall loose the new play; and I wou'd no more miss seing a new play the first day, than I wou'd⁴³⁵ miss setting in the wits row. Therefore I'll go fetch my mistriss, and away. *Exit Sparkish.*

*Manent Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant; enter to them
Mr. Pinchwife.*

Horn. Who have we here? Pinchwife?

Pinchwife. Gentlemen, your humble servant.

Horn. Well, Jack, by thy long absence from⁴⁴⁰ the town, the grumness of thy countenance, and

431 [a] Qq. 2-5, O, a.

436 setting, Q3, sitting.

the slovenlyness of thy habit, I shou'd give thee joy, shou'd I not, of marriage?

Pinch. (Aside.) Death! does he know I'm married too? I thought to have conceal'd it from 445 him at least. — My long stay in the country will excuse my dress; and I have a suit of law that brings me up to town, that puts me out of humour. Besides, I must give Sparkish to-morrow five thousand pound to lye with my sister. 450

Horn. Nay, you country gentlemen, rather than not purchase, will buy any thing; and he is a crackt title, if we may quibble. Well, but am I to give thee joy? I heard thou wert marry'd.

Pinch. What then? 455

Horn. Why, the next thing that is to be heard, is, thou'rt a cuckold.

Pinch. (Aside.) Insupportable name!

Horn. But I did not expect marriage from such a whoremaster as you; one that knew the 460 town so much, and women so well.

Pinch. Why, I have marry'd no London wife.

Horn. Pshaw! that's all one. That grave circumspection in marrying a country wife, is like refusing a deceitful pamper'd Smithfield jade, to 465 go and be cheated by a friend in the country.

Pinch. (Aside.) A pox on him and his simile! — At least we are a little surer of the breed

457 *thou'rt*, Q5, thou art.

468 *a*, Qq. 2-5, O, omit.

there, know what her keeping has been, whether
foyl'd or unsound. 470

Horn. Come, come, I have known a clap
gotten in Wales ; and there are cozens, justices
clarks, and chaplains in the country, I won't say
coach-men. But she's handsome and young?

Pinch. (*Aside.*) I'll answer as I shou'd do.—475
No, no ; she has no beauty but her youth, no
attraction but her modesty : wholesome, homely,
and huswifely ; that's all.

Dor. He talks as like a grasier as he looks.

Pinch. She's too auker'd, ill favour'd, and silly 480
to bring to town.

Har. Then methinks you shou'd bring her,
to be taught breeding.

Pinch. To be taught ! no, sir, I thank you.
Good wives and private souldiers shou'd be ig-485
norant. [*Aside.*] I'll keep her from your instruc-
tions, I warrant you.

Har. (*Aside.*) The rogue is as jealous as if
his wife were not ignorant.

Horn. Why, if she be ill favour'd, there will 490
be less danger here for you than by leaving her
in the country. We have such variety of dainties
that we are seldom hungry.

472-473 *justices clarks*, Q1, justices, clarks.

486 [*Aside.*], not in Qq. or O, but all indicate an *aside* by begin-
ning the speech *I'll keep . . .* with a half bracket.

Dor. But they have alwayes coarse, constant,
swinging stomachs in the country. 495

Har. Foul feeders indeed!

Dor. And your hospitality is great there.

Har. Open house; every man's welcome.

Pinch. So, so, gentlemen.

Horn. But prethee, why woud'st thou marry 500
her? If she be ugly, ill-bred, and silly, she must
be rich then.

Pinch. As rich as if she brought me twenty
thousand pound out of this town; for she'l be as
sure not to spend her moderate portion, as a Lon- 505
don baggage wou'd be to spend hers, let it be what
it wou'd: so 'tis all one. Then, because shes
ugly, she's the likelier to be my own; and being
ill-bred, she'l hate conversation; and since silly
and innocent, will not know the difference be- 510
twixt a man of one and twenty and one of forty.

Horn. Nine—to my knowledge. But if she
be silly, she'l expect as much from a man of
forty nine, as from him of one and twenty. But
methinks wit is more necessary than beauty; and 515
I think no young woman ugly that has it, and
no handsome woman agreable without it.

Pinch. 'Tis my maxime, he's a fool that mar-
rys, but he's a greater that does not marry a fool.
What is wit in a wife good for, but to make a 520
man a cuckold?

Horn. Yes, to keep it from his knowledge.

Pinch. A fool cannot contrive to make her husband a cuckold.

Horn. No, but she'll club with a man that can; 525
and what is worse, if she cannot make her husband a cuckold, she'll make him jealous, and pass for one, and then 'tis all one.

Pinch. Well, well, I'll take care, for one, my wife shall make me no cuckold, though she had 530
your help, Mr. Horner. I understand the town, sir.

Dor. (*Aside.*) His help!

Har. (*Aside.*) He's come newly to town, it seems, and has not heard how things are with him. 535

Horn. But tell me, has marriage cured thee of whoring, which it seldom does?

Har. 'Tis more than age can do.

Horn. No, the word is, I'll marry and live honest: but a marriage vow is like a penitent 540
gamesters oath, and entring into bonds and penalties to stint himself to such a particular small sum at play for the future, which makes him but the more eager; and not being able to hold out, looses his money again, and his forfeit to 545
boot.

Dor. Ay, ay, a gamester will be a gamester whilst his money lasts; and a whoremaster, whilst his vigour.

Har. Nay, I have known 'em, when they are 550
broke and can loose no more, keep a fumbling
with the box in their hands to fool with only,
and hinder other gamesters.

Dor. That had wherewithal to make lusty
stakes. 555

Pinch. Well, gentlemen, you may laugh at
me; but you shall never lye with my wife: I
know the town.

Horn. But prethee, was not the way you were
in better? is not keeping better than marriage? 560

Pinch. A pox on't! the jades wou'd jilt me, I
cou'd never keep a whore to my self.

Horn. So, then you only marry'd to keep a
whore to your self. Well, but let me tell you,
women, as you say, are like souldiers, made con- 565
stant and loyal by good pay, rather than by oaths
and covenants. Therefore I'd advise my friends
to keep rather than marry: since too I find, by
your example, it does not serve ones turn; for
I saw you yesterday in the eighteen penny place 570
with a pretty country-wench.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) How the divel! did he see my
wife then? I sate there that she might not be
seen. But she shall never go to a play again.

Horn. What! dost thou blush, at nine and 575
forty, for having been seen with a wench?

Dor. No, faith, I warrant 'twas his wife,

which he seated there out of sight; for he's a cunning rogue, and understands the town.

Har. He blushes. Then 'twas his wife; for 580
men are now more ashamed to be seen with
them in publick than with a wench.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Hell and damnation! I'm un-
done, since Horner has seen her, and they know
'twas she. 585

Horn. But prethee, was it thy wife? She was
exceedingly pretty: I was in love with her at
that distance.

Pinch. You are like never to be nearer to her.
Your servant, gentlemen. *Offers to go.* 590

Horn. Nay, prethee stay.

Pinch. I cannot; I will not.

Horn. Come, you shall dine with us.

Pinch. I have din'd already.

Horn. Come, I know thou hast not: I'll treat 595
thee, dear rogue; thou sha't spend none of thy
Hampshire money to day.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Treat me! So he uses me al-
ready like his cuckold!

Horn. Nay, you shall not go. 600

Pinch. I must; I have business at home.

Exit Pinchwife.

Har. To beat his wife. He's as jealous of
her, as a Cheapside husband of a Covent-garden
wife.

Horn. Why, 'tis as hard to find an old whore-605
master without jealousy and the gout, as a young
one without fear, or the pox: —

As gout in age from pox in youth proceeds,
So wenching past, then jealousy succeeds;
The worst disease that love and wenching
breeds.

[*Exeunt.*] 610

ACT II. SCENE I.

[*A Room in Pinchwife's House.*]

Mrs. Margery Pinchwife and Alithea. Mr. Pinchwife peeping behind at the door.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Pray, sister, where are the best fields and woods to walk in, in London?

Alithea. A pretty question! Why, sister, Mulberry Garden and St. James's Park; and for close walks the New Exchange.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, sister, tell me why my husband looks so grum here in town? and keeps me up so close, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my best gown yesterday?

Alith. O, he's jealous, sister.

Mrs. Pinch. Jealous! what's that?

Alith. He's afraid you shou'd love another man.

Mrs. Pinch. How shou'd he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me see any but himself?

Alith. Did he not carry you yesterday to a play?

Mrs. Pinch. Ay; but we sate amongst ugly people. He wou'd not let me come near the

5

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15

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gentry, who sate under us, so that I cou'd not see 'em. He told me, none but naughty women sate there, whom they tous'd and mous'd. But I wou'd have ventur'd, for all that.

Alith. But how did you like the play? 25

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed I was aweary of the play; but I lik'd hugely the actors. They are the goodlyest, proper'st men, sister!

Alith. O, but you must not like the actors, sister. 30

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, how shou'd I help it, sister? Pray, sister, when my husband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a walking?

Alith. (*Aside.*) A walking! hah! ha! Lord, a country gentlewomans [p]leasure is the drud- 35 gery of a foot-post; and she requires as much airing as her husbands horses. — But here comes your husband: I'll ask, though I'm sure he'll not grant it.

Mrs. Pinch. He says he won't let me go 40 abroad, for fear of catching the pox.

Alith. Fye! the small pox you shou'd say.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife to them.

Mrs. Pinch. O my dear, dear bud, welcome

26 *aweary*, Qq. 2-5, O, *weary*.

35 [p] *leasure*, Qq. 2-5, O, *pleasure*.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife . . . in the originals follows *horses*, in the speech of Alithea, above.

home! Why dost thou look so fropish? who has nanger'd thee?

45

Pinchwife. Your a fool.

Mrs. Pinch[wife] goes aside, & cryes.

Alith. Faith, so she is, for crying for no fault, poor, tender creature!

Pinch. What, you wou'd have her as impudent as your self, as errant a jilflirt, a gadder, a magpy; and to say all, a meer notorious town-woman?

Alith. Brother, you are my only censurer; and the honour of your family shall sooner suffer in your wife there than in me, though I take the innocent liberty of the town.

Pinch. Hark you, mistriss, do not talk so before my wife. — “The innocent liberty of the town!”

Alith. Why, pray, who boasts of any intrigue with me? what lampoon has made my name notorious? what ill women frequent my lodgings? I keep no company with any women of scandalous reputations.

Pinch. No, you keep the men of scandalous reputations company.

Alith. Where? wou'd you not have me civil? answer 'em in a box at the plays? in the drawing room at Whitehal? in St. James's Park? Mulberry-garden? or —

70

Pinch. Hold, hold! Do not teach my wife where the men are to be found: I believe she's the worse for your town documents already. I bid you keep her in ignorance, as I do.

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed, be not angry with her, 75
bud, she will tell me nothing of the town, though I ask her a thousand times a day.

Pinch. Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

Mrs. Pinch. Not I indeed, dear; I hate Lon- 80
don. Our place-house in the country is worth a thousand of't: wou'd I were there again!

Pinch. So you shall, I warrant. But were you not talking of plays and players when I came in? — [*To Alithea.*] You are her encourager in 85
such discourses.

Mrs. Pinch. No, indeed, dear; she chid me just now for liking the player men.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Nay, if she be so innocent as to own to me her likeing them, there is no hurt 90
in't. — Come, my poor rogue, but thou lik'st none better then me?

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, indeed, but I do. The player men are finer folks.

Pinch. But you love none better then me? 95

Mrs. Pinch. You are mine own dear bud, and I know you. I hate a stranger.

Pinch. Ay, my dear, you must love me only; and not be like the naughty town women, who only hate their husbands, and love every man ¹⁰⁰ else; love plays, visits, fine coaches, fine cloaths, fiddles, balls, treates, and so lead a wicked town-life.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a town-life, London is not so bad a place, ¹⁰⁵ dear.

Pinch. How! if you love me, you must hate London.

Alith. [*Aside.*] The fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures of the town, and ¹¹⁰ he is now setting her a gog upon them himself.

Mrs. Pinch. But, husband, do the town-women love the player men too?

Pinch. Yes, I warrant you.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, I warrant you. 115

Pinch. Why, you do not, I hope?

Mrs. Pinch. No, no, bud. But why have we no player-men in the country?

Pinch. Ha! — Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a play. 120

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, why, love? I did not care for going; but when you forbid me, you make me, as't were, desire it.

109 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

122-123 *make me*, Q2, Q4, Q5, omit *me*.

Alith. (*Aside.*) So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. 125

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, let me go to a play, dear.

Pinch. Hold your peace, I wo' not.

Mrs. Pinch. Why, love?

Pinch. Why, I'll tell you.

Alith. (*Aside.*) Nay, if he tell her, she'l give 130
him more cause to forbid her that place.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, why, dear?

Pinch. First, you like the actors; and the gallants may like you.

Mrs. Pinch. What, a homely country girl? 135
No, bud, no body will like me.

Pinch. I tell you yes, they may.

Mrs. Pinch. No, no, you jest — I won't believe you: I will go.

Pinch. I tell you then, that one of the lewd-140
est fellows in town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed! who, who, pray, who wast?

Pinch. (*Aside.*) I've gone too far, and slipt 145
before I was aware; how overjoy'd she is!

Mrs. Pinch. Was it any Hampshire gallant, any of our neighbours? I promise you, I am beholding to him.

Pinch. I promise you, you lye; for he wou'd 150
but ruin you, as he has done hundreds. He has

no other love for women but that; such as he look upon women, like basilicks, but to destroy 'em.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, but if he loves me, why¹⁵⁵ shou'd he ruin me? answer me to that. Methinks he shou'd not, I wou'd do him no harm.

Alith. Hah! ha! ha!

Pinch. 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either. But here¹⁶⁰ comes company; get you in, get you in.

Mrs. Pinch. But, pray, husband, is he a pretty gentleman that loves me?

Pinch. In, baggage, in.

Thrusts her in: shuts the door.

Enter Sparkish and Harcourt.

What, all the lewd libertines of the town¹⁶⁵ brought to my lodging by this easie coxcomb! S'death, I'll not suffer it.

Sparkish. Here, Harcourt, do you approve my choice? — [*To Alithea.*] Dear little rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my¹⁷⁰ friends, the wits and — *Harcourt salutes her.*

Pinch. Ay, they shall know her, as well as you your self will, I warrant you.

Spark. This is one of those, my pretty rogue, that are to dance at your wedding to morrow;¹⁷⁵

Enter Sparkish . . . in the originals follows me either, in Pinchwife's speech, above.

and him you must bid welcom ever, to what you and I have.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Monstrous!

Spark. Harcourt, how dost thou like her, faith? Nay, dear, do not look down; I should ¹⁸⁰ hate to have a wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] Wonderful!

Spark. Tell me, I say, Harcourt, how dost thou like her? Thou hast star'd upon her enough, ¹⁸⁵ to resolve me.

Harcourt. So infinitely well, that I cou'd wish I had a mistriss too, that might differ from her in nothing but her love and engagement to you.

Alith. Sir, Master Sparkish has often told me ¹⁹⁰ that his acquaintance were all wits and railleurs, and now I find it.

Spark. No, by the universe, madam, he does not raily now; you may believe him. I do assure you, he is the honestest, worthyest, true ¹⁹⁵ hearted gentleman — a man of such perfect honour, he wou'd say nothing to a lady he does not mean.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] Praising another man to his mistriss!

200

Har. Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that —

183 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt. 199 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

Spark. Nay, I gad, I am sure you do admire her extreamly; I see't in your eyes. — He does admire you, madam. — By the world, don't you? 205

Har. Yes, above the world, or the most glorious part of it, her whole sex: and till now I never thought I shou'd have envy'd you, or any man about to marry, but you have the best excuse for marriage I ever knew. 210

Alith. Nay, now, sir, I'm satisfied you are of the society of the wits and raillieurs, since you cannot spare your friend, even when he is but too civil to you; but the surest sign is, since you are an enemy to marriage, — for that I hear 215 you hate as much as business or bad wine.

Har. Truly, madam, I never was an enemy to marriage till now, because marriage was never an enemy to me before.

Alith. But why, sir, is marriage an enemy to 220 you now? because it robs you of your friend here? for you look upon a friend married, as one gone into a monastery, that is, dead to the world.

Har. 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see, madam, you can guess my meaning. I do 225 confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the match; by Heavens, I wou'd.

Spark. Poor Franck!

217 *never was, O, was never.*

Alith. Wou'd you be so unkind to me? 230

Har. No, no, 'tis not because I wou'd be unkind to you.

Spark. Poor Franck! no, gad, 'tis only his kindness to me.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Great kindness to you indeed! 235
Insensible fop, let a man make love to his wife to his face!

Spark. Come, dear Franck, for all my wife there, that shall be, thou shalt enjoy me sometimes, dear rogue. By my honour, we men of 240 wit condole for our deceased brother in marriage, as much as for one dead in earnest: I think that was prettily said of me, ha, Harcourt?— But come, Franck, be not melancholy for me.

Har. No, I assure you, I am not melancholy 245 for you.

Spark. Prethee, Frank, dost think my wife that shall be there, a fine person?

Har. I cou'd gaze upon her till I became as blind as you are. 250

Spark. How as I am? how?

Har. Because you are a lover, and true lovers are blind, stockblind.

Spark. True, true; but by the world, she has wit too, as well as beauty: go, go with her into 255 a corner, and trye if she has wit; talk to her any thing, she's bashful before me.

Har. Indeed, if a woman wants wit in a corner, she has it no where.

Alith. (*Aside to Sparkish.*) Sir, you dispose of 260 me a little before your time —

Spark. Nay, nay, madam, let me have an earnest of your obedience, or — go, go, madam —

Harcourt courts Alithea aside.

Pinch. How, sir! if you are not concern'd for the honour of a wife, I am for that of a sis- 265 ter; he shall not debauch her. Be a pander to your own wife! bring men to her! let 'em make love before your face! thrust 'em into a corner together, then leav 'em in private! is this your town wit and conduct? 270

Spark. Hah! ha! ha! a silly wise rogue, wou'd make one laugh more then a stark fool, hah! ha! I shall burst. Nay, you shall not disturb 'em; I'll vex thee, by the world.

Struggles with Pinch[wife] to keep him from Harc[ourt] and Alith[ea].

Alith. The writings are drawn, sir, settle- 275 ments made; 'tis too late, sir, and past all re-vocation.

Har. Then so is my death.

Alith. I wou'd not be unjust to him.

Har. Then why to me so? 280

Alith. I have no obligation to you.

Har. My love.

Alith. I had his before.

Har. You never had it; he wants, you see, jealousy, the only infallible sign of it. 285

Alith. Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my virtue: besides, he loves me, or he wou'd not marry me.

Har. Marrying you is no more sign of his love than bribing your woman, that he may 290 marry you, is a sign of his generosity. Marriage is rather a sign of interest than love; and he that marries a fortune covets a mistress, not loves her. But if you take marriage for a sign of love, take it from me immediately. 295

Alith. No, now you have put a scruple in my head; but in short, sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him, my reputation wou'd suffer in the world else.

Har. No; if you do marry him, with your 300 pardon, madam, your reputation suffers in the world, and you wou'd be thought in necessity for a cloak.

Alith. Nay, now you are rude, sir.—Mr. Sparkish, pray come hither, your friend here is 305 very troublesom, and very loving.

Har. (*Aside to Alithea.*) Hold! hold!—

Pinch. D'ye hear that?

Spark. Why, d'ye think I'll seem to be jealous, like a country bumpkin? 310

Pinch. No, rather be a cuckold, like a credulous cit.

Har. Madam, you wou'd not have been so little generous as to have told him?

Alith. Yes, since you cou'd be so little generous as to wrong him. 315

Har. Wrong him! no man can do't, he's beneath an injury: a bubble, a coward, a senseless idiot, a wretch so contemptible to all the world but you, that — 320

Alith. Hold, do not rail at him, for since he is like to be my husband, I am resolv'd to like him: nay, I think I am oblig'd to tell him you are not his friend. — Master Sparkish, Master Sparkish!

Spark. What, what? — [*To Harcourt.*] Now, 325 dear rogue, has not she wit?

Har. (*Speaks surlily.*) Not so much as I thought, and hoped she had.

Alith. Mr. Sparkish, do you bring people to rail at you? 330

Har. Madam —

Spark. How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest, I warrant: what we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alith. He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had 335 no patience to hear him; besides, he has been making love to me.

Har. (*Aside.*) True damn'd tell-tale-woman!

Spark. Pshaw! to shew his parts — we wits rail and make love often, but to shew our parts: 340
as we have no affections, so we have no malice, we —

Alith. He said you were a wretch, below an injury —

Spark. Pshaw!

345

Har. [*Aside.*] Damn'd, senseless, impudent, virtuous jade! Well, since she won't let me have her, she'l do as good, she'l make me hate her.

Alith. A common bubble —

350

Spark. Pshaw!

Alith. A coward —

Spark. Pshaw, pshaw!

Alith. A senseless, driveling idiot —

Spark. How! did he disparage my parts? Nay, 355
then, my honour's concern'd, I can't put up that, sir; by the world, brother, help me to kill him. — (*Aside.*) I may draw now, since we have the odds of him: — 'tis a good occasion, too, before my mistriss —

Offers to draw. 360

Alith. Hold, hold!

Spark. What, what?

Alith. (*Aside.*) I must not let 'em kill the

346 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

363 (*Aside.*), in the originals at the end of the speech, and apparently applied only to *Nay, if my honour*, which is introduced by a half bracket. Applied to the whole speech by Hunt.

gentleman neither, for his kindness to me: I am so far from hating him, that I wish my gallant had³⁶⁵ his person and understanding. Nay, if my honour —

Spark. I'll be thy death.

Alith. Hold, hold! Indeed, to tell the truth, the gentleman said after all, that what he spoke³⁷⁰ was but out of friendship to you.

Spark. How! say I am, I am a fool, that is, no wit, out of friendship to me?

Alith. Yes, to try whether I was concern'd enough for you; and made love to me only to³⁷⁵ be satisfy'd of my virtue, for your sake.

Har. (*Aside.*) Kind, however.

Spark. Nay, if it were so, my dear rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why wou'd not you tell me so, faith?³⁸⁰

Har. Because I did not think on't, faith.

Spark. Come, Horner does not come, Harcourt; let's be gone to the new play. — Come, madam.

Alith. I will not go, if you intend to leave me³⁸⁵ alone in the box, and run into the pit, as you use to do.

Spark. Pshaw! I'll leave Harcourt with you in the box to entertain you, and that's as good; if I sate in the box, I shou'd be thought no judge³⁹⁰

372-373 *that is, no wit, out, Q5, that is no whit out.*

but of trimmings. — Come away, Harcourt, lead her down. *Exeunt Sparkish, Harcourt, and Alithea.*

Pinch. Well, go thy wayes, for the flower of the true town fops, such as spend their estates before they come to 'em, and are cuckolds before 395 they'r married. But let me go look to my own free-hold. — How!

Enter my Lady Fidget, Mistriss Dainty Fidget, and Mistriss Squeamish.

Lady Fidget. Your servant, sir: where is your lady? We are come to wait upon her to the new play. 400

Pinch. New play!

Lady Fid. And my husband will wait upon you presently.

Pinch. (Aside.) Damn your civility. — Madam, by no means; I will not see Sir Jasper here, till 405 I have waited upon him at home; nor shall my wife see you, till she has waited upon your ladyship at your lodgings.

Lady Fid. Now we are here, sir —

Pinch. No, madam. 410

Mrs. Dainty. Pray, let us see her.

Mrs. Squeamish. We will not stir till we see her.

Pinch. (Aside.) A pox on you all! — (*Goes to the door, and returns.*) She has lock'd the door, 415 and is gone abroad.

Lady Fid. No, you have lock'd the door, and she's within.

Mrs. Dain. They told us below she was here.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] Will nothing do? — Well, it⁴²⁰ must out then. To tell you the truth, ladies, which I was afraid to let you know before, least it might endanger your lives, my wife has just now the small pox come out upon her; do not be frighten'd; but pray be gone, ladies; you shall⁴²⁵ not stay here in danger of your lives; pray get you gone, ladies.

Lady Fid. No, no, we have all had 'em.

Mrs. Squeam. Alack, alack!

Mrs. Dain. Come, come, we must see how⁴³⁰ it goes with her; I understand the disease.

Lady Fid. Come!

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Well, there is no being too hard for women at their own weapon, lying, therefore I'll quit the field. *Exit Pinchwife.*⁴³⁵

Mrs. Squeam. Here's an example of jealousy!

Lady Fid. Indeed, as the world goes, I wonder there are no more jealous, since wives are so neglected.

Mrs. Dain. Pshaw! as the world goes, to what⁴⁴⁰ end shou'd they be jealous?

Lady Fid. Foh! 'tis a nasty world.

⁴²⁰ [*Aside.*], the originals omit, but indicate an aside by including *Will . . . do* within brackets.

Mrs. Squeam. That men of parts, great acquaintance, and quality, shou'd take up with and spend themselves and fortunes in keeping little 445 play-house creatures, foh!

Lady Fid. Nay, that women of understanding, great acquaintance, and good quality, shou'd fall a keeping too of little creatures, foh!

Mrs. Squeam. Why, 'tis the men of qualities 450 fault; they never visit women of honour and reputation as they us'd to do; and have not so much as common civility for ladies of our rank, but use us with the same indifferency and ill breeding as if we were all marry'd to 'em. 455

Lady Fid. She says true; 'tis an errant shame women of quality shou'd be so slighted; methinks birth, birth shou'd go for something; I have known men admired, courted, and followed for their titles only. 460

Mrs. Squeam. Ay, one wou'd think men of honour shou'd not love, no more than marry, out of their own rank.

Mrs. Dain. Fye, fye, upon 'em! they are come to think cross breeding for themselves 465 best, as well as for their dogs and horses.

Lady Fid. They are dogs and horses for't.

Mrs. Squeam. One wou'd think, if not for love, for vanity a little.

Mrs. Dain. Nay, they do satisfy their vanity 470
upon us sometimes; and are kind to us in their
report, tell all the world they lye with us.

Lady Fid. Damn'd rascals, that we shou'd be
only wrong'd by 'em! To report a man has had
a person, when he has not had a person, is the 475
greatest wrong in the whole world that can be
done to a person.

Mrs. Squeam. Well, 'tis an errant shame
noble persons shou'd be so wrong'd and neg-
lected. 480

Lady Fid. But still 'tis an erranter shame for
a noble person to neglect her own honour, and
defame her own noble person with little incon-
siderable fellows, foh!

Mrs. Dain. I suppose the crime against our 485
honour is the same with a man of quality as with
another.

Lady Fid. How! no, sure, the man of quality
is likest one's husband, and therefore the fault
shou'd be the less. 490

Mrs. Dain. But then the pleasure shou'd be
the less.

Lady Fid. Fye, fye, fye, for shame, sister!
whither shall we ramble? Be continent in your
discourse, or I shall hate you. 495

Mrs. Dain. Besides, an intrigue is so much
the more notorious for the man's quality.

Mrs. Squeam. 'Tis true, no body takes notice of a private man, and therefore with him 'tis more secret; and the crime's the less when 'tis 500 not known.

Lady Fid. You say true; y'faith, I think you are in the right on't: 'tis not an injury to a husband, till it be an injury to our honours; so that a woman of honour looses no honour with a 505 private person; and to say truth—

Mrs. Dain. (*Apart to [Mrs.] Squeamish.*) So, the little fellow is grown a private person— with her—

Lady Fid. But still my dear, dear honour— 510

Enter Sir Jaspar, Horner, Dorilant.

Sir Jaspar. Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou hast still so much honour in thy mouth—

Horner. (*Aside.*) That she has none elsewhere.

Lady Fid. Oh, what d'ye mean to bring in these upon us? 515

Mrs. Dain. Foh! these are as bad as wits.

Mrs. Squeam. Foh!

Lady Fid. Let us leave the room.

Sir Jasp. Stay, stay; faith, to tell you the naked truth— 520

Lady Fid. Fye, Sir Jaspar! do not use that word naked.

Sir Jasp. Well, well, in short I have busi-
504 *our honours, Q5, our honour.* 521 *that, Q5, the.*

ness at Whitehal, and cannot go to the play with you, therefore wou'd have you go — 525

Lady Fid. With those two to a play?

Sir Jasp. No, not with t'other, but with Mr. Horner; there can be no more scandal to go with him than with Mr. Tattle, or Master Limberham. 530

Lady Fid. With that nasty fellow! no — no.

Sir Jasp. Nay, prethee, dear, hear me.

Whispers to Lady Fid [get].

Horn. Ladies —

Horner, Dorilant drawing near [Mrs.]

Squeamish and [Mrs.] Daint[y Fidget].

Mrs. Dain. Stand off.

Mrs. Squeam. Do not approach us. 535

Mrs. Dain. You heard with the wits, you are obscenity all over.

Mrs. Squeam. And I wou'd as soon look upon a picture of Adam and Eve, without fig leaves, as any of you, if I cou'd help it; therefore keep 540 off, and do not make us sick.

Dorilant. What a divel are these?

Horn. Why, these are pretenders to honour, as criticks to wit, only by censuring others; and as every raw, peevish, out-of-humour'd, affected, 545 dull, tea-drinking, arithmetical fop, sets up for a wit by railing at men of sence, so these for

536 *heard, Q3, herd.*

honour, by railing at the court, and ladies of as great honour as quality.

Sir Jasp. Come, Mr. Horner, I must desire 550
you to go with these ladies to the play, sir.

Horn. I, sir?

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, come, sir.

Horn. I must beg your pardon, sir, and theirs ;
I will not be seen in womens company in pub- 555
lick again for the world.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha, strange aversion !

Mrs. Squeam. No, he's for womens company
in private.

Sir Jasp. He — poor man — he ! hah ! ha ! 560
ha !

Mrs. Dain. 'Tis a greater shame amongst
lew'd fellows to be seen in virtuous womens
company, than for the women to be seen with
them. 565

Horn. Indeed, madam, the time was I only
hated virtuous women, but now I hate the other
too ; I beg your pardon, ladies.

Lady Fid. You are very obliging, sir, because
we wou'd not be troubled with you. 570

Sir Jasp. In sober sadness, he shall go.

Dor. Nay, if he wo' not, I am ready to wait
upon the ladies ; and I think I am the fitter
man.

Sir Jasp. You, sir ! no, I thank you for that. 575

Master Horner is a privileg'd man amongst the virtuous ladies, 'twill be a great while before you are so; heh! he! he! he's my wive's gal-
lant; heh! he! he! No, pray withdraw, sir, for
as I take it, the virtuous ladies have no busi-580
ness with you.

Dor. And I am sure he can have none with them. 'Tis strange a man can't come amongst virtuous women now, but upon the same terms as men are admitted into the Great Turks se-585
raglio. But heavens keep me from being an hombre player with 'em! — But where is Pinch-
wife? *Exit Dorilant.*

Sir Jasp. Come, come, man; what, avoid the sweet society of woman-kind? that sweet, soft,590
gentle, tame, noble creature, woman, made for man's companion —

Horn. So is that soft, gentle, tame, and more noble creature, a spaniel, and has all their tricks; can fawn, lye down, suffer beating, and fawn595
the more; barks at your friends when they come to see you; makes your bed hard, gives you fleas, and the mange sometimes. And all the difference is, the spaniel's the more faithful animal, and fawns but upon one master. 600

Sir Jasp. Heh! he! he!

Mrs. Squeam. O the rude beast!

Mrs. Dain. Insolent brute!

Lady Fid. Brute! stinking, mortify'd, rotten French weather, to dare — 605

Sir Jasp. Hold, an't please your ladyship. — For shame, Master Horner! your mother was a woman — (*Aside.*) Now shall I never reconcile 'em. — [*Aside to Lady Fidget.*] Hark you, madam, take my advice in your anger. You know 610 you often want one to make up your droling pack of hombre players; and you may cheat him easily, for he's an ill gamester, and consequently loves play. Besides, you know, you have but two old civil gentlemen (with stinking 615 breaths too) to wait upon you abroad; take in the third into your service. The other are but crazy; and a lady shou'd have a supernumerary gentleman-usher as a supernumerary coach-horse, least sometimes you shou'd be forc'd to 620 stay at home.

Lady Fid. But are you sure he loves play, and has money?

Sir Jasp. He loves play as much as you, and has money as much as I. 625

Lady Fid. Then I am contented to make him pay for his scurrility. Money makes up in a measure all other wants in men. — (*Aside.*) Those whom we cannot make hold for gallants, we make fine. 630

Sir Jasp. (*Aside.*) So, so; now to mollify,

to wheedle him. — [*Aside to Horner.*] Master Horner, will you never keep civil company? methinks 'tis time now, since you are only fit for them. Come, come, man, you must e'en⁶³⁵ fall to visiting our wives, eating at our tables, drinking tea with our virtuous relations after dinner, dealing cards to 'em, reading plays and Gazets to 'em, picking fleas out of their shocks for 'em, collecting receipts, new songs, women,⁶⁴⁰ pages, and footmen for 'em.

Horn. I hope they'l afford me better employment, sir.

Sir Jasp. Heh! he! he! 'tis fit you know your work before you come into your place.⁶⁴⁵ And since you are unprovided of a lady to flatter, and a good house to eat at, pray frequent mine, and call my wife mistriss, and she shall call you gallant, according to the custom.

Horn. Who, I?

650

Sir Jasp. Faith, thou sha't for my sake; come, for my sake only.

Horn. For your sake —

Sir Jasp. [*To Lady Fidget.*] Come, come, here's a gamester for you; let him be a little⁶⁵⁵ familiar sometimes; nay, what if a little rude? Gamesters may be rude with ladies, you know.

Lady Fid. Yes; losing gamesters have a privilege with women.

Horn. I alwayes thought the contrary, that 660
the winning gamester had most privilege with
women; for when you have lost your money to
a man, you'l loose any thing you have, all you
have, they say, and he may use you as he
pleases. 665

Sir Jasp. Heh! he! he! well, win or loose,
you shall have your liberty with her.

Lady Fid. As he behaves himself; and for
your sake I'll give him admittance and freedom.

Horn. All sorts of freedom, madam? 670

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, ay, all sorts of freedom
thou can'st take. And so go to her, begin thy
new employment; wheedle her, jest with her,
and be better acquainted one with another.

Horn. (*Aside.*) I think I know her already; 675
therefore may venter with her my secret for hers.

Horner and Lady Fidget whisper.

Sir Jasp. [*To Mrs. Dainty Fidget and Mrs.
Squeamish.*] Sister, Cuz, I have provided an in-
nocent play-fellow for you there.

Mrs. Dain. Who, he? 680

Mrs. Squeam. There's a play-fellow, indeed!

Sir Jasp. Yes, sure. — What, he is good
enough to play at cards, blind-mans buff, or the
fool with, sometimes!

Mrs. Squeam. Foh! we'l have no such play-685
fellows.

Mrs. Dain. No, sir; you shan't choose play-fellows for us, we thank you.

Sir Jasp. Nay, pray hear me.

Whispering to them.

Lady Fid. But, poor gentleman, cou'd you be ⁶⁹⁰ so generous, so truly a man of honour, as for the sakes of us women of honour, to cause your self to be reported no man? No man! and to suffer your self the greatest shame that cou'd fall upon a man, that none might fall upon us ⁶⁹⁵ women by your conversation? but, indeed, sir, as perfectly, perfectly the same man as before your going into France, sir? as perfectly, perfectly, sir?

Horn. As perfectly, perfectly, madam. Nay, I ⁷⁰⁰ scorn you shou'd take my word; I desire to be try'd only, madam.

Lady Fid. Well, that's spoken again like a man of honour: all men of honour desire to come to the test. But, indeed, generally you men re- ⁷⁰⁵ port such things of your selves, one does not know how or whom to believe; and it is come to that pass, we dare not take your words, no more than your taylors, without some staid servant of yours be bound with you. But I have so ⁷¹⁰ strong a faith in your honour, dear, dear, noble sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours, at any time, dear sir.

Horn. No, madam, you shou'd not need to forfeit it for me; I have given you security already 715 to save you harmless, my late reputation being so well known in the world, madam.

Lady Fid. But if upon any future falling out, or upon a suspicion of my taking the trust out of your hands, to employ some other, you your self 720 shou'd betray your trust, dear sir? I mean, if you'l give me leave to speak obscenely, you might tell, dear sir.

Horn. If I did, no body wou'd believe me. The reputation of impotency is as hardly recov- 725 er'd again in the world as that of cowardise, dear madam.

Lady Fid. Nay, then, as one may say, you may do your worst, dear, dear sir.

Sir Jasp. Come, is your ladyship reconciled 730 to him yet? have you agreed on matters? for I must be gone to Whitehal.

Lady Fid. Why, indeed, Sir Jaspas, Master Horner is a thousand, thousand times a better man than I thought him. Cosen Squeamish, sis- 735 ter Dainty, I can name him now. Truly, not long ago, you know, I thought his very name obscenity; and I wou'd as soon have lain with him as have nam'd him.

Sir Jasp. Very likely, poor madam.

740

Mrs. Dain. I believe it.

Mrs. Squeam. No doubt on't.

Sir Jasp. Well, well — that your ladyship is as virtuous as any she, I know, and him all the town knows — heh! he! he! therefore, now you 745 like him, get you gone to your business together, go, go to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to my pleasure, business.

Lady Fid. Come than, dear gallant.

Horn. Come away, my dearest mistriss. 750

Sir Jasp. So, so; why, 'tis as I'd have it.

Exit S[i]r Jasp.

Horn. And as I'd have it.

Lady Fid. Who for his business from his wife
will run,
Takes the best care to have her bus'ness done.

Exeunt omnes.

749 *than*, Qq. 2-5, O, *then*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

[*A Room in Pinchwife's House.*]

Alithea and Mrs. Pinchwife.

Alithea. Sister, what ailes you? you are grown melancholy.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Wou'd it not make any one melancholy to see you go every day fluttering about abroad, whil'st I must stay at home like a poor lonely, sullen bird in a cage? 5

Alith. Ay, sister; but you came young, and just from the nest to your cage: so that I thought you lik'd it, and cou'd be as chearful in't as others that took their flight themselves early, and are 10 hopping abroad in the open air.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, I confess I was quiet enough till my husband told me what pure lives the London ladies live abroad, with their dancing, meetings, and junketings, and drest every day in their 15 best gowns; and I warrant you, play at nine pins every day of the week, so they do.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Pinchwife. Come, what's here to do? you are putting the town pleasures in her head, and setting her a longing. 20

Alith. Yes, after nine-pins. You suffer none

to give her those longings you mean but your self.

Pinch. I tell her of the vanities of the town like a confessor. 25

Alith. A confessor! just such a confessor as he that, by forbidding a silly oastler to grease the horses teeth, taught him to do't.

Pinch. Come, Mistriss Flippant, good precepts are lost when bad examples are still before us : the liberty you take abroad makes her hanker after it, and out of humour at home. Poor wretch! she desired not to come to London; I wou'd bring her. 30

Alith. Very well. 35

Pinch. She has been this week in town, and never desired till this afternoon to go abroad.

Alith. Was she not at a play yesterday?

Pinch. Yes; but she ne'er ask'd me; I was my self the cause of her going. 40

Alith. Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her asking, and not my example.

Pinch. Well, to morrow night I shall be rid of you; and the next day, before 'tis light, she and I'll be rid of the town, and my dreadful apprehensions. — Come, be not melancholly; for thou sha't go into the country after to morrow, dearest. 45

Alith. Great comfort!

Mrs. Pinch. Pish! what d'ye tell me of the 50
country for?

Pinch. How's this! what, pish at the country?

Mrs. Pinch. Let me alone; I am not well.

Pinch. O, if that be all — what ailes my dear-
est? 55

Mrs. Pinch. Truly, I don't know: but I
have not been well since you told me there was
a gallant at the play in love with me.

Pinch. Ha! —

Alith. That's by my example too! 60

Pinch. Nay, if you are not well, but are so
concern'd, because a lew'd fellow chanc'd to lye,
and say he lik'd you, you'l make me sick too.

Mrs. Pinch. Of what sickness?

Pinch. O, of that which is worse than the 65
plague, jealousy.

Mrs. Pinch. Pish, you jear! I'm sure there's
no such disease in our receipt-book at home.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) No, thou never met'st with it,
poor innocent. — Well, if thou cuckold me, 70
'twill be my own fault, for cuckolds and bas-
tards are generally makers of their own fortune.

Mrs. Pinch. Well, but pray, bud, let's go to
a play to night.

Pinch. 'Tis just done, she comes from it. But 75
why are you so eager to see a play?

Mrs. Pinch. Faith, dear, not that I care one

pin for their talk there ; but I like to look upon the player-men, and wou'd see, if I cou'd, the gallant you say loves me : that's all, dear bud. 80

Pinch. Is that all, dear bud ?

Alith. This proceeds from my example !

Mrs. Pinch. But if the play be done, let's go abroad, however, dear bud.

Pinch. Come, have a little patience, and thou 85 shalt go into the country on Friday.

Mrs. Pinch. Therefore I wou'd see first some sights, to tell my neighbours of. Nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

Alith. I'm the cause of this desire too! 90

Pinch. But now I think on't, who was the cause of Horners coming to my lodging to day ? That was you.

Alith. No, you, because you wou'd not let him see your handsome wife out of your lodging. 95

Mrs. Pinch. Why, O Lord! did the gentleman come hither to see me indeed ?

Pinch. No, no. — You are not cause of that damn'd question too, Mistriss Alithea ? — (*Aside.*) Well, she's in the right of it. He is in 100 love with my wife — and comes after her — 'tis so — but I'll nip his love in the bud ; least he should follow us into the country, and break his

91 *who*, Qq. 2-5, O, who, who.

98 *not cause*, Q4, Q5, O, not the cause.

chariot-wheel near our house, on purpose for an excuse to come to't. But I think I know the town. 105

Mrs. Pinch. Come, pray, bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late; for I will go, that's flat and plain.

Pinch. (Aside.) So! the obstinacy already of a town-wife; and I must, whilst she's here, humour her like one. — Sister, how shall we do, 110 that she may not be seen, or known?

Alith. Let her put on her mask.

Pinch. Pshaw! a mask makes people but the more inquisitive, and is as ridiculous a disguise as a stage-beard: her shape, stature, habit will 115 be known. And if we shou'd meet with Horner, he wou'd be sure to take acquaintance with us, must wish her joy, kiss her, talk to her, leer upon her, and the devil and all. No, I'll not use her to a mask, 'tis dangerous; for masks have 120 made more cuckolds than the best faces that ever were known.

Alith. How will you do then?

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, shall we go? The Exchange will be shut, and I have a mind to see that. 125

Pinch. So — I have it — I'll dress her up in the suit we are to carry down to her brother, little Sir James; nay, I understand the town tricks. Come, let's go dress her. A mask! no — a woman mask'd, like a cover'd dish, gives a 130

man curiosity, and appetite ; when, it may be, uncover'd, 'twou'd turn his stomach : no, no.

Alith. Indeed your comparison is something a greasie one : but I had a gentle gallant us'd to say, " A beauty mask'd, like the sun in eclipse,¹³⁵ gathers together more gazers than if it shin'd out."

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to the New Exchange.

[*Discovered, Clasp, a bookseller, in his stall.*]

Enter Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant.

Dorilant. Engag'd to women, and not sup with us ?

Horner. Ay, a pox on 'em all !

Harcourt. You were much a more reasonable man in the morning, and had as noble resolutions against 'em, as a widdower of a weeks liberty. 5

Dor. Did I ever think to see you keep company with women in vain ?

Horn. In vain ! no — 'tis, since I can't love 10 'em, to be reveng'd on 'em.

Har. Now your sting is gone, you look'd in the box amongst all those women like a drone in the hive ; all upon you, shov'd and ill-us'd by 'em all, and thrust from one side to t'other. 15

¹³⁵ like, Q1 misprints lik'd. 4 a more, Q5, more a.

Dor. Yet he must be buzzing amongst 'em still, like other old beetle-headed lycorish drones. Avoid 'em, and hate'm, as they hate you.

Horn. Because I do hate 'em, and wou'd hate 'em yet more, I'll frequent 'em. You may see 20 by marriage, nothing makes a man hate a woman more than her constant conversation. In short, I converse with 'em, as you do with rich fools, to laugh at 'em and use 'em ill.

Dor. But I wou'd no more sup with women, 25 unless I cou'd lye with 'em, than sup with a rich coxcomb, unless I cou'd cheat him.

Horn. Yes, I have known thee sup with a fool for his drinking; if he cou'd set out your hand that way only, you were satisfy'd, and 30 if he were a wine-swallowing mouth, 'twas enough.

Har. Yes, a man drink's often with a fool, as he tosses with a marker, only to keep his hand in ure. But do the ladies drink? 35

Horn. Yes, sir; and I shall have the pleasure at least of laying 'em flat with a bottle, and bring as much scandal that way upon 'em as formerly t'other.

Har. Perhaps you may prove as weak a 40 brother amongst 'em that way as t'other.

26 *than*, Q5, *then*.

41 *that way as t'other*, Q5, *as formerly t'other*.

Dor. Foh! drinking with women is as unnatural as scolding with 'em. But 'tis a pleasure of decay'd fornicators, and the basest way of quenching love. 45

Har. Nay, 'tis drowning love, instead of quenching it. But leave us for civil women too!

Dor. Ay, when he can't be the better for 'em. We hardly pardon a man that leaves his friend for a wench, and that's a pretty lawful call. 50

Horn. Faith, I wou'd not leave you for 'em, if they wou'd not drink.

Dor. Who wou'd disappoint his company at Lewis's for a gossiping?

Har. Foh! Wine and women, good apart, 55 together as nauseous as sack and sugar. But hark you, sir, before you go, a little of your advice; an old maim'd general, when unfit for action, is fittest for counsel. I have other designs upon women than eating and drinking with them: 60 I am in love with Sparkish's mistriss, whom he is to marry to morrow; now how shall I get her?

Enter Sparkish, looking about.

Horn. Why, here comes one will help you to her.

Har. He! he, I tell you, is my rival, and will 65 hinder my love.

56 *together as nauseous*, Hunt and Ward read, together are as nauseous.

Horn. No; a foolish rival and a jealous husband assist their rivals designs; for they are sure to make their women hate them, which is the first step to their love for another man. 70

Har. But I cannot come near his mistriss but in his company.

Horn. Still the better for you; for fools are most easily cheated when they themselves are accessaries: and he is to be bubled of his mistriss, as of his money, the common mistriss, by keeping him company. 75

Sparkish. Who is that that is to be bubled? Faith, let me snack; I han't met with a buble since Christmas. Gad, I think bubbles are like their brother woodcocks, go out with the cold weather. 80

Har. (*Apart to Horner.*) A pox! he did not hear all, I hope.

Spark. Come, you bubling rogues you, where do we sup? — Oh, Harcourt, my mistriss tells me you have been making fierce love to her all the play long: hah! ha! — But I — 85

Har. I make love to her?

Spark. Nay, I forgive thee, for I think I know thee, and I know her; but I am sure I know my self. 90

Har. Did she tell you so? I see all women are like these of the Exchange; who, to enhance

the price of their commodities, report to their 95
fond customers offers which were never made
'em.

Horn. Ay, women are as apt to tell before the
intrigue, as men after it, and so shew themselves
the vainer sex. But hast thou a mistriss, Spark-100
ish? 'Tis as hard for me to believe it, as that
thou ever hadst a buble, as you brag'd just now.

Spark. O, your servant, sir: are you at your
raillery, sir? But we were some of us beforehand
with you to day at the play. The wits were 105
something bold with you, sir; did you not hear
us laugh?

Horn. Yes; but I thought you had gone to
plays to laugh at the poets wit, not at your own.

Spark. Your servant, sir: no, I thank you. 110
Gad, I go to a play as to a country-treat; I carry
my own wine to one, and my own wit to t'other,
or else I'm sure I shou'd not be merry at either.
And the reason why we are so often lowder than
the players, is, because we think we speak more 115
wit, and so become the poets rivals in his audi-
ence: for to tell you the truth, we hate the silly
rogues; nay, so much, that we find fault even
with their bawdy upon the stage, whilst we talk
nothing else in the pit as lowd. 120

Horn. But why should'st thou hate the silly

98 *as*, O omits.

105 *were*, Qq. 2-5, O, are.

poets? Thou hast too much wit to be one; and they, like whores, are only hated by each other: and thou dost scorn writing, I'm sure.

Spark. Yes; I'd have you to know I scorn writ-¹²⁵ing: but women, women, that make men do all foolish things, make 'em write songs too. Every body does it. 'Tis ev'n as common with lovers, as playing with fans; and you can no more help rhyming to your Phyllis, than drinking to your¹³⁰ Phyllis.

Har. Nay, poetry in love is no more to be avoided than jealousy.

Dor. But the poets damn'd your songs, did they?¹³⁵

Spark. Damn the poets! they turn'd 'em into burlesque, as they call it. That burlesque is a *hocus-pocus-trick* they have got, which, by the virtue of *Hictius doctius, topsey turvey*, they make a wise and witty man in the world, a fool upon¹⁴⁰ the stage, you know not how: and 'tis therefore I hate 'em too, for I know not but it may be my own case; for they'l put a man into a play for looking a squint. Their predecessors were contented to make serving-men only their stage-¹⁴⁵fools: but these rogues must have gentlemen, with a pox to 'em, nay, knights; and, indeed,

124 *I m*, *Q1* misprints I'am; *Qq.* 2-5, O, I'm.

136 *turn'd*, O, have turn'd.

you shall hardly see a fool upon the stage but he's a knight. And to tell you the truth, they have kept me these six years from being a knight 150 in earnest, for fear of being knighted in a play, and dubb'd a fool.

Dor. Blame 'em not, they must follow their copy, the age.

Har. But why should'st thou be afraid of being 155 in a play, who expose your self every day in the play-houses, and at publick places?

Horn. 'Tis but being on the stage, instead of standing on a bench in the pit.

Dor. Don't you give money to painters to 160 draw you like? and are you afraid of your pictures at length in a play-house, where all your mistresses may see you?

Spark. A pox! painters don't draw the small pox or pimples in ones face. Come, damn all 165 your silly authors whatever, all books and book-sellers, by the world; and all readers, courteous or uncourteous!

Har. But who comes here, Sparkish?

Enter Mr. Pinchwife and his wife in mans cloaths, Alithea, Lucy, her maid.

Spark. Oh, hide me! There's my mistriss too. 170
Sparkish hides himself behind Harcourt.

153 follow their, Q5, follow in their.

157 at, Q1, Q2, misprint as.

Har. She sees you.

Spark. But I will not see her. 'Tis time to go to Whitehal, and I must not fail the drawing room.

Har. Pray, first carry me, and reconcile me 175
to her.

Spark. Another time. Faith, the king will have sup't.

Har. Not with the worse stomach for thy absence. Thou art one of those fools that think 180
their attendance at the king's meals as necessary as his physicians, when you are more troublesome to him than his doctors or his dogs.

Spark. Pshaw! I know my interest, sir. Prethee hide me. 185

Horn. Your servant, Pinchwife. — What, he knows us not!

Pinchwife. (*To his wife aside.*) Come along.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Pray, have you any ballads? give me six-penny worth. 190

Clasp. We have no ballads.

Mrs. Pinch. Then give me Covent-garden-Drollery, and a play or two — Oh, here's Tarugos Wiles, and The Slighted Maiden; I'll have them. 195

Pinch. (*Apart to her.*) No; playes are not for your reading. Come along; will you discover your self?

Horn. Who is that pretty youth with him, Sparkish? 200

Spark. I believe his wife's brother, because he's something like her: but I never saw her but once.

Horn. Extreemly handsom; I have seen a face like it too. Let us follow 'em.

Exeunt Pinchwife, Mistriss Pinchwife; Alithea, Lucy, Horner, Dorilant following them.

Har. Come, Sparkish, your mistriss saw you, 205 and will be angry you go not to her. Besides, I wou'd fain be reconcil'd to her, which none but you can do, dear friend.

Spark. Well, that's a better reason, dear friend. I wou'd not go near her now for her's or my 210 own sake; but I can deny you nothing: for though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance.

Har. I am oblig'd to you indeed, dear friend. I wou'd be well with her, only to be well with 215 thee still; for these tyes to wives usually dissolve all tyes to friends. I wou'd be contented she shou'd enjoy you a nights, but I wou'd have you to my self a dayes as I have had, dear friend.

Spark. And thou shalt enjoy me a dayes, dear, 220 dear friend, never stir: and I'll be divorced from her, sooner than from thee. Come along.

220-221 *dear, dear, Q3, Q5, dear.*

Har. (*Aside.*) So, we are hard put to't, when we make our rival our procurer; but neither she nor her brother wou'd let me come near her²²⁵ now. When all's done, a rival is the best cloak to steal to a mistress under, without suspicion; and when we have once got to her as we desire, we throw him off like other cloaks.

Exit Sparkish, and Harcourt following him.

Re-enter Mr. Pinchwife, Mistress Pinchwife in man's cloaths.

Pinch. (*To Alithea.*) Sister, if you will not go,²³⁰ we must leave you — (*Aside.*) The fool her gallant and she will muster up all the young santerers of this place, and they will leave their dear seamstresses to follow us. What a swarm of cuckolds and cuckold-makers are here! —²³⁵ Come, let's be gone, Mistriss Margery.

Mrs. Pinch. Don't you believe that; I han't half my belly full of sights yet.

Pinch. Then walk this way.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what a power of brave²⁴⁰ signs are here! stay — the Bull's-Head, the Rams-Head, and the Stags-Head, dear —

Pinch. Nay, if every husbands proper sign here were visible, they wou'd be all alike.

Mrs. Pinch. What d'ye mean by that, bud? ²⁴⁵

Pinch. 'Tis no matter — no matter, bud.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray tell me: nay, I will know.

Pinch. They wou'd be all Bulls, Stags, and Rams heads.

Exeunt Mr. Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife.

Re-enter Sparkish, Harcourt, Alithea, Lucy, at t' other door.

Spark. Come, dear madam, for my sake you 250 shall be reconciled to him.

Alithea. For your sake I hate him.

Har. That's something too cruel, madam, to hate me for his sake.

Spark. Ay indeed, madam, too, too cruel to 255 me, to hate my friend for my sake.

Alith. I hate him because he is your enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

Spark. That's a good one! I hate a man 260 for loving you? If he did love you, 'tis but what he can't help; and 'tis your fault, not his, if he admires you. I hate a man for being of my opinion? I'll ne'er do't, by the world. 265

Alith. Is it for your honour, or mine, to suffer a man to make love to me, who am to marry you to morrow?

Spark. Is it for your honour, or mine, to have me jealous? That he makes love to you, is a sign 270 you are handsome; and that I am not jealous, is

a sign you are virtuous. That, I think, is for your honour.

Alith. But 'tis your honour too I am concerned for. 275

Har. But why, dearest madam, will you be more concern'd for his honour than he is himself? Let his honour alone, for my sake and his. He! he has no honour —

Spark. How's that? 280

Har. But what my dear friend can guard himself.

Spark. O ho! — that's right again.

Har. Your care of his honour argues his neglect of it, which is no honour to my dear friend 285 here. Therefore once more, let his honour go which way it will, dear madam.

Spark. Ay, ay; were it for my honour to marry a woman whose virtue I suspected, and cou'd not trust her in a friends hands? 290

Alith. Are you not afraid to loose me?

Har. He afraid to loose you, madam! No, no — you may see how the most estimable and most glorious creature in the world is valued by him. Will you not see it? 295

Spark. Right, honest Franck, I have that noble value for her that I cannot be jealous of her.

Alith. You mistake him. He means, you care not for me, nor who has me.

Spark. Lord, madam, I see you are jealous! 300
Will you wrest a poor mans meaning from his words?

Alith. You astonish me, sir, with your want of jealousy.

Spark. And you make me guiddy, madam, with 305
your jealousy and fears, and virtue and honour. Gad, I see virtue makes a woman as troublesome as a little reading or learning.

Alith. Monstrous!

Lucy. (*Behind.*) Well, to see what easie hus- 310
bands these women of quality can meet with! a poor chamber-maid can never have such lady-like luck. Besides, he's thrown away upon her. She'l make no use of her fortune, her blessing, none to a gentleman, for a pure cuckold; for it 315
requires good breeding to be a cuckold.

Alith. I tell you then plainly, he pursues me to marry me.

Spark. Pshaw!

Har. Come, madam, you see you strive in 320
vain to make him jealous of me. My dear friend is the kindest creature in the world to me.

Spark. Poor fellow!

Har. But his kindness only is not enough for me, without your favour; your good opinion, dear 325
madam, 'tis that must perfect my happiness. Good gentleman, he believes all I say: wou'd you

wou'd do so! Jealous of me! I wou'd not wrong him nor you for the world.

Spark. Look you there. Hear him, hear him, 330
and do not walk away so.

Alithea walks carelessly to and fro.

Har. I love you, madam, so—

Spark. How's that? Nay, now you begin to go too far indeed.

Har. So much, I confess, I say, I love you, 335
that I wou'd not have you miserable, and cast your self away upon so unworthy and inconsiderable a thing as what you see here.

Clapping his hand on his breast, points at Sparkish.

Spark. No, faith, I believe thou woud'st not, now his meaning is plain; but I knew before 340
thou woud'st not wrong me, nor her.

Har. No, no, Heavens forbid the glory of her sex shou'd fall so low, as into the embraces of such a contemptible wretch, the l[e]ast of mankind — my dear friend here — I injure him! 345

Embracing Sparkish.

Alith. Very well.

Spark. No, no, dear friend, I knew it. — Madam, you see he will rather wrong himself than me, in giving himself such names.

Alith. Do not you understand him yet? 350

Spark. Yes: how modestly he speaks of himself, poor fellow!

Alith. Methinks he speaks impudently of your self, since — before your self too; insomuch that I can no longer suffer his scurrilous abusiveness to 355 you, no more than his love to me. *Offers to go.*

Spark. Nay, nay, madam, pray stay — his love to you! Lord, madam, has he not spoke yet plain enough?

Alith. Yes, indeed, I shou'd think so. 360

Spark. Well then, by the world, a man can't speak civilly to a woman now, but presently she says, he makes love to her. Nay, madam, you shall stay, with your pardon, since you have not yet understood him, till he has made an eclair-365 cissement of his love to you, that is, what kind of love it is. Answer to thy catechisme: friend, do you love my mistress here?

Har. Yes, I wish she wou'd not doubt it.

Spark. But how do you love her? 370

Har. With all my soul.

Alith. I thank him, methinks he speaks plain enough now.

Spark. (*To Alithea.*) You are out still. — But with what kind of love, Harcourt? 375

Har. With the best and truest love in the world.

376 truest, O, the truest.

Spark. Look you there then, that is with no matrimonial love, I'm sure.

Alith. How's that? do you say matrimonial 380
love is not best?

Spark. Gad, I went too far e're I was aware.
But speak for thy self, Harcourt, you said you
wou'd not wrong me nor her.

Har. No, no, madam, e'n take him for 385
Heaven's sake —

Spark. Look you there, madam.

Har. Who shou'd in all justice be yours, he
that loves you most. *Claps his hand on his breast.*

Alith. Look you there, Mr. Sparkish, who's that? 390

Spark. Who should it be? — Go on, Harcourt.

Har. Who loves you more than women titles,
or fortune fools. *Points at Sparkish.*

Spark. Look you there, he means me stil, for
he points at me. 395

Alith. Ridiculous!

Har. Who can only match your faith and
constancy in love.

Spark. Ay.

Har. Who knows, if it be possible, how to 400
value so much beauty and virtue.

Spark. Ay.

Har. Whose love can no more be equal'd in
the world, than that heavenly form of yours.

403 *no more be, Q5, be no more.*

Spark. No.

405

Har. Who cou'd no more suffer a rival, than your absence, and yet cou'd no more suspect your virtue, than his own constancy in his love to you.

Spark. No.

410

Har. Who, in fine, loves you better than his eyes, that first made him love you.

Spark. Ay — Nay, madam, faith, you shan't go till —

Alith. Have a care, lest you make me stay too long.

Spark. But till he has saluted you ; that I may be assur'd you are friends, after his honest advice and declaration. Come, pray, madam, be friends with him.

420

[*Re-*]enter *Master Pinchwife, Mistriss Pinchwife.*

Alith. You must pardon me, sir, that I am not yet so obedient to you.

Pinch. What, invite your wife to kiss men? Monstrous! are you not asham'd? I will never forgive you.

425

Spark. Are you not asham'd, that I shou'd have more confidence in the chastity of your family than you have? You must not teach me ;

417 *he*, Q5 misprints *she*.

423 *Pinch.* *What, invite . . .* Q2, Q3, assign this speech to Mrs. Pinchwife.

I am a man of honour, sir, though I am frank
and free; I am frank, sir— 430

Pinch. Very frank, sir, to share your wife with
your friends.

Spark. He is an humble, menial friend, such
as reconciles the differences of the marriage-bed;
you know man and wife do not alwayes agree; 435
I design him for that use, therefore wou'd have
him well with my wife.

Pinch. A menial friend! — you will get a great
many menial friends, by shewing your wife as
you do. 440

Spark. What then? It may be I have a pleas-
ure in't, as I have to shew fine clothes at a play-
house, the first day, and count money before poor
rogues.

Pinch. He that shews his wife or money, will 445
be in danger of having them borrowed some-
times.

Spark. I love to be envy'd, and wou'd not
marry a wife that I alone cou'd love; loving
alone is as dull as eating alone. Is it not a frank 450
age? and I am a frank person; and to tell you
the truth, it may be I love to have rivals in a
wife, they make her seem to a man still but as a
kept mistriss; and so good night, for I must to
Whitehal. — Madam, I hope you are now rec- 455
oncil'd to my friend; and so I wish you a good

night, madam, and sleep if you can : for to morrow you know I must visit you early with a canonical gentleman. Good night, dear Harcourt.

Exit Sparkish.

Har. Madam, I hope you will not refuse my⁴⁶⁰ visit to morrow, if it shou'd be earlier with a canonical gentleman than Mr. Sparkish's.

Pinch. This gentle-woman is yet under my care, therefore you must yet forbear your freedom with her, sir. 465

Coming between Alithea and Harcourt.

Har. Must, sir?

Pinch. Yes, sir, she is my sister.

Har. 'Tis well she is, sir — for I must be her servant, sir. — Madam —

Pinch. Come away, sister, we had been gone,⁴⁷⁰ if it had not been for you, and so avoided these lewd rakehells, who seem to haunt us.

[Re-]enter Horner, Dorilant to them.

Horn. How now, Pinchwife!

Pinch. Your servant.

Horn. What! I see a little time in the coun-⁴⁷⁵try makes a man turn wild and unsociable, and only fit to converse with his horses, dogs, and his herds.

Pinch. I have business, sir, and must mind

467 *she is*, Q5, she's.

478 *herds*, Q5, herd.

472 *lewd*, Q5 omits.

it; your business is pleasure, therefore you and 480
I must go different wayes.

Horn. Well, you may go on, but this pretty
young gentleman —

Takes hold of Mrs. Pinchwife.

Har. The lady —

Dor. And the maid —

485

Horn. Shall stay with us; for I suppose their
business is the same with ours, pleasure.

Pinch. (Aside.) 'Sdeath, he knows her, she
carries it so sillily! yet if he does not, I shou'd
be more silly to discover it first.

490

Alith. Pray, let us go, sir.

Pinch. Come, come —

Horn. (To Mrs. Pinchwife.) Had you not
rather stay with us? — Prethee, Pinchwife, who
is this pretty young gentleman?

495

Pinch. One to whom I'm a guardian. —
(*Aside.*) I wish I cou'd keep her out of your
hands.

Horn. Who is he? I never saw any thing so
pretty in all my life.

500

Pinch. Pshaw! do not look upon him so
much, he's a poor bashful youth, you'l put him
out of countenance. — Come away, brother.

Offers to take her away.

495 *this*, Q5, *that*.

496 *I'm a guardian*, Q5, *I am guardian*.

Horn. O, your brother!

Pinch. Yes, my wifes brother. — Come, come, ⁵⁰⁵
she'l stay supper for us.

Horn. I thought so, for he is very like her
I saw you at the play with, whom I told you I
was in love with.

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside.*) O jeminy! is this he ⁵¹⁰
that was in love with me? I am glad on't, I
vow, for he's a curious fine gentleman, and
I love him already too. — (*To Mr. Pinchwife.*)
Is this he, bud?

Pinch. (*To his wife.*) Come away, come ⁵¹⁵
away.

Horn. Why, what hast are you in? why
wont you let me talk with him?

Pinch. Because you'l debauch him; he's yet
young and innocent, and I wou'd not have him ⁵²⁰
debauch'd for any thing in the world. — (*Aside.*)
How she gazes on him! the divel!

Horn. Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here,
this is the likeness of that dowdey he told us
of, his wife; did you ever see a lovelyer crea- ⁵²⁵
ture? The rogue has reason to be jealous of his
wife, since she is like him, for she wou'd make
all that see her in love with her.

Har. And as I remember now, she is as like
him here as can be. 530

⁵¹⁰ *this*, Q9. 2-5, O, that.

⁵¹¹ *I am*, Q5, I'm.

Dor. She is indeed very pretty, if she be like him.

Horn. Very pretty? a very pretty commendation! — she is a glorious creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever beheld. 535

Pinch. So, so.

Har. More beautiful than a poets first mistress of imagination.

Horn. Or another mans last mistress of flesh and blood. 540

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, now you jeer, sir; pray don't jeer me.

Pinch. Come, come. — (*Aside.*) By Heavens, she'll discover her self!

Horn. I speak of your sister, sir. 545

Pinch. Ay, but saying she was handsom, if like him, made him blush. — (*Aside.*) I am upon a wrack!

Horn. Methinks he is so handsom he shou'd not be a man. 550

Pinch. [*Aside.*] O, there 'tis out! he has discovered her! I am not able to suffer any longer. — (*To his wife.*) Come, come away, I say.

Horn. Nay, by your leave, sir, he shall not go yet. — (*[Aside] to them.*) Harcourt, Dorilant, 555 let us torment this jealous rogue a little.

Har. Dor. How?

Horn. I'll shew you.

Pinch. Come, pray let him go, I cannot stay fooling any longer; I tell you his sister stays 560 supper for us.

Horn. Do's she? Come then, we'l all go sup with her and thee.

Pinch. No, now I think on't, having staid so long for us, I warrant she's gone to bed.— 565
(*Aside.*) I wish she and I were well out of their hands.— [*To his wife.*] Come, I must rise early to morrow, come.

Horn. Well then, if she be gone to bed, I wish her and you a good night. But pray, young 570 gentleman, present my humble service to her.

Mrs. Pinch. Thank you heartily, sir.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) S'death, she will discover her self yet in spight of me.— He is something more civil to you, for your kindness to his sis- 575 ter, than I am, it seems.

Horn. Tell her, dear, sweet little gentleman, for all your brother there, that you have reviv'd the love I had for her at first sight in the play- 580 house.

Mrs. Pinch. But did you love her indeed, and indeed?

Pinch. (*Aside.*) So, so. — Away, I say.

Horn. Nay, stay. — Yes, indeed, and indeed; pray do you tell her so, and give her this kiss 585 from me.
Kisses her.

Pinch. (Aside.) O Heavens! what do I suffer? Now 'tis too plain he knows her, and yet —

Horn. And this, and this —

Kisses her again.

Mrs. Pinch. What do you kiss me for? I am 590
no woman.

Pinch. (Aside.) So, there, 'tis out. — Come, I cannot, nor will stay any longer.

Horn. Nay, they shall send your lady a kiss too. Here, Harcourt, Dorilant, will you not? 595

They kiss her.

Pinch. (Aside.) How! do I suffer this? Was I not accusing another just now for this rascally patience, in permitting his wife to be kiss'd before his face? Ten thousand ulcers gnaw away their lips! — Come, come. 600

Horn. Good night, dear little gentleman; madam, good night; farewell, Pinchwife. — (*Apart to Harcourt and Dorilant.*) Did not I tell you I wou'd raise his jealous gall?

Exeunt Horner, Harcourt and Dorilant.

Pinch. So, they are gone at last; stay, let me 605
see first if the coach be at this door. *Exit.*

Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant return.

Horn. What, not gone yet? Will you be sure to do as I desired you, sweet sir?

Mrs. Pinch. Sweet sir, but what will you give me then? 610

Horn. Any thing. Come away into the next walk.

Exit Horner, baling away Mrs. Pinchwife.

Alith. Hold! hold! what d'ye do?

Lucy. Stay, stay, hold —

Har. Hold, madam, hold! let him present⁶¹⁵ him — he'l come presently; nay, I will never let you go till you answer my question.

Lucy. For God's sake, sir, I must follow 'em.

Alithea, Lucy, struggling with Harcourt and Dorilant.

Dor. No, I have something to present you with too, you shan't follow them. 620

Pinchwife returns.

Pinch. Where? — how? — what's become of? — gone! — whither?

Lucy. He's only gone with the gentleman, who will give him something, an't please your worship. 625

Pinch. Something! — give him something, with a pox! — where are they?

Alith. In the next walk only, brother.

Pinch. Only, only! where, where?

Exit Pinchwife and returns presently, then goes out again.

Har. What's the matter with him? why so⁶³⁰ much concern'd? But, dearest madam —

⁶²³ gentleman, Q4, Q5, O, gentlemen.

Alith. Pray let me go, sir; I have said and suffer'd enough already.

Har. Then you will not look upon, nor pity, my sufferings? 635

Alith. To look upon 'em, when I cannot help 'em, were cruelty, not pity; therefore I will never see you more.

Har. Let me then, madam, have my privilege of a banished lover, complaining or railing, and giving you but a farewell reason why, if you cannot condescend to marry me, you shou'd not take that wretch, my rival. 640

Alith. He only, not you, since my honour is engag'd so far to him, can give me a reason why I shou'd not marry him; but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I must be so to him. 645
Your servant, sir.

Har. Have women only constancy when 'tis a vice, and [are], like Fortune, only true to fools? 650

Dor. (*To Lucy, who struggles to get from him.*)
Thou sha't not stir, thou robust creature; you see I can deal with you, therefore you shou'd stay the rather, and be kind.

[*Re-*]enter *Pinchwife*.

Pinch. Gone, gone, not to be found! quite gone! ten thousand plagues go with 'em! 655
Which way went they?

650 [*are*], Qq. 1-3 omit.

Alith. But into t'other walk, brother.

Lucy. Their business will be done presently, sure, an't please your worship; it can't be long 660 in doing, I'm sure on't.

Alith. Are they not there?

Pinch. No, you know where they are, you infamous wretch, eternal shame of your family, which you do not dishonour enough your self, 665 you think, but you must help her to do it too, thou legion of bawds!

Alith. Good brother—

Pinch. Damn'd, damn'd sister!

Alith. Look you here, she's coming. 670

[*Re-*]enter *Mistriss Pinchwife* in mans cloaths, running, with her hat under her arm, full of oranges and dried fruit, *Horner* following.

Mrs. Pinch. O dear bud, look you here what I have got, see!

Pinch. (*Aside, rubbing his forehead.*) And what I have got here too, which you can't see.

Mrs. Pinch. The fine gentleman has given 675 me better things yet.

Pinch. Ha's he so? — (*Aside.*) Out of breath and colour'd! — I must hold yet.

Horn. I have only given your little brother an orange, sir. 680

Pinch. (*To Horner.*) Thank you, sir.—

674 *I have, Q5, have I.*

(*Aside.*) You have only squeez'd my orange, I suppose, and given it me again; yet I must have a city-patience.— (*To his wife.*) Come, come away.

Mrs. Pinch. Stay, till I have put up my fine 685 things, bud.

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget.

Sir Jaspar. O, Master Horner, come, come, the ladies stay for you; your mistriss, my wife, wonders you make not more hast to her.

Horn. I have staid this half hour for you here, 690 and 'tis your fault I am not now with your wife.

Sir Jasp. But, pray, don't let her know so much; the truth on't is, I was advancing a certain project to his majesty, about — I'll tell you.

Horn. No, let's go, and hear it at your house. 695 Good night, sweet little gentleman; one kiss more, you'll remember me now, I hope. *Kisses her.*

Dor. What, Sir Jaspar, will you separate friends? He promis'd to sup with us, and if you take him to your house, you'll be in danger of 700 our company too.

Sir Jasp. Alas! gentlemen, my house is not fit for you; there are none but civil women there, which are not for your turn. He, you know, can bear with the society of civil women 705 now, ha! ha! ha! besides, he's one of my family — he's — heh! heh! heh!

Dor. What is he?

Sir Jasp. Faith, my eunuch, since you'l have it; heh! he! he! *Exit Sir Jaspas Fidget, and Horner.* 710

Dor. I rather wish thou wert his or my cuckold. Harcourt, what a good cuckold is lost there for want of a man to make him one! Thee and I cannot have Horners privilege, who can make use of it. 715

Har. Ay, to poor Horner 'tis like coming to an estate at threescore, when a man can't be the better for't.

Pinch. Come.

Mrs. Pinch. Presently, bud. 720

Dor. Come, let us go too. — (*To Alith[ea].*) Madam, your servant. — (*To Lucy.*) Good night, strapper.

Har. Madam, though you will not let me have a good day or night, I wish you one; but 725 dare not name the other half of my wish.

Alith. Good night, sir, for ever.

Mrs. Pinch. I don't know where to put this here, dear bud, you shall eat it; nay, you shall have part of the fine gentlemans good things, 730 or treat, as you call it, when we come home.

Pinch. Indeed, I deserve it, since I furnish'd the best part of it. *Strikes away the orange.*

The gallant treates presents, and gives the ball;
But 'tis the absent cuckold pays for all. 735

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT 4. SCENE I.

In Pinchwife's House in the morning.

Lucy, Alithea dress'd in new cloths.

Lucy. Well — madam, now have I dress'd you, and set you out with so many ornaments, and spent upon you ounces of essence and pulvilio; and all this for no other purpose but as people adorn and perfume a corps for a stinking second-hand-grave: such, or as bad, I think Master Sparkish's bed. 5

Alithea. Hold your peace.

Lucy. Nay, madam, I will ask you the reason why you wou'd banish poor Master Harcourt 10 for ever from your sight; how cou'd you be so hard-hearted?

Alith. 'Twas because I was not hard-hearted.

Lucy. No, no; 'twas stark love and kindness, I warrant. 15

Alith. It was so; I wou'd see him no more because I love him.

Lucy. Hey day, a very pretty reason!

Alith. You do not understand me.

Lucy. I wish you may your self. 20

Alith. I was engag'd to marry, you see, an-

other man, whom my justice will not suffer me to deceive or injure.

Lucy. Can there be a greater cheat or wrong done to a man than to give him your person 25 without your heart? I shou'd make a conscience of it.

Alith. I'll retrieve it for him after I am married a while.

Lucy. The woman that marries to love better, will be as much mistaken as the wencher that marries to live better. No, madam, marrying to encrease love is like gaming to become rich; alas! you only loose what little stock you had before. 35

Alith. I find by your rhetorick you have been brib'd to betray me.

Lucy. Only by his merit, that has brib'd your heart, you see, against your word and rigid honour. But what a divel is this honour? 'tis sure 40 a disease in the head, like the megrim, or falling-sickness, that alwayes hurries people away to do themselves mischief. Men loose their lives by it; women, what's dearer to 'em, their love, the life of life. 45

Alith. Come, pray talk you no more of honour, nor Master Harcourt; I wish the other wou'd come, to secure my fidelity to him and his right in me.

Lucy. You will marry him then?

50

Alith. Certainly, I have given him already my word, and will my hand too, to make it good, when he comes.

Lucy. Well, I wish I may never stick pin more, if he be not an errant natural, to t'other 55 fine gentleman.

Alith. I own he wants the wit of Harcourt, which I will dispense withal for another want he has, which is want of jealousie, which men of wit seldom want.

60

Lucy. Lord, madam, what shou'd you do with a fool to your husband? You intend to be honest, don't you? then that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

Alith. He only that could suspect my virtue 65 shou'd have cause to do it; 'tis Sparkish's confidence in my truth that obliges me to be so faithful to him.

Lucy. You are not sure his opinion may last.

Alith. I am satisfied, 'tis impossible for him 70 to be jealous, after the proofs I have had of him. Jealousie in a husband — Heaven defend me from it! it begets a thousand plagues to a poor woman, the loss of her honour, her quiet, and her —

Lucy. And her pleasure.

75

Alith. What d'ye mean, impertinent?

Lucy. Liberty is a great pleasure, madam.

Alith. I say, loss of her honour, her quiet, nay, her life sometimes; and what's as bad almost, the loss of this town; that is, she is sent into the country, which is the last ill usage of a husband to a wife, I think. 80

Lucy. (*Aside.*) O, do's the wind lye there? — Then of necessity, madam, you think a man must carry his wife into the country, if he be wise. 85
The country is as terrible, I find, to our young English ladies, as a monastery to those abroad; and on my virginity, I think they wou'd rather marry a London-goaler, than a high sheriff of a county, since neither can stir from his employ- 90
ment. Formerly women of wit married fools for a great estate, a fine seat, or the like; but now 'tis for a pretty seat only in Lincoln's Inn-fields, St. James's-fields, or the Pall-mall.

Enter to them Sparkish, and Harcourt, dress'd like a Parson.

Sparkish. Madam, your humble servant, a 95
happy day to you, and to us all.

Harcourt. Amen.

Alith. Who have we here?

Spark. My chaplain, faith — O madam, poor Harcourt remembers his humble service to you; 100
and, in obedience to your last commands, refrains coming into your sight.

89 than, Q5, then.

Alith. Is not that he?

Spark. No, fye, no; but to shew that he ne're intended to hinder our match, has sent his brother here to joyn our hands. When I get me a wife, I must get her a chaplain, according to the custom; this is his brother, and my chaplain. 105

Alith. His brother? 110

Lucy. (*Aside.*) And your chaplain, to preach in your pulpit then —

Alith. His brother!

Spark. Nay, I knew you wou'd not believe it. — I told you, sir, she wou'd take you for your brother Frank. 115

Alith. Believe it!

Lucy. (*Aside.*) His brother! hah! ha! he! he has a trick left still, it seems.

Spark. Come, my dearest, pray let us go to church before the canonical hour is past. 120

Alith. For shame, you are abus'd still.

Spark. By the world, 'tis strange now you are so incredulous.

Alith. 'Tis strange you are so credulous. 125

Spark. Dearest of my life, hear me. I tell you this is Ned Harcourt of Cambridge, by the world; you see he has a sneaking colledg look. 'Tis true he's something like his brother Frank; and

111 (*Aside.*), Q5 omits.

they differ from each other no more than in¹³⁰
their age, for they were twins.

Lucy. [*Aside.*] Hah! ha! he!

Alith. Your servant, sir; I cannot be so de-
ceiv'd, though you are. But come, let's hear, how
do you know what you affirm so confidently? ¹³⁵

Spark. Why, I'll tell you all. Frank Harcourt
coming to me this morning, to wish me joy, and
present his service to you, I ask'd him if he cou'd
help me to a parson. Whereupon he told me,
he had a brother in town who was in orders; ¹⁴⁰
and he went straight away, and sent him you see
there to me.

Alith. Yes, Frank goes and puts on a black-
coat, then tell's you he is Ned; that's all you
have for't. ¹⁴⁵

Spark. Pshaw! pshaw! I tell you, by the same
token, the midwife put her garter about Frank's
neck, to know 'em asunder, they were so like.

Alith. Frank tell's you this too?

Spark. Ay, and Ned there too: nay, they are ¹⁵⁰
both in a story.

Alith. So, so; very foolish.

Spark. Lord, if you won't believe one, you
had best trye him by your chamber-maid there;
for chamber-maids must needs know chaplains ¹⁵⁵
from other men, they are so us'd to 'em.

Lucy. Let's see: nay, I'll be sworn he has the canonical smirk, and the filthy, clammy palm of a chaplain.

Alith. Well, most reverend Doctor, pray let us make an end of this fooling. 160

Har. With all my soul, divine, heavenly creature, when you please.

Alith. He speaks like a chaplain indeed.

Spark. Why, was there not soul, divine, heavenly, in what he said? 165

Alith. Once more, most impertinent black-coat, cease your persecution, and let us have a conclusion of this ridiculous love.

Har. (*Aside.*) I had forgot, I must sute my stile to my coat, or I wear it in vain. 170

Alith. I have no more patience left; let us make once an end of this troublesome love, I say.

Har. So be it, seraphick lady, when your honour shall think it meet and convenient so to do. 175

Spark. Gad, I'm sure none but a chaplain cou'd speak so, I think.

Alith. Let me tell you, sir, this dull trick will not serve your turn; though you delay our marriage, you shall not hinder it. 180

Har. Far be it from me, munificent patroness, to delay your marriage; I desire nothing more



than to marry you presently, which I might do, 185
if you your self wou'd; for my noble, good-
natur'd, and thrice generous patron here wou'd
not hinder it.

Spark. No, poor man, not I, faith.

Har. And now, madam, let me tell you 190
plainly no body else shall marry you; by Heav-
ens! I'll die first, for I'm sure I shou'd die
after it.

Lucy. [*Aside.*] How his love has made him
forget his function, as I have seen it in real 195
parsons!

Alith. That was spoken like a chaplain too!
now you understand him, I hope.

Spark. Poor man, he takes it hainously to be
refus'd; I can't blame him, 'tis putting an in- 200
dignity upon him, not to be suffer'd; but you'l
pardon me, madam, it shan't be; he shall marry
us; come away, pray, madam.

Lucy. [*Aside.*] Hah! ha! he! more ado! 'tis
late. 205

Alith. Invincible stupidity! I tell you, he wou'd
marry me as your rival, not as your chaplain.

Spark. Come, come, madam. *Pulling her away.*

Lucy. I pray, madam, do not refuse this rever-
end divine the honour and satisfaction of 210
marrying you; for I dare say, he has set his
heart upon't, good Doctor.

Alith. What can you hope or design by this?

Har. [*Aside.*] I cou'd answer her, a reprieve for a day only often revokes a hasty doom. At²¹⁵ worst, if she will not take mercy on me, and let me marry her, I have at least the lovers second pleasure, hindring my rivals enjoyment, though but for a time.

Spark. Come, madam, 'tis e'ne twelve a clock,²²⁰ and my mother charg'd me never to be married out of the canonical hours. Come, come; Lord, here's such a deal of modesty, I warrant, the first day.

Lucy. Yes, an't please your worship, married²²⁵ women shew all their modesty the first day, because married men shew all their love the first day. *Exeunt Sparkish, Alithea, Harcourt, and Lucy.*

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to a Bed-chamber [in Pinchwife's House], where appear Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife.

Pinchwife. Come, tell me, I say.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Lord! han't I told it an hundred times over?

²¹⁴ [*Aside.*], added by Hunt. ²²⁵ *an't*, Q5, and.
2 *an*, Q5, 2.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) I wou'd try, if in the repetition of the ungrateful tale, I cou'd find her altering it in the least circumstance; for if her story be false, she is so too. — Come, how was't, baggage?

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what pleasure you take to hear it, sure!

Pinch. No, you take more in telling it, I find; but speak, how was't?

Mrs. Pinch. He carried me up into the house next to the Exchange.

Pinch. So, and you two were only in the room!

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, for he sent away a youth that was there, for some dryed fruit, and China oranges.

Pinch. Did he so? Damn him for it — and for —

Mrs. Pinch. But presently came up the gentlewoman of the house.

Pinch. O, 'twas well she did; but what did he do whilst the fruit came?

Mrs. Pinch. He kiss'd me an hundred times, and told me he fancied he kiss'd my fine sister, meaning me, you know, whom he said he lov'd with all his soul, and bid me be sure to tell her so, and to desire her to be at her window, by

eleven of the clock this morning, and he wou'd walk under it at that time.

Pinch. (Aside.) And he was as good as his word, very punctual; a pox reward him for't.

Mrs. Pinch. Well, and he said if you were 35 not within, he wou'd come up to her, meaning me, you know, bud, still.

Pinch. (Aside.) So—he knew her certainly; but for this confession, I am oblig'd to her simplicity.—But what, you stood very still when 40 he kiss'd you?

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, I warrant you; wou'd you have had me discover'd my self?

Pinch. But you told me he did some beastliness to you, as you call'd it; what was't? 45

Mrs. Pinch. Why, he put—

Pinch. What?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, he put the tip of his tongue between my lips, and so musl'd me—and I said, I'd bite it. 50

Pinch. An eternal canker seize it, for a dog!

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, you need not be so angry with him neither, for to say truth, he has the sweetest breath I ever knew.

Pinch. The devil! you were satisfied with it 55 then, and wou'd do it again?

39 *this*, Q5, *his*.

42-43 *wou'd you have had*, Q5, *you wou'd have had*.

45 *call'd*, O, *call*.

Mrs. Pinch. Not unless he shou'd force me.

Pinch. Force you, changeling! I tell you, no woman can be forced.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, but she may sure, by such 60
a one as he, for he's a proper, goodly, strong man; 'tis hard, let me tell you, to resist him.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] So, 'tis plain she loves him, yet she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me; but the sight of him will in- 65
crease her aversion for me and love for him; and that love instruct her how to deceive me and satisfie him, all ideot as she is. Love! 'twas he gave women first their craft, their art of deluding. Out of Natures hands they came plain, 70
open, silly, and fit for slaves, as she and Heaven intended 'em; but damn'd Love — well — I must strangle that little monster whilest I can deal with him. — Go fetch pen, ink, and paper out of the next room. 75

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, bud. *Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Why should women have more invention in love than men? It can only be, because they have more desires, more sol- 80
liciting passions, more lust, and more of the devil.

Mistris Pinchwife returns.

Come, minks, sit down and write.

63 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, dear bud, but I can't do't very well.

Pinch. I wish you cou'd not at all. 85

Mrs. Pinch. But what shou'd I write for?

Pinch. I'll have you write a letter to your lover.

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord, to the fine gentleman a letter! 90

Pinch. Yes, to the fine gentleman.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, you do but jeer: sure you jest.

Pinch. I am not so merry: come, write as I bid you. 95

Mrs. Pinch. What, do you think I am a fool?

Pinch. [*Aside.*] She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him, therefore she's unwilling. — But you had best begin.

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, 100 so I won't.

Pinch. Why?

Mrs. Pinch. Because he's in town; you may send for him if you will.

Pinch. Very well, you wou'd have him brought 105 to you; is it come to this? I say, take the pen and write, or you'll provoke me.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what d'ye make a fool of me for? Don't I know that letters are never writ

but from the countrey to London, and from Lon-110
don into the countrey? Now he's in town, and
I am in town too; therefore I can't write to him,
you know.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) So, I am glad it is no worse;
she is innocent enough yet. — Yes, you may, when 115
your husband bids you, write letters to people
that are in town.

Mrs. Pinch. O, may I so? then I'm satisfied.

Pinch. Come, begin: — (*Dictates.*) *Sir* —

Mrs. Pinch. Shan't I say, *Dear Sir*? — You 120
know one says always something more than
bare *Sir*.

Pinch. Write as I bid you, or I will write
whore with this penknife in your face.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, good bud — *Sir* — 125
She writes.

Pinch. *Though I suffer'd last night your nau-
seous, loath'd kisses and embraces* — Write!

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, why shou'd I say so? You
know I told you he had a sweet breath.

Pinch. Write! 130

Mrs. Pinch. Let me but put out *loath'd*.

Pinch. Write, I say!

Mrs. Pinch. Well then. *Writes.*

Pinch. Let's see, what have you writ? — (*Takes
the paper and reads.*) *Though I suffer'd last night* 135

114 *I am, Q5, I'm:*

118 *I'm, Q5, I am.*

your kisses and embraces — Thou impudent creature! where is nauseous and loath'd?

Mrs. Pinch. I can't abide to write such filthy words.

Pinch. Once more write as I'd have you, and 140
question it not, or I will spoil thy writing with this. I will stab out those eyes that cause my mischief.

Holds up the penknife.

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord! I will.

Pinch. So — so — let's see now. — (*Reads.*) 145
Though I suffer'd last night your nauseous, loath'd kisses and embraces — go on — yet I would not have you presume that you shall ever repeat them — so —

She writes.

Mrs. Pinch. I have writ it.

Pinch. On, then — *I then conceal'd my self from* 150
your knowledge, to avoid your insolencies. —

She writes.

Mrs. Pinch. So —

Pinch. *The same reason, now I am out of your hands, —*

She writes.

Mrs. Pinch. So —

155

Pinch. *Makes me own to you my unfortunate, though innocent frolick, of being in man's cloths —*

She writes.

Mrs. Pinch. So —

Pinch. *That you may for ever more cease to pursue her, who hates and detests you —* 160
She writes on.

Mrs. Pinch. So — h —

Sighs.

Pinch. What, do you sigh? — *detests you — as much as she loves her husband and her honour —*

Mrs. Pinch. I vow, husband, he'll ne'er believe I shou'd write such a letter. 165

Pinch. What, he'd expect a kinder from you? Come, now your name only.

Mrs. Pinch. What, shan't I say *Your most faithful, humble servant till death?*

Pinch. No, tormenting fiend! — (*Aside.*) Her 170
stile, I find, wou'd be very soft. — Come, wrap it up now, whilst I go fetch wax and a candle; and write on the back side, *For Mr. Horner.*

Exit Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pinch. *For Mr. Horner.* — So, I am glad he has told me his name. Dear Mr. Horner! 175
but why should I send thee such a letter, that will vex thee, and make thee angry with me? — Well, I will not send it. — Ay, but then my husband will kill me — for I see plainly, he won't let me love Mr. Horner — but what care I for 180
my husband? — I won't, so I won't, send poor Mr. Horner such a letter — But then my husband — but oh — what if I writ at bottom, my husband made me write it? — Ay, but then my husband wou'd see't — Can one have no shift? 185
ah, a London woman wou'd have had a hun-

185 wou'd Q5, will.

dred presently. Stay — what if I shou'd write a letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't too? Ay, but then my husband wou'd see't — I don't know what to do. — But yet y vads I'll 190 try, so I will — for I will not send this letter to poor Mr. Horner, come what will on't.

Dear, sweet Mr. Horner — (she writes and repeats what she hath writ) — so — my husband wou'd have me send you a base, rude, unmannerly letter ; but 195 I won't — so — and wou'd have me forbid you loving me ; but I wont — so — and wou'd have me say to you, I hate you, poor Mr. Horner ; but I won't tell a lye for him — there — for I'm sure if you and I were in the countrey at cards together — so — I cou'd not 200 help treading on your toe under the table — so — or rubbing knees with you, and staring in your face, 'till you saw me — very well — and then looking down, and blushing for an hour together — so — but I must make haste before my husband come ; and now he has 205 taught me to write letters, you shall have longer ones from me, who am,

*Dear, dear, poor, dear Mr. Horner, your most
Humble friend and servant to command
'till death, Margery Pinchwife. 210*

Stay, I must give him a hint at bottom — so — now wrap it up just like t'other — so — now write *For Mr. Horner* — But oh now,

205 *come, Q4, Q5, O, comes.*

what shall I do with it? for here comes my husband.

215

[*Re-*]enter Pinchwife.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) I have been detained by a sparkish coxcomb, who pretended a visit to me; but I fear 'twas to my wife — What, have you done?

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, ay, bud, just now.

220

Pinch. Let's see't: what d'ye tremble for? what, you wou'd not have it go?

Mrs. Pinch. Here — (*Aside.*) No, I must not give him that: so I had been served if I had given him this. *He opens and reads the first letter.*

Pinch. Come, where's the wax and seal?

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside.*) Lord, what shall I do now? Nay, then, I have it — Pray let me see't. Lord, you think me so errand a fool, I cannot seal a letter; I will do't, so I will.

230

Snatches the letter from him, changes it for the other, seals it, and delivers it to him.

Pinch. Nay, I believe you will learn that, and other things too, which I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pinch. So, han't I done it curiously? — (*Aside.*) I think I have; there's my letter going to Mr. Horner, since he'll needs have me send letters to folks.

Pinch. 'Tis very well; but I warrant, you wou'd not have it go now?

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, indeed, but I wou'd, bud, now. 240

Pinch. Well, you are a good girl then. Come, let me lock you up in your chamber, 'till I come back; and be sure you come not within three strides of the window when I am gone, for I have a spye in the street. — (*Exit Mrs. Pin* [*ch-*245 *wife,*] *Pinchwife locks the door.*) At least, 'tis fit she think so. If we do not cheat women, they'll cheat us; and fraud may be justly used with secret enemies, of which a wife is the most dangerous; and he that has a handsome one to ²⁵⁰ keep, and a frontier town, must provide against treachery, rather than open force. Now I have secur'd all within, I'll deal with the foe without, with false intelligence.

Hold's up the letter. Exit Pinchwife.

[SCENE III.]

The Scene changes to Horner's Lodging.

Quack and Horner.

Quack. Well, sir, how fadges the new design? have you not the luck of all your brother projectors, to deceive only your self at last?

Horner. No, good *Domine* Doctor, I deceive

245 *Exit Mrs. Pin,* Q5 omits. 2 *you not,* Q5, not you.

you, it seems, and others too; for the grave 5
matrons, and old, ridgid husbands think me as
unfit for love as they are; but their wives, sis-
ters, and daughters know, some of 'em, better
things already.

Quack. Already! 10

Horn. Already, I say. Last night I was drunk
with half a dozen of your civil persons, as you
call 'em, and people of honour, and so was made
free of their society and dressing rooms for ever
hereafter; and am already come to the privileges 15
of sleeping upon their pallats, warming smocks,
tying shooes and garters, and the like, Doctor,
already, already, Doctor.

Quack. You have made use of your time, sir.

Horn. I tell thee, I am now no more inter- 20
ruption to 'em, when they sing, or talk bawdy,
than a little squab French page who speaks no
English.

Quack. But do civil persons and women of
honour drink, and sing bawdy songs? 25

Horn. O, amongst friends, amongst friends.
For your bigots in honour are just like those in
religion; they fear the eye of the world more
than the eye of Heaven; and think there is no
virtue, but railing at vice, and no sin, but giving 30
scandal. They rail at a poor, little, kept player,

and keep themselves some young, modest pulpit comedian to be privy to their sins in their closets, not to tell 'em of them in their chappels.

Quack. Nay, the truth on't is, priests, amongst 35
the women now, have quite got the better of us lay confessors, physicians.

Horn. And they are rather their patients; but —

Enter my Lady Fidget, looking about her.

Now we talk of women of honour, here comes 40
one. Step behind the screen there, and but observe, if I have not particular privileges with the women of reputation already, Doctor, already.

[*Quack retires.*]

Lady Fidget. Well, Horner, am not I a woman of honour? you see, I'm as good as my word. 45

Horn. And you shall see, madam, I'll not be behind hand with you in honour; and I'll be as good as my word too, if you please but to withdraw into the next room.

Lady Fid. But first, my dear sir, you must 50
promise to have a care of my dear honour.

Horn. If you talk a word more of your honour, you'll make me incapable to wrong it. To talk of honour in the mysteries of love, is like talking of Heaven, or the Deity, in an operation of witchcraft, just when you are employing 55
the devil: it makes the charm impotent.

Lady Fid. Nay, fie! let us not be smooty. But you talk of mysteries and bewitching to me; I don't understand you. 60

Horn. I tell you, madam, the word money in a mistresses mouth, at such a nick of time, is not a more disheartning sound to a younger brother, than that of honour to an eager lover like my self. 65

Lady Fid. But you can't blame a lady of my reputation to be chary.

Horn. Chary! I have been chary of it already, by the report I have caus'd of my self.

Lady Fid. Ay, but if you shou'd ever let other women know that dear secret, it would come out. Nay, you must have a great care of your conduct; for my acquaintance are so censorious, (oh, 'tis a wicked, censorious world, Mr. Horner!) I say, are so censorious, and detracting, that perhaps they'll talk to the prejudice of my honour, though you shou'd not let them know the dear secret. 70 75

Horn. Nay, madam, rather than they shall prejudice your honour, I'll prejudice theirs; and, to serve you, I'll lye with 'em all, make the secret their own, and then they'll keep it. I am a Machiavel in love, madam. 80

Lady Fid. O, no sir, not that way.

63 *disheartning*, O, *dishearting*.

Horn. Nay, the devil take me, if censorious 85
women are to be silenc'd any other way.

Lady Fid. A secret is better kept, I hope,
by a single person than a multitude; therefore
pray do not trust any body else with it, dear,
dear Mr. Horner. *Embracing him.* 90

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget.

Sir Jaspar. How now!

Lady Fid. (Aside.) O my husband! — pre-
vented — and what's almost as bad, found with
my arms about another man — that will appear
too much — what shall I say? — Sir Jaspar, come 95
hither: I am trying if Mr. Horner were ticklish,
and he's as ticklish as can be. I love to torment
the confounded toad; let you and I tickle him.

Sir Jasp. No, your ladyship will tickle him
better without me, I suppose. But is this your 100
buying china? I thought you had been at the
china house.

Horn. (Aside.) China-house! that's my cue,
I must take it. — A pox! can't you keep your
impertinent wives at home? Some men are 105
troubled with the husbands, but I with the
wives; but I'd have you to know, since I can-
not be your journey-man by night, I will not

88–89 *therefore pray do not trust*, Q5, therefore don't trust.

90 *Embracing him*, Q4, Q5, O, omit.

108 *be*, in Q1 the *e* has been dropped in the press.

be your drudge by day, to squire your wife about, and be your man of straw, or scare-crow only ¹¹⁰ to pyes and jays, that would be nibbling at your forbidden fruit; I shall be shortly the hackney gentleman-usher of the town.

Sir Jasp. (Aside.) Heh! heh! he! poor fellow, he's in the right on't, faith. To squire ¹¹⁵ women about for other folks is as ungrateful an employment, as to tell money for other folks. — Heh! he! he! ben't angry, Horner.

Lady Fid. No, 'tis I have more reason to be angry, who am left by you, to go abroad ¹²⁰ indecently alone; or, what is more indecent, to pin my self upon such ill bred people of your acquaintance as this is.

Sir Jasp. Nay, pr'ythee, what has he done?

Lady Fid. Nay, he has done nothing. ¹²⁵

Sir Jasp. But what d'ye take ill, if he has done nothing?

Lady Fid. Hah! hah! hah! faith, I can't but laugh however; why, d'ye think, the unmannerly toad wou'd not come down to me to the coach! ¹³⁰ I was fain to come up to fetch him, or go without him, which I was resolved not to do; for he knows china very well, and has himself very good, but will not let me see it, lest

¹²⁹⁻¹³⁰ *Why, d'ye think, the unmannerly toad wou'd not come,*
Q5, *Why, d'ye think the unmannerly toad wou'd come.*

I should beg some; but I will find it out, and 135
have what I came for yet.

Horn. (*Apart to Lady Fidget.*) Lock the door,
madam. —

*Exit Lady Fidget, and locks the door, fol-
lowed by Horner to the door.*

So, she has got into my chamber and lock'd me
out. Oh the impertinency of woman-kind! Well, 140
Sir Jaspar, plain dealing is a jewel; if ever you
suffer your wife to trouble me again here, she
shall carry you home a pair of horns, by my
lord major she shall; though I cannot furnish
you my self, you are sure, yet I'll find a way. 145

Sir Fasp. Hah! ha! he! — (*Aside.*) At my
first coming in, and finding her arms about him,
tickling him it seems, I was half jealous, but
now I see my folly. — Heh! he! he! poor
Horner. 150

Horn. Nay, though you laugh now, 'twill be
my turn e're long. Oh women, more imper-
tinent, more cunning, and more mischievous
than their monkeys, and to me almost as ugly!
— Now is she throwing my things about and 155
rifling all I have; but I'll get in to her the back
way, and so rifle her for it.

Exit Lady Fidget . . . in the originals follows Lady Fidget's
speech above, l. 136. 144 *major*, Q5, O, mayor.

156 *in to*, Q1, into, Qq. 2-5, O, in to.

Sir Jasp. Hah! ha! ha! poor angry Horner.

Horn. Stay here a little, I'll ferret her out to you presently, I warrant. 160

Exit Horner at t'other door.

Sir Jasp. calls through the door to his wife, she answers from within.

Sir Jasp. Wife! my Lady Fidget! wife! he is coming in to you the back way.

Lady Fid. Let him come, and welcome, which way he will.

Sir Jasp. He'll catch you, and use you 165 roughly, and be too strong for you.

Lady Fid. Don't you trouble your self, let him if he can.

Quack. (*Behind.*) This indeed I cou'd not have believ'd from him, nor any but my own 170 eyes.

Enter Mistris Squeamish.

Mrs. Squeamish. Where's this woman-hater, this toad, this ugly, greasie, dirty sloven?

Sir Jasp. [*Aside.*] So, the women all will have him ugly: methinks he is a comely per- 175 son, but his wants make his form contemptible to 'em; and 'tis e'en as my wife said yesterday, talking of him, that a proper handsome eunuch was as ridiculous a thing as a gigantick coward.

162 *in to*, Qq., O, into.

175 *he is*, Q5, he's.

174 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

Mrs. Squeam. Sir Jaspar, your servant : where 180
is the odious beast ?

Sir Jasp. He's within in his chamber, with
my wife ; she's playing the wag with him.

Mrs. Squeam. Is she so ? and he's a clownish
beast, he'll give her no quarter, he'll play the 185
wag with her again, let me tell you : come, let's
go help her — What, the door's lock't ?

Sir Jasp. Ay, my wife lock't it.

Mrs. Squeam. Did she so ? let us break it
open then. 190

Sir Jasp. No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

Mrs. Squeam. No — (*Aside.*) But is there no
other way to get in to 'em ? whither goes this ?
I will disturb 'em.

Exit [Mrs.] Squeamish at another door.

Enter Old Lady Squeamish.

L. Squeamish. Where is this harlotry, this 195
impudent baggage, this rambling tomrigg ? O
Sir Jaspar, I'm glad to see you here ; did you not
see my vil'd grandchild come in hither just now ?

Sir Jasp. Yes.

L. Squeam. Ay, but where is she then ? where 200
is she ? Lord, Sir Jaspar, I have e'ne ratled my
self to pieces in pursuit of her : but can you
tell what she makes here ? they say below, no
woman lodges here.

Sir Jasp. No.

205

L. Squeam. No — what does she here then? say, if it be not a womans lodging, what makes she here? But are you sure no woman lodges here?

Sir Jasp. No, nor no man neither; this is Mr. Horners lodging. 210

L. Squeam. Is it so, are you sure?

Sir Jasp. Yes, yes.

L. Squeam. So; then there's no hurt in't, I hope. But where is he? 215

Sir Jasp. He's in the next room with my wife.

L. Squeam. Nay, if you trust him with your wife, I may with my Biddy. They say, he's a merry, harmless man now, e'ne as harmless a man as ever came out of Italy with a good voice, and as pretty, harmless company for a lady, as a snake without his teeth. 220

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, poor man.

[*Re-*]enter *Mrs. Squeamish*.

Mrs. Squeam. I can't find 'em. — Oh, are you here, grandmother? I follow'd, you must know, my Lady Fidget hither; 'tis the prettyest lodging, and I have been staring on the prettyest pictures — 225

[Re-]enter *Lady Fidget* with a piece of china in her hand, and *Horner* following.

Lady Fid. And I have been toying and moy-230
ling for the pretti'st piece of china, my dear.

Horn. Nay, she has been too hard for me,
do what I cou'd.

Mrs. Squeam. Oh, lord, I'le have some china
too. Good Mr. Horner, don't think to give 235
other people china, and me none; come in with
me too.

Horn. Upon my honour, I have none left
now.

Mrs. Squeam. Nay, nay, I have known you 240
deny your china before now, but you shan't put
me off so. Come.

Horn. This lady had the last there.

Lady Fid. Yes indeed, madam, to my certain
knowledge, he has no more left. 245

Mrs. Squeam. O, but it may be he may have
some you could not find.

Lady Fid. What, d'y think if he had had
any left, I would not have had it too? for we
women of quality never think we have china 250
enough.

Horn. Do not take it ill, I cannot make
china for you all, but I will have a rol-waggon
for you too, another time.

Mrs. Squeam. Thank you, dear toad. 255

Lady Fid. (*To Horn[er] aside.*) What do you mean by that promise?

Horn. (*Apart to Lady Fidget.*) Alas, she has an innocent, literal understanding.

L. Squeam. Poor Mr. Horner! he has enough²⁶⁰ to doe to please you all, I see.

Horn. Ay, madam, you see how they use me.

L. Squeam. Poor gentleman, I pitty you.

Horn. I thank you, madam: I could never find pitty, but from such reverend ladies as you²⁶⁵ are; the young ones will never spare a man.

Mrs. Squeam. Come, come, beast, and go dine with us; for we shall want a man at hom-bre after dinner.

Horn. That's all their use of me, madam,²⁷⁰ you see.

Mrs. Squeam. Come, sloven, I'll lead you, to be sure of you. *Pulls him by the crevat.*

L. Squeam. Alas, poor man, how she tuggs him! Kiss, kiss her; that's the way to make²⁷⁵ such nice women quiet.

Horn. No, madam, that remedy is worse than the torment; they know I dare suffer any thing rather than do it.

L. Squeam. Prythee kiss her, and I'll give²⁸⁰ you her picture in little, that you admir'd so last night; prythee do.

²⁵⁶ (*To Horn[er] aside*), in the originals follows the speech of *Mrs. Squeamish*, above. Transferred by Hunt.

Horn. Well, nothing but that could bribe me : I love a woman only in effigie, and good painting as much as I hate them. — I'le do 't, for I 285 cou'd adore the devil well painted.

Kisses Mrs. Squeam [*ish*].

Mrs. Squeam. Foh, you filthy toad! nay, now I've done jesting.

L. Squeam. Ha! ha! ha! I told you so.

Mrs. Squeam. Foh! a kiss of his — 290

Sir Jasp. Has no more hurt in't than one of my spaniels.

Mrs. Squeam. Nor no more good neither.

Quack. (*Behind.*) I will now believe any thing he tells me. 295

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Lady Fid. O lord, here's a man! Sir Jasp, my mask, my mask! I would not be seen here for the world.

Sir Jasp. What, not when I am with you?

Lady Fid. No, no, my honour — let's be gone. 300

Mrs. Squeam. Oh grandmother, let us be gone; make hast, make hast, I know not how he may censure us.

Lady Fid. Be found in the lodging of any thing like a man! — Away. 305

Exeunt Sir Jas [*par Fidget,*] *La* [*dy*]
Fid [*get,*] *Old La* [*dy*] *Squeam* [*ish,*]
Mrs. Squeamish.

Quack. (*Behind.*) What's here? another cuckold? he looks like one, and none else sure have any business with him.

Horn. Well, what brings my dear friend hither?

310

Pinchwife. Your impertinency.

Horn. My impertinency! — why, you gentlemen that have got handsome wives, think you have a privilege of saying any thing to your friends, and are as brutish as if you were our
315 creditors.

Pinch. No, sir, I'll ne'er trust you any way.

Horn. But why not, dear Jack? why diffide in me thou knowst so well?

Pinch. Because I do know you so well. 320

Horn. Han't I been always thy friend, honest Jack, always ready to serve thee, in love or battle, before thou wert married, and am so still?

Pinch. I believe so; you wou'd be my second now, indeed. 325

Horn. Well then, dear Jack, why so unkind, so grum, so strange to me? Come, prythee kiss me, deare rogue: gad, I was always, I say, and am still as much thy servant as —

Pinch. As I am yours, sir. What, you wou'd
330 send a kiss to my wife, is that it?

Horn. So, there 'tis — a man can't shew his

friendship to a married man, but presently he talks of his wife to you. Prythee, let thy wife alone, and let thee and I be all one, as we were 335 wont. What, thou art as shy of my kindness, as a Lumbard-street alderman of a courtiers civility at Lockets!

Pinch. But you are over kind to me, as kind as if I were your cuckold already; yet I must 340 confess you ought to be kind and civil to me, since I am so kind, so civil to you, as to bring you this: look you there, sir.

Delivers him a letter.

Horn. What is't?

Pinch. Only a love letter, sir. 345

Horn. From whom?—how! this is from your wife—(*Reads.*) hum—and hum—

Pinch. Even from my wife, sir: am I not wondrous kind and civil to you now too?—(*Aside.*) But you'l not think her so. 350

Horn. (*Aside.*) Ha! is this a trick of his or hers?

Pinch. The gentleman's surpriz'd, I find.—What, you expected a kinder letter?

Horn. No faith, not I, how cou'd I? 355

Pinch. Yes, yes, I'm sure you did. A man so well made as you are, must needs be disappointed, if the women declare not their passion at first sight or opportunity.

Horn. [*Aside.*] But what should this mean? 360
Stay, the postscript. — (*Reads aside.*) *Be sure you
love me, whatsoever my husband says to the contrary,
and let him not see this, lest he should come home
and pinch me, or kill my squirrel.* — (*Aside.*) It
seems he knows not what the letter con-365
tains.

Pinch. Come, ne're wonder at it so much.

Horn. Faith, I can't help it.

Pinch. Now, I think I have deserv'd your in-
finite friendship and kindness, and have shewed 370
my self sufficiently an obliging kind friend and
husband; am I not so, to bring a letter from my
wife to her gallant?

Horn. Ay, the devil take me, art thou, the
most obliging, kind friend and husband in the 375
world, ha! ha!

Pinch. Well, you may be merry, sir; but in
short I must tell you, sir, my honour will suffer
no jesting.

Horn. What do'st thou mean? 380

Pinch. Does the letter want a comment?
Then know, sir, though I have been so civil a
husband as to bring you a letter from my wife,
to let you kiss and court her to my face, I will
not be a cuckold, sir, I will not. 385

Horn. Thou art mad with jealousy. I never

360 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

saw thy wife in my life but at the play yesterday, and I know not if it were she or no. I court her, kiss her!

Pinch. I will not be a cuckold, I say; there ³⁹⁰ will be danger in making me a cuckold.

Horn. Why, wert thou not well cur'd of thy last clap?

Pinch. I weare a sword.

Horn. It should be taken from thee, lest thou ³⁹⁵ should'st do thy self a mischief with it; thou art mad, man.

Pinch. As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I must have more reason from you e're we part. I say again, though you kiss'd and courted ⁴⁰⁰ last night my wife in man's clothes, as she confesses in her letter —

Horn. (*Aside.*) Ha!

Pinch. Both she and I say, you must not design it again, for you have mistaken your woman, ⁴⁰⁵ as you have done your man.

Horn. (*Aside.*) Oh — I understand something now — Was that thy wife? Why would'st thou not tell me 'twas she? Faith, my freedome with her was your fault, not mine. 410

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Faith, so 'twas.

Horn. Fye! I'de never do't to a woman before her husbands face, sure.

Pinch. But I had rather you should do't to

my wife before my face, than behind my back ; 415
and that you shall never doe.

Horn. No — you will hinder me.

Pinch. If I would not hinder you, you see by
her letter she wou'd.

Horn. Well, I must e'ne acquiesse then, and 420
be contented with what she writes.

Pinch. I'le assure you 'twas voluntarily writ ;
I had no hand in't, you may believe me.

Horn. I do believe thee, faith.

Pinch. And believe her too, for she's an in-425
nocent creature, has no dissembling in her : and
so fare you well, sir.

Horn. Pray, however, present my humble
service to her, and tell her, I will obey her letter
to a tittle, and fulfill her desires, be what they 430
will, or with what difficulty soever I do't ; and
you shall be no more jealous of me, I warrant
her, and you.

Pinch. Well then, fare you well ; and play
with any mans honour but mine, kiss any mans 435
wife but mine, and welcome.

Exit Mr. Pinch [wife].

Horn. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Doctor.

Quack. It seems, he has not heard the report
of you, or does not believe it.

Horn. Ha ! ha ! — now, Doctor, what think you ? 440

416 shall, Q5, shou'd.

Quack. Pray let's see the letter — (*Reads the letter.*) — hum — *for — deare — love you —*

Horn. I wonder how she cou'd contrive it! What say'st thou to't? 'tis an original.

Quack. So are your cuckolds too originals: 445 for they are like no other common cuckolds, and I will henceforth believe it not impossible for you to cuckold the Grand Signior amidst his guards of eunuchs, that I say.

Horn. And I say for the letter, 'tis the first 450 love letter that ever was without flames, darts, fates, destinies, lying and dissembling in't.

Enter Sparkish pulling in Mr. Pinchwife.

Sparkish. Come back, you are a pretty brother-in-law, neither go to church nor to dinner with your sister bride! 455

Pinch. My sister denies her marriage, and you see is gone away from you dissatisfy'd.

Spark. Pshaw! upon a foolish scruple, that our parson was not in lawful orders, and did not say all the common prayer; but 'tis her modesty 460 only, I believe. But let women be never so modest the first day, they'l be sure to come to themselves by night, and I shall have enough of her then. In the mean time, Harry Horner, you must dine with me: I keep my wedding at my 465 aunts in the Piazza.

Horn. Thy wedding! what stale maid has

liv'd to despaire of a husband, or what young one of a gallant?

Spark. O, your servant, sir — this gentle-470
mans sister then, — no stale maid.

Horn. I'm sorry for't.

Pinch. (Aside). How comes he so concern'd
for her?

Spark. You sorry for't? why, do you know 475
any ill by her?

Horn. No, I know none but by thee; 'tis for
her sake, not yours, and another mans sake that
might have hop'd, I thought —

Spark. Another man! another man! what is 480
his name?

Horn. Nay, since 'tis past, he shall be name-
less. — (*Aside.*) Poor Harcourt! I am sorry thou
hast mist her.

Pinch. (Aside.) He seems to be much troubled 485
at the match.

Spark. Prythee, tell me — Nay, you shan't
go, brother.

Pinch. I must of necessity, but I'll come to
you to dinner. *Exit Pinchwife.* 490

Spark. But, Harry, what, have I a rival in my
wife already? But with all my heart, for he
may be of use to me hereafter; for though my

490 to dinner, Q5, at dinner.

492 with all, Qq., O, withal.

hunger is now my sawce, and I can fall on heartily without, but the time will come, when 495 a rival will be as good sawce for a married man to a wife, as an orange to veale.

Horn. O thou damn'd rogue! thou hast set my teeth on edge with thy orange.

Spark. Then let's to dinner — there I was 500 with you againe. Come.

Horn. But who dines with thee?

Spark. My friends and relations, my brother Pinchwife, you see, of your acquaintance.

Horn. And his wife?

505

Spark. No, gad, he'l nere let her come amongst us good fellows; your stingy country coxcomb keeps his wife from his friends, as he does his little firkin of ale, for his own drinking, and a gentleman can't get a smack on't; but his serv- 510 ants, when his back is turn'd, broach it at their pleasures, and dust it away, ha! ha! ha! — gad, I am witty, I think, considering I was married to day, by the world; but come —

Horn. No, I will not dine with you, unless 515 you can fetch her too.

Spark. Pshaw! what pleasure can'st thou have with women now, Harry?

Horn. My eyes are not gone; I love a good prospect yet, and will not dine with you unless 520

she does too ; go fetch her, therefore, but do not tell her husband 'tis for my sake.

Spark. Well, I'll go try what I can do; in the mean time, come away to my aunts lodging, 'tis in the way to Pinchwifes.

Horn. The poor woman has call'd for aid, and stretch'd forth her hand, Doctor; I cannot but help her over the pale out of the bryars.

Exeunt Sparkish, Horner, Quack.

[SCENE IV.]

The Scene changes to [a Room in] Pinchwifes House.

Mrs. Pinchwife alone, leaning on her elbow. A table, pen, ink, and paper.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Well, 'tis 'ene so, I have got the London disease they call love; I am sick of my husband, and for my gallant. I have heard this distemper call'd a feaver, but methinks 'tis liker an ague; for when I think of my husband, I tremble, and am in a cold sweat, and have inclinations to vomit; but when I think of my gallant, dear Mr. Horner, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a feaver indeed; &, as in other feavers, my own chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be remov'd to his, and then methinks I shou'd be well. Ah, poor Mr. Horner! Well,

I cannot, will not stay here; therefore I'll make an end of my letter to him, which shall be a finer letter than my last, because I have studied 15 it like any thing. O sick, sick!

Takes the pen and writes.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, who, seeing her writing, steals softly behind her, and looking over her shoulder, snatches the paper from her.

Pinchwife. What, writing more letters?

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord, budd, why d'ye fright me so?

She offers to run out; he stops her, and reads.

Pinch. How's this! nay, you shall not stir, 20 madam. — *Deare, deare, deare Mr. Horner* — very well — I have taught you to write letters to good purpose — but let's see't. — *First, I am to beg your pardon for my boldness in writing to you, which I'de have you to know I would not have done, had not you said first you lov'd me so extreamly, which if you doe, you will never suffer me to lye in the arms of another man, whom I loath, nauseate, and detest.* — Now you can write these filthy words. But what follows? — *Therefore, I hope you will 30 speedily find some way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I assure you, of my choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone; however, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do; but you must help me away be-* 35

*fore to morrow, or else, alas! I shall be for ever out
of your reach, for I can defer no longer our —*

(The letter concludes.)

our — What is to follow *our*? — speak, what?
— our journey into the country, I suppose —
Oh woman, damn'd woman! and Love, damn'd 40
Love, their old tempter! for this is one of his
miracles; in a moment he can make those blind
that cou'd see, and those see that were blind,
those dumb that could speak, and those prattle
who were dumb before; nay, what is more than 45
all, make these dow-bak'd, senseless, indocile
animals, women, too hard for us their politick
lords and rulers, in a moment. But make an end
of your letter, and then I'll make an end of you
thus, and all my plagues together. 50

Draws his sword.

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord, O Lord, you are such
a passionate man, budd!

Enter Sparkish.

Sparkish. How now, what's here to doe?

Pinch. This fool here now!

Spark. What! drawn upon your wife? You 55
shou'd never do that, but at night in the dark,
when you can't hurt her. This is my sister in
law, is it not? *(Pulls aside her handkercheife.)* ay,
faith, e'ne our country Margery; one may know

55 *drawn, Q5, draw.*

her. Come, she and you must go dine with me; 60
dinner's ready, come. But where's my wife? is
she not come home yet? where is she?

Pinch. Making you a cuckold; 'tis that they
all doe, as soon as they can.

Spark. What, the wedding day? no, a wife 65
that designs to make a cully of her husband will
be sure to let him win the first stake of love, by
the world. But come, they stay dinner for us:
come, I'll lead down our Margery.

Mrs. Pinch. No — sir, go, we'll follow you. 70

Spark. I will not wag without you.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] This coxcomb is a sensible
torment to me amidst the greatest in the world.

Spark. Come, come, Madam Margery.

Pinch. No; I'll lead her my way: what, wou'd 75
you treat your friends with mine, for want of
your own wife? — (*Leads her to t'other door, and
locks her in, and returns.*) (*Aside.*) I am contented
my rage shou'd take breath —

Spark. I told Horner this. 80

Pinch. Come now.

Spark. Lord, how shy you are of your wife!
but let me tell you, brother, we men of wit have

60 *go dine*, Q5, go to dine.

64 *all*, Q5, also.

66 *cully*, Q5, cuckold.

70 *Mrs. Pinch.* Hunt and Ward transfer this speech to Pinch-
wife.

72 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

amongst us a saying, that cuckolding, like the
small pox, comes with a fear; and you may keep 85
your wife as much as you will out of danger
of infection, but if her constitution incline her
to't, she'l have it sooner or later, by the world,
say they.

Pinch. (Aside.) What a thing is a cuckold, 90
that every fool can make him ridiculous! —
Well, sir — but let me advise you, now you are
come to be concern'd, because you suspect the
danger, not to neglect the means to prevent it,
especially when the greatest share of the malady 95
will light upon your own head, for
How'sere the kind wife's belly comes to swell,
The husband breeds for her, and first is ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT 5. SCENE I.

[A Room in] *Mr. Pinchwife's House.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife and Mrs. Pinchwife. A table and candle.

Pinchwife. Come, take the pen and make an end of the letter, just as you intended; if you are false in a tittle, I shall soon perceive it, and punish you with this as you deserve. (*Lays his hand on his sword.*) Write what was to follow — 5
let's see — *You must make haste, and help me away before to morrow, or else I shall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our —* What follows our?

Mrs. Pinchwife. Must all out, then, budd? 10
(*Mrs. Pin[chwife] takes the pen and writes.*) Look you there, then.

Pinch. Let's see — *for I can defer no longer our — wedding — Your slighted Alithea. —* What's the meaning of this? my sisters name to't? speak, 15
unriddle.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, indeed, budd.

Pinch. But why her name to't? speak — speak, I say.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, but you'l tell her then again. 20
If you wou'd not tell her again —

Pinch. I will not:— I am stunn'd, my head turns round.— Speak.

Mrs. Pinch. Won't you tell her, indeed, and indeed?

25

Pinch. No; speak, I say.

Mrs. Pinch. She'l be angry with me; but I had rather she should be angry with me than you, budd. And, to tell you the truth, 'twas she made me write the letter, and taught me what I should write.

30

Pinch. Ha! [*Aside.*] I thought the stile was somewhat better than her own.— But how cou'd she come to you to teach you, since I had lock'd you up alone?

35

Mrs. Pinch. O, through the key hole, budd.

Pinch. But why should she make you write a letter for her to him, since she can write her self?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, she said because — for I was unwilling to do it —

40

Pinch. Because what — because?

Mrs. Pinch. Because, lest Mr. Horner should be cruel, and refuse her; or vaine afterwards, and shew the letter, she might disown it, the hand not being hers.

45

32 [*Aside.*], Qq. 1-3 omit, Q4, Q5, O, have [*Aside and bracket* [I thought . . . own], indicating that *Ha!* is not included in the *aside*.

33 *But how*, Q4, Q5, O, omit.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) How's this? Ha! — then I think I shall come to my self again. — This changeling cou'd not invent this lye: but if she cou'd, why should she? she might think I should soon discover it. — Stay — now I think on't too, Horner said he was sorry she had married Sparkish; and her disowning her marriage to me makes me think she has evaded it for Horner's sake: yet why should she take this course? But men in love are fools; women may well be so. — But hark you, madam, your sister went out in the morning, and I have not seen her within since.

Mrs. Pinch. A lack a day, she has been crying all day above, it seems, in a corner.

Pinch. Where is she? let me speak with her.

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside.*) O Lord, then he'll discover all! — Pray hold, budd; what, d'y mean to discover me? she'l know I have told you then. Pray, budd, let me talk with her first.

Pinch. I must speak with her, to know whether Horner ever made her any promise; and whether she be married to Sparkish or no.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, dear budd, don't, till I have spoken with her, and told her that I have told you all; for she'll kill me else.

Pinch. Go then, and bid her come out to me.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, yes, budd.

62 *he'l*, Qq. 2-5, *he'll*, O, *she'll*.

Pinch. Let me see —

Mrs. Pinch. [*Aside.*] I'll go, but she is not 75
within to come to him: I have just got time to
know of Lucy her maid, who first set me on
work, what lye I shall tell next; for I am e'ne
at my wits end. *Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Pinch. Well, I resolve it, Horner shall have 80
her: I'd rather give him my sister than lend him
my wife; and such an alliance will prevent his
pretensions to my wife, sure. I'll make him of
kinn to her, and then he won't care for her.

Mrs. Pin[chwife] returns.

Mrs. Pinch. O, Lord, budd! I told you what 85
anger you would make me with my sister.

Pinch. Won't she come hither?

Mrs. Pinch. No, no. Alack a day, she's
asham'd to look you in the face: and she says,
if you go in to her, she'll run away down stairs, 90
and shamefully go her self to Mr. Horner, who
has promis'd her marriage, she says; and she
will have no other, so she won't.

Pinch. Did he so? — promise her marriage!
— then she shall have no other. Go tell her so; 95
and if she will come and discourse with me a
little concerning the means, I will about it im-
mediately. Go. — (*Exit Mrs. Pin[chwife].*) His
estate is equal to Sparkish's, and his extraction

75 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

81 *than*, Q5, then.

as much better than his, as his parts are; but my 100
chief reason is, I'd rather be of kin to him by
the name of brother-in-law than that of cuckold

[*Re-*]enter Mrs. Pin[*chwife*].

Well, what says she now?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, she says, she would only
have you lead her to Horners lodging; with whom 105
she first will discourse the matter before she
talk with you, which yet she cannot doe; for
alack, poor creature, she says she can't so much
as look you in the face, therefore she'l come to
you in a mask. And you must excuse her, if she 110
make you no answer to any question of yours,
till you have brought her to Mr. Horner; and if
you will not chide her, nor question her, she'l
come out to you immediately.

Pinch. Let her come: I will not speak a 115
word to her, nor require a word from her.

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, I forgot: besides she says,
she cannot look you in the face, though through
a mask; therefore wou'd desire you to put out
the candle.

120

Pinch. I agree to all. Let her make haste.—
There, 'tis out — (*Exit Mrs. Pin[*chwife*]. Puts
out the candle.*) My case is something better: I'd
rather fight with Horner for not lying with my

[*Re-*]enter Mrs. Pin[*chwife*], Q4, Q5, O, omit.

107 talk, Q4, Q5, O, talks.

sister, than for lying with my wife; and of the¹²⁵
 two, I had rather find my sister too forward
 than my wife. I expected no other from her free
 education, as she calls it, and her passion for the
 town. Well, wife and sister are names which
 make us expect love and duty, pleasure and com-¹³⁰
 fort; but we find 'em plagues and torments, and
 are equally, though differently, troublesome to
 their keeper; for we have as much a doe to get
 people to lye with our sisters as to keep 'em
 from lying with our wives. 135

*[Re-]enter Mrs. Pinchwife masked, and in hoods and
 scarves, and a night gown and petticoat of Alithea's,
 in the dark.*

What, are you come, sister? let us go then.—
 But first, let me lock up my wife. Mrs. Mar-
 gery, where are you?

Mrs. Pinch. Here, budd.

Pinch. Come hither, that I may lock you up:¹⁴⁰
 get you in.—*(Locks the door.)* Come, sister,
 where are you now?

*Mrs. Pin[chwife] gives him her hand; but
 when he lets her go, she steals softly on
 t'other side of him, and is lead away by
 him for his sister, Alithea.*

After 135 hoods and scarves, Q5, a hood and scarf.

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to Horners Lodging.

Quack, Horner.

Quack. What, all alone? not so much as one of your cuckolds here, nor one of their wives! They use to take their turns with you, as if they were to watch you.

Horner. Yes, it often happens that a cuckold 5
is but his wifes spye, and is more upon family
duty when he is with her gallant abroad, hindring
his pleasure, than when he is at home with her
playing the gallant. But the hardest duty a mar-
ried woman imposes upon a lover is keeping her 10
husband company always.

Quack. And his fondness wearies you almost
as soon as hers.

Horn. A pox! keeping a cuckold company,
after you have had his wife, is as tiresome as 15
the company of a country squire to a witty fellow
of the town, when he has got all his mony.

Quack. And as at first a man makes a friend
of the husband to get the wife, so at last you
are faine to fall out with the wife to be rid of 20
the husband.

Horn. Ay, most cuckold-makers are true courtiers; when once a poor man has crack'd his credit for 'em, they can't abide to come neer him. 25

Quack. But at first, to draw him in, are so sweet, so kind, so dear! just as you are to Pinchwife. But what becomes of that intrigue with his wife?

Horn. A pox! he's as surly as an alderman 30 that has been bit; and since he's so coy, his wife's kindness is in vain, for she's a silly innocent.

Quack. Did she not send you a letter by him?

Horn. Yes; but that's a riddle I have not yet 35 solv'd. Allow the poor creature to be willing, she is silly too, and he keeps her up so close—

Quack. Yes, so close that he makes her but the more willing, and adds but revenge to her love; which two, when met, seldome faile of 40 satisfying each other one way or other.

Horn. What! here's the man we are talking of, I think.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, leading in his wife masqued, muffled, and in her sisters gown.

Pshaw!

Quack. Bringing his wife to you is the next 45 thing to bringing a love letter from her.

Horn. What means this?

Pinchwife. The last time, you know, sir, I brought you a love letter; now, you see, a mistress; I think you'll say I am a civil man to 50 you.

Horn. Ay, the devil take me, will I say thou art the civillest man I ever met with; and I have known some. I fancy I understand thee now better than I did the letter. But, hark thee, 55 in thy eare —

Pinch. What?

Horn. Nothing but the usual question, man: is she sound, on thy word?

Pinch. What, you take her for a wench, and 60 me for a pimp?

Horn. Pshaw! wench and pimp, paw words; I know thou art an honest fellow, and hast a great acquaintance among the ladies, and perhaps hast made love for me, rather than let me 65 make love to thy wife.

Pinch. Come, sir, in short, I am for no fooling.

Horn. Nor I neither: therefore, prythee, let's see her face presently. Make her show, man: 70 art thou sure I don't know her?

Pinch. I am sure you doe know her.

Horn. A pox! why dost thou bring her to me then?

52 will I, Q5, I will.

56 thy, Q5, the.

Pinch. Because she's a relation of mine — 75

Horn. Is she, faith, man? then thou art still more civil and obliging, dear rogue.

Pinch. Who desir'd me to bring her to you.

Horn. Then she is obliging, dear rogue.

Pinch. You'l make her welcome for my sake, 80 I hope.

Horn. I hope she is handsome enough to make her self wellcome. Prythee let her unmask.

Pinch. Doe you speak to her; she wou'd 85 never be rul'd by me.

Horn. Madam — (*Mrs. Pin[chwife] whispers to Hor[ner].*) She says she must speak with me in private. Withdraw, prythee.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) She's unwilling, it seems, I 90 shou'd know all her undecent conduct in this business — Well then, Ile leave you together, and hope when I am gone, you'l agree; if not, you and I shan't agree, sir.

Horn. [*Aside.*] What means the fool? — If 95 she and I agree 'tis no matter what you and I do.

Whispers to Mrs. Pin[chwife], who makes signs with her hand for him to be gone.

Pinch. In the mean time I'le fetch a parson, and find out Sparkish, and disabuse him. You

82 she is, Q5, she 's.

After 97 hand, Q5, hands.

wou'd have me fetch a parson, would you not? 100
 Well then — now I think I am rid of her, and
 shall have no more trouble with her — our sis-
 ters and daughters, like usurers money, are safest
 when put out; but our wives, like their writings,
 never safe but in our closets under lock and key. 105

Exit Mr. Pin [cbwife].

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir Jaspar Fidget, sir, is coming up.

[Exit.]

Horn. Here's the trouble of a cuckold now
 we are talking of. A pox on him! has he not
 enough to doe to hinder his wifes sport, but he
 must other women's too? — Step in here, ma- 110
 dam.

Exit Mrs. Pin [cbwife].

Enter Sir Jaspar [Fidget].

Sir Jaspar. My best and dearest friend.

Horn. [*Aside to Quack.*] The old stile, Doctor.
 — Well, be short, for I am busie. What would
 your impertinent wife have now? 115

Sir Jasp. Well guess'd, y' faith; for I do come
 from her.

Horn. To invite me to supper! Tell her, I
 can't come: go.

Sir Jasp. Nay, now you are out, faith; for 120

After 106 [*Exit.*], added by Hunt.

108 *has he not*, Q5, he has not.

113 [*Aside to Quack.*], added by Hunt.

my lady, and the whole knot of the virtuous gang, as they call themselves, are resolv'd upon a frolick of coming to you to night in a masquerade, and are all drest already.

Horn. I shan't be at home.

125

Sir Jasp. [*Aside.*] Lord, how churlish he is to women! — Nay, prythee don't disappoint 'em! they'l think 'tis my fault: prythee don't. I'le send in the banquet and the fiddles. But make no noise on't; for the poor virtuous rogues would 130 not have it known, for the world, that they go a masquerading; and they would come to no mans ball but yours.

Horn. Well, well — get you gone; and tell 'em, if they come, 'twill be at the peril of their 135 honour and yours.

Sir Jasp. Heh! he! he! — we'l trust you for that: farewell.

Exit Sir Jasp.

Horn. Doctor, anon you too shall be my guest,
But now I'm going to a private feast. 140

[*Exeunt.*]

123 in a, Q4, Q5, O, omit a.

126 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

127 *Nay, prythee*, Q4, Q5, *Nay, praythee*.

[SCENE III.]

The Scene changes to the Piazza of Covent Garden.

Sparkish, Pinchwife.

Spar [*kish*] *with the letter in his hand.*

Sparkish. But who would have thought a woman could have been false to me? By the world, I could not have thought it.

Pinchwife. You were for giving and taking liberty: she has taken it only, sir, now you find in that letter. You are a frank person, and so is she, you see there.

Spark. Nay, if this be her hand — for I never saw it.

Pinch. 'Tis no matter whether that be her hand or no; I am sure this hand, at her desire, lead her to Mr. Horner, with whom I left her just now, to go fetch a parson to 'em at their desire too, to deprive you of her for ever; for it seems yours was but a mock marriage. 10

Spark. Indeed, she wou'd needs have it that 'twas Harcourt himself, in a parsons habit, that married us; but I'm sure he told me 'twas his brother Ned. 15

Spar [*kish*] *with the letter in his hand*, in the originals printed in the margin of *Sparkish's* first speech.

Pinch. O, there 'tis out; and you were de- 20
ceiv'd, not she: for you are such a frank person.
But I must be gone.— You'l find her at Mr.
Horners. Goe, and believe your eyes.

Exit Mr. Pin[chwife].

Spark. Nay, I'le to her, and call her as many 25
crocodiles, syrens, harpies, and other heathenish
names, as a poet would do a mistress who had
refus'd to heare his suit, nay more, his verses on
her. — But stay, is not that she following a torch
at t'other end of the Piazza? and from Horners
certainly — 'tis so. 30

Enter Alithea following a torch, and Lucy behind.

You are well met, madam, though you don't
think so. What, you have made a short visit to
Mr. Horner, but I suppose you'l return to him
presently; by that time the parson can be with
him. 35

Alithea. Mr. Horner and the parson, sir!

Spark. Come, madam, no more dissembling,
no more jilting; for I am no more a frank person.

Alith. How's this?

Lucy. (*Aside.*) So, 'twill work, I see. 40

Spark. Cou'd you find out no easie country
fool to abuse? none but me, a gentleman of wit
and pleasure about the town? But it was your
pride to be too hard for a man of parts, un-
worthy false woman! false as a friend that lends 45

a man mony to lose; false as dice, who undoe those that trust all they have to 'em.

Lucy. (*Aside.*) He has been a great bubble, by his similes, as they say.

Alith. You have been too merry, sir, at your wedding dinner, sure. 50

Spark. What, d'y mock me too?

Alith. Or you have been deluded.

Spark. By you.

Alith. Let me understand you. 55

Spark. Have you the confidence, (I should call it something else, since you know your guilt,) to stand my just reproaches? you did not write an impudent letter to Mr. Horner? who I find now has club'd with you in deluding me with his aversion for women, that I might not, forsooth, suspect him for my rival. 60

Lucy. (*Aside.*) D'y think the gentleman can be jealous now, madam?

Alith. I write a letter to Mr. Horner! 65

Spark. Nay, madam, do not deny it. Your brother shew'd it me just now; and told me likewise, he left you at Horners lodging to fetch a parson to marry you to him: and I wish you joy, madam, joy, joy: and to him too, much joy; 70
and to my self more joy, for not marrying you.

Alith. (*Aside.*) So, I find my brother would break off the match; and I can consent to't, since

I see this gentleman can be made jealous. — O Lucy, by his rude usage and jealousie, he makes me almost afraid I am married to him. Art thou sure 'twas Harcourt himself, and no parson, that married us? 75

Spark. No, madam, I thank you. I suppose that was a contrivance too of Mr. Horners and yours, to make Harcourt play the parson; but I would as little as you have him one now, no, not for the world. For, shall I tell you another truth? I never had any passion for you 'till now, for now I hate you. 'Tis true, I might have married your portion, as other men of parts of the town do sometimes: and so, your servant. And to shew my unconcernedness, I'll come to your wedding, and resign you with as much joy as I would a stale wench to a new cully; nay, with as much joy as I would after the first night, if I had been married to you. There's for you; and so your servant, servant. *Exit Spar[kish].* 80 85 90

Alith. How was I deceiv'd in a man!

Lucy. You'll believe then a fool may be made jealous now? for that easiness in him that suffers him to be led by a wife, will likewise permit him to be perswaded against her by others. 95

Alith. But marry Mr. Horner! my brother does not intend it, sure: if I thought he did, I would take thy advice, and Mr. Harcourt for 100

my husband. And now I wish, that if there be any over-wise woman of the town, who, like me, would marry a fool, for fortune, liberty, or title, first, that her husband may love play, and ¹⁰⁵ be a cully to all the town but her, and suffer none but Fortune to be mistress of his purse; then, if for liberty, that he may send her into the country, under the conduct of some housewifely mother-in law; and if for title, may the world ¹¹⁰ give 'em none but that of cuckold.

Lucy. And for her greater curse, madam, may he not deserve it.

Alith. Away, impertinent! Is not this my old Lady Lanterlus? ¹¹⁵

Lucy. Yes, madam.—(*Aside.*) And here I hope we shall find Mr. Harcourt.

Exeunt Ali[thea,] Lucy.

[SCENE IV.]

The Scene changes again to Horner's Lodging.

Horner, Lady Fidget, Mrs. Daynty Fidget, Mrs. Squeamish.

A table, banquet, and bottles.

Horner. (*Aside.*) A pox! they are come too soon — before I have sent back my new — mistress. All I have now to do is to lock her in, that they may not see her.

Lady Fidget. That we may be sure of our 5
wellcome, we have brought our entertainment
with us, and are resolv'd to treat thee, dear toad.

Mrs. Dainty. And that we may be merry to
purpose, have left Sir Jasper and my old Lady
Squeamish, quarrelling at home at baggammon. 10

Mrs. Squeamish. Therefore let us make use
of our time, lest they should chance to interrupt
us.

Lady Fid. Let us sit then.

Horn. First, that you may be private, let me 15
lock this door and that, and I'll wait upon you
presently.

Lady Fid. No, sir, shut 'em only, and your lips
for ever; for we must trust you as much as our
women. 20

Horn. You know all vanity's kill'd in me; I
have no occasion for talking.

Lady Fid. Now, ladies, supposing we had
drank each of us our two bottles, let us speak
the truth of our hearts. 25

Mrs. Dain. and Mrs. Squeam. Agreed.

Lady Fid. By this brimmer, for truth is no
where else to be found — (*Aside to Hor[ner].*)
not in thy heart, false man!

Horn. (*Aside to Lady Fid[get].*) You have 30
found me a true man, I'm sure.

Lady Fid. (*Aside to Hor[ner].*) Not every way. — But let us sit and be merry.

Lady Fidget sings.

1.

*Why should our damn'd tyrants oblige us to live
On the pittance of pleasure which they only give?* 35

We must not rejoyce

With wine and with noise :

*In vaine we must wake in a dull bed alone,
Whilst to our warm rival the bottle they're gone.*

Then lay aside charms, 40

*And take up these arms.**

* The glasses.

2.

*'Tis wine only gives 'em their courage and wit ;
Because we live sober, to men we submit.*

If for beauties you'd pass,

Take a lick of the glass, 45

*'Twill mend your complexions, and when they are
gone,*

The best red we have is the red of the grape :

Then, sisters, lay't on,

And dam a good shape.

Mrs. Dain. Dear brimmer! Well, in token 50
of our openness and plain dealing, let us throw
our masques over our heads.

Horn. [*Aside.*] So, 'twill come to the glasses
anon.

53 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

Mrs. Squeam. Lovely brimmer! let me en- 55
joy him first.

Lady Fid. No, I never part with a gallant till
I've try'd him. Dear brimmer! that mak'st our
husbands short sighted.

Mrs. Dain. And our bashful gallants bold. 60

Mrs. Squeam. And, for want of a gallant, the
butler lovely in our eyes. — Drink, eunuch.

Lady Fid. Drink, thou representative of a
husband. — Damn a husband!

Mrs. Dain. And, as it were a husband, an 65
old keeper.

Mrs. Squeam. And an old grandmother.

Horn. And an English bawd, and a French
chirurgion.

Lady Fid. Ay, we have all reason to curse 70
'em.

Horn. For my sake, ladies?

Lady Fid. No, for our own; for the first
spoils all young gallants industry.

Mrs. Dain. And the others art makes 'em 75
bold only with common women.

Mrs. Squeam. And rather run the hazard of
the vile distemper amongst them, than of a de-
nial amongst us.

Mrs. Dain. The filthy toads chuse mistresses 80

58 *Pve*, Q5, I have.

69 *chirurgion*, Qq. 2-5, chirurgion, O, surgeon.

now as they do stuffs, for having been fancy'd and worn by others.

Mrs. Squeam. For being common and cheap.

Lady Fid. Whilst women of quality, like the richest stuffs, lye untumbled, and unask'd for. 85

Horn. Ay, neat, and cheap, and new, often they think best.

Mrs. Dain. No, sir, the beasts will be known by a mistriss longer than by a suit.

Mrs. Squeam. And 'tis not for cheapness 90 neither.

Lady Fid. No; for the vain fopps will take up druggets, and embroider 'em. But I wonder at the depraved appetites of witty men; they use to be out of the common road, and hate 95 imitation. Pray tell me, beast, when you were a man, why you rather chose to club with a multitude in a common house for an entertainment, than to be the only guest at a good table.

Horn. Why, faith, ceremony and expectation 100 are unsufferable to those that are sharp bent. People always eat with the best stomach at an ordinary, where every man is snatching for the best bit.

Lady Fid. Though he get a cut over the 105 fingers. — But I have heard, people eat most heartily of another man's meat, that is, what they do not pay for.

Horn. When they are sure of their wellcome and freedome; for ceremony in love and eating ¹¹⁰ is as ridiculous as in fighting: falling on briskly is all should be done in those occasions.

Lady Fid. Well then, let me tell you, sir, there is no where more freedome than in our houses; and we take freedom from a young ¹¹⁵ person as a sign of good breeding; and a person may be as free as he pleases with us, as frolick, as gamesome, as wild as he will.

Horn. Han't I heard you all declaim against wild men? 120

Lady Fid. Yes; but for all that, we think wildness in a man as desireable a quality as in a duck or rabbet: a tame man! foh!

Horn. I know not, but your reputations frightened me as much as your faces invited ¹²⁵ me.

Lady Fid. Our reputation! Lord! why should you not think that we women make use of our reputation, as you men of yours, only to deceive the world with less suspicion? Our virtue is ¹³⁰ like the state-man's religion, the Quakers word, the gamesters oath, and the great man's honour; but to cheat those that trust us.

Mrs. Squeam. And that demureness, coyness, and modesty, that you see in our faces in the ¹³⁵

131 *state-man's*, Q3, *states-man's*, Q5, *state-mens*.

boxes at plays, is as much a sign of a kind woman, as a vizard-mask in the pit.

Mrs. Dain. For, I assure you, women are least mask'd when they have the velvet vizard on.

Lady Fid. You wou'd have found us modest 140 women in our denyals only.

Mrs. Squeam. Our bashfulness is only the reflection of the men's.

Mrs. Dain. We blush, when they are shame-fac'd. 145

Horn. I beg your pardon, ladies, I was deceiv'd in you devilishly. But why that mighty pretence to honour?

Lady Fid. We have told you; but sometimes 'twas for the same reason you men pretend 150 business often, to avoid ill company, to enjoy the better and more privately those you love.

Horn. But why wou'd you ne'er give a friend a wink then?

Lady Fid. Faith, your reputation frightened 155 us, as much as ours did you, you were so notoriously lewd.

Horn. And you so seemingly honest.

Lady Fid. Was that all that deterr'd you?

Horn. And so expensive — you allow free- 160 dom, you say.

140 *modest*, Q5, honest.

153 *ne'er*, Q5, never.

143 *reflection*, Q5, reflections.

Lady Fid. Ay, ay.

Horn. That I was afraid of losing my little money, as well as my little time, both which my other pleasures required. 165

Lady Fid. Money! foh! you talk like a little fellow now: do such as we expect money?

Horn. I beg your pardon, madam; I must confess, I have heard that great ladies, like great merchants, set but the higher prizes upon what 170 they have, because they are not in necessity of taking the first offer.

Mrs. Dain. Such as we make sale of our hearts?

Mrs. Squeam. We brib'd for our love? foh! 175

Horn. With your pardon, ladies, I know, like great men in offices, you seem to exact flattery and attendance only from your followers; but you have receivers about you, and such fees to pay, a man is afraid to pass your grants. Besides, we 180 must let you win at cards, or we lose your hearts; and if you make an assignation, 'tis at a goldsmiths, jewellers, or china house; where for your honour you deposit to him, he must pawn his to the punctual citt, and so paying for what you 185 take up, pays for what he takes up.

Mrs. Dain. Wou'd you not have us assur'd of our gallants love?

Mrs. Squeam. For love is better known by liberality than by jealousy. 190

Lady Fid. For one may be dissembled, the other not. — (*Aside.*) But my jealousy can be no longer dissembled, and they are telling-ripe. — Come, here's to our gallants in waiting, whom we must name, and I'll begin. This is my false 195
rogue. *Claps him on the back.*

Mrs. Squeam. How!

Horn. [*Aside.*] So, all will out now.

Mrs. Squeam. (*Aside to Horner.*) Did you not tell me, 'twas for my sake only you reported your 200
self no man?

Mrs. Dain. (*Aside to Horner.*) Oh, wretch! did you not swear to me, 'twas for my love and honour you pass'd for that thing you do?

Horn. So, so. 205

Lady Fid. Come, speak, ladies: this is my false villain.

Mrs. Squeam. And mine too.

Mrs. Dain. And mine.

Horn. Well then, you are all three my false 210
rogues too, and there's an end on't.

Lady Fid. Well then, there's no remedy; sister sharers, let us not fall out, but have a care of our honour. Though we get no presents, no jewels of him, we are savers of our honour, the 215

jewel of most value and use, which shines yet to the world unsuspected, though it be counterfeit.

Horn. Nay, and is e'en as good as if it were true, provided the world think so; for honour, like beauty now, only depends on the opinion of 220 others.

Lady Fid. Well, Harry Common, I hope you can be true to three. Swear; but 'tis no purpose to require your oath, for you are as often forsworn as you swear to new women. 225

Horn. Come, faith, madam, let us e'en pardon one another; for all the difference I find betwixt we men and you women, we forswear our selves at the beginning of an amour, you, as long as it lasts. 230

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget, and Old Lady Squeamish.

Sir Jaspar. Oh, my Lady Fidget, was this your cunning, to come to Mr. Horner without me? but you have been no where else, I hope.

Lady Fid. No, Sir Jaspar.

L. Squeamish. And you came straight hither, 235 Bidly?

Mrs. Squeam. Yes, indeed, lady grandmother.

Sir Jasp. 'Tis well, 'tis well; I knew when once they were throughly acquainted with poor Horner, they'd ne'er be from him: you may let 240

218 *as if it were*, Q5, as 'twere.

223 *'tis no purpose*, Qq. 3-5, O, 'tis to no purpose.

her masquerade it with my wife and Horner, and I warrant her reputation safe.

Enter Boy.

Boy. O, sir, here's the gentleman come, whom you bid me not suffer to come up, without giving you notice, with a lady too, and other gentle- 245 men.

Horn. Do you all go in there, whil'st I send 'em away; and, boy, do you desire 'em to stay below 'til I come, which shall be immediately.

Exeunt Sir Jasper [Fidget], Lad[y] Squeamish, Lad[y] Fidget, Mistris Dainty [Fidget], [Mrs.] Squeamish.

Boy. Yes, sir.

Exit. 250

Exit Horner at t'other door, and returns with Mistris Pinchwife.

Horn. You wou'd not take my advice, to be gone home before your husband came back, he'll now discover all; yet pray, my dearest, be persuaded to go home, and leave the rest to my management; I'll let you down the back way. 255

Mrs. Pinchwife. I don't know the way home, so I don't.

Horn. My man shall wait upon you.

Mrs. Pinch. No, don't you believe that I'll go at all; what, are you weary of me already? 260

Horn. No, my life, 'tis that I may love you long, 'tis to secure my love, and your reputation

with your husband ; he'll never receive you again else.

Mrs. Pinch. What care I? d'ye think to²⁶⁵ frighten me with that? I don't intend to go to him again ; you shall be my husband now.

Horn. I cannot be your husband, dearest, since you are married to him.

Mrs. Pinch. O, wou'd you make me believe²⁷⁰ that? Don't I see every day at London here, women leave their first husbands, and go and live with other men as their wives? pish, pshaw! you'd make me angry, but that I love you so mainly. 275

Horn. So, they are coming up — In again, in, I hear 'em. (*Exit Mistris Pinchwife.*) — Well, a silly mistriss is like a weak place, soon got, soon lost, a man has scarce time for plunder ; she betrays her husband first to her gallant, and then²⁸⁰ her gallant to her husband.

Enter Pinchwife, Alithea, Harcourt, Sparkish, Lucy, and a Parson.

Pinchwife. Come, madam, 'tis not the sudden change of your dress, the confidence of your asseverations, and your false witness there, shall perswade me I did not bring you hither just²⁸⁵ now ; here's my witness, who cannot deny it, since you must be confronted.— Mr. Horner, did not I bring this lady to you just now?

Horn. (*Aside.*) Now must I wrong one woman for anothers sake, — but that's no new thing²⁹⁰ with me, for in these cases I am still on the criminal's side against the innocent.

Alithea. Pray speak, sir.

Horn. (*Aside.*) It must be so. I must be impudent, and try my luck; impudence uses to be²⁹⁵ too hard for truth.

Pinch. What, you are studying an evasion or excuse for her! Speak, sir.

Horn. No, faith, I am something backward only to speak in womens affairs or disputes. 300

Pinch. She bids you speak.

Alith. Ay, pray, sir, do, pray satisfie him.

Horn. Then truly, you did bring that lady to me just now.

Pinch. O ho! 305

Alith. How, sir?

Harcourt. How, Horner?

Alith. What mean you, sir? I always took you for a man of honour.

Horn. (*Aside.*) Ay, so much a man of hon-³¹⁰our, that I must save my mistriss, I thank you, come what will on't.

Sparkish. So, if I had had her, she'd have made me believe the moon had been made of a Christmas pye. 315

Lucy. (*Aside.*) Now cou'd I speak, if I durst, and 'solve the riddle, who am the author of it.

Alith. O unfortunate woman! A combination against my honour, which most concerns 320 me now, because you share in my disgrace, sir, and it is your censure, which I must now suffer, that troubles me, not theirs.

Har. Madam, then have no trouble, you shall now see 'tis possible for me to love too, without 325 being jealous; I will not only believe your innocence my self, but make all the world believe it. — (*Apart to Horner.*) Horner, I must now be concern'd for this ladies honour.

Horn. And I must be concern'd for a ladies 330 honour too.

Har. This lady has her honour, and I will protect it.

Horn. My lady has not her honour, but has given it me to keep, and I will preserve it. 335

Har. I understand you not.

Horn. I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pinch. What's the matter with 'em all?

Mistress Pinchwife peeping in behind.

Pinch. Come, come, Mr. Horner, no more disputing; here's the parson, I brought him not 340 in vain.

Har. No, sir, I'll employ him, if this lady please.

Pinch. How! what d'ye mean?

Spark. Ay, what does he mean?

Horn. Why, I have resign'd your sister to 345
him, he has my consent.

Pinch. But he has not mine, sir; a womans
injur'd honour, no more than a man's, can be
repair'd or satisfied by any but him that first
wrong'd it; and you shall marry her presently, 350
or — *Lays his hand on his sword.*

Enter to them Mistress Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord, they'll kill poor Mr.
Horner! besides, he shan't marry her whilst I
stand by, and look on; I'll not lose my second
husband so. 355

Pinch. What do I see?

Alith. My sister in my cloaths!

Spark. Ha!

Mrs. Pinch. (*To Mr. Pinchwife.*) Nay, pray
now don't quarrel about finding work for the 360
parson, he shall marry me to Mr. Horner; for
now, I believe, you have enough of me.

Horn. [*Aside.*] Damn'd, damn'd loving change-
ling!

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, sister, pardon me for tell- 365
ing so many lyes of you.

342 *Har.*, Qq. 1-4, O, misprint Hor.

363 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

Horn. I suppose the riddle is plain now.

Lucy. No, that must be my work. — Good sir, hear me.

Kneels to Mr. Pinchwife, who stands doggedly, with his hat over his eyes.

Pinch. I will never hear woman again, but ³⁷⁰ make 'em all silent, thus —

Offers to draw upon his wife.

Horn. No, that must not be.

Pinch. You then shall go first, 'tis all one to me.

Offers to draw on Hor[ner], stopt by Harcourt.

Har. Hold!

375

[*Re-*]enter *Sir Jaspar Fidget, Lady Fidget, Lady Squeamish, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, Mrs. Squeamish.*

Sir Jasp. What's the matter? what's the matter? pray, what's the matter, sir? I beseech you communicate, sir.

Pinch. Why, my wife has communicated, sir, as your wife may have done too, sir, if she knows ³⁸⁰ him, sir.

Sir Jasp. Pshaw, with him! ha! ha! he!

Pinch. D'ye mock me, sir? a cuckold is a kind of a wild beast; have a care, sir.

³⁶⁷ *Horn.*, Qq. and O assign this speech to Har[court]. Hunt made the change, without question, rightly.

Lady Fidget, Qq. 2-5, O, omit.

Sir Fasp. No, sure, you mock me, sir. He³⁸⁵
cuckold you! it can't be, ha! ha! he! why, I'll
tell you, sir — *Offers to whisper.*

Pinch. I tell you again, he has whor'd my
wife, and yours too, if he knows her, and all the
women he comes near; 'tis not his dissembling,³⁹⁰
his hypocrisie, can wheedle me.

Sir Fasp. How! does he dissemble? is he a
hypocrite? Nay, then — how — wife — sister,
is he an hypocrite?

L. Squeam. An hypocrite! a dissembler!³⁹⁵
Speak, young harlotry, speak, how?

Sir Fasp. Nay, then — O my head too! —
O thou libi[di]nous lady!

L. Squeam. O thou harloting harlotry! hast
thou don't then? 400

Sir Fasp. Speak, good Horner, art thou a dis-
sembler, a rogue? hast thou —

Horn. Soh!

Lucy. (*Apart to Hor[ner].*) I'll fetch you off,
and her too, if she will but hold her tongue. 405

Horn. (*Apart to Luc[y].*) Canst thou? I'll
give thee —

Lucy. (*To Mr. Pin[chwife].*) Pray have but
patience to hear me, sir, who am the unfortunate
cause of all this confusion. Your wife is inno-⁴¹⁰

392 a, Q5 omits.

397 my, Q4, Q5, O, my my.

398 libi[di]nous, Q1, Q2, Q4, libinous, Q3, Q5, O, libidinous.

cent, I only culpable ; for I put her upon telling you all these lyes concerning my mistress, in order to the breaking off the match between Mr. Sparkish and her, to make way for Mr. Harcourt.

Spark. Did you so, eternal rotten-tooth? Then, it seems, my mistress was not false to me, I was only deceiv'd by you. Brother, that shou'd have been, now man of conduct, who is a frank person now, to bring your wife to her⁴¹⁵ lover, ha?

Lucy. I assure you, sir, she came not to Mr. Horner out of love, for she loves him no more —

Mrs. Pinch. Hold, I told lyes for you, but you shall tell none for me, for I do love Mr.⁴²⁵ Horner with all my soul, and no body shall say me nay; pray, don't you go to make poor Mr. Horner believe to the contrary; 'tis spitefully done of you, I'm sure.

Horn. (*Aside to Mrs. Pin[chwife].*) Peace,⁴³⁰ dear ideot.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, I will not peace.

Pinch. Not 'til I make you.

Enter Dorilant, Quack.

Dorilant. Horner, your servant; I am the Doctors guest, he must excuse our intrusion. ⁴³⁵

Quack. But what's the matter, gentlemen? for Heavens sake, what's the matter?

Horn. Oh, 'tis well you are come. 'Tis a censorious world we live in; you may have brought me a reprieve, or else I had died for a 440 crime I never committed, and these innocent ladies had suffer'd with me; therefore, pray satisfie these worthy, honourable, jealous gentlemen — that — *Whispers.*

Quack. O, I understand you, is that all? — 445
Sir Jasper, by Heavens, and upon the word of a physician, sir — *Whispers to Sir Jasper.*

Sir Jasp. Nay, I do believe you truly. — Pardon me, my virtuous lady, and dear of honour.

L. Squeam. What, then all's right again? 450

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, and now let us satisfie him too. *They whisper with Mr. Pinch[wife.]*

Pinch. An eunuch! Pray, no fooling with me.

Quack. I'll bring half the chirurgions in town to swear it. 455

Pinch. They! — they'll sweare a man that bled to death through his wounds died of an apoplexy.

Quack. Pray, hear me, sir — why, all the town has heard the report of him. 460

Pinch. But does all the town believe it?

Quack. Pray, inquire a little, and first of all these.

Pinch. I'm sure when I left the town, he was the lewdest fellow in't. 465

Quack. I tell you, sir, he has been in France since ; pray, ask but these ladies and gentlemen, your friend Mr. Dorilant. Gentlemen and ladies, han't you all heard the late sad report of poor Mr. Horner ?

470

All the Ladies. Ay, ay, ay.

Dor. Why, thou jealous fool, do'st thou doubt it ? he's an errant French capon.

Mrs. Pinch. 'Tis false, sir, you shall not disparage poor Mr. Horner, for to my certain knowledge —

Lucy. O, hold !

Mrs. Squeam. (*Aside to Lucy.*) Stop her mouth !

Lady Fid. (*To Pinch[wife].*) Upon my honour, sir, 'tis as true —

480

Mrs. Dain. D'y think we would have been seen in his company ?

Mrs. Squeam. Trust our unspotted reputations with him ?

Lady Fid. (*Aside to Hor[ner].*) This you get, and we too, by trusting your secret to a fool.

Horn. Peace, madam. — (*Aside to Quack.*) Well, Doctor, is not this a good design, that carries a man on unsuspected, and brings him off safe ?

479 *Lady Fid.* Qq., O, Old La. Fid.

485 *Lady Fid.*, Qq., O, Old La. Fid.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Well, if this were true — but my wife —

Dorilant whispers with Mrs. Pinch[wife].

Alith. Come, brother, your wife is yet innocent, you see; but have a care of too strong an⁴⁹⁵ imagination, least, like an over-concern'd timorous gamester, by fancying an unlucky cast, it should come. Women and fortune are truest still to those that trust 'em.

Lucy. And any wild thing grows but the more⁵⁰⁰ fierce and hungry for being kept up, and more dangerous to the keeper.

Alith. There's doctrine for all husbands, Mr. Harcourt.

Har. I edifie, madam, so much, that I am⁵⁰⁵ impatient till I am one.

Dor. And I edifie so much by example, I will never be one.

Spark. And because I will not disparage my parts, I'll ne're be one. 510

Horn. And I, alas! can't be one.

Pinch. But I must be one — against my will to a country-wife, with a country-murrain to me!

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside.*) And I must be a coun-⁵¹⁵try wife still too, I find; for I can't, like a city one, be rid of my musty husband, and doe what I list.

Horn. Now, sir, I must pronounce your wife innocent, though I blush whilst I do it; and I⁵²⁰ am the only man by her now expos'd to shame, which I will straight drown in wine, as you shall your suspicion; and the ladies troubles we'l divert with a ballet. — Doctor, where are your maskers?
525

Lucy. Indeed, she's innocent, sir, I am her witness; and her end of coming out was but to see her sisters wedding; and what she has said to your face of her love to Mr. Horner, was but the usual innocent revenge on a husbands jeal-⁵³⁰ousie; — was it not, madam, speak?

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside to Lucy and Horner.*) Since you'l have me tell more lyes — Yes, indeed, budd.

Pinch. For my own sake fain I wou'd all believe;
535
Cuckolds, like lovers, shou'd themselves deceive.

But —

Sighs.
His honour is least safe (too late I find)
Who trusts it with a foolish wife or friend.

A Dance of Cuckolds.

Horn. Vain fopps but court, and dress, and keep a putther,
540

524 *ballet*, Q3, ballat, O, ballad.

537 Q1 misprints *But — sighs*.

To pass for womens men with one another;
But he who aimes by women to be priz'd,
First by the men, you see, must be despis'd. [Exeunt.]

Finis.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY [MRS. KNEP.]

*Now you the vigorous, who dayly here
O're vizard-mask in publick domineer,
And what you'd doe to her, if in place where ;
Nay, have the confidence to cry, Come out !
Yet when she says, Lead on ! you are not stout ; 5
But to your well-drest brother straight turn round,
And cry, Pox on her, Ned, she can't be sound !
Then slink away, a fresh one to ingage,
With so much seeming heat and loving rage,
You'd frighten listning actress on the stage ; 10
Till she at last has seen you huffing come,
And talk of keeping in the tyreing-room,
Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home :
Next, you Fallstaffs of fifty, who beset
Your buckram maidenheads, which your friends get ; 15
And whilst to them you of atchievements boast,
They share the booty, and laugh at your cost ;
In fine, you essens't boyes, both old and young,
Who wou'd be thought so eager, brisk, and strong,
Yet do the ladies, not their husbands, wrong ; 20*

[Mrs. Knep.], Q1 has, by error of the printer, probably, Mr. Hart.

*Whose purses for your manhood make excuse,
 And keep your Flanders mares for shew, not use ;
 Encourag'd by our womans man to day,
 A Horners part may vainly think to play ;
 And may intreagues so bashfully disown* 25
*That they may doubted be by few or none ;
 May kiss the cards at picquet, hombre, lu,
 And so be thought to kiss the lady too ;
 But, gallants, have a care, faith, what you do.
 The world, which to no man his due will give,* 30
*You by experience know you can deceive,
 And men may still believe you vigorous,
 But then we women — there's no cous'ning us.*

28 *thought*, Qq. 2-5, O, *taught*.

Finis.

Notes to The Country Wife

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

3, 5. The late so baffled scribler. A reference to the ill-success of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*. Cf. *Intro.* xxv.

3, 10. like Castril . . . lye. Kastrill is "the angry boy" in Jonson's *The Alchemist*. Cf. especially *Alchem.* iv, 2.

3, 11. Bayses. Bays was originally the nickname of the laureate Dryden in Buckingham's *The Rehearsal* (1671); here, the author.

7. Horner's Lodging. This was in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Cf. I, i, 373.

7, 17. Whitehal. The Royal Palace, near the present Trafalgar Square, in which Charles II held his court.

8, 26. Annis-seed Robin. Since his memory was so contemptible, it is perhaps as well that it seems to have perished.

11, 117. *Escole de Filles*. *L'Ecole des Filles, ou la Philosophie des Dames*, an extremely licentious book, attributed to Helot, first published in Paris, 1655. It was condemned by the authorities and the copies burnt, while the author, who saved himself from further penalty by flight, was hanged in effigy. Brunet, *Manuel du libraire* (1861), ii, p. 939. Later editions were published in 1671 and 1672.

15, 222. *probatum est*. It has been tried before.

16, 234. drunken vizard mask. For the character of the vizard-masks see Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* (1882), II, 11, and Doran, *Annals of the Stage* (1888), I, 265. Cf. *Country Wife*, v, iv, 138, and Etheredge, *She Would if She Could* (1668), II, i, "A good face is as seldom covered with a vizard-mask as a good hat with an oiled case."

17, 283-284. love . . . surgeon's. Cf. note on text, p. 17. Love brings tortures of its own, besides those which the surgeon causes by his treatment for venereal disease. Cf. for example of

these, the opening of Shadwell's *The Humourists* (1671), and this whole discussion of love and wine with the discussion there.

18, 294. **love . . . uppermost.** Love will always be uppermost, as the oil will be above the vinegar.

19, 320-322. **Mar-all's . . . music.** Sir Martin Mar-all, in Dryden's play of that name (1667), pretends to serenade his mistress, though the music is actually furnished by his man, as Sir Martin eventually reveals by his awkwardness.

21, 379. **tune his crowd.** Spend time in preliminaries. Cf. Glossary.

23, 426. **Chateline's.** Chateline's or Chatelain's was a fashionable ordinary in Covent Garden, frequented by the wits. Cf. Pepys, under Mar. 13, 1667-8, and Apr. 22, 1668. It is often referred to in the plays of the day, especially Shadwell's.

23, 428. **the Cock.** The Cock Tavern, even more famous than Chatelain's, was on the east side of Bow Street, Covent Garden, about the middle of the street, opposite to the house in which Wycherley lodged with the widow Hilton. Cf. Cunningham, *Handbook of London* (1850), p. 67.

23, 430. **the Dog and Partridg.** Cf. Shadwell, *The Sullen Lovers* (1668), II, iii, "we must go to the 'Setting-dog and Partridge' to supper . . . there will be the blades, and we shall have a ball." I have not discovered its location. It is not the same as Pepys's and Jonson's "Dog," in King Street, Westminster.

24, 465. **Smithfield jade.** Allusions are many to the famous horse-market of Smithfield and the tricks practiced there. Cf. epilogue of Dryden's *Mr. Limberham* (1678), "This town two bargains has, not worth one farthing,— A Smithfield horse, and wife of Covent Garden." In his note on this passage Saintsbury alludes to the "old proverb, that whoso goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave and a jade." Cf. also *II Henry IV*, I, ii, 55-60.

26, 518-519. **mymaxime . . . fool.** Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, I, i, 82, *Épouser une sottise est pour n'être point sot.*

27, 531. **understand the town.** Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, IV, 5, 8, *Enfin j'ai vu le monde et j'en sais les finesses.*

28, 570. **the eighteen penny place.** Cf. II, i, 19 *et seq.*

The theatre prices, as shown by the bill at the opening of Drury Lane, Apr. 6, 1663, were Boxes 4s., Pit 2s. 6d., Middle Gallery 1s. 6d., Upper Gallery 1s. Pinchwife and Margery sat in the Middle Gallery, whereas the usual place for those of the higher class was below, in the boxes, or the Pit. Ladies, especially if unaccompanied by men, generally sat in the boxes. Cf. Pepys, under Jan. 7, 1668, and Dec. 8, 1668. For descriptions of the Restoration theatre see H. B. Baker, *The London Stage* (1889); Besant, *London in the Time of the Stuarts* (1903); Misson, *Mémoires et Observations faites par un voyageur en Angleterre* (1698), quoted by Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* (1882), II, pp. 6, 7.

29, 602-604. **jealous . . . wife.** I. e., as a London citizen who has had the fortune to marry a woman of the upper class — the vicinity of Covent Garden being a fashionable residence section at this time. Cf. Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing-Master*, I, i (Ward's ed. p. 141), "like an ill-bred city-dame, whose husband is half-broke by living in Covent Garden."

Covent-garden. Originally the *Convent Garden* of the monks of Westminster. In 1640 it was converted by Inigo Jones for its owner, the Duke of Bedford, into a fine square, with the church of St. Paul on the west side and lines of houses upon arcades on the north and east. These were called *the Piazza*, having been built in imitation of the Piazza at Leghorn. On the south lay the gardens of Bedford House. The square was inhabited by people of rank and fashion till nearly the middle of the eighteenth century. It is now occupied by a famous market.

31, 4. **Mulberry Garden.** This occupied the present site of Buckingham Palace. In 1609, James I, in an endeavor to establish the silk-industry in England, enclosed four acres at the west end of St. James's Park, and planted mulberry-trees. The garden was sold in the time of the Commonwealth, but was restored to Charles II and by him thrown open to the public. It was a place of fashionable resort and intrigue until closed, about 1675. It is constantly referred to in the plays of the time, and gives the title to Sedley's *The Mulberry Garden* (1668).

St. James's Park. Originally a marshy piece of ground between St. James's Hospital and Thorney Island, enclosed as a garden by Henry VIII, and used for a menagerie by James I, and

subsequently as a private park. It was much improved by Charles II and thrown open to the public, with whom it became the most popular place of resort. Cf. Wycherley's *Love in a Wood* or *St. James's Park* (1671).

31, 5. **the New Exchange.** Erected by Robert, Earl of Salisbury, 1609, on the south side of the Strand, nearly opposite the present Bedford Street. It was built somewhat after the plan of the Royal Exchange, with vaulted cellars beneath, over which were an open paved arcade and walks with rows of shops occupied by perfumers and publishers, milliners and sempstresses. In Wycherley's day it was a fashionable lounging-place. "By the intrigues, assignations, and indecent licenses of the fops with the milliners, the place lost its character, was little resorted to after the death of Queen Anne, and in 1737 was taken down." Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, Rev. ed. (1877), p. 331.

46, 396-397. **my own free-hold.** I. e., Margery.

50, 498-501. **'Tis true . . . not known.** Very likely, as Klette (p. 59) suggests, a reminiscence of Molière's *Tartuffe*, IV, 5, 118-120:

*Et le mal n'est jamais que dans l'éclat qu'on fait,
Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,
Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence.*

54, 619. **gentleman-usher.** In 1676 gentlemen-ushers were apparently going out of fashion. Cf. Etheredge, *The Man of Mode* (1676), I, i (*Plays and Poems*, ed. Verity, 1888, p. 246), "Bawds are as much out of fashion as gentlemen-ushers: none but old formal ladies use the one, and none but foppish old strangers employ the other."

55, 639. **shocks.** Cf. Glossary. Hunt's and Ward's unauthorized reading, *smocks*, is at least a gratuitous, if not an unfounded, charge against the cleanliness of the fine lady of the time.

56, 662-665. **For when . . . pleases.** Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, III, 2, 119-121:

*Car le jeu, fort décevant,
Pousse une femme souvent
A jouer de tout son reste.*

62, 75. **she comes from it.** I. e., Alithea has just returned from the play. At this time the performance appears to have begun at three o'clock. Later in the century the play began at five and ended about nine. Cf. Vanbrugh's *The Relapse* (1697), II, 1, 252-255 (ed. W. C. Ward, 1893).

66, 29-32. **if he cou'd . . . enough.** If he could supply your hand with a glass, instead of filling it with money at dice or cards, you were satisfied; and if he was a drinker, the character of his conversation did not matter.

68, 81. **brother woodcocks.** "Woodcock" was proverbially used for "fool," on account of the ease with which the bird was netted.

68, 94. **like . . . Exchange.** I. e., light women.

70, 139. **Hictius doctius, topsey turvey.** A juggling formula, of uncertain derivation (cf. *N. E. D.* and *Cent. Dict.*), in use akin to *presto*. Cf. Dryden, *Amphitryon* (1690), v, 1 (Saintsbury's *Dryden*, VIII, 102), "Here is nothing, and here is nothing; and then hiccus doctus, and they are both here again." According to Saintsbury, *hiccus doctus* = *hic est doctus*, "the usual cant phrase for a conjuror."

71, 148-149. **You shall . . . a knight.** Examples, as Sparkish declares, are numerous. Cf. Sir Jasper, in this play; Sir Positive At-All, in Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers* (1668), described in the *Dramatis Personæ* as "a foolish knight"; Sir Humphry Noddy, in Shadwell's *Bury Fair* (1689); Sir Nicholas Gimcrack, Sir Formal Trifle, Sir Samuel Harty, in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso* (1676); Sir Nicholas Cully, in Etherege's *Love in a Tub* (1664); Sir Oliver Cockwood and Sir Joslin Jolley in Etherege's *She Would if She Could* (1668); and "the very cock-fool of all those fools," Sir Fopling Flutter in Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (1676). Klette (p. 59) suggests that the passage is a reminiscence of Molière, *L'Impromptu de Versailles*, sc. 1, "*Le marquis aujourd'hui est le plaisant de la comédie; et comme dans toutes les comédies anciennes on voit toujours un valet bouffon qui fait rire les auditeurs, de même, dans toutes nos pièces de maintenant, il faut toujours un marquis ridicule qui divertisse la compagnie.*"

72, 192. **Covent-garden-Drollery.** "Covent Garden Drollery, or a Collection of all the choice Songs, Poems, Prologues

and Epilogues, sung and spoken at Courts and Theatres. Written by the Refinedst Wits of the Age ; and collected by A. B. Printed for James Magnes in *Russell Street in Covent Garden*. 1672." Cf. Arber, *Term Catalogues*, 1, 117 (Nov. 21, 1672). Arber does not interpret "A. B." Lowndes, *Bibliographer's Manual* (1856), i, 280, ascribes the book to Alexander Brome, but Bullen, *Dic. Nat. Biog. sub Alexander Brome*, disagrees. Ward, *William Wycherley*, p. 292, misprints "R. B." and ascribes the book to Richard Brome. Misled by this error, Klette, *Wycherley's Leben etc.*, p. 29, assumes the existence of two collections.

72, 193. **Tarugos Wiles.** "Tarugo's Wiles: or, the Coffee-House. A Comedy Written By Tho. St. Serfe, Gent. London. Printed for Henry Herringman . . . 1668." Ward, p. 292, calls the author Sir Thomas St. Serle. "In the verses by Lord Dorset (written in 1668, as the inscription bears, upon occasion of the representation of Tarugo's Wiles at the Duke's Theatre), St. Serfe is called 'Sir Thomas,' and upon this evidence only he is styled a knight in the *Biographia Dramatica*. That he may have subsequently received such a mark of Royal favour is possible enough, but most assuredly, at the time his play was acted and published, he was merely 'Thomas St. Serfe, Gent.' At a later date, viz. the month of June 1669, he still remained without such title, for in the indictment at his instance, he is termed 'Thomas Sydserff, brother-german to Dr. Sydserff.' We very much suspect that he was a knight only of the noble Lord's creation." *The Trial of Mingo Murray for Assaulting Thomas Sydserf, Comedian, iv. and xi. June M.DC.LXIV. [1840?]*, Intro., p. 6. Genest, 1, 87, shares with Ward the mistake of calling St. Serfe, St. Serle. Sydserff appears to be the original form. He was the son of Thomas Sydserff, bishop of Galloway.

72, 194. **The Slighted Maiden.** "The Slighted Maid. A Comedy. London, 1663." By Sir Robert Stapleton.

73, 212. **never go. I. e., may I never go.** Cf. note on *P.D.*, 280, 1108.

74, 230-231. **Sister . . . leave you.** Pinchwife calls back to Alithea, who is following at some distance behind (invisible on the stage), and who has now been joined by Sparkish and Harcourt.

77, 314-316. **She'll make . . . a cuckold.** This seems to mean: She'll make no use of her good fortune, her blessing, which

is nothing for a gentleman to grant (for it requires good breeding to be a cuckold), all for the sake of an out and out cuckold (i. e., Sparkish). The clause "for . . . cuckold" explains "none to a gentleman."

80, 382. **Gad . . . aware.** It is quite possible that this should be marked [*Aside*].

83, 460. **Har. Madam, I hope, etc.** While Pinchwife has been talking to Sparkish, Harcourt and Alithea have been conversing aside. Pinchwife now interrupts them with the words, "This gentlewoman," etc., before Harcourt receives an answer from Alithea.

89, 617. **question.** I. e., whether he may come earlier than Sparkish with a canonical gentleman. Cf. preceding note.

91, 667. **legion.** To call Alithea simply "bawd" is not strong enough for Pinchwife.

93, 734-735. **The gallant . . . all.** Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, III, ii, 126, 127:

*Le mari dans ces cadeaux,
Est toujours celui qui paye.*

97, 93-94. **Lincoln's Inn-fields.** The fields west of Lincoln's Inn were in 1618 already partly surrounded by residences of noblemen and gentlemen, as well as meaner dwellings. Later they were laid out as a "square" according to the plans of Inigo Jones, who completed the west side, with fine residences. In 1657 agreement was made to complete the square and the other two sides were added. The gardens were not enclosed till 1735.

St. James's-fields. Formerly a part of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, it was made a separate parish, with a church consecrated in 1685 to St. James, in honor of the reigning monarch. It contained about 3000 houses and by the time of Queen Anne was the court quarter. Cf. Addison, *Spectator*, No. 403 (1712).

Pall-mall. A broad street between the Haymarket and St. James's street, S.W., so named from the French game of *paille-maille*, which was played there, as early as the reign of James I. As a street the name occurs as early as 1656, though Porter's map, about 1660 (London: Topographical Society, 1898), shows

no houses there. Not long after, in the reign of Charles II, the game was transferred to the Mall in the Park, and the street became lined with fashionable residences.

98, 107-108. **chaplain . . . custom.** The domestic chaplain was found in all the households of persons of "quality." He had no social standing, however, and was the constant object of satire. Cf. Oldham, *A Satyr Address'd to a Friend that is about to leave the University*, ed. 1703; Gay, *Trivia*, Bk. II; *Tatler*, No. 255, *Guardian*, No. 163; and other references, in Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* (1882), II, pp. 122, 123.

98, 121. **the canonical hour.** The canonical hours, within which a marriage could be legally performed in a parish church, were at this time from 8 A.M. to 12, noon. At present they are from 8 A. M. to 3 P.M.

104, 39-40. **but . . . simplicity.** Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, II, v, 19, 20:

*Cet aveu qu'elle fait avec sincérité,
Me marque pour le moins son ingénuité.*

105, 71-72. **slaves . . . intended 'em.** Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, III, ii, 25: *Votre sexe n'est là que pour la dépendance.*

110, 211. **hint at bottom.** This is the postscript: see p. 127, ll. 361-364.

122, 250-251. **china enough.** Cf. *P.D.* II, I, 571.

126, 336-338. **Shye . . . civility.** Lombard Street was noted from the fourteenth century for its bankers and financiers. The courtier's civility means a purpose to borrow money.

126, 338. **Lockets.** A very famous tavern at Charing Cross, on the site of the present Drummond's Bank, started by Adam Locket and continued after his death in 1688 by his son Edward. It is constantly referred to in the plays of the time. Cf. Shadwell, *The Volunteers* (1693), III, i, "your swearing, drinking fine Fellows in lac'd coats, just such as you of the drawing Room and Lockets Fellows are now"; and Vanbrugh, *The Relapse* (1697), II, i, 249, 250, "Locket's, where you are so nicely and delicately served, that, stap my vitals! they shall compose you a dish no bigger than a saucer, shall come to fifty shillings."

130, 466. **the Piazza.** Cf note on Covent Garden, 29, 602.

136, 70. **Mrs. Pinch. No — sir, . . . you.** Without authority from the texts, Hunt and Ward assign this speech to Pinchwife, to whom it may seem naturally to belong

150, scene heading. **the letter.** The letter which Margery has written to Horner and signed with Alithea's name. Cf. v, iii, 67

152. 48-49. **He . . . similes.** He has been a great gull, been much cheated, to judge by the similes he uses.

161, 180. **pass your grants.** I e., accept the privileges you bestow.

170, 397. **my head.** With reference to the cuckold's horns.

174, 498-499. **Women . . . trust em.** Cf Molière, *L'École des Maris*, I, ii, 79, 80:

*Toutes ces gardes-là sont visions de fous :
Le plus sûr est, ma foi, de se fier en nous.*

178, 28. **thought.** Hunt and Ward, like Qq 2-5, O, read *taught*, but the reading of Q1 is certainly correct. The idea of the whole Epilogue is that gallants seek by their actions to be thought what they are not. *Taught* gives no sense in the passage.

THE TEXT

The Plain-Dealer was licensed for publication January 9, 1676/77, and three quarto versions bear the date 1677. Of these, Q1 is easily distinguished by the fact that it has 96 numbered pages, Q2 only 84, like the succeeding quartos. The third version that is dated 1677 is not, however, Q3 but Q4. That the 1678 version is, in spite of the date, Q3 is shown not only by the title "The Second Edition," while Q4, 1677, has "The Third Edition," but by the changes in the firm of publishers, and by internal evidences of its relation to Q2 and Q4. It was evidently printed from Q2. (Cf. the Bibliography.) Q5, 1681, likewise bears the title "The Third Edition." Quartos 6, 7, 8 and 9, entitled respectively the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh editions, followed in 1686, 1691, 1694 and 1700. Q10, 1709, like Q8, bears the title of "The Sixth Edition." O1 is dated 1710. The date of O2 it is impossible to determine. There is no date upon the title-page, and in the collection of plays in which it appears other plays bear dates ranging from 1710 to 1721, but in no order corresponding to the volumes. The readings of O2, however, show that it is much more closely related to O1 than to O3, and seem to render it certain that it did not follow the latter. O3 is the version in the collected edition of Wycherley's *Works*, 1713.

Of these thirteen versions that appeared during Wycherley's lifetime, Q1 and O3 are the most important. The latter is manifestly closer to Q1 than most of the intervening editions. But there is no evidence that Wycherley revised the collected edition, and there is plenty of internal evidence that O3 is in important points inferior to Q1. The present text therefore follows that of the first quarto. With it have been collated the other nine quartos and the three octavo editions. Q1 has been collated in the copy in the British Museum, Q2 in that of the Cambridge University Library, Q3 and Q4 in copies owned by the editor, Q5 in a copy owned by Beverly Chew, Esq., New York, Q6 in the copy of the British Museum, Q7 in the editor's copy, Q8 in the copy of the British Museum, Q9, 9 and 10 in the editor's copies, and the three octavo editions in the copies of the British Museum.

All the variants of these thirteen editions will be found in the footnotes, save for the exceptions called for by the plan of this series, as noted in the discussion of the text of *The Country Wife*. The editions of Hunt and Ward have likewise been collated, and they are here treated as in the case of the former play.

THE
PLAIN-DEALER.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal.

Written by M^r WYCHERLEY.

H O R A T.

— *Ridiculum acre*

Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Licensed Jan. 9. 1676.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE,

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. N. for James Magnes and Rich. Bentley
in Russel-Street in Covent-garden near the Piazza's.

M. D C. LXXVII.

SOURCES

The theme of *The Plain-Dealer*, and the groundwork of its chief characters, together with the idea of some of its most effective scenes, were found in Molière's *Le Misanthrope*. The conception of the Widow Blackacre seems to have been due to Racine's *Les Plaideurs*. The criticism of *The Country Wife* in Act ii, scene 1 was suggested by Molière's *La Critique de L'École des Femmes*. Fidelity is an imitation of Viola, in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, from which the name of Olivia and her pursuit of Fidelity are also borrowed. Klette's suggestion that Wycherley borrowed directly from Bandello in the scene in which Vernish finds Fidelity in the society of his wife and discovers her sex is of doubtful worth. Of a little more value, possibly, is the same writer's suggestion that Wycherley may have obtained a hint for the duel between Manly and Vernish, and Olivia's attitude toward the victor, in the actual duel between Buckingham and Shrewsbury, January 16, 1668, at which Lady Shrewsbury was present, disguised as a man, and embraced her victorious lover while he was still stained with the blood of her fallen husband. For a fuller discussion of Wycherley's indebtedness to others, see the *Introduction*.

TO MY LADY B—.

Madam,—

Tho I never had the honour to receive a favour from you, nay, or be known to you, I take the confidence of an author to write to you a Billiet doux Dedicatory. Which is no new thing, for by most dedications it appears that authors, though they praise 5 their patrons from top to toe, and seem to turn 'em inside out, know 'em as little as sometimes their patrons their books, tho they read 'em out; and if the poetical daubers did not write the name of the man or woman on top of the picture, 'twere impossible to 10 guess whose it were. But you, madam, without the help of a poet, have made your self known and famous in the world; and because you do not want it, are therefore most worthy of an Epistle Dedicatory. And this play claims naturally your protection, since 15 it has lost its reputation with the ladies of stricter lives in the play-house; and (you know) when mens endeavours are discountenanc'd and refus'd by the nice coy women of honour, they come to you: — to you, the great and noble patroness of rejected and 20 bashful men, of which number I profess my self to

2 or, Q9, nor. 8 'em, Qq. 2-10, Os, them.
14 of, Qq. 4-10, O1, O2, omit.

be one, though a poet, a dedicating poet, — to you, I say, madam, who have as discerning a judgment, in what's obscene or not, as any quick-sighted civil person of 'em all, and can make as much of a double 25 meaning saying as the best of 'em; yet wou'd not, as some do, make nonsense of a poet's jest, rather than not make it bawdy; by which they show, they as little value wit in a play as in a lover, provided they can bring t'other thing about. Their sense, indeed, lies 30 all one way, and therefore are only for that in a poet which is moving, as they say. But what do they mean by that word moving? Well, I must not put 'em to the blush, since I find I can do't. In short, madam, you wou'd not be one of those who 35 ravish a poet's innocent words, and make 'em guilty of their own naughtiness (as 'tis term'd) in spite of his teeth. Nay, nothing is secure from the power of their imaginations, no, not their husbands, whom they cuckold with themselves, by thinking of other men; 40 and so make the lawful matrimonial embraces adultery; wrong husbands and poets in thought and word, to keep their own reputations. But your ladyship's justice, I know, wou'd think a woman's arraigning and damning a poet for her own obscenity like her 45 crying out a rape, and hanging a man for giving her pleasure, only that she might be thought not to consent to't; and so, to vindicate her honour, forfeits

39 imaginations, Q8, Q9, imagination.

her modesty. But you, madam, have too much modesty to pretend to't, tho you have as much to say for 50
your modesty as many a nicer she: for you never were seen at this play, no, not the first day; and'tis no matter what peoples lives have been, they are unquestionably modest who frequent not this play. For, as Mr. Bays says of his, that it is the only touch- 55
stone of mens wit and understanding; mine is, it seems, the only touchstone of womens vertue and modesty. But hold, that touchstone is equivocal, and, by the strength of a lady's imagination, may become something that is not civil: but your ladyship, I 60
know, scorns to misapply a touchstone.

And, madam, tho you have not seen this play, I hope (like other nice ladies) you will the rather read it. Yet, lest the chambermaid or page shou'd not be trusted, and their indulgence cou'd gain no further 65
admittance for it than to their ladies lobbies or outward rooms, take it into your care and protection; for, by your recommendation and procurement, it may have the honour to get into their closets; for what they renounce in publick, often entertains 'em there, 70
with your help especially. In fine, madam, for these and many other reasons, you are the fittest patroness or judge of this play; for you shew no partiality to

57 *womens*, Q9, *womans*.

65 *indulgence*, Qq. 4-10, O1, O2, *indulgences*.

66 *ladies*, O1, O2, *lady's*. 67 *rooms*, Qq. 6-10, O3, *room*.

this or that author. For from some many ladies will take a broad jeast as chearfully as from the water- 75 men, and sit at some downright filthy plays (as they call 'em) as well satisfy'd, and as still, as a poet cou'd wish 'em elsewhere. Therefore it must be the doubtful obscenity of my plays alone they take excep- 80 tions at, because it is too bashful for 'em: and, indeed, most women hate men for attempting to halves on their chastity; and baudy, I find, like satyr, shou'd be home, not to have it taken notice of. But, now I mention satyr, some there are who say, 'Tis the plain-dealing of the play, not the obscenity; 'tis 85 taking off the ladies masks, not offering at their pettycoats, which offends 'em: — and generally they are not the handsomest, or most innocent, who are the most angry at being discover'd: —

“Nihil est audacius illis
Deprehensis; iram atq; animos à crimine sumunt.” 90.

Pardon, madam, the quotation; for a dedication can no more be without ends of Latine, than flattery: and 'tis no matter whom it is wrii to; for an author can as easily (I hope) suppose people to have more under- 95 standing and languages than they have, as well as more vertues. But why, the devil! should any of the

77 a poet, Q9, poet.

79 plays, O3, play.

80 'em, Q9, them.

81 most women, Q4, Q5, must woman.

81 to, O2, by.

83 notice, Q9, any notice.

91 iram, Q10, O3, misprint itam.

few modest and handsome be alarm'd? (For some there are, who, as well as any, deserve those attributes, yet refrain not from seeing this play, nor think it 100 any addition to their vertue to set up for it in a play-house, lest there it shou'd look too much like acting.) But why, I say, shou'd any at all of the truly vertuous be concern'd, if those who are not so are distinguish'd from 'em? For by that mask of 105 modesty which women wear promiscuously in publick, they are all alike; and you can no more know a kept wench from a woman of honour by her looks than by her dress. For those who are of quality without honour (if any such there are) they have their 110 quality to set off their false modesty, as well as their false jewels; and you must no more suspect their countenances for counterfeit than their pendants, tho, as the plain-dealer Montaigne says, Els envoy leur conscience au bordel, & teinnent leur conten- 115 ance en regle. But those who act as they look, ought not to be scandaliz'd at the reprehension of others faults, lest they tax themselves with 'em, and by too delicate and quick an apprehension not only make that obscene which I meant innocent, but that satyr 120

102 *there*, Qq. 2-10, O1, O2, omit.

114 *Els*, Q2, Q3, O1, O2, *Elles*, Qq. 4-10, *Eles*. 114 *envoy*, Qq. 2-10, O1, O2, *envoyent*.

115 *teinnent*, Q10, O1, O2, *tiennent*. 115 *contenance*, Q9, *countenance*, Q10, O3, *continence*, O1, O2, *contenance*.

117 *to*, Q2, Q3, omit.

on all, which was intended only on those who deserv'd it.

But, madam, I beg your pardon for this digression to civil women and ladies of honour, since you and I shall never be the better for 'em : for a comic 125 poet and a lady of your profession make most of the other sort : and the stage and your houses, like our plantations, are propagated by the least nice women ; and, as with the ministers of justice, the vices of the age are our best business. But now I 130 mention publick persons, I can no longer defer doing you the justice of a dedication, and telling you your own, who are, of all publick-spirited people, the most necessary, most communicative, most generous and hospitable. Your house has been the house of the 135 people ; your sleep still disturb'd for the publick ; and when you arose, 'twas that others might lye down, and you waked that others might rest. The good you have done is unspeakable. How many young unexperienc'd heirs have you kept from rash, foolish 140 marriages, and from being jilted for their lives by the worst sort of jilts, wives ! How many unbewitched widowers children have you preserv'd from the tyranny of stepmothers ! How many old dotards from cuckoldage, and keeping other mens wenches 145 and children ! How many adulteries and unnatural sins have you prevented ! In fine, you have been a

144 dotards, Q10, Os, doaters.

constant scourge to the old lecher, and often a terrour to the young : you have made concupiscence its own punishment, and extinguish'd lust with lust, 150 like blowing up of houses to stop the fire.

Nimirum propter continentiam, incontinentia
Necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur.

There's Latin for you again, madam : I protest to you, as I am an author, I cannot help it : nay, I 155 can hardly keep my self from quoting Aristotle and Horace, and talking to you of the rules of writing (like the French authors), to shew you and my readers I understand 'em, in my epistle, lest neither of you should find it out by the play. And according 160 to the rules of dedications, 'tis no matter whether you understand or no what I quote or say to you of writing ; for an author can as easily make any one a judge or critick in an epistle, as an hero in his play. But, madam, that this may prove to the end a true 165 Epistle Dedicatory, I'd have you know 'tis not without a design upon you, which is in the behalf of the fraternity of Parnassus ; that songs and sonnets may go at your houses, and in your liberties, for guineys and half guineys ; and that wit, at least with you, 170 as of old, may be the price of beauty, and so you will prove a true encourager of poetry ; for love is a better help to it than wine ; and poets, like painters,

159 readers, Qq. 2-10, Os, reader.

164 an hero, Q10, O1, O2, a hero.

draw better after the life than by fancy. Nay, in justice, madam, I think a poet ought to be as free 175
of your houses, as of the play-houses; since he contributes to the support of both, and is as necessary to such as you, as a ballad-singer to the pick-purse, in convening the cullies at the theatres, to be pick'd up and carry'd to supper and bed at your houses. 180
And, madam, the reason of this motion of mine is, because poor poets can get no favour in the tiring rooms, for they are no keepers, you know; and folly and money, the old enemies of wit, are even too hard for it on its own dunghill: and for other ladies, a 185
poet can least go to the price of them. Besides, his wit, which ought to recommend him to 'em, is as much an obstruction to his love, as to his wealth or preferment; for most women now adays apprehend wit in a lover, as much as in a husband; they 190
hate a man that knows 'em, they must have a blind, easie fool, whom they can lead by the nose; and, as the Scythian women of old, must baffle a man, and put out his eyes, ere they will lye with him; and then too, like thieves, when they have 195
plunder'd and stript a man, leave him. But if there shou'd be one of an hundred of those ladies generous enough to give her self to a man that has more wit than money, (all things consider'd,) he

178 *the pick-purse*, Q10, Os, a pick-purse.

180 *supper*, Qq. 4-10, O1, O2, a supper.

wou'd think it cheaper coming to you for a mistress, 200
 though you made him pay his guinney; as a man in
 a journey (out of good husbandry) had better pay
 for what he has in an inn, than lye on free-cost at
 a gentlemans house.

In fine, madam, like a faithful dedicator, I hope 205
 I have done my self right in the first place: then
 you, and your profession, which in the wisest and
 most religious government of the world is honour'd
 with the publick allowance; and in those that are
 thought the most unciviliz'd and barbarous is pro- 210
 tected and supported by the ministers of justice. And
 of you, madam, I ought to say no more here, for your
 vertues deserve a poem rather than an epistle, or a
 volume intire to give the world your memoirs, or life
 at large; and which (upon the word of an author 215
 that has a mind to make an end of his dedication)
 I promise to do, when I write the annals of our
 British love, which shall be dedicated to the ladies
 concern'd, if they will not think them something too
 obscene too; when your life, compar'd with many 220
 that are thought innocent, I doubt not, may vindicate
 you, and me, to the world, for the confidence I
 have taken in this address to you; which then may
 be thought neither impertinent nor immodest; and
 whatsoever your amorous misfortunes have been, none 225
 can charge you with that heinous, and worst of

203 than, Q10, O1, O2, then.

208 of, Q10, Os, in.

womens crimes, hypocrisie ; nay, in spight of misfortunes or age, you are the same woman still ; though most of your sex grow Magdalens at fifty, and as a solid French author has it —

230

Après le plaisir, vien't la peine ;
Après la peine, la vertu.

But sure an old sinner's continency is much like a gamester's forswearing play, when he has lost all his money ; and modesty is a kind of a youthful dress, 235 which, as it makes a young woman more amiable, makes an old one more nauseous ; a bashful old woman is like an hopeful old man ; and the affected chastity of antiquated beauties is rather a reproach than an honour to 'em ; for it shews the mens vertue 240 only, not theirs. But you, in fine, madam, are no more an hypocrite than I am when I praise you ; therefore I doubt not will be thought (even by your's and the play's enemies, the nicest ladies) to be the fittest patroness for,

245

Madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient,
faithful, humble servant, and

THE PLAIN-DEALER.

234 has, Qq. 4-10, Os, had.

238 an hopeful, O1, O2, a hopeful.

241 an, Q10, Os, a.

248 and, O1, O2, omit.

249 THE PLAIN-DEALER, Q9 omits.



PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE PLAIN-DEALER.

*I the PLAIN-DEALER am to act to day,
And my rough part begins before the play.
First, you who scribe, yet hate all that write,
And keep each other company in spite,
As rivals in your common mistriss, fame, 5
And with faint praises one another damn ;
'Tis a good play (we know) you can't forgive,
But grudge your selves the pleasure you receive :
Our scribler therefore bluntly bid me say,
He wou'd not have the wits pleas'd here to day. 10
Next, you, the fine, loud gentlemen o' th' pit,
Who damn all playes, yet, if y'ave any wit,
'Tis but what here you sponge and daily get ;
Poets, like friends to whom you are in debt,
You hate ; and so rooks laugh, to see undone 15
Those pushing gamesters whom they live upon.
Well, you are sparks, and still will be i' th' fashion
Rail then at playes, to hide your obligation.
Now, you shrewd judges, who the boxes sway,
Leading the ladies hearts and sense astray, 20
And, for their sakes, see all, and hear no play ;
Correct your cravats, foretops, lock behind ;
The dress and breeding of the play ne'r mind ;
Plain-dealing is, you'll say, quite out of fashion ;*

9 bluntly bid me, Q10, O1, O2, bid me bluntly.

24 you'll, O3, you'ld.

Prologue

You'll hate it here, as in a dedication : 25
And your fair neighbors, in a limning poet
No more than in a painter will allow it.
Pictures too like, the ladies will not please ;
They must be drawn too here like goddesses.
You, as at Lely's too, wou'd truncheon wield, 30
And look like heroes, in a painted field.
But the course dauber of the coming scenes
To follow life and nature only means ;
Displays you as you are ; makes his fine woman
A mercenary jilt, and true to no man : 35
His men of wit and pleasure of the age
Are as dull rogues as ever cumber'd stage :
He draws a friend only to custom just,
And makes him naturally break his trust.
I, only, act a part like none of you, 40
And yet you'll say, it is a fool's part too :
An honest man ; who, like you, never winks
At faults ; but, unlike you, speaks what he thinks :
The onely fool who ne'r found patron yet,
For truth is now a fault, as well as wit. 45
And where else, but on stages, do we see
Truth pleasing, or rewarded honesty ?
Which our bold poet does this day in me.
If not to th' honest, be to th' prosp'rous kind :
Some friends at court let the PLAIN-DEALER
find. 50

33 nature, Q10, natures, O3, nature's, both with comma after means.

THE PERSONS

<p>MANLY <i>Mr. Hart</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">{</p> <p style="margin-left: 20px;">Of an honest, surly, nice humor, sup- pos'd first, in the time of the Dutch War, to have procur'd the com- mand of a ship, out of honour, not interest; and choosing a sea-life, only to avoid the world.</p>
<p>FREEMAN <i>Mr. Kynaston</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">{</p> <p style="margin-left: 20px;">Manly's Lieutenant, a gentleman well educated but of a broken fortune, a complyer with the age.</p>
<p>VERNISH <i>Mr. Griffin</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">{</p> <p style="margin-left: 20px;">Manly's bosome and onely friend.</p>
<p>NOVELL <i>Mr. Clark</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">{</p> <p style="margin-left: 20px;">A pert railing coxcomb, and an ad- mirer of novelties, makes love to Olivia.</p>
<p>MAJOR OLDFOX <i>Mr. Cartwright</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">{</p> <p style="margin-left: 20px;">An old impertinent fop, given to scribbling, makes love to the Widow Blackacre.</p>
<p>MY LORD PLAUSIBLE <i>Mr. Haines</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">{</p> <p style="margin-left: 20px;">A ceremonious, supple, commending coxcomb, in love with Olivia.</p>
<p>JERRY BLACKACRE <i>Mr. Charlton</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">{</p> <p style="margin-left: 20px;">A true raw Squire, under age and his mothers government, bred to the law.</p>
<p>OLIVIA <i>Mrs. Marshall</i></p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">{</p> <p style="margin-left: 20px;">Manly's mistriss.</p>

*The Persons, Q10, O3, Actors Names, O1, O2, Dramatis Per-
sonae, with the male list headed Men, the female headed Women.
My Lord Plausible, Q10, Os, Lord Plausible.*

make you merry in company, will make you dull alone. But how the devil cou'd you turn a man of his quality down stairs? You use a lord with ²²⁰ very little ceremony, it seems.

Man. A lord! What, thou art one of those who esteem men onely by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsick worth! but counterfeit honour will not ²²⁵ be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you may bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being rais'd by't. — ²³⁰ Here again, you slaves?

[*Re-*]enter Sailors.

1 Sail. Only to receive farther instructions, an't like your honour. — What if a man shou'd bring you money, shou'd we turn him back?

Man. All men, I say: must I be pester'd ²³⁵ with you too? — You dogs, away!

2 Sail. Nay, I know one man your honour wou'd not have us hinder coming to you, I'm sure.

Man. Who's that? speak quickly, slaves. ²⁴⁰

2 Sail. Why, a man that shou'd bring you a challenge. For though you refuse money, I'm sure you love fighting too well to refuse that.

²³⁰ by't, Q10, Os, by it.

Man. Rogue! rascal! dog!

Kicks the Sailors out.

Free. Nay, let the poor rogues have their fore-²⁴⁵ castle jests: they cannot help 'em in a fight, scarce when a ship's sinking.

Man. Dam their untimely jests! a servant's jest is more sauciness than his counsel.

Free. But what, will you see no body? not²⁵⁰ your friends?

Man. Friends! — I have but one, and he, I hear, is not in town; nay, can have but one friend, for a true heart admits but of one friendship, as of one love. But in having that friend,²⁵⁵ I have a thousand; for he has the courage of men in despair, yet the diffidency and caution of cowards; the secrecie of the revengeful, and the constancy of martyrs; one fit to advise, to keep a secret, to fight and dye for his friend.²⁶⁰ Such I think him; for I have trusted him with my mistress in my absence: and the trust of beauty is sure the greatest we can shew.

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts are not for him alone, I hope? Pray, what d'ye think²⁶⁵ of me for a friend?

Man. Of thee! Why, thou art a *latitudinarian* in friendship, that is, no friend; thou dost side with all mankind, but wilt suffer for none.

²⁴⁶ help 'em, Q4, Q5, help 'm.

Thou art indeed like your Lord Plausible, the²⁷⁰
pink of courtesie, therefore hast no friendship :
for ceremony and great professing renders friend-
ship as much suspected as it does religion.

Free. And no professing, no ceremony at all
in friendship, were as unnatural and as undecent²⁷⁵
as in religion : and there is hardly such a thing
as an honest hypocrite, who professes himself
to be worse than he is, unless it be your self ;
for though I cou'd never get you to say you
were my friend, I know you'll prove so. 280

Man. I must confess, I am so much your
friend, I wou'd not deceive you ; therefore must
tell you, not only because my heart is taken up,
but according to your rules of friendship, I can-
not be your friend. 285

Free. Why, pray ?

Man. Because he that is, you'll say, a true
friend to a man, is a friend to all his friends.
But you must pardon me, I cannot wish well
to pimps, flatterers, detractors, and cowards,²⁹⁰
stiff, nodding knaves, and supple, pliant, kissing
fools. Now, all these I have seen you use like
the dearest friends in the world.

Free. Hah! hah! hah! — What, you observ'd
me, I warrant, in the galleries at Whitehall,²⁹⁵

²⁷¹ *courtesie, therefore, O1, O2, courtesie & therefore.*

²⁸¹ *I am, Q10, Os, I'm.*

doing the business of the place ! Pshaw ! Court professions, like court promises, go for nothing, man. But, faith, cou'd you think I was a friend to all those I hugg'd, kiss'd, flatter'd, bow'd to ? Hah ! ha ! —

300

Man. You told 'em so, and swore it too ; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their backs were turn'd, did I not tell you they were rogues, villains, rascals, whom I despis'd and hated ?

305

Man. Very fine ! But what reason had I to believe you spoke your heart to me, since you profess'd deceiving so many ?

Free. Why, don't you know, good captain, that telling truth is a quality as prejudicial to a man that wou'd thrive in the world, as square play to a cheat, or true love to a whore ? Wou'd you have a man speak truth to his ruine ? You are severer than the law, which requires no man to swear against himself. You wou'd have me speak truth against my self, I warrant, and tell my promising friend the courtier, he has a bad memory ?

315

Man. Yes.

Free. And so make him remember to forget my business. And I shou'd tell the great lawyer too, that he takes oftner fees to hold his tongue, than to speak ?

320

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang or ruine me,³²⁵
when he shou'd come to be a judge, and I be-
fore him. And you wou'd have me tell the
new officer, who bought his employment lately,
that he is a coward?

Man. Ay.

330

Free. And so get my self cashiered, not him,
he having the better friends, though I the better
sword. And I shou'd tell the scribler of hon-
our, that heraldry were a prettier and fitter
study for so fine a gentleman than poetry? ³³⁵

Man. Certainly.

Free. And so find my self maul'd in his next
hir'd lampoon. And you wou'd have me tell
the holy lady too, she lies with her chaplain?

Man. No doubt on't.

340

Free. And so draw the clergy upon my back,
and want a good table to dine at sometimes.
And by the same reason too, I shou'd tell you
that the world thinks you a mad-man, a brutal,
and have you cut my throat, or worse, hate me!³⁴⁵
What other good success of all my *plain-dealing*
cou'd I have, than what I've mentioned?

Man. Why, first, your promising courtier
wou'd keep his word, out of fear of more re-

334 *heraldry*, Q4, Q5, Q10, heraldy.

345 *or worse*, O2, or yet worse.

proaches, or at least wou'd give you no more³⁵⁰
vain hopes: your lawyer wou'd serve you more
faithfully; for he, having no honor but his in-
terest, is truest still to him he knows suspects
him: the new officer wou'd provoke thee to
make him a coward, and so be cashier'd, that³⁵⁵
thou, or some other honest fellow, who had
more courage than money, might get his place:
the noble sonneteer wou'd trouble thee no more
with his madrigals: the praying lady wou'd
leave off railing at wenching before thee, and³⁶⁰
not turn away her chambermaid for her own
known frailty with thee: and I, instead of hat-
ing thee, shou'd love thee for thy *plain-dealing*;
and in lieu of being mortifi'd, am proud that the
world and I think not well of one another. ³⁶⁵

Free. Well, doctors differ. You are for *plain-
dealing*, I find: but against your particular no-
tions, I have the practice of the whole world.
Observe but any morning what people do when
they get together on the Exchange, in West-³⁷⁰
minster-hall, or the galleries in Whitehall.

Man. I must confess, there they seem to
rehearse Bays's grand dance. Here you see a
bishop bowing low to a gaudy atheist; a judge
to a door-keeper; a great lord to a fishmonger,³⁷⁵
or a scrivener with a jack-chain about his neck;

³⁷⁶ a scrivener, O2, scrivener.

a lawyer to a serjeant at arms; a velvet physician to a thredbare chymist; and a supple gentleman usher to a surly beef-eater: and so tread round in a preposterous huddle of ceremony 380 to each other, whil'st they can hardly hold their solemn false countenances.

Free. Well, they understand the world.

Man. Which I do not, I confess.

Free. But, sir, pray believe the friendship I 385 promise you real, whatsoever I have profest to others: try me, at least.

Man. Why, what wou'd you do for me?

Free. I wou'd fight for you.

Man. That you wou'd do for your own hon- 390 our. But what else?

Free. I wou'd lend you money, if I had it.

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were but putting your money to interest; a usurer wou'd be as good a friend.— But what 395 other piece of friendship?

Free. I wou'd speak well of you to your enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your friends, by a shew of gratitude.— But what else? 400

Free. Nay, I wou'd not hear you ill spoken of behind your back by my friend.

380 *round in a*, O1, round a, O2, rounds in a.

394 *but*, Q9 omits. 395 *a usurer*, Qq. 2-10, Os, an usurer.

Man. Nay, then thou'rt a friend, indeed.—
But it were unreasonable to expect it from thee,
as the world goes now, when new friends, like⁴⁰⁵
new mistresses, are got by disparaging old ones.

Enter Fidelia.

But here comes another, will say as much at
least.—Dost not thou love me devilishly too, my
little voluntier, as well as he or any man can?

Fidelia. Better than any man can love you,⁴¹⁰
my dear captain.

Man. Look you there, I told you so.

Fid. As well as you do truth or honour, sir;
as well.

Man. Nay, good young gentleman, enough,⁴¹⁵
for shame! Thou hast been a page, by thy flat-
tering and lying, to one of those praying ladies
who love flattery so well they are jealous of it;
and wert turn'd away for saying the same things
to the old housekeeper for sweetmeats, as you⁴²⁰
did to your lady; for thou flatterest every thing
and every body alike.

Fid. You, dear sir, shou'd not suspect the
truth of what I say of you, though to you.
Fame, the old lyar, is believ'd when she speaks⁴²⁵
wonders of you: you cannot be flatter'd, sir,
your merit is unspeakable.

408 *not thou*, Q10, Os, thou not.

414 *as well*. O2 has . . . instead of period.

425 *she*, Q9, he.

Man. Hold, hold, sir, or I shall suspect worse of you, that you have been a cushion-bearer to some state hypocrite, and turn'd away by the⁴³⁰ chaplains, for out flattering their probation sermons for a benefice.

Fid. Suspect me for any thing, sir, but the want of love, faith, and duty to you, the bravest, worthiest of mankind; believe me, I cou'd dye⁴³⁵ for you, sir.

Man. Nay, there you lye, sir; did I not see thee more afraid in the fight than the chaplain of the ship, or the purser that bought his place?

Fid. Can he be said to be afraid, that ventures⁴⁴⁰ to sea with you?

Man. Fie! fie! no more; I shall hate thy flattery worse than thy cowardise, nay, than thy bragging.

Fid. Well, I own then I was afraid, mightily⁴⁴⁵ afraid; yet for you I wou'd be afraid again, an hundred times afraid. Dying is ceasing to be afraid, and that I cou'd do sure for you, and you'll believe me one day. *Weeps.*

Free. Poor youth! believe his eyes, if not his⁴⁵⁰ tongue: he seems to speak truth with them.

Man. What, does he cry? A pox on't! a maudlin flatterer is as nauseously troublesom as

⁴³¹ *chaplains*, Q10, O1, O2, misprint chaplain.

⁴³⁷ *I not*, Q10, O8, not I. ⁴⁴² *shall*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.

a maudlin drunkard.—No more, you little milk-sop, do not cry, I'll never make thee afraid⁴⁵⁵ again; for of all men, if I had occasion, thou shou'dst not be my second; and when I go to sea again, thou shalt venture thy life no more with me.

Fid. Why, will you leave me behind then?⁴⁶⁰
—(*Aside.*) If you wou'd preserve my life, I'm sure you shou'd not.

Man. Leave thee behind! ay, ay, thou art a hopeful youth for the shore only. Here thou wilt live to be cherish'd by fortune and the great⁴⁶⁵ ones; for thou may'st easily come to out-flatter a dull poet, out-lye a coffee-house or Gazette-writer, out-swear a knight of the post, out-watch a pimp, out-fawn a rook, out-promise a lover, out-rail a wit, and out-brag a sea-captain:⁴⁷⁰
—all this thou canst do, because thou'rt a coward, a thing I hate; therefore thou'lt do better with the world than with me, and these are the good courses you must take in the world. There's good advice, at least, at parting; go,⁴⁷⁵ and be happy with't.

Fid. Parting, sir! O let me not hear that dismal word.

Man. If my words frighten thee, be gone the

⁴⁵⁶ of, Qq. 4-6 omit.

⁴⁷² *thou'lt*, Qq. 2-6, *thoul't*, Q7, *thou'l*.

sooner; for, to be plain with thee, cowardice⁴⁸⁰
and I cannot dwell together.

Fid. And cruelty and courage never dwelt together, sure, sir. Do not turn me off to shame and misery, for I am helpless and friendless.

Man. Friendless! there are half a score friends⁴⁸⁵ for thee then — (*Offers her gold.*) I leave my self no more: they'll help thee a little. Be gone, go, I must be cruel to thee (if thou call'st it so) out of pity.

Fid. If you wou'd be cruelly pitiful, sir, let it⁴⁹⁰ be with your sword, not gold. *Exit.*

[*Re-*]enter first Sailor.

I Sail. We have, with much ado, turn'd away two gentlemen, who told us, forty times over, their names were Mr. Novel and Major Oldfox.

Man. Well, to your post again.—(*Exit Sailor.*)
But how come those puppies coupled alwayes together?

Free. O, the coxcombs keep each other company, to shew each other, as Novel calls it; or,⁵⁰⁰ as Oldfox sayes, like two knives, to whet one another.

Man. And set other peoples teeth an edge.

480 *cowardice*, Q9, cowardness. 482 *dwelt*, Qq. 7-9, dwell.

483 *sure, sir. Do*, O1 and O2 punctuate, sure; Sir, do.

491 *sword, not*, Qq. 2-10, O1, O2, sword and not.

501 *knives*, Q9, knaves.

503 *an*, O2, on.

[*Re-*] *enter second Sailor.*

2 Sail. Here is a woman, an't like your honour, scolds and bustles with us, to come in, as ⁵⁰⁵ much as a seamans widow at the Navy-office: her name is Mrs. Blackacre.

Man. That fiend too!

Free. The Widow Blackacre, is it not? that litigious she-pettyfogger, who is at law and differ- ⁵¹⁰ ence with all the world; but I wish I cou'd make her agree with me in the church. They say she has fifteen hundred pounds a year jointure, and the care of her son, that is, the destruction of his estate. 515

Man. Her lawyers, attornies, and solicitors, have fifteen hundred pound a year, whil'st she is contented to be poor, to make other people so. For she is as vexatious as her father was, the great attorney, nay, as a dozen Norfolk attornies, ⁵²⁰ and as implacable an adversary as a wife suing for alimony, or a parson for his tithes; and she loves an Easter term, or any term, not as other countrey ladies do, to come up to be fine, cuckold their husbands, and take their pleasure; for she ⁵²⁵ has no pleasure but in vexing others, and is usually cloath'd and dagled like a baud in disguise, pursu'd through alleys by serjeants. When she is in town, she lodges in one of the Inns of Chancery,

⁵¹⁷ pound, Q9, pounds.

where she breeds her son, and is her self his⁵³⁰
 tutoress in law-French; and for her countrey
 abode, tho' she has no estate there, she chooses
 Norfolk.—But, bid her come in, with a pox to
 her! she is Olivia's kinswoman, and may make
 me amends for her visit, by some discourse of⁵³⁵
 that dear woman. *Exit Sailor.*

*Enter Widow Blackacre, with a mantle and a green
 bag, and several papers in the other hand: Jerry
 Blackacre, her son, in a gown, laden with green
 bags, following her.*

Widow. I never had so much to do with a
 judges doorkeeper, as with yours; but —

Man. But the incomparable Olivia, how does
 she since I went? 540

Wid. Since you went, my suit —

Man. Olivia, I say, is she well?

Wid. My suit, if you had not return'd —

Man. Dam your suit! how does your cousin
 Olivia? 545

Wid. My suit, I say, had been quite lost; but
 now —

Man. But now, where is Olivia? in town?
 for —

Wid. For to morrow we are to have a hearing. 550

Man. Wou'd you'd let me have a hearing
 to day!

534 *kinswoman*, Q9, *kindswoman*.

551 *Wou'd you'd*, Q10, Os, *wou'd you wou'd*.

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man. I am no judge, and you talk of nothing but suits; but, pray tell me, when did you 555 see Olivia?

Wid. I am no visiter, but a woman of business; or if I ever visit, 'tis only the Chancery-lane ladies, ladies towards the law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing flirts, who cannot 560 read law-French, tho' a gallant writ it. But as I was telling you, my suit —

Man. Dam these impertinent, vexatious people of business, of all sexes! they are still troubling the world with the tedious recitals of their 565 law-suits: and one can no more stop their mouths than a wit's when he talks of himself, or an intelligencer's when he talks of other people.

Wid. And a pox of all vexatious, impertinent lovers! they are still perplexing the world with 570 the tedious narrations of their love-suits, and discourses of their mistresses! You are as troublesom to a poor widow of business, as a young coxcomby rithming lover.

Man. And thou art as troublesom to me, as a 575 rook to a losing gamester, or a young putter of cases to his mistress and sempstress, who has love in her head for another.

574 *coxcomby*, Qq. 4-10, O1, coxcomb.

574 *rithming*, Qq. 6-9, riming, Q10, Os, rhiming.

577 *and*, Q10, Os, or.

Wid. Nay, since you talk of putting of cases, and will not hear me speak, hear our Jerry a 580 little; let him put our case to you, for the tryal's to morrow: and since you are my chief witness, I wou'd have your memory refresh'd and your judgment inform'd, that you may not give your evidence improperly. — Speak out, child. 585

Jerry. Yes, forsooth. Hemh! hemh! John-a-Stiles —

Man. You may talk, young lawyer, but I shall no more mind you, than a hungry judge does a cause after the clock has struck one. 590

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peevish too.

Wid. No matter. Jerry, go on. — Do you observe it then, sir; for I think I have seen you in a gown once. Lord, I cou'd hear our Jerry put cases all day long! — Mark him, sir. 595

Jer. John - a - Stiles — no — there are first, Fitz, Pere, and Ayle, — no, no, Ayle, Pere, and Fitz; Ayle is seized in fee of Blackacre; John-a-Stiles disseises Ayle; Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dyes; then the Ayle — no, the 600 Fitz —

Wid. No, the Pere, sirrah.

Jer. O, the Pere! ay, the Pere, sir, and the Fitz — no, the Ayle, — no, the Pere and the Fitz, sir, and — 605

Man. Dam Pere, Mere, and Fitz, sir!

Wid. No, you are out, child. — Hear me, captain, then. There are Ayle, Pere, and Fitz; Ayle is seised in fee of Blackacre; and, being so seised, John-a-Stiles disseises the Ayle, Ayle⁶¹⁰ makes claim, and the disseisor dyes; and then the Pere re-enters, — (*to Jerry*) the Pere, sirrah, the Pere — and the Fitz enters upon the Pere, and the Ayle brings his writ of disseizen in the *post*; and the Pere brings his writ of disseizen in⁶¹⁵ the *per*, and —

Man. Canst thou hear this stuff, Freeman? I cou'd as soon suffer a whole noise of flatterers at a great man's levy in a morning; but thou hast servile complacency enough to listen to a⁶²⁰ quibling statesman in disgrace, nay, and be before hand with him, in laughing at his dull nojest; but I — *Offering to go out.*

Wid. Nay, sir, hold! Where's the *sub-pœna*, Jerry? I must serve you, sir. You are requir'd⁶²⁵ by this, to give your testimony —

Man. I'll be forsworn to be reveng'd on thee.

Ex[it] Manly, throwing away the subpœna.

Wid. Get you gone, for a lawless companion! — Come, Jerry, I had almost forgot we were to meet at the masters at three; let us mind our⁶³⁰ business still, child.

⁶¹⁶ *per*, Qq. 1, 4-10, Os, *Pere*, Q2, Q3, *Per*. See note.

⁶¹⁹ *a morning*, Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, the morning.

⁶²⁹ *Come, Jerry*, O2, *Come, come, Jerry*.

Jer. I, forsooth, e'en so let's.

Free. Nay, madam, now I wou'd beg you to hear me a little, a little of my business.

Wid. I have business of my own calls me 635 away, sir.

Free. My business wou'd prove yours too, dear madam.

Wid. Yours wou'd be some sweet business, I warrant. What, 'tis no Westminster-Hall 640 business? Wou'd you have my advice?

Free. No, faith, 'tis a little Westminster-Abby business; I wou'd have your consent.

Wid. O fie, fie, sir! to me such discourse, before my dear minor there! 645

Jer. Ay, ay, mother, he wou'd be taking livery and seizen of your jointure by digging the turf; but I'll watch your waters, bully, ifac. — Come away, mother.

Ex[it] Jerry, haling away his mother.

Manet Freeman: [re-]enter to him Fidelia.

Fid. Dear sir, you have pity; beget but some 650 in our captain for me.

Free. Where is he?

Fid. Within; swearing, as much as he did in the great storm, and cursing you, and sometimes sinks into calms and sighs, and talks of 655 his Olivia.

haling away, Qq. 2-9, hailing away, Q10, Os, hauling away.
651 *our, Qq. 6-10, O1, your.*

Free. He wou'd never trust me to see her: is she handsom?

Fid. No, if you'll take my word: but I am not a proper judge. 660

Free. What is she?

Fid. A gentlewoman, I suppose, but of as mean a fortune as beauty; but her relations wou'd not suffer her to go with him to the Indies: and his aversion to this side of the world, 665 together with the late opportunity of commanding the convoy, wou'd not let him stay here longer, tho' to enjoy her.

Free. He loves her mightily then.

Fid. Yes, so well, that the remainder of his 670 fortune (I hear about five or six thousand pounds) he has left her, in case he had dy'd by the way, or before she cou'd prevail with her friends to follow him, which he expected she shou'd do; and has left behind him his great 675 bosom friend to be her convoy to him.

Free. What charms has she for him, if she be not handsom?

Fid. He fancies her, I suppose, the onely woman of truth and sincerity in the world. 680

Free. No common beauty, I confess.

Fid. Or else sure he wou'd not have trusted her with so great a share of his fortune, in his

absence; I suppose (since his late loss) all he has.

Free. Why, has he left it in her own custody? 685

Fid. I am told so.

Free. Then he has shew'd love to her indeed, in leaving her, like an old husband that dyes as soon as he has made his wife a good jointure. — But I'll go in to him, and speak for you, and know more from him of his Olivia. 690

Exit.

Manet Fidelia sola.

Fid. His Olivia, indeed, his happy Olivia! Yet she was left behind, when I was with him: But she was ne'r out of his mind or heart. 695
She has told him she lov'd him; I have shew'd it, And durst not tell him so, till I had done, Under this habit, such convincing acts Of loving friendship for him, that through it He first might find out both my sex and love; 700
And, when I'd had him from his fair Olivia, And this bright world of artful beauties here, Might then have hop'd, he wou'd have look'd on me,
Amongst the sooty Indians; and I cou'd, To choose, there live his wife, where wives are forc'd 705

To live no longer, when their husbands dye;

701 *had*, Qq. 6-10, O1, *have*.

Nay, what's yet worse, to share 'em whil'st
they live

With many rival wives. But here he comes,
And I must yet keep out of his sight, not
To lose it for ever.

Exit. 710

[*Re-*]enter Manly and Freeman.

Free. But pray what strange charms has she
that cou'd make you love?

Man. Strange charms indeed! she has beauty
enough to call in question her wit or virtue, and
her form wou'd make a starved hermit a ravisher; 715
yet her virtue and conduct wou'd preserve her
from the subtil lust of a pamper'd prelate. She
is so perfect a beauty, that art cou'd not better
it, nor affectation deform it. Yet all this is noth-
ing. Her tongue as well as face ne'r knew arti- 720
fice; nor ever did her words or looks contradict
her heart. She is all truth, and hates the lying,
masking, daubing world, as I do: for which I
love her, and for which I think she dislikes not
me. For she has often shut out of her conver- 725
sation for mine, the gaudy fluttering parrots of
the town, apes and echoes of men only, and re-
fus'd their common place pert chat, flattery and
submissions, to be entertain'd with my sullen

711 *pray*, Qq. 4-10, O1, omit.

719 *affectation*, Qq. 4-10, affection.

721 *nor ever*, Q10, O1, nor never. *words*, O2, word.

bluntness, and honest love : and, last of all, swore 730
to me, since her parents wou'd not suffer her to
go with me, she wou'd stay behind for no other
man ; but follow me without their leave, if not
to be obtain'd. Which oath—

Free. Did you think she wou'd keep? 735

Man. Yes ; for she is not (I tell you) like
other women, but can keep her promise, tho' she
has sworn to keep it. But, that she might the
better keep it, I left her the value of five or six
thousand pound : for womens wants are gener- 740
ally their most importunate solicitors to love or
marriage.

Free. And money summons lovers more than
beauty, and arguments but their importunity, and
their number ; so makes it the harder for a wo- 745
man to deny 'em. For my part, I am for the
French maxim :—If you wou'd have your female
subjects loyal, keep 'em poor.—But, in short, that
your mistress may not marry, you have given her
a portion. 750

Man. She had given me her heart first, and I
am satisfi'd with the security ; I can never doubt
her truth and constancy.

Free. It seems you do, since you are fain to
bribe it with money. But how come you to be 755

740 *pound*, Qq. 4-10, Os, pounds.

741 *their*, Q10, Os, the.

Nov. Hah! ha! faith, she is with thee, bully, 770
for thy raillery.

Man. (*Aside to Novel.*) Faith, so shall I be
with you, no bully, for your grinning.

Oliv. Then that noble lyon-like meen of
yours, that soldier-like, weather beaten com- 775
plexion, and that manly roughness of your
voice; how can they otherwise than charm us
women, who hate effeminacy!

Nov. Hah! ha! faith, I can't hold from
laughing. 780

Man. (*Aside to Novel.*) Nor shall I from
kicking anon.

Oliv. And then, that captain-like careless-
ness in your dress, but especially your scarf;
'twas just such another, only a little higher ty'd, 785
made me in love with my taylor as he past by
my window the last training day; for we women
adore a martial man, and you have nothing
wanting to make you more one, or more agree-
able, but a wooden leg. 790

L. Plau. Nay, i'faith, there your ladyship
was a wag, and it was fine, just, and well
raily'd.

Nov. Ay, ay, madam, with you ladies too,
martial men must needs be very killing. 795

Man. Peace, you Bartholomew-fair buffoons!
And be not you vain that these laugh on your

side, for they will laugh at their own dull jests; but no more of 'em, for I will only suffer now this lady to be witty and merry. 800

Oliv. You wou'd not have your panegyrick interrupted. I go on then to your humor. Is there any thing more agreeable than the pretty sullenness of that? than the greatness of your courage? which most of all appears in your spirit 805 of contradiction, for you dare give all mankind the lye; and your opinion is your onely mistress, for you renounce that too, when it becomes another mans.

Nov. Hah! ha! I cannot hold, I must laugh 810 at thee, tar, faith!

L. Plau. And i'faith, dear captain, I beg your pardon, and leave to laugh at you too, tho' I protest I mean you no hurt; but when a lady rail-lies, a stander by must be complaisant, and do 815 her reason in laughing: hah! ha!

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful wretches, you presume sure upon your effeminacy to urge me; for you are in all things so like women, that you may think it in me a kind of cowardice to 820 beat you.

Oliv. No hectoring, good captain.

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this ladies presence secures you; but have a care, she has talk'd her self out of all the respect I had for her; and 825

by using me ill before you, has given me a privilege of using you so before her: but if you wou'd preserve your respect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, be gone immediately.

Nov. Be gone! what? 830

L. Plau. Nay, worthy, noble, generous captain—

Man. Be gone, I say!

Nov. Be gone again! to us be gone!

Man. No chattering, baboons, instantly be 835
gone, or—

*Manly puts 'em out of the room: Novel
struts, Plausible cringes.*

Nov. Well, madam, we'll go make the cards ready in your bed-chamber: sure you will not stay long with him.

Ex[eunt] Plaus[ible and] Nov[el].

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good captain 840
Swagger-huff, and be saucy with your mistress, like a true captain; but be civil to your rivals and betters, and do not threaten any thing but me here; no, not so much as my windows; nor do not think your self in the lodgings of one of 845
your suburb mistresses beyond the Tower.

Man. Do not give me cause to think so; for those less infamous women part with their lovers, just as you did from me, with unforc'd vows of constancy and floods of willing tears; but the 850

same winds bear away their lovers and their vows: and for their grief, if the credulous unexpected fools return, they find new comforters, fresh cullies, such as I found here. The mercenary love of those women too suffers ship-855
wrack with their gallants fortunes; now you have heard chance has us'd me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your ingratitude, falshood, and disdain; have constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to 860
your real scorn as I was to your feign'd love; and henceforward will despise, contemn, hate, loath and detest you most faithfully.

[Re-]enter Lettice.

Oliv. Get the hombra cards ready in the next room, Lettice, and — 865

Whispers to Lettice [, *who goes out*].

Free. Bravely resolv'd, captain!

Fid. And you'll be sure to keep your word, I hope, sir.

Man. I hope so too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, sir? If you are not 870
as good as your word, 'twill be the first time you ever brag'd, sure.

851 *bear*, Q8, Q9, omit.

855 *suffers*, Q1, *suffer*, Qq. 2-10, O8, *suffers*.

860 *to be*, O2, *there*.

[*who goes out*], added by Hunt.

Man. She has restor'd my reason with my heart.

Free. But now you talk of restoring, captain, 875
there are other things which, next to one's heart, one wou'd not part with; I mean your jewels and money, which it seems she has, sir.

Man. What's that to you, sir?

Free. Pardon me, whatsoever is yours, I have 880
a share in't, I'm sure, which I will not lose for asking, tho' you may be too generous or too angry now to do't your self.

Fid. Nay, then I'll make bold to make my claim too. *Both going towards Olivia.* 885

Man. Hold, you impertinent, officious fops — (*Aside.*) How have I been deceiv'd!

Free. Madam, there are certain appurtenances to a lover's heart, call'd jewels, which always go along with it. 890

Fid. And which, with lovers, have no value in themselves, but from the heart they come with. Our captain's, madam, it seems you scorn to keep, and much more will those worthless things without it, I am confident. 895

Oliv. A gentleman so well made as you are, may be confident — us easie women cou'd not deny you any thing you ask, if 'twere for your self; but, since 'tis for another, I beg your leave

to give him my answer. — (*Aside.*) An agreeable 900
 young fellow this! — and wou'd not be my aver-
 sion! — (*Aside to Man [ly].*) Captain, your young
 friend here has a very persuading face, I con-
 fess; yet you might have ask'd me your self for
 those trifles you left with me, which (heark you 905
 a little, for I dare trust you with the secret; you
 are a man of so much honour, I'm sure) — I
 say then, not expecting your return, or hoping
 ever to see you again, I have deliver'd your
 jewels to — 910

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My husband.

Man. Your husband!

Oliv. Ay, my husband. For since you cou'd
 leave me, I am lately and privately marry'd to 915
 one who is a man of so much honour and expe-
 rience in the world that I dare not ask him for
 your jewels again, to restore 'em to you; lest he
 shou'd conclude you never wou'd have parted
 with 'em to me on any other score but the ex- 920
 change of my honour: which rather than you'd
 let me lose, you'd lose, I'm sure, your self, those
 trifles of yours.

Man. Triumphant impudence! but marry'd
 too! 925

919 *shou'd*, Qq. 4-7, Q10, could.

920 *but she*, Q10, O1, but upon the.

Oliv. O, speak not so loud, my servants know it not : I am marry'd ; there's no resisting one's destiny or love, you know.

Man. Why, did you love him too ?

Oliv. Most passionately ; nay, love him now, 930
tho' I have marry'd him, and he me : which mutual love I hope you are too good, too generous a man to disturb, by any future claim, or visits to me. 'Tis true, he is now absent in the countrey, but returns shortly ; therefore I beg 935
of you, for your own ease and quiet, and my honour, you will never see me more.

Man. I wish I never had seen you.

Oliv. But if you shou'd ever have any thing to say to me hereafter, let that young gentle-940
man there be your messenger.

Man. You wou'd be kinder to him ; I find he shou'd be welcome.

Oliv. Alas ! his youth wou'd keep my husband from suspicions, and his visits from scan-945
dal ; for we women may have pity for such as he, but no love : and I already think you do not well to spirit him away to sea ; and the sea is already but too rich with the spoils of the shore.

Man. True perfect woman ! — (*Aside.*) If I 950
cou'd say any thing more injurious to her now,

938 *never had*, Q10, Os, had never.

948, 949 *is already*, Q10, O1, O2, already is.

I wou'd; for I cou'd out-rail a bilk'd whore, or a kick'd coward; but now I think on't, that were rather to discover my love than hatred; and I must not talk, for something I must do. 955

Oliv. (Aside.) I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again.

[*Re-*]enter *Lettice*.

Well, *Lettice*, are the cards and all ready within? I come then. — Captain, I beg your pardon: you 960 will not make one at *hombre*?

Man. No, madam, but I'll wish you a little good luck before you go.

Oliv. No, if you wou'd have me thrive, curse me: for that you'll do heartily, I suppose. 965

Man. Then, if you will have it so, may all the curses light upon you women ought to fear, and you deserve! — First, may the curse of loving play attend your sordid covetousness, and fortune cheat you, by trusting to her, as you have 970 cheated me; the curse of pride, or a good reputation, fall on your lust; the curse of affectation on your beauty; the curse of your husbands company on your pleasures; and the curse of your gallant's disappointments in his absence; and 975 the curse of scorn, jealousy, or despair on your love; and then the curse of loving on!

972 *lust*, Qq. 4-10, O1, lusts.

976 *or*, Q10, O1, and.

Oliv. And to requite all your curses, I will only return you your last; may the curse of loving me still fall upon your proud, hard heart, that cou'd be so cruel to me in these horrid curses! but heaven forgive you! *Ex[it] Oliv[ia].* 980

Man. Hell and the devil reward thee!

Free. Well, you see now, mistresses, like friends, are lost by letting 'em handle your money; and most women are such kind of witches, who can have no power over a man, unless you give 'em money: but when once they have got any from you, they never leave you till they have all. Therefore I never dare give a woman a farthing. 985 990

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by losing one's money with one's mistress, a man is out of danger of getting another; of being made prize again by love, who, like a pyrat, takes you by spreading false colours: but when once you have run your ship aground, the treacherous picaroon loofs; so by your ruine you save your self from slavery at least. 995

[*Re-*]enter *Boy.*

Boy. Mrs. Lettice, here's Madam Blackacre come to wait upon her honour. 1000

[*Exeunt Lettice and Boy.*]

Man. D'ye hear that? Let us be gone before

[*Exeunt Lettice and Boy.*], added by Hunt.

she comes: for hence forward I'll avoid the whole damn'd sex for ever, and woman as a sinking ship.

Ex[eunt] Man[ly] and Fid[elia]. 1005

Free. And I'll stay, to revenge on her your quarrel to the sex: for out of love to her jointure, and hatred to business, I wou'd marry her, to make an end of her thousand suits, and my thousand engagements, to the comfort of two 1010
unfortunate sorts of people, my plaintiffs and her defendants, my creditors and her adversaries.

Enter Widow Blackacre, led in by Major Oldfox, and Jerry Blackacre following, laden with green bags.

Widow. 'Tis an arrant sea-ruffian; but I am glad I met with him at last, to serve him again, major; for the last service was not good in law. 1015
Boy, duck, Jerry, where is my paper of *memorandums*? Give me, child: so. Where is my cousin Olivia now, my kind relation?

Free. Here is one that wou'd be your kind relation, madam.

1020

Wid. What mean you, sir?

Free. Why, faith, (to be short) to marry you, widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude person we saw at Captain Manly's?

1025

Jerry. Ay, forsooth, an't please.

Wid. What wou'd you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ay, faith; for I am a younger brother, and you are a widow. 1030

Wid. You are an impertinent person: and go about your business.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, widow.

Wid. But I have other business, I'd have you to know. 1035

Free. But you have no business anights, widow; and I'll make you pleasanter business than any you have. For anights, I assure you, I am a man of great business; for the business — 1040

Wid. Go, I'm sure you're an idle fellow.

Free. Try me but, widow, and employ me as you find my abilities and industry.

Oldfox. Pray be civil to the lady, Mr. — she's a person of quality, a person that is no 1045 person —

Free. Yes, but she's a person that is a widow. Be you mannerly to her, because you are to pretend only to be her squire, to arm her to her lawyers chambers: but I will be impudent and 1050 bawdy; for she must love and marry me.

Wid. Marry come up, you saucy, familiar Jack! You think, with us widows, 'tis no more than up, and ride. Gad forgive me! now adayes,

1047 *she's*, Qq. 4-10, Os, she is.

1049 *to arm*, Q10, O1, and arm.

every idle, young, hectoring, roaring companion, 1055
with a pair of turn'd red breeches, and a broad
back, thinks to carry away any widow, of the
best degree. But I'd have you to know, sir, all
widows are not got, like places at court, by im-
pudence and importunity only. 1060

Old. No, no, soft, soft, you are a young man,
and not fit —

Free. For a widow? yes, sure, old man, the
fitter.

Old. Go to, go to; if others had not laid in 1065
their claims before you —

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, sir? sure I am a much
more proportionable match for her than you,
sir; I, who am an elder brother, of a comfort- 1070
able fortune, and of equal years with her.

Wid. How's that? You unmannerly person,
I'd have you to know, I was born but in *Ann'*
undec' Caroli prim'.

Old. Your pardon, lady, your pardon: be not 1075
offended with your very servant. — But, I say,
sir, you are a beggarly younger brother, twenty
years younger than her, without any land or
stock, but your great stock of impudence: there-
fore what pretension can you have to her? 1080

1072, 1073 *that? You . . . person, I'd, Q10, O1, O3, punc-*
tuate: that, you . . . person, I'd, O2, that you . . . person, I'd.

1073, 1074 *Ann' undec', Q10, O1, O2, Ann' decim.*

Free. You have made it for me: first, because I am a younger brother.

Wid. Why, is that a sufficient plea to a relict? how appears it, sir? by what foolish custom? 1085

Free. By custom time out of mind only. Then, sir, because I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And for my being twenty years younger than her, and having a sufficient stock of impudence, I leave it to her whether they will be valid exceptions to me in her widow's law or equity. 1090

Old. Well, she has been so long in chancery, that I'll stand to her equity and decree between us. — (*Aside to the Wid[ow].*) Come, lady, pray 1095 snap up this young snap at first, or we shall be troubled with him. Give him a city widow's answer, that is, with all the ill breeding imaginable. — Come, madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolish wooing, for nothing interrupts business more: first for you, major —

Old. You declare in my favour, then?

Free. What, direct the court? (*To Ferr[y].*) Come, young lawyer, thou sha't be a counsel 1105 for me.

Fer. Gad, I shall betray your cause then, as well as an old lawyer; never stir.

1091 *whether, O2, where'er.*

Wid. First, I say, for you, major, my walking hospital of an ancient foundation; thou bag 1110
of mummy, that wou'dst fall asunder, if 'twere
not for thy cere-cloaths —

Old. How, lady!

Free. Hah! ha! —

Jer. Hey, brave mother! use all suitors thus, 1115
for my sake.

Wid. Thou wither'd, hobling, distorted cripple; nay, thou art a cripple all over: wou'dst thou make me the staff of thy age, the crutch of thy decrepidness? me — 1120

Free. Well said, widow! Faith, thou wou'dst make a man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibbling, driveling, feeble, paralytic, impotent, fumbling, frigid nicompoop! 1125

Jer. Hey, brave mother, for calling of names, ifac!

Wid. Wou'dst thou make a caudlemaker, a nurse of me? can't you be bed-rid without a bed-fellow? won't your swan-skins, furs, flannels, 1130
and the scorch'd trencher keep you warm there? wou'd you have me your Scotch-warming pan, with a pox to you? me! —

1119 *crutch*, Q8, church.

1125 *frigid*, Q10, O1, rigid.

1128 *caudlemaker*, Q2, Q3, misprint candlemaker.

Old. O Heav'ns!

Free. I told you I shou'd be thought the fitter 1135
man, major.

Fer. Ay, you old fobus, and you wou'd have
been my guardian, wou'd you, to have taken
care of my estate, that half of't shou'd never
come to me, by letting long leases at pepper-corn 1140
rents?

Wid. If I wou'd have marry'd an old man,
'tis well known I might have marry'd an earl,
nay, what's more, a judge, and been cover'd the
winter-nights with the lamb-skins, which I pre- 1145
fer to the ermins of nobles. And dost thou think
I wou'd wrong my poor minor there for you?

Free. Your minor is a chopping minor, God
bless him! *Strokes Jerry on the head.*

Old. Your minor may be a major of horse or 1150
foot, for his bigness; and it seems you will have
the cheating of your minor to your self.

Wid. Pray, sir, bear witness:—cheat my
minor! I'll bring my action of the case for the
slander. 1155

Free. Nay, I wou'd bear false witness for thee
now, widow, since you have done me justice,
and have thought me the fitter man for you.

Wid. Fair and softly, sir, 'tis my minor's case,
more than my own; and I must do him justice 1160
now on you.

Free. How!

Old. So then.

Wid. You are, first, (I warrant) some renegado from the Inns of Court and the law; and 1165
thou'lt come to suffer for't by the law, that is,
be hang'd.

Fer. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, madam—

Old. Hear the court. 1170

Wid. Thou art some debauch'd, drunken, leud, hectoring, gaming companion, and want'st some widow's old gold to nick upon; but I thank you, sir, that's for my lawyers.

Free. Faith, we shou'd ne'r quarrel about that; 1175
for guineys wou'd serve my turn. But, widow—

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouth'd boaster of thy lust, a meer bragadochio of thy strength for wine and women, and wilt belie thy self more than thou dost women, and art every way a base deceiver of 1180
women; and wou'd deceive me too, wou'd you?

Free. Nay, faith, widow, this is judging without seeing the evidence.

Wid. I say, you are a worn-out whoremaster at five and twenty, both in body and fortune, 1185
and cannot be trusted by the common wenches

1166 *the*, Q9, *thy*.

1177 *foul-mouth'd*, Qq. 4-10, *foul-mouth*, O3, *foul mouth*.

1179 *wilt*, Qq. 6-10, O3, *will*.

of the town, lest you shou'd not pay 'em; nor by the wives of the town, lest you shou'd pay 'em: so you want women, and wou'd have me your baud to procure 'em for you. 1190

Free. Faith, if you had any good acquaintance, widow, 'twou'd be civilly done of thee; for I am just come from sea.

Wid. I mean, you wou'd have me keep you, that you might turn keeper; for poor widows are 1195 only us'd like bauds by you: you go to church with us, but to get other women to lie with. In fine, you are a cheating, chousing spendthrift; and having sold your own annuity, wou'd waste my jointure. 1200

Fer. And make havock of our estate personal, and all our old gilt plate; I shou'd soon be picking up all our mortgag'd apostle-spoons, bowls, and beakers, out of most of the ale-houses betwixt Hercules Pillars and the Boatswain in 1205 Wapping; nay, and you'd be scouring amongst my trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling watchmen at midnight. Wou'd you so, bully?

Free. Nay, pr'ythee, widow, hear me. 1210

Wid. No, sir; I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-back'd fellow, if I wou'd have marry'd a young man, 'tis well known I cou'd have had any young heir in Norfolk, nay, the

1206 *you'd*, Qq. 4-10, wou'd.

hopefull'st young man this day at the Kings-¹²¹⁵
 bench bar; I that am a relict and executrix of
 known plentiful assits and parts, who understand
 my self and the law. And wou'd you have me
 under covert baron again? No, sir, no covert
 baron for me. 1220

Free. But, dear widow, hear me. I value you
 only, not your jointure.

Wid. Nay, sir, hold there; I know your love
 to a widow is covetousness of her jointure: and
 a widow, a little stricken in years, with a good ¹²²⁵
 jointure, is like an old mansion-house in a good
 purchase, never valu'd, but take one, take t'other:
 and perhaps, when you are in possession, you'd
 neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of
 necessary repairs or expences upon't. 1230

Free. No, widow, one wou'd be sure to keep
 all tight, when one is to forfeit one's lease by
 dilapidation.

Wid. Fie! fie! I neglect my business with this
 foolish discourse of love. Jerry, child, let me see ¹²³⁵
 the list of the jury: I'm sure my cousin Olivia has
 some relations amongst 'em. But where is she?

Free. Nay, widow, but hear me one word only.

Wid. Nay, sir, no more, pray. I will no more
 hearken again to your foolish love motions, than ¹²⁴⁰
 to offers of arbitration.

Ex[eunt] Wid[ow] and Jerr[y].

1232 *tight*, Qq. 6-10, OI, right.

Free. Well, I'll follow thee yet; for he that has a pretension at court, or to a widow, must never give over for a little ill usage.

Old. Therefore, I'll get her by assiduity, patience, and long-sufferings, which you will not undergo; for you idle young fellows leave off love when it comes to be business; and industry gets more women than love.

Free. Ay, industry, the fool's and old man's merit.—But I'll be industrious too, and make a business on't, and get her by law, wrangling, and contests, and not by sufferings: and, because you are no dangerous rival, I'll give thee counsel, major:—

1255

*If you litigious widow e'r wou'd gain,
Sigh not to her, but by the law complain;
To her, as to a baud, defendant sue
With statutes, and make justice pimp for you.*

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Finis Actus Secundi, Oz omits.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster-Hall.

Enter Manly and Freeman, two Sailors behind.

Manly. I hate this place worse than a man that has inherited a chancery suit: I wish I were well out on't again.

Freeman. Why, you need not be afraid of this place: for a man without money needs no more fear a croud of lawyers than a croud of pick-pockets. 5

Man. This, the reverend of the law wou'd have thought the palace or residence of Justice; but, if it be, she lives here with the state of a Turkish emperor, rarely seen; and besieg'd rather than defended by her numerous black guard here. 10

Free. Methinks 'tis like one of their own halls in Christmas time, whither from all parts fools bring their money, to try by the dice (not the worst judges) whether it shall be their own or no: but after a tedious fretting and wrangling they drop away all their money on both sides; and, finding neither the better, at last go empty and lovingly away together to the tavern, 15 20

joining their curses against the young lawyers box, that sweeps all, like the old ones.

Man. Spoken like a revelling Christmas lawyer.

Free. Yes, I was one, I confess, but was fain to leave the law, out of conscience, and fall to making false musters: rather chose to cheat the king than his subjects; plunder, rather than take fees.

Man. Well, a plague and a purse famine light on the law; and that female limb of it who drag'd me hither to day! But pr'ythee go see if, in that croud of dagled gowns there, (*Pointing to a croud of lawyers at the end of the stage*) thou canst find her. *Exit Freem[an].*

Manet Manly.

How hard it is to be an hypocrite!
At least to me, who am but newly so.
I thought it once a kind of knavery,
Nay, cowardice, to hide ones faults; but now
The common frailty, love, becomes my shame.
He must not know I love th' ungrateful still,
Lest he contemn me more than she; for I,
It seems, can undergo a womans scorn,
But not a mans —

28 chose, Qq. 4-10, Os, chuse.

(*Pointing to . . . stage*), in original follows *her*.

Manet Manly, O2, *Manly solus*.

36 an, O1, O2, a.

Enter to him Fidelia.

Fidelia. Sir, good sir, generous captain. 45

Man. Pr'ythee, kind impertinence, leave me. Why shou'dst thou follow me, flatter my generosity now, since thou know'st I have no money left? if I had it, I'd give it thee, to buy my quiet. 50

Fid. I never follow'd yet, sir, reward or fame, but you alone; nor do I now beg any thing but leave to share your miseries. You shou'd not be a niggard of 'em, since, methinks, you have enough to spare. Let me follow you now, because you hate me, as you have often said. 55

Man. I ever hated a coward's company, I must confess.

Fid. Let me follow you till I am none, then; for you, I'm sure, will through such worlds of dangers, that I shall be inur'd to 'em; nay, I shall be afraid of your anger more than danger, and so turn valiant out of fear. Dear captain, do not cast me off till you have try'd me once more: do not, do not go to sea again without me. 65

Man. Thou to sea! to court, thou fool; remember the advice I gave thee: thou art a handsome spaniel, and canst faun naturally: go, busk about and run thy self into the next great man's 70

47 *me, flatter, O1, O2, me, or flatter.*

lobby; first faun upon the slaves without, and then run into the ladies bed-chamber; thou may'st be admitted at last to tumble her bed. Go, seek, I say, and lose me; for I am not able to keep thee; I have not bread for my self.

75

Fid. Therefore I will not go, because then I may help and serve you.

Man. Thou!

Fid. I warrant you, sir; for, at worst, I cou'd beg or steal for you.

80

Man. Nay, more bragging! Dost thou not know there's venturing your life in stealing? Go, pr'ythee, away: thou art as hard to shake off as that flattering, effeminating mischief, love.

85

Fid. Love, did you name? Why, you are not so miserable as to be yet in love, sure?

Man. No, no, pr'ythee away, be gone, or — (*Aside.*) I had almost discover'd my love and shame; well, if I had? that thing cou'd not think the worse of me — or if he did? — no — yes, he shall know it — he shall — but then I must never leave him, for they are such secrets, that make parasites and pimps lords of their masters: for any slavery or tyranny is easier than

95

72 ladies, O1, O2, lady's. 88 or, Q10, O1, omit.

91 he did, Q9. 4-10, O1, I did.

92 he shall know, Q10, he he shall know.

love's. — Come hither. Since thou art so forward to serve me, hast thou but resolution enough to endure the torture of a secret? for such to some is insupportable.

Fid. I wou'd keep it as safe as if your dear, 100
precious life depended on't.

Man. Dam your dearness! It concerns more than my life,—my honour.

Fid. Doubt it not, sir.

Man. And do not discover it, by too much 105
fear of discovering it; but have a great care you let not Freeman find it out.

Fid. I warrant you, sir. I am already all joy with the hopes of your commands; and shall be all wings in the execution of 'em: speak quickly, 110
sir.

Man. You said you wou'd beg for me.

Fid. I did, sir.

Man. Then you shall beg for me.

Fid. With all my heart, sir. 115

Man. That is, pimp for me.

Fid. How, sir?

Man. D'ye start! Think'st thou, thou cou'dst

96, 97 *hither.* *Since . . . me, hast,* Q4, Q5, punctuate: *hither since . . . me; hast,* Qq. 6-10, Os, *hither, since . . . me: hast.*

108 *you, sir. I,* Qq. 6-10, O3, punctuate: *you, Sir, I, O1, O2, you; Sir, I.*

111 *sir,* Qq. 4-10, O1, omit.

112 *you wou'd,* Qq. 4-10, Os, *you'd.*

do me any other service? Come, no dissembling honour: I know you can do it handsomly, thou wert made for't. You have lost your time with me at sea, you must recover it.

Fid. Do not, sir, beget your self more reasons for your aversion to me, and make my obedience to you a fault; I am the unfittest in the world to do you such a service.

Man. Your cunning arguing against it shews but how fit you are for it. No more dissembling; here, I say, you must go use it for me to Olivia.

Fid. To her, sir?

130

Man. Go flatter, lie, kneel, promise, any thing to get her for me: I cannot live unless I have her. Didst thou not say thou wou'dst do any thing to save my life? and she said you had a persuading face.

135

Fid. But did not you say, sir, your honour was dearer to you than your life? and wou'd you have me contribute to the loss of that, and carry love from you to the most infamous, most false, and —

140

Man. And most beautiful! — *Sighs aside.*

Fid. Most ungrateful woman that ever liv'd; for sure she must be so, that cou'd desert you so soon, use you so basely, and so lately too: do not, do not forget it, sir, and think —

145

136 not you, Q9, you not.

Man. No, I will not forget it, but think of revenge; I will lie with her, out of revenge. Go, be gone, and prevail for me, or never see me more.

Fid. You scorn'd her last night. 150

Man. I know not what I did last night; I dissembled last night.

Fid. Heavens!

Man. Be gone, I say, and bring me love or compliance back, or hopes at least, or I'll never 155 see thy face again, by —

Fid. O, do not swear, sir! first hear me.

Man. I am impatient, away! you'll find me here till twelve. *Turns away.*

Fid. Sir — 160

Man. Not one word, no insinuating argument more, or soothing persuasion; you'll have need of all your rhetorick with her: go, strive to alter her, not me; be gone.

Ex[it] Man[ly] at the end of the stage.

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. Shou'd I discover to him now my sex, 165
And lay before him his strange cruelty,
'Twou'd but incense it more. — No, 'tis not
time.

For his love must I then betray my own?
Were ever love or chance till now severe?

158 *I am, Q10, Os, I'm.*

Or shifting woman pos'd with such a task? 170
 Forc'd to beg that which kills her, if obtain'd,
 And give away her lover not to lose him!

Ex[it] Fidel[ia].

*Enter Widow Blackacre, in the middle of half a dozen
 Lawyers, whisper'd to by a fellow in black, Jerry
 Blackacre following the croud.*

Widow. Offer me a reference, you saucy
 companion you! d'ye know who you speak to?
 Art thou a solicitor in chancery, and offer a ref- 175
 erence? A pretty fellow! Mr. Serjeant Ploddon,
 here's a fellow has the impudence to offer me a
 reference!

Serjeant Ploddon. Who's that has the impu-
 dence to offer a reference within these walls? 180

Wid. Nay, for a splitter of causes to do't!

Serj. Plod. No, madam; to a lady learned in
 the law, as you are, the offer of a reference were
 to impose upon you.

Wid. No, no, never fear me for a reference, 185
 Mr. Serjeant. But come, have you not forgot
 your brief? Are you sure you shan't make the
 mistake of — hark you — (*Whispers.*) — Go
 then, go to your court of Common-Pleas, and say
 one thing over and over again: you do it so nat- 190
 urally, you'll never be suspected for protracting
 time.

Serj. Plod. Come, I know the course of the court, and your business.

Ex[it] Serj[eant] Plod[don].

Wid. Let's see, Jerry, where are my minutes? ¹⁹⁵
Come, Mr. Quaint, pray go talk a great deal for me in chancery, let your words be easie, and your sense hard; my cause requires it: branch it bravely, and deck my cause with flowers, that the snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure ²⁰⁰
you remember the decree of my Lord Chancellor, *Tricesimo quart'* of the queen.

Quaint. I will, as I see cause, extenuate or exemplifie matter of fact; baffle truth with impudence; answer exceptions with questions, tho' ²⁰⁵
never so impertinent; for reasons give 'em words; for law and equity, tropes and figures; and so relax and enervate the sinews of their argument with the oyl of my eloquence. But when my lungs can reason no longer, and not ²¹⁰
being able to say any thing more for our cause, say every thing of our adversary; whose reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the world, yet with sharp invectives —

Wid. [*Aside.*] Alias, Belin'sgate.

215

195 *my*, Q10, O1, the.

197 *in chancery*, Qq. 7-9, in the chancery.

204 *exemplifie*, Qq. 2-10, O1, O2, *amplifie*.

214 *yet*, O2 omits.

215 [*Aside.*], Qq., O3, indicate an aside by enclosing the speech in parentheses.

Quaint. With poinant and sowre invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair reputation, even as a record with the juice of lemons; and tell such a story, (for the truth on't is, all that we can do for our client, in chan- 220 cery, is telling a story) a fine story, a long story, such a story —

Wid. Go, save thy breath for the cause; talk at the bar, Mr. *Quaint*: you are so copiously fluent, you can weary any ones ears sooner than 225 your own tongue. Go, weary our adversaries counsel, and the court; go, thou art a fine-spoken person: adad, I shall make thy wife jealous of me, if you can but court the court into a decree for us. Go, get you gone, and remember — 230 (*Whispers.*) — (*Exit Quaint.*) — Come, Mr. *Blunder*, pray baul soundly for me, at the Kings-bench, bluster, sputter, question, cavil; but be sure your argument be intricate enough to confound the court; and then you do my business. 235 Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still; for your own noise will secure your sense from censure: 'tis like coughing or heming when one has got the belly-ake, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear rogue, 240

226 *our*, Q10, O1, *my. adversaries*, O1, O2, *adversary's*.

230 *and*, Q9. 2-10, O1, *omit*.

232 *baul*, Q6, Q10, *haul*.

and succeed ; and I'll invite thee, ere it be long,
to more souz'd venison.

Blunder. I'll warrant you, after your verdict,
your judgment shall not be arrested upon if's
and and's. [Exit.] 245

Wid. Come, Mr. Petulant, let me give you
some new instructions for our cause in the Ex-
chequer. Are the barons sate ?

Petulant. Yes, no ; may be they are, may be
they are not : what know I ? what care I ? 250

Wid. Hey day ! I wish you wou'd but snap
up the counsel on t'other side anon at the bar
as much ; and have a little more patience with
me, that I might instruct you a little better.

Pet. You instruct me ! what is my brief for, 255
mistress ?

Wid. Ay, but you seldom read your brief but
at the bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and per-
haps 'tis time enough : pray hold your self con- 260
tented, mistress.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be
contented, sir ; tho' you, I see, will lose my cause
for want of speaking, I wo'not : you shall hear
me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your 265
brief.

Pet. Send your solicitor to me. Instructed by
245 [Exit.], added by Hunt. 255 for, Q10, O1, omit.

a woman! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a bar-gown —

Wid. By a woman! and I'd have you to know, ²⁷⁰
I am no common woman; but a woman conversant in the laws of the land, as well as your self, tho' I have no bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your brief for you: instruct ²⁷⁵
me! *Flings her breviate at her.*

Wid. Impertinent, to me, you saucy Jack, you! you return my breviate, but where's my fee? you'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass ²⁸⁰
half-crown in't, one's sure to hear on't again: wou'd you wou'd but look on your breviate half so narrowly! But pray give me my fee too, as well as my brief.

Pet. Mistress, that's without precedent. When ²⁸⁵
did a counsel ever return his fee, pray? and you are impertinent and ignorant to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant, to me! Gadsbodikins, you puny upstart in the law, to use me so! you green bag carrier, you murderer ²⁹⁰
of unfortunate causes, the clerks ink is scarce off of your fingers,—you that newly come from lamblackening the judges shooes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and igno-

rant! I wou'd give thee a cuff on the ear, sitting²⁹⁵
the courts, if I were ignorant. Marry gep, if it
had not been for me, thou hadst been yet but a
hearing counsel at the bar. *Ex[it] Petulant.*

Enter Mr. Buttongown, crossing the stage in haste.

Mr. Buttongown, Mr. Buttongown, whither so
fast? what, won't you stay till we are heard? ³⁰⁰

Buttongown. I cannot, Mrs. Blackacre, I must
be at the council, my lord's cause stays there for
me.

Wid. And mine suffers here.

But. I cannot help it. 305

Wid. I'm undone.

But. What's that to me?

Wid. Consider the five pound fee, if not my
cause: that was something to you.

But. Away, away! pray be not so trouble-³¹⁰
som, mistress: I must be gone.

Wid. Nay, but consider a little: I am your
old client, my lord but a new one; or let him be
what he will, he will hardly be a better client to
you than my self: I hope you believe I shall be ³¹⁵
in law as long as I live; therefore am no despi-
cable client. Well, but go to your lord; I know
you expect he shou'd make you a judge one day;
but I hope his promise to you will prove a true
lord's promise. But, that he might be sure to fail ³²⁰
you, I wish you had his bond for't.

But. But what, will you yet be thus impertinent, mistress?

Wid. Nay, I beseech you, sir, stay; if it be but to tell me my lord's case; come, in short— 325

But. Nay, then— *Ex[it] Buttongown.*

Wid. Well, Jerry, observe, child, and lay it up for hereafter. These are those lawyers who, by being in all causes, are in none: therefore if you wou'd have 'em for you, let your adversary 330 fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em; and so, in being against thee, they'll be for thee.

Jerry. Ay, mother; they put me in mind of the unconscionable woers of widows, who un- 335 dertake briskly their matrimonial business for their money; but when they have got it once, let who's will drudge for them. Therefore have a care of 'em, forsooth. There's advice for your advice. 340

Wid. Well said, boy. — Come, Mr. Split-cause, pray go see when my cause in chancery comes on; and go speak with Mr. Quillet in the Kings-bench, and Mr. Quirk in the Common-pleas, and see how our matters go there. 345

Enter Major Oldfox.

Oldfox. Lady, a good and propitious morning

322 *yet*, Qq. 2-10, O1, O2, omit.

345 *our*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.

to you; and may all your causes go as well as if I my self were judge of 'em!

Wid. Sir, excuse me; I am busie, and cannot answer complements in Westminster-hall. — 350
Go, Mr. Splitcause, and come to me again to that booksellers; there I'll stay for you, that you may be sure to find me.

Old. No, sir, come to the other booksellers. I'll attend your ladship thither. 355

Ex[it] Splitcause.

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Because he is my bookseller, lady.

Wid. What, to sell you lozenges for your catarrh? or medicines for your corns? What else can a major deal with a bookseller for? 360

Old. Lady, he prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an author?

Old. Of some few essayes; deign you, lady, to peruse 'em. — (*Aside.*) She is a woman of parts; and I must win her by shewing mine. 365

The Bookseller's Boy.

Boy. Will you see *Culpepper*, mistress? *Aristotle's Problems*? *The Compleat Midwife*?

Wid. No; let's see *Dalton*, *Hughs*, *Shepherd*, *Wingate*.

Boy. We have no law-books. 370

Wid. No? you are a pretty bookseller then!

Old. Come, have you e're a one of my essayes left?



Boy. Yes, sir, we have enough, and shall always have 'em. 375

Old. How so?

Boy. Why, they are good, steady, lasting ware.

Old. Nay, I hope they will live; let's see. — Be pleas'd, madam, to peruse the poor endeavors of my pen: for I have a pen, tho' I say it, that — 380

Gives her a book.

Jer. Pray let me see *St. George for Christendom*, or, *The Seven Champions of England*.

Wid. No, no; give him *The Young Clerk's Guide*. — What, we shall have you read your self into a humor of rambling and fighting, and studying military discipline, and wearing red breeches! 385

Old. Nay, if you talk of military discipline, shew him my treatise of *The Art Military*. 390

Wid. Hold; I wou'd as willingly he shou'd read a play.

Jer. O, pray, forsooth, mother, let me have a play. 395

Wid. No, sirrah; there are young students of the law enough spoil'd already by plays. They wou'd make you in love with your landress, or,

381 for *I have a pen*, Qq. 2-10, O1, omit.

385 *Clerk's*, Q4, Q5, *Clark's*.

391 *Art Military*, Qq. 2-10, *Art of Military*.

what's worse, some queen of the stage that was a landress; and so turn keeper before you are⁴⁰⁰ of age. (*Several crossing the stage.*) But stay, Jerry, is not that Mr. What-d'y'call-him, that goes there, he that offer'd to sell me a suit in chancery for five hundred pound, for a hundred down, and only paying the clerks fees? 405

Jer. Ay, forsooth, 'tis he.

Wid. Then stay here, and have a care of the bags, whil'st I follow him. — Have a care of the bags, I say.

Jer. And do you have a care, forsooth, of the⁴¹⁰ statute against champertee, I say.

Ex[it] Widow.

[*Re-*]enter Freeman to them.

Free. (*Aside.*) So, there's a limb of my widow, which was wont to be inseparable from her: she can't be far. — How now, my pretty son-in-law that shall be, where's my widow? 415

Jer. My mother, but not your widow, will be forthcoming presently.

Free. Your servant, major. What, are you buying furniture for a little sleeping closet, which you miscall a study? For you do only by your⁴²⁰ books, as by your wenches, bind 'em up neatly

⁴⁰² is not, Qq. 4-10, is it not.

⁴⁰⁴ pound, Q8, Q9, pounds.

^{408, 409} whil'st I . . . bags, O1 omits.

and make 'em fine, for other people to use 'em. And your bookseller is properly your upholster, for he furnishes your room, rather than your head.

425

Old. Well, well, good sea-lieutenant, study you your compass; that's more than your head can deal with. — (*Aside.*) I will go find out the widow, to keep her out of his sight, or he'll board her, whil'st I am treating a peace.

430

Ex[it] Oldfox.

Manent Freeman, Jerry.

Fer. Nay, pr'ythee, friend, now let me have but *The Seven Champions*. You shall trust me no longer than till my mothers Mr. Splitcause comes; for I hope he'll lend me wherewithall to pay for't.

435

Free. Lend thee! here, I'll pay him. Do you want money, squire? I'm sorry a man of your estate shou'd want money.

Fer. Nay, my mother will ne'r let me be at age: and till then, she says —

440

Free. At age! why you are at age already to have spent an estate, man. There are younger than you have kept their women these three years, have had half a dozen claps, and lost as many thousand pounds at play.

445

Fer. Ay, they are happy sparks! Nay, I know

443 *these*, Qq. 2-10, O1, O2, *this*.

some of my school-fellows, who, when we were at school, were two years younger than me; but now, I know not how, are grown men before me, and go where they will, and look to themselves. 450
But my curmudgeonly mother wo'nt allow me wherewithall to be a man of my self with.

Free. Why, there 'tis; I knew your mother was in the fault. Ask but your school-fellows what they did to be men of themselves. 455

Fer. Why, I know they went to law with their mothers: for they say, there's no good to be done upon a widow mother, till one goes to law with her; but mine is as plaguy a lawyer as any's of our Inn. Then wou'd she marry too, 460
and cut down my trees. Now, I shou'd hate, man, to have my father's wife kiss'd and slap'd, and t'other thing too (you know what I mean), by another man: and our trees are the purest, tall, even, shady twigs by my fa— 465

Free. Come, squire, let your mother and your trees fall as she pleases, rather than wear this gown and carry green bags all thy life, and be pointed at for a Tony. But you shall be able to deal with her yet the common way. Thou 470
shalt make false love to some lawyer's daughter, whose father, upon the hopes of thy marrying

454 *the*, Qq. 4-10, Os, omit.

472 *the*, Qq. 6-8, O1, O2, thy.

her, shall lend thee money and law to preserve thy estate and trees: and thy mother is so ugly no body will have her, if she cannot cut down⁴⁷⁵ thy trees.

Fer. Nay, if I had but any body to stand by me, I am as stomachful as another.

Free. That will I: I'll not see any hopeful young gentleman abus'd. 480

Boy. (*Aside.*) By any but your self.

Fer. The truth on't is, mine's as arrant a widow-mother to her poor child as any's in England. She wo'nt so much as let one have sixpence in one's pocket to see a motion, or the⁴⁸⁵ dancing of the ropes, or—

Free. Come, you sha'nt want money; there's gold for you.

Fer. O lord, sir, two guineys! D'ye lend me this? Is there no trick in't? Well, sir, I'll give⁴⁹⁰ you my bond for security.

Free. No, no; thou hast given me thy face for security: any body wou'd swear thou dost not look like a cheat. You shall have what you will of me; and if your mother will not be kinder⁴⁹⁵ to you, come to me, who will.

481 *any*, Qq. 7-9, any other.

484 *so much*, Qq. 7-9, as much.

489 *lord*, Q1, lurd.

491 *my*, Q8, Q9, omit.

493 *any body*, Qq. 4-10, O1, O2, and any body.

Fer. (*Aside.*) By my fa—he's a curious fine gentleman!—But will you stand by one?

Free. If you can be resolute.

Fer. Can be resolv'd! Gad, if she gives me ⁵⁰⁰ but a cross word, I'll leave her to night, and come to you. But now I have got money, I'll go to Jack of all Trades, at t'other end of the Hall, and buy the neatest, purest things—

Free. [*Aside.*] And I'll follow the great boy, ⁵⁰⁵ and my blow at his mother. Steal away the calf, and the cow will follow you.

Exit Ferry, follow'd by Freeman.

[*Re-*]enter, on the other side, Manly, Widow Blackacre, and Oldfox.

Man. Dam your cause, can't you lose it without me? which you are like enough to do, if it be, as you say, an honest one: I will suffer no ⁵¹⁰ longer for't.

Wid. Nay, captain, I tell you, you are my prime witness; and the cause is just now coming on, Mr. Splitcause tells me. Lord, methinks you shou'd take a pleasure in walking here, as half ⁵¹⁵ you see now do; for they have no business here, I assure you.

Man. Yes; but I'll assure you then, their business is to persecute me. But d'ye think I'll

⁵⁰⁵ [*Aside*], added by Hunt.

⁵⁰⁶ away, the first a is lacking in Q1, but a space shows that it has been broken out in the press.

stay any longer, to have a rogue, because he⁵²⁰
 knows my name, pluck me aside and whisper a
 newsbook-secret to me with a stinking breath?
 a second come piping angry from the court, and
 sputter in my face his tedious complaints against
 it? a third law-coxcomb, because he saw me⁵²⁵
 once at a reader's dinner, come and put me a long
 law-case, to make a discovery of his indefatigable
 dulness and my wearied patience? a fourth, a
 most barbarous civil rogue, who will keep a man
 half an hour in the croud with a bow'd body, and⁵³⁰
 a hat off, acting the reform'd sign of the Saluta-
 tion tavern, to hear his bountiful professions of
 service and friendship, whil'st he cares not if I
 were damn'd, and I am wishing him hang'd out
 of my way?—I'd as soon run the gantlet, as⁵³⁵
 walk t'other turn.

[*Re-*]enter to them *Jerry Blackacre, without his bags,
 but laden with trinkets, which he endeavors to hide
 from his mother; and follow'd at a distance by Free-
 man.*

Wid. O, are you come, sir? but where have you
 been, you ass? and how come you thus laden?

Fer. Look here, forsooth, mother; now here's
 a duck, here's a boar-cat, and here's an owl. ⁵⁴⁰

*Making a noise with cat-calls and other such
 like instruments.*

⁵²⁴ complaints, Qq. 7-9, complaint.

⁵²⁶ come, Qq. 4-10, Os, came.

Wid. Yes, there is an owl, sir.

Old. He's an ungracious bird indeed.

Wid. But go, thou trangame, and carry back those trangames, which thou hast stol'n or purloin'd; for no body wou'd trust a minor in 545 Westminster-hall, sure.

Fer. Hold your self contented, forsooth: I have these commodities by a fair bargain and sale; and there stands my witness and creditor.

Wid. How's that? What, sir, d'ye think to 550 get the mother by giving the child a rattle? — But where are my bags, my writings, you rascal?

Fer. (*Aside.*) O, law! where are they, indeed? 555

Wid. How, sirrah? speak, come —

Man. (*Apart to him.*) You can tell her, Freeman, I suppose.

Free. (*Apart to him.*) 'Tis true, I made one of your salt-water sharks steal 'em whil'st he 560 was eagerly choosing his commodities, as he calls 'em, in order to my design upon his mother.

Wid. Wo'nt you speak? Where were you, I say, you son of a — an unfortunate woman? 565 — O, major, I'm undone! They are all that concern my estate, my jointure, my husband's

557 *You*, Qq. 6-10, O1, Who. 559 *one*, Q10, O1, some.

deed of gift, my evidences for all my suits now depending! What will become of them?

Free. (*Aside.*) I'm glad to hear this. — 570
They'll be safe, I warrant you, madam.

Wid. O where? where? Come, you villain, along with me, and shew me where.

Exeunt Widow, Jerry, Oldfox.

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Man. Thou hast taken the right way to get a widow, by making her great boy rebel; for 575 when nothing will make a widow marry, she'll do't to cross her children. But canst thou in earnest marry this harpy, this volume of shrivel'd blur'd parchments and law, this attornies desk?

Free. Ay, ay; I'll marry and live honestly; 580 that is, give my creditors, not her, due benevolence, — pay my debts.

Man. Thy creditors, you see, are not so barbarous as to put thee in prison; and wilt thou commit thy self to a noisom dungeon for 585 thy life? which is the only satisfaction thou canst give thy creditors by this match.

Free. Why, is not she rich?

Man. Ay; but he that marries a widow for her money, will find himself as much mistaken 590 as the widow that marries a young fellow for due benevolence, as you call it.

568 evidences, O2, evidence.

571 be safe, O3, be all safe.

Free. Why, d'ye think I sha'nt deserve wages? I'll drudge faithfully.

Man. I tell thee again, he that is the slave⁵⁹⁵ in the mine has the least propriety in the ore. You may dig, and dig; but if thou wou'dst have her money, rather get to be her trustee than her husband; for a true widow will make over her estate to any body, and cheat her self, rather⁶⁰⁰ than be cheated by her children or a second husband.

[*Re-*]enter to them *Ferry*, running in a fright.

Fer. O law! I'm undone! I'm undone! my mother will kill me: — you said you'd stand by one. 605

Free. So I will, my brave squire, I warrant thee.

Fer. Ay, but I dare not stay till she comes; for she's as furious, now she has lost her writings, as a bitch when she has lost her puppies. 610

Man. The comparison's handsom!

Fer. O, she's here!

Free. (*To the Sailor.*) Take him, Jack, and make haste with him to your master's lodging; and be sure you keep him up till I come. 615

Exit Ferry, and Sailor.

⁵⁹⁵ *the slave*, Q9, a slave.

⁵⁹⁸ *her money*, Qq. 7-9, the money. *than*, Q9, then.

⁶¹² *here*, Qq. 7-9, there.

[*Re*]-enter *Widow Blackacre* and *Oldfox*.

Wid. O my dear writings! Where's this heathen rogue, my minor?

Free. Gone to drown or hang himself.

Wid. No, I know him too well; he'll ne'r be *felo de se* that way: but he may go and choose ⁶²⁰ a guardian of his own head, and so be *felo de ses beins*; for he has not yet chosen one.

Free. (*Aside.*) Say you so? And he sha'nt want one.

Wid. But, now I think on't, 'tis you, sir, ⁶²⁵ have put this cheat upon me; for there is a saying, *Take hold of a maid by her smock, and a widow by her writings, and they cannot get from you*. But I'll play fast and loose with you yet, if there be law; and my minor and writings are not forth- ⁶³⁰ coming, I'll bring my action of detinue or trover. But first, I'll try to find out this guardianless, graceless villain. — Will you jog, major?

Man. If you have lost your evidence, I hope ⁶³⁵ your causes cannot go on, and I may be gone?

Wid. O no; stay but a making water while (as one may say) and I'll be with you again.

Ex[eunt] Widow and Oldfox.

[*Re*]-enter *Widow* . . . in originals precedes Freeman's speech. ^{630, 631} *law*; and . . . *forth-coming*, *I'll*, *O1*, *O2*, punctuate *law*, and . . . *forth-coming*; *I'll*.

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Free. Well; sure I am the first man that ever began a love intrigue in Westminster-hall. 640

Man. No, sure; for the love to a widow generally begins here: and as the widow's cause goes against the heir or executors, the jointure rivals commence their suit to the widow.

Free. Well; but how, pray, have you past your 645 time here, since I was forc'd to leave you alone? You have had a great deal of patience.

Man. Is this a place to be alone, or have patience in? But I have had patience, indeed; for I have drawn upon me, since I came, but 650 three quarrels and two law-suits.

Free. Nay, faith, you are too curst to be let loose in the world: you shou'd be ty'd up again in your sea-kennel, call'd a ship. But how cou'd you quarrel here? 655

Man. How cou'd I refrain? A lawyer talk'd peremptorily and saucily to me, and as good as gave me the lye.

Free. They do it so often to one another at the bar, that they make no bones on't else-660 where.

Man. However, I gave him a cuff on the ear; whereupon he jogs two men, whose backs were turn'd to us (for they were reading at a book-sellers), to witness I struck him, sitting the 665

courts; which office they so readily promis'd, that I call'd 'em rascals and knights of the post. One of 'em presently calls two other absent witnesses, who were coming towards us at a distance; whil'st the other, with a whisper, desires⁶⁷⁰ to know my name, that he might have satisfaction by way of challenge, as t'other by way of writ; but if it were not rather to direct his brother's writ, than his own challenge — There, you see, is one of my quarrels, and two of my⁶⁷⁵ law-suits.

Free. So! — and the other two?

Man. For advising a poet to leave off writing, and turn lawyer, because he is dull and impudent, and sayes or writes nothing now but by⁶⁸⁰ precedent.

Free. And the third quarrel?

Man. For giving more sincere advice to a handsom, well-drest young fellow (who ask'd it too), not to marry a wench that he lov'd, and I⁶⁸⁵ had lay'n with.

Free. Nay, if you will be giving your sincere advice to lovers and poets, you will not fail of quarrels.

⁶⁷³ *but if it were not rather*, O1, O2, but I question if it was not rather.

⁶⁷⁵ *is*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.

⁶⁷⁸ *advising*, Qq. 6-10, O1, desiring.

Man. Or if I stay in this place; for I see 690
more quarrels crouding upon me. Let's be gone,
and avoid 'em.

Enter Novel at a distance, coming towards them.

A plague on him, that sneer is ominous to us;
he is coming upon us, and we shall not be rid
of him. 695

Novel. Dear bully, don't look so grum upon
me; you told me just now, you had forgiven me
a little harmless raillery upon wooden legs last
night.

Man. Yes, yes, pray be gone, I am talking 700
of business.

Nov. Can't I hear it? I love thee, and will
be faithful, and alwayes —

Man. Impertinent! 'Tis business that con-
cerns Freeman only. 705

Nov. Well, I love Freeman too, and wou'd
not divulge his secret. — Pr'ythee speak, pr'y-
thee, I must —

Man. Pr'ythee let me be rid of thee, I must
be rid of thee. 710

Nov. Faith, thou canst hardly, I love thee so.
Come, I must know the business.

Man. (*Aside.*) So, I have it now. — Why, if
you needs will know it, he has a quarrel, and his
adversary bids him bring two friends with him: 715

After 692 towards, O2, toward.

now, I am one, and we are thinking who we shall have for a third.

Several crossing the stage.

Nov. A pox, there goes a fellow owes me an hundred pound, and goes out of town to morrow: I'll speak with him, and come to you presently. 720

Exit Novel.

Man. No, but you wo'not.

Free. You are dextrously rid of him.

[Re-]enter Oldfox.

Man. To what purpose, since here comes another as impertinent? I know by his grin he is bound hither. 725

Old. Your servant, worthy, noble captain. Well, I have left the widow, because she carry'd me from your company: for, faith, captain, I must needs tell thee thou art the only officer in England, who was not an Edg-hill officer, 730 that I care for.

Man. I'm sorry for't.

Old. Why, wou'dst thou have me love them?

Man. Any body rather than me.

Old. What! you are modest, I see; therefore, 735 too, I love thee.

Man. No, I am not modest; but love to brag my self, and can't patiently hear you fight over the last civil war. Therefore, go look out the

fellow I saw just now here, that walks with his 740 stockings and his sword out at heels, and let him tell you the history of that scar on his cheek, to give you occasion to shew yours, got in the field at Bloomsbury, not that of Edg-hill. Go to him, poor fellow; he is fasting, and has not yet the 745 happiness this morning to stink of brandy and tobacco: go, give him some to hear you; I am busie.

Old. Well, ygad, I love thee now, boy, for thy surliness. Thou art no tame captain, I see, 750 that will suffer —

Man. An old fox.

Old. All that sha'nt make me angry: I consider thou art peevish, and fretting at some ill success at law. Pr'ythee, tell me what ill luck 755 you have met with here.

Man. You.

Old. Do I look like the picture of ill luck? gadsnouns, I love thee more and more. And shall I tell thee what made me love thee first? 760

Man. Do; that I may be rid of that damn'd quality and thee.

Old. 'Twas thy wearing that broad sword there.

740, 741 *his stockings and his sword*, O2, O3, his sword and stockings.

744 *of*, Qq. 6-10, O1, at.

753, 754 *consider thou*, O2, O3, consider that thou.

Man. Here, Freeman, let's change: I'll never⁷⁶⁵
wear it more.

Old. How! you wo'not, sure. Pr'ythee, don't
look like one of our holyday captains now adayes,
with a bodkin by your side, your martinet rogues.

Man. (*Aside.*) O, then, there's hopes.—⁷⁷⁰
What, d'ye find fault with martinet? Let me
tell you, sir, 'tis the best exercise in the world;
the most ready, most easie, most graceful exer-
cise that ever was us'd, and the most—

Old. Nay, nay, sir, no more; sir, your servant:⁷⁷⁵
if you praise martinet oncé, I have done with
you, sir.—Martinet! martinet!—

Exit Oldfox.

Free. Nay, you have made him leave you as
willingly as ever he did an enemy; for he was truly
for the king and parliament: for the parliament in⁷⁸⁰
their list; and for the king in cheating 'em of
their pay, and never hurting the king's party in
the field.

Enter a Lawyer towards them.

Man. A pox! this way:—here's a lawyer I
know threatning us with another greeting. ⁷⁸⁵

Lawyer. Sir, sir, your very servant; I was
afraid you had forgotten me.

Man. I was not afraid you had forgotten
me.

⁷⁶⁹ your martinet, Q10, O3, you martinet.

Law. No, sir; we lawyers have pretty good 790 memories.

Man. You ought to have, by your wits.

Law. O, you are a merry gentleman, sir: I remember you were merry when I was last in your company. 795

Man. I was never merry in thy company, Mr. Lawyer, sure.

Law. Why, I'm sure you jok'd upon me, and sham'd me all night long.

Man. Sham'd! pr'ythee what barbarous law-800 term is that?

Law. Shamming! why, don't you know that? 'tis all our way of wit, sir.

Man. I am glad I do not know it then. Shamming! what does he mean by't, Freeman? 805

Free. Shamming is telling you an insipid dull lye with a dull face, which the slie wag the author only laughs at himself; and making himself believe 'tis a good jest, puts the sham only upon himself. 810

Man. So, your lawyers jest, I find, like his practice, has more knavery than wit in't. I shou'd make the worst shammer in England: I must alwayes deal ingeniously, as I will with you, Mr. Lawyer, and advise you to be seen rather with 815

814 *ingeniously*, Q8, Q9, *ingenuously*. *as I will*, Q9. 6-10, O1, O3, as well.

814, 815 *Mr. Lawyer, and*, O1, Mr. Lawyer, as with others, and.

attornies and solicitors, than such fellows as I am: they will credit your practice more.

Law. No, sir, your company's an honour to me.

Man. No, faith; go this way, there goes an attorney; leave me for him; let it be never said ⁸²⁰ a lawyers civility did him hurt.

Law. No, worthy, honour'd sir; I'll not leave you for any attorney, sure.

Man. Unless he had a fee in his hand.

Law. Have you any business here, sir? Try ⁸²⁵ me: I'd serve you sooner than any attorney breathing.

Man. Business — (*Aside.*) So, I have thought of a sure way. — Yes, faith, I have a little business. 830

Law. Have you so, sir? in what court, sir? what is't, sir? Tell me but how I may serve you, and I'll do't, sir, and take it for as great an honour —

Man. Faith, 'tis for a poor orphan of a sea-⁸³⁵ officer of mine, that has no money. But if it cou'd be follow'd *in forma pauperis*, and when the legacy's recover'd —

Law. *Forma pauperis*, sir!

Man. Ay, sir. 840

Several crossing the stage

819 *this way*, Qq. 2-5, thy wayes, Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, thy ways.

820 *be never*, Q10, Os, never be.

Law. Mr. Bumblecase, Mr. Bumblecase! a word with you. — Sir, I beg your pardon at present; I have a little business —

Man. Which is not *in forma pauperis*.

Exit Lawyer.

Free. So, you have now found a way to be⁸⁴⁵ rid of people without quarrelling.

Enter Alderman.

Man. But here's a city rogue will stick as hard upon us, as if I ow'd him money.

Alderman. Captain, noble sir, I am yours heartily, d'ye see; why shou'd you avoid your⁸⁵⁰ old friends?

Man. And why shou'd you follow me? I owe you nothing.

Ald. Out of my hearty respects to you: for there is not a man in England — ⁸⁵⁵

Man. Thou wou'dst save from hanging with the expence of a shilling only.

Ald. Nay, nay, but, captain, you are like enough to tell me —

Man. Truth, which you wo'nt care to hear; ⁸⁶⁰ therefore you had better go talk with some body else.

Ald. No, I know no body can inform me better of some young wit, or spendthrift, that has a good dip'd seat and estate in Middlesex,⁸⁶⁵ Hartfordshire, Essex, or Kent; any of these

wou'd serve my turn: now, if you knew of such an one, and wou'd but help —

Man. You to finish his ruine.

Ald. Ifaith, you shou'd have a snip — 870

Man. Of your nose; you thirty in the hundred rascal, wou'd you make me your squire setter, your baud for mannors?

Takes him by the nose.

Ald. Oh!

Free. Hold, or here will be your third law-875 suit.

Ald. Gads precious, you hectoring person you, are you wild? I meant you no hurt, sir: I begin to think, as things go, land security best, and have for a convenient mortgage, some ten, fif-880 teen or twenty thousand pound by me.

Man. Then go lay it out upon an hospital, and take a mortgage of Heaven, according to your city custom; for you think by laying out a little money to hook in that too hereafter.885 Do, I say, and keep the poor you've made by taking forfeitures, that Heaven may not take yours.

867 *knew*, Q9, know.

871, 872 *nose*; you . . . *rascal*, *wou'd*, Qq. 2-9 punctuate nose; you . . . *rascal*; *wou'd*, Q10, Os, nose, you . . . *rascal*; *wou'd*.

873 *your baud*, Q10 misprints you bawd.

881 *pound*, Q8, Q9, pounds.

Ald. No, to keep the cripples you make this war. This war spoils our trade. 890

Man. Dam your trade! 'tis the better for't.

Ald. What, will you speak against our trade?

Man. And dare you speak against the war, our trade?

Ald. (*Aside.*) Well, he may be a convoy of 895 ships I am concern'd in.—Come, captain, I will have a fair correspondency with you, say what you will.

Man. Then pr'ythee be gone.

Ald. No, faith; pr'ythee, captain, let's go 900 drink a dish of lac'd coffee, and talk of the times. Come, I'll treat you: nay, you shall go, for I have no business here.

Man. But I have.

Ald. To pick up a man to give thee a dinner? 905 Come, I'll do thy business for thee.

Man. Faith, now I think on't, so you may, as well as any man: for 'tis to pick up a man to be bound with me to one who expects city security for— 910

Ald. Nay, then your servant, captain; business must be done.

Man. Ay, if it can. But hark you, alderman, without you—

Ald. Business, sir, I say, must be done; and 915

897 *correspondency*, O2, *correspondence*.

there's an officer of the treasury (*Several crossing the stage*) I have an affair with —

Exit alderman.

Man. You see now what the mighty friendship of the world is; what all ceremony, embraces, and plentiful professions come to! You⁹²⁰ are no more to believe a professing friend than a threatening enemy; and as no man hurts you, that tells you he'll do you a mischief, no man, you see, is your servant who sayes he is so. Why the devil, then, shou'd a man be troubled⁹²⁵ with the flattery of knaves if he be not a fool or cully; or with the fondness of fools, if he be not a knave or cheat?

Free. Only for his pleasure: for there is some in laughing at fools, and disappointing knaves.⁹³⁰

Man. That's a pleasure, I think, wou'd cost you too dear, as well as marrying your widow to disappoint her. But, for my part, I have no pleasure by 'em but in despising 'em, wheresoe'r I meet 'em; and then the pleasure of hoping so⁹³⁵ to be rid of 'em. But now my comfort is, I am not worth a shilling in the world, which all the world shall know; and then I'm sure I shall have none of 'em come near me.

(*Several crossing the stage*), in originals placed at the end of the speech.

935 *meet*, Q9 misprints *met*.

Free. A very pretty comfort, which I think 940
you pay too dear for. — But is the twenty pound
gone since the morning?

Man. To my boats crew. — Wou'd you have
the poor, honest, brave fellows want?

Free. Rather than you or I. 945

Man. Why, art thou without money? thou
who art a friend to every body?

Free. I ventur'd my last stake upon the
squire, to nick him of his mother; and cannot
help you to a dinner, unless you will go dine 950
with my lord —

Man. No, no; the ordinary is too dear for
me where flattery must pay for my dinner: I
am no herald or poet.

Free. We'll go then to the bishops — 955

Man. There you must flatter the old philos-
ophy: I cannot renounce my reason for a dinner

Free. Why, then let's go to your aldermans.

Man. Hang him, rogue! that were not to
dine; for he makes you drunk with lees of sack 960
before dinner, to take away your stomach: and
there you must call usury and extortion Gods
blessings, or the honest turning of the penny;

941 *But is*, O1, O2, But where is.

945 *than*, Q9, then. 947 *a*, O2 omits.

955 *then to*, Q8, to, Q9 omits.

960 *you*, Qq. 6-10, O1, us. 961 *your*, Qq. 6-10, O1, our.

963 *blessings*, Qq. 2-10, O1, O2 blessing.

hear him brag of the leather breeches in which he trotted first to town, and make a greater⁹⁶⁵ noise with his money in his parlor, than his casheers do in his counting house, without hopes of borrowing a shilling.

Free. Ay, a pox on't! 'tis like dining with the great gamesters: and when they fall to their⁹⁷⁰ common dessert, see the heaps of gold drawn on all hands, without going to twelve. Let us go to my Lady Goodly's.

Man. There, to flatter her looks, you must mistake her grandchildren for her own; praise⁹⁷⁵ her cook, that she may rail at him; and feed her dogs, not your self.

Free. What d'ye think of eating with your lawyer, then?

Man. Eat with him! dam him! To hear him⁹⁸⁰ employ his barbarous eloquence in a reading upon the two and thirty good bits in a shoulder of veal, and be forc'd your self to praise the cold bribe pye that stinks, and drink law-French wine as rough and harsh as his law-French. A⁹⁸⁵ pox on him! I'd rather dine in the Temple [Round] or walks, with the knights without noses, or the knights of the post, who are hon-

965 *make*, Q9, makes. 973 *Goodly's*, Q8, Q9, Godly's.
 974 *looks*, *you*, O1, O2, punctuate looks; you.
 987 *Round*, Q9. Os, Rounds.

ester fellows and better company. But let us home and try our fortune ; for I'll stay no longer 990 here for your damn'd widow.

Free. Well let us go home then ; for I must go for my damn'd widow, and look after my new damn'd charge. Three or four hundred year ago a man might have din'd in this Hall. 995

Man. But now the lawyer only here is fed ;
And, bully-like, by quarrels gets his bread.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertii.

991 *your damn'd*, Qq. 6-10, O1, your old damn'd.

992 *let us go home*, Q4, Q5, let us go come, Q6, Q10, let us come, Qq. 7-9, O1, let us, come.

944 *year*, Qq. 2-10, Os, years.

Exeunt, Qq. 4-10, Os, omit. *Finis Actus Tertii*, O2 omits.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Manly's Lodging.

Enter Manly and Fidelia.

Manly. Well, there's success in thy face.
Hast thou prevail'd? say.

Fidelia. As I cou'd wish, sir.

Man. So; I told thee what thou wert fit for,
and thou wou'dst not believe me. Come, thank 5
me for bringing thee acquainted with thy genius.
Well, thou hast mollifi'd her heart for me?

Fid. No, sir, not so; but what's better.

Man. How? what's better?

Fid. I shall harden your heart against her. 10

Man. Have a care, sir; my heart is too much
in earnest to be fool'd with, and my desire at
heighth, and needs no delayes to incite it. What,
you are too good a pimp already, and know how
to endear pleasure by with-holding it? But leave 15
off your pages, baudy-house tricks, sir, and tell
me, will she be kind?

Fid. Kinder than you cou'd wish, sir.

Man. So, then: well, pr'ythee, what said she?

Fid. She said — 20

Lodging, Qq. 4-10, O3, Lodgings.

Man. What ? thou'rt so tedious : speak comfort to me ; what ?

Fid. That of all things you were her aversion.

Man. How ?

Fid. That she wou'd sooner take a bedfellow 25
out of an hospital, and diseases, into her arms,
than you.

Man. What ?

Fid. That she wou'd rather trust her honour
with a dissolute, debauch'd hector, nay worse, 30
with a finical, baffled coward, all over loathsom
with affectation of the fine gentleman.

Man. What's all this you say ?

Fid. Nay, that my offers of your love to her
were more offensive, than when parents wooc 35
their virgin daughters to the enjoyment of riches
onely ; and that you were in all circumstances
as nauseous to her as a husband on compulsion.

Man. Hold ! I understand you not.

Fid. (*Aside.*) So, 'twill work, I see. 40

Man. Did not you tell me —

Fid. She call'd you ten thousand ruffins.

Man. Hold, I say.

Fid. Brutes —

Man. Hold. 45

23 *were*, Qq. 2-10, Os, *are*.

41 *not you*, Qq. 6-10, Os, *you not*.

42 *ruffins*, Q6, *ruffans*, Q4, Q5, Qq. 7-10 Os, *ruffians*.

Fid. Sea-monsters —

Man. Dam your intelligence! Hear me a little now.

Fid. Nay, surly coward she called you too.

Man. Won't you hold yet? Hold, or — 50

Fid. Nay, sir, pardon me; I cou'd not but tell you she had the baseness, the injustice, to call you coward, sir; coward, coward, sir.

Man. Not yet? —

Fid. I've done: — coward, sir. 55

Man. Did not you say, she was kinder than I cou'd wish her?

Fid. Yes, sir.

Man. How then? — O — I understand you now. At first she appear'd in rage and disdain; 60 the truest sign of a coming woman: but at last you prevail'd, it seems; did you not?

Fid. Yes, sir.

Man. So then; let's know that only: come, pr'ythee, without delays. I'll kiss thee for that 65 news before hand.

Fid. (*Aside.*) So; the kiss I'm sure is welcome to me, whatsoe're the news will be to you.

Man. Come, speak, my dear voluntier. 70

Fid. (*Aside.*) How welcome were that kind word too, if it were not for another womans sake.

Man. What, won't you speak? You prevail'd for me at last, you say? 75

Fid. No, sir.

Man. No more of your fooling, sir: it will not agree with my impatience or temper.

Fid. Then not to fool you, sir, I spoke to her for you, but prevail'd for my self; she 80 wou'd not hear me when I spoke in your behalf, but bid me say what I wou'd in my own, tho' she gave me no occasion, she was so coming: and so was kinder, sir, than you cou'd wish; which I was only afraid to let you know, 85 without some warning.

Man. How's this? Young man, you are of a lying age; but I must hear you out, and if—

Fid. I wou'd not abuse you, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, she is so 90 wicked.

Man. How, wicked! had she the impudence, at the second sight of you only —

Fid. Impudence, sir! oh, she has impudence enough to put a court out of countenance, and 95 debauch a stews.

Man. Why, what said she?

Fid. Her tongue, I confess, was silent; but her speaking eyes gloted such things, more im-

79 *spoke*, Qq. 4-8, Q10, *spake*, Q9, *speak*.

81 *spoke*, Qq. 4-8, Q10, *spake*, Q9, *speak*.

modest and lascivious than ravishers can act, or 100
women under a confinement think.

Man. I know there are whose eyes reflect
more obscenity than the glasses in alcoves; but
there are others too who use a little art with
their looks, to make 'em seem more beautiful, 105
not more loving; which vain young fellows like
you are apt to interpret in their own favor, and
to the lady's wrong.

Fid. Seldom, sir. Pray, have you a care of
gloting eyes; for he that loves to gaze upon 'em, 110
will find at last a thousand fools and cuckolds
in 'em instead of cupids.

Man. Very well, sir. — But what, you had
only eye-kindness from Olivia?

Fid. I tell you again, sir, no woman sticks 115
there; eye-promises of love they only keep; nay,
they are contracts which make you sure of 'em.
In short, sir, she, seeing me with shame and
amazement dumb, unactive, and resistless, threw
her twisting arms about my neck, and smother'd 120
me with a thousand tasteless kisses. Believe
me, sir, they were so to me.

Man. Why did you not avoid 'em then?

Fid. I fenced with her eager arms, as you did
with the grapples of the enemy's fireship; and 125

102 *are whose*, O3, are those whose.

104 100, Qq. 2-10, O1, omit.

nothing but cutting 'em off cou'd have freed me.

Man. Damn'd, damn'd woman, that cou'd be so false and infamous! and damn'd, damn'd heart of mine, that cannot yet be false, tho' so ¹³⁰ infamous! what easie, tame, suffering, trampled things does that little god of talking cowards make of us! but —

Fid. (Aside.) So; it works, I find, as I expected. 135

Man. But she was false to me before, she told me so her self, and yet I cou'd not quite believe it; but she was, so that her second false-ness is a favor to me, not an injury, in revenging me upon the man that wrong'd me first of ¹⁴⁰ her love. Her love! — a whores, a witches love! — But what, did she not kiss well, sir? — I'm sure I thought her lips — but I must not think of 'em more — but yet they are such I cou'd still kiss — grow to — and then tear off with ¹⁴⁵ my teeth, grind 'em into mammocks, and spit 'em into her cuckolds face.

Fid. (Aside.) Poor man, how uneasie he is! I have hardly the heart to give him so much pain, tho' withall I give him a cure, and to my ¹⁵⁰ self new life.

132 *things*, Q8, Q9, thing. 145 *and*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.
148 *he is*, Qq. 6-10, O1, is he.

Man. But what, her kisses sure cou'd not but warm you into desire at last, or a compliance with hers at least?

Fid. Nay, more, I confess — 155

Man. What more? speak.

Fid. All you cou'd fear had pass'd between us, if I cou'd have been made to wrong you, sir, in that nature.

Man. Cou'd have been made! you lie, you 160 did.

Fid. Indeed, sir, 'twas impossible for me; besides, we were interrupted by a visit; but I confess, she would not let me stir, till I promis'd to return to her again within this hour, as 165 soon as it shou'd be dark; by which time she wou'd dispose of her visit, and her servants, and her self, for my reception. Which I was fain to promise, to get from her.

Man. Ha! 170

Fid. But if ever I go near her again, may you, sir, think me as false to you, as she is; hate and renounce me; as you ought to do her, and, I hope, will do now.

Man. Well, but now I think on't, you shall 175 keep your word with your lady. What, a young fellow, and fail the first, nay, so tempting an assignation!

Fid. How, sir?

Man. I say, you shall go to her when 'tis 180
dark, and shall not disappoint her.

Fid. I, sir! I shou'd disappoint her more by
going; for —

Man. How so?

Fid. Her impudence and injustice to you will 185
make me disappoint her love, loath her.

Man. Come, you have my leave; and if you
disgust her, I'll go with you, and act love,
whilst you shall talk it only.

Fid. You, sir! nay, then I'll never go near 190
her. You act love, sir! You must but act it
indeed, after all I have said to you. Think of
your honour, sir: love! —

Man. Well, call it revenge, and that is hon-
ourable: I'll be reveng'd on her; and thou shalt 195
be my second.

Fid. Not in a base action, sir, when you are
your own enemy. O go not near her, sir; for
Heav'ns sake, for your own, think not of it!

Man. How concern'd you are! I thought I 200
shou'd catch you. What, you are my rival at last,
and are in love with her your self; and have
spoken ill of her out of your love to her, not me:
and therefore wou'd not have me go to her!

Fid. Heav'n witness for me, 'tis because I love 205
you only, I wou'd not have you go to her.

Man. Come, come, the more I think on't, the

more I'm satisfi'd you do love her. Those kisses, young man, I knew were irresistible; 'tis certain.

Fid. There is nothing certain in the world, 210
sir, but my truth and your courage.

Man. Your servant, sir. Besides, false and ungrateful as she has been to me, and tho' I may believe her hatred to me great as you report it, yet I cannot think you are so soon and at that 215
rate belov'd by her, tho' you may endeavor it.

Fid. Nay, if that be all, and you doubt it still, sir, I will conduct you to her: and, unseen, your ears shall judge of her falseness, and my truth to you, if that will satisfie you. 220

Man. Yes, there is some satisfaction in being quite out of doubt; because 'tis that alone withholds us from the pleasure of revenge.

Fid. Revenge! What revenge can you have, sir? Disdain is best reveng'd by scorn; and faith- 225
less love, by loving another, and making her happy with the others losings. Which, if I might advise —

Enter Freeman.

Man. Not a word more.

Freeman. What, are you talking of love yet, 230
captain? I thought you had done with't.

Man. Why, what did you hear me say?

226 *by loving*, Qq. 2-10, O1, *by the loving*.

227 *might*, Qq. 4-10, O1, *must*.

Free. Something imperfectly of love, I think.

Man. I was only wond'ring why fools, rascals, and desertless wretches, shou'd still have the ²³⁵ better of men of merit with all women, as much as with their own common mistress, Fortune.

Free. Because most women, like Fortune, are blind, seem to do all things in jest, and take pleasure in extravagant actions. Their love de- ²⁴⁰ serves neither thanks, or blame, for they cannot help it: 'tis all sympathy; therefore, the noisie, the finical, the talkative, the cowardly, and effeminate, have the better of the brave, the reasonable, and man of honour; for they have no more ²⁴⁵ reason in their love, or kindness, than Fortune her self.

Man. Yes, they have their reason. First, honour in a man they fear too much to love; and sence in a lover upbraids their want of it; and ²⁵⁰ they hate any thing that disturbs their admiration of themselves; but they are of that vain number, who had rather shew their false generosity, in giving away profusely to worthless flatterers, than in paying just debts. And, in short, all women, ²⁵⁵ like fortune (as you say) and rewards, are lost by too much meriting.

Fid. All women, sir! sure there are some

²⁴¹ or, O1, O2, nor.

²⁴⁷ her self, Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, it self.

who have no other quarrel to a lovers merit, but that it begets their despair of him. 260

Man. Thou art young enough to be credulous; but we—

Enter 1 Sailor.

1 Sailor. Here are now below, the scolding, daggled gentlewoman, and that Major Old— Old— Fop, I think you call him. 265

Free. Oldfox:— pr'ythee bid 'em come up, with your leave, captain, for now I can talk with her upon the square, if I shall not disturb you. [Exit Sailor.]

Man. No; for I'll be gone. Come, voluntier. 270

Free. Nay, pray stay; the scene between us will not be so tedious to you as you think. Besides, you shall see how I have rigg'd my squire out, with the remains of my shipwrack'd wardrobe; he is under your *sea-valet de chambre's* 275 hands, and by this time drest, and will be worth your seeing. Stay, and I'll fetch my fool.

Man. No; you know I cannot easily laugh: besides, my voluntier and I have business abroad.

Ex[eunt] Manly, Fidelia on one side; Freeman on t' other.

Enter 1 Sailor, O1, O2, omit 1.

263 *1 Sailor, O1, O2, omit 1.*

269 *[Exit Sailor.]*, added by Hunt.

271 *between, Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, betwixt.*

273 *I have rigg'd, O3, I rigg'd.*

Enter Major Oldfox and Widow Blackacre.

Widow. What, no body here! did not the²⁸⁰
fellow say he was within?

Oldfox. Yes, lady; and he may be perhaps a
little busie at present; but if you think the time
long till he comes, (*Unfolding papers*) I'll read
you here some of the fruits of my leisure, the²⁸⁵
overflowings of my fancy and pen.—(*Aside.*)
To value me right, she must know my parts.—
Come—

Wid. No, no; I have reading work enough
of my own in my bag, I thank you. 290

Old. I, law, madam; but here is a poem, in
blank verse, which I think a handsom declara-
tion of one's passion.

Wid. O, if you talk of declarations, I'll shew
you one of the prettiest pen'd things, which I²⁹⁵
mended too my self, you must know.

Old. Nay, lady, if you have us'd your self so
much to the reading of harsh law, that you hate
smooth poetry, here is a character for you, of—

Wid. A character! nay, then I'll shew you³⁰⁰
my bill in chancery here, that gives you such a
character of my adversary, makes him as black—

Old. Pshaw! away, away, lady! But if you

290 *my bag*, Q10, O1, O2, *my own bag*.

291 *here is*, Qq. 4-10, Os, *here's*.

291, 292 *in blank*, Q10, O1, a blank. 299 *of*, O3 omits.

think the character too long, here is an epigram, not above 20 lines, upon a cruel lady, who³⁰⁵ decreed her servant shou'd hang himself, to demonstrate his passion.

Wid. Decreed! if you talk of decreeing, I have such a decree here, drawn by the finest clerk—

Old. O lady, lady, all interruption, and no³¹⁰ sence between us, as if we were lawyers at the bar! But I had forgot, Apollo and Littleton never lodge in a head together. If you hate verses, I'll give you a cast of my politics in prose. 'Tis *A Letter to a Friend in the Countrey*; ³¹⁵ which is now the way of all such sober, solid persons as my self, when they have a mind to publish their disgust to the times; tho' perhaps, between you and I, they have no friend in the countrey. And sure a politic, serious person³²⁰ may as well have a feign'd friend in the countrey to write to, as well as an idle poet a feign'd mistress to write to. And so here is my *Letter to a Friend, or no friend, in the Countrey, concerning the late Conjunction of Affairs, in relation to* ³²⁵ *Coffee-houses*; or, *The Coffee-man's Case*.

Wid. Nay, if your letter have a case in't, 'tis something; but first I'll read you a letter of mine to a friend in the countrey, called a letter of attorney.

330

³²² well as, O2 omits. ³²³ here is, Qq. 2-10, Os, here's.

[*Re-*]enter to them Freeman, and Jerry Blackacre in an old gaudy suit and red breeches of Freeman's.

Old. (*Aside.*) What, interruption still? O the plague of interruption! worse to an author than the plague of critics!

Wid. What's this I see? Jerry Blackacre, my minor, in red breeches! What, hast thou ³³⁵ left the modest seemly garb of gown and cap for this? and have I lost all my good Inns of Chancery breeding upon thee then? and thou wilt go a breeding thy self from our Inn of Chancery and Westminster-hall, at coffee-³⁴⁰ houses and ordinaries, play-houses, tennis-courts, and baudy-houses?

Fer. Ay, ay, what then? perhaps I will; but what's that to you? Here's my guardian and tutor now, forsooth, that I am out of your huck-³⁴⁵sters hands.

Wid. How! thou hast not chosen him for thy guardian yet?

Fer. No, but he has chosen me for his charge, and that's all one; and I'll do any thing he'll ³⁵⁰ have me, and go all the world over with him; to ordinaries, and baudy houses, or any where else.

Wid. To ordinaries and baudy-houses! have

331 (*Aside*), Qq. 4-10, O1, omit.

343 *but*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.

a care, minor, thou wilt infeeble there thy estate³⁵⁵
and body: do not go to ordinaries and bauty-
houses, good Jerry.

Jer. Why, how come you to know any ill
by bauty-houses? you never had any hurt by
'em, had you, forsooth? Pray hold your self³⁶⁰
contented; if I do go where money and wenches
are to be had, you may thank your self; for you
us'd me so unnaturally, you wou'd never let me
have a penny to go abroad with; nor so much
as come near the garret where your maidens³⁶⁵
lay; nay, you wou'd not so much as let me play
at hotcockles with 'em, nor have any recreation
with 'em, tho' one shou'd have kist you behind,
you were so unnatural a mother, so you were.

Free. Ay, a very unnatural mother, faith,³⁷⁰
squire.

Wid. But, Jerry, consider thou art yet but a
minor; however, if thou wilt go home with me
again, and be a good child, thou shalt see —

Free. Madam, I must have a better care of³⁷⁵
my heir under age, than so; I wou'd sooner
trust him alone with a stale waiting-woman and
a parson, than with his widow mother and her
lover or lawyer.

Wid. Why, thou villain, part mother and³⁸⁰
minor! rob me of my child and my writings!
but thou shalt find there's law; and as in the

case of ravishment of guard — Westminster the Second.

Old. Young gentleman, squire, pray be rul'd 385
by your mother and your friends.

Fer. Yes, I'll be rul'd by my friends, therefore not by my mother, so I won't: I'll choose him for my guardian till I am of age; nay, may be, for as long as I live. 390

Wid. Wilt thou so, thou wretch? and when thou'rt of age, thou wilt sign, seal and deliver too, wilt thou?

Fer. Yes, marry will I, if you go there too.

Wid. O do not squeeze wax, son; rather go 395
to ordinaries and bawdy-houses, than squeeze wax. If thou dost that, farewell the goodly mannor of Blackacre, with all its woods, underwoods, and appurtenances whatever! Oh, oh!

Weeps.

Free. Come, madam, in short, you see I am 400
resolv'd to have a share in the estate, yours or your sons; if I cannot get you, I'll keep him, who is less coy, you find; but if you wou'd have your son again, you must take me too. Peace or war? love or law? You see my hostage is in 405
my hand; I'm in possession.

388 not by, Qq. 4-9 omit by.

396 bawdy-houses, Q9, bawd-houses.

Weeps, Q10, O1, omit.

Wid. Nay, if one of us must be ruin'd, e'en let it be him. By my body, a good one! Did you ever know yet a widow marry or not marry for the sake of her child? I'd have you to know,⁴¹⁰ sir, I shall be hard enough for you both yet, without marrying you, if Jerry won't be rul'd by me. What say you, booby, will you be rul'd? speak.

Fer. Let one alone, can't you? 415

Wid. Wilt thou choose him for guardian, whom I refuse for husband?

Fer. Ay, to choose, I thank you.

Wid. And are all my hopes frustrated? Shall I never hear thee put cases again to John the⁴²⁰ butler, or our vicar? never see thee amble the circuit with the judges; and hear thee, in our town-hall, louder than the cryer?

Fer. No, for I have taken my leave of lawyering and pettifogging. 425

Wid. Pettifogging! thou prophane villain, hast thou so? Pettifogging! — then you shall take your leave of me, and your estate too; thou shalt be an alien to me and it for ever. Pettifogging! 430

Fer. O, but if you go there too, mother, we have the deeds and settlements, I thank you. Wou'd you cheat me of my estate, ifac?

431 go, Qq. 6-10, O1, be. 432 deeds, Qq. 7-9, deed.

Wid. No, no, I will not cheat your little brother Bob; for thou wert not born in wed-435 lock.

Free. How's that?

Fer. How? What quirk has she got in her head now?

Wid. I say, thou canst not, shalt not inherit 440 the Blackacres estate.

Fer. Why? why, forsooth? What d'ye mean, if you go there too?

Wid. Thou art but my base child; and according to the law, canst not inherit it. Nay, 445 thou art not so much as bastard eigne.

Fer. What, what, am I then the son of a whore, mother?

Wid. The law says —

Free. Madam, we know what the law says; 450 but have a care what you say. Do not let your passion to ruine your son, ruine your reputation.

Wid. Hang reputation, sir! am not I a widow? have no husband, nor intend to have any? Nor wou'd you, I suppose, now have me 455 for a wife. So, I think now I'm reveng'd on my son and you, without marrying, as I told you.

442 *Fer.* *Why? why . . .* Qq. 4-9 assign this speech to Freeman.

443 *too*, Q1, to, Qq. 2-10, Os, too.

Free. But consider, madam.

Fer. What, have you no shame left in you, ⁴⁶⁰
mother?

Wid. (*Aside to Oldfox.*) Wonder not at it, Major. 'Tis often the poor prest widows case, to give up her honour to save her jointure; and seem to be a light woman, rather than marry: ⁴⁶⁵
as some young men, they say, pretend to have the filthy disease, and lose their credit with most women, to avoid the importunities of some.

Free. But one word with you, madam. 470

Wid. No, no, sir. Come, major, let us make haste, now to the Prerogative Court.

Old. But, lady, if what you say be true, will you stigmatize your reputation on record? and if it be not true, how will you prove it? 475

Wid. Pshaw! I can prove any thing: and for my reputation, know, major, a wise woman will no more value her reputation, in disinheriting a rebellious son of a good estate, than she wou'd in getting him, to inherit an estate. 480

Ex[eunt] Wid[ow] and Oldfox.

Free. Madam — We must not let her go so, squire.

Fer. Nay, the devil can't stop her tho', if she has a mind to't. But come, bully guardian, we'll

go and advise with three attornies, two proctors,⁴⁸⁵ two solicitors, and a shrewd man of White Friers, neither attorney, proctor or solicitor, but as pure a pimp to the law as any of 'em: and sure all they will be hard enough for her; for I fear, bully guardian, you are too good a joker⁴⁹⁰ to have any law in your head.

Free. Thou'rt in the right on't, squire, I understand no law; especially that against bastards, since I'm sure the custom is against that law, and more people get estates by being so,⁴⁹⁵ than lose 'em. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Lord Plausible and Boy with a candle.

L. Plausible. Little gentleman, your most obedient, faithful, humble servant. Where, I beseech you, is that divine person, your noble lady?

Boy. Gone out, my lord; but commanded 5
me to give you this letter. *Gives him a letter.*

485 *and*, Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, omit.

487 *proctor*, O3 misprints protector. *or*, O1, nor.

489, 490 *for I fear*, Qq. 6-10, O1, and I fear.

495 *get*, Qq. 7-9, gets.

Enter to him Novel.

L. Plau. (*Aside.*) Which he must not observe. *Puts it up.*

Novel. Hey, boy, where is thy lady?

Boy. Gone out, sir; but I must beg a word 10
with you. *Gives him a letter, and exit.*

Nov. For me? So. — (*Puts up the letter.*)
Servant, servant, my lord; you see the lady knew
of your coming, for she is gone out.

L. Plau. Sir, I humbly beseech you not to 15
censure the lady's good breeding: she has reason
to use more liberty with me than with any other
man.

Nov. How, Vicount, how?

L. Plau. Nay, I humbly beseech you, be not 20
in choler; where there is most love, there may
be most freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an ecler-
cishment with you, and to tell you, you must
think no more of this lady's love. 25

L. Plau. Why, under correction, dear sir?

Nov. There are reasons, reasons, Vicount.

L. Plau. What, I beseech you, noble sir?

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, be not impertinent,
my lord; some of you lords are such conceited, 30
well-assur'd, impertinent rogues.

8 *Puts it up.* Qq. 1-6 print this in Roman letters. Q10, O1,
O2, read *Aside and puts it up.*

L. Plau. And you noble wits are so full of shamming and droling, one knows not where to have you seriously.

Nov. Well, you shall find me in bed with 35
this lady one of these dayes.

L. Plau. Nay, I beseech you, spare the lady's honour; for her's and mine will be all one shortly.

Nov. Pr'ythee, my lord, be not an ass. Dost 40
thou think to get her from me? I have had such encouragements —

L. Plau. I have not been thought unworthy of 'em.

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an 45
eclercisement, as I said.

L. Plau. Why, seriously then, she has told me vicountess sounded prettily.

Nov. And me, that Novel was a name she wou'd sooner change her's for than for any title 50
in England.

L. Plau. She has commended the softness and respectfulness of my behaviour.

Nov. She has prais'd the briskness of my rail-
ery of all things, man. 55

L. Plau. The sleepiness of my eyes she lik'd.

41, 42 such encouragements, Qq. 2-10, O1, such good encouragements.

55 O2 has a comma after *railery*.

Nov. Sleepiness! dulness, dulness. But the fierceness of mine she ador'd.

L. Plau. The brightness of my hair she lik'd.

Nov. The brightness! no, the greasiness, I 60
warrant. But the blackness and lustre of mine she admires.

L. Plau. The gentleness of my smile.

Nov. The subtilty of my leer.

L. Plau. The clearness of my complexion. 65

Nov. The redness of my lips.

L. Plau. The whiteness of my teeth.

Nov. My janty way of picking them.

L. Plau. The sweetness of my breath.

Nov. Hah! ha! nay, then she abus'd you, 70
'tis plain; for you know what Manly said: —
the sweetness of your pulvillio she might mean;
but for your breath! ha! ha! ha! Your breath
is such, man, that nothing but tobacco can per-
fume; and your complexion nothing cou'd mend 75
but the small pox.

L. Plau. Well, sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, sir, she has receiv'd some jewels from me of value.

Nov. And presents from me; besides what I 80
presented her jantly, by way of 'ombre, of three
or four hundred pound value, which I'm sure
are the earnest pence for our love bargain.

82 pound, O2, pounds.

L. Plau. Nay, then, sir, with your favor, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you 85 there, sir, she has writ to me. —

Nov. How! how! well, well, and so she has to me; look you there —

[*They*] deliver to each other their letters.

L. Plau. What's here?

Nov. How's this?

Reads out. 90

My dear lord, *You'll excuse me for breaking my word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint Novel, and meet you in the drawing-room; where I expect you with as much impatience as when I us'd to suffer 95 Novel's visits — the most impertinent fop that ever affected the name of a wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealousy; for, for your sake alone, you saw I renounc'd an old lover, and will do all the world. Burn the letter, but lay up the kindness of 100 it in your heart, with your*

OLIVIA.

Very fine! but pray let's see mine.

L. Plau. I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

Nov. (*Reads the other letter.*) Humh! ha! — 105 meet — for your sake — umh — quitted an old lover — world — burn — in your heart with your

OLIVIA.

86 there, Q8, Q9, here.

[*They*] deliver to each other their letters, Q9., O3, place this after Plausible's speech.

Just the same, the names only alter'd.

L. Plau. Surely there must be some mistake, or some body has abus'd her and us. 110

Nov. Yes, you are abus'd, no doubt on't, my lord; but I'll to White-hall, and see.

L. Plau. And I, where I shall find you are abus'd.

Nov. Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we 115 cannot fail of meeting with fellow-sufferers enough; for, as Freeman said of another, she stands in the drawing-room, like the glass, ready for all comers to set their gallantry by her: and, like the glass too, lets no man go from her un-120 satisfi'd with himself. *Ex[eunt] ambo.*

Enter Olivia and Boy.

Olivia. Both here, and just gone?

Boy. Yes, madam.

Oliv. But are you sure neither saw you deliver the other a letter? 125

Boy. Yes, yes, madam, I am very sure.

Oliv. Go then to the Old Exchange, to Westminster, Holbourn, and all the other places I told you of; I shall not need you these two hours: be gone, and take the candle with you, and be 130 sure you leave word again below, I am gone out, to all that ask.

Boy. Yes, madam.

Exit.

Oliv. And my new lover will not ask, I'm sure; he has his lesson, and cannot miss me here, 135 tho' in the dark: which I have purposely design'd, as a remedy against my blushing gallant's modesty; for young lovers, like game cocks, are made bolder by being kept without light.

Enter her husband Vernish, as from a journey.

Vernish. (*Softly.*) Where is she? Darkness 140 everywhere?

Oliv. What! come before your time? My soul! my life! your haste has augmented your kindness; and let me thank you for it thus, and thus—(*Embracing and kissing him.*) And tho', my 145 soul, the little time since you left me has seem'd an age to my impatience, sure it is yet but seven—

Ver. How! who's that you expected after seven?

Oliv. (*Aside.*) Ha! my husband return'd! 150 and have I been throwing away so many kind kisses on my husband, and wrong'd my lover already?

Ver. Speak, I say, who was't you expected after seven? 155

Oliv. (*Aside.*) What shall I say? — oh — Why, 'tis but seven days, is it, dearest, since you went out of town? and I expected you not so soon.

Ver. No, sure, 'tis but five days since I left 160
you.

Oliv. Pardon my impatience, dearest, I thought
'em seven at least.

Ver. Nay, then—

Oliv. But, my life, you shall never stay half 165
so long from me again; you shan't indeed, by
this kiss, you shan't.

Ver. No, no; but why alone in the dark?

Oliv. Blame not my melancholy in your ab-
sence. — But, my soul, since you went, I have 170
strange news to tell you: Manly is return'd.

Ver. Manly return'd! Fortune forbid!

Oliv. Met with the Dutch in the Channel,
fought, sunk his ship, and all he carri'd with
him. He was here with me yesterday. 175

Ver. And did you own our marriage to
him?

Oliv. I told him I was marry'd, to put an end
to his love and my trouble; but to whom, is yet
a secret kept from him and all the world. And 180
I have us'd him so scurvily, his great spirit will
ne'r return to reason it farther with me: I have
sent him to sea again, I warrant.

Ver. 'Twas bravely done. And sure he will
now hate the shore more than ever, after so 185
great a disappointment. Be you sure only to keep

165 *half*, Q10, O1, omit. 176 *did you*, Q9, did not you.

awhile our great secret, till he be gone. In the mean time, I'll lead the easie, honest fool by the nose, as I us'd to do; and whil'st he stays, rail with him at thee; and when he's gone, laugh¹⁹⁰ with thee at him. But have you his cabinet of jewels safe? part not with a seed pearl to him, to keep him from starving.

Oliv. Nor from hanging.

Ver. He cannot recover 'em; and, I think,¹⁹⁵ will scorn to beg 'em again.

Oliv. But, my life, have you taken the thousand guineys he left in my name out of the goldsmiths hands?

Ver. Ay, ay; they are remov'd to another²⁰⁰ goldsmiths.

Oliv. Ay, but, my soul, you had best have a care he find not where the money is; for his present wants, as I'm inform'd, are such as will make him inquisitive enough. 205

Ver. You say true, and he knows the man too; but I'll remove it to morrow.

Oliv. To morrow! O do not stay till to morrow; go to night, immediately.

Ver. Now I think on't, you advise well, and²¹⁰ I will go presently.

Oliv. Presently! instantly! I will not let you stay a jot.

Ver. I will then, tho' I return not home till twelve. 215

Oliv. Nay, tho' not till morning, with all my heart. Go, dearest ; I am impatient till you are gone. (*Thrusts him out.*) — So, I have at once now brought about those two grateful businesses, which all prudent women do together, secur'd ²²⁰ money and pleasure ; and now all interruptions of the last are remov'd. Go, husband, and come up, friend ; just the buckets in the well ; the absence of one brings the other. But I hope, like them too, they will not meet in the way, justle, ²²⁵ and clash together.

Enter Fidelia, and Manly treading softly and staying behind at some distance.

So, are you come ? (but not the husband-bucket, I hope, again.) — (*Softly.*) Who's there ? my dearest ?

Fidelia. My life — 230

Oliv. Right, right. — Where are thy lips ? Here, take the dumb and best welcomes, kisses and embraces ; 'tis not a time for idle words. In a duel of love, as in others, parlying shews basely. Come, we are alone ; and now the word ²³⁵ is only satisfaction, and defend not thy self.

223 *buckets*, Q1 misprints bucket's.

227 *are you*, Qq. 7-9, you are.

235 *basely*, O1, baseness.

Manly. (*Aside.*) How's this? Wuh, she makes love like a devil in a play; and in this darkness, which conceals her angels face, if I were apt to be afraid, I shou'd think her a devil. 240

Oliv. What, you traverse ground, young gentleman!
Fidelia avoiding her.

Fid. I take breath only.

Man. (*Aside.*) Good Heav'ns! how was I deceiv'd! 245

Oliv. Nay, you are a coward; what, are you afraid of the fierceness of my love?

Fid. Yes, madam, lest its violence might pre-
sage its change; and I must needs be afraid you
wou'd leave me quickly, who cou'd desert so
brave a gentleman as Manly. 250

Oliv. O, name not his name! for in a time
of stol'n joys, as this is, the filthy name of hus-
band were not a more alaying sound.

Man. (*Aside.*) There's some comfort yet. 255

Fid. But did you not love him?

Oliv. Never. How cou'd you think it?

Fid. Because he thought it; who is a man of
that sence, nice discerning, and diffidency, that
I shou'd think it hard to deceive him. 260

Oliv. No; he that distrusts most the world,
trusts most to himself, and is but the more easily

237 *Wuh*, Q8, Q9, How, Q10, Os, Why.

249 *its*, Q10 misprints his.

259 *that*, Qq. 7-9, and.

deceiv'd, because he thinks he can't be deceiv'd.
His cunning is like the coward's sword, by which
he is oftner worsted than defended. 265

Fid. Yet, sure, you us'd no common art to
deceive him.

Oliv. I knew he lov'd his own singular mo-
roseness so well, as to dote upon any copy of it;
wherefore I feign'd an hatred to the world too 270
that he might love me in earnest: but, if it had
been hard to deceive him, I'm sure 'twere much
harder to love him. A dogged, ill-manner'd —

Fid. (*Aside to Manly.*) D'ye hear her, sir?
pray, hear her. 275

Oliv. Surly, untractable, snarling brute! He!
a masty dog were as fit a thing to make a gal-
lant of.

Man. (*Aside.*) Ay, a goat, or monkey, were
fitter for thee. 280

Fid. I must confess, for my part, tho' my
rival, I cannot but say he has a manly hand-
somness in's face and meen.

Oliv. So has a Saracen in the sign.

Fid. Is proper, and well made. 285

Oliv. As a drayman.

Fid. Has wit.

264 sword, O1 omits. 265 than, Q6, Q7, misprint and.

270 an, O1 a, O2, omits.

274 D'ye hear her, Qq. 6-10, O1, D'ye hear me, O2 misprints
D'ye her her.

Oliv. He rails at all mankind.

Fid. And undoubted corage.

Oliv. Like the hangman's ; can murder a man ²⁹⁰ when his hands are ty'd. He has cruelty indeed ; which is no more corage, than his railing is wit.

Man. (*Aside.*) Thus women, and men like women, are too hard for us, when they think we do not hear 'em : and reputation, like other ²⁹⁵ mistresses, is never true to a man in his absence.

Fid. He is —

Oliv. Pr'ythee, no more of him : I thought I had satisfi'd you enough before, that he cou'd never be a rival for you to apprehend. And you ³⁰⁰ need not be more assur'd of my aversion to him, but by the last testimony of my love to you ; which I am ready to give you. Come, my soul, this way.

Pulls Fidelity.

Fid. But, madam, what cou'd make you ³⁰⁵ dissemble love to him, when 'twas so hard a thing for you ; and flatter his love to you ?

Oliv. That which makes all the world flatter and dissemble, 'twas his money : I had a real passion for that. Yet I lov'd not that so well, as ³¹⁰ for it to take him ; for as soon as I had his money I hastened his departure ; like a wife, who when

304 *Pulls Fidelity*, O1 omits.

307 *thing for you*, Q9, thing to for you.

311 *his money*, Qq. 4-10 omit *his*.

she has made the most of a dying husband's breath, pulls away the pillow.

Man. (*Aside.*) Damn'd money! it's master's³¹⁵ potent rival still; and like a saucy pimp, corrupts it self the mistress it procures for us.

Oliv. But I did not think with you, my life, to pass my time in talking. Come hither, come; yet stay, till I have lock'd a door in the other³²⁰ room, that might chance to let us in some interruption; which reciting poets or losing gamesters fear not more than I at this time do.

Exit Oliv[ia].

Fid. Well, I hope you are now satisfi'd, sir, and will be gone to think of your revenge?³²⁵

Man. No, I am not satisfi'd, and must stay to be reveng'd.

Fid. How, sir? You'll use no violence to her, I hope, and forfeit your own life, to take away hers? That were no revenge.³³⁰

Man. No, no, you need not fear: my revenge shall only be upon her honour, not her life.

Fid. How, sir? her honour? O Heav'ns! Consider, sir, she has no honour. D'ye call that revenge? can you think of such a thing? But³³⁵ reflect, sir, how she hates and loaths you.

Man. Yes, so much she hates me, that it

³¹⁵ (*Aside.*), Qq. 1-7, Q10, O1, O3, omit.

³²¹ *might*, Qq. 2-10, Os, may.

wou'd be a revenge sufficient, to make her necessary to my pleasure, and then let her know it.

Fid. No, sir, no; to be reveng'd on her now, 340
were to disappoint her. Pray, sir, let us be gone.

Pulls Manly.

Man. Hold off! What, you are my rival then! and therefore you shall stay, and keep the door for me, whil'st I go in for you; but when I'm gone, if you dare to stir off from this very 345
board, or breathe the least murmuring accent, I'll cut her throat first; and if you love her, you will not venture her life. — Nay, then I'll cut your throat too; and I know you love your own life at least. 350

Fid. But, sir; good sir.

Man. Not a word more, lest I begin my revenge on her by killing you.

Fid. But are you sure 'tis revenge that makes you do this? how can it be? 355

Man. Whist!

Fid. 'Tis a strange revenge, indeed.

Man. If you make me stay, I shall keep my word, and begin with you. No more.

Exit Manly at the same door Olivia went.

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. O Heav'ns! is there not punishment 360
enough

360 *there not, Q10, O1, O2, not there.*

In loving well, if you will have't a crime,
 But you must add fresh torments daily to't,
 And punish us like peevish rivals still,
 Because we fain wou'd find a heaven here?
 But did there never any love like me, 365
 That untry'd tortures you must find me out?
 Others at worst, you force to kill themselves;
 But I must be self-murd'ress of my love,
 Yet will not grant me pow'r to end my life,
 My cruel life; for when a lover's hopes 370
 Are dead and gone, life is unmerciful.

Sits down and weeps.

[*Re-*]enter Manly to her.

Man. I have thought better on't: I must not discover my self now, I am without witnesses; for if I barely shou'd publish it, she wou'd deny it with as much impudence, as she wou'd act it 375 again with this young fellow here. — Where are you?

Fid. Here — oh — now I suppose we may be gone.

Man. I will; but not you. You must stay 380 and act the second part of a lover, that is, talk kindness to her.

366 *That untry'd tortures you*, Qq. 1-3 punctuate, That, untry'd tortures, you.

369 *Yet*, O1, O2, Ye.

371 *life is*, Q6, Q7, Q10, life, Q8, Q9, life's.

374 *shou'd*, Qq. 4-6, Q10, O1, wou'd, Qq. 7-9 would.

Fid. Not I, sir.

Man. No disputing, sir, you must; 'tis necessary to my design of coming again to morrow 385
night.

Fid. What, can you come again then hither?

Man. Yes; and you must make the appointment, and an apology for your leaving her so soon; for I have said not a word to her; but 390
have kept your counsel, as I expect you shou'd do mine. Do this faithfully, and I promise you here, you shall run my fortune still, and we will never part as long as we live; but if you do not do it, expect not to live. 395

Fid. 'Tis hard, sir; but such a consideration will make it easier. You won't forget your promise, sir?

Man. No, by Heav'ns! But I hear her coming. *Exit.* 400

[*Re-*]enter Olivia to Fidelity.

Oliv. Where is my life? Run from me already! You do not love me, dearest; nay, you are angry with me, for you wou'd not so much as speak a kind word to me within: what was the reason? 405

Fid. I was transported too much.

Oliv. That's kind.—But come, my soul, what make you here? Let us go in again; we

392 *faithfully*, Q9, *faithful*.

may be surpriz'd in this room, 'tis so near the stairs.

410

Fid. No, we shall hear the better here, if any body shou'd come up.

Oliv. Nay, I assure you, we shall be secure enough within: come, come —

Fid. I am sick, and troubled with a sudden 415
dizziness; cannot stir yet.

Oliv. Come, I have spirits within.

Fid. Oh! don't you hear a noise, madam?

Oliv. No, no; there is none: come, come.

Pulls her.

Fid. Indeed there is; and I love you so much, 420
I must have a care of your honour, if you wo' not, and go; but to come to you to morrow night, if you please.

Oliv. With all my soul. But you must not go yet; come, pr'ythee. 425

Fid. Oh! — I am now sicker, and am afraid of one of my fits.

Oliv. What fits?

Fid. Of the falling-sickness; and I lie generally an hour in a trance: therefore pray consider 430
your honour, for the sake of my love, and let me go, that I may return to you often.

Oliv. But will you be sure then to come to morrow night?

416 cannot, O1, O2, I cannot.

420 you, Q9 omits.

426 I am, Q10, O8, I'm.

Fid. Yes.

435

Oliv. Swear.

Fid. By our past kindness!

Oliv. Well, go your wayes then, if you will, you naughty creature you.—(*Ex[it] Fidel[ia].*) These young lovers, with their fears and modesty,⁴⁴⁰ make themselves as bad as old ones to us; and I apprehend their bashfulness more than their tattling.

Fidelia returns.

Fid. O madam, we're undone! There was a gentleman upon the stairs, coming up with a⁴⁴⁵ candle; which made me retire. Look you, here he comes!

[*Re-*]enter *Vernish*, and his man with a light.

Oliv. How! my husband! Oh, undone indeed! This way. *Ex[it].*

Ver. Ha! You shall not scape me so, sir. ⁴⁵⁰

Stops Fidelia.

Fid. (*Aside.*) O Heav'ns! more fears, plagues, and torments yet in store!

Ver. Come, sir, I guess what your business was here, but this must be your business now.

Draw.

Draws. ⁴⁵⁵

Fid. Sir—

Ver. No expostulations; I shall not care to hear of't. Draw.

⁴⁵⁰ *scape*, Qq. 2-10, Os, escape.

⁴⁵¹ *fears*, O3, fear.

Fid. Good sir!

Ver. How, you rascal! not courage to draw; 460
yet durst do me the greatest injury in the world?
Thy cowardice shall not save thy life.

Offers to run at Fidelia.

Fid. O hold, sir, and send but your servant
down, and I'll satisfie you, sir, I cou'd not in-
jure you as you imagine. 465

Ver. Leave the light and be gone. — (*Ex[it]*
Serv[ant].) Now, quickly, sir, what you've to
say, or —

Fid. I am a woman, sir, a very unfortunate
woman. 470

Ver. How! a very handsom woman, I'm sure
then: here are witnesses of't too, I confess —
(*Pulls off her peruke and feels her breasts.*)—(*Aside.*)
Well, I'm glad to find the tables turn'd, my wife
in more danger of cuckolding than I was. 475

Fid. Now, sir, I hope you are so much a
man of honour, as to let me go, now I have
satisfi'd you, sir.

Ver. When you have satisfi'd me, madam, I
will. 480

Fid. I hope, sir, you are too much a gentle-
man to urge those secrets from a woman which
concern her honour. You may guess my mis-

467 *what you've*, Q8, Q9, what you have, O3, what have you.

482 *those*, Qq. 7-9, these.

fortune to be love by my disguise: but a pair
of breeches cou'd not wrong you, sir. 485

Ver. I may believe love has chang'd your
outside, which cou'd not wrong me; but why
did my wife run away?

Fid. I know not, sir; perhaps because she
wou'd not be forc'd to discover me to you, 490
or to guide me from your suspicions, that you
might not discover me your self; which ungen-
tleman-like curiosity I hope you will cease to
have, and let me go.

Ver. Well, madam, if I must not know who 495
you are, 'twill suffice for me only to know cer-
tainly what you are; which you must not deny
me. Come, there is a bed within, the proper
rack for lovers; and if you are a woman, there
you can keep no secrets; you'll tell me there 500
all unask'd. Come. *Pulls her.*

Fid. Oh! what d'ye mean? Help! oh!

Ver. I'll show you: but 'tis in vain to cry
out: no one dares help you; for I am lord
here. 505

Fid. Tyrant here! — But if you are master
of this house, which I have taken for a sanctu-
ary, do not violate it your self.

491 *guide*, O1, guard. 494 *and let*, Q9 misprints and to let.

499 *rack*, Qq. 2-10, racks.

500, 501 *there all*, Q7 misprints there are all.

Ver. No, I'll preserve you here, and nothing shall hurt you, and will be as true to you as⁵¹⁰ your disguise; but you must trust me then. Come, come. [*Pulls her.*]

Fid. Oh! oh! rather than you shall drag me to a death so horrid and so shameful, I'll die here a thousand deaths. — But you do not look like⁵¹⁵ a ravisher, sir.

Ver. Nor you like one wou'd put me to't; but if you will —

Fid. Oh! oh! help! help!

[*Re-*]enter *Servant*.

Ver. You saucy rascal, how durst you come⁵²⁰ in, when you heard a woman squeak? That shou'd have been your cue to shut the door.

Servant. I come, sir, to let you know, the alderman coming home immediately after you were at his house, has sent his casheer with the⁵²⁵ money, according to your note.

Ver. Dam his money! Money never came to any, sure, unseasonably till now. Bid him stay.

Serv. He sayes, he cannot a moment. 530

Ver. Receive it you then.

Serv. He sayes he must have your receipt for

⁵¹² [*Pulls her*], added by Hunt.

⁵¹³ *shall*, Qq. 6-10, Os, shou'd.

⁵²⁰ *durst*, Q4, Q5, dost. ⁵²⁵ *at his*, Q10, O1, in the.

it: — he is in haste, for I hear him coming up, sir.

Ver. Dam him! Help me in here then with⁵³⁵
this dishonorer of my family.

Fid. Oh! oh!

Serv. You say she is a woman, sir.

Ver. No matter, sir: must you prate?

Fid. Oh Heav'ns! is there —

They thrust her in, and lock the door. ⁵⁴⁰

Ver. Stay there, my prisoner; you have a short reprieve.

*I'll fetch the gold, and that she can't resist,
For with a full hand 'tis we ravish best.*

Ex[eunt].

Finis Actus quarti

Finis Actus quarti, O1, O2, omit, Qq. 6-10 read quartus.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Eliza's Lodging.

Enter Olivia and Eliza.

Olivia. Ah, cousin! nothing troubles me but that I have given the malicious world its revenge, and reason now to talk as freely of me as I us'd to do of it.

Eliza. Faith, then, let not that trouble you; 5
for, to be plain, cousin, the world cannot talk worse of you than it did before.

Oliv. How, cousin! I'd have you to know, before this *faux pas*, this trip of mine, the world cou'd not talk of me. 10

Eliza. Only that you mind other peoples actions so much that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a thief, because you know your self most guilty, you impeach your fellow criminals first, to clear your self. 15

Oliv. O wicked world!

Eliza. That you pretend an aversion to all mankind in publick, only that their wives and mistresses may not be jealous, and hinder you of their conversation in private. 20

*Lodging, Q8, O3, Lodgings, Q9 misprints Lodings.
7 than, Q9, then.*

Oliv. Base world!

Eliza. That abroad you fasten quarrels upon innocent men for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask you pardon at home, and to become dear friends with 'em, who were hardly your ac-²⁵ quaintance before.

Oliv. Abominable world!

Eliza. That you condemn the obscenity of modern plays, only that you may not be censur'd for never missing the most obscene of the³⁰ old ones.

Oliv. Damn'd world!

Eliza. That you deface the nudities of pictures, and little statues, only because they are not real.³⁵

Oliv. O, fie! fie! fie! hideous, hideous, Cousin! the obscenity of their censures makes me blush!

Eliza. The truth of 'em, the naughty world wou'd say now.⁴⁰

Enter Lettice hastily.

Lettice. O, madam! here is that gentleman coming up who now you say is my master.

Oliv. O, cousin! whither shall I run? protect me, or—

Olivia runs away, and stands at a distance.

24 *ask you*, O3, *ask your*. 25 *'em*, Qq. 2-10, Os, *them*.

29 *not*, Qq. 4-7, Q10, O1, *omit*.

43 *whither*, Q4, Q5, Q9, *whether*.

Enter Vernish.

Vernish. Nay, nay, come — 45

Oliv. O, sir, forgive me!

Ver. Yes, yes, I can forgive you being alone in the dark with a woman in mans cloaths: but have a care of a man in womans cloaths.

Oliv. (Aside.) What does he mean? he dissembles, only to get me into his power: or has my dear friend made him believe he was a woman? My husband may be deceiv'd by him, but I'm sure I was not. 50

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lay'n out of your house for this; but perhaps you were afraid, when I was warm with suspitions, you must have discover'd who she was. — And, pr'ythee, may I not know it? 55

Oliv. She was — (*Aside*) I hope he has been deceiv'd: and since my lover has play'd the card, I must not renounce. 60

Ver. Come, what's the matter with thee? If I must not know who she is, I'm satisfi'd without. Come hither. 65

Oliv. Sure you do know her; she has told you her self, I suppose.

Ver. No, I might have known her better but that I was interrupted by the goldsmith, you

49 *womans*, Qq. 4-10, *womens*, Os, *women's*.

59 *I not*, Q10, O1, O2, *not I*.

know, and was forc'd to lock her into your 70
 chamber, to keep her from his sight; but, when
 I return'd, I found she was got away by tying
 the window-curtains to the balcony, by which
 she slid down into the street. For, you must
 know, I jested with her, and made her believe 75
 I'd ravish her; which she apprehended, it seems,
 in earnest.

Oliv. Then she got from you?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone? 80

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I'm glad on't—otherwise you had
 ravish'd her, sir? But how dar'st you go so far
 as to make her believe you wou'd ravish her?
 let me understand that, sir. What! there's guilt 85
 in your face, you blush too: nay, then you did
 ravish her, you did, you base fellow! What, rav-
 ish a woman in the first month of our marriage!
 'tis a double injury to me, thou base, ungrateful
 man! wrong my bed already, villain! I cou'd 90
 tear out those false eyes, barbarous, unworthy
 wretch!

Eliza. So, so!—

Ver. Pr'ythee hear, my dear.

83 *dar'st you*, Qq. 6-9, O1, *dar'st thou*, Q10, *darest thou*, O2,
durst thou.

88 *our*, Qq. 4-10 misprint *her*.

Oliv. I will never hear you, my plague, my 95
torment!

Ver. I swear — pr'ythee, hear me.

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your
false oaths and vows, especially your last in the
church. O wicked man! and wretched woman 100
that I was! I wish I had then sunk down into
a grave, rather than to have given you my hand,
to be led to your loathsom bed. Oh — oh —

Seems to weep.

Ver. So, very fine! just a marriage quarrel!
which tho' it generally begins by the wives fault, 105
yet, in the conclusion, it becomes the husbands;
and whosoever offends at first, he only is sure
to ask pardon at last. My dear —

Oliv. My devil! —

Ver. Come, pr'ythee be appeas'd, and go home; 110
I have bespoken our supper betimes: for I cou'd
not eat till I found you. Go, I'll give you all
kind of satisfactions; and one, which uses to be
a reconciling one, two hundred of those guineys
I receiv'd last night, to do what you will with. 115

Oliv. What, wou'd you pay me for being
your baud?

Ver. Nay, pr'ythee no more; go, and I'll
thoroughly satisfie you when I come home; and
then, too, we will have a fit of laughter at 120

Manly, whom I am going to find at the Cock in Bow-street, where I hear he din'd. Go, dearest, go home.

Eliza. (Aside.) A very pretty turn, indeed, this!

125

Ver. Now, cousin, since by my wife I have that honour and priviledge of calling you so, I have something to beg of you too; which is not to take notice of our marriage to any whatever yet awhile, for some reasons very important to me. And, next, that you will do my wife the honour to go home with her; and me the favour, to use that power you have with her, in our reconciliation.

Eliza. That I dare promise, sir, will be no hard matter. Your servant. — (*Ex [it] Vernish.*) — Well, cousin, this, I confess, was reasonable hypocrisie: you were the better for't.

Oliv. What hypocrisie?

Eliza. Why, this last deceit of your husband was lawful, since in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit? I'd have you to know I never deceiv'd my husband.

Eliza. You do not understand me, sure: I say, this was an honest come-off, and a good one. But 'twas a sign your gallant had had enough of your conversation, since he cou'd so

146 *your gallant, Q10, O1, O2, the gallant.*

dextrously cheat your husband in passing for a woman.

Oliv. What d'ye mean, once more, with my 150
gallant and passing for a woman?

Eliza. What do you mean? you see your husband took him for a woman.

Oliv. Whom?

Eliza. Hey-day! why, the man he found you 155
with, for whom last night you were so much
afraid; and who you told me —

Oliv. Lord, you rave sure!

Eliza. Why, did not you tell me last night —

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you last 160
night, in a fright.

Eliza. Ay, what was that fright for? for a woman? besides, were you not afraid to see your husband just now? I warrant, only for having been found with a woman! Nay, did 165
you not just now, too, own your false step, or trip, as you call'd it? which was with a woman too! Fie, this fooling is so insipid, 'tis offensive!

Oliv. And fooling with my honour will be more offensive. Did you not hear my husband 170
say he found me with a woman in mans cloaths? and d'ye think he does not know a man from a woman?

Eliza. Not so well, I'm sure, as you do; therefore I'd rather take your word.

Oliv. What, you grow scurrilous, and are, I find, more censorious than the world! I must have a care of you, I see.

Eliza. No, you need not fear yet, I'll keep your secret.

Oliv. My secret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of confidants, tho' you value your self upon being a good one.

Eliza. O admirable confidence! you show more in denying your wickedness, than other¹⁸⁵ people in glorying in't.

Oliv. Confidence, to me! to me such language! nay, then I'll never see your face again. — (*Aside.*) I'll quarrel with her, that people may never believe I was in her power; but take for¹⁹⁰ malice all the truth she may speak against me. — Lettice, where are you! Let us be gone from this censorious, ill woman.

Eliza. (*Aside.*) Nay, thou shalt stay a little, to damn thy self quite. — One word first, pray,¹⁹⁵ madam; can you swear that whom your husband found you with —

Oliv. Swear! ay, that whosoever 'twas that stole up, unknown, into my room, when 'twas dark, I know not whether man or woman, by²⁰⁰

186 *people in*, Q10, O1, O2, people do in.

197 *you with*, Q9. 4-10, O1, O2, with you.

198 *whosoever*, Q9, whatsoever, Q10, O1, whatsoever.

Heav'ns! by all that's good; or, may I never more have joyes here, or in the other world! Nay, may I eternally —

Eliza. Be damn'd. So, so, you are damn'd enough already by your oaths, and I enough²⁰⁵ confirm'd; and now you may please to be gone. Yet take this advice with you, in this plain-dealing age, to leave off forswearing your self; for when people hardly think the better of a woman for her real modesty, why shou'd you put that²¹⁰ great constraint upon your self to feign it?

Oliv. O hideous, hideous advice! let us go out of the hearing of it. She will spoil us, Lettice.

*Ex[eunt] Oliv[ia] and Lett[ice] at one door,
Eli[za] at t'other.*

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to The Cock in Bow-Street. A table and bottles.

Manly and Fidelia.

Manly. How! sav'd her honour by making her husband believe you were a woman! 'Twas well, but hard enough to do, sure.

Fidelia. We were interrupted before he cou'd contradict me.

5

²⁰² more, Q10, O1, O2, omit.

²¹¹ great, Q10, O1, omit. 4 were, Qq. 4-6, are.

Man. But can't you tell me, d'ye say, what kind of man he was?

Fid. I was so frightned, I confess, I can give no other account of him, but that he was pretty tall, round fac'd, and one I'm sure I ne'r had ¹⁰ seen before.

Man. But she, you say, made you swear to return to night?

Fid. But I have since sworn, never to go near her again; for the husband wou'd murder me, ¹⁵ or worse, if he caught me again.

Man. No, I'll go with you, and defend you to night, and then I'll swear, too, never to go near her again.

Fid. Nay, indeed, sir, I will not go, to be ac- ²⁰ cessary to your death too. Besides, what shou'd you go again, sir, for?

Man. No disputing, or advice, sir; you have reason to know I am unalterable. Go therefore presently, and write her a note, to enquire if her ²⁵ assignation with you holds; and if not to be at her own house, where else; and be importunate to gain admittance to her to night. Let your messenger, ere he deliver your letter, enquire first if her husband be gone out. Go, 'tis now almost ³⁰ six of the clock; I expect you back here before seven, with leave to see her then. Go, do this

17 *I'll go*, Qq. 6-10, Os, I will go. 23 *or*, O1, O2, nor.

dext'rously, and expect the performance of my last nights promise, never to part with you.

Fid. Ay, sir; but will you be sure to remember that? 35

Man. Did I ever break my word? Go, no more replies, or doubts. *Ex[it] Fidel[ia].*

Enter Freeman to Manly.

Where hast thou been?

Freeman. In the next room, with my Lord 40
Plausible and Novel.

Man. Ay, we came hither, because 'twas a private house; but with thee indeed no house can be private, for thou hast that pretty quality of the familiar fops of the town, who, in an eating house, alwayes keep company with all people in't but those they came with. 45

Free. I went into their room, but to keep them, and my own fool, the squire, out of your room; but you shall be peevish now, because 50
you have no money. But why the devil won't you write to those we were speaking of? Since your modesty, or your spirit, will not suffer you to speak to 'em, to lend you money, why won't you try 'em at last that way? 55

Man. Because I know 'em already, and can bear want better than denials, nay, than obligations.

Free. Deny you! they cannot. All of 'em have been your intimate friends. 60

Man. No, they have been people only I have oblig'd particularly.

Free. Very well; therefore you ought to go to 'em the rather, sure.

Man. No, no. Those you have oblig'd most, 65 most certainly avoid you, when you can oblige 'em no longer; and they take your visits like so many duns. Friends, like mistresses, are avoided for obligations past.

Free. Pshaw! but most of 'em are your rela- 70 tions; men of great fortune and honour.

Man. Yes; but relations have so much honour as to think poverty taints the blood, and disown their wanting kindred; believing, I suppose, that as riches at first makes a gentleman, 75 the want of 'em degrades him. But damn 'em! now I'm poor, I'll anticipate their contempt, and disown them.

Free. But you have many a female acquaintance whom you have been liberal to, who may 80 have a heart to refund to you a little, if you wou'd ask it: they are not all Olivia's.

Man. Dam thee! how cou'dst thou think of such a thing? I wou'd as soon rob my footman

75 *makes*, Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, *make*.

77 *I'm*, Qq. 2-10, O3, *I am*.

of his wages. Besides, 'twere in vain too : for a 85
wench is like a box in an ordinary, receives all
peoples money easily, but there's no getting,
nay, shaking any out again ; and he that fills it
is sure never to keep the key.

Free. Well, but noble captain, wou'd you 90
make me believe that you, who know half the
town, have so many friends, and have oblig'd so
many, can't borrow fifty or an hundred pound?

Man. Why, noble lieutenant, you who know
all the town, and call all you know friends, me- 95
thinks shou'd not wonder at it ; since you find
ingratitude too. For how many lords families
(tho' descended from blacksmiths or tinkers)
hast thou call'd great and illustrious ? how many
ill tables call'd good eating ? how many noisie 100
coxcombs wits ? how many pert cocking cow-
ards stout ? how many taudry affected rogues
well drest ? how many perukes admir'd ? and
how many ill verses applauded ? and yet canst
not borrow a shilling. Dost thou expect I, who 105
alwayes spoke truth, shou'd ?

Free. Nay, now you think you have paid me ;
but hark you, captain, I have heard of a thing

86 *receives*, Qq. 4-10, receive.

89 *sure*, Qq. 2-10, O1, surest.

100 *call'd*, Qq. 1-7, Q10, O3, call.

101 *cocking*, Q1, O3, coaching.

call'd grinning honour, but never of starving honour. 110

Man. Well, but it has been the fate of some brave men : and if they wo't give me a ship again, I can go starve any where with a musket on my shoulder.

Free. Give you a ship! why, you will not 115 solicit it.

Man. If I have not solicited it by my services, I know no other way.

Free. Your servant, sir ; nay, then I'm satisf'd, I must solicit my widow the closer, and run 120 the desperate fortune of matrimony on shore.

Exit.

Enter to Manly Vernish.

Man. How! — Nay, here is a friend indeed ; and he that has him in his arms can know no wants. *Embraces Vernish.*

Vernish. Dear sir ! and he that is in your arms 125 is secure from all fears whatever : nay, our nation is secure by your defeat at sea, and the Dutch that fought against you have prov'd enemies to themselves only in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fie ! fie ! this from a friend ? and yet 130 from any other 'twere unsufferable : I thought I shou'd never have taken any thing ill from you.

Ver. A friends privilege is to speak his mind, tho' it be taken ill.

Man. But your tongue need not tell me you ¹³⁵
think too well of me; I have found it from your
heart, which spoke in actions, your unalterable
heart. But Olivia is false, my friend, which I
suppose is no news to you.

Ver. (*Aside.*) He's in the right on't. 140

Man. But cou'dst thou not keep her true to
me?

Ver. Not for my heart, sir.

Man. But cou'd you not perceive it at all
before I went? Cou'd she so deceive us both? 145

Ver. I must confess, the first time I knew it
was three dayes after your departure, when she
receiv'd the money you had left in Lombard-
street in her name; and her tears did not hinder
her, it seems, from counting that. You wou'd ¹⁵⁰
trust her with all, like a true generous lover.

Man. And she like a mean, jilting —

Ver. Traytrous —

Man. Base —

Ver. Damn'd —

155

Man. Covetous —

Ver. Mercenary whore — (*Aside.*) I can hardly
hold from laughing.

Man. Ay, a mercenary whore indeed; for she
made me pay her before I lay with her. 160

Ver. How! — Why, have you lay'n with her?

Man. Ay, ay.

Ver. Nay, she deserves you shou'd report it at least, tho' you have not.

Man. Report it! by Heav'n, 'tis true! 165

Ver. How! sure not.

Man. I do not use to lie, nor you to doubt me.

Ver. When?

Man. Last night, about seven or eight of the clock. 170

Ver. Ha! — (*Aside.*) Now I remember, I thought she spake as if she expected some other rather than me. A confounded whore, indeed!

Man. But what, thou wonder'st at it! nay, you seem to be angry too. 175

Ver. I cannot but be enrag'd against her, for her usage of you: damn'd infamous, common jade!

Man. Nay, her cuckold, who first cuckolded me in my money, shall not laugh all himself: 180
we will do him reason, shan't we?

Ver. Ay, ay.

Man. But thou dost not, for so great a friend, take pleasure enough in your friends revenge, methinks. 185

Ver. Yes, yes; I'm glad to know it, since you have lay'n with her.

Man. Thou canst not tell me who that rascal, her cuckold, is?

172 *spake*, Q9, *speak*, O1, O2, *spoke*.

Ver. No.

190

Man. She wou'd keep it from you, I suppose.

Ver. Yes, yes.

Man. Thou wou'dst laugh, if thou knewst but all the circumstances of my having her. 195
Come, I'll tell thee.

Ver. Dam her! I care not to hear any more of her.

Man. Faith, thou shalt. You must know —

[*Re-*]enter Freeman backwards, endeavouring to keep out Novel, Lord Plausible, Jerry, and Oldfox, who all press in upon him.

Free. I tell you he has a wench with him, 200
and wou'd be private.

Man. Dam 'em! a man can't open a bottle in these eating houses, but presently you have these impudent, intruding, buzzing flies and insects in your glass. — Well, I'll tell thee all 205
anon. In the mean time pr'ythee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me but an hundred pound of my money, to supply my present wants; for I suppose there is no recovering any of it by law.

210

Ver. Not any: think not of it. Nor by this way neither.

Man. Go try, at least.

press in upon, Q10, Os, press upon.

Ver. I'll go; but I can satisfie you before hand 'twill be to no purpose. You'll no more find a ²¹⁵ refunding wench —

Man. Than a refunding lawyer; indeed their fees alike scarce ever return. However, try her; put it to her.

Ver. Ay, ay, I'll try her; put it to her home ²²⁰ with a vengeance. *Exit Vernish.*

Manent cæteri.

Novel. Nay, you shall be our judge, Manly. — Come, major, I'll speak it to your teeth; if people provoke me to say bitter things to their faces, they must take what follows; tho', like my ²²⁵ lord Plausible, I'd rather do't civilly behind their backs.

Man. Nay, thou art a dangerous rogue, I've heard, behind a mans back.

L. Plausible. You wrong him sure, noble cap-²³⁰ tain; he wou'd do a man no more harm behind his back than to his face.

Free. I am of my lord's mind.

Man. Yes, a fool, like a coward, is the more to be fear'd behind a man's back, more than a ²³⁵ witty man; for as a coward is more bloody than a brave man, a fool is more malicious than a man of wit.

Nov. A fool, tar, — a fool! nay, thou art a ²¹⁵ 'twill, Qq. 6-10, Os, it will. ²³⁴ *the*, Q10 omits.

brave sea-judge of wit! a fool! Pr'ythee when²⁴⁰
did you ever find me want something to say, as
you do often?

Man. Nay, I confess thou art alwayes talk-
ing, roaring, or making a noise; that I'll say for
thee.

245

Nov. Well, and is talking a sign of a fool?

Man. Yes, alwayes talking, especially too if
it be loud and fast, is the sign of a fool.

Nov. Pshaw! talking is like fencing, the
quicker the better; run 'em down, run 'em²⁵⁰
down; no matter for parrying; push on still, sa,
sa, sa! No matter whether you argue in form,
push in guard or no.

Man. Or hit or no; I think thou alwayes
talk'st without thinking, Novel.

255

Nov. Ay, ay; study'd play's the worse, to fol-
low the allegory, as the old pedant sayes.

Oldfox. A young fop!

Man. I ever thought the man of most wit
had been like him of most money, who has no²⁶⁰
vanity in shewing it everywhere, whil'st the beg-
garly pusher of his fortune has all he has about
him still, only to show.

Nov. Well, sir, and makes a very pretty show
in the world, let me tell you; nay, a better than²⁶⁵
your close hunks. A pox, give me ready money

264 *makes, O3, make.*

in play! what care I for a mans reputation?
what are we the better for your substantial
thrifty curmudgeon in wit, sir?

Old. Thou art a profuse young rogue in-270
deed.

Nov. So much for talking, which, I think,
I have prov'd a mark of wit; and so is railing,
roaring, and making a noise; for railing is satyr,
you know; and roaring and making a noise,275
humor.

[*Re-*]enter to them *Fidelia*, taking *Manly* aside, and
shewing him a paper.

Fid. The hour is betwixt seven and eight ex-
actly: 'tis now half an hour after six.

Man. Well, go then to the Piazza, and wait
for me: as soon as it is quite dark, I'll be with280
you. I must stay here yet a while for my friend.
— (*Ex[it] Fidel[ia].*) But is railing satyr, No-
vel?

Free. And roaring and making a noise, hu-
mor? 285

Nov. What, won't you confess there's humor
in roaring and making a noise?

Free. No.

Nov. Nor in cutting napkins and hangings?

275 and roaring, OI omits.

282 (*Ex[it] Fidel[ia].*), in originals is placed at the end of the
speech.

Man. No, sure.

290

Nov. Dull fops!

Old. O rogue, rogue, insipid rogue! — Nay, gentlemen, allow him those things for wit; for his parts lie only that way.

Nov. Peace, old fool! I wonder not at thee; 295
but that young fellows shou'd be so dull, as to say there's no humor in making a noise, and breaking windows! I tell you there's wit and humor too in both; and a wit is as well known by his frolick as by his simile. 300

Old. Pure rogue! there's your modern wit for you! Wit and humor in breaking of windows: there's mischief, if you will, but no wit or humor.

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, peace, old fool! I 305
tell you, where there is mischief, there's wit. Don't we esteem the monkey a wit amongst beasts, only because he's mischievous? and, let me tell you, as good nature is a sign of a fool, being mischievous is a sign of wit. 310

Old. O rogue, rogue! pretend to be a wit, by doing mischief and railing!

Nov. Why, thou, old fool, hast no other pretence to the name of a wit, but by railing at new playes! 315

300 *simile*, O2, O3, *smile*.

306 *there is*, Q10, O8, *there's*.

310 *of wit*, Q10, O8, *of a wit*.

312 *doing*, O2 omits.

Old. Thou, by railing at that facetious, noble way of wit, quibbling!

Nov. Thou call'st thy dulness gravity; and thy dozing, thinking.

Old. You, sir, your dulness, spleen; and you ³²⁰ talk much and say nothing.

Nov. Thou read'st much, and understand'st nothing, sir.

Old. You laugh loud, and break no jest.

Nov. You rail, and no body hangs himself; ³²⁵ and thou hast nothing of the satyr but in thy face.

Old. And you have no jest, but your face, sir.

Nov. Thou art an illiterate pedant.

Old. Thou art a fool, with a bad memory. ³³⁰

Man. Come, a pox on you both! you have done like wits now: for you wits, when you quarrel, never give over till you prove one another fools.

Nov. And you fools have never any occa-³³⁵ sion of laughing at us wits but when we quarrel. Therefore let us be friends, Oldfox.

Man. They are such wits as thou art who make the name of a wit as scandalous as that of bully; and signifie a loud-laughing, talking, in-³⁴⁰ corrigible coxcomb, as bully a roaring, hardned coward.

333 *you*, Qq. 6-10, Os, ye.

340 *of bully*, O2, of a bully.

Free. And wou'd have his noise and laughter pass for wit, as t'other his huffing and blustering for courage. 345

[*Re-*]enter *Vernish.*

Man. Gentlemen, with your leave, here is one I wou'd speak with; and I have nothing to say to you. *Puts 'em out of the room.*

Manent Manly, Vernish.

Ver. I told you 'twas in vain to think of getting money out of her. She sayes, if a shil-³⁵⁰ling wou'd do't, she wou'd not save you from starving or hanging, or what you wou'd think worse, begging or flattering; and rails so at you, one wou'd not think you had lay'n with her. 355

Man. O, friend, never trust for that matter a womans railing; for she is no less a dissembler in her hatred than her love; and as her fondness of her husband is a sign he's a cuckold, her railing at another man is a sign she lies³⁶⁰ with him.

Ver. (Aside.) He's in the right on't: I know not what to trust to.

Man. But you did not take any notice of it to her, I hope? 365

Ver. (Aside.) So! — Sure he is afraid I shou'd have disprov'd him by an enquiry of her: all may be well yet.

Man. What hast thou in thy head that makes thee seem so unquiet? 370

Ver. Only this base, impudent womans false-ness; I cannot put her out of my head.

Man. O, my dear friend, be not you too sensible of my wrongs; for then I shall feel 'em too with more pain, and think 'em un-
375
ferable. Dam her, her money, and that ill-natur'd whore too, Fortune her self! But if thou wou'dst ease a little my present trouble, pr'ythee go borrow me somewhere else some money. I can trouble thee. 380

Ver. You trouble me, indeed, most sensibly, when you command me any thing I cannot do. I have lately lost a great deal of money at play, more than I can yet pay; so, that not only my money, but my credit too is gone, and know
385
not where to borrow: but cou'd rob a church for you. — (*Aside.*) Yet wou'd rather end your wants by cutting your throat.

Man. Nay, then I doubly feel my poverty, since I'm incapable of supplying thee. 390

Embraces Vernish.

Ver. But, methinks, she that granted you the last favour (as they call it) shou'd not deny you any thing. *Novel looks in and retires again.*

379 go borrow, Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, go to borrow.

386 cou'd, O1, O2, I cou'd.

Novel . . . again. Follows *Hey . . . done* (394) in originals.

Nov. Hey, tarpaulin, have you done?

Ver. I understand not that point of kindness, 395
I confess.

Man. No, thou dost not understand it, and I have not time to let you know all now; for these fools, you see, will interrupt us: but anon, at supper, we'll laugh at leisure together at 400 Olivia's cuckold, who took a young fellow, that goes between his wife and me, for a woman.

Ver. Ha!

Man. Sensless, easie rascal! 'twas no wonder she chose him for a husband; but she thought 405 him, I thank her, fitter than me, for that blind, bearing office.

Ver. (*Aside.*) I cou'd not be deceiv'd in that long womans hair ty'd up behind, nor those infallible proofs, her pouting, swelling breasts: 410 I have handled too many, sure, not to know 'em.

Man. What, you wonder the fellow cou'd be such a blind coxcomb?

Ver. Yes, yes —

415

Novel looks in again, and retires.

Nov. Nay, pr'ythee, come to us, Manly. Gad, all the fine things one sayes in their company are lost without thee.

Man. Away, fop! I'm busie yet. — You see we cannot talk here at our ease: besides, I must 420

be gone immediately, in order to meeting with Olivia again to night.

Ver. To night! it cannot be, sure—

Man. I had an appointment just now from her.

Ver. For what time? 425

Man. At half an hour after seven precisely.

Ver. Don't you apprehend the husband?

Man. He! sniveling gull! he a thing to be fear'd! a husband! the tameſt of creatures!

Ver. (*Aside.*) Very fine! 430

Man. But, pr'ythee, in the mean time, go try to get me ſome money. Tho' thou art too mo-deſt to borrow for thy ſelf, thou canſt do any thing for me, I know. Go; for I muſt be gone to Olivia. Go, and meet me here, anon. — Free-435
man, where are you? *Ex[it] Manly.*

Manet Verniſh.

Ver. Ay, I'll meet with you, I warrant; but it ſhall be at Olivia's. Sure, it cannot be: ſhe denies it ſo calmly, and with that honeſt, mo-deſt aſſurance, it can't be true — and he does not 440
uſe to lye — but belying a woman when ſhe won't be kind, is the onely lye a brave man will leaſt ſcruple. But then the woman in man's cloaths, whom he calls a man! — well, but by her breaſts I know her to be a woman — but then 445

Manet Verniſh, Qq. 6-9 miſprint Enter Verniſh.

445 *breasts, Q9, breast.*

again, his appointment from her, to meet with him to night ! I am distracted more with doubt than jealousy. Well, I have no way to disabuse or revenge my self, but by going home immediately, putting on a riding sute, and pretending⁴⁵⁰ to my wife the same business which carry'd me out of town last, requires me again to go post to Oxford to night. Then, if the appointment he boasts of be true, it's sure to hold, and I shall have an opportunity either of clearing her, or⁴⁵⁵ revenging my self on both. Perhaps she is his wench, of an old date, and I am his cully, whil'st I think him mine ; and he has seem'd to make his wench rich, only that I might take her off of his hands. Or if he has but lately lay'n with her,⁴⁶⁰ he must needs discover by her my treachery to him ; which I'm sure he will revenge with my death, and which I must prevent with his, if it were only but for fear of his too just reproaches ; for I must confess, I never had till now any ex-⁴⁶⁵ cuse but that of int'rest, for doing ill to him.

Ex[it] Vernish.

Re-enter Manly and Freeman.

Man. Come hither ; only, I say, be sure you mistake not the time. You know the house exactly where Olivia lodges ; 'tis just hard by.

446 *his*, Q9, *this*. 452 *go*, Q10, O1, *omit*.
459 *of*, Q9. 2-10, Os, *omit*.

Free. Yes, yes.

470

Man. Well then, bring 'em all, I say, thither, and all you know that may be then in the house; for the more witnesses I have of her infamy, the greater will be my revenge: and be sure you come strait up to her chamber without more ado. 475
Here, take the watch; you see 'tis above a quarter past seven; be there in half an hour exactly.

Free. You need not doubt my diligence or dexterity; I am an old scowrer, and can naturally beat up a wenches quarters that won't be 480
civil. Sha'nt we break her windows too?

Man. No, no; be punctual only.

Ex[eunt] ambo.

[SCENE III.— *The same Room.*]

*Enter Widow Blackacre, and two Knights of the Post:
a Waiter with wine.*

Widow. Sweetheart, are you sure the door was shut close, that none of those roysters saw us come in?

Waiter. Yes, mistriss; and you shall have a privater room above, instantly.

5

Ex[it] Wait[er].

Wid. You are safe enough, gentlemen; for I

472 then, Q9 omits.

Ex[eunt] ambo, Q10, O1, O2, omit *ambo*.

have been private in this house ere now, upon other occasions, when I was something younger. Come, gentlemen, in short, I leave my business to your care and fidelity: and so, here's to 10 you.

1 *Knight*. We were ungrateful rogues if we shou'd not be honest to you; for we have had a great deal of your money.

Wid. And you have done me many a good 15 job for't; and so, here's to you again.

2 *Knight*. Why, we have been perjur'd but six times for you.

1 *Knight*. Forg'd but four deeds, with your husband's last deed of gift. 20

2 *Knight*. And but three wills.

1 *Knight*. And counterfeited hands and seals to some six bonds; I think that's all, brother?

Wid. Ay, that's all, gentlemen; and so, here's to you again. 25

2 *Knight*. Nay, 'twou'd do one's heart good to be forsworn for you. You have a conscience in your wayes, and pay us well.

1 *Knight*. You are in the right on't, brother; one wou'd be damn'd for her with all ones heart. 30

2 *Knight*. But there are rogues, who make us forsworn for 'em, and when we come to be paid, they'll be forsworn too, and not pay us

our wages, which they promis'd with oaths sufficient.

35

1 *Knight*. Ay, a great lawyer that shall be nameless bilkt me too.

Wid. That was hard, methinks, that a lawyer shou'd use gentlemen witnesses no better.

2 *Knight*. A lawyer! d'ye wonder a lawyer shou'd do't? I was bilk'd by a reverend divine, that preaches twice on Sundayes, and prays half an hour still before dinner.

40

Wid. How! a conscientious divine and not pay people for damning themselves! sure then, for all his talking, he does not believe damnation. But, come, to our business. Pray be sure to imitate exactly the flourish at the end of this name.

Pulls out a deed or two.

1 *Knight*. O, he's the best in England at untangling a flourish, madam.

50

Wid. And let not the seal be a jot bigger. Observe well the dash too, at the end of this name.

2 *Knight*. I warrant you, madam.

55

Wid. Well, these and many other shifts, poor widows are put to sometimes; for every body wou'd be riding a widow, as they say, and break-

37 *nameless*, Q6, Q7, *blameless*.

40 2 *Knight*. *A lawyer!* . . . , Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, assign this speech to 1 *Knight*.

ing into her jointure. They think marrying a widow an easie business, like leaping the hedge 60 where another has gone over before. A widow is a meer gap, a gap with them.

Enter to them Major Oldfox, with two Waiters. The Knights of the Post buddle up the writings.

What, he here! Go then, go my hearts, you have your instructions.

Ex[eunt] Knights of the Post.

Oldfox. Come, madam, to be plain with you, 65 I'll be fob'd off no longer. — (*Aside.*) I'll bind her and gag her but she shall hear me. — [*To the Waiters.*] Look you, friends, there's the money I promis'd you; and now do you what you promis'd me: here are my garters, and here's 70 a gag. — [*To the Widow.*] You shall be acquainted with my parts, lady, you shall.

Wid. Acquainted with your parts! A rape! a rape! — what, will you ravish me?

The Waiters tye her to the chair, and gag her; and ex[eunt].

Old. Yes, lady, I will ravish you: but it shall 75 be through the ear, lady, the ear onely, with my well-pen'd acrostics.

61 over, O2 omits.

64 your instructions, Q10, O1, O2, your full instructions.

67, 68 [*To the Waiters.*], added by Hunt.

71 [*To the Widow.*], added by Hunt.

Enter to them Freeman, Jerry Blackacre, three Bayliffs, a Constable and his Assistants, with the two Knights of the Post.

What, shall I never read my things undisturb'd again?

Jerry. O law! my mother bound hand and 80
foot, and gaping, as if she rose before her time
to day!

Freeman. What means this, Oldfox? But I'll
release you from him; you shall be no mans
prisoner but mine. Bayliffs, execute your writ. 85

Freeman untyes her.

Old. Nay, then I'll be gone, for fear of being
bayl, and paying her debts without being her
husband.

Ex[it] Oldfox.

I Bailiff. We arrest you in the king's name,
at the suit of Mr. Freeman, guardian to Jere- 90
miah Blackacre, esq[uires], in an action of ten
thousand pounds.

Wid. How, how, in a choak-bayl action!
What, and the pen and ink gentlemen taken
too! — Have you confest, you rogues? 95

I Knight. We needed not to confess; for the
the bayliffs dog'd us hither to the very door, and
overheard all that you and we said.

Wid. Undone, undone then! no man was

85 bayliffs, O2, bayliff.



ever too hard for me till now. O Jerry, child,¹⁰⁰
wilt thou vex again the womb that bore thee?

Fer. Ay, for bearing me before wedlock, as
you say. But I'll teach you to call a Blackacre
a bastard, tho' you were never so much my
mother.

105

Wid. (*Aside.*) Well, I'm undone! not one
trick left? no law-meush imaginable? — [*To*
Freeman.] Cruel sir, a word with you, I pray.

Free. In vain, madam; for you have no other
way to release your self, but by the bonds of¹¹⁰
matrimony.

Wid. How, sir, how! that were but to sue
out an *habeas corpus*, for a removal from one
prison to another. — Matrimony!

Free. Well, bayliffs, away with her.

115

Wid. O stay, sir! can you be so cruel as to
bring me under covert baron again, and put it out
of my power to sue in my own name? Matrimony
to a woman is worse than excommunication,
in depriving her of the benefit of the law; and¹²⁰
I wou'd rather be depriv'd of life. But hark you,
sir, I am contented you shou'd hold and enjoy
my person by lease or patent, but not by the

¹⁰⁰ O, Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, omit. (In Q4 and Q5 O is missing, but a space and comma before *Ferry* show that it has fallen out in the press.)

^{107, 108} [*To Freeman.*], added by Hunt.

¹¹³ out, O1 omits.

¹¹⁹ is, Qq. 1-5 omit.

spiritual patent call'd a licence; that is, to have the priviledges of a husband, without the do-¹²⁵ minion; that is, *Durante beneplacito*. In consideration of which, I will, out of my jointure, secure you an annuity of three hundred pounds a year, and pay your debts; and that's all you younger brothers desire to marry a widow for,¹³⁰ I'm sure.

Free. Well, widow, if—

Fer. What! I hope, bully guardian, you are not making agreements without me?

Free. No, no. First, widow, you must say no¹³⁵ more that he is the son of a whore; have a care of that. And, then, he must have a setled exhibition of forty pounds a year, and a nag of assizes, kept by you, but not upon the common; and have free ingress, egress, and regress to and¹⁴⁰ from your maids garret.

Wid. Well, I can grant all that too.

Fer. Ay, ay, fair words butter no cabage: but guardian, make her sign, sign and seal; for otherwise, if you knew her as well as I, you wou'd¹⁴⁵ not trust her word for a farthing.

Free. I warrant thee, squire. — Well, widow, since thou art so generous, I will be generous too; and if you'll secure me four hundred pound

¹³⁶ *the*, O2, O3, a.

¹⁴⁰ *ingress*, *egress*, O2, ingress and egress.

¹⁴⁹ *me*, Q6, *my*. *pound*, Qq. 4-9, pounds.

a year, but during your life, and pay my debts, 150
not above a thousand pound, I'll bate you your
person, to dispose of as you please.

Wid. Have a care, sir, a settlement without
a consideration is void in law; you must do
something for't. 155

Free. Pr'ythee, then let the settlement on me
be call'd alimony; and the consideration, our
separation. Come; my lawyer, with writings
ready drawn, is within, and in haste. Come.

Wid. But, what, no other kind of considera- 160
tion, Mr. Freeman? Well, a widow, I see, is a
kind of a *sine cure*, by custom of which the un-
conscionable incumbent enjoys the profits,
without any duty, but does that still elsewhere.

Ex[eunt] omn[es].

[SCENE IV.]

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Olivia with a candle in her hand.

Olivia. So, I am now prepar'd once more for
my timorous young lover's reception. My hus-
band is gone; and go thou out too, thou next
interrupter of love. — (*Puts out the candle.*) Kind
darkness, that frees us lovers from scandal and 5

154 *in law*, Qq. 2-10, O1, in the law.

162 *a sine cure*, Qq. 6-10, O1, O2, *sine cure*.

bashfulness, from the censure of our gallants and the world! — So, are you there?

Enter to Olivia Fidelia, follow'd softly by Manly.

Come, my dear punctual lover, there is not such another in the world; thou hast beauty and youth to please a wife; address and wit, to amuse and fool a husband; nay, thou hast all things to be wish'd in a lover, but your fits. I hope, my dear, you won't have one to night; and that you may not, I'll lock the door, tho' there be no need of it, but to lock out your fits: for my husband is just gone out of town again. Come, where are you?

Goes to the door and locks it.

Manly. (Aside.) Well, thou hast impudence enough to give me fits too, and make revenge it self impotent; hinder me from making thee yet more infamous, if it can be.

Oliv. Come, come, my soul, come.

Fidelia. Presently, my dear, we have time enough, sure.

Oliv. How, time enough! True lovers can no more think they ever have time enough, than love enough. You shall stay with me all night; but that is but a lover's moment. Come.

7 *there*, Q9, here.

20 *impotent*; *hinder*, O1, O2, *impotent* & so *hinder*.

yet, Q9. 6-10, O1, omit.

28 *that is*, Q8, that ('s has evidently fallen out in the press), Q9, that's.

Fid. But won't you let me give you and my self the satisfaction of telling you how I abus'd 30
your husband last night?

Oliv. Not when you can give me, and your self too, the satisfaction of abusing him again to night. Come.

Fid. Let me but tell you how your husband — 35

Oliv. O name not his, or Manly's more loathsom name, if you love me! I forbid 'em last night: and you know I mention'd my husband but once, and he came. No talking, pray, 'twas ominous to us.— (*A noise at the door.*) You make 40
me fancy a noise at the door already, but I'm resolv'd not to be interrupted. Where are you? Come; for rather than lose my dear expectation now, tho' my husband were at the door, and the bloody ruffian Manly here in the room, with all 45
his awful insolence, I wou'd give my self to this dear hand, to be led away to heavens of joys, which none but thou canst give.— (*The noise at the door increases.*) But what's this noise at the door? So, I told you what talking wou'd come 50
to. Ha! — O Heavens, my husbands voice! —

Olivia listens at the door.

40 (*A noise at the door.*), in the originals follows *interrupted*, below.

46 *insolence*, Q9, *insolences*.

48, 49 (*The noise . . . increases.*), in the originals follows *come to*, below.

Man. (*Aside.*) Freeman is come too soon.

Oliv. O, 'tis he! — Then here is the happiest minute lost that ever bashful boy or trifling woman fool'd away! I'm undone! my husbands reconcilment too was false, as my joy all delusion. But come this way, here's a back-door.— (*Exit, and returns.*) The officious jade has lock'd us in, instead of locking others out: but let us then escape your way, by the balcony; and whil'st you pull down the curtains, I'll fetch from my closet what next will best secure our escape. I have left my key in the door, and 'twill not suddenly be broke open. *Exit.*

A noise as it were people forcing the door.

Man. Stir not, yet fear nothing.

Fid. Nothing but your life, sir.

Man. We shall now know this happy man she calls husband.

Olivia re-enters.

Oliv. Oh, where are you? What, idle with fear? Come, I'll tie the curtains, if you will hold. Here, take this cabinet and purse, for it is thine, if we escape; — (*Manly takes from her the cabinet and purse.*) — therefore let us make haste.

Ex[it] Oliv[ia].

53 *here is*, Qq. 2-8, Q10, Os, *here's*, Q9 misprints *her's*.

65 *Stir not, yet fear*, O1, O2, punctuate *stir not yet, fear, fear*, O3, *fearing*.

67 *now*, Qq. 6-10, Os, omit.

Man. 'Tis mine indeed now again, and it shall never escape more from me, to you at least. 75

The door broken open, enter Vernish alone with a dark lanthorn and a sword, running at Manly, who draws, puts by the thrust, and defends himself, whil'st Fidelia runs at Vernish behind.

Vernish. (*With a low voice.*) So, there I'm right, sure —

Man. (*Softly.*) Sword and dark lanthorn, villain, are some odds; but —

Ver. (*With a low voice.*) Odds! I'm sure I 80 find more odds than I expected. What, has my insatiable two seconds at once? but —

Whil'st they fight, Olivia re-enters, tying two curtains together.

Oliv. Where are you now? — What, is he entered then, and are they fighting? O do not kill one that can make no defence! — (*Manly 85 throws Vernish down and disarms him.*) How! but I think he has the better on't. Here's his scarf, 'tis he. So, keep him down still: I hope thou hast no hurt, my dearest? *Embracing Manly.*

Enter to them Freeman, Lord Plausible, Novel, Jerry Blackacre, and the Widow Blackacre, lighted in by the two Sailors with torches.

Ha! — what? — Manly! and have I been thus 90 concern'd for him! embracing him! and has he

broken, Qq. 7-10, Os, broke.

lighted in by, Q10, O1, O2, omit in.

his jewels again too! What means this? O, 'tis too sure, as well as my shame! which I'll go hide for ever. *Offers to go out, Manly stops her.*

Man. No, my dearest; after so much kindness as has past between us, I cannot part with you yet. — Freeman, let no body stir out of the room; for notwithstanding your lights, we are yet in the dark, till this gentleman please to turn his face — (*Pulls Vernish by the sleeve.*) How, ⁹⁵ Vernish! art thou the happy man then? thou! thou! speak, I say; but thy guilty silence tells me all. — Well, I shall not upbraid thee; for my wonder is striking me as dumb as thy shame has made thee. But what? my little volunteer ¹⁰⁵ hurt, and fainting!

Fid. My wound, sir, is but a slight one, in my arm; 'tis only my fear of your danger, sir, not yet well over.

Man. But what's here? more strange things! ¹¹⁰ — (*Observing Fidelia's hair unty'd behind, and without a peruke, which she lost in the scuffle.*) What means this long womans hair, and face, now all of it appears, too beautiful for a man;

94 *Manly stops, Qq. 6-10, Os, and Manly stops.*
 113, 114 *hair, and face, now all of it appears, too.*
 Qq. 1-3, *hair? and face, now all of it appears, too*
 Q4, Q5, *hair! and face, now all of it appears, too*
 Q6, *hair! and face, now all of it appears too*
 Qq. 7-9, *hair! and face! now all of it appears too*
 Q10, *hair, and face! now all of it appears too*
 Os, *hair, and face! Now all of it appears too*

which I still thought womanish indeed! What,¹¹⁵
you have not deceiv'd me too, my little volun-
teer?

Oliv. (*Aside.*) Me she has, I'm sure.

Man. Speak!

Enter Eliza and Lettice.

Eliza. What, cousin, I am brought hither by¹²⁰
your woman, I suppose, to be a witness of the
second vindication of your honour?

Oliv. Insulting is not generous. You might
spare me, I have you.

Eliza. Have a care, cousin, you'll confess¹²⁵
anon too much; and I wou'd not have your se-
crets.

Man. (*To Fidelia.*) Come, your blushes an-
swer me sufficiently, and you have been my
volunteer in love. 130

Fid. I must confess I needed no compulsion
to follow you all the world over; which I at-
tempted in this habit, partly out of shame to own
my love to you, and fear of a greater shame,
your refusal of it; for I knew of your engage-¹³⁵
ment to this lady, and the constancy of your
nature; which nothing cou'd have alter'd but
her self.

Man. Dear madam, I desir'd you to bring me

¹¹⁸ (*Aside.*), Q1 places this after Manly's speech, above.

¹³⁵ *knew*, Q4-6, know.

out of confusion, and you have given me more. 140
 I know not what to speak to you, or how to look
 upon you; the sense of my rough, hard, and ill
 usage of you (tho' chiefly your own fault) gives
 me more pain now 'tis over, than you had when
 you suffer'd it: and if my heart, the refusal of 145
 such a woman — (*Pointing to Olivia*) — were not
 a sacrifice to prophane your love, and a greater
 wrong to you than ever yet I did you, I wou'd
 beg of you to receive it, tho' you us'd it as she
 had done; for tho' it deserv'd not from her the 150
 treatment she gave it, it does from you.

Fid. Then it has had punishment sufficient
 from her already, and needs no more from me;
 and, I must confess, I wou'd not be the onely
 cause of making you break your last nights oath 155
 to me, of never parting with me; if you do not
 forget or repent it.

Man. Then take for ever my heart, and this
 with it — (*Gives her the cabinet*); for 'twas given
 to you before, and my heart was before your due: 160
 I only beg leave to dispose of these few. — Here,
 madam, I never yet left my wench unpaid.

*Takes some of the jewels, and offers 'em to
 Olivia; she strikes 'em down: Plausible
 and Novel take 'em up.*

150 *had*, Q8, Q9, O2, *has*. 153 *from her*, Q10, O3, *for her*.
 155 *nights*, Q9. 7-9, *night*, Os, *night's*.
offers 'em, Q8, Q9, *offers them*.

Oliv. So it seems, by giving her the cabinet.

L. Plausible. These pendants appertain to your most faithful, humble servant. 165

Novel. And this locket is mine; my earnest for love, which she never paid: therefore my own again.

Widow. By what law, sir, pray? — Cousin Olivia, a word. What, do they make a seizure 170 on your goods and chattels, *vi & armis*? Make your demand, I say, and bring your trover, bring your trover. I'll follow the law for you.

Oliv. And I my revenge. *Exit Oliv[ia].*

Man. (*To Ver[nish].*) But 'tis, my friend, in 175 your consideration most, that I wou'd have return'd part of your wives portion; for 'twere hard to take all from thee, since thou hast paid so dear for't, in being such a rascal. Yet thy wife is a fortune without a portion; and thou 180 art a man of that extraordinary merit in vilany, the world and fortune can never desert thee, tho' I do; therefore be not melancholy. Fare you well, sir. — (*Ex[it] Vernish doggedly.*) Now, madam, I beg your pardon (*Turning to Fidelia*) 185 for lessening the present I made you; but my heart can never be lessen'd. This, I confess, was

164 *These*, Qq. 4-10, O1, O2, The.

171, 172 *Make your*, Q6, make you.

172, 173 *bring your trover* (second time), Qq. 7-9 omit.

too small for you before; for you deserve the Indian world: and I wou'd now go thither, out of covetousness for your sake only. 190

Fid. Your heart, sir, is at present of that value, I can never make any return to't. — (*Pulling Manly from the company.*) But I can give you back such a present as this, which I got by the loss of my father, a gentleman of the North, of 195 no mean extraction, whose onely child I was, therefore left me in the present possession of two thousand pounds a year; which I left, with multitudes of pretenders, to follow you, sir; having in several publick places seen you, and observ'd 200 your actions throughly, with admiration, when you were too much in love to take notice of mine, which yet was but too visible. The name of my family is Grey, my other Fidelia. The rest of my story you shall know when I have 205 fewer auditors.

Man. Nay, now, madam, you have taken from me all power of making you any complement on my part; for I was going to tell you, that for your sake onely I wou'd quit the unknown pleasure 210 of a retirement; and rather stay in this ill world of ours still, tho' odious to me, than give you more frights again at sea, and make again too great a venture there, in you alone. But if I

shou'd tell you now all this, and that your virtue²¹⁵
 (since greater than I thought any was in the
 world) had now reconcil'd me to't, my friend
 here wou'd say, 'tis your estate that has made
 me friends with the world.

Freeman. I must confess I shou'd; for I think²²⁰
 most of our quarrels to the world are just such
 as we have to a handsom woman; only because
 we cannot enjoy her as we wou'd do.

Man. Nay, if thou art a *Plain-dealer* too, give
 me thy hand; for now I'll say, I am thy friend²²⁵
 indeed; and for your two sakes, tho' I have
 been so lately deceiv'd in friends of both
 sexes, —

*I will believe there are now in the world
 Good-natur'd friends, who are not prostitutes, 230
 And handsom women worthy to be friends;
 Yet, for my sake, let no one e're confide
 In tears, or oaths, in love, or friend untry'd.*

Ex[eunt] omnes.

²²⁶ *two*, Qq. 4-10, O1, omit.

²³³ *tears*, Qq. 4-6, years. *friend*, O2, friends.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE WIDOW BLACKACRE.

*To you, the judges learned in stage laws,
Our poet now, by me, submits his cause;
For with young judges, such as most of you,
The men by women best their bus'ness do :
And, truth on't is, if you did not sit here, 5
To keep for us a term throughout the year,
We cou'd not live by'r tongues ; nay, but for you,
Our chamber-practice wou'd be little too.
And 'tis not only the stage practiser
Who by your meeting gets her living here : 10
For as in Hall of Westminster
Sleek sempstress vents amidst the courts her ware ;
So, while we baul, and you in judgment sit,
The visor-mask sells linnen too i' th' pit.
O, many of your friends, besides us here, 15
Do live by putting off their sev'ral ware.
Here's daily done the great affair o' th' nation ;
Let love and us then ne'r have long-vacation.
But hold ; like other pleaders I have done
Not my poor client's bus'ness, but my own. 20
Spare me a word then, now, for him. First know,
Squires of the long robe, he does humbly show,*

The Epilogue is in Q1 printed directly after the Prologue.

*He has a just right in abusing you,
Because he is a Brother-Templar too :
For at the bar you railly one another ;* 25
*And fool, and knave, is swallow'd from a brother :
If not the poet here, the Templar spare,
And maul him when you catch him at the bar.
From you, our common modish censurers,
Your favor, not your judgment, 'tis he fears :* 30
*Of all loves begs you then to rail, find fault ;
For playes, like women, by the world are thought,
When you speak kindly of 'em, very naught.*

26 *And fool, Qq. 2-10, O1, O2, Nay fool.*

Notes to The Plain-Dealer

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

191. My Lady B——. Madam, or “Mother,” Bennet, a notorious bawd. Cf. Pepys, under Sep. 20, 1660, and May 30, 1668; Steele in *Spectator*, No. 266; and *Tatler*, No. 84.

193, 55, 56. Mr. Bays . . . understanding. Cf. Buckingham's *The Rehearsal* (1671), III, i, end, “*Bayes. . . . I know you have wit by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? What do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir; I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you.*” Cf. note on *Country Wife*, 3, 11.

194, 90, 91. Nihil . . . sumunt. *Nothing is bolder than those who are caught; consciousness of their guilt gives them wrath and courage.* Juvenal, *Satires*, VI, 284, 285.

195, 114–116. Els . . . regle. *Il faut rebrasser ce sot haillon qui couvre nos meurs: ils envoient leur conscience au bordel et tiennent leur contenance.* Montaigne, *Essais*, Bk. III, Chap. v (Text of 1588).

197, 152, 153. Nimirum . . . extinguitur. *Incontinence, forsooth, is necessary to preserve continence; one puts out fire by fire.* The source of this, I have been unable to discover. Quoted by Montaigne, *Essais*, Bk. III, Chap. v, where Wycherley probably read it.

198, 193–195. Scythian women . . . with him. *Les femmes Scythes crevoient les yeux à tous leurs esclaves et prisonniers de guerre pour s'en servir plus librement et couvertelement.* Montaigne, *Essais*, Bk. III, Chap. v. Cf. Herodotus, IV, 2, who says that the Scythians (i.e. the men) put out the eyes of their slaves “for the purpose of drawing milk from their mares, which was their food. But it does not appear very plain that there was a necessity of blind-

ing these poor slaves for this work ; and therefore the reason that Montaigne assigns for it is much more easy to comprehend." Hazlitt, *Montaigne's Essays* (1842), *ad locum*.

200, 231, 232. **Après . . . vertu.** After the pleasure comes the pain ; after the pain, virtue.

201, 6. **faint praises.** Cf. Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (1735), 201, "Damn with faint praise." Pope, it seems, was sometimes borrower, as well as lender, in his intercourse with Wycherley.

202, 30. **Lely's.** Sir Peter Lely (1618-1680), a famous portrait painter, especially of court and fashionable beauties. He was knighted in 1679. Wycherley's description of Lely's way of idealizing his subjects is trenchant. Cf. also II, i, 276.

210, 123, 124. **those . . . ship.** Such gifts from the king were not uncommon, incredible as this disposal of public property might seem. Pepys, while Secretary of the Navy Board, obtained a ship in this way. Cf. Smeaton, *Pepysiana* (vol. supplementary to Wheatley's ed. of Pepys's Diary), p. 249.

210, 128. **the Dutch.** The reference is probably to the war of 1672-4. Cf. *Life*, p. vi.

211, 146. **the Indies.** Bombay was ceded in 1661 to England, which thus obtained entry into the rich Indian trade. Manly's ship when it encountered the Dutch was acting as convoy to merchantmen bound for India, and carried sundry "small ventures" of the sailors, as well as Manly's own, to be used in barter.

211, 169. **no near**— "no nearing him without disaster," is probably the intended conclusion. The hyphen in the reading *no-near* (omitted in Qq. 8, 9, and O2) was probably inserted because the printer did not comprehend what was to follow. Cf. footnote, p. 211.

213, 203. **landlady at Wapping.** Wapping, about two miles below London Bridge, beyond the Tower, south of the present London Docks, was in Wycherley's time a suburb, frequented by the sailors. Cf. II, i, 846.

214, 226-228. **I weigh . . . heavier.** Cf. La Rochefoucauld, *Sentences et Maximes de Morale* (1664), No. 55: *Les rois font des hommes comme des pièces de monnoye: ils les font valoir ce qu'ils veulent, & on est forcé de les recevoir selon leurs cours, & non pas selon leurs véritables prix.* If this is the impulse of

Wycherley's lines, these in turn probably gave rise to Burns's "the rank is but the guinea's stamp," etc. Burns ordered Wycherley's plays with those of other writers of comedies March 2, 1790 (Letter to Peter Hill, Wallace, *Life and Works of Burns*, 1896, III, p. 176), and in his first Commonplace Book is a quotation from Vanbrugh. Cf. Meyerfeld, *Robert Burns, Studien zu seiner dichterischen Entwicklung* (1899), p. 132. *A Man's a Man* was written in 1795.

219, 373. **Bays's grand dance.** Cf. *The Rehearsal*, v, i:

"[Dance a grand Dance.

Bays. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford; but since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court."

223, 468. **knight of the post.** One who got his living by giving false evidence. The name dates back at least as far as 1580, and owes its origin either to the whipping-post to which the "knights" were condemned, or to the sheriff's pillars near the courts, where they waited in readiness to be hired. Cf. *N.E.D.*, and Ward, *Pope* (1869). Allusions to them are numerous. Cf. e.g. *Solyman and Perseda* (licensed for printing 1592), v, iii, 34; Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (1735), 360-367; and cf. also note on *P.-D.* 325, 986-988.

226, 531. **law-French.** French, in the old Norman or Anglo-French form, was the language of all common-law proceedings from William the Conqueror to Edward III. Certain phrases long continued in legal use, and a few are heard even at the present day. There are several examples in the *Plain-Dealer*. Cf. "*under covert baron*," etc.

227, 558, 559. **Chancery-lane ladies . . . law.** Chancery Lane, "the greatest 'legal thoroughfare' in London," connects Fleet Street with Holborn. In its vicinity are the Temple and Gray's Inn. Lincoln's Inn and others of the Inns of Court open into it, and it contained Serjeants' Inn, now used for other purposes. In Wycherley's day, as now, the quarter was largely occupied by solicitors and barristers, and in the Lane itself dwelt at various times many of the leading legal lights, including Lord Chief Justice Hyde and Lord Keeper Guilford. The "ladies towards the law," i.e. concerned with it, interested in it, are the

wives and daughters of lawyers, or, possibly, litigious ladies like the widow herself, living in Chancery Lane on account of its proximity to the lawyers.

228, 586-229, 616. **John-a-Stiles . . . in the per.** John-a-Stiles was the name conventionally adopted for a fictitious person in legal procedure. Cf. John Doe, in more modern usage. The legal procedure applying to the case set by the widow was as follows. The plaintiff who had been dispossessed sued out a writ of entry or disseisin (see Glossary) against the defendant. This " was directed to the sheriff, requiring him to command the tenant of the land that he render the same to the demandant. . . . It was usual to specify in the writ the *degree* or *degrees* within which the same was brought, in this manner; (1.) If the writ was brought against the party himself who did the wrong, then it only charged the tenant himself with the injury, — *non habuit ingressum nisi per intrusionem quam IPSE fecit.* (2.) If the writ was brought against an alienee [one to whom the title had been transferred by sale] of the wrongdoer, or against the heir of the wrongdoer, then it was said to be in the first degree, and charged the tenant in this manner: that he the tenant had not entry but by, i.e., *through, per,* the original wrongdoer . . . 'non habuit ingressum nisi PER Gulielmum, qui se in illud intrusit, et illud tenenti dimisit.' (3.) If the writ was brought against a tenant holding under a second alienation or descent, then it was said to be in the second degree, and charged the tenant in this manner: that the tenant had not entry but by, i.e., *through, per,* a prior alienee, *to whom, cui,* the original wrongdoer demised the same, *non habuit ingressum nisi PER Ricardum Cui Gulielmus illud dimisit, qui se in illud intrusit.* If the writ was brought against a tenant holding under more than two alienations or descents, i.e., after two degrees were past, . . . the writ was called a writ of entry *sur disseisin* in the *post*, and charged the tenant in this manner: that he the tenant had not entry unless *after, post,* or subsequent to, the ouster or injury done by the original wrongdoer — *non habuit ingressum nisi POST intrusionem quam Gulielmus in illud fecit.*" Archibald Brown, *A New Law Dictionary* (London, 1880), p. 202.

The widow's case may be paraphrased thus. There are a grandfather, father and son. The grandfather owns Blackacre, John-a-

Stiles dispossesses him, the grandfather brings suit to recover his estate, John-a-Stiles dies. The father now (by some means not stated) obtains possession of the estate, and, in turn, the son (again by some means not stated) dispossesses his father, and enters on the estate. Both grandfather and father now sue the son for recovery of the estate, the former by a writ in the *post* (because the son obtained entry only after the entry of his father, and not by inheritance or sale from his father — which would have required a writ of *per* in the first degree), and the latter by a writ in the *per*. In this Wycherley (or the widow) seems to be in error, for as regards the father the son is the original disseisor, and the father would have proceeded against him by simple writ of entry.

230, 640, 641. **Westminster-Hall business.** I.e., legal business. The Hall was built in 1097 by William Rufus, and formed a part of the Palace of Westminster. It now serves as a vestibule to the Houses of Parliament. From the time of Edw. I the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer sat in this Hall.

230, 642, 643 **Westminster-Abby business.** I.e., marriage.

230, 647, 648. **livery . . . turf.** Livery of seisin, the delivery of possession, was the act of putting a person in corporal possession of a freehold by giving him the ring, latch or key of the door; or in the case of land, by delivering him a turf or twig, accompanied by a form of words or a written document of transfer.

230, 648. **watch your waters.** Keep watch on your actions. Cf. Grose, *Lexicon Balatronicum*, (1811).

232, 705. **To choose.** If I had my choice.

239, 64. **masquerading.** Masquerades or mask-balls were a favorite entertainment in Wycherley's time.

239, 65. **Hide-park.** Hyde Park, in the west of London, so called because the site, before the dissolution of the religious houses, belonged to the manor of Hyde, in the possession of Westminster Abbey. It was laid out and enclosed as a park by Henry VIII. Under Charles II, who laid out the "Ring," it was devoted to horse-races.

240, 89. **simile-maker.** Cf. footnote on the text. Hunt and Ward, strangely following the misprint of O3, read **smile-**

maker! Cf. v, ii, 300, where O₂, O₃, H. and W. make the same error. Wycherley's "wits" are full of similes. Cf. especially Dapperwit in *Love in a Wood*, whose companions are eager to bar his similes. I, ii, 31 (Ward's ed.). Cf. also Wycherley's own lines in his "Epistle to Mr. Dryden" (*Posthumous Works*, ii, 23):

"No witty Lovers in your Scenes we see,
Who sigh by Rule, and take less Care to be
True to their Mistress, than their Simile."

Cf. also Crowne's *The Country Wit*, iv, ii (*The Dramatic Works of John Crowne*, Edinburgh and London, 1874, vol. III, pp. 84, 85), "A witty man's head is a simile-bed, and breeds similes as fast as an oysterbed breeds oysters," and Sir Mannerly Shallow's whole rhapsody on similes.

241, 101. Holborn lady. A City dame, living in Holborn, the great thoroughfare which north of the Strand and Fleet Street leads from the West into the heart of the City.

245. [Exit Lettice.] Not noted by the originals or Hunt and Ward; but Lettice re-enters p. 270, and this is the natural place for her exit.

245, 227. like . . . the Libertine. *The Libertine*, a tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, published 1676, acted 1675. The allusion helps to date the production of *The Plain-Dealer*. Cf. Introduction.

259, 584. nudities . . . cover. Cf. note on 370, 33.

263, 676, 677. That kind . . . t'other. O₁, O₂, Hunt and Ward mark this speech *Aside*; but this, unlike the preceding speeches of Manly, which are marked *Apart* or *Aside* in all editions, appears to be addressed to his companions.

263, 684. smells like Thames-Street. The street extends from Blackfriars to the Tower. It ran at the rear of the river buildings, and gave upon the wharves, including those of Billingsgate. It was pervaded by all the smells of the river front, of fish and filth, as well as of the many cheeses stored in the factors' warehouses. Cf. Gay, *Trivia* (1716), ii, 245-256.

267, 796. Bartholomew-fair buffoons. Bartholomew fair was held annually, from 1133 to 1855, at West Smithfield, be-

ginning on the eve of St. Bartholomew's day, Aug. 24. It originally lasted three days; afterwards the period was extended until it covered a fortnight. The fair was noted for its jugglers, mountebanks and puppet-shows. Cf. Stephenson, *Shakespeare's London* (1905), p. 225, and Jonson's play, *Bartholomew Fair* (1614).

268, 807-809. **Your opinion . . . another mans.** Cf. *Le Misanthrope*, iv, iv, 119-122 (noted by Ward):

*L'honneur de contredire a pour lui tant de charmes,
Qu'il prend contre lui-même assez souvent les armes;
Et ses vrais sentiments sont combattus par lui,
Aussitôt qu'il les voit dans la bouche d'autrui.*

269, 846. **beyond the Tower.** Cf. note on 213, 203.

278, 1073, 1074. **Ann' undec' Caroli prim'**. The eleventh year of Charles I, i.e., 1636. The widow in her customary fashion uses the legal designation. If we suppose the time of the play to be about 1675, she declares herself only about forty years old.

279, 1096. **at first.** At once.

279, 1108. **never stir.** I.e., may I never stir (if I do not). Cf. "If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir," *Merry Wives*, v, v, 199; and note on C. W. 73, 212.

280, 1132. **Scotch-warming pan.** A bedfellow, wench. Grose, *Lexicon Balatronicum* (1811).

281, 1144, 1145. **been cover'd . . . with the lamb-skins.** I.e., have married a judge. Lambskin was originally used instead of ermine for furring the official robes of the judges, who were known in cant phrase as "lamb-skin-men." Cf. *Dict. of the Canting Crew* (1700); Grose, *Lexicon Balatronicum* (1811).

281, 1154. **action of the case.** "The action on the case lay where a party sues for *damages*, for any wrong or cause of complaint to which *covenant* or *trespass* will not apply." Stephens, *Pleading*, 7th ed., p. 12. Among the wrongs (torts) not especially provided against by law, and so to be proceeded against by "action of the case," was slander.

282, 1165. **Inns of Court.** Associations for the study of law, endowed with the exclusive right of admitting to the Bar, four in

number, viz., the Inner and Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. "The hostels or abodes of the practisers and students of the law before the reign of Edward II. were called *Inns of Court*, because their inhabitants belonged to the *King's Court*, first noticed on the Placite Rolls, 10th Richard I." Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 461. For the history of the Inns, cf. Timbs, and especially, W. J. Loftie, *The Inns of Court and Chancery*, 1893.

282, 1172-1176. want'st . . . my turn. "The point of the antithesis lies in the opposition of the *new guinea* to the *old gold*. Guineas were not coined before the year 1662." Ward.

283, 1204-1206. betwixt Hercules Pillars and the Boatswain in Wapping. I.e., from the extreme west to the extreme east of the London of Wycherley's day. The *Hercules Pillars* here mentioned (whose sign, according to Timbs, meant that no habitation was to be found beyond it) was not the tavern on the south side of Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's, mentioned by Pepys, but that which stood at Hyde Park Corner, a few yards west of Hamilton Place, Piccadilly. It was here that Squire Western put up his horses, in *Tom Jones*. The tavern was still standing in 1797. Cf. Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 455.

284, 1215, 1216. Kings-bench. The court of King's or Queen's Bench (so called because the King used formerly to sit there in person, though the judges determined the causes, the style of the court still being *coram ipso rege*, or *coram ipsa regina*) was the supreme Court of Common Law in the kingdom, having jurisdiction in both criminal and civil causes. In 1875 its jurisdiction was transferred to the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. J. S. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*, 1883-1889.

284, 1219. under covert baron. Under the authority of a husband; originally *coverte de barun*, covered by a husband, married.

286, 2. inherited a chancery suit. The Court of Chancery, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, was the highest court of judicature next to Parliament. It was a Court of Equity, and dealt with the administration of the estates of deceased persons, the redemption and foreclosure of mortgages, the execution of trusts, the performance of contracts between vendors and purchasers of real estate, the wardship of infants and care of their estates, etc. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*. The delays of this court and the suffering caused thereby

were proverbial, until its jurisdiction was transferred in 1875 to the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice and the Court of Appeal. They form the subject of Dickens's *Bleak House*, 1853 ("There never was such an infernal cauldron as that Chancery on the face of the earth," *B. H.* ix, 60), and gave rise to the slang term "in chancery," which seems likely to remain for years in the language, as an equivalent for a bad predicament.

286, 12, 13. **black guard.** I.e., the black-robed lawyers.

286, 14-287, 25. **their own halls in Christmas time . . . revelling Christmas lawyer.** In the halls of the Inns of Court, as at Court, gambling was permitted and legal from Christmas to Epiphany, Jan. 6. Cf. Ashton, *History of Gambling in England*, 1898, p. 27. At all the Inns there were revels, presided over by a "Master of the Revels," which included plays (cf. e.g. Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, given in the hall of the Middle Temple, on Candlemas day, Feb. 2, 1602), masques, songs and dancing. The last revel was held Feb. 2, 1733. Freeman's speech may be paraphrased: Opponents in a legal controversy, like the fools who dice in the lawyers' Halls, find that after all their efforts they lose all their money; and neither of them being the better for the attempt, they at last go away, empty of pocket, lovingly together to the tavern, united in cursing the young lawyer's (dice-)box, which sweeps all, like the (cash-)boxes of the old lawyers. The speech confuses somewhat the point of view of the dicers and that of the legal opponents.

293, 173. **Offer me a reference.** I.e., offer to act as referee or arbitrator to decide a case out of court. Cf. Vanbrugh, *Aesop* (1697), iv, i, 294 (W. C. Ward's ed., 1893).

293, 181, **splitter of causes.** Derogatory term for lawyer, "pettifogger." To split a cause of action was to sue for only a part of a claim with a view to suing for the rest in another action. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

293, 186-189. **Mr. Serjeant . . . your court of Common-Pleas.** Serjeants-at-law, the highest degree in the Common Law, as doctors in the Civil Law. They were made by the sovereign's writ. Up to 1846 they enjoyed a monopoly in the Court of Common Pleas. The judges of the Common Law Courts up to 1873 were required to have this degree. "Since 1868 no person,

except a Judge Designate, has taken the degree, which, however, has never been formally abolished." "The Court of Common Pleas, so-called because its original jurisdiction was to determine controversies between subject and subject, was one of the three Superior Courts of Common Law at Westminster. . . . Its jurisdiction was altogether confined to civil matters . . . and was concurrent with that of the King's Bench and Exchequer in personal actions and ejectment." In the reorganization of the courts by the law of 1873 the exclusive jurisdiction of this court was given to the "Common Pleas Division" of the High Court of Justice, but in 1880 that division was merged in the Queen's Bench Division. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

294, 202. Tricesimo quart' of the queen. The thirty-fourth year of the queen, i.e., Elizabeth.

296, 247, 248. the Exchequer. The Court of Exchequer consisted of two divisions, a Court of Revenue and a Court of Common Law. As a Court of Revenue it ascertained and enforced the proprietary rights of the Crown against the subjects of the realm. As a Court of Common Law it administered redress between subject and subject in all actions whatever except real actions [actions in which claim is made to real estate]. By the Act of 1873 this court was made a division of the High Court of Justice, and in 1881 merged with the King's Bench Division. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

296, 248. the barons. The judges of the court.

296, 262. if you go there. If you come to that.

296, 265-267. shall be instructed . . . solicitor. The solicitor is to-day a lawyer who, as an officer of the Supreme Court of Judicature, "and who only, is entitled to 'sue out any writ or process, or commence, carry on, solicit or defend any action or other proceeding' . . . 'Solicitor of the Supreme Court' is the title given by the Judicature Act, 1873 . . . to all attorneys, solicitors and proctors. Prior to that Act, 'attorneys' conducted business in the Common Law Courts, 'solicitors' business in the Court of Chancery, and 'proctors' ecclesiastical and admiralty business." The attorney was generally solicitor also. Solicitors practice as advocates only in very minor courts. In all important courts the advocate is the *barrister*, who receives information — "instruction" — as to the case, in the form of a "brief," from the solicitor. "It is a rule

of etiquette, but *not* a rule of law, that a barrister should not take instructions except through the intervention of a solicitor." Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

297, 290. **green bag carrier.** The lawyer's green bag, used to carry papers, etc., is still in evidence.

298, 295, 296. **I wou'd . . . ignorant.** For striking a person in the King's Courts the penalty was loss of the right hand, perpetual imprisonment, and forfeiture during life of lands and goods. For striking a person near the courts while the judges were sitting, but out of their view, the penalty was fine and imprisonment during pleasure, but not the loss of the hand. Cf. Sir Wm. Oldnall Russell, *A Treatise on Crimes and Misdemeanors*, Sixth Ed., Eds. Smith and Keep (London, 1896), III, pp. 322, 323; Besant, *London in the Time of the Stuarts* (1903) p. 345.

298, 298. **hearing counsel.** A barrister without a brief, who has to content himself with listening to the trial of cases, without taking part in them. Cf. Addison, *Spectator* No. 21: "Above three Parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of showing their Passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall [i.e. Westminster Hall] every Day, that they may show themselves in a Readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be Occasion for them."

300, 352. **That booksellers.** Cf. note on 306, 503.

300, 366-369. **Culpepper . . . Wingate.** Sir Thomas Culpepper (1578-1662) published in 1621 a *Tract against the high rate of Usurie*, which was reprinted in 1641 and twice in 1668. His son, Sir Thomas (1626-1697), published in 1668 a *Discourse shewing the many advantages which will accrue to the kingdom by the abatement of Usurie*, with an appendix, published later in the same year; in 1670, *The necessity of abating Usury re-asserted*; in 1671, *Brief Survey of the growth of Usury in England, Humble proposal for the Relief of Debtors, Several objections against the Reducement of Usury . . . with the answer*. To which of all these Wycherley refers is not clear.

The Problems of Aristotle with other Philosophers and Phisitions (M. A. Zimaras, Alexander Aphrodisesus). Wherein are contained

divers questions, with their answers, touching the estate of mans bodie. A. Hatfield, London, 1597. There was an edition by R. Walgraue, Edinborough, 1595, and other editions in 1607, 1679 [see *Term Catalogues* I, 364], 1680, 1684. In 1710 was "printed for J. W[right]" the "Twenty-fifth edition."

The Compleat Midwife's practice enlarged . . . the third edition. [London], 1663.

Michael Dalton, of Lincoln's Inn, Master of Chancery, was the author of *The Country Justice*, 1618, and *Officium Vicecomitium — The office and Authority of Sheriffs*, 1623, of which books there were various editions and continuations. William Hughes, of Gray's Inn, was the author of *The Parson's Law*, 1st ed. 1641, *Abridgment of Reports . . . from the first of . . . Elizabeth, etc.*, 1660, 1662, *Queries, or Choice Cases for Moots*, 1675. William Shepard was the author of *The Law of Common Assurances*, 1650, *The Parson's Guide, or the Law of Tithes*, 1654, *The Practical Counsellor in the Law*, 1671, *Actions upon the Case for Slander*, 1662, *Actions upon the Case for Deeds*, 2d ed. 1675, *The Court-keeper's Guide*, 1641, *The President [Precedent] of Presidents*, 1655, and other works. Edmund Wingate, of Gray's Inn, was the author of *The exact Abridgment of all Statutes in Force and Use from the beginning of Magna Charta until 1641*, 1642 [An edition "continued by T. Manby to 1670" was published in 1670], and of *The exact Constable*, 2d ed. 1660, which was in its "fourth edition" in 1676. Both these books had many editions and continuations.

301, 383, 384. St. George for Christendom, or, The Seven Champions of England. The title is confused. The book was *The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom. The Third Part shewing the gallant acts of S. George's his three Sons, etc.* 3d ed. 1696.

301, 385, 386. The Young Clerk's Guide. There are several books to any one of which Wycherley may be referring, e.g., *The Young Clerk's Tutor*, by Edward Cocker, of which there were many editions, *The Young Clerk's Companion*, 1672, *The Clerk's Guide*, by Thomas Manley, 1672. Many other similar titles are to be found in the advertisements of the *Term Catalogues*.

305, 486. dancing of the ropes. Performances on a tight rope, stretched at some height above the ground.

306, 503. **Jack of all Trades, at t'other end of the Hall.** Cf. Glossary. Westminster Hall contained besides the courts many tradesmen's shops. "The shops or stalls . . . are shown in the picture by Gravelot, painted in the reign of George II. 'Ranged along the left side, as you enter, are shops of booksellers, mathematical instrument-makers, haberdashers and sempstresses. At the further end of the Hall are the two Courts of King's Bench on the left, and of the Chancery on the right, divided by a flight of steps which led to the entrances of both. In the print these Courts are inclosed to a certain height, but not covered, so that the noise in the Hall, and the flirtations of the barristers and attorneys with the sempstresses, must have occasionally disturbed the arguments of the counsel . . . On the right side is the same array of shops, except where it is interrupted by the Court of Common Pleas, which projects into the Hall, and is similarly inclosed and uncovered.'" W. Foss, in a Paper read to the Archeological Institute, 1866, quoted by Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 829.

306, 505. [**Aside.**] The *Aside* was added by Hunt, and is perhaps scarcely necessary, as Jerry is on his way out and Freeman utters the speech as he lingers behind.

307, 526. **a reader's dinner.** "A reader was one of the antients or benchers who was called on to give a 'reading' [i.e., a law lecture] in the Inn. As in ancient times, a reader is to this day selected every Lent and Autumn, but his principal duties are to pay a substantial sum . . . towards furnishing a 'reader's feast.'" A. Wood Renton, *Encyclopædia of the Laws of England* (1898).

307, 531, 532. **the reform'd sign of the Salutation tavern.** The reference is perhaps to the *Salutation and Cat*, often called simply the *Salutation*, in Newgate Street, "where Wren used to smoke his pipe, whilst St. Paul's was rebuilding," and to which, later, Coleridge and Charles Lamb resorted. Cf. Besant, *London in the Eighteenth Century* (1902), p. 332, and Ashton, *Social Life in the Time of Queen Anne* (1882), I, 235. There were many taverns and coffee-houses of the same name, but none so famous as that of Newgate.

307, 536. **walk t'other turn.** I.e., another turn. Cf. Vanbrugh, *The Relapse* (1696), I, iii, 311 (W. C. Ward's ed.).

311, 620-622. felo de se . . . felo de ses beins. *Felo de se* (a felon with respect to himself), one who feloniously commits suicide. *Felo de ses biens* (a felon with regard to his possessions), one who feloniously transfers his goods to another.

316, 743, 744. the field at Bloomsbury . . . Edg hill. "All this ground [the present Russell Square and its vicinity, in Bloomsbury] had previously been known as Southampton Fields, or Long Fields, and was the resort of low classes of the people, who here fought their pitched battles, generally on Sundays." Besant and Mitton, *Holborn and Bloomsbury* (1902), p. 90. Cf. Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 337. The battle of Edgehill, near Banbury, was the first great battle of the Civil War, fought Oct. 23, 1642.

319, 837. in forma pauperis. In the character of a pauper. "Every poor person, having cause of action, was entitled by 11 Henry VII . . . which is in affirmance of the Common Law, to have writs according to the nature of the case, without paying the fees thereon, and the judges might assign him counsel and solicitor, who acted gratis." Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

321, 871, 872. you thirty in the hundred rascal. A money-lender exacting thirty per cent interest. For the exactions and tricks of the brokers, cf. *Looke on me London*, by R. J. (1613), quoted by Besant, *London in the Time of the Stuarts* (1882), pp. 350 *et seq.*

321, 872, 873. squire setter. One who tracked out squires that were in money difficulties, as a "setter" dog tracks birds.

324, 954. no herald or poet. Cf. Quaint, the herald in Vanbrugh's *Aesop* (1697), esp. III, i, 99 *et seq.* (Ward's ed.) "Now, sir, here 's a young lord . . . I begin to flatter . . . he . . . finds all I say true . . . and before I leave him — his purse is as empty as his head."

325, 972. going to twelve. A technical term in a dicing game. The general sense seems to be, "without profiting by it oneself."

325, 986-988. dine in the Temple Round or walks, with the knights without noses, or the knights of the post. Cf. note on *P.-D.*, 223, 468. The Temple

“Round” is the ancient round church of the Temple, and the “knights without noses” the recumbent figures of the knights crusaders upon the pavement of the church. Lawyers received their clients in the Temple Round, as formerly at St. Paul’s, and the “knights of the post” frequented the whole place. Cf. *Hudibras* (1678), pt. iii, c. 3, 759-762:

“Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i’ the Temple under trees;
Or walk the Round with Knights o’ the Posts,
About the cross-legg’d knights, their hosts.”

Otway, *The Soldier’s Fortune* (1681) [I, i, 29, 30, Noel’s ed., *Mermaid Ser.*], calls the knights of the post “your peripatetic philosophers of the Temple Walks.” In Anne’s time they were “to be had in the *Temple Walks* from Morning till Night, for two pots of Belch, and a Sixpenny slice of Boil’d Beef.” Quoted by Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* (1882), II, 142.

326, 994, 995. **three or four hundred year . . . in this Hall.** Many Coronation banquets (including that of George IV) were given in Westminster Hall, and “besides the Coronation Banquets, we have record of many others from the earliest time.” Cf. Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 831.

337, 268. **upon the square.** Upon equal terms (now that he has got Jerry under his control).

339, 312. **Littleton.** Sir Thomas Littleton, 1402-1481, judge and legal author. “His fame rests on his treatise on ‘Tenures,’ written in law-French, and his text, with Coke’s comment, long remained the principal authority on English real property law.” *Dict. Nat. Biography*.

339, 325, 326. **the late Conjunction of Affairs, in relation to Coffee-houses.** The allusion in the title is evidently to the government’s order for the closing of the coffee-houses, in Nov. 1675. They were charged with being seminaries of sedition. So great was the opposition to the order that it was soon withdrawn. Cf. Klette, *William Wycherley’s Leben*, p. 25, where titles similar to that of Oldfox’s pamphlet are given; and for the influence and history of the coffee-houses, Macaulay, *History of England*, I, chap. 3, and Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 261.

340, 339, 340. our Inn of Chancery. The Inns of Chancery were so called because they were "anciently inhabited by such clerks as chiefly studied the framing of writs, which regularly belonged to the cursitors, who were officers of the Court of Chancery." . . . They "were formerly preparatory colleges for students, and many entered them before they were admitted into the Inns of Court." Wharton, *Law Lexicon*. There were nine of these, viz., Clifford's Inn, Clement's Inn, Lyon's Inn, connected with the Inner Temple; New Inn and Strand Inn, with the Middle Temple; Furnival's Inn and Thavies' Inn, with Lincoln's Inn; and Staple's Inn and Barnard's Inn with Gray's Inn. Of these, Clifford's, Clement's, Staple's and Barnard's alone remain, and these are used for other purposes than the original, chiefly as "chambers" for private individuals. Cf. Loftie, *Inns of Court and Chancery*, and note on 282, 1165.

342, 383, 384. ravishment of guard — Westminster the Second. "Ravishment de Gard (*ravishment of ward*), an abolished writ which lay for a guardian by knight's service or in socage, against a person who took from him the body of his ward." Wharton, *Law Lexicon*. The statute of Westminster 2, so called, was passed in 13 Edw. I, 1285, Cap. xxxv: "In what cases do lye a writ of Ravishment of ward," etc. The first section of this chapter reads, "Concerning children males or females (whose mariage belongeth to another) taken and carried away, if the ravisher have no right in the mariage . . . he shall . . . be punished for his offence by two years imprisonment; and if he do not restore, or do marry the child after the years of consent, and be not able to satisfie for the mariage, he shall abjure the Realm, or have perpetuall imprisonment." Cf. *A Collection of Sundry Statutes, Frequent in Use*, by Ferdinando Pulton, (London, 1661).

345, 472. Prerogative Court. "An ecclesiastical court established for the trial of all testamentary cases where the deceased possessed at death goods above the value of five pounds in each of two or more dioceses, and consequently where the diocesan courts could not possess jurisdiction." *Cent. Dict.* The jurisdiction of this court in testamentary matters was taken away in 1857 and now belongs to the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, created in 1873. The two archbishops had each

a Prerogative Court, "so-called from the archbishop having a prerogative through the whole province for the said purposes." Renton, *Encyclopædia of the Laws of England*. The ecclesiastical courts were held at *Doctors' Commons*, an institution near St. Paul's, dissolved in 1857.

346, 485. **proctors.** Cf. Glossary, and note on 296, 265.

346, 486, 487. **a shrewd man of White Friars.** Whitefriars was "the streets, lanes and alleys between Water-lane (now Whitefriars-street) and the Temple, and Fleet-street and the Thames; formerly the site of the house and gardens of a convent of Carmelites, or White Friars, founded . . . 1241. Dissolved by Henry VIII. . . . The hall or refectory . . . was used as the Whitefriars Theatre. The precinct had long possessed the privileges of Sanctuary, which were confirmed by charter of James I in 1608; hence it became the asylum of characterless debtors, cheats and gamblers, here protected from arrest: it acquired the cant name of 'Alsatia,' and is the scene of Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia*, the characters of which 'dare not stir out of Whitefryers.'" Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 832. Cf. also Scott's *The Fortunes of Nigel*. Jerry's "shrewd man" had evidently acquired his knowledge of law by evading it.

349, 83. **earnest pence.** Money paid as an instalment, especially for the purpose of securing a bargain or contract.

350, 94. **the drawing-room.** At Whitehall.

351, 127. **the Old Exchange.** The Royal Exchange, near the Bank of England and the Mansion House, was erected in 1564-70 by Sir Thomas Gresham. It was burned in the Great Fire of 1666, and its successor, erected by Jarman, was also burned in 1838. The present building was erected in 1842-44 by Tite. The Royal Exchange is here called "Old" to distinguish it from the New Exchange. Cf. note on *C.W.*, 31, 5.

357, 284. **a Saracen in the sign.** Inns with the sign of the Saracen's head were common in London. There was one at Snow Hill, "without Newgate," mentioned by Stow, one "without Bishopsgate," another in Friday Street, Cheapside, not removed till 1844, another at 5 Aldgate Street. "When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces (as you still

see the sign of the Saracen's head is), when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit." Selden, *Table Talk* (1689), quoted by Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 456. Cunningham, *Handbook for London* (1850), p. 438, quotes Fenner's *Counter's Commonwealth* [1617, p. 3,] "where a serjeant of the compter is described with 'a phisnomy much resembling the Saracen's head without Newgate, and a mouth as wide vaulted as that without Bishopsgate.'" Cf. also Nash, *Unfortunate Traveler* (1594), "sulphurous, big swollen large face, like a Saracen." Olivia means that Manly is no more handsome than is the Saracen.

367, 514. a death so horrid. So all the originals; but Hunt and Ward read *deed*, which is possibly correct. But probably Fidelity intends to say that such a fate would be a living death more horrible a thousand times than the actual death which confronts her if she refuses.

370, 33-35. deface the nudities . . . because they are not real. Cf. Molière, *Le Misanthrope*, III, iv, 4, 71, 72 (noted by Ward):

*Elle fait des tableaux couvrir les nudités;
Mais elle a de l'amour pour les réalités.*

371, 56. out of your house. Olivia, in fear of her husband, has fled and spent the night at Eliza's lodgings.

381, 86-89. like a box in an ordinary . . . key. The "box" is that of the game-keeper of the ordinary, into which the gamblers paid a part of their winnings. The perquisites of the keeper often amounted to more than the winnings of the gamblers. Cf. W. de Britaine, *Hum. Prudence* (1693), 141, "Playing at Dice . . . the Box-keeper is commonly the greatest Winner." Cf. also Cotton's *Compleat Gamester* (1674), p. 21, and Mrs. Centlivre's play, *The Gamester* (1705) p. 50 et seq.

390, 326. the satyr. Cf. Glossary.

396. [Scene III. The same Room.] Hunt and Ward read *A Room in the Same*. There is no occasion for the change.

399, 76. through the ear. Krause, p. 29, refers to Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, I, i, 164.

400, 93. choak-bayl action. Cf. Glossary, *choak-bayl*.

402, 126. Durante beneplacito. During pleasure, so long as I am willing.

402, 138. **a nag of assizes.** This appears to mean "a first-rate horse." Cf. Glossary, *assizes*.

414, 22. **Squires of the long robe.** Gentlemen of the legal profession. Cf. Steele, Preface to *Grief A-la-Mode* (1701): "Far be it from any Man's Thought to say there are not Men of strict Integrity of the Long Robe, tho' it is not every Body's good Fortune to meet with them."

415, 24. **Brother-Templar.** Cf. *Life*.

Bibliography

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This list includes separate editions, adaptations, the issues in collective editions of Wycherley, and with the plays of other dramatists.

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1683, 4°. **THE COUNTRY-WIFE**, A Comedy, Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for T. Dring, and sold by R. Bentley, and S. Magnes in Russel-street in Covent-Garden.

1688, 4°. **THE COUNTRY-WIFE**, A Comedy, Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for T. Dring, and sold by R. Bentley, and S. Magnes in Russel-street in Covent-Garden.

1695, 4°. **THE COUNTRY-WIFE**, A Comedy, Acted at the Theatre-Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for Samuel Briscoe in Russel-street Covent-Garden, and Daniel Dring at the Harrow in Fleet-street.

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Glossary

- alcove**, the recess in a chamber in which stood the bed. *P.-D.* II, i, 680; IV, i, 103.
- alimony**, allowance received by a wife from her husband's estate on separation from him; also (*in jest*), allowance received by husband from wife under like circumstances. *P.-D.* I, i, 522; V, iii, 157.
- apostle-spoons**, silver spoons, the handles of which end in figures of the Apostles. *P.-D.* II, i, 1203.
- apprehend**, fear, dread. *P.-D.* Dedic., 189; IV, ii, 442.
- arithmetical**, formal, conventional? *C.W.* II, i, 546.
- assizes**, customary standards or quality. *P.-D.* V, iii, 138.
- Ayle** (*aile, aiel*, O. Fr. *aiel, aieul*), grandfather. *P.-D.* I, i, 597.
- bafled, baffled**, disgraced, dishonored. *C.W.* Prol. 5. *P.-D.* IV, i, 31.
- Bays**, author. *C.W.* Prol. II, 16. See notes. *C.W.* 3, II. *P.-D.* 193, 55.
- beef-eater**, popular name for Yeoman of the Guard, in the household of the sovereign of Great Britain. *P.-D.* I, i, 379.
- Belin'sgate** (*Billingsgate*), scurrilous vituperation, such as characterized the famous market of Billingsgate. *P.-D.* III, i, 215.
- bilk**, cheat, defraud. *P.-D.* II, i, 952; V, iii, 37.
- blade**, "fellow," (*in laudatory sense*). *P.-D.* I, i, 170.
- boar-cat**, male cat, tom-cat. *P.-D.* III, i, 540.
- branch**, embroider with foliage (*fig.*). *P.-D.* III, i, 198.
- Brandenburgh**, a morning gown, so-called from Brandenburgh, Prussia, a city noted for its woolen manufactures. *P.-D.* II, i, 681.
- break** (a jest), utter, "crack" a joke. *P.-D.* V, ii, 324.
- breviate**, a lawyer's brief. *P.-D.* III, i, 276.
- bribe-pye**, a pie received as a bribe. *P.-D.* III, i, 984.
- brimmer**, a brimming cup. *C.W.* V, iv, 27.
- buble, bubble**, *n.* a dupe, a gull: *vb.* to dupe, cheat.

- C.W.* II, i, 318; III, ii, 75, 79; v, iii, 48.
- bud**, a term of endearment; generally applied elsewhere to children or young persons. *C.W.* II, i, 43.
- buffe-headed**, buffalo-headed, big-headed, *hence*, foolish, stupid. *P.-D.* II, i, 145.
- bully**, a blustering gallant, a swashbuckler; in **bully-like**, a ruffian hired for purposes of violence; in **bully tar**, **bully guardian**, a term of friendly admiration, "my good," "my fine" guardian. *C.W.* Prol. I; I, i, 338. *P.-D.* I, i, 127; II, i, 420; III, i, 997; v, ii, 341; v, iii, 133.
- by**, of. *C.W.* IV, iii, 477. *P.-D.* IV, i, 359.
- cashiered**, dismissed from service. *P.-D.* I, i, 331.
- caudle**, "a warm drink consisting of thin gruel, mixed with wine or ale, sweetened and spiced." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* II, i, 1128.
- cere-cloaths**, waxed winding-sheets for corpses. *P.-D.* II, i, 1112.
- champertee**, the illegal assistance of another in a law-suit, on condition of receiving part of the property in dispute, if it is recovered. *P.-D.* III, i, 411.
- changeling**, a half-witted person, idiot. *C.W.* IV, ii, 58; v, i, 48; v, iv, 363.
- character**, an essay descriptive of a person. *P.-D.* IV, i, 299.
- choak-bayl**, said of an action at law so important that the defendant is not admitted to bail. *P.-D.* v, iii, 93.
- chopping**, big, strapping. *P.-D.* II, i, 1148.
- chouse**, dupe, swindle. *P.-D.* II, i, 1198.
- chymist**, chemist, apothecary. *C.W.* I, i, 199. *P.-D.* I, i, 378.
- cit** (short for citizen) (*often contemptuous*). *C.W.* II, i, 312; v, iv, 185.
- civil**, polite, refined; frequently used of fine ladies, as distinguished from commonwomen. *C.W.* I, i, 167; III, ii, 703. *P.-D.* Dedic., 60.
- cocking**, impudent, cocky. *P.-D.* v, ii, 101.
- coming**, complaisant (*in bad sense*). *P.-D.* IV, i, 61.
- companion**, "fellow" (*contemptuous*). *P.-D.* I, i, 628; II, i, 1055; III, i, 174.
- conduct**, skillful management, good generalship. *C.W.* v, iv, 419 (*ironical*).
- consideration**, equivalent received for something done for

- another's benefit, especially in business or legal transactions. *P.-D.* v, iii, 154.
- conventicle-gallant**, meeting-place of fine ladies. *P.-D.* II, i, 442.
- convoy**, commander of warships escorting merchantmen. *P.-D.* III, i, 895. *Usually*, the warships themselves. *P.-D.* I, i, 667. Escort, *P.-D.* I, i, 676.
- correspondency**, relation; fair c., good relations, agreement. *P.-D.* III, i, 897.
- cousen** (*cozen*), cheat. *C.W.* Epil. 33.
- covert**, in under covert baron. *P.-D.* II, i, 1219. See note, 284, 1219.
- cozen**, cousin. *C.W.* I, i, 472.
- crowd**, an ancient Celtic form of the fiddle. *C.W.* I, i, 380. See note, 21, 379.
- cuckhold**, cuckold, a betrayed husband. *C.W.* I, i, 100. *P.-D.* IV, i, 111; *vb.*, to betray a husband. *P.-D.* Dedic., 40.
- cully**, dupe, gull. *C.W.* IV, iv, 66; v, iii, 90. *P.-D.* Dedic., 179; II, i, 718; v, ii, 457.
- curiously**, skillfully. *C.W.* IV, ii, 233.
- curst**, savage, fierce. *P.-D.* III, i, 652.
- Cuz**, (*abbreviation of*) cousin, any relative more distant than brother or sister. *C.W.* II, i, 678.
- dagled**, bespattered with mud. *P.-D.* I, i, 527; III, i, 34.
- decorums**, proprieties, requirements of etiquette. *P.-D.* I, i, 2.
- detinue**, unlawful detention of personal property belonging to another. **action of d.**, a suit at law to recover personal property wrongfully detained. *P.-D.* III, i, 631.
- dip'd**, involved in debt, mortgaged. *P.-D.* III, i, 865.
- discover**, reveal. *C.W.* I, i, 60; v, i, 62. *P.-D.* II, i, 13.
- disgust**, *tr. vb.*, dislike, regard with aversion. *P.-D.* IV, i, 188.
- disseise**, to dispossess a person of his estate, usually wrongfully or by force. *P.-D.* I, i, 599.
- disseisor**, one who disseises. *P.-D.* I, i, 600.
- disseizen**, (*disseisin*), the act or fact of disseising. **writ of d.**, writ initiating an action at law for the recovery of property by one who has been dispossessed. *P.-D.* I, i, 614.
- documents**, instructions, lessons. *C.W.* II, i, 73.
- dogged**, ill-tempered, surly. *P.-D.* I, i, 160.

- dow-baked (dough-)**, imperfectly baked, so as to remain doughy, hence deficient in sense, foolish. *C.W.* iv, iv, 46.
- doze**, *tr. vb.*, stupefy, make dull. *C.W.* i, i, 268.
- drawing-room**, reception or levee at court; also the reception room. *C.W.* ii, i, 68; iii, ii, 173. *P.-D.* ii, i, 103; iv, ii, 118.
- droling**, jesting, playing the buffoon. *C.W.* ii, i, 611; *P.-D.* iv, ii, 33.
- drugget**, a kind of cheap woolen stuff, used for wearing apparel. *C.W.* v, iv, 93.
- dust**, drink quickly, toss off. *C.W.* iv. iii, 513.
- eclaircissement** (*Fr.*), an explanation, especially a mutual explanation of equivocal conduct. *C.W.* iii, ii, 365. *P.-D.* iv, ii, 23.
- eigne** (*Fr. anye, âiné*), first-born, eldest. *P.-D.* iv, i, 446.
- engagements**, pecuniary obligations, debts. *P.-D.* ii, i, 1010.
- entail**, the rule of descent settled for an estate so that it cannot be bequeathed at the pleasure of the possessor. *P.-D.* ii, i, 661.
- enter**, to make an entry into land as an assertion of ownership, take possession. **enter upon** (a person), dispossess a holder of property. *P.-D.* i, i, 613.
- errant, errand**, *adj.*, arrant. *C.W.* ii, i, 456; iv, i, 55; iv, ii, 229; v, iv, 473.
- exemplifie**, amplify. *P.-D.* iii, i, 204. (It is at least open to question whether this word, which apparently occurs only here in the language, is not a misprint for *amplifie*, the *ex* being borrowed from *extenuate*, which just precedes it in the line. Cf. foot-note, p. 294.)
- exhibition**, an allowance of money for a person's support. *P.-D.* v, iii, 137.
- fadge**, come on, thrive. *C.W.* iv, iii, 1.
- falling-sickness**, epilepsy. *C.W.* iv, i, 41. *P.-D.* iv, ii, 429.
- fee**, "fee-simple, an estate belonging to the owner and his heirs forever, without limitation to any particular class of heirs." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* i, i, 598.
- fine**, *intr. vb.*, to pay a fine. *C.W.* ii, i, 630.
- fit**, *vb.*, to punish, visit with a fit penalty. *P.-D.* ii, i, 697.
- Fitz** (*O. Fr., law-Fr.*), son. *P.-D.* i, i, 597.

- Fop-corner**, that part of the pit in which the fops, wits and critics gathered. *P.-D.* II, i, 335.
- foyl'd** (*foiled*), fouled, polluted; (of horses) injured, as by foundering, etc. *C.W.* I, i, 470.
- fropish** (*froppish*), fretful, peevish. *C.W.* II, i, 44.
- fumbling**, *adj.*, impotent. *C.W.* I, i, 11. *P.-D.* II, i, 1124.
- Gadsbodikins**, an oath, corruption of *Godsbodikins*, *God's* (i.e. *Christ's*) *little body*. *P.-D.* III, i, 289.
- gadsnouns**, an oath, corruption of *God's* (i.e. *Christ's*) *wounds*. *P.-D.* III, i, 759.
- gads precious**, an oath, *God's* (i.e. *Christ's*) *precious* (sc. *heart, blood, etc.*) *P.-D.* III, i, 877.
- Gazet**, news-sheet. *C.W.* II, i, 639. *P.-D.* II, i, 119, 660.
- gentleman-usher**, a gentleman acting as usher to a person of superior rank. *C.W.* II, i, 619; IV, iii, 113.
- glote** (*gloat*), to cast amorous or admiring glances. *P.-D.* II, i, 90; IV, i, 99.
- goldsmith**, banker. *P.-D.* IV, ii, 201; V, i, 69.
- Grand Signior**, the Sultan of Turkey. *C.W.* IV, iii, 448.
- Great Turk**, the Sultan of Turkey. *C.W.* II, i, 585.
- grum**, surly, glum. *C.W.* II, i, 7; IV, iii, 327. *P.-D.* III, i, 696.
- gunpowder-spot**, a "beauty-spot," produced by the use of gunpowder. *P.-D.* II, i, 758.
- hackney**, hireling. *C.W.* IV, iii, 112.
- hob**, a game in which a peg or pin, called a hob, was used as a mark or target. *P.-D.* I, i, 180.
- hocus-pocus**, juggling, cheating. *C.W.* III, ii, 138.
- hombre**, 'ombre (*ombre*), a favorite game at cards, borrowed from the Spaniards. Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, Canto III. *C.W.* II, i, 587. *P.-D.* II, i, 864; IV, ii, 81.
- home**, *adj.*, searching, pointed, direct. *P.-D.* *Dedica.*, 83.
- hotcockles**, "a rustic game in which one player lay face downwards, or knelt down with his eyes covered, and being struck on the back by the others in turn, guessed who struck him." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* IV, i, 367.
- huffing**, talking big, "bluff-

- ing." *C.W.* Prol., 19; Epil., 11.
- hugously**, immensely. *C.W.* 11, i, 27.
- hurry-durry**, a sailor's epithet for rough, foul weather. In *P.-D.* 1, i, 170, figuratively, of Manly.
- ingeniously**, ingenuously. *P.-D.* 111, i, 814.
- intelligencer**, newsmonger. *P.-D.* 1, i, 567.
- jack-chain**, "a chain each link of which consists of a double loop of wire, resembling a figure of 8, but with the loops in planes at right angles to each other; the links are not welded." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* 1, i, 376.
- Jack of all Trades**, the keeper of a variety shop. *P.-D.* 111, i, 503. See note, 306, 503.
- jilfirt** (*gillfirt*), a wanton or giddy young woman. *C.W.* 11, i, 50.
- jointure**, an estate held to the joint use of a husband and wife for life or in tail, as a provision for the latter, in the event of her widowhood; hence also a sole estate limited to the wife, and becoming hers for her life at least, upon the death of her husband. *P.-D.* 1, i, 513; 11, i, 1222; 111, i, 567; 1V, i, 464.
- keep**, keep a mistress. *C.W.* 1, i, 560; Epil., 12. *P.-D.* Dedic., 108; 11, i, 15.
- keeper**, one who keeps a mistress. *C.W.* 1, i, 63; v, iv, 66. *P.-D.* Dedic., 183.
- lac'd** (*of coffee*), mixed with spirits. *P.-D.* 111, i, 901.
- lamblack**, *vb.*, to lampblack, "black," polish. *P.-D.* 111, i, 293.
- lanterlu** (*lanterloo*), a game at cards, in which the knave of clubs, called Pam, is the highest card. As a person's name, *C.W.* v, iii, 115.
- latitudinarian**, one who is tolerant, not strict. *P.-D.* 1, i, 267.
- law-meush** (*-meuse, -muse*), loophole in the law, legal trick, affording a means of escape. Cf. *N.E.D.*, *meuse*. *P.-D.* v, iii, 107. Hunt and Ward read *mesh*, which is the exact opposite of the sense required.
- levy**, levee, a morning reception, held by a prince or great personage. *P.-D.* 1, i, 619.
- liberties**, a district having special privileges or under exclusive jurisdiction. *P.-D.* Dedic., 169.
- livery**, legal delivery. *P.-D.*

- 1, i, 647. See note, 230, 647.
- Lockets.** *C.W.* iv, iii, 338. *P.-D.* II, i, 713. See note, *C.W.* 126, 338.
- loofs, luffs.** *P.-D.* II, i, 998. Hunt and Ward read *loots*.
- lu** (*loo*), abbreviation of *lanterlu* (*lanterloo*), *q.v.* *C.W.* *Epil.*, 27.
- magpy** (*fig.*), a chatterer. *C.W.* II, i, 51.
- mainly, strongly, greatly.** *C.W.* v, iv, 275.
- make, do, be about, be occupied with.** *C.W.* iv, iii, 207.
- mammock, chunk, fragment.** *P.-D.* iv, i, 146.
- marker, one who marks the score at games.** *C.W.* III, ii, 34.
- marry gep, marry go up** (= *marry come up*). *P.-D.* III, i, 296.
- martinet, the system of drill invented by Martinet.** *P.-D.* III, i, 769, 771.
- masty, mastiff.** *P.-D.* iv, ii, 277.
- meer** (*mere*), out-and-out. *C.W.* II, i, 51.
- Mere** (*law-Fr.*), mother. *P.-D.* I, i, 606.
- motion, a puppet-show.** *P.-D.* III, i, 485.
- mouse, pull about roughly.** *C.W.* II, i, 23.
- moyl** (*moil*), drudge, labor. *C.W.* iv, iii, 230.
- murrain, a cattle-plague** (*used in imprecations*). *C.W.* v, iv, 513.
- musle** (*mousle, muzzle*), to nuzzle, fondle with the closed mouth. *C.W.* iv, ii, 49.
- nanger** (*provincial*), anger. *C.W.* II, i, 45.
- natural, n.**, a fool. *C.W.* iv, i, 55.
- newsbook, a small newspaper.** **newsbook-secret**, a secret already published in the newspaper, and so no secret at all. *P.-D.* III, i, 522.
- nick, gamble; cheat.** *P.-D.* II, i, 1173; III, i, 949.
- nicompoop** (*nincompoop*), blockhead. *P.-D.* II, i, 1125.
- night gown, negligée gown, house-dress.** *C.W.* v, i, after 135.
- occasional, caused by a special occurrence.** *C.W.* I, i, 75.
- once, once for all.** *C.W.* iv, i, 173.
- on kimbow, akimbo.** *P.-D.* II, i, 669.
- ordinary, an eating-house where a meal is served at a fixed price; the meal itself.**

- C.W.* v, iv, 103. *P.-D.* iv, i, 341; v, ii, 86.
- original**, an eccentric, uncommon person. *C.W.* iv, iii, 444.
- over-conscious**, over-critical. *P.-D.* ii, i, 515.
- over-looking**, supercilious, contemptuous. *P.-D.* i, i, 64.
- pantaloons**, "a kind of breeches or trousers in fashion for some time after the Restoration." *N.E.D.*; **pantaloons captain**, a fashionably dressed young swell in command, contrasted with the rough common sailor. *P.-D.* i, i, 161.
- Pas par tout**, (*passee partout*), "that which passes, or permits to pass, everywhere, a master-key." *Cent. Dict.* Hence, one who passes everywhere. *C.W.* i, i, 217.
- paw**, improper, naughty, obscene. *C.W.* v, ii, 62.
- peppercorn**, the dried berry of black pepper; often stipulated as a quit-rent, or nominal rent. *P.-D.* ii, i, 1140.
- per**. See note on *P.-D.* 228, 586.
- Pere** (*law-Fr.*), father. *P.-D.* i, i, 597.
- picaroon**, pirate, corsair. *P.-D.* ii, i, 997.
- picquet**, a game of cards. *C.W.* Epil., 27.
- place-house**, manor-house. *C.W.* ii, i, 81.
- plain-dealing**, frank and honest speech or conduct. Cf. *P.-D.* Prol.
- post**. See note on *P.-D.* 228, 586.
- presently**, at once. *C.W.* iv, ii, 187; v, iv, 350.
- proctor**, "a person employed to manage another's cause in a court of civil or ecclesiastical law, as in the court of admiralty or a spiritual court. Proctors discharged duties similar to those of solicitors and attornies in other courts." *Cent. Dict.* *P.-D.* iv, i, 487.
- projector**, schemer. *C.W.* iv, iii, 3.
- proper**, good-looking, well-formed, of strong, handsome body. *C.W.* ii, i, 28. *P.-D.* iv, ii, 285.
- propriety**, property, ownership. *P.-D.* iii, i, 596.
- pulvilio**, perfumed powder. *C.W.* iv, i, 4. *P.-D.* ii, i, 687; iv, ii, 72.
- pure**, fine, nice; out-and-out, absolute. *C.W.* iii, i, 13; iii, ii, 315. *P.-D.* iii, i, 464.
- railleur** (*Fr.*), one who turns

- what is serious into ridicule, a mocker. *C.W.* II, i, 191.
- rakehell**, rake. *C.W.* III, ii, 472.
- receivers**, takers of money. *C.W.* v, iv, 179.
- reference**, submission of a legal case to a referee for decision. *P.-D.* III, i, 173.
- renegado**, deserter. *P.-D.* II, i, 1164.
- rithme** = rime. *P.-D.* II, i, 613.
- rithming** = riming. *P.-D.* I, i, 574.
- rol-wagon** (*roll-*), toy wagon. *C.W.* IV, iii, 253 (*sens. obscen.*).
- rook**, a gull, one who is cheated in gaming; also, a cheat, a swindler in gaming. *C.W.* I, i, 63; I, i, 327. *P.-D.* Prol., 15; I, i, 576.
- ruffin**, an early form of *ruffian*. *P.-D.* IV, i, 42.
- sadness**, seriousness. *C.W.* II, i, 571.
- satyr**, satire, *P.-D.* Dedic., 82; v, ii, 274, 282: satirist, in *P.-D.* v, ii, 326, but with reference also, through confusion as to the origin of the word, to the satyr of classical mythology: satyr, *P.-D.* II, i, 549.
- scorch'd**, heated; **scorch'd** **trencher**, a wooden platter, heated to warm a bed. *P.-D.* II, i, 1131.
- scowrer**, one who scours or roams the streets at night, committing mischief. Cf. Gay, *Trivia*, iii, 325. *P.-D.* v, ii, 479. **scouring**. *P.-D.* II, i, 1206.
- seised** (*seized*), legally possessed of; **seised in fee**, legally possessed of an estate held without limitations as to its disposal. Cf. *fee*. *P.-D.* I, i, 598.
- seizen** (*seisin*), legal possession. *P.-D.* I, i, 647. See note, 230, 647.
- serjeant**, a bailiff, constable, catchpoll; a lawyer of high rank, appointed (up to 1868) from among the barristers by the crown. *P.-D.* I, i, 528; III, i, 186.
- sham**, to tell a humbugging story. *P.-D.* III, i, 799, 806; IV, ii, 33. **shammer**, *P.-D.* III, i, 13.
- shocks**, rough-haired dogs, poodles. *C.W.* II, i, 639. Hunt and Ward read *smocks!*
- snack**, share. *C.W.* III, ii, 79.
- snap**, an impudent, or knavish, fellow. *P.-D.* II, i, 1096.
- souz'd** (*soused*), pickled. *P.-D.* III, i, 242.
- sponge**, obtain meanly, at the

- expense of others. *P.-D.* Prol., 13.
- squab**, fat, short and stout. *C.W.* iv, iii, 22.
- stews**, house of ill fame. *P.-D.* iv, i, 96.
- sub-pœna**, a writ commanding the attendance in court of the person on whom it is served, under a penalty. *P.-D.* i, i, 624.
- swinging** (*swingeing*), great, huge. *C.W.* i, i, 495.
- tar**, (*abbreviation of*) tarpaulin, a sailor. *P.-D.* ii, i, 694.
- tarpaulin**, *n.*, a sailor; *adj.*, made of tarred canvas. *P.-D.* i, i, 160; ii, i, 681.
- Templer**, a member of the Inner or the Middle Temple, one of the Inns of Court. *P.-D.* Epil., 24, 27. See note, 282, 1165, and *Life*.
- to halves**, by halves, halfheartedly. *P.-D.* Dedic., 81.
- tomrigg**, tomboy. *C.W.* iv, iii, 196.
- Tony**, a simpleton. *P.-D.* iii, i, 469.
- toure**, (*tower*), a wig (or the natural hair) built up very high; also, in the last third of the 17th and first third of the 18th centuries, a high head-dress, consisting of a wire framework covered with lace. *P.-D.* ii, i, 39.
- touse**, pull about, handle roughly. *C.W.* ii, i, 23.
- towards**, concerned with, interested in. *P.-D.* i, i, 559. See note, 227, 558.
- training-day**, day for drill and review of the citizen soldiery. *P.-D.* ii, i, 787.
- trangame**, a toy, gimcrack. *P.-D.* iii, i, 543, 544.
- treat**, *n.*, an entertainment given as a compliment, and costing the recipient nothing; presents; *vb.*, to give such an entertainment or presents. *C.W.* i, i, 595; ii, i, 102; iii, ii, 731, 733.
- trover**, "a common-law action for damages for the wrongful taking or detention of goods from the possession of another." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* iii, i, 632; v, iv, 172.
- tyre-women** (*tire-*), ladies' maids. *C.W.* i, i, 15.
- tyring-room** (*tiring-*), dressing-room. *C.W.* Prol., 25; Epil., 12. *P.-D.* Dedic., 182, 183; ii, i, 491.
- unconscionable**, conscienceless. *P.-D.* iii, i, 335; v, iii, 162.
- ure**, use, practice. *C.W.* iii, ii, 35.

vent, vend, sell. *P.-D.* Epil.,
12.

vizard-mask (*vizor-*), a
short mask concealing the up-
per part of the face; a masked
woman, usually, a harlot.
C.W. I, i, 234; v, iv, 137;

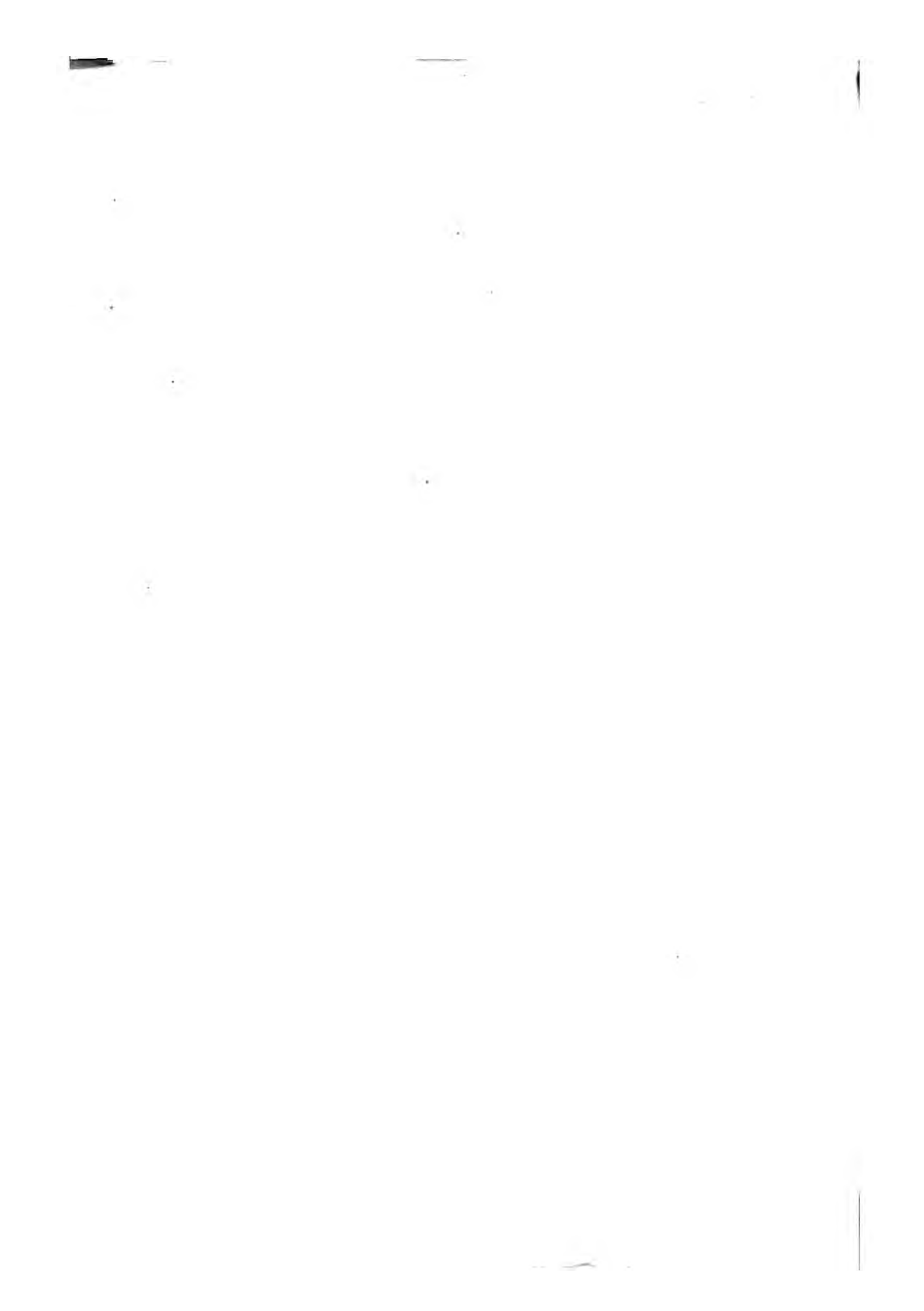
Epil., 2. See note, 16, 234.

weather (*wether*), a gelded
ram. *C.W.* II, i, 605.

y vads (*I'vads, evads, etc.*),
in faith. *C.W.* IV, ii, 190.







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