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BURY-FAIR.

A

COMEDY,

As it is ACTED by His

Majesty's Servants.

Written

By *THO. SHADWELL,*

Servant to His Majesty.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *James Knapton,* at the Crown in
St. Paul's Church-yard: 1689.

149.4.15.

May, 1873



CHARLES

E A R L of

D O R S E T and M I D D L E S E X,
 Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household,
 Lord Lieutenant of *Suffex*, and one of the
 most Honourable Privy Council.

MY LORD,

I Who have been so long and so continually oblig'd by your Lordship, have ever fresh Occasions of acknowledging your Favour and Bounty to me, and cannot be silent of the late great Honour you have done me, in making me the King's Servant; but must publish my Gratitude for that, and all the rest of the great Obligations I have receiv'd. Your Lordship not only makes use of your own Power; but of that which the King has entrusted you with, to do good to Mankind, which you ever delighted in. And as I am apt to believe, that no Man had ever a great Office conferr'd upon him with more Favour from his Prince, so I am well assured no Man ever receiv'd one with a more general liking of the People than your Lordship. Nothing but the Service of so Great and Gracious a

A 2

King,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

King, who so miraculously redeem'd us, and since makes all our Interests his own, could recompence you for the happy Retirement you might enjoy, and wherein you so much delight.

This Play, my Lord, I humbly submit to your Lordships Judgment. I can write nothing worthy of your Acceptance; but I hope your Lordship will give some Indulgence to this, since it was Written during eight Months painful Sickness, wherein all the several Days in which I was able to Write any part of a Scene, amounted not to one Month, except some few which were employ'd in indispensable Business. This is indeed no Excuse in any one who does not Write for Necessities of Life.

The Play has met with a Kind Reception from all for ought I hear, but some of the late Loyal Poets, above whose Censure I esteem my self; and from some who are still so fond of the Doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance, that they think it a Profanation to bring the very words into a Comedy.

These are so weak to mistake that for a Point of Divinity, which is indeed a Point of Law; and some of the most vigorous Maintainers of that Doctrine, have seen their Error, and not only left off professing it, but have wisely and justly Contradicted it in their Practice,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Etice, by assisting towards our late wonderful Deliverance. And sure there is no need of any great measure of understanding to find out, that, when the Compact on which Government is founded is broken, and those very Laws destroy'd, which were made to secure the People in their Estates, Liberty and Religion, the Law of Nature must take place, which not only permits, but obliges Mankind to Self-defence.

I never could Recant in the worst of Times, when my Ruine was design'd, and my Life was sought, and for near Ten years I was kept from the exercise of that Profession which had afforded me a competent Subsistence, and surely I shall not now do it, when there is a Liberty of speaking Common Sence, which tho' not long since forbidden, is now grown Current.

I humbly beg your Lordship's Pardon for the trouble of this Epistle, who am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obliged

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

Drammatis Personæ.

<i>Lord Bellamy,</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Mr. Wildish;</i>	<i>Mr. Mountfort.</i>
<i>Mr. Oldwit,</i>	<i>Mr. Underhill.</i>
<i>Sir Humph. Noddy,</i>	<i>Mr. Noakes.</i>
<i>Mr. Trim,</i>	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>La Roch,</i>	<i>Mr. Leigh.</i>
<i>Valet to Mr. Wildish,</i>	<i>Mr. Bohen.</i>
<i>Charles, Page to my Lord Bellamy,</i>	<i>Mrs. Butler.</i>
<i>Lady Fantast, Wife to Mr. Oldwit,</i>	<i>Mrs. Cory.</i>
<i>Mrs. Fantast, Daughter to my Lady Fantast by a Former Husband,</i>	} <i>Mrs. Boutell.</i>
<i>Mrs. Gertrude, Oldwit's Daughter by a former Wife,</i>	
<i>Luce, Mrs. Fantast's Woman.</i>	
<i>Four Ladies.</i>	
<i>Butler.</i>	
<i>Nicolas, Servant to La Roch.</i>	
<i>Page to La Roch.</i>	
<i>Milliner, Perfumer, Hosier, Goldsmith, Indian-Gown Man, two Jack-Puddings, Gingerbread-Woman, Fruit Women, Country Fellows and Wenches, Constable and his Guard, Servants and Footmen.</i>	

SCENE St. EDMUNDS-BURY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Mountfort.

TO what hard Laws you Comick Writers bind,
Who must at every turn new humour find;
Tho' the great Masters of the former Age,
Had all the choice of humour for the Stage:
And they that plenteous Harvest reap'd so clean,
Their Successors can little else but glean.
Frolick, and Cockwood yet were good and new,
And the Plain-dealer, and Sir Foplin you
Have seen, and justly have applauded too. }
Our Author some new humour did produce,
But look not for an unexhausted Cruse.
The task each day grows harder than before;
For as good Poets have brought forth great store,
So Fellows of no Genius, with much Toil,
Still Sweat for humour, which they always spoil:
And by their hints good Comick Pens prevent,
As Whelps stanch Hounds, by foyling of the scent.
These wretched Poetitos, who got praise
For writing most confounded Loyal Plays,
With viler, courser Jest than at Bear-Garden,
And silly Grubstreet Songs worse than Tom Farthing.
If any Noble Patriot did excel
His own, and Country's Rights defending well,
These yelping Currs were straight loo'd on to bark,
On the deserving Man to set a mark.
These abject, fawning Parasites and Knaves,
Since they were such, would have all others Slaves.
'Twas precious Loyalty that was thought fit
To atone for want of Honesty and Wit:
No wonder Common Sence was all cry'd down,
And Noise and Nonfence swagger'd thro' the Town.
Our Author then oppress'd, would have you know it,
Was Silenc'd for a Non-conformist Poet:

*In those hard times he bore the utmost test,
And now he Swears he's Loyal as the best.
Now Sirs, since Common Sence has won the day,
Be kind to this, as to his last years Play.
His Friends stood firmly to him when distress'd;
He hopes the number is not now decreas'd:
He found esteem from those he valued most,
Proud of his Friends, he of his Foes could boast.
To all you Bury Sparks, he bid me say
That every Part is Fiction in his Play;
Particular Reflections there are none,
Our Poet knows not one in all your Town.
If any has so very little Wit
To think a Fop's dress can his Person fit,
E'en let him take it, and make much of it.*

}

B U.

BURY-AIR.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Wildish and his Valet dressing him.

Val. **N**OW I hope, Sir, you will acknowledge you see a sweet Town, clean, and finely Scituated, in a delicate Air; here I was Born, here I Suck'd my first Breath.

Wild. Thus every Coxcomb is big with the praise of the Country and Place of his Nativity.

Val. All the World says as much of St. *Edmand's Bury*.

Wild. There is indeed some Truth in this; but 'tis not thou, but the Town, is in the right: for thou wou'dst have recommended the Air of the worst Town in the Hundreds of *Essex*, had'st thou Suck'd thy first breath in it, as thou sayest. But one thing I can tell of thy Town, That it can produce a Blockhead.

Val. You may say what you please of me, Sir, but there are so many fine Gentlemen and Ladies, so Gallant, and so well bred, we call it little *London*; and it out-does St. *James's Square*, and all the Squares, in Dressing and Breeding; nay, even the Court it self, under the Rose.

Wild. I doubt not, but they are given to out-do, as all Imitators are.

Val. Well, you *London Wits*, will never give any Man, nor any thing, a good Word.

Wild. You impudent Rascal! Wit, say you! What, do you call me Names? I had as leive be call'd a Pick-pocket, as a Wit. A Wit is always a Merry, Idle, Waggish Fellow, of no Understanding: Parts indeed he has, but he had better be without 'em: Your solid Fop is a better Man; he'll be Diligent and Fawning, always in the way, and with his Blockhead do his business at last; but your Wit will either neglect all Opportunities for Pleasure; or if he brings his business into a hopeful way, he will laugh at, or draw his Wit upon some great Man or other, and spoil all.

Val. Wou'd I were a Wit for all that. But to give you an Example of the Wit and Breeding of our Town; there is the Lady *Fantast*, and her Daughter.

Wild. The most perpetual, impertinent, prattling, conceited, affected Jades, that ever plagu'd Mankind.

Val. Mercy on me ! Impertinent ! Why, they're the Flower of *Bury*. Is not the young Lady a Beauty too ?

Wild. I must confess, God has given her one good Face ; but by her most insupportable Affectation, she screws it into twenty bad ones. She has naturally a good Complexion, becoming good Features ; and she, by Art, makes her Face look like a new White Wall with a Red Lettice.

Val. I hope, you'll grant Mr. *Oldwit* is a fine Facetious, Witty, Old Gentleman, my Lady *Fantast's* Husband.

Wild. Almost as arrant an Ass, as thou art. He is a paltry Old-fashion'd Wit, and Punner of the last Age ; that pretends to have been one of *Ben Johnson's* Sons, and to have seen Plays at the *Blackfryers*.

Val. You'll be Ston'd in the Streets, Sir, if you talk thus in *Bury*: I warrant, you will not allow Sir *Humphrey Noddy* to be a Wit, and a fine Gentleman.

Wild. A Blunt, Noisy, Laughing, Roaring, Drinking Fellow ; as troublesome as a Monky, and as Witless as a Jackdaw. He is, at best, but a Wag.

Val. Well, Sir, say what you please, he is a fine Gentleman, and will make a Man burst a Vein to keep him Company ; he has Wit at will, that's certain.

Wild. If the Rogue had no more Money at will, he'd dye in a Ditch.

Val. Will no body at *Bury* please you ? What think yon of Mr. *Trim* ? he's accounted the finest Gentleman in all *Bury*, for Breeding and Civility, and the like.

Wild. Now you have hit on't : He is a most Compleat, and finish'd Fop: Nature has not been negligent, nor Art been Idle, in his Composition. He is very Wise, Reserv'd, full of Forms, and empty of Substance ; all Ceremony, and no Sence : more troublesomly ill-bred with his Formality, than a High-shoo'd Peasant with his Roughness. Sir *Noddy* and he are two excellent Fops in Consort !

Val. Fops ! Mercy upon me ! You will be accounted a Mad-man, if you talk thus at *Bury*.

Wild. Yes, among Fools.

Val. Why, they are those that carry all the Town before 'em.

Wild. No doubt on't, I never knew a Town yet, wherein the Fops do not carry all before 'em : They are a numerous, Impudent, and Noisy Party ; while the Wise and Ingenious are Few, Modest and Reserv'd. There are Men of Wit, Honour, and Breeding ; and Women of great Wit, Beauty, and Ingenuity, and Well-bred too, in this Town, which is really a sweet Town ; but these pretend to nothing : Your pretenders never have any thing in 'em.

Enter Mr. Trim.

Val. Hold, Sir, here is Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. Sweet Mr. *Wildish* ! I am your most humble Servant ; and cannot but congratulate those auspicious Stars that brought you hither, to render this Town, and your Friends in it, happy by your presence. [*Trim stands jetting*

Wild. You do me Honour, Sir. *out his Bum, and bowing all the while.*

Trim.

Trim. Coming abroad to participate of the freshness of the Morning, among our *Bury* Gallants; the thrice fortunate rencounter with one of your Train, put me in mind of paying that Tribute of my Service which I long have wish'd to pay: But my wishes have often been frustrated, for want of that happy opportunity of kissing your hands, which I now enjoy.

Wild. Your great Civilities are surprising; really your Generosity is as much beyond my expectation, as it is above my Merit. What an Engine is this Fop. [*aside.*

Trim. It is impossible that we of *Bury*, who I may say with modesty enough, have no small Fame for Breeding and Civility, can ever be so obnoxious to that Stupidity, or neglect of either, as not to value the great Honour done to us, and the cohonestation of us, by your arrival at *Bury* at this time of the Fair: Which will add to the wonted gayety and Splendour of the Place and Season.

Wild. You astonish me, with your most admirable Address, and Complaisance: and I think there lives not, among the race of Mankind, a person more skilful in all Decencies of Behaviour, compleatness of Expression, Gestures of Body, Modulations of Voice, and all those Arts of Modish Gallantry, which might render a man the Mirror of Courts, and the Wonder and Example of all other places. [*aside.* A pox on this Fool in a Frame!

Val. Rarely done on both sides! Oh how their Tongues are hung!

Wild. Be pleas'd to sit.

Trim. Oh Lord, Sir, while you are on your Feet! Sure I can never live to be blotted with that odious Solocism in Manners. Nay, Sir, I beseech you,

They sit down; but Trim strives to sit down last.

Wild. Sir, you will catch cold. *Wildish makes signs to put his Hat on, and*

Trim. I had rather catch any thing, *takes his own up. Trim strives again who shall put on his Hat last.*

Wild. Well, Sir, how stand Affairs at *Bury*?

Trim. Singularly well, Sir; the amenity of our Scituation, together with the equal Temperature of the Climate, produces in us that serenity of Mind, that *Bury* seems to be the Habitation of the Graces and the Muses.

Wild. *Bury* indeed seems to be the Scene of Beauty, Wit and Breeding.

Trim. 'Tis a great Honour to us, to hear this pronounc'd by a Person, who is no less Eminent in Wit, than celebrated for Humanity, and Decency of Deportment.

Wild. A Pox on this Puppy! Two such more, wou'd drive me out of *Bury*, before I see my Mistress, the Creature of the World I am most passionately in Love with.

Trim. You, that make so noble a Figure among the nimble and quick Spirits of the Age, and are such a Top Wit, that all *England* rings out your Fame!

Wild. Pr'y thee, Mr. *Trim*, what e're you do, don't call me a Wit; 'tis good for nothing in this Age, but to undo a Man: I shall be hunted for a Wild Beast. But pray, what Lady rides Admiral here at *Bury*?

Trim. O Lord! who shou'd, but Madam *Fantast*, the sweet Lady *Fantast's* Daughter? a Paragon of Beauty, and a Mirror of Wit and Breeding! at once the Envy and Wonder of the Sex and Age! She bears the Flag of Wit and

Breeding on the main Topfail of her Beauty. (A pretty Trope! *Aside*)

Wild. How does Mr. *Oldwit's* young Daughter? I saw her in *London* last *Easter-Term*: She is the prettiest Charming Creature my Eyes ever beheld!

Trim. She is indeed a pretty Bud of Beauty: and if the Blossoms under the Sun-shine of my Lady *Fantast's* Favour, and her Daughters Example, she will flourish; otherwise not.

Wild. Very concise and dogmatical. *Aside.* You are a great Servant of Mrs. *Fantast's*. To him.

Trim. I, I am her humble Admirer, her Adorer: I call her *Dorinda*, and she honours me with the name of *Eugenius*. I visit her daily.

Wild. Nick-names and Visits! then there's somewhat more between you, ifaith Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. Upon my Honour, nothing but a certain creeping correspondence; a Conversation that favours somewhat of Gallantry, mix'd now and then with *Qmbre*, *Crimp*, *Comet*, or *Incertain*; and sometimes we read an Author, or so.

Wild. Or so! Hark in your Ear.

Trim. Sir, I am astonish'd to think I shoud be obnoxious to that Infelicity to be so mistaken: and I must tell you, Sir, I scorn your words.

Wild. I did not think it had been a Dishonour to a man to lye with a pretty woman.

Trim. I woud not for the whole World.: Nor ever did. Mistake me not, unless I were Married.

Wild. What a Devil do we all run after 'em, and keep 'em company for, and Dance, and play the Fool, but *in ordine ad*?

Trim. I visit all the Ladies for their Conversation, for the excellence of their Conversation:

Wild. Conversation! That is so frivolous, it were not to be born, but for something else that shall be nameless: and I'll tell you one thing, Mr. *Trim*, That any Woman you keep company with, who does not think you have a mind to lye with her, will never forgive you, to my knowledge.

Trim. Their Conversation does infinitely transcend mens, I assure you: I have study'd the Sex.

Wild. I'll tell you one-thing more: That you must never be alone with a Woman, but you must offer, or she knows you care not for her: Five to one but she grants: But if she does not care for you, but denies, she's certain by that you care for her, and will esteem you the better ever after.

Trim. Oh uncharitable Sentence!

Wild. Come, you and I'll sup together, and be merry; and two or three Bottles will make you freer, and more open-hearted.

Trim. I never Sup: We of the better Rank never Sup, at *Bury*.

Wild. How? not Sup!

Trim. No. [Enter Mr. Oldwit, and Sir Humphrey Noddy, stealing in.]

Wild. Nor drink a Bottle?

Trim. Never between Meals: We do indeed divert our selves with some Milk-Pottage in the Evening; that's all.

Sir Hum. Now, now this Rogue's my Rival: I shall Tease him, ere I have done.

done with him.

[*He plucks the Chair from under Trim; and gives him a Devilish fall: Oldwit and he laugh immoderately.*

Oldw. Sir *Humphrey*, forbear; I pray forbear: You'll be the death of me.

Wild. How now? what, will not this Fool cut the other Fool over the Pate? Shall I have no Sport with 'em?

Old. I shall break a Vein, if I keep you company, you arch Wag you. Mr. *Wildish*, I am come to kiss your hands: you are welcome to *Bury-Fair*.

Wild. Sir, I am your most humble Servant: you honour me with this Visit.

Sir Hum. Dear *Ned*, let me kiss thee! Ah, *Ned*, that night I saw thee at *Newmarket*!

Wild. Which was the first night I ever saw the Puppy.

Sir Hum. I shall never forget it. Ah, 'twas the merriest Night! [*aside.*

Wild. Ay, 'twas so: we talk'd of nothing but Cocks, Dogs, and Horses.

Sir Hum. Not a word. 'Twas the bravest Night! But I was too hard for, and out vapour'd all the Jockeys and Cockers; and after that I hunted over a bottle. Here Jowler; hey Venus! and we roared so till four in the Morning; that, Gad take me, between you and me, I was deaf on both Ears for three weeks after; I have scarce recover'd one Ear yet. I would give Fifty pound for such another night.

Trim. Sir, I must tell you, your Deportment is very indecent, and favours much of ill Breeding: And I would desire you would please to explain your self, in this particular.

Sir Hum. Puh! Wagery, meer Wagery. Dear *Jack*, kiss me! Honest *Jack*, I love to be familiar with my Friends. *Jack, Jack, dear Jack!* nowns *Jack!*

Trim. *Jack, Jack, Jack!* Familiar! I must tell you, Sir, I cannot brook the Roughness of your Demeanour; the consequences whereof may produce those effects, as may not be agreeable to those decencies requir'd in Conversation. But I shall at present take my leave, and visit Ladies, Sir, I kiss your hands.

Wild. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Trim. Mr. *Oldwit*, I am your most faithful Servant.

Old. Your Servant, sweet Mr. *Trim*. Well, Sir *Humphrey Noddy*, go thy ways; thou art the Arcest Wit and Wag! I must forswear thy Company: thou'lt kill me else.

Sir Hum. Hang't, a pox on't, what is this World worth, without wit, and wagery, and Mirth? I love to be merry.

Wild. Plague on him; his Mirth is the melancholiest thing in the world. [*aside.*

Sir Hum. You saw, Mr. *Wildish*, how I run down Fellows at *Newmarket*, with my Jests and my Tricks: They took me for a Put; but I out-roar'd 'em all, i'faith, and cou'd have put them all in a Mouse-hole.

Wild. How does my Lord, your dear Friend, and Patron?

Sir Hum. Oh, Sir, his Lordship is in good Health. He is no body without we poor Man: he loves Wit, and good Company; I'll tell you, I'll tell you—

Old. Now we shall hear some Wit and Wagery!

Sir Hum. 'T'other day we were a Hunting, and at a cold Scent; one of his Gentlemen

Gentlemen being alighted, stood by a Plash of Water : I sneak'd behind, and push'd him, I vow to Gad, up to the Knees.

[Oldwit is big with

Old. Good, Good ; Ha, ha, ha.

Laughter, then roars out.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha. But, if you had seen his Lordship laugh : the Water trickled down his Honours Cheeks : then one *Jeremy* stood staring ; I called him loudly and suddenly, and held my Fingers thus : he turn'd suddenly, and hit his Nose such a Bump, that all the Blood gushed out. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Look you there : Ha, ha. ha. Well, well.

Sir Hum. But if you had seen his Honour Chuckle and Laugh, till he was black in the Face ! I twirl'd another Fellows Hat over a little River, that was not Navigable ; and he was forc'd to go a Mile about to fetch it : I thought my Lord wou'd have kill'd himself ! He desired me at last to forbear ; he was not able to endure it.

Wild. My Lord is a very merry Man.

Sir Hum. Ay, Gad take me, as any's upon the face of the Earth. But, how goes VVit at London ?

Old. You are the chief Genius, the high VVit of the Age.

Wild. Prithee, Mr. *Oldwit*, lay not that to my charge ; you had as good accuse me of Felony.

Old. Ne're talk of that, your Pen has betray'd you ; and we look upon you here, to be the choicest VVit of the Times.

Sir Hum. And, i'faith, we can show you VVit at *Bury* too.

Wild. VVhat, a Devil, you wont make a VVit of me, in spite of my Teeth, will you ?

Old. No, Nature has made you a VVit. VVhy do you take it ill ? I think it the greatest Honour can be done to a Man. I my self, simple as I stand here, was a VVit in the last Age : I was created *Ben Jobson's* Son, in the

Apollo. I knew *Fletcher*, my Friend *Fletcher*, and his Maid *Foan* : VVell, I shall never forget him, I have Supp'd with him, at his House, on the *Bankside* : He lov'd a fat Loyn of Pork of all things in the VVorld : and *Foan*, his Maid, had her Beerglafs of Sack ; and we all kiss'd her, i'faith, and were as merry as pass'd.

Wild. This was enough to make any Man a VVit.

Old. Puh ! this was nothing : I was a Critick at *Blackfriars* ; but at *Cambridge*, none so great as I, with *Jack Cleaveland* : But *Tom Randal* and I were Hand and Glove : *Tom* was a brave Fellow ; the most Natural Poet !

Sir Hum. They were brave Fellows, but you VVits now a days, out-top them all.

Wild. Zounds, I will have nothing to do with VVit, I tell you !

Old. Pshaw, pshaw ! but I was telling you, you have seen many pretty things, that were written in those Times, that were mine. For Example : One Mr. *Murial*, a Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*, had a Horse dyed ; I writ this upon it.

Now Cruel Mofs

Has ta'n the Horse

Of Mr. *Murial* :

Ye Scholars all,

Of *Pembroke-Hall*,

Come to his Burial.

Ha !

Ha! hum! hum! Nay, I was good at Epitaphs, both of Man and Beast.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; admirable good, i'faith, Mr. *Oldwit!*

Wild. VVhy, this was VVit all over! You were an errant VVit!

Old. And that Translation too was mine.

Mittitur in disco mihi Piscis ab Archiepiscō

Po, non ponatur quia potus non mihi datur.

*I sent a Fish,
In a great Dish,
To the Archbish.
Hop was not there,
Because he gave me no Beer.*

[*Sir Hum. sneaks behind, and pins him and Wild. together.*

VWas not that Lucky? Ha? humh? anon?

Wild. Most incomparable:

Old. I was such a Rakehell, I wou'd needs be a Wit. My Friends soon perceiv'd I cou'd not be a Divine; so they sent me to the Inns of Court, and there, i'faith, I pepper'd the Court with Libels and Lampoons: my Wit was so bitter, I scap'd the Pillory very narrowly, between you and I. But then, for good Language, and strong Lines, none out did me.

Wild. Why, thou wert a most Plaguy Wit indeed!

Old. Ay, Faith: and the Poets were so in awe of me! You must know, I was a devilish biting Fellow: VVhy, we had a couple of your Poets here: *Sir Humphrey*, and I made nothing of 'em, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Gad take me, they were but silly Fellows: and yet, they say, they were Cock Poets.

Wild. That may very well be: we have Poets, -as pretty Fops as any about Town; and are fitter for Subjects of Comedies, than Authors of any thing.

Enter Oldwit's Man.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Bellamy* is come to Town: and my Lady bid me tell you, she has invited him to Dinner.

Old. Ha! my Lord come to *Bury!* Gad forgive me, what's the matter? ha?

Wild. VVhat's this? what, are we link'd together?

Old. Oh, you wag, you wag; this is *Sir Humphrey!* Ha, ha, ha. You'l never give over.

Sir Hum. No, faith; not I.

Old. Go home: I'll follow you.

[*Exit Servant.*

Mr. Wildish, pray Honour my House at Dinner.

Wild. I will, my Lord *Bellamy's* my great Friend.

Old. You shall have *Sir Humphrey* too; i'faith, we'l be merry, and turn the House out of the VVindow.

Sir Hum. And I will Roar, Roar most exceedingly.

Old. Your humble Servant.

Sir Hum. Your Servant, Sir, we shall see you? [*Exit Hum. and Old.*

Wild. I will wait on you. Here, *Roger* my Gloves, Handkerchief, and my Sword. My dear *Bellamy* in Town! This is a happiness I dream'd not of:

I thought he had been retir'd from the VVorld, and wou'd not come to so publick a place. You Puppy, these are your VVits, and fine Gentlemen, I have been Plagu'd with! A curse on 'em! VVhat must I undergo, for the sake of my Love!

Val. I took 'em, Sir, and so do most here, for fine Gentlemen; but I wonder Mr. *Oldwit* is so merry after his Disaster: And yet Sir *Humphrey* wou'd make a Man burst.

VVild. VVhat Disaster?

Val. VVhy, Sir, his eldest Daughter, a great Fortune by her Mother, (his first VVife; for he has had three) about four Months since, fled, the night before he was to have Marry'd her to a fine *Bury* Gentleman.

VVild. I heard so; but she has sent a Letter, to let him know, that she will not be forc'd to Marry: And for that end, she will not appear till the day after she's at Age to dispose of her self; and that then she will; and is in the mean time safe, beyond his enquiry.

Val. The young Daughter is a great Fortune by her Mother, who was an Heirefs.

Wild. He has had a lucky hand at Heiresses: but I must find out my dear *Bellamy*. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, Lord Bellamy's Lodging, Bellamy, and Page.

Bell. My Kinswoman, who recommended thee, *Charles*, to my Service, told me, thou wert a Young Gentleman of the *North*, whom she knew and was of Kin too, and that thou hadst left thy Guardian for harsh usage: And she engaged me to conceal and protect thee.

Charles. I can assure your Lordship, I have done nothing that can make you blush to own me.

Bell. I believe thee, my Kinswoman made me give my word to inquire no farther; and I have kept it.

Cha. You have, my good Lord.

Bell. I see thy Education has been good, and find thou art a virtuous Boy, and so ready in thy Service; thy dilligence has almost out flown my thoughts; yet it has kept pace with my desires: and every thing thou dost, thou seem'st to do with pleasure.

Char. I shou'd be wicked else, having so excellent a Lord and Master.

Bell. I use thee not as other Noblemen their Pages, who let Gentlemens Sons ride at the Tails of their Coaches, crouded with rascally Footmen: 'tis a *French* mode; they used formerly to give 'em the same Education with their Sons, which made their Fortunes; and 'twas a Preferment then, for a Gentleman's younger Son: Now, they are bred to Box and Dice, and Cheat with the Footmen; after they're out of Livery, perhaps they turn to the Recreation of the High-way; or the top of their Fortune is to take up in some Troop, and there's an end of 'em.

Cha. I must confess, your usage of me has been so Noble, that all the Service of my Life, can never make return.

Bell. Thou art too grateful. Thou Charm'st me too with thy pretty Voice: I'll breed thee up to be my Friend. But, prethee, what's the reason that thou, who

who haſt been ready to fly at my Command, haſt ſeem'd to be uneaſy, and un-
willing, to come to *Bury* ?

Cha. 'Tis the publick time of the Fair, when Men of all Countries flock hi-
ther ; and, as I told your Lordſhip, I was afraid of being discover'd, and that
my Guardian wou'd find me out, and ſeiſe me : and, Heaven knows, I had
rather Dye, than leave ſo good a Lord.

Bell. Kindeſt of Youths, I love thee ſo, I will not part with thee, let who
will diſcover thee.

Char. My kind, good Lord, let me kiſs your hands.

Bell. Beſides, thou needſt not be ſeen in the Fair ; only I am to Dine at
Mr. *Oldwit's* to day.

Cha. At Mr. *Oldwit's* ! what do I hear ? [*aſide.*

Bell. Thou art my little Friend ; I come to make love to his Daughter : She
knows me not ; but I have ſeen her, and am extreemly taken with her : the
old man and I am agreed. I muſt entertain her with ſome Muſic : I know
thou'lt lend me thy Voice.

Cha. Oh Heaven and Earth ! what killing words are theſe ! Ah me ! [*aſide.*

Bell. Why doſt thou ſigh ?

Cha. If your Lordſhip Marries, as no Lady ſure can reſiſt you, I ſhall be
caſt off.

Bell. Prethee think not ſo, dear Boy ; thou art too ſecure of my kindneſs for
that.

Cha. I ne'r ſhall pleaſe your Lady. Beſides, the Ladies never can endure
their Lords favourite Servants.

Bell. I give thee my Hand, I'll never part with thee, till thou quitteſt me.

Ch. I'll quit my Life when I do that. Oh fatal hour, wherein I ſaw thoſe
Eyes ! How many years of Miſery are like to hang upon it ! [*aſide.*

Enter Wildiſh.

Bell. *Ned*, my dear *Ned*, welcome to my Arms ! This is a happy Surprize.

Wild. My dear *Bellamy* ! my dear Peer ! I cou'd not embrace a Miſtreſs with
more Ardour ! I thought you had been ſo retir'd, I had loſt you.

Bell. That was your fault : I have as pleaſant a Houſe and Seat, as moſt in
England, that is thine as much as mine, *Ned*.

Wild. But 'tis in the Country ; a pretty Habitation for Birds and Cattel : but
Man is a herded Animal, and made for Towns and Cities.

Bell. So many Pens of Wild Beaſts upon two Legs, undermining, lying in
wait, preying upon, informing againſt, and hanging one another : A Crowd of
Fools, Knaves, Whores, and Hypocrites.

Wild. Hey, my Renegado Country-man : thou haſt once the Reſpect due
to good Wine, fine Women, Muſic, Wit and Senſe, and true Pleaſure.

Bell. For good Wine ; I cou'd never be Drunk, but I did ſome mad thing or
other, which made me aſham'd to ſhow my Face. For Women ; thoſe that
were worth the having, were hard to come by, and harder to put off ; beſides,
the immorality of the matter, gave me anxiety of Mind ; I ſaw Men of Wit,
when they came to underſtanding, gave it over : and, when a thing muſt be
done, 'tis beſt to do it quickly.

Wild. Thou may'st as well say, since you must dye, let's hang our selves now: No, that's time enough, when we are weary of living. At our years, leave
VVomen and Conversation!

Bell. He that Debauches private Women, is a Knave, and injures others: And he that uses publick ones, is a Fool, and hurts himself. And for Conversation, 'twas all run into Parties and Politicks, and become Dull and Dangerous: The Living were such Knaves, I was resolv'd to Converse with the Dead, in my Study.

Wild. But, in this late Scene of Action, the Knaves are pretty well laid open: and, for all those Parties, we cou'd meet with choice Company, truly honest, and with whom good Wit and Sence was stirring, and wou'd pass for currant.

Bell. Wit and Sence may pass in a Room with honest Fellows, but Noise, and Nonsense, always carry it in the World.

Wild. Fox on this dull VVisdom at our Age! 'tis as unseasonable as Snow in the *Dogdays*. Canst thou think, my dear Peer, that thy Philosophy can tame the Vigour of my Appetites?

Bell. I will no more suffer my Appetites to Master me, than Fire and VVater; they are good Ministers, while they can be kept under.

Wild. I'de not give a Farthing for an Appetite that can be Curb'd: My *Stoic*, I'd have my Appetites high mettled, and run away with me.

Bell. And I must always think a Man a Slave, till he has Conquer'd himself: for my part, I had almost as leive be in subjection to anothers Appetites, as to my own.

Wild. This is Spleen, Wind in the Hypochondriacks pent: Why, thou wilt Prophesie at least.

Bell. Come, dear *Ned*, we'll debate this matter at more leisure: Time will make you of my mind: for I observe, all men of Wit Reclaim; and only Cox-combs persevere to the end of Debauchery. But prethee, what makes thee hereabouts? I'll lay my Life, there's some Wench or other in the way:

Wild. May be, that may be somewhat; but at present I come to ease my self from the Swearing, Lying, Roaring, Vaporing, Cozening, Noise and Tumult of *New-Market*: But I thought thou hadst renounc'd all Crowds, and shou'd as soon have expected a Hermit here.

Bell. A little time may satisfie you I have reason.

Wild. Ha! *Bell.* what pretty Boy is this? ha!

Bell. He is a Gentleman's Son, he serves me at present. I'll tell the more *entre nous*: But, in the mean time, he and my little Consort shall entertain you. *Ex. Charles.*

Wild. This is somewhat.

Bell. I will not live like an ordinary Hunting, Hawking Puppy; I'll have my City Pleasures in the Country: of which good Musick being one; I'll spare some Rogues, some Dogs, and Horses, to have that good.

Enter Charles, with Instruments.

Wild. I have been visited this Morning, by three most confounded Fops, that ever Plagued me yet; and they talk'd of nothing, but the VVit and Breeding of *Bury*: *Trim*, *Sir Humphrey Noddy*, and *Mr. Oldwit*.

Bell. There are those things in *Bury*, but as 'tis in Religion; least among those who talk of them most, men are alwaies proudest of their foibles, and keep their Strength's conceal'd: If a fellow has but a difficulty of Speaking, or Stutters, his Tongue will never lye still.

Wild. A fellow that has one Leg shorter than another, will never stand still; but Hop, hop, hop, round, round, round.

Bell. Observe any Fellow that has a stinking Breath, as if a Voice were not intended to be heard but smelt, will speak in your very Nose: and turn round as often as you will, he turns with you, and your Nostrils must have it. Come begin.

SONG.

Wild. 'Tis very pretty; and delicately Sung.

Bell. Now I have got thee in the Country, I'll carry thee to my House, and make a Convert of thee.

Enter La Roch a French Peruke-maker, with his Man.

Wild. Hey! *La Roch*, what makes you here?

La Roch. Serviteur, Monsieur; my Lor, vot Serviteur: I see your Laquais below, dat make me come up to kiss your hands.

Bell. How now, Monsieur Cutbeard? what makes you at *Bury-Fair*?

La Ro. Dis is de place dat is Fameux for de pretty Garl-wid de cheveux blond, de farie haire: my Man and I come for buy de vite lock, indeed to gette de Monee to make de Pot Boyle, my Lor.

Wild. A thought comes into my Head: It shall be so. I will have some Diverfion, while I am here.

La Ro. Dat bee de last Peruke I sende your Lorfhip? Begar, is fine Aire, Curle delicate morbleu: You talke o' de *Chedreux*, he is no bodee to mee; dere is no man can Travaille vid mee; Monsieur *Wildish* has gotte my Peruke on his Head: let me see, here is de Haire, de Curle de bouckle, ver good, ver good. If dat Foole *Chedreux* make de Peruke like mee, I vil be Hanga.

Wild. Hold, good Monsieur Snip-snap, I have another Employment for you: Were you ever here before?

La Ro. No.

Wild. That's well. I must have you be a *French Count*. I remember we had a Count *de Brion* at *London*, pass'd upon the choicest Sparks, and best Bred Men and Ladies: I will have this Fellow pass upon the Fops of *Bury*, and amuse the wiser sort.

Bell. You will never be without some mad Frolick, or other: But this, certainly must be very pleasant.

Wild. Of all female Creatures, my aversion is to the Lady *Fantast*, and her Affected, Conceited, Disdainful Daughter: I will have this fellow personate a *French Count*, and make Love to the Daughter.

La Ro. Ha, ha, ha, de *French Count*! dat be ver well: ha, ha! Make de Love! begar, I come for make de Monee. Love! Morbleu, de *French Count* spende de Monee, de *French Peruke-maker* make de *French Count*, he loofee de Monee.

Wild. You shall lose no Money, you Puppy, my Man is acquainted with all

this Country, and shall help your Man to buy the Wenches Hair, the pretty'st Wenches in *England*; and if you be a *French* Count, you shall have the Wenches too; all the Town will run after you: you'll be courted by every body, feasted, and invited to Balls, and all Meetings; but the Lady *Fantast*, and her Daughter, will be mad after you.

La Ro. Ha, ha, ha; de *French* Count, ver well indeed, ha, ha: I make de *French* Count: begar, Monsieur, I havè de Count of my Familee, I am a Gentilman of *Fraunce*. Indeed my Parens did condiscnt to lette me makè de Peruke, for I delighted in it.

VWild. Go you Rogue, you shall do this, I am resolv'd on't, or I'll cut your Throat. You shall have Cloaths and Ornaments of me, here are wholesale men; three or four Suits for Footmen will do, and we'll help you to the men too. I'll bear all the Charges; I'll do it, if it cost me a Hundred pound:

Bell. Are you in earnest?

VWild. Ay, by Heaven, it shall be. You shall be call'd *Monsieur le Count de Cheveux*; you shall be entertain'd like a Prince: the VWomen will lye with you, as if the Devil were in them.

La Ro. Hah! dat be ver good indeed! I was not bred to make Peruke, it vas for my diversion I did ittè: I spent my time among de Gens de Quality in de Academy.

VWild. Yes, to Shave them, thou true Picture of a *French* Scoundrel. [*aside.*

La Ro. Dere I did appen to kille de Count for my Honneur.

VWild. Then there is a Count missing; you shall supply his place.

La Ro. I flay, dey seise on my Land and my Chatteaux; and begar, it vas ver well for me dat I did delight in makè de Peruke ven I vas young indeed.

VWild. This good Breeding of yours will qualifie you excellently! VVhy, you'll be Ador'd by the Ladies: But, of all, I charge you to Court Mrs. *Fantast*; commend her VVit and Breeding.

Bell. Suppose she falls in love with him in earnest!

VWild. I'd give a hundred pound to see that. VVell, *Monsieur le Count*, let's to my Lodging, and fit you for this Enterprife.

La Ro. Hold, hold: if dey find me out, vil dey not wippè de *French* Count? Begar, I no love to be wippè

VWild. Upon my Honour, I'll protect you.

La Ro. Vel, vel; no more to be said: I am *Monsieur le Count de Cheveux*. *Serviteur Monsieur my Lor, vot tres humble Serviteur.*

Fala ha la.

Sings.

VWild. Come, my Lord, your humble Servant, we are to meet at Dinner: I must about this business, my Heart is set upon it; 'twill make an Admirable Farce.

Bell. Get thee gone, *Ned*, thou art a mad Fellow: I'll go and take a little Air.

La Ro. *Allons Monsieur*: Fa la la la la.

If my wife Conduct you please to rely on,

I'll make as good a Count, as *Count de Briom*.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT.

 ACT. II. SCENE I.

Mrs. Gertrude.

Gert. **W**ELL, I am weary of the Life I lead here ; never poor Creature was so Teaz'd, as I am still, with my Stepmother, and her Daughter, the Old *Cucko* and the Young, that tire me continually with the same Notes of VVit and Breeding: And having themselves nothing but Folly and Affectation, are always reproaching me for want of both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Madam, my Lady Madam *Fantast*, having attir'd her self in her morning Habiliments, is Ambitious of the Honour of your Ladyship's company, to Survey the Fair.

Gert. Here's a foul Copy of one of 'em: I see, this Folly is Contagious. Tell her, I'll wait on her.

Luce. She will suddenly arrive at this Place, where she desires the Interview may be betwixt you.

Gert. I will haste for my Hoods and Gloves, and the rest of my Moveables, and be here instantly. [*Exit Gert.*

Luce. A fine young Lady this, if she had but half the Wit and Breeding of my Lady.

Enter-Lady Fantast, and her Daughter Mrs. Fantast.

Madam, Mrs. *Gatty* will kiss your Ladyship's hands here incontinently.

L. Fan. Come, my sweet Daughter, consider what I have said. 'Thou art in thy maturity of blooming Age; I have bred thee to the very Achme and Perfection of *Bury* Breeding, which is inferiour to none in this our Island; Dancing, Singing, *Ghittar*, *French* Master: And I'll say that for thee, my Jewel, thou hast sacrific'd all thy Endeavours to attain thy Education; which, corroborated by thy Acuteness of Parts, have render'd thee exactly accomplish'd, and together with the excellence of thy Beauty, justly admir'd by the Amorous Males, and envy'd by the malicious Females.

Mrs. Fan. To all that, which the World calls Wit and Breeding, I have always had a natural tendency, a *penchen*, deriv'd, as the Learned say, *Ex traduce*, from your Ladyship: Besides the great Prevalence of your Ladyship's most shining Example, has perpetually Stimulated me, to the Sacrificing all my Endeavours towards the attaining of those inestimable Jewels; than which, nothing in the Universe can be so much a *mon gre*, as the *French* say. And for Beauty, Madam, the Stock I am enrich'd with, comes by emanation from your Ladyship; who has been long held a Paragon of Perfection: most *Charmant*, most *Tuant*.

L. Fan. Ah, my dear Child: I! Alas, alas! Time has been, and yet I am not

not quite gone ; but thou hast those Attractions, which I bewail the want of : Poetry, Latin, and the French Tongue.

Mrs. Fan. I must confess, I have ever had a Tendress for the Muses, and have a due reverence for *Helicon*, and *Parnassus*, and the Graces : But Heroic Numbers upon Love and Honour, are most Ravissant, most Suprenant ; and a Tragedy is so Touchant ! I dye at a Tragedy ; I'll swear I do.

L. Fan. I must confess, my dear, thy Wit has more of Notoriety, than thy Beauty ; since the pretty various Diversions of thy Pen, have transmitted thy Fame of Wit, beyond the narrow limits of an Island. But it is now high time to manifest thy Judgment, in the disposal of thy Person ; and thou hast rejected a Multitude of Lovers.

Mrs. Fan. I am so much indebted to Nature and Education, that I am resolv'd not unequally to dispose of that Person, which (without vanity I may say) Nature by its genuine Bounty, and Art by its friendly Additions, have rendred not disagreeable, or void of *Attraits* : But all want of Wit and Breeding, does affect me with that unconquerable *Chagrin*, that, eh Gud, I cannot suffer such Fellows.

L. Fan. Mine own dear Daughter, to a hair ! And I must confess, we are troubled enough with it in Mr. *Oldwit*, his Daughter, and his Companions : Had not my Joynture been somewhat intangled, I had never had him. But Mr. *Trim* is as fine a Gentleman, as the Sun in all his Circuit sees.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, my *Eugenius* ! he is a finish'd piece of Humanity ; but has not the Estate I wou'd have.

L. Fan. Sir *Humphrey Noddy*,

Mrs. Fan. Has a very good Estate, but wants the Noble Accomplishments of my *Eugenius*, whom I intend to preserve for my Platonic Servant.

Enter Mrs. Gertrude.

Sweet Madam *Gatty*, I have some Minutes impatiently expected your arrival, that I might do my self the great Honour to kiss your Hands, and enjoy the favour of your Company into the Fair ; which I see, out of my Window, begins to fill apace.

Gert. I got ready as soon as e're I cou'd, and am now come to wait on you.

L. Fan. Oh, fye, Daughter ! will you never attain, by mine, and my dear Daughters Examples, to a more Polite way of Expression, and a Nicer form of Breeding ? Fye, fye, I come to wait on you ! You shou'd have said ; I assure you, Madam, the honour is all on my side, and I cannot be ambitious of a greater, than the enjoyment of the sweet Society of so excellent a Person. This is Breeding.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, this had been a *Propos* : Observe my Lady.

Gert. Breeding ! why, this had been a *Flam*, a meer *Flam*.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *Mondieu* ! this had been delicate *et bien tournee*. Call generous Complements, *Flams*.

L. Fan. Thus you had shown true breeding.

Gert. Breeding ! I know no breeding necessary, but Discretion to distinguish Company and Occasions, and Common Sence, to entertain Persons according to their Rank, besides making a Courtesie not aukwardly, and walking with one's
Toes out.

Mrs. Fan.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud.

L. Fan. Let me tell you, you are a pert young Thing : you are a Curious Judge indeed, of the Art of refin'd Conversation.

Gert. Art ! Conversation ought to be free, easie, and natural.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud : Sweet Madam, despise not Art. Can there be any Conversation well dress'd, as I may say, without *French* in the first place; to Lard it ?

Gert. Some Fops indeed think so, that use it in every Sentence.

L. Fan. Nothing is so Confident as Ignorance.

Mrs. Fan. *Ars non habet Inimicum præter Ignorantem.*

L. Fan. Look you there: I have bred my Daughter a Linguist.

Gert. A Lady may look after the affairs of a Family, the demeanour of her Servants, take care of her Nursery, take all her Accounts every VWeek, obey her Husband, and discharge all the Offices of a good VVife with her Native Tongue ; and this is all I desire to arrive at ; and this is to be of some use in a Generation, while your Fantastick Lady with all those Trappings and Ornaments you speak of, is good for no more than a Dancing Mare, to be led about and shown.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu!* pray forbear, sweet Madam, forbear ; I am not able to hear this Blasphemy against true breeding.

Gert. It must needs be pretty *French* one learns of an *Irishman* at *Bury*. I believe 'tis a kind of bastard *French*.

L. Fan. Good Mrs. Gatty, you are very Confident.

Enter Oldwit, and hearkens unseen:

Mrs. Fan. Whatever you do, never speak against Art.

Gert. Art stiffens, and spoils Conversation, as Painting does Faces : if you hear never so many florid Coxcombs, they speak all alike ; and see never so many painted Women, they look all alike.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon dieu!* *Quel fascheux; Ex quovis ligno, &c.* *Mercury's Statue* is not made of every Wood.

L. Fan. Look you, I know your secret cogitations : Because you are so ill bred as to look like a Tallow thing, and will not improve your Complexion by Art, you obliquely reflect upon me and my Daughter, for our melioration of Nature.

Gert. Come, come, Madam, if you be ready without a Complement, to go to the Fair, I am ready to go with you ; but, by my troth, if you look for Complements, you must get them somewhere else. Come, I'll lead you. *Exit Gertrude:*

Mrs. Fan. Ill breeding, *au dernier point!* Oh, my *Chagrin.* I kiss your Ladies hands. *Exit Mrs. Fantast.*

L. Fan. Oh, Mr. *Oldwit*, wou'd you had been here, you wou'd have heard a fine deal of ill breeding from your Daughter *Gatty*.

Old. I was here at part of your discourse, and I heard nothing but good Sence from her.

L. Fan. Nay, she's like you.

Old. Gad take me, I am glad she is not like you.

L. Fan. I know your ill breeding ; but 'tis a shame you have not better cultivated your Daughter as I have mine. *Old.*

Old. Cultivate ! A Pox on your affected stuff; shou'd I have made her an affected Ass, to be laugh'd at, as you and your Daughter are?

L. Fan. Prodigy of Ignorance ! my Daughter and I laugh'd at ! Whom even the Court, when we are there, perpetually Gaze at and Admire ; and all the Beauties and Gallants here make their Court to !

Old. A great many Flutterers do flock about you indeed, as small Birds wou'd about a Cast of Owls, to wonder at you.

L. Fan. This is most Stupendious.

Old. A Pox on this perpetual Noise about Wit and Breeding ! You made my Daughter by my first Wife run away, with Teazing her, and perswading me to be such an Ass to press her to Marry one of your formal Fops, against her will; and now you are plaguing this poor Girl, to make her run away too, but I have agreed upon Articles with one that will soon rid you of her.

L. Fan. Most Exorbitant, and Amazing ! 'Twere well, if beholding us cou'd do any good upon her.

Old. No doubt it will ; as the fight of the Drunken Slaves did upon the *Spartan* Children. There's Wit, and Reading, for her. [aside.]

L. Fan. Were not we well fortify'd by Art and Nature, we might be obnoxious to the taint of your and her most unfavory Rusticity. While all the *Beau Mond*, as my Daughter says, are with us, in the Drawing-room, you have none but Ill-bred, Witless Drunkards with you, in your Smoaking-room. What punishment do I deserve, for making Alliance with so much Ill-breeding.

Old. What Plagues have I met with, in marrying an Affected Old Lady ; who, with her Daughter, take themselves to be VVits ! Their Tongues never lye still : At Dinner, they must have the whole discourse ; at dinner the Common Crier, were he there, cou'd not be heard ; no, not another VVoman. There's my Friend *Jwenal*, for you : VVit and Breeding.

L. Fan. My Daughter and I no VVit, and you have it ! this is most Astonishing ! Ha, ha, ha. If ever you had VVit, it is obliterated, antiquated, and bury'd in the Grave of Oblivion:

Old. No Wit ! Ounds, now you provoke me. Shall I, who was *Jack Fletcher's* Friend, *Ben Johnson's* Son, and afterward an Intimate Crony of *Jack Cleaveland*, and *Tom Randal*, have kept Company with VVits, and been accounted a VVit these Fifty Years, live to be Depos'd by you ?

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Ha, ha, ha. I, that was a Judge at *Blackfriars*, writ before *Fletcher's* VVorks and *Cartwright's*, taught even *Taylor* and the best of them to speak. I cannot go to *London* yet, but the VVits get me amongst them, and the Players will get me to Rehearsal to teach them, even the best of them : and you to say I have no VVit, I say, you have not, nor ever had, any Beauty.

L. Fan. Nay, now Mr. *Oldwit*, I can bear no longer. Shall I, that in my Youth Charm'd all the Gallants of that time, even to Fascination ; and in my Widowhood, but five years since, was Ador'd by Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and captivated several of their Hearts, be thus Calumniated ! Know, I have more Beauty than you can make use of.

Old. Indeed, towards you, I am somewhat frigid ; but some in the VVorld know I have a Colt's Tooth:

L. Fan.

L. Fan. I shou'd serve you right, to have others find out my Colt's Tooth too, though thou canst not.

Old. Thy Tooth ! the Devil of one thou hast, but what came out of *Bow-lane*: Three remaining Stumps there are, that look like three broken Pillars in a ruin'd Cloyster. And there's Wit for you now, and a Clinch to boot.

L. Fan. Poor Railing Buffoon ! there Wit ! Well, there are some of another mind, concerning my Beauty.

Old. Pr'ythee take thy course with them : Whoever commits Adultery with thee, it must be meerly the Act of the Devil ; there's nothing of the Flesh in it. What a Fox, you and your Daughter are notorious, for out-painting all the Christian *Jezebels* in *England*.

L. Fan. 'Tis false, rude Fellow : we only use a Wash, and lay on a little Red.

Old. No more does a Wall : but you, for your part, are fain to fill up the Chinks in your rivell'd Skin, as House-painters do the Cracks in Wainscot, with Putty. Pox on't, you woud by Art appear a Beauty, and are by Nature a meer Mummy. There's Wit for you again. Gad, I'll pepper you with Wit.

L. Fan. Did I not despise thee for thy want of Wit and Breeding, these barbarous Contumelies would exhaust Tears from my Eyes.

Old. If thou shou'dst cry, it would make streaks down thy Face ; as the Tears of the Tankard do upon my fat Hosts Belly-pieces. There's Wit again for you.

L. Fan. Farewel Brute.

Exit Lady Fantast.

Old. Fare thee well. He that would have the Devil more Damn'd, let him get him to Marry a She Wit. Now, for the Fair. Here ; who waits ?

Enter a Servant.

Bid the Cook get Dinner within two Hours, at farthest.

Scene the Fair, with a great many Shops and Shows, and all sorts of People walking up and down.

Mrs. Fantast, and Gertrude, Mask'd.

Gert. 'Tis pleasant to observe the mixture of People here.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, how pleasant 'twoud be, if none but the *Beau monde* made their promenade here ! but I hate the *Canaille*.

Millener. What d'y'e lack, Ladies ? fine Mazarine Hoods, Fontanges, Girdles, Sable Tippetts, choice of fine Gloves and Ribbands.

Hosier. Stockins, Silk Stockins ; choice of Silk Stockins : very fine Silk Stockins.

Perfumer. All sorts of Essences, Perfumes, Pulvilio's, Sweet-bags, Perfum'd Boxes for your Hoods and Gloves, all sorts of sweets for your Linnen, *Portugal* sweets to burn in your Chamber. What d'y'e lack ? What d'y'e buy ?

Gert. I have no such contempt for the common People : they come near Nature, and have no Art or Affectation ; and there are a thousand Fops made by Art, for one Fool by Nature.

Mrs. Fan. Oh fye ! *Odi profanum vulgus, &c.*

Indian Gown-man. Fine morning Gowns, very rich *Indian* stuffs; choice of fine Atlasses; fine morning Gowns.

Goldsmith. Will you please to Raffle for a Tea-pot, a pair of Candlesticks, a couple of Sconces. *Enter Mr. Trim.*

Trim. Not all the Clouds assembled in the Firmament, can hide, or can eclipse so muffle the Sun, but we poor Mortals know it shines, and feel the warm effects. Why shou'd *Dorinda* think to blunt her pointed Glories, or conceal the Radiant Lustre of her conquering Beams?

Mrs. Fantast. I see, to the quick-sighted *Eugenius*, nothing is obscure. Nor could *Eugenius* in the Dark be hid: that golden Tongue, and that sweet Eloquence would soon reveal him; as the Proscrib'd Senator was by his Perfumes betray'd.

Trim. How does the bright *Dorinda* make me blush, when she commends my Eloquence; and in that very Act so much exceeds me!

Mrs. Fantast. Fine! very fine! *bien tourne!* that thought's very *recherchee*. Observe, Madam: this is a true Witty and well-bred Gentleman.

Gert. Now really, Madam, between you and me, this man appears to me a most extraordinary Shallow Coxcomb, as one can possibly see in a Summer's day.

Mrs. Fantast. Eh Gud, eh Gud! poor Soul, I pity thee: but, *assurance*, nothing can be more engaging than the Wit and Breeding of *Eugenius*.

Trim. I see, there is no contending with *Dorinda*: she will have the Ascendant over poor *Eugenius*; his small Pinnacle must strike Sail to her Admiral. Wit.

Gert. These Fops are very happy: for if an Archangel should tell 'em they were Fops, they would not believe it,

Trim. Let me present to the fair *Dorinda's* hands a little offspring of my Brain, the Tribute of my Morning Service.

Mrs. Fantast. I was just going to present *Eugenius* with the Issue of my teeming Muse, who was deliver'd this morning of a Pastoral: I must needs say, she had a good time, for she had an easy Labour; *Aurora Musis amica*. But pray let me read yours first.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Oh, Madam, does your Ladyship hear the News?

Mrs. Fantast. What News; *Luce*?

Luce. Oh, Madam, such news, as perhaps may not be ungrateful to your Ladyships Ears. There is now, even now arriv'd a Noble *French* Count; the finest Person my eyes yet e'r beheld: I saw him, heard him speak; he speaks *English*. He has the prettiest Charming way! no Lady sure can e're resist him.

Trim. Who can this be?

Mrs. Fantast. Ha! a *French* Count? Oh Lord! I am afraid I am not in Order enough: he'll certainly make addresses to me; how is my dress.

She lets fall Trim's Paper; he stoops to take it up, and offers it her; she neglects it.

Luce. Very *French*, and very exact.

Mrs. Fan. The report of me has certainly brought him hither. Heav'n a *French* Count, say you! Now we shall see Breeding in Perfection: and I am glad I shall have the opportunity of appearing before so great a Judge.

Gert.

Gert. How do you know but this *French Count* may be an errant Coxcomb ?

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, Madam, I beseech you betray not your ill Breeding. A *French Count* a Coxcomb ! *Mon dieu.*

Trim. It is not, my *Dorinda*——

Mrs. Fan. When shall our Eyes be blest with the sight ? when, think'st thou, will he make this place happy ?

Luce. My Eyes saluted him first upon the Change : his Landlord, who was with him, told me what he was ; from thence I follow'd him to *Cook-row*, and so through the Fair to the Bowling-green. His Air, his Meen, and his Deportment charm'd me so, I could not leave him : there I saw him ride the Flying Horse, with his Equipage, which much delighted him.

Mrs. Fan. Shall we go to the Bowling-green ? My expectation is on Tiptoes, till I behold him.

Luce. That's a rare saying ! I'll remember that. My expectation is on Tiptoes ! Madam, he is gone from thence, and said he would be in the Fair presently.

Enter Sir Humphry Noddy.

Trim. This sudden indifference towards me seems abrupt and temerarious !

The Shop-keepers cry all their Goods again, one after another ; and then all together.

1 *Woman.* Fine mellow Pears ; fine Burgamy Pears ; fine *Norwich* Pears.

2 *Wom.* Fine Ginger-bread : very good Ginger-bread.

Sir Hum. Yonder's my Mistress ; I know her, for all her Mask : I'll present her with a Fairing.

Sir Hum. buys some Ginger-bread.

Enter several Gentlewomen ; two Country Wenches, and two Country Fellows, and People of all sorts, and walk about the Fair.

Sir Hum. Madam, 'tis not a Mask can conceal you from a Lover ; whether I see you or no, my Heart will leap up to my Teeth when ever you come in presence ; as a dead Body will bleed at the arrival of the Murtherer. Is not that well said, Mr. *Trim* ?

[Gives Trim a devilish kick on the Shins.

Trim. 'sdeath, my Shins !

Mrs. Fan. Mens Hearts seldom come so near their Mouths.

Sir Hum. Madam, let me present you with your first Fairing, a Heart.

Gert. Of Ginger-bread.

Sir Hum. Ay faith, pretty Lady.

Gert. Is it a true Image of your own ? Did you sit for it ?

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha ; a very good Jest ! Udsbud, there's a pair of Gloves of the same mettle, to stop your pretty Mouth. And, Mr. *Trim*, here is a Wife Cap, besitting your Gravity, and the Solidity of your Parts, for you.

Trim. Sir, there is an old Adge, that says, Familiarity breeds Contempt : I am past those Juvenile Joques.

Sir Hum. Alas, poor old Gentleman ! Come, Madam, walk, and let us see the diversions of the Fair : I warrant you, I'll make you merry.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, this Count ! Did you see the Count ?

Sir Hum. No ; but I hear there's a flaming *French Beau* come to Town. Will your Lordship Raffle a bout or two ?

Gert. The activity of this Monkey is as ridiculous as the Gravity of that Baboon.

Enter Wildish, and walks.

Oh Heav'n, *Wildish* here ! Down, down my Heart : Thou foolish Heart, why dost thou flutter so ? I see he is thus far a Man of Honour : If all he says, in his Letters, were as true ! And yet I know not whether I shou'd wish it.

Enter Lady Fantast.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, here is the rarest News ! Have you heard of the French Count ?

L. Fan. Ay, my Dear ; and therefore am come to bless my Eyes. His Fame is diffus'd throughout the Town : they say, he is the finest Gentleman that ever came to *Bury* !

Wild. Good ! It takes as I cou'd wish. [Wildish plucks Gertrude

Gert. How now, Sir, who are you ? *by the Sleeve.*

Wild. One who has lost a Heart, and apprehends you for it.

Gert. You are somewhat free of Carriage.

Wild. Think not, my pretty Mad-cap, that a piece of Velvet can conceal you : Your Eyes strike at every one you level at, like Lightning through a Cloud.

Gert. Very pretty ! Shall I oblige Mr. *Trim* with this fine expression ? he'll give you any Money for it.

Trim. Sir, ———

Wild. Now is this Fop setting out his Bum for a smart bout at Complement.

Trim. It is so great an Honour to our Town ———

Wild. Sir, your most humble Servant. [Wildish turns quick upon his Toe, and leaves Trim bowing.

Trim. Is this his Breeding ? Indeed, when I left him, he led me not to the door of his Lodging.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *mon Dieu* ! here is that London Wit, that is a Laughter, and Scoffer ! I hear he has made a Lampoon upon *Bury*. I hate the Fellow.

L. Fan. He a Wit ! Mr. *Trim* or Sir *Humphrey*, wou'd make nothing of him.

Wild. Look you, my dear Mad-cap, I must love you, and will love you ; say what you can, do what you can, I will always haunt you while I am alive, and never leave you when I am dead.

Gert. Nay hold, good Mr. *Hothead*, I doubt not but our Lives will differ so, that we shall part when we are dead, Sir, whatever we do living : And a sure way to part while we are alive, would be to Marry, which Heaven forbid ; then it wou'd certainly follow to some purpose.

Wild. The Steel shall sooner willingly desert the Loadstone, than I my pretty Miss.

Gert. You are not sure in Earnest

Wild. By Heav'n, and all the Powers ———

Gert. I mind Vows in Love, no more than Oaths in Anger. That I were sure once that you were in love with me.

Wild. There is nothing to prove it to you, which I will not undertake.

Gert. Your Hand upon't.

Wild. My Heart upon't ; which here I present you.

Gert.

Gert. Now have I one to Domineer over. Tremble; for I will make thee such an Example, as shall be a Terror to thy Sex, and revenge all the Insolencies committed upon mine.

Wild. I am prepar'd for all thy Tyranny, good *Semiramis*.

Gert. I will make thee fetch and carry, and come at my foot, like a Spaniel.

Wild. And I will persevere so, I'll make thee relent, tho thou wert a Devil.

Sir Hum. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies, come down Guinea's apiece, and Raffle for a Tea-pot: Come, *Jack Trim*, *Jack*; Mr. *Wildish*, Ladies.

Trim. *Jack!* *Jack!* ill Bred. For Complaisance and Breeding sake, I'll do't.

Enter Lord Bellamy:

The Lord *Bellamy!* My Lord, I can assure your Lordship, there is not a Person among the race of Mankind——

Bell. Sir, I am your humble Servant. My dear *Ned!* I see, here is all the good Company.

Wild. My dear Lord, I am glad you are come: here is the best Company in *Bury*.

Bell. 'Tis a delicate Morning: I have been sucking in the sweetest Air in *England*.

Sir Hum. My noble Lord, your most humble Servant. 'Tis indeed very fine Weather; it us'd to be *Bury-foul*, instead of *Bury-fair*. Is not that a pretty Clinch, *Jack?* [He gives him a rap on the Back.]

Trim. Sir, let me tell you, there is a Spanish Proverb, which says, *Whogo de manos, whego de Villanos*.

Sir Hum. Do you call me Villain in Spanish? I shall reckon with you for that.

Bell. I'll put in for a Raffle with these Ladies. Come, Madam, will you Raffle for a Heart?

Gert. No, my Lord: that is usually a light, hollow thing, and not Sterling neither; I am for massy Plate, that will endure the touch.

Bell. Mine will endure the strictest touch. If your Beauty be equal to your Shape and Wit, you Conquer all you look on.

Enter Charles.

Cha. What do I see! that is my Sister! He is already fix'd upon my Ruin, my Death. Sister, I ne'r till now cou'd wish thy Beauty less. If not discover'd, I am at least undone.

Bell. Come, *Charles*, thou shalt Raffle too: Here's a Guinea for him:

Enter Oldwit.

Old. My Lord, your Lordships most humble Servant.

Bell. Sir, I kiss your Hands.

Old. What a Pox, is this Puss my Wife here? I'll lay my Life she hears of the *French Count*: I was in hopes she wou'd have been fullen, and we might have had the House to our selves. Come, come, off with your foolish Masks: My Lord, this is my Wife.

L. Fan. And this is my Daughter.

[*Bell.* salutes her.]

Bell. I dare swear she is. [*Aside.*]

Old. Mr. *Wildish!*

[*VWild.* salutes *L. Fan.* and *Mrs. Fan.*]

This, my Lord, is my Daughter.

Bell. Madam, your Father has commanded me to do my self the honour of the VVorld I am most ambitious of.

Gert. You are resolv'd, my Lord, your Ambition shall be no danger to the Government.

Bell. I own no Government, but yours : Others , but rule the Body ; you, the Mind.

Cha. How can I hear my own sad Funeral Peal ?

Old. Mr. *Wildish*, my Daughter.

Wild. So, Madam, you have my Heart ; 'tis flown, I cou'd not hold it : look to it, and make much on't; and see that it comes to no Damage ; I shall require it whole, and safe.

Gert. 'Tis a light one, and always ready to whistle off at any Game ; and as ready to be lur'd back again:but,if I have it,I'll use it so,it shall be glad to be gone.

Wild. That Beauty cannot harbour so much Cruelty. Oh, that this Kiss wou'd last to Eternity !

Gert. Raptures are no more signs of Love, than Huffing is of Courage.

Old. Oh, you Arch Wag you ! are you there ?
ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Yes, that I am. Ha, ha, ha. Come, down with your Guinea. Now we have enough for a Tea-Pot, and a pair of Sconces.

Sir Hum. steals to Old.
as he leans upon his
Cane, strikes it away,
and flings him almost
upon his Nose.

Bell. She's delicately handsom as an Angel ! what thinkest thou, my Boy ?

Cha. With Submission, my good Lord, I think she is mortal ; I am not surpriz'd with her Beauty. Look narrowly ; does she not look like a Shrew ?

Bell. No ; she is all sweetness in perfection !

Cha. I wish you find her not so : Fame whispers [They throw the Dice in Order. somewhat of that kind,

Enter the French Count, with his Equipage. The Shopkeepers all cry their Things.

The Count stares about him, munching of Pears.

L. Fan. Daughter, Daughter ; yonder comes the French Count ! It must be he.

Mrs. Fan. Mon Dieu, it is he ! Nay, if Quality or Breeding scapes my Eye, I have lost my Cunning. What an Air ? what a Meen is there ?

Count. Nicholas.

Nic. Monsieur ?

Count. Takè de notice of dose two Garle, vatch dem, dey have de very fine Ayre.

Mrs. Fan. His Person is Charmant, Tuant his Air, victorious his Meen : *Mon pauvre Coeur !*

Wild. I cou'd not wish better success.

Gert. A most Charmant, Tuant Meen, in eating Burgamies : he out-craunches a School-boy on a Holy-day. I'll lay my life, he is an errant Coxcomb.

Count. Page, sètte my Cravat-string. Ver well, ver well.

L. Fan. He is an incomparable Person !

Bell. Thy Farce is like to take admirably : the Rogue looks very stately, and Fantastical !

Wild. No Gudgeons ever took their Baits more greedily.

Count. Monsieur, Serviter tres humble. Have you forgottè me ?

Wild. Monsieur le Count de Cheveux !

Count. De sàme. I had de Honeur to wait upon you vid my Regiment of Gen d' Armes, on de right Attaque at *Luxemburgh*. Oh, my Lor *Bellamy*, I am surprisè ver much ! you did Charge my Regiment at de Pattel of *Monts*. I will say no more of dat ; but, Begar, you did make us turnè de Back ; vich de Regiment never did before, nor since ; But is all one for dat, Serviteur tres humble.

Bell. The Rogue Acts it admirably !

Wild. You are welcom into *England*.

Count. I come to see de fine Lady, de grand Beautè *English* ; which, Begar, is beyond all de Varle : yes indeed.

Bell. You have learnt the Language ?

Count. I speak a littel. I did keepè de Company vid de *English* Officers ; de ver brave Gentleman indeed, to learnè de Langage ; for I did resolvè to come dis plas, for see de Beautè & de Wit of *England*.

Trim. Perhaps, your most auspicious Stars cou'd not have guided your wandring course to a more proper Region of the Earth, than this little City of *Bury*, for the full Satisfaction of both these Curiosities you are pleas'd to mention : nor is in all the Regions of Earth you have Survey'd, a Perion more devoted to your Service, than your most humble Servant *John Trim*.

Count. Monsieur *Jean Trim*, you do me de grand Honeur ; Begar, me am your humble Serviteur. Jerny bleau, dis fellow be one great Fool indèed. [*aside* :

Wild. That is the Lady and Daughter I told you of : this is the Lady's Husband.

Count. Is ver well : lette me alone for dat.

Mrs. Fan. A most admirable Person of a Man ! his Eyes brillant , and fièrre ! my Heart js gone : he may say, as *Cæsar* did, *Veni, vidi, vici*.

L. Fan. My Eyes never beheld a Parallel.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud ! how the French Nobles outshines our's ! methinks, they look like Tailors to 'em.

Sir Hum. Monsieur, your most humble Servant : welcom to *Bury* as I may say.

Old. My Lord Count, you are heartily welcom to *Bury* : and I beg the honour of your Company at Dinner, at my House.

Count. Monsieurs, me kisé your hands : me did tinke to invitè de Shief Magistrat, I don know vat you call him, Oh, is Alderman, to takè de Collation vid me ; buttè me can no refusè de faveur.

Mrs. Fan. I am transported with Joy !

L. Fan. Daughter, speak to him in *French* ; he seems already Captivated with your Looks.

Count. You are appy in de Conversation of de very fine Ladeè ; buttè to lette you know my Skill, my Cunning, me vil gage a hundred Pistol, dat dat fine Ladeè, and her ver pretty Sister, are de French Ladeè.

Old. Ounds, this Count will make my damn'd affected Toad so proud, the Devil wou'd not live with her. French, and Sister, with a Pox !

L. Fan. We have often bewail'd the not having had the honor to be born French.

Count. Pardon me ; is impossible.

Mrs. Fan. *Monfoy, je parle vray* : we are meer English *assurance*.

Count. *Mon foy, je parle vray* ! vat is dat Gibberish ? Oh, lettè me see ; de Fader is de Lawyere, an she learne of him at de Temple : is de Law French. I am amazè ! French Lookè, French Ayre, French meen, French movement of de Bodce ! Morbleau. Monsieur, I vill gage 4, 500 Pistol, dat dese two Sister were bred in *France*, yes. Teste bleau, I can no be deceive.

Mrs. Fan. *See vous en prie*, do not ; we never had the blessing to be in *France* ; you do us too much honour. Alas, we are forc'd to be content with plain *English* Breeding : you will bring all my blood into a blush. I had indeed a *penchen* always to *French*.

Count. *Penchen* ! vat is dat ? Oh, is Law *French*. You puttè de very great Confusion upon me : I tought it was impossible to find dat Meen, Ayre, Wit, an Breeding, out of *France*.

Old. *French* ! why, my Lord Count, this is my Wife, this is her Daughter.

Count. Daughtere ! dis young Ladee havè de Daughtere ! Begar, you makè my Head turn round, an mine Hair stand up : is impossible. Pardon me.

L. Fan. My dear sweet Lord Count, you posè me now with your grand Civilities : She is my Daughter ; I was Marry'd indeed exceeding young.

Count. Begar, Madam, den you be de pretty Modere, she de pretty Daughtere, in de whole Varle. Oh mine Art, mine Art ! dese Eyes, dat Ayre, ave killè me ! I broughtè de Art out of *France*, and I ave lost it in dis plas : is gone, Madam ; an Morbleau, you see now de French Count vidout a Heart.

Trim. With what frigidity she looks on me ! and with what warm Transport she seems to pierce the Frenchman through ! *Varium & mutabile semper femina*.

Re-enter Bellamy, Wildish, and Gertrude.

Wild. What would you give for such a Servant ?

Gertr. Just as much as I wou'd for you : I had not so much as pitch'd upon a Country yet for my choice ; but methinks *France* should be the last. I like not these Apish Counts ; they're meer Kickshaws.

Bell. You judge right ; Madam, of this Count at least.

Gertr. Indeed, he seems to me a very choice Coxcomb.

Count. Oh, Madam, you have de fine Haire, de very fine Haire ! dese tresses Conquer de Lovere ; *Cupid* make his Net of dat Haire, to catchè de Art : de couleur delicat, better den my Peruke is great deal : Begar, if I had dat Haire, I wou'd makè two tree Peruke of dat.

Wild. Pox on you, you Rascal. You are no Barber, Sir ; yoe are a Count.

Count. Havè de Patiance : dat is, me could makè de Peruke two tree ; buttè I wou'd makè de Locket, de Bracelet, an de pretty Love knock.

They all cry their Wares. Enter several Jack Puddings, and give Papers.

1 *Pod.* A very good Monster ! a very pretty delicate Monster : the like ne'r seen in *England* ! The Monster is just now beginning.

2 *Pod.* Pimper le Pimp, the *High German* Juggler ! pray walk in, and take your places ; 'tis the last time of Showing this morning.

Count. Vat is Pimp ? Vat, does he lette a de Whore at de Fair ?

1 *Pod.* A most delicious dainty monster, the most delightful monster, the prettiest monster ever was seen ! The most admirable ! The most incomparable monster !

Count.

Cou. Ha, ha, ha. Begar, I likè dis *Jean Pudding* very well ; I vill talkè vid him, Begar : he makè me Laugh dis morning, he almost killè me.

Wild. You Rogue, remember you are a Count, and no Barber, Puppy.

Mrs. Fan. You see his Wit and Judgment ! he finds out good Breeding immediately !

Gert. Yes, he has found Wit in a *Jack Pudding*.

Cou. Morbleau, Madam, I have see de Marionettè de *Jean Pudding* in France, dat have de great deal of Esprits, and of de Wit : de very pretty man, and de very good Company ; yes indeed.

Mrs. Fan. No doubt, Sir, *Assurement ouy*. Look you, Mrs. Gatty.

Cou. Begar, dat be very merry Gentilman ;
 [*Sir Humphrey finds a Country Peasant leaning upon his Staff ; he strikes it away, and he falls backward. Another Peasant knocks Sir Hum. down : he rises, and Draws. Several of the Mobile joyn with the Peasant : the Gentlemen Draw, and Rescue him. The Ladies shriek, and run away.*]
Teste bleau, de Insolence of Peasant English !

Wild. Death, let's in, and Rescue him.

Bell. Sir *Humphrey*, you have suffer'd for your Wit I see.

Old. Only a Head broken, that's all : the inside of your Head will often endanger the outside, Sir *Humphrey*.

Sir Hum. Pish, this is nothing. Pox on't, an accident ; a meer Accident. Gad take me, I'll havemy Jest, let what will come on't.

Cou. Insolent Peasan ! Begar, me vill kille two tree tousand Peasant. Strikè de Gentilman ! Sire morbleau, me vill helpe you to kille de damn Peasant.

Old. Come, come to my House : my Daughters Woman shall lay you on a Plaister.

Cou. I vould be glad to putte my Cutto into de Body of de Peasant, dey have fright de Lady.

Bell. But, *Monsieur le Count*, our Peasants have Quarter-staves ; and if Gentlemen go to run 'em through, they will knock 'em down : and we commend 'em for't.

Cou. De Peasant ! begar, de Peasant be de Slave, de Dog, morbleu.

Bell. Our Peasants wear Shooes and Stockins, and lye warm ; and have good Meat and Drink in their Housfes.

Wild. Your King is a King of Dogs then : but how much greater is ours, who is a King of Men, and Free Men ! Ours Governs the willing, he the unwilling.

Cou. Your King great as our King ! Jerny, your King can do noting, dere is de Law, de Parliament, I don know vat begar : my King can send for my Head wen he pleas ; yes indeed, hum.

Old. My Lord Count, 'tis almost Dinner time.

Wild. The Rogue talks, as if he were of the Blood Royal.

Bell. Yes, like the next Successor.

Cou. Yes, Begar, he can send for my Head : and dat be very good for him.

Wild. But my King cannot send for my Head when he please.

Cou. Morbleu, dat be very good for you : yes indeed.

[*Exeunt :*

 ACT. III. SCENE I.

Oldwit, Lord Bellamy, Wildish, Sir Humphrey, Count, Trim.

Old. **C**ome my Lord Count, my Lord *Bellamy*, and Gentlemen, may good Digestion wait on Appetite, and Health on both; as *Mackbeth* says: Ah, I love those old Wits.

Wild. You are a Wit in your Heart.

Old. Ay, faith, so I am; and I love to be merry at Meals. Ah, Wit is as necessary as good Wine at Table.

Sir Hum. Ay, faith, so 'tis: I summon up all my Wit at Dinner.

Old. My Lords, and Gentlemen, we'll into my Smoaking-room, and sport about a Brimmer; and Wit shall fly about like Hail-shot. Oh, the Wit that I have heard in that Room!

Bell. We will wait on you soon; but I have promis'd the Ladies an Entertainment, with a little Concert of Musick by my own Servants, who are ready now: and I desire you will call the Ladies, Sir.

Old. If your Lordship please: but, faith, we had better be a Topping.

Sir Hum. Did you ever hear the *Thetford* Musick?

Bell. Not I, Sir.

Sir Hum. 'Sbud, they are the best Musick in *England*: there's the best Shawm and Bandore, and a Fellow that Acts *Tom of Bet'lem* to a Miracle! and they Sing *Charon*, *Ob gentle Charon*, and *Come my Daphne*, better than *Singleton* and *Clayton* did.

Wild. Here's the pleasure of Country Conversation, *Bellamy*: Had not a man better be condemn'd to the Gallies, than endure it?

Bell. I am of your Opinion, *Ned*; and for that Reason, never have such Company at my House: If I have, 'tis but for once; for Country Gentlemen, unless you repay their Visit, are too proud to see you twice: and I never Visit any, but such as I like very well.

Count. Morbleu, vat is dat? Monsieur *Wildish*, did you hittè me? [*Sir Hum.* *Dumfounds* the Count with a smart rap on the Shoulders.]

Wild. Not I, Monsieur.

[*Sir Hum.* raps him again.]

Count. Nor you, my Lore?

Bell. Not I, Monsieur le Count.

Count. *Ventre bleu*, is dere again! Sire, vat you mean by dat, to strike me between de Head and de Shouldere?

Trim. My Lord, if your Honour had given your self the leisure circumspectly to have made Inquisition into any part of the History of my Life and Breeding,

or into the sedate Composure and Serenity of Mind, you might easily have Collected that I am a Person that either never exercis'd my self in such Juvenile and Jocular Diversions ; or, at least, have totally abandon'd them.

Cou. Begar, dis be de very great Fop, Teste bleu, I no understanda him. Agen? is de Diable. Ah, may foy, is dat merry Gentilman. [*Sir Hum. raps him again.*]
Ha, ha, is very good Jest indeed ; but, Begar, you hittè me too hard indeed.

Sir Hum. Nothing, nothing at all, my Lord Count, among Friends : I can't forbear my Jest, i'faith ; let's Kiss, and be better acquainted.

Cou. Vid all mine Art. (*Kiss.*) Ha ! who Shavè your Face ? lettè me see : he leavè two, tree, four great Stumpè, dat prickè my Countenance. Oh fie ! dese Barbiers English can do no ting : If I wou'd takè de (*Snaps his fingers*) Trade, Begar, I voud starvè dem all. [*Snaps his fingers again.*]

Wild. Sirrah, Rogue, remember you are a Count still.

Cou. Is all one : I sometime takè delight to Shavè de Nobles of France, for my plaisir. [*Enter Charles with the Musick.*]

Enter Oldwit, and Lady, Mrs. Fantast, and Gertrude, Women and Chamber-maids.

Old. Now, my Lord, let the Musick strike up ; here are the Women : I long to be at Brimmers.

Sir Hum. Now for a fit of Mirth.

Bell. Come Charles, begin. *They Sing an Italian Song of two parts.*
You must excuse it ; 'tis Country Music, Madam.

Gert. 'Tis admirable ! the Court has no better.

L. Fan. You must be putting in, with your ill Breeding ! If any Traveller shou'd affirm that *Italy* afforded better, I shou'd humbly demand his Pardon.

Mrs. Fan. I am swallow'd up in Admiration ! *je suis astonne !* I am only in doubt, whether the Harmonious Composition, or the elegant Performance, be most Charmant.

Cou. Dat is admirable bien dict, Madam !

Old. I had a Daughter that sung —— But, no more of her.

Char. What do I hear ? I'll haste away : Farewel.

Exit Charles.

Gert. I never heard a Voice and Manner so like my poor Sister's : I thought he had somè resemblance of her, but that he's of another Complexion : But he was so Bashful, he wou'd not show his Face.

Sir Hum. My Lord, can they sing *Lilly Burlero* ? or have they e're a merry Song ?

Bell. My Servants are no Fiddlers.

Old. Come, come, my Lords and Gentlemen, into my Smoaking Room : Women, go pack into the Drawing Room, and play at T'oe Gleeck, or Ombre ; go.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, get the French Count with us, or I am Ruin'd. Oh, he is the finest Personage, and most agreeable !

L. Fan. Good Mr. *Oldwit*, you will betray your ill Breeding : Entertain one of the *French* Nobles with Smoaking and Sotting ! he shall with us. You show your Wit, and not a word of *French* among you !

Old. 'Sdeath, my Wit ! dare you profane my Wit ? Thou old, ill-bred, silly Creature

Creature, I'll teach thee better Breeding, and make thee submit to thy Lord and Master.

Con. Sir, I beg your pardon ; I am for de Ladee : I no Drink, I no Smoak. Come, Madam, vee will play at de petites jeux, or some ting or oder. Begar, de smoke spoil my orangery and Pulvilio.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I love de Petites jeux extremement.

Trim. I am also for the Ladies ; to whom I have ever Sacrific'd all my devoir : Madam, I kifs your hands.

Mrs. Fan. Pish! But as I was saying, Monsieur——

Trim. Ha ! must I be Sacrific'd to that Kickshaw of a *Frenchman* ? It shall not be long e're he receive a Chartel from me.

Sir Hum. Mr. *Oldwit* is so imporrunate, that I cannot leave him yet, i'faith ; but I'll steal-away, and pay my Duty to you.

Mrs. Fan. No, no, Sir *Humphrey*, no matter : the Count is an Accomplish'd Gentleman. Monsieur, you were speaking——

Sir Hum. Say you so, Ud'sbud ? the Count my Rival ! I will take an occasion to kick that damn'd Count most exceedingly.

Old. Daughter, meet me half an hour hence, without fail, in the great Dining Room above.

Gert. I will, Sir.

Wild. Pray let it be within a quarter of an hour, for most important Reasons I will give you there.

Old. I have contriv'd an opportunity for your Lordship to be private with your Mistrefs, my Lord.

Bell. You infinitely oblige me, Sir.

Old. Come, now let's all into my Smoaking-room. Go, Womankind, pack away to your Cards, and your Tea. [*Ex. Count and Ladies.*]

Trim. Mr. *Oldwit*, I humbly take my leave, to withdraw with the Ladies.

Old. No, faith, shall you not. Sir *Humphrey*, take him you by one Arm, and I'll take him by the other.

Trim. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, commit not a Rape upon me, I beseech you : I drink not between Meals. Did you know how averse I am——Sir, Sir, I would not be intoxicated for the Universe : Sir, Sir.

Old. Come, my Lord, and Mr. *Wildish*. [*Trim talks all the while they hale him.*]

Bell. & Wild. We wait on you.

Bell. What are we Condemn'd to ?

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lord Bellamy, Wildish, Sir Humphrey, and Trim.

Old. Here, where is this damn'd Butler ? bring the Monteith, and Bottles. Well, Mr. *Wildish*, you are one of the top *London* Wits.

Wild. Not guilty, upon my Honour.

Old. No matter for that. But did you ever hear more Wit fly about a Dinner at *London* ? Such Broadfides and such Merriment, my Lord ?

Wild. Yes, indeed, a great deal of Wit did fly about the Room.

Sir Hum. Sir, your humble Servant. When my Lady ask'd me for a piece of Rabbet, you remember I told her it was a Rawbit, for 'twas not roasted ; ha, ha, ha.

Trim.

Trim. That was a good jest indeed.

Sir Humphrey. She ask'd me, if I woud have any Custard ? I told her, I was not such a Fool to refuse it.

Old. And, when she ask'd me, Will you have any Woodcock, Husband ; I answered No : I will have some Goose, Wife. She thought to have put the Woodcock upon me ; and I put the Goose upon her, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha : Very good ! excellent ! *[The Count and he Laugh.*

Trim. These Gentlemen, Mr *Wildish*, are Witty, I must confess they want not Salt, and are indeed very Jocosse ; but I woud gladly hear something from your self, and my Lords Honour, that favours more of Solidity, than what they hitherto have produc'd.

Wild. Are you always thus Witty, Sir *Humphrey* ?

Sir Hum. Oh, ay. The Judges, when they come the Circuit, certainly send for me : they love my Company.

Bell. Do Judges love this way of Wit ?

Sir Hum. Ever while you live ; and your Serjeants, and Doctors of Divinity : the last time I Din'd in such company, I told a Story of a Doctor of Divinity, whose Wife us'd to entertain him with three Dishes every day ; Bitter, Pout, and Tart. There was such a Laughing, they Roar'd out again : The Ladies Tyhee'd under their Napkins ; I am the Son of a Whore, if the Tyhee did not take a reverend old Gentlewoman as she was a Drinking, and she squirted out the Beer out of her Nose, as an *Indian* does Tobacco. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Prythee, dear *Sir Humphrey*, forbear ; I am not able to bear it : I have laugh'd my self sore. Mr. *Trim*, what ails you ? you are melancholy.

Trim. I must confess, *Sir Humphrey* is a man of neat concise parts, and exceeding Jocular ; but my way is to affect, being more grave and solid.

Old. Grave and solid ! Come, come, you want a Bottle. VVhy, Sirrah, Butler, come quickly. You shall have a whisking Bumper.

Trim. Sir, I protest against Bumpers : I woud not drink a Bumper for the Universe.

Enter Butler, placing Glasses and Bottles.

Old. Rascal, make haste, you lazy Elephant. and, d'ye hear, bring me my Horn I use to Drench the Restive Drinkers with. I'll make you take your Dose.

Trim. That men shou'd cloud the Faculties of their noble Souls, and put their minds, as 'twere, into a Mist !

VVild. VVy, you can make a Joque, *Sir Humphrey* upon any thing.

Sir Hum. I seldom fail, thank God.

VVild. Let's hear now, upon the VVaincot.

Sir Hum. Pshaw waw ! 'tis weak Waincot.

Bell. How so ? 'tis good *Danish* Oak.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha ; you know, the weakest goes to the VVall : the VVaincot goes to the VVall ; Ergo, weak VVaincot. Ha, ha.

Old. Ha, ha, ha : passing good !

Sir Hum. I am ready again : Reprieving VVaincot :

VVild. How so ? the Devil can't find that out.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha : why, Waincot saves many a Hanging :

Old. Ha, ha : admirable ! for, if I had not VVaincoted my Rooms, I must have had Hangings. He'll kill me some time or other.

Bell.

Bell. Upon the Window.

Sir Hum. Why 'tis a damn'd mutinous Window ; for 'tis full of Quarrels :
You shall never take me at a Why not.

Wild. Upon the Looking-glass.

Sir Hum. Why, 'tis an Ill-natur'd Looking-glass.

Wild. How so ?

Sir Hum. Because it makes Reflections ; ha, ha.

Wild. Upon the day.

Sir Hum. Upon the day. Hah, hum ; why, 'tis a scabby day.

Wild. A scabby day ?

Sir Hum. Ay, because the Sun's broken out.

Old. For the love of Heav'n, dear Friend, not so fast : I cannot suffer it. Come,
Sirrah, a Bumper.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, there are four Gentlemen come to wait on you.

Old. Who ? Butler, remove the things into my Parlour : this Room's [*Whisper.*
too little. Come, Gentlemen ; I beseech you secure the Prisoner. [*They lay hold*

Trim. Sir, you have Company enough, I beseech you, Sir ; Sir, I *on him.*
disclaim Drink between Meals. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gertrude.

Gert. *Wildish* is not here yet ; I am come somewhat before my time, to fly
from the horrible Impertinence in the Drawing-Room. I'll lay my life, this
French Count is some idle Scoundrel, and an Impostor.

Enter Wildish.

Wild. Madam, your most humble Servant : you have not stay'd long, I hope.

Gert. Not at all for you, I assure you, Sir : my Father appointed me—

Wild. Not this quarters hour yet, by my Watch.

Gert. It wants nothing by mine : but you Sparks have such vanity, that you
are ready to turn every thing to your own advantage. Can you believe I come
to meet you here ?

Wild. Is it not fitter for your Youth and Beauty, to meet an honest young
Fellow, who is in Love with you to Madness, than an Old Fellow with musty
Sayings, old Proverbs, and wise Counsel ?

Gert. Don't abuse my Father behind his back. He wise ! No wiser than your
self : He is a *Bury* Wit, as you are a *London* one.

Wild. I a Wit, Madam ? You are resolv'd to use your Sovereign Power over
me ; and I'll show you my Passive Obedience. Do you Swagger like a Tyrant ?
you shall find I can bear like a Slave.

Gert. Yes, you can act a Slave for a time, in hopes of making me one ever
after.

Wild. Ah, Madam, those eyes were made to Conquer, and preserve their
Conquests : where e're they come, they'll Govern always.

Gert. For all that, if I were Marry'd to you, which Heav'n avert, you wou'd,
within three months, be apt to think my Maids eyes, though a Doudy, more
Victorious.

Wild. It is impossible : I cou'd as soon prefer a farthing Candle to the Sun.

Gert. Nay, I shall never try.

Wild.

Wild. I am resolv'd I'll never leave you : I will wait upon your Person, or watch about your House continually.

Gert. But I'll command you from me ; I'll try my Dominion.

Wild. In what ever I can, I will obey you : but you may as well command your Shadow from you, in the Sun-shine.

Gert. I'll call in aid, to remove you farther.

Wild. Not Bombs, or Cannons, can do that. While you are awake, I'll ne'r be from you ; and when you sleep, I'll watch, and sigh, and sing my Complaints about your House.

Gert. Sure you dare not be thus bold !

Wild. By Heav'n, I cannot help it : and look to it ; for this in *Bury* (as all little Towns are full of Tatling and Censure) will bring Scandal to you, at least, if it does not produce Love in you.

Gert. For Love, I am sure it shall not : and for Scandal, I'll remove.

Wild. Where ever you go, you have fast hold on my Heart-strings, and will tug me along with you.

Gert. If I have, I'll tug you, I'll warrant you, till I crack them. These are Flams : I'll to *London* ; there I shall be lost to you, like a Hare in a Hare Warren, and you shall yelp no more after me.

Wild. You are so fair, so bright, above all others, that I shall follow you by your Track of Light, and never miss you.

Gert. Are there any Lovers thus Impudent, to think to procure Love by troubling one.

Wild. Is it Impudence, to own your Power, and my Weakness ? In short, Madam, I am resolv'd to haunt you worse than any Beau, and pelt you with Billets doux some Fifteen times a day.

Gert. What, like one of those odious Creatures, will you Dress at me ? and tye Cravats at me ? and strut like a Turkey-cock, and prune your self ?

Wild. Even so ; and stare, and goggle at you ; and never have my Eyes off you, while I Side-box you in the Play-house.

Gert. What, where the Beaux draw up three Ranks deep every day ?

Wild. Yes.

Gert. Well, and I'll never cast my Eyes upon you for a whole Play together.

Wild. That will be over acted ; and cunning Intriguers will Censure you from that.

Gert. Very fine ! But I assure you, if you joyn with the Beaux, you shall never be look'd upon by me : for there is not upon Earth a more odious sight, than those Boxes full of ugly Beaux. I observe, the Beaux now are the ugliest Hatchet-fac'd Fellows about Town.

Wild. Fellows of five and fifty, with grizly Beards, set up for Beaux : and among these will I herd, when you are at a Play, that I may Ogle you, Fair.

Gert. Then will I leave the Play.

Wild. So will I.

Gert. And to the Park.

Wild. So will I : where I will Side-glass you, turn when you turn, —

Gert. Then will I leave the Park.

Will. So will I, and follow you to the Mall.

Gert. You will not dare sure?

Will. Yes—I will : and strut up to you, with a Slur and a Coupee ; sing a filly new Song or two softly in your Ear, and put on an Air of Gayety, as if I had succeeded.

Gert. I'll soon shake you off, and go to the Drawing Room.

Will. No sooner there, but I am with you : and 'tis as good a Scene of Ogling, as any.

Gert. Sure, I shall cast you off when I go to Church.

Will. The Beaux are the most constant Church-men : you shall see Troops of 'em perk'd up in Galleries, setting their Cravats. There you shall be sure to find me : and I will stare you out of your Prayers. In short, my dear, sweet, pretty Madcap, I am resolv'd never to give thee over, while I have breath.

Gert. This is most amazing ! Art not thou a very Impudent Fellow, to talk thus ? Do you call this making Love ? why, this is making War ; worse than Blockades and Sieges, which they write of in Gazettes.

Will. It is a gentle Siege ; but I will never raise it : I may fall dead before your Fort.

Gert. And that you shall, before you take it.
What a dissembling Jade am I now *Aside.*

Will. Then will I haunt you at noon, at dead of night——

Gert. You will come a faithful Humble Bee, and Hum, and Buz ; as the *Re-bearfal* says. *A noise of one coming up stairs.*

Here comes some body ! I'll not have the scandal upon me, of being taken alone with you. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Will. Oh, my Lord, I have had the Advantage of you, in stealing from you confounded Company before you.

Bell. You have so ; but there's great enquiry made after you.

Will. We were bad enough with our Punning Fools ; but that new Detachment of Drunkards and Visitants, made 'em compleatly the most confounded Company I ever was condemn'd to. Here are the fruits of the Country ! Pre-thee, my Dear Peer, fling off this melancholy thought of Retirement, and let us enjoy thee again in *London* : let me not lose my dearest Friend, for a Fit of the Spleen, or two.

Bell. Dear *Ned*, if any thing cou'd tempt me to that noisie Town, thou, and some choice Friends, whose Conversation I extremely value, might do it : but I am weary of it, and dote upon my quiet Retirement.

Will. Man is not self-sufficient : he was made a Sociable Animal, and must have Conversation.

Bell. And that, by a Man of a good Estate, as you and I have, may be had in the Country.

Will. Merry Meetings may be had ; but not so frequently, as your Sessions : and when you think you have a choice Company, in rushes some loud obstreperous Hunter, Hawker, or Jocky, good for nothing else, and Roars about Dogs, Kites, and Horses ; and spoils that Meeting. To keep open House, and enter-

tain the neighbouring Coxcombs is worse than being Host of an Inn : and to meet Company elsewhere, is to be poyson'd with damn'd Wine.

Bell. I take care to meet none but good Company ; and where-ever we meet, we take a course to have as good Wine from *London*, as any there : and at my own House, I will entertain none but good Company.

Wild. Then the Country Gentlemen, who are most of 'em ill Company, will hate you, and you will have no Interest.

Bell. He that esteems himself by another mans opinion, is an Ass. My Tenants I make much of.

Wild. But what can be the diversion of a Country Life? A man must be wak'd at three in a Morning, by the crack'd Voices of Huntsmen, with damn'd Bugle Horns, and the confounded yelps of Curs : and for want of Friendship with Men, divert themselves with their Enmity to Beasts ; and hunt as if the Devil were in 'em, till at dark night they are scarce able to dismount their Horses.

Bell. They are Fops, *Ned*, that make a business of Sport. I hunt with my Harriers half a dozen heats in a Morning, for Health and an Appetite : and, at Dinner time, let 'em be in never such full cry, I knock off.

Wild. There is some Reason in that ; but your true Country Squire lives in Boots all the Winter, ne'er talks or thinks of any thing but Sports, as he calls 'em : and if an ill Day comes, saunters about his House, lolls upon Couches ; sighs and groans, as if he were a Prisoner in the Fleet ; and the best thing he can find to do, is to Smoke, and Drink, and play at Back-gammon, with the Parson.

Bell. These are of the strictest Order of Hunters, such as keep Journals of every Days hunting, and write long Letters of Foxchases from one end of *England*, to the other. Tho' these are Fops, *Ned*, a Reasonable man may enjoy himself very well in the Country.

Wild. How so?

Bell. I have a noble House, an Air pure, and uncorrupted.

Wild. Which are to be had in *St. James's-Square* and *Hide-park*.

Bell. I view my stately Fields and Meads, laden with Corn and Grass ; my Herds of Kine, and Flocks of Sheep ; my Breed of Horses ; my Delicate Gardens full of all sorts of Fruits and Herbs ; my River full of Fish, with Ponds, and a Decoy for Water Fowl, and plenty of Game of all kinds in my Fields and Woods ; my Parks for Venison ; my Cellar well furnish'd with all variety of excellent Drinks : and all my own, *Ned*.

Wild. All these things have we at *London*. The product of the best Corn-fields at *Queen-Hithe* ; Hay, Straw, and Cattle, at *Smithfield* ; with Horses too : Where is such a Garden in *Europe*, as the *Stocks-Market* ? Where such a River as the *Thames* ? Such Ponds and Decoys, as in *Leaden-Hall-Market*, for your Fish and Fowl ? Such Game as at the *Poulterers* ? And instead of Parks, every Cook's Shop for Venison, without Hunting, and venturing Neck or Arms for it. And for Cellars, from *Temple-Bar* to *Aldgate* ; and all that I have use of, my own too, since I have Money.

Bell. But I have pleasure in reading the *Georgics*, and contemplating the Works of Nature.

Wild. I contemplate the chief Works of Nature : fine Women ; and the Juice of the Grape, well concocted by the Sun.

Bell. Your fine Women, are a Company of proud, vain, Fops and Jilts, abominably Daub'd and Painted ; and I had rather kiss a Blackamoor, with a Natural Complexion, than any such : And, besides, many of them are so unsound, that making Love is become as dangerous as making War ; and the Wounds and Scars are dishonorable to boot. Then, for your Wine, 'tis attended with such Surfeits, Qualms, Head-akes, late Hours, Quarrels and Uproars, that every Scene of Drunkenness is a very *Bedlam*.

Wild. Poor *Bellamy* ! thou wert never happy, since thou left'st off those Noble Maxims, *Beati non numerant horas*, measure not your time by Hour-glasses, but by Wine-glasses. Oh, the sweet of a Brimmer at Midnight ! The Night was made for Beasts to sleep in, and for Man to Watch in.

Bell. And if I have no other misfortune but the Head-ake, and Puking in the morning, to hear of this Friend breaking a Collar Bone with a fall, that having his Skull crack'd by the Watch, another run through the Lungs by drunken Bullies ; and all this to Treasure up Diseases, if you shall arrive to a miserable Age.

Wild. Who would not be sick ten Days for one good Night, with Men of Wit and Sense ?

Bell. There's no true Pleasure but in Health.

Wild. VVhat shou'd a Man do with Health in damn'd Country Company, which a man ought either to be a very good Philosopher, or none at all, to endure ?

Bell. VVhat good does VVit and Sence do you ? do what you can, the Fops will be at the top of Pleasures ; and the Knaves will be at the head of all Business in spite of you ; and will bear down the VVorld, that a man who has Wit can be good for nothing.

Wild. That makes the business of the VVorld so foolishly done.

Enter Gertrude, and Oldwit's Footman.

Gert. My Father is not here.

Foot. He commanded me to bid you meet him in this Room.

[*She offers to retire.*]

Wild. VVhither goes my pretty Tyrant ? Tho' your Father be not here, here is (I am sure) one humble Servant of yours.

Bell. That I am sure of, Madam, who is resolv'd to lay himself at your Feet, there humbly to receive his Doom.

Wild. What the Devil does he say ? Is my best Friend my Rival ? I hope, Madam, you are not in doubt, who that Servant is I spoke of ?

Bell. What's this ? Are we Rivals ? This is the greatest misfortune that could have happen'd ! Hold ! perhaps it may be only his usual Gallantry to all young Women. Would you could see the Wounds you make in Hearts ; then, Madam, mine would expect your pity.

Gert. This is a very pretty Scene ; runs smoothly off the Tongue, and is very well Acted : Can you do it over again ?

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Oh, Mr. *Wildish* ! I have been searching, and sending for you, all over the House. VVhat ? turn'd Flincher ! Faith, I must have you down with me.

Wild.

Wild. Here's my Lord's a Flinger too.

Old. I wink at that : I can give you some Reason for that, as we go. Daughter, you know what I have said to you of this Noble man : I cou'd not find out in all the Nation, such a Match. Do you mind me ?

Gert. Yes, Sir ——— But, by your good favour, I'll find out for my self, for all that. *[aside.*

Wild. 'Tis evident ! What dam'd misfortune cou'd have fallen out like this ?

Old. Come, faith, Mr. *Wildish*, you shan't scape so : Brimmers fly about handsomely ; and we are a rare Company.

Wild. I must not discover my Love to this Old Fellow yet ; I will knock him down, with two or three in a Hand. *[Exit with Oldwit.*

Gert. How I hate this kind of Fooling ! A VVoman never makes so silly a Figure, as when she is to look demurely, and stand to be made Love to. *[aside.*

Bell. Madam, the several Letters I have address'd to your Ladyship's hands, and my good Orator your Father, tho' you never saw me, have let you know who I am ; and then you'll guess what I have to say.

Gert. 'Tis true, my Lord, I do guess, and therefore your Lordship need not trouble your self to say it ; for all Discourse, about that affair, runs to the same Tune.

Bell. I never lov'd before ; nor can I believe that any Man loves like me.

Gert. 'Tis all alike. " Madam, your Beauties ! your excellent Accomplish-
ments ! your extraordinary Merits ! Divine, &c. The lustre of your Eyes !
" and the rest. The honour to kiss your fair hands ! &c. All this we have in
Romances, and Love and Honour Plays. Trust me, my Lord, 'tis tedious.

Bell. Cou'd I incline your gentle Heart to Love, then no Discourse of it wou'd seem so.

Gert. I can't tell that ; but as things stand now, indeed it makes me smile, to think of a grave Mother, or, for want of her, a wise Father, putting a Daughter into a Room, like a Hare out of a Basket, and letting him loose ; that is, to act the Part of a Lover before Marriage, and never think of it afterward. Then is she either to frown, be peevish, or sullen, and make no answers, or very scurvy ones ; or else to blush, hold down her Head, tell the Sticks, and play with her Fan, and say, I have no thoughts of Marriage, I am too young, 'tis time enough.

Bell. But, Madam, a Lady of your VVit and Sence, knows 'tis the great end that VVoman is design'd for ; and 'tis in vain for you to speak against Love ; for every look, and every word of yours, inflames me more.

Gert. There's a word now, Inflames, and Chains ; and Fetters ! I warrant you ; One wou'd think a man were a Martyr, or a Slave at *Algiers* at least. VVhat conversation might Men and VVomen have, did not this foolish Love interpose !

Bell. 'Tis impossible for a Man to forbear thinking, or talking of Love, in the presence of so Beautiful, so excellent a Lady.

Gert. I cou'd expect no less : Beautiful ! Excellent ! &c. How silly one looks, who must stand to hear her self Complemented ! My Lord, you are a Man of Honour, and I will speak plainly to you : I am resolv'd against Love, therefore pray deal frankly with me : Disappoint the Old Gentleman, and let's

not have one word of it betwixt us. My happiness or ruin depends upon your Breath. I am too young and giddy, to fix upon so solemn a business; and the pleasure I find in being free, cannot be bought at any rate.

Bell. Your Father, Madam, I hope may be a prevailing Advocate.

Gert. Hope is a very thin Diet, fit for Love in a Fever; but, to tell you true, I am apt to believe there is no such thing as love: but, if there be, I can assure you, you have gone the wrong way; for my Father is no Outwork of mine: you may take him, but you are ne'r the nearer me. I am a free Heiress of England, where Arbitrary Power is at an end, and I am resolv'd to choose for my self. How happily am I reliev'd!

Enter Count, and Mrs. Fanst.

Look you, my Lord, here are a pair of Turtles! The *French* Count has gotten an absolute Conquest. Let's retire, and hear the Love betwixt them: they'll divert us upon that subject, better than we can our selves.

[They retire and listen.]

Bell. I must obey.

Mrs. Fan. Now Monsieur le Count, we are free: we were embarrass'd with Company below, that we cou'd not enjoy our selves; and some so ill bred, that, eh Gud, they caus'd such a *Chagrin* in me!

Cou. I am very appy in de occasion of kisse your And, in secret; indeed de *Bury* Ladies be ver fine, ver prettee, and do me de great honour; ; buttè, Madam, your Lustre does outshinè dem, as the great Sun does de leetel Star dat twinkel, twinkel, in the Sky, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Monsieur, the ebat of your VVit will make any thing appear well: I must confess, I never have met such brillant Conversation, as from your most agreeable person.

Cou. See bee de Victorious Ladee; buttè, begar, see speakè de dam *French* for all dat.

Aside.

Mrs. Fan. En veritie, you have Charm'd them all; but, mon foy, I hate the Impertinence of a numerous Assamblee.

Cou. Oh, Madam, dere is no plaisir in de Varle, as de retirement vid so bright a Nymph: and, Madam, I must telle dat, now you have steale me out of de Companee, you cannot but perceivè me, dat I have de ver great and signal Passion for your Ladiship; and I have but de few littel opportunitèe to say, dat, if you takè no Compassion upon me, you breakè mine Art; and I must killè my self vid de *French* Bayonett, if you make de scorn of me.

Mrs. Fan. I am not so ill bred to scorn one of the Nobles.

Gert. Pray forbear, my Lord, they will come to the point presently; wou'd you have us play the Fool thus?

Cou. If you havè no scorn, de Indifferance is fatal, and vill killè me too.

Mrs. Fan. Sincerement, Monsieur, a Lady cannot have indifferance for a Person so bien fait, and whose Conversation is Ravissant.

Gert. She comes on handsomely.

Cou. Ah, Madam! I kisse your sweet And, for dis great honour: buttè, Madam, if my Ambition might aspire at your Love, I vill be more appy ten 'Tousand time, den de great Monarch, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. You know very well what the Poet says:

Res est Solliciti plena timoris amor.

Cou.

Cou. Ver well, Madam, you be de most profound Ladee, and de great Scholar. Morbleu, she vill findè me out! Begar, I can no read. [aside.]

Mrs. Fan. No, no assuremant, pretty well read in the Classic Authors. Or so. Monsieur *Scudery* says very well: *L'amour est une grande chose.*

Cou. Hee bee ver pretty Poet too. Begar, she will puzzle me. [aside.]

Mrs. Fan. Poet! Monsieur, he writ Romances.

Cou. Ah, Madam, in *France* we callè de Romance, de Poesic:

Bell. Oh, Rogue! that's well come off.

Mrs. Fan. And, as Monsieur *Balzac* says, *Songez unpeu.*

Cou. Dat *Balzac* write de very good Romance.

Mrs. Fan. Indeed, I never heard that.

Cou. Je vous assure. A pox on her reading! [Aside.] But, Madam, let de Poet, de Philosoph, say vat dey vill, begar I am so much in Love vid your Person, dat if you vill no bee in Love vid my Person, begar, I must killè my self in two tree day.

Mrs. Fan. Take time, Sir, I beseech you; we must consider on this affair.

Cou. Madame, I have no time to consider; de grand Monarch, my Maître, wantè me for a Lieutenant General, to makè de VVar again *Holland* and *Flandre*, to burna de House, and to killè de Man, Voman, and Shilde, as de great Monarch does, for his Glory. And I vill speakè one proud Vord for my self; he has not one Officier in his Armee dat burn, makè de Ravage, and killè de Man, Voman and Shildè, better den my self; no indeed.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu!* that is Sanglant cruelle.

Cou. Pardon mee, Madam, is de Discipline of War to puttè de Village and de House in flamè, and vid de Pistolet to shoot de Voman paph in de Eare vid big Bellees, and de oder vid de Shilde in dere Arm paph paph, ver dum, ver dum, paph, paph, and to puttè de Pike an alf Pike into de littel Suck Shilde, and dey sprawl, sprawl, vid deir Arm and deir Leg, and make de ver pretty Shight; and take de littel Boy and de Garle, so high, soe high, soe high, and sticke, and sticke de Rapier into de Bodee. Madam.

Mrs. Fan. This is very Bloody.

Cou. Oh, no, Madam; dey bee de Enemee: de great Hero always burne and kille de Man, Voman, and Shilde, for deir Glory.

Mrs. Fan. If you Heroes be so cruel, 'tis enough to fright a Lady.

Cou. Ah, Madam, 'tis de Enemee: buttè to de Maitress, de Héroes be gentle as de Lamb.

Gert. This Rascal must be an Impostor: I scarce believe he is a *French-man*; tho' I have seen many a *French* Coxcomb, yet I never saw a *French* Clown before.

Bell. I will assure you, he is so: 'tis *Ned Wildish* his Frolick; and 'tis fit you know it, before the business go too far. I'll tell you more.

Gert. Oh, the farther the better: I love mischief heartily.

Mrs. Fan. If I shou'd agree to your Honourable Proposal, I must lose you presently.

Cou. Ah, Madam, 'tis for mine Honer, you fall goe to my chatteau, my great House; for I have several, vid de great Royaltee.

Enter Lady Fantast, with several Ladies more.

L. Fan. These Ladies have entertain'd your, and my Lord Count's absence, with some regret and *Chagrin*, suitable to the occasion.

1 *La.* Ah, Madam, did you design to ingross my Lord Count?

2 *La.* That was foul play, indeed, Madam. Well, he's a fine Person!

Lord Bellamy, and Gertrude appear.

Mrs. Fan. Quelle me Impertinance! Why wou'd you bring them, Madam? I shall be a great Woman; he is Captivated to the last degree, he has ten thousand Pistols a year, and great Houses and Castles.

Gert. In the Air. [*aside.*]

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Fye; how her pittiful *English* Lord looks, in presence of my *French* Count.

1 *La.* Pray, my Lord, do my Husband the Honour to Dine with him to morrow.

2 *La.* If your Lordship be not engag'd, be pleas'd to honour my House at a Collation this Night.

3 *La.* My Lord, your Lordship shall do my Husband a great Honour, to take a Repast with him.

4 *La.* My Lord Count———

Mrs. Fan. They are all Amoreuse of him: his Eye is *Cupid's* Quiver, and his Beams the Darts.

Enter Wildish.

Wild. So, here's a very fair Assembly!

Mrs. Fan. He's engagee to Night, Ladies.

Cou. Ladee all, you do me de very great honour: I wish I could divide my self; but I am engagee to wait upon this Lady, and her pretty Moderè. I find, she lovee mee, by dat Eye she makee for me. [*aside.*]

Gert. I like your Frolick admirably; for all 'tis yours.

Wild. So well acquainted; to tell secrets, already!

Bell. They are very familiar: ha! 'tis most apparent!

Cou. Serviteur, my Lor: Serviteur, Monsieur *Wildish.* De Ladee make mush of de *French* Count: ma foy, you will see presentlee.

Enter Trim.

Trim. I am not a little afflicted, that I have been constrain'd to borrow my self so long, from your Ladyship's most———

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Fye! you smell of Tobacco to a great degree.

Cou. Ah, Madam! take my Peruke, and smell de Pulvilio: here, Madam.

[*He plucks his Peruke off, and gives it; she smells to it.*]

Mrs. Fan. Mon Dieu! Obligeant! Here is Breeding, to divest himself of his chiefest Ornament, to gratifie my sense! 'tis very fine!

1 *La.* 'Tis admirable, I swear!

2 *La.* Delicate, I vow!

3 & 4 *La.* Very fine!

} The four Ladies smell it.

Cou. Is de ver fine Haire, Ladee: I have a great deal of de best in *England* or *France*, in my Shop.

Gert. How? in your Shop! Do you keep Shop, Monsieur? How do you sell it?

Cou.

Cou. Morbleu, vat is dis ? Begar, I will bite my Tongue. Shop ! Shop ! I no understand *English*, Shop ! Vat you call de place de Jentilman puttè his Peruke ? Oh, his Cabinet, his Closet.

Mrs. Fan. Now you see, Madam *Gertrude* ; wou'd you have him understand *English* like one of us ? Je vous remercy ; there's your Peruke again.

Trim. Sir, be pleas'd to read that Chartel, and give me such an Answer.

Enter Sir Humphrey Noddy.

Sir Hum. Gentlemen and Ladies, I kiss all your hands.

Cou. Pòx takè de Note : Ventre bleu, I can no read ; but I believe is a Shallengè.

Sir Hum. Madam, Udsbud, we have drunk your Health in Bumpers *Supernaculum*.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, fye ! stand off.

Cou. Hold : de Ladee no lovè de smell de Tobac.

Sir Hum. Are you there, i'faith ? I hate the sight of a *French Dog*, and I will pluck him by the Nose.

Cou. If I draw, dey will part è mee. [*aside.*] Morbleu, mine Honeur ! mine Honeur.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Insolence ! save the Count, save the Count. [*Bell and Wild.*

part them. The Ladies shriek, and run to the corner of the Stage. Oldwit staggers amongst them drunk. The Women run out shrieking ; with them, Ex. Trim,

Sir Hum. Bellamy.

Oldwit Sings. There were three Men came out of the West,

To make Salt-petre strong, &c.

Where are my Drunkards ? where are my Drunkards ? You flinchers, you sober Sots ! Where is my *Fezebel*, my Cockatrice, my Clogdogdo, as honest *Tom Otter* says ? A senceless Jade, with her Wit, and her Breeding : She steals away my Drunkards. Old Spouse, Mummy ; thou that wrap'st thy self every Night in Sear-cloths !

The Servants come in, and hold him.

Cou. Consider I did killè de Count, and have de Blood upon me. Vel, Monsieur, you will takè de care o de business ; Morbleu, Pox takè de Note, me can no read, me can no Fight ; vat me can do vid de Shallange ? *aside.*

Wild. You have done rarely ! let me alone ; I'll protect you : but let's fly the fury of this Drunkard. [*Ex. with the Count.*

Old. Where is my Goad ? my damn'd for better for worse ? She has stolen my Drunkards and my Wits from me. Where are my Drunkards ? Rogues, let me go to my Drunkards, and my Wits, you Rogues.

There were three Men came out of the West,

To make Salt Petre strong ;

To turn it into Gun-powder

For to Charge the King's Cannons

[The Servants hale him out.]

 ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Wildish, Trim.

Wild. I Am the Count's Friend, but he will not engage me: he says, he always Kills, for he never gives Quarter; and he will not be the occasion of my leaving my Country. He must into *France*, he is a great Officer; he has laid Horses, and will be ready to escape.

Trim. Is he so inveterate an Enemy?

Wild. Yes, and Fences like a Provost: he throws in his Passes quick as Lightning, and hits what Button he pleases.

Trim. Then, if I reap the Honour of the Field, my Lawrel will be greater. At the East end of the biggest Church, you say, a quarter of an hour hence: I will not fail. I kiss your Hands, Sir. How ever the unfortunate arrival of this Count, who has prodigiously insinuated himself into my Mistresses affections, may have ruffled and disorder'd the wonted serenity of my Temper; yet in all occasions that may occur, I assure you, Sir, you shall ever find me Rational and Civil. Your humble Servant: the Time fleets quick away, and Honour calls.

Exit.

Wild. This formal Coxcomb, I find, is stout; and the Count will find some trouble in him: but 'twill advance the Farce, to have the Ladies, who are stark mad after him, see or hear he's soundly Cudgell'd. *Enter Sir Humphry.* Sir *Humphry*, if you make not haste, the Count will be before you: he'll wait alone, at the East end of the great Church.

Sir Hum. A Pox on him; does he Fence so devilishly, and never give Quarter? Bloody Rogue! But, what care I, I make no more account of this Count, than of a Jackanapes.

Wild. Never without a Conceit!

Sir Hum. Take me without a Jest? But I'll be gone, and make the French Count dance a *Minouet*. Your Servant.

Exit.

Enter Valet.

Wild. This fellow may be a Coward, by his Vapouring. Have you found the Count?

Val. Yes, Sir: very melancholy at your Lodging, where he has told me the secrets of his Heart: he bewail'd this unlucky Quarrel, which he apprehends so much, that, were he not sure, as he says, of the Love of Mrs. *Fantast*, he would leave his Countship, and run from *Bury* immediately. But he is now coming hither.

Wild: Well; go about your business, and say nothing yet.

Exit Valet.

Enter

Enter Count.

Count. Vell, Monsieur, vat is become of dis businefs vid Monsieur *Jean Trim* ?

Wild. I told him, I was your Friend, and I have appointed him a place to meet you in.

Con. Begar, I vill no meet.

Wild. I have pass'd my Honour, you shall be there.

Con. Morbleu, I vill no be dere: Jerny, I vill telle you de secret. Dis fine Ladee Maitres *Fantast* is in Lovè vid mè: Ventre bleu, I vill no fight; if I do, I am de very great Fool indeed, to lose de great Fortune; for if dis dam Rogue runnè me trough de Bodee, me losè de Maitres.

Wild. How, you Rogue? Lose her! you shall never have her: as great an aversion as I have to her, the Frolic shall not go so far.

Con. Ma foy, you be mistakè: de Frolic shall go more far; yes indeed. *Aside.* I vill no killè de Rogue, or be hanga for de Rascal.

Wild. Don't trouble your self: I have given him that Character of you, that he trembles at you; he'll never dare come. But we must be there, for our Honours sake.

Con. Is de Coward indeed? *Aside.* Eh Morbleu, Monsieur, me fear no person dat vear de Head; but in dis case is no Prudence.

Wild. I have met Sir *Humbry*, and I have Challeng'd him to Fight with you, for the tweak he gave you by the Nose: and told him, I wou'd be your Second.

Con. Jerny; vat is dis? Begar, I vill no kille two: I vill no meet dat dam Rogue, ma foy.

Wild. I have appointed him; you must be there: I believe he is a Poultron; but you will be Cudgell'd by all the Men, and scorn'd by all the Women, if you take the Tweak by the Nose. Come along with me, I'll tell you more.

Con. Is better to takè de Cudgel upon de Shouldere two tree four time, den to have de Rapier trough de Bodee one time: yes, a great deal better.

Wild. Allons; here's Company coming. *Exit Wild. and Count.*

Enter Charles.

Cha. There goes the Rival to my Lord: Oh, may he prosper in his suit, and cure my Lord of his short Favor! I am sure, he can never be so mean, to love one who shall love another. But here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Bell. Not all the ill Fortune I have ever met, can equal this; that he, whom I have lov'd so long, so true a Friend, so much a Man of Honour, shou'd be my Rival! I cannot blame him for it neither; he has broken no Trust: and any Man, that looks upon her, must be subdu'd, as I am. But my hope is yet, she is unapt to Love. Oh, *Charles*, did'st thou see *Ned Wildish* this Evening?

Cha. Yes, my Lord: even now, he went into the *Abby-yard*.

Bell. But, what says my Mistress to the Present, and the Letter, which I sent?

Cha. She was not at home. Here is your Golden Box, full of Jewels: It is the finest Present I ever saw made to a Lady. My Lord, I beseech your Lordship; let pne of your Gentlemen carry 'em.

Bell. Is my service then become irksom to you?

Cha. Oh, no, my Lord; pray frown not: I'll plunge into the Deep, I'll run into the Fire, to do you service. Pray be not angry.

Bell. I cannot tell what 'tis shou'd move thee to it; but thou art still averse to the proceeding of my Love.

Cha. I love you more than ever Servant lov'd a Lord: and 'tis my fear for you. My Cousin in *Northampton-shire* is of Kin to her, your Lordship knows; and I once heard her say, she had too great a Spirit for a Wife.

Bell. She has all the Beauty and Wit, of her whole Sex in her; and none of all their Vanities. Didst thou not Observe?

Cha. I did, my Lord, that which your Lordship did not.

Bell. Ha! what was that?

Cha. My Lord, I fear I shall offend.

Bell. Yes, if you tell me not.

Cha. Did you not perceive she made a difference in her looks, and entertain'd not every man with equal sweetness?

Bell. He stings me to the Heart! [*Aside.*] Explain your meaning.

Cha. I may mistake; but yet, methinks, there is one Gentleman, whom she beholds with greater favour, than what seems indifferent.

Bell. It is her gayety of Temper: you are too Jealous.

Cha. It is for you, my Lord: pray pardon me. Alas! what Interest can I have, but yours? I shou'd be loth to be Officious.

Bell. What means the Youth? sure, young as he is, he is in Love with her; and Love will nourish even the highest Ambition: for why shou'd he be so concern'd? Where is the Letter, which I order'd you to give my Mistress with the Present?

Cha. It is here, my Lord. [*Gives him a Note.*] Sure, this will convince him.

Bell. Ha! what do I see? 'Tis *Wildish's* hand! To the fair hands of—
How came you by this Note?

Cha. My Lord, the Note? Ha! 'Twas my mistake. I did, at the beginning of my Discourse, intend to show it to your Lordship; but found you would be too much mov'd. It dropt from Mrs. *Gertrude*, after Dinner, and I took it up.

Bell. Why did you not restore it?

Cha. I, knowing the Hand, thought I might do your Lordship service in showing it to you. Will you not read it?

Bell. Did you?

Cha. Oh yes, my Lord, knowing your Lordship was so highly concern'd; and found it so familiar—

Bell. It was Impertinent.

Cha. My Lord!

Bell. It was not honest.

Cha. My Lord, my noble Lord, pray pardon my misguided Zeal for you: impute it to my Youth, my small Experience, my mistake of Honour; Forgive me, or my Knees shall grow to the Earth.

Bell. Rise, and learn better: to open others Letters is mean, and dishonourable.

Cha.

Cha. How glad am I to have Instruction from you! You are a Man of strictest Honour! How shall I expiate my Fault, and gain your Pardon?

Bell. I pardon you, and will impute it to your want of Knowledge: and to make attonement for it, you shall return it to her, and make her what excuse you can: Go instantly, and find her, and give me the Present, with my Letter. *[Exit.]*

Cha. Into how sad, and how perplex'd a case, has my too headstrong Passion brought me, which every day increases, while my hopes grow less? What prospect have I now, or glimps of Comfort? She, in a little time, must love as I do. What shall I say to her? She will discover me: She said, she never saw one yet so like her Sister, but for the colour of my Hair; I overheard her: What shall I do? Hold: If this Jealousie shou'd make him fight with *Wildish*, I am lost! I'll follow him; for, sure, I shall be Valiant in his Cause. Oh, wicked rashness!

Exit.

Wildish and Count, in the Abby-yard.

Wild. 'Tis a fine Moon-light night: these Fellows are Poultrons, and dare not come.

Count. 'Tis de grand pity dat de Coward should be suffer to live indeed, me vould hang de Coward. Begar, is time to go.

Wild. We must stay a little: if they come, I'll run Sir *Humphry* through the Lungs, while you whip the other through.

Count. Jerny, vat, stay for de Coward? Begar, I scorn to stay for de Coward: ver well indeed, de man of Courage stay for de Coward, is no Raïson for dat.

Wild. I see two coming toward us; they are them two.

Enter Bellamy and Charles.

Count. Pex takè him, he does Lovè de Tilt: Ma foy, is all one for dat; begar, I vill no meet dem: dey have affrontè me, to make me vait so long time; and I vill puttè de affront upon dem, an leavè dem now dey be come. *[Walks hastily away.]*

Wild. Monsieur le Count, come back: What will you leave me to two?

Count. Hum, hum, hum; me vill nò come back. *[Wildish overtakes him, and lays hold on him.]*

Bell. Mr. *Wildish*.

Wild. My Lord.

Count. O, begar is my Lor; de Coward vill no come.

Bell. I have somewhat to say to you, which concerns me nearly.

Wild. My Lord, I lately have perceiv'd something of you, that lyes heavy at my heart.

Bell. I never yet met with misfortune which cou'd equal this.

Wild. I know too well your meaning. I never yet had any Cross, which I with ease could not have born before.

Bell. We have been Friends.

Wild. Long Friends, and true.

Bell. I think so.

Wild. How, my Lord, do you but think so?

Bell. I never, till this day, had the least doubt. What pleasant Conversation, what Endearments, what mutual Kindnesses, have pas'd betwixt us.

Wild. And are you weary of my Friendship, that you resolve to break with me, by doubting it? How have I lov'd you present? with what regret have I

sustain'd your absence? how often have we ventur'd our Lives for one another's Honour? And am I chang'd, my Lord?

Bell. Oh yes, Friend; we are both Chang'd: I have a Mistress now, so Charming, it is impossible that I shou'd Live without her.

Wild. I have a Mistress too; so much above her Sex, so Fair, so Witty, so Engaging, that I must Enjoy her, or I perish!

Bell. How? Enjoy her! Take heed, Friend.

Wild. I mean all Honour to her.

Bell. Wou'd you possess the Mistress of your Friend?

Will. Wou'd you possess the Mistress of your Friend?

Bell. How, Sir? do you Eccho me?

Wild. The Case, my Lord, is so: Once, there was nothing in the World so dear to me, as you; but, since I knew my Mistress, I wou'd quit all that is precious in the World, ere I wou'd lose her.

Bell. What do I hear! Sir, have you then possession of her?

Wild. A Sanguine man is never out of hope: I have her in Imagination now methinks.

Bell. Methinks, you go too fast, Sir; you know my Temper: Sir, how long do you think that I can bear a Rival?

Wild. I can consider nothing but her, and her, and only her.

Bell. You slight me, Sir.

Wild. I hope I have more manners.

Cha. Oh, how I tremble! They will Fight, and I am lost for ever!

Con. Dey seem in de Passion. If dey two be mad, as to makè de Duel, dey vill takè me for de Second, against dat littel Jentilman, de Page; and I have seen de Page in France Fence like de Diable: he vill putte his Rapier in my Bodee; me vill steal away. *Steals out.*

Bell. I am agreed upon Articles with her Father, who is her Guardian.

Wild. And I am endeavouring to agree upon Articles with her: which is a shorter way.

Bell. But 'tis not so fair a way.

Wild. How, not so fair?

Bell. No: nor can any man enjoy her, while I live.

Wild. 'Sdeath! what do you say? Defend your self.

Bell. I am always ready to do that. *They fight. Charles runs out. Wildish drops his Sword; then strives to run in to Bell. who offers him his.*

Cha. Help! help! murder, murder! help, help!

Bell. Hold, Sir; hold: you want a Sword; pray make use of mine.

Wild. You are generous, my Lord; my Life's yours, and so it was before, and whatsoever I cou'd call mine was so; except my Mistress.

Bell. Let us be still such Friends: there's not a man on Earth I value equal with you.

Enter Charles:

Cha. They are embracing! bless'd Heav'n! I hope my Lord's not hurt:

Bell. What remains then, but we proceed like men of Reason; each take his way to gain the Divine Creature's Love? And, since one must be for ever miserable, let her be Arbitress of our two Fates. *Wild.*

Wild. You still possess the same Honour which you ever had ; I am now your most unhappy, but most faithful Friend.

They embrace.

Enter the Count.

Con. Is de Fight done ? Oh, dey embrace, is no dangere:

Wild. You most impudent Cowardly Dog ! if you had not run away, you might have parted us, and not have suffer'd Friends to Fight.

Kicks him.

Count. Hold, hold : is ver well, you kickè de *French Count* ! Begar, you show de Breeding : Kickè de Count ! you takè mè for de *Barbier* ; ver fine, yes indeed.

Wild. Sirrah, you shall be Count no longer : this Frolic shall not turn to earnest.

Con. I vill be gone, an gettè de Ladee, for all dat. Adieu : Jerny, me vill no stay to be kickè.

Wild. My Lord, I must take off this Rogue, my Honour may be question'd : for, tho I hate the Affected Creature, I wou'd not have this go on to a Marriage, or a Contract. I'll follow him.

Bell. You have reason : by what I over-heard, 'twill come to one of them, if you prevent 'em not.

Exit Wildish.

Come *Charles*, come along with me : this Evening all the Company will be in the Fair, and there I must meet my Mistress.

Cha. What deadly sound is this ! On every side I am lost !

Exeunt.

Trim in the Church-yard ; and Sir Humphry standing close under a Pillar of the Church.

Trim. I could not have imagin'd, that this *French Count* should be so dévoid of Breeding, and the Decencies which become all Gentlemen, as to make me wait so long, upon so important an occasion.

Sir. Hum. This damn'd *French Count* will stay here for ever, I think : A Pox on him, for a Blood-thirsty Rascal ! But I will outstay him, and face him down, that I waited here for him ; and there may be hopes it may be taken up. Gad take me, he's a Murderous Rogue, and I will not Fight ! I durst have sworn he had been a Coward.

Trim. Will he never appear ?

Enter La. Fantast, Mrs. Fantast, two Men Servants.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, I am ruined ; if my dear Count shou'd Fight ! my Passion is extream, as his for me.

L. Fan. I cannot blame thee, Daughter : he is the most Charming Person, that ever my eyes beheld !

M. Fan. Oh, Madam, shou'd he fall, I never can survive him ! *He las, mors pauvre Cœur !*

L. Fan. Sir *Humphrey* was seen come into the Church-yard.

Trim. Here is Company : I must retire.

Sir Hum. Ounds, the Rogue will find me out ! he comes upon me !

[He stands up close : Trim comes upon him.]

Trim. Ha ! who's this ?

Sir. Hum. Oh pox is it he ? *Jack, Jack, little Jack, nown Jack, my Lad !*

Trim. *Jack ! Jack ! Jack !* Sir, you are too familiar, and by your Apish Gesticulations have endeavour'd to expose my Person on all occasions ; for which,

now

now we are opportuuey met ; I will Chastise you, as becomes a Gentleman.

Sir Hum. Why *Jack* ! nown *Jack* ! what, art thou mad. ? Pr'y thee kiss me.

Trim. I will salute you in another manner. *Strikes him with his Sword.*

Sir Hum. Why *Jack*, *Jack*, prethee leave fooling.

Trim. Draw : or I will Sacrifice you to my just Revenge, this very individual Moment. Have at you.

Sir Hum. Hold, hold ! this Rogue will kill me: *[He draws. Trim pushes at him, and his Sword falls : Sir Humphrey takes it up.]*

Mrs. Fan. Oh Heaven ! there they are Fighting ! Run, run, and save the Count ! Oh, save the —— *She runs, and L. Fan. after her.*

L. Fan. Oh, save the Count ! save the Count !

Sir Hum. Take your Life ; I give you your Life : and learn how you provoke me another time.

Mrs. Fan. Pish ! are these two here ?

Sir Hum. Take notice I give him his Life.

Mrs. Fan. Is this all ? Madam, let's go.

L. Fan. Come on. *Exeunt hastily.*

Trim. Sir, you have good Fortune only, but no Valour, to boast of.

Sir Hum. Sir, I have disarm'd you, and there's an end on't.

Trim. You will return my Rapier, as becomes a Gentleman ?

Sir Hum. Gad take me, not I, till you come in the Fair : for ought I know, a Whim may take you to fight again.

Trim. Sure, I have a greater share of Honour, and a greater stock of Breeding, than to commit such an Error against him whom Fortune has presented with that advantage.

Sir Hum. Uds bud, I'll not trust you : follow me. But I am resolv'd to Cudgel this damnable Count, for a Coward.

Trim. And I likewise : and surely Cudgels will render him obnoxious to the Hate and Scorn of Madam *Fantast*.

Sir Hum. I'll lay him on. Come, follow me. *[Exit.]*

Trim. That Persons shou'd frequent *Bury*, and suck in no more Breeding, is I must confess *Prodigious* ! *[Exit.]*

Scene, the Fair.

[They Cry their several Wares.

Enter Wildish : to him, the Count.

Wild. Where is this damn'd Count ? Oh, here. Do you hear, *Sirrah* ? I am told, you have succeeded so far with this *Fantastick* foolish Creature, that she will Marry you.

Count. Den, begar, I have makè de *French* Count ver vel.

Wild. If you make any farther application, I will cut your Throat. But, in the first place, I will un-Count you, and cut off your Train, Sir.

Count. Vel, vel, vat you please : ma foy, she Lovè me ver vel. Sall I makè de *Fornication* vid her ? begar, I vil no Marry upon my Honour.

Wild. I had rather you shou'd do that, than Marry her ; but I will have no more Love to her : and then carry on your Countship as much as you will ;
you

you may have your choice of others. But be sure to use the Cowards scurvily.

Count. I warrant you, I vil beatè dem.

Wild. Then Cudgelling will ensue.

[*Aside.*

Count. Jerny, he cuttè my Troat! Begar, me makè de great Laugh at dat: he no dare behanga; me vil havè de Ladee for all dis; me know de Law.

Enter four Ladies.

1 *Lady.* Oh, Monsieur le Count, *Serviteur!*

2 *Lady.* Monsieur, your humble *Servant.*

3 *Lady.* Monsieur, I am your's, I assure you:

4 *Lady.* Oh, my Lord, we thought the Fair had lost you.

Count. Madams, me kisse all your Hande: me wou'd be two tree four Counte for your saka; begar, me vil makè two tree four Cuckold, and Marry de Ladee too.

[*He walks forward, with two on each hand.*

Enter Gertrude.

Wild. Oh, my most cruel *Mistress!*

Ger. Oh, my most ungracious *Servant;* can I come no where, but you must cross me with your unlucky *Countenance?*

Wild. You can come no where, but I will endeavour to Bless my self with the sight of your's, or I must die.

Ger. Oh, that it were in my *Power* to make a *Lover* hang himself! then I wou'd Triumph for the rest of my poor deluded *Sex.* They talk of being *Martyrs,* and *Dying,* and *Dying,* and such stuff; but wou'd I cou'd see one of 'em Die once: that wou'd be worth the seeing.

Wild. My pretty *Charming Tyrant,* sure you are not so bloody minded!

Ger. Well, I am of opinion, that a *Lady* is no more to be accounted a *Beauty,* till she has kill'd her *Man;* than the *Bullies* think one a fine *Gentleman,* till he has kill'd his.

Wild. I must beg leave to be a little more serious with you.

Ger. Never; why, you'l come to the *Point* then, which I can never endure: *Love* in *Jest,* is but just *Tolerable;* but serious *Love* is duller than a *Rhyming Play.*

Wild. My case is now more desperate than I thought: I have discover'd, that my greatest *Friend,* a man of *Worth* and *Honour,* is my *Rival.*

Ger. Ne'r the more the desperate for that; 'twas full as desperate before: but, if you be a true *Friend* to him, give over troubling me.

Wild. How! have you then made choice of him?

Ger. Of neither: but, if I can be once rid of you, he is somewhat modest, and I doubt not but to shake him off. Here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Wild. These free-spirited *Ladies* are hard to be subdu'd: a *Man* may get Ten modest, meek, and shamefac'd *Ladies,* ere he can conquer one of these; they have not the *Heart* to deny.

Ger. My Lord, I beseech your *Lordship,* no *Love* in the *Fair.*

Bell. How hard is my *Condition;* who have so *Cruel* a *Mistress,* and so deserving a *Rival!* and, which is most unfortunate, my greatest *Friend* too!

Wild. In the first part of my *Character,* you do me too much *Honour:* but in the later, you are *Just.*

Ger.

Ger. So ; here's a fine Subject for a Love and Honour Poet ! But you are in no danger of him ; for I am resolv'd to keep my self free, and incline to none ; Methinks 'tis Air I tread ! how light I am without a yoke !

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Oh, my little *Gatty* ! Ha, my Lord ! here's Flesh and Blood for you ! will she not make a rare Bedfellow ?

Ger. Fy, Sir, what do you mean ? Farewel. *[She walks out.*

Old. You must both Sup with me, my Lord, and you, Sir. I have had Company with me ; and we have had such a Discourse about Wit : they, of the New Wit ; and I of the Old Wit, and my own things I writ in the last Age.

Wild. Well, and you run 'em down, I make no doubt.

Enter Lady Fantast, and Mrs. Fantast.

La. Fan. Servant, Ladies.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *Monsieur Le Count*, I am o'rejoy'd, to see you safe !

Count. Safe, Madam ! *Begar*, *Trim* and *Sir Noddy* be de two great Coward indeed, and me beata dem like two Dogua ; yes, fait.

Mrs. Fan. If your pretended passion have Reality, follow me to our House : you are in danger for my sake, and I will stick to you with my Life and Fortune ; come instantly, there are Spies upon us. Madam, come away.

La. Fan. I come, dear Child.

Exit La. Fan. and Mrs. Fan.

Count. Poor Rogua ! she lovè me extrememant ! *Begar*, *Monsieur Wildish* is an Ass, an me vil have de Ladee for all him. *Aside.*

Old. What ? a *French Barber* and *Peruke-maker*, and no *Count* ! Hang him, he wou'd not Drink, I thought there was no good in him.

Wild. I am to beg a Thousand Pardons of you : 'twas my Frolic, but 'tis gone too far ; for, if you don't prevent it, he may marry *Mrs. Fantast*.

Old. Nay, faith, 'tis no great matter if he does : wou'd he cou'd marry the Mother too ; for, under the Rose, never man was so plagu'd with a couple of Impertinent, Fantastick Jades, as I with them : And to compleat the Affliction, they must pretend to Wit before me, and will allow me to have none !

Wild. That indeed is most unsufferable.

The Count is very busie talking with the four Ladies. On Trim's Entrance, he makes up to him.

Old. Ay, is't not ?

Enter Trim.

Wild. Now is your time, *Count*, to put an affront upon that Coward.

Count. Lette me alone for dat. *Begar*, I am amaze, dat de Coward dare show his Face any where : *Begar*, I vill plucke you by de Nose, because you no dare mee a me.

Trim. And I will make that return which becometh a man of Honour to do in like cases. *He Cudgels him. The Ladies shriek, and run away.*

Count. Jerny, vat is dis ? vat you do ? You Canè de *Count* ! *Begar*, you show de Breeding. Hold, hold : vat you do ? *Monsieur Wildish*, my Lor, stand by me. *He draws, and Trim lays him on : He runs away, and meets Sir Humphry on the other side of the Stage, who cudgels him too. He runs backward and forward, and is Cudgell'd on both sides. The Constable with a Guard Enters, and knocks Trim and Sir Humphry down, and the Count escapes.*

Sir Hum. Are you there, you Coward?

Coun. Eh, Morbleu! vat is dis?

Bell. Now it works.

Oldw. Passing good, i'faith! Come, let's to my House. *Ex.* Wild Old. & Bell.

Const. Come, Gentlemen, you shall go before the Alderman: he'll teach you to make a Disturbaace in the Fair.

Trim. Sweet Mr. Constable: Sir, Sir; Mr. Constable, Mr. Constable!

Const. Away with 'em, I say. *They hale 'em out. Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Oldwit, and Mrs. Gertrude.

Old. I shall have nothing but Uproars and Quarrels in my Family: *Trim* and *Sir Humphry* have quarrell'd with the Count, about Madam *Fantast*, with a Pox to her; and even now my Lord *Bellamy* and Mr. *Wildish* have fought about you, as the Page said, and I heard it.

Gert. How? Fought about me!

Old. So I say, I shall have my foolish Family the whole Discourse of this Tittle-Tattle Town. Look you, Daughter, I knew not of Mr. *Wildish's* Love to you; they have both very good Estates: but Mr. *Wildish* is a Wit, a great Wit, i'faith. I leave you to your Choice.

Gert. I thank you, Sir: then I chuse neither of 'em, nor any other.

Old. Thou art so wild, and such a skittish Filly, you must be Tam'd and Marry'd: Come, come, determine your choice suddenly, which they have past their Honours shall determine them, or Batrel and Murder may ensue about you.

Gert. I am not so vain, to believe that.

Old. Be not so foolish to believe otherwise. Look you, they are coming in, and you are to sit upon Life and Death: be an upright Judge, and do not delay Justice; I must have an end of this Suit presently. Farewel. *Exit.*

Gert. A very grave Judge shall I be, without doubt! But I think the Petticoat may vye for Wisdom and Sincerity, with the Long Robe, before our late Restauration.

Enter Charles.

Char. Madam, this Letter, which fell from your Ladiship accidentally, came into my Lords hands; and he commanded me to deliver it to you, unread, and unopen'd, tho he knew the Hand. *Exit.*

Gert. How? my Note fallen into his hands! How unlucky was this! Ha, gone! How strangely this Youth resembles my Sister *Ph.ladelpia*! This is handsomely done of my Lord, and like a Man of Honour.

Enter Lord Bellamy, and Wildish : Charles steals in after them.

Wild. Madam, behold a pair of Rivals, hand in hand, and Friends.

Bell. Who come to prostrate themselves at your Feet, and must from your fair Mouth expect their Doom.

Char. Oh, she will chuse my Lord, and I must perish! [*Aside.*]

Wild. To whom ever you shall give leave to continue your Servant, the other will quietly Retire, and suffer his hard Fate with all the Patience that he can : But if I am Rejected, I shall be for ever miserable.

Bell. And to me, Heaven knows, not all the World besides, can recompence the loss of you.

Char. Ah me ! [*Aside.*]

Gert. Are you resolv'd to be in Earnest, and wou'd you make me so ? I have not yet determin'd to marry any one.

Wild. Must we then both sue on, and try by constant Service to obtain your Heart ?

Gert. No, no : you will oblige me more, if you will both desist. I have that Joy in Freedom, that I cannot think of parting with it yet.

Bell. You are born to Command, and always must be Free.

Wild. I love so, Madam, I must be your Slave for ever.

Gert. Yes, if you Love, so long I may keep you at my Command : but this same Whorson Marriage kills all Love, and makes best Friends fall out.

Bell. Nothing can ever make my Love decrease.

Gert. Yes, if I love again : as Fire takes out Fire.

Wild. Not all your Cruelty can Tame my Love : which, if it be so Raging now, what wou'd your Kindness make it ?

Gert. Oh, Marriage is a Sovereign Julep ; and Thirst grows less apace by Drinking.

Bell. Not where 'tis a Distemper, a Violent Fever ; as all Love is, sure.

Gert. Too violent to last.

Wild. Madam, in short, if you do not determine which of us shall have leave to sue, implicitly you give it both of us.

Gert. Is that your Logic, Sir ? No : in the first place, I never will give you leave to make the least Address to me more.

Char. Oh, I am lost !

Swoons, and falls down upon a Chair.

Bell. What's the matter ?

Gert. Your Page is in a swoon : Help ; help ! Open his Breast. Oh Heav'n ! this is a Woman !

Bell. & Wild. A Woman !

Gert. She comes to herself.

Char. Oh, Madam, I am your Sister : for Heavens sake, conceal me !

[*In whisper.*]

Gert. Run up privately into my Chamber quickly. I am amaz'd ! This is Prodigious !

Bell. A Woman ! Madam, I was never so surpriz'd.

Gert. No doubt, you are surpriz'd ; and so was she : I believe she is run out of doors in haste enough.

Bell. Accurs'd misfortune ! I am undone for ever ! I'll hasten and have a full account of all this matter. *Exit hastily.*

Gert. Aside.] I hope, he knew her not. My Sister ! This is an admirable Lover ! Let my wise Father keep him to himself, I have done with him.

Wild. Will you be pleas'd then to begin with me ? I am the truest Lover of my Sex.

Gert. If you are, I'll keep you so : for, shou'd I think of Marrying you, I give up my Dominion. No, no : I will Domineer seven years first.

Wild. 'Sdeath Madam, seven years ! What, do you take me for a Patriarch ; serve seven years ? They might stay, who begun at Fourscore to get Sons and Daughters : but I have but a short time to live.

Gert. I am sure, if I shou'd Marry you, I shou'd have but a short time to Reign.

Wild. Consider, Madam.

Gert. I have consider'd : Farewel.

Exeunt.

Count, Mrs. Fantast.

Mrs. Fan. How glad I am, to see you safe ! Your Life is beset, for my sake ; and I am bound in Honour to protect it.

Count. Madam, you havè de great share of Honeur, and de great share of de Beautee ; but for de Rival, I vill beat and killè dem all.

Mrs. Fan. They are a greater number, Monsieur, than you imagine.

Count. Begar, all dat look upon you are de Rival ; butte dey dat makè de Love, I vill makè de Example : I had killè two of dem just now, but de Fair all rise upon me, and make me makè de Retreat.

Mrs. Fan. Heav'n grant you be not *blessee*, Monsieur.

Count. Me havè no Wound, Madam, but vat you givè me trough de Art : de Dangere of de Rival, Morbleu, me despisè ; me vill runne dem trough de Bodec dus, in Quart, Second, Tierce ; hah, hah, hah. *He thrusts with his drawn Sword.* Butte you can no savè my Life, if you no Lovè my Person, and Marry vid my Person.

Mrs. Fan. Oh *je suis rouge*, you make me blush : I fear, you have *decouvre* more of my Tendres, than I wou'd have had you.

Count. Madamma, if you will makè me your Husband, you stoppe all de insolance of de Rival, and makè me appy beyond de Varle : elsè, me vill be bound in Honeur to killè two tree Rival every day, every day, Madam, and dat vill be Bloody varke ; butte is all one for dat, if you no Marry vid me, me am desperate.

M. Fan. Tho, I must confes, I never met such Charms in any Person ; yet I shou'd be censur'd for being too precipitous, in agreeing so soon to your Honourable Proposals.

Count. Vee vill go into *France*, beyond de Censure, to de great Chatteau of min, as big as *Amptong Coor*, vid de great Canaille, de great Park, & de grand Royalty, vid two tree grand Chatteau beside : butte it must be sodain ; for de grand Monarque expectè me.

Enter Lady Fantast.

L. Fan. Come, Daughter, I have been acquainted before with my Lord Count's Honourable Passion towards you; and he is a Person of undoubted Excellence: you have full Ten Thousand pounds; and I shall think your Fortune and your Person well bestow'd, upon a noble Gentleman of such grand Merit.

Count. Oh, faire Madamma, you do me de great Honeur: me no care for de Moneè, it is de Person; dis hope makè me all on Flamè. Madam, gettè de Parson, de Minister, to dispatchè de businesse presantleè.

L. Fan. Sir, it is Night: 'tis not de Canonical hour.

Count. Is all one: de good Roman Catolique Priest vill do it presantlee.

M. Fan. No, by no means; not till to morrow, Madam.

Count. Breakè de Gold, and makè de Contract den now: dat vill breakè de Art of all de Rival, and makè dem sneakè, likè de pitiful Roga, Begar.

L. Fan. Let it be so, Daughter: if by any accident you shou'd lose the Count, we were undone.

M. Fan. Ouy sans doubt, I shou'd be most miserable.

Enter Luce, and Page to the Count.

L. Fan. Oh, Luce, you are come in season.

Luce. My Lord Count, your Page is here to speak with you.

Count. Let him come in. Hey, Page. Let all be witness of de Contract: me vill be no Fourb, no Frippon. Upon de Knee me Swearè to Marry dis Ladée Madam *Fantast*, to morrow in demorning. [*He kneels.*]

L. Fan. Daughter, you must Promise: Come, never be asham'd of so transcendent a Choice.

M. Fan. I am Obedient: I swear to marry this Noble Person *Monsieur le Count de Cherveux*, to morrow morning. [*She kneels.*]

Count. Ah, Madamma, now breake de Gold, de Broad Piece: so, is done; and now, rise up ma cher Countess.

M. Fan. Eh, mon Chere Count!

L. Fan. Millions of Joys fall on you both. I weep for Joy.

Nich. Master, they have got the Report now all over the Town, that you are a Barber, and Peruke-maker; your Equipage is revolted: Mr. *Wildist's* Men talk it every where, and my Lord *Bellamy's* Men; and 'tis in every Body's mouth.

Count. Begar, dey be de Rogua, de Scoundrella: but begon from dis House, and be seen no more here; and say, you can no findè me. [*Exit Page.*]

M. Fan. Somebody's coming up; a Rival, I believe; [*A noise of some coming up Stairs.*]
Pray, go into my Closet

Count. Where, where is de Closet? Begar, I vou'd killè de Rival before your Face, but is not Decent, Madam.

M. Fan. Madam, I beseech you entertain'em, while I retire with *Mon cher Count*. [*They retire into the Closet, where they peep out to listen.*]

Enter Trim.

Trim. Madam, I kiss your Ladships fair hands.

L. Fan. Your Servant, sweet Mr. *Trim*.

Trim.

Trim. Cou'd I think to have liv'd to have seen this inauspicious Day, who had so long admir'd the Beauty, and ador'd the Mind of my Divine *Dorinda*? That I, having devoted not only my Heart, but all the Actions of my Life to her Service, shou'd be thus Sacrific'd to a *Frenchman*!

L. Fan. 'Tis a most fatal Mistake: she bears a most profound Respect towards the worthy Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. At his first approach, her sad indifference appear'd in the Bud, which since has sprouted up to compleat Scorn; And all for this *Frenchman*, this false Count, this Impostor!

L. Fan. How? False Count!

Count. Lettè me go: Begar, I vill runnè him trough de Bodee.

M. Fan. You shall not stir.

Trim. Yes; he is a false Count, and a true Barber and Peruke-maker.

Count. Jerny, dam Roguè, makè de great Lyè of me! Lettè me go, Madamma; me vill killè de Roguè, for dis affront.

M. Fan. I will not part with you out of my Arms.

L. Fan. Sir, be not so temerarious: he is one of the Nobles, and his Nature's vindicative in Honour's Cause.

Trim. Hang him, Snip-snap Rogue, I contemn him; I Challeng'd him: he is a Coward, and durst not answer my Chartel to meet me; for which, I exercis'd him plentifully with this numerical Cane.

Count. O de dam Lyè Roguè! Begar, me must killè him, for mine Honeur. Morbleu, Madamma, me did beata dis Rascal, likè de Spaniel Dogue, indeed.

M. Fan. Let him Lye on: I'll revenge it.

L. Fan. You must pardon me, Sir, if I give not Credit to what you say: I am assur'd, he's as brave a Gentleman as e're drew Sword, and a great Commander.

Trim. I do averr, That he's a Barber in *Pickadilly*.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: that's a Jest! My Daughter and I mistake in Breeding and Quality!

Enter Sir Humphrey.

Sir Hum. Oh, Madam, I am come to vent my just Resentments, for the Slight your Daughter has put upon me for this damn'd Rascally Count, whom I tweak'd by the Nose last Night. I Challeng'd him: he dar'd not meet; but, by Cross-biting, made *Jack* here, little *Jack* and me meet, and fall out; and you saw me give him his Life,

Trim. If you hold your own at any rate, boast not once more: if you persist, you will awaken my Fury till it may destroy you.

Sir Hum. Prethee, *Jack*, hold thy peace: thou art the peevishest Fellow! But after all, this Count of yours is a Rogue, a Cheat; he's a Barber in *Pickadilly*.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: as if my Daughter and I cou'd take a Barber for a Count! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Udsbud, this Fellow's a Barber: I can prove it upon him.

Count. Oh, Madamma, me beg upon de Knee dat you vill lettè me but killè dese two, and me vill killè no more, upon mine Honeur. De Devil can no makè de Lye so.

Sir Hum. Nay, Gad take me, I don't much care; I have a good Estate, and I shall have Women enough Court me; where I need not apprehend a *French* Count, made of a Barber and a Peruke-maker; a damn'd Coward too, that durst not meet me; but I Cudgel'd him so in the Fair, *Jack*, bah! that he will not be very Active awhile.

Count. Ah, Madam, dey provokè me beyondè de Pa iance.

Mrs. Fan. Go in, I say; and let me alone with them. [*She locks him in.*]
I have over-heard you; and wonder much you dare Calumniate a Person of such Priding, Quality, and Honour, as the Count! Your Lives were not worth a Farthing, if he heard you. Is this like Gentlemen?

Sir Hum. Honour! hang him, Scoundrel: Gad take me; I Cudgel'd him, till my Arm akes; a damn'd Cowardly Barber and Peruke-maker.

Trim. And I chastis'd him in like manner most exorbitantly.

M. Fan. You are insolent, thus to Traduce a Person of his Worth!

L. Fan. Call you this Breeding; to Challenge and abuse a Person of Quality in my House, for his Gallantry to my Daughter?

M. Fan. How dare you commit the Insolence, to Challenge a Person whom I favour? and then to blacken his unspotted Fame? when I know you dare not meet him, and he cudgel'd you.

Trim. Admir'd *Dorinda*, the Faculties of whose noble Soul did use to shine more bright, than to be led into so gross an Error as to mistake a Barber for a Count——

M. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: My Lady and I mistake Breeding and Quality, and take a Barber for a Nobleman! *Mondiev*, this is Malice, meer Envy of my Favours.

L. Fan. If my Daughter and I can mistake in such material Points, who can be Judges?

Sir Hum. Nay, for my part, Madam, if you must love a Cudgel'd Barber, and take him for a valiant Count; make much of him, I shall desist: there are more Ladies, Heav'n be thanked.

Trim. Yes, Sir, there are more Ladies: but, if any man affirms, that my fair *Dorinda* has an Equal; I thus fling down my Glove, and do demand the Combat for her Honour. This is a nice point of Honour I have hit. [*Aside.*]

Sir Hum. Why, *Jack*, *Jack*, nown *Jack*; what, art thou Mad? *Jack*, *Jack*!

Trim. Prethee *Jack* me no *Jacks*; but speak with Honour of my Mistress, or Draw.

L. Fan. What, more Quarrels in my House!

Sir Hum. Prethee, *Jack*: why, I gave thee thy Life, Man. What, a Devil, if you be so peevish. Fare you well. Ladies, your humble Servant: and a Pox of all Cowardly *French* Peruke-makers, I say.

M. Fan. Quell insolence! I will not hear his Honour lessen'd so.

Trim. 'Tis an undoubted Verity, most inevitably true, that he is a Barber, Madam.

M. Fan. 'Tis false. 'Tis the basest malice to blacken men in absence: he is a Person, in whom all Charms are met.

Trim. He Charms! Alas, *Dorinda*, whither do you stray?

M. Fan.

M. Fan. Begon : avoid my Presence.

Trim. Can my *Dorinda* : ———

M. Fan. I say, begon.

Trim. Will you not hear?

M. Fan. No.

Trim. I obey : I say no more at present.

[Exit.

M. Fan. Monsieur, my dear Count come forth.

Count. Ah, Madam ma Chere, mine Honour ! de Barbier ! de Peruke-man ! Morbleu, vy do dey no callè me de Tinkre, de Jugler, vat dey vill ? If you please lettè me killè dese two Rogua, you vill obligè me ver mush indeed, my dear Countess.

M. Fan. Wou'd you kill me, by bringing your self into that Danger ? No ; Let the happy Lovers, Love and Revel :

— *Hi sunt de paco triumphi,
Bella gerent alios.*

L. Fan. Here's some coming : keep my Lord Count in your Lodging, till Three in the morning, I will have a Coach ready to carry you to be Marry'd.

Count. I beseech you, let me but kill one Rogua.

M. Fan. In, into the Closet.

Count. But one, Madam ! Callè de Count, de Barbier ! Jerny bleu, vat is dis ?

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Where is my most Wife and Subtle Spouse, with her Witty well Bred Daughter ?

L. Fan. What have you to do with Wit, or Breeding ?

Old. Such counterfeit Breeding and false Wit, as you, old doting Fop, with the most Affected and Fantastick Thing your Daughter do possess, I utterly renounce.

L. Fan. What says the Antiquated Wit, with his Shreds of old Poets ?

Mrs. Fan. *Helas !* you be de very fine Judge indeed ! Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Judge ; ha, ha, ha ! Have a care of losing your *English*, before you have gotten another Language. But, do you hear ? In earnest ; do you two think that you two have either Wit, or Breeding ?

Mrs. Fan. Think ! we know we have : and that you want both, is too evident by your Question.

L. Fan. Yes, thou old Lumber full of Frippery, we have : while, Heav'n knows, you have neither.

Old. Ounds ; what, I no Wit ?

L. Fan. No.

Mrs. Fan. No.

Old. No, no ! why, thou piece of Clock-work, thou hast no Teeth, no Hair, no Eye-brows, no Complexion, but what cost thee Money : and, but for Iron Bodice, art as crooked as a Bugle Horn ; and I have made an Epigram upon thee.

She's bent, like a Nine-pence ; and had been quite broken,
 Had not Nature intended the Devil a Token :
 Sure, Heav'n in its Indignation hath made her,
 And in her Mam's crooked Paunch Neck and Heels laid her.

There's Wit, old Sybil, for thee.

L. Fan. That VVit, you silly old Fumbler ! You are an *Opprobrium* to the name of VVit, thou ill-bred old Sot.

Mrs. Fan. You a VVit ! Eh Gud ! The very Spirit of *Grubstreet* Reigns in you.

Old. Thou young *Fezebel*, with nothing natural about thee ! thou look'st as if thou wert painted by some leud Painter for the Sign of Folly, with such turning up of Eyes, and screwing of Faces, with Convulsions in your Mouth :

She makes wry Mouths, and chews every word,
 Like an old Sow, that simpereth with a new T ———

You understand me. There's VVit for you both now, you Brace of Flirts. I no Wit, quoth they !

Mrs. Fan. If Rudeness, Railing, and Ill Breeding, may pass for Wit, you are plentifully endu'd ; but I despise it.

L. Fan. An old Soaker, with a white Head, a red Face, a Brain clouded with Fumes, and empty of Wit, full of Whims and Maggots.

Old. Come, come, you brace of Fopdoodles, where's your *French* Barber you are both so fond of ; and you are to Marry, Mrs. Wit ? A pox on him : if he cou'd Marry you both, with all my Heart.

L. Fan. What, have you gotten that silly story too ? Ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. This is rais'd by some *London* Wit, some Laughter : They call it Shamming.

L. Fan. & Mrs. Fan. A Barber ! Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. Can we be deceiv'd in Quality and Breeding ?

L. Fan. Not know a Mechanick, a Barber, from a noble Count ! very likely.

Both Laugh.

Old. mocking them. Ha, ha, ha ! You most abominable brace of Conceited, Affected Fools ! What a Pox, my House will become Ridiculous, the Scorn and Laughter of the whole Country : Here are Twenty People in Town, can prove he is a Barber.

L. Fan. Go, Doatard, go : A Barber ! Ha, ha, ha !

M. Fan. O silly ! a Barber ! Ha, ha, ha. *Mondieu.*

Old. Ounds, you make me Mad, you most incorrigible pair of Fools. Well, for once, I'll take more care of you, than you of your self : I'll have this Rogue Barber, if he be above ground, and make an Example of him. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildish.

Old. Here's one can tell you who your Count is.

Wild. Why, he is my Peruke-maker, and he is a Barber : I put him upon this Frolick, thinking to make Sport in the time of the Fair ; but never thought it wou'd have come to Earnest.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha : this is finely carry'd on indeed !

M. Fan. Envy, Malice ! Believe a *London* Wit ! a Jeerer ! a Scoffer ! a Sham-mer ! ha, ha, ha.

Old. Ounds, I'll have no more Fooling about this Eufiness: Produce this Barber; he came into my House, has not gone out since, and you must have hid him.

M. Fan. I hide a man in my Apartment! I defie you, insolent.

Old. I'll see; is he not behind the Bed? or in it? Hah, I cannot find him. He must be somewhere in these Rooms.

L. Fan. What can provoke you to abuse my Daughter thus?

M. Fan. Must I, who have been Admir'd (I may say Ador'd) for Virtue, have my Reputation question'd thus by you?

Old. Are you angry to be kept from marrying a Barber?

L. Fan. How dare you Domineer in my House thus?

Old. Stand by, Old Fool. Who is in this Closet? let me see. *[Breaks it open.* Oh, Sheep-biter, are you here?

L. Fan. Oh Heav'n, the Count here!

M. Fan. *Mon dieu!* how came you here?

Old. Come, Mr. Barber, instead of *Monsieur Le Count*.

Cou. Vat you mean? Begar, I vill have de satisfaction: and, vere it not for de Reverence to de Ladee, Begar, me vou'd cut all your Troat, Morbleu!

Wild. Why, Sirrah, Rascal, are you not my Barber and Peruke-maker? Did I not set you up for a Count? Is not that my Sute of Cloths?

Count. Do not provokè me to runne you trough de Bodee: me am amazè! Ventre bleu, Madam, dey be all starkè mad; dey Dream, and dey talk in deir Sleep: Jerny, me can no tell vat dey mean: Do dey Treat de *French Count* in *England* dus? Oh Brutal!

Wild. If you dare persist in this business, I will cut your Throat infallibly.

Count. Lettè me alone: Begar, you no dare be Hanga.

M. Fan. Nay, then 'tis time to speak. Good Mr. Impudence, what have you to say to my Husband?

Old. & Wild. Your Husband!

L. Fan. Yes, Sir, her Husband: So he is.

Count. Yes, vat you say to dis Ladee's Husban? Ha! Morbleu!

Old. Oh thou damnable betrayer of thy Daughter! I warrant you, I'll have a Trick for him, and have him in the Pillory: you shall see your Husband peep through Wood, I warrant you. Come, Sir, let's go. *Exit Wild. & Old.*

M. Fan. He is gone with some wicked Design, or other: Let us fly.

Count. Me vill do vat you pleas; but *Monsieur le Count* did never fly before.

L. Fan. Come, haste and escape, while he's gone out. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Gertrude, and her Sister Philadelphia; and Lord Bellamy.

Phil. Had not my Sister, against my will, surpriz'd me with the sight of you; I ne'r had seen your Eyes again, but had found out some melancholy hole, and dy'd for shame.

Bell. I had been then compleatly miserable. She's excellently Fair!

Phil. With what Confusion must I look on you! I never shall behold you, but with a Face cover'd with blushes.

Bell. The infinite Honour you have done me, o'whelms me with such shame; that, being conscious how little I deserve, I cannot bear it: But, Madam,

dam, I will never rise from hence, till you have pardon'd me for every Command I had the Impudence to lay upon you.

Phil. There is no colour for a Pardon: I owe you all the Thanks I am capable of expressing; and I can forgive all the World, but my self. I beseech your Lordship, impute the rashness of my Conduct to my Madness; that Madness which my Father drove me to, who would have forc'd me to marry a Fop I hated: You I had seen in public places often. What mov'd me to run to you, I know not; pray think the best.

Gert. Come, Sister, Comfort your self; such things have been done: the knowledge of this is in a narrow compass; you differ from your self so in this habit, you cannot be known to have worn the other.

Bell. It is so much to my Advantage, that I will enquire no farther of the Cause; but such it is, that makes me owe my Life, and all I have to you: which I shall prostrate at your Feet:

Phil. My Kinswoman, my Lady *Loveland*, had never assisted me in my rash design; but that, (Distracted) I know not how, she thought I would have kill'd my self, had she not answer'd my desires.

Bell. A Thousand Blessings on her.

Phil. My Lord, I beseech you, do me the right to believe, That I intended to have dy'd ere you should have discover'd me: for so, Heav'n knows, I did.

Bell. That was unkindly design'd, to lock up my chief Happiness.

Gert. Here are some coming; pray retire quickly. *Bell. and Phil. retire.*
This is a happy turn! The House is in some Uproar, whate're's the matter.

Enter Lady Fantast, Mrs. Fantast, and four Ladies.

L. Fan. 'Tis true; this damn'd Count is a Barber! The Barber in *Cook-row* knows him, and has seen him often at *London*.

Mrs. Fan. I am undone for ever! Lost! Wretched! Miserable! Oh me! I will hide my Head within some Hole, and ne'r be seen again.

Gert. How? what, this man of Quality and Breeding, a Barber!

L. Fan. What's that to you, Minx?

Gert. Cou'd you mistake in Quality, and Breeding!

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *Impertinante!*

1 *La.* What, marry'd to a Barber!

Gert. How? Marry'd!

2 *La.* What pity 'tis?

Enter Count.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I shall burst! He is not my Husband: I only said so, for fear my Father-in-law and *Wildish* should have Murder'd him in their Rage.

Count. Vat, you Renouncè me? Begar, me vill makè you know, dat me am your Husband.

Mrs. Fan. Avant, thou Impudent Fellow.

Gert. I cou'd burst my Spleen at this; but I have more serious business. *Exit.*

Enter Oldwit.

Count. Is all one, Morbleu, if you no lette me havè your Person, me vill havè your Monee, Testbleu.

Old. Say you so, Sirrah ? I have confin'd you from flying, and have Officers now to wait on you : and I will have your Ears, and have you whipt.

Count. Is all one for dat : me vill loosè de two Earè, and be wippe two, tree, four time, for Ten Toufan pound ; and, begar, me vill havè de Portion, do vat you vill.

Old. Enter : here, take him away to Jayl. [*Officers Enter, and hale the Count away.*]

3 *Lady.* 'Tis no great matter : she was a Proud, Fantastick Creature.

4 *Lady.* Nay, for my part, I am glad on't.

Enter Trim, and Sir Humphrey.

1 *Lady.* How sneakingly he looks ! He is but a pitiful Fellow !

2 *Lady.* He looks like a Barber, methinks : Lord, that I shou'd not discover it before !

3 *Lady.* I think, I was bewitch'd, for my part.

4 *Lady.* That I shou'd ever take him to be a Count !

Trim. Madam, as in Duty bound, I wish you happy in your Choice.

Sir Hum. Madam, much Joy to you, and your Count Barber : Ha, ha, ha.

M. Fan. I'll run away, and never see the Face of Man again. [*Exit.*]

L. Fan. Mr. *Oldwit*, farewell ; Let me have my Coach, I'll never see *Bury*, or you, after this Hour.

Old. Who waits there ? Bring the Coach and six Horses to the Door ; and, Grooms, be ready instantly.

L. Fan. Farewel for ever.

Old. We'll Kiss at parting, faith. [*They kiss : she goes out in haste.*]
Heav'n be prais'd, for this great Deliverance ; no more shall I be plagu'd with their damn'd Wit and Breeding !

Enter Wildish.

Wild. What, on your Knees ?

Old. Ay, faith : and never had more Reason in my life.

Gert. Pray, Sir, down on your Knees once more. [*Enter Mrs. Gertrude, Conducting Philadelphia, and Lord Bellamy in.*]

Old. Say'st thou so, my Girl ?

Gert. Do you know this Face ?

Old. My Daughter ! Oh Heav'n ! Ten Thousand Welcomes ! as many Blessings on thy Head ! Rise, dear Child, where hast thou been ? when did'st thou come ? which way ? I am o'rjoy'd !

Gert. Ask no Questions ; 'tis no time to ask Questions : here she is.

Old. Canst thou forgive me, Child ? I'll ne'r endeavour more to force thy Inclinations : Thou art free.

Phil. 'Tis I must ask your Pardon, Sir.

Old. Oh, name it not.

Bell. Now, Sir, can you part with what you love so dearly ? If so, I beg her on my Knees ?

Old. How's this ? I am amaz'd ! astonish'd ! my Head turns round ! How came this about ?

Bell. By Love and Fate, that Govern every thing. I lov'd this Daughter, while she was lost to you and me: and, if she will accept of me, I have all I wish on Earth.

Old. Have I my Senses, my Lord?

Gert. Again asking Questions! Come, come, do the Duty of a Father, and bestow your Daughter, when she has, like a free Woman, chosen for her self.

Old. My Head turns round! but come, Daughter: are you willing, *Phil.*?

Phil. Yes; here I will Obey.

[*Gives her hand.*]

Old. All Joy be with you. I am not my self!

Wild. Joy to my Friend. This is a happy Turn!

Bell. I was Passionate to Marry the other Sister, because I lov'd her; but I think it more reasonable to Marry this, because she loves me:

Old. Call all my Servants, lay down all my Meat to the Fire, set all my Hog-heads abroad: Call in the Fiddlers; let's Revel for a Month at least.

Enter Servants.

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir, a little. Madam, Madam. [*Pulls Gert. by the Sleeve.*]

Gert. Have you any thing to say to me?

Wild. Can you find in your Heart to dispose of your Sister to my Friend, and not of your Self to me?

Gert. Time enough to think on that, after I have tam'd you, and brought you up to hand: you are too Wild for me, a great deal.

Old. Come, Daughter, let me persuade you: Let it be a general Night of Joy.

Gert. I think I had as good: he is the most Importunate Lover, I shall never be quiet for him. Well, I will Dissemble no longer: here's my Hand.

Wild. And here's my Heart: which you shall ever Reign in, while I live.

Gert. No Raptures. And know, for all my vapouring, I can obey, as well as e'r a meek, simpering Milksof on'emall; and have ever held *Non resistance* a Doctrine fit for all Wives, tho for nobody else.

Old. Call in the Fiddlers: I am Transported! I am all Air! Sirrah, go you, and set the Bells a going in both Churches: Call in all my Neighbours, I'll have him hang'd that's Sober to Night: let every Room in my House Roar, that it may keep the whole Town awake. Here are the Fiddles: fall to Dancing presently; lose no time.

Let all this Night be spent in Mirth, and Wine.

[*Dance.*]

Let's lose no part of it in beastly Sleep.

This is the happy'st Day of all my Life;

I've found my Daughter, and have lost my Wife.

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. Mountfort.

I Was our Authors Advocate last year,
And then ye very gentle did appear.
To him ye now should more Indulgence show,
Eight months he has been sick, and well we know }
How very little a sick man can do.
But could he Write with never so much Wit,
He must despair of seeing a full Pit :
Most of our constant Friends have left the Town,
Bravely to serve their King and Country gone.
Our unfrequented Theatre must mourn,
Till the Brave Youths Triumphantly return.
Soft Men of Peace enough are left at home,
Daily to cram our House, if they'd but come :
They eagerly elsewhere in throngs resort,
Crowding for Places in the well fill'd Court.
Here one who has been fifty years a Knave,
Strives for a Place, with one foot in the Grave.
Another there, who did what e're he could
Against the Sovereign Author of our good.
Some who rode Westward at least ten miles down,
Some made Blue Coats at him, and staid in Town.
All these would have preferment, as if they
Had to this Glorious Change prepar'd the way :
Thus there are more admirers to each place,
Than e're a Celebrated Beauty has.
And they who cannot that advancement gain, }
They think their mighty Merits ought t' attain,
Steal to some Grumbling Club, and there complain. }

*Pox on't, things go not well, I'll change my side,
I thought they would for my great Worth provide.
Pray have less Vanity, and learn more Wit,
Come here, we've Places for you all most fit
Within our empty Boxes and our Pit.*

*But you who use to hiss, pray keep away,
And try to Write before you damn a Play;
'Twill then so hard a task to you appear,
You will not have the Heart to be severe.*

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F I N I S







