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Three Weeks after Marriage ;

(10)

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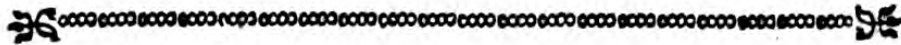
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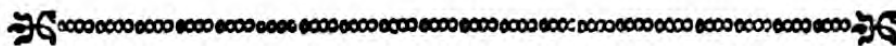
As PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

In C O V E N T - G A R D E N.



\_\_\_\_\_ Otium & oppidi  
Laudat rura sui \_\_\_\_\_ HOR.  
\_\_\_\_\_ Nugæ seria ducent  
In mala \_\_\_\_\_ HOR.



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M, DCC, LXXVI.



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

**T**HE following farce was offered to the public in January 1764; but the quarrel about a trifle, and the renewal of that quarrel after the dispute had subsided, being thought unnatural, the piece was *damned*. Mr. LEWIS of Covent-Garden Theatre, had the courage to revive it for his benefit in March last, with an alteration of the title, and it has been since repeated with success. A similar incident happened to VOLTAIRE at PARIS. That writer, in the year 1734, produced a tragedy, intitled ADELAIDE DU GUESCLIN, which was hissed through every act. In 1765, LE KAIN, an actor of eminence, revived the play, which had lain for years under condemnation. Every scene was applauded. What can I think, says VOLTAIRE, of these opposite judgments? He tells the following anecdote. A banker at Paris had orders to get a new march composed for one of the regiments of Charles XII. He employed a man of talents for the purpose. The march was prepared and a practice of it had at the banker's house before a numerous assembly. The music was found detestable. MOURET (that was the composer's name) retired with his performance, and soon after inserted it in one of his operas. The banker and his friends went to the opera; the march was applauded. Ah, says the banker, *that's what we wanted: why did you not give us something in this taste?* Sir, replied MOURET, the march which you now applaud, is the very same that you condemned before.

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N

Sir CHARLES RACKETT,	Mr. LEWIS.
DRUGGET,	Mr. QUICK.
LOVELACE,	Mr. BOOTH.
WOODLEY,	Mr. YOUNG.

### W O M E N.

Lady RACKETT,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. DRUGGET,	Mrs. PITT.
NANCY,	Miss DAYES.
DIMITY,	Mrs. GREEN.

A Servant, &c.



## Three Weeks after Marriage ;

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### A C T I.

*Enter Woodley and Dimity.*

*Dimity.*

**P**O! Po!—no such thing—I tell you Mr. Woodley, you are a mere novice in these affairs.

*Wood.* Nay, but listen to reason, Mrs. Dimity,——has not your master, Mr. Drugget, invited me down to his country-seat, in order to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage; and with what pretence can he now break off?

*Dim.* What pretence!——you put a body out of all patience——But go on your own way, Sir; my advice is all lost upon you.

*Wood.* You do me injustice, Mrs. Dimity——your advice has governed my whole conduct——Have not I fix'd an interest in the young lady's heart?

*Dim.* An interest in a fiddlestick!——You ought to have made love to the father and mother——What, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by speaking fine things to the lady you've a fancy for?——That was the practice, indeed; but things are alter'd now——you must address the old people, Sir; and never trouble your head about your mistress——None of your letters, and verses, and soft looks, and fine speeches,——“Have compassion, thou angelic creature, on a poor dying”——Pshaw! stuff! nonsense! all out of fashion.—Go your ways to the old curmudgeon, humour his whims——“I shall esteem

teem it an honour, Sir, to be allied to a gentleman of your rank and taste." " Upon my word, he's a pretty young gentleman"—Then wheel about to the mother: " Your daughter, ma'am, is the very model of you, and I shall adore her for your sake." " Here, come hither, Nancy, take this gentleman for better for worse." " La, mama, I can never consent."—" I should not have thought of your consent—the consent of your relations is enough: why, how now, huffey!" So away you go to church, the knot is tied, an agreeable honey-moon follows, the charm is then dissolv'd; you go to all the clubs in St. James's Street; your lady goes to the Coterie; and, in a little time you both go to Doctor's Commons; and, if faults on both sides prevent a divorce, you'll quarrel like contrary elements all the rest of your lives: that's the way of the world now.

*Wood.* But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

*Dim.* Attention! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company; but what then?—You should have entered into their characters, play'd with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

*Wood.* But if my temper is too frank—

*Dim.* Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourself.—Have not you to do with a rich old shop-keeper, retired from business with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London road, which he calls living in the country—and yet you must find fault with his situation!—What if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his house and gardens, you know his heart is set upon it; and could not you have commended his taste? But you must be too frank!—" Those walks and alleys are too regular—those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes."—And thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that's monstrous, to follow nature—Oh, you're likely to be a successful lover!

*Wood.* But why should I not save a father-in-law from being a laughing stock?

*Dim.*



*Dim.* Make him your father-in-law first—

*Wood.* Why, he can't open his windows for the dust—he stands all day looking through a pane of glass at the carts and stage-coaches, as they pass by, and he calls that living in the fresh air, and enjoying his own thoughts.

*Dim.* And could not you let him go on his own way? You have ruin'd yourself by talking sense to him; and all your nonsense to the daughter won't make amends for it.—And then the mother; how have you play'd your cards in that quarter?—She wants a tinsel man of fashion for her second daughter—“Don't you see (says she) how happy my eldest girl is made by marrying Sir Charles Rackett. She has been married three entire weeks, and not so much as one angry word has pass'd between them—Nancy shall have a man of quality too.”

*Wood.* And yet I know Sir Charles Rackett perfectly well.

*Dim.* Yes, so do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at last—But what then? You should have humour'd the old folks,—you should have been a talking empty fop, to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taste in gardening. But you have lost him—he is grown fond of this beau Lovelace, who is here in the house with him; the coxcomb ingratiates himself by flattery, and you're undone by frankness.

*Wood.* And yet, Dimity, I won't despair.

*Dim.* And yet you have reason to despair; a million of reasons—To-morrow is fix'd for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night—they are engag'd, indeed, at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithstanding.—The family is fitting up for them; Mr. Drugget will keep you all up, in the next room there, till they arrive—and to-morrow the business is over—and yet you don't despair!—Hush!—hold your tongue; here comes, Lovelace—Step in, and I'll devise something, I warrant you. [*Exit Woodley.*] The old folks shall not have their own way—'Tis enough to vex a body,

to

8            T H R E E   W E E K S

to see an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they please, in spite of all I can do. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Drugget and Lovelace.*

*Drug.* And so you like my house and gardens, Mr. Lovelace.

*Love.* Oh! perfectly, Sir; they gratify my taste of all things. One sees villas where nature reigns in a wild kind of simplicity; but then they have no appearance of art, no art at all.

*Drug.* Very true, rightly distinguish'd:—now mine is all art; no wild nature here; I did it all myself.

*Love.* What, had you none of the great proficients in gardening to assist you?

*Drug.* Lackaday! no,—ha! ha! I understand these things—I love my garden. The front of my house, Mr. Lovelace, is not that very pretty?

*Love.* Elegant to a degree!

*Drug.* Don't you like the sun-dial, plac'd just by my dining-room windows!

*Love.* A perfect beauty!

*Drug.* I knew you'd like it—and the motto is so well adapted—*Tempus edax & index rerum.* And I know the meaning of it—Time eateth and discovereth all things—ha! ha! pretty, Mr. Lovelace! I have seen people so stare at it as they pass by—ha! ha!

*Love.* Why now, I don't believe there's a nobleman in the kingdom has such a thing.

*Drug.* Oh no—they have got into a false taste. I bought that bit of ground, the other side of the road—and it looks very pretty—I made a duck-pond there, for the sake of the prospect.

*Love.* Charmingly imagin'd!

*Drug.* My leaden images are well—

*Love.* They exceed antient statuary.—

*Drug.* I love to be surpriz'd at the turning of a walk with an inanimate figure, that looks you full in the face, and can say nothing to you, while one is enjoying one's own thoughts—ha! ha! Mr. Lovelace, I'll point out a beauty to you—Just by the haw-haw, at the end of my ground, there is a fine Dutch figure,

figure, with a scythe in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth—that's a jewel, Mr. Lovelace.—

*Love.* That escap'd me : a thousand thanks for pointing it out—I observe you have two very fine yew-trees before the house.

*Drug.* Lackaday, Sir! they look uncouth—I have a design about them—I intend—ha! ha! it will be very pretty, Mr. Lovelace—I intend to have them cut into the shape of the two giants at Guildhall—ha! ha!

*Love.* Exquisite!—Why then they wont look like trees.—

*Drug.* Oh, no, no,—not at all—I wont have any thing in my garden that looks like what it is—ha! ha!

*Love.* Nobody understands these things like you, Mr. Drugget.

*Drug.* Lackaday! its all my delight now—this is what I have been working for. I have a great improvement to make still—I propose to have my ever-greens cut into fortifications; and then I shall have the Moro castle, and the Havanna; and then near it shall be ships of myrtle, sailing upon seas of box to attack the town: won't that make my place look very rural, Mr. Lovelace?

*Love.* Why you have the most fertile invention, Mr. Drugget.

*Drug.* Ha! ha! this is what I have been working for. I love my garden—but I must beg your pardon for a few moments—I must step and speak with a famous nurseryman, who is come to offer me some choice things—Do go and join the company, Mr. Lovelace—my daughter Rackett and Sir Charles will be here presently—I shan't go to bed till I see 'em—ha! ha!—my place is prettily variegated—this is what I have been working for—I fin'd for Sheriff to enjoy these things—ha! ha! [Exit.

*Love.* Poor Mr. Drugget! Mynheer Van Thundertentrunk, in his little box at the side of a dyke, has as much taste and elegance.—However, if I can but carry off his daughter, if I can but rob his garden

den of that flower—why then I shall say, “ This is what I have been working for.”

*Enter Dimity.*

*Dim.* Do lend us your assistance, Mr. Lovelace—you’re a sweet gentleman, and love a good-natur’d action.

*Love.* Why how now! what’s the matter?

*Dim.* My master is going to cut the two yew-trees into the shape of two devils, I believe; and my poor mistress is breaking her heart for it.—Do, run and advise him against it—she is your friend, you know she is, Sir.

*Love.* Oh, if that’s all—I’ll make that matter easy directly.

*Dim.* My mistress will be for ever oblig’d to you; and you’ll marry her daughter in the morning.

*Love.* Oh, my rhetoric shall dissuade him.

*Dim.* And, Sir, put him against dealing with that nursery-man; Mrs. Drugget hates him.

*Love.* Does she?

*Dim.* Mortally.

*Love.* Say no more, the business is done. [*Exit.*]

*Dim.* If he says one word, old Drugget will never forgive him.—My brain was at its last shift; but if this plot takes—So, here comes our Nancy.

*Enter Nancy.*

*Nan.* Well, Dimity, what’s to become of me?

*Dim.* My stars! what makes you up, Miss?—I thought you were gone to bed!

*Nan.* What should I go to bed for? only to tumble and tofs, and fret, and be uneasy—they are going to marry me, and I am frighted out of my wits.

*Dim.* Why then you’re the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frighten’d at such a thing.

*Nan.* Ah! if they would let me chuse for myself.

*Dim.* Don’t you like Mr. Lovelace?

*Nan.* My mama does, but I don’t; I don’t mind his being a man of fashion, not I.

*Dim.* And, pray, can you do better than follow the fashion.

*Nan.*

*Nan.* Ah! I know there's a fashion for new bonnets, and a fashion for dressing the hair—but I never heard of a fashion for the heart.

*Dim.* Why then, my dear, the heart mostly follows the fashion now.

*Nan.* Does it!—Pray who sets the fashion of the heart?

*Dim.* All the fine ladies in London, o'my conscience.

*Nan.* And what's the last new fashion, pray?

*Dim.* Why to marry any fop that has a few deceitful agreeable appearances about him; something of a pert phrase, a good operator for the teeth, and tolerable taylor.

*Nan.* And do they marry without loving?

*Dim.* Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of fashion.

*Nan.* Why then I'll wait till that fashion comes up again.

*Dim.* And then, Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

*Nan.* Pshaw! I don't like him: he talks to me as if he was the most miserable man in the world, and the confident thing looks so pleas'd with himself all the while.—I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing—I should not be able to bear the life my sister leads with Sir Charles Rackett—and I'll forfeit my new cap, if they don't quarrel soon.

*Dim.* Oh fie! no! they won't quarrel yet a-while—A quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would be somewhat of the quickest—By and by we shall hear of their whims and their humours—Well, but if you don't like Mr. Lovelace, what say you to Mr. Woodley?

*Nan.* Ah!—I don't know what to say—but I can sing something that will explain my mind.

S O N G.

I.

WHEN first the dear youth passing by,  
 Disclos'd his fair form to my sight,  
 I gaz'd, but I could not tell why;  
 My heart it went throb with delight.

2.

2.

As nearer he drew, those sweet eyes  
 Were with their dear meaning so bright,  
 I trembled, and, lost in surprize,  
 My heart it went throb with delight.

3.

When his lips their dear accents did try  
 The return of my love to excite,  
 I feign'd, yet began to guess why  
 My heart it went throb with delight.

4.

We chang'd the stol'n glance, the fond smile,  
 Which lovers alone read aright;  
 We look'd, and we sigh'd, yet the while  
 Our hearts they went throb with delight.

5.

Consent I soon blush'd, with a sigh  
 My promise I ventur'd to plight;  
 Come, Hymen, we then shall know why  
 Our hearts they go throb with delight.

*Enter Woodley.*

*Wood.* My sweetest angel! I have heard all, and  
 my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

*Nan.* Ah! but I did not know you was listening.  
 You should not have betray'd me so, Dimity: I shall  
 be angry with you.

*Dim.* Well, I'll take my chance for that.—Run  
 both into my room, and say all your pretty things  
 to one another there, for here comes the old gen-  
 tleman—make haste away.—

*[Exeunt Woodley and Nancy.*

*Enter Drugget.*

*Drug.* A forward presuming coxcomb! Dimity,  
 do you step to Mrs. Drugget, and send her hither.

*Dim.* Yes, Sir;—It works upon him I see.—

*[Exit.*

*Drug.* The yew-trees ought not to be cut, be-  
 cause they'll help to keep off the dust, and I am too  
 near

near the road already—a sorry ignorant fop!—When I am in so fine a situation, and can see every carriage that goes by.—And then to abuse the nursery-man’s rarities!—A finer sucking pig in lavender, with sage growing in his belly, was never seen!—And yet he wants me not to have it—But have it I will.—There’s a fine tree of knowledge too, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve’s nose not quite grown, but it’s thought in the spring will be very forward—I’ll have that too, with the serpent in ground ivy—two poets in wormwood—I’ll have them both. Ay; and there’s a Lord Mayor’s feast in honey-suckle; and the whole court of Aldermen in hornbeam: and three modern beaux in jessamine, somewhat stunted: they all shall be in my garden, with the Dragon of Wantley in box—all—all—I’ll have ’em all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace say what they will.—

*Enter Mrs. Drugget.*

*Mrs. D.* Did you send for me, lovey?

*Drug.* The yew-trees shall be cut into the giants of Guild-hall, whether you will or not.

*Mrs. D.* Sure my own dear will do as he pleases.

*Drug.* And the pond, tho’ you praise the green banks, shall be wall’d round, and I’ll have a little fat boy in marble, spouting up water in the middle.

*Mrs. D.* My sweet, who hinders you?

*Drug.* Yes, and I’ll buy the nursery man’s whole catalogue—Do you think, after retiring to live all the way here, almost four miles from London, that I won’t do as I please in my own garden?

*Mrs. D.* My dear, but why are you in such a passion.

*Drug.* I’ll have the lavender pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of ’em—and there shant be a more romantic spot on the London road than mine.

*Mrs. D.* I’m sure it’s as pretty as hands can make it.

*Drug.* I did it all myself, and I’ll do more—And Mr. Lovelace shant have my daughter.—

*Mrs. D.* No! what’s the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

*Drug.* He shall learn better manners than to abuse my house and gardens.—You put him in the head of

it, but I'll disappoint ye both—And so you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

*Mrs. D.* I can't comprehend all this, not I—but I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear—I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure: must I give myself pain?—don't ask me, pray dont;—I don't like pain.

*Drug.* I am resolv'd, and it shall be so.

*Mrs. D.* Let it be so then. [*Cries*] Oh! oh! cruel man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off—if it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

*Drug.* How! I don't want that neither—

*Mrs. D.* Oh! Oh!

*Drug.* I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner—Before George, it must never be said that my wife died of too much compliance—Cheer up, my love—and this affair shall be settled as soon as Sir Charles and Lady Rackett arrive.

*Mrs. D.* You bring me to life again—You know, my sweet, what an happy couple Sir Charles and his Lady are—Why should not we make our Nancy as happy.

*Enter Dimity.*

*Dim.* Sir Charles and his lady, Ma'am.

*Mrs. D.* Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy!  
—Where are they? I long to see 'em? [*Exit.*]

*Dim.* Well, Sir; the happy couple are arriv'd.

*Drug.* Yes they do live happy indeed.

*Dim.* But how long will it last?

*Drug.* How long! Don't forbode any ill, you jade—don't, I say,—It will last during their lives, I hope.

*Dim.* Well, mark the end of it—Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good-humour'd—but he can't bear the least contradiction, no, not in the merest trifle.

*Drug.* Hold your tongue—hold your tongue.

*Dim.* Yes, Sir, I have done;—and yet there is in the composition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no disturbance to the family till it settles in the head—When once it fixes there, mercy on every body about him! but here he comes.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter*



*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Char.* My dear Sir, I kiss your hand—but why stand on ceremony? To find you up thus late, mortifies me beyond expression.

*Drug.* 'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* My obligations to you are inexpressible; you have given me the most amiable of girls; our tempers accord like unisons in music.

*Drug.* Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

*Sir Cha.* And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our sister Nancy, I find.

*Drug.* Why my wife is so minded.

*Sir Cha.* Oh, by all means, let her be made happy—A very pretty fellow Lovelace—And as to that Mr.—Woodley I think you call him—he is but a plain underbred, ill-fashioned sort of a—Nobody knows him; he is not one of us—Oh, by all means marry her to one of us.

*Drug.* I believe it must be so—Would you take any refreshment?

*Sir Cha.* Nothing in nature—it is time to retire.

*Drug.* Well, well! good night then, Sir Charles—Ha! here comes my daughter—Good night, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* Bon repos.

*Drug.* [*Going out.*] My Lady Rackett, I'm glad to hear how happy you are, I won't detain you now—there's your good man waiting for you—good night, my girl. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Cha.* I must humour this old putt, in order to be remember'd in his will.

*Enter Lady Rackett.*

*Lady R.* O la!—I'm quite fatigu'd—I can hardly move—why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

*Sir Cha.* There; take my arm—"Was ever thing so pretty made to walk."

*Lady R.* But I won't be laugh'd at—I don't love you.

*Sir Cha.* Don't you?

*Lady R.* No. Dear me! this glove! Why don't you help me off with my glove! pshaw!—You awkward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about me,

I might as well not be married, for any use you are of—Reach me a chair—You have no compassion for me—I am so glad to sit down—Why do you drag me to routs—You know I hate 'em?

*Sir Cha.* Oh! there's no exiting, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

*Lady R.* But I'm out of humour, I lost all my money.

*Sir Cha.* How much?

*Lady R.* Three hundred.

*Sir Cha.* Never fret for that—I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

*Lady R.* Don't you?—not value three hundred pounds to please me?

*Sir Cha.* You know I don't.

*Lady R.* Ah! you fond fool!—but I hate gaming—It almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury—Do you know that I was frightened at myself several times to-night—I had an huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

*Sir Cha.* Had ye?

*Lady R.* I caught myself at it—and so I bit my lips—and then I was cram'd up in a corner of the room with such a strange party at a whist-table, looking at black and red spots—did you mind 'em?

*Sir Cha.* You know I was busy elsewhere.

*Lady R.* There was that strange unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightshade—She behav'd so strangely to her husband, a poor, inoffensive, good natur'd, good sort of a good for nothing kind of man,—but she so teiz'd him—“How could you play that card? Ah, you've a head, and so has a pin—You're a numscull, you know you are—Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what he is about; you know you don't—Ah fy!—I'm asham'd of you!”

*Sir Cha.* She has serv'd to divert you, I see.

*Lady R.* And then to crown all—there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all season, time, and place—In the very midst of the game she begins, “Lard, Ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your La'ship—my poor little dog, Pompey—the sweetest

sweetest thing in the world,—a spade led!—there's the knave—I was fetching a walk, Me'm, the other morning in the Park—a fine frosty morning it was—I love frosty weather of all things—Let me look at the last trick—and so Me'm, little Pompey—And if your La'ship was to see the dear creature pinch'd with the frost, and mincing his steps along the mall—with his pretty little innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—And so Me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimsy—Your La'ship knows Captain Flimsy—Nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it—And so, Me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but who can resist five at once?—And so Pompey barked for assistance—the hurt he received was upon his chest—the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is heal'd, for fear of an inflammation—Pray what's trumps?

*Sir Cha.* My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

*Lady R.* Well, now let's go to rest—but Sir Charles, how shockingly you play'd that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

*Sir Cha.* My love, I play'd the truth of the game.

*Lady R.* No, indeed, my dear, you play'd it wrong.

*Sir Cha.* Po! nonsense! you don't understand it.

*Lady R.* I beg your pardon, I am allowed to play better than you.

*Sir Cha.* All conceit, my dear, I was perfectly right.

*Lady R.* No such thing, Sir Charles, the diamond was the play.

*Sir Cha.* Po! po! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world.

*Lady R.* Oh, no, no, no, I say it was the diamond.

*Sir Cha.* Zounds! Madam, I say it was the club.

*Lady R.* What do you fly into such a passion for?

*Sir Cha.* 'Sdeath and fury, do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

*Lady R.* May be so—have it your own way [*walks about and sings.*]

*Sir Cha.* Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever liv'd; there's no conversing with you—Look'ye here, my Lady Racket—it's the clearest case in the world, I'll make it plain in a moment.

*Lady R.* Well, Sir! ha! ha! ha! [*with a sneering laugh.*]

*Sir Cha.* I had four cards left—a trump was led—they were six—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine—then you know—the beauty of the play was to—

*Lady R.* Well, now its amazing to me, that you can't see it—give me leave Sir Charles—your left hand adversary had led his last trump—and he had before finess'd the club, and rough'd the diamond—now if you had put on your diamond—

*Sir Cha.* Zoons! Madam, but we play'd for the odd trick.

*Lady R.* And sure the play for the odd trick—

*Sir Cha.* Death and fury! can't you hear me?

*Lady R.* Go on, Sir.

*Sir Cha.* Zoons, hear me, I say—will you hear me?

*Lady R.* I never heard the like in my life. [*Hums a Tune, and walks about fretfully.*]

*Sir Cha.* Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoick.—[*Looks at her, and she walks about, and laughs uneasily.*] Very well, Madam;—You know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the house—You know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

*Lady R.* Ha! ha! ha! [*Takes out a Glass and settles her Hair.*]

*Sir Cha.* You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under one roof with you.

*Lady R.* As you please, Sir.

*Sir Cha.* Madam, it shall be as I please—I'll order my chariot this moment—[*Going.*] I know how the cards should be play'd as well as any man in England, that let me tell you—[*Going.*]—And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, my ancestors, Madam, were squandering away whole estates

estates at Cards; whole estates, my Lady Rackett—  
*[She hums a Tune, and he looks at her]*—Why then, by  
 all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word  
 with you, good, bad, or indifferent—Look'ye, my Lady  
 Rackett—thus it stood—the trump being led, it was  
 then my business—

*Lady R.* To play the diamond, to be sure.

*Sir Cha.* Damn it, I have done with you for ever,  
 and so you may tell your father. *[Exit.*

*Lady R.* What a passion the gentleman's in! ha! ha!  
*[Laughs in a peevish Manner.]* I promise him, I'll not  
 give up my judgment.

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Cha.* My Lady Rackett, look'ye, Ma'am—once  
 more out of pure good nature—

*Lady R.* Sir, I am convinc'd of your good-nature.

*Sir Cha.* That, and that only prevails with me to tell  
 you, the club was the play.

*Lady R.* Well, be it so—I have no objection.

*Sir Cha.* It's the clearest point in the world—we  
 were nine, and—

*Lady R.* And for that very reason:—You know the  
 club was the best in the house.

*Sir Cha.* There is no such thing as talking to you—  
 You're a base woman—I'll part from you for ever; you  
 may live here with your father, and admire his fanta-  
 stical ever-greens, till you grow as fantastical yourself—  
 I'll set out for London this instant—*[Stops at the Door.]*  
 The club was not the best in the house.

*Lady R.* How calm you are? Well!—I'll go to bed;  
 —will you come?—you had better—come then—you  
 shall come to bed—not come to bed when I ask you!—  
 Poor Sir Charles! *[Looks and laughs, then exit.*

*Sir Cha.* That ease is provoking. *[Crosses to the op-  
 posite Door where she went out.]*—I tell you the diamond  
 was not the play, and I here take my final leave of you  
 —*[Walks back as fast as he can.]* I am resolv'd  
 upon it, and I know the club was not the best in the  
 house. *[Exit.*

## A   C   T   I I.

*Enter Dimity.*

Dimity.

**H**A! ha! ah! oh! heavens! I shall expire in a fit of laughing—This is the modish couple that were so happy—such a quarrel as they have had—the whole house is in an up-roar—ha! ha! A rare proof of the happiness they enjoy in high life. I shall never hear people of fashion mentioned again, but I shall be ready to die in a fit of laughter—ho! ho! ho! this is three weeks after marriage, I think.

*Enter Drugget.*

*Drug.* Hey! how! what's the matter, Dimity?—What am I call'd down stairs for?

*Dim.* Why there's two people of fashion—[*Stifles a laugh.*]

*Drug.* Why, you saucy minx!—Explain this moment.

*Dim.* The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour—are you satisfied now?

*Drug.* Ay!—what have they quarrell'd—what was it about?

*Dim.* Something above my comprehension, and yours too, I believe—People in high life understand their own forms best—And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair. [Exit.]

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Cha.* [*To the People within.*] I say, let the horses be put to this moment—So, Mr. Drugget.

*Drug.* Sir Charles, here's a terrible bustle—I did not expect this—what can be the matter?

*Sir Cha.* I have been us'd by your daughter, in so base, so contemptuous a manner, that I am determin'd not to stay in this house to-night.

*Drug.*

*Drug.* This is a thunder-bolt to me! after seeing how elegantly and fashionably you liv'd together, to find now all sunshine vanish'd—Do, Sir Charles, let me heal this breach if possible.

*Sir Cha.* Sir, 'tis impossible—I'll not live with her a day longer.

*Drug.* Nay, nay, don't be over hasty—let me intreat you, go to bed and sleep upon it—in the morning when you're cool—

*Sir Cha.* Oh, Sir, I am very cool, I assure—ha! ha!—it is not in her power, Sir, to—a—a—to disturb the serenity of my temper—Don't imagine that I'm in a passion—I'm not so easily ruffled as you may imagine—But quietly and deliberately I can repay the injuries done me by a false, ungrateful, deceitful wife.

*Drug.* The injuries done you by a false, ungrateful wife! My daughter I hope—

*Sir Cha.* Her character is now fully known to me—she's a vile woman! that's all I have to say, Sir.

*Drug.* Hey! how!—a vile woman—what has she done—I hope she is not capable—

*Sir Cha.* I shall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget; the time and circumstances won't allow it at present—But depend upon it, I have done with her—a low, unpolish'd, uneducated, false, imposing—See if the horses are put-to.

*Drug.* Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this.

*Enter Mrs. Drugget.*

*Mrs. D.* Deliver me! I am all over in such a tremble—Sir Charles, I shall break my heart if there's any thing amiss.

*Sir Cha.* Madam, I am very sorry, for your sake—but there is no possibility of living with her.

*Mrs. D.* My poor dear girl! What can she have done?

*Sir Cha.* What all her sex can do, the very spirit of them all.

*Drug.* Ay! ay! ay!—She's bringing foul disgrace upon us—This comes of her marrying a man of fashion.

*Sir Cha.* Fashion, Sir!—That should have instructed her better—She might have been sensible of her happiness

ness—Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank in life claims respect—claims obedience, attention, truth, and love, from one raised in the world as she has been by an alliance with me.

*Drug.* And let me tell you, however you may estimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

*Sir Cha.* And, Sir, my character is dear to me.

*Drug.* Yet you must give me leave to tell you—

*Sir Cha.* I won't hear a word.

*Drug.* Not in behalf of my own daughter?

*Sir Cha.* Nothing can excuse her—'tis to no purpose—She has married above her; and if that circumstance makes the lady forget herself, she at least shall see that I can, and will support my own dignity.

*Drug.* But, Sir, I have a right to ask—

*Mrs. D.* Patience, my dear, be a little calm.

*Drug.* Mrs. Drugget, do you have patience, I must and will enquire.

*Mrs. D.* Don't be so hasty, my love; have some respect for Sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his fashion.

*Drug.* Hold your tongue, woman, I say—you're not a person of fashion at least—My daughter was ever a good girl.

*Sir Cha.* I have found her out.

*Drug.* Oh! then its all over—and it does not signify arguing about it.

*Mrs. D.* That ever I should live to see this hour! How the unfortunate girl could take such wickedness in her head, I can't imagine—I'll go and speak to the unhappy creature this moment. [Exit.

*Sir Cha.* She stands detected now—detected in her truest colours.

*Drug.* Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumstances of this unhappy business.

*Sir Cha.* Mr. Drugget, I have not leisure now—but her behaviour has been so exasperating, that I shall make the best of my way to town—My mind is fixed—She sees me no more, and so, your servant Sir. [Exit.

*Drug.* What a calamity has here befallen us! a good girl, and so well dispos'd, till the evil communication



cation of high life, and fashionable vices, turn'd her to folly.

*Enter Lovelace.*

*Love.* Joy! joy! Mr. Drugget, I give you joy.

*Drug.* Don't insult me, Sir,—I desire you won't.

*Love.* Insult you, Sir!—is there any thing insulting, my dear Sir, if I take the liberty to congratulate you on—

*Drug.* There! there!—the manners of high life for you—He thinks there's nothing in all this—the ill behaviour of a wife he thinks an ornament to her character—Mr. Lovelace you shall have no daughter of mine.

*Love.* My dear Sir, never bear malice—I have reconsidered the thing, and curse catch me, if I don't think your notion of the Guildhall giants, and the court of Aldermen in hornbeam—

*Drug.* Well! well! well! there may be people at the court end of the town in hornbeam too.

*Love.* Yes, faith, so there may—and I believe I could recommend you to a tolerable collection—however, with your daughter I am ready to venture.

*Drug.* But I am not ready—I'll not venture my girl with you—no more daughters of mine shall have their minds deprav'd by polite vices.

*Enter Woodley.*

Mr. Woodley—you shall have Nancy to your wife, as I promis'd you—take her to morrow morning.

*Wood.* Sir, I have not words to express—

*Love.* What the devil is the matter with the old haberdasher now?

*Drug.* And hark ye, Mr. Woodley—I'll make you a present for your garden, of a coronation dinner in greens, with the champion riding on horseback, and the sword will be full grown before April next.

*Wood.* I shall receive it, Sir, as your favour.

*Drug.* Ay, ay! I see my error in wanting an alliance with great folks—I had rather have you, Mr. Woodley, for my son-in-law, than any courtly fop of 'em all. Is this man gone!—Is Sir Charles Rackett gone?

*Wood.*

*Wood.* Not yet;—he makes a bawling yonder for his horses—I'll step and call him to you. *[Exit.]*

*Drug.* I am out of all patience—I am out of my senses—I must see him once more—Mr. Lovelace, neither you nor any person of fashion, shall ruin another daughter of mine. *[Exit.]*

*Love.* Droll this!—damn'd droll! And every syllable of it Arabic to me—the queer old putt is as whimsical in his notions of life as of gardening. If this be the case—I'll brush, and leave him to his exotics. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Lady Rackett, Mrs. Drugget, and Dimity.*

*Lady R.* A cruel barbarous man! to quarrell in this unaccountable manner; to alarm the whole house, and expose me and himself too.

*Mrs. D.* Oh! child! I never thought it would have come to this—your shame won't end here; it will be all over St. James's parish by to-morrow morning.

*Lady R.* Well, if it must be so, there's one comfort, the story will tell more to his disgrace than mine.

*Dim.* As I'm a sinner, and so it will, Madam. He deserves what he has met with, I think.

*Mrs. D.* Dimity, don't you encourage her—you shock me to hear you speak so—I did not think you had been so harden'd.

*Lady R.* Harden'd do you call it?—I have liv'd in the world to very little purpose, if such trifles as these are to disturb my rest.

*Mrs. D.* You wicked girl!—Do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falshood to your husband's bed?

*Lady R.* How!— *[Turns short, and stares at her.]*

*Dim.* That! that's a mere trifle indeed—I have been in as good places as any body, and not a creature minds it now, I'm sure.

*Mrs. D.* My Lady Rackett, My Lady Rackett, I never could think to see you come to this deplorable shame.

*Lady R.* Surely the base man has not been capable of laying any thing of that sort to my charge—*[Aside.]* All this is unaccountable to me—ha! ha!—'tis ridiculous beyond measure.

*Dim.*

*Dim.* That's right, Madam:—Laugh at it—you serv'd him right.

*Mrs. D.* Charlotte! Charlotte! I'm astonish'd at your wickedness.

*Lady R.* Well, I protest and vow I don't comprehend all this—has Sir Charles accus'd me of any impropriety in my conduct?

*Mrs. D.* Oh! too true, he has—he has found you out, and you have behav'd basely, he says.

*Lady R.* Madam!

*Mrs. D.* You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your sex, he says; and he is resolv'd to come to a separation directly.

*Lady R.* Why then if he is so base a wretch as to dishonour me in that manner, his heart shall ake before I live with him again.

*Dim.* Hold to that Ma'am, and let his head ake into the bargain.

*Mrs. D.* Your poor father heard it as well as me.

*Lady R.* Then let your doors be opened for him this very moment—Let him return to London—if he does not, I'll lock myself up, and the false one shan't approach me, tho' he beg on his knees at my very door—a base injurious man! [Exit.

*Mrs. D.* Dimity, do let us follow, and hear what she has to say for herself. [Exit.

*Dim.* She has excuse enough I warrant her—What a noise is here indeed!—I have liv'd in polite families, where there was no such bustle made about nothing. [Exit.

*Enter Sir Charles and Drugget.*

*Sir Cha.* 'Tis in vain, Sir, my resolution is taken—

*Drug.* Well, but consider, I am her father—indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to say in her defence.

*Sir Cha.* She can have nothing to say—no excuse can palliate such behaviour.

*Drug.* Don't be too positive—there may be some mistake.

*Sir Cha.* No mistake—did not I see her, hear her myself?

C

*Drug.*

*Drug.* Lackaday! then I am an unfortunate man!

*Sir Cha.* She will be unfortunate too—with all my heart—She may thank herself—She might have been happy, had she been so dispos'd.

*Drug.* Why truly, I think she might.

*Enter Mrs. Drugget.*

*Mrs. D.* I wish you'd moderate your anger a little—and let us talk over this affair with temper—my daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

*Sir Cha.* Denies it! denies it!

*Mrs. D.* She does indeed.

*Sir Cha.* And that aggravates her fault.

*Mrs. D.* She vows you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

*Sir Cha.* So! She does not allow it to be wrong then!—Madam, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly, I say, I have found her out, and I am now acquainted with her character.

*Mrs. D.* Then you are in opposite stories—She swears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl swears she never was guilty of the smallest infidelity to her husband in her born days.

*Sir Cha.* And what then?—What if she does say so!

*Mrs. D.* And if she says truly, it is hard her character should be blown upon without just cause.

*Sir Cha.* And is she therefore to behave ill in other respects? I never charg'd her with infidelity to me, Madam—there I allow her innocent.

*Drug.* And did not you charge her then?

*Sir Cha.* No, Sir, I never dreamt of such a thing.

*Drug.* Why then, if she's innocent, let me tell you, you're a scandalous person.

*Mrs. D.* Prithee, my dear—

*Drug.* Be quiet—tho' he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it—did not I fine for sheriff?—Yes, you are a scandalous person to defame an honest man's daughter.

*Sir Cha.* What have you taken into your head now?

*Drug.* You charg'd her with falshood to your bed.

*Sir Cha.* No—never—never.

*Drug.*

*Drug.* But I say you did—you call'd yourself a cuckold—did not he wife?

*Mrs. D.* Yes, Lovey, I'm witness.

*Sir Cha.* Absurd! I said no such thing—

*Drug.* But I aver you did——

*Mrs. D.* You did, indeed, Sir——

*Sir Cha.* But I tell you no—positively, no.

*Drug. and Mrs. D.* And I say, yes——positively yes——

*Sir Cha.* 'Sdeath, this is all madness.——

*Drug.* You said that she follow'd the ways of most of her sex——

*Sir Cha.* I said so——and what then?

*Drug.* There he owns it—owns that he call'd himself a cuckold—and without rhyme or reason into the bargain——

*Sir Cha.* I never own'd any such thing——

*Drug.* You own'd it even now——now——now——now——

*Enter Dimity, in a fit of laughing.*

*Dim.* What do you think it was all about—ha! ha! the whole secret is come out, ha! ha!—It was all about a game of cards—ha! ha!

*Drug.* A game of cards!——

*Dim. (laughing)* It was all about a club and a diamond. *(runs out laughing.)*

*Drug.* And was that all Sir Charles?

*Sir Cha.* And enough too, Sir——

*Drug.* And was that what you found her out in!

*Sir Cha.* I can't bear to be contradicted, when I'm clear that I'm in the right.

*Drug.* I never heard of such a heap of nonsense in all my life——Woodley shall marry Nancy.

*Mrs. D.* Don't be in a hurry my love, this will all be made up.

*Drug.* Why does he not go and beg her pardon then?

*Sir Cha.* I beg her pardon! I won't debase myself to any of you—I shan't forgive her, you may rest assur'd——

*[Exit.*

*Drug.* Now there—there's a pretty fellow for you——

Mrs. D. I'll step and prevail on my Lady Racket to speak to him—then all will be well. *[Exit.]*

Drug. A ridiculous fop! I'm glad it's no worse however.

*Enter Nancy.*

So Nancy—you seem in confusion, my girl!

Nan. How can one help it?—With all this noise in the house, and your going to marry me as ill as my sister—I hate Mr. Lovelace.

Drug. Why so, child?

Nan. I know these people of quality despise us all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

Drug. The girl's right.

Nan. They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themselves.

Drug. And then quarrel about a card.

Nan. I don't want to be a gay lady—I want to be happy.

Drug. And so you shall—don't fright yourself, child—step to your sister, bid her make herself easy—go, and comfort her, go—

Nan. Yes, Sir.

*[Exit.]*

Drug. I'll step and settle the matter with Mr. Woodley this moment.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter Sir Charles, with a Pack of Cards in his Hand.*

Sir Cha. Never was any thing like her behaviour—I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then 'tis as plain as the sun—there—now—there—no damn it—no—there it was—now let's see—They had four by honours—and we play'd for the odd trick—damnation! honours were divided—ay! honours were divided—and then a trump was led—and the other side had the—confusion!—this preposterous woman has put it all out of my head—*[Puts the Cards into his Pocket.]* Mighty well Madam; I have done with you.

*Enter Mrs. Drugget.*

Mrs. D. Come, Sir Charles, let me prevail—come with me and speak to her.

Sir Cha. I don't desire to see her face.

Mrs.

Mrs. D. If you were to see her all bath'd in tears, I am sure it would melt your very heart.

Sir Cha. Madam, it shall be my fault if ever I am treated so again—I'll have nothing to say to her—  
[Going, stops.] Does she give up the point?

Mrs. D. She does, she agrees to any thing.

Sir Cha. Does she allow that the club was the play?

Mrs. D. Just as you please—She's all submission.

Sir Cha. Does she own that the club was not the best in the house?

Mrs. D. She does—She does—

Sir Cha. Then I'll step and speak to her—I never was clearer in any thing in my life. [Exit.

Mrs. D. Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now—and then they'll be as happy as ever. [Exit.

Enter Nancy.

Nan. Well! they may talk what they will of taste, and genteel life—I don't think it's natural—give me Mr. Woodley—La! there's that odious thing coming this way.

Enter Lovelace.

Love. My charming little innocent, I have not seen you these three hours.

Nan. I have been very happy these three hours.

Love. My sweet angel, you seem disconcerted—And you neglect your pretty figure—No matter for the present; in a little time I shall make you appear as graceful and genteel as your sister.

Nan. That is not what employs my thoughts, Sir.

Love. Ay, but my pretty little dear, that shou'd engage your attention—to set off and adorn the charms that nature has given you, should be the business of your life.

Nan. Ah! but I have learnt a new song that contradicts what you say, and tho' I am not in a very good humour for singing, yet you shall hear it.

Love. By all means;—don't check your fancy—I am all attention.

Nan. It expresses my sentiments, and when you have heard them, you won't teize me any more.

## S O N G .

1.

To dance, and to dress, and to flaunt it about,  
 To run to park, play, to assembly and rout,  
 To wander for ever in whim's giddy maze,  
 And one poor hair torture a million of ways,  
 To put, at the glass, ev'ry feature to school,  
 And practise their art on each fop and each fool,  
 Of one thing to think, and another to tell,  
 These, these are the manners of each giddy belle.

2.

To smile, and to simper, white teeth to display;  
 The time in gay follies to trifle away;  
 Against ev'ry virtue the bosom to steel,  
 And only of dress the anxieties feel;  
 To be at Eve's ear, the insidious decoy,  
 The pleasure ne'er taste, yet the mischief enjoy,  
 To boast of soft raptures they never can know,  
 These, these are the manners of each giddy beau. [*Exit.*

*Love.* I must have her notwithstanding this—for  
 tho' I am not in love, yet I'm in debt.

*Enter Drugget.*

*Drug.* So, Mr. Lovelace! any news from above-  
 stairs? is this absurd quarrel at an end—Have they  
 made it up?

*Love.* Oh! a mere bagatelle, Sir—these little fracas  
 among the better sort of people never last long—ele-  
 gant trifles cause elegant disputes, and we come toge-  
 ther elegantly again—as you see—for here they come,  
 in perfect good humour.

*Enter Sir Charles and Lady Rackett.*

*Sir Cha.* Mr. Drugget, I embrace you; Sir, you see  
 me now in the most perfect harmony of spirits.

*Drug.* What, all reconcil'd again?

*Lady R.* All made up, Sir—I knew how to bring him  
 to my lure—This is the first difference, I think, we  
 ever had, Sir Charles.—

*Sir Cha.* And I'll be sworn it shall be the last.

*Drug.* I am happy at last—Sir Charles, I can spare  
 you an image to put on the top of your house in  
 London.

*Sir Cha.*



Sir *Cha.* Infinitely oblig'd to you.

*Drug.* Well! well!—It's time to retire now—I am glad to see you reconciled—and now I'll wish you a good night, Sir Charles— Mr. Lovelace, this is your way—fare ye well both—I am glad your quarrels are at an end—This way, Mr. Lovelace—

[*Exeunt Lovelace and Drugget.*]

Lady *R.* Ah! you're a sad man Sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done—

Sir *Cha.* My dear, I grant it—and such an absurd quarrel too—ha! ha!

Lady *R.* Yes—ha! ha!—about such a trifle—

Sir *Cha.* It's pleasant how we could both fall into such an error—ha! ha!—

Lady *R.* Ridiculous beyond expression—ha! ha!

Sir *Cha.* And then the mistake your father and mother fell into—ha! ha!

Lady *R.* That too is a diverting part of the story—ha! ha!—But, Sir Charles, must I stay and live with my father till I grow as fantastical as his own evergreens?

Sir *Cha.* No, no, prithee don't remind me of my folly.

Lady *R.* Ah! my relations were all standing behind counters, selling Whitechapel needles, while your family were spending great estates.

Sir *Cha.* Nay, nay, spare my blushes.

Lady *R.* How could you say so harsh a thing?—I don't love you.

Sir *Cha.* It was indelicate, I grant it.

Lady *R.* Am I a vile woman?

Sir *Cha.* How can you, my angel?

Lady *R.* I shan't forgive you!—I'll have you on your knees for this. (*Sings and plays with him.*)—“Go, naughty man.”—Ah! Sir Charles—

Sir *Cha.* The rest of my life shall aim at convincing you how sincerely I love—

Lady *R.* (*Sings.*) “Go, naughty man, I can't abide you”—Well! come let us go to rest. (*Going.*) Ah, Sir Charles!—now it's all over, the diamond was the play—

Sir *Cha.* Oh no, no, no,—my dear! ha! ha!—It was the club indeed—

Lady *R.* Indeed my love, you're mistaken.

Sir *Cha.*

Sir *Cha.* Oh, no, no, no——

Lady *R.* But I say, yes, yes, yes—(*Both laughing.*)

Sir *Cha.* Pfh'aw, no such thing—ha! ha!——

Lady *R.* 'Tis so, indeed——ha! ha!——

Sir *Cha.* No—no—no—you'll make me die with laughing——

Lady *R.* Ay, and you make me laugh too—ha! ha!  
(*Toying with him.*)

*Enter Footman.*

*Footm.* Your honour's cap and slippers——

Sir *Cha.* Ay, lay down my night cap—and here take these shoes off. (*He takes 'em off, and leaves 'em at a distance.*) Indeed my Lady Rackett, you make me ready to expire with laughing——ha! ha!——

Lady *R.* You may laugh—but I'm right notwithstanding——

Sir *Cha.* How can you say so?

Lady *R.* How can you say otherwise?

Sir *Cha.* Well now mind me, my Lady Rackett——  
We now can talk of this matter in good humour——  
we can discuss it coolly——

Lady *R.* So we can—and it's for that reason I venture to speak to you—are these the ruffles I bought for you?

Sir *Cha.* They are my dear.

Lady *R.* They are very pretty——but indeed you played the card wrong——

Sir *Cha.* Po, there's nothing so clear—if you will but hear me—only hear me——

Lady *R.* Ah!—but do you hear me—the thing was thus—the adversary's club being the best in the house——

Sir *Cha.* How can you talk so!—(*somewhat peevish.*)

Lady *R.* See there now——

Sir *Cha.* Listen to me—this was the affair——

Lady *R.* Pshaw! fiddlestick! hear me first.

Sir *Cha.* Po—no—damn it—let me speak.

Lady *R.* Well, to be sure you're a strange man——

Sir *Cha.* Plague and torture! there is no such thing as conversing with you——

Lady *R.* Very well, Sir—fly out again——

*Sir Cha.*

Sir *Cha.* Look here now—here's a pack of cards—  
now you shall be convinc'd—

Lady *R.* You may talk till to-morrow—I know I'm  
right. (*walks about.*)

Sir *Cha.* Why then, by all that's perverse, you are  
the most headstrong—Can't you look here now—here  
are the very cards—

Lady *R.* Go on; you'll find it out at last—

Sir *Cha.* Damn it! will you let a man shew you! Po!  
it's all nonsense—I'll talk no more about it—(*Pushes up the  
cards.*) Come, we'll go to bed (*Going.*) Now only stay  
a moment—(*Takes out the cards.*)—Now, mind me—  
see here—

Lady *R.* No, it does not signify—your head will be  
clearer in the morning—I'll go to bed—

Sir *Cha.* Stay a moment, can't ye—

Lady *R.* No—my head begins to ache—(*Affectedly.*)

Sir *Cha.* Why then damn the cards—there—there—  
(*Throwing the cards about.*) and there, and there—you  
may go to bed by yourself—and confusion seize me, if I  
live a moment longer with you—(*Putting on his shoes  
again.*)

*Enter Dimity.*

*Dim.* Did you call, Sir?

Sir *Cha.* No—never—never—madam—

*Dim.* (*In a fit of laughing.*) What, at it again!

Lady *R.* Take your own way, Sir—

Sir *Cha.* Now then I tell you once more you are a  
vile woman.

*Dim.* Law, Sir!—This is charming—I'll run and tell  
the old couple. [*Exit.*

Sir *Cha.* (*Still putting on his shoes.*) You are the most  
perverse, obstinate, nonsensical—

Lady *R.* Ha! ha! don't make me laugh again, Sir  
Charles.

Sir *Cha.* Hell and the devil—will you sit down quietly  
and let me convince you.—

Lady *R.* I don't chuse to hear any more about it—

Sir *Cha.* Why then I believe you are possessed—it is  
in vain to talk sense and reason to you—

Lady *R.*

Lady R. Thank you for your compliment, Sir—such a man (*With a sneering laugh.*) I never knew the like—  
(*Sits down.*)

Sir Cha. I promise you, you shall repent of this usage, before you have a moment of my company again—it shan't be in a hurry you may depend, Madam—Now see here—I can prove it to a demonstration (*Sits down by her, she gets up.*) Look ye there again now—you have the most perverse and peevish temper—I wish I had never seen your face—I wish I was a thousand miles off from you—sit down but one moment—

Lady R. I'm dispos'd to walk about, Sir—

Sir Cha. Why then may I perish if ever a blockhead—an idiot I was to marry (*Walks about.*) such a provoking—impertinent—(*She sits down.*)—Damnation!—I am so clear in the thing—She is not worth my notice—(*Sits down, turns his back, and looks uneasy.*) I'll take no more pains, about it—(*Pauses for some time, then looks at her.*) Is it not very strange, that you won't hear me?

Lady R. Sir, I am very ready to hear you—

Sir Cha. Very well then—very well—my dear—you remember how the game stood—

Lady R. I wish you'd untie my necklace, it hurts me—

Sir Cha. Why can't you listen?—

Lady R. I tell you it hurts me terribly—

Sir Cha. Death and confusion! there is no bearing this—you may be as wrong as you please, and may I never hold four by honours, if I ever endeavour to set you right again. [Exit.

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Drugget, Woodley, Lovelace, and Nancy.*

Drug. What's here to do now?

Lady R. Never was such a man born—I did not say a word to the gentleman—and yet he has been raving about the room like a madman.

Drug. And about a club again, I suppose. Come hither, Nancy; Mr. Woodley, she is yours for life—

Mrs. D.

Mrs. D. My dear, how can you be so——

*Drug.* It shall be so—take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

*Wood.* My whole life shall be devoted to her happiness.

*Love.* The devil! and so I am to be left in the lurch in this manner, am I?

Lady R. Oh! this is only one of those polite disputes which people of quality, who have nothing else to differ about, must always be liable to—This will all be made up——

*Drug.* Never tell me—it's too late now—Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care—I shall have nothing now to think of, but my greens, and my images, and my shrubbery—though, mercy on all married folks, say I!—for these wranglings are, I am afraid, *What we must all come to.*

*Lady Rackett coming forward.*

**WHAT** *we must all come to?* What?—Come to what?

Must broils and quarrels be the marriage lot?

If that's the wise deep meaning of our poet,

The man's a fool! a blockhead! and I'll shew it.

What could induce him in an age so nice——

So fam'd for virtue, so refin'd from vice,

To form a plan so trivial, false, and low?

As if a belle could quarrel with a beau:

As if there were—in these thrice happy days,

One who from nature, or from reason strays!

There's no cross husband now; no wrangling wife,

The man is downright ignorant of life.

'Tis the millennium this—devoid of guile,

Fair gentle Truth, and white-rob'd Candour smile.

From every breast the sordid love of gold

Is banish'd quite—no boroughs now are sold!

Pray tell me, Sirs—(for I don't know, I vow,)

Pray—is there such a thing as Gaming now?

Do peers make laws against that giant Vice,

And then at Arthur's break them in a trice?

No—

No—no—our lives are virtuous all, austere and hard;—  
Pray, ladies—do you ever see a card?

Those empty boxes shew you don't love plays;  
The managers poor souls! get nothing now a days.  
If here you come—by chance—but once a week,  
The pit can witness that you never speak:  
Pensive Attention sits with decent mien;  
No paint, no naked shoulders to be seen!

And yet this grave, this moral pious age,  
May learn one useful lesson from the stage.  
Shun strife, ye fair, and once a contest o'er,  
Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more—  
From fierce debate fly all the tender loves,  
And Venus cries, "coachman, put to my doves."  
The genial bed no blooming Grace prepares,  
"And every day becomes a day of cares."

F I N I S



