

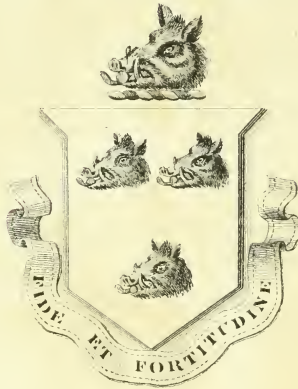
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Mr. ANTHONY.

A

COMEDY,

As it is ACTED by Their

Majesty's Servants.

Never before Printed.

Written

By the Right Honourable the Earl of ORRERY.

Licens'd, *August 27.* 1689. *J. Frazer.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Crown in *St. Paul's*
Church-yard. 1690.

149.531

May, 1878

Drammatis Personæ.

Sir Timothy,
Mr. Anthony,
Mr. Plot,
Mr. Art,
Pedagog,
Mr. Cudden,
Trick,

Sir Timothy's Lady,
Mrs. Philadelphia,
Mrs. Isabella,
Mrs. Nell,
Mrs. Nan,
Goody Winifred,

Mr. Nokes,
Mr. Hains,
Mr. Batterton,
Mr. Underhil,
Mr. Angel,
Mr. Samford.

Mrs. Jennings,
Mrs. Batterton,
Mrs. Long,
Mr. Norris.

P R O.

Prologue.

HE who comes hither with design to hiss,
And with a Bum reverst to whisper Miss :
To comb a Perriwigg, or to show gay Cloaths ;
Or to vent Antick nonsense with new Oaths,
Our Poet welcomes as the Muses Friend,
For he'll by Irony each Play commend :
Next these, we welcome such as briskly Dine,
At Lambs, at Lockits, or with Shate'line :
Swell'd with Pottage, or the Burgundian Grape,
They hither come, to take a kindly Nap.
In these our Author don't conceive much harm,
For they pay well and keep our Benches warm.
And tho' scarce half awake some Plays they Dam,
They'll doe't by whole-sale, not by Ounce and Dram.
But when fierce Criticks get 'em in their view,
Th'are Crustier than Spaniards in Peru :
They wrack each line, and every word unknit,
As if they'd find a way to Cramp all Wit.
They are the Terrour of all adventurers here,
The very objects of their hate and fear ;
And like rude Common-wealths they still are knit,
'Gainst English Plays, the Monarchies of Wit.
They invade Poetick licence, and still rail,
At Plays to which in Duty they shou'd veil.
Yet still they infest this Coast to fish for Jests,
To suppliment their Wits at City feasts :
Thus much for Criticks, to the more generous Wit
Our Author frankly does each Scene submit :
And begs your kind alliance to engage,
Those Lawless Interlopers of the Stage.

ACT:

A C T. I.

S C E N E a Chamber, in which Mr. *Anthony* is dressing himself.

Enter Mr. Pedagog.

Pedag. GOOD morrow Mr. *Anthony*.

Ant. Who is that, Mr. *Pedagog*, my Reverend School-master ?

Pedag. The very same : Bless me ! Not ready yet ? You must not be so slothful ; *Aurora* is a Friend to the Muses.

Ant. A Duce take her, she's an Enemy to sleep ; I'll be sworn Tutor, I think *Cephalus* is but a Platonick, else his Mistress wou'd lye longer in Bed with him, and would not come every Morning peeping into my Curtains. Ah my *Domine*, should your Mistriſs serve you so. —

Pedag. My Mistriſs — Alas, Mr. *Anthony*, my Books are my only Mistresses.

Ant. By this light then, I think you are a Platonick too ; for you seldom have to do with them your self, and so constantly set me to turn them over, that I want time to sleep. Pray *Præceptor meus*, make your Addresses to them for 3 or 4 sixty minutes, while I take a Nap of a Parallel Extent.

Pedag. Yes, yes, and let Mr. *Cudden* for so long undisturbedly Court Mrs. *Philadelphia*, and Mrs. *Isabella*, in the Garden, for there I left them, just now, together.

Ant. 'Light, did you so — Nay then — [He buttons his Vest apace.]

Pedag. What then — you are not jealous.

Ant. Yes, as a Turkey-cock, not that I care much for either of them ; but a man looks so like a *Solyman* the Magnificent, when he is Cock of all the Hens on his own Dunghil. Why I tell you Tutor, 'tis the Nobleſt Prerogative that a Gentleman can have in his own Houſe.

Pedag. Out on it, 'tis to be a Tyrant.

Ant. And pray, *Reverendissime Domine*, who would not be a Tyrant if he could : We only inveigh against the Name, because we cannot be the thing, as Old Women declaim against Love, because none will make it to them.

Pedag. Sure you think by these Excursions to draw me from my point ; come, come Mr. *Anthony*, have you no Twitterings for Mrs. *Isabella*, and Mrs. *Philadelphia* ? No Dissembling ? I have seen you often cast Sheeps Eyes at them.

Ant. Sheeps Eyes said you ? That may be the Colledge way, indeed, of discovering an Amour, but when I make Love, I cast Lyons Eyes on my Mistriſs, mine are all fire ; for he that Courts but with Sheeps Eyes, 'tis ten to one, after he Weds, he will Wear the Sheeps Horns too.

Enter Mr. Plot.

Plot. What, Mr. *Anthony*, are you so early at your Study ?

Ant. No, Mr. *Plot*, I am at my Catechism, my Instructor is questioning me if I am not in Love with Mrs. *Philadelphia*, and Mrs. *Isabella*.

Plot. I would not have you half so much as he is with your Mother-in-Law, and with her two Nieces, Mrs. *Betty* and Mrs. *Nan*, for I have seen him fold his Arms, and sigh at them, as movingly as a lean Benefic'd Parson looks at a Living of 400 l. a year.

Ant. But is this so in faith, *Jack* ?

Plot. 'Slid, can you doubt it ? See what a hanging look he has.

Ant. By this light he has : Ah ha ; Director of my Fathers Son : Go his Face Pleads guilty. *Pedag.* You amaze me, I profess. [*Lifting up his hands.*]

Ant. Chaste Mr. Professor : Nay, now I have got you over this hip, I am resolv'd to be a *Dionisius* to thee, for if I may not sleep as long as my Laziness pleases ; if thou dost Cast, I will not say a Sheeps Eye, but so much as a Lambs Eye, on any of the Female Name within these Walls, from the Age of 8 to 80, (for all the rest under and over, I will vouchsafe to leave them to thy Discipline) If thou dost not daily certify my Dad that I am a greater Proficient in Learning than I am ; nay, than ever I will be.

Plot. How like you this, Mr. *Pedagog*, have I not taught your Pupil rarely this Morning ?

Ant. Prethee let me have my full swinge at him (for he has had his many a dismal time at me :) I say, if thou dost not conform to all the Maxims of *Jack Plot*, *Tom Art*, and my own dear self, I will peach thee at such a rate to my Sire, as shall provoke him to uncase thee out of thy Pedagogical Cassock, Condemn to the Flame, Martyr-like all thy Ferula's, Grammars, Dictionaries, Classick Authors, and Common-Place Books ; nay, take thy Green Glasses out of thy Spectacles, and leave thee only thy Horn-cases to look through ; by which, thou wilt be as able to read Prayers with thy Nose as with thy Eyes.

Plot. Nay, if thou dost not frisk as lustily to a single Kit, whenever thy late Pupil and my present Convert bids thee, as to 24 Violins, I will Convert thy Lictorian Bundles of Birch, which Consul-like thou hast carried before thee, into Rods for thy own Posteriors, and have no more mercy on thy Hanches, than thou usest to have on my Friend *Anthony's*, when he cannot say his Lesson, though he be the greatest Dunce of the two ; only his Imbecillity, varnish'd over with a *Pythagorean* Gravity, passes for profound Knowledge in thy Fathers Shallow Pate ; where, if there is a Vacuum in Nature, there it needs must be.

Ant. By this hand, I long to open it, to try the Experiment.

Pedag. Verily, I do no longer wonder you would Murder my fair Fame, when you long to Murder the Person of your Reverend Father, only to try an Experiment of Philosopher *Plot's*. In sooth, though I say it, Mr. *Anthony* was a very hopeful Scholar, I mean of a Gentleman, before he kept such Lewd Debauch'd Society ; he had a pritty smattering of the Greek, and for Latin he would declaim in it *Extempore*, and very rarely break *Prissian's* Head, but now forsooth, fresh and fasting, he longs to break his Fathers.

Plot. O Times ! O Manners !

Pedag. Well, Mr. *Plot*, what you and my unnatural Pupil have said, I will depose before Sir *Timothy*, and then woe will insue, for tho 'tis common for Sons to wish their Fathers in Heaven, yet it is extraordinary for them to say it, and that before two Witnesses ; remember this Mr. *Anthony*. [*Clapping his hands at him.*]

Ant. By this hand, *Jack*, I fear thou hast embark'd me in a damnable Intrigue, I would I were well out of it. [*He scratches his Head, then quits Plot, and goes to Pedagog.* There's no way but a hasty submission : Pray, dear Tutor, be not offended at what I have said, second thoughts, you have told me, are the best.

Pedag. Oh are they so, are they so, Mr. *Anthony* ?

Ant. And now give me leave, I beseech you, to practise what your Learnedship did vouchsafe to teach me. Come, my dear *Aristotle* the second, I vow you wak'd me so early, that I know not what I said ; but on better advice, I'll be sworn I had rather break

break *Prissian's* Head a thousand times, then say once (especially before two Witnesses) that I would break my Father's.

Pedag. I protest, Mr. *Anthony*, this excuse is as bad as the fault; you are not troubled because you spoke Parricide, but because two Witnesses heard it.

Ant. Oh my Instructor, if thou wilt be Friend, I will henceforth submit my Juicy Palm to the Correction of thy dry Ferula. I will every Night Cap Verses with thee for Sack Possets, and lose as formerly I us'd to do. I will Study like a *Bellarmino*, Declaim like a *Cicero*, Dispute like a *Thomas Aquinas*, Sillogize like a *Ramus*, Poetize like a *Horace*; in one word, I will make thee famous by my Literature.

*For if the Pupil so much Honour have,
What shall he that taught the Knowe.*

Prithee, dear *Jack*, interceed for a poor miserable Mortal which thou thy self has made so.

Plot. Troth, Mr. *Pedagog*, at my request, condescend to wear your Penitent Pupil on the left side of your Girdle, as you do your Ferula on your right side, for 'tis fit the Corrector should take the upper-hand of the Corrected; then your Weeping Disciple thus worn, will be call'd, instead of Mr. *Anthony*, Mr. *Tony*, and his younger Brother may beg him, so that you may afterwards put him in the long Coat-Livery, fit for the great Family of the *Ante-Solomons*, that you may boast what a Scholar you have made of him e're he was last put in Breeches: Do so Mr. *Tony*, that habit will well become your Fathers Son, for 'twill be a comely Dress. [Ant. runs to Plot's side.

Ant. Have you heard all this *Domine* Doctor? Rather than I will be so jeer'd, clad, and endanger my Estate to be begg'd, I will turn down-right Mutineer, and despise Nature and Art, that is my Father and Tutor. — Hey-day — you think to use me without discretion, when this day I am come to the years of it.

Plot. Well said, Mr. *Anthony*, this is spoken and resolv'd like one of my Scholars; hang the Name and Office of *Pedagog*.

Pedag. I hope suddenly to see you both wear the Order of the Hempen Riband at *Tyburn*, one for advising the Murder of the Father, and the Son for consenting to it. Go Mr. *Tony*, (for such he has made you) quit your Father, and couple with your Godfather, learn from your Tutor *Plot*, to Drink, Swear, Whore, Lye and Quarrel; he will be an admirable Teacher of such Modern Natural Philosophy, while I Dedicate my Oil and Labour to Cultivate the Intellectuals of Mr. *Nicholas*, your Junior by Birth, but your Fathers Heir by Merit.

Ant. Dost thou hear all this *Jack*?

Pedag. Do, Mr. *Tony*, do, 'twill be a very friendly part in you to subvert the Order of Law and Nature, and make your Fathers younger Son your eldest Brother; 'twill be a prettier Metamorphosis than any I ever expounded to you out of *Ovid*: Alas Pupil mine, I see you need the Ferula of Affliction, to drein the boasted of moisture in your Lascivious Palm; the Salubrious Air of *Newgate*, with the two Antehumecting Courses of brown Bread, and Charity-fragments, may operate more efficaciously on your Manners, than all my Morals hitherto have done. [Ant. runs agen to

Ant. Law you there agen, Mr. *Plot*, rather than I will venture to be a *Pedag.* Knight of the Order of the Tripple-Tree, be confin'd to a Cittadel Garrison'd with Malefactors, and daily eat those Mosaick-Work Dinners he mention'd, I will abjure all the *Plots* and *Arts* in the World.

Pedag. How, Mr. *Anthony*, Abjure all the Arts in the World, what then shall I teach you?

Ant. By this light that's a good one ; I meant all the Sirnames of the Arts, not the Sciences themselves.

Pedag. Oh! I cry you mercy.

Plot. Nay, in troth, Mr. *Tony* might still have liv'd with your Dullmanists, and yet have kept his Abjuration, though he had meant it literally. Why, thou impudent Mis-teacher of Youth, do I not know thou art good at nothing but Wenching, and so good at that, as even the Old House-keeper Goody *Winifred* had been forc'd by thee, had not her own willingness accepted the Courtesie. You Courted Mrs. *Nell*, and Mrs. *Nan*, and enter'd into a Confederacy with them, to seduce Mr. *Tony's* Mother-in-Law ; and that Indentures Tripartite are sign'd and seal'd, and deliver'd before Witnesses, that as soon as thou hast gotten the ascendent over the Lady, you three will Rule the Family Despotically ; deny this if thou canst. Look now, Mr. *Tony*, how like a Sheep-biter he looks.

[*Ant.* runs to *Plot's* side.

Ant. Ah ha, Doctor *Tarquin*, are these your Morals ? Would you Cornute my Father ? Whore my Mother-in-Law ? And to act this set up a Triumvirat ? — 'Slid, I have broke *Prissian's* Head, and call'd an Association of three, whereof two are Maids, or at least should be a Triumvirate, forsooth. How that *Phallaris* would have tormented me with this Bull, had he not been depos'd e're I had Calved it. But *Jack*, what Proofs, Evidences and Testimonies, of this Conspiracy ? I wish I have not committed Credulity.

Plot. Is not his silence Confession ? Do you not see this University Professor, which pretends to know every Tongue, has lost the use of his own.

Pedag. You shall find I have not, for I will instantly run and Peach you to Sir *Timothy*.

[*Offers to go hastily out, but is stopp'd by Plot, who offers to search his Pockets.*

Plot. Will you so, Doctor Wencher ? I will therefore first rifle your Pockets, where I will get better Evidences against you than all your Oaths will be against us.

Pedag. What, rob a man in his own Chamber ? I knew you were good at it on the High-way. Help, help, Mr. *Anthony*, remember Accessaries are Principals : I charge you in the Protector's Name, to Rescue Innocence from Oppression, or else I'll peach you with him.

Ant. By my life, I will not run the hazard and scandal of being Peach'd by him, I may loose a better Estate by it than thou canst intail on me, for being thy Second.

Pedag. Well said, my Wife Pupil, stick to me now, and I'll give thee a Verbal Oblivion for all that's past.

Ant. Why then, I'll stick as close to thee as the Horns do to the Cuckold. [*Helps.*

Plot. Art thou mad, why I tell you, he has at this instant in his Pocket, *Pedag.* all the Articles and Deeds I mention'd, and if we do not now recover them he'll ruine us both ; but if we do, thou shalt henceforth ride the Beast, thy Tutor, with a Port-bit, Cavesson, a Muzzle-robe, three Girts and a Sussingle. 'Slid, I say, I now fight for thy Priviledges and Freedom ; on my life I tell the true.

Ant. And on my life then, I will in a trice change my side ; and thus I begin the Civil War.

[*Ant.* kicks *Pedag.* then holds him while *Plot* rifles his left Pocket of a

Plot. There's thy *Magna Charta*, *Anthony*. *Parchment*, which he flings to *Ant.*

Pedag. Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Sir Timothy within. Who's that cries Murther in my Sons Chamber ?

Pedag. 'Tis poor *Pedagog* ! Help, help.

Ant. 'Slid, 'tis my Fathers Voice, I hear him coming ; *Jack*, I am undone.

Plot to *Ant.* I warrant you.

To *Pedag.* Lye down instantly and sprawl; oppose not what ever I say, and I'll not shew Sir *Timothy* the Articles: else by all my hopes I will. [*Pedag. falls, and lyes sprawling on the ground.*]

Enter Sir *Timothy* and his *Lady.*

Sir Tim. What's the matter? Who cry'd Murder here, and call'd for help?

Plot. Alas, Sir, as I was hearing Mr. *Anthony* make an excellent Declamation in Greek! Poor Mr. *Pedagog*, I think charm'd with the Raptures of it, suddenly started up, cry'd Murder and Help, and immediately fell into a Fit of the Falling Sicknefs; in which, see how he lyes sprawling.

Ant. I protest, Sir, he half frighted me, his Eyes so rould in his Head, he look'd so ghastly, and so struggl'd with us that came to help him, as he could not have us'd us worse, had we come even to haveriffed his Pockets; but I hope the Fit does mitigate.

Plot. Let's rub his Temples, for he begins to breath. [*Plot whispers to him.*]
That's a good Boy, thou'lt make a rare Scholar, for thou hast learnt a most hard Lesson in the twinkling of an Eye.

Ant. whispers to him. Ah, Tutor, had I been but half so apt to learn under you, as you are to be taught under me, I had been e're now a *Scaliger* Junior.

Sir Tim. Alas, poor Mr. *Pedagog*, I never knew that he was subject to this Disease.

Lady. Indeed Husband, now I remember it, Goody *Winifred* told me, that one day, when Mr. *Pedagog* had over-labour'd himself, she found him inclin'd to the Infirmity call'd the Falling Sicknefs; which is very troublesome to the Party himself, and to those he has to do with.

Plot. Pray, Madam, leave him to our Care, I dare half promise you we'll soon set him right again, by the help of Goody *Winifred.*

Lady. Come Husband, let's leave him to their management, for you know we have scarce time enough to prepare for the Entertainment, which is to Celebrate your Son *Anthony's* being to day of full Age:

Sir Tim. I would he were come to Discretion, as well as to the years of it. [*Ex:*

Ant. Hold, thou *Quondam* Tyrant, darest thou peep up thy Muzzel before I have spoken my Spell in Verse and Rhime? *Sir Tim. and Lady.*

Thou who dost pretend such strictness,

Yet counterfeist the Fallen Sicknefs.

Thou, who e're thou wert discover'd,

O're my Breech with Birch still bower'd;

By this Indenture Tripartite,

I charge thee leap up like a spright.

[*Pedag. leaps up.*]

Pedag. You see, Gentlemen, I obey, and if you will be secret, I solemnly promise, that the Credit I have with Sir *Timothy* and his *Lady*, I will always employ to act yours, and Mr. *Anthony's* ends.

Ant. But what security of performance, Disciple mine? for so I will Christen you, having had the honour to teach you this good temper you are now in.

Pedag. Any security you will desire; name it and I will give it.

Ant. First swear by the Tripartite Indenture you made.

Pedag. 'Tis done.

Ant. Then as some slight Pennance for your Crime, I confine you for ten Nights in sequece to Goody *Winifred's* Embraces.

Plot. You see your late Pupil is not a severe Judge, for Goody *Winifred* is a pretty buckfom Girl for one of her Age.

Ant.

Ant. Then cry up my proficiency in Learning to my Father ; and when he puts his Ear to the Key-hole of your Closet, to listen what we are doing, cry aloud, Admirably well declaim'd Mr. *Anthony* ; I swear if you proceed at this rate you'll be a Miracle.

Pedag. I never taught you lying.

Ant. Not with Goody *Winifred*, I thank you ; that Learning you reserv'd to your self.

Plot. 'Slight, does he scruple at any conditions you think fit to honour him with.

Ant. Yes marry does he, he has taught me a thousand times to lye with him while I was his Scholar, and he will not learn to lye once for me now he's mine ; he's an Impudent Rogue.

Plot. Ah ha ! Is he at that Lock already ? Why then, lend me your Cane.

Ant. Here take it, and if it be to bestow it on his Shoulders, I wish it were of *Lignum Vitæ* for their sakes.

Pedag. I beseech you, Sir, forgive me, I will do whatever you will.

Plot. I'll try his Conversion : Come, little *Ped*, come aloft over this Cane, for Mr. *Anthony's* sake ; quickly, I say, or the Cudgel shall come aloft over you. [*Ped. leaps Face about as you were. [Leaps back agen. over the Staff.*

Ant. 'Snigs Tutor, why among all my exercises did you not teach me this, for I perceive you understand it much better than any you endeavour'd to instruct me in.

Pedag. I hope you are satisfy'd I'll obey you in every thing.

Ant. Soft, a Wise Scholar can never have too many proofs of his Tutors Obedience ; therefore, *Jack*, give me the Cudgel. And now, *Domine Ped*, you must rehearse *Mutatis Mutandis*, your Lesson to me, which *Jack Plot* taught you ; I am his Usher, and you must come aloft again, and for whose sake do you think ?

Pedag. Alas ! Mr. *Anthony*, how can I guess ?

Ant. I will inform you then : 'Tis e'en for your pritty Mistress *Goody Winifred* ; she has made you come aloft for her, and now I but entreat you to do it for her sake.

Pedag. Shall this be the Epilogue to my Torment then ?

Ant. No Capitulation Pupil, but perform your Exercise.

Plot. Leap cheerfully, my Boy, and then I'll get thee a play day.

Pedag. Well, since it must be, hold forth the Rack——hey for *Goody Winifred*.
[*He leaps backwards and forwards.*

Plot. What noise is that within ?

[*A trampling within.*

Ant. Run *Preceptor* and see.

[*Ped. runs out.*

Plot. Now we are alone, are you not in Love with either Mrs. *Philadelphia*, or Mrs. *Isabella* ? Come, confess the Truth.

Ant. Why then, on my Virginity I am in Love with both.

Plot. Both ! Why, never any man was in Love with two Women at once.

Ant. I protest to you, Mr. *Plot*, I have so large a heart, that I verily think I could be in Love with twenty two Women at once. But prithee tell me how I may give *Cudden* the go by ; he is an Insolent Rogue, to dare even this Morning to Court both my Mistresses at once.

Plot. I'll tell thee then, your two Mistresses hate a Coward, and *Cudden*, to my knowledge, is the greatest in Nature.

Ant. aside. I would the contrary were not true to my knowledge : But art thou certainly sure he is so *Jack* ?

Plot.

Plot. I am, I tell thee again; now do you put some affront on him before me, and I will relate it to them so hugely to thy advantage, as they shall abhor him and dote on thee.

Ant. But a Pescods on it, what if he should strike me for affronting him; for I must tell you, I would be loath to kill my Kinsman.

Plot. He strike you! No, he'll thank you in his heart, if after you have affronted him you do not strike him for induring it so patiently.

Ant. Nay, then by the Mass, have at him, the very next time I set Eye of him, tho' it were in the Church, for I am resolv'd to kick him down Stairs where e're I meet him.

Enter Pedagog hastily.

Pedag. The noise you heard was made by Mr. *Cudden*, who I found leading Mrs. *Isabella* by one hand, and Mrs. *Philadelphia* by t'other, to their Chamber, after their mornings walk, and having finish'd his Complement to them, he is now coming to visit Mr. *Anthony*.

Plot. Rather to insult over him; but now my Bully, that the injury is fresh, strike whilst the Irons hot.

Ant. Dear Tutor, prethee tell me, and tell me truly, has he neither Sword, Dagger, Knife, nor Stick.

[*Ant. takes Ped. a little aside.*]

Pedag. Not one of them, I assure you.

Ant. Why then, *Jack*, as soon as ever he comes into the Room I'll affront him, in such a way as never yet any Gentleman was; but *Jack*, if there be need will you stick to me?

Plot. I engage my Word I will.

Ant. Nay, swear you will, for words are but Wind.

Plot. Why then, I swear I will.

[*Enter Mr. Cudden, who pulls off his Hat and Salutes Mr. Anthony.*]

Cudd. Good morrow Cousin *Anthony*.

Ant. Good morrow not.

[*Keeping on his Hat, and strutting by him.*]

Cudd. Good morrow not! What do you mean by that?

Ant. Know, he that of those Words does make a doubt,

Let him sit down and pick the meaning out.

I think, *Jack*, I have laid it on home, for I have affronted him in Prose and in Verse; nay, and in Rhime too.

Cudd. Why, if you be at that Lock, ungood morrow to you, Mr. *Anthony*.

[*Cudden claps on his Hat, puts his arms on Kimbow, and struts.*]

Ant. Advise me now, dear *Jack*, what to do, for I am surpriz'd to find he fights with me at my own Weapons; do you mark too what a surly look the Rascal has put on?

Plot. Pish, man! You ride the Fore-horse still; for you gave him the good morrow not, and he afterwards only gave you the ungood morrow. 'Twas you struck the first blow, mark that, whereby you have got the Punctilio of Honour, and be sure you keep it as bravely as you gain'd it.

Ant. And why ungood morrow Cousin mine?

Cudd. And why good morrow not, with a Vengeance to you?

[*Puts himself in a buffing posture.*]

Ant. And what with the same Vengeance to you, made you walk alone this morning with Mrs. *Philadelphia* and Mrs. *Isabella*?

Cudd. Why, I tell thee, one of them is my Mistress.

Ant. And I tell thee, both of them are my Mistresses; and good morrow not, is my

my way of Saluting a Rival. *Jack*, how lik'st thou that Repartee, I think 'twas Poynant enough?

Plot. 'Twas quick and sharp; proceed: But as thou hast begun and the Victory is thine——
[Clapping him on the back.]

Enter *Mr. Art*.

Ant. Which of them is thy Mistress?

Cudd. I scorn to tell thee.

Ant. And I scorn to tell thee which of them both are my two Mistresses; and there's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*; with a Murrain to you.

Cudd. And there's a Box for your Ear, with a Hares Head against your Goose Giblets, and a Horse Fox to boot too. [Cudd. offers to strike *Ant*. who leaps back, crying (remember your Oath *Jack*) *Ped*. Interposes, and holds him.]

Art. For shame! What, Quarrel among your selves, and being Kinsmen too?

Pedag. I must call in the two she Constables, else we may have a fray. [Ex. *Ped*.]

Cudd. What a Duce had he to do with my Mistress?

Ant. And what, a double Duce, had he to do with my two Mistresses?

Art. Nay, *Mr. Anthony*, there you are unreasonable, one Mistress at once is enough in all Conscience; and since there are a couple of handfom Ladies, methinks 'twere fair that each of you should have one.

Ant. Give you good morrow, *Mr. Art*; and pray, how reasonable is it that *Cudden* should confine me in my Amours? I am sure, if it be fit that a Gentleman who is no Scholar, should have one Sweet-heart, a Gentleman that is a Scholar should have two, one for his Gentilities sake, and one for his Learning sake; and this, in one Word, *Mr. Art*, is the state of our Cases.

Art. What say you to this, *Mr. Cudden*? I confess, *Mr. Anthony* has now put a pretty University-varnish on his pretence.

Cudd. Alas, poor Freshman! He a Scholar? You shall see I'll Pose him instantly. Come, Doctor *Tony*, what's Latin for a Calves-head? Quickly, quickly.

Ant. For a Calves-head?

Cudd. Yes, for a Calves-head, I tell you again.

Ant. Why 'tis *Caput-Cudden*!——There's a bob for him *Jack*. You see, Learned *Mr. Cudden*, I can speak Latin when I am put to't.

Cudd. Prethee tell me *Tony*, is *Caput-Cudden*, indeed, Latin for a Calves-head? [To *Art*.]

Art. Why, do you not find he has put the Calves-head on your Shoulders, and in Latin too?

Cudd. Ah, ha! Has he so? I'll make him for it, in plain *English*, eat a piece of his Neats-tongue. [Cudd. flies at *Ant*. and is stoppt by *Art* and *Plot*.]

Plot. Hold, hold.

Art. Nay, this is not fair, *Mr. Cudden*; if you would strike him, you should do it at the same Weapons that he struck you with.

Ant. By this Light, he's an ill-bred Clown, and an Ignorant one too, that's more: Ask me Questions of my Literature, and then quarrel with me for answering them; he shows the only School he was bred in was a Fencing one.

Enter *Mrs. Philadelphia* and *Mrs. Isabella*.

Philad. Fie, *Mr. Anthony*, quarrel on your Birth-day!

Cudd. Had you not come in, fair Ladies, it should have been his Deaths-day too.

Isab. Nay, Gentlemen, we must then Interpose our Intreaties to prevent Man-Slaughter.

Ant.

Ant. I protest, *Mrs. Isabella*, we were only Pickeering a little in Wit; and mine being too sharp for *Cudden*, he would have falln to *Foco di Mano*, as the *Italians* Phrase it, which being rendred into *English*, is to Buffets; but I beg your pardon for a moment.

[*Cudd. Courts Philad. Ant. seeing it, runs between them, and makes a great many Legs to her; which obliges Cudden, at last, to retreat to Mrs. Isabella.*

Ant. Truly, *Mrs. Philadelphia*, I am sorry his Storms hath discompos'd your Calm, but were it not out of respect to you, I would now beat him with my fist as much, as e're you came in, I did with my Wit.

Philad. That, *Mr. Anthony*, is the Nobler Weapon by much. [*Ant. seeing Cudd.*

Ant. I beg your Pardon for a moment. [*Court Isabella, says*

[*Then runs and does the like to Cudden in his talking with Isabella, as he did to him when he was Courting Philadelphia.*

And as I was telling you, *Mrs. Philadelphia*, when two Dispute to show their Parts, he that does Metamorphose the Argument into a fray, Evidences he does more depend on the strength of his Body, than on the strength of his Brain. I beg your pardon for a moment agen. [*Anthony seeing Cudden Court Mrs. Philadelphia, runs*

thither, and does the like again to Cudden:

Cudd. This is the third time you have plaid me this Horse-trick, if you do it a fourth time, I will play you a Horse-trick too, and kick you. [*Cudd. goes off again to Philad.*

Ant. Pish! This Idle Kinsman of mine is always whispering to me some Impertinency; and really, *Mrs. Philadelphia*, as I was saying to you, though Wit is better than Strength, yet when Reason is incapable to operate, force must. I beg your pardon onec more. [*Ant. runs to Cudden, and serves him the like trick again, kick-*

ing Cudden's Shins, by the Legs he makes to Philadelphia; at which Mr. Cudden, seeming

irrag'd, kicks Anthony on Mrs. Philadelphia, saying

Ant. Hey day, this is pretty in faith; for fear I should beat him, he pushes me on my Mistress. Well, that favour shall atone my Wrath for this time.

Philad. For shame, *Mr. Cudden*, kick *Mr. Anthony*.

Cudd. Why, Madam, did he kick me?

Ant. I kick him! I vow, Ladies, I scorn to defile my feet so much, as to make them kiss *Cudden's* backside.

Isab. I'll be judg'd by all the Company, if *Mr. Anthony* were doing any thing but only making Legs to *Mrs. Philadelphia*.

Cudd. They were, at once, Legs to her and kicks to me.

Ant. I am resolv'd to pay my Civilities to her, whatever effects they produce upon any body. Cousin mine, 'tis dangerous to stand behind a Cannon when 'tis fir'd; for though it be meant to do most Execution forwards, yet the reverse of it is fatal to those who stand in the way of it.

Cudd. Thou a Cannon! Thou art not so much as as a Pocket-Pistol.

Philad. Nay, if you are falling to your Fire-works, 'tis time to part you. Come, *Mr. Anthony*, I'll take you out of Shot.

Isab. And you, *Mr. Cudden*, I will remove from this Battery, lest the Reverse of *Mr. Anthony's* Carriage should gall your Shins again. [*Ex. Cudd. and Ant. looking*

big at one another.

Plot. The Certain't way to keep those two Dunghil-Cocks from offering to fight, is to let them have no body in sight to part them.

Art. Right, Jack :

And now, methinks, our Toils are so well set,
That what those Curs but Hunt we two shall get.

[Exeunt.

A C T. II.

Nell

Enter Art, Plot, Mrs. Betty, and Mrs. Nan.

Plot. **A**H, my dear Betty and Nan, you both deserve to Rule a State you contrive so admirably.

Art. But prethee, how could you two fool *Pedogog* into that triple Indenture?

Nell. Betty. I dare undertake to Fool him into a hundred things, sooner than Wise him into one thing.

Nan. 'Tis the most Amorous *Domine* that ever weighed at a Smock ; as well can testify Dame *Winifred*. He that could make Addresses to such a Damosel, I thought could be Lur'd by a Petticoat worn by whatever flesh and blood of less than fifty years growth. Therefore, we made our Aunt believe, that if on all occasions she look'd lovingly upon him, and smil'd at every Jest he thinks he makes, 'twould render him so absolutely a Creature of hers, as she might, by his assistance, bring Sir *Timothy* from his Resolution of Marrying his Son *Tony*, and his Nephew *Cudden*, to *Philadelphina* and *Isabella*, and then we knew 'twould be no hard business to get those two *Solomons* for our Husbands, nor those two pretty Gentlemen for your Wives.

Nell. Betty. Which was a Work to be despair'd of, while the Grammarian was not brought off : First, because he is Sir *Timothy*'s Helm, and Steers him as he lists : Secondly, he would obstruct our Marriages with any others, because he is himself in Love with both of us.

Plot. In Love with both of you together ?

Nan. No, no, with both of us asunder.

Nell. She says right, for when we are together he has no Eyes for either ; but when either of us are alone with him, the Picture of a *Tarquin* Ravishing a *Lucretia*, seems but a *Carthusian* compar'd to the Rampant *Domine*.

Nan. But that which I take worse than his being in Love with us, is, That he makes me the very same Vows, Sighs and Compliments, which he makes to my Cousin *Mall*.

Nell. So that his Courtship to *Nan* is but a Duplicate of his to me ; a very Counterpart I assure you.

Nan. And if you saw how Categorically he Wooes, how Regularly he is in his Major, his Minor, and his Conclusion, 'twould make one abjure making use of Logic ; at least, in Pleadings of Love.

Nell. Now my Aunt having swallow'd our advices, has so well acted her part, as she drew this Syntax to sign the Triple-league, of which I gave you notice, Mr. Plot, and in what Pocket he carry'd it ; where I am glad you found it.

Nan. But his fit of the Falling Sickness, and the Tyranny of Squire *Tony* over him, were pieces of Mirth, which we grieve we were not Eye-witnesses of.

Plot.

Plot. There will be enough to follow, to console you for that loss.

Art. I am sure I grieve more, that two such Ingenuous and Handsom Gentlewomen should take all this pains to Marry a Couple of Fools.

Nan. There will be enough to follow, to console us too. Why I tell you, Mr. *Art.*, I had rather Marry a Rich Fool than a Rich Wife man.

Nell. So had I, I protest, since 'tis better to be the Monarch than the Subject.

Plot. You have half convinc'd me I confess.

Art. Nay, you have wholly convinc'd me; but are you agreed who shall have who?

Nell. Since Marriage is a chance, let them even take theirs; their Estates are alike, and that's the only thing in which we are for Equality.

Art. But *Cudden* is a surly Fool.

Nan. I wish therefore he may be my Province, for I should think it a very unconscionable thing to have the absolute management of a good Estate, without being put to some Labour in the doing it.

Nell. And for Squire *Tony*, if I fall to be his Spouse, and I do not make him come aloft whenever I hold forth, and as nimbly as he made *Domine Ped* do it this morning, happy man be his Dole.

Plot. Happy Woman be your Dole, if you can do what you say.

Art. But now, that all our Scruples are satisfy'd which sprung from our respects to you, let us fall roundly to our Quadruple Designs. *Enter Trick.*

Plot. What News, *Trick*?

Trick. Mr. *Art.*, I have been seeking you this half hour.

Art. Why, what's the matter?

Trick. A word in your Ear, Sir.———There's my Master, Mr. *Cudden*, hunting full cry after you; he is as fullen as a Colt that's newly Halter'd, and nothing but his eating Mr. *Anthony's* Heart, with a grain of Salt, can lay his fury. In one word, you must be his Second, and carry the fatal Letter of Defiance; you know the affront.

Art. With what Weapons will he fight?

Trick. E'en at Basket-hilt Cudgels, the Weapons he was bred up to; and he has chosen such a tuff one out of his Grandfathers Arsenal, and so much knottier than any Case amongst the Civilians, or School-men, that if he lights on Mr. *Anthony's* Pate, the Surgeons will think him wounded with a *Geneva*-Press, the Letters at one Printing will be so small and many.

Art. At Cudgels say you?

Trick. Yes, at Cudgels, for he has forsworn to fight at Sharps. But Sir, I beseech you make haste, for I left him Practising to Fence against *Hercules* in the Hangings, whom he has so unmercifully thrash'd with his Straw-hilted Flail, that as you love that good Suit of Tapistry, fly to its Rescue.

Art. Away! Tell him I will be with him immediately.

[*Ex. Trick.*]

Plot. What's the matter?

Art. I am sent for to be *Cudden's* Second against Squire *Tony*.

Plot Art. And if ever there were a merrier Duel seen, I'll be content.—But here comes *Tony*—away Women, we must not be seen together, but for six pence a piece you shall be Spectators of the Combat.

Nell. 'Twill be too dear a Bargain.

[*Ex: Art, Nell, and Nan.*]

Enter Anthony laughing.

Plot. What's the matter, Mr. *Anthony*, that you are so Jocosè?

Ant. Ha, ha, ha — was there ever, *Jack*, so Ingenious an affront put upon a Rival, as I put upon *Cudden*? I could not imagine (for I am no Witch I protest) which of my two Mistresses he was in Love with, and therefore, which soever of them he talk'd with, I still, Engineer like, interpos'd, and made use of my Legs to Salute, at once, the Lady, and kick the Rival. 'Tis a new Invention of my own, and resembles killing two Birds with one Stone.

Plot. If the Feet be so Ingenious, what must the Head be, that did actuate them so dexterously? Well, go your ways for *Cap a Pee*, you have no fellow.

Ant. Nay, but *Jack*, the Jest was He could not take it ill neither, for I affronted him to his face, and yet behind my own back. Men may talk of their *De-Villes* and their *Freetakes*, and I know not who; but if this be not a new way to make approaches, assault the Fortrefs, and cut off the Enemies relief at once, say I understand not 'Castramentation. And did you mark, I did it so cleverly, that Mrs. *Isabella* Appeal'd to all the Company, whether I had done any thing but Salute Mrs. *Philadelphia*.

Plot. Yet methought *Cudden* grew angry at last.

Ant. Why, I tell thee, 'twould have made a Statue angry to have been so us'd, and not to know at what end to begin his Revenge.

Plot. Perhaps that made him fall so uncivilly on your middle, and kick your Hanches.

Ant. That very kick, if it were one, for I hardly felt it, was the thing I rejoyc'd at, for it show'd him rude and unjust. I tell thee he's a lost man thereby.

Enter Art.

Art. Mr. *Anthony*! I am come with much reluctance to deliver a Message to you, but my Honour being concern'd to serve my Friend, I must tell it you; yet had I not been pre-ingag'd by him, I would as willingly have serv'd you.

Ant. What Friend, and what Message, Mr. *Art*? Pray speak Unenigmatically.

Art. Why then, Sir, in plain *English*, my Friend is Mr. *Cudden*, and my Message is to invite you to the Field, that there he may wash off the affront you did him in your Chamber.

Plot. Mr. *Art*, I am glad you bring this Challenge to Mr. *Anthony*, when I am present, 'twill save him the pains to seek a Second: I offer him my Service: We'll meet you. Name the Arms, the time, and the place.

Ant. Soft, Mr. *Plot*, no haste, but to catch Fleas, two words to a bargain; what affront, Mr. *Art*, does cause this Invitation to fight?

Plot. 'Slid, why do you ask? 'Tis cause enough that he does Challenge you.

Ant. It may be so, and it may be not so, for Doctors sometimes differ; so many men so many minds. What affront did I to him, I say?

Art. Why Sir, you kick'd him.

Ant. Pray Mr. *Art*, we shall dispute the better, when we have agreed upon the Terms. Therefore define what a Kick is?

Art. The clearest way of defining a thing is to demonstrate it. You did thus to him —————

[Kicks him.

Ant. I hold you 20 l. of it and be judg'd by Mr. *Plot*; for I never Yerk't my Foot forward all the while I was in the Room, as Mrs. *Isabella* very honestly observ'd; but I Yerk't it backward to Salute Mrs. *Philadelphia*.

Art.

Art. Why that made the affront the more insupportable: Had you Kick'd him forward, that had been done like a Man: But to Kick him backward was like a Horse.

Ant. What did he in harms way then; besides he shows his Ill breeding, I made Civilly a French-Leg, and he ignorantly took it for an English Kick: he is in the wrong, Mr. *Art* his quarrel's a bad one.

Art. You are the likelier to worst him if his Cause be ill.

Ant. But I am too good a Christian to design to kill a man in a bad quarrel; my Anger Extends not to damnation. ——— But Mr. *Art*, mark what I say, if he can find a Quarrel wherein both of us may be in the right, He then meet him where ere he dares: Nay, tho it were to fight on the top of *Pauls-Steeple*, and that's a place conspicuous enough of all Conscience to shew our Valours in: Is it not Mr. *Plot*? Pray speak your mind freely, for here are none but Friends.

Plot. Will nothing move you! I tell you if you do not accept the Challenge, you will lose Mrs. *Philadelphia* and Mrs. *Isabella*, for they both abominate a Coward.

Anton. And I abominate killing my Cousin; now the question therefore is, which of the two Abominations shall have the precedency; 'tis worthy two or three days consideration at least, I assure you Mr. *Plot*.

Plot. Come Mr. *Antony*, I see your stomach is somewhat squeamish premeditately to kill your Kinsman; and therefore I'll answer Mr. *Art* for you.

Anton. Pray Sir, since you are so forward at answering for me, answer Mr. *Cudden* for me too. All or nothing Mr. *Plot*, I beseech you.

Plot. Well Sir, the time? *Art.* Immediately.

Anton. That's very short warning for so serious a business as fighting for 2 Mistresses.

Plot. The place?

Art. Where you will.

Anton. In my Fathers Chamber then; he loves his Son and his Nephew; and therefore the likelier to prevent mischief.

Plot. The Weapons.

Art. Basket-Hilts, with *Plimouth* blades in them.

Anton. What are those *Plimouth* blades, Mr. *Plot*, Cutters, or Thrusters? [*aside*]

Plot. Neither, 'tis only a Modern phrase, for a Crab-Tree Cudgel: Cheer up Mr. *Anthony*, you can have by this Duel at these Weapons, but your Pate broken, and one Wound is the least you can indure for your Love.

Ant. Lord! How hastily you run away with things, I tell you Mr. *Plot*, I have endur'd two Wounds already for my Love, one from Mrs. *Philadelphia* and t'other from Mrs. *Isabella*; why a duce then would you have me venture for a third: 'slid I think you take me for a Papist, that would have me do Works of Supererrogation: I tell you Sir, I am a Protestant and detest all such *Romish* tricks.

Plot. You have indeed endur'd two Wounds from them; but now you must venture one for them, 'tis I tell you what you owe your Love.

Ant. But will Love pay for my dressing, when I am hurt; for you know my Father allows me nothing for Idle Expences.

Plot. O Sir! Love's an Excellent Surgeon.

Ant. I can hardly believe it; For he's a Boy and Blind, and a Surgeon ought to have Experience, and good Eyes.

Art. Then endure it for your Honour. *Ant.* Honour said you! Why in one word, I think

think honour is the greatest make-bate in the World: Let one quarrel for Love, Drink, Revenge, or Ambition, and Honour whispers in his Ear! Pray Gentlemen Fight, and say 'tis for my sake.

Plot. to *Ant.* Mr. *Antony*? Hark! There is just now a Notion come into my Head that I'm sure will please you, 'twill make you come off with Honour.

Ant. I, Mr. *Plot*, come off with Honour, has a most Melodious sound; but to go on for Honour I detest it; it grates my Ears worse than a Mistress's denial.

Plot. Mr. *Art*, I assure you all that Mr. *Antony* has said was first to show his Wit, then his good Nature to his Kinsman. And now if you will walk a turn or two by your self, I dare promise you, he shall give as signal Evidences of his Valour.

Art. I obey you Sir: But I beseech you be short, for my Friend is very Impatient.

Anton. Law you there now Mr. *Plot*, who a Devil would have to do with an Impatient Man, if he could avoid it; and 'tis that only that I endeavour, and yet you would hinder me.

Plot. Hear me er'e you condemn me, and observe well what I say; by the Laws of Duels.—

Ant. Why are there any Laws for Duels? I thought all the Laws had been against them.

Plot. 'Tis true, the Statute Laws are against them; but the Common Law that is Custome, has made it the mode, that the Challeng'd is to appoint the Weapons not the Challenger.

Ant. I heartily thank you for this Information, for since he has broken the Laws, that's a fair Excuse to have no farther Correspondency with him, I hate to have to do with a Lawless Man; pray tell Mr. *Art* so from me, and then I am come off with Honour as you promis'd me; your Servant good Mr. *Plot*.

Plot. Nay Mr. *Antony* do but stay and hear me out on this Subject.

Ant. I protest Sir I have heard too much already on this Subject: If therefore you will discourse on some new matter I am for you, or else your Servant, as I said before.

Plot. But you shall stay and hear me out, for it concerns your safety and your Reputation; I say since he has nam'd Cudgels, tye him to those Weapons for his offensive Arms, and then you shall name Guns for yours.

Ant. I understand you, and the Notion is ingenious I confess: But Mr. *Plot*.—

Plot. But what? *Ant.* But—— Troth, I am asham'd to tell you.

Plot. Come, come, be not asham'd, tell your Friend any thing.

Ant. Why 'Faith Sir, I more fear to discharge a Gun in my own Hand, than a Cudgel in my Cousin *Cuddens*: But there is on a sudden a most admirable Notion come into my own Head, and I am in Labour till I am Deliver'd of it to you: 'Tis to choose Long-Bows and Arrows; by this light I could pelt him at that sport; for I am an Excellent Marksman; and I no more fear to shoot an Arrow out of a Bow (tho' I say it that should not) than I now do Mr. *Pedagogg*.

Plot. Excellently well contriv'd, I am sure you have over-reach'd him now.

Ant. What? Did you think I have been a Scholar for nothing.

Plot. I'll call Mr. *Art* then, and tell him you'll meet his Friend.

Ant. Stay a little! You are so forward: As he has nam'd his offensive Arms, and I have chosen mine; so I hope I may wear defensive Arms too, tho' he has not the discretion to think of them.

Plot. What do you mean by defensive Arms?

Ant. Why I mean Back, Breast and Pot, for in affairs of Love, Life and Death, a man cannot be too Circumspect; may I not wear Armour think you Mr. *Plot*?

Plot. You may, you may, since he has not had the fore-cast to bar it.

Ant. I would have been loath else to have ventur'd this good Natural Head-peace of mine, to his Battoon, without an Artificial Case to preserve it: And now a fig for his *Plimouth* Blades; call him I am resolv'd, nor shall thy Flayl, O Cuz, resist—and so forth.

Plot. Come nearer Mr. *Art*, my Friend Mr. *Anthony*, will now make good what I engag'd he should.

Art. I expected no less.

Ant. Yes marry will I Sir: Tell your Challenger from me, tho 'tis my Birth-day, which might dispense with my now acceptance of his Cartel yet I'll meet him at the Lawrel-tree within this hour: That's the place I appoint for our Duel, that as soon as I am Victorious, I may *Roman-Conqueror-like*, have at hand wherewith to Crown my Brows.

Art. You will meet him too with a Basket-Hilt-Cudgel only.

Ant. Soft Sir, that bargains yet to make: He has Chosen his Weapons and I'll Choose mine; and 'tis but *Lex Talionis* that I should.

Art. 'Slid for ought I know you may come with Musquetoons.

Ant. No, I hate such odds.

Art. Or, with a *Spanish-Pike*, or a long *English-Quarter-staff*.

Ant. No, on the Reputation of a Duellist.

Art. What Weapons then will you bring with you?

Ant. That time shall Evidence, but yet to finish this needless parley, I engage to bring no Arms, I mean offensive (mark that *Jack*) but what shall be of Wood, and rather shorter than longer than his.

Art. I am satisfy'd, Mr. *Plot*, you'll be Mr. *Anthony's* Second.

Plot. Most Willingly.

Ant. No Sir, he shall be none of my Second; I'de have you know, I am old enough to Fight my own Quarrel.

Art. But I shall stand Idle then.

Ant. Idle do you call it, I think looking on while others are Fighting is an Employment, and no ill one neither.

Plot. But Sir, 'tis the Mode.

Ant. Would those were at *Ferico* that brought it first up, because Mr. *Cudden* and I have perhaps no mind to kill our selves, Mr. *Plot* and Mr. *Art*, that are good friends, and therefore have no mind to kill one another, must do it, for 'tis the mode forsooth: Of all *French* Fashions, and there are many bad enough in all Conscience, this is the very worst: Pray, would you not think the University mad, if because two Doctors dispute, all their Friends should do so too at the same time: Away, I say I'll have no fighting with Seconds.

Art. You have Reason I confess, and so I leave you Gentlemen— [Ex. *Art.*

Ant. Let him riddle me riddle me what I meant, *Jack*: I think I worded my answer Artificially.

Plot. A Delphian Priest could not unfold your meaning, and yet your words were very Simple.

Ant. Why, in that consisted the Exquisite-ness of my Expressions: but little will

Cudden

Cudden dream, a Wooden Arrow, which is shorter than his Cudgels, will reach him a hundred yards off. But dear *Jack*, by some device or other get Mrs. *Isabella* and Mrs. *Philadelphia* to walk by chance that way to be Spectators of our Combat. Ah how 'twill animate me !

Plot. Ple do my best to bring them : farewell my Bow-man bold.

Ant. Farewel my Second that would have been.

Ex. several ways.

Enter Sir Timothy, his Lady, and Mr. Pedagog.

Sir Tim. I protest, you amaze and ravish me at once, Mr. *Pedagog*, for you were still complaining how unapt my Son *Antony* was to learn, when he was in his Study.

Lady. Nay, and how difficult it was to get him him thither.

Ped. All this is right forsooth ; but I did it in meer policy : For *pia fraus* is Lawful, as the Learned have determined ; I know when once a young Gentleman comes to the Age of discretion, farewell Books and Learning for ever after ! and therefore I did make the more Complaints that when he came to be of ripe years, he might be of a ripe understanding too : which now I do assure you he is—Arithmetick, Philosophy, Algebra, Metaphysicks, Mathematicks, &c. all which he hath run through, I can tell your Worship with Joy : he understands *Hebrew*, *Syriack*, *Arabick*, nay and the *Tutonick*, as well as I do.

Sir Tim. VVell Mr *Pedagog*, since I am not able to Examine him my self, in any of those Arts or Languages I will take your word for em all.

Lady. But since Mr. *Pedagog* has done so well for your Son, you should do as well for Mr. *Pedagog*, and now a happy occasion is offer'd you ; for Mr. *Philpot* the old Incumbent of the Parish of *Tytbeing*, is going the way of all flesh, and therefore let me entreat that you would present this good man to that Benefice, which is your gift.

Sir Tim. I thank you heartily for minding me of it. Yes, Mr. *Pedagog* as soon as Mr. *Philpot* is carryed down into his grave, you shall ascend his Pulpit ; so you can but pass the Tryers, which you may the better do, having never taken Orders.

Ped. I humbly thank your Honour and my Lady.

Sir Tim. But hark you, Mr. *Pedagog* ; I will make the same bargain with you, as I made with your Predecessor, which is, that you shall not preach above half an hour, no, not on a fast day, which Mr. *Philpot* was so careful not to break, as he would never preach at all : and that shew'd him to be a very Conscientious man of his word ; We shall therefore have a great Loss of him.

Enter Goody Winifred.

Go. Win. Sir, the Fiddlers are come : but tho we all entreated them to play before the feast be brought up, yet they are so Surley that they will not play till you your self bid them, which has put all the Servants out of humour.

Sir Tim. Come Sweetheart, some of these Maids, for ought I know, may long for a fiddle, Mr. *Pedagog* draw up your presentation that no time may be lost : for the Pulpit like the Throne should never be unfilled.

Ex. Sir Timothy and Lady, at one door : Goody Winifred stops Pedagog.

Go. Win. Stay worthy Sir, you were not wont to go out at one door, when I come in at the other.

Ped. What's the matter *Goody Winifred* ?

Go. Win. And why I pray *Goody Winifred* ? I have been called in the days of yor'e by you Mrs. *Winifred* ; and since you put me to't, I have been called by you Mrs without *Winifred* at the end ont. But now you are—

Ped.

Ped. What am I ?

Good. Win. A man that I have but lov'd too much, and a man that loves me too little : Oh Mr. *Pedagog*, did I give up that Fort to you, which had held out for 60 years against all Assaults and Batteries, and am I thus requited ?

Pedag. Pray Expound what you mean ?

G. Win. Alas, you think I am too old to see the amorous glances you cast upon Mrs: *Betty* and Mrs. *Nan*, but I would have you know, Jealousie needs no Spectacles.

Pedag. By my life, I doubt you are Jealous !

G. Win. I tell you your Inconstancy has given my heart the Palsey, and yet a Cordial of Smiles from you may do much—

Pedag. Truly, I must now put on serious looks, for my Worthy Patron and his Lady, have promis'd me the reversion of the deceasing Mr. *Philpot's* Benefice, and I am going to prepare him for his happy Journey.

G. Win. Then the change is too visible ; you that e're while would have left your Study, and what was still more dear to you, your Victuals, for my company, now to avoid it, run to see a dying man breath out his gasty Ghost : But if there be Restoratives, Cordials, or Elixers in my Lady's Closet ; nay, in all the Chymists Laboratories in *Europe*, I will pawn my Smock, but I will procure them, to spin out Mr *Philpot's* thred of Life : and if the fatal Sisters cut it, I will then discover my nakedness to the Eyes of the Law, and accuse thee of Incontinence with me, to prevent thy Induction to the Parsonage of *Tytbing*. I will, ungrateful Lecturer, for since thou art weary of my Sheets, I'll make thee Preach in Penitential ones ; that will I, by my injur'd Love.

Pedag. Fie, Goody *Winifred*.——

G. Win. Goody agen ?——I was Goody till thou madest me Naughty ; and since I cannot act thy ruine but by my own, we will fall together, for I'll go instantly and tell Sir *Timothy* and my Lady, how thou hast Triumphed over the imbecility of a weak Female, and thereby defiled their habitation, and then he will present you to the House of Correction, rather than to so good a Benefice.

Pedag. Think better of it ; for know, as a Learned Author has most Pathetically express'd it, Anger is a short Madness.

G. Win. No, I will not tell it, that my blushes will deny me the Power to do, but I will Write it, and Seal, and Sign it, before sufficient Witnesses, that it may be irrevocable ; for as you have pass'd over *Rubicon*, so my Stone is cast. Farewel for ever.

Pedag. striking his breast. What shall I do ? if she discover our Copulation, I'm lost for ever ! [Win. hearing him sigh, turns about at the door and sighs too ; each of them fold their Arms, draw out their Handkerchiefs, Sob and Wipe their Eyes.

Pedag. That showre dissolves me.

G. Win. That sigh does pierce my Heart.

Pedag. My Mistris, my *Winifred*.——

G. Win. My Mistris did you say ? Speak it again.

Pedag. I'll speak it though it were my last.

G. Win. Oh ! I doubt this is dissembling.

Pedag. No, by your self, by the joys I found in your Matronlike Embraces.

G. Win. I dare not stay, for I shall be again beguil'd, you have Charms for me ; Mr. *Pedagog*, farewel.

Pedag. Stay, thou first School Mistris of my Heart, here.

[Opening his Arms.
Use

Use it as you list, 'tis yours now and anon too; you understand that Watch-word.

G. Win. Yes, and thus I answer it. [*She & herum & embraces one another sobbing & crying.*]

Pedag. Thus while our Arms each other bind,
We'll laugh and leave the World behind.

G. Win. Had we not better thus joyn our Forces, then be Peaching one another? By my Modesty, my *Pedagog*, hadst thou not lur'd me back with a sigh, I had turn'd Haggard, and Prey'd for my self, for slighted Love is strongly provoking.

Pedag. We'll drown this Night, all past Civil Wars in a Sack Posset, &c.

*This Quarrel my old Friend shall fully prove,
The little jars of Lovers, strengthen Love.*

[*Exeunt embracing.*]

A C T. III.

Enter Mrs. Philad. Mrs. Isabel, Mrs. Betty, and Mrs. Nan, Mr. Plot, and Mr. Art.

Plot. 'S'lid, they are not yet come, I admire at it.

Phil. What if they should not come at all?

Isab. Why the best is if they knew we were here, to see the prize, and they should not Play it, they could not Laugh more at us, for being disappointed, than we should have Laugh't at them, had they attempted to fight it.

Plot. If they should fail, Mr. *Art* and I are bound in Honour to beat them, for not Fighting, worse than they would have beaten themselves, if they had Fought.

Art. That's the lowest Revenge we can take of 'em.

Nan. My hope is, that each of them will so firmly believe that the other will not come, that they both will meet here, to the terrour of each other.

Nell. Away, away, to your several stations for I see *Cudden* at hand, marching this way as slowly as if he were going to Church. [*They all gaze that way as Nell does.*]

Plot. 'Tis he, and if he strikes as heavily as he looks, woe be to Squire *Tony's* Bones, though they are cas'd in Iron.

Art. Ladies to your post else we shall be discovered. [*They all six conceal themselves within the Scene.*]

Enter Cudden having in his Belt, two Crab-tree Cudgels with Basket-bilts: He looks several ways.

Cudd. My Rascal is not come: And I hope never intended to come, for now my anger is over; I wish the Fighting were so too; yet what Revenge can be sufficient for the Qualms he has put me into, and for the Expences of drawing up my last Will and Testament: However I have most stupendiously disgraced him. This one affront will lose him his two Mistresses: The Rogue I must confess has a little the better Wit, but a great deal the better Courage: which he palpably acknowledges by his Non-Appearance, I want only to compleat my happiness equal to my Victory: But that Mrs. *Philadel.* and Mrs. *Isabel* were now in view. What Noise is that? pray Fate no Treachery be play'd me by my Rival. [*Mr. Antony puts his Head into the*

Theatre, Peeps about and at last seeing Cudden starts back—Crying—Ab—

Ant.

Ant. How the sight of him has mortifyd me. A Curse of all defensive Arms : They so load me, as I cannot run away neither.

Cudd. Oh ! are you come at last ; but why a Devil in a Leaguer-Cloak ?

Ant. That question has put an Excellent Stratagem into my Head. Alas Cousin I am on a sudden fallen desperately ill of an Ague ; I protest to you I am now exceedingly indispos'd.

Cudd. Yes to fight, and so you will be at any time : But since as you say you have an Ague, a fright is the best Cure for it : Come on Sir, I'll be your Doctor.

Ant. But dear Cousin, all the Physitians agree 'tis very dangerous to administer the Physick in the fit.

Cudd. But you that are a Scholar know there is no General Rule without an Exception, and I am resolv'd to make it your Case.

Ant. Consider I beseech you Cousin, you will get no honour in beating a Weak Sickly-Man.

Cudd. But I shall get revenge in doing it, which as an Ingenious Poet has said is, Sweeter far than Muskadine and Eggs. Come I say draw. [*Cudd. draws out his 2 Cudgels.*]

Ant. Slid, you are doubly Arm'd, and why I pray with two Cudgels ?

Cudd. Left one should break by Accident, and I resolve to make you full payment at this time.

Ant. Is there no Quatter then ?

Cudd. No more than you gave my Shins, when you made your French Legs to Mrs Philadelphia.

Ant. 'Tis hard to be beaten by a Cavaleer, for Saluting a Lady *a la mode* ; to be Cudgell'd for ones good Education would warm a Man.

Cudd. I'll do you that Courtesie then, without the help of your Cloak ; off with it quickly and with your Hat too, and let us fall to work, uncase, uncase, I say.

Ant. Then thus I begin to uncase.

[*Flings off his Hat.*]

Cudd. Death ! a Helmet !

Ant. No, 'tis a Head-piece : I have often show'd you in the Town, that mine is better than yours, and now you will force me to convince you of it, in the Field too ; Nay, there are more Mortifying fights behind.

[*Flings off his Cloak.*]

Cudd. Back and Breast too ! Then I am betray'd.

Ant. No, no, you are only over-reach'd, as well shall Evidence this Bow and Arrows, which I have chose to fight with ; because *Cupid* is Painted with such Weapons : And ours is a Quarrel of Love ; how do you like this Emblem, is it not a Witty one ?

Cudd. Nay Cousin *Antony*, this is foul play.

Ant. Indeed *Cudden* yours was not over fair, to force a Man to fight with you that was Sick of an Ague : But my Cold fit is gone, and now my Hot one is come, have at you.

Cudd. Yes, yes, you may shoot at a Naked man.

[*Cudden Cries.*]

Ant. Lashy, lashy poor Child, Cry when thou seest the Red.

Cudd. Is there no Quarter then ?

Ant. Not so much as half a quarter. You shall find my old English Arms, are more unufferable to you, than my new French Legs.

Cudd. Do but forbear till I fetch my Bow and Arrows, and my Breast, Back and Pot, and then——

Ant. And then you would laugh at me, as I do at you, for so Ridiculous a Motion: But this I'll do, for the sweet sake of which of my two Mistresses you groan for, make a deed of Resignation of her to me, in which I will have you confess, I have out-witted you too, and then I may be mollify'd.

Cudd. Resign my Mistress! How that word turns my Stomach.

Ant. Nay if the word Resign offend your long Ears, I give you leave to put in Renounce, Quit, Relinquish, Desert, Abandon or Forsake: You shall not find me over Scrupulous at Phrasing the Articles, so the thing it self be done, and done it must be Kinsman mine, for I never March thus Arm'd to the Field in vain.

Cudd. Will this fair offer end our Civil War, name which of them you like the best and I'll besiege the other; remember 'tis unconscionable to have two Mistresses at once.

Anton. And do you think 'tis very Conscionable in you, to come with two Weapons at once, my Youth in a Basket; for thus henceforward I will call you: From the fashion Hilts you have to your Crab-tree-blades.

Cudd. But why in Armour?

Ant. Because you had not the Wit to forbid it; but why (for 'tis my turn to ask questions now) did you choose Cudgels?

Cudd. Because I think no Woman worth the having a man kill'd for.

Ant. I'm half of thy mind, and therefore I think fit to kill thee for a couple of Women; thou see'st my Quarrel is two to one better than thine.

Cudd. I'll be sworn I only see your Arms are so; but I must say what you will, because you are the better provided.

Ant. O, am I the better provided? Truth will out at last. Acknowledge but that to my brace of Mistresses, and that shall serve me as much against all thy pretensions, as thy Resignation could: I like a voluntary Confession better than a forc'd one, and since thou hast so ingenuously declar'd the Truth, I will, in requital, turn my intended Tragedy into a Farce. Come, Sir, Uncase, Uncase, that was your Word when you thought me Sick, and that shall be my Word now I have made you so.

Cudd. What do you mean?

Ant. Why, I mean you shall off with your Cloathes, and Dance a Jigg to the Instrument call'd a Bow and Arrows; that's *Cupid's Fiddle*, and therefore the most fit Musick for a Lover.

Cudd. You will not be so Barbarous?

Ant. Lord! Kinsman! Where can you have been bred, that count Dancing a Jigg a Barbarity?

Cudd. Why, here's no Musick.

Ant. Yes but there is; you know not what Melody a pair of long *Plimouth* Castinets will make; sowe Wood may produce sweet Musick, for Harmony, as my late Tutor has told me, springs from Discord.

Cudd. Bless me!

[*Cudden starts back and shrieks terribly.*

Ant. And me too. Oh! What's the matter?

[*Ant. shrieks too.*

Cudd. Ah, was it not enough to come with Bow and Arrows? Nay, Back, Breast, and Head-piece too, against one of your own Flesh and Blood, but you must also hire six Murtherers to cut his Throat too.

Ant. What six Murtherers, in the Name of Wonder, did you talk of?

Cudd.

Cudd. As if you knew not ! Look where they all stand drawn up in Battalia behind you.

Ant. Behind me ! Preserve me Heavens ! Murther, Murther, Help, Help.

[*Ant. turns about, Cudd. in the mean time seizes him behind, takes away his Bow and Arrows, then his Helmet, which he claps on his own Head.*]

Cudd. What's Latin for a Calves-head ?

Ant. Why 'tis *Caput-Anthony* now.

Cudd. You told me another word for it this morning, did you not ?

Ant. Yes, yes, then was then, but now is now.

Cudd. I have the better Head-Piece now, as I take it.

Ant. Yes, yes, as you take it, you have it.

Cudd. Come, Uncafe, Uncafe : Alas, Confin, I doubt you have a very careless Physician, that knowing you have an Ague, would suffer you to wear so much cold Iron about your Heart ; I protest, 'twere enough to put you into a shaking Fit. Besides, I have a kind of a grudging to see you Dance a Sarabrand to a Pair of long *Plimouth* Castinets, for sovre Wood may produce sweet Melody, since Harmony springs from Discord ; as a Modern Squire did very lately most smartly observe: What pity 'tis you should have so much Wit, that it should even spoil your memory.

Ant. Yet, in my Misfortunes, I have this Consolation, You Disarm'd me twice Coward-like, behind my back.

Cudd. Well ! Thou shalt no more upbraid me for doing things behind thy back, for thou shalt see I'll Cudgel thee to thy Face, and in sight of thy Teeth too.

[*Cudden Lams him upon his Armour.*]

Ant. Oh, hold ! And I'll yield to any Conditions, so parting with my two Mistriffes be none of them.

Cudd. If thou dost but Name two Mistriffes again ; nay, if thou dost but so much as think of them till thou art dead, I will so Carbinado thy flesh, that I'll make thee look like a *St. Lawrence* on a Grid-Iron.

Ant. For all your Fury, Wrath and Indignation, 'tis somewhat severe that a loser may not talk. But now, I that am but a simple Man, must do as great Nations oft have done, Take Laws from their Conquerours ; and therefore to the Sentence you shall pronounce, I must, though in Tears, submit.

Cudd. That shower has softned my Hand and Heart, and since so bravely thou dost yield, I will as pittifully use thee. Know therefore, that as Misfortunes ought not to elevate a Generous Soul, so Prosperity ought not to deject it : Therefore, as when I was under Fortunes Wheel, I offered to leave thee one of the Ladies, so now I am on the Top of it I will do the like.

Ant. There is Comfort in that, for half a Loaf is better than no Bread ; but which of them, dear Cousin, will you leave me ?

Cudd. She that I do not like my self, you may be sure ; but if she I like be so much as gloated after by thee, take what follows.

Ant. Pray make haste to Name she you choose ; for 'tis strange how my Heart goes Pit-a-pat after the other.

Cudd. Why then, she I love is *Mrs. Isabella*.

Ant. But are you sure of it ?

Cudd. Sure of it said you ! Why, what does the Ninni-hammer mean ?

Ant. Sweet Cousin, Name the Lady again, for a Man can never have his Mistriffes too often at his Tongues end.

Cudd.

Cudd. Why, I tell thee again, 'tis Mrs. *Isabella*.

Ant. Mrs. *Isabel*, Mrs. *Isabel*! Well-a-day, what Luck is this? [*Leaping & frisking.* Why, a Duce, did you not tell me so before? It would have sav'd all our Duels, for 'tis Mrs. *Philadelphia* is my Mistress.

Cudd. What a Pox made you say, all this while, you were in Love with both?

Ant. That was my Art, dear Cousin; I did as Crafty Merchants use, ask double Rates to get half for their Commodity. Besides, you Hector'd me into saying I lov'd both, because you scorn'd to Name the one you Lov'd. Alas! Cousin, do not you think I know one Woman is more than enough for any one Man?

Cudd. Why, do you think I did not know that as well as you? And therefore Quarrell'd with you for being such a Glutton, as to Ingross more by half than you could Digest, and yet would keep me fasting.

Ant. And is it so faith, dear Kinman? Let's Lock, Lock, and in this Embrace let all Discord be strangled.

Cudd. Content—Now Shoulder your Back and Breast and march off, for I am sure 'tis time to console our Friends; they will be in pestilent frights, if they have heard we have been in the Field. [*Ex. Cudden.*

Ant. Considering too the Mortal Weapons we went out with. Well, go thy ways *Ambony*, thou art come off with Honour; maugre all the frowns of Fortune, and the Fallacies of thy Kindred. I will like this fertile Brain of mine the better whilst I live; Thus I March off loaden with my own Spoils. Would my two Mistresses, that were, saw this my *Oratio-Triumph*. [*Ex. Ant. with the Armour on his Shoulder.*

Enter Sir Timothy, his Lady, Pedagog and Winifred.

Sir Tim. Gone out did you say! and to fight?

Pedag. Alas Sir, 'tis too certain.

Sir Tim. Know you the Quarrel?

Pedag. I fear 'tis a quarrel of Love.

Lady. I hate Love, for it begets more Quarrels than it begets Children.

Pedag. I suspected a Fray would insue.

Sir Tim. Why?

Pedag. Because Mr. *Cudden* said he scorn'd to tell Mr. *Antony* whether he were in Lovewith Mrs. *Isabel* or Mrs. *Philadelphia*, which so warm'd my sprightly Pupils Courage (for in punctilio of Honour he is quick as Tindar.)

G. Winif. By my Maiden-head Sir, I fear the two Ladies they fought for do but laugh at them, for they were one day forking at them with their fingers assoon as their backs were but turn'd; and those that will make signs of Horns at their Servants before they are married, too often will bestow real Horns on them after they are married.

Sir Tim. Those are not dangerous Horns, Goody *Winifred*, that are made behind our backs.

G. Win. What, would you have them make Horns to your Faces? That were too Impudent; but that which I lik'd worse, was when those two sweet Lambs, Mrs. *Betty*, and Mrs. *Nan*, chid Mrs. *Philadelphia* and Mrs. *Isabella*, for making those signs of the Cuckold, at Mr. *Ambony* and Mr. *Cudden*, those two Viragoes in Petticoats, bruzzled up to them like two Wooing Turkey-cocks, and so rated them for their Chast reprehension, as they made them blush for being in the right.

Lady. I protest, my *Tim*, your two Charges are so haughty, as I fear they will infect

Infect my Nieces with the Spirit of Mutiny ; I would you had bestow'd them well in Marriage : I do not mean to your Son and Nephew, for, on my VVord, there they will be over-match'd.

Pedag. My Excellent Lady says true ; 'twill be as unequal, as if a *Flanders Mare*, and a *Golloway Nagg*, were put to draw together.

G. Win. They may promise to serve, honour, and obey ; but if they do not make their Husbands do it, I'll be content to eat my Liturgy.

Sir Tim. You must not Judge of *Anthony's* and my Nephews Spirits by what they seem, while they are VVooing.

Pedag. But I may Judge of their Mistresses while they are VVooed. Say, Sir, I understand neither Physiognomy nor Palmistry, if they do not prove mad Wives.

Sir Tim. Marriage will tame Women.

Ped. I have heard it will rather tame men.

Sir Tim. However, because they are rich Heiresses, let our two young people Court 'em : I am resolv'd what'ere it cost me, they shall have them ; for they had better be Rich Cuckolds than Poor Unforked men. But while we are thus talking of them, they may be killing one another, for they are both brisk Lads : Let's therefore separate the sooner to find them out, and part them.

Ex. Sir Timothy.

Lady. I am beholding to you, Mr. *Pedagog*, for the good words you put in.

Ped. Ah Madam ! I will put in a good deed to serve you at any time.

G. Win. *shaking her head.* By the Ma's, I like not that Expression. *Ex. several ways.*

Enter Mr. Anthony, Mr. Plot, Mr. Cudden and Mr. Art.

Ant. I have told you in *Ottavio* what we did in *Folio*, and on my Credit, *Jack*, never any Duel was replenish'd with more admirable Vicissitudes whilst 'twas fighting, nor had a more Amicitious Epilogue in the Close. You would have thought we had fought for the Empire of the Universe, such were our Animosities ; and when we came to examine our Quarrel, by this Light, we had none, for he had chose Mrs. *Isabella*, and I had chose Mrs. *Philadelphia*.

Plot. You see, in this, how blind a thing Fury is ; two sober words amongst you, had prevented all this Noise and Blood-shed.

Cudd. The noise might have been prevented, I confess, but Fate it self could ne'r have hindred the blood-shed, for there was none.

Plot. How ! None ?

Ant. None, I tell you, for what need had we to shed one anothers Vermillion, after we had found out we were not Rivals.

Cudd. 'Twas well for you we were not, for had we been, I would have made you

Ant. What would you have made me ?

Cudd. I would have made you quit your Love or Life.

Ant. I would have you to know, I scorn your Expressions ; I hate to quit my Love, and since you urge me to it, I'll dye e're I'll quit my Life.

Cudd Tony, if you so sawcily and diametrically contradict me again, I will a second time Discipline your Shoulders ; you know I have taken measure of them with my *Plimouth-yard*.

Ant. Nay, give the Devil his due, you look like a Taylor ; but to contradict you the second time, I tell you, I desie you to quit Mrs. *Isabella*, and Court Mrs. *Philadelphia*, which if thou dost, I'll serve thee such a Trick

Cudd. VVhat Trick, thou baffled Armour-Bearer ? VVhat Trick, I say ? Speak or I'll ———

Ant. VVhy, Cousin, I'll quit Mrs. *Philadelphia*, and Court Mrs. *Isabella* ; and is not that just such a Trick ?

Art. For all your Fury, Mr. *Anthony* has made good his words, and in a way you cannot be offended at.

Plot. Come, come——leave off these Civil VVars, and Unite your Forces to Beleaguer your two Mistresses, you'll find a tough Siege of it ; 'twere therefore fit you began your Approaches.

Ant. Right, Mr. *Plot*, I protest I am on Thorns till I draw up before them, and when I have began my Attacks, if I do not pierce her Bulwark, I'll give her leave to hang me in a Horn-work.

Cudd. This Errant Poltrone makes use of so many VVar-phrases, that I admire they do not fright him.

Ant. Come, Mr. *Plot*, and Mr. *Art*, you must help us to meet our fair Enemies ; I long to be at the Encounter.

Plot. Bravely spoken, my Amorous Mirmidon.

Art. VVe'll go and get you the Field of Battel assign'd, then be your Guides to it ;

Ant. March boldly on, for the Old Proverb's true,

Faint Heart ne'r with Fair Lady had to do.

[*Ex. omnes:*

A C T. IV.

Enter Anthony, Cudden, Plot and Art.

Plot. **W**ELL Gentlemen, we have got the Ladies to give you audience, and now be sure to ply them close.

Antoz: Teach your Father to get Children ! Instruct me in the affairs of Love ! 'Slid, do you think I have learnt *Ovid de arte Amandi* for nothing ?

Cudd. That's pretty in faith ; make Love by Book ! Buz Mr. *Tony*, if ever you get a Mistress, I'll be content to lose mine.

Ant. How the Ignorant will always reproach the Learned ; Why I tell you Kinsman *Cudden*, But for my Civility to you I wou'd now have had a Couple.

Cud. Civility to me ? do not Christen the Child by a wrong name. If you do.

Ant. Marry come up *Don Cudden* : for by your Rodomantado's, you should be a *Castilian* ; Left me, did you say ? Know, I scorn your leavings ! You only named your own Mistress, and I discovered to you, who was mine.

Cud. *Tony*, take heed, wake not a sleepy Lyon.

Ant. Lyon ? an *Essex* one then, and without a White-face too, nay, since you whet me so, I must tell you all the little advantages thou thoughtst to have got over me, were by Treacheries : Yes, I'll draw your verbal portraiture ; you are one that will speak a man fair to his Throat, and cut his Face behind his back.

Cud. Thou Slanderer of thy own flesh and blood ; take that for thy Lye. [*offers to*

Art. Hold, hold, why this heat ? *strike, and Plot and Art hold him.*

Plot.

Plot. I heard nothing from Mr. *Antony* that might offend you Mr. *Cudden*.

Cud. Why ? did you not hear him say, I would speak a man fair to his Face, and cut his Throat behind his back.

Ant. No, Marry did I not, I appeal to these Gentlemen, what, say you Sirs ?

Art. He only said you would speak a man fair to his Throat, and cut his Face behind his back.

Plot. Which was, indeed, the Anagram of what you imagin'd he said.

Cud. Hey-day ! What new word is that ?

Ant. Well Cousin, I forgive you, you see now in your own case, how Impartial a man you are.

Cud. 'Slid affront me again ? take that.

[Offers to strike, but is stoppt.]

Art. What's the matter now ?

Cud. Death ! Did you not hear him call mean Impartial man to my face ? you had best turn that into an Angaram too.

Plot. 'Tis past my skill I assure you.

Ant. And pray angry Kinsman what would you have said, if I had called you a partial man ?

Cud. *putting his finger in his mouth.* There I was a little out of the way — pox on your hard words, they turn my brain.

Ant. 'Tis well ! I am not as Chollerick as you, here would have been a foul house then,

Cud. Yes, of your making.

Art. For shame do not thus discompose your selves ; when you are going to Court your Mistresses.

Plot. They may think you ill humour'd.

Ant. Come then, shew us the way to them : as much as I love fighting ; for this once, I had rather assault my Mrs. than my Kinsman : farwel the warlike brow ; *Cudden* Ile now put on my *Halcion* face.

Cud. What's that *Halcion* face Mr. *Art* ? is it any thing that favours of affronting me ?

Art. No, no, nothing of that Nature, I assure you.

Plot. This is the door — I'll knock —

Exeunt. he knocks.

The Scene opens, Philadelphia and Isabella appear with their Hoods over their Faces. Nan and Nell. Cudden runs to Philadelphia and Antony to Isabella, whom they lead by the Hand on the Stage.

Cudd. Madam, I come to lay my Heart to your Feet.

Phila. At mine ?

Cudd. Yes, yours Madam : I do not use to Eat my words.

Phil. Are you not mistook Mr. *Cudden* ?

Cudd. 'Slid I doubt I am ; but how shall I retreat ?

Ant. As I am an Heir Madam, I am come to you on the like honourable Employment.

Ifab. Sure Mr. *Antony* you take me for my Sister.

Ant. By the Mass that were pretty ; what ? mistake my Mistress ? do you think we are playing at Blindmans-Buff.

Ifab. Why, who do you think I am ?

Ant. As if the palpitation of my Amorous Heart did not whisper in my Ear, you are the Conqueror of it Mrs. *Philadelph ia*.

Ifab. If you will not trust me, vouchsafe to trust your own Eyes. [*She pulls up her hood.*]

Ant. Ha! a pox of this Heart of mine, that must be panting after the wrong Petticoat; Ple make it keep *Lent* for this Impertinent Rampantness, *Cudden* too will beat me: Kinsman we must counter-march, take the better for the worse, and resign me up my Richer for Poorer, I had like, by a meer mistake, to have beaten up thy Quarters, while thou wert beating up mine.

Cudd. Soft Sir, 'tis not my custom to be so inconstant, since Fortune has flung me on this beautiful Lady, here Ple fix: Face about *Tony*, and as you were.

Ant. Very fine, and pray what did we fight our four Duels for this Morning: Have you forgot our Capitulations; as I take it they were not as you expound them now.

Cudd. If thou lik'st not my Exposition, a word to the Wife, you know how to write, where I dwell, and so forth.

Ant. Well! go thy ways; thou art the first man that I ever saw choose to play at Hab-nab for a Wife; at least let's Shuffle the Cards again.

Cudd. No Sir, 'tis a sign that you have the worst game, when you offer to deal again.

Ant. Is this then your *Median* and *Persian*-like resolution?

Cudd. More, this is the resolution of a Lover, and before all these wittnesses.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Cudd. What's the matter now?

Ant. *Cudden* I have over-reach'd you, worse then when I came with Bow and Arrows against your Case of Cudgels; For I was necessitated when you said you were in Love with Mrs. *Ifabel*, to seem joyful at it, and to declare my Mistress was Mrs. *Philadelphia*; when all the while I protest my Heart was ready to fly in the Face of my Tongue, for telling such an Egregious, Monstrous and Detestable Lye; therefore with blyth Countenance and merry Glee, thus I turn to my happiness, and leave you to your misery: By this light Mrs. *Ifabel* I was always in Love with you, and you only.

Ifab. What? Do you think after so much Inconstancy, and before of many witnesses of it, Ple accept you for my Gallant; you may go whistle after a Mistress for me.

Cudd. Ha! ha! I could almost fall in Love with Mrs. *Ifabel* for this witty Justice of hers; *Tony*, thus I turn to my happiness, and leave you to your misery.

Philad. You are exceedingly mistook Mr. *Cudden*, even as much as Esquire *Tony*, do not I know you fought for my Sister, and your mistake flung you upon me: I must be gain'd by merit not by chance.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, *Cudden*, methinks your Mistress is somewhat witty in her Justice too: Commend me to Constancy in a Lover: You are likely to have a *Campania* to Exercise that Vertue in.

Cudd. Do not jeer me, for if thou dost, Ple wreak my Anger on thee.

Ant. Methinks we need not fall upon one another, while each of us has an Enemy to deal with: Come let's rather make one brave Charge, and try to recover the day.

Cudd. Agreed, Mrs *Philadelphia*, I will not be deny'd, you must except me for your Sweet-heart

[*She turns from him.*]

Ant. *Cudden*, pursue your point, and the Victory will be yours infallibly; for you have

have already made her turn her back — pretty Mrs. *Isabel*, behold a Wandring-Pilgrimal Heart begging an Alms at the gate of your Love; if you drive it from thence without relief 'twill dye by the way: And I'll lay the death of the poor thing at your door; Consider whether you had rather be haunted with my person, or by my Ghost; for one of them cannot be avoided — [*Isab. smiles*

Cudd. *Tony* continue this way of pleading; you see it takes exceedingly; by her Smiling at all you said; pray which is better, to have a Mistress turn a backside to her Lover, or Laugh at him to his Face; these are our two lamentable Cases.

Art. Nay Ladies, now you deal too Tyrannically with your Lovers.

Plot. Their fault indeed is great, but not unpardonable; for they have been more unfortunate than guilty, since you had not only your Hoods over your Faces; but you had exchange'd Petticoats.

Ant. Yes, yes, 'twas those damn'd Hoods and Petticoats, as Mr. *Plot* very truly observes, made us run into our mistakes; therefore 'twould be hard, if we should loose your favour because we cannot see through Taffety.

Cudd. No Judge in *England* wou'd condemn us, for not doing Impossibilities.

Art. Nay, if you do not Pardon Penitent Lovers, 'tis pitty but you should Marry hard Hearted ones.

Isab. You two I find are Brib'd for your Friends; but yet to show you we will not be Judges and parties, wee'l appeal to the Sentence of Mrs. *Mall*, and Mrs. *Nan*.

Phil. Nay, and stand to it too.

Cudd. So will I ——— (*aside*) If I like it.

Ant. I will be bound by it Hand and Foot, only my pretty Judges remember, if you lay wrong Foundations the thing cannot stand long.

Nell. I accept the power.

Nan. So do I.

Ant. Silence! Hear the Court.

Mall. I decree all past mistakes shall be forgiven and forgotten, and the Squires shall now choose which each of them will give Chace too.

Nan. But if they change again, my Sentence is, they shall be Hang'd for Currs.

Cudd. I protest I never saw at an Assize, more quick and Equal Justice Administred.

Ant. You may talk of your *Cooks*, your *Crocks* and *Ploudens*, but Mrs. *Nans*, and Mrs. *Nells* Reports for my Money.

Nell. Silence! hear the Court out: I also order that each of them shall make an Extempore Stanza, to her he declares for.

Ant. Take notice of that *Jack*, 'twas purely as I am a Lover in my favour, for *Cudden* will assoon make a pair of *Japan* Boots as a Stanza.

Cudd. to *Art* whispering *Tom*, as thou lov'st me prepare a Stanza, and whisper it my Ear, that it may pass for one of my making.

Nan. I also Sentence these two Lovers this Night on pain of loosing their Mistresses to give them a Serenade under their Windows, and a Crotesk or Burlesk.

Cudd. Now cannot I tell what the meaning of Crotesk or Burlesk is; sure they are Law Terms.

Ant. Cousin, do not discover your Ignorance: Ple interpret to you anon what's the meaning of those two hard words, do you send *Trick* to get the Musick and their Boys that Dance the Jiggs, and leave the rest to my managing.

Cudd. Ple undertake that, or lay the blame on me.

Nell. You like our Sentence I hope and will conform to it.

Philad. 'Tis a hard one, but we will obey.

Ifab. Since our promises are past we are bound.

Cudd. Tony, I'll name first.

Ant. Thank you for that.

Cudd. Why, the She Judges have order'd that each shall choose whom he Loves best, and I must have the preference, for I got the Day in Duel.

Ant. Lord! What an Un-mathematical Head you have: How a duce can I choose if you choose first: For then I must take what you leave, and that would be a fine Choice: I'll have Mrs. *Betty*, and Mrs. *Nan* expound their own Act.

Cudd. whispers. Hark ye *Tony*! A word in your Ear; let me choose or I'll beat thee as black as my Mistress Eyes.

Ant. What say you Ladies, methinks my Kinsman has whisper'd in my Ear a very good proposal: 'Tis that we shall draw Lots who shall first choose.

All. Content, content!

Cudd. Another word in your Ear: forswear what thou hast said or I'll Bastinadoe thee to Mummy.

Ant. Why do you whisper so, you need not be ashamed of your proposal, 'tis as equal a one as the former and shows a pretty variety in your Invention; for he offers that Mrs. *Philadelphia* and Mrs. *Ifabel* should determine our difference, to which I consent.

Cudd. Tony, another word in your ear.

Ant. What, more Proposals? This comes of commending the fertility of your contriving Noddle. Why, I tell you, we all are satisfy'd in it, and 'tis superfluous to give more testimonies of it; adone, adone, I say.

Cudd. I must, and will speak to you again.

[Takes Ant. apart.]

Ant. Well, I am loath to deny you any thing.

Cudd. Yield me the preference, or with hand and foot I'll affront thee instantly before all the Company.

Ant. whispers. Who would you choose?

Cudd. Mrs. *Ifabel*.

Ant. Now Ladies, we have sav'd you the pains of ending our Dispute, we have done it our selves; I chose, and for ever dedicate my heart to Mrs. *Philadelph*.

Cudd. Why, what an Impudent Fellow art thou to say thou chocest?

Ant. Why, is not Mrs. *Ifabel* your Mistress? Deny it if thou dar'st. You all see I scorn whispering, I am for open dealing in Affairs of Love. Come, come, your Stanza, *Cudden*.

Art. Yes, yes, your Stanza!

Cudd. to Ifab. Madam, I choose you, and left your Sister to *Anthony*.

Ant. Your Stanza, I say; in that I'll allow you the preference, because I have it in this. Come, come; alack, how long you are Studying: Verses must come easily:

Cudd. Tom, art thou ready?

Art. Not yet; but I will instantly.

Cudd. Give me a tugg as the signal, when you are prepared. — No — Cousin, you shall begin.

Ant. Sweet Cousin! That honour shall be yours. I will never be out-done by you in Civility.

Cudd. Nay, nay, you are the Scholar, and therefore should lead the way. — Are you ready yet, *Tom*?

Art.

Art. Almost.——

Cudd. 'Slid, make haste or I shall be disgrac'd. Come, *Anthony*, methinks your Muse is somewhat Hide-bound; art thou ready yet?

Art. Within a moment I shall.

Ant. No, no, my Muse is only civil, and desires to let that Stranger, Madam, your Muse, go before her Ladiship.

Cudd. Not yet, *Tom*! 'Tis a damnable long moment.

Ant. I protest, Cousin, I will not versifie before you; remember I have sworn first.

Cudd. *hems three times, spits as often, then says.* Now *Tom*, or never! Mrs. *Isabel*, will you be pleas'd to stand out, that I may make my approaches to you without Interruption?

Isab. Well, Sir! I obey you! Now your Verses.

Cudd. to Art. Not yet?

Art. Immediately.

Cudd. I have got such an Impertinent Rheum.

Ant. Sure, Mrs. *Philadelph*, my Cousin has some great Imagination, for I see 'tis like to choak him in bringing it up. [*Hems and spits*]

Cudd. Hey-day, I think you have a design to affront me.

Ant. No, no, I leave that Office to your Verses to do for me.

Cudd. Blest Relief! Both for me and *Tony*, [*Art plucks Cudd. by the sleeve.*]
for I had no way left to wheedle away the time one moment longer, but to fall foul on him. Now, Mrs. *Isabel*, listen to the Virginity of my Muse. [*Art is to whisper.*]

the Stanza line by line to Cudd. who is to repeat it after him.

Isab. I listen, Mr. *Cudden*, but methinks you are long a falling on.

Ant. to Plot. I would not have had such a dry bob from my Mistress; no, not to have been the Author of *Orlando Furioso*.

Cudd. Fair Mistress *Isabel*,
I like you so very well,
That my Love no longer can tarry;
The fault then is plain
In you will remain,
If we do not instantly Marry.

How do you like this Stanza, *Tony*?

Ant. 'Tis a pretty double Stanza, for two of you spoke it.

Nell, Mr. *Cudden*, let me advise you to get a great Cold, and give it your Prompter, that he may be sure to whisper softlier.

Isab. I hope, Mr. *Cudden*, your Musick anon, and your Dancing, will be as good as your Verses.

Cudd. Madam, no Musick in the World like the Trill of a smooth Madrigal.

Ant. Now, Mrs. *Philadelphia*, give ear; and you, my two fair Judges, hearken whether I perform your Sentence Catagorically. Stand off, I say, I need no Prompter, though you did. [*Cudden goes near Anthony.*]

[*Hems thrice.*] *Bright Mrs. Philadelph*,
I love none but your self:
And if you love me at that rate,
Without ever tarrying
For that dull thing call'd Marrying,
We'll fall to the Effects of it strait.

Cudden.

Cudden was afraid, forsooth, to lye with his Mistress, till the Parson had conjur'd them into one Bed; but I offer mine the civility of a Fornication, as a Prologue to the Play.

Cudd. No marry, Sir, was I not afraid, and if yet Mrs. *Isabel* will walk a turn alone with me in the Garden, I will present her with a Green-Gown, without staying for the help of a man in a Black Gown to do it.

Ant. Pish! This is after I put you in mind of it; and besides, you offer'd it to her in dull Prose. Now let Judge *Mall*, *Nell*, and Justice *Nan*, determine whose Stanza was the best.

Nell. Mr. *Cudden's* was the most civil, and Mr. *Anthony's* the most Amorous.

Nan. Mr. *Cudden* shew'd most Discretion, and Mr. *Anthony* most Mettle.

Ant. Hang Discretion in Love, Mettle is the Vertue there; a Discreet Passion is a Bull.

Cudd. What Calf is that? Call a discreet passion a Bull?

Isab. No Quarrelling, Mr. *Cudden*, your Kinsman is a merry man.

Ant. And so would he be too, if he were not a sad fellow.

Phil. Mr. *Anthony*, we leave you and Mr. *Cudden* to prepare Musick and Dancers; for if you fail of giving us those Entertainments precisely at ten this Night, *Bonos Nochios* to your Loves.

Ant. And *Bonos Nochios* to the World, whenever you bid such a good Night to my Passion. [Ex. Women, Art and Plot.]

Cudd. What! Do you think I'll fail my Mistresses Assignment? That were pritty i'faith. Come, *Tony*, we'll go send *Trick* to engage our Fiddles.

Ant. Else our Sweet-hearts will be devilishly out of Tune.

Ex. Ambo.

Enter Sir Timothy, his Lady, Pedagog and Winifred.

Sir Tim. Move me! No, I am resolv'd nothing shall alter me; two such Rich Heiresses may not, nor shall not be lost by my Son and Nephew, I can hamper their Estates if they are stubborn.

Lady. Would my two Nieces had *Isabel* and *Philadelphia's* Estates, or they two had my Nieces humours.

Pedag. Alas, they now jeer them so sensibly, and the Gallants bear it so patiently, that I lose my temper.

Win. If Love were ever blind he is so in Mr. *Antony* and Mr. *Cudden*: Why Madam I tell you they have no feeling; and therefore why should they pretend to be Lovers; besides I saw *Trick* and the two gibing Damsels close in Consultation, and when I surpriz'd them at it, they started as if they had seen a Ghost, and immediately vanished.

Sir Tim. When was this?

Win. This After-noon.

Pedag. That *Trick* Sir has his Name from his Nature: And I more than suspect he is a Pensioner to Mr. *Plot* and Mr. *Art*.

Sir Tim. I have long doubted it.

Win. Nay, you may be sure of it, if you watch him this Night as a Cat does a Mouse; for by my Modesty, some design is ripe to be Executed, in which he has at least a finger, and therefore, Sir, let us separate our selves the better to discover.

Sir Tim. I like Goody *Winifred's* Advice; Wife let us take our Quarters in the Garden.

Lady. Agreed ! For methinks I smell some Roguery. [Ex. *Sir Tim.* at one door.
and his *Lady* at another : *Ped.* offersto go out, but is stoppt by *Winifred.*

G. Win. Soft, Doctor Amorous ! I have only dismiss't the Knight and his Madam, that I might read your Worship a Curtain-Lecture without Interruption.

Pedag. My Reverend Chuck ! What's the matter now ?

Win. Lord ! How ignorant you seem ! Have you forgot you said you would put in a good deed to serve my Lady ? Was that a Sacerdotal Expression ?

Pedag. What a Critick Jealousie makes a Passionate Lover ? By my Dotage on those pritty Pig-nies of thine, I meant no hurt ; let that solemn vow suppress thy doubts.

G. Win. How Equivocally your Speech is Phras'd ; perhaps you think, having two strings to your Bow in affairs of Concupiscence, is no harm.

Ped. Concupiscence !

G. Win. Yes, Concupiscence ! Does that term of Art fright you ?

Ped. All my Concupiscence is confin'd within thy Parish.

G. Win. But how few Parsons are there that do not covet double Benefices ?

Pedag. None do, when they have in one more than they can turn to ; and that I'll be Depos'd I have in thine. But to convince thee by other Evidences, that thou art the Mistress of my Heart, I'll trust thee with a secret which I would not confess to my Ghostly Father.

G. Win. What is it, my Dapper-*Domine* ?

Pedag. Why, Sir *Timorby* is smitten, and has made me his Love-Ambassador.

G. Win. That is his Pimp ! A Reverend Employment for one of your Cassock.

Pedag. Nay, I am satisfy'd his is a Platonick Flame ; there's no more heat in it, than an old rotten Wood that shines.

G. Win. But that Wood laid on the fire will burn ; and who knows but his may do the like, when his Mistresses eyes kindle it. But what's her Name ?

Pedag. 'Tis even Mrs. *Betty*.

G. Win. 'Slid, that mad *VVench* will put him into more shakings and burnings than an *Ague* : For old men to desire to see their Unkles is Natural, but to desire to see their Nieces is Prodigious.

Pedag. However, be silent in the business ; leave me to improve it, and if we two do not get more by it than the Lover and his Damosel, say I am no Witch.

G. Win. *Presto* be gone ! Here's *Tony* and *Cudden* ; we must not be seen together, they will discover our Amours. [Ex.

Enter Anthony and Cudden.

Ant. I am glad at heart that *Trick* has engag'd the Musick and their Jigg-Boys, for in this merry time, 'tis two to one they had been bespoken by others.

Cudd. Kinsman ; though they had been bespoken by Men, *VV*omen and Children, yet I would have unbespoken them again, though it had cost me twenty Duels. *VV*hat did not I undertake to bring them at the hour, and to the place ? And when I am once engaged in a business, fall back, fall edge, I will go through stitch with it.

Enter Trick hastily.

Trick, Oh Sir ! The Musick and their Daucing-Boys, as I was conducting them hither, were seiz'd on by a Cast of young Gallants, who swore top Top-gallant-high, That if they did not come along with them, they would spit them on the place ; and as an earnest of it, drew their Tucks, and fell a flashing among us, worse than two

Back.

Back-Sword-Fencers, and drove the Fiddlers before them like a Flock of Geese.

Cudd. Anthony, for this affront they shall lose their Lives.

Ant. But alas Cousin! we shall lose what's worse to us, (*viz.*) *Mrs. Philadelphia* and *Mrs. Isabel*.

Cudd. Thou sawcy Clown! how durst thou put thy Mistresses name before mine? I could find in my heart to begin my dire Revenge on thee, and so proceed to the end of the Chapter.

Ant. Lord how quarrelsome you are: is it not natural for a Lover to name his Mistress first.

Cud. to Trick. Why didst thou not tell them they were bespoke for me?

Trick. Yes, yes, I did! but alack-a-day, would I had not, for they beat me the more rufully.

Cudd. Beat thee!

Trick. But after they said they were sorry.

Cudd. O, did they so! that qualifies.

Trick. But 'twas because it was not your Worship, whom they said they had much rather have lurry'd than me.

Cudd. I scorn-so much as to enquire after the Names or Lodgings of such insolent Puppies.

Trick. Nay, they added, they knew your Worship had as ill an Ear in Musick, as a mangy Brewers Horse, that then by accident was passing by.

Cudd. Ha, ha, ha. *Anthony* on my life the Rogues were drunk: That ridiculous Comparison has converted my rage into laughter. 'Tis a strange thing Cousin, what diverse effects Wine produces in men; some it turns to Apes, some to Lyons, some to Elephants, and some to Bully-Rocks, of which latter sort our Fiddler-stealers are; and so for the present I let them pass. But mark what follows, for I am a kind of Prophet.

Ant. So am I too Cousin; and I prophesie we shall lose our Mistresses; you know the Sentence of the Court, and you undertook to get the Musick and Jigg-boys, or else you bid me lay the blame on you; which by my defeated hopes I will; it will be a comfort however when I can safely swear that I lost my Mistress by your fault, and not my own; for gone she is I know: since 'tis impossible to recover a set of Scrapers before ten, for 'tis now half an hour past nine.

Trick. Nay, Mr. *Anthony*, things are not yet so desperate, for just now I saw three men pass by with long Cloaks, and my Eyes deceiv'd me if I did not see a glimpse of some Instruments under them.

Ant. This Intelligence has some life in it: But how a dickings shall we do for a Jigg?

Cudd. A Jigg! that's pretty! why I tell thee Kinsman, I never saw Wake or Fair, that I did not out-Jigg all the men at it; the Women too being the Judges: But that which troubles me most is, who shall dance the Dances with the two hard names — pox ent, I forget what you call them.

Ant. The *Crotesk* and *Barlesk*-Dances.

Cud. Yes, yes, those damn'd Crabbed names will never sink into my pericranium.

Ant. Why those are only French names for Jiggs.

Cud. Why there it is! is it not enough that we have our Laws, the names of our Meats, and Drinks, and our Diseases French, but we must have our Dances too, I tell you 'tis abominable.

Trick.

Trick. But Sir, the Crowders I told you of will be gone out of sight.

Cudd. Away *Trick*, and keep them at Bay till we come up.

Ant. Tell them we'll give them double pay ; that is, if you cannot win them with single.

Cudd. Hallow to us when you have boarded them, and we'll bear up to you. [*Ex.*

Enter *Isabella*, *Philadelphia*, *Nell* and *Nan*, *in the Balcony*, *Plot* and *Art.*

Isab. Has *Trick* play'd his part as we directed it ?

Plot. I think he has done it more dexterously, and all things take above expectation.

Phil. How long will it be e'er the two Squires come ?

Art. Just as long as our Serenade and Dances will take up, for we have Calculated all things to a moment.

Nan. If your Musick be ready call them in, for Suitors are Impatient, and may be here before their hour.

Nell. And I think, that not only the Fiddles speak better than the Squires, but also, that the Heads of the Base-Viols are handsomer than the Faces of those two Lovers : Call them in then, I pray.

Art. I'll do you the service.

[*Art.*, *at the door*, *bids them come in.*

Enter Musick and Dancers.

Plot. Will you have a merry Song, or a sad one ?

Phil. We'll have the last Song which Mr. *Plot* made on his own heart.

Isab. I assure you, *Van Dyck* never drew more to the Life than Mr. *Plot* has done in that Piece.

Plot. 'Tis a new way of Painting, for I drew two Pictures at once: I hope, Madam, hearts that are so like, cannot choose but love one another.

Isab. Hope is free, Mr. *Plot*.

Nell. And so should Hearts be, if all were as Wife as mine.

Phil. Come, come, the Song, the Song.

S O N G.

I.

Since you will needs my heart possess,
'Tis just to you I first confess
The Faults to which 'tis given ;
It is to change much more inclin'd
Than Women, or the Sea or Wind,
Or ought that's under Heaven.

II.

Nor will I hide from you this Truth,
It has been from its very youth
A most egregious Ranger ;
And since from me it often fled,
With whom it was both born and bred,
'Twill scarce stay with a Stranger.

III.

The black, the fair, the gay, the sad,
Which made me often fear 'twas mad,
With one kind look could win it ;

So naturally it loves to range,
That it has left success for change,
And what's worse, Glories in it.

IV.

Often when I am laid to rest,
'Twould make me act like one possess'd,
For still 'twill keep a potter ;
And though you only I esteem,
Yet it will make me in a Dream
Court and Enjoy another.

V.

And now if you are not affraid,
After these truths that I have said,
To take this Arrant Rover ;
Be not displeas'd, if I protest,
I think the Heart within your Breast
Will prove just such another.

Isab. I find 'twill be a hard matter to hold such a slippery piece of flesh:

Plot. But the greater honour, Madam, is yours that have done it.

Art to Phil. My Heart, Madam, is the very Antipodes to Mr. *Plot's* ; for I first gave it to you, and 'twould never since so much as pant after another, though you have us'd it most unmercifully.

Phil. Some Hearts are of the Nature of Spaniels, the more you beat them, the more they'll follow you.

Art. But then you must show them Game often, else they will go after others that will.

Nell. Dancing is better than talking, at least, as you two do.—The Dance, the Dance. [*They Dance Antick Dances. When that is done, a noise is made within ; he looks within the Scene.*]

Art. What noise is that? Ladies away ; and you must resign your places to better Company. [*To the Fiddlers.*]

Plot. Away, away.

[*Women step a little back in the Balcony.*]

Ladies, since we have made the Play, you will allow us a Room in your Box to see it. [*Musick and Dancers go off instantly.*]

Art. Silence is consent.

[*Ex. Art and Plot, who go up to the Balcony.*]

Enter three Men with long Cloaks.

1st. They still follow us.

2d. Yes, yes, and now 'tis time to let them overtake us.

3d. 'Tis so, for we are under the Balcony.

Enter Trick.

Trick. Stand, Friends ! I charge you in Mr. *Cudden's* Name to make a halt, and draw up till he comes. [*He hollows.*]

Enter Cudden and Anthony.

Ant. But what if they should not be Fiddlers, and thinking to Hunt a Hare, we should find it a Bear.

Cudd. 'Slight, thou art the Cowardly'st Fellow in Hell : What ! Do you think I do

do not know a Fiddler from a Hector ? I take the business on my self, and that's Insurance enough for you, Squire *Tony*.

Trick. Oh; are you come Sir ? I have kept them at Bay till you came in view, and now my part is done. [Ex. *Trick*.]

Cudd. Come, Friends, you much march along with me ; we'll pay you for your pains.

Ant. Yes, marry must you ; ours is a business of Love, to which all other affairs must strike Sail.

1st. Pray, Gentlemen, what do you take us for ?

Cudd. Come, leave off your fooling ; do not we know what you are ? Why, I tell you, you have Fiddlers Faces on your Shoulders, and Violins under your Cloaks.

Ant. This is only to heighten the price of your hire ; but no catching old Birds with Chaff.

2d. We are no Fiddlers, I assure you.

Ant. Nay, nay, I know you would be call'd Musicians ; I commend your Modesties, but I see you have tunable Faces, I read *Mi, Fa, Sol*, in the very looks of you.

Cudd. Come, come, be not asham'd of your Profession ; it is an honest and a merry one.

3d. Are not you merry, Gentlemen, to perswade us to own a Trade we never were bound unto ?

Ant. Come, I say, lay aside your Grimaces, and your Fiddle-faddles, for on the Reputation of Souldiers, we'll pay you *Heliogabilus*-like.

Cudd. 'Slight, you would be Courted would you ? Come, say you will play, or I'll so Bumfiddle your ribs ———

1st. Nay, we'll say any thing rather than be beaten.

Cudd. Oh, have we brought you a Note lower ; go *Anthony*, and call under the Window.

Ant. under the Balcony. Mrs. *Philadelphia*, Mrs. *Isabella*, here are your Serenaders ; come with half a File of Crowders : Open your Casements, receive Harmony from us, and give light to us. [Philad. and Isab. appear.]

Philad. O, Mr. *Anthony* ! Long look'd for comes at last ; but where are your Musicians and your Dancers ? What made you stay so late ?

Ant. Troth, Madam, I gave our Musicianers so much Money to drink your Health, that having thereby elevated their Spirits, they fell out, challeng'd one another, fought on the spot with their Instruments, broke them, and their Heads with them, and had thereby broken my heart by their disappointment, had not my Cousin *Cudden* and I, by dint of Arms, forc'd these three Gamesters from six Gentlemen, who were glad, at last, to fly away Swearing and ill Edify'd.

Isab. Those do not look like Musicians.

Cudd. They are then better than they look.

Ant. Observe, I pray, have they not Strike up Faces ?

Phil. But where are the Dancers ?

Cudd. We two are the Dancers.

2d. Ladies, we are no Fiddlers, but these Gentlemen having Tipped a Note above *Ela*, would therefore beat us into a Confession that we are.

Cudd. Nay then, by my life, set me a Dancing with your Instruments, or I'll set you a Dancing with mine. [Lifting up his Cane.]

Ant. Come, my Friends ! Uncloak, Uncloak.

3d. We shall catch cold then.

Ant. A Pottle of Mull'd Sack will cure you, and you shall have enough to buy a Gallon.

Cudd. Come, I'll take away your Inchant'd Garments which make you thus resty, for I long to be Dancing. [*Cudd. and Ant. fling open the three mens Cloaks, who instantly present their Pistols cock'd at their Breast.*]

Ant. Quarter, Quarter.

Cudd. Save my life, and do with me what you will.

1st. The only Tune we can play, is, Deliver your Purse, Sir.

Ant. Here, worthy Gentlemen, I am glad I have it to pleasure you with.

Isab. What's the matter, Mr. Anthony? 'Tis not the fashion to pay the Musick before they have plaid.

Ant. 'Slid, Madam, do you not see what a Trick they have plaid already? Besides, these are Pistoleer-Musicians, and will be paid when ever they ask it.

2d. to *Cudd.* Sir, you that so long to Dance should empty your Pockets first! Oh, it will make you trip so lightly.

Cudd. Ladies, will you not raise the House for our Rescue?

3d. Stir not, else we'll shoot you.

Philad. Alas, we dare not discover the favour we did you to receive your visits so late.

Cudd. A Curse on the favour——there—— [*Flings a Purse.*]

May it bring you to *Tyburn.*

3d. Come, Gentlemen, we must then have your Vests, Tunicks, Sashes, Silk-stockings, and Bevers.

1st. Nay, and your Periwiggs too, which are of more worth than your Heads: The Thatch is better than the House it covers.

2d. Flea, flea, quickly, for though your Mistresses think you are but Geese, yet we'll show them you are Foxes, for we value your Cafes more than your Carkasses.

Ant. Worthy Musicians of the Fire-Arms, do not expose our Nakedness to the Ladies.

1st. You are a sweet Lover, that would hide your secrets from your Mistress.

Ant. Ah! If it were to her alone I would discover all; but you have not us'd us so Courteously, I take it, as that I should have the like Inclination to disclose my secrets to you.

Second to Cudd. Sit down my Eleven-pence-half-penny Squire, that I may strip you for the Jigg you so long to dance.

Cudd. Alas! Gentlemen! I am out of my Dancing-humour, nor did I ever yet practice to Dance Naked.

Third. Wee'l teach you: You took us for Fiddlers, but you shall find we are Dancing-Masters.

Second to Ant. Come, Esquire of the doleful Face, we must put you into your Calfs-skin-habit, 'tis a pretty and a new dress for an Ante-mask. [*They Strip Ant. who often casts up many a sad look to the Balcony, and Cudd. does the like.*]

Ant. You are the first Dancing Masters that ever came to teach their Scholars, and brought Iron Fiddles with them.

3d. Oh, we are High-way Musicians.

Ant. But I am for the Town Musicians, they are civiller bred, and though they pick our Pockets, yet 'tis in a genteeler way.

3d. to *Cudd.* Nay, Shirt and all; what you swear to your Mistresses will then be believ'd, for Truth is like a Virgin, most moving when Naked.

Philad. Gentlemen, let us interceed.

Ant. Methinks you have been long about it, had you staid a minute longer, you could have interceeded for nothing but our Hides; all the rest is gone.

Isab. Pray, Gentlemen, for our sakes spare their Shirts.

3d. Well, Ladies, for your sakes we will, allow us to press you to Dance.

Ant. In my sight, and I forgive you your having stript me in theirs.

1st. We cannot come at them, else we would do you that Courtesie—away, away!

[*Ex. the three and the Musick.*]

Phil. You are very kind, Mr. *Anthony*.

Ant. I would you were so too, Mrs. *Philadelphia*; I was only Ambitious to have the same Ante-Taylors put you into my Livery. Love is a Race, and since I am stript for it, I would have had you the like, for I hate Advantages.

Isab. But who put you on these Robbers for Musicians?

Ant. 'Twas Physiognomist *Cudden*, he knew them, he said, to be Fiddlers, by their *Viol de Gambo* Faces, and so confidently inveigled me into the like Error, that I should have taken them for High Priests sooner than High-way Men; remember too 'twas he undertook to bring the Musick.

Cudd. Leave off upbraiding me, or by this fist I'll thump you with it.

Isab. Nay, Mr. *Cudden*, by my Troth you did embark poor Mr. *Anthony* in this Intrigue.

Ant. Law you there *Cudden*, your own Mistress being Judge condemns you: I have often told you, that you had not Guts enough in your brain to make a Fiddle-string, and now *Exce signum*, you have put us in a very pleasant Figure to Court Ladies in.

Philad. I dare say never Wooers yet appear'd in such a Garb before their Sweet-hearts.

Ant. And all this is the Product of your unfertile Noddle. Nay, I must be thought a Fool for keeping your wife Company.

Cudd. Why, you Puppy, did you not say you saw *Mi, Fa, Sol*, in their looks, and that they had Strike up Faces; confess all this, or I'll Cuff thee.

Ant. Cuff me! Thou Ignoramus in Folio.

Cudd. Ignoramus in thy face, and this to boot.

[*Kicks him.*]

Ant. Nay, since we have only our *Puris Naturalibus*-Weapons to fight with.—have at you—Ladies, he promis'd you a Serenade and fail'd, but I promis'd you no Prize, and yet will play one.

[*They fall a Cuffing.*]

Philad. Well fought Mr. *Anthony*.

Isab. Rarely Cuff'd Mr. *Cudden*.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Constab. What noise is that? Knock them down both, 'tis the shortest way to keep the Protectors Peace.

[*The Watch seize on them.*]

Away with those Quarrelling Drunkards, and put them in the Cage.

Ant. By this light, had we not been parted, I would have beaten better manners into that dull Pericranny of thine.—Kick me before my Mistress!

Cudd. As soon as I am out of Captivity, I'll kick thee Front, Rear, and Flanks, before all the Mistresses in *Europe*.

Constab.

Constab. Away, away with them, and put into the Cage those prating Tipplers in Frocks.

Ant. as the haul him out. Nay, though I be torn in pieces, I will take a civil leave of my Mistress; that will I, though *Cudden* has not the manners or the courage to do it.

*Since for your sake, me in the Cage they fling,
Even in that Cage your Praises I will sing.*

Phil. 'Twill make a pritty Canary Bird there.

Isab. Let's away, for now all the Farce is done.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

A C T. V.

Enter Anthony, Cudden, Plot and Art; the two first buttoning their Vests.

Cudd. YOU see, for your sakes we have shook hands.

Ant. What damnable Hypocrites and Cheats your Birds in Cages are, for they keep a leaping and singing as if they were ravish'd for joy at their condition; when for my part, by the experiment I have lately had of a Cage, I think it one of the Melancholy'st Habitations I know, but Hell.—But how did you recover our spoils from those Dragoons which Plunder'd us of them?

Plot. We heard by chance, in an Ale-house, as we were passing by, three men talking of Mr. *Cudden*, and Mr. *Anthony*, and how handsomly they had robb'd and stripp'd them, which made us break into the low room, where they were drinking their own Healths at your Costs, and seizing on their Pistols, crying out Thieves, Thieves, they fled.

Art. But left behind their Booty, which as we were carrying home to you, we found you in the Cage, and so releas'd and cloath'd you.

Cudd. 'Twas kindly and luckily done.

Ant. Well, if ever I prefs men with long Cloaks for Fiddlers, till I see they have no Pistols under them, may they fire them all at this Heir-apparent Head of mine.

Plot. But how were the Ladies entertain'd?

Cudd. Better than we I am sure on't.

Ant. Nay, better than they have deserv'd, for they had no more fellow-feeling of our Misfortunes, than the Watch had, till your half piece mollify'd those Bears with two feet.

Cudd. Well, I'll leave you, since for my part I am ready to freeze, and must thaw my Heart with some Spanish Juice. *Tom*, wilt go with me to the *Mermaid*?

Art. Can you doubt, that I, who forsok you not in the Cage, will leave you going to the Tavern?

Cudd. *Tony*! Be sure my Uncle and his Family know nothing of this Intrigue.

[*Ex. Cudd. and Art.*]

Ant. I am Gagg'd, I warrant you.

Enter Betty and Nan.

Betty. Mr. *Anthony*, we have all this morning been seeking you and Mr. *Cudden*; there

there is such a Vacarme in your Fathers House, that the noise of a Navy Royal, tho in a Hurricane, and on a Lee-shore, is still Musick to it, for Sir *Timothy* and my Aunt, have heard all your Pranks.

Nan. Which has so exasperated your Father and my Lady, that you are forbidden the House, and a Lawyer and Scrivener are sent for Post haste, to draw up a new Settlement, to Disinherit you, and to Intail his Estate on Mr. *Nicholas*, your younger Brother.

Ant. Well-a-day, and Woe is me: A pox on Love. Dear Mrs. *Betty*, advise and pity a poor and miserable Disinherited Heir and Lover.

Nan. Nay, the judgment for 3000 *l.* which Sir *Timothy* had on his Nephew *Cuddens* Estate, he has now Sworn, and kneeling taken the Oath, that he will never release, but extend it forthwith.

Ant. Hang *Cudden*, 'twas he drew me into this Periclitamine I am now ingulf'd into; he must forsooth be a Physiognomist, with a curse to him, and I must be such a *Nicodemus* as to rely on his Skill, when the Puppy has no more knowledge in him than there is in a Roasted Apple. I am, you say, prescrib'd and banish'd, and must live at Rovers; nor have a penny in my Pocket to buy a Tavern Cordial with.

Betty. Mr. *Anthony*, I have always been your Friend, and therefore lament your condition; take this Purse for your present supply. [She gives him a Purse.]

Ant. This kindness, pritty Mrs. *Betty*, from one of your Sex, I protest, does half reconcile me to all of it; for till now, I never got any thing from a Female but a Clap.

Nan. Mr. *Plot*, will you help me to seek out Mr. *Cudden*, he needs Intelligence and Relief too.

Plot. Will not it be scandalous to leave your Sister alone with Mr. *Anthony*?

Betty. No, I warrant you, the hours of affliction drive out loose thoughts.

Plot. Then, Mrs. *Nan*, I am ready to wait on you.

Nan. And I'll follow you at your own pace.

[Exeunt.]

Ant. But Mrs. *Betty*, have you so mean a belief of me, as to think 'tis in the power of all the unlucky Stars of Heaven, to cast me down so low, that being alone with you, would not elevate me; I tell you, 'tis an irreparable affront done to the mettle of my Constitution.

Betty. Nay then, by this light, Mr. *Anthony*, I'll leave you. [Offers to go.]

Ant. By those two pritty lights that twinkle in the Sphere of your Skull, but you shall not; you will not make me think you a Fool.

Betty. Why a fool, pray?

Ant. Lord! What a ridiculous question you ask, for did ever a handfom Gentlewoman give a distres'd Squire her Purse, but as an earnest that she would give him a better? You know well enough what I mean, a ———

Betty. Since you make such false Inferences, pray give me back my Purse.

Ant. What, part with my Earnest-money, sure you jest. — But Mrs. *Betty*, to shew you how much your kindness operates on me, I will make you my Confident, and both beg and resolve to rely on your advice, in a most Important Affair. You know I made Election of Mrs. *Philadelphia*, and *Cudden* of Mrs. *Isabella*, and as the Devil would have it, I am told Mrs. *Isabel* is in Love with me, and Mrs. *Philadelphia* with *Cudden*.

Betty. Oh, if this be it, your Intelligencers are Mr. *Plot* and Mr. *Art*.

Ant. You say right, for they told us of it as we were returning from the damn'd Adventure

Adventure of the Cage, and I am sure neither of them wou'd Trepan us.

Bet. But the truth is *Nan* and I trepann'd them; for when we saw them come softly behind us to listen to our discourse, and as they thought undiscover'd, we talk'd on purpose that stuff, as some Revenge for their impertinent Curiosity, knowing their great concerns for you.

Anton. Why then 'tis not true.

Bet. No, I assure you; but since you make me the great depository of your Secrets, I will protest to you *Philadelphia* and *Ifabella* are so far from being in Love with either of you, that they do nothing but Laugh at you both; Nay worse a thousand times; 'tis they which set all the Traps for you both last Night, as I heard them confess this Morning.

Anton. Is this possible?

Bet. 'Tis more, tis certain; so that if you have any mettle show it by your repentment of these affronts.

Anton. Have I then run through so many Herculean labours to be thus Colted; well I see I have brought my Hogs to a fair market.

Bet. Let me alone and I'll order the business so, that if you two will hide your selves an hour hence, behind the Arbour in the Garden; you both shall hear them two not only confess the fact but glory in it.

Anton. If this be so, take my heart for your reward.

Bet. Your Heart! why you have already given it to *Mrs. Philadelphia*.

Anton. Pish I did but only hold forth my Heart to her: But I will give it you without a power of Revocation; in a word you shall have the very intail of my Love: Will that satisfie you?

Betty. But will not you prove inconstant? For methought you were at high, pass, and repass, three times with it last Night.

Ant. I was then a juggling, I tell you, and so play'd at *Hocus Pocus*, and the *Babylonian* Tooth; but now I am serious.

Betty. Why then, I will undertake also to make your peace with your Father, and to make him settle 500*l.* a year on you for a present Maintenance.

Ant. If you do, I'll swear you Conjure! But how! How! My Pretty white Witch?

Betty. But you must be secret.

Ant. As secret as I would keep my Mistresses last favour.

Betty. Know then, your Father is in Love with me.

Ant. With you!

Betty. I with me! — And who do you think is his Agent — Even Reverend Mr. Pedagog.

Ant. Pedagog? That Debauch'd Pupil of mine. I'll whip him with his own Ferula for it; yet he had still a Pimping Physiognomy.

Betty. I am this morning to give him my last answer, and he shall have it to some purpose; leave this affair to my management, for your advantage. And so farewell; remember an hour hence. [Exeunt Betty.

Ant. I warrant you. — Well, these Women are ticklish things. — How shall I be sure, that she who plays so many tricks to Marry me, will not play me as many tricks after I am Marry'd to her?

Enter Cudden.

Cudd. Tony, have you heard of Sir *Timothy's* Indignation, and who those were that wheedled us last Night into all our Miseries?

Ant.

Ant. Yes, yes, I have heard, and am now more troubled to find out a soucing revenge, than at the wrong I have suffer'd. — In the first place, I forswear by Bell, Book, and Candle-light, ever to Couple with *Philadelphia*.

Cudd. And I must tell thee, that Mrs. *Nan*, who by the way has filch'd from me my heart, by my own consent, has promis'd me too, to bring me to the Hiding-place near the Arbour, where I shall be a Two-Ear-Witness of Mrs. *Isabels* Confession, which as soon as I have heard, I will take the like Oath as thou hast done; with this Vinegar and Gall addition, that I will less cheerfully Consummate Matrimony with Mrs. *Isabella* than with a Milch-Cow.

Ant. But are not we bound in honour, when we hear them abuse us to our faces (though they cannot see us) to make a Sally out of our Ambuscado, and by way of affront and eternal farewell, make an *Hebrew Leg* to them.

Cudd. What a Devil is an *Hebrew-Leg*? I believe thou hadst a *Jew* to thy Dancing-Master.

Ant. By the Mass, and he might be one, for he confess'd to me that he suffer'd a Female Circumcision at *Paris*: But an *Hebrew-Congee* is when one Marches boldly up to a Woman, and instead of Saluting her, you fetch approwet on your left Toe, and bow your Breech to her, and duck your Head from her Thus, which signifies, Adieu for ever with a Pox to you.

Cudd. 'Tis a brave Revenge; but I would do something.

Ant. 'Slid, then let's make them the *Rabbinical-Congee*; for after that there can be no accommodation, 'tis a kind of passing over *Rubicon*, and cuts off all Treatise of Concord.

Cudd. Prethee, dear *Anthony*, instruct me in this hard Word Congee, for the worst affronts to them are the best for us.

Ant. Why, thus then: When you have turn'd your back-side to her, you open your Thighs wide, and then clapping your Head between them (an Emblem that the World is turn'd Topsy-turvy with you towards her) you say in a hoarse Tone, fareill instead of farewell.

Cudd. Excellent! For who can be such a Hen-hearted Hypocrite, as to say farewell to one who he detests, and would have fare ill?

Ant. Right and Plain-dealing is a Jewel fit for a forsaken Mistresses Ear; besides, your Head being in that Position, it seems as if you spoke through your Breech, which is one of the unfavourest way of uttering ones self to ones Mistress, that can be fancy'd by the Wit or Malice of a Willow-Lover.

Cudd. And therefore the fitter usage for such Whirligiggs. Come, let's about it, for the hour is at hand, and I more long to act these Revenges, than ever I did to be Mrs. *Isabels* Bed-fellow, though without the help of a Parson.

Enter Sir Timothy and Pedagog.

Sir Tim. Well, Mr. *Pedagog*, shall I, or shall I not? Has my burning sighs, dissolv'd the Ice in Mrs. *Betty's* Bosom?

Pedag. Consider, Sir, what 'tis for one of your years and relation to be in Love! Pray, Sir, yet listen to my Reasons.

Sir Tim. Reasons to a Lover! You may as well hope to alter a High-way-man by Pleading *Magna Charta*, when he demands your Purse.

Pedag. You are fix'd then?

Sir Tim. Fix'd as Fate.

Pedag. Why then, Sir, since I cannot alter you, I must tell you I have more than endeavour'd to serve you; for I have three-times assaulted Mrs. *Betty* in your behalf: at the first overture of the business, as the fashion is, she bless'd her self, shriek'd and fled, and gave me a Volly of Injuries at parting.

Sir Tim. Has she then Antipathies for me?

Pedag. In a Word, for I know your Worship stands on Thorns, you are immediately to make over that Judgment Irrevocably to Mrs. *Betty*, who is this Afternoon, at six a Clock, to counterfeit her self sick, and so to retire to her Chamber, ten Minutes before *Jenny* is to let you in; and as soon as her Lady has flung her self upon the Bed, she will go out, pretending to fetch something for her, and then——

Sir Tim. No more, my *Ped*; thou hast oblig'd me for ever, as an Evidence whereof, here is thy Bond Sign'd and Seal'd. Farewel, excuse a Lovers Impatience.

Pedag. But Sir, if my Lady know any thing of this?

Sir Tim. Hang her, Mouldy Bisket.

[*Ex. several ways.*]

The S C E N E, a Garden with an Arbour.

Enter Anthony and Cudden hastily.

Ant. 'Slid, they are on our backs already, we must Tappis instantly, or they'll have a view of us.

Cudd. Let's leap into our Forms; but little do they think how this Ambush will break out upon them.

Ant. Hush! They are come.

[*Enter Isab. Philad. Betty and Nan.*]

Betty. Nay, 'twas too unmercifully done. Why, you could not have us'd them worse had they been your Haters; when, alas, the poor Squires were your passionate Lovers.

Phil. The truth is, how could men with those Miens expect to be civiller handled?

Isab. They to set up for Heiresses of a 1000*l.* a year a piece, with those Coddled Faces.

Cudd. *whispers to Ant.* *Tony*, that's you she meant.

Ant. Nay, she abus'd us in Couples, for she said Faces; take your share of the Parboyl'd Visages, I'll rob you of nothing.

Bet. Troth methinks Mr. *Anthony* has a pretty fresh Complexion of his own?

Phil. Yes, as fresh as Roses after they are still'd.

Isab. And for Squire *Cudden* he has such a Brown-bread look, 'twere enough to make a Plough-man hungry to see him.

Ant. to Cudden. Pray *Cudden* let me have a Slice of your Face to stay my Stomach.

Cudd. Hold, hold *Tony*; she'll give you with her Tongue your Belly-full presently.

Nan. Come, come, there must be something more than this in the matter; the Men have good Husband-faces; for men are not Marry'd for their Beauties.

Phil. For my part I would not have so much certainty of being nought, as to Marry such a Cuckold-look as Squire *Tonys*.

Cudden to Anthony. Mark that *Tony*!

Ant. And mark my Prophecie; if she does not give, who e'er she Marrys, a pair of Horns as big as the Stags of *Amboise*, may *Achaons* Fate be mine.

Isab.

Ifab. You saw we took them for Wild Beasts, and so had them Cag'd; and for Squire *Cudden*, methinks I see an *Olio Podrido* in his looks; a mixture of Fool, Cuckold, and Surly, three pretty Ingredients to compose the Complexion of a *Coventry* Lion.

Ant. Be—Ah, Squire *Cudden*.

Cudd. 'Slight, I can hold no longer, I must Sally; Second me bravely, *Tony*, and and we'll toss them worse than in Blankets.

Ant. If I do not stick to thee in all thou dost attempt, may *Philadelphia* be my Wife; which is the greatest Imprecation my Chaf'd-brain can invent. *[They both discover themselves, and come upon the Stage.]*

Cudd. Here Mrs. Cow, behold your Calf!

Ant. And you, Mrs. *Phily*, that fear being a Gamester, should you Wed me, know I am come to bid Defiance to thee to thy face, which is so Warp'd, that 1000 *l.* a year cannot make it right in my Eyes.

Cudd. And for you, Mrs. *Olio Podrido*, whenever you have me for your Gallant again, may the Cage you cast me into for one Night, be my Bed-Chamber for ever.

Ifab. You were such hot Lovers, we had no other Invention to cool you.

Philad. Fruition it self, is not a more Compendious way to quench your flames, than that which our Charity found for you.

Ant. Is it so, Mrs. *Maukin*, with your Antimonial Face? A Face, which now I look on without a Lovers Spectacles, is ready to operate both ways on me: 'Tis a composition of *Falop* and *Crocus Metallorum-Ana*, so that I protest I can hold out no longer; and therefore stand fair, that I may make an *Hebrew-Leg*.

Philad. Do Mr. *Few*.

Cudd. An *Hebrew-Leg* for you too, Mrs. *Ifabel*, with a *Rabbinical* Conge in the Close.

Ifab. I see they have been better taught, since they were in the Cage, than ever they were by their Dancing-Master: Affliction is an Excellent School. Come on, Practitioners, we'll stand for you.

Ant. That's more than we'll do for you.

Cudd. Then thus I advance.

[Making the first Leg agreed upon.]

Ant. The like Civility I pay you, Mrs. *Phily*, and wish it were worse for your own sours sake.

Ifab. I protest you never laid out ten Shillings better than on the Constable and his Watch, to teach you these *A-la-mode* Conges.

Philad. Pray Squires give us another Serenade, and let these Legs be made us when you begin the Ball.

Cudd. Nay, nay, do not commend us till our Ante-mask is done; this is but the first Entry of it. Now for *Rabbinicus*, and let's make them both together.

Ant. Content: We will use them Souldier-like, and give them a Volly at parting.

[They make their Rabbinical Conges at once, and both cry, in a hoarse voice, Fare-ill for ever, with a Pox to you both.]

Ifab. Bless me! Let's run, they'll fling their Logger-Heads at us else.

Phil. Fly, fly, they are Conjuring.

[Ex. Ifab. and Philad. shrieking.]

Cudd. Are they gone?

Nan. Yes, yes, with Fleas in their Ears.

Ant. A Green-sickness go with them; and may they neither have Chalk nor Lime to feed on.

Betty. You have acted the Revenge like men of *Italy*.

Cudd. Think to gilt us unpunish'd ; but you, Mrs. *Nan*, have ty'd me for ever to you.

Ant. I am under the same Foot-locks to pretty Mrs. *Berty*.

Enter Trick with two Letters.

Trick. Sir *Timothy* commanded me, on the peril of my Ears, to deliver this Letter into your own hand, and this into yours, Mr. *Anthony*. [Gives the two Letters.

Ant. I tremble to open it, for I know the damn'd Contents of it.

Betty. Read it boldly, Mr. *Anthony*.

Ant. As boldly as I would fight for my Mistress. [Reads.

Hum, hum, Debauch'd like a Ruffian—Fight in the Streets in your Shirts—Caged—Disinherited—Your younger Brother all my Estate—And banish you my House for ever. — O! dismal Tidings!

Enter Plot and Art.

Art. What in the name of Wonder, have you done to Mrs. *Isabel*, and Mrs. *Philadelphica*? we met them running and half frighted out of their Wits.

Plot. Vowing, with lifted up hands, they will rather marry an Hospital beggar, than either of you.

Cud. And we, two Tinkers Trulls rather than either of them.

Art. Your severe Usage, has made them so kind to us, as to offer us, themselves, for our Wives ; if we would Bastinado you, Crop your Ears, and slit your Noses,—for nothing less will pacify them.

Ant. If I were sure you would be Spirit of Urine-Husbands to them, by this light you should therefore have my consent.

Cud. Or were I sure, you would give them incurable Monsieurs, the very first night.

Art. 'Tis ten to one we shall. Why? 'Tis the Mode now.

Plot. Have you not stinging Letters from Sr. *Timothy*.

Cud. Mine was writ with the Juice of Nettles.

Ant. And mine, with *Aqua Infernalis* ; so that Mr. *Plot* and Mr. *Art*, I'm a lost man ; my father will disinherit me, for my last nights Gambol, and would disinherit me again, if he could, for Marrying Mrs. *Betty*, to whom I have dedicated the Triangle of my Breast.

Cudd. The Old Usurer has sent to lay on his 3000 *l.* Judgment on my Estate, with Interest upon Interest, and Cost upon Cost, and Damage upon Damage, so that I doubt, the Daughter, the first hour she's born, will be bigger than the Mother ; however, I will have Mrs. *Nan* blow high, blow low.

Art. Come, cheer up ; for what say you, if Mr. *Plot* and I get you his consent to Marry your two Mistresses, and give you 3000 *l.* a piece with them, and 500 *l.* a year instantly for Mr. *Anthony*?

Ant. Hey Boys! This sounds lofter than the Tutonick.

Cudd. If thou dost, take our two late Mistresses.

Plot. If we do not hang us ; but then you must do all we command you, and not lose one moment. Follow us, and depend on it, all shall be done.—Away, away. [Exeunt.

The S C E N E a Chamber, a Bed and Curtains set out within the Scene.

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. I doubt he repents, and will not come; yet sure he cannot be such a Rampant Weather, as to give 3000 *l.* to do nothing. *[Enter Sir Timothy.]*
Oh, here he is! I see, Sir, Old men are not so punctual at their Amorous Assignments as the Young; 'tis e'en on the stroke of six.

Sir Tim. I tell thee, *Jenny*, 'tis but a little past Five by my Watch.

Jenny. A Lovers Watch, especially on such an occasion, should go an hour faster than the Sun. 'Slid, my Lady's at hand; I see her—hide your self behind the Bed. *[He hides himself behind the Bed.]*

Sir Tim. Had she not come so soon, I would have trifled a little with thee.

Jenny. You should not, for I hate Trifling.

Enter Betty, who casts her self on her Bed.

Betty. I am very sick, *Jenny*; pray draw the Curtains, then run and fetch me a Cordial.

Jenny. I will, Madam.

[Ex. Jenny.]

[Sir Tim. comes from behind the Bed, and opening the Curtains, says]

Sir Tim. She is forward, I might have sav'd 1500 *l.* of my 3000 *l.* Niece, I know you are a fair Merchant; I have paid you my money, and now I come for my Commodity.

Betty startling up. Bless me, Unkle! What do you mean?

Sir Tim. What, have you forgot the bargain? I come to be your Bed-fellow, that was our agreement.

Betty. But then, I meant you were to be my Bed-fellow as my Sister *Nan* is.

Sir Tim. But I meant to be your Bedfellow, as a man of Mettle ought to be with a Maid, to whom he has paid 3000 *l.* for a Nights Lodging.—'Slid, do you think to Wheedle me? Then 'tis time to Storm you.

Betty. Then 'tis time to cry for Relieve.—Help, help.

Lady within. I come, I come, my Child. *[Betty tears of his Ruff, and with a kick, flings him down. Betty shrieks, cries for help.]*

Sir Tim. Death, that's my Hagg of a Wifes Voice: I am a lost man, ruin'd for ever, I must hide my self. *[Runs behind the Bed.]*

Enter hastily, Lady, Philad. Isab. Nan and Winifred.

Lady. What shrieks were those, my dear Niece?

Betty. Ah! Madam! They were mine.

Lady. At what, my Child?

Betty. Alas, I saw a Ghost open my Curtains, and it would have Ravish'd me.

Lady. A Ghost, and would have Ravish'd thee? Thou Dreamst, thou Dreamst!

Nan. Pray, in what Shape did it appear?

Betty. I am loath to tell.

Lady. Tell it, I say.

Betty.

Betty. It was so like *Timothy*, I durst have sworn it had been he, had not the Lascivious Violence it offer'd me, made me conclude it was the Devil in his Reverend Worships Shape.

Lady. Fy, fy, *Betty*; he, Good Man, a Ravisher? I know him too well to suspect him for that.

Betty. Nay, Madam, 'twas either he, or *Belzebub* in his likeness, I'll hold you 3000 *l.* ont.

Sir Tim. Oh, the Jade! Betray and jeer me too!

Betty. Pray judge whose Ruff this is, that I pluck'd off the Furies Neck, in my own defence. [Plucking it out of the Bed.

Lady. *Winifred!* Is not this thy Masters Mark?

Winif. By my Maiden-head, Madam, 'tis; oh, the Old Letcher!

Lady. Where has he hid himself?

Betty. I think behind the Bed, for thither he scuttled when my shrieks call'd in the Company.

Lady. Villain, Goat, Cock-Sparrow; come out with a Vengeance.

Winif. Lord! How like a *Tarquin* he looks. [They all go behind the Bed and

Nan. Bless me! What an old Ravisher is this? pluck out *Sir Timothy*.

Sir Tim. Forgive me, my dear Wife, it is my first fault of this kind; and, by the Love I bear thee, shall be the last.

Lady. Forgive thee, thou Town-Bull? No, if the Law can hang thee, swing thou shalt in the Air. Run, *Winifred*, and call three Chastizers of the Parish, and let them Worry him.

Winif. I'll fetch those Teasers for him, shall cool his Courage. So Rampant at Sixty! Nay then, 'tis time to Eunuch him. [Ex. *Winif*.

Betty. Alas, Madam, to show how hot he was, he made me over Mr. *Cudden's* Judgment of 3000 *l.* as an offer to corrupt me; here's the very Deed. [Gives her a

Lady. By this light an 'tis. Ah, thou old Traytor, give 3000 *l.* to *Parchment*. Cuckold me, and Debauch my Niece, by the Injur'd Spirits of thy offended Wife, I'll Mouse thee for it.

Sir Tim. I acknowledge my Crime, and submit, dear Wife of my Bosom: Therefore send not for the Chastizers of the Parish, they'll blaze my dishonour, and so squeeze my Purse, that I shall dye blushing and a Beggar.

Nan. Pray, Madam, let me interceed for my Unkle.

Phil. & Isab. We join our Prayers with hers.

Lady. Hang him Ram! — Nay, since he will be for Feritting in others Burrows, e'en let the Warrener Uncase him, and hang up his Skin, to frighten away all such Vermin.

Enter Winifred running.

Winif. Oh, Madam, by the happiest chance in the World, I met in the Street, just at the door, the three Chastizers of the Parish, newly risen from sitting in Judgment on a young Fornicator, who they have handled without Mittings, and therefore will feague an old Adulterer; I have told them all. They are without at the Door, and if you please I'll bring them in.

Sir Tim. O deliver me not over to these three Tormentors, but Execute me with your own hands rather.

Lady. Peace, thou old Sinner, my Ears are barr'd to Mercy; call them in *Winifred*.

fred. Nan, draw three Chairs, that they may sit in Judgment on this Gray-hair'd Ruffian.

Win. Come in Reverend Sirs.

Win. goes to the door.

Enter Pedagog, Anthony, and Cudden : *the first with a great black beard, the other in black like two Elders ; all three humming.*

Ped. Sister, What voice of Justice calleth us hither ?

Lady. Welcome Sirs——take your Seats ; here's the Delinquent ; there's the injur'd Innocence ; and here's the Witnesses ; but the latter we need not, for he confesses the foul fact.

Ant. If he confesses, let him be hanged. The proverb has condemned him.

Cud. Brother ! we must proceed Juridically ; set the Delinquent forth ! What Crime art thou accused of old Man ?

Sir Tim. Wenching, and please your worships ?

Ant. Out upon him, Spawn of the old Serpent, as if wenching pleased us.

Ped. Brethren ! he's full fraught with Iniquity, his answer is a New guilt.

Cud. At whom, was thy Uncleaness levell'd, old Sinner ?

Sir Tim. Even at that Gypsey, who has pick'd my pocket of 3000 *l.*

Ant. Mark that Brethren : 3000 *l.* for wenching ; he may well pay double as much for pious uses ; he's a full spung, Brethren, we must and squeeze him well.

Cud. I am somewhat Tender, Beloved, in erecting Churches out of fornication ; the Foundation is bad ; but for squeezing him I concur.

Pedag. Brother, your scruple is not groundless ; but since bad manners beget good Laws, 'tis as reasonable that Fornication should build Parochials.

Ant. My Hesitations are vanished.

Enter Art and Plot.

Plot. Sir *Timothy*, alas ! What's the matter ? The crowd of people at your door has brought us in.

Art. And to offer you both our services, if you have need.

Sir Tim. *whispers to them.* Alas, Gentlemen, you find me in Huchsters Clutches.

Plot. For what ?

Sir Tim. Ah, for the frailty of my Old Age.

Art. Frailty, in what ?

Sir Tim. An Amorous Itch, or so.

Pedag. Who are those that interrupt our Sessions ?

Cudd. And that dare appear before this Court in Roystring Periwigs, whose Locks are like the Whore of *Babylons*.

Ant. Sister *Winifred*, make these Emblems of Vice withdraw, or at least keep silence. [*Hems twice.*]

Brethren proceed, let not the Garb of Wickedness put Justice out of its sober pace.

Winif. Mr. *Plot*, and Mr. *Art*, silence, and hear the Court.

Pedag. Who is that Female, whom thou, with thy defil'd mouth, didst call Gypsey ?

Lady. Reverend Sir, 'tis my Niece Mrs. *Betty*.

Ant. Mark that, Brethren, his Niece 3000 *l.* to commit Incest.

Cudd. His Niece ! O thou obdurate Old Wretch !

Pedag. My Brothers, here's a Covy of Vices complicated ; Fornication, as she is a single Woman ; Adultery, as he is a Marry'd Man, and Incest as he is an Unkle.

Cudd. Mr. *Thump* has Orthodoxly unravell'd and dissected *Gradatim*, the severall Fibers, which grow from this one Wicked Root, *viz.* Uncleaness.

Sir

Sir Tim. But nothing of all this was acted; mark that Reverend Sirs.

Ant. But 'twas none of your fault 'twas not acted, mark that Irreverend Sirs.

Cudd. The Fault is foul and clear; therefore let us proceed to Judgment.

Pedag. My decree is, that since he is so hot, he shall stand publickly in a White-Sheet by way of Pennance Seven days in Sequence, to Mortify the flames of Lust in the Spectators.

Cudd. My Sentence is, that since he could give 3000 *l.* to one Niece to Corrupt her Chastity, he shall give 3000 *l.* to the t'other to get her a good Husband; for an old man should bestow at least as much upon Charity as he does upon his Concupiscence.

Anton. E're I proceed, I desire to be informed if any young Women are committed to his ordering?

Phil. O Yes, my Sister and I are.

Isab. To our griefs be it spoken.

Ant. Then my first Sentence is, for I mean to have more than one, That from henceforth you shall be wholly at your own disposal, for he that cannot rule himself, is unfit to guide others.

Phil. and Isab. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Ped. Has he any Children or Relations committed to his charge.

Betty. Yes Sir, he has a very hopeful young stripling to his Son, call'd Squire *Antony*, on whom he will scarce bestow 3 pound: when to quench his Libidiny, he can part with 3000.

Nan. He has also a very promising plant to his Nephew, call'd 'squire *Cudden*, on whose Estate he has a judgment of 3000 *l.*

Ped. My Brother has minded me of the decorum of Justice, therefore my second doom is, that he settle forthwith 500 *l.* a year on Squire *Antony*, that toward sappling.

Ant. And my second decree is, that the said Squire, if he likes the injur'd damsel, shall for his fathers transgression, take her for his loving spouse.

Cud. hems.——And my second decree is, that the Nephew if he likes the other Sister, shall copulate with her, as lawful Man and Wife.—— *hems lustily.* and that the good Lady who the old stallion has so offended, shall henceforth rule the Family; for he has forfeited the Breeches, by being so Rampant after the Petticoats.

Pedag. Having thus with sober steps, and well weighed Justice, mov'd through the Criminal part of the Charge; now let us proceed to the Capital.——Adultery, by our Law, requires the Gibbet. Incest, by our Law, the Faggot: So that, believe me Brethren, I doubt we can do no less than Condemn him to be Hanged and Burned.

Cudd. For since he fell from Adultery into Incest, it is fit also, that he should fall out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.

Ant. All this must be certify'd to the Governour of the Precinct, to whose Dead-doing Hand we must leave the Transgressor.

Lady. Nay then, Pious Sirs, I must interceed; I cannot forget he is my Husband, though he forget both himself, and that I was his Wife.

Sir Tim. Take pity on me, I beseech you —— and to show you I need no severer Judge on my self, than I will be to my self, I freely consent that my Niece *Betty* keep the 3000 *l.* Judgment I gave her; and I will give my Niece *Nan* the like sum for

for her Portion. I will also do my utmost endeavour to engage my Son *Anthony*, and Nephew *Cudden*, to Marry them. I will settle on the former 500*l.* a year, present maintenance, and the rest after my Death; which, alas, I find these abominable Miseries will hasten. My two Charges, *Isabella* and *Philadelphia*, I leave freely to their own dispose. And lastly, I will for ever resign up the Sovereignty of the House to my offended Lady; who, I acknowledge, deserves as much to Rule it, as I have made my self hereby unworthy of it. All this I voluntarily do.

Lady. Let this, I beseech you on my Knees, satisfy your offended Justice.

Plor. I unite in their Requests.

Art. I join in it most heartily.

Nan. Betty. Isab. Phil. And I.

Winif. And I forsooth.

Pedag. Brethren, what say ye?

Ant. I begin to thaw.

Cudd. Whipping himself three lashes, is more than if a Beadle Whipp'd him nine.

Ant. But now I think on't, Brethren, our Office is to punish, not to pardon.

Sir Tim. whispers. That's a severe Assitant, Mr. *Plor.*

Plor. Reverend Sir, consider the greatest part of your Sentence the Delinquent submits to impose upon himself.

Lady. Can you be so cruel to deny us all at once?

Pedag. How are we sure he will perform, unless our Decrees are first return'd unto, and then ratify'd by the fore-mention'd Governour of the Precinct.

Sir Tim. If that be all, give me a blank sheet of Parchment, I'll Sign and Seal it. then you your selves fit it up according to the Tenour which I have Sworn; which may I perish if I make not good.

Pedag. Brethren, let us consider.

[*They seem to consult together, and hem often.*]

Plot to Isab. Now, Madam, you're at your own dispose, a happiness which when you had attain'd, you promis'd you would perfect mine.

Isab. I do remember my Engagement, and here's my hand, I'll keep it. [Plot kneels and kisses her.]

Art to Philad. Now you are free, Madam, remember your poor Captive; I do not beg you to break those Chains your Beauties have confin'd me in, but to reward the Joy with which I bore them.

Philad. You have been so respectful and so constant, that I should be more unjust to my self than you, did I not grant your Suit? ——— Yes, I am yours.

Art. The whole Actions of my life shall be to pay my Gratitude.

Pedag. Call for a Skin of Parchment, ho!

[*Winif. runs out.*]

Sir Tim. That voice has comfort in't: Ah, my dear Lady, canst thou forgive thy *Tim*?

Lady. Heavens forgive you, I do.

Sir Tim. What a *Barbarian* was I to offend such Innocence; but if my Vertue does not henceforth Geld me, thy Twifes shall do that Justice.

Cudd. But what if there should be no Parchment ready? 'Twas ill forgotten.

Pedag. By the Mass, all then will be Defeated.

Ant. No, no, I have a help at Maw.

Enter Winifred.

Winif. I have search'd over all the House, and cannot find one Skin of Parchment. Is it your pleasure I send to the next Scriveners for one? H *Pedag.*

Pedag. Brother, draw forth your help at Maw ; there's need on't now you see:

Ant. pulls out the Triple Indenture. Then thus, Brother Thump, I bring it forth.

Pedag. to *Ant.* 'Slid, that's the Triple Indenture.

Ant. The very same I profess, and he shall sign the outside of it ; for now, as I take it, the Triumvirate is Null'd, and we'll, at leisure, wash out the inside with *Aqua Fortis*.

Pedag. Be sure you hold it cleverly then, else all the Fat may be in the Fire.

Ant. I warrant thee ! — Come, thou Old Miscreant-Penitent, sign your Voluntary-Doom. — Brother yea ! Produce your Penner.

Cudd. Here, take it, Old Transgressor. — Lord ! How his Hand shakes. — Were it to sign 3000 *l.* for an Incest, he would do it most steadily, I warrant you.

Sir Tim. This is my Hand, and this is my Seal, and all that shall be Written above it, according to the Sentence, and my most humble Acquiescence in it, I here, by a fresh Vow, Confirm and Ratify.

Omn. We all are Witnesses to it.

Sir Tim. Now, most Reverend Judges, be not displeas'd if I make one poor and earnest Suit to you:

Ant. What is't Peccator ?

Sir Tim. 'Tis that my Son *Anthony*, and my Nephew *Cudden*, may never know of my Transgression, or of the Commutation I make for it, for if they should, their Tyranny would be Intollerable.

Ant. Know then, to Console thee — none shall ever be told it, but we that are present ; does that satisfy thee ?

Sir Tim. Most abundantly ; and here again then I renew the Oath of my performance.

Ant. discovers himself. And thus, with your Blessing, I make bold to possess my self of my part of your Vow ! Mrs. *Betty*, I am yours for ever.

Sir Tim. How ! My Son *Anthony* ! —

Ant. The very same, as I am an Assistant ; and have you not a kind Son of me ? Who though you banish'd me your House, for showing my Valour in the Streets, does yet, to expiate your fault, cheerfully undergo what you your own self thought (500 *l.* a year, and 3000 *l.* in Money) was little enough to buy me to.

Cudden discovering himself. And have you not as kind a Nephew of me ? Who tho I was as Tyrannically us'd by you, yet being one of your Judges, condemn'd you to no more than you Sentenc'd your self unto. — Nay, to atone the wrong you did to one Sister, consent to Marry the other with the pittiful Portion of 3000 *l.* but she is worth a Million. My dear *Nan*, here take thy own *Cudden* for ever.

Pedag. discovering himself. And have you not a tender Ghostly Father of me, that since I could not reclaim your Worship from Lust as your Schoolmaster, have done it as your Judge ?

Sir Tim. Ha ! Bless me !

Isab. I have also made bold to use the Liberty your Repentance gave me, and have bestow'd my self on Mr. *Plot*.

Philad. And I on Mr. *Art*.

Lady. And since you cannot rule your self, remember you have made your self my Ward.

Winif. And by my Pucicity 'tis fit ; for as the Proverb says, Old Men are twice Children, and therefore my good Lady will be your best Guardian.

Sir

Sir Tim. Well, I am Noos'd I confess ; however, I am glad my shame is confin'd within my own Family.

Winif. How your own Family ? Remember, Sir, 'tis my Ladies Family by Decree of the Court.

Ant. What, does he break our Sentence, Brethren ? Let us fill our Seats of Justice again, and so proceed.

Cudd. No, no, we'll fill the blank with a Resignation of all he has, reserving an Annuity of 50 *l.* a year for himself, and swear to it, and then he'll find we were more merciful as Judges, than as Kindred.

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, I yield.—— This comes of Wenching at Sixty. Pray, Gentlemen, you that will be Wenchers, do not begin so late, else you may pay dear for nothing.

Cudd. We are all agreed then.

Pedag. Yes, and all Coupled too ; for *Winifred* and I resolve to be Bed-fellows—— during pleasure.——

Winif. That is during your good Behaviour.

Ant. Methinks just like a Comedy this ends,

Lovers embrace their Loves, and Friends their Friends.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

36m

Epilogue.

OUR next new Play, if this mode hold in vogue,
Shall be half Prologue, and half Epilogue.

The way to please you is easie if we knew't,
A Jigg, a Song, a Rhime or two will dot,
When you're ith vein; and sometimes a good Play,
Strangely miscarries, and is thrown away.

That this is such, our Author dares not think,
For what displeases you's a waste of Ink;
And now the Danger of our Thunder's nigh,
We have no refuge but to Mercy fly.

We yield our selves, and you so gen'rous are,
Submitting Foes, though ne'r so great, you'll spare.

Gallants! If y'are offended at our Play,
And think w'have courstly treated you to day,
Think what a famine there is now of Wit,
And that we bring the best that we can get;
Wit's e'en exhausted, and is almost spent,
And you, with little Wit, must be content.

Damn'd Plays shall be adorn'd with mighty Scenes,
And Fustian shall be spoke in huge Machines;

And we will purling Streams and Fire-works show,
And you may live to see it Rain and Snow;

So Poets save their Wit, they care not how.

This all our Scriblers can perform with ease,
Tickle the Fools, tho' not the witty please.

If you expect true Comedy agen,
That represents not Monsters, but skews Men,

Your Expectations will be cross'd, we fear,
For we have little hope to see such here.

F I N I S.



