

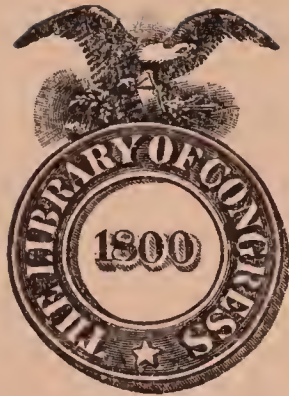
The
Belles-Lettres
Series

SHADWELL

SECTION III

General Editor

GEO. P. BAKER



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The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE

IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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THOMAS SHADWELL Esq;
Poet Laureate and Historiographer
to their Majesties King William
and Queen Mary: Aet. 55.

Saml. Goussier Pinx. & Scul.

THOMAS SHADWELL

✓
EPSOM WELLS
AND
THE VOLUNTEERS
OR
THE STOCK-JOBBERS

BY THOMAS SHADWELL
n ✓

EDITED BY
D. M. WALMSLEY, PH.D.
LONDON

D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

BOSTON
ATLANTA

NEW YORK
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Preface

THE two comedies here presented exemplify the best work of a dramatist who, in recent years, after two centuries of neglect, has come into his own. The important part played by Shadwell in developing the Restoration comedy of manners from the older Jonsonian comedy of humors is well illustrated by *Epsom Wells*; while *The Volunteers*, besides giving a graphic picture of contemporary life, the value of which was recognized by Macaulay, shows the dramatist as a precursor of the eighteenth-century writers of sentimental comedy.

The Biography and Introduction are based on materials collected for a thesis approved in 1924 for the M.A. degree of London University. Soon after this volume was ready for the press, Mr. Montague Summers's edition of Shadwell's complete works appeared, a note on which is given in another place. Still more recently has been published a comprehensive survey of the dramatist's life and comedies by Dr. A. S. Borgman, whose researches, however, have not made necessary any modifications in the present editor's text.

For many valuable criticisms and suggestions I have to record my special obligations to Professor

Allardyce Nicoll, whose learning, enthusiasm, and generosity are sufficiently known to all students of the Restoration drama. Grateful acknowledgments are also due to the officials of the British Museum Library, where most of the preliminary work was carried out. For the Notes and Glossary I am largely indebted to the New Oxford English Dictionary, that indispensable and rarely failing source of information too seldom acknowledged. Finally, to my wife, for constant help in manifold ways, I owe more than can be adequately expressed.

D. M. W.

NOTE: The portrait facing the title page is taken from the frontispiece of Shadwell's *Works*, 1720.

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Biography

Certain problems relating to Shadwell's birth and family still remain to be solved. He claimed to be descended from an ancient Staffordshire family, and he adopted the arms first granted to a Thomas Shadwell of Linedon (Lyndowne), in that County, in the year 1537.¹ The dramatist's father, John Shadwell, was admitted in his fifteenth year as a pensioner to Pembroke College, Cambridge, on 16 April, 1634. The registers of the college state that he was the son of George Shadwell, a practitioner of the law (*legulius*) and was born at Thetford, Norfolk.² In 1636 (16 May) John Shadwell proceeded to the Middle Temple, the records of which add the further information that he was "son and heir of George Shadwell of London, gent., deceased"; and that he was "bound with John Pay and Thomas Shadwell, gents." This Thomas

¹ *Genealogist*, New Series, XXV, 252. This reference and certain others in this note have already been given in the present writer's article in the *Times Literary Supplement*, 16 April, 1925.

² Cf. *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, ed. J. and J. A. Venn, I, iv, 47; pointed out to me by Mr. L. M. Shadwell, of Surbiton. This contradicts the assertion in the "Memoir" prefixed to the poet's *Works*, 1720, that his father "was bred at Caius College," unless, of course, he transferred from the one to the other college.

Shadwell was doubtless he who had been admitted to the same society on 9 December, 1637, as the "third son of Edward Shadwell of Lindon, Staffordshire, esq., deceased."¹ It seems highly probable, therefore, that John Shadwell was related to the Lyndowne family. In any case, the appellation "gent." implies that George Shadwell bore the arms of the family unchallenged. During the Civil War, John Shadwell was in commission for the peace in Middlesex, Norfolk, and Suffolk and is said to have suffered for the Royalist cause.² Between 1665 and 1673 he held office as recorder of Galway and attorney general of Connaught.³ He was specially recommended for his services by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Connaught, and from 1675 to 1677 he was entrusted with the attorney generalship of Tangier under the Earl of Inchequin.⁴ He died at Oxburgh, Norfolk, in 1684.⁵

Thomas Shadwell, the poet, was one of eleven children, and was, in all probability, born at Santon Hall in the parish of Santon, Norfolk.⁶ His father owned also Broomhill Hall, in the adjoining parish of Weeting, and it appears that the family were living here when the son entered Caius College,

¹ *Middle Temple Records*, ed. C. H. Hopwood, II, 864, 880.

² "Memoir" prefixed to Shadwell's *Works*, 1720.

³ S. P. Dom. 21 September, 1671, and P. R. O., L/C 5/190, 9 May, 1674.

⁴ S. P. Dom. 21, 22 August, 1675, and 6 August, 1677.

⁵ Blomefield, *Norfolk* VI, 197.

⁶ "Memoir," 1720.

Cambridge, on 17 December, 1656, in his fourteenth year.¹ Search in the parish registers has failed to discover the exact date of his birth; but from the evidence just cited it seems to have occurred either at the end of 1641 or in 1642.² Before going to the university he had been educated at home for five years under a Mr. Roberts, and at Bury St. Edmund's School for one year under Thomas Stephens.³ Shadwell himself tells us that he mastered Greek and Latin at Bury School and at Caius College, adding that his father was at the charge of having him instructed in "playing upon the *Lute* . . . and all other Gentleman-like Exercises."⁴ On 7 July, 1658, he proceeded to the Middle Temple to study the law,⁵ having left Cambridge without taking a degree. It is said that after spending some time at the Temple, he "went abroad to improve himself by travelling";⁶ whilst there is no reason to doubt this statement, no evidence is forthcoming in support. The years between his residence at the Temple and the appearance of his first play in 1668 are almost a blank, except that according to his

¹ *Liber Matriculationis*, ed. J. and S. C. Venn, 239.

² The 1720 "Memoir", which does not give date of birth, states that he died in 1692 in the fifty-second year of his age. It is known that his death occurred on 19 or 20 November, 1692; hence it may be that he was born in 1640; but the evidence of the *Liber Matriculationis* seems more conclusive.

³ *Liber Matriculationis*, *ut sup.*

⁴ Dedication to *The Tenth Satyr of Juvenal*, 1687.

⁵ *Middle Temple Records*, III, 1125.

⁶ "Memoir", 1720.

own statement he spent four months in Ireland when he was twenty-three years old, that is, about the year 1665.¹ It is known, too, that during this period he married Anne Gibbs (daughter of Thomas Gibbs, proctor and public notary of Norwich) previously the wife of Thomas Gaudy, of Claxton, Norfolk.² No records of the poet's marriage have been traced, but there is strong likelihood that the ceremony was performed by a Roman Catholic priest.³ Mrs. Shadwell was an actress of some note, and her name appears first in the cast of Etherege's *She Wou'd if She Cou'd*, in the rôle of Lady Cockwood, acted at L. I. F. in February, 1668.⁴ Whether she was the same actress who had appeared under the name of Anne Gibbs in several previous productions of D'Avenant's company is not certain.⁴ The

¹ Dedication to *The Tenth Satyr of Juvenal*. No doubt this visit was on the occasion of his father's appointment to the recordership of Galway.

² The name of his wife and that of her father are given in the poet's will, P. C. C./231 Fane, transcribed in *Notes and Queries*, 8 Ser., Vol. IV, 1893, pp. 109, 110. For her previous marriage see *Marriage Allegations in the Registry of the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1660 to 1679*, Harleian Society Publications, XXIII, 23. This marriage took place at St. Clement Danes, London, 12 July, 1662.

³ See article in *T. L. S.* cited before. In reply to the accusation that he had been married by a "popish priest," Shadwell admits that he had been, for about eight months, nineteen or twenty years previously, "leaning towards Popery"; he does not deny that his marriage was performed by a Catholic priest, but merely affirms that he has a wife lawfully married. (*The Impartial Protestant Mercury*, No. 80, Tuesday, 24 January, to Friday, 27 January, 1681.)

⁴ Anne Gibbs took the part of Lucia in *Cutter of Coleman Street*, in December, 1661, of Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, September, 1661; of Julia in *The Duchess of Malfi*, 1664; of Decio in *The Slighted Maid*, May, 1663.

privilege of taking the principal female part in Etherege's comedy may have been in part owing to her husband's friendship with that dramatist.

Shadwell's first play, *The Sullen Lovers, or, The Impertinents*, was performed, a few months after the last-mentioned play, at the same theater (2 May). Mrs. Shadwell again took the leading female rôle, as Emilia, and Downes tells us that the comedy "had wonderful Success, being Acted 12 Days together, and performed at Court at Dover."¹ The dedication of the play, dated 1 September, 1668, is addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, who remained until his death in 1676 Shadwell's chief patron, and on more than one occasion welcomed him as a friend at his seat at Welbeck. The poet was also admitted to the exclusive circle of gallants who used to meet at Wills's and the Rose taverns: Rochester, Sedley, Buckhurst, Buckingham, Etherege, and Wycherley.² Pepys, too, became a friend of the dramatist's, and was later to stand godfather to his eldest son John.³ To Lord Buckhurst,

¹ *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, 29. The court was at Dover on the occasion of the king's visit to his sister, Duchess of Orleans.

² Shadwell and Sedley were also members of the Whig Green Ribbon Club, which used to meet at the King's Head Tavern in Fleet Street. (Sir G. Sitwell, *The First Whig*, 197-203, cited by V. de Sola Pinto, *Sir Charles Sedley*, p. 178.)

³ *Diary*, 19, 20 September, 1668; *Correspondence*, ed. J. R. Tanner, I, 209. The Shadwell mentioned under date 30 December, 1661, was almost certainly not the poet (as suggested by Professor Saintsbury) but another Thomas Shadwell, an auditor general, mentioned in S. P. Dom. 19 June, 1654.

created Earl of Dorset in 1677, Shadwell dedicated *The Miser* in 1672, and remained on close terms of intimacy with him to the end.¹ Both Dorset and Sedley are said to have assisted the dramatist in writing his plays, but only in one instance is definite evidence forthcoming.²

In 1674 Shadwell became involved in a quarrel with Elkanah Settle, who accused him of having taken a part, with Dryden and Crowne, in *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco*, a pamphlet aimed at Settle's famous heroic tragedy.³ To a further attack by Settle, in a postscript to *Love and Revenge*, 1675, Shadwell replied in his preface to *The Libertine*, 1676, countering the charges of dulness, carelessness, and hastiness of composition with those of plagiarism, labored writing, and pretensions to the quality of poet, "Servant to His Majesty."⁴ Settle finally replied in the preface to his *Ibrahim*, 1677, ridiculing his enemy's plays, *The Libertine* and *Psyche*, and complaining that he had conspired with "Factions and Cabals" to damn his plays.

Meanwhile the relations between Shadwell and Dryden, which had probably never been really

¹ See letter from Nell Gwynn to Mr. Hide, quoted in *Notes and Queries*, IV, vii, 3 and below, p. xiv.

² See below, p. xlv.

³ Settle's first reply took the form of a pamphlet entitled *Notes and Observations. . . . Revised.* (1674.) For a full account of the quarrel see F. C. Brown, *Elkanah Settle*, 60 seq.

⁴ So Settle styled himself on the title page of *Love and Revenge*.

friendly, were becoming increasingly strained owing to their differences of opinion on comedy and on heroic tragedy, and particularly perhaps owing to the greater success of Shadwell's comedies.¹ Although it was not until after the production of *The Lancashire Witches* in 1681 that Dryden published his *Mac Flecknoe* (printed 1682), there is little doubt that he had written it as early as 1678.² This satire on his rival's personal and literary shortcomings was followed up later in 1682 by outbursts of political as well as personal abuse in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, in which Shadwell is coupled with Settle in the characters of Og and Doeg. While there is reason to believe that both these writers were using their literary talents at this period on behalf of the Whig party, there are good reasons for doubting Shadwell's authorship of the attacks on Dryden in such pieces as *The Medal of John Bayes*.³ On the other hand, it is not unlikely that he had a hand in the pamphlet⁴ purporting to expose the political fallacies in Dryden's play *The Duke of Guise*, acted November, 1682, printed early in 1683. Dryden replied in an elaborate *Vindication*, which appeared later in the same year,

¹ This quarrel is dealt with in the Introduction.

² See M. Van Doren, *The Poetry of John Dryden*, Appendix.

³ See G. Thorn-Drury, *Some Notes on Dryden*, R. E. S., I, 187 seq. (April, 1925).

⁴ *Some Reflections upon the Pretended Parallel in the Play called The Duke of Guise*, 1683. Settle and Thomas Hunt probably collaborated here.

in the course of which he ridicules once more Shadwell's dulness, corpulency, addiction to wine, and ignorance of classical tongues. A somewhat naïve but very unprovocative rejoinder at length came from Shadwell in 1687, in the dedication (to Sedley) before *The Tenth Satyr of Juvenal*, his first authenticated work since 1681. During these years he was living in retirement, probably enforced owing to his political activities.¹

With the Revolution of 1688, Shadwell's fortunes changed for the better. In May of that year he produced *The Squire of Alsatia* with great success at Drury Lane, doubtless by the good offices of Dorset. When William of Orange landed in England in November, Shadwell hastened to welcome him in a congratulatory ode, which he followed up with another to Queen Mary in February, 1689. After the accession to the throne, Dorset, the new lord chamberlain, nominated him poet laureate, with a pension of £300 per annum and "one Butt or Pype of the best Canary Wyne yearely."² In his new capacity he produced about half a dozen odes, of no intrinsic merit, celebrating royal birthdays and similar occasions. He also wrote one comedy each year, two of which, *Bury Fair* and *The Volunteers*,

¹ It appears that he was in receipt of a pension from the Earl of Dorset; he was certainly living with that nobleman (at Copt Hall, Essex) for part of the time. Hist. MSS. Comm. IV, 280 (Letter to Dorset, 24 January, 1682/83).

² Cf E. K. Broadus, *The Laureateship*, 79; *T. L. S.*, art. cited above.

rank among his best work. In 1690 he had the somewhat dubious satisfaction of inhibiting a prologue written by Dryden for Betterton's *The Prophetess*, owing to its supposed reflections on the Revolution.¹ In the dedication before *The Amorous Bigotte*, 1690, he speaks of the long period of illness which he had suffered and deploras his declining powers. One of his last acts was to use his authority to produce on the stage his friend Nicholas Brady's² *The Rape, or The Innocent Impostors*, D. L., May, 1692, for which Shadwell wrote the epilogue.

Shadwell's death occurred on the 19 or 20 November, 1692.³ On the twenty-fourth of that month Brady preached a Funeral Sermon at Chelsea Parish Church, in which he seems to imply that the poet had died of an overdose of opium.⁴ Mrs. Shadwell survived him for many years. Of their children, John became a royal physician, was knighted by Queen Anne in 1715, and erected a monument to his father in Westminster Abbey. Another son,

¹ *The Muses' Mercury*, January, 1707, cited by P. J. Dobell, *John Dryden, Bibliographical Memoranda*, 23, 24.

² Dr. Brady had been chaplain to the Duke of Ormonde, under whom Thomas Shadwell's father had held office in Ireland. He is well known as collaborator with Tate for a metrical version of the Psalms.

³ The present inscription on the Abbey monument gives the date as 20 November, "*Ætat. Suae* 55"; but in the longer inscription given, as originally intended, in the §1720 "Memoir," the date appears as 19 November, "*Æt. sua* 52." The latter seems the more correct.

⁴ Confirmed by a MS. note by Oldys in B. M. copy of Langbaine's *Dramatick Poets*, 1691.

Charles, took up playwriting, carrying on the humors tradition in comedy well into the eighteenth century. *The Fair Quaker of Deal, or The Humours of the Navy*, his first and best play, produced at Drury Lane in February, 1710, proved to be as successful as any of the elder Shadwell's works.¹

NOTE

Careful examination of Mr. Montague Summers's introduction and notes to his recent edition of Shadwell has not revealed any important biographical facts not already recorded by the present writer. To refute Mr. Summers's statement that "Literally no research in any direction had been essayed with regard to Shadwell," it is only necessary to refer to the well-documented article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and to several other works mentioned in the Bibliography of the present volume. Certain new facts also had been brought to light by the present writer in the *Times Literary Supplement*² of 16 April, 1925. For example, evidence is there given relating to the original grant of arms to the Shadwell family; to the employment of John Shadwell (the poet's father) in Ireland and at Tangier; and in support of the conjecture that

¹ Charles Shadwell's death occurred on 12 August, 1726, at Dublin.

² "New Light on Thomas Shadwell" (*Correspondence*). The present writer's material is set forth in detail in *A Study of Thomas Shadwell*, 1924, an unpublished M. A. thesis available in the University of London Library.

he was acting as King's escheator at Wolverhampton in 1644.¹ It is also shown that the dramatist's wife, *née* Anne Gibbs, had married in 1662 a certain Thomas Gaudy, of Claxton, Norfolk,² and that her second marriage (to Shadwell) was in all probability performed by a Roman Catholic priest.³ The date of Shadwell's appointment as poet laureate, together with the Lord Chamberlain's Memorandum of the original document in the Public Record Office, is given in the same article and repeated in Mr. Summers's introduction.⁴

Finally the two songs taken from the British Museum manuscripts (Additional, 19,759 f 20 *recto* and f 17 *verso*) and printed in Volume V of Mr. Summers's work, had been discovered by the present writer several years ago and published in the *Review of English Studies* for July, 1925. Mr. Summers not only makes no reference to this earlier appearance in print of the songs but in his note on the text quotes variant readings as they appear in that *Review*.⁵

¹ Cf. Mr. Summers's introduction, xviii-xxi.

² Cf. *ibid.*, xxviii.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, xxix. Mr. Summers here quotes the sentence "our Poet hath owned himself . . . married by a Popish priest" exactly as it appears in the original *T. L. S.* article.

⁴ P. ccviii.

⁵ *R. E. S.*, I, 351; cf. Summers's *Shadwell*, Vol. V, 410, 411. I have recently shown that one of these songs is to be ascribed to Thomas D'Urfey. See *R. E. S.* IV, 431 (October, 1928).

Introduction

ABBREVIATIONS

D. G.	Duke of York's Theatre in Dorset Garden.
D. L.	Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.
L. I. F.	Duke of York's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.
T. R. in B. St.	Theatre Royal in Bridges Street.
S. P. Dom.	<i>Calendar of State Papers</i> (Domestic Series).
S. R.	<i>Stationer's Register</i> , privately printed for Roxburghe Club, 1913.
T. C.	<i>Term Catalogue</i> , ed. Arber, 1903.

The brilliance of Dryden's famous satire, *Mac Flecknoe*, particularly of the well-known opening lines, has doubtless prejudiced a large number of readers against the object of the poet's ridicule and led many critics, even in recent times,¹ to associate Shadwell and his works with all that is dull. Yet in his own day his reputation as a comic dramatist was greater than that of Dryden and at least equal to that of Etherege and Wycherley. Historians of the drama, too, as distinct from purely literary

¹ See especially Charles Whibley's disparaging account in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, VIII, 173-174.

critics, from Langbaine onward,¹ have generally exhibited Shadwell as one of the most lively and original of English playwrights. Indeed, it may be said that few who have actually read his plays would disagree with the Victorian writer who observed: "of all the numerous charges brought against Thomas Shadwell, that of dulness has the least truth in it."²

As a faithful disciple of Ben Jonson throughout his life, his favorite dramatic form was the comedy of humors, and it is principally through this medium that he presents those vivid pictures of contemporary life on which his title to fame must chiefly rest. It must be emphasized, however, that his comedies are by no means slavish imitations of Jonsonian models: if his characters regularly exhibit well-defined types or humors for the purpose of satirizing the more obvious vices of men and women, they are often drawn with such truth to life, and on occasion express themselves with such ease of dialogue as may earn for their creator the distinction of being regarded as one of the founders of the Restoration comedy of manners. This aspect of his work will

¹ E.g., the author of *A Comparison Between the Two Stages*, 1702, 57, 58; Giles Jacob, *The Poetical Register*, 1723, I, 222; D. E. Baker, *Biographia Dramatica*, 1764 &c., following Theophilus Cibber, *The Lives of the Poets*, 1753, III, 48, 49; John Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage* &c., 1832, II, 40 *seq.*; Sir A. W. Ward, *History of English Dramatic Literature*, 1875, III, 461; Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, 2nd. ed., 1928, 189 *seq.*

² Anonymous author of article in the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1873, III (New Series), 292-297, 353-361.

be discussed in the course of the account of his realistic comedies to be given later. Meanwhile it is proposed to sketch briefly his work in other fields, with the object of indicating its nature and extent and thereby illustrating the remarkable versatility of Shadwell, a feature which has been generally neglected.

Almost from the beginning of his career, he reveals himself as an experimenter in various fields. His second play, *The Royal Shepherdess*, 1669, affords an example of pastoral tragicomedy. It is an adaptation of an earlier piece by John Fountain entitled *The Rewards of Virtue*, printed in 1661, which had remained unacted probably owing to its old-fashioned use of soliloquy and lack of action. According to Downes,¹ Shadwell's version lasted six days, a successful run at that period. Its historical interest lies in the fact that it marks a stage in the development of English opera, and may indeed be regarded as a pastoral dramatic opera. Instrumental and vocal music was specially set for this play by John Banister: it includes, besides a masque of shepherds and shepherdesses, passages intended to be sung *stilo recitativo*. In 1674 Shadwell was almost certainly responsible for the operatic version of *The Tempest*,² which remained popular for nearly

¹ *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, 31.

² See W. J. Lawrence, *The Elizabethan Playhouse and other Studies* — First Series, p. 191 *seq.*; G. Thorn-Drury, "Some Notes on Dryden," *R. E. S.* I, 327-330 (July, 1925); and the present writer's "Shadwell and the Operatic Tempest," *ibid.*, II, 463-466; cf. III, 204-208 and 451-453.

a century, and in the following year he produced the first fully developed example of dramatic opera in *Psyche* (27 February). Although termed a tragedy on the title page of the printed text, its nature is more adequately expressed by Matthew Locke, who composed the vocal music and published it, together with the instrumental, under the title of *The English Opera*.¹ This elaborate spectacular drama was based partly on Molière, Corneille, and Quinault's *tragédie-ballet*, performed at Paris in 1671, in which music and spectacle are mainly confined to the Prologue and *intermèdes*. In accordance with English taste, Shadwell incorporated these features within the acts, achieving thereby greater harmony of effect; he added several new incidents to the play and represented on the stage much action which in the French play is only indicated in the dialogue. In general form, as well as in certain minor scenes, *Psyche* resembles Quinault and Lully's *Cadmus et Hermione*, a *tragédie en musique* produced at Paris in 1674; but the fact that most of the main dialogue in Shadwell's play is spoken marks it off clearly from regular foreign opera.² The only distinctly French feature lay in the ballet dances of artists brought over specially from France, headed by St. Andrée. Shadwell, in his Preface, pays due tribute

¹ Locke had composed part of the instrumental music to *The Tempest*, as well as part of the vocal music for *The Siege of Rhodes*.

² See the present writer's "The Influence of Foreign Opera on English Operatic Plays of the Restoration Period," *Anglia* XL, 37-50 (March, 1928).

to this master, to the composers of the music, to a Mr. Stephenson, the scene painter, and to Mr. Betterton for "those things that concern the Ornament or Decoration of the Play." In speaking of the music Shadwell takes care to give himself credit for having "chalk'd out the way to the Composer," and refers to his early musical education.¹ It is reasonable to suppose that his skill in music influenced the management of Dorset Garden Theatre in their decision to offer the work of preparing *The Tempest* and *Psyche* as operatic plays to Shadwell rather than to Dryden or another. In any case Dryden was at this period working for the rival theater in Drury Lane, where Thomas Duffett produced his burlesques, *The Mock Tempest* and *Psyche Debauch'd*. Although Shadwell shows considerable ability in the preparation of operatic plays, he expresses some contempt for such "Rhiming unnatural Plays," as his own *Psyche*, and promises that it will be his last attempt in this kind. He appreciated their fundamental weakness, that the poetry was overwhelmed by the "splendid Objects in the Play . . . variety of Musick, curious Dancing, splendid Scenes, and Machines." The show, produced as it was on a greater scale of magnificence than any which had previously been seen on the English public stage, yet could scarcely be compared in this respect with its French prototype,

¹ See above, p. ix.

which is said to have cost the royal exchequer more than 130,000 livres (excluding the fees of the players) when it was produced first at court; when it was transferred to the town the daily expenses amounted to about 351 livres.¹ Its success may be judged from the fact that eighty-two performances are recorded between the date of the first, on 17 January, 1671, and the death of Molière in 1673. It is perhaps of interest to compare these figures with those given by Downes concerning Shadwell's *Psyche*: the cost of the scenes "amounted to above £800"; and it had "a continuance of performance about 8 days together." He adds that whilst it "prov'd very beneficial to the Company," yet "*The Tempest* got them more money."² Many of the scenes and machines were used for later dramatic operas, but only one revival of *Psyche* is recorded.³

The success of this operatic play probably indicates the reason why Shadwell again departed from his normal sphere of dramatic work in his next play, *The Libertine*, produced at the same theater on 15 June, 1675. In the prologue he describes it as

The most irregular Play upon the Stage,
As wild and as extravagant as th'Age.

The plot affords perhaps the earliest representation in England of the Don Juan legend. In the preface

¹ Georges Monval, Introduction to *Psyché*, Paris, 1895, xii seq.

² *Op. cit.*, 35-36.

³ 8 April, 1697. (Leslie Hotson, *The Commonwealth and Restoration Stage*, 1928, p. 377.)

Shadwell mentions the original Spanish version, *L'Ateisto Fulminato*, of Tirso de Molina, which he tells us was played in churches in Italy on Sundays "as part of Devotion," adding characteristically "and some, not of the least Judgment and Piety here, have thought it rather an useful Moral than an incouragement to vice." There seem to have been half a dozen French dramatizations of the story, and Shadwell's debt has been variously estimated. It is not unlikely that he obtained more than a hint from Molière's *Don Juan ou le Festin de Pierre*, acted at Paris on 5 February, 1665, and may have owed something to Rosimond's *Le Nouveau Festin de Pierre*¹ and to J-B. La Rose's *L'Athée Foudroyé*.² Shadwell admits borrowing the characters of Don John and his friends, but asserts that "all the plot, till the latter end of the fourth act, is new"; but his claims of this sort are not to be interpreted too literally. At the same time, it must be conceded that he has given his prototype an English dress and has managed his plot with considerable skill. In Act IV he introduces a pleasing masque of shepherds and shepherdesses in strong dramatic contrast to the main theme. This masque was set to music by Henry Purcell when the play was revived in 1692. From the first, *The Libertine*, with Betterton in the title rôle, proved very popular, and it remained a stock piece in

¹ D. H. Miles, *The Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy*, 231.

² W. Harvey-Jellie, *Les Sources du Théâtre Anglais*, 135.

the eighteenth century. At the beginning of the nineteenth, S. T. Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria* (Chap. XXIII) accorded it high praise, quoting certain passages and comparing it favorably with Maturin's *Bertram*, a fashionable melodrama of the time. It must be allowed, however, that much of the dialogue is of the low-comedy type: only toward the end is the note of tragedy audible. The final swallowing up of the Libertine in flames, to which he is carried off by devils, recalls the early Elizabethan tragedy of Marlowe: the Restoration spirit, however, is unmistakable in the scenes of amorous intrigue by Don John and his friends.

In *The Lancashire Witches, and Tegue o Divelly The Irish Priest*, D. G., September, 1681, Shadwell combines realistic comedy in which the witches, the comic Irishman, and a hypocritical parson provide the main interest, with curious operatic effects produced by "several *Machines* of Flyings for the Witches, and other Diverting Contrivances."¹ Downes therefore calls this play "a kind of Opera," thus illustrating the loose application of the term in Restoration times. Shadwell's "Notes upon the Magick," appended to Acts I, II, and III, recall Ben Jonson's learned annotations to the *Masque of Queens*, 1609, with which no doubt Shadwell was familiar; but a more immediate source of his play is to be found in Heywood and

¹ Downes, *op. cit.*, 38, 39.

Brome's *The Late Lancashire Witches* (1634), a much cruder piece in every respect, especially in the delineation of the Witches. In his preface Shadwell modestly observes that "For the Magical part, I had no hopes of equalling *Shakespeare* in fancy." Nevertheless, he has succeeded in presenting a very lively picture of the subject, and it may be noted that Harrison Ainsworth's novel of the same title owes much to Shadwell's comedy. The character of the comic Irishman, again, doubtless inspired many later examples of the type, though here also earlier precedents were available for Shadwell.¹ For satirizing the Tories and for his supposed reflections on the Church of England in the character of Smerk, Shadwell was, it would seem, restrained from producing plays for several years after the appearance of *The Lancashire Witches*. The comedy was revived, however, in the early years of the following century and proved a successful stock piece.

The plays so far considered may be assigned to the category of operatic drama. Most of them, it is true, may more properly be called "mixed" dramas, having romantic, realistic, and operatic elements in varying degrees; but it was from this mixed type that English dramatic opera, as exemplified in *Psyche*, emerged. Besides his important contri-

¹ The name Teague appears in Shirley's *Hyde Park*, 1632, revived 1662; Robert Howard's comedy *The Committee*, 1663, also has this character.

bution to this species, Shadwell wrote two comedies which exhibit a "romantic" tendency of a different kind. In *The Woman Captain*, D. G., September, 1679, may be discerned a Fletcher-Shirley theme; parallels are to be found in *The Night Walker*, 1640, where Justice Algripe is the prototype of Gripe in Shadwell's play; and Lurcher's sister, who disguises herself as a boy to revenge herself on Algripe, may have suggested Mrs. Gripe, who impersonates her brother in order to reduce her husband to submission. Much of the play is merely farcical, and Shadwell himself confesses in his epilogue that he is writing down to his audience. His previous comedy, *The True Widow*, 1678, having been a failure on the stage, he infers therefrom that

Good sence, like solid Meat to sickly Men,
 As soon as swallowed, is thrown up agen;
 And for strong Meats, but few of ye are fit,
 Who to meet Wit, should come with equal Wit,

* * * * *

Rememb'ring how you used that last he writ,
 He made this Low, so to your Level fit:
 Plenty of Noise, and Scarcity of Wit —
 The Devil's in you all, if this dont hit.

His new comedy proved to be unsuccessful, and he retired from the stage for two years. The other quasi-romantic comedy alluded to is entitled *The Amorous Bigotte, With the Second Part of Tegue O Dively*, produced at Drury Lane about March,

1690. The main theme is apparently based on a Spanish play of intrigue, but the source has not been traced. Shadwell declares that "like *Drake's Ship*, 'tis so repaired, 'tis new." The subtitle suggests that he was really seeking an opportunity of introducing once more his comic Irishman of *The Lancashire Witches*. Although the play is lively and amusing, it apparently failed to draw audiences, for no records of performance have been found. It is of interest as illustrating the author's inventiveness or versatility in his last laureate years.

To conclude this summary of Shadwell's work outside the field of realistic comedy mention may be made of his adaptation of Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, D. G., February, 1678, to which he adds the subtitle *The Man-Hater*. It affords the only example of tragedy proper attempted by Shadwell, and that he was proud of his work is evident from the following remark in his dedication:

it has the inimitable Hand of *Shakespear* in it, which never made more Masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a Play.

The last sentence has often been quoted to prove the author's excessive naïvety and assurance. But it must not be forgotten that, judged by the standards of his time, and indeed of the greater part of the eighteenth century, he was not making an absurd claim. For precedent he had the alterations of *Macbeth* (attributed to D'Avenant), *The Tempest*

(as originally adapted by Dryden and D'Avenant); as well as Sedley's *Antony and Cleopatra* produced at Dorset Garden in the previous year, and Dryden's *All for Love*, produced only a few months previously at the rival theater. The original *Timon*, moreover, as it appears in the Shakespeare Folio, is singularly loose in construction, and probably represents the unrevised work of more than one dramatist; hence for stage purposes, some alteration is inevitable. Shadwell's most striking change consists in the introduction of two female characters, Evandra (in love with Timon, but rejected by him), and Melissa (in love with him while he is prosperous, but who afterwards spurns him).¹ The music indicated in the original text for the banquet is elaborated into a regular masque: Nymphs and shepherds sing in rivalry with the followers of Bacchus, the Mænades and Ægipanes. This masque was set to music by Purcell when the play was revived between 1693 and 1695. As Professor Parrott points out, however distasteful these additions may be to modern readers, it is worthy of note that whilst all attempts to revive the old play have failed, Shadwell's version "held the stage for over half a century."²

Shadwell sets forth his theory of comedy in the

¹ Similarly new characters had been introduced into *The Tempest* for the sake of balance and symmetry.

² Cf. *The Problem of Timon of Athens*, Shakespeare Association Pamphlets, No. 10, 1923, 3. Performances are recorded as late as 1745.

preface to his first play, *The Sullen Lovers* (L. I. F., 2 May, 1668):

I have endeavour'd to represent variety of Humours (most of the persons of the *Play* differing in their Characters from one another) which was the practise of *Ben Johnson*, whom I think all Dramatick *Poets* ought to imitate, though none are like to come near; he being the onely person that appears to me to have made perfect Representations of Humane Life: most other Authors, that I ever read, either have wilde Romantick *Tales*, wherein they strein Love and Honour to that ridiculous height, that it becomes Burlesque; or in their lower Comœdies content themselves with one or two Humours at most, and those not near so perfect Characters as the admirable *Johnson* alwayes made, who never wrote Comedy without seven or eight considerable Humours. I never saw one except that of Falstaffe that was in my judgment comparable to any of *Johnson's* considerable Humours: You will pardon this digression, when I tell you that he is the man, of all the World, I most passionately admire for his Excellency in Dramatick-*Poetry*.

He proceeds to uphold this view against the newer comedy of manners, with an obvious thrust at Dryden:¹

I have known some of late so Insolent to say, that *Ben Johnson* wrote his best *Playes* without Wit; imagining, that all the Wit in *Playes* consists in bringing two persons upon the Stage to break Jests, and to bob one another, which they call Repartie, not considering there is more wit and invention requir'd in

¹ In his *Essay of Dramatick Poesie*, evidently published earlier in the same year, Dryden praises the witty fancy of Beaumont and Fletcher, whilst disparaging in some measure the humors of Jonson.

the finding out good Humor, and matter proper for it, than in all their smart reparties. For, in the writing of a Humor, a Man is confin'd not to swerve from the Character, and oblig'd to say nothing but what is proper to it: but in the *Playes* which have been wrote of late, there is no such thing as perfect Character, but the two chief persons are most commonly a Swearing, Drinking, Whoring, Ruffian for a Lover, and an Impudent, ill-bred *tomrig* for a Mistress, and these are the fine People of the *Play*: and there is that Latitude in this, that almost anything is proper for them to say; but their chief Subject is bawdy, and profaneness, which they call *brisk writing*. . . .

The contrast between the comedy of humors and the newer comedy of manners, as exemplified in Dryden's *The Wild Gallant* and Etherege's *The Comical Revenge*, is made to appear extremely obvious; yet in Shadwell's own plays the one regularly merges into the other, and many of his best scenes are those which reflect contemporary manners rather than those in which his humors present a world of abstract vices or follies. The newer comedy was influenced to some extent by the plays of Molière, and it is significant that Shadwell indicates his own debt to the French dramatist. He points out that he has observed in his comedy the three unities of time, place, and action, and that he had endeavored to keep the scenes unbroken, which, he says, "among the *French-poets* is accompted a great Beauty." It cannot be said that the action has any real unity: besides manifold intrigues, there is a want of design, as well as repetition of

situation and dialogue, which the author himself "dare not absolutely deny." In regard to his more immediate debt to the French, he admits borrowing two scenes from Molière's *Les Fâcheux* (Paris, 1661); it has been shown that he owes something also to *Le Misanthrope* (Paris, 1666), and perhaps to *Le Mariage Forcé* (Paris, 1664).¹ His precise debt cannot easily be analyzed, and it is probable that his plagiarisms amount to little more than certain hints and suggestions. Following the English tradition, he combines two or more plots, and introduces variety of incident. In so doing, and in his handling of the dialogue, he presents what is practically a totally different type of comedy. His language rarely shows traces of Molière's refined and balanced prose. It is coarser, more colloquial, at the same time more natural and vigorous. Yet even in *The Sullen Lovers* passages may be found in which a conscious effort seems to be made toward a polished form of dialogue. These passages occur in the scenes in which Lovel and Carolina appear, two normal characters of the *beau monde* introduced by way of contrast to the humors of the play. Shadwell adopts this method regularly in his comedies, which thus on the one hand point back to the Jonsonian comedy and on the other point forward to

¹ Cf. J. E. Gillet, *Molière en Angleterre, 1660-1700*, 70-80, 163-165; Louis Charlanne, *L'Influence Française en Angleterre au XVIIe Siècle*, Part II, Chap. IX. Parallels have also been found in Shirley's *Love in a Maze*, revived 1667-1668; *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, revived 1662-1665, *The Taming of a Shrew* (revived as *Sauny the Scot*, 1667).

the Congrebian type. Lovel and Carolina may be said to form one of a series of links between Beatrice and Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing* — with their essential good sense underlying their “merry war” — and Mirabell and Millamant in *The Way of the World* — with their all but complete absence of moral feeling or sentiment. It is to be emphasized, however, that the principal characters in *The Sullen Lovers* belong to the comedy of humors, whereas in the comedies of Etherege and Congreve humors are usually subordinate characters. Nevertheless, it is by no means easy to draw a strict line between the two types of dramatic character: Falstaff, a preëminent humor according to Shadwell, is surely as living a personage as any of Dryden’s or Congreve’s creations; and of Sir Positive At-All in *The Sullen Lovers* it cannot be said that he represents a mere abstraction, a personified idiosyncrasy. But the peculiar follies or vices of both these persons are said to be “natural,” whereas the distinguishing feature of the fashionable folk satirized in the comedy of manners is said to be their “artificially” acquired follies. Shadwell himself, it is to be remarked, does not differentiate between the two types. Thus Carolina is said to be “of the same humor with Lovel,” who is described as “an airy young gentleman, friend to Stanford, one that is pleased with and laughs at the impertinents.”

What has been aptly termed “the Restoration battle between Wit and Humour” is well illus-

trated in the prefaces of Dryden and Shadwell. Before the latter's next comedy appeared, Dryden definitely challenged Shadwell's theory in the preface to *An Evening's Love*.¹ He begins by expressing his contempt for mere farce and low comedy, consisting chiefly of grimaces, forced humors, and unnatural events. Most recent comedies, he says, were really farces, and matters would not be improved so long as French plays were translated. Further, low comedy requires "much of conversation with the vulgar and much of ill nature in the observation of their follies." He then distinguishes between farce and comedy:

Comedy consists, though of low persons, yet of natural actions, and characters; I mean such humours, adventures, and designes, as are to be found and met with in the world. Farce, on the other side, consists of forc'd humours, and unnatural events: Comedy presents us with the imperfections of humane nature. Farce entertains us with what is monstrous and chimerical: the one causes laughter in those who can judge of men and manners; by the lively representation of their folly or corruption; the other produces the same effect in those who can judge of neither, and that only by its extravagances. The first works on the judgment and fancy; the latter on the fancy only: There is more of satisfaction in the former kind of laughter, and in the latter more of scorn.

In the course of his exposition he says that comedy should have "neither so little of humour as *Fletcher*

¹ T. C., February, 1671.

shows, nor so little of love and wit, as *Johnson*." He defines wit as "sharpness of conceit," and insists that repartee is "the very soul of conversation." He reproves those who satirize particular persons,¹ disguised as humors, and reaffirms his opinion that the chief aim of comedy is "divertisement and delight"; that the business of the comic poet is "to make you laugh."² As to humor, while admitting that Jonson was supreme in this field, he asserts that that dramatist has been overrated by certain "ingenious men, for whom I have a particular esteem"; only in three or four of his comedies has he performed it well, "the rest are but a *Crambe bis cocta*." At the same time he avers that he himself would not attempt to imitate the master, for he wanted the necessary judgment, and "shou'd think it a great impudence in my self to attempt it." Those critics who regard Jonson's wit as extraordinary, "confound the notion of what is witty with what is pleasant"; and further,

to entertain an Audience perpetually with Humour,
is to carry them from the conversation of Gentlemen,
and treat them with the follies and extravagances of
Bedlam. . . .

¹ Alluding no doubt to the well-known identification of Sir Positive At-All with Sir Robert Howard, and of Ninny with Edward Howard.

² In his *Defence of an Essay of Dramatique Poesie* (prefixed to the second edition of *The Indian Emperor*, 1668), Dryden had written "To please the people ought to be the Poets aim, because Plays are made for their delight"; to which Shadwell had taken exception in his preface to *The Royal Shepherdess*, 1669, insisting that the dramatist should aim at moral instruction, "Virtue being exalted, and Vice depressed."

When he (the poet) writes humour, he makes folly ridiculous; when wit, he moves you, if not alwayes to laughter, yet to a pleasure that is more noble.

The comic dramatist may thus effect a cure indirectly and therefore more artistically than by insisting on the punishment of vice.

In the preface to *The Humorists* published soon after¹ Shadwell gives a lengthy reply. First he restates his aim:

My design was in it (the play), to reprehend some of the Vices and Follies of the Age, which I take to be the most proper, and most useful way of writing Comedy. . . .

Here I must take leave to dissent from those, who seem to insinuate that the ultimate end of a Poet is to delight, without correction or instruction: Methinks a Poet should never acknowledge this, for it makes him of as little use to Mankind as a Fidler, or Dancing Master, who delights the fancy onely, without improving the Judgement. . . .

Here Shadwell plainly assigns to what Dryden had called farce the type of comedy which the latter considered the highest, the nonmoral comedy of manners. To Shadwell moral purpose must come first:

I confess a Poet ought to do all that he can, decently to please, that so he may instruct. To adorn his

¹ T. C., May, 1671. There appears to be no record of performance, though on the Title Page it is said to have been acted "by his Royal Highnesses Servants," *i.e.*, the Duke of York's Company at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Images of *Vertue* so delightfully to affect people with a secret veneration of it in others, and an emulation to practice it in themselves: And to render their Figures of *Vice* and *Folly* so ugly and detestable, to make people hate and despise them, not onely in others, but (if it be possible) in their dear selves. . . .

Shadwell then elaborates his notion of humors, incidentally repudiating the charge of representing real persons. While not denying that his characters are often those of "Fools, Knaves, Whores, or Cowards," they cannot give offence to "any that are not eminently so." Nevertheless,

a humor (being the representation of some extravagance of Mankind) cannot but in some thing resemble some man or other, or it is monstrous, and unnatural.

If the dramatist is not allowed to portray natural humors, there is little scope left for him but to

retrieve the exploded barbarismes of Fool, Devil, Giant or Monster, or translate French Farces, which, with all the wit of the English, added to them, can scarce be made tollerable.

Here again he contrives to turn Dryden's phraseology against him. To Shadwell there can be no other type of drama than farce on the one hand, and the comedy of humors on the other. Fortunately his practice did not strictly conform to his theory.

His third point is to dissent from the judgment of his "particular friend"¹ (Dryden) on Ben Jon-

¹ Probably intended to be taken ironically; for Dryden had more than hinted at his contempt for his opponents, doubtless with special

son. He maintains that his idol had more true wit than any of his contemporaries, whereupon he gives us his own definition of wit, very different from that of Dryden's:

wit in the Writer, (I think, without any Authority for it) may be said to be the invention of remote and pleasant thoughts of what kind so ever.

Brilliant dialogue, the thrust and parry of quick tongues, the *esprit* of the French, that repartee which to Dryden was the "very soul of conversation," Shadwell dismisses as "brisk writing." It is not surprising then that from Shadwell's point of view Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* is "one of the wittiest Plays in the World." He concludes his preface by quoting from his epilogue his own definition of a humor

A Humor is the Biasse of the Mind,
By which, with violence, 'tis one way inclined,
It makes our actions lean on one side still,
And, in all Changes, that way bends the Will.

The reference to the "violence" of the effect recalls Dryden's definition of Farce, as consisting of "forc'd humours."¹

The plot of *The Humorists*, which seems to be reference to Shadwell, prophesying that they would be remembered in after ages only for "that which makes them ridiculous in this." Cf. also Dryden's reference to "certain ingenious men, for whom I have a particular esteem," above p. xxxv.

¹ It seems probable that this epilogue was spoken before Dryden's remark was made; otherwise it may be supposed that Shadwell used the term in defiance.

entirely original, mainly concerns the addresses of several fantastic persons to “a Lady of beauty and merit,” the exemplary Theodosia, who deludes each of them with false hopes, and in the end marries Raymund, “a Gentle man of wit and honour.” The principal “humorists” — Crazy, Drybob, Brisk, and Sneake — are exaggerated particular aspects or qualities of typical characters of the time. A definite vein of that low comedy which Dryden had censured frequently appears, as where the maladies of Crazy are exhibited with intended ludicrous effect.¹

Both Dryden and Shadwell seem to agree that French comedy is nothing but farce, but neither refrain from “improving” Molière for the English stage. Shadwell’s next play, *The Miser* (T. R. in B. St. 24 January, 1672),² is an acknowledged borrowing from *L’Avaro* (Paris, 1668). He explains in his preface that as Molière’s play had too few persons and too little action, he “added to both so much, that I may call more than half of this Play my own,” adding, in all innocence,

¹ Dryden probably aims at *The Humorists* in his prologue to *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I:

They thought you lik’d, what onely you forgave;
 And brought you more dull sence, — dull sence much worse
 Than brisk, gay Non-sence; and the heavier Curse.
 dull humour, all that chaffe,
 Which makes you mourn, and makes the Vulgar laugh.

² T. C., June, 1672.

And I think I may say without vanity, that Molière's part of it has not suffer'd in my hands, nor did I ever know a French Comedy made use of by the worst of our poets, that was not better'd by 'em. 'Tis not barrenness of wit or invention, that makes us borrow from the French but laziness.

In the epilogue he has another fling at French comedy, illustrating once more his notion of wit :

French plays in which true wit's as rarely found
As Mines of Silver are in English ground.

In spite of the introduction of farcical humors — Rant and Hazard, “two gamesters of the Town,” and Squeeze, “a Scrivener” — and the inevitable coarsening of Molière's dialogue and characterization, the result of Shadwell's treatment is by no means wanting in liveliness and interest.

About May, 1672, appeared at L. I. F. Dryden's *Marriage à la Mode*, which though belonging rather to the tragiromantic than to the Manners school, illustrates the treatment of the moral question in the manner of the latter as opposed to that of the humors comedy. The epilogue, spoken by Rhodophil, in suggesting that by exposing vices the “way of Reformation” is made plain, obviously hits at those plays written with a professedly moral purpose: Rhodophil entering the harbor of marriage after a career of debauchery thus shows the way :

Not with dull Morals, gravely writ, like those,
Which men of easie Phlegme, with care compose:
Your Poets of stiff words, and limber sense,

Born on the confines of indifference
But by examples drawn, I dare to say,
From most of you, who hear, and see the Play.

It has been pointed out that Shadwell himself could not wholly resist the growing tide in favor of the manners comedy; from the first he had introduced characters and scenes typical of the new form. But hitherto they had taken a strictly subordinate place in his comedies. It is somewhat surprising to find him, therefore, in the preface to *The Humorists*, passing judgment on Etherege's *She Wou'd if She Cou'd* (L. I. F., 6 February, 1668) as "the best Comedy that has been written since the Restauration of the Stage." It is true that this opinion, which he says has "the authority of some of the best Judges," is not given in connection with his theory of comedy, but merely as an example of a good play being damned on the first night owing to poor acting, as in the case of his own play. At the same time Etherege's play is one of the best examples of the new comedy, probably the most perfect specimen that had hitherto been produced, and therefore affords a striking contrast to *The Humorists*. Shadwell's admiration may be explained by referring to his personal regard for Etherege and deference to the opinion of Rochester, Sedley, and other members of the circle whom he met at the Rose and other taverns.¹

¹ See above, p. xi.

Whatever the explanation may be, it is significant that in *Epsom Wells*, first acted at Dorset Garden Theatre December, 1672, Shadwell adopts for the first time the method of the new comedy by making his principal characters not mere humors but "Men of Wit and Pleasure" and "young Ladies of Wit, beauty and Fortune." Raines and Bevil, Lucia and Carolina, belong to the comedy of Etherage and Congreve rather than to the Jonsonian comedy of which Shadwell was the chief exponent. They exhibit the general follies of fashionable society rather than the peculiar idiosyncrasies of humorous types. To the latter category belong the minor characters: Clodpate, Kick and Cuff, Mrs. and Mr. Bisket, Mrs. Fribble, and Mrs. Jilt. The practice of utilizing humors for the less important persons was followed by most of the exponents of the manners comedy. Even in *The Way of the World* the very names Fainall, Witwoud, Petulant, Foible, and Mincing indicate their "biasse of the mind"; while the characters of Mirabell, Millamant, Lady Wishfort, and Mrs. Marwood may be regarded as refined humors. The difference is one rather of degree than of kind. As in most comedies of manners, the plot is of little importance in *Epsom Wells*. The amorous intrigues of the leading personages with the ladies of the town, both married and unmarried, are carried on at the fashionable resort much in the same manner as they are in Sedley's *Mulberry Garden* (T. R. in B. St., 18 May, 1668).

Shirley's *Hyde Park* (1637), which affords an interesting pre-Restoration parallel, was revived 14 July, 1668.¹ In this comedy, however, the moral atmosphere is far less free; in particular, the conventional view of marriage is accepted without question. The central theme ever recurring in the manners comedy is the duel of the sexes, the defiance of the conventional view of marriage, and the implicit acceptance of the equal rights of men and women in this sphere. Where *Epsom Wells* shows its inferiority to the best examples of the type is in its lack of consistency and firm outline. Except Clodpate, none of the characters stand out clearly delineated with those fine touches and delicate strokes which give vitality to Sir Fopling Flutter, to Mrs. Pinchwife, above all to Mirabell and Millamant. A still more serious defect is the unequal quality of the dialogue. Passages might easily be extracted which would bear comparison with some of the best of Etherege and Congreve, but it must be admitted that Shadwell's average level of dialogue falls below that of those masters. On the other hand, his very want of brilliance in style makes his work more true to life. He excels in graphic realism and is prolific in those intimate, familiar touches which must have made keen appeal to his audiences and which lend a special flavor to his work to this day. Yet this same quality in the case of *Epsom*

¹ It is to be noted that most of the dialogue in this play is written in blank verse.

Wells tends to narrow his scope and universality of appeal. Here may be seen one reason why *Epsom Wells* has failed to achieve the lasting popularity and perennial interest of *The Way of the World*: its *mise-en-scène* is too strictly localized. The author of *A History of Surrey*, 1814, remarks that Epsom after the Restoration became the Brighthelmstone (Brighton) of that day. The crowds of English people and foreigners who frequented it were far more mixed and cosmopolitan than those who took the longer journey to Bath or Tunbridge. In this connection it may be pointed out that the first prologue, written specially by Sir Charles Sedley, was addressed to the middle-class citizens who, no doubt, constituted the greater part of the audience, rather than to the gallants. An appeal is made to the latter that they should refrain from their habit of damning a play by imposing their own views on the rest of the audience :

Judge for your selves, then Gallants as you pay,
 And lead not each of you his Bench astray :
 Let easie Citts be pleas'd with all they hear,
 Go home and to their Neighbours praise our Ware.
 They with good stomachs come, and fain wou'd eat,
 You nothing like, and make them loath their meat.

The poet would be content if the critics would allow the rest of the audience to enjoy his comedy :

But you kind Burgers who had never yet,
 Either your Heads or Bellies full of wit :
 Our Poet hopes to please ; but not too well ;

Nor wou'd he have the angry Criticks swell.
 A moderate Fate best fits his humble mind,
 Be neither they too sharp, nor you too kind.

Notwithstanding the dramatist's modest ambition, his play proved to be very well received by all sections of the audience.¹ So much so that it was accorded the honor of being performed before the king and queen at Whitehall 27 December, 1673, and 20 February, 1680. For the first court performance a new prologue was written, presumably by Shadwell himself. After expressing pride at the honor accorded him, he repudiates the suggestion which had been made that the work was not entirely from his own pen :

If this for him had been by others done,
 After this honour sure they'd claim their own.

The suggestion may have been due to the unwonted prominence given to the men of wit and ladies of fashion in this play, with the corresponding subordination of the regular humors. Moreover Sedley in his prologue had spoken of "our Ware," as if he had collaborated in the composition. Dryden evidently held this belief when he wrote in *Mac Flecknoe* :

But let no alien *S-dl-y* interpose
 To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.

¹ Cf. Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, 33, quoted hereafter.

Later in the same satire Dryden, referring to Shadwell's master, Ben Jonson, asks,

When did his Muse from *Fletcher* scenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridge* dost transfuse to thine? ¹

With regard to Sedley, there is no reason to suppose that he could have done more than give a few hints for certain scenes; his own comic muse, to judge from his known work, was not remarkably fertile or brilliant. The charge of plagiarizing from Etherege, however, has a certain foundation in fact; there is undoubtedly a general resemblance between the intrigues of Rains and Bevil, Lucia and Carolina, in *Epsom Wells*, and those of the corresponding quartet — Courtall and Freeman, Ariana and Gatty, in *She Wou'd if She Cou'd* (L. I. F., February, 1668).² But similar parallels can be found probably in the majority of Restoration plays. In the comedy of manners originality lay rather in clever adaptation of familiar situations to the needs of the plot as a whole; and still more in fresh turns and new variations in matters of detail. Brilliance of dialogue was more important than subtlety of characterization; unity and harmonious development

¹ Lines 163, 164; 183, 184 (quoted from J. Sargeant's edition of Dryden's poems). There is a reference to "Shadwell's unassisted former Scenes," as being insipid compared with those in which he received help, in Buckingham's *Timon, a Satyr* (*Miscellaneous Works*, 1704, p. 53), ca. 1677. Cf. also V. de Sola Pinto, *Sir Charles Sedley*, 107, 108.

² Cf. G. R. Noyes, *Poems of John Dryden*, 261.

of plot of less significance than graphic realism of individual scenes.

In *Epsom Wells* Shadwell points the moral not throughout the play in the obvious manner of the humors comedy, but only in the epilogue in a manner very similar to that adopted by Dryden in *Marriage à la Mode*. This comedy had ended in the marriage of the rake Rhodophil, but Shadwell dispenses even with this concession to conventional morality. He therefore feels constrained to point out in the epilogue his intention:

By representing few ill Wives he wou'd
Advance the value of the many good.

Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve were content to let the "moral" or the satirical purpose of their plays speak for itself; otherwise there is no observable difference between the attitude taken by Shadwell in this play and that taken by his more famous contemporaries and successors.

There is no doubt that the success of *Epsom Wells* intensified Dryden's jealousy of Shadwell; and it was further accentuated by the fact that St. Evremonde singled out this play, in his essay *De la Comédie Angloise* for special mention with Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.¹ Langbaine, indeed, says that the French critic ranked these plays "as two of our most diverting Comedies";² but actu-

¹ *Œuvres Meslées de M. De Saint Evremont*, 1690, II, 577.

² *Op. cit.*, 446.

ally he cites them only as illustrations of the English method of neglecting unity of action for the sake of variety of incident. Dryden was evidently annoyed at the mere mention of his rival's play, for in his *Character of St. Evremont*, he says that the French writer gave "to some of our coarsest poets a reputation abroad, which they never had at home."¹

Before writing his next comedy *Shadwell*, as has already been seen, made various experiments in other kinds of drama which did not belong to his proper province and for which he openly expressed a certain contempt — his operatic version of *The Tempest*, *Psyche*, and *The Libertine*. In 1676 he reverted to the comedy of humors in *The Virtuoso*,² produced at Dorset Garden on the 26 June. It is dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle and in the course of his address to his patron he writes

I have endeavoured in this Play at Humor, Wit, and Satyr, which are the three things (however I may have fallen short in my attempt) which your Grace has often told me are the life of a Comedy.

Whether he uses the term "wit" in the sense of his own definition as given above, or in the more modern sense as used by Dryden, is not clear. He goes on to explain yet again his conception of humor, remarking

¹ *Prose Works of John Dryden*, ed. E. Malone, III, 69, 70. Cf. A. W. Ward, *op. cit.*, III, 457, note 1.

² T. C., November, 1676.

Four of the Humors are entirely new; and (without vanity) I may say, I ne'r produced a Comedy, that had not some natural Humour in it not represented before, nor I hope ever shall.

After ruling out affected language and natural imperfections from the sphere of humor, he lays down that

the Artificial folly of those, who are not Coxcombs by Nature, but with great Art and Industry make themselves so, is a proper object of Comedy. . . .

Here it is worth recalling Etherege's description of Sir Fopling Flutter, that perfect example of the complete gentleman as understood by the manners school, "a Person of great acquired Follies." But Shadwell diverges from the accepted meaning of affectation as applied to external manners, language, and gesture in the intercourse of men and women of fashion, describing it as that which

misguides men in Knowledge, Art, or Science, or that causes defection in Manners, and Morality, or perverts their Minds in the main Actions of their lives. . . .

He rejects, as being only fit for "some Women, and some Men of Feminine understandings," those light plays that "represent a little tattle sort of Conversation, like their own." It is plain that he has reverted to his earlier manner after the Jonsonian model, and indeed he reiterates that he

had rather be the author of one Scene in his (Jonson's) best Comedies, than of any Play this Age has produced.

The Virtuoso, as might be expected after this exposition, presents as its leading personages humorous types, Sir Nicholas Gimcrack and Sir Formal Trifle and Sir Samuel Hearty, and Snarl, whose names are sufficient to suggest their idiosyncrasies; while, as in his earlier comedies of humors, the quartet of ladies and gallants, Longvil and Bruce, Miranda and Clarinda, take a subordinate place. Besides the sprightly dialogue of these personages, which approaches that characteristic of the comedy of manners, the portraits of "The Orator, a florid Coxcomb" and of the virtuoso are drawn with such verve as to give this comedy a living interest often wanting in the comedy of humors.

Two years later, having meanwhile made *Timon* into "a play",¹ Shadwell produced *The True Widow*² (ca. March, 1678), where again he singles out (in the dedication) the humorous characters as the chief objects of his satire: "a Bawd of Quality" (Lady Busy); "a vain *Selfish*," "a senseless noisie *Prig*" — three characters "wholly new"; also two others "new in the greatest part"; Lump — "a methodical Blockhead, having only a form of Wisdom," and Young Maggot, "a Coxcomb that's run mad after wit which uses him very unkindly, and will never be won by him." To balance these obvious types Shadwell introduces two gentlemen

¹ See above, p. xxviii.

² T. C., May, 1679. Dedicated to Sedley, who, Shadwell says, gave it the benefit of his "Correction and Alteration."

of the town, a young lady of wit and fortune, and a young lady of wit and virtue. The last of these brings a new note of sentimentalism into Shadwell's comedy, especially to be remarked in the scene where the intriguing Lady Busy tries to tempt her by innuendos to follow her own mode of life.¹ Isabella shows disgust at her suggestions. Another point of interest in this comedy is the burlesque farce introduced into Act IV, which Shadwell complains was not properly distinguished by the audience from the rest of the play.

The failure of *The True Widow*² and the next of Shadwell's plays, *The Woman Captain*, may have been the reason why he refrained from writing regular comedy for several years. Not until his return, early in 1688, from his enforced retirement, did he again exhibit his skill in this sphere. In May of that year was produced at Drury Lane his *Squire of Alsatia*, one of the liveliest and most popular of his plays. Here again Shadwell presents the type of comedy "conforming to the Rules of Master Ben"; as many as a dozen of the characters are well-defined humors, and in addition there is the regular quartet of fashionable folk. The senti-

¹ Shadwell says in the same dedication that this scene "will live, when the stuff of such Scriblers (more fit for Drolls than Plays) shall be consumed in Grocery-ware, Tobacco, Band-boxes, and Hat-cases, and be razed out of memory of Men."

² Possibly owing to its exposure of the sin of "keeping," which according to Dryden, damned his own *Mr. Limberham, or the Kind Keeper*, which had appeared at the same theater on 11 March, 1678.

mental element appears in the character of Sir Edward Belfond, "A man of great humanity and gentleness and compassion towards mankind," and in the episode concerned with Lucia, "a young beautiful girl, of a mild and tender disposition." The plot is largely borrowed from Terence's *Adelphi*, but the main interest lies in its realistic picture of the notorious region of Alsatia (Whitefriars) and its success is said to have been largely due to the "cant" language freely used in the dialogue.¹ Once more the author insists that

He to correct and to inform did write:
If Poets aim at nought but to delight,
Fidlers have to the Bays an equal right.

The lesson this time was the use and abuse of education.

In *Bury Fair*,² D. L., ca. April, 1689, Shadwell dispenses with his long descriptions of the characters in the list of dramatis personæ, a practice carried to extremes in the previous play, and although most of the names sufficiently indicate their idiosyncrasies, the leading personages approach those associated with the comedy of manners. The play is partly based on Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, and much of the dialogue is of the Frenchified kind

¹ Shadwell thought it necessary to insert "An Explanation of the Cant" before the text. Scott, duly acknowledging his source, drew freely on this play for his pictures of Alsatia in *The Fortunes of Nigel* and in *Peveril of the Peak*.

² T. C., June, 1689.

affected by the *beau monde*. Shadwell has also borrowed certain scenes from the Duke of Newcastle's *The Triumphant Widow* (D. G., 1674) which, it seems probable, he had written himself for his patron.¹ In spite of a sentimental strain observable in this comedy, provided by the moralizing utterances of Lord Bellamy, the easy flow of the dialogue, its many passages of wit, and the general refinement of the humors make it rank with *Epsom Wells* as Shadwell's nearest approach to the comedy of manners.

The Scowrers,² which appeared at Drury Lane probably at the end of 1691, recalls *The Squire of Alsatia* in its "moral" and in the picture it gives of a class very similar to and largely identical with the Alsatians. Its professed aim was to expose the folly of those "Lady-Mothers" who coop up their daughters in order to keep them out of temptation; the Scowrers themselves belonged to a class known in Ben Jonson's time as "angry" or "roaring boys," and in Gay's time as "Mohocks." The leader of the crew, Sir William Rant, and his lieutenant, Wildfire, are toward the end converted from their wild ways at the instance of two virtuous ladies, Clara and Eugenia, whom they subsequently marry.

¹ Settle in the Preface to *Ibrahim*, 1677, accused Shadwell of inserting passages with the object of ridiculing *The Empress of Morocco*. Sir John Noddy and Justice Spoilwit of the earlier play are renamed Sir Humphrey Noddy and Oldwit in *Bury Fair*.

² T. C., February, 1692.

Here the growing tendency to the sentimentalism of the eighteenth century is plainly to be discerned.¹

The Volunteers, or The Stock Jobbers,² was the last play of Shadwell's to be published. It appeared at Drury Lane soon after the poet's death, which occurred on the 19 or 20 November, 1692,³ and was published in December of that year. Although Shadwell had written his own prologue, it was stated that it was lost when the play was about to be acted, and so a new one, by Thomas D'Urfey, was substituted. The original prologue, however, was printed with the play, and it may be suggested that owing to the bitter scorn expressed for the audience it was thought imprudent to utter it on the stage. Shadwell complains that the audience cared nothing for true comedy, written "according to the Laws of wit and commonsense"; but will accept only "towering bombast and creeping farce." Fops alone are admired, and to them he surrenders:

Our *Poet* yields to your most Sov'reign Sway,
 And does from you alone protection pray.
 The Wits and Criticks differ, and are few,
 You're one and all, nothing can alter you:
 A numerous and uncorrupted Tribe:
 Whom Sense can ne'r perswade, nor Wit can Bribe.

¹ Cf. Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, 197.

² T. C., June, 1693.

³ See page xvi. The play was advertised in *The London Gazette*, 15-19 December, 1692. In the obituary notice of Shadwell in *The Gentleman's Journal*, November, 1692, it is stated that this comedy "was acted since his decease . . . and came off with reasonable success."

In the new prologue D'Urfey praises the satire of the comedy, observing that only fools will apply it to themselves. At the same time he intimates that many of the audience, having so frequently felt the sting of his ridicule, were pleased that the dramatist was dead :

A man may now get something by the Age,
 Without being Laugh'd at for't upon the Stage, —
Mon Dieu, cries *Miss*, as right as ever twang'd,
 These *Rhiming Satyr Rogues* should all be hang'd.
 I live by Law, a *Protestant* true blew,
 All Taxes pay, and am to Church so true,
 I make my *Assignation* in a Pew.

A dedication to the queen had been drawn up by John Dennis on behalf of Shadwell's widow,¹ but for some unexplained reason it was not printed with the play as it appears in Dennis's letters. It is of interest as evidence that the poet to the last maintained the attitude of social reformer in his comedy :

He has often told me (the widow) that the design of this comedy was to reclaim them (the degenerate folk of the time), if they were not incorrigible, and that what was writ, with such an immediate regard to your Majesty's Service, should be dedicated to none but your Majesty. . . .

Here a discrepancy may be remarked between the "surrender" to the fops mentioned in Shadwell's prologue and the present tone of moral feeling,

¹ *Letters upon Several Occasions*, 1696, 129.

possibly due to the unusual circumstances, but more probably accounted for by regarding the Prologue as satirical. There is no doubt that Shadwell, no less than Wycherley, felt himself born "to lash this Crying Age."¹

It has been suggested that *The Volunteers* has "almost the appearance of having been written earlier and laid aside."² This conjecture is supported by the fact that the sentimental element noted in the other late plays is here only faintly perceptible in the character of the virtuous and country-loving Eugenia. It may be observed, too, that the poet reverts in this play to his habit of giving little descriptions of the dramatis personæ. On the other hand, the historical setting indicates that the date of composition cannot be earlier than 1691, when popular enthusiasm for Marlborough's army doubtless suggested the title of the play.³ It is worth noting that Macaulay, though elsewhere so harsh against Restoration comedy, commends the picture Shadwell presents of contemporary life in the present play.⁴ He points out that in 1691, for the first time since Henry VIII laid siege to Boulogne, an English army appeared on the Continent under the command of an English king:

¹ Prologue to Congreve's *Love for Love*, 1695.

² Nicoll, *op. cit.*, p. 198.

³ In the epilogue, too, it is stated that the play was "The last and youngest Off-spring of his Brain."

⁴ *History of England*, ed. C. H. Firth, Vol. IV, pp. 2029-2030.

To volunteer for Flanders became the rage among the fine gentlemen who combed their flowing wigs and exchanged their richly perfumed snuffs at the St. James's Coffeehouse. William's headquarters were enlivened by a crowd of splendid equipages and by a rapid succession of sumptuous banquets. For among the highborn and highspirited youths who repaired to his standard were some who, though quite willing to fix a battery, were not at all disposed to deny themselves the luxuries with which they had been surrounded in Soho Square. In a few months Shadwell brought these valiant fops and epicures on the stage. The town was made merry with the character of a courageous but prodigal and effeminate coxcomb, who is impatient to cross swords with the best men in the French household troops, but who is much dejected by learning that he may find it difficult to have his Champagne iced daily during the summer.

In another place he commends the episode of the stockjobbers, in which "the hypocrisy and knavery of these speculators was, for the first time, exposed to public ridicule."¹

As to the play itself, many of the characters are drawn in Shadwell's best style. The cavalier veteran, Major General Blunt, is skillfully contrasted with the Anabaptist Cromwellian Colonial Hackwell. Sir Nicholas Dainty, the effeminate volunteer, and his foil, Sir Timothy Kastril, are equally well delineated portraits of the affected beau and the quarrelsome coward. Of the ladies, the virtuous Eugenia and her friend Clara are set off against

¹ *Ibid.*, Vol. V, p. 2280.

Teresia and Winifred. As in *Epsom Wells* is exhibited a combination of the humors type and of the manners type of comedy, so in *The Volunteers* the nascent sentimental type is blended with the other two. Sir Nicholas Dainty is a new Sir Fopling Flutter in whom a certain restraint, absent in the earlier character, marks the changing fashion. Teresia and Winifred, similarly, are the new representatives of the young ladies of fashion. The scenes in which Eugenia and Clara, Welford and Young Hackwell appear, might almost have been written for an eighteenth-century comedy. Other characters more obviously recall the earlier comedy of humors. The whole play is an excellent example of Shadwell's originality and skill in portraying scenes of actual life, in character drawing, and in adapting his methods to new conditions. Inspired professedly on the comedy of Ben Jonson, his work reveals a fresh vitality, his humors are invested with a greater human interest than his master's stiffly drawn figures usually possess, whilst his dialogue is more natural and spontaneous than either Jonson's or Congreve's.

The epilogue to *The Volunteers*, by a writer who has not been identified, affords a striking testimony to Shadwell's reputation and powers as a dramatist. He is acclaimed as "the great Support o' th' *Comick Stage*, Born to expose the Follies of the Age." His satire unites "*Mirth with Instruction, Profit with Delight.*" No doubt allowance has to be made for

the circumstances in which the epilogue was written, when Shadwell is proclaimed

For large *Idea's* and a flowing Pen,
First of our *Times*, and second but to *Ben*;
Whose mighty *Genius* and discerning *Mind*,
Trac'd all the various *Humours* of Mankind.

Yet it must be allowed that in range of humors he was without rival in his time; indeed, in versatility and in powers of observation and comic invention even Dryden suffers in comparison. From a purely literary point of view, however, his work is often inferior to that poet's as well as to Ben Jonson's. His best comedies, too, exhibit a carelessness and coarseness of expression, lack of finesse, and cadenced rhythm of language which mark them off from the finest examples of the school of manners. The extreme license of some of the dialogue, again, contrasted with the reiterated profession of moral purpose, tends to produce a jarring effect on modern readers. It is perhaps hardly necessary to stress the fact that the outspokenness of his language was not considered reprehensible in his age, and, indeed, in this respect, it is as irrelevant to censure him as the writers of the ancient classical comedy, or Shakespeare and the Elizabethans. In this connection, it is somewhat remarkable that Jeremy Collier in his *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, 1698, omits Shadwell from his account of the licentious authors of the period.

On the other hand, it is possible that Collier recognized the moral purpose of Shadwell's satire.¹ The writer of the obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Journal* certainly held that this purpose was adequately fulfilled:

His Works are so universally known, particularly his Comedies, that none can be a Stranger to his Merit; and all those that love to see the Image of humane Nature, lively drawn in all the various Colours and Shapes with which it is diversified in our age, must own that few living have equall'd that admirable Master in his Draughts of Humours and Characters. 'Tis true that his greatest excellence lay in treating Comic Subjects. . . . His Genius was inexhaustible on those sorts of matters: Neither were its Productions less usefull than diverting; since the best way to reform us is, to lay before us our Faults; thus observing *Horace's* Rule; which the Comic Glass doth often: And so, even those whose Characters he hath wrote are oblig'd to him; for by showing the Picture of Avarice, he hath sham'd Misers into Liberality: by exposing Bullying Sparks and Prodigal Squires, he hath made the first tamer and the other wiser; how many contented Cuckolds has he not hindered from taking their Gloves, and going out, when their Wives Gallants came in, to visit them? how many Maids hath he not sav'd from ruin by the Pictures of that in others? how many Hypocrites, Coquetts, Fops, Gamesters, has he not reclaim'd? and, in short, what store of Fools and Madmen did he not reform?

¹ Collier censures Dryden for neglecting the didactic aspect of comedy, adding in Shadwell's manner "The exposing of Knavery, and making *Lewdness* ridiculous, is a much better occasion for Laughter. And this with submission I take to be the end of *Comedy*." (*Op. cit.*, 156.)

Whether this latter aspect of his work really appealed to the majority of his audience is perhaps of little importance; by most modern readers it will certainly be ignored; his merits as a dramatist must stand or fall by the truthfulness of his descriptions, by the liveliness of his dialogue, above all by his skill in plot construction and characterization.

Epsom Wells

TEXT

The text of *Epsom Wells* here followed is that of the British Museum copy of the first edition, published in 1673 (advertised in the Term Catalogue for May of that year). This is undoubtedly the most authoritative text, and that it had been carefully revised may be judged from the fact that a list of *errata*, twenty-two in number, is given on the last page. In the present text these errors have been duly corrected, the original readings being given in the footnotes. Successive editions appeared in 1676, 1693, 1704, and finally, in Volume II of the *Works* issued in four duodecimo volumes in 1720. The variants in these later editions are remarkably few in number, apart from mere differences in spelling, in the use of capitals, and in punctuation.

Whilst it is unlikely that Shadwell took the trouble to revise the later quartos, the textual variations may be of some value as indicating stage usage. As regards the 1720 text, Montague Summers in his recent edition of Shadwell's works more than once expresses the opinion that it is worthless. The present editor, however, has found that this text shows every sign of having been carefully prepared. Misprints overlooked in previous editions have been corrected, the use of italics and small roman type is occasionally adopted for greater clearness, and the punctuation is more consistent than in the quartos. Its most obvious distinguishing feature, in fact, appears in the more modern spelling and punctuation.

Minor changes of punctuation have been made occasionally, in the present text, in conformity with modern use; in the great majority of cases these have the authority of one or more later editions.

ABBREVIATIONS

- Q₁ Quarto, 1673.
- Q₂ Quarto, 1676.
- Q₃ Quarto, 1693.
- Q₄ Quarto, 1704.
- Qq agreement of Q₂, Q₃, and Q₄.
- D Duodecimo, 1720.
- E *Errata* appended to Q₁.

SOURCES

Shadwell does not appear to have been directly indebted to any particular source for this comedy. He evidently wrote it as the result of his own observations of the manners both of the *beau monde* and of the citizens who resorted to the wells at Epsom. Charles Dibdin, in *A Complete History of the Stage*, 1800, IV, 181-182, says, "The author had Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in view, to which comedy it has been preferred, but it cannot, however, be said to have been stolen from it." The association of these two comedies was no doubt due to St. Evremonde's remarks. (See Introduction, page xlvii.) As a realistic comedy of contemporary manners *Epsom Wells* shows greater affinity to such earlier Restoration examples as Sedley's *The Mulberry Garden* (T. R. May, 1668) and Etherege's *She Wou'd if She Cou'd* (L. I. F. February, 1668). In particular, a rough parallel may be noted between the intrigues of Courtall and Freeman, Ariana and Gatty, in the latter play, and those of Bevil and Rains, Lucia and Carolina in Shadwell's comedy. For the flagellating episode in Act IV Shadwell may have taken the hint from Molière's *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* (Paris, 1666), Act I. (Cf. Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, 175.)

Epfom-Wells.

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the

DUKE'S THEATRE.

Written by

THO. SHADWELL.

Μεγάλως Δπολιθαίνειν αμάρισμα ευγενές.

LICENSED, Feb. 17. 1673

Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman at the Sign of the
Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange.

M. DC. LXXIII.

To his Grace the
Duke of *NEW-CASTLE*, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace has by so many and extraordinary
5 favours so entirely made me your own, that I cannot but think what ever is mine is so. This makes me bold to present you with this Comedy, which the Town was extremely kind to, and which I confess I am more fond of than of any thing I have ever
10 wrote, and therefore think my self obliged to dedicate it to your Grace, since whatever I can value most among my small Possessions is your due. And though the return be in no measure proportionable to the obligations I have received; yet I hope
15 I shall not be thought ungrateful, since I offer the best I have to your Grace: who I think I may say are the only *Mæcenas* of our Age, I am sure the only one that I can boast of.

You are he who still preserves and maintains the
20 Magnificence and Grandeur of our ancient Nobility; and being one that's truly great in Mind as well as Fortune, you take delight in the rewarding and

12. *small* [omitted in Q4, D].

encouraging of Art and Wit: And while others detract from Poetry, or at least neglect it, your Grace not only encourages it by your great Example, 25 but protects it too. *Welbeck* is indeed the only place where the best Poets can find a good reception. Your Grace well understanding their noble Science, and admiring it, while some men envy it, and others are grosly ignorant of it; and indeed none but the 30 latter can slightly esteem it, who commonly are solid Block-heads, that value business and drudgery, which every industrious Fool is capable of before refined Wit and Sence. It is a certain sign of a sordid and foolish Age, when Poetry is depressed, 35 men, by reason of their folly and loosness of Manners, either not caring to imitate the generous Characters represented by it, or fearing the Satyr of it.

Your Grace is above the imitating of generous 40 Characters, made by Poets, being your self an Original which they can but faintly copy, nor are you less for your Greatness, Wisdom, and Integrity above their Satyr. So that your Grace is fitly qualified in all particulars for the support of poor 45 neglected Poetry. Your Excellence in the Art is enough to keep up the Dignity of it, and your Greatness to encourage and protect it. And accordingly your Grace does so magnificently extend your favours to the Poets, that your great 50 Example is enough to attone the neglect of all the Nation, and among all whom your Grace has obliged,

Epistle Dedicatory

there is none shall be more ready upon all occasions
to testifie his Gratitude, than,

55

My Lord,

Your Graces most obedient,

humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

Prologue written by Sir C. S.

*Poets and Thieves can scarce be rooted out,
Scape ne're so hardly, they'll have th'other bout;
Burnt in the hand the Thieves fall to't agen,
And Poets hist, cry they did so to Ben — :
Like Boys, who have at School too oft been stript, 5
They have no feeling in the part that's whipt.
They're for your pity, not your anger, fit,
They're e'en such fools, they wou'd be thought t'have wit.
Elsewhere you all can flatter, why not here ;
You'll say you pay, and so may be severe : 10
Judge for your selves then Gallants as you pay,
And lead not each of you his Bench astray :
Let easie Citts be pleas'd with all they hear,
Go home and to their Neighbours praise our Ware.
They with good stomachs come, and fain wou'd eat, 15
You nothing like, and make them loath their meat.
Though some men are with Wine, Wit, Beauty cloy'd,
The Creatures still by others are enjoy'd.
'Tis not fair Play, that one for his Half Crown
Shou'd judge, and rail, and damn for half the Town. 20
But do your worst; if once the Pit grows thin,
Your dear lov'd Masks will hardly venture in.
Then w'are reveng'd on you, who needs must come*

23. w'are. D, we're.

Hither, to shun your own dull selves at home:
 25 *But you kind Burgers who had never yet,*
Either your Heads or Bellies full of wit:
Our Poet hopes to please; but not too well;
Nor wou'd he have the angry Criticks swell.
A moderate Fate best fits his humble mind,
 30 *Be neither they too sharp, nor you too kind.*

Prologue to the King and Queen, spoken at
Whitehall.

Poets and Souldiers used to various chance,
Cannot expect they should each day advance;
Sometimes their Wreaths they miss, sometimes obtain;
But whensoe're one luckie hit they gain,
 5 *Loudly the triumphs of that day they boast,*
And ne're reflect on all their Battels lost,
So, Royal Sir, the Poet of this night,
Since he contributed to your delight,
No thoughts of former losses does retain,
 10 *But boasts that now he has not liv'd in vain:*
His tide of joy will to ambition swell,
He that would think his whole life managed well,
Once pleasing him —
T'whom all the labours of our lives are due,
 15 *Has now liv'd twice, since he has twice pleas'd you.*

14. labours. Q₂, Q₄, D, pleasures. Q₃, labours.

* { *If this for him had been by others done,*
 { *After this honour sure they'd claim their own.*
Yet, to compleat his wishes, does remain
This new addition, which he hopes to gain,
That you, the other glory of our Isle, 20
Would grace his labours with your Royal smile.
Though he has faults, yet, Madam, you will save
The Criminal your Royal Lord forgave ;
And that indulgence he will much prefer
To all th' applauses of the Theater. 25
A common Audience gives but common praise,
Th' applause of Princes must confer the Bays.

* These two Lines were writ in answer to the calumny of some impotent and envious Scriblers, and some industrious Enemies of mine, who would have made the Town and Court believe, though I am sure they themselves did not, that I did not write the Play ; but at last it was found to be so frivolous a piece of malice, it left an impression upon few or none.

8. [Footnote omitted Q4. D.]

Dramatis Personæ

- Rains, Bevil, Woodly,* Men of Wit and Pleasure.
- Clodpate,* A Country Justice, a publick, spirited, politick, discontented Fop, an immoderate hater of *London*, and a lover of the Country above measure, a hearty true *English* Coxcomb.
- 5
- Toby,* *Clodpate's* Man.
- Kick* } Two cheating, sharking, cowardly
- Cuff,* } Bullies.
- 10 *Bisket,* A Comfit-maker, a quiet, humble, civil Cuckold governed by his Wife, whom he very much fears and loves at the same time, and is very proud of.
- Fribble,* A Haberdasher, a surly Cuckold, very conceited, and proud of his Wife, but pretends to govern and keep her under.
- 15
- Mrs. Woodly,* Two Country Fellows. Foot-boy.
- Mrs. Woodly's* Wife, Jilting, unquiet, troublesome, and very Whorish.
- 20 *Lucia,* } Two young Ladies of Wit, beauty, and
- Carolina,* } Fortune.
- Mrs. Bisket,* An impertinent imperious Strumpet, Wife to *Bisket*.
- Dorothy Fribble,* Wife to *Fribble*, an humble submitting
- 25 Wife who Jilts her Husband that way, a very Whore.
- Mrs. Jilt,* A silly affected Whore that pretends to be in Love with most men, and thinks most men in Love with her, and is always boasting of Love-Letters and mens favours, yet a Pretender to Vertue.
- 30
- Peg,* Her Sister, *Mrs. Woodly's* Maid.
- Parson, Hectors, Constable and Watch, and Fiddlers.*

2. *publick, spirited.* Q3, Q4, publick spirited. D, publick-spirited.

Epsom Wells

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Woodly, Bisket, Mrs. Bisket, Fribble and his Wife, Kick, Cuff, Dorothy and Margaret; to Toby and others, drinking at the Wells.

Bisk. I Vow it is a pleasurable Morning; the Waters tast so finely after being fudled last Night. Neighbour *Fribble*, here's a Pint to you.

Fribb. I'll pledge you Mr. *Bisket*, I have 5 drunk eight already.

Mrs. Bisk. How do the Waters agree with your Ladyship?

Mrs. Wood. Oh Sovereignly; how many Cups are you arriv'd to? 10

Mrs. Bisk. Truly six, and they pass so kindly —

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis a delicious Morning.

a. fudled. D, fuddled.

Cuff. Honest *Kick*, how is it? you were
15 drunk last night; I was so, and was damnably
beaten.

Kick. I was drunk, *Ned Cuff*, and was not
beaten, but beat; I am come to wash away
my Claret, but you'l scarce wash away your
20 black Eye.

Mrs. Fribb. I am glad to see your Ladyship
this Morning, you look so fresh and fair; my
service to you, Madam.

Kick. How the white Aprons scuttle, and
25 leap, and dance yonder; some of 'em are
dancing the Hey.

Kick. Many a *London* Strumpet comes to
Jump and wash down her unlawfull Issue, to
prevent shame; but more especially charges.

30 *Cuff.* Others come hither to procure Con-
ception.

Kick. Ay Pox, that's not from the Waters,
but something else that shall be nameless.

Cuff. I have a great mind to run roaring in
35 amongst 'em all.

Kick. Thou hadst as good fling thy self
among the Lyons in the Tower when they are
fasting. They'll tear thee in pieces, but wee'l
have a course as they are going from the
40 Wells.

Cuff. Agreed: we seldom use to miss of some kind good body to supply our necessities that way.

Fribb. Is your Ladyships Coach here?

Mrs. Wood. It goes before, I'll follow it on 45 foot for the pleasure of the walk.

Mrs. Bisk. Madam, good Morrow, have your Ladyships Waters pass'd well?

Mrs. Wood. Yes wonderfully, I'll be going.

[*Exit Mrs. Wood.*]

Bisket. Mr. *Kick*, and Mr. *Cuff*, good Mor- 50 row to you, we shall have you at the Bowling-Green in the afternoon.

Kick. I play on your side.

Bisk. I know it, and I'll lay all I am worth on't. 55

Kick. I hope he will, *Cuff*, that we may ruin him.

Fribb. And I am on my Neighbour *Biskets* side, all I can rap and rend.

Cuff. Let's be sure to bet all we can. I 60 have known a great Bowler, whose better's place was worth above 200 *l.* a year without venturing a farthing for himself.

Kick. They begin to go homewards, let's be gone. 65

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Raines and Bevil.

Bev. *Jack*, how is't this Morning? we are late, the Company is going from the Wells; how does thy last nights work agree with thee?

Raines. Whether that agrees with me or
70 no, I am resolv'd to agree with that; for no distemper can trouble me that comes from so generous a Cause, as lusty *Burgundy*, and good Company.

Bev. Thou art i'the right, we should no
75 more be troubled at the Feavers we get in drinking, than the Honourable wounds we receive in Battle.

Raines. 'Tis true, the first are the effects of our pleasure, and the last of our honour;
80 which are two things absolutely necessary to the life of a Gentleman.

Bev. Yet your dull spleenatick sober Sots will tell you, we shorten our lives, and bring Gouts, Dropsies, Palsies, and the Devil and
85 all upon us.

Raines. Let 'em lye and preach on, while we live more in a week, than those insipid-temperate-fools do in a year.

Bev. We like subtle Chymists extract and

refine our pleasure; While they like Fulsom⁹⁰
Galenists take it in gross.

Raines. I confess, a disorder got by Wine
in scurvy company, would trouble a man as
much as a Clap got of a Bawd; but there are
some women so beautiful, that the pleasure⁹⁵
would more than ballance the disaster.

Bev. And as your honest Whore-master
makes haste to his cure only to be at it again;
so do we take Pills and the Waters to prepare
us for another heat. 100

Raines. For my part I hate to hoord up a
great stock of health, as Misers do Gold, and
make no use on't: I am resolv'd to lay it out
upon my Friends as far as 'twill go; and if I
run my self out, I'll be a good Husband for a¹⁰⁵
while to lay it out again when I have it.

Bev. But, *Jack*, there are duties to our she,
as well as he-neighbours, which the Dull,
Grave, and Wise say, is lighting our Candle
at both ends. 110

Raines. Let 'em be light at both ends. Is
it not better to let life go out in a blaze than
a snuff?

Bev. I see thou art a brave fellow, and not
to be mov'd by the formal Fops of this world. 115

Raines. I will converse with grave fellows in their Books; but with such as thou art over a bottle *Ned.* But where's *Woodly* this morning? I warrant he was drunk last night, 120 and has had a tedious lecture from his Impertinent Wife; who impudently rails at him, as she says, because she loves him.

Bev. He's an honest fellow, and ventures hard when he drinks with us; for to say truth, 125 she's a damn'd Wife, but a very good Mistress.

Raines. Art not thou a Villain to Cuckold this honest fellow and thy friend, *Ned*?

Bev. Gad it's impossible to be a man of honour in these Cases. But my intrigue with 130 her began before my Friendship with him, and so I made a friend of my Cuckold, and not a Cuckold of my friend.

Rains. An admirable School distinction.

Enter Woodly.

Wood. *Raines* and *Bevil*, good Morrow to 135 you.

Rains. O *Frank Woodly*, where wer't thou last night? you scap'd a bloody night on't.

Wood. Faith, *Rains*, there is no scaping, a Coward may be kill'd as well as a brave man;

136. *wer't.* D, wert.

I ran away from you but to little purpose. 140
See how my hand shakes this Morning.

Rains. O let me kiss that hand; he must
be an illustrious Man whose hand shakes at 22.

Wood. You are pleas'd to say so, but faith
I take pains and live as fast as I can, that's 145
the truth on't.

Bev. Thou art in the right, and a Pox on
them that live slowly, lazily, and soberly. I
love riding Post in a Journey, I hate a damn'd
dull Carriers pace. 150

Wood. But I was in damn'd Company
with that publick-spirited Fool, and Country
Justice, Mr. *Clodpate*, and one or two as bad.

Bev. Thou art often seduc'd by Fools,
Frank; have a care of 'em I say, have a care 155
of 'em.

Rains. He Counsels you well; for conver-
sation is to the mind, as the air we live in is to
the body; in the good we by degrees suck in
health, and in the ill Diseases. Wit is improv'd 160
in good Company; but there is a Contagion
in Folly, that insensibly insinuates into one that
often converses with Fools, let his constitution
of mind be never so good.

Bev. But *Clodpate* is a Clownish-Country 165
Fool. The Murrain among Cattle is not

infectious to men, nor can his blunt folly ever insinuate it self into an honest debauchee.

Enter Clodpate, and Toby.

Rains. Here he comes, let's observe him a
170 little.

Clodp. Did you call upon my Cozen *Spatter-Brain* for that Interest money due to me this Midsummer?

Toby. I have, Sir, every day since he came
175 to *Epsom*, and yesterday he said upon his Honour he would pay me, and went immediately to *London*.

Clodp. Honour, a Pox on his Honour, I'll sooner trust the honour of a Country Horse-
180 Courser, than one of the Publicans and Sinners of that odious Town. They never pay so much as a Taylors-Bill till it comes to Execution: But I'll have *Spatter-Brain* by the back the next Term, though he be my Sisters Son. But
185 how does my dapple Mare?

Toby. She's much discontented to hear her Neighbours Whiney over their Oats and Beans, while she is fain to mortify with a poor lock of Hay.

183. *I'l.* D, i'll.

184. *Term.* Qq. D, Term.

187. *Whiney.* D, Whinny.

Clodp. You Rogue, you wou'd have her as ¹⁹⁰ fat, and as foggy, as my Landlady the Hostess. I care not what I spend amongst my Neighbours in *Sussex*, but I'd not have a Rogue so near that damn'd Town of *London* get a farthing by me.

Wood. Besides some dull Encomiums upon ¹⁹⁵ a Country life, and discourse of his serving the Nation with his Magistracy, popularity, and House-keeping, you see the best and worst of him.

Bev. But is his hatred to *London* so invet- ²⁰⁰ erate as is reported?

Wood. Six times more. Since 'twas burnt he calls it nothing but *Sodom*; he is such a Villain, he swears the Frenchman that was hang'd for burning on't was a Martyr; he ²⁰⁵ was so glad at the burning of it, that ever since he has kept the second of *September* a Festival; he thinks a Woman cannot be honest, scarce found, that comes within the smell on't; he is shock'd at the very ²¹⁰ name on't.

Bev. I have heard that the reasons of his hatred, are, because he has been beaten, clapt, and cheated there.

Rains. Pox on him, he has found us, and ²¹⁵ there's no avoiding him.

Clodp. O Mr. *Woodly*, how is it? You drink no Waters; but have you had your other Mornings draught yet?

220 *Wood.* Yes, I never leave off my Evenings draught till it becomes my Mornings draught.

Clodp. Mr. *Rains* and *Bevill*, gad save ye; how de'e like the Country? is't not worth a hundred of old *Sodom* yonder? good Horses,
225 good Dogs, good Ale, hah —

Rains. Good Wine, good Wit, and fine Women, may I take it, compare with them.

Clodp. I find you'l never leave that place of sin and sea-coal: give me drink for all that,
230 that breeds no Gout; a wholsom plain Wench, that will neither bring my body to the Surgeons hands, nor my Land to the Scrivners: and for Wit, there is such a stir amongst you, who has it, and who has it not, that we honest
235 Country Gentlemen begin to think there's no such thing, and have hearty Mirth and good old Catches amongst us, that do the business every whit as well.

Rains. He's in the right. The Wits are
240 as bad as the Divines, and have made such Civil Wars, that the Little Nation is almost undone.

Clodp. But Mr. *Woodly*, how do you like my Dapple Mare?

Wood. Not comparable to a Hackney ²⁴⁵ Coach.

Clodp. But she shall run with e're a Hackney Coach in *England* for all that, or e're a Horse in your stable, weight him and inch him.

Wood. I would not keep a running horse, ²⁵⁰ though a running horse would half keep me.

Bev. We are for *London* to morrow; shall we have your company?

Clodp. Ud's bud, I go to *London*! I am almost sick at *Epsom*, when the wind sits to ²⁵⁵ bring any of the smoak this way, and by my good will would not talk with a man that comes from thence till he hath ayr'd himself a day or two.

Wood. Why, there's no Plague. 260

Clodp. There's Pride, Popery, Folly, Lust, Prodigality, Cheating Knaves, and Jilting Whores; Wine of half a crown a quart, and Ale of twelve pence, and what not.

Rains. This is a terrible regiment you have ²⁶⁵ muster'd; but neither the Priests nor the Women will ravish you; nor are you forc'd

247. *e're.* Q₃, D, e'er.

256. *smoak* [from E; orig. wind].

to take the Wine, as the *French* are their Salt; there are twelve penny Ordinaries.

270 *Clodp.* Ay, and Cards and false Dice, and Quarrels, Hectors and reform'd Officers to borrow a Crown, and beat a man that refuses it, or asks for't again; besides, I'le sum you up the beastly pleasures of the best of ye.

275 *Wood.* What are those?

Clodp. Why, to sit up drunk till three a clock in the morning, rise at twelve, follow damn'd French Fashions, get dress'd to go to a damn'd Play, choak your selves afterwards
280 with dust in Hide-park, or with Sea-coal in the Town, flatter and fawn in the drawing room, keep your Wench, and turn away your Wife, Gods-ooks.

Bev. The Rogue is a tart and witty whorson.

285 *Clodp.* I was at *Sodom* at eighteen, I thank 'em, but now I serve my Country, and spend upon my Tenants what I get amongst them.

Rains. And so, indeed, are no better than their Sponge, which they moisten only to
290 squeeze again. But what important service do you do your Country?

Clodp. S'bud I — why I am Justice of *Quorum* in *Sussex*, and this County too, and I make the Surveyors mend the High ways; I

cause Rogues to be whipt for breaking fences ²⁹⁵
 or pilling trees, especially if they be my own;
 I swear Constables and the like.

Bev. But is this all?

Clodp. No: I call Over-seers for the Poor
 to an account, sign Rates, am a Game-keeper, ³⁰⁰
 and take away Guns and Greyhounds, bind
 fellows to the Peace, observe my monthly
 Meeting, am now and then an Arbitrator, and
 License Ale-houses, and make people bury in
 Flannel, to encourage the Woollen Manufac- ³⁰⁵
 ture; which never a Justice of Peace in *England*
 does but I.

Wood. Look you, what would you have?

Clodp. Besides, I am drunk once a week at
 my Lord Lieutenants; and at my own house ³¹⁰
 spend not scurvy French kick-shaws, but much
 Ale and Beef, and Mutton, the Manufactures
 of the Country.

Bev. The Manufactures of the Country,
 that's well. 315

Rains. Ay, and, I warrant, by the vertue
 of that, can bring as many wide mouth'd
 Rogues to Ball and holloa for a Knight of the
 shire, as any man.

296. *pilling.* D, peeling.

313. *Country.* D, Country!

318. *Ball.* Qq, D, baul.

320 *Clodp.* Ay gods-ooks can I.

Rains. That men should be such infinite
Coxcombs to live scurvily to get reputation
among thick-scoll'd Peasants, and be at as a
great a distance with men of wit and sense, as
325 if they were another sort of Animals.

Bev. 'Tis fit such fools should govern and
do the drudgery of the world, while reasonable
men enjoy it.

Clodp. Mr. *Woodly*, I'le go now and wait
330 upon your Cousin *Lucia*, and if I can get her
to marry me, and fill up my pack of dogs, my
two great works are over in this world. God-
by, gentlemen. Ud's-bud, I had forgot, I
have the rarest stand of Ale to drink out in the
335 afternoon, with three or four honest Country
fellows; you shall be very welcom to it Ifack;
and wee'l dust it away.

Bev. We thank you, Sir.

Clodp. I am now in haste to read a Gazette,
340 this is the day, I am impatient till I see it —
Oh, I love Gazetes extreamly, and they are the
only things I can endure that come from
London. They are such prety penn'd things,
and I do so love to hear of *Wisnowisky*, *Potosky*,

332, 333. *God-by.* Q₃, God-b'-w'-y'. Q₄, Good-by. D, God b' w' e'.

336. *Ifack.* D, i'fack.

339. *a Gazette.* D, the Gazette.

General Wrangle, and *Count Tot*, and all those 345
brave fellows — Gad save ye. [Ex.

[*Six Women cross the Stage in great haste.*

Rains. Look how the women begin to trip
it from the Wells; I see some of 'em well
dress'd in Masques; oh that admirable inven-
tion of Vizer-masques for us poor Lovers; 350
Vizers are so provocative, the Devil take me,
I cannot forbear 'em.

Bev. Thou art such a Termagant fellow,
thou art as eager at a woman in a Vizard-

[*Exit Rains.*

masque, as thou would'st be if she show'd all. 355
Faith, I'll not be behind hand with ye —

[*Enter Mrs. Woodly, and pulls Bevil by the
sleeve.*] How now, what, am I boarded first?
Oh Mrs. *Woodly* is it you?

Mrs. Wood. I dare not stay a minute, read 360
that note, adieu.

Bev. Short and sweet, let me see —

[*Ex. Mrs. Woodly.*

Reads.] *My Husband staid up late, and was
very drunk last night, and I have had a
happy quarrel with him this morning, that 365
has driven him from home, where I shall have*

349. *masques.* Q3, masks [et al.].

358. *How . . . first?* [omitted in D.]

the happiness not to see him till night, so that I safely may enjoy your sweet society most part of this day.

370

Yours Woodly.

Well, the sin's so sweet, and the temptation so strong; I have no power to resist it.

[*Ex. Bevil.*]

Enter Carolina, and Lucia, and Footman.

Caro. Let the Coach walk up the Hill, we'll follow it.

375 *Foot.* It shall, Madam. [*Ex. Footman.*]

Caro. But as I was saying, *Lucia*, here's very scurvy company.

Luc. We have no body near us here, but some impertinent ill-bred City-wives, where
380 they have more trading with the youth of the Suburbs, than their Husbands with their Customers within the walls.

Caro. Sometimes we have their tame Husbands, who gallop hither upon their Tits, to
385 see their faithful Wives play a game at Ninepins, and be drunk with stum'd wine; and strait are gone to their several and respective couzening vocations. Therefore, prithee, let's

370. *Yours Woodly.* D, Yours, Woodly.

388. *couzening.* Qs, D, cozening.

go to *Tunbridge*; for *London* is so empty, 'tis a very Wilderness this vacation. 390

Luc. No faith, *Carolina*, I have a project in my head shall stay me here a little longer, and thee to —

Caro. What, you hanker after an acquaintance with *Rains* and *Bevil*? thou art a mad wench, but they are so very wild. 395

Luc. An they be naturally wilder than I, or you either, for all your simpering, I'll be condemned to Fools and ill company for ever.

Caro. Do not wish that dreadful curse; we are already so much pester'd with gay Fools, that have no more sense than our Shock-dogs, that I long for an acquaintance with witty men as well as thou dost. But how can we bring it about without scandal? 405

Luc. Let this brain of mine alone for that. I blush for my Sex, to see the Ladies of *London* (as if they had forsworn common sense) make insipid young Fools their greatest Favourites.

Caro. 'Tis a shame that a company of young wall-fac'd fellows, that have no sense beyond Perruques and Pantaloons, should be the only men with the Ladies; whilst the

390. *vacation.* [from *E*: orig. *Vocation.*]

411. *wall-fac'd.* Q₃, Q₄, D, well-faced.

acquaintance of witty men is thought scanda-
415 lous.

Luc. For my part, I am resolv'd to redeem the honour of our Sex, and love Wit, and never think a Fool a fine Gentleman.

Enter Cuff and Kick.

What Ruffins are these that come to interrupt
420 us in our great design?

Kick. Ah, Ladies, have we catch'd ye i'faith; you shall go along with us.

Caro. What pitiful fellows are these?

Cuff. Pitiful fellows, Gad, have a care what
425 you say, we do not use to put up such words, either from man or woman.

Luc. What would you do, you dowty Hectors?

Kick. Hectors? upon my honour, if we can
430 find them out, we'll beat your Gallants for this.

Caro. If I had a Gallant that kept a Footman, that would not beat either of ye, I'de disown the Master for the cowardise of the man.

435 *Cuff.* 'Sdeath, I could find in my heart to draw upon her.

419. *Ruffins.* D, Ruffians.

421, 422. *ye i'faith;* Q2, Q4, D, ye? i'faith.

427. *dowty.* D, doughty.

433. *cowardise.* D, Cowardice.

Kick. Would you had two of the bravest fellows in *Christendom* to defend ye, you shou'd see how wee'd swinge 'em.

Luc. Avant, you Hectors, we are not fit ⁴⁴⁰ for you. I am sure, neither of you yet were ever honoured with a favour from a Chambermaid.

Caro. Your acquaintance never rises higher than a Landress or an Hostess. 445

Cuff. Be not perverse and foolish, we are persons of quality, and have money. Look ye, let this tempt you.

Kick. Come 'faith, we'll pay you well upon my honour. 450

Caro. Upon my honour you shall be well paid with a couple of sufficient beatings, if you leave us not.

Cuff. Hilts and blades, men of honour beaten, ye proud flirts! 455

Enter Rains and Bevil following some Women who run across the Stage.

Luc. Gentlemen, ye look like men of quality; pray owne us to be of your acquaintance, and protect us from a couple of troublesom Ruffians.

460 *Rains.* Owne thee! that I will 'faith in any ground in *Christendom*, and I hope thou wilt be of my acquaintance before we part. I embrace the adventure as greedily as a Knight errand could.

465 *Bev.* to *Caro.* This is the Dame that I'll defend.

Rains. Gentlemen, have you any business with these Ladies?

Kick. Why, Sir, what if we have?

470 *Cuff.* May be we have not, Sir, may be we have.

Bev. Nay, Gentlemen, no huffing, know your'e men and vanish.

Rains. You may else, unawares, pull down
475 a beating upon your own heads.

Kick. Beating, Sir?

Cuff. We are Gentlemen of quality; never tell us of this, and that, i'gad —

Rains. Do not provoke us, but be gone.

480 *Kick.* Well, Sir, fare ye well; who cares? I care no more for 'em. —

Cuff. No, nor I neither. What a pox care I? tell me — fare ye well. But who the Devil thought they wou'd have come hither?

464. *errand.* Q₂, Q₄, D, errant.

473. *your'e.* Qq, D, you're.

Kick. Pox on 'em for me. 485

Luc. softly. These are our Gallants: Gentlemen, let's see how you will swinge 'em.

Kick. 'Pshaw, prethee hold thy tongue, talk to me — fa, la, la.

[*Ex. Kick, and Cuff singing.*

Luc. This is lucky *Carolina* for our design. 490
Gentlemen, you have oblig'd us extreamly.

Rains. We are like Knights Errands, or Knights of the *Bath*, bound to relieve Ladies by our Order.

Bev. But if we have oblig'd you, pray let us 495
see whom we have had the honour of obliging.

Caro. Generous men should be content with the Action, without knowing whom they have oblig'd. But let it satisfie you, we are women of no small quality. 500

Luc. This desire of knowing us, looks as if ye expected a reward; the seeing of our faces would be none; and upon my word, Gentlemen, we can go no farther if we would do that —

Caro. Besides, you may think us handsom 505
now, and if we shew our faces, we shall convince you to the contrary, and make you repent the obligation.

488. *prethee.* D, pr'ythee [*et al.*].

492. *Errands,* Q₂. Q₄, Errants. D, Errant.

Bev. I like thy shape and humour so well,
 510 that 'gad if thou'lt satisfie my curiosity, I'll
 not repent, though you want that great orna-
 ment of a face, called a Nose.

Rains. I am sure mine's handsom; I have
 an instinct that never fails me.

515 *Luc.* Your infallable instinct has guess'd
 wrong now.

Bev. Come, Ladies, 'faith off with these
 Clouds and shine upon us.

Rains. We can never leave you till we see
 520 your faces; and if ye don't shew 'em us, we
 shall think you desire to keep us with ye.

Luc. Nay, rather than have that scandal
 upon us, we'll shew 'em.

Caro. With all my heart, but upon these
 525 terms; you shall promise, upon your honour,
 not to dog us, or inquire further after us at
 this time.

Luc. You hear the conditions.

Bev. The conditions are very hard — but
 530 I promise —

Rains. Come, Ladies, I find you are hand-
 som, and think your selves so; or you would
 not be afraid of our dogging you, when we have
 seen you.

Luc. No seeing our faces but upon these 535 terms.

Rains. You are cruel Tigers — but since there's no remedy, I promise —

Luc. Look you, Sir, do you like it now?

Caro. You'll believe us another time. 540

Bev. By Heaven a Divine Creature!

Rains. Beyond all comparison! where have I liv'd?

Bev. 'Gad, mine has kill'd me. Since they were so much too hard for us at Blunts, we were 545 fools to go to sharps with them.

Rains. I will never believe a Ladies word of her self again.

Luc. Come, you flatter now.

Rains. To shew that I don't, I cannot help 550 making my honour yield to my love; and must beg the favour of you to know who you are; and that I may wait on you home.

Bev. And, Madam, had I sworn by your self, I must have been perjur'd, the temptation 555 is so powerful.

Caro. Have you seen so much Love and Honour upon the Stage, and are so little Judges of it here?

Luc. In short, if you are men of Honour, 560

you'll keep your words; for we will never release you of 'em.

Bev. Shall we have hopes of seeing you hereafter?

565 *Caro.* As you behave your selves now.

Rains. Give me hopes of once more seeing you — and I'll trust you, and let you carry my heart away with you.

Luc. You shall hear further from us, and
570 suddenly.

Rains. Upon your Honour?

Luc. Upon my Honour.

Caro. And mine.

Bev. Farewel then, but let me tell you, 'tis
575 very cruel.

Caro. Why did'st leave 'em so soon, I could have stayed longer with all my heart.

Luc. 'Tis enough at first — and let me alone hereafter. [*Ex. Luc. and Caro.*]

580 *Rains.* This was a lucky Adventure, and so much the more lucky, that I lighted upon the Lady I love best, though they are both beautiful.

Bev. And I am even with you in that too.

Enter Woodly.

Here's *Woodly*; the Intrigue is not ripe for his
585 knowledge yet; where have you been, *Franck*?

585. *Franck.* Q2, Q4, D, Frank [*et al.*]

Wood. I have had two damn'd unlucky Adventures. The first Vizer Masque I pursu'd after, I had followed her a Furlong, and importun'd her to show her Face; when I thought I had got a Prize beyond my hopes, 590 prov'd an old Lady of three-score, with a wrinkl'd pimpl'd Face, but one Eye, and no Teeth; but which was ten times a worse disappointment, the next that I follow'd prov'd to be my own Wife. 595

Rains. This was for your good, *Franck*; Heaven designs to keep you vertuous.

Wood. But I like not vertue that springs from necessity. Mine is so Noble, I'd have it try'd often. 600

Rains. Well, Gentlemen, where shall we waste the latter part of the day? for I must spend this former part on't with a convenient sort of Utensil, call'd a Citizens Wife.

Wood. I must divert that design, and carry 605 you to my Cousin whom you never saw, the prettiest Girl in Christendom, she has seen you, and likes you extremely.

Rains. Prethee, *Woodly*, what should I do with her? I love thee and thy Family too well 610

587, 588. *pursu'd after, I.* D, *pursu'd, after I.*
605. *that design.* D, *this design.*

to lye with her, and my self too well to marry her; and I think a man has no excuse for himself that visits a Woman without design of lying with her one way or other.

615 *Wood.* Why, *Jack*, eight thousand pound and a handsom Wench of seventeen were no ill bargain.

Rains. But here's eight thousand pound, there's liberty, *Franck.* Would you be content to lye in *Ludgate* all your life time for
620 eight thousand pound?

Wood. No, certainly.

Rains. Marriage is the worst of Prisons.

Bev. But by your leave, *Rains*, though
625 Marriage be a Prison, yet you may make the Rules as large as those of the Kings Bench, that extend to the *East-Indies*.

Rains. O hang it. No more of that Ecclesiastical Mouse-Trap.

630 *Wood.* Prethee, speak more reverently of the happiest condition of life.

Rains. A married man is not to be believ'd. You are like the Fox in the Fable that had lost his Tail, and would have perswaded all others
635 to lose theirs; you are one of the Parsons Decoy-Ducks, to wheadle poor innocent Fowls into the Net.

Wood. Why should'st thou think so ill of my Wife, to think I am not in earnest?

Rains. No application, *Franck*, I think thy 640
Wife as good a Woman as a Wife can be.

Wood. She loves me extremely, is tolerable handsom, and I am sure vertuous.

Rains. That thou know'st, *Ned Bevil*.

[*Aside.*

Wood. 'Tis true, she values her self a little 645
too much upon her Vertue, which makes her sometimes a little troublesom and impertinent.

Rains. I never knew a Woman that pretended over much to Vertue, that either had it, or was not troublesom and impertinent. 650

Enter Bisket.

Rains. Mr. *Bisket*, good morrow to you.

Bisk. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Bev. This is *Rains* his most obsequious humble Cuckold; his Wife is a pretty impertinent Strumpet, and scorns to have any 655
other Pimp but her own Husband, who all the while thinks her the innocentest Creature.

Wood. A glorious Punk! but what a despicable thing a Cuckold is; they look as if they had the mark of *Cain* upon 'em. I 660
would not be a Cuckold for the World.

Bev. How blind a thing a Husband is!

[*Aside.*

Bisk. Now as I am an honest man, and would I might ne're stir, if I have not had such
665 a life about you with my pretty *Mollie*, I would not have her so angry again for fifty pound, Cod-sniggs.

Rains. About me, what's the matter, man?

670 *Bisk.* Why, I promis'd to bring you to her last night, and got a little tipsy'd, as they say, and forgot it. She says you play the best at Cribach of any body, and she loves gaming mightily, and is as true a Gamester, though I
675 say it.

Rains. I know it, man.

Bisk. Besides, she would fain learn that new Song of you; she says 'tis a rare one.

SINGS

Thou shalt have any thing, thou shalt have me,
680 *And I have one thing that will please thee.*

'Tis such a pretty little innocent Rogue, and has such odd Fancies with her, ha, ha, ha —

Wood. Lord, what a strange Creature a Cuckold is!
[*Aside.*

Bisk. But I swear all that I could do to 685
her could not please her this morning. Ifack-
ings no body can satisfie her but you; there-
fore as you tender the quiet and welfare of a
poor humble Husband, come and play at Cri-
bach with her to day; for she loves Cribach 690
most intemperately. I do wonder that a
Woman should love Gaming so.

Rains. Faith, I am half ingag'd.

Bisk. For Heavens sake, as you love me
do not deny me, I shall have no quiet with her; 695
besides, some *Cheapside* Neighbours of mine
are to have a Game at Bowls, and a merry
meeting this Afternoon, and she wishes the
Waters may ne're go through her, if she'll
give me leave to go to 'em, unless I bring you 700
to her to keep her Company, and sing and play
at Cards with her, therefore dear Mr. *Rains*.

Wood. This is beyond all Example.

Rains. Well, there is not in Nature so tame
and inoffensive a Beast as a *London* Cuckold, 705
I'll say that for him. [Aside.

Wood. Prethee, *Jack*, do not refuse to go
to my Cousin for a little Strumpet.

Rains. I cannot be so inhumane to refuse a

686, 687. *Ifackings.* D, I'fackings.

702. *her, therefore.* D, her: therefore.

710 Husband that invites me to his own Wife,
Allons, Mr. *Bisket*.

Bisk. Come, good Sir, I thank you for this
favour a thousand times; my Wife will be in a
very good humour to day, Sir.

715 *Rains.* Go before, I'll follow you, and carry
her this Kiss from me.

Bisk. I thank you, Sir, I'll carry it her,
poor Rogue, she'll be overjoy'd; but pray don't
stay long. [Exit Bisket.]

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

720 *Boy.* Are Mr. *Rains* and Mr. *Bevil* here?

Bev. Yes, we two are they.

Boy. Here's a Letter for you.

Wood. How now, Gentlemen, what an
Assignation to both of you!

725 *Rains.* Upon my life, *Ned*, 'tis from the
Ladies.

Reads] *You two have injur'd a couple of
Gentlemen that will expect you with your
Swords in your hands at eleven in a Field
730 on the North-side of the Church. If you
fail, you shall not fail of being posted.
'Till you meet us, you shall not know our*

710, 711. *Wife, Allons.* [from E, orig. Wife alone; uncorrected in Q3.]

723. *Gentlemen, what an.* D, Gentlemen? What! an.

731. *of being.* D, to be.

names, but know that we are worth the meeting, &c.

Bev. This is a business of another nature, 735

Rains.

Rains. We must to Tilts and Turnaments, *Ned*, sure they are the Bullies we saw just now.

Bev. From whom did you bring this, Boy?

Boy. From a couple of Gentlemen in Buff 740 Belts, Red Coats, and Shammey Breeches.

Rains. 'Tis from them; sure they'l not fight.

Bev. But we must try whether they will or no: tell 'em we'll not fail. 745

Boy. I shall, Sir. [Exit Boy.]

Rains. I have a business of another nature to dispatch, *Ned*; I'll meet you before eleven at your lodging.

Bev. I have just such another business too; 750 but I'll not fail to meet you — But how can you relish Mrs. *Bisket* after the Lady you saw this morning?

Rains. I am not sure of her I saw this morning; besides, if I were, is it reasonable 755 that a man who has a good stomach should refuse Mutton to day, because he expects

Quails to morrow? but how can you in conscience think of Concupiscence, when for ought
760 you know, we may venture our lives within two hours?

Bev. Since, for ought I know, my life may be in danger, I'll make use on't while it is not.

Rains. Adieu, *Woodly*, let's meet on the
765 Bowling-green in the afternoon. [*Ex.* *Rains.*]

Wood. You are happy men, Gentlemen, but I am going to visit one that I love more than my eyes, and would give both of them to enjoy.

770 *Bev. Aside.* That's not his own Wife; I shall be safe enough there. I have an engagement too, and must leave you.

Wood. Adieu, we'll meet about five.

Bev. Agreed; — [*Ex.* *Bevil.*]

775 *Wood.* Now for my dear *Carolina*. —

*Thus all the world by several ways does move,
But all the Mighty business ends in love. [Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Clodpate, Lucia, and Carolina.

Luc. Prethee stay with me, that I may be no longer pester'd with this Country Coxcomb.

764. *Adieu, Woodly.* [omitted in D].

Caro. Would'st thou have me so barbarous to interrupt Lovers?

Luc. He a Lover! yes, of a clear Title in 5 his next Purchase, his Dapple Mare, a dear year of Corn, or so.

Caro. Come, he has as violent a substantial country passion for you, as one would wish; and I will leave you to him. 10

Luc. You mischievous creature, I'll be reveng'd on you. [*Exit Carolina.*]

Clodp. If my propositions be not reasonable, I'll ne'r pretend to serve my Country more.

Luc. A pretty Country to be serv'd by such 15 fellows. [*Aside.*]

Clodp. In that noble Brick-house, moted round with Turrets and fine things, that I now spoke of, in the best hunting Country in *Europe*, with a thousand pounds a year will I 20 joynture you.

Luc. 'Tis not profit, but honour I respect; and I have vow'd never to Marry one that cannot make me a Lady, and you are no Knight. 25

Clodp. A Knight, no I thank you; why, I have known a Fishmonger Knighted: Knight-hood's a pretty bawble for a fellow to play with,

26. *Knight, no. D, Knight! no,*

that is no Gentleman. But what needs he that
30 is a Gentleman desire to be more?

Luc. But, methinks, the name of *Clodpate* does not sound well without a title.

Clodp. I thank you heartily; my name is now *Hugh Clodpate*; and I should give two or
35 three hundred pounds to add three letters to it, Sir *Hugh Clodpate*: no, no, I can't make so much on't again.

Luc. Oh, a Knight is such a thing!

Clodp. Such a thing! has he more hands or
40 legs, or more brains than another man?

Luc. But if I could be content without being a Lady, I have vow'd to spend all my life in *London*.

Clodp. Pox on her; live in *London* did she
45 say? [*Aside.*

Death, have you vow'd to live in *London* say you?

Luc. Yes, is that so wonderful? why people do really live no where else; they breath, and
50 move, and have a kind of insipid dull being: but there is no life but in *London*.

Clodp. *London!* that sink of sin.

Luc. I believe there is no Village but sins as much in porportion to the bigness; only

your Country sins are something the more 55
block-headed sins.

Clodp. Madam, give me leave to ask you
one question.

Luc. You may.

Clodp. Do you resolve to live honest? 60

Luc. 'Tis a familiar question; you had
need to ask my leave first.

Clodp. Why? you may as reasonably expect
to preserve your health in a Pest-house, as
your Chastity in that damn'd lascivious Town. 65

Luc. You are rude, Sir.

Clodp. Come, Madam, plain dealing is a
jewel. But can you prefer an idle scandalous
London-life, before a pretty innocent huswifely-
life in the Country to look to your Family, and 70
visit your Neighbours?

Luc. To see my Ducks and Geese fed, and
cram my own Chickens.

Clodp. Ay.

Luc. To have my Closet stink like a Pothe- 75
caries shop with Drugs and Medicines, to
administer to my sick Neighbours; and spoil
the next Quacks practice with the receipt book
that belongs to the family.

73. *Chickens.* D, Chickens?

75, 76. a *Pothecaries.* Q3, a Pothecary's. D, an Apothecary's.

·80 *Clodp.* Very well.

Luc. And then to have one approv'd Green-salve, and dress sore legs with it; and all this to deserve the name of as good a neighbourly body as ever came into *Sussex*.

85 *Clodp.* Very good.

Luc. Never to hear a Fiddle, but such as sounds worse than the Tongs and Key, or a Gridiron; never to read better Poetry, than *John Hopkins*, or *Robert Wisdoms* vile Metre;
90 nor hear better singing than a company of Peasants praising God with doleful untunable hoarce voices, that are only fit to be heard under the Gallows.

Clodp. However you make bold with the
95 Country, be not prophane. Is not this better than any thing in that stinking Town?

Luc. Stinking Town! I had rather be Countess of *Puddledock*, than Queen of *Sussex*.

Clodp. Oh foh — but ah, the excellent fresh
100 air upon the Downs.

Luc. So there's fresh air in a Wilderness, if one could be content with Bears and Wolves for her companions. But, Sir, in short, I am resolv'd to live at *London*, and at, or very near
105 the Court too.

Clodp. 'Sdeath! the Court? I shall not only be Cuckolded, but lose all my true Country interest; Madam, I beg your pardon, I shall take my leave; I am not cut out for a *Londoner*, or a Courtier; fare you well, good Madam, 110 though I like your person prety well, I like not your conditions; I'd not Marry a *London Cherubin*.

Luc. Farewel, Sir, but I'le not be wholly ungrateful for the address you have honoured 115 me with: know then my friend *Carolina* is the most averse to *London*, and the most infatuated with the love of the Country.

Clodp. Ud's bud, infatuated; pray change that word if you please. 120

Luc. You know my meaning by it; she and I are parting, because she will not with patience hear of returning to *London*; she calls it nothing but vain, obscene, wicked, filthy, Popish place. 125

Clodp. Ha! how's this? I did not think she had so much sense. [*Aside.*

Luc. She often says she had rather marry a Country Justice of five hundred pounds a

107. all [omitted in D].

117. *the most infatuated* [the inserted from E; omitted Q₂].

119. *Ud's bud, infatuated*; D, Ud's bud! infatuated!

130 year, than a man of five thousand pounds a year in *London*. Nay, than a Duke at Court.

Clodp. Aside. She's an ingenuous woman Guds-sooks; I had rather marry her naked, than you with all your portion, Madam.

[*To her.*

135 But a Pox on't, I had damn'd ill luck to make my application to you first, as the Devil would have it.

Luc. This is a very Country Courtier — Here she comes, let's withdraw; I will tell you 140 more, and we'll consult about this business.

Clod. Your servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt Clodpate, Lucia.*

Enter Carolina and Woodly.

Wood. How can you mistrust a man in so credible a thing?

Caro. As what?

145 *Wood.* As that he should love the pretiest, sweetest, dearest creature he ever saw —

Caro. So far from that, I believe, he will love all the pretyest, sweetest, dearest Creatures, as he calls 'em, that he ever shall see: 150 but you have paid that tribute already to virtuous Madam *Woodly*, and are Marry'd.

132. *ingenuous.* Q3, Q4, D, ingenious.

145. *should* [from E; orig. would].

Wood. I am so, and there's the less danger in my love; I should else be tempting you to accept me for better for worse till death us depart, &c. Now, Madam, take my heart ¹⁵⁵ upon its good behaviour, as much as you have use on, and the rest again, and no hurt done.

Caro. Where there are so many free, why should I venture upon a heart with so manifest a flaw in the title as a Marry'd mans. ¹⁶⁰

Wood. Faith, there are none without their incumbrances; your fashionable Spark has his Miss in the Play-house; your Ladies eldest Son his Mothers Chamber-maid; The Country Gentleman his Tennants Daughter; A handsom ¹⁶⁵ young fellow that is to make his fortune, some elderly Sinner, that keeps him fine, so that Marriage is the least engagement of all; for that only points out where a man cannot love.

Caro. Since Marriage obliges men so little, ¹⁷⁰ and women so much; I wonder we endure the cheat on't.

Wood. Y'are in the right, 'tis worse than cross I win, pile you lose: but there are some left that can love upon the square. ¹⁷⁵

154, 155. *for better . . . depart.* D, *in italics.*

163. *Ladies.* Q₃, D, Lady's.

165. *Tennants.* Q₃, D, Tenant's.

173. *Y'are.* D, You're [*et al.*]. 174. *cross . . . lose.* D, *in italics.*

Caro. A woman may be undone upon the square, as well as a gamester, if she ventures too much.

Wood. Never so long as you play for nothing but what you have about you; and, upon
180 my honour, I would engage you no deeper at this time; 'tis tick and after-reckonings that ruine Lovers, as well as Gamesters; and, gad, if you mistrust me, I am ready to make stakes;
185 and because y'are a young beginner, I'le play three to one.

Caro. Not so fast, good Sir, you'l make me quit the few good thoughts I had of you, if you persist.

190 *Wood.* Persist in loving you I must till death; but the method and ceremonies I leave to you to prescribe. I guess'd you would not care for a whining Lover.

Caro. Nor do I care for one in your ex-
195 treamity the other way.

Wood. Take your choice; I can make love from the stiff formal way of the year 42. to the gay brisk way of this present day and hour.

Caro. Since I suppose it is for diversion,
200 pray let me see how that is.

Wood. Look you thus

[Sings, dances and combs his Peruque.

Caro. Is this it? why, you don't mind me?

Wood. I mind my self though, and am to make you fall in love with me after a careless way by the by. 205

Caro. When do you begin?

Wood. Begin, why? I am at it all this while.
[Sings and Dances again.]

Now have at you, these Breasts are not hard to speak on; no, nor this Neck white; nor those 210 Eyes black. Lord, how you look to day! that ever a man should love such a Creature; what will you give me for a piece when y'are mother of the maids?

Caro. Must I answer you like a Lady of the 215 times too?

Wood. Ay, by all means, Madam.

Caro. This, Mr. *Woodly*, is the strangest man, he wou'd make one dye to hear him, I vow, ha, ha, ha. 220

Wood. Lord, what a set of teeth you shew when you laugh! if they were mine, I'd pull 'em out; sure your breath can't be sweet, let me see.
[Offers to kiss her.]

202. *mind me?* Q3, D, mind me.

204. *and am to* [am to inserted from E; omitted Q3].

208. *Begin, why?* Q3, D. Begin? Why,

225 *Caro.* Well, I vow your a pleasant man, but
you go too fast.

Wood. For your Lover of the last Age I
grant you; but the World is well mended since,
fair Ladies and fortified Towns yield upon
230 easier terms now a-days.

[*Offers to kiss her agen.*

Now I see you dare not stand the tryal, 'tis
e'en so; I'le be hang'd if you han't crooked
Legs too.

[*Offers to lift up her Coats.*

Caro. I had rather you should think so than
235 take the pains to satisfie you; but I vow
you'd make one burst, you have such a way
with you, ha, ha, ha.

Wood. I hate to live in doubt, you have a
pretty Face; but an ill Breath, and crooked
240 Legs, Gad, are insufferable.

Caro. Is this your new way? I have
enough on't, no more drinking my health in a
Beer-glass, and quarrelling with the man that
can't pledge. Scribling your passion in Glass-

225. *your.* Q₂, Q₄, you'r. Q₃, D, you're.

234. *should.* Q₄, D, would.

238, 239. *doubt, . . . Face; but.* Q₃, D, doubt; . . . Face, but.

242. *no more drinking.* Q₃, no more; drinking. D, no more.
Drinking.

244. *pledge.* D, pledge you;

windows, and wearing my Colours continu-²⁴⁵
ally, I can better endure; but now I talk of
scribbling, divert me a little better, and give me
the Song you promis'd me.

Wood. I have taught it your Woman, who
I conceive has something a better voice than I,²⁵⁰
she's here too.

Caro. Sing that Song Mr. *Woodly* taught
you.

She Sings.

*How pleasant is mutual Love that is true,
Then Phillis let us our affections unite;* 255
*For the more you love me, the more I love you,
The more we contribute to each others delight:
For they that enjoy without loving first,
Still eat without stomach, and drink without thirst.*

Such is the poor Fool who loves upon duty, 260
*Because a Canonical Coxcomb has made him,
And ne're tastes the sweets of love and of beauty,
But drudges because a dull Priest has betray'd
him;*
*But who in enjoyment from love take their*²⁶⁵
measure,
*Are rap't with delight, and still ravish't with
pleasure.*

254. true, Q4, D, true? [for true!]

Each night he's a Bridegroom, and she is a Bride.
 270 When their minds and their bodies shall both so
 agree;
 That neither shall pleasure from the other divide,
 But both at one instant shall satisfy'd be;
 Let Fools for convenience be drawn to their love,
 275 But this [is] the way real pleasure to prove.

Enter Clodpate and Lucia.

Luc. So, you are pleasant here, Mr. *Clodpate*, how do you like this Song? 'tis a *London Song*.

Clodp. Ay, Pox on't, I hate it for it; when
 280 I had the misfortune to know that damn'd
 Town first, they had better Songs by half;
 they put no wit in their Songs now adays.

Caro. Pray do us the favour to Sing one of those you speak of.

285 *Clodp.* Faith, Madam, I have but an ordinary voice, but I cannot disobey you.

[Sings ridiculously this old Song.

*Lay by your pleading,
 Law lies a bleeding, &c.*

273. *both at one instant* [from E: orig. that at one instance].

274. *convenience.* Q4, D, *conveniency*.

275. [is] *accidentally omitted* Q1.

279. *hate it for it.* D, *hate it for that*;

Wood. What an incomprehensible block-head is this. 290

Clodp. This pleases us in the Country; I know you like it ne're the worse, Madam.

Caro. Nor much the better.

Clodp. Come, Madam, I am sure you love a Country life, and hate that vile Town of *London*; and I honour you for't. 295

Caro. I hate *London*!

Clodp. I knew you would dissemble it, but I know your heart; 'tis true, indeed, 'tis a vain obscene wicked filthy popish place. 300

Caro. What means the Worshipful Fop?

Clodp. And a Virtuous Lady had better Marry a Country Justice of five hundred pounds a year, than one in *London* of five thousand pounds; nay, than a Duke at Court — 'tis granted Madam, tis granted. 305

Caro. It may be granted by you, but not by me.

Clodp. There are some such fools to refuse good offers; but there are others have more wit, Heaven be prais'd. 310

Caro. Sure you have been at cross purposes of late, Mr. *Clodpate*.

Clodp. No, Madam, but I know you hate *Sodom* yonder; foh — methinks I smell it 315

hither; let me tell you in private; I would not marry Mrs. *Lucia* if she had fifty thousand pounds; Ud's bud, marry one that would live at *London*, nay at Court; No, I had rather go to
 320 Sea in a Fire-ship; but I'll shew you the finest seat in *Sussex* which you shall call your own.

Caro. What do you mean by this?

Clodp. All this I know very well, and though by the Sot her Uncle I was misguided
 325 to Mrs. *Lucia*, 'tis to you, Madam, my affection first inclin'd.

Caro. Ah mischief, have you contriv'd this? you thought to punish me much, but I had rather have such a fellow to Fool with,
 330 than a lap Dog, or a Squirrel; abusing of a Fool is almost as pleasant as conversing with a witty Man.

Luc. 'Tis true, now I consider it, and he that's laugh'd at is oft times as good Company
 335 as he that laughs, nay some have rais'd their fortunes by it; but you forget our appointment; pray let's go.

Caro. Ay, prithee. My dear, Gentlemen we must leave you; your servant.

338. *prithee.* *My dear, Gentlemen . . .* Q₂, Q₄, prithee, my dear. Gentlemen, Q₃, prithee My dear, Gentlemen, D, pr'ythee, my Dear. Gentlemen,

Wood. Will you not let me wait on you? 340

Caro. By no means, 'tis a private affair.

Clodp. Shall not I wait on you?

Caro. I shall not refuse the favour another time, but now I must beg your pardon.

Luc. Allons, let's meet the Duellists, I 345
warrant you they are men of honour.

Clodp. Come, I am going a setting, will you go? [*Ex. Luc. and Caro.*]

Wood. No, I must go home.

[*Ex. Clodpate.*]

Enter Fribble, and Dorothy his Wife.

Fribb. Whither are you a going Mr. *Woodly*? 350
will you not go to the Bowling-Green to day?

Wood. Yes, perhaps in the Afternoon, —
Adieu. [*Ex. Woodly.*]

Fribb. Why do you follow me with your
Impertinence? 355

Doro. My dear honey, how have I offended thee? did I not with my own hands put the[e] to Bed when thou wert fudled last night? did I not set thy Bottle of small Beer by thy Bed-side? did I not rise early and make thee a 360
Caudel when thou wer't puking, and gave thee

357. *the[e].* *e* accidentally omitted Q₁.

358. *fudled.* D. fuddled.

361. *Caudel.* Qq, D, caudle.

Aqua Mirabilis, to fetch up the Water off thy Stomach ?

Fribb. All this you did, and 'twas your
365 Duty, but you are strangely troublesom.

Dor. Think not my love a trouble, Dear ;
I speak for thy good, prethee do not go abroad
to day, thou'lt kill thy self with drinking, and
thy Death will be sure to kill me.

370 *Fribb.* You are impertinent, I'le go, let that
suffice.

Dor. You are shrewdly mistaken if you
think I desire your Company. But I am sure
this is the way to be rid on't. [Aside.

375 *Frib.* I am to meet Mr. *Bisket*, and some
Cheapside Neighbours ; be silent, my will is
like the Laws of the Maids and Parsons.

Dor. I cannot hide my love and fears from
thee ; prithee, dearest, kiss me.

380 *Frib.* I say again, Peace ; I shall be much
offended.

Dor. Thou art a naughty man, and al-
ways abroad while I am languishing for thee ;
and I have thee but two days in a Week at
385 *Epsom*.

Frib. Know your Lord and Master, and be
subject to my Government ; I though but a
Haberdasher will be as absolute a Monarch

over you, as the great Turk over his Sultan Queen. 390

Dor. Well, I can but submit and weep for thy absence.

Frib. Can't you keep Company with Mrs. *Bisket*?

Dor. What thou pleasest, my Dear. 395

So you'll go and not hinder me from better Company. [*Aside.*]

Frib. Well, I have the most Virtuous, and best Govern'd Wife in all the Ward; but I must observe Discipline, and keep a strict 400 hand over her.

Dor. I am an unfortunate Woman not to have thy Company; so I am.

Enter Mrs. Bisket.

Mrs. Bisk. What, in tears Mrs. *Fribble*! this is that naughty man; out on thee, thou 405 art a shame to all Husbands, thou woud'st be so insolent to command thy own Wife; wouldst thou use thy own flesh, thy own rib so, out upon thee.

Frib. I am my own Master, and will be hers. 410

Mrs. Bisk. Ah, thou art a good one i'faith;

406, 407. *thou woud'st . . . Wife; wouldst.* [omitted Q, D].

407, 408. *wouldst thou.* [from E; orig. dost thou].

and thou wer't mine, I'd teach the[e] better manners.

Frib. *Dorothy*, listen not to this lewd
 415 Woman, her Husband is a sneaking, sniveling
 Cuckold; if you should be like her, I would
 make you such a terrible Example! *Mrs.*
Bisket, you are impertinent, were I your Hus-
 band, I would swinge you much.

420 *Mrs. Bisk.* Swinge me, say you, I could
 tear thy Eyes out. Death, if you provoke me,
 I'll show you what the Courage of an intraged
 Woman can do.

Doro. Nay, good *Mrs. Bisket*, *Mr. Fribble*
 425 is a good Man for all his passion.

Mrs. Bisk. Swinge me —

Frib. This Woman is as outrageous as a
 Milch Bear that wants her Breakfast. Fare
 you well. [*Ex.*

430 *Mrs. Bisk.* Come Neighbour, you are a
 shame to all Wives to be so tame and foolish;
 pluck up a Spirit, and order him as I do my
Bisket.

Dor. This is the only way to order a surly
 435 Husband.

Mrs. Bisk. I am asham'd of you, you be-
 tray our cause; submit to a Husband; I'd

fain see that Husband that I'd crouch to. I say again pluck up a Spirit; I keep a strict hand of Discipline over mine.

440

Enter Bisket.

Here he comes, you shall see how I order him.

Bisket. How now my pretty Dear, poor Duck.

Mrs. Bisk. Duck, you Widgeon; how came you and I so familiar? observe me now.

[Aside.

Bisk. Well, *Mrs. Fribble*, 'tis such a pretty 445
Rogue, and has such pleasant fancies with her, ha, ha, ha. I protest and vow I could kiss the very ground she goes on. If she would eat Gold, nay Pearls and Diamonds, she should have them, I vow and swear.

450

Mrs. Bisk. You Beast, you had best be drunk agen, i'faith I'll order you, I'll keep you in better awe, you shall neither have Caudel nor Custard for't this week.

Bisk. Nay, good Dear, be not so cruel, I 455
protest and vow I could not help it: my Neighbour *Fribble* is a very merry man, I could not forbear, we were at it, Tory Rory, and sung old Rose, the Song that you love so, Duck.

Thou shalt have any thing, thou shalt have me, &c. 460

Mrs. *Bisk*. Ay, Mr. *Fribble* maintains his Wife like a Lady, and she has all things about her as well as any Woman in the Parish, he keeps her the prettiest pacing Nag with the
 465 finest Side-saddle of any Womans in the Ward, and lets her take her pleasure at *Epsom* two months together.

Doro. Ay, that's because the Air's good to make one be with Child, and he longs mightily
 470 for a Child; and truly, Neighbour, I use all the means I can, since he is so desirous of one.

Bisk. All this thou shalt do, my Dear; I'll omit nothing that shall please thee.

Mrs. *Bisk*. Yes, you Nicompoop, you are a
 475 pretty Fellow to please a Woman indeed.

Bisk. But prethee, my Dear, let me go to the Bowling-green to my Neighbours: would I might ne're stir, if I drink above a pint of Wine, or a quart of Mum for my share at
 480 most.

Mrs. *Bisk*. You impertinent Puppy, I wonder you have the impudence to ask me such a question. [*She gives him a slap on the face.*]

Bisk. Mrs. *Fribble*, my pretty *Mollie* has
 485 some humours, but this is the worst you'll see of her.

Doro. How rarely she orders a Husband ;
I vow I think I must pluck up a spirit as she
does, that's the truth on't.

Mrs. Bisk. Where's Mr. *Rains*, you Lol-490
poop ? do you think you shall go, and he not
here ?

Bisk. O Duck, he'll be here presently, and
sent thee a kiss by me.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, I warrant he'd kiss such a 495
Fellow as thee.

Bisk. I vow he did ; prethee take it of me,
my Dear.

Mrs. Bisk. I'll swear he's a fine person.
Well, because it comes from him, I'll take it ; 500
he's the compleatest man, and so courteous
and well-behav'd.

Bisk. Now thou'lt let me go.

Mrs. Bisk. No, not till he comes.

Bisk. Nay, good Dear.

505

Mrs. Bisk. I tell you you shall not ; get
you in.

Bisk. Pray, Duck, now.

Doro. I never saw any thing so admirable
as this Discipline of hers ; I am resolved to 510
try my *Fribble*, that's once.

Bisk. Why, look here he is now already.

512. *look.* D, look!

Enter Rains.

Doro. Oh me! is he acquainted with her?
[*Aside.*

Mrs. Bisk. Does he know her? [*Aside.*

515 *Bisk.* I'll steal away and say nothing.
[*Ex. Bisket.*

Mrs. Bisk. Come, Mr. *Rains*, let's in.
Mrs. Fribble, your Servant.

Doro. Madam, I'll wait on you in; Mr. *Rains* will not think my Company troublesom.

520 *Mrs. Bisk.* Ah, shame on her. [*Aside.*
We shall entertain you but ill. Mr. *Rains* is pleased to come and play at Cribach with me, and 'twill be no sport to look on.

Doro. I'll make one at Gleek, that's better
525 than any two-handed Game.

Mrs. Bisk. I do not think so, by your leave, Madam *Fribble*. — Oh Impertinence!

Doro. Well then, I'll be content to be a
530 looker on for once. — She would fain have him to her self, but I'll look to her for that. [*Aside.*
[*Ex. Rains, Dorothy, Mrs. Bisket.*

Enter Mrs. Woodly in a Dining-room.

Mrs. Wood. Mr. *Bevil* stays mighty long, pray Heaven he be not diverted by some paltry Citizens Wife; here are such a Company of

them that lye upon the snap for young Gentlemen, as Rooks and Bullies do for their Hus- 535
bands when they come to Town.

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Madam, your Servant.

Mrs. Wood. O Mr. *Bevil*, are you come? I vow I was afraid I had lost you. A Woman that's apt to be jealous as I am should not 540
make such a person the object of her affections.

Bev. Words are the common payment of those that intend no other. There is no such sign of having been long fasting, as falling to with a good stomach. 545

Mrs. Wood. I am so afraid you should be seduc'd by some of these naughty Women at *Epsom*. A shame take 'em, I hate a lewd Woman with my heart, I vow I do now.

Bev. Madam, I have a very pressing affair 550
that requires some speedy conference with you in your Bed-chamber.

Mrs. Wood. No, Sir, no — I wonder you have the confidence to ask me, when you were so rude to me there last time. 555

Bev. I do not know what she calls rude. I

544. *having been* [from E; orig. being].

am sure I oblig'd her as often I could there. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Wood.* One can't be private with you,
560 but you are so uncivil presently. I can scarce
forgive you; I wonder who learnt you such
tricks for my part.

Bev. If I were ne're so backward, she'd
soon instruct me. I am not so ill-bred, but I
565 know what I owe to a Lady. Come, Dearest.

Mrs. *Wood.* Do not ask me; I vow I won't.
You are the strangest man that I ever met
with, you won't let one alone; nay pish, fy,
Mr. *Bevil*, arn't you asham'd?

570 *Bev.* No more; nay, Dear, come in, come in.

Mrs. *Wood.* Nay, pish, ha, ha, ha, ha. I
vow you make me blush; get you gone, you
naughty man you.

Bev. You'll make me outragious; I shall
575 force you, have a care.

Mrs. *Wood.* Well, I vow you are a parlous
man. Will you promise me then to sit still
when you are there, and not stir hand or foot?

Bev. Ay, Ay; come, come.

580 Mrs. *Wood.* Nay, but will you swear?

Bev. Yes, yes; come, allons, my Dearest; —
she'll soon dispense with that Oath.

[Mrs. *Wood.*] Well, I am so asham'd, I vow I would not go, but that you said you would force me, and swore too besides. 585

[*As they are going into the Bed-chamber, enter Peg.*

Peg. Madam, here's my Master just coming in a doors. [*Ex. Peg instantly.*]

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! what shall I do?

Bev. I told him I had private business, to get rid of him, and he'll discover all. 590

Mrs. Wood. Go into the Bed-chamber, I'll lock it.

Bev. But how will you get rid of him?

Mrs. Wood. Let me alone, this is an unlucky surprise; in quickly. 595

Bev. If I should be locked up so long till I fail *Rains*, and our fighting appointment, I shall get much honour, I take it. [*Bev. goes in.*]

Mrs. Wood. In, in. [*Enter*] Woodly.
O you unworthy Fellow; have you the impu- 600
dence to appear before me after your beastly
usage?

Wood. I thought your fit might have been off by this time.

Mrs. Wood. No, it shall never be off, thou 6 5
inhumane Beast; to sit up anights late, and

583. [*Mrs. Wood.*] Speech wrongly assigned to Bevil, Q1.

599. [*Enter*] from D; Qq [*Exit*].

come home drunk and wake me, and lye like a Statue by me all the rest of the night, flesh and blood can't bear it; you make me cry my
 610 Eyes out, to see that you'l kill your self by your villainous debauchery.

Woodly while she scolds sings. Fa, la, la, la, fa.

Mrs. *Wood.* Fa, la, la, la — Is that the
 615 notice you take of me? If I were not the best Woman in the World, and did not love thee, thou base Fellow, 'twould not trouble me. Oh that I should be so unfortunate, so bewitch'd, to love such a Monster of a man!

620 *Wood.* Fa, la, la, la, Oh Impudence!

Mrs. *Wood.* I wonder what I should see in thee to love thee so! Out on thee for a Villain. Oh that I could withdraw my affection from thee, thou Brute! but I can't for my life, 'tis
 625 that makes me miserable, thou barbarous wicked Wretch.

Wood. If to seek quiet abroad, when one can't have it at home, be a sin, Heaven help the wicked, but pox on't.

630 Mrs. *Wood.* Ay, now you ban and curse, you Wretch; this you get by keeping Company with Wits, as you call them, a Company of

wicked Fellows, the Scum of the Nation, Fellows that have no Religion in 'em, that swear and drink, and wench, and never consider me 635 that am disconsolate at home.

Wood. Oh the incomprehensible blessings of Matrimony!

Mrs. Wood. If I were so perfidious and false to take pleasure in a Gallant in the absence of 640 my Husband; but I am too honest, too virtuous for thee, thou ingrateful Wretch: besides, if my Conscience would give me leave, I love you too well for that, you barbarous base Fellow. 645

Wood. A Pox on her troublesom Vertue, would to Heaven she were a Whore, I should know then what to do with her. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wood. Other Women can be happy, and have their Husbands carry 'em abroad and 650 delight in their Company, and be proud to be seen with them; but I have such an inhumane ingrateful Creature to mine!

Wood. Come, come, I confess I am behind-hand with you, but I'll pay thee all thy arrears, 655 I have a stock in bank.

[*Embraces her, and offers to go into her Chamber.**

637. *blessings* [*from E; orig. blessing*].

* [S. D.] and . . . *chamber* only in D.

Mrs. *Wood*. Heaven, what shall I do?

Wood. Where's the Key, I'll break open the door.

660 Mrs. *Wood*. Let the Key alone, go get you gone, I am not so impatient, but I'll trust you till night, I should leave open the door, and let all my things be lost; go get you gone, you naughty man, I love you too well to hold out
665 long.

Wood. Well, now you'r come to your self, and speak reason, and have left off railing, I'll go and incourage my self with eating and drinking well, and return and pay you the fore-
670 said sum with interest. [*Exit*.

Mrs. Wood. *opens the door*. Are you gone? Joy be with you, and more with me, Mr. *Bevil*.

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Madam, is he gone?

Mrs. *Wood*. Yes, now I hope we shall be
675 safe from further interruption.

Bev. 'Sdeath, this accident has frightened me so, that I am afraid to venture, lest I should be taken Pris'ner agen, and disappoint the Duellists. [*Aside*.

680 And yet I will; come, Madam.

672. me, Mr. *Bevil*. D, me. — Mr. *Bevil*!

Enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, here's Mrs. *Jilt* coming up to give you a Visit.

Mrs. Wood. Why did you not deny me, Huswife? Must that vain silly Wench come to trouble us at such a time too? [*Aside.* 685

Bev. That is she that reports every man that she sees is in Love with her, and would marry her, and has been a Whore these seven years. I will take my leave, I see this is an unfortunate day. 690

Mrs. Wood. No, I'll get rid of her soon by some Trick or other.

Bev. 'Tis impossible. I'll wait on you an hour or two hence, but now I am ingag'd upon my reputation, and must not break my ingage- 695
ment. Your Servant. [*Ex.* Bevil.

Mrs. Wood. In such haste? There must be something more than ordinary in't, I long to know it. *Peg*, go and dog Mr. *Bevil* at a distance, till you have fixt him somewhere, and 700
let me have an account of the reason of his haste.

Peg. I'll not fail. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rains in the Field.

Rains. I wonder *Bevil* stays so long, this
 705 Mrs. *Woodly* has no mercy [on] him, there's some
 cross accident or other; for methinks after a
 year or two's intrigue he should not be so very
 Termagant a Fellow; if these Roguy Bullies
 should come; but methinks they are a little
 710 slow too. Oh *Bevil*, are you come?

Enter Bevil.

Bev. I beg your pardon, *Jack*, I have been
 lock'd up to save the Honour of a Lady, whose
 Husband came in most uncivilly without giv-
 ing us warning enough of it.

715 *Rains.* Was that it? But the Rogues
 begin to think 'twill come to Battaille, and
 their hearts misgive 'em.

Bev. I was afraid of this. A Hector dares
 no more fight than be honest, and yet 'tis
 720 strange they should make it their Trade when
 they are so little fit for't.

Rains. 'Tis so in all Mankind, they are
 most violently bent upon the things they are
 least capable of, as if it were in spite of Nature.

725 *Bev.* 'Tis true, so I have observ'd while a

705. [on]. Accidentally omitted Q₁.

716. Battaille. Q₂, Q₃, D, Battle. Q₄, Battail.

wise-man that's fit for employment is restrained by his modesty; your pragmatick dull Fool thrusts himself forward into policy and business.

Rains. Great dulness qualifies men for great ⁷³⁰ business, there's nothing but order and road in it; your Mill-horse is a Creature of great business. The methodical Block-head that is as regular as a Clock, and as little knows why he is so, is the man cut out by Nature and For- ⁷³⁵ tune for business and government.

Enter Carolina and Lucia disguised.

Hold, here come two sprightly Girls, this may prove the softer and pleasanter encounter of the two.

Caro. I see they are men of Honour, and ⁷⁴⁰ will answer a Challenge.

Luc. Now are they meditating on blood, what a disappointment they'll have. Well, men that are so punctual in their anger would sure be so in their love. 745

Bev. Ladies, having the Honour to meet you in so solitary a place, we cannot but offer you our Service.

Luc. You look as if you stayed here to make Ladies stand and deliver. 750

Enter Peg.

Rains. If you should deliver your best Jewel, I'de be very honest, and make but a little use on't for the present, and you should carry it away with you ne're the worse.

755 *Luc.* I know the Law too well to compound a Felony. If you should take any thing of mine, you should e'en keep it as long as you live, but I'de prosecute you for't.

Peg. 'Tis enough, this is Mr. *Bevils* ingage-
760 ment, that's *Carolina*, and the other is Mrs. *Lucia*. [Exit.

Caro. Ye don't look as if you would make Love, but War; ye have long Swords, and your hair tuck'd up.

765 *Bev.* If we were never so much inclin'd to War, you have power to soften us into Peace.

Rains. They are pleasant Wenches; if they are handsom, we are undone. [To Bevil.

770 *Bev.* Twice in a day catch'd with Vizor Masks!

Caro. What wild Fellows hands are we fallen into? they run at all, you see, they know us not. [To Lucia.

Luc. Oh, if witty men had but the constancy 775
of Fools, what Jewels were they? [*To Carolina.*

Rains. Ladies, pray lay by your disguises,
and let's converse upon the square.

Caro. You make all Prize, Gentlemen; but
I'll venture to show my face to you, Sir, if 780
you'll give me your word not to discover it to
your Friend. [*To Rains.*

Rains. I do, Madam.

Luc. And you shall see mine upon that
condition. [*To Bevil.* 785

Bev. Upon my Honour I will not discover
you. [*They pull off their Masks.*

Rains. Ha, who's this? this is a Trick.

[*Aside.*

Madam, I confess you are very beautiful. I
had the misfortune to lose a Heart this morn- 790
ing in your Company, but I think, Madam,
you did not take it up; but my Friend has
something to accuse you of.

Bev. I cannot invade the propriety of my
Friend, though I must confess the great temp- 795
tation would excuse the crime.

Rains. This is the Lady I must apprehend.
[*To Lucia.*

Bev. And, Madam, I must seize upon you.
[*To Carolina.*

Caro. Who says they are not a couple of
800 constant men?

Bev. What, I warrant, you think we did not know you?

Luc. O yes, as *Falstaff* did the true Prince by instinct. You are brisk men, I see you
805 run at all.

Rains. The wilder we are, the more honour you'll have in reclaiming us.

Bev. 'Tis in your power to make us a couple of as constant dull Fellows as ye could wish.

810 *Caro.* Ye have constancy enough of all conscience, for the use we shall have of it.

Luc. And for dulness, for our own sakes we do not wish it you, since I find ye are resolv'd to be acquainted with us, whether we will or no.

815 *Caro.* Is it not pity that witty men should be so scandalous, that if we converse with them, we must do it with the same privacy that Statesmen debauch.

Bev. If wit be a scandalous thing, you are
820 the most scandalous Women I have met with; but methinks Fools should rather be scandalous, since they can have but one way of passing their time with you.

804. *men, I see.* D, men, I see;
823. *you.* [from E; omitted Q1.]

Luc. You rally well, but your wit is never without extravagancy; you drink *Burgundy* 825 perpetually, and Scower as you call it.

Bev. We hate debauching, but love complaisance, Madam. And can no more deny a Friend that calls for another Bottle, than you can deny to turn up a Card at *Ombre*. 830

Rains. We use Wine, Madam, to elevate our thoughts; but Love has don't for me a pleasanter way.

Bev. And, Madam, your Beauty has already reclaim'd me. 835

Luc. If y'are as soon drunk as y'are in love, y'are the weakest Drinkers in Christendom.

Rains. You see, Madam, the strength and spirit of your Beauty.

Luc. For love, I bar you; can't we converse without remembring we are of different Sexes? 840

Caro. If you will accept of such conditions, we may sometimes admit you into our Privy-Council. 845

Rains. Would you have us spend our time like some visiting Fools, that never aspire at more, than playing at *Langtriloo* with Women, all days of their lives?

850 *Bev.* Our communication would then be as dull and insipid, as the mirth of Statesmen.

Enter Cuff and Kick.

Luc. Yonders Company coming; such scandal has want of discretion brought upon your wit, that we dare not stay with you.

855 *Rains.* Let's have the honour to know your Names and Lodgings before you go?

Caro. Our Names are *Carolina* and *Lucia*; our Lodgings next House to Mr. *Woodly's* nearer the Wells.

860 *Bev.* The Rogues are come at last.

[*Car. and Luc. retire.*

Cuff. Let's make to the Bowling-Green, we shall be too late to begin to engage and bubble the Citizens.

Kick. Who are these make toward us?

865 *Luc.* What do *Rains* and *Bevil* make up to yon two for?

Caro. We have done finely, if our feigned Challenge should occasion a real Duel — Let's stay and observe.

870 *Rains.* Come, Gentlemen, you are very late.

Cuff. I hope we shall be time enough there.

Bev. Y'have done scurvily to make us wait so long, we are not us'd to it.

Kick. What the Devil do they mean, *Cuff*?

Bev. Come, prepare.

875

Cuff. Prepare, to what?

Rains. 'Sdeath, ye Rascals, do you trifle with us? Come Draw.

Kick. Draw, Sir, why should we draw, Sir?

Cuff. What! this is for the Ladies in the morning, ne're be jealous of us, Gad take me, we resign to ye.

Rains. Why what impudent Rascals are ye, did not you send this Challenge?

Kick. We send a Challenge, Sir!

885

Rains. Y'are a couple of harden'd Cowards.

Kick. Cowards, Gad take me, ye were never so much in the wrong in your life.

Cuff. But I believe if you did not think us Cowards, you'd scarce call us so.

890

Bev. Ye shall be very much kick'd.

Kick. We scorn to be kick'd, Sir.

Cuff. I see some body behind the Trees, *Kick*; draw and be valiant. Kick'd, d'ye say? I'd fain see that.

895

[*They draw, and fight retiring.*]

Enter Lucia and Carolina.

Luc. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.

Caro. Hear us, what do you do?

Luc. Hold for Heavens sake.

Rains. Oh you nimble-footed Rogues! we
900 cannot run so fast forward as you do back-
ward.

Caro. What's the matter, Gentlemen?

Bev. These Fellows sent us a Challenge,
and then disown'd it.

905 *Kick.* As Gad mend me, not we: But if
we be not reveng'd on 'em *Cuff* —

Cuff. What a Pox ail they? we ne're
trouble such as they are, if they'll be quiet;
we know our men.

910 *Luc.* No, to our knowledge they did not
send the Challenge.

Caro. The Challenge was sent by better
Friends of yours, but such as would be as loth
to engage with you at this Weapon, as they
915 are, and would not have discovered this but
to prevent bloodshed.

Rains. Oh, is it so, Ladies?

Bev. 'Sdeath, what dull Rogues were we.
Gentlemen, ye may go.

920 *Kick.* Well, Sir, fare you well.

Cuff. Who cares, you may pay for this
though —

[*Ex. Cuff and Kick.*

Rains. Had you a mind to try our courage?

Gad, we would have met ye in any ground in Christendom, without being dar'd to't. 925

Luc. We did send the Challenge, and are here to answer ye; make your best on't.

Bev. Faith, Ladies, if you shrink from us now, we shall think ye have as little Honour as yon Bullies have. 930

Caro. We did not doubt your Honour, and pray don't you doubt ours.

Luc. We know you have too much wit to be vain upon this, and too much generosity to impute it to our weakness. We told ye you 935 should hear from us, and we kept our words, not thinking of this accident.

Caro. We had no way to quit the obligations you did us in the morning, but this.

Rains. But, Ladies, I hope you'll give us 940 leave now, to meet without these preparations, though we should be glad to meet you upon any terms.

Bev. Shall we have free admittance?

Caro. So long as you use your freedom 945 wisely.

Luc. But let us now part in the next Field, and when you see us, still take this rule with you: *Think not what's pleasant, but what's just and fit, And let discretion bridle in your wit.* 950

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Woodly and Peg.

Mrs. *Wood*. Are you sure *Bevil* met with *Carolina*?

Pegg. I am sure 'twas one in her dress, and Mr. *Rains* walk'd with Mrs. *Lucia*; but
5 I do not know but they might meet by accident.

Mrs. *Wood*. I'll soon try that. Find some means to convey this Note to *Bevil*, as from *Carolina*.

10 *Pegg*. I will, Madam, and give you an account of it. [*Exit Pegg*.

Mrs. *Wood*. If he be false, I shall soon turn my love into revenge.

Enter Mrs. Jilt.

Jilt. Madam, I beg your Ladiships pardon,
15 I have staid too long within; my Maid brought me a Love Letter from a sweet fine person indeed, and I vow I could not but answer it.

Mrs. *Wood*. No doubt you had reason. Am I sacrific'd to *Carolina*? [*Aside*.

20 *Jilt*. He's in the saddest condition for me, just for all the world like a man in a Consump-

tion; I'll swear 'twould grieve your heart to see him: I'll swear it would, Madam —

Mrs. *Wood*. And why were you so cruel?

Jilt. I vow I am the strangest person for ²⁵ that in the whole world; I could not marry a Prince if I did not like his person strangely, and I have a world of choice, upon my word that's all, I'll swear it is.

Mrs. *Wood*. Since you have such choice, ³⁰ why are you unmarried two days?

Jilt. I have such an odd fancy, Madam, I am so nice and hard to please, and I vow I don't care for Marriage, but that I would be a little setl'd in the World, that's all; there's ³⁵ Mr. *Bevil*, Oh he loves me dearly!

Mrs. *Wood*. Love her! how she stabs me.

[*Aside*.

Jilt. And I'll swear he's a fine person, I have the prettiest, sweetest, delicate Letters from him every day. 40

Mrs. *Wood*. What says she? [*Aside*.

Jilt. Your Ladiship will be secret, I know: he has a strange passion for me; upon my word he sighs and sits with his Arms a-cross, and makes *Doux yeux* upon me; I'll swear ⁴⁵ 'twould do your Ladiship good to see him. Now I think on't I'll show your Ladiship the

kindest Letters from him. I have so many Love-letters, I vow I can scarce find it. I
50 have twice as many come to me in a week.

[*She pulls out a great bundle of Letters.*

Mrs. *Wood.* Vain silly Creature!

Jilt. Oh here's one of his hand!

Mrs. *Wood.* Heaven, it is his hand.

Mrs. *Wood.* Reads] Mrs. *Jilt,* I wonder at
55 *the occasion of your mistrust, unless you have been tampering with some body else; I am very well, and drink much Hockamore, and perhaps have given you more occasion for a Midwife than a Surgeon.*

60 July 22. 72.

Bevil.

O perfidious [*Wretch*]! this is since my Intrigue with him. This will distract me; I could tear him in pieces.

Jilt. Your Ladiship is disturb'd at some-
65 thing.

Mrs. *Wood.* No, no; but this is a very familiar Love-letter, as you call it.

Jilt. Oh mischief! that I should put this among the rest of my Letters; but I'll face her
70 down in it, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Wood*. What's the cause of your laughter?

Jilt. Ha, ha, ha, to see what a ridiculous mistake this was. It seems there's a Wench in [*Covent*]-garden of my Name, and Mr. *Bevils* 75 Man brought this Note to me instead of her; I'll swear he did, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Wood*. Oh Impudence!

Jilt. We had such a quarrel about it; I did not speak to him for three days after, I 80 vow I did not. [Enter *Peg*.

Mrs. *Wood*. How now, *Peg*, what News of *Bevil*?

Peg. I got a Maid of my acquaintance to deliver the Note to him, which he received 85 with the greatest Joy imaginable, and said he would wait on her instantly.

Mrs. *Wood*. Oh perfidious Wretch! I'll to him immediately. Excuse me, Mrs. *Jilt*, I am in great haste. [Ex. Mrs. *Woodly*. 90

Jilt. Your Servant, sweet Madam. She's strangely nettled about something. Well, now we are alone, Sister, I'll owe thee; I hope your Lady knows not that we are of Kin.

Peg. No nor any body else here. 95

Jilt. Prithee keep it secret still, that I may

be taken for a greater person than I am; it will further my designs.

Peg. But I wonder you will not bend all
100 your designs upon Mr. *Clodpate*.

Jilt. I have baits ready for him, I can humour him to a hair; but I'll lay by no design that can get me any manner of Husband, that's once. But 'tis strange *Clodpate* and I
105 should not meet, I lying in this house too where he comes often.

Peg. Next time he comes to visit my Master, I'll give you notice.

Enter Clodpate.

Jilt. Oh me! he's here to our wish, and we
110 alone; remember your Cue.

Clodp. Mr. *Woodly* is not here I see.

Jilt. Oh that villainous lewd Town of *London!* how happy am I that am out on't, nothing shall ever perswade me thither again.

115 *Peg.* Why? Sir *William* your Father sent you thither for Breeding.

Jilt. Breeding, yes; could I not play, *I am the Duke of Norfolk, Green Sleeves,* and the *fourth Psalm* upon the *Virginals*; and did I

not learn, and could play six Lessons upon the ¹²⁰
Viol de Gambo before I went to that nasty,
stinking, wicked Town; out on't?

Clodp. Ud's bud, this is an ingenious
Woman.

Peg. Besides, Madam, though you be a ¹²⁵
Person of Quality, and have a good portion, yet
London is the properest place to get a Husband
in.

Jilt. Oh foh — I'le swear I had rather
marry a Farmer of forty pound a year in the ¹³⁰
Country, than a vain, idle, fluttering, foolish
London-Fellow of two thousand pound a year.
Oh the pleasure of a pretty innocent Country-
life!

Clodp. Ud'sooks she's i'th' right; as God ¹³⁵
judge me, she's a judicious person.

Peg. Oh hang a dull silly Country-life.

Clodp. A Pox on that Carrion, how I could
beat her.

Jilt. Out on thee for a foolish Wench; ¹⁴⁰
were I thy Lady, I'de turn thee away for that
word.

Peg. Pray pardon me, Madam, I am sorry
I offended your Ladship.

Jilt. Can'st thou talk so after the Song the ¹⁴⁵
Fidler sung this morning in praise of the

Country? Oh that he were here, I should never be weary of hearing that Song.

Peg. I see him yonder, I'll call him to you.

[*Ex. Peg.*

150 *Clodp.* Madam, I have over-heard and admired your excellent Discourse upon the Country.

Jilt. Who are you, some bold, jeering, fleeing *Londoner*? avoid my presence.

155 *Clodp.* Ud's bud, you wrong me, I am a Country Justice, God'sooks.

Jilt. Pray be gone, and leave me, you are some rude *London* Fellow; foh! you smell rank on't.

160 *Clodp.* As Gad shall save me she's a fine person: if I were not ingag'd to *Carolina* I should like her strangely.

Enter Peg and Fidler.

Peg. Here's the honest Fellow that sings the Song, Madam.

165 *Jilt.* I have nothing to say to him, I am troubled with an impertinent Fellow here, and he shall not sing.

Clodp. By your leave, Madam, 'tis in praise of the Country, and he shall sing. Sing, dear
170 Rogue.

Fidler sings.

*Oh how I abhor
The tumult and smoak of the Town,
The Clamours of War.
The glittering Court, the fraudulent Gown,
The Suburb debauches, 175
The Cheats of the City,
The ratling of Coaches,
And the noise of the men they call witty.*

Clodp. Admirable.

*But give me the man from all vanity free, 180
with good store of Land,
And a Country Command,
who honest dares be.
Who Justice dares do, and the Nation will serve,
And ne're from his true Country principle swerve. 185
This, this is the man for me.*

Jilt. Very fine.

*While the fluttering vain Gallant in London
consumes
His Estate in rich Cloaths and Perfumes,
And with drinking and swilling corrupts all
his health; 190*

185. *principle* [from E; orig. principall].

*Or on Punk and on Bawd spends his youth and
his wealth,
While such shall his wit and his bounty
applaud.*

Clodp. Admirable.

*Give me the good man that lives on his own
grounds,*

195 *And within his own bounds
Has room for his Hawks and his Hounds,
Can feast his own Tenants with Fowls and with
Fishes,
And from his own plenty with good store of
Dishes,
And not with damn'd Wine, but with good
English Ale*

200 *O're their faithful hearts can prevail,
And nothing to others does owe.*

*But from his own house hears his own Oxen low,
And his own Sheep bleat,*

While the grateful sounds sweet Ecchoes repeat.

205 *This, this is the man that is truly call'd great.*

*Jilt. Excellent, there's a Crown; pray
come and sing this to me twice a day as long
as I stay in Epsom.*

Fid. I will, Madam.

Clodp. 'Tis incomparable, let me embrace ²¹⁰
thee, there's ten shillings for thee; and if thou
wilt live with me in *Sussex*, thou shalt never
see *London* again.

Fid. Pardon me, Sir, I was born and bred
in *London*, and would not live out on't for five ²¹⁵
hundred pound a year.

Jilt. Out on you, you scurvy Fellow.

Clodp. aside. A Pox on him for a Rascal.
Thou art a very honest Fellow, give me my ten
shillings agen, and I'le make it a *Guinny*. ²²⁰

Fid. There 'tis and please you.

Clodp. Ay, and here 'tis, and shall be. Do
you think I'le let a *London* Rogue carry away
ten shillings of my money?

Fid. Why, you will not take it away thus? ²²⁵

Clodp. Yes, I will, and you may thank
Heaven that it is unseemly in a Magistrate to
break heads. Be gone you insolent Rascal,
lest you should tempt me to condescend to
break yours. ²³⁰

Fid. What the Devil, are they both mad?
farewel. [*Ex.*

Clodp. An insolent *London* Rogue, to sing
against his Conscience; but pray, Madam, let
me salute you, you're a fine person. ²³⁵

Jilt. No, Sir, fare you well; Sir, you're a Stranger, fare you well, I am none of those.

[*Exit Jilt.*

Clodp. Who's this Mrs. *Margaret*?

Peg. She's a Person of Quality comes to
240 *Epsom* for her pleasure, I must wait on her.

[*Exit Peg.*

Clodp. She's a fine Lady, but I must to
Carolina. [*Exit Clodp.*

Enter Bevil in a Field.

Bev. *Carolina* write to me to meet her alone? She's very frank; let me see, she says
245 *Meet me alone, that we may freely confer about an affair which nearly concerns us both.* 'Sdeath I have dropt my Letter, unlucky accident, I must go back for't. I cannot now, she's here.

[*Enter Mrs. Woodly disguis'd.*

250 'Tis a solitary place, and I hope no body will find it.

Mrs. Wood. Ah false wretch! how punctual he is. [*Aside.*

Bev. Ah my dear *Carolina.*

255 *Mrs. Wood.* Ah my cursed *Bevil.* [*Aside.*

Bev. I have not words enough to acknowledge and thank you for this favour.

Mrs. *Wood*. Nor I words enough to upbraid you for this injury. [*Aside*. 265

Bev. How now, what is she dumb? Madam, 260
you see how conscientious I am in my duty of assignation; you shall always find me a man of Honour.

Mrs. *Wood*. Yes, I thank you, you are a man of Honour [*Unmasks*. 265

Bev. 'Sdeath Mrs. *Woodly*! how unlucky is this, she'l stay too, and prevent my meeting with *Carolina*; I am undone, I must conceal the Intrigue. Nothing but impudence can bring me off. [*Aside*. 270

Mrs. *Wood*. Unworthy man.

Bev. You do well, pray who was this assignation made to? I can watch your private haunts, you see, Madam.

Mrs. *Wood*. Are you past all sense of 275
modesty?

Bev. We shall soon see your Lover here, I suppose.

Mrs. *Wood*. Have I caught you, and do you accuse me? I have been as virtuous and as 280
constant to my Intrigue as any Woman breathing: have I not had as many Addresses made to me by the fine persons of the Town and Court as any Lady has?

285 *Bev.* And have refus'd as few, I'll say that
for you. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wood. Have I not deny'd all to be
constant to you?

Bev. Gad, I hate constancy in a Woman,
290 after a little while; especially in an impertinent
one, as much as constancy in a Quartane
Ague.

Mrs. Wood. And all this to be betrayed to
Carolina! perfidious man!

295 *Bev.* Ha, ha, ha — I knew I should catch
you; there was no way I knew to make you
shew your face, but my pretending to another:
Carolina I think I call'd her.

Mrs. Wood. Oh abominable treachery! I
300 forged that Letter from *Carolina*, which you
even now receiv'd with the greatest joy imagin-
able: Ungrateful man!

Bev. Well, give me your little Punck, for
Marriage is not so troublesom as the imperi-
305 ousness of your Whore of Honour. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wood. Have I deserv'd this from you?

Bev. Well, I confess you have catcht me.
I was indeed amaz'd at the Letter, having only
heard of *Carolina*, and had a curiosity to see
310 the meaning on't.

Mrs. Wood. Yes 'twas curiosity made you

walk with her in the Forenoon, in a Field beyond the New Inn.

Bev. 'Sdeath, how came she to know it?

[*Aside.*

Was that *Carolina*?

[*To her.* 315

Mrs. Wood. As if you did not know it, inhumane Creature. Nor is this all; I saw a Letter just now to one *Mrs. Jilt*, wherein you tell her you have given her more occasion for a Midwife than a Surgeon. 320

Bev. 'Sdeath, how came she to see that? She deals with the Devil?

Mrs. Wood. You shall find, ungrateful man, that love does as naturally degenerate into revenge, as Wine into Vinegar: do you abuse 325 me, a virtuous Lady, a Lady of Honour, for such a Creature, without any consideration of my Quality?

Bev. Pox on her Quality. This is all a mistake, Madam. 330

Mrs. Wood. I know your Hand too well for that: you might use your little tawdry mercenary Creatures so, that flutter about the Town in their short-liv'd bravery: but a Woman of my Quality — 335

Bev. Well, however 'tis in other things, I would have no liberty of Conscience in whoring;

I would have none but those women hold forth that are in lawful Orders, 'tis the more settled
 340 way, and has more the face of Discipline.

Mrs. *Wood*. If I be not reveng'd for this —

Enter Woodly with a Note in his hand.

Wood. How the Devil came *Bevil* to lose this Note in the Fields? *Carolina* appoint to meet him privately? I thought he ne're had
 345 seen her — Death, how she Jilts me.

[*Reads*. *That we may freely confer about an Affair which neerly concerns us both.*

Carolina.

Hell and Devil! he's with her there; I'll steal
 350 behind 'em and surprize 'em. So, *Bevil*, is this your private business?

Mrs. *Wood*. My Husband! I dye, I dye.

Bev. You have done well, you have frightened a Lady into a swound; Heaven knows what
 355 will become of her.

Wood. I knew she would be surpriz'd.

Bev. Unlucky man.

Wood. Death, *Ned*, you'll stifle her; pull off her Mask and give her more air.

360 *Bev*. Pray forbear, Sir, you are not to see her; she recovers.

Mrs. *Wood*. Give her more air, quoth a' ?
How he frightened me !

Wood. Good Sir Pol, make a secret on't no longer ; she may as well unmask, she and I are 365
no strangers to one another.

Mrs. *Wood*. What says he ? [*Aside*.

Bev. You may have seen her, but you are
not acquainted with her.

Wood. *Ad autre* prithee leave fooling. 370

Bev. Upon my Honour you are not —
A Gentleman ought in Honour to lye for his
Mistress. [*Aside*.

Wood. I could sooner believe a Country
Gentleman that swears and lyes for the honour 375
of his Horse, when he is selling him.

Mrs. *Wood*. He knows me ; I am lost,
undone for ever.

Bev. Whatever happens, do not discover
your self. 380

Wood. I am oblig'd to you, you can be kind
to others.

Mrs. *Wood*. Can any thing be more plain ?

Bev. Prethee, *Woodly*, trouble us no farther ;
I assure you you neither do nor shall know this 385
Lady.

Wood. Is it so ? Fare you well. I will let
'em alone at present. [*Ex. Woodly*.

Bev. He'll go home, and discover that 'tis
390 you.

Mrs. Wood. As good luck would have it, I have the Key of the back Gate, and can be there before him : I hope I shall bear him down that it was not I. [*Ex. Mrs. Woodly.*

395 *Bev.* I doubt not. Oh Woman, Woman! impudence and invention never fail thee at a pinch. [*Exit.*

[*A noise within of rub, rub, narrow, short, gone a thousand yards, and such like words of Bowlers.*

Enter Bisket, Fribble, Cuff, and Kick.

Cuff. Come, Mr. *Bisket*, let's hold 'em t'other Game.

400 *Bisk.* As I am an honest man I have lost all my money.

Frib. And so have I, and yet you bowl'd like an Emperour, Neighbour *Bisket*, the two last Games, but Mr. *Cuff's* hand was quite out.

405 *Bisk.* A Deuce take it, we ne're won one Game since Mr. *Kick* laid against us; and in my Conscience and Soul he is a Witch, for Mr. *Cuff* ne're plaid well after.

Cuff. I'll make you amends if you'll play
410 again.

Frib. But we have no money.

Kick. I have 40 or 50 *l.* to spare, you shall have it betwixt you.

[*Mrs. Bisket and Mrs. Fribble look out at the Window.*

Bisk. No, we'll drink a Bottle first and rest, my thighs ake with bowling. Cods me, ⁴¹⁵ yonder are our Wives looking out at the Window to see us bowl; poor Rogues, i'fack we'll have a Bottle with them. I warrant you they have been dancing in a Barn yonder, with some Neighbours; I hear their Fiddles. 420

Dor. Mr. *Rains* is not yonder; I'll swear, he's rare company.

Mrs. Bisk. A Murrain take you; and you had not troubled us with your impertinence, he had been better company to me to day than ⁴²⁵ he was. [*Aside.*

Dor. Yonder are our Husbands, I am resolv'd as you have advis'd me to pluck up a spirit. But let's down to 'em now, for fear we lose 'em. [*They go down.* 430

Bisk. Now here's my Wife, I'll be bold to say, I'll shew you the handsomest Woman in *Epsom.*

Frib. It must be my Wife then, I'll tell you that. 435

Bisk. Your Wife handsomer than mine!
that's pleasant, ha, ha.

Cuff. This may prove as good as bowling
with them.

440 *Kick.* I never saw two so cut out for honest
tame suffering Cuckolds.

Cuff. There are many as fit here, if their
Wives be as handsom as they say theirs
are.

445 *Frib.* Come, I'll hold you 20s. to be spent,
and these Gentlemen shall be Judges here.

Bisk. With all my heart. But I am sure
mine is the prettiest, neatest, titest Woman in
the Ward.

450 *Frib.* I have seen our Minister stare at my
Wife in her Pew, 'till he has been out in his
Sermon, she's so pretty. And you shall see,
Gentlemen, what discipline I keep her in; 'tis
the obedientest poor Creature!

455 *Bisk.* Nay, mine has some humours, but
they become her so prettily, and 'tis the sweet-
est little Rogue! I vow she has had more
temptations than any Woman in *Cheapside*,
ne're stir.

460 *Frib.* More temptations than my Wife, I
scorn your words. There are a company of
the bravest Gallants come to my Shop to see

her, and she'll not speak to any of them —
i'faith not she.

Bisk. I have known Knights, nay Lords in ⁴⁶⁵
love with my Wife, and she does make such
Fools of 'em all. Poor Rogue, ha, ha, ha, my
dear Lamb, art thou come?

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Dorothy.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you Sot; but is't not time
for you to come home? Mr. *Rains* has been ⁴⁷⁰
gone this three hours.

Bisk. I told you she had some humours.
Pretty Duck, i'fack now I have catch'd you,
I'll give you a Bottle of Wine and a Quart of
Mum. 475

Frib. These are my Friends, Gentlemen,
an please you.

[*He presents them to his Wife, and they salute her.*]

Bisk. This is my Duck, Gentlemen.

[*They salute Mrs. Bisket.*]

Has not my Lamb a rare way of kissing? I
warrant you for the Wager, Neighbour. 480

Frib. I fear you not.

Cuff. What admirable Cuckolds and Bub-
bles have we met with.

Frib. Now, Gentlemen, observe; here's a
stately forehead. 485

Bisk. But here's a delicious Eye-brow, and sweet rowling wanton Eye: She's my *Cacara camouchi*, my pretty Pigs nye, as *Mamamouchi* notably has it.

490 *Kick.* Excellent fine.

Mrs. Bisk. Alas, alas! I, but what do you mean by this? you are always fooling thus before Company.

Bisk. Peace, I have laid a Wager on thy
495 head, against Mrs. *Fribble*.

Frib. Here are pretty plump red lips.

Bisk. But see my Ducks teeth, and smell her sweet breath. Breath on 'em Duck.

Frib. Here's pure red and white; here's a
500 shape.

[*He turns her round.*]

Cuff. Most admirable.

Frib. 'Tis your goodness, Sir.

Kick. These Fools praise their Wives, as Horse-Coursers do their Horses, to put 'em off.

505 *Bisk.* Prethee Dear do but shew them a little of your Foot and Leg, good duck, now if thou lovest me, do prethee now.

Mrs. Bisk. Well, well, so I can: there 'tis.

Bisk. A little higher, but up to your Garter,
510 good Lamb.

Mrs. *Bisk*. You are such a simple Fellow.

Cuff. Oh, 'tis charming!

Mrs. *Bisk*. You are so obliging really.

Frib. Here's a fine round small white hand.

Kick. Extreme fine.

515

Mrs. *Frib*. You are pleas'd to Complement.

Frib. Now you shall see how obedient my Wife is, she durst as well eat her Nails as refuse what I command. *Doll*, pray kiss these two Gentlemen immediately. Now you shall see. 520

Dor. Pray, Dear, what do you mean?

Frib. How now, Huswife, dare you dispute my Commands, Hah?

Dor. Be not angry, I must obey.

Kick. Your Servant, dear Madam.

525

[*They kiss her.*]

Cuff. Your humble Servant.

Frib. Look you, did I not tell you what Discipline she was under?

Bisk. Good sweet dear Lamb, do thee as much; if thou lov'st me, do. 530

Mrs. *Bisk*. Not for your bidding: but they shall find I am not behind Mrs. *Fribble* in good breeding.

Bisk. Gentlemen, my Dear shall salute you too. 535

Frib. Ay it won't do.

Kick. Your Servant, dear Lady.

Cuff. Sweet, Madam, your humble Servant.

Frib. Come now, let's in, and be very
540 merry, and decide the Wager.

Kick. Allons, this is the most extraordinary
adventure, but you know we have a weighty
Affair in hand; our Bullies will be all ready
immediately.

545 *Cuff.* We'll swinge the Rascals, *Rains* and
Bevil: but we must make haste, this is the
time they use to come to the Bowling-Green;
we'll meet them.

Kick. There is another weighty affair.
550 *Clodpate* is to dust his Stand of Ale, and he
must be bubbled; we have not long to stay
with 'em.

Cuff. We must borrow our selves of 'em for
a while.

555 *Frib.* Gentlemen, will you please to walk
in?

Cuff. Come on. [Ex. omnes.]

Enter Rains and Lucia.

Luc. A man of wit and make love! leave
off this foolish old fashion'd subject: I'd have
560 all discourse between us tend to something.

Rains. 'Tis as unseasonable for a young Lady not to entertain love, as for a Judge or a Bishop to make love.

Luc. Love is so foolish and scandalous a thing, none now make use of any thing but 565 ready money.

Rains. Methinks ready Love is a pretty thing.

Luc. But there are few in this Age have it about 'em. 570

Rains. I have as good a Stock, and am as full of love, Madam —

Luc. That you squander it away upon every one you see, as a young Prodigal newly of age, treats and pays reckonings for every 575 body.

Rains. How prodigal soever I have been, I am resolv'd to take up in my expences, and reserve all my love for you.

Luc. For me? I am as hard to be fixt as 580 you: I love liberty as well as any of ye.

Rains. Say you so? Faith, let's make use on't.

Luc. Not the lewd liberty you mean: Come, to divert us better, go a little further 585 and try the Eccho; here is an extraordinary

one that will answer you to as much purpose as I can.

Rains. 'Tis a fine Eccho, but, Madam —
[*Ex. Rains and Lucia.*]

Enter Woodly and Carolina.

590 *Caro.* Nothing but love, love: always one
Note like a Cuckow.

Wood. Fine *Jilt*, I can no more restrain my self, than a Fanatick full of new lights and revelations can himself.

595 *Caro.* Can I suffer this any longer without prejudice to my virtue and honour? let me hear no more, you will not suffer me to use you like a Gentleman.

Wood. I am too loyal to rebel against you,
600 but I may attack your evil Counsellors, your virtue and honour.

Caro. You'll find them impregnable.

Wood. Virtue and Chastity unsociable foolish qualities! I hope to live till every such
605 Woman shall be thought vicious, or at least as much scandalous as a Lawyer with a tatter'd Gown out of practice: We are in a fair way to it.

606, 607. *Lawyer . . . practice.* D, Lawyer out of Practice with a tattered Gown.

Caro. If you resolve to persist in this subject, I will ask the advice of your Lady before
I treat further. 610

Wood. Say you so, Madam? there is a pleasant Field behind my Lodgings, 'tis delicate walking there at this time o'day, especially if you have one you like there. 615

Caro. What say you, Sir?

Wood. No, no, Madam, you were not there, you know not what I mean.

Caro. What Riddle's this of yours?

Wood. But the Lady was not so ill to pull
off her Mask, and discover her face, tho' for
more Air. 620

Caro. You are mad; that, I confess, is one sign of a Lover.

Wood. Oh Woman-kind, the Original of all
lying, I confess he said upon his Honour, I did
not know her, but I could read her Note, it
would not do. 625

Caro. This is so extravagantly ridiculous, it deserves no serious Answer. 630

Enter Bevil.

Wood. Here's *Bevil*, I'll not show her Note till I have an opportunity to push this business

home. — I knew you were not far off, *Ned*,
come.

635 *Caro*. Does he know of our interviews?

[*Aside*.

Bev. What mean'st thou, *Franck*?

Wood. You are not acquainted with this
Lady, no.

Bev. I wish nothing more than the acquaint-
640 ance of so fine a Lady.

[*Rains and Lucia appear*.

Wood. What impudence is this that makes
thee fool with me any longer thus? Yonder's
Rains, he is not acquainted with my Cousin
Lucia neither. No, no, come, *Rains*, you may
645 show your self, your Intrigue is discovered.

Rains. What Intrigue, *Franck*?

Wood. Cousin *Lucia*, your Servant; I see,
Sir, you can serve your self without the help
of your friends.

650 *Rains*. Is this his Cousin *Lucia*?

Luc. Oh! is that the Intrigue? These
two Gentlemen rescu'd us this morning from
the insolence of two Hectors.

Caro. Yes, and with their Swords protected
655 us from their violence, and reveng'd the affront.

Luc. We are not so ungrateful to disowne
those that had oblig'd us so much.

Caro. This morning was the first time they ever saw us.

Wood. You are grown very familiar already, 660
Madam.

Caro. If I be, you are not concern'd, I assure you.

Wood. I fear too much. But how do you like *Lucia, Jack?* have you a design of lying 665
with her one way or other?

Rains. Mum, *Woodly*, or I will discover all your Rogueries to your Lady Bright at home; be satisfied I like her too well to dishonour her. But to divert this. 670

[He whistles and the Fiddles flourish.]

Wood. What a Devil's this?

Bev. We are fallen into an Ambuscade of Fiddlers.

Luc. Do you conjure?

Caro. You charm the Air to give us 675
Sounds.

Rains. The truth is, Madam, 'tis a Trap I have laid for you, and you have no way but to dance your self out on't.

Caro. No, then I am resolv'd to free my 680
self as soon as I can. Play a Jigue.

[She dances.]

Enter Clodpate with a Dog.

Clodp. What, you are merry with your Fiddles. I have been hunting up and down for Madam *Carolina*; I came to present you
685 with some Country Partridges; here's dear *Tray*, a *Sussex-Dog*, set 'em for you. Oh he ranges with such mettle, and points so true. Poor *Tray*, Gad I love and honour him.

Bev. That *Tray* is the better qualifi'd Beast
690 of the two.

Clodp. Pray, Madam, kiss him a little.

Caro. Kiss a Dog?

Clodp. A Dog, Ud'sooks he has as sweet a breath as any man, I won't say Lady, has.
695 Your scurvy *London-Ladies* feed their Dogs at their Tables, and have Joynts of Mutton roasted on purpose for 'em, and make them their Bed-fellows for want of better. But since you don't love a Dog, Madam, I'll be bold to say,
700 yonder's the beautifull'st Dapple Mare of mine that my Man leads there. There's a Buttock, Madam, how clean she treads upon her Pasterns. There's a Body round as a Barrel; there's a Head and Neck finely rais'd, a delicate
705 broad Chest. Gods'ooks she's the finest fore-

handed Mare in Christendom, there's Beauty, and you talk of Beauty.

Rains. He describes his Mare so passionately, I shall begin to suspect her vertue.

Clodp. But I must desire some words with you in private. 710

Caro. I am going to visit now; but shortly I will hear you.

Clodp. I had waited on you sooner, but that I have been giving out Warrants, and binding some *London* Rogues to the Peace, and the like. 715 Thus I represent the Kings Person, I.

Caro. You are the worst Picture of him that ever I saw.

Clodp. I am content, Madam, to imploy my self in business, and to serve my Country, while your *London* Sparks, lascivious libidinous Swines, follow their beastly lusts and sensual pleasures. Poor Fools, I pity 'em. 720

Wood. Why, we have Justices of the Peace that serve the Nation at *London*. 725

Clodp. What, honest ones? thank you for that; they are the greatest Malefactors there; they make a pretty Trade on't in the Suburbs with Bribes received from Pads, Pick-pockets, and Shop-lifts, with the Taxes they raise from 730

labouring Whores, and Contributions from Tributary Bawds; but Gentlemen, will you dust a stand with me?

Enter Kick and Cuff with six more.

735 *Rains.* We are all engag'd.

Kick. Here they are, they shall find that none shall affront any of our Gang unpunisht.

Cuff. As long as we Bullies hold together, we defie the World, we'll chastise their insolence: fall on.

[They fight, and Lucia and Carolina shriek and run away.]*

Kick. Come, have at you.

Rains. How now. }

Bev. Rogues. }

Wood. You Dogs. }

745 *Clodp.* Hold, I command you in the Kings Name keep the Peace. I am a Justice of *Quorum*, and represent the Kings Person. I say keep the Peace, or I'll bind you all over to the Sessions.

[The Bullies are beaten off.]

750 *Wood.* Let's pursue the Rogues, and now we have won the field take them Prisoners.

* [S.D.] *shreek.* D, *shriek.*

748. *all.* [omitted in D.]

Rains. Dam 'em, they are not worth our persuit; I know two of 'em, and shall find out the rest.

Clodp. Go, I say, and bring 'em before me, ⁷⁵⁵ and I will bind 'em to the Peace, and make 'em be of good abearing till the next Sessions, or they shall forfeit their Recullisence.

Bev. We are oblig'd to you for your help, you fought bravely. 760

Clodp. 'Tis very indecent for a Magistrate to fight, I will give you Law.

Wood. 'Pox of his Cowardize; but what mean these Rogues?

Rains. Let's find the Ladies, I'le tell you ⁷⁶⁵ as we go. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Clodpate, two Country-Fellows, Cuff, and Kick
in Country-Habits.*

Kick. These Disguises have done us Knights-Service.

Cuff. He'll begin to be drunk by and by, preach the Parson upon him, or try Coal under the Candlestick, even or odd with a s

753. *persuit.* Q_o, D, pursuit.

761. *indecent* [from E; orig. indencent].

Witness, or the grande Game at Put, for I find he hates Dice.

Clodp. Come, Gentlemen, put about a Cup of Ale. 'Tis stingo i'faith; is not this better
 10 than your foolish *French* Kickshaw Claret? This is of the growth and product of our own Country, and we encourage the noble Manufacture of Ale. How say you? come fill all.

[*Drinks.*

1 *Count.* His Worship is a notable man in
 15 the Politicks as e're a Justice of *England*, no dispraise —

2 *Count.* He has a brave Head-piece of his own.

Clodp. Fill again once, Oh Gentlemen,
 20 things do not go well. There's the *Streights* Trade I was speaking of, why it signifies not a Farthing to us; for, look you, if the Manufacture or Commodity exported, be not equal to the Commodity imported, we must ruine our
 25 Trade, that's clear demonstration. Now we send them money in specie for foolish superfluities, for Currans to make Mince-pyes with; it grieves my heart to think on't: but come, dust it away.

30 *Kick.* Your Worship speaks like an Oracle.

19. *once.* D, once more.

27. *Currans.* D, currants.

Clodp. Then there's your Canary Trade takes away not one of our Manufactures. Well, no more to be said, I am not thought worthy, but here's to you. [*Drinks.*

Cuff. A very politick Coxcomb. [*Aside.* 35

1 *Count.* What News is there in the Gazette, an't please you?

Clodp. Why there 'tis. We keep a puther about the honest *Dutch*, I say nothing, but I hate *French* Fricasies and Ragousts, and *French* 40 Dances too; but no more to be said, fill agen. Gud'sooks here's your true *English* Ale and your true *English* Hearts. [*He drinks.*

2 *Count.* I purtest he's incomparable man.

Clodp. In the mean time poor *Poland's* 45 in danger, and yet *Sobieski's* a pretty man, and *Wisnowiski*, and *Lubomirski*, and *Potoski* too, pretty men, very pretty men; but alas! they are but men, we ne're think of assisting 'em, and poor *Poland* may be lost, and we are in a 50 fine condition; but here's t'other Pot.

[*All drink.*

Kick. Excellent Coxcomb! — But what hurt can the loss of *Poland* do us, Sir?

38. *puther.* D, pother.

44. *he's incomparable.* Q4, D, he's an incomparable.

47. *Wisnowiski.* [*from E; orig. Wisnoweski*].

Clodp. Lord, that you should ask such a
55 question, why 'twill spoil our Trade of Tin;
no people in the World can make Lattin Ware,
or work our Tin well but they; the *Germans*
indeed pretend to it: this would trouble a man
that loves his Country as I do.

60 2 *Count.* What Religion are they of in
Poland, an't please your Worship?

Clodp. Why they are Christians, they are
not within the Pale indeed, but they are very
good out-liers.

65 *Cuff.* Let's ply him hard. Come here's a
Health to all your Deputy Lieutenants.

Clodp. Come on, I hope to be one my self;
I serve the Nation upon a true Country-prin-
ciple, and have as many friends as any man
70 upon a National account.

1 *Count.* Here's News from *Ditto*; an't
please your Worship, what place is that? I
ask't our Minister, and he could not tell me.

Clodp. Fy upon him; why *Ditto* is a Town
75 in *Pomerania*, a very fine Town: but fill agen.

Kick. Here's a Health to the Bishop of
Munster.

Clodp. Excuse me, Sir, he's a Popish
Bishop, and I'le drink ne're a Papists Health

on 'em all; he a Clergy-man, and run up and
 down souldiering and fighting! truly he may
 be asham'd on't; and he were a godly man,
 he'd stay at home and preach; I hate a lazy
 Bishop that won't preach; but here's my Cup.
 Come on, Udsooks, I begin to be fox't. 85

Cuff. That's good News, *Kick.*

Clodp. Well, *Poland's* a brave Nation, and
 they have a Company of the fiercest magnani-
 mous Fellows, your *Isbies, Oskies, Jrskies,*
Ouskies, Erskis, and the *Cossacks* upon the 90
Ukrain, there's a Monarchy as it should be,
 every thing governed by the great Council.
 Uds bud they have the best Diet in Christen-
 dom.

2 *Count.* Nay, with his Worships leave, an' 95
 they have better Diet than *English Beef,* I'll
 be sacrific'd —

1 *Count.* An't please your Worship we'll
 present you with a Country-dance; we have
 Companions without, if you please, Sir. 100

Clodp. With all my heart.

[*Dance of two Clowns and two Country Wenches.*
 Uds bud, my head begins to turn round; but
 let's into the house. 'Tis dark, we'll have one
Bellarmino there, and then *Bonus Nocius,* I

105 must to my Mistress, she's the prettiest
Rogue —

Sings]

*Her Lips are two Brimmers of Claret,
Where first I began to miscarry,
Her Breasts of delight
110 Are two Bottles of white,
And her Eyes are two Cups of Canary.*

[Ex. omnes.

Enter Rains.

Rains. Mrs. *Jilt* appointed to meet me here, she's handsom, and I hope sound. I love *Lucia* even to the renouncing of Wine and good
115 Company; but flesh and blood is not able to hold out her time without some refreshment by the bye.

Enter Mrs. Jilt.

Jilt. O are you here! well, you think me a strange confident person to meet you thus;
120 but if I had not known you to be a fine sweet man, and 'tis dark, and you cannot see my blushes, Sir, I would have suffered all the extremities in the World before I would have done it, I'le swear I wou'd.

Rains. What extremities can you suffer, ¹²⁵
pretty Mrs. *Jilt*.

Jilt. No, 'tis no matter what I suffer, Alas!
Alas!

Rains. What's the matter?

Jilt. I am the most unhappy Lady in the ¹³⁰
whole World, I'll swear, ah, ha; but 'tis no
matter, I may thank my self for't, I vow.

Rains. What, have you lost friends or
money?

Jilt. No, no, I have something nearer my ¹³⁵
heart than all that. 'Tis not money that I
care for, I'll swear, not I.

Rains. I find that some body has catch'd
you, you are in Love.

Jilt. If I were not in Love, I were a happy ¹⁴⁰
Woman; but now I am the most unfortunate
Maid in the whole World, I'll swear, oh, oh.

Rains. Fy on't, young and pretty, and
despair in this Age.

Jilt. Oh, but this is so fine, so excellent a ¹⁴⁵
person, he'll ne'er love me, I am ruin'd, oh, oh.

Rains. Who is this bewitching man?

Jilt. Oh it's no matter, alas! who cares
what becomes of me? a poor inconsiderable
person, tho' none can say I am not a Gentle- ¹⁵⁰
woman, and well bred, but 'tis no matter.

Oh, oh, but the Gentleman is no ill friend of yours, upon my word, now.

Rains. Prithee who is it?

155 *Jilt.* A great acquaintance of Mr. *Bevils*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman.

Rains. 'Sdeath, she won't put this upon me at last, he's acquainted with none of my Country but my self. [*Aside.*

160 *Jilt.* He's the wittiest, finest, handsomest, well-bred Gentleman in the whole World, I'll swear.

Rains. Prithee tell his Name, I can be secret.

165 *Jilt.* The first Letter of his Name is *R.* but why should I say so much? I am a lost Woman, he'll never love me, oh, oh.

Rains. Though not by your fine description, yet by my Country and my Name you
170 wou'd perswade me, that I am the happy man.

Jilt. *She kisses his hand.* Now shall I never see you agen, you'll hate me for my confidence. Oh that my Tongue should betray me thus! Oh that I had bit it out before I
175 had said this! Oh my heart will break, I'll swear.

Rains. Gad, her Tears have mollifi'd me: it shall ne're be said a Woman shall dye under

my hands; but she might have brought it about without all these Circumstances. [*Aside.* 180

Jilt. Oh unfortunate Woman! I know you'll hate me for this, oh, oh.

Rains. No, my Dear, I am none of those, do but step into my Lodging where there's a good Convenience as can be; and if I do not 185 give you as good proof of my affections —

Jilt. Good Sir, you mistake me; do you take me for a Strumpet? No, Sir, I'de have you to know I am no such, I swear.

Rains. I know you are modest; but Lovers 190 should lay by that.

Jilt. I lay by my modesty! Heaven forbid, you are a wicked libidinous person; I wonder you have the confidence to affront one of my Birth and Breeding thus like a base man. 195

Rains. Oh, oh, all this talk of love is a trick, is it? you might have plac'd it better, good Madam *Jilt.*

Jilt. No, Sir, it is no trick, and that you should find, if you would but — 200

Rains. But what?

Jilt. But marry me; that's all, I swear.

[*Cries.*

Rains. All, in the Devils name! Marry, quoth she, Zounds what a word was that?

205 *Jilt.* I knew how I should be us'd by an ungrateful man; oh that I should betray my weakness, oh, oh!

Rains. Fare you well, good Mrs. *Jilt*: 'Sbloud, marry? ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Ex.* *Rains.*

210 *Jilt.* Miserable Woman, how unlucky am I? but I am resolv'd never to give over 'till I get a Husband, if I live and breath. [*Exit* *Jilt.*

Enter Mrs. Woodly, Lucia, and Carolina.

Lucia. This is your Husbands story.

Mrs. Wood. No, 'tis their own, I assure
215 you: why did you intend your acquaintance with *Rains* and *Bevil* should be a secret? that's pleasant, they have only proclaim'd it in the Town, yet no where else.

Caro. They cannot be so base; we saw 'em
220 but by accident.

Mrs. Wood. By accident! you are pleasant, Madam, ha, ha, ha.

Luc. What's the cause of your unseemly mirth, Cousin?

225 *Mrs. Wood.* By accident Mr. *Rains* applys himself wholly to you, and by accident Mr. *Bevil* makes love to you, Madam; by accident ye all met in a Field this Forenoon, by accident, Madam, Mr. *Bevil* expected you to meet him

alone in a Field on the backside of my Lodg-²³⁰
ing.

Caro. Me! you drive a jest too far; do you intend to affront me?

Mrs. Wood. I have no mind to fall under the lash of their malicious tongues; but I²³⁵ walked over that Field in a Masque, *Bevil* meets me, calls me dear *Carolina*, said he had obeyed my summons, and that I was punctual in my assignation, thank't me for the favour of my Note —²⁴⁰

Caro. Heaven! what do I hear? this is your project, you must be acquainted with witty men.

Luc. Unworthy men! have they no sense of honour?²⁴⁵

Enter Mr. Woodly.

Mrs. Wood. Yonder, I believe, comes one of them; I'll leave ye lest I should be suspected to tell this. [Ex. *Mrs. Woodly.*

Wood. I love *Carolina* so, I must undermine *Bevil*, whom I fear she's inclin'd to; I must²⁵⁰ render *Rains* suspected too, lest they should clear one another.

Luc. If this be true, we have been finely mistaken.

235. *malitious.* Qq, D, malicious.

255 *Wood.* Oh Ladies, are you here, you're
punctual, are your new Gallants come yet —
Perhaps I may guess right. [*Aside.*

Caro. What Gallants?

Wood. Nay, perhaps it may be a mistake;
260 but I was told by 5 or 6 Gentlemen upon Clay-
Hill, that you were to meet with *Rains* and
Bevil privately this night here in *Mawses*
Garden; that's all.

Caro. O base perfidious men!

265 *Luc.* We meet 'em?

Wood. Why, did you think it had been a
secret, so is a Proclamation, they themselves
have bragg'd on't.

Caro. Do they already boast of our easiness,
270 vile men! Well I see we must condemn our
selves to the conversation of dull sober Fools.

Luc. Or which is as bad, confine our selves
to the impertinence of our own Sex.

Wood. I proffer'd to day to bring *Rains*
275 acquainted with you, Cousin; but he refus'd
it, and said he would not marry you for his own
sake, nor lie with you for mine; and that a
man had no excuse for himself, that visited a
Woman without design of lying with her one
280 way or other.

Luc. Oh Impudence!

Wood. They are men of wit and good company, but not so fit for young Ladies that love reputation; but I hope my Cousin is not so intimate with *Rains*, as you are with *Bevil*,²⁸⁵ Madam?

Caro. I intimate with him, what mean you?

Wood. You are pleasant, Madam; I mean she does not meet him alone, as you do *Bevil*.²⁹⁰

Caro. Had he the impudence to say this? or have you so little honour to believe the words of a vain idle fellow?

Wood. But I must believe my eyes: did I not see you with him mask'd? and speak to²⁹⁵ you, by the same token you fell into a swoond at the surprize?

Caro. You are mad, Sir, or would make me so.

Wood. To shew you I am not mad, there's³⁰⁰ the Note you wrote to *Bevil*.

Caro. That I wrote? Heaven! *Lucia* do you hear what Monsters of men our ill fate, or your worse Conduct have thrown us upon? Let's in and read this Note.³⁰⁵

Lucia. How am I amazed?

Wood. All this confidence won't clear her with me; I know Woman-kind too well.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rains and Bevil.

Rains. *Lucia* and *Carolina* are slipt into the
310 House, or some Arbour. I see a Hackney
Coach, for they resolv'd not to bring their
own.

Bev. Death, that we lewd young fellows
shou'd be catch'd thus; I ne're had any love
315 yet, that I could not satisfie with Gold, or
wash away with *Burgundy*; but to be content
to leave all the numerous Ladies of the Game
in *London*, for two that on my conscience are
foolishly honest.

320 *Rains.* But by your leave, *Bevil*, *London* is
overstock'd with Wenches, that like too many
Hares in a Hare-Warren, they cross our hunt-
ing, and we can make no work on't; the diffi-
culty of finding is one part of the Game.

325 *Bev.* I love these Women the more, for
declaring against Fools, contrary to most of
their Sex.

Rains. I hate a woman that's in love with
a fulsom Coxcomb, she's a foul feeder, and I

320, 321. *is overstock'd.* D, is so overstock'd.

can no more have an appetite to her, when I³³⁰ think of her diet, than to a tame Duck, when I think it feeds on Toads.

Bev. Well, I love *Carolina* beyond all sense of modesty, so much, that I am resolv'd if she will to turn recreant and marry her, let what³³⁵ will be the consequence.

Rains. To forbear pleasing our selves to day, for fear of being troubled to morrow, were to adjourn life and never to live.

Bev. I am sure of the present pleasure, and³⁴⁰ but venture the future pain.

Rains. But I am resolved to venture, though the Gallies were the consequence.

Bev. And I too. I will live 50 years in that one night I first enjoy her; and care not³⁴⁵ if I were to be a Slave all the rest of my life. Yonder I believe they are.

Enter Carolina and Lucia.

Caro. Ungrateful men!

Luc. 'Tis not too late to retreat from this adventure.³⁵⁰

Bev. Ladies, your humble Servant: I see you are to be trusted.

Caro. But you are not, you treacherous ungrateful men!

355 *Bev.* How's this, Madam?

Luc. Your infamous dealing with us exceeds all barbarousness; *Indians* and *Cannibals* would have us'd us better.

360 *Rains.* What mean they? — do you think, Madam, we would eat you? we have a pleasanter way of using Ladies.

Luc. Do you make our anger your mirth?

Caro. It may thank our selves to trust such perfidious men.

365 *Bev.* You amaze us, you are just declaring War, when we thought to have concluded a Peace with you.

Caro. Avoid our sight, thou vain man.

370 *Luc.* And take thy lewd Companion with thee.

Rains. Ladies you have so much wit that I cannot think you are in earnest.

Bev. Our love is not so dull, that it needs to be spurr'd with anger.

375 *Rains.* I hope this is only to make us relish your kindness the better. Anger is a Sawce to Love, as Sickness is to Health.

380 *Bev.* For my part I love so violently, that every look of yours charms me, your anger pleases, I am in love with your frowns.

363. *It may thank.* Q₃, Q₄, D, We may thank.

Caro. It seems so, you wou'd not else so justly have provok'd 'em.

Rains. 'Tis some honour, Madam, to be thought worth your anger. I cou'd never be angry with those I despis'd. 385

Luc. But you shall find I can. Let's leave 'em *Carolina.* [Exit Lucia.

Rains. Death, this is madness; I'le not leave you so. [Exit Rains.

Caro. I write Letters, and make private 390 appointments with you? perfidious man! to blast my reputation thus —

Bev. This is Mrs. *Woodly's* malice —

[*Aside.*

Pray hear me, Madam —

Caro. No, Sir. Farewell. 395

Enter Woodly as they are going out.

Wood. There go *Bevil* and *Carolina.*

[*Ex. Bev. and Carolina.*

Now jealousy assist me, I may o'rehear something, 'tis not so like a Gentleman, but 'tis like a wise and jealous Lover: I'le follow.

[*Exit Woodly.*

Enter Mrs. Woodyly at the door on the right hand of the Stage.

400 Mrs. *Wood.* I long to hear what my information has wrought upon 'em. Mischief enough I hope.

[Enter Bevil and Carolina at the door on the left hand, at which Mrs. Woodyly starts back and conceals her self.]

Here are the two who I am most concern'd in; 'tis dark, and I shall easily conceal my self.

[Woodly enters a little after Bevil and Carolina, and stands close.]

405 *Caro.* Why do you follow me thus far? begone, inhumane Creature!

Mrs. Wood. Oh it works finely.

Bev. Hear me but one word: if you condemn me then, I will owne my self the Rascal
410 you speak of.

Caro. What can you say in defence of your treachery? I write Notes to you?

Bev. I know who is my Accuser, and the reason of my Accusation.

415 *Caro.* Who is your Accuser besides your self —

Bev. I have had the misfortune to be pursu'd by the love and jealousy of a Woman,

cholerick, haughty, and revengeful, Mrs. *Woodly*, I am sure she is my Accuser. 420

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! what says the Villain? I will tear him in pieces.

Wood. Death, Hell, and the Devil! the love of my Wife. But I will hear further.

Caro. Is this possible? 425

Bev. 'Tis true, I assure you; she wrote that Letter as from you to me, and met me in the Field; I was amaz'd at the Letter, and resolv'd to see the event on't: but I found her instead of you. 430

Wood. Damnation on this Woman.

Mrs. Wood. I cou'd stab the Traytor: but I'll yet have patience.

Bev. Her Husband came by in the meantime, and as I believe took her for you, said he 435 knew her, and seem'd to be much concern'd; and she swoounded.

Caro. Now the Riddle's clear'd.

Wood. I will yet hear farther.

Caro. But how came you to part with the 440 Note which I have now? I see you are not to be trusted with a Ticket.

Bev. I am glad you have it, Madam, I unluckily dropt it, I know not how; and have

445 been afraid of the effects a strangers finding it
might have produc'd. With all my diligence I
cou'd not find it; but how came you by it?

Caro. You have told a plausible Story, and
I will let you know, but I conjure you to take
450 no notice of it.

Bev. You shall command me, Madam —

Caro. Know then I have been perpetually
importun'd since I came to *Epsom*, by the love
of Mr. *Woodly*, and I suppose he having the
455 same jealousy of me, that his virtuous Lady
has of you, though there's no danger, gave me
this Note, with an excellent character of
Mr. *Rains* and you —

[*Woodly and his Wife both start, as surprised
at the News.*

Wood. Hell and Devils! now all's out.

[*Both appear, and speak together.*

460 *Mrs. Wood.* { Where's the Traytor that has
abus'd me thus?

Wood. { Madam *Carolina*, I thank you,
you have oblig'd me much.

Mrs. Wood. My Husband! I am undone.

465 *Wood.* 'Sdeath, is she here?

Caro. Heaven! what will this come to?

Bev. Unlucky accident!

Mrs. Wood. Oh let me stab this perjur'd man!

Caro. Hold, Madam.

Wood. Sir, I must have a farther account 470
of you.

Bev. Let it suffice to tell you, my anger
against your Wife for contriving this mis-
chief against me, made me say more than was
true: She's innocent of any Intrigue with me, 475
only the Letter she did write, what made her
I know not.

Wood. But, Sir —

Bev. But, Sir, I must demand an account
of you, concerning the Letter and the fair 480
Character you gave me; 'twas not so like a
Gentleman.

Wood. 'Sdeath, not like a Gentleman.

[Lays his hand on his Sword.

Caro. Hold, Gentlemen.

Wood. Oh, Madam, I thank you for your 485
favours.

Caro. If I have any power with you, follow
me, or I shall distrust all you have said.

Mrs. Wood. Oh base inhumane Villain!
so falsly to asperse my Honour. 490

Bev. Madam, I must obey you. *Monsieur*
ne mettez vous pas en peine, je trouverai l'occa-
sion de vous voir demain au Matin.

Wood. *Et Bien, Monsieur, si faites.*

495 *Caro.* None of your French to shew your breeding; come along. [*Ex. Car. and Bevil.*

Mrs. Wood. I am basely abus'd by a forsworn Wretch. If you have honour in you, bear it not. Heaven knows, I know nothing
500 of the Letter, nor have I seen him this day before.

Wood. No! what could provoke him to so injurious an accusation.

Mrs. Wood. Do you wonder at the malice
505 of base lascivious men, that cannot have their ends? I was loth to make a quarrel between you, not knowing how fatal it might be: but I have never rested from the importunity of his love —

510 *Wood.* I know how to deal with him; but for you Madam —

Mrs. Wood. For me! Heaven knows I am innocent and virtuous; but 'tis too apparent thou art false; *Carolina* speaks truth cer-
515 tainly: besides I have heard this day that you are pleased to keep a Wench too, nay one that was a Bawd, and you pervert the use of her, and turn her into a Whore; and honest Gentlemen complain on't; I'le not endure it.

502. *could* [from E: orig. can]. Q₂, Q₃, Q₄, can. D, could.

518, 519. *and honest Gentlemen complain* [from E: orig. an honest Gentleman complain'd]. Q₃, uncorrected.

Wood. 'Tis well invented: but methinks, ⁵²⁰
Madam, you shou'd have too much to do to
clear your self, to think of accusing me.

Mrs. Wood. If thou hadst courage in thee,
thou wouldst revenge me of this false Rascal.
But why should I expect such honour from ⁵²⁵
you? you are one of those keeping Coxcombs;
that rather than not keep will keep a Bawd:
Nay, your Mistress, forsooth, has turn'd from
Bawd to Punk, from Punk to Bawd, as often
as they say *Thames* Water will stink and grow ⁵³⁰
sweet again at Sea.

Wood. 'Sdeath, none of your foolery, clear
your self, or I'll make you an example.

[*Ex.* *Woodly.*

Mrs. Wood. Now all the power of revengeful
rage assist me: here's company I'll away. ⁵³⁵

[*Exit Mrs. Woodly.*

Enter Rains, Lucia, and Roger, as Mrs. Woodly is going out.

Rains. There can be nothing plainer than
that the jealousy and malice of *Mrs. Woodly*
contriv'd this. Can you believe we can be
such Rascals without provocation?

Luc. 'Tis probable *Woodly* has done this ⁵⁴⁰
for Love and Jealousie of *Carolina*, and his
Wife for Love and Jealousie of *Bevil*. [*Aside.*

But if you were not monstrously lewd, the freedom of *Epsom* allows almost nothing to
545 be scandalous.

Rains. Do you know, Madam, there is no such thing as scandal in this Age? Infamy is now almost as hard to get as preferment.

Enter Clodpate

Clodp. Who's here, Mr. *Rains*? Udsbud
550 I am almost fox't, we have dusted it away, Gudsooks; but there were two Country-fellows there that I never saw before, won above forty pound of me at Put, but they are honest Country-fellows; one of 'em is a chief Con-
555 stable, a very honest Fellow.

But where's Madam *Carolina*? I have been at her Lodging.

Luc. Oh Mr. *Clodpate*! I am glad I have found you, I sent all up and down the Town
560 for you.

Clodp. Udsbud, Madam, what's the matter, is my Mistress not well?

Luc. Her Brother is come this Evening to Town, with a resolution to force her to *London*,
565 to marry one, he has provided for her: the poor Lady is almost distracted, and bid me

tell you, if you'll relieve her from this distress, she'll be for ever yours.

Clodp. Udsooks, does he take her *vi & armis*, I'll send my Warrant for him, and stop his ⁵⁷⁰ Journey.

Luc. No, she has design'd a better way; her Brother has carried her in his Coach to see a Kinswoman that lodges near the Church, and intends to sup there, and not to come ⁵⁷⁵ home till eleven of the Clock.

Clodp. Good.

Luc. If you'll go and stay for her in the Church-yard, and have your man with Horses just by, she'll steal away and come to you, and ⁵⁸⁰ go where e're you'll dispose of her; she'd rather dye than live in *London*.

Clodp. As Gad judge me, she's a fine person; but why the Church-yard? that's a place to meet in when we are dead, not while we ⁵⁸⁵ are living; there are Sprights and dead Folks walk: I tremble to think on't.

Rains. This Fellow has not yet out-grown the belief of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

Luc. There is now no remedy; if you ⁵⁹⁰ omit this opportunity, you will for ever lose her.

Clodp. Nay, rather than that I'll venture; but I'll take my *Practice of Piety* in my Pocket.

Luc. Do so, and then let 'em walk their
595 hearts out.

Clodp. Well, Gad save you, I'le marry her
to night. [Exit Clodpate.

Luc. If I had not sent him away, we had
been pester'd with him all night.

600 *Rains.* Since you have gone thus far with
him, I'le have my share in the sport.

Luc. If he should see *Bevil* and *Carolina*,
'twould spoil all.

Enter Foot-boy.

Foot-boy. Madam, my Lady sent me to
605 tell you, that she is gone home with Mr. *Bevil*,
and desires your Company.

Luc. I'le follow her. [Exit Boy.

Rains. *Roger*, you heard what pass'd, pray
go you with my Valet de Chambre, and take
610 each of you a Sheet, and wait in the Church-
porch till *Clodpate* comes into the Church-yard,
and then sally out upon him, and fright him
to purpose.

Rog. I will, Sir, and am glad of the employ-
615 ment: let us alone for mischief.

Rains. He believes in Spirits and dead
Folks walking, as stedfastly as in his Creed.

Luc. This may make excellent Sport.

Rog. I'le about it instantly; if we do not fright him out of that little wit his Justiceship ⁶²⁰ has, I am mistaken. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fribble, Mrs. Frib. and Bisket.

Frib. Where's Mr. *Kick* and *Cuff*, *Doll*? We left 'em here but even now when we went to drink with our Neighbours.

Mrs. Frib. They were sent for upon extra- ⁶²⁵ ordinary business, they paid the Reckoning.

Bisk. I vow they are very civil fair condition'd Gentlemen as one would wish to drink or bowl with; but I vow there were some Bullies there swore so bloodily, I was afraid ⁶³⁰ the Bowling-green would have fallen upon our heads; but where's my Lamb?

Mrs. Frib. She's stept to a Neighbour in the Bowling-green, she'll come instantly.

Frib. Come, Neighbour *Bisket*, will you go? ⁶³⁵ our friends expect us to be merry with them; I could be so brisk to night, fa, la, la, &c.

Brisk. Ay, and I too, fa, la, la; we'll sing old Rose, faith, hey, Boys.

Mrs. Frib. Why, have you the confidence ⁶⁴⁰ to offer to leave me when the Gentlemen are gone, and you in this condition?

Frib. How, what say you?

Mrs. *Frib.* I have been too tame; 'tis time
645 now to pluck up a spirit, you scurvy Fellow.

Frib. As Gad judge me, the Jade's drunk.

Mrs. *Frib.* 'Tis you are drunk, Beast, every
night; you are sipping off your half-pints all
day long, and one has no more comfort of you
650 at night than of a Bed-staff, nay not so much.

Frib. Oh monstrous impudence! the Wo-
man's possess'd, as I hope to breathe.

Bisk. Pish, this is nothing; my Duck says
more to me than this every day; they will have
655 these humours with 'em, mine has abundance,
pretty Rogue, ha, ha.

Frib. But if you be a fool, Neighbour, I'll
be none, I'll not endure it. — Know your Lord
and Master.

660 Mrs. *Frib.* I am my own Mistress. Did I
marry a foolish Haberdasher to be govern'd by
him? out upon thee, Nickcompoop, I'll order
thee, i'faith.

Bisk. Just, my Duck, to a hair, ha, ha,
665 ha.

Frib. Oh unheard of impudence!

Mrs. *Frib.* All my Neighbours cry out on
me, for suffering you in your impudence.
Shall I endure a Fellow to be drunk and loose,
670 and spend that abroad that he should spend

with me at home? You villanous man, I'll not endure it.

Bisk. Just, my *Mollie*, for all the world, ha, ha, ha.

Frib. Nay then, 'tis time to be in earnest. 675
Huswife, know your Lord and Master, I say know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Frib. My Lord and Master, I scorn thee, thou insolent Fellow, know your Lady and Mistress, Sirrah, I'll order you better, 680
you scurvy Fellow.

Frib. Oh horrible! she's distracted. Huswife, get you home and sleep, and be sober, or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear.

Mrs. Frib. Get you home, you pitiful 685
Fellow, or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear, and you go to that, thou fumbling Fool.

Frib. This is prodigious. Do you know, Huswife, that I will give you much correction? 690

Dor. You give me correction, you Coward?

Frib. The Law allows me to give my Wife due correction. I know the Law, Huswife, consider and tremble.

Dor. You give me correction, you Wittal? 695
I'll teach you Law.

[*She gives him a dash on the Chaps.*]

Frib. Oh Impudence! nay then have at you. If you be mad, I'll cure you without the help of *Bedlam*. [*Beats her.*

700 *Dor.* Help, help, murder, murder!

Bisk. Nay hold, Neighbour, for Heaven sake.

Frib. Stand by, let me alone, or I will mischief you. Would you be so wicked as to
705 part man and wife, a curse will follow you, if you do.

Bisk. Nay then, whom Heav'n has joyn'd I will not put asunder.

Frib. Come, Huswife, ask me pardon, or I
710 will swinge you immoderately.

[*Frib. strikes her again.*

Dor. Hold, I do ask you pardon.

[*She kneels.*

Frib. Will you never be so insolent agen?

Dor. No, I will never pluck up a spirit agen.

Frib. Go, get you home.

715 *Dor.* Yes I will; but if I do not make your head ake for't before to morrow morning.

[*Aside.* [*Exit Doro.*

Frib. *Castigo te, non quod odio habeam, sed*

701. *Heaven.* D, Heaven's.

705. *wife,* D, wife?

712, 713. *agen.* D, again [*et al.*].

quod amem, is an excellent Sentence I learnt in my Grammar.

Bisk. This is incomparable. Oh that I ⁷²⁰ could govern my Wife thus! if I thought I could, I would swinge my Duck extremely, I'de beat my Lamb inordinately.

Frib. I warrant you, try. This is the only way to govern her; let her feel, if she can't ⁷²⁵ understand, that you are her head.

Bisk. I vow and swear I have a good mind, really, though she is a pretty Rogue. She does lead me such a life sometimes, I protest and vow, flesh and blood is not able to bear it. ⁷³⁰

Frib. I tell you, Neighbour, 'tis a dishonourable thing to bear an affront from a Woman, specially your own Wife.

Bisk. Uds me, here she is; I tremble.

Frib. Bear up, for shame. 735

Enter Mrs. Bisk.

Mrs. Bisk. Where have you been, you Fop Doodle?

Bisk. What's that to you, Jilt-Flirts?

Mrs. Bisk. What says the Fellow?

Bisk. I say know your Lord and Master. 740

Mrs. *Bisk*. Oh Heaven! the Boar's drunk, and has lost his senses.

Bisk. No, the Sow is drunk, and has lost her manners.

745 Mrs. *Bisk*. Oh horrid insolence! you Villain, I'll order you, I can hear you have lost all your money at Bowls. Get you home, Sirrah, you drunken Beast, you shall have money agen, you shall.

750 *Bisk*. Peace, you impertinent unseasonable Ass, or I shall grow passionate.

Mrs. *Bisk*. You scurvy Fellow, I'll tear your eyes out. I am amaz'd. What can this insolence mean?

755 *Bisk*. Stand by me, Neighbour. — I have too long endur'd your impudence. I will give you a great deal of Correction: I am your head, Huswife.

Mrs. *Bisk*. You my head, you Cuckold; 760 nay then 'tis time to begin with you. I'll head you before I have done.

[*She gives him a douce on the Chaps.*

Frib. Now it begins.

Bisk. Nay then have at you.

[*He strikes her.*

Mrs. *Bisk*. Strike your own Wife! I'll 765 tear your Throat out.

[*She takes away the stick and beats him, he tumbles down.*

Bisk. Help, murder, murder! Neighbour, help, help, help.

Mrs. Bisk. I'll make an Example on you. Hah, would you govern your own Wife? Lord and Master, Quoth a!

770

Bisk. Oh my Throat, Oh my Eyes!

Frib. Come off for shame; you'r an insolent Woman, and were you my Wife, I would take off your Woman-hood.

[*Bisket gets up and runs away as hard as he can drive.*

Mrs. Bisk. Oh you are one of the Rascals that put him upon this! I'll try a pluck with you, I'll tear your Eyes out, you Villain, you Cuckoldly Villain.

775

[*She beats Fribble.*

Frib. Hold, hold — Oh Cowardly Rogue! Has he left me in the Lurch?

780

Mrs. Bisk. I'll order all such Rascals.

Frib. Hold, hold, this is a she-Devil.

[*Fribble runs from her, and Exit.*

Mrs. Bisk. So, are you routed? now the field's my own; but I'll order my Cuckold. Attempt to conquer his own Wife —

785

*I to my Husband scorn to be a Slave,
I ne're can fear the beast whose horns I gave.*

768. on you. D, of you.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Kick and Cuff.

Kick. This has been a lucky day; but this last business you drew me into, frightened me devilishly.

Cuff. We that are to live by vertuous industry, ought to stand out at nothing.

Kick. But no more of this, if you please; yet 'twas well design'd to rob *Clodpate*; a false Rogue to have threescore pounds in his Pocket, and leave us off at Put. He rob'd us of that
10 first, and we took it by way of Reprisal.

Cuff. His Man is gagg'd and bound, far enough from helping him.

Kick. And away the Horses are gone for *London*. The Rogue will neither go nor send
15 to *London* for a discovery, he hates it so; but what a Pox made the Sot in the Church-yard?

Cuff. Nay, I know not, unless he waited to kill some body, and then give him Christian Burial. I am sure it furnished me with a good
20 invention.

Kick. If thou hadst not been a thorough-pac'd Rogue, thou could'st never have been so present to thyself. If we had only bound him, some body might have pass'd by, by accident,

and unloos'd him; but to tie his hands behind ²⁵
 him, and take a sheet off the next Hedge, and
 tie him up in it like a Ghost, and gag him, was
 a Master-piece of Roguery.

Cuff. This way will not only secure us from
 present pursuit, for no body durst come near ³⁰
 him to unbind his hands: But it will make
 excellent sport, he'll fright all the Town out
 of their wits.

Enter Rains and Roger.

Kick. There's *Rains*, let us retire for fear
 of broken heads. [*Exeunt Kick and Cuff.* ³⁵

Rains. How now, what news of *Clodpate*?

Roger. Oh, Sir, we had like to have been
 frighted out of our wits our selves.

Rains. How so?

Roger. When we expected to have frighted ⁴⁰
 Mr. *Clodpate*, we saw another in a sheet, at
 which at first we cryed out for fear, which he
 (to our comfort) hearing, roar'd like a Bull at
 a Country Bear-bating, and run from us with
 all the speed he could. 45

Rains. 'Tis strange! who should it be?

Roger. We know not, Sir; but the amaze-

44. *Bear-bating.* D, Bear-baiting.

ment made us soon pull off our Ghostly Habits,
and come home.

Enter Woodyly.

50 *Rains.* Who's here ?

Wood. Mr. *Rains*, I am glad I have found
you.

Rains. Oh, Sir, is it you ? we are to thank
you for the favour you did us in giving those
55 excellent Characters of us to our Mistresses.

Wood. Your Mistresses ? you are men of
dispatch, you take Women as fast as the
French Towns ; none of 'em endure a Siege, but
yield upon the first Summons to you.

60 *Rains.* You are in the wrong, such as we
can buy, or corrupt the Governours of, may be
easily had ; but there are your *Nimmegen*
Ladies that will hold out, and pelt damnably.
But, Sir, I must be a little more serious with
65 you. Do you think you have us'd a couple of
honest Fellows as you ought ?

Wood. Why, I could do no less for the
honour of my Kinswoman, or the securing my
own love to *Carolina*, which was desperate ;
70 and let me tell you, it is a silly Honour that will
hinder a man the satisfying of his love, and is

62. *Nimmegen.* D, *Nimmegnen.*

never to be found but in foolish Rhiming Plays
and Romances.

Rains. I could however be no rub in your
way, since all my pretences are to your Cousin ⁷⁵
Lucia, and I'll assure you as honourable —

Wood. That's as she pleases; for you have
no more honour in love than needs must.
There's no trusting young Ladies now a-days
to the Invasion of Audacious men. 80

Rains. But they may to the *men of easie*
Phlegm.

Wood. You are no man of *easie Phlegm*;
but this is not my business. I suppose you
have heard of the Bustle at *Mawse's Garden* to ⁸⁵
night.

Rains. I have.

Wood. I have no more to say, but that
you would tell *Bevil* I desire to see him with
his Sword in his hand. 90

Rains. Sure you are too well grounded in
the belief of your Wifes vertue, to entertain
a slight suspicion of her.

Wood. I am sure they ne're shall know that
I suspect her. [*Aside.* 95

Sir, since I do not question her honour, do not
you make bold with it, 'tis for his false accusa-
tion that I require satisfaction.

Rains. The same love that provok'd you
 100 to accuse him falsly, made him do the same
 to your Wife; he loves *Carolina* almost to
 madness.

Wood. The Honour of my Wife is too nice
 a thing to be us'd at that rate, especially by
 105 one that rivall'd me in my mistress. Without
 further dispute I will fight with him; if he
 refuses to meet me, I shall think he dares
 not.

Rains. That you shall not think; since you
 110 are so brisk, provide one to entertain me, I
 am his Friend.

Wood. Such a one you shall not want
 instantly.

Rains. We cannot possibly meet to night,
 115 at 5 in the morning we'll meet you at *Box Hill*.

Wood. I will expect you there, adieu.

[*Ex.* Woodly.]

Rains. Goodnight.

Enter Fribble, Bisket drunk, with Fiddlers.

Bisk. Come on Fiddles, play us a Serenade;
 a Serenade's a fine merry Tune; we'll be as
 120 merry as the veryest Roysters of 'em all, and

115. at 5. Q3, D, at five.

118. Fiddles. Qq, D, Fiddlers.

as drunk too, an we set upon't, Neighbour *Fribble*.

Frib. I warrant you; come, we are choice Lads; come play a Serenade at this Window, fa, la, la, la. 125

Bisk sings. Fa, la. Hold, can't you sing *Hey for Cavaliers, ho for Cavaliers, Dub, a dub, dub, have at old Belzebub, Oliver stinks for fear.*

Fid. No an't please you, Sir. 130

Frib. Ah brave Neighbour *Bisket*, you are a merry man i'fack.

Bisk. I, am I not? I defie any man in *Epsom* to be merrier, i'fags. Come let's all be Musitioners, and all roar and sing, 135

*Here's a Health unto his Majesty,
With a Fal, la, la, la, la lero.*

Frib. Come on, hey Boys, strike up —

Bisk. Now have I as much courage as any man upon the face of the Earth, if my Sweet-140ing were here I'd beat her extreamly, I'd Chastise my Pigsnye immoderately: I love her, poor Bird, but she's too unruly.

121. an. Q4, D, when.

126-127. sing *Hey* . . . D, sing? *Hey*.

*An old senseless Song.*¹

145 *If she prove constant, obliging, and kind,
Perhaps I'll vouchsafe for to love her,
But if pride or inconstancy in her I find,
I'de have her to know I'm above her.*

Frib. Bravely resolv'd. But for all that
you left me engag'd basely and scurvily.

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Mrs. Fribble.

150 *Mrs. Frib.* Mr. *Rains* shou'd be here by the
Fiddles. O lamentable, our Husbands are
drunk and roaring and serenading.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh my fingers itch at 'em, I'll
order my Rogue.

155 *Bisk.* 'Slife here they are; now does my
heart fail me: Fiddlers do you keep back; they
shall be the Reserve, you shall lead the Van, and
I'll bring up the Rear: There's discipline for
you.

160 *Frib.* We are fallen into an Ambush, bear
thy self bravely.

Mrs. Bisk. Where's my drunken beast?
do you sneak behind? I'll make you an ex-
ample.

¹ *An . . . song.* Title omitted in D.
150. *here by.* D, here, by.

Bisk. *sings.*

But if pride or inconstancy in her I find, 165
I'de have her to know I am above her.

Mrs. *Bisk.* Above me! a pitiful Comfit-maker above me! I'le have better men above me. Sirrah, I'le spoil your singing.

Enter Kick and Cuff, with Fiddles.

Kick. They are our Bubbles drunk, but not 170
drunk enough, and their Wives with them too.
Now for some stratagem to part 'em —

Cuff. Ladies, a word of consultation.

Mrs. *Bisk.* Your Servant, Sir.

Bisk. Oh Gentlemen, your Servant; now 175
we'll be merry as Princes i'faith: who cares for
you now? Come strike up Fiddles.

Frib. Ay come, fa, la, la, let 'em alone, who
cares?

Bisk. Ay come, let 'em alone, who cares? 180

Kick. Ladies, let me desire you to walk
away, your Husbands are too drunk for your
company; we'll carry 'em to our Lodgings,
and they shall sleep till they be sober.

166. *I am.* Q₂, Q₄, D, I'm.

169. *me.* Sirrah, D, me, Sirrah!

177. *Fiddles.* Qq. D., Fiddlers.

185 *Cuff*. And we'll come back and wait on you with our Fiddles.

Mrs. Frib. Your Servant, sweet Sir, you are very obliging.

Mrs. Bisk. We shall be proud to wait on
190 you. Your humble Servant. [*Ex.*

Frib. Are you gone? Come, Gentlemen, let's join our forces, and away serenading, fa, la, la, la.

Kick. Come on toward our Lodging.

195 *Bisk*. Strike up, fa, la, la, la.

Enter people crying The Devil, The Devil; Clodpate with his hands bound behind him in a sheet, like a Ghost. Bisket and Fribble run with Fiddles, crying The Devil, The Ghost, etc.

Kick. He's here, the Rogue has made haste; now will our Ladies be afraid to lye alone to night.

Cuff. We must e'en be content to supply
200 their Husbands places. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

Clodp. Oh, oh, oh, Udsooks there's my Gag broke at length, thanks to the strength of my teeth; unmerciful Rogues, if it had been like *Dappers* Gag of Ginger-bread, it would have
205 melted in my mouth; never man has been so unfortunate as I have been this night; I have

been frightened out of my Wits, I saw two Ghosts in the Church yard, I have almost sweat myself into a Consumption, my man's gone, for ought I know murder'd; nay which ²¹⁰ is worse, my Dapple Mare's lost, I am rob'd of Threescore Pounds, my hands ty'd behind me, every one takes me for a Ghost; oh, oh, oh.

Enter a Countryman.

Count. Oh the Devil, the Devil! [*Exit.*

Clodp. Do you hear, I am no Devil, stay, ²¹⁵ stay. If I should run after him he'd run ten times faster. If I go home they'l shut the doors upon me, no body will come near me this night, nor for ought I know to morrow.

[*Enter Landlord and two more with him whistling.*

Landl. Oh here's the Ghost, the Ghost. [*Ex.* ²²⁰

Clodp. Stay, I am no Ghost, Landlord; Rogue stay, I will pursue that Rascal.

[*He runs out after him, and both run over the Stage again, and Exeunt.*

Enter Toby.

Toby. How luckily was I reliev'd! I had been sure for one night, if an honest Fellow had not come by, by Miracle; but he told me a ²²⁵ dreadful story of a Spirit walking to night.

Enter Clodpate.

Who's this? my man *Toby*?

Toby. Oh the Devil, the Devil!

[He runs off the Stage, Clodp. follows him, and they enter again.]

Clodp. Why *Toby*, Rogue, Rascal, I am your
230 Master *Clodpate*.

[As they run cross the Stage Clodp. overtakes Toby, and strikes up his heels.]

Justice *Clodpate*, Rogue, Rascal.

Toby. Devil I defie thee, and all thy works :
oh, oh, oh!

Clodp. Lye still, or I will stamp thy guts
235 out; hear me, hear me; why Rogue *Toby*,
Rascal, I am thy Master.

Toby. Ha, I think it is my Masters
voice.

Clodp. Oh I am rob'd and abus'd, rise and
240 unbind my hands.

Toby. Oh it is he, let me recover the fright.
Oh! how came you in this condition?

Clodp. Ask no questions, but unty my
hands.

245 *Toby.* Oh, Sir, your Dapple Mare's gone.

Clodp. Oh what shall I do? oh miserable
man! Oh poor Dapple — I love her so, I

could go into mourning for her. I had as good almost have lost *Carolina*.

Toby. Nay you had better, Sir; she was in ²⁵⁰ the Plot against you to night, and abus'd you all this while with a story of the Church-yard.

Clodp. Gudsooks, abuse me?

Toby. She has no Brother, hates the Country, is an absolute vain *London-Lady*, and has ²⁵⁵ made sport with you all this night.

Clodp. Now I reflect upon't, Udsbud, the Assignation in the Church-yard was very odd.

Toby. Mrs. *Woodly's* Maid has told me all; she has been laughing at you, and her design ²⁶⁰ upon you, all this night.

Clodp. Gudsooks, laugh at me, a Magistrate? I could find in my heart to bind her to her good behaviour.

Enter Peg.

Toby. Ha, who's this, Mrs. *Margaret*? ²⁶⁵ Look you, Sir, she's come in time. I have told my Master what you told me.

Peg. 'Tis true; but I shall be ruin'd, if he tells it again.

252. *this*. Q₄, D, the.

259. *has told*. Q₄, D, told.

266-267. *have told*. Q₄, D, told.

270 *Clodp.* Fear not that; Godsbud, I tell! but
if I be not reveng'd on her. Hold, it comes into
my head; what is become of the pretty
Country-Lady I saw to day?

Peg. At her Lodging, the same we lie in;
275 but why do you ask, Sir?

Clodp. As Gad judge me, 'tis the finest
Lady I ever saw.

Peg. I could tell you, Sir, but I dare not.

Clodp. What cou'dst thou tell me? Upon
280 the honour of a Country-Justice I'll be secret.

Peg. Sir, she is extremely taken with your
Worship. Alas! she's a poor innocent Coun-
try thing.

Clodp. Nay, but is she, poor Rogue?

285 *Peg.* She loves your honest, true, *English*
Country Gentlemen, and wonders what Ladies
can see in foolish *London* Fellows, to charm 'em so.

Clodp. And so do I, a Company of Spindle-
shank Pocky Fellows, that will scarce hold
290 together: I am of your true tuff *English* heart
of Oak, Gudsooks.

Peg. But, Sir, I am in haste; my Lady sent
me of an Errant, and I must go.

275. *but.* Q4, D, omitted.

289. *-shank.* Q3, D, -shank'd.

290. *tuff.* D, tough.

293. *Errant.* Q3, D, Errand.

Clodp. Hold, Mrs. *Margaret*; if you can bring about my Marriage with this Lady, I will give you 50*l.* 295

Peg. That I know not whether I can do or no; but, Sir, I'll endeavour to serve you without a reward, if you be in earnest.

Clodp. I am, prepare a Visit for me presently. 300

Peg. I'll do what I can do to serve you, but I must go, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Clodp. If I do not give *Carolina* such a bob, she shall repent it all her life time. 305

[*Ex. Clodp. and Toby.*

Enter Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Caro. Good *Brisk*; Sir, you shall not meet with *Woodly* this night.

Luc. And you, Sir, shall pass your word for your self and him. I know you'll offer your help to commit a Gentlemanlike murder for his Honour. 310

Rains. Faith, Ladies, there's no way to secure us, but to take each of us and keep us in your several Chambers all night.

Luc. No, Sir, we shall be in more danger with that than you'll be with fighting. 315

306. *Brisk*; Sir, D, brisk Sir.

Caro. We shall find a better way with a Constable and Watch, if you will not pass your words to go home peaceably to night.

320 *Bev.* If I could think this care of me proceeded from a value you have for me, I would renounce my Honour for my Love.

Caro. Perhaps I have such a value for you, as in time might grow to a kind of Friendship.
325 But that's the farthest point I shall ever stretch it to.

Bev. Friendship's a dull, foolish, flegmatick affection, which you might a'had, being a Woman for the matter; but if it could ever
330 grow to Love, I would renounce my dear Friends, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil for you.

Rains. A Lady will be little pleas'd with one that should renounce the Flesh for her sake.

335 *Luc.* Are not you angry in your heart to be kept from your belov'd Bottles?

Rains. The Devil take me, I love you so, that I could be content to abjure Wine for ever, and drink nothing but Almond-milk for yoursake.

340 *Bev.* We never meet like Country-Sots to drink only, but to enjoy one another, and then Wine steals upon us unawares, as late hours do sometimes upon your selves at Cards.

Rains. And it makes your dull Fools sit hickupping, sneezing, drivelling, and belching, 345 with their eyes set in their heads, while it raises men of heat and vigour to mirth, and sometimes to extravagance.

Bev. And which is most scandalous, witty extravagance, or drivelling, snivelling, sneak- 350 ing dulness?

Enter Peg with a Note.

Peg. Is my Lady here, Ladies? 'tis past eleven, and she's not come home yet.

Luc. No, she's not here.

Peg. My Lady is at home, and bid me give 355 you that Note. [*Gives a Note to Rains.*
Not a word to Mr. *Bevil*, good night. I have taken order, the other Note shall be given to Mr. *Bevil*. [*Aside.*

Caro. Gentlemen, we are not us'd to your 360 late hours, we must retire; but if you will not promise to go home peaceably I will send for the Constable.

Rains. Take my word, Madam, there shall be nothing done to night. 365

Luc. Gentlemen, your Servant.

Rains. I hope the noise of Fiddles under your Window will not offend you.

Luc. In a Town where there are such vile
370 noises all night long, we may suffer good
Musick to come into the Consort.

Caro. Adieu.

Bev. Your Servant, dear, dear Madam.

[*Ex. Women.*]

Enter Messenger with a Letter, and delivers it to Bevil.

Bev. Is this for me?

375 *Mess.* It was left in the house for you.

Rains. What's this? [*Reads*] *I know you
to be a gen'rous person, and that you will succour
a distressed Lady, who stands in need of your
Advice immediately.* Sarah Woodly.

380 Gad I believe she stands in need of something
else than my Advice, she has a design on my
Chastity; shall I go? good Devil, don't tempt
me, I must be constant, I will be constant:
nay, Gad I can be constant when I resolve on't,
385 and yet I am a Rogue. But I hope I shall
have Grace, and yet I fear I shall not; but
come what will, I must suffer this tryal of my
Vertue.

Bev. How now, *Jack*, an Assignation?

390 *Rains.* Peace, Ned, peace, go home, I'll
be with you in half an hour.

Bev. Farewel, Constancy. [*Exit Rains.*]

I am glad he's gone; *Woodly* has repented him of fighting in the morning, and wou'd dispatch the business to night, 'tis a Moon-light night, 395 and we shall do't well enough. [Reads] *Meet me in the Field behind my Lodging, and I will, Sir, since you are pleas'd to doubt whether I durst or no.* [Exit.

Enter Clodpate and Mrs. Jilt.

Clodp. Udsooks, do you suspect me? my 400 word will go for ten thousand pounds in *Sussex*.

Jilt. Alas! I am a poor innocent Country thing unexperienc'd in the World; do not go about to betray a harmless Maid as I am, God wot. 405

Clodp. As I am an honest man, I am in earnest; here's a Parson lies in the house, and I'll marry you immediately.

Jilt. Alas! I am an inconsiderable person, and not worth your Love, though I have been 410 offer'd the Love of Knights, nay Lords, upon my word; but they were scurvy *London* ones, and I swear I scorn 'em all.

Clodp. As Gad judge me, you are in the right. 415

Jilt. Oh I hate that Town, my Father

forc'd me thither for Breeding, forsooth. Excellent Breeding is learnt there indeed, to wash, daub, paint, and be proud, and senseless; 420 out on 'em for *Jezabels*.

Clodp. Very fine, she's an Angel, Gudsbud.

Jilt. I had rather wait upon a Lady in the Country, than be that vain thing at *London*; upon my word now.

425 *Clodp.* Leave all, and cleave to me, we'll into *Sussex* far enough off that lewd Town.

Jilt. Alas! I am a silly innocent poor creature, I cannot abide marriage, upon my word not I; yet I wou'd undergo any thing 430 rather than live at *London*; I had rather milk Cows in the Country, than be a Maid of Honour there.

Clodp. Maid of Honour! I'le make you a Wife of Honour, if you'll go with me; that's 435 better.

Jilt. Well, I vow I use to go sometimes for my pleasure to Milk a Cow; it is a very pleasant recreation to stroke the Cows Teats, I delighted in it extreamly.

440 *Clodp.* Admirable —

Jilt. Nay I have gone a Hay-making in a frolick, upon my word now; but my Father was stark mad with me, and forc'd me to

London, to learn breeding, and to break me of those tricks as he call'd 'em. 445

Clodp. Gudsooks, he was to blame. If you'll be my Wife you shall milk and make Hay as much as you will.

Jilt. Sir, you are in a manner a stranger to me, though *Mrs. Margaret* has told me your 450 condition and quality; yet an innocent simple thing as I am must take advice of Friends.

Clodp. Friends! Gad take me, I have 2000*l.* a year, take advice of that, 'twill be the best friend you can advise with. 455

Enter Mrs. Woodly.

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis strange this Husband of mine is not come home yet; but I hope *Mr. Rains* will not fail his appointment.

Clodp. Here's company; let us retire and discourse of this business. If I do not give 460 *Carolina* such a bob as she never had in her life —

[*Ex. Clodpate and Jilt.*]

Mrs. Wood. *Mr. Rains* seems to be a person of worth, and fitter to be trusted with an intrigue, than that Villain *Bevil*. 465

Enter Rains.

Rains. What a Rogue am I to run into temptation; but Pox on't, *Lucia* will ne'er miss

what I shall lose. Madam, your humble Servant; I have obey'd your Summons.

470 Mrs. *Wood*. Sir, I hope you'll pardon the confidence of a stranger, that blushes for't, as I do.

Rains. I must thank you for the honour. I'll ne'er stand out at serving such a Lady
475 with my soul and body too; I'Gad as far as it will go — I am a Rogue, poor *Lucia*, forgive me.

Mrs. *Wood*. Your Friend *Bevil* is the falsest of men, but I do not doubt your honour; you are fit to make a friend of, and advise a Lady in
480 the dangerous actions of her life.

Rains. It was an unlucky embroilment you were in this night.

Mrs. *Wood*. It was, Sir; but I am the more easily pleas'd, since it has offer'd me an
485 occasion of knowing, in some measure, so worthy a person as your self.

Rains. Why there it is — I see what it must come to. [*Aside*.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, Mr. *Bevil* is walking yonder,
490 but my Master is coming in.

Rains. 'Sdeath, Madam, I shall be discover'd.

Mrs. *Wood*. Fear it not, go in. [*Exit Rains. Peg, go down.*]

Enter Woodly.

Wood. So, Madam, does not your Ladiship ⁴⁹⁵ blush, and tremble at my presence?

Mrs. *Wood*. You are an unworthy man to suspect my virtue; I am the most abus'd Woman upon the earth.

Wood. Abus'd! it is impossible. ⁵⁰⁰

Mrs. *Wood*. I can clear my self; wou'd you cou'd do so, barbarous man!

Wood. You clear your self!

Mrs. *Wood*. That false Villain, *Bevil*, has again had the impudence to sollicite my virtue, ⁵⁰⁵ and after he had ask'd me a thousand pardons, he was so audacious to press me to a meeting, saying, he would defend me against all your rage, and that there was no way for me left, but to fling my self upon him for protection. ⁵¹⁰

Wood. 'Sdeath and Hell, and I'll reward him for't.

Mrs. *Wood*. Lord, how I tremble! do not quarrel, good Dear; though you are a naughty man, I cannot but love you yet, and wou'd ⁵¹⁵ not have told you this but to clear my honour; take two or three of your Servants,

and beat him soundly; do not quarrel, good Dear.

520 *Wood.* I'll warrant you, let me alone.

[*Ex. Woodly.*

Mrs. Wood. I know he has t[o]o much honour not to meet him singly; if he kills *Bevil* I am reveng'd, if *Bevil* kills him he rids me of the worst Husband for my humour in
525 Christendom; but I'll to Mr. *Rains*, he's a Gentleman indeed. [*Ex. Mrs. Woodly.*

Enter Bevil in the field.

Bev. Where is this *Woodly*? 'Tis as fine a Moon-light night to run a man through the Lungs in, as one wou'd wish; 'Twas unlucky
530 he shou'd over-hear me to night, but 'tis too late to retreat now.

[*Rains and Mrs. Woodly appear at the Window above.*

Rains. 'Slife yonder's *Bevil*; I must to him, for I gave my word to keep him from meeting your Husband to night.

535 *Mrs. Wood.* You need not fear, my Husband's gone another way.

Rains. However, Madam, I must secure him in my Lodgings, and I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. *Wood*. But, Sir, I have an immediate 540
occasion for your assistance and advice.

Rains. Madam, I'll return immediately.

Mrs. *Wood*. My affair is so pressing and
urgent, it must be dispatch'd instantly.

Rains. I'll not stay a moment from you. 545

Mrs. *Wood*. Stay but one minute; they'll
not meet I tell you.

Rains. Madam, I pass'd my honour, and
dare not venture it.

Mrs. *Wood*. Excellent honour, to leave a 550
Lady that has such occasion for you as I have.

Rains. I have as much occasion, Madam,
for you; but those old Enemies Love and
Honour will never agree.

Mrs. *Wood*. Sir, you shall not stir, for a 555
reason I have to my self.

Rains. For a reason I have to my self, I
must, Madam.

[*Breaks from her and Exit.*

Mrs. *Wood*. Farewell you ill-bred, rude,
unworthy Fellow: Heaven! how unlucky this 560
is! I am ruin'd. [Ex. Mrs. Wood.

Enter Woodyly.

Wood. All's true she has said, he's here.

Bev. Oh, Sir, are you come? I have waited
sufficiently for you.

565 *Wood.* Oh cunning! how ready he's at a lye to excuse himself! Do you think to carry it off thus?

Bev. Carry what off? you see, Sir, I dare meet you.

570 *Wood.* Rare impudence, meet me! have at you, Sir. [*Draws.*

[*They fight, Woodly falls and is disarm'd.*

Bev. Your life —

Wood. Take it — I deserve to lose it
Since I defended it no better.

575 *Bev.* No, Sir — live — and live my friend if you please; and know your Lady's innocent: I had not gone so far, but that you were pleased to make a question to *Rains*, whether I durst meet you or no.

Enter Rains.

580 *Rains.* How, Gentlemen, you have put a fine trick upon me, to engage me, and then leave me out at this business.

Wood. He came hither to meet another, Sir, not me.

585 *Bev.* Another, you are mad, Sir.

Enter Lucia and Carolina in Night-Gowns.

Luc. So, Gentlemen, you are men of honour, you keep your words well, but we would not trust you — we had you dogg'd —

Caro. This will redound much to our reputation, to have our names us'd in one of your 590 quarrels.

Rains. There's a mistake, Madam, hear it out.

Wood. Did not you come to meet a Lady of my Acquaintance? 595

Bev. I receiv'd a Challenge from you, there 'tis —

Wood. From me? I sent none. Ha, this must be my dam'd Wife. 'Sdeath and Hell; but no more, I am resolv'd. Ladies and 600 Gentlemen, do me the favour to go into my Lodgings with me, and you shall see I will behave my self like a man of Honour, and doubt not but to have all your approbations.

Rains. What does he mean? 605

Luc. Come, let's in. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bisk. and Fribble in the Hall.

Bisk. A deuce take Mr. *Cuff* and Mr. *Kick* for locking us up. I'le take him up roundly for't to morrow: it's well his Landlord took pity on us and releas'd us. 610

Frib. Well, I am so loving in my drink, I'le go to bed to my Dear, and forgive her all.

Bisk. I can hold out no longer, I'le go to

bed and make peace with my Bird, there's
 615 no such peace as that concluded between a
 pair of sheets. Prithee, Neighbour, go you
 first gently into her Chamber, and try to ap-
 pease her a little, to prepare my way.

Frib. Well, I'll venture a Broken-head for
 620 you once.

Bisk. Gently, gently.

Frib. 'Sdeath, what do I see? [*Peeps in.*

Bisk. Be not afraid, man, what's the
 matter?

625 *Frib.* Mr. *Kick* is in a very indecent posture
 upon the Bed with your Wife.

Bisk. *peeps in.* 'Slife what do you say?
 Oh, 'tis true, 'tis true, what shall I do? If I
 should go in, he'd grow desperate at the dis-
 630 covery, and for ought I know kill me.

Frib. You must get a Constable and apprehend
 him; but for my Jade I'd maul her, if I
 should find her at it.

Bisk. I will, I will, come along with me,
 635 Neighbour.

Frib. Stay but a minute till I see how my
 poor Rogue does, and I'll go with you; I beat
 her damnably, and am very sorry for't, i'fack.

Bisk. Oh make haste, make haste!

640 *Frib.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! [*Peeps.*

Bisk. What's the matter?

Frib. Oh Lord!

Bisk. What's the matter? come away.

Frib. As Gad judge me, my Jade's at the same recreation with Mr. *Cuff*. Oh look, look, ⁶⁴⁵ Neighbour, that you may be my Witness as well as I am yours. [*Bisk.* *peeps.*

Bisk. She has given you occasion to maul her, Neighbour.

Frib. This I may thank you for; you must ⁶⁵⁰ be bringing Fellows acquainted with your Wife, ye Sot.

[*Bisk.*] And you must be laying wagers upon your Wifes head. Come, come, let's fetch a Constable, the World shall know what lewd ⁶⁵⁵ Creatures they are. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Rains. Since Mr. *Woodly* is so busie within, setling his great affair with his Lady, let us mind our business. Ladies, our Loves to you two are so violent, they must end in Marriage. ⁶⁶⁰

Luc. Your Love is violent indeed, it is a hot-spur *French* Love.

Bev. I am sure I have lov'd out a year of ordinary Love in this one day.

665 *Caro.* Marriage! that were time to talk of
when we have known you seven years.

Rains. 'Sdeath, would you have a man
have the patience of a Patriarch?

Luc. Methinks 'twere enough to arrive at
670 Platonick Love at first.

Bev. The pretence to that is more out of
fashion in this active Age, than Ruffs and
Trunk-breeches are.

Caro. If we hear one word of Marriage
675 more, we'll discard you. We may perhaps
admit of a little harmless Gallantry.

Luc. This is no Age for Marriage; but if
you'll keep your distance, we will admit you
for a Couple of Servants as far as a Country
680 Dance, or Ombre, or so.

Enter Clodpate.

Clodp. So, Ladies, I thank you for the
Tricks you have put upon me; but, Madam, I
am even with you for your *London* Tricks, I
have given you such a bob.

685 *Caro.* Me?

Clodp. You have lost me, Madam, you
have. I have married a pretty innocent
Country-Lady worth fifty of you. Come in
my Dear. Here's the Parson too that dis-

patch'd the business for us. I think I have 690
met with you now.

Enter Jilt with a Parson.

Rains. Mrs. *Jilt.*

Bev. Old Acquaintance.

Clodp. How's this!

Jilt. I have got a Husband at last, though 695
much ado, I'll swear.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Sister, I wish you Joy. Now I hope
I may be own'd by you.

Clodp. Is she her Sister? Curs'd Instru-
ment of Hell, I am cheated, abus'd. 700

Bev. Is this your Country-Lady? she has
liv'd in *London* all her life.

Clodp. Udsbud, is this true?

Jilt. I was never so far out of *London*, nor
ever will be agen, I'll swear. 705

Clodp. Nay, now I am sure she has liv'd in
London, she could not have been so impudent
else.

Caro. I wish you happy in her, Sir, though
it was not my good Fortune to be made so by 710
you; but let's in, and hear *Woodly's* resolution.

[*Ex. Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.*

704, 705. *nor ever.* Q4, D, *nor never.*

Jilt. Did you think I would be mop'd up in a house in *Sussex*? Sister, take a place in
 715 the Coach, and go to morrow to *London*, get my Brother to bespeak me a fine Coach and Horses, and to hire me a House in *Lincolns-Inn-fields*. I shall find Credit for Furniture; but now I think on't, my Dear, you shall go with
 720 me. You are so strangely Rustical, I swear, you must be better bred, if you think to please me; upon my word you must.

Clodp. Gudsooks, Gudsbud, I'le go hang my self.

725 *Jilt.* A person of your Quality keep Company with Boars and Rascals, it's a shame. I'le ha' you to *London*, and bring you acquainted with Wits and Courtiers, upon my word, and you shall learn such Breeding of
 730 'em. I am belov'd and courted at a high rate by 'em all, I'le swear.

Clodp. Oh miserable man! I have not only married a *Londoner*, and consequently a Strumpet, and consequently one that is not
 735 sound, but the most audacious of her Sex, a *Mall-Cutpurse*, a *Doll Common*.

Jilt. My Dear, you are strangely unkind

726. *Boars.* D, Boors.

733, 734. and consequently a *Strumpet.* Q4, D, omitted.

upon your Wedding night. We'll to *London* together to morrow, you'll find great respect there for my sake. I have had so many Lov-⁷⁴⁰ers I have been cruel to, that I'll swear you'll be the most envy'd man in the whole World, upon my word you will.

Clodp. I am distracted, I know not what to do or say. 745

Jilt. Why are you troubled, my Dear? you shall find I have interest at Court, and can keep you from being Sheriff; nay, I believe I could get you Knighted.

Clodp. Knighted with a Pox; would you⁷⁵⁰ had interest enough with the Parson, and wou'd get me unmarried, I wou'd willingly give a Leg or an Arm.

Jilt. Unmarried; nay, Sir, an' you despise me, I scorn such a pitiful Fellow as you are; ⁷⁵⁵ matters are not gone so far, but upon good terms I can release you.

Clodp. How, Gudsbud, what say you?

Peg. Leave it to me, give me a handsom reward, and her some consideration for the loss ⁷⁶⁰ she shall have in such a Husband, and I'll do't.

Clodp. I will, any thing that you can in reason demand.

765 *Jilt.* We'll in, and consult about the business.

[*Ex. Jilt, and Peg, and Parson.*

Clodp. 'Sbud I'de give half my Estate to
be rid on her.

*Enter Bisket and Fribble, with a Constable and Watch,
bringing in Mrs. Fribble, Mrs. Bisket, Kick, and Cuff.*

Bisk. Sir, an please your Worship, I have
brought a Malefactor before you here, that in
770 most unseemly manner did make an assault
upon the body of my Wife.

Frib. And I another, that committed the
same insolence upon mine.

Clodp. Ha, Rogues! I'le vent some of
775 my anger upon them: Hah, you were the
Rogues in Country Habits, to day, that won
my money at Putt: I'le make you Examples,
cheating Villains; you, for ought I know,
rob'd me, bound me, and stole my Dapple
780 Mare.

Kick. Shameless Rascals, to publish thus
your own disgraces. [To *Bisk. and Frib.*

Cuff. Rogues! we shall meet with you.

Clodp. Away with 'em, cheating Slaves!
785 adulterous Rogues!

Cuff. Mr. Justice, you are a Coxcomb;
and I shall find a time to cut your Nose.

Kick. And I will make bold to piss upon your Worship.

Clodp. Oh impudence! Constable secure 790
'em to night, and I'll send 'em in the morning to *Kingstone* Goal without Bail or Mainprize.

Cuff. Pheu, our party is too strong for that, here in Town. [*Ex. Constable, Cuff, and Kick.*

Clodp. Oh this cursed Match of mine! 795
I'll see what they do within. [*Ex. Clodp.*

Mrs. Frib. Good Dear forgive me: I will never do the like again.

Frib. Again, quoth she! no she had not need — [*They Kneel.* 800

Mrs. Bisk. Good Duck, now forgive me; I will never commit Adultery again, nay I will never pluck up a spirit against thee more. Thou shalt command me for ever, if thou'lt say no more of this business. 805

Bisk. Well, my heart melts — I cannot deny my Lamb when she begs any thing upon her Knees. Rise, poor Bird — but i'fack you were to blame, Duck.

Mrs. Bisk. I was; but I will never do so 810
again.

Bisk. But will you swear, as you hope to be sav'd?

Mrs. Bisk. Ay, as I hope to be sav'd.

815 Mrs. *Frib.* Pray, Dear, forgive me.

Frib. Ay, now you are upon your Knees; but you were in another posture just now.

Mrs. *Frib.* And I wish I may never stir out of this place alive, if I [e'er] do so again.

820 Pray forgive me.

Frib. Well, I'll pass it by for once; but I'll not fail to sue *Cuff* upon an Action of Assault and Battery.

Bisk. And I'll sue *Kick* too. If we order
825 our business wisely and impannel a good substantial Jury, of all married men, they'll give us vast damages.

Frib. I have known a man recover 4 or 500*l.* in such a Case, and his Wife not one jot the
830 worse.

Bisk. No not a bit. But shall I always command you?

Mrs. *Bisk.* Yes, you shall, you shall.

Bisk. Why then, this is the first day of
835 my reign.

Enter Woodly, Mrs. Woodly, Rains, Bevil, Lucia and Carolina.

Wood. I desire you all here to stay, and be Witnesses of what I now shall do.

Rains. Be not rash, consider 'till to morrow.

Wood. I have consider'd, dissuade me not : next to the obligation she did me to let me ⁸⁴⁰ enjoy her when I lik'd her, is the giving me occasion to part with her when I do not like her.

Bev. I am extream sorry, Madam, that I was the occasion, though unwillingly, of this ⁸⁴⁵ breach.

Mrs. Wood. You are not the occasion, he believes you not; but if you were, I should thank you; for you would rid me at once of him and your self too: but the business is, we ⁸⁵⁰ like not one another, and there's an end on't.

Wood. But let's execute our Divorce decently; for my part I'll celebrate it like a Wedding.

Mrs. Wood. To me 'tis a more joyful day. ⁸⁵⁵

Enter Clodpate, Jilt, Peg, and Parson.

Peg. Do but sign this Warrant, to confess a Judgment to my Sister, and this Bond to me; and I'll null your Marriage, or declare these Writings before all these Witnesses to be void.

Clodp. Give me the Writings. I will do't ⁸⁶⁰ with all my heart.

860. *I will.* D, I'll.

Luc. What's here, another Divorce? *Clodpate* begins betimes.

Clodp. Here they are, take 'em.

865 *Peg.* Well now, Sir, know the Parson would not marry you, because the hour was not Canonical, but I was fain to steal a Cassock, and counterfeit a Beard for Mr. *Woodly's* man. Look you, this is the first Parson I ever or-
870 dain'd. [*Pulls his Beard off.*]

Jilt. I release you of your Marriage and thank you, you have qualified me to marry one I like better, for I am resolv'd to marry upon my word, and suddenly too.

875 *Clodp.* 'Sdeath and Hell, if ever I come so near *London* agen, I'll commit Treason, and have my head and quarters set upon the Bridge.
[*Ex. Clodpate.*]

Wood. Now listen, and be witnesses to our agreement.

880 *Mrs. Wood.* This I think is the first time we e're agreed since our Wedding.

Wood. *Imprimis*, I *Francis Woodly*, for several causes me thereunto especially moving, do declare I will for ever separate from the
885 company of *Sarah* my now Wife.

Mrs. Wood. Your lewd disorderly life made you separate before. The said *Sarah* having

for this two years scarce seen you by daylight.

Wood. And that I will never hereafter use⁸⁹⁰ her like a Wife.

Mrs. Wood. That is, scurvily. Also all Obligations of conjugal affections, shall from henceforth cease, be null, void, and of none effect.

Wood. Then, that I am to keep what Mis-⁸⁹⁵tress I please, and how I please, after the laudable custom of other Husbands.

Mrs. Wood. And that I am to have no Spies upon my company or actions, but may enjoy all Priviledges of other separate Ladies, without⁹⁰⁰ any lett, hindrance, or molestation whatsoever.

Wood. And if at any time I should be in drink, or otherwise in a loving fit, and should be desirous to visit you, it shall and may be lawful for you to deny me ingress, egress, and⁹⁰⁵ regress.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, though you serve me as you do others, and break my Windows.

Wood. I restore you all your Portion, and add 200*l.* to it for the use I have had on you.⁹¹⁰

Mrs. Wood. So, it is done.

Wood. Is not this better than to live and

888. *this.* D, these.

909. *I restore.* D, Lastly, I restore.

quarrel, and to keep a pother with one another?
 Faith take a Kiss at parting for old acquaint-
 915 ance. [Kisses her.]

Mrs. *Wood*. Farewell, dear Husband.

Wood. Adieu, dear Wife.

Frib. to his *Wife*. This 'tis to marry a
 Gentleman, forsooth; if you had marry'd one,
 920 you certainly had been turn'd away for the
 prank you plaid to night.

Bisk. Ay, but we Citizens use our Wives
 better: let me tell you, Neighbour *Fribble*, I
 would not part from my Lamb for all the
 925 world, let her do what she will; she is such a
 pretty Rogue.

Luc. See what Matrimony comes to —

Rains. Madam, since we cannot agree
 upon better tearms, let me claim your promise,
 930 and admit me for your Servant.

Luc. I do receive you upon tryal.

Caro. And I you upon your good behaviour:
 I think you have gone far enough in one day.

[To *Bevil*.]

Luc. If you should improve every day so,
 935 what would it come to in time?

Rains. To what it should come to, Madam.

Bev. 'Twill come to that, *Jack*; for one

Fortnights conversing with us will lay such a scandal upon 'em, they'll be glad to repair to Marriage. 940

Wood. To shew you, that there was never yet so decent a Divorce, I have Fiddles to play at it, as they use to do at Weddings.

Mrs. Wood. And to shew you I am extremely pleas'd, I'll dance at it. 945

Wood. How easie and how light I walk without this Yoak! methinks 'tis air I tread — Come let's Dance, strike up.

Dance

*Marriage that does the hearts and wills unite,
Is the best state of pleasure and delight:* 950

But —

*When man and Wife no more each other please,
They may at least like us each other ease.*

[*Ex. omnes.*]

FINIS

EPILOGUE

*A Play without a Wedding, made in spight
Of old Black-Fryars; 'tis a fine way they write;
They please the wicked Wenchers of the Age,
And scoff at civil Husbands on the Stage:
To th' great decay of Children in the Nation, 5
They laugh poor Matrimony out of fashion.
A young man dares not marry now for shame,
He is afraid of losing his good name.
If they go on thus, in a short time we
Shall but few Sons of honest Women see: 10
And when no virtuous Mothers there shall be,
Who is't will boast his ancient Family?
Therefore, for Heavens sake, take the first occasion,
And marry all of you for th' good o'th' Nation.
Gallants, leave your le[w]d whoring and take Wives, 15
Repent for shame your Covent-Garden lives:
Fear not the fate of us, whom in the Play
Our bawdy Poet Cuckolded to day;
For ours are Epsom Water-drinking Wives,
And few in that lewd Town lead stricter lives: 20
But for the rest, he'd have it understood }
By representing few ill Wives he wou'd }
Advance the value of the many good. }*

15. le[w]d Q₁, Q₂ leud.

*He knows the wise, the fair, the chaste, the young,
25 A party are so numerous and strong,
Would they his Play with their protection owne,
They might each day fill all this House alone.
He says, none but ill Wives can ever be
Banded in faction 'gainst this Comedy.
30 Therefore come all, who wish to have it known,
Though there are scurvy Wives, that they are none.*

FINIS

Notes to Epsom Wells

(For the meaning of single words, see Glossary.)

From the Lord Chamberlain's Records it is known that Charles II saw *Epsom Wells* acted at Dorset Garden Theatre on December 2, 1672 (probably the first performance); at the same theater on December 4, and at court in Whitehall on December 27 of the same year; at Dorset Garden on December 5, 1673, and again at court on February 20, 1681 (Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, 309, 310, 312). About 1693 it was revived with new settings to the songs by Henry Purcell (W. Barclay Squire, "Purcell's Dramatic Music," *Sammelbände der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft*, V, iv, 1904, 522-523). In the eighteenth century it appeared again on July 11, 1702, and several performances are recorded, the latest being in the year 1726.

About March, 1678, was produced at Dorset Garden *Tunbridge-Wells: or, A Day's Courtship*, written, according to the title page, "By a Person of Quality," and ascribed by Langbaine to Thomas Rawlins. Evidently written in imitation of Shadwell's play, it is, as Langbaine remarks, certainly inferior "in point of Humour and Repartee," and no records of performance are known.

In 1763 Samuel Foote used part of *Epsom Wells* for his two-act comedy, or farce, *The Mayor of Garratt*.

Mr. and Mrs. Fribble and Mr. and Mrs. Bisket appear under the names of Jerry Sneak, Mrs. Sneak, Bruin, and Mrs. Bruin; but the principal character, Major Sturgeon, a city militia officer, is new, and is said by the author of *Biographia Dramatica* (1782) to have been "most inimitably performed by Mr. Foote, with prodigious applause."

Referring to the original play, Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus* (1708, p. 33), has the following note:

Epsom Wells, a Comedy Wrote by Mr. Shadwell, Mr. Rains was Acted by Mr. Harris: Bevil, by Mr. Betterton: Woodly, by Mr. Smith: Justice Clodpate, Mr. Undehill: Carolina, Mrs. Johnson: Lucia, Mrs. Gibbs: Mrs. Jilt by Mrs. Betterton: Mr. Nokes, Mr. Bisket: Mr. Angel, Fribble. This Play in general being Admirably Acted, produc'd great Profit to the Company.

Note, Mrs. Johnson in this Comedy, Dancing a Jigg so Charming well, Loves power in a little time after Coerc'd her to Dance more Charming, elsewhere.

Thomas Betterton and Henry Harris were associated with Sir William D'Avenant in the management of the Duke of York's playhouse. Betterton was, of course, the greatest actor of the period, preëminent both in tragedy and in comedy. Harris had created the parts of Sir Frederick Frolick in Etherege's *Love in a Tub* (1664), and of Warner in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all* (1667). He was an intimate friend of Shadwell, as appears from a letter of Nell Gwynne to Mr. Hide, 1678, in which she says

My lord of Dorscit apiers wonse in thre munths, for he drinkes aile with Shadwell and Mr. Haris at the

Duke's House all day long. (Quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 4th Series, VII, 3.)

Of Cave Underhill, Colley Cibber in his *Apology*, 1740 (page 92), says

In the course, rustick Humour of Justice *Clodpate*, in *Epsome Wells*, he was a delightful Brute.

Whether Mrs. Gibbs was the original Anne Gibbs who had joined D'Avenant's Company in 1661 is not certain; it is possible that the latter actress was identical with the Anne Gibbs who became, before 1668, Shadwell's wife, but it must be remembered that Mrs. Shadwell had married a Thomas Gaudy in 1662 (see Biography, page x, and the *Times Literary Supplement*, April 16, 1925, 268).

Title page. The Greek Motto is from the treatise known as *On the Sublime*, ascribed to Longinus, and may be translated "To miss a high aim is to fail without shame." (Cf. Stephanus, *Thesaurus Graecae Linguae*, s. v.)

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

2, 17. **Mæcenas.** The patron of Virgil and Horace.

3, 26. **Welbeck.** In the dedication before *The Libertine*, 1676, Shadwell speaks of his warm reception by the Duke at this seat.

34. **Wit.** For Shadwell's definition, see Introduction, page xxxviii.

PROLOGUE

5. (Heading) **Sir C. S.** Sir Charles Sedley, an intimate friend of Shadwell's, who dedicated to him *The True Widow*, 1679.

4. **they did so to Ben.** A reference to the failure of Ben Jonson's *The New Inn*, and other late comedies.

19. **Half Crown.** The price of admittance to the pit, corresponding to the modern stalls, fauteuils, or orchestra.

22. **Masks.** Used, by metonymy, for the ladies who visited the theater. Owing to the abuse of the custom by women of ill-repute, masks were forbidden by Queen Anne to be worn in theaters.

PROLOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN

6, 15. **Has now liv'd twice ;** *i.e.*, the two performances at Dorset Garden, December 2 and 4, at both of which the king was present.

16-17. **If . . . own** (*and footnote*). Cf. Introduction, page xlv.

ACT I—SCENE I

10, 24-26. **How the White Aprons . . . Hey.** The hey, or hay, was a country dance in the nature of a reel.

37. **Lyons in the Tower.** A menagerie was kept in the Tower of London from Henry III's time, and became one of the sights of London. In 1834 the lions were transferred to the Zoölogical Gardens.

11, 51-52. **Bowling-Green.** One of the fashionable resorts at Epsom. Writing in 1726, John Toland, in *A New Description of Epsom, with the Humours and Politicks of the Place: In a Letter to Eudoxa*, (in *A Collection of Several Pieces*, II, 103) writes of two rival bowling greens: "The Ladies, to show their innate inclination to variety, are constantly tripping from one green to the other; and the Men are more sure to follow 'em, than glad of the occasion, to excuse their own no less propensity to change."

13, 90-91. like **Fulsom Galenists** take it in gross. Galenists, followers of Galen (a physician, second century, A.D.), as contrasted with regular chemists, relied almost entirely on the use of simples; hence are here considered as being cruder in their methods.

109, 110. **lighting our Candle at both ends**. The earliest use of this phrase in *N.E.D.* is in Bailey's *Dictionary*, 1730-6; Cotgrave (1611) is cited for the corresponding French "*Brusler la chandelle par les deux bouts.*"

17, 207. **the second of September**, the date of the outbreak of the Great Fire of London. See Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn.

20, 292-293. **Justice of Quorum**; *Quorum*, the commission appointing justices of the peace, "of whom" certain were specially named as in all cases necessary to constitute a bench. The self-importance of Clodpate recalls that of Sir Roger de Coverley, another justice of quorum (see Addison's *Spectator*, No. 122).

21, 305. **encourage the Woollen Manufacture**. The Woollen Act, 1681, compelled people to use flannel shrouds for corpses, under a penalty of fifty shillings.

22, 339. **Gazette**, *i.e.*, the *London Gazette*, founded 1665, a single folio sheet printed on both sides giving mainly court and foreign news.

344. **Wisnowisky**. Michael Wisniowiecki was elected in 1669 to the Polish crown. The *Gazette* of 18-22 July, 1672, gives the following news from Vienna, July 11: "We have received here this week very unwelcome advices from *Poland*. Our Letters from *Warsaw* speaking not onely of the breaking up of the Dyet, but that the Factions were grown so powerful, as to dare to speak of the deposing the King." See also IV, i, 46, note.

344. Potosky. Not identified.

23, 345. General Wrangle. Karl Gustav von Wrangel, 1613-1676, commanded the Swedish Army in Germany during the Thirty Years War; became general of the realm and member of the Regency during the minority of Charles XI.

345. Count Tot. The *London Gazette*, 16-19 September, 1672, has the following news from Hambrough, 13 September: "Count Tot, ambassador extraordinary from the Crown of Sweden to the Most Christian King, is some days since passed through this place on his way to the French Court, whither it is said he goes to offer the Mediation of the King his Master." He appears to be satirized under the name Totty Potty Moy in Shadwell's epilogue to *The Miser* (24 January, 1672) in the course of his attack on heroic plays.

25, 389. Tunbridge. The wells here do not seem to have been so popular as those at Epsom; but they had been visited by Charles II and Catherine of Braganza in July, 1663 (see Pepys, 22 July); by the queen and the maids of honour in July, 1666 (Pepys, 22 July) and by the king later in the same month (Pepys, 31 July).

28, 463-464. Knight errand. Knight errantry had been recently used for satirical purposes by Samuel Butler in *Hudibras* (1663), adapting the idea of *Don Quixote* to tilt against the wickedness of the times.

31, 557-558. Love and Honour upon the Stage. The conflict between love and honor was a favorite theme, especially in tragedy. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour* (1649) may be regarded as the prototype of the Restoration heroic play. (See Dr. J. W. Tupper's edition in this Series.) It will be seen that Shadwell uses this theme in the present play. See below, V, i, 553.

34, 620. Ludgate. At the bottom of Ludgate Hill formerly ran the little River Fleet, which gave its name to the notorious Fleet Prison. The district figures among the scenes in Pope's *Dunciad*, Book II.

635-636. **Parsons Decoy-Ducks.** In the market before the doors of Fleet Prison men plied on behalf of clergymen, literally inviting people to walk in and be married. The parson would perform the ceremony inside the prison to sailors and others for what they could get. The parties retired to a gin shop to treat the parson; and there, and in similar houses, registers were kept of the marriages. (See Leigh Hunt, *The Town*, Chap. II.)

37, 696. Cheapside Neighbours. Cheapside was the principal marketing thoroughfare of the city and residential district of trades people.

38, 711. Allons. One of the recently imported French expressions affected by fashionable folk.¹

39, 740-741. Gentlemen in Buff Belts . . . Breeches, soldier's uniform of the time.

ACT II — SCENE I

41, 5. of a clear Title, without encumbrance; plainly.

42, 34-35. two or three hundred pounds, the fees to be paid when a knighthood was conferred.

44, 87. Tongs and Key, or a Gridiron; cf. *The Spectator*, 21 July, 1714 (No. 570): "Finding our Landlord so great a Proficient in Kitchen-Musick, I asked

¹ Medley's speech in Etherege's *Man of Mode*, 1676, II, i, 153: ". . . the Art of Affectation, written by a late beauty of Quality, teaching you how to . . . use all the Foolish French words that will infallibly make your person and conversation charming."

him if he was Master of the Tongs and Key. He told Me that he had laid it down some Years since, as a little unfashionable: but that if I pleased he would give me a Lesson upon the Gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two Bars to the Gridiron, in order to give it a greater Compass of Sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the Invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two Strings to the Lute." The "Tongs and the Bones" are referred to by Bottom in *A Midsummer Nights Dream*, IV, i, 32; cf. Furness' *Variorum* Ed.

89. **John Hopkins, or Robert Wisdoms vile Metre.** Hopkins was associated with Thomas Sternhold in the well-known metrical, or rather, doggerel version of the Psalms made in Elizabeth's reign. They are referred to in the *Spectator*, No. 205 (October 25, 1711). Robert Wisdom (died 1568) made a metrical version of Psalm 125 which was used as late as 1693. (D.N.B.)

98. **Puddle-dock**, also known as Puddle wharf, is mentioned in Stowe's *Survey of London*. It was in the Blackfriars district.

47, 174. **cross I win, pile you lose**, equivalent to *heads or tails*. From the French *croix ou pile* (the obverse and reverse of a coin).

48, 197. **the year 42**, referring to the manners of the Court of Charles I about the year 1642, when the Civil War broke out.

49, 214. **mother of the maids**, official title of the mistress of the maids of honour, an office dating from the reign of Elizabeth.

51, 253. (Song), originally set by Nicholas Staggins, to be found in Playford's *Choice Songs and Ayres*, 1673. (W. Barclay Squire, *loc. cit.*)

261. **Canonical Coxcomb**, foolish parson.

52, 287. **Lay by your pleading**, an old cavalier song.

54, 320. **Fire-ship**, a vessel loaded with combustibles to be sent among enemy ships, as used, *e.g.*, against the Spanish Armada.

55, 345. **Allons**. See I, i, 711, note.

56, 362. **Aqua Mirabilis**, a strong cordial liquor.

377. **Laws of the Maids and Parsons**, parodying the laws of the Medes and Persians, famous for their rigidity. Cf. *Daniel*, VI, 8, "According to the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not."

71, 733. **methodical Block-head**. Shadwell was to use this humor in the person of Lump, in *The True Widow*, 1679: "Lump, A methodical Block-head, as regular as a Clock, and goes as true as a *Pendulum*, one that knows what he shall do every Day of his Life by his Almanack (where he sets down all his Actions before-hand), a mortal Enemy to Wit."

74, 803. **Falstaff**; cf. I Henry IV, II, iv, 307-310: "but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct." In the Preface to *The Sullen Lovers*, 1668, Shadwell had written: "I never saw one except that of *Falstaffe* that was in my judgment comparable to any of *Johnson's* considerable Humours."

75, 830. **Ombre**, a card game introduced soon after the Restoration. The word is said to be a form of the Spanish *hombre*, a man. A well-known description of the game is in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, canto III.

848. **Langtriloo**, better known as "Loo," another fashionable card game, also referred to in *The Rape of the Lock*.

ACT III — SCENE I

83, 75. [Covent]-garden, originally Convent Garden, belonging to the abbots of Westminster. The neighboring Bow Street was the Bond Street of Charles II's time, and in the neighboring side streets were many houses of ill-fame.

84, 104. *that's once*, equivalent to the modern slang term, "that's that"; cf. Wycherley's *The Country Wife*, III, i, 89, where Mrs. Pinchwife says, "I will go abroad, that's once"; and later (l. 107) "for I will go, that's flat and plain."

117-118. *I am the Duke of Norfolk*, an old ballad also known as *Paul's Steeple*.

118. *Greensleeves*, a ballad at least as old as 1580 when it was licensed under the title *A New Northern Ditty of the Lady Greensleeves* and has remained popular to the present day. [N.E.D.]

87, 171. *Oh how I abhor*. This song set by Robert Smith is to be found in Playford's *Choice Songs and Ayres*. (*The First Book*, 1673.) [W. Barclay Squire, *loc. cit.*]

93, 313. *the New Inn*. See IV, i, 260, note.

95, 364. *Good Sir Pol*. Perhaps a reference to Sir Politick Wouldbe in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.

370. *Ad autre* = *A d'autres* (?). Pshaw! I know better, Don't tell me that.

98, 460. *ne're stir*. A common expression in Shadwell's plays, equivalent to the modern slang, "you bet."

100, 488-489. *Cacara camouchi . . . Mamamouchi*, alluding to Edward Ravenscroft's *The Citizen Turned Gentleman* (D. G. 4 July, 1672), an adaptation of

Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. In Act IV, a character impersonating the Grand Seigneur confers on Mr. Jordan the title Mamamouchi, equivalent to Paladin, in return for the latter's daughter. In the course of the deception, Trickmore explains the meaning of *Cacaracamouchi* as "my pretty Pigsnie" (translating "ma chère âme").

103, 587. try the Eccho. Listening to echoes was a favorite diversion of the time. They frequently occur in the operatic plays of the period. Pepys was much taken by the echo in Shadwell's operatic *Tempest* (7 November, 1667); also by "the brave echo upon the stairs" at Somerset House (21 January, 1665).

107, 676. You charm the Air; cf. *Macbeth*, IV, i, 129. D'Avenant's version of *Macbeth* was one of the most popular of Restoration plays.

ACT IV — SCENE I

111, 4-5. Coal under the Candlestick, even or odd with a Witness, an obscure expression relating to card-sharpping.

113, 45-344, poor Poland's. See I, i, 344, and note.

46. Sobieski. John Sobieski, a brilliant soldier under Wisniowiecki, was involved in a series of conspiracies to dethrone that king and openly placed himself under Louis XIV. In 1674 he succeeded to the throne as John III and became famous for his deliverance of Vienna and victories against the Turks. The *London Gazette*, 9-12 September, 1672, gives the following news from Warsaw, August 28: "The Grand Marechal *Sobietski* is at present at *Lembergh*, where he is endeavouring what he can to reinforce himself against the

Turks. In the issue for 11-14 November news from Warsaw (1 November) makes known that Crown General Sobieski defeated 20,000 Turks.

47. **Prince Lobomirski**, an intriguing Polish statesman.

114, 76-77. **Bishop of Munster**, ecclesiastic, soldier, and statesman. The *Gazette* of 18-22 July has the following news from Brussels: "We have certain advice that the Bishop of *Munster* hath taken *Coværden*, that place having surrendered the 12 instant, into which he made his publick entry the next day: the loss of this place will be of great consequence to the Province of *Friesland*, who now lies open to the enemy." In August and September he is mentioned as leading the siege of Gronningen (Gröningen).

115, 90-91. **Cossacks upon the Ukrain**. These are mentioned several times in the *Gazette* between August and November, 1672. Advices from Warsaw 8 November, give treaty terms between Polish king and the Grand Signior among which occurs "The Ukrain shall be left free to the Cossacks, as in former times."

105. **Bonus nocius**, a corruption of the Spanish (?) expression for "good night."

118, 155, 156. **a Norfolk Gentleman**, like Shadwell himself.

122, 260-261. **Clay-Hill**. Mentioned by Toland (*op. cit.*, 95) along with New-inn-lane and Woodcote-green as being "preferr'd to the principal street by such as are lovers of silence and retirement."

262-263. **Mawses Garden**, not mentioned by Toland.

131, 491-493. **Monsieur ne mettez . . .** The use of French was much affected by Restoration beaux;

it was considered especially appropriate in connection with duelling.

133, 525. **keeping Coxcombs.** The practice of "keeping" a mistress is satirized in Dryden's *Mr. Limberham: or The Kind Keeper* (D. G. March, 1678) and in Shadwell's *The True Widow* (D. G. March, 1679).

135, 569. **vi & armis**, literally, *by force of arms*.

589. **Raw-head and Bloody-bones**, imaginary monsters; cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Prophetess*, 1622: "Like Bloody-Bone and Raw-head to frighten children." (*N.E.D.*)

593. **Practice of Piety**, a popular devotional manual.

140, 717 — **141**, 718. **Castigo . . . amem, I chastise you not in anger but in love.**

ACT V — SCENE I

146, 58. **French Towns**, apparently referring to the Second Dutch war in which Charles II was the ally of France.

62. **Nimmegen**, Nimwegen, or Nimeguen, a Dutch town, where the treaty was signed in 1678.

147, 72. **Rhiming Plays and Romances.** The heroic plays against which Shadwell is always tilting were regularly founded on the fashionable French *romans de longue haleine*, of which there were many translations and adaptations.

80-82. **the Invasion . . . Phlegm**, apparently from a popular song of the day.

148, 115. **Box Hill**, a few miles from Epsom, still a well-known beauty spot.

149, 125-127. **Hey for Cavaliers . . .** an old Civil War song to be found in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1714, and in other collections.

149, 136-137. **Here's a Health . . .** another Cavalier song, still popular.

150. An old senseless song, origin not traced.

152, 204. **Dappers Gag of Ginger-bread**, an allusion to Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*, III, v.

167, 553-554. **Love and Honour.** See I, i, 557, note.

172, 670. **Platonick Love**, an affectation of the time of Charles I. D'Avenant's *The Platonick Lovers*, 1636, illustrates the fashion.

674-775. These lines express perfectly the Restoration attitude to marriage; cf. page 180, 878 *seq.*

174, 736. **Mall-Cutpurse**, a notorious Elizabethan virago whose real name was Mary Frith, and who provided the subject for Middleton and Dekker's *The Roaring Girl; or, Moll Cutpurse*, 1611.

736. Doll Common, a well-known character in Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*. Mrs. Corey, the actress, was also known by this name, in consequence of her popularity in the rôle. Pepys saw her in the part of Abigail in *The Scornful Lady*, acting "most excellently" (27 December, 1666); and on 15 January, 1669, he speaks of a great faction at court "about my Lady Harvy's being offended at Doll Common's acting of Sempronia to imitate her; for which she got my Lord Chamberlain, her kinsman, to imprison Doll: upon which my Lady Castlemaine made the King to release her, and to order her to act it again worse than ever, the other day where the King himself was; and since it was acted again, and my lady Harvy provided people to hiss her and fling oranges at her: but it seems the heat is come to a great height, and real troubles at Court about it."

176, 784-785. **Cuff's insolence to Clodpate** recalls

Conrade's contempt for Verges in *Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, ii, 71 *seq.*

180, 866, 867. **the hour was not Canonical**, *i.e.*, outside the hours legally recognized for marriages.

877. **head and quarters**. When a malefactor was hanged, drawn, and quartered, it was the practice to expose the head and quarters on poles on London Bridge.

882. The legal phraseology here recalls the fact that Shadwell had been a member of the Middle Temple.

EPILOGUE

2. **Black-Fryars**, one of the pre-Restoration theaters, pulled down in 1655; here stands for the older type of comedy.

19-31. See Introduction, page xlvii.

The Volunteers

TEXT

The present text is based on the quarto edition of *The Volunteers*, dated on the title page 1693. It evidently appeared soon after Shadwell's death as it was advertised in the *London Gazette*, 15-19 December, 1692. The large number of misprints in this text may be due to the fact that it did not have the benefit of the author's revision. It is to be noted that they are, in almost every case, corrected in the 1720 Duodecimo edition of the *Works*, Volume IV, in which, however, occur several apparently unauthorized readings. No other edition is known to have been published. In the present text obvious misprints are corrected, the original readings being shown in the footnotes, where also other variants which appear in the 1720 text are shown. Where the punctuation of this later text makes the meaning clearer or conforms more closely to modern usage, it has been adopted.

SOURCES

Apart from the fact, first noted by Charles Gildon in his enlarged edition of Langbaine's *Dramatick Poets*, 1699, that the character of Sir Timothy Kastril appears to be modelled on *The Little French Lawyer* of John Fletcher (printed 1647), *The Volunteers* seems to be an entirely original study of a phase of English national life. As pointed out in the Introduction, the popular enthusiasm for volunteering in Flanders under the king afforded Shadwell his main theme. The subsidiary theme of the stockjobbers, which shows very little connection with the main plot, is so slight as scarcely to warrant the subtitle of the play. Shadwell, however, has succeeded in giving a very graphic picture of the contemporary folly of speculation and faithful satirical portraits of the Puritans who tried to reconcile their gambling transactions with their conscience. It is noteworthy that Macaulay in his history of the times draws on both themes as presented by Shadwell.

THE
VOLUNTEERS,
OR THE
Stock-Jobbers.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted by

Their Majesties Servants,

AT THE

Theatre Royal.

Written by *THO. SHADWELL*, Esq; Late
Poet-Lawreat, and Historiographer Royal.
Being his last Play.

LONDON, Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Crown in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1693. Where are also to be had
all Mr. *Shadwell's* 17 Plays, &c. Bound up, or single.

TO THE QUEEN

MADAM

The little Wit of our poor *Family*, as well as the best part of the *Subsistance*, perisht with my Husband; so that we have not where withall, worthily to express our great Acknowledgment due for the
5 *Support* and *Favour* we have already received, much less to publish to the World your *Virtues*, and other *Endowments*, both of *Mind* and *Body*; which in a private Person would have procur'd you the Admiration of *Mankind*, and cannot in a *Queen* but be
10 consider'd as the highest National Blessing we enjoy from Heaven. This Consciousness of our own *Disability*, will much shorten your Majesties Trouble; we shall only therefore, without more words, and with all Humility, and Profound Respect,
15 throw this our last Play at Your Majesties Feet, begging Your Acceptance of it; and that You wou'd once Honour it with Your Presence, which will be the greatest Happiness that can arrive in this World to me his Unfortunate Widow, and from this World,
20 to Your Faithful Servant, my Deceas'd Husband.
I am,

MADAM,

Your Majesties most Humble,

Most Obedient, and most

Faithful Subject and Servant,

Anne Shadwell.

A PROLOGUE

*Written by Mr. Shadwell, and designed to be Spoken,
but was lost when the Play was Acted.*

Our *Poet* taught by you, Sirs, to despise
All Rule, contemns the Witty and the wise :
And to the high and mighty *Fops* I'm sent,
With his Address and humble Complement.
Our *Author* will abhor withal his heart, 5
All Laws and Presidents of Wit and Art :
With you will venture Life and Fortune too,
And sacrifice his little Wit to you.
You who like worthy Judges can dispence
With all the Laws of Wit and common Sense : 10
Make Towing Bombast creeping farce to pass,
And a Triumphant *Poet* of an Ass.
Oh *Fop*! the happiest of all Human-kind ! }
In all the empty corners of his mind, }
Not one ill thought he of himself can find. } 15
The wise have anxious and unhappy been, }
In men of wit is melancholly seen ; }
But you are ne'r in danger of the Spleen. }

4. *Complement.* D, compliment [*et al.*].

5. *withal.* D, with all.

6. *Presidents.* D, Precedents.

Not but that some of you are witty too,
 20 And more transcendent *Fops* for being so :
 Let wisest men speak freely from the heart,
 The *Fop* in them is much the pleasant'st part :
 Blest Thoughtless men ! all others y'ave run down,
 And now before ye carry all the Town :
 25 Who is so pert, so witty at a Play ?
 In Town so brisk, and at the Court so gay ?
 Who in the City grow most rich, and thrive ?
 In Town who on their wits like *Fops* can live ?
 Who can so soon into Preferments jump ?
 30 For whatsoe're the Game is, *Fop* is Trump.
 But above all, who have the finest parts
 With Ladies ! who like them can charm their hearts ?
 Our *Poet* yields to your most Sov'raign Sway,
 And does from you alone protection pray.
 35 The Wits and Criticks differ, and are few,
 You're one and all, nothing can alter you :
 A numerous and uncorrupted Tribe,
 Whom Sense can ne'r perswade, nor Wit can Bribe !

23. *y'ave.* D, you've.

33. *Sov'raign.* D, Sov'reign.

PROLOGUE

Written by Mr. *Durfey*, and [Spoken by]*
Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Since Death's a Buccaneer, and the World will Rob,
As well of Wits, as the dull common Mob;
Though not much learn'd, I have Philosophy
Enough, to teach me 'tis in vain to Cry:
Sad Thoughts then in our Author's Grave Ple bury, 5
And mind the Work in hand, — to make you merry;
So, shall I to his Genius give just due,
And pleasure what still strove to pleasure you:
I mean all you that can good Satyr bear,
Let th' rest look grum, make mouths, and sweat for fear. 10
We by the Hiss, shall soon know who is hit,
Nor can that Noise offend the men of wit;
There still must be some Fools in a full Pit:
Among so many Judges met to Day,
The Bullion Sence wou'd break in the Essay } 15
Were there not some gross mettle to allay.
How many Squires could I this instant shew,
Well pleas'd to see our Author's Head laid low; }
I dare say I see twenty in one Row.

* [Spoken by]. Q, Spoken of by.

1. *the World*. D, th'World.

16. *mettle*. D, metal.

- 20 *Pox, cries a Chit with Native Vice endu'd,*
That has just got a Genius to be lewd:
An honest Rakehel can't get drunk, nor whore,
Break Windows, scowre the Watch, Bully nor roar:
But straight a Character shall plague him for't;
 25 *Rob him! I'm glad he's dead with all my heart.*
A man may now get something by the Age,
Without being laugh'd at for't upon the Stage.
Mon Dieu! cries Miss, as right as ever twang'd,
These Rhiming Satyr Rogues should all be hang'd.
 30 *I live by Law, a Protestant true blew,*
All Taxes pay, and am to Church so true,
I make my Assignations in a Pew. }
From Crimes like these to make an Audience laugh,
Who Vices dare Explode, — both kinds are safe,
 35 *For th' Poet, Mate, — by Proxy does to Day,*
Entreat you all to guard his Orphan Play:
His Sacred Boon above we hope he'l have,
His Wit below, his Friends he hopes will save, }
'Tis none but Devils damn beyond the Grave. }

30. blew. D, blue.

DRAMMATIS PERSONÆ

- Major General *Blunt*. An old Cavalier Officer, somewhat rough in Speech, but very brave and honest, and of good Understanding, and a good Patriot. 5
 Mr. *Lee*,
- Coll. *Hackwell*, Sen. An old Anabaptist Collonel of *Cromwell's*, very stout and Godly, but somewhat Immoral.
 Mr. *Dogget*,
- Coll. *Hackwell*, Jun. His Son, a Gallant well-bred 10
 Mr. *Powell*, young Gentleman, who has gotten much Honour in the Reduction of *Ireland*.
- Welford*. A brave young Gentleman, a
 Mr. *Hodgson*, Volunteer, of a good Estate, 15
 who has gotten much Honour in the late Wars.
- Sir *Nicholas Dainty*. A most Fantastick, Conceited
 Mr. *Bowman*, Beau, of Drolling, Affected Speech; a very Coxcomb, but 20
 stout; a most luxurious effeminate Volunteer.
- Sir *Timothy Kastril*. An ugly sub-Beau, as Conceited
 Mr. *Bowen*, as the other, but has a mortal hatred to War, that lives a 25

2. [Actors' names omitted in D.]

25. *War, that.* D, war, and that.

- lazy Dronish Coxcombly Life,
 writing Billet Doux.
- 30 *Nickum.* Mrs. *Hackwell's* Stallion; a
 Mr. *Alexander,* Sharper, which is a new name
 for a Rogue and a Cheat.
- Ding-boy.* Another Rogue of his Acquaint-
 Mr. *Freeman,* ance.
Hop. A Dancing-Master.
- 35 *Teresia.* A foolish Confident, conceited
 Mrs. *Knight,* and affected young Lady,
 Daughter to the Major Gen-
 eral.
- Eugenia.* A very fine young Lady, the
 Mrs. *Mountford,* Reverse of her Sister *Teresia.*
- 40 *Winifred.* An ill-bred, Scornful affected
 Mrs. *Rogers,* thing, a great Friend to *Te-*
resia, and Daughter to Mrs.
Hackwell.
- 45 *Clara.* A Bea[u]tiful Ingenious young
 Mrs. *Bracegirdle,* Lady, a great Friend to
Eugenia, Daughter to Coll.
Hackwell, by a former Wife.
- Mrs. *Hackwell.* A most Devillish Imperious Wife,
 Mrs. *Lee,* and the worst of Step-Mothers.
- 50 *Lettrice.* A very honest young Maid,
 Servant to Mrs. *Hackwell.*
- Prudence.* Chamber-Maid to *Teresia.*
Stitchum. A Taylor.
- Mr. *Penkethman.*
- Servants, Footmen, Fidlers, Singers, Dancers, Constable
 and Guards.

The Volunteers

ACT I. SCENE I

Enter Teresia, Eugenia, and Hop.

Hop. So Ladies; 'tis enough this Morning, I must now to your Neighbour, Madam *Hackwell's* Daughter, Madam *Winifred*, she is the finest Lady; Ah, 'twoud do a Man's Heart good to have such Schollars.

[*Hop puts on his Galashoes, and takes his Cloak and Kitt.* 5

Teres. Let me dye, if she be not a fine Lady indeed.

Eugen. Lord! Sister, how we differ; I take her to be the most Fantastick, Vain, Insolent, Ill-bred foolish Creature about Town, 10
— except your self. [*Aside.*

Teres. Alas! poor Ignorant thing, thou judge, the Country has stupified thee, may I perish else.

Hop. Her Mother is a fine discreet, sober, 15

wise Lady, but her Father-in-Law's a damn'd old Phanatick Collonel of *Cromwell's*, and will not let his own Daughter learn:— He says Dancing is Whorish; But thank Heav'n, his
 20 Lady wears the Breeches.

Teres. Out on him, old filthy Fellow; Dancing is the prettiest innocent Accomplishment, upon my word, I'll say't.

Hop. Aye Madam, You are in the Right,
 25 there is not such another. I hate these damn'd Phanaticks, they wou'd ruin the Nation.

Eugen. You Cutters of Capers have no very good Friends of them indeed.—
 30 Now does this Puppy think Dancing the most considerable thing in the Nation. [*Aside.*

Hop. Well, sweet Ladies, your Servant.

Enter Major-General Blunt.

M. G. Bl. Good morrow *Hop.* What, will the Girls pace? Shall we make 'em Amble?

35 *Hop.* Your Worship's a merry Man; Sir, I am in haste. [*Exit Hop.*

M. G. Bl. Well, get thee gone about thy capering Vocation, Well said Wenches, you are early up; bless ye both.

Eugen. and *Teresia* kneel.

Teres. I wish you Joy of your Birth-day. 40

Eugen. And I Sir, may you see many more happy ones; And live till you shall wish to dye.

M. G. Bl. Well said, my Girl.

Teres. I vow, I wish you may live an 45
Hundred Years: I'll swear I do.

M. G. Bl. A Dod Wench, that's not so well, thou stin'st me; 'Tis somewhat of the least; — Well, this is my Birth-day. And my Wedding Day, that joyn'd me to the best of 50
Women, rest her Soul; This Day, I always Celebrate with Jollity and Feasting.

Teres. Oh pray Sir, let's have Dancing; Oh Lord, I am no body without Dancing, I'll swear. 55

M. G. Bl. Oh Lord, you shall have Dancing:
[Mi[m]icking her.

But what need you affect, and drawl out your words so, like a waiting Woman, run over with Green-Sickness and Romance?

Teres. Are you angry with a Grace in 60
Speech?

M. G. Bl. Grace! A Dod, it is a Disgrace; can't you speak as you were taught? But

43. *dye.* D, die [et al.].

47. *A Dod.* D, A-dod [et al.].

56. *Mi[m]icking.* Q, Minnicking.

come on, I'll do my Duty to you both: For
 65 you I have left my dear Country Life, my
 sweet and fragrant Air; with plain, natural
 and honest Company, for Essence of Sinks and
 Common-Shoars, for subtle Artificial Knaves,
 Ambitious Covetous Villains, who wou'd sell
 70 their very Country for Money, or a Title added
 to that of Villain.

Eugen. A sad Exchange for me, who love
 nothing like the freshness, ease and silence of
 the Country, to endure the Stinks, the rat[t]ling
 75 noise, and Tumult of the Town.

Teres. Poor thing; The Country Life's a
 pretty Life for a Dairy Maid; but for a fine
 Lady, there's nothing like this delicious Town:
 And I'll say't, *Hockley in the Hole* here is
 80 sweeter than a Grove of *Jessamin* in the Coun-
 try; Oh there is nothing in this World like
London.

M. G. Bl. For Whores by'r Lady, among
 the Coxcombs and the Beau's, *London!* They
 85 live not here the Life of Nature; 'tis all Art
 and Trick; every thing is put on, and Foppery.

Teres. The Life of Nature? that's for
 Beasts.

68. *Common-Shoars.* D, Common-Sewers.

74. *rat[t]ling.* Q, ratling.

M. G. Bl. Beasts! By the Lord *Harry*, Fops are below Beasts. Who ever knew a ⁹⁰ Beast a Fop? Nature never makes one, 'tis Affectation, which never is among Beasts.

Eugen. Who that has Sence or Vertue, cou'd endure the piteous Dullness of new Plays, the Idleness of *Basset* and *Comet*; the ⁹⁵ most provoking Impertinence of how do you's, and visiting Days, with Tea Tables?

Teres. Oh Lord! Speak against *Basset*, *Comet*, and visiting days, and Tea Tables; I pity thee, poor Country thing: Thanks to my ¹⁰⁰ dear Aunt, that gave me *London* Breeding: I'll say't, 'twas a Portion, let me die else.

M. G. Bl. Come dear *Eugenia*, thou hast Sense.

Teres. She Sence, hi, hi, hi, hi, Country ¹⁰⁵ Sence.

M. G. Bl. Yes, that she has, hi, hi, hi, hi, Country Sence is better than *London* Impudence; I cannot say thy Aunt has corrupted thee; for by the Lord *Harry*, there must be a ¹¹⁰ strong Root of Folly in thee, to grow to this.

Teres. Aye Sir, you may say what you please.

M. G. Bl. But come *Teresia*, this is not my
^{105.} Sence. D, sense [et al.].

115 Business; I am resolv'd to do well by both of
 ye; — I have a pretty good Estate, and might
 have had a Thousand Pound a Year more, but
 that I must flye from the *University* forsooth,
 to run a Cavaliering, and so to have the honour
 120 to be flung from one Jayl into another, and be
 sequester'd, and Decimated, after being run,
 and shot through, and hack'd to some purpose
 for my Loyalty.

Eugen. No Man ever signalized his Cour-
 125 age and his Sufferings more than you: The
 Name of *Major General Blunt* will be remem-
 bred.

M. G. Bl. And I got well by't Adod, no
 more of that; — I am come up to this *Smith-*
 130 *field*, like a Horse-Courser, to put off a Brace
 of Fillies, in this Market of Matrimony; I am
 resolved to dispose of ye very soon, that I may
 go down and live, and breath again.

Eugen. Sir, I am not so fond of parting with
 135 so good a Father, 'tis time enough.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, 'tis high time,
 Wenches; don't I know y'are full ripe; and
 when y'are so, ye nothing but think and dream
 of Fellows, all of ye; A Dod ye do.

140 *Teres.* Oh Lord, I think and dream of

Fellows; hi, hi, hi, hi. I'll swear it is the least of my Thoughts, hi, hi, hi, hi.

M. G. Bl. I'll swear you lye; hi, hi, hi, hi, 'tis the greatest of your Thoughts; hi, hi, hi, hi, what a Pox, do you laugh when there is no ¹⁴⁵ Jest?

Teres. Smiling and laughing becomes ones Face.

M. G. Bl. What, Laughter that's put on, and affected? It provokes to Vomit: what a ¹⁵⁰ Devil is this playing with a Fan, and falling back, and pulling up your Breasts, and thrusting out your Bumm, and tossing your Head, and distorting of your Body, and being more Antick than an Ape. ¹⁵⁵

Teres. Say what you please Sir, I can never be put out of Love with a good Mien and Air, and Graceful Deportment, good breeding, and such things: With your Pardon Sir, you love Rusticity, I vow you do. ¹⁶⁰

M. G. Bl. I love Nature, and hate Affectation, I vow I do; well, 'tis in vain to strive to cure a Fop. Here is near hand a Parallel for you; Collonel *Hackwell's* [Wife's] Daughter *Winifred*. ¹⁶⁵

Teres. All the World says, one of the finest

^{164.} [*wife's*]. Q, Wives.

bred Ladies in Town, I'll say't they do; who but Madam *Winifred*, let me dye.

M. G. Bl. And for thee my Girl, there's
170 his Daughter.

Eugen. I never knew a young *Lady* of such Wit, Modesty and Discretion, in my Life; nor one whom I cou'd wish so much to make a Friend of.

175 *Teres.* Nay, you are right now I'll swear, hi, hi, hi, hi, a poor Ignorant ill-bred Tit; I'll say't she knows nothing of the Beau Mond, as Sir *Foppling* says.

M. G. Bl. What an Authors that? A dod
180 she is a provoking Jade.

Teres. An Author; for my part, a Company of ill-dress'd Slovenly Course bred Fellows may laugh at him, but I'll say't, 'tis the best Character of a fine accomplisht Gentle-
185 man that e're I saw in a Play; and Madam *Winifred*, my dear Friend, is in my Mind.

M. G. Bl. Ounds, I have much ado to forbear kicking her; But I'll contain. [*Aside.* Come Wenches, this is nothing to my purpose; I am resolved to marry you out of hand,
190 and will be so kind to you both to let you choose, if they be Gentlemen, and with indif-

ferent Fortunes, and no blemmish of baseness; ye shall have 'em: Come on Girls, deal plainly and honestly with your Father; A dod do, hah. 195

Teres. Hi, hi, hi, hi, O Lord Sir, do you think I love a Fellow? Hi, hi, hi, hi, I hate Fellows, I vow Sir, O Lord, I.

M. G. Bl. Pox on her, I cou'd wring her Neck off; what! do yo[u] hate Beau's? 200

Teres. Indeed the Beau's are the finest Gentlemen; I would not give a Farthing for one that is not a Beau.

M. G. Bl. Set thy Heart at rest; by the Lord *Harry*, thou shalt have a Beau. 205

Teres. I have one! Oh Lord, do not think so meanly of me, to imagine I am in Love; who e're has a mind to me, I'll make him dye for me.

Eugen. Name Sir *Nicholas Dainty*. 210

M. G. Bl. What think you of Sir *Nicholas Dainty*; he is the top of all the Beau's and Coxcombs of the Park, and Play-house.

Teres. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! All the World says he is the finest Gentleman in *England*; 215 the most curious Dress, the finest Air, and the gallantest Mien; let me dye, all the World, every body says it; but I can't love any Fel-

low, alas, most of the Beau's Ogle and Dye for
 220 me now, and I mind 'em no more than my little
 Dog *Venny*. — Oh how happy shou'd I be in
 the Arms of that delicate, perfect, most accom-
 plished, sweet Sir *Nicholas*. [*Aside.*]

M. G. Bl. Thou hast hit her right; what a
 225 rare Match 'twoud be, better one House than
 two troubled with them; I was his Guardian,
 and I know by him, there is no more turning
 of a Fop into a Man of Sense, than of an Owl
 into a Nightingale. He has a good Estate,
 230 *Teresia*: But pray let me see; D[o]d, he is
 going a Volunteer this Campaigne.

Teres. Oh Heaven and Earth! a Volunteer;
 I dye, I dye! [*She faints.*]

M. G. Bl. How now, how now, what's the
 235 matter?

Eugen. Why Sister, what ailst thou?

Teres. Oh Lord! A Volunteer. [*Aside.*
 Nothing but Wind upon my Stomach, with
 staying so long for my Breakfast. — I'll retire
 240 Sir; Oh Lord, Oh Lord, Oh Lord, a Volunteer!
 I cannot out-live it. [*Exit. Teresia, Eugenia.*]

M. G. Bl. Step in with her, and return
 instantly; What Prodigy is this? Was ever
 Creature so different, from Father and Mother,

and Sister; by the Lord *Harry*, I shall begin ²⁴⁵
 to believe the old Tales of Fairies changing
 Children in the Cradles; by'r Lady they have
 sent me a damn'd Fantastick Fairy: — Come
 my *Eugenia*, thou art the Darling of my Heart,
 the Image of thy dead Mother. 250

Enter Eugenia

Eugen. I should be happy to deserve the
 Favour, and that Character.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, out upon Comple-
 ment, A dod thou dost; come on, be plain and
 honest, no trifling; tell me what Gentleman ²⁵⁵
 dost thou like best of all thou hast seen at
London.

Eugen. I know you too well to dissemble
 with you, or conceal any thing from you, which
 you require me to let you know; Young ²⁶⁰
 Collonel *Hackwell* our Neighbour, the old
 Collonel's Son, is the most agreeable Person
 of a Man, the best bred, and of the best sence
 I have seen: And I observe all Men of good
 Reputation, give him an excellent Charac- ²⁶⁵
 ter.

M. G. Bl. Faith Wench, let me kiss thee
 for that: He is the prettiest young Fellow in

253. *Complement.* D, Compliment!

England, an understanding wise young Fellow,
 270 as much Wit as any Man, well tempered, of
 great Honour, in great Favour with the King;
 he has done Wonders in the War of *Ireland*;
 he has gotten much Reputation, but no black
 Cattle; and adod Girl, he is as brave a Fellow
 275 as my self; There is as much difference between
 thy Choice and hers, as between an Eagle and
 a Jay.

Eugen. But Sir, All this is not to the Point,
 for he cannot be thought of for a Husband by
 280 you: For his Father, by the Indignation of
 his second Wife, has turned him off, and is
 resolved to disinherit him.

M. G. Bl. That ever that old Blockheaded
 Round head shou'd fight for Liberty; and I'll
 285 tell thee Wench, I shall ne're forget him; we
 have had Rubbers, and adod he is a plaguy
 Fellow. I have had his dam'd long Tuck in
 my Body, and this Fellow, to sneak to a con-
 founded, silly, Fantastick, ugly, old second
 290 Wife; the most termagant Jade in *Christen-*
dom: But my poor *Eugenia*, if his Son had no
 Fortune, hee'd hew himself out one with his
 Sword, under so brave, and magnanimous a
 King: If not for thy sake, I'd give him one, to

292. *hee'd.* D, he'd.

make thee happy, but Fifteen Hundred Pound ²⁹⁵
a Year is intailed upon him.

Eugen. I can scarce forbear to worship so good a Father: And on my Knees, I humbly thank you for your kind intention: Pray think it not immodest, if I ingenuously confess I ³⁰⁰
love this Man more than Liberty or Light, or all that this World holds dear, or valuable: I could with him waste all my Life in Wants, in Rags, and in a Desert.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, a brave ³⁰⁵
Wench, blush not, 'tis no shame to love a Gallant Fellow, 'tis natural to love, and 'tis a Disease not to be Subject to it: But let me see, there is something to be considered, will he love ye, hah, adod hah. ³¹⁰

Eugen. Be pleased to peruse those billets, I would to have been lost for ever, e're I woud have proceeded farther without your leave; in these you'll find him Honourable, Sir.

M. G. Blunt. Ha! Let me see. — *Your* ³¹⁵
Excellent Beauty, Incomparable Wit and Vertue — Passion — Transport — Honour — Right; a dod, thus it was when I was a young Fellow: ah Wench, I shall never forget [what] I was; ah,

300. *ingenuously.* D, ingeniously.

315. *see. — Your.* Q, see your.

319. [*what*], omitted in Q.

320 well, I say no more: Let me see: *To begin at your Father, wou'd look like Imposition, yet without his consent I must resolve to be miserable:* by my Honour, a pretty young Fellow. *This way of proceeding shews I have most Honour for*
 325 *the Daughter, the other would express more for the Father.*

Eugen. You have lighted upon the first; I have answer'd none, nor ever would, without your Consent.

Enter Coll. Hackwell jun. and Mr. Welford.

330 *M. G. Bl.* Cods my life, see who's here? The very man.

Eugen. Give me my Billet Sir.

[She sna[t]ches the paper and runs out.

Hack. jun. Fair Lady, do you fly for the same.

335 *M. G. Bl.* These Cunning young Wenches wo'not be seen undrest, till it be too late to mislike 'em.

Hack. jun. I come to wait on you, my Noble Major General, to give you joy of your
 340 Birth-day; and I wish you all the happiness Mankind is Capable of.

M. G. Bl. Thank ye heartily, young fellow.

Hack. jun. Sir this Friend of mine, who is a man of honour, and I dare say, you'l think worthy of your Acquaintance, desires the ³⁴⁵ honour of it; 'Tis Mr. *Welford*.

M. G. Bl. The brave Volunteer, who has not heard your name? Y'are welcome, I am your Servant.

Welf. If any thing could make me proud, ³⁵⁰ it would be praise from so brave a Souldier, and so great a Patriot.

M. G. Bl. Praise! A Gentleman who maintains Twenty well appointed Horsemen at his own Charge; and serves a private man ³⁵⁵ among'st 'em, deserves praise from every brave fellow, and true *English* man; you must Dine with me to day, both of yee, Adod I love brave young fellows, the noise of War fires my old Blood, methinks I long to be amongst you. ³⁶⁰

Hack. jun. You have shewn such Gallantry, as we can but faintly Copy after.

M. G. Bl. Well, I have seen Action in my time, and have swing'd and been swing'd, by my hilts I have: I have been shot and run ³⁶⁵ thorough, and cut in the head and face, for a Cause not half so great as this: These knocks give me such Remembrance, that my old

Carcase will not suffice my mind ; — It [wo' not]
370 be.

Hack. jun. The thought would perplex a man, to find that a Cottage upon a Common may be sustained from Age to Age ; and these poor frail tenements, must drop for all the
375 Reparations we can make.

Welf. Gallant old Soldiers have nothing to do, but to be as easie as they can, and live and enjoy the fame, they Nobly wone.

M. G. Bl. A Dod it is a kind of Chewing the
380 Cud upon honour ; Faith young fellows, if this Carcase wou'd serve my mind, I'de not be the hindmost, by the Lord Harry ; War was another thing in my time, we fought and push'd it on, as troth you did well in *Ireland*.
385 Now your *French* Trick is to lie secured in passes, and not fight.

Hack. jun. But delay like a Chancery Suite to undo the Plantiffs pursestrings.

M. G. Bl. 'Tis not shot bags, but money
390 bags that do Grand *Lewis* his Business ; but come on young fellow, how stand matters between your Father and you ?

Hack. jun. In a most forlorn Condition.

369. [*wo' not*]. Q, wonot.

378. *wone*. D, won.

388. *Suite*. D, suit.

Welf. Dear *Tom*, I'll go to him about that Business and meet as appointed. 395

Hack. ju. [You'll] find it in vain, There is no Creature so obstinate as a Godly Man.

M. G. Bl. Sir, your Servant, fail not at Two, at Dinner.

Welf. Sir, your most humble Servant, I 400
will not. [Exit Welf.]

Hack. jun. That's as brave a Gentleman as e're drew Sword; I have seen him, in Clouds of Smoak, and Showers of Bullets, as Fearless as if he were Invulnerable; He refuses all com- 405
mand and takes all the Duty and Fatigue of a Centry upon him; and spends a thousand pound a Year among Sick and wanting Soldiers, and fares plainly himself.

M. G. Bl. He has the Spirit of *Cato*, brave 410
Cato, *Monstrat tolerare labores non jubet*, such a Volunteer ought to be honour'd. Now a Company of fluttering Fops, think of nothing but living well in a Camp. A dod, one Dra-
goon's worth 40 such. 415

Hack. jun. To say the Truth, Instead of hardship, toil, abstinence, we have Introduced

396. [You'll]. Q, Youl.

407. Centry. D, Centinel.

408. wanting. D, wounded.

in Camps, Softness, eff[e]minacy and Luxury,
and such Extravagance in Cloaths and Equi-

420 page —

M. G. Bl. A Damn'd *French* Invention to
undo men, and make them absolutely depend
like Slaves, as the *Janizaries* did once upon the
Turks. But look thee, to our Business, Your
425 Father Dines with me to day. I know he has
turn'd you out of doors; and in the first place,
no Complements, but it shall be a Mortal Quar-
rel between us, if you send not your Goods and
Servants hither, and make my house your own.

430 *Hack. jun.* Sir, You —

M. G. Bl. Look you young fellow, answer
me not, but with your Leg; But do what I
say, A dod I will have it so.

Hack. jun. He's always in Earnest. —

435 Oh, most surprizing Joy, to be in the house
with my Mistress. I'll shortly reveal my love
to him. [*Aside.*

M. G. Bl. That Mother in Law of thine, is
a Confounded Jade, and I believe given to
440 stumble much; there is an odd fellow keeps her
Company.

Hack. jun. She calls him Cozen, his name is
Nickum.

M. G. Bl. Aye *Nickum!* what is that fellow,
Nickum? 445

Hack. jun. He was a Notorious Sharper,
and now she swells his pocket for him.

M. G. Bl. Sharper! A pox on that new
name. The old [ones,] Rogue and Cheat, are
better, Dod I hate mincing; so Miss is a 450
pretty new name; Miss with a pox! Is not
the old one Whore better, Miss with the
Devils name; Whore I say. There is a Sister
in Law for thee; a damn'd affected foolish
Jade; they say the young fellow calls her 455
scornful Lady.

Hack. jun. Insolent enough of all Con-
science, and affected to Nauseousness.

M. G. Bl. Dod thou wilt live to see her take
up with a Groom or some pitiful fellow. 460

Hack. jun. Truly she is somewhat lia-
ble.

M. G. Bl. But thy own Sister is the very
Reverse of her; but come lets into my Dressing
Room and Consult about matters, and then 465
we'l walk in the Park.

Hack. jun. 'Tis delicate weather; every
body will be there.

[*Ex. M. G. Blunt and Hack. jun.*

SCENE II.

Coll. Hackwell's House.

Enter Winifred and Hop.

Hop. Now sweet Madam *Winifred*, this
470 Room is private, no more dancing, Oh Love,
Divine Love.

Win. Get you gone you naughty Man, sure
you used Witchcraft, I that have scorn'd all
the young fellows in the Town, and used 'em
475 like Dogs, to be caught with you.

[She pats him on the Face.]

Hop. Indeed Madam *Winifred* 'tis your
great Goodness and no desert of mine.

Win. Ah, that dear Kit, and plaid upon by
those Fingers, 'twas that won upon me first,
480 let me Die, Oh you make the finest musick of
that pretty Kit.

Hop. Hist, hist, some body comes, fa, la,
la, la, Coupee, fa, la, la, round streight.

Enter Prudence.

Pru. Madam *Teresia* desires your Ladiship
485 wou'd favour her with your Company to St.
James's Park this forenoon.

481. *pretty.* D, pretty [*et al.*].

Win. Go tell my Dear, I'll not fail; — She is the finest Lady in the Universe I'll vow.

[*Exit Prudence.*

Hop. Not when Madam *Winifred* is by; let me kiss those dear pretty dear hands. 490

Enter Clara unseen and unheard.

Win. Go, go, get you gone, let me dye, you have the Charmingst way with you.

Clara. Is this learning to Dance! very pretty! is all her haughty Insolence and scorn come to this? 495

Hop. Dear sweet Lady of my Life, when shall our two half broad pieces meet? I have a Minister ready at an hours time to joyn 'em; this day we shall all be merry at Major General *Blunts*, we may easily drop out, — 500
Hah, who's here? Madam, pray mind, fa, la, la, la, Lord you are careless.

Clara. What reason is there, this fellow shou'd not be hamstring'd? but I'll take no notice, her sence and breeding is fit for none 505
but a Cut-Caper.

Hop. Nay whether do you turn; why dont you mind me?

Clara. M[e]thinks Mr. *Hop*, she does mind you; and is much improved by your Instruc- 510
tions.

Win. Well, what's that to you what I am; what, did you come to listen? must I have such a one as you to be a spie upon me Mrs.
515 *Malapert?*

Clara. Breedings a good thing Sister; a very good thing.

Win. Breeding, Thou talkest of Breeding, why thou canst not walk a Corant poor thing;
520 — You breeding and never learnt to dance.

Hop. Breeding without dancing!

[*Exit Hop.*]

Clara. Breeding is in the head, not in the foot, Sister.

Win. Come, come Mistress; I'll not be
525 used thus; I that have been profered all the best and finest Gentlemen about the Town, who die for me; and to be suspected for my Dancing Master.

Clara. The Innocent ne're fear suspition.

530 *Win.* That is as much as to say, I am not innocent; you are, I know what you are; marry come up? I'll not endure it.

Clara. You make me smile.

Enter Mrs. Hackwel.

Mrs. Hack. How now what's the matter?

535 *Win.* Am I born to be abused by that

529. *suspition.* D, Suspicion [*et al.*].

Family? Heres Mrs. *Pert* — must listen and watch, and be a Spie upon me, as if she suspected my being alone with a Dancing Master.

Mrs. *Hack*. Huswife! how dare you treat my Daughter thus, 'tis sawcy in you; shall I ⁵⁴⁰ be perpetually affronted by your Paltry brood? I have gotten rid of one, and the other shall out suddainly; must we have Spies upon us forsooth? marry come up Minx.

Clara. Ill words shall not make me forget ⁵⁴⁵ my duty to my Fathers Wife.

Mrs. *Hack*. Your Fathers Wife, Impudence; what is that Fathers Wife of kin to you?

Clara. My true Stepmother.

Mrs. *Hack*. Stepmother! Hey day! there's ⁵⁵⁰ a name, I shall have fine titles by and by: Mrs. Spie, I'll spoil your Office.

Clara. I scorn the Office; but Madam, the Innocent fear no Spies.

Mrs. *Hack*. Oh most Audacious, tell me of ⁵⁵⁵ the Innocent!

Win. Have I scorn'd all the fellows of the Town, that have Ogled me and Writen Billets?

Mrs. *Hack*. Aye, aye, and those that die for her now; tho' I must confess it is a faul[t]. ⁵⁶⁰

543. *suddainly*. D, suddenly.

558. *Writen*. D, Written.

560. *faul[t]*. Q, faulf (*misprint*).

Win. Don't I hate all the filthy fellows?

Mrs. Hack. And use 'em with all the Contempt Imaginable.

Win. To be watched when I am alone with
565 a Dancing Master.

Mrs. Hack. Aye, aye, to be watch'd with a Dancing Master, he poor fellow.

Win. Nay, not such a poor fellow neither, the man's a pretty man, a very pretty man;
570 but for my Vertue; my Honour to be questioned.

Mrs. Hack. If my Cozin *Nickum* comes to see me, we must be watch'd, and you must pop in and out forsooth; — and he is as fine a
575 Gentleman as the Sun shines upon.

Clara. Oh my poor deluded Father, to be abused by a Rascal, Cheat and Rook.

Mrs. Hack. Come on Huswife; I'll not endure this under my roof.

580 *Clara.* How Innocence can smile at accusation.

*Enter Coll. Hackwell, sen[i]or.**

Hack. sen. Who has offended thee my dear Lamb?

Mrs. Hack. One that always will; am I and

572. *Cozin.* D, Cousin.

* *sen[i]or.* Q, *senor.*

mine born to be affronted perpetually by your 585
brood here ?

Coll. Hack. sen. I am sorry dear Lamb, but
what's the matter ?

Mrs. Hack. Good Lack ! what's the mat-
ter ? As if I cou'd not tell when I was af- 590
fronted ; but you must judge.

Win. As if we did not know, when we were
abus'd, huh.

Hack. sen. Look thee, I profess Lamb I am
sore afflicted at these things ; but we are one 595
Flesh, and thou art dearer to me than all the
World, I will cleave unto thee.

Mrs. Hack. Cleave quoth he ! She listens
and watches when my Daughter's alone
with her Dancing Master ; as if she wou'd be 600
naught with him. Must my Daughter be sus-
pected ?

Nay, she has the Impudence if any Gentle-
man (as my Cozen *Nickum* or so) comes to wait
upon me, to spy and listen ; must my Vertue, 605
my known Vertue be once in Suspition ?

Hack. sen. Look thee lamb ! I beseech
thee weep not dear lamb, verily none can be so
wicked to suspect such known vertue ; I pro-
fess *Clara*, I am incens'd against thee, yea 610
greatly incens'd.

Clara. I have been used to bear, and for your sake I can do it.

Mrs. Hack. Most audacious! She smiles
615 and laughs at us.

Clara. Let Guilt look dejected, Innocence will smile.

Mrs. Hack. In short, I am resolv'd not to be under the same roof with her; your wicked
620 Son and she, have made me weary of my life.

Hack. sen. Verily, thou art unto me my lamb, as the Apple of my Eye, and in truth
Clara, I am greatly moved in Spirit, and I am resolved for the quiet of thy good Mother to
625 dispose of thee, but first I'll seek the Lord upon it.

Mrs. Hack. Tell me of seeking; seek me no Body, but do it.

Enter Mr. Welford.

Clara. I have born this Tyrany long
630 enough; Thank Heaven I have a Fortune of my own; and will take care to dispose of my self. *[Exit Clara.*

Welf. Heav'n grant it were to me; by the world she is an Angel, I never saw killing
635 beauty, till this Instant.

Win. What fellow's that? But I must go

to my dear, and walk with her in the Park :
She sent to me. [Exit Winifred.

Welf. Is this my Friends Sister, hah, I had
forgotten. 640

Hack. sen. Who are you, Sir : have you
ought with me ?

Welf. I have, if you be Collonel *Hackwell*,
somewhat which concerns you.

Hack. sen. Men are wont to call me so ; Is 645
it about the Linnen Manufacture ?

Welf. Ha ! this Godly old fellow, is of the
honest Vocation of Stockjobbing — (*Aside*)
— No it is not.

Mrs. Hack. The Glass ? 650

Welf. No.

Hack. sen. The Copper ?

Welf. No.

Hack sen. The Tinn ?

Welf. No. 655

Mrs. Hack. The Divers ?

Welf. No.

Hack. sen. Oh the Paper !

Welf. None of these.

Mrs. Hack. It must be the Dippers ; who will 660
make Sarcenet keep out rain like Drap de Berry.

Welf. None of all these, nor no wager about
the retaking of *Mons, Phillisburgh, Mont-*

melian; Nor Invading of *France* by the first
665 of *August*, none of all these, but some private
business wherein I desire your care alone.

Mrs. *Hack*. What, wou'd you part Man
and Wife?

Welf. No, if I had that Dispencing power, I
670 wou'd mend all the High ways in *England*;
Repair the Old, and Erect New Bridges every
where; and build Churches Innumerable.

Hack. sen. And Hospitals.

Welf. Not one, that's your City Custom,
675 to cheat all their lives time; And give away
what they have gotten from the Right owners,
to the founding or increasing of an Hospital;
besides I like not the Charity of making half a
score Knaves live luxuriously, and the poor
680 who shou'd be rel[ie]v'd to live miserably
under them. But to my business, which is not
so fit for your ear Madam.

Mrs. *Hack*. I hope it is not Obscene Sir?

Hack. sen. I profess that is not fit for my
685 eares then; but look ye Sir, my Lamb and I,
are one Flesh.

Mrs. *Hack*. Do you think there is a secret
of Mr. *Hackwell* that is not mine?

666. *care.* D, Ear.

680. *relliev'd.* Q, releiv'd.

Hack. sen. Not one verily.

Welf. Sure this Fellow cou'd never be my 690
Freinds Father, pray heav'n his Mother was
honest.

Enter Nickum.

Mrs. Hack. Wellcom dear Cozen *Nickum.*

Hack. sen. Good morning Cozen.

Nickum. Your most humble Servant. 695

Mrs. Hack. Well Sir, No whispering, I
must and will hear all my husband's business.

Welf. Oh breeding and modesty whither
are you flown? well then, I may plead my
Cause in the Face of open day; and in the 700
greatest Assembly. Sir, you have a Son:

Hack. sen. I have, what then, wou'd he
had Grace.

Welf. I don't know what you call Grace;
but he has as much Vertue and Honour, as any 705
Gentleman living:

Hack. sen. Vertue and Honour will bring
him but to hell.

Mrs. Hack. He vertue and honour.

Welf. Yes Madam, the world knows it, 710
loudly speaks of it, for my part I think it my
greatest honour to be call'd his Freind.

691. *Freinds.* D, Friends [*et al.*].

693. *Wellcom.* D, Welcome.

Hack. sen. But what's all this to me?

Welf. 'Tis to your honour; he is greatly
715 favoured by the King; extream-beloved by
the People, much esteemed by the Generals,
adored by the Soldiers, and has won immortal
honour in the Reduction of *Ireland*; he never
speaks of you without Love and Reverence,
720 and wou'd give all the world to be in your
favour; no Parent yet e're had a Son of greater
Piety, and you to turn him off.

Hack. sen. I profess to you, I do not think
it fit for one who has liv'd 68 Years to take
725 advice of one without a beard.

Mrs. Hack. What have you to do with us?
pray sweet Sir, go your ways and meddle with
your matters.

Welf. I have been told ye were stout and
730 behav'd your self bravely in the Civil War.

Hack. sen. Indeed I must confess I was not
wont to fly before the face of an Enemy in that
day.

Welf. Methinks this should make you love
735 and cherish a brave fellow that sprung from
you; besides, what will Mankind say of you,
for using him so ill, whom they like so well?

Hack. sen. The Righteous fear not the
Censures of the Wicked, he has been dis-

obedient and disrespectful to my dear Lamb. 740

Welf. [*Aside.* Lamb with a pox, why does
not he call her Yew?

[*To him.* He is too much a well-bred
Man, and a Man of honour
to be guilty of that. 745

Mrs. Hack. Sir, I cannot but wonder at
your Impudence; out of my doors he is a
Scurvy, Sawcy, Scandalous Fellow.

Welf. Death, Madam, I wou'd not hear a
Man say so. 750

Nickum. What if you shou'd Sir?

Welf. Why, I wou'd pull him by the nose,
if you please I will shew you how.

Nickum. Do you know who I am?

Welf. You are now a fellow with a whole 755
face, but if you dare speak one ill word of my
Friend, you shall be a fellow with a slasht face.

Nickum }
Hack. sen. } Dare Sir?

Mrs. Hack. So, very fine, he must send his
Hectors to affront us, and our Freinds; Avaunt, 760
get the[e] out of my doors, Bully.

742. *Yew.* D. Ewe.

747. *Impudence; out . . . doors he.* D, Impudence — out . . .
doors! He.

748. *Sawcy.* Omitted in D.

761. *the[e].* Q, the.

Nickum. Dare, — Let me go, Hilts and Blades.

Hack. sen. What is your name?

765 *Welf.* My name is *Welford*.

Nickum. Hah! what a Devil, the Volunteer that's so talked of. Ounds, he'll whip me through in the twinkling of an eye, I will retire.

[*He sneaks out.*]

Hack. sen. Look you Mr. *Welford*, put me
770 not to use the Carnal weapon in my defence, but leave me.

Welf. Mistake me not Sir, I come to you with all the respect imaginable; and I am sorry I have offended; your humble Servant.

[*Exit Welford.*]

775 *Mrs. Hack.* Rude Fellow, impudent Hector, do you see my duck? What a Bully he has sent to you, 'twas a Mercy my Cozen was here; He might have assassinated you, your wicked Son is grown to the height of Impiety,
780 I am afraid of thy dear Life, poor Duckling.

Hack. sen. Ah my poor Lamb, thou art a dear sweet Creature.

Enter Nickum.

Nick. Is the Rogue, the Scoundrel gone?

Mrs. Hack. Indeed Duckling we are might-
785 ily obliged to my Cozen *Nickum*.

Nick. This Rascal put me into such a passion, I was afraid I must have kill'd him before your Faces, and that he had been Uncivil: This made me retire.

Hack. sen. I do not know whether this Man ⁷⁹⁰ be stout or no; but I remember in the War we always used to beat these Blusterers most exceedingly.

Nick. But I'll reckon with the Bully another time. 795

Hack. sen. Hold Cozen, desist from that Resolution; for I say unto you: and verily I speak it in knowledge, that all Manslaying, unless it be Defensive, or for the faith, is unlawful. 800

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Sir, Here are a great many wait in the Parlour to speak with you about the Manufacture.

Hack. sen. I go, — Good morrow Lamb.

[*Ex. Hack Sen. and Lettice.*

Mrs. Hack. Now we shall enjoy our selves ⁸⁰⁵ without Interruption; My dear Pigsny, let us triumph, I have gain'd an absolute Victory, the next thing is to make him settle his Estate

(that is not entailed) as I please, or no quiet,
 810 no sleep shall be known to him, and I warrant
 thee Dear I'll do't. A Woman, if she has Wit
 and Industry, and will watch his Blind sides,
 and attack 'em, never fails of her Ends upon
 her Husband.

815 Ever since Grandam *Eve*, I dare maintain, }
 A Husband with his Wife contends in vain, }
 For she at length her point will always gain. }
Nick. Gallants, take warning by me, how
 shall I be persecuted,
 820 Fly an Intrigue with any old Man's Wife,
 For trust me 'tis a sad laborious Life.

ACT II. SCENE I.

[Enter] * Sir *Nicholas Dainty*, and Sir *Timothy Kastril*, with
 Foot-Men behind them.

Sir *Nich.* S[i]r *Timothy Kastril*, I kiss your
 Hands.

Sir *Tim.* Sir *Nicholas Dainty*, I am your
 most humble Servant.

Sir *Nich.* 'Tis a fine fresh Morning, we
 5 shall have all the Beauties here to be frost
 nipt.

Sir *Tim.* Cods my Life, I am [come out]

* [Enter]. Q, omitted.

1. S[i]r. Q. SSR. 8. [come out]. Q. comeout.

without my Billets Doux: What a Devil shall I do, I shan't be able to talk with a Beau all ¹⁰ day: Here, Sirrah, *Jack*, go to the Blockhead my *Valet de Chambre*, and ask him why he was such a Son of a Whore, to let me come out without my Billets Doux; go and fetch them, run all the way. 15

Sir Nich. O fie, Come abroad with[^{out}] your Billets; I don't look upon my self as drest, till I have put them up. But the Ladies do so persecute me, that damme if I be not weary of the Fati[g]ue of answering them: I think I ²⁰ must keep a Secretary, I keep Gri[s]ons Fellows out of Livery, privately for nothing, but to carry Answers.

Sir Tim. [*Aside.*] What wou'd he say, if he had my trouble? for I Gad I write abund[^a]nce ²⁵ of mine, and answer 'em too my self; for a Man must not be out-done in Billets, by any Brother Beau: Hah! I have found 'em, they are in my little Pocket.

Sir Nich. See what a Parcel I have re- ³⁰ ceived this Morning: It cost me Three Hours answering of 'em; for you know a Man

16. *with[^{out}]*. Q, with.

20. *fati[g]ue*. Q, Fatigue.

21. *gri[s]ons*. Q, D, grifons.

25. *abund[^a]nce*. Q, abundance.

must write handsomely, and like a Gentleman:

35 Sir *Tim.* Thank Heav'n, I have as pretty a knack with my Pen as another.

Sir *Nich.* Hear this, — [*Reads.*
If you knew how I languish for want of your Conversation, you wou'd be so kind as to
 40 *afford it to me this Afternoon, at Three a Clock, when all our People will be abroad, and I keep my Bed on purpose. — Yours entirely.*

[*He speaks.*] This is from a Courtesie.

Sir *Tim.* And do you go, Sir *Nicky*?

45 Sir *Nich.* Dam me not I: I sent an Excuse, I am not in Love with any Ladies, I only desire they may fall in Love with me, that's all: And 'tis hard for 'em to scape my Dress, and a certain languishing way I have of Ogling thus.
 50 — hah!

Sir *Tim.* Very well, the Devil take [me]! — Gad I must learn that look.

Sir *Nich.* Look you thus:

Sir *Tim.* Aye, thus, thus; is that pretty
 55 well?

Sir *Nich.* You must come to my Chamber, and practise a Mornings at my Glass. — But

43. *Courtesie*, D, Countesse.

51. *take [me]*. Q, *omits me*.

'twill never do well with his Complexion; he is but a very Olive, coloured Beau. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Tim.* I'll do't, but pray hear one of my 60 Billets. 'Tis from Mrs. *Winifred.*

Sir *Nich.* Who, the scornful Lady, that despises Fellows, as she calls us.

Sir *Tim.* The same, let me perish else; she is desperately in Love with me: I thought 65 indeed there was somewhat in it, she gives me such familiar Names, when I address to her.

Sir *Nich.* Yes, Puppy and Fool, and Impudence, are familiar Names: Let me die.

Sir *Tim.* Aye, so they are; but see what 70 she says.

Sir *Nich.* [*Reads.*] *No Man has so great a share in my Heart, as Sir Timothy Kastril, and I'll give you leave to improve it:* she ends well.

Sir *Tim.* Hah! Is it not very well? hah! 75

Sir *Nich.* Poor Sir *Timothy*, the Wits will play the Rogue with him, and Counterfeit Letters from all the Beauties, and he believes every thing; Lord, that Men shou'd be so conceited! but see here's a Billet from a Beauty 80 indeed. [*Reads.*]

I was so much surpriz'd at the News of your

72, 81. [*Reads.*] Q, D, omitted.

77. *Rogue.* Q, Rogues.

going a Volunteer, that I [*swooned*], and
 thought I shou'd never recover it: And if you
 85 continue that Resolution, you will most cer-
 tainly break the Heart of, Your Admirer.

Sir *Tim.* Now you shall see one of mine.

Sir *Nich.* Here's another.

Sir *Tim.* Hold, here's a very pretty one.

90 Sir *Nich.* Let me see, here's one from the
 finest Lady in the Town.

[*Ladies in Masques, crossing the Stage.*
 Hold, the Ladies come, some by my Appoint-
 ment.

Sir *Tim.* I appointed some.

95 Sir *Nich.* How does my Complexion look?
 I am afraid I have been cheated of my cold
 Cream of late.

Sir *Tim.* Exceeding well, how does mine?

Sir *Nich.* I believe you are not well to day:
 100 you do not look well.

Sir *Tim.* [*Aside.*] I am not well indeed, but
 I am sure I look well: Sir *Nicholas* is a pretty
 Gentleman, but he is so conceited, and will
 allow no Man to look well but himself.

105 The Ladies again: [*Ladies pass over again.*

Sir *Nich.* They are nimble footed, and ex-
 pect a Chase.

Sir *Tim.* Let's run, and board 'em.

Sir *Nich.* I cannot run, it does so disorder ones Perewig, and Cravat-string, but I'll be ¹¹⁰ up with you. [*Sir Tim runs, and Sir Nich. shuffles after him.*]

Enter Coll. Hackwell, Jun. and Welford, as Sir Nich. and Sir Tim. are going off.

Hack. jun. Do you see who are yonder in pursuit of the Vizors? My Volunteer, and a Bacon-fac'd Beau with him.

Welf. I can think of nothing but thy dear ¹¹⁵ sweet incomparable Sister :

Hack. jun. You do her a great deal of honour, and I can think no Alliance so happy as yours, though you are mine already by a stronger tie, by that of Friendship. ¹²⁰

Welf. My Friendship to you, nothing can increase or lessen : but oh your Sisters Eyes ; no Dart e're flew so quick, or wounded yet so fatally : I feel 'em here.

Hack. jun. There is no danger of that ¹²⁵ Wound, my Life for yours I'll mould her to your wish.

Welf. Such another word wou'd make me worship thee : I have safely gaz'd and star'd on other Beauties of the Town ; but the first ¹³⁰

view of her, like Lightning, stroke me, were I not engag'd in honour this Campaigne, I wou'd stay and live, and dye beneath her Feet.

Hack. jun. I with my Mistress wou'd desire
 135 to get a little higher, but I'll tell thee, on a Friends Faith take it, I am not such a Fop, to say, tho' I say't, that shou'd not (For I did not make my Sister) she has all the Wit, Modesty, Discretion, good Nature, and sweet temper'd,
 140 which a Woman can be capable of, and her beauty is the least Valuable of any quality she has.

Welf. Her beauty is beyond all other Ladies, you see but with a Brothers Eye, I
 145 with a Lovers, but thou describest an Angel; I know she might be all that's Excellent.

Hack. jun. Now Freind thou'l pity me, who am in Love even to desperation: I have told thee I have written to her several times without
 150 an Answer, and if I meet her here or any where, I can find no Return, but cold Indifferent Civility; Oh Freind she has all the Excellencies that Heav'n e're gave, or Mortal cou'd receive.

131. *stroke.* D, struck.

139. *temper'd.* D, Temper.

147. *thou'l.* D, thou'lt.

Welf. My Dear Freind, if she be what thou ¹⁵⁵
describest, she must, she cannot but Love so
brave a fellow; now my dear *Tom* our Condi-
tions as well as tempers suit to bind us fast
to one another.

Hack. jun. Which tye, no time, Misfor- ¹⁶⁰
tunes, or Accident but Death can break; I
wonder my fair one is not here: Among ten
Thousand I can ne're mistake her, she kills
at distance. My Sister will certainly be
with her, they are the dearest Freinds in the ¹⁶⁵
world, and always together when they can.

Welf. Something methinks within me, fore-
tells I shall be happy.

Hack. jun. Doubt it not, thou art brave
and vertuous, and deserv'st all thou canst ¹⁷⁰
aim at.

Enter Major General Blunt.

M. G. Bl. So, so, go on, a dod I love to see
two Gallant Fellows embracing; 'tis hearty
and in earnest: but by the Lord *Harry*, a
Coward cannot be a Freind. ¹⁷⁵

Hack. jun. We need no greater honour,
than your good opinion.

M. G. Bl. Prithee no Complements, but do
you know young fellow that your Sister is

180 even now turn'd out of doors, by thy most
 Confounded Mother in Law, and is fled to me
 for Protection, and she has chosen me for her
 Guardian?

Hack. jun. Had I the Treasure of the *Indies*,
 185 I wou'd trust them all with you, and I will
 say, she is a Treasure.

M. G. Bl. A dod she is the fairest and best
 of all her Sex, and I will take more care of her
 then of a Daughter.

190 *Welf.* You are a Man of honour Sir, and 'tis
 fit I let you know I am most Infinitely in
 love with her.

M. G. Bl. By my Troth I think thou art
 in the right on't, 'twill be an Excellent Match.
 195 I'll advance it all I can.

Welf. I dye for her.

M. G. Bl. If I were a young fellow, I wou'd
 not die for her, but I wou'd live for her, A dod
 I wou'd, I tell thee, that I never knew a Valiant
 200 fellow, but he was Amourous and Compassion-
 ate, nor a Coward, but he was Cruel and Lustful.

Hack. jun. | Your Observations are always just.

M. G. Bl. But come on young Springal,
 hast thou nere a Mistress, speak, A dod thou
 205 art in love too, hah! A dod thou art.

Hack. jun. I am not Considerable enough.

M. G. Bl. Pish! pox thou talkest like a Gentleman Usher, with White Gloves, Pearl Colour'd silk Stockings, and a Nose-gay; I am not Considerable enough! by the Lord ²¹⁰ *Harry*, thou knowest thy worth better.

Hack. jun. When I have ought fit for discovery, you shall be Master of it.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, A dod thou must have a Mistress; and I warrant if one knew all, ²¹⁵ thou hast a pretty way of inditing a Billet.

Hack. jun. [*Aside.*] Death, has he discover'd ought? this is a nice point, If I Prevaricate with him, he'll think me a dissembling Knave, and hate me. 220

M. G. Bl. I see it startles him — [*Aside.* Blush not my brave Stripling to be in Love, 'tis a Manly Passion, and none but beasts, or beastly fellows are without it.

Welf. By Heav'n spoken like an Oracle. 225

M. G. Bl. I warrant this Young Fellow knows all; but none of you will trust us Old Fellows, with such secrets.

Enter Teresia, Winifred, *Sir* Nichlas, and *Sir* Timothy.

But who are coming this way? Upon my life two brace of such Fops; as I'll be your ²³⁰

^{212.} *ought.* D, thought.

bond-slave, if the whole Mall affords the like, and a Daughter of mine is one of 'em. *Let us step aside.*

Welf. 'Tis the featest finical fellow, I ever
235 saw.

M. G. Bl. A dod he is a thing, and not a man, methinks we shou'd not call him he: but it.

Teres. [*to Sir Nich.*] Does your Cruel resolution
240 hold, to go to the War! O Lord; what shou'd you do there! Let me dye so fine a Person shou'd not be ventur'd.

Sir Nich. Do you hear *Sir Timothy*——
[*Kicks Sir Timothy on the Shins, he rubs 'em.*]
Honour Madam, Honour must be obey'd.

245 *Teres.* And Gentle Love be laid aside? You will break many Ladies hearts.

Sir Nich. No, no, Madam, I, alas, alas, I'm but an Ordinary fellow: But I cannot help it.

Teres. Oh. Cruel man, Can you leave me?

[*Sir Nich. kicks Sir Tim. on the Shines.*]

250 *Sir Tim.* Ounds! he has broke my Shins.

Teres. One that loves you more than life; let me dye, I never said so much before: Lord how I blush!

Sir Nich. Me! no, no, Madam; You Rally,
255 well may I perish.

Win. Let me dye if you talk, and walk with fellows thus, I'll say't I must leave you; Oh Lord! what will become of my Reputation? What an Impertinent Puppy you are; I wou'd not be observ'd to talk with such a 260 fellow:

Sir Tim. I'll wait on you in private, sweet Madam.

Win. I'll have you kick'd out of doors in publick then, stinking fellow: 'Tis fine indeed, 265 such a fellow as you pretend to me.

Sir Tim. Ha! what have I done?—[*Aside.* Did not you receive an answer to your Billet, Madam?

Win. Oh Lord, what means the Ass? 270

Sir Tim. Oh Madam, I understand you; I'll take no notice before Company; Let me kiss your sweet hand:

She gives him a slap on the Chaps.

Win. Begone you sawcy Oafe, these fellows grow Impudent, if you don't keep them under, 275 but come my dear, or I'll leave you here, oh Lord I talk with fellows.

Sir Tim. Ah, 'tis a dessembling Toad; I see now she loves me.

Teres. Adieu, we must see you at Din- 280 ner.

Sir *Nich.* Aye, Madam. — I'll drop this Billet. [*Aside.*]

[*He drops a Billet out of his Handkerchief, Teresia takes it up.*]

Teres. What has he dropt? Let me see —
285 Let me dye. Its a Billet Doux, Oh I could tear her heart out that writ it.

Win. Come, come. What ugly awkward fellows are these, to my dear heart, my sweet Mr. *Hop.* [*Exit Teresia and Winifred.*]

290 Sir *Nich.* You have kissed your Mistress hands by way of a slap of the Chaps.

Sir *Tim.* 'Twas welcome, I know the Rogue Loves me.

Sir *Nich.* Oh dear Freind thou mistakest,
295 I love this Lady best of any, but thou shouldst never let a Lady believe thou lovest her, but love and admire thy self; Damme that's the only way; they'll be stark mad for thee then.

Sir *Tim.* Ha I'll consider on't, ha! I admire
300 my self more than any man.

Sir *Nich.* Oh, here is my Guardian that was, and my Collonel that is to be: My noble Guardian good morning, and joy of your Birth-day: Sir I kiss your hands.

305 *M. G. Bl.* [Thank ye,] my noble Pupil;

291. *Chaps.* D, chops.

305. [Thank ye,]. Q, Thankeye.

you are the Flower of Civility I'll swear.

[*Mimicks Sir Nich. Speech and Motion.*

Sir *Tim.* Sir, your most obedient Servant.

M. G. Bl. How dost thou do Knight, You and your Freind Dine with me to day.

Sir *Nich.* The General tells me I shall have ³¹⁰ the honour to Charge under you: And says you will shew me Play.

Hack. jun. The General does me honour, but he shall always find I will be in Earnest.

Sir *Nich.* This Sir, Is that noble Person I ³¹⁵ suppose, who is a Brother Volunteer.

Hack. jun. It is Sir.

Sir *Nich.* I have been twice at your Lodging to kiss your hands and beg the honour of your Acquaintance. ³²⁰

Welf. You oblige me Sir, And I shou'd be glad to know where to return your Visit.

Sir *Nich.* I am in *St. James' Square*, but you must know Sir, we Young Gentlemen of the Town, are so taken up, either with Ladies with ³²⁵ us in a morning, or receiving and answering Billets Doux, that it is Improper to have Visits from men at that time; and in the afternoon we are always hurrying up, and down to the playes, Park, Musick meeting and the like. ³³⁰

Welf. Then I can never repay your favour.

Sir *Nich.* Sir, I am every day before dinner, and a while after dinner, at the *Wits* Coffee-house, and I shall be glad to wait on you, and
 335 either Dine or Sup.

Welf. Where is that Sir?

Sir *Nich.* What Sir, never hear of the *Wits* Coffee house?

M. G. Bl. How the Devil shou'd any man
 340 know the *Wits* Coffee house. A dod every Man thinks himself a Wit.

Sir *Nich.* Why Sir, there is but one.

M. G. Bl. What is that? The Wit Office?

Sir *Tim.* Yes Sir, we judge of it, it must
 345 pass our Censures.

Sir *Nich.* Or [Dam me] 'tis no wit, let me tell you that.

M. G. Bl. Are they such wits as you Two?

Sir *Tim.* Oh Sir, there are great wits be-
 350 sides us Two.

Sir *Nich.* And we carry all the Town before us, but I beseech you, [Colonel] when are we to go for *Flanders*?

Hack. jun. As soon as the weather breaks,
 355 and a fair wind presents. My Regiment is Compleat and ready, at an hours warning.

346. [Dam me]. Q, Damnee.

352. [Colonel]. Q, Coll. [et al.]

Sir *Nich.* Dammee, what shall I do? I must make great haste, I shall ne're get my points and laces done up time enough.

M. G. Bl. Ounds! What say'st young ³⁶⁰ Fellow, Points and Laces for Camps?

Sir *Nich.* Yes, Points and Laces; why I carry two Laundresses on purpose: Damme, would you have a Gentleman go undress'd in a Camp? Do you think I wou'd see a Camp, ³⁶⁵ if there we[re] no dressing? Why, I have two Campaign Suits, one trimmed with *Flanders-Lace*, and the other with rich Point.

M. G. Bl. Campaign Suits with Lace and Point; ha, ha, ha, go thy ways, A dod there is ³⁷⁰ not thy Fellow.

Sir *Nich.* Pshaw good Guardian, you are for your old fashion'd slovenly War, War's another thing now; we must live well in a Camp, that's our business. 375

M. G. Bl. Live well, A dod you must fight well, that was our business.

Sir *Nich.* Pray [Colonel] can you tell me where I may have one that understands the Blanc Manger well? I have a Cook that's ³⁸⁰ excellent at Roasting, Stewing, Baking, Boyl-ing, Biskes, Olio's, Ragousts and Fricasees.

M. G. Bl. Biskes, Olio's, Ragousts, and Fricasees, Blanc Manger, ha, ha, ha, *Mon-*
 385 *strum horrendum.*

Sir Nich. Let him alone Sir; I know you were brave, but the Customs of the World alter; Sir, I carry as good a Confectioner as any in *England*, Ovens, and all Utensils.

390 *M. G. Bl.* Confectioner, ha, ha, ha: By the Lord *Harry*, thou art fit for nothing but Sugar Plums still; did *Cato* ever dream of Confectioners, and blanc Manger?

Sir Nich. I carry all Garden Seeds.

395 *Hack. jun.* For what, Sir?

Sir Nich. I bought 'em when I thought of going to Sea, to have Sallets growing in Boxes; And now 'tis their business to lye in Camps a good while: I will have every day fresh Sallets.

400 *M. G. Bl.* Ha, ha, ha, Collonel, hold me, A dod I shall drop down with Laughing, fresh Sallets, Ounds, how wilt thou get fresh Sallets for thy Horses? Forrage, Forrage, young Fellow.

Enter Sir Nicholas's Foot-man, and gives him a Billet.

405 *Welf.* Though we have a Multitude of luxurious Fops, this Fellow will out-shine Twenty of 'em.

Hack. jun. A Pox on him, I'll not be troubled with him, I will beg the Favour of the General, to pick him out a Beau Col-⁴¹⁰lonel.

Sir Nich. Why look ye now Sir, here's a Billet Doux, I must be gone Sir, at my good Guardians we will Consult about my Equipage.

415

[*Ex. Sir Nich.*

M. G. Bl. Well, Knight, dost not thou go to the War?

Sir Tim. I, no I thank you, if I do, I'll give 'em leave to ram me into a Cannon, and shoot me out at a Stone Wall: No, thank Heav'n, I⁴²⁰ am well enough here with the Ladies.

Hack. jun. What would become of your Country, if every Man were of your Opinion?

Sir Tim. Pugh, There are Magnaminious Fellows enough that love Roaring, Rattling⁴²⁵ Gun-powder, and Cannon, what a Devil need I go? I have a good Estate, and can pay those Fellows.

M. G. Bl. How should Gentlemen get honour Boy, ha!

430

Sir Tim. Damme, let them look to that; I have a Title, and am a Knight already.

M. G. Bl. Look thee young Fellow; if I were a desertless Coxcomb, such as thou maist
 435 be, and had shewn no Vertue in the World, I had as lieve be burnt in the Hand, as be Knighted.

Hack. jun. What makes you such an Enemy to this War? are you a *Jacobite*?

440 *Sir Tim.* No Gad, not I, nor a *Williamite* neither; 'tis all one to me who Reigns, if I can keep my 2000 Pound a Year, and enjoy my self with the Ladies: Look you Gentlemen, I dare do as much as any Man that wears a Head;
 445 but War does not agree with me, I was so troubled with the Chin-Cough when I was a Child, Gad, I never recovered it, and am so subject to catch Cold ever since; and so troubled with the Tooth-ach, I wou'd not for
 450 any Money lie out of my own, unless it be in a Ladies Bed: Then I had the Rickets when I was a Boy, that made me somewhat weakly!

Hack. jun. Weakly! That's as bad for a Ladies Man, as a Soldier.

455 *Sir Tim.* As for Valour, I have enough for my occasions, but are not there idle Rascals, and Scoundrels enough, mercenary Rogues to be had out of Jayls, Streets, High-ways, Dung-

434. *maist.* D, may'st. 451. *Ladies.* D, Lady's [et al.].

hills, that can lie cold, march, and pop off a Gun, what need such as I go? —

460

I have an Assignation, and must leave ye.

[Exit Sir Tim.

M. G. Bl. This Knight ought to be beaten, for talking thus of Soldiers. I was resolv'd to have these Puppies to laugh at, 'tis some variety of Entertainment: Ha! *Tom.* yonders thy Father; he has four or five with him; they look as if they were very full of Revelation; not honest, but Godly Men; farewel till two, pray if you see my Daughter, do you Squire her.

[Exit. *M. G. Bl.* 470

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Welf. See who comes here, and how she shines; and as she passes, guilds the Mall.

Hack. jun. Madam, your most humble Servant, your Father commanded me to wait you in the Mall, and walk instead of him.

475

Eugen. I never disobey my Father.

Clara. Brother, your Servant, my sweet Step-Mother has routed me as well as you.

Hack. jun. I heard so: This Ladies Father told me. Sister, this is my Friend, whom you have heard me speak of so often, Mr. *Welford.*

480

474, 475. *wait you.* D, wait on you.

Let me recommend him to you, pray use him as my Friend.

Welf. The humblest of your Servants,
485 Madam.

Hack. jun. to Eugenia. Your Father esteems this Gentleman very much.

Eugen. My Father speaks the Language of the World.

490 *Welf.* He honours me too much, Madam.

Hack. jun. Will you give us leave to gallant you, and protect you from Beau's? I trust that Gentleman with my Sister, and my noble Friend, your Father, has commanded me to
495 wait on you.

Eugen. With all my Heart; for a Sheep cannot be more afraid of a Wolf, than I am of the Conversations of those vain Fops.

Clara. If one talk with common Civility
500 to one of 'em, he'll swear next turn, he has had a Billet from her; besides their Discourse is most upon the worst of Subjects themselves.

Eugen. They are always admiring themselves, than which, nothi[n]g can be more
505 Nauseous.

Hack. jun. True Madam, when-ever any

505. *nothi[n]g.* Q, *nothixg* (*misprint*).

one is found out to admire himself, the rest of the World will contemn him :

Welf. And yet 'tis a prudent Contrivance ⁵¹⁰ of Nату[r]e, to make Man over-value himself.

Clara. The greatest part of the World, which are desertless Fops, would live very miserably else.

Welf. That Tetter, Madam, spreads very ⁵¹⁵ far, and I shall show you that I have a great share of it, when I have the Confidence to tell you I love you Madam; love you infinitely beyond what all Mankind call dear and precious: The wound you gave was sudden, but ⁵²⁰ 'tis deadly; Here sticks the fatal dart.

Eugen. Nay, If they be at Love matters, 'tis uncivil to be within hearing, let's withdraw some paces.

Clara. This Sir, is such a suddain gust, it ⁵²⁵ is enough to over-set my little Bark.

Welf. 'Tis never to be laid, I know your Character, and I see your person; And 'tis impossible not to love 'till I am blind, or have no memory. 530

Clara. You surprise me so, I know not what to answer.

511. *Nату[r]e.* Q, Natute.

525. *suddain.* D, sudden.

Welf. You surpriz'd me so, that you have absolute possession of my heart, where the
535 impression ne're can be defac'd.

Clara. I have too small an opinion of my own deserts, to be easie of belief; I know not well how I should take this discourse at the first meeting; methinks it looks like Battle
540 more than Courtship.

Welf. Alas, how small a portion of Life is allotted to poor love, yet most of that is flung away in Ceremony.

Clara. I am not prepar'd for this kind of
545 Conversation; but you are my Brother's Friend, and I can bear.

Eugen. I have done well to with-draw from the danger of hearing Love there, and brought it upon my self here.

550 *Hack. jun.* Your Father is generous and compassionate; and sure with that great stock of your own, you must inherit all his Vertues.

Eugen. Cou'd you think that your Bills were to be answered at sight, like *Bills of Exchange*? — What a damp is this talk of Love to
555 Conversation; it puts a stop to all common Sence presently.

Hack. jun. It is the end of all common Sence; and all that art and industry, hazard

and toyl can aim at is Love and Beauty, but ⁵⁶⁰
alas, 'tis Impudence in me to offer Love to
you, I am disown'd, an out-cast, with no other
Fortune but this Sword.

Eugen. I hope you measure not my
Thoughts so meanly, to think that considera- ⁵⁶⁵
tion can weigh with me; your merits are equal
to any man's; but I have no will, my Father
has it in his keeping.

Hack. jun. Divinest Creature! Shall I
have your leave to make my address if I can ⁵⁷⁰
procure his?

Eugen. I have said too much already;
come *Clara*, let's walk, let's not be private in a
publick place.

Clara [*Aside.*] I had peace of mind before; ⁵⁷⁵
why should I see this man?

Eugen. Unequal custom, that shou'd thus
impose upon our Sex, the worst of tasks,
Dissembling.

Clara. Pray let us walk; my tender ⁵⁸⁰
Mother-in-law, is just at the back of us.

[*Ex. Hack. jun. Welf. Eugen. and Clara.*]

Enter Mrs. Hackwel, Nickum and Lettice.

Mrs. Hack. 'Tis most delicate Weather;
the Sun shines as it were *Easter-Day*.

Nick. It does so; but 'tis very cold; Gad
585 I long for some exercise; I hate a damn'd Beau;
I han't kickt a Beau this Week.

Lett. He hates 'em for having clean Linnen,
which he was never us'd to, till my Lady
furnish'd him, the more shame for her.

590 *Mrs. Hack.* I'll swear if you talk so mag-
nanimously, you'll fright me strangely; I shall
fall into a fit for you.

Nick. I beseech you Madam, let me but
kick one Beau and I'll be satisfied.

595 *Lett.* Would I could see it.

Mrs. Hack. Lord, you are so exorbitantly
valiant, restrain your Courage I beseech you:
besides, this is within the verge of the Court,
and if you kick here, you'll lose your foot, I
600 can assure you,

Nick. Nay gad, that I would not neither; for I
have often occasion for my Feet to kick Fellows.

Lett. [*Aside.*] I believe you have oftner occa-
sion to run away with them.

605 *Nick.* Faith I kickt a Knight, last night, up
and down like a Foot-ball; nay, I have kickt
a Lord in my time.

Mrs. Hack. Dear Cousin, you are the most
fiery Person; I shall be in a perpetual fright
610 for you.

Nick. Ods my life, yonder's that Scoundrel *Welford*, let me but go and whisper him, and take him out of the Park, and in the twinkling of an Eye, I'll whip him through the Lungs, and kiss your hands again. 615

Mrs. Hack. Ye shall not stir, I'll hang upon you.

Lett. You may let him go, I warrant him, he'll not stir for that.

Mrs. Hack. Go, I won't love you now. 620

Lett. Must the poor Collonel, and his sweet Sister, the best Creatures that e'er were born, be turn'd out of the House for this Rascal, that's the main reason; but I'll bring it home upon the infamous Couple one day. [*Aside.* 625

Enter M. G. Blunt, Coll. Hackwell, Sen. and after three or four Fellows in cropt Hair and Bands.

M. G. Bl. Come my honest Round-head, I had rather meet thee here than at *Marston-Moore*.

Hack. sen. In that great Day, we did not do the work negligently, verily, we stood to the 630 Faith.

M. G. Bl. A dod you drub'd us to purpose; but make haste and follow me; 'twill be Dinner-Time: Madam, your Servant, you'll come?

635 Mrs. *Hack*. Yes Sir, and bring my Kinsman.

M. G. Bl. He shall be wellcome; the Colonels Son and Daughter, with whom I hear y'are both fall'n out, will be there; but pray for my sake let it be mirth and jollity this day.

640 Mrs. *Hack*. Lord Sir, I have the least ill humour in the World; but if I shou'd be displeas'd, I have too much breeding to trouble the Company with it. [*Ex. M. G. Bl.*

Hack. sen. No Lamb, I'll say that for thee;
645 thou art a dear Lamb.

Nick. Well said, my pious Cuckold.

Hack. sen. Well, have ye been enquiring? What Patents are they solliciting for, and what Stocks to dispose of.

650 1. *Jobber.* Why in Truth there is one thing liketh me well, it will go all over *England*.

Mrs. *Hack.* What's that, I am resolv'd to be in it Husband.

1. *Jobber.* Why it is a Mouse-Trap, that
655 will invite all Mice in, nay Rats too, whether they will or no; a whole share, before the Patent, is fifteen Pound; after the Patent, they will not take sixty: there is no Family in *England* will be without 'em.

660 2. *Jobber.* I take it to be a great Undertaking: but there is a Patent likewise on foot

for one walking under Water, a share *twenty Pound*.

Mrs. *Hack*. That wou'd have been of great use to carry Messages under the Ice this last 665 Frost, before it would bear.

Hack. sen. Look thee Lamb, between us, Its no matter whether it turns to use or not; the main end, verily, is to turn the Penny in the way of Stock-Jobbing, that's all. 670

1. *Jobber*. There is likewise one who will undertake to kill all Fleas, in all the Families in *England*, provided he hath a Patent, and that none may kill a Flea but himself.

2. *Jobber*. There is likewise a Patent moved 675 for, of bringing some *Chinese* Rope-Dancers over, the most exquisite in the World; considerable men have shares in it: but verily I question whether this be lawful or not? 680

Hack. sen. Look thee Brother, if it be to a good end, and that we our selves have no share in the vanity or wicked diversion thereof, by beholding of it, but only use it whereby we may turn the Penny, and employ it for Edification, 685 always considered that it is like to take, and the said Shares will sell well; and then we shall

not care, whether the aforesaid Dancers come over or no.

690 2. *Jobber*. There is another Patent in Agitation for Flying; a great Vertuoso undertakes to out-fly any Post-Horse five Mile an hour; very good for Expresses and Intelligence.

Nick. May one have a share in him too?

695 2. *Jobber*. Thou mayst.

Nick. These Stock-Jobbing Rogues, are worse than us Sharpers with Bars and false Boxes.

Hack. sen. Look ye Brethren, hye ye in to
700 the City, and learn what ye can; we are to have a Consultation at my House at Four, to settle Matters as to low[er]ing and [heightening] of Shares: Lamb let's away, we shall be too late. [*Ex.* Jobbers.

705 *Mrs. Hack*. Do you dispatch your peremptory Daughter out of the House; for I have vow'd not to sleep under a Roof with her.

Hack. sen. Well Lamb, it shall be as thou wilt have it:

710 *An Old Man to his Spouse must quit the Field,
And after threescore Years, 'tis time to yield:
A man may strive in vain, and keep a pother,
If one way he can't please, he must another.*

702, 703. low[er]ing . . . [heightening]. Q, lowing . . . heighthening.

ACT III. SCENE I. *M. G. B.* HOUSE.

Coll. Hackwell, jun. Welford, Sir Nich. Dainty, Sir Timothy Kastril, Teresia, Winifred, Eugenia, Clara, M. G. Blunt, with three or four Cavalier Officers, Col. Hackwell Sen., Mrs. Hackwell and Nickum, &c.

M. G. Bl. At night we are to have a Ball; and we our self will dance i' Faith: And Ladies, in the mean time, to help out your desert, you shall have a little Entertainment of Musick, when the Minstrels have Din'd. 5

Caval. And then a Bottle, Sir.

M. G. Bl. Be it so; I hate to meet at a Dinner like so many Hogs at a Trough, to grumble, grunt, and fill our Bellies, and then every one a several way. 10

Teres. Oh Lord Sir, shan't we have a little chit chat, and the Tea-Table?

Wini. Oh Lord, we are nothing without the Tea Table, let me die else.

M. G. Bl. 'Tis ready for the Women and 15 Men that live like Women; a dod your fine bred Men of *England*, as they call 'em, are all turn'd Women; but by my Troth, I'll not turn my back to the Pipe and Bottle after Dinner.

Caval. There spoke an Angel. 20

M. G. Bl. Fear not my old Cavaliers, according to your laudable customs you shall be drunk, swagger and fight over all your Battles, from *Edge-hill* to *Brentford*; you have not forgotten how this Gentleman, and his demure
25 Psalm-singing Fellows used to drub us?

I. Caval. No gad, I felt 'em once to purpose.

M. G. Bl. Ah a dod, in high crown'd Hats, coller'd Bands, great loose Coats, long Tucks
30 under 'em, and Calves-Leather Boots, they us'd to sing a Psalm, fall on, and beat us to the Devil.

Hack. sen. In that day we stood up to the Cause, and the Cause, the Spiritual Cause did
35 not suffer under our Carnal Weapons, but the Enemy was discomfited, and lo, they used to flee before us.

I. Caval. Who wou'd think such a sniveling, Psalm-singing Puppy, would fight. But those
40 godly Fellows wou'd lay about 'em, as if the Devil were in 'em.

Sir Nich. What a filthy slovenly Army was this, I warrant you not a well dress'd Man amongst the Round-heads.

45 *M. G. Bl.* But these plain Fellows would so thrash your swearing, drinking fine Fellows in

29. *coller'd.* D, collar'd.

lac'd Coats, just such as you of the drawing Room and Lockets Fellows are now, and so strip 'em, by the Lord *Harry*, that after a Battle those Saints look'd like the *Israelites* 50 laden with the *Ægyptian* Baggage.

Hack. sen. Verily we did take the Spoil; and it serv'd us to turn the Penny, and advanc'd the Cause thereby: we fought upon a Principle that carried us through. 55

M. G. Bl. Prithee Collonel, we know thy Principle, 'twas not right, thou fought'st against Childrens Baptism, and not for Liberty, but who should be your Tyrant; none so zealous for *Cromwel* as thou wert then, nor 60 such a furious Agitator and Test man, as thou hast been lately.

Hack. sen. Look you Collonel, we but proceeded in the way of Liberty of Worship.

[*Sir Tim. struts and cocks, setting his Perewig and Cravat-string, admiring himself.*]

M. G. Bl. A dod there is something more 65 in it. This was thy Principle, Collonel, Dominions is founded in Grace, and the Righteous shall inherit the Earth; and by the Lord *Harry* thou didst so; thou gottest Three Thousand Pound a Year by fighting against the Court, 70 and I lost a Thousand by fighting for it.

Hack. sen. [Colonel,] I beseech you be not prophane, swear not.

M. G. Bl. Hold. I hear our Fiddles sound
75 a Parley, let this Battle be over between us:

1 *Caval.* Damn these sneaking Rogues, why did not we clap Bags of Gun-powder to their Arses, and blow 'em into the Sky:

80 2 *Caval.* Because we were to beat 'em first.

Sir Tim. Pox on't, this way will never do; I have been admiring my self this half hour, and no Body takes notice of me; let me see, I'll drop some Billets: Hah! Damme, no
85 Body minds 'em; I am a most unfortunate Beau. [Drops 2 or 3 Billets.

Eugen. See that vain Puppy dropping his Billets, take no notice.

Clara. Not to save his Life.

90 *Teresia to Sir Nich.* Thy Heart's as hard as Rocks of *Adamant*: how canst thou flye to Camps, and leave thy mourning Mistress here to languish, and to die for you?

Sir Nick. Oh Madam, rally me no more;
95 I know my own Deserts and yours, there are some Hearts indeed will languish for me; but honour calls, and I must go.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, not yet, not take up

one of 'em. Ah! some Body has dropt a Note, a Billet there. 100

Sir Nich. Ah! 'Tis no matter, 'tis none of mine. [*He pulls out a great many, and tells 'em.*]

Teres. Oh Lord! you'll break my Heart, I'll swear; How came you by so many Billets?

Sir Nich. Alas! What wou'd you have one 105 do? If Ladies will write to one, how can one help it?

Hack. jun. Madam, 'tis easier to fix Quick-Silver, than you; You will not be in earnest. 110

Eugen. Is there not more pleasure in seeing them play the Fool, than being in earnest our selves?

Cla. Which perhaps may be as foolish in the end, as any thing they can do. 115

Welf. I don't know what you are Madam, but no Man can look on these Eyes, and not be in earnest.

Sir Tim. Cods me, they are my own; I would not for Five Thousand Pound they had 120 been seen, Ladies of Quality all: [*To Welford.* T[w]o of 'em from two Ladies in this Company.

Welf. Which two?

Sir *Tim.* I have Billets from all of 'em,
 125 they are all in love with me: But these two
 are from that pretty Lady, and that beautiful
 Ingenious well-bred Lady, her Sister.

Welf. Look ye Sir, I wou'd not disturb this
 Company, but I will feel whether you have
 130 Ears or no; and be well satisf'd in it.

Sir *Tim.* Ears Sir, as good Ears as any
 Man in *England*, and that you shall find, when
 the Musick strikes up.

Welf. But I must find, whether they will
 135 endure lugging or no.

Sir *Tim.* What the Devil do you mean?
 Lugging Sir, I am as sound as any Man in
England, if that be the point.

Welf. I will try Sir, not a word to the
 140 Company, lest I lug 'em off: This for your
 Lying Sirrah.

Sir *Tim.* Upon my Honour Sir.

Welf. Peace Rascal, or I shall cut your
 Throat.

145 Sir *Tim.* Damme, this is a strange uncivil
 Fellow as ever I met withal. What a Devil,
 has he no Breeding?

M. G. Bl. Come. come, enter Musick.

[*Enter Musick, they play and sing.*

Sir *Nich.* Ah, that's fine, that's Chromatick,
I love Chromatick Musick mightily. 150

Sir *Tim.* Ah that Fuge! That Fuge's finely
taken.

Sir *Nich.* And bacely carried on.

Sir *Tim.* All *Italian* Sir, all *Italian*.

Nickum to Mrs. *Hack.* I hate those two 155
damn'd Fellows, I shall never be at rest, till
I kick a Beau.

Mrs. *Hack.* You put me in such fear, you
bring my Heart to my Mouth:

Sir *Nich.* What did that Fellow say, he 160
wou'd kick a Beau; I am a Beau: And though
unworthy, I shall take the Quarrel upon me in
behalf of my Brother Beau's: And if you please
to withdraw, and make use of a Friend, I'll
bring one with me shall be witness of your 165
kicking, if you please to Put your Foot to that
trouble.

Nickum. I shall take a time to send to you.

Sir *Nich.* Let it be suddenly, or I shall be
impatient. 170

M. G. Bl. Come, now the Musick's over;
my old Soldiers, stand to your Arms, your
Pipes and Bottles, shew 'em to my Military

152. *taken.* D, taking!

153. *bacely.* D, rarely.

Room: You Collonel, and your Friend here, to
 175 a sober Pipe by your selves, your Lady with
 the Women to their Tea and Cards, or what
 they will.

Hack. sen. No Collonel, My Lamb takes a
 digestive Pipe after Dinner with me, every day.

180 *Mrs. Hack.* Good lack Mr. *Hackwell*, why
 will you say so?

Enter a Fellow, with Patterns of Fringes and Embroidery.

Sir Nich. Ah Ladies! I beseech you before
 you retire, let me have all your Judgments
 upon some Fringe and Embroidery, which I'm
 185 to use about my Tent.

M. G. Bl. Nay, faith Collonel, now stay a
 little, let us hear this Scene: what is this about
 your Tent?

Sir Nich. This Fringe and Embroidery is for
 190 my Velvet Bed, and Counterpane in my Tent.

Teres. Let me dye, I never saw any thing
 so fine.

Winif. 'Tis exceeding Noble.

Hack. sen. 'Tis most amazing.

195 *Sir Nich.* The Hanging of my Tent is all
 Atlases, the outside is Damask.

Hack. sen. Most astonishing! What keep-
 eth out the Water?

Sir *Nich.* Oh! It is prepared by the Dippers, and they turn it into Drab-deberry. 200

M. G. Bl. Have you not a Note of what you carry into the Campaign? pray let us see.

Sir *Nich.* I have one, — Come let us see.

Eight Waggon; one for my two Butlers, my Service of Plate and Table Linnen; one 205 for my two Cooks and Kitchin; one for my Confectioner, one for my Laundresses and Dairy Maids, with all their Utensils.

Hack. sen. Confectioners and Dairy-Maids! for what use, I beseech you, Sir? 210

Sir *Nich.* For Creams, fresh Butter, and Desert: I suppose we shall not want black Cattle, Collonel, one for my Wardrobe, great and small, Valet de Chambres, and Upholsterers.

Hack. sen. How Sir, A Waggon Load of 215 Cloaths! We in our Army us'd to fight with one Suit apiece.

Sir *Nich.* Your Army Sir: — I have 12 rich Campaign Suits, six Dancing Suits, and 12 pair of Dancing Shoes. 220

M. G. Bl. What sai'st thou to this, Collonel?

Hack. sen. Most intollerable, this worketh in me great Amazement.

200. *Drab-deberry.* D, Drabduberry. *218, 220. 12. D, twelve.

212. *Desert* D, Disart.

220. *Shoes.* D, shoes.

Sir *Nich.* May be you wonder at this! but
 225 when-ever we take a Town, I am resolved to
 invite the Ladies to a Ball.

The rest of the Waggon's are for all sorts of
 Wines and Drinks; I carry Fifty Horse, and
 25 Carters, Mowers, Reapers, Grooms, and
 230 two Gardiners.

Hack. sen. In truth this savoureth much
 of *Bedlam*; behold I am filled with Wonder.

Teres. The finest Gentleman sure that e're
 the Sun shin'd upon.

235 *Wini.* The Gentleman indeed seems to be
 very much a Gentleman.

Eugen. And is this very choice Coxcomb
 to be your Volunteer?

Hack. jun. The General has ordered him
 240 upon me, but I hope to get rid of the Burden.

Clara. Sure, the whole Army will not afford
 so compleat a Fop;

Welf. Nor so contemptible a one; as a
 little time will shew him.

245 *Sir Nich.* I shall have the Honour to serve
 under your Son, Sir, but my Collonel, there's
 one thing we shall be miserably put to for;
 have you no way to come at it?

Hack. jun. What's that Sir?

Sir *Nich.* 'Tis Ice; there will be no Drink- 250
ing without Ice.

Hack. sen. Most Prodigious, and incredible.

Hack. jun. There are Ice Houses in *France*.

Sir *Nich.* Then I am resolv'd, one of the
first Actions I shew my Valour in shall be in 255
storming of an Ice House.

M. G. Bl. A dod, go thy ways Boy; If any
Guardian in *England* shews such an Excellent,
such a finished Fop, for his [Ward] as I have
of thee, I'll be Crucified. 260

Sir *Nich.* Ah noble Guardian! I know your
humour, you're for your old fashion'd Breed-
ing: but you'll never perswade the Ladies to
be of your Opinion: Ladies, how did you like
my Fringes and Embroidery? 265

Teres. Let me die, they're the sweetest
things that e're I saw.

M. G. Bl. A dod, these two Fops like Tallies,
meet in every point.

Sir *Nich. to Teresia.* Will your Ladyship 270
please to take any Snuff? 'Tis Right pongy
bongy. [Gives her snuff with a Billet.

Teres. With all my heart, Oh Lord! What's
here? a Billet. [Reads.] If you'l let me have
the favour of your Conversation this Afternoon, 275

our People will be abroad: And I'll keep my Bed on purpose — Mercy on me, What do I see?

[Drops the Billet and faints away.]

Sir Nich. Ah, Look to the Lady.

M. G. Bl. What a pox, has he poyson'd my
280 daughter? *[He takes up the Billet.]*

Sir Nich. True pongy bongy upon my Honour.

Mrs. Hack. Carry her in, Carry her in; she's falling into a Fit.

[The Ladies are about her and carry her off.]

285 Sir Nich. Do you see Sir Timothy?

[Kicks him on the shins.]

Sir Tim. Ay, and feel too, but a pox on't, they take no notice of me, and I am as good a Beau; and as much a Gentleman.

M. G. Bl. This is a Billet written by this
290 Coxc[o]mb himself; a dod I must look to this Business, 'twill go to[o] far else. Go young fellows, retire with the Women, this fit will be over presently: [Colonel] a word with you; and Tom, do thou stay.

[Exeunt all but M. G. Blunt, Hack. sen. and Hack. jun.]

295 M. G. Bl. I must have a word or two with

290. Coxc[o]mb. Q, coxchmb.

291. to[o]. Q, to.

thee, about that young fellow, thy Son: He's a gallant fellow, and the World speaks well of him, and you can have nothing to object against him.

Hack. jun. A Son that would give all the world to have your favour, Sir. 300

Hack. sen. Lookee, [Colonel] I may have no Communication of this kind with you. And for thee, thou hast liv'd in continual Rebellion with me; Thou didst run away from me at Nine years old, to be Christen'd, as thou call'st it. 305

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, that was something hard; but it was but a trick of youth. 310

Hack. sen. Besides, thou hast seperated from the Congregation ever since.

M. G. Bl. And what? Art thou for Persecution? Dost thou make Heaven so narrow-hearted to own a Party only? To hurt a man for not being of my Opinion, is of the Devil; Why art not angry with me for having black Eye-brows? Why, thy Wife is not of thy Congregation neither. 315

Hack. sen. That was an Agreement before 320

302. *Lookee.* D, Look ye, [*et al.*].

311. *seperated.* D, separated.

Marriage; And she number'd down the Pounds
that purchas'd that liberty.

M. G. Bl. The Righteous will do any thing
for money.

325 *Hack. sen.* Besides, he has offended my
Lamb; And I have engaged unto her.

[*Mrs. Hackwell* peeps in with a Pipe in her mouth.

Mrs. Hack. God forgive me *Mr. Hackwell!*
Art thou talking with that insolent Fellow
thy Son?

330 *M. G. Bl.* A Dad, Madam, no man dares
say that: He is a Fellow of Honour.

Mrs. Hack. He Honour! Come come,
Mr. Hackwell: Why do you listen to such
discourses?

335 *Hack. sen.* I come Lamb, I come.

[*Exeunt Hack. sen. and Mrs. Hack.*

M. G. Bl. Go thy ways, thou wert a pretty
Fellow, to Rebel all thy lifetime against
Princes; And trail a Pike under a Smock-
Rampant at last.

340 *Hack. jun.* Did you ever know a Godly-
man convinc'd by Argument?

M. G. Bl. But look thee, young Fellow, I
wou'd do't by Interest.

Let me see, hah! Canst not thou think of
345 some good Match, that we may lay down a

Summ of Money and purchase a Settlement?
Hah, *Tom*, think a little.

Hack. jun. What means he? What shall
I say? [*Aside.*

M. G. Bl. Come, by the Lord *Harry*, out ³⁵⁰
with it, young Fellow.

Hack. jun. Sir, I have thought, and often
thought of a young Lady: But scorn'd the mean
Consideration of a little Pelf; She is alone
Reward enough for all the Toils of Heroes, ³⁵⁵
and the rough Fatigues and Perils of the long-
est Wars.

M. G. Bl. Hold, Boy; this is Romantick:
Stuff, stuff; If thou hast any mortal Passion,
acquaint me with it. 360

Hack. jun. I am so unworthy of her, Shame
will not let me tell you.

M. G. Bl. Pugh, Pox; Do not play the
fool: wilt thou grow a Fop too? Who is she?

Hack. jun. I must ask a thousand Pardons, ³⁶⁵
that I have disclos'd my Passion without your
knowledge.

M. G. Bl. My knowledge? Fiddle, faddle;
Prithee why? be Concise.

Hack. jun. It is your Daughter, Sir. 370

M. G. Bl. Hah! A Dad young Fellow, now

thou say'st something. By the *Lord Harry*,
 thou art a brave Fellow, and a Fellow of
 honour! I have taken thee into my house;
 375 And I will take thee into my family. Give me
 thy hand: A Dad, [b]oy, thou shalt have her.

Hack. jun. Sir, upon my Knees.

[Blunt pushes him down.

M. G. Bl. Pox o' this fooling: Now we shall
 have damn'd Raptures and senseless Roman-
 380 tick stuff; Prithee young fellow no more:
 I'll break off the Match, if there be any more
 on't: Never use more words then need. Let's
 in, I'le try to purchase of thy old Fellow. If
 not, it shall be done.

385 *Hack. jun.* Millions of thanks!

M. G. Bl. Why, lookee, lookee, the Fellow's
 mad again; A dod, I had as li[e]ve be kickt as
 thank't, by the *Lord Harry*: No man does good
 but to please himself; — thanks, — pugh!

[*Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

390 *Eugen.* This is not the first Fit this Cox-
 comb has put my Sister into.

Clara. You're a pretty Gentlewoman, laugh

376. [b]oy. Q, oy.

382. *then need.* D, than needs must.

387. *li[e]ve.* Q, live.

at your Sister. Did your Colonel never put you into a Fit of Love?

Eugen. No; but I find your Volunteer will ³⁹⁵ soon have a Command over your heart.

Clara. Dost thou think it so tender? I am sure thine's mortgag'd to the Colonel beyond Redemption.

Eugen. Who wou'd redeem a heart so well ⁴⁰⁰ dispos'd on?

Clara. Very fine, you own your frailty.

Eugen. Let's dissemble with Mankind: but prithee let's be honest one among another. What Sighs, what Agonies has this Volunteer ⁴⁰⁵ rais'd in thee already?

Clara. Ah, too many: Yet why should I say too many? Methinks the very pain is pleasant.

Eugen. The very pain of *Love* is pleasanter ⁴¹⁰ than the Extasie of any other Joy.

Clara. Thou seducest me, thou temptest me into this seeming Paradise; And if I suffer by it, upon thy head be it.

Eugen. Withal my heart: He's a man of ⁴¹⁵ honour and of sense. It cannot be.

Clara. I tremble yet to think on't: 'tis a

411. *Extasie.* D, Ecstasie.

415. *Withal.* D, With all.

dreadful Leap we Lovers take, But we must adjourn this discourse: I must go and get my
 420 Things remov'd, for this Night will bring me under thy Father's Roof, and within thy Embraces.

Eugen. 'Tis the happiest Night of my Life: I shall have my Friend in my Arms, and I'll
 425 keep her there.

Clara. And I had rather be within those arms, than any ones.

Eugen. Thou ly'st, Huswife, most wickedly.

Clara. Why so mischief?

430 *Eugen.* Because you had rather be in *Welford's*.

Clara. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet:
 Adieu. [*Exit Clara.*

Enter Hackwell junior.

Hack. jun. Wonder not, Madam, that I
 435 haunt you thus where ere you go: A Lover can no more be kept from his Mistress than a Shadow.

Eugen. Now you have my Father's leave, you talk of Love with Authority.

440 *Hack. jun.* Had I all the Authority of the World, I wou'd lay't at your Feet: But think not, Madam, I could be content with your

Father's giving me your hand, till you had first given me your heart.

Eugen. You are engag'd in Courtship to ⁴⁴⁵ another Mistress, Honour, and that can never agree with tender Love.

Hack. jun. Honour is the Out-work to Love, without winning one, there are no Approaches to the other. 450

Eugen. You have courted Fame, and won her as a Mistress, but that contents you not: you marry her, and are strictly ty'd to her, that Love must be a poor neglected Rival.

Hack. jun. We fight for Peace and Love, ⁴⁵⁵ the End and the Reward of War: For what but Liberty and Beauty are worth a good man's Sword? I value your Favour so vastly above all Wealth, Power, and Honour, that I would quit for you my Country, and my chase of ⁴⁶⁰ Fame; but that I know [you] would despise me for't.

Eugen. Nay, think not, Sir, I'de have you quit so glorious a Cause as Consecrates each Sword that's drawn for't: But methinks Love- ⁴⁶⁵ Treaties shou'd be Adjourn'd till softer times of Peace.

Hack. jun. Ah, Madam, if Love did not sweeten the Intervals of War, and the hopes

470 of enjoying it were not in our thoughts as the
end of it, we should all be Cowards, and no
Gentleman would think the World worth
fighting for.

Eugen. Wou'd you have me make my self
475 so miserable, as to set my heart upon one who
may be lost in every Rencounter or Attaque?

Hack. jun. Does not our Royal Mistress
do the same and bears it with a Princely
Magnanimity; She and our Country have the
480 greatest Stake in *Europe*, who will be sure to
hazard himself with the bravest.

Eugen. She is to be reverenc'd and admir'd,
but hard it is to Imitate so Glorious an Ex-
ample; and methinks a private Lady may be
485 happier.

Hack. jun. We cannot in Gratitude pretend
to be happier, than those from whom we have
our Happiness; in them our Countreys Cause,
and yours, and all's at stake.

490 *Eugen.* But Love they say is tenderer than
all.

Hack. jun. Would you were sensible of it,
as I wou'd have you, but I am not so vain to
think you e're can have that Care for me:
495 The World's not worthy of it; be pleased only

to give your Consent, to make me happy, and all the Endeavours of my Life hereafter shall be to make you so.

[*Enter M. G. Blunt, and Sir Nich. Dainty.*

Eugen. Thank Heaven I am Reliev'd, my Father's here. 500

M. G. Bl. Not so Gir[l]; go, get ye together, ye pair of Turtles, and Cove in private. Your Love Discourse is very pretty among Lovers, but wou'd sound very silly and Fantastick to those who should over hear it: go, 505 withdraw, an old Shooe after thee; win her, and wear her Boy.

[*Exit Hack. Jun. and Eugenia.*

Sir Nich. He'll scarce meet Success, I'm sure I find by her Department, she is in love with me: [*Aside.* 510

M. G. Bl. Look'e Knight, to be short with you, your Vanity and the Indiscretion of my Daughter, have made an Intrigue of Love betwixt ye, so smoaky, the Town takes notice of it. 515

Sir Nich. Alas Sir, we never conceal those things.

M. G. Bl. Then y'are Puppies; but I sup-

501. *Gir[l]*. Q, Giri.

502. *Cove*. D, Coe.

pose you know my Honour is so nice; that I'll
 520 not suffer my Family to have the least blot.

Sir Nich. If all Families should be dishonoured, where the Ladies are in Love with me, there would be a great many infamous in this Town.

525 *M. G. Bl.* Vanity of Vanities: I believe there is not such another *Ass* as my Daughter; but dost thou hear Knight, thou shalt not have the deceiving her; by the Lord *Harry*, I will cut thy Throat, if thou attempt it.

530 *Sir Nich.* Lookee Guardian, I can take any thing from you; but what do you mean Sir, to treat me thus?

M. G. Bl. I do mean, that either the Love you pretend to my Fop Daughter is false;
 535 and then you are a Rascal, or true, and then if you make it not good, you are a Rascal too; and if I fail in my Revenge, I will bequeath it to my Executors and Administrators, by my Honour I will.

540 *Sir Nich.* Sir, I am a Person of Honour, you shall ever find me Rational and Civil; but the Beaus do so laugh at one, if one Marries, that upon my Honour, that I kn[o]w not what is left for me to do.

M. G. Bl. Ound! Did you mean to Whore 545
my Daughter? [He takes him by the Collar.

Sir Nich. No, no, Sir, we never bring it to
Enjoyment, If we can make a Lady fall in Love
with us, or fall into Fits for us, 'tis all the
Triumph we desire. 550

M. G. Bl. Death, Triumph! And did you
think to Triumph over me?

Sir Nich. No, Sir, I have a greater Respect
for your Family.

M. G. Bl. In short, I will make a better 555
settlement, than your Estate can deserve:
Consider, no fooling; you two were design'd
by Nature for one another.

Sir Nich. Sir, You do me a great deal of
Honour; I know your free discourse, but I 560
shall make such a return as your honourable
proposals require.

M. G. Bl. Farewell, I must to my Cavaliers:
they were got but to the second *Naseby* fight,
when I left 'em. [Exit *M. G. Bl.* 565

Sir Nich. What shall I do? If I Marry,
the Beaus will all make Horns at me; and laugh
me out of *London*. Besides, I never knew one
Marry, but the rest of 'em Cuckolded him, or
said they did, which is as bad: but hold, it's 570

four a Clock, I must beat this Bully. Pray Heaven I disappoint not my Friend.

[Exit Sir Nich.]

Enter Nickum and Dingboy.

Nickum. I warrant thee, *Dingboy*, we shall have the richest Caravan, the fattest Bubble.

575 *Ding.* Nay, O 'my Conscience no Beau will fight, they dare not stir for fear of disordering their Perrewigs and Cravat-strings.

Nickum. I'll undertake, you and I might clear the Town of Beaux. We'l win five
580 thousand pound of this Sir *Nicholas*, h[e'l]l bring it to a Composition-Dinner, w[e'l]l make him drunk and bubble him.

Ding. Prithee let's win ten thousand Pound of him, w[e'l]l win all his Equipage, and break
585 him for a Volunteer.

Enter Sir Nich. and Welford.

Sir Nich. Sir, I can scarce ever hope for a pardon, for being so confident to desire the assistance of your Sword and Arm. But we being Brother Volunteers, made me presume.

590 *Welf.* Name it no more, 'tis a Duty Gentlemen owe to one another.

580. h[e'l]l. Q, hee'l. [et al.]

581, 584. w[e'l]l. Q, wee'l.

Sir Nich. I am sorry I had not time to put on my fighting suit.

Welf. A fighting sute!

Sir Nich. Yes, Sir, I have the prettiest in 595 the World, I'm never without one: A man ought to be drest proper for all occasions.

Welf. This is the Choicest Fop in Christendome.

Sir Nich. It is Scarlet slightly flourished 600 with Silver; A Bloody Cravat; and the neatest, best stitch'd, Beau Gloves; the finest light Perrewig; and the prettiest Shoes in the world; And the motto upon my Sword is *Love and Honour*, because Gentlemen fight for 605 nothing else.

Nickum. Death and Heart, who's yonder?

Ding. What a Devil makes you start and look pale?

Nickum. Plague on't, have I catch't a 610 Tartar? I'm afraid *Welford* the Volunteer is his Second.

Ding. Gad forgive me, *Welford!* I have heard of him, pox on him h[e'l] whip me through.

615

Sir Nich. Ah, here they are, Are you ready to Kick, Sir? Are your feet in Order?

Welf. What the Devil, is this the Business? Pox that Fellow's a Coward. I am finely
620 inveigl'd by a Fop.

Nickum. Sir, I did not say I'd Kick, you mistook me, Sir; for my part I love peace and quietness as well as any man that wears a Head.

625 *Sir Nich.* You lye, Sirrah, you're a Coward, Draw, you did say Kick, have at your Lungs.

Ding. The Devil take me if I fight.

[*Runs away.*]

Welf. What the Devil, must I have a Race?

[*Runs after him.*]

Sir Nicholas pushes, Nickum runs back, falls upon his Breech, and drops his Sword.

630 *Sir Nich.* You cowardly Rascal, do you think an old sham trick of falling upon your Breech and dropping your Sword shall pass upon me? Here take your Sword, and fight, Sirrah.

635 *Nickum.* Sir I have more Honour, than to fight with the man that has given me my Life: I know what belongs to your punctilios.

Sir Nich. Then, Sir, you shall be very much Kick'd.

Enter Dingboy running: Welford o'retakes him.

Welf. Not, Sir, that you are worth the 640
Catching, I have had this Chase after you:
but it is fit a Rascal that is so impudent shou'd
be Kick'd to some purpose.

Ding. Do what you will. But I'gad I
won't fight. 645

[They give 'em half a dozen kicks a piece.

Nick. This is most ungenerous, and highly
disobliging.

Ding. Very unkind indeed.

Sir Nich. Come, Sir, I ask a thousand
pardons, that I have disappointed you. I 650
thought to have shewn you some play. But
you see how a man may be mistaken in outsides.

Welf. Come, Sir, let's away.

[Exit Welf. and Sir Nicholas.

Ding. Are not you a damn'd Son of a Whore
to bring me into these inconveniencies? 655

Nick. Why, you impudent ungrateful Ras-
cal! How many good Bubbles have you shar'd
with me? Wou'd you have all the sweet, and
none of the sowre?

Dick. Thus we Bullies and Sharpers are 660
always found out by such Blockheads as you
are, who never knew your men.

659. *sowre.* D, sour.

662. *knew.* D, know.

Nickum. You senseless Dog: in a herd of Cattle, each knows, who can beat who. But
665 how the Devil shou'd we know it among men?
But we must venture sometimes.

Ding. Venture! A pox on you, see what you bring it to, by your venturing.

Nick. Well, Bullies, take warning by us,
670 'tis true a Sharper might quarrel sometimes,
that's certain, but

*If he be wise, he[l'l] do what e're he can
E're he begins to Roar, to know his man.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[*Enter*]* *Clara and Lettice, and four or five of Hackwell Sen.'s Servants.*

Clara. Go, Porters! Carry all those Trunks and Boxes, and my Scritore to Major General *Blunts*: Where's my good Mother-in-Law?

5 *Lett.* Taking her repose upon her Bed: But this day, Madam; will break all our hearts to part with you!

Clara. I must leave you!

* [*Enter*]. *Q, omits.*

Lett. You'll leave very few dry Eyes behind you, Madam! 10

1 Serv. We shall never have the like within these Walls again!

2 Serv. Nay, now my young Master, and my Lady are gone, all good Nature has left the Family. 15

Clara. There, Mistress *Lettice*: there's two Guineas for you, and five to drink amongst you, and the rest of your fellow Servants.

Lett. A thousand thanks, Madam.

1 Serv. Heaven bless you Madam. 20

2 Serv. A shame o' this second Wife, for coming under our Roof.

1 Serv. And that scurvy proud Minx her Daughter: we never had good day since.

Lett. She's the very picture of ill Condi- 25
tions: Stinginess and ill Nature came into the Family with 'em. — Here she comes.

Enter Winifred.

Clara. O Sister, I need not take my leave of you: We shall meet at the Ball.

Wini. Yes, and I'll Dance there too! 30

Clara. Awkardly, and affectedly, to my knowledge. [*Aside.*

31. *Awkardly.* D, Awkwardly.

Winif. I left my dear *Teresia* ill: I cannot answer my so long absence from her, — Let
35 me dye — Tell my Mother when she wakes, that I am gone thither.

Clara. Mr. *Hop* din'd at the Steward's Table, I heard, — will he be there?

Winif. What's that to you? — He dine
40 at the Steward's Table! He scorns it. You are a good Friend of his; — Fare you well, — but hold, I have forgot something.

Clara. Fare you well, — I shall be there before you.

[*Exeunt Clara and Serv.*

Enter Sir Timothy Kastil.

45 *Sir Tim.* She's here, à propos.

Winif. Bless me, how came this Fellow here?

Sir Tim. Madam, I perceiv'd how you were disturb'd, when I made addresses to you in
50 publick: and therefore am come to make a private offer of my Heart.

Winif. Ha! what says the Fellow?

Sir Tim. You cannot be a stranger to my love, which you must often have perceiv'd
55 by my continual Ogling you at the Play-House, and at Church: my side glassing you at the

Park. And my humble Bowes to you in the Mall.

Winif. Oh impudence!

Sir *Tim.* And as a Confirmation of all, — 60
Behold this Billet, I receiv'd from you; you will not disown it, I hope?

Winif. From me, Audacious Coxcomb!

[*Tears it.*]

Sir *Tim.* What the Devil do[*e*]s she mean?

Winif. From me? Let me dye, I would 65
turn away my M[*ai*]d, should she write to such a Fellow. Why sure you don't take your self for a Beau? I'll say't I never saw so weasell'd-fac'd a Puppy — may I perish if thou hast not the Complexion of an East-Indian — I 70
never sa[w] a Bantamite so ugly! — Thou a Beau?

Sir *Tim.* Aye Madam! I a Beau? Why not I a Beau?

The Town is pleas'd to call me one. 75

Winif. Let me dye, if anybody but your self, can be so impudent.

Sir *Tim.* Come, lay this Raillery aside; and

57. *Bowes.* D, Bows.

64. *do[*e*]s.* Q, dos.

66. *M[*ai*]d.* Q, Miad.

68, 69. *weasell'd-fac'd.* D, weasel-fac'd.

71. *sa[w].* Q, say.

let us grow familiar — I know you'll own your
 80 Billet. Dam me Madam, if you don't write
 very prettily, you had not need to be asham'd
 on't.

Winif. I can bear no longer, I'll swear I'll
 have the[e] Kickt, Beaten and Buffeted —
 85 And toss'd in a Blanket, let me dye else.

[Gives him a box o'the Ear and plucks off his
Perrewig.

Sir Tim. What a Devil is the matter? O
 my Conscience and Soul, she's mad.

Winif. Who's there? who waits?

Enter Nickum.

Nick. Madam, I am here at your service.

90 *Sir Tim.* Damn this Bully. — What does he
 do here?

Winif. I have been so affronted by that
 Fellow, with the ugly Fiz, that calls himself a
 Beau, — that I'll say't I never was in my life.

95 *Sir Tim.* O Lord — I abuse you! mercy
 upon me! Madam, are not you asham'd?
 Sir, I have the greatest honour for her in the
 world. I am in Love.

Winif. If I have no body to beat thee; —
 100 I'll beat thee my self.

84. *the[e]*. Q, the.

94. *was in*. D, was so in.

Nick. I dare swear this is a Coward, — and I'll revenge my self to purpose on him, for that Rogue his brother Beau: Madam, you shall not be put to that trouble. Have at you, Sir. [*Cudgels him.* 105

Sir Tim. Why Sir, Sir, — As I hope to be sav'd, Sir; why, what a pox, are you out of your Wits? — Why, Madam, — Oh, what a Devil ailes you, Let me never stir I meant her no more hurt than my own soul. 110

Nick. You had best give the Lady the lye, Sirrah.

[*Trips up his heels, beats him when he's down.*

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, Murder, murder, Help, help.

Winif. Now Couzen let him alone, 'Tis 115 enough, my Honours satisfi'd.

Your Servant. [*Exit Winifred.*

Nick. Gad I think I have made this an Example! I hope I shall never light on a wrong one again. [*Exit Nickum.* 120

Sir Tim. What a Devil will become of me? I am a most miserable unfortunate fellow, if my lugs by the Ears, my Kicks and Drubs come to be known. I shall be undone with all the Beaux and Ladies too. — I will walk out 125 and Consider. — A Knight, a Beau! a Wit

lugg'd by the Ears! Cudgel'd, cuff'd Box't,
 Kick'd, *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere
 longum est* — Dam me a man had better be
 130 kill'd or hang'd: Well, Revenge shall be had,
 that's certain, — But how will Honour be had
 again, when I have lost it — besides when this
 is known, I shall be buffeted every day — let
 me think a little as I go. *[Exit Sir Tim.*

Enter at the other Door Colonel Hackwell Senior, and Lettice.

135 *Hack. sen.* What noise was that, I heard
 even now from my Closet?

Lettice. Mr. *Nickum* beat a Knight, that
 affronted Madam *Winifred* most exceedingly;
 as long as the Knight was able to be beaten.

140 *Hack. sen.* I profess I think I am much
 bound to that *Nickum*.

Lettice. Yes, if you knew all, and in troth
 it shall out. *[Aside.*

Hack. sen. He is as a faithful friend, I take
 145 it, unto me, and my Lamb, as any of the
 Wicked can be to the Godly.

Lettice. He faithful: I am glad you are
 come so fitly, that I can make you an eye-
 witness of his baseness. He dishonours the
 150 House, nay, for ought I know, makes it a
 Bawdy-house, even now.

144. *He is as a.* D, He is a.

Hack. sen. Verily is my House become a nest for Hornets? A Bawdy-house! with whom?

Lettice. Nay, — I know not with whom, ¹⁵⁵
— But I saw him through a —, on a Bed, with one of our Sex, even now: — May be one of the Maids — Pull off your Shoes and follow me, and you may see the most unhallow'd sight. ¹⁶⁰

Hack. sen. Will it not unsanctifie my Eyes — But I will follow.

[*Exit Hack. sen. and Let.*

Nick. Little do[e]s your sanctifi'd Dive-Dapper of a Husband think what prancks we play him? [*Nick and Mrs. Hack. on a Bed.* ¹⁶⁵

Mrs. Hack. Not he, good man; — but you are a naughty man, and will make me hate you, if you be so abominably valiant, to venture your Dear person upon all occasions thus. The relation makes me tremble. ¹⁷⁰

Nick. Pshaw, Waw, — no danger: indeed when he came up first, he threw in a Pass or two, very briskly — faith — But when he found how strongly I parryed; and how like Lightning I flung my passes in, ha, hah, ¹⁷⁵

163. do[e]s. Q, dos.

175. *Lightning.* D, lightning.

hah — He soon retir'd, — and I made him mortgage most wickedly.

Mrs. Hack. Mortgage!

Nick. A phrase we Killcows of the Town
180 use, when we make a Spark give ground:
As I and my Friend made this Beau, and the
terrible Volunteer *Welford* do. Gad we made
'em scamper, as if they had been employ'd to
measure the ground, I faith we did.

185 *Mrs. Hack.* How glad am I that I have thee
safe within these Arms.

Enter Collonel Hack. Sen. and Lettice.

Hack. sen. Bless my Eyes!

What do I see? it is my Lamb.

Lett. Now I think I have brought my busi-
190 ness about. *[Aside.*

Nick. Ounds we are undone! Counterfeit
a [swooning] fit: Oh Heavens she's gone!
she's gone!

[She groans and falls down on the Bed.

Nay, you are come to[o] late; wou'd no body
195 hear me, when I knock't for help (as if I
would have beaten the house down) poor Lady!
I heard a noise in her Chamber; and found
her upon the Floor, beating her self and knock-

192. [swooning]. Q, sounding.

194. to[o]. Q, to.

ing her Head against the Ground. She has
kill'd her self, I believe. 200

Lett. Oh Devil! Thou father of Lies!

Hack. sen. Oh my Lamb, — my poor
Lamb, — take my Keys! run, run for some
spirit of Hearts-horn, run — run. —

Lett. How the Devil helps his Servants. 205

[*Exit Lettice.*

Nick. If she comes to her self, four men
cannot hold her, call for help.

Hack. sen. Help, help, help; Oh poor
Lamb — Lamb — Lamb — sweet Lamb —
Dear Lamb — hold up thy head, — speak 210
Lamb, — Oh that ever I was born — Lamb,
— Lamb I say.

[*Rubs her and pulls her by the Nose.*

Mrs. Hack. Oh, oh. —

Nick. Look to it, — she begins to come to
her self. 215

Enter Lettice with a Vial.

Lett. Here's the Spirit.

Hack. sen. Give it me, — Oh Lamb, Lamb,
— Lamb. [*Pours it in her mouth.*

Mrs. Hack. Oh, what do you do, — Where
am I? — whither am I going Oh, oh — 220

Nick. Help, — help, — where are you all,
— Help, help.

Hack. sen. Where are you: — *Win the Fight, — Stand fast to the Faith! Perseverance*
225 — *Long suffering, — Fight a good fight. Habakkuk, Nehehemiah,* — where are you all?

Nick. What a Muster Roll of Christen-
names is here?

Mrs. Hack. Let me go, let me go; — Mur-
230 der, murder, Help, help.

Enter four or five Servants.

Hack. sen. Why Lamb: Now dear sweet
Lamb. All hold her! Hold her, she will
beat her self in pieces.

Nick. Rarely acted! Incomparably acted.

235 *Hack. sen.* Ah my poor Lamb, — Hold her!

Lett. Lamb — Aye dear Lamb. — She has
made a Ram of thee. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Hack. Let go, let go, what am I taken?

Nick. Hold your peace! she comes to her
240 self.

[*Sits down, still groans, then sobs and cries.*]

Hack. sen. Oh [my] dear Lamb, be pacifi'd,
what shall I do? Oh, oh.

[*Sits down, and cries by her.*]

226. *Nehehemiah.* D, *Nehemiah.* 227. *Christen.* D, Christian.

241. [my]. Q, may.

Lett. Oh Heaven! will you suffer truth to be thus run down, with falsehood?

Nickum to Lettice. This is your malice, ²⁴⁵
Huzzy, — I warrant, — We'll be reveng'd of you.

Hack. sen. My dear, my sweet — speak, speak to thy own Duckling.

Mrs. Hack. Who's here? My Honey, my Dear. 250

Hack. sen. Oh my dear Lamb; Dry thy Eyes.

Mrs. Hack. Oh Cousin *Nickum*, art thou there?

Hack. sen. Ay my Lamb — or thou hadst ²⁵⁵
not been here! I mean alive!

Mrs. Hack. Truly Cousin, I must own, I am much bound unto thee.

Lettice. This is most amazing. Now will all this turn upon me. 260

Mrs. Hack. Pray retire all: I have something for my Ducklings private Ear.

Hack. sen. What a mercy it is, I have thee in my Arms again! [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Hack. You see what your Brood — ²⁶⁵
your Son and Daughter have brought me too! Into Fits, most dangerous Fits: Oh I am sore! very sore! I cannot lift my Hands to my Head:

270 *Hack. sen.* How am I afflicted!

Mrs. Hack. I have one Secret to Unburden my self of! and I beg thy pardon that I did not discover't to thee before — Oh —

275 *Hack. sen.* What's that? Dear Lamb?

Mrs. Hack. Your Son! your wicked Son — It sets my Hair an end to think on't: — Has pressed me with Love from time to time: He would have dishonour'd your Bed — and
280 defil'd me.

Hack. sen. Gad forgive me — thee — defil'd thee!

Mrs. Hack. Yes, defil'd me! the thought of this; and the horror it brought along with
285 it, when I was alone, cast me into this killing fit: Which how long I have been in, or how I came out! Thou best know'st.

Hack. sen. I will disinherit the wicked Wretch; and settle all that is unsettled upon
290 thee and thy Daughter — If thou hast not Issue of thy Body by me!

Mrs. Hack. No, no, my dear Duckling! Thou art too kind: How can we deserve so great a bounty? — I hope thou do'st not
295 believe I ever had it in my thoughts!

Hack. sen. Nay, I observe, when any one

deserts our Congregation, they stop at no Wickedness after that.

Mrs. *Hack*. But how cam'st thou so happily to my help? 300

Hack. sen. By Providence: But to say Truth, thy Hand-maid *Lettice* told me she saw *Nickum*, upon a Couch, with a Woman, dishonouring my House; and making it a Bawdy-house. 305

Mrs. *Hack*. O most pernicious Jade! where is she? *Lettice, Lettice!* I'll make an Example of her.

Enter Lettice.

Hack. sen. Verily she deserveth to be made an example. 310

Lettice. What to do now?

Mrs. *Hack*. Oh Impious Wretch! Would'st have dishonour'd me; I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Lettice. They saw too much: Did they?

Mrs. *Hack*. Most Audacious Jade! I'll 315 beat thee to Pap.

Hack. sen. Fret not thy self, dear Lamb! thou wo't endanger a Fit.

Lettice. Yes, She will have many such Fits.

Mrs. *Hack*. Pack up all your Trinckets, 320 and be gone Huswife!

Lettice. A happy opportunity! since the Young [Colonel] and his Sister are gone; every one in the House would take it for a favour, to
325 be turn'd out of it.

Mrs. Hack. Look there, You see what Faction she is of; No, Huswife, that shall not serve your turn; — I'll tie you to my Bedpost, and lash you soundly my self! And then
330 have you whipp'd to some purpose in *Bridewell*.

Lettice. Say you so; — But I have a way worth two on't. [Exit Lettice.]

Hack. sen. In truth she's a wicked Creature: But disquiet not thy self, nothing can
335 make me entertain one ill thought of my Lamb.

Mrs. Hack. Thou art a dear sweet Duckling! But pray let me go into the Air. It may refresh me after this Fit.

Hack. sen. Come my sweet Lamb — Lean
340 upon me, Lamb. — [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Timothy Kastril.

Sir Tim. If I suffer my self to be beaten, cuff't, and kick'd thus any longer: Instead of saluting me with their Hats, Fellows will salute me, with Fist, Foot, and Cudgel. I shall be
345 beaten like Hemp or Stock-fish, — I shall grow in a little time, the common Anvil of the

Town. — Well, — In short I dare not endure beating any longer: — Let me see, — What a Pox, 'Tis fifty to one, he does not hit my Vitals, if he hits me: And if it be but a flesh Wound ³⁵⁰ — that's no great matter — hah; I have a pretty long Sword — What a Devil! I'll fight I am resolv'd: For 'tis better to be kill'd, than to live such a beaten Life as I am like to live without it. — Where is this Rogue *Nickum*? ³⁵⁵ I'll watch him till Midnight, — If he does not bolt out before.

Enter Nickum.

Nickum. These kicks from this damn'd Beau, sit very uneasily upon me! He touch'd my Honour to the Quick, — as *Hudibras* says, ³⁶⁰ — I must resolve to fight him: For if not, after this Baffle, I shall not get a debt that's owing me by a Bubble in *England*; — I have a Challenge ready penn'd. I fancy if I come roundly up with him, he will be modest yet. ³⁶⁵

Sir Tim. Ha! here the Rogue is! What is he muttering to himself?

Nick. It shall go — Porter, Porter.

Enter Porter.

Porter. Who calls Porter?

Nick. Here, I; Take this Note and carry ³⁷⁰

^{365.} *roundly.* D, round.

it, as it is directed: And here's six Pence for your pains.

Nick. Well, 'tis gone: I must resolve to fight; this confounded Beau will tell all the
375 Town, what Men he baffles, as well as what Women he lies with.

Sir Tim. There's no more to be said — I will fight — Sirrah, Rogue, Rascal, Scoundrel, Coward. I'll whip thee through — I'll make
380 thee fuller of holes, then e're pink't Satin was!

Nick. What the Devil, is this Coward Beau run mad?

Sir Tim. He begins to fear me, — Sirrah, — I will mangle thee so; that when I have kill'd
385 thee — They shall not know whether thou art a Man or a Fish.

Nick. If you long to be beaten agen — [*Draws.*

Sir Tim. Beaten you Dog! Have at your Lungs, or some other of your Entrails.

[*He runs at Nickum as hard as he can, and disarms him.*

390 *Damme, beg your Life Sirrah.*

Nick. I do, — I do.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, is this all? I have no hurt to make such a business of fighting; — Here Sirrah, take your Sword, and fight agen!
395 Here's a Business indeed.

Nick. What with one that has given me my life?

Sir Tim. Prithee, I gave thy life to thee to fight with it. Gad I must fight with you, or some body else;—It's an admirable Exer-⁴⁰⁰ cise! I intend to use it a Mornings instead of Tennis.

Nick. This is most amazing! What a Metamorphosis is this? He is a bloody minded Beau;—That I shou'd light on two⁴⁰⁵ wrong Beaus in an hour! Pox on 'em for me, — I'll meddle no more with 'em.

Sir Tim. Will you fight again Sirrah? If you won't, get you about your Business, — What have I to do with you? A company of⁴¹⁰ cowardly Rascals of you; — Now I think on't, you laid me on confoundedly.

[*Struts up and down and Cudgels him.*]

Nick. This is the Devil in his shape sure, My Sword Sir?

Sir Tim. No Sirrah, You have no occasion⁴¹⁵ for it; you durst not fight, I'll keep it Sirrah, — begone.

Nickum. What a Devil! Does he take the Plunder o'the Field? I see I must fight now. —

[*Exit Nickum.*]

Sir Tim. Gad take me, this is rare sport; ⁴²⁰

I long to be fighting with some body else, —
I must pick a Quarrel.

Enter Welford.

Here's one comes for the purpose: I must
have a bout with him, for his familiarity with
425 my Ears.

Welf. What the Devil is here? A Filou?
Are you Robbing of Passengers of their Swords?

Sir Tim. No, Winning 'em Honourably;
And I'll have yours before you go much further.

430 *Welf.* What says the Coxcomb?

Sir Tim. Coxcomb! Dammee y'are a
Puppy, — I am a Knight.

Welf. Oh wondrous Transformation in two
hours.

435 *Sir Tim.* Hah, let me see, — I'll run you
through in Teirce.

Welf. Prithee Fool, — Don't trouble me.

Sir Tim. No, no, trouble you; I won't
trouble you; only run you through the Body,
440 — I never saw a Man so slow in my Life.
Have at you.

Welf. Pish — Pox o' this Feble, — there

426. *A Filou?* D, omits.

431. *Dammee.* D, Dam me.

436. *Teirce.* D, Terce.

442. *Feble.* D, fellow.

trouble me no more. — What sudden change is this? He was mad before, or is mad now. [*Welf. Runs at him, disarms him, flings him his Sword, and Exit.*

Sir Tim. Hah! This is a very pretty Fel-⁴⁴⁵low. He fights very prettily: Gad as well as my self; — I see 'tis nothing, the Devil take me, I'll fight with every body that has ever frown'd upon me in his life.

Enter Nickum, Constable and Guard.

Nickum. That's he: He has the very⁴⁵⁰ Sword he robb'd me of, in his Hand, — lay hold on him. [*Constable seizes Sir Tim.*

Sir Tim. How now? What's the matter?

Constab. You are a bold Thief! A fine⁴⁵⁵ Rogue! Rob Gentlemen of their Swords, in the Day time? There will be no passing the Streets, for such Rogues as you are.

Nickum. He came upon me before I was aware; and whipt away my Sword. ⁴⁶⁰

Sir Tim. You lye Sirrah! Coward! I fought with the Rogue, and won it nobly.

Const. Ah, Come, come, and you shall be hang'd nobly.

Watchm. He would have robb'd another⁴⁶⁵

Gentleman; but he was too hard for him, and beat him.

Sir *Tim.* Why, what the devil, are you mad? Why, I am a Knight, these are Rogues,
470 they lye.

Const. A Knight, and such a Thief, — away with him! away with him.

Enter Taylor.

Sir *Tim.* Oh here's my Taylor; — He can tell you who I am?

475 *Taylor.* Are? — Yes; Why what's the matter here! This is Sir *Tymothy Kastril*: As honest a Gentleman, and pays his Bills as well as any Gentleman, and bates as little.

Const. How! pay his Bills well? He has
480 perplext the Cause; why this Gentleman has accused him of flat Felony.

Taylor. He! Why that's a Sharper! A Rogue! A Cheat!

Nick. Sirrah, I shall remember you.

485 *Const.* No threatning here Sir.

Nick. Let me see the Sword he robb'd me of; here's the Scabbard to't, why this is Demonstration.

Taylor. What! A Bully? A Sharper?
490 And Robb'd of his Sword? This is a Cheat, a plain Cheat.

Const. I see it now, Sir, You are an honest Gentleman; and may go about your Business, — I have a good mind to lay that Rogue by the Heels.

495

Nick. No, not so, — I'll go about my Business; — I see I must run some body through; or I am utterly undone.

Sir Tim. Honest Stichum, I am beholding to you. I beat this Rogue and disarm'd him; 500 and had a mind to shew his Sword for fear the Rascal should deny it. — And put me to beat him again. — And he accuses me of Robbery, Mr. Constable! There's a Guiney for your watch to drink.

505

Const. Thank you Sir; — A very worthy honest Gentleman.

Watch. Thank you Sir; a very honest Gentleman. [Exeunt.

SCENE, the M. G.'s House.

Enter Sir Nich. Daynty, and Teresia.

Sir Nich. Fa, la, la; sweet Madam; your 510 Father acquaints me that you are pleased to honour me with your best Affections.

499. *Stichum.* D, Stichum.
beholding. D, beholden.

504. *Guiney.* D, guinea.

Teres. Oh Lord; you make me blush; —
sure he would not say such a thing?

515 *Sir Nich.* Nay, Madam; if you deny it, I
know not what measures to take then.

Teres. Sir, I dare not deny, that I have said
to my Father, That you are a fine accomplisht
Person!

520 *Sir Nich.* Ah Madam, — ah, — no, — no.

Teres. And that your Air and Miene are
Excellent.

Sir Nich. Sweet Madam, you will make me
too proud.

525 *Teres.* And that the Charms of your Con-
versation are invincible, let me die!

Sir Nich. Nay Madam, Dam mee, if you
don't go a little too far now.

Teres. I can never go too far in the praises
530 of so compleat a Gentleman, I'll say it.

Sir Nich. No Madam: Yes, yes, you may:
But what's all this to your Love Madam?
This will shew that you admire a Person; But
never that you love him.

535 *Teres.* But Oh my Weakness! I told you
in the Park, I did love you; my blushes will
o'ecome me.

Sir Nich. Did you Madam? I protest I

had forgot it; I am so far from deserving the Honour! But dear Madam, Do you love me now? 540

Teres. Yes, yes; I am afraid too well!

Sir Nich. I must confess you have a great many Rivals Madam! But you have the preference in my affections: And shall ride Sovereign in my heart. 545

Teres. Let me die if I can look upon you!

Sir Nich. Madam, I must tell you, tho the Beaux will laugh at, and disc[a]rd one that marries: Yet I am content for your sake to be laugh'd at. 550

Teres. And will you set aside your Campaigne, and yield to loves soft Charms?

Sir Nich. Not for the World Madam, What? set aside my Honour? that cannot be for all the Treasures upon Earth. 555

Teres. Nay, then you love me not, and I am miserable.

Sir Nich. Dammee Madam, I have had 50 Ladies in love with me, and never lov'd any one of 'em, half so much. 560

Teres. No, no, You love not me! all I

542, 543. *a great many.* D, too many.

544. *preference.* D, preference.

548. *disc[a]rd.* Q, dis-cord.

558. *50.* D, fifty.

559. *and never.* D, and I never.

have to do is to retire and weep; and sigh my self into a Ghost, I'll swear. [*Exit* Teresia.

Sir *Nich.* Why, Madam, Madam —

Enter a Servant.

565 *Servant.* Sir, here's a Note left for you, by a Porter.

Sir *Nich.* Hah! this is no Billet: This is made up by some Blockheadly Fellow! Ha! *Nickum!* This is a Challenge! its a very odd
570 one! Let me go in and enquire about it. [*Exit.*

Enter M. G. Blunt, Hackwell *Junior,* and Eugenia.

M. G. Bl. I have left my old Officers at the last *Newbury* fight, as drunk as ever they were in the Army: They will fling Bottles at one anothers heads, as they were wont to do;
575 But — ah — how goes on your process of Love betwixt you?

Hack. jun. Much too slow Sir, for my eager wishes.

Eugen. I see our English Soldiers, are for
580 nothing but storming; they have not patience for a siege!

M. G. Bl. Look thee *Tom.* I'll say that for her; she's as good a Girl as any man can boast of.

Hack. jun. She's all Excellence! she's all 585
Perfection.

M. G. Bl. A Dod, Countrey Gentlemen are
Knaves enough; when they put Horses that
are Jades into one anothers hands: But they
may be chopt away, or sold in *Smithfield*; but 590
to put a Woman Jade into ones hands, that
he must never part with; by the Lord Harry,
it is unpardonable.

Hack. jun. The same Honour ever shines
in all your Actions. 595

M. G. Bl. I have indeed an Ass of a Daugh-
ter! which I put off to an Ass of a Knight:
but he likes her for being an Ass, and she likes
him for being an Ass; so 'tis an equal match.
The Devils in't, if they don't agree: They are 600
so like they are almost one flesh already.

Eugen. Methinks Sir, 'tis time enough to
talk of this in time of peace.

M. G. Bl. A Dod that's very well: That's
like a Fellow whose Bridge was a falling, — 605
Would not flux because times were unsettled:
Does not War make a Destruction of Men?
What should good Subjects do then; — But
lay about them to replenish. A dod, this
young Fellow and his Friend, are gallant 610
Fellows! And if they be knockt o'the head this

Summer, — I'd have some of the breed left,
— which is almost lost in *England*.

Eugen. I beseech you Sir, be not so hasty.

615 *M. G. Bl.* Thou dissembling Jade thou:
By my troth Huswife, if thou be'st not a little
Civiller, I'll tell Tales.

Eugen. For Heaven sake! if ever you
loved me, betray not my weakness.

Enter Clara.

620 *M. G. Bl.* Well, well; — oh here comes my
fair Charge.

Clara. My dear, now I am come to thee,
never to leave thee.

625 *M. G. Bl.* Hold, hold, — I forbid those
Ban[n]s: There's a brave young Fellow,
Welford, and this Youth here, shall part you
both, and to your hearts content, — and see
here he comes.

Enter Welford.

630 Look you, Sir, There's your Mistress; to
her, and see what you can make of her — I
am her Guardian, and dispose of her to you —
Come, come, leave 'em together.

Clara. Good Guardian — what do you
mean? My Dear! my *Eugenia*.

625. *Ban[n]s.* Q, Banes.

M. G. Bl. Nay, Adod if you be not Civil ⁶³⁵
— I'll lock you up.

Hack. jun. And Sister, I present this Gentleman to you, as the greatest treasure you can have: He'l make you as happy, as you are capable of being. 640

Clara. I am besieg'd on every side.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, away: fall to your Love tricks — Be not too long in Ceremony: think of the substance: Women are not to be perswaded — They perswade them- ⁶⁴⁵
selves.

[*Exeunt M. G. Bl. Col. and Eugenia.*]

Welf. Madam, Can you flye from your Adorer?

Clara. Can you imagine I can be so vain to think — I have an Adorer? 650

Welf. There's nothing on this side Heaven, that I can worship equal to you: The world in Ballance, is too light for you.

Clar. A man only shews his parts, by fine Language, that never goes for any thing. 655

Welf. Madam, I scorne to speak a language that is not from my heart: I would renounce the Universe for you.

Clara. No, I dare say, not this Campaigne for me, 660

Welf. I could not do't for you. For should I quit my honour you'd despise me.

Clara. 'Tis a hard task to speak against ones Conscience. [*Aside.*

665 *Welf.* But I must be miserable without your favour, and if you will not grant it, I shall desire to be shot from out of a Bomb upon the Enemy.

Clara. What a foolish thing is a Woman, 670 when a man makes love to her. [*Aside.*

Sure, you would not have me set my Love upon one that's going to be knock't o'the head.

Welf. The better, Madam — When he leaves all that's dear to him in this World for't.

675 *Clara.* That were to make my self miserable, shou'd I loose him.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Madam, Your most humble Servant, Sir, I love and honour you: Y'are brave — and I'll draw my Sword for you.

680 *Welf.* Pox o' this Puppy.

Enter Sir Nicholas, with a Challenge in his Hand.

Sir Nich. Oh Mr. *Welford!* I am glad you are here!

You are a Judge of Honour, — and I would

consult with you: I have sent for the Major General — and [Colonel] *Hackwell*. 685

Sir *Tim*. If it be about Honour, Consult with me, *Nicky*: I have fought two Duels since I saw you: And long to fight a third. One of 'em was with this Gentleman here.

Sir *Nich*. Dam me, what, has he cast his 690 Skin, or is becom[e] a new Creature? Two Duels! — 'Tis impossible.

Enter M. G. Bl., Hackwell Junior, and Eugenia.

M. G. Bl. Pox o'these Fools!

How came they here to interrupt Love?

Sir *Nich*. Come Gentlemen: Nay, the 695 Ladies may hear it too!

You must know, I was challeng'd by a Fellow this Afternoon, whose name I conceal'd, — And this Gentleman did me the Honour to be my second. 700

Hack. jun. What a Devil! wert thou drawn in, by this Fop?

Sir *Nich*. His Opposite would not fight at all; — And mine fought so scurvily, that he ran back, and dropt his Sword on purpose — I 705 gave it him again, and bid him use it better — But he durst not — so, we kick'd 'em both exceedingly, and left 'em.

Sir *Tim.* Rogues, — Cowards, — Damn'd
710 Cowards: — that men can be such Cowards.

Sir *Nich.* Now, my Rogue has sent me the
most unmannerly rude Challenge — that ever
was — And the point in question is, whether I
ought to answer this; from a Fellow whom I
715 have given his Life to, — or have him drub'd
immoderately, by my Footman.

M. G. Bl. A Dod, a pretty Farce; Lets
hear the Challenge.

Sir *Nich.* [Reads.] *Coxcomb Daynty — for*
720 *Knight, I do scorn to call thee; Did you ever*
hear such a rude Fellow?

M. G. Bl. A Dod, he comes up roundly with
thee Knight.

Sir *Nich.* [Reads.] *When thou should'st have*
725 *attack'd me to my Face, Thou did'st basely invade*
me behind my back: Therefore I challenge thee
to meet me face to face; not as thou did'st before,
Face to Arse.

[Speaks.] With the pardon of the Ladies,
730 these are his words.

[Reads.] *Tho the most unworthy part of Man,*
is too honourable to be encountred by such a
Rascal. Consider and Tremble: Thy Father if
he were alive, cou'd not give thee better Counsel:

For there is no Composition for thy safety — un- 735
less thou wilt heal that part with thy Tongue,
like a Dog as thou art: which thou did'st offend
with thy Hoof; like an Ass as thou wert: All
the mercy thou art to expect from me in this
admonition: To prepare thee to dye, with thy 740
Sword in thy Hand; and if thou Refusest, I will
be thy Destroyer.

No matter for the name. · Now your judgments upon the Case, Did you ever see such an ill bred Fellow? Fight or Drub? 745

Sir *Tim.* Fight, fight, — and I'll be your Second.

Clara. Eug. Let's steal off.

[Exeunt Eugen. and Clara.]

M. G. Bl. How came this Knight so furious o'the suddain? 750

Hack. [jun]. He has been kickt and beaten into valour: And this is the first day of his Reformation — H'has fought twice in an hour.

M. G. Bl. Hah, sayst thou so? — I have known some such Examples have been the 755
 most troublesome quarrelling Coxcombs about the Town after it: But a Dod, they are Cowards at the bottom for all that: Look you pupil, in this Case, if the Fellow be a Gentle-

760 man: He must not be drub'd: Thou may'st
 cane him thy self, if thou wilt when thou meet'st
 him — If he be not a Gentleman, laugh at him
 — But I faith the Rogue has an arch knack
 at his Pen.

765 Sir *Nich.* Upon my word Sir, you have
 decided the matter like an Oracle: — It shall
 be so.

M. G. Bl. Why Gentlemen, you have let
 the Girls escape, for shame follow 'em.

770 Sir *Nich.* For my part, I ne'er trouble my
 self to follow Ladies, they follow me fast enough.

Sir *Tim.* What a Pox, shall we have no
 fighting then? Gad — I'll quarrel with some
 body or other.

775 *Twas somewhat long, before I durst begin;*
But I'll fight like a Devil, now I'm in.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Teresia and Winifred.

Teres. He is so fine a Person, that I vow I
 cannot blush to own my Passion to him: He is
 the charmingst Creature in the World, let me
 die. That Air, that Mien, that bewitching
 5 Conversation! Oh my Dear! all the Town
 is in love with him.

Wini. Not all the Town, my Dear! For my part, I wonder what thou canst see in such Fellows? Thou shouldst learn to value thy self, and despise them. I'll say't, — I scorn ¹⁰ that any Fellow should make me in love with him.

Teres. Ah, my dear, Thou know'st not *Cupids* power; I warrant thee he has an Arrow for thee yet; he'll pierce thy stubborn ¹⁵ heart.

Wini. I care for ne're a *Cupid* of 'em all. Tell me of Cupid?

Enter Hop.

Oh sweet Mr. *Hop*, — I thought we had lost thee, — Where hast thou been all this while? ²⁰

Hop. I din'd very well, at the Stewards Table Madam.

Wini. The Stewards Table? Good lack! sure thou art Company for their betters? Thou shouldst value thy dear Person more. — ²⁵

Teres. How do you, Master? You are come to help us out in our Countrey Dances?

Hop. Yes Madam, I am ready to serve you!

Winif. Talk of an Aire and a Miene? Here's an Aire and a Miene? a charming Per- ³⁰

29. *Aire . . . Miene.* D, air . . . mien [et al].

son, and bewitching Conversation! And that Divine Musick on the Kit!

Enter Sir Nich'las Daynty.

Sir *Nich.* Ladies, your most humble Servant. How dost thou do *Hop*?

35 *Winif.* Hah! — Proud Coxcomb! Plain *Hop*? Sure Mr. *Hop* might become his Mouth? Come, Mr. *Hop*, let's retire; You shall show me a little — before we begin Dancing.

40 Sir *Nich.* Ah Madam! that's not fair play.

Winif. Good Sir, I know not what I do. —
[*Exit Winif. and Hop.*

Sir *Nich.* I hope Madam you have composed the temper of your mind, and are con-
45 tented with my venturing for Honour, especially since you shall secure my love.

Teres. Nay, — I'll say't; — you cannot love me, that can leave me for Drums and Trumpets.

Sir *Nich.* Nay, then we have done, Madam,
50 I wont quit my Honour for the World: Alas, — the Ladies in the Town are in Mutiny about it; and I deny 'em all!

Teres. Break heart, break — I cannot bear it.

Sir *Nich.* I am sorry Madam, you will quit 55
your Lover, for being a Man of Honour; —
but I despair not of Mistresses.

Teres. Oh Cruel Tyrant of my Heart!

Enter M. G. Blunt.

M. G. Bl. How now Pupil? How goes on
this Treaty? 60

Sir *Nich.* It stops at the Preliminaries, and
is not like to go on: she will not suffer me to
satisfy my Honour, and go to the Campaign;
now I have given my word, and have my
Equipage all ready. I'll sooner lose my life 65
than stay.

M. G. Bl. A Dod Knight, thou art in the
right there, tho thou seldom art so: — By
Heav'n thou'rt an Ass; thou shalt let him go;
and I'll hold 50*l.* to one, he does not bring thee 70
to abandon [him] this Summer!

Sir *Nich.* Upon my Honours I'll venture
for it, noble Guardian.

M. G. Bl. Mr. *Welford* has been at Court,
— and they are countermanded, and are 75
not to go these 5 weeks. And a Dod, may
be that may be long enough to be married.

71. [*him*]. Q, omits.

72. *Honours*. D, Honour.

You may be weary of one another by that time — there have been such Examples.

80 *Teres.* Oh, never, never; — I'll say't — shall I be weary!

M. G. Bl. Go, go, get you into the drawing Room, and agree upon your Treaty: — my Pupil and I, shall have no words upon ours.

85 *Sir Nich.* Your Servant Sir.

[*Exit Sir Nich. and Teresia.*

Enter Hackwell Junior, and Welford.

M. G. Bl. Oh come young Fellows, — I have found out a way to Dispatch your Business with these skittish Girls. I over-heard 'em say — they would have some private Conference in this Room. We'll into a [Closet], and over-hear it — A Dod. They are coming — in — in —

[*They*] retire.

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Clara. Come my Dear, we are alone! Let's enjoy one another? what can make us so
95 happy?

Eugen. The Colonel and Vo[lun]teer can make us happier.

90. [*Closet*]. Q, Closlet.

92. [*They*]. Q, omits.

96. Vo[lun]teer. Q, Voulnteer.

Clara. That's true indeed;— but we are now alone, and are not forced upon the Drudgery of dissembling. 100

Eugen. 'Tis very hard that honest Women must be tyed to that as well as Wenches.

Clara. Indeed a little lying is a necessary quality in our Sex!

Eugen. That's but convenient policy — 105
for us to use with Men; Fiction in Love and Poetry is lawful.

Clara. That's a very civil word, for lying; but there is no pleasure in Conversation, where hearts are not open to one another. 110

Eugen. Thou art in the right my Dear; Oh my most bewitching Colonel! I wou'd not for the world, he knew the power he had over me!

Clara. My Brother is a generous and worthy 115
Fellow; he'd use it nobly if he did.

Eugen. Nor is there a Gallenter Fellow than thy Volunteer; and I had best let him know the power he has over thee.

Clara. Not for the world, my Dear; he 120
shall have no Temptation from me, to be a Tyrant. You see power alters almost every Man.

Eugen. 'Tis fit indeed we conceal our
125 foibles; for if they apply their strengths to our
weakness, they will be too hard for us.

Clara. Thank Heaven! we have always
something to ballance that — And can find
out their weakness. And the great cunning
130 of our Sex, and all our Dominion comes from
attacking that.

Eugen. To say Truth, they are more open-
hearted, than we, and more easily discov-
ered. But what power has thy Volunteer over
135 thee?

Clara. My Lawful Monarch has as much,
as ever Tyrant aimed at; Oh, he's the charm-
ing'st Creature upon Earth; I could live all
my life time in a Wilderness with him, and
140 never see the Face of any other Man.

Eugen. I cannot say that of my Colonel,
because I have a Father, that next to him, I
love above the World; but I could gladly
share with him in all his hazards and his toiles.

145 *Clara.* That's a true taking for better for
worse; — Thou art a brave Heroick Girl; — we
are both sprung from Soldiers; and methinks
rather than not be in my *Welfords* presence,
I'de lie in Camps without all Covering but
150 the Skie.

Eugen. I'd mount a breach with my Colonel.

Clara. Well said my brave *Amazon*, —
With my *Welford* I could stand a pass, with
shours of Bullets flying about our Ears, and 155
only be concerned, least an unlucky one should
cut him off.

Eugen. Huff! what thou wilt, I am as valiant as thy self! And for mine, I would gladly intercept the Bullet that would hit him, — Oh 160
he is the dearest, sweetest Creature, that the Earth ever bore.

Clara. Mine, besides his worth, his Honour, and his Fame, with his Person might conquer all our Sex. 165

Eugen. Mine is the glory of his Sex, and the delight of ours; his Look, his Miene!

Clara. Ah *Welford*! his Aire! his Shape; and his Address —

Eugen. His Wit, his Sense, — 170

Clara. His Courage, and his Gentleness. —

Eugen. Pray let's not quarrel, who is most charming —

Clara. They are both best; and I would we had 'em each within our Arms. 175

Eugen. It were a Joy beyond the World.

155. *shours.* D, Showers. 158. *Huff! what.* D, Huff what.

Enter M. G. Blunt. [They squeak.

M. G. Bl. Ah, — why 'tis not come to that yet. — Ye are brave Girls, never blush for the matter; — 'Tis natural, — 'tis honest, 'tis discreet and virtuous.

Clara. Oh Sir, what Confusion would it cause, should you discover one word of this to our Lovers?

Eugen. As e'er you priz'd your most obedient Daughter, be secret as a Confessor: — I blush to look on you.

Clara. I never shall behold you more, without such shame as will confound me. — But, for Heav'ns sake be secret, Sir.

M. G. Bl. You are foolish Girls; — this is an Honour to you. By the Lord *Harry*, I'll say nothing: — But adod, y'are the bravest-mettl'd Girls in *Christendome*. — Come Lovers, enter. *[Takes 'em by the Hand.*
[The Women shriek, and endeavour to run away.

Enter Hackwell jun. and Welford.

Ah-ha, — What a pox do you squeak for? Here's no Rape intended. No flying, — adod you shall stand to't.

Eugen. I'll never forgive you, tho' you are my Father.

Clara. You had better have staid, and made 200
me such an account, as Guardians won't do, —
than use me thus.

M. G. Bl. Come adod, I love Plain-dealing,
— I'd have Love come out like the Small Pox,
or else 'tis dangerous. 205

Welf. to Clara. Madam, I never suffer'd
such Confusion; — I know not what to say or
think of my surprizing Joy.

Hack. jun. The Blessing of this minute is so
high, so ravishing, and extravagant, methinks 210
I dream.

Eugen. Methinks you do. Ours was Rail-
ery! all Railery; — as if we did not know you
were in the Closet.

Clara. Can you imagine otherwise? Why, 215
'twas nothing but a Scene well acted betwixt us.

Welf. It is too much to my advantage, not
to believe you were in earnest Madam.

Hack. jun. You will not sure be so cruel!
to strangle my poor Infant-Hope, and make 220
me desperate.

M. G. Bl. Why, you young dissembling
Sluts! Adod! this is rare Confidence! Do
you think this will pass upon us? No, no, the
Business shall be immediately dispatch'd: — 225

We'll first employ an able Lawyer, — and then a competent Divine, — that, I warrant you, shall make you fast enough, and tye you in such a Noose, you shall never riggle out agen.

Enter Servants holding Sir Timothy Kastriel.

230 I *Servant*. Hold, hold him fast.

Sir *Tim*. Let me go, you Dogs, let me go.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir *Nich*. What's to do here? What's the matter? Why, Sir *Timothy*, are you out of your Princely Wits?

235 M. G. *Bl*. Pox o' these Puppies, — Must they still put a stop to us, when like Chymists we are at the moment of Projection?

Sir *Tim*. The matter! why I did but chastise some rude fellows, and these laid hold of
240 me, and haul'd me in thus.

M. G. *Bl*. Let him go: — What's the matter?

I *Servant*. The matter Sir! why he'll be kill'd in half an hours time, if we let him go:
245 — Some Masqueraders would have press'd in, and he sallies out upon 'em, beats three or four of 'em, and runs one through the Arm; and

229. *riggle*. D, wriggle.

240. *haul'd*. D, hal'd.

that would not satisfie him, but a rough Souldierly man came by, with Whiskers, and he pull'd him by a Whisker, — and told him ²⁵⁰ he did not like his Countenance, and to't they went; — If we had not parted them, one had been kill'd.

M. G. Bl. Why, adod, thou art the strangest *Orlando Furioso* that e'er I knew; — ²⁵⁵ what Transformation's this?

Sir Nich. Are you not asham'd? The greatest quality of a Beau is to be soft of Speech, very gentle and civil of Department, much joy'd with the Contemplation of himself, ²⁶⁰ and well pleas'd with others.

Sir Tim. Pish, Pox of a Beau! I'll have nothing to do with 'em; nor the Women neither; they have used me like a Dog. I would go to the War, — but that he that was ²⁶⁵ my Tutor, that's a Non-swearer, has perplex'd my Conscience so, that I do not know which side to take. — But a Pox on me if I don't fight at home; I am out of humour with the World.

Sir Nich. For shame, art thou mad? ²⁷⁰

Sir Tim. Don't provoke me to whip you through the Body.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, Knight, thou canst not live a week. [*Fiddles flourish.*]

275 Oh, the Fiddles are yonder! look to the Doors,
 let none in but those you know: These Fiddles
 are Fop-Calls, and Whore-Calls; we shall have
 the Town assemble. Come young fellows, let's
 go, Faith, I'll lead you up in a Country Dance
 280 my self. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE a Dining-Room*

Enter Teresia, Winifred, Hop, and Fiddles; to them M. G. Blunt, Coll. Hackwel jun., Welford, Sir Nich'las, Sir Timothy, Eugenia and Clara.

M. G. Bl. Come, when shall we begin? —
 I think we want some of our Company.

Hop. Pray give me leave Sir, to present
 you with a Maggot of mine.

285 *M. G. Bl.* Ha fellow, what dost thou mean
 by a Maggot?

Hop. Sir, a little Concern of mine in my
 way, — a little whim, or so sir.

M. G. Bl. Prithee fellow speak plain Eng-
 290 lish: Adod, I know not what thou mean'st.

Hop. Why, a little Dance sir, — I have
 all ready.

M. G. Bl. Why now thou sayest something.
 Let 'em come in. These Dancing-masters and
 295 Fidlers are so devilish witty alwaies!

* a Dining-Room. D, a Dancing-Room.

Enter Hackwel sen. Mrs. Hackwel, and Nickum.

Oh Collonel, I sent to you : I was afraid you would have fail'd me.

Hack. sen. Save you sir, I look upon Dancing as Vanity, and I crave leave to be absent : It is but the Ceremony, I will be present at ³⁰⁰ the substantial part — your Supper.

M. G. Bl. Well, well, — you have liberty : — The Godly will seldom baulk a lusty Meal ; they will eat till it flies out at their Mouth, Eyes, Ears, and Nostrils. 305

Sir Tim. I fought with that fellow there, that Rogue, that Sharper, and run him over and over. [To Sir Nich'las.

Nickum. I am a Rogue : Now I see 'em, my mind misgives me, and I find plainly I ³¹⁰ dare not fight.

Mrs. Hack. What's the matter ? I am afraid you are angry.

Nickum. My Blood rises at these Rogues, and I would fain run 'em into the Bowels. 315

Mrs. Hack. I'll keep you under my wing.

Hack. sen. It seemeth to me, that my Lamb is somewhat more concern'd for this *Nickum* than is decent.

320 *M. G. Bl.* Come enter. — Where is the Dance?

Hack. sen. I will retire from these Vanities, and give my self to Meditation. [*Exit.*

Enter Dancers, and dance.

M. G. Bl. Pox o' these Entries, give me
325 your jolly Country Dance, it puts good Humour into us, warms the Ladies, and makes 'em kind and coming, young fellows. Hah! we'll fall to that now.

Mrs. Hack. to Nickum. I cannot dance, and
330 am afraid the M[ajor]-General will take me out: — Let's retire. [*They sneak out.*

M. G. Bl. Now, young fellows, take out your Ladies.

[*A Noise without, Part 'em, part 'em.*

Enter a Servant.

How now, how now, what's the matter?

335 *Serv.* The old Cavalier-Gentlemen are fall'n out, and will kill one another: — I believe they flung all the Bottles at one another, — and have fought their way thro' three Rooms, and are fighting their way thro' this.

330. *M[ajor].* Q, M.

336, 337. *I believe they . . . another.* D, omits.

Teres. Oh, I shall dye, I shall dye, — Save 340
me, save me. [*Runs to Sir Nich.*

Winif. Oh Mr. *Hop* save me.

[*Runs to Mr. Hop.*

M. G. Bl. Fear nothing, there's no danger;
they have done this three times a week this
fifty year. 345

[*Cavaliers roar and rant, with their Swords drawn.*

What's the matter here?

1 *Caval.* This fellow said, He was nearer
being hang'd for Plots for the King than I was.

2 *Caval.* Yes, and more, and better Plots,
I'll justifie it; the Major-General knows it. 350

M. G. Bl. Know, — adod, all the Plots that
I knew ended in being damnable drunk; and I
believe you drank and spew'd in the King's
Service as much as most.

1 *Caval.* He that says he was as near being 355
hang'd for the King as I, lies.

Sir Tim. Look ye Sir, you lye, you both
lye, and you all lye; and if you have a mind to
fight, — I'll fight with you all round.

M. G. Bl. Fools, put up your Swords; and 360
for you *Knight*, I shall send for a Constable, if
you will not be quiet: Go, go and drink Friends,
till you can't speak, and then you'l be good
Company.

365 1 *Caval.* Sir, you are my Officer, and I'll obey.

2 *Caval.* I honour my Officer.

[*Exeunt Cavaliers.*

Sir *Nich.* Look you, Sir *Timothy*, I brought you into this Family, you dishonour me, if you
370 disturb it, and I'll cut your Throat.

Sir *Tim.* No more, Let this be somewhat between you and me.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, — take out your Ladies: — Adod, I have lost my Mate; but
375 here's a pretty young Wench, a very good exchange, Ifaith.

[*He takes Lettice, Sir Nich'las Teresia, Welford Clara, Hack. jun. Eugenia.*

Sir *Tim.* to *Winif.* I shall remember you, — but I'll do you the honour to dance with you.

Winif. I scorn to join Hands with such a
380 fellow, upon any occasion: Sweet Mr. *Hop*, — you are my Mate.

Sir *Tim.* Why you impudent Rascal, dare you take out an unmannerly Slut, that has refus'd me, and think your self fit to dance with
385 Gentlemen?

[*Breaks Hop's Head, Hop pulls out his Handkerchief to wipe the Blood, drops a Paper, Clara takes it up.*

Winif. Oh sweet Mr. *Hop*! Oh, look to Mr. *Hop*.

M. G. Bl. Thou *Knight*! Thou Puppy, I could find in my Heart to have my Servants fling thee out of the Window, — for affronting 390 me in this manner.

Sir Tim. Well, — he shall be the next to Sir Nich'las. [*Aside.*]

Clara to M. G. Blunt. Sir, Sir, look what here is, which this same *Hop* has drop'd, a Paper 395 with half a broad Piece, and a Contract penn'd by that sweet Lady, my Sister-in-Laws own Hand; a Contract with this compleat Gentleman Mr. *Hop*. [*Blunt takes it from her.*]

Winif. Mercy on me! we are undone; 400 give me my Paper.

M. G. Bl. I beg your Pardon, I will shew it to my Neighbor the Collonel. Ha *Tom*! this will be of use, Ifaith. — Did I not say she would take up with a Groom? This indeed is 405 somewhat higher.

Sir Tim. What, is your Ladships haughty person dispos'd of to a Dancing-master?

Sir Nich. Is the terrible scornful Lady taken up with a Dancing-master? Mrs. *Hop*, your 410 Servant Mrs. *Hop*.

Clara. Sister, I wish you Joy with your Caperer.

Teres. Oh that so fine a person should be so
415 cast away! I grieve for thee, my Dear.

Winif. Curse on 'em all, — I'll carry it off.
[*Aside.*

Look you, all at once, that there has not only been a Contract, but the Marriage has been celebrated between this Dear Creature — and
420 my self. I think him the finest Gentleman in *England*, and there's an end on't. Come, my Dear, let's go.

Sir Tim. Dost thou hear, scornful Lady, Mrs. *Hop*? — I could find in my Heart to cut
425 thy Rogues back-Sinews, and spoil his capering; — but every time I meet him — I will kick him thus.

Winif. He's a Coward, *Nickum* beat him before me, and he never resisted.

430 *Hop.* Say you so? Have at you Sir.

[*Sir Tim. and Hop draw; Sir Tim. whips up Hop's heels, and disarms him; Women shriek and run away. Exit Hop.*

Sir Tim. Go, get you gone, with another Kick for a Pass. — Hah — Gentlemen! Your Judgment! Don't I fight pretty well? — Hah, Major-General, Sir *Nich'las*, Colonel?

All. Very well, — very well. 435

M. G. Bl. We shall dance the merrier, for this Interruption, I warrant you. — Here — Who waits?

Enter Servant.

I Servant. I am here Sir.

M. G. Bl. Where is the old Colonel? 440

I Servant. He is not gone out of the House, — but he is in none of the usual Rooms — where the Lights are.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, let's find him out; — And let him know this joyful News. 445

Hack. jun. Nothing could have happen'd so luckily as this.

Welf. Yes, — if he had discover'd his Wife, as we have done her Daughter. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

The SCENE a Dark Room

Enter Colonel Hackwel Senior.

Hack. sen. I have gotten pretty well out 450 of the Paper, and other Patents, and made a pretty Sum of them: — I have shares in some that cost me nothing, but were given me to prevent my Caveats: those I'll keep a while, but for the Linnen, we have agreed when that 455

shall rise, — and then I'll wriggle my self out of that.

Enter Nickum and Mrs. Hackwel.

Mrs. *Hack.* I thought we should never have found a private Room, all are so full of Lights
460 this Night.

Nickum. This is to our purpose, — my dear Madam.

Hack. sen. Bless me! What do I hear, *Nickum* and my Lamb? [*Aside.*

465 Mrs. *Hack.* Have not I brought my old Fool to a *fine pass*? I'll never leave him now, till he settles all his Estate unsettled upon me, and afterwards upon my Daughter. — He has promis'd, — and then I'll make thy Fortune.

470 *Hack. sen.* I am confounded, most exceedingly abash'd.

Nick. Thou dear sweet Lady of my Soul and Body, — I am not worthy of thee; but methinks it is a great part of the Pleasure, to
475 consider how fond, how silly, and how credulous these poor Cuckolds are.

Hack. sen. Is it so, Devil Incarnate?

Mrs. *Hack.* Ah, ah, we are undone, utterly lost, kill him, kill him.

464. [*Aside.*] Q, D, omitted.

Hack. sen. Rouze Old Man within me. 480
Hah! I see a glimmering of a Light.

Nick. Have at your Bowels.

[*Nickum runs at him, he runs him by and lays him on: and cuts him back Sword way, and beats him about the Rome.*

Enter M. G. Blunt, Collonel Hack. jun., Welford: Servants and Lights.

Hack. jun. Heaven, my Father engag'd?

Hack. sen. Stand by — let me alone with him. — 485

M. G. Bl. What's the matter man? By my troth, I think thou art as pretty a Fellow with a Sword in thy hand; — And lay'st about thee as thou didst 50 year ago.

Hack. Sen. The matter: That fellow is the 490
lewdest son of *Belial*; And my Spouse the most ungracious *Jezabel* on the Earth. They have made me that profain filthy and unclean Beast call'd a Cuckold: And in this dark Room, little knowing I was here: they boasted and 495
gloried in the Fact: And when I discover'd my self they would have kill'd me.

Hack. jun. O horrible Villany! Secure this Dog in some place, He shall not scape.

482. *Rome.* D, Room.

493. *profain.* D, profane.

500 *Nick.* I feel my blood trickling — I beleive
you have kill'd me.

M. G. Bl. Come my old Soldier, — Com-
fort thy self: Cuckoldum is no dishonour in
our Country: But we shall have another dis-
505 covery for you and your sweet Lady. Thy
Daughter *Winifred* has confess'd She is marry'd
to Hop the Dancing-Master — his head was
broke; and taking his Handkercheif to wipe
the blood — He dropt the Contract with this
510 half broad Peice in't.

Mrs. Hack. This is a most compleat Ruin.
I will hide my head in some dark hole, and
never see the light again.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Hack.*

Hack. sen. Let her go! And for the other
515 peice of vanity she's aptly dispos'd of.

M. G. Bl. Go, call all the Company — lets
into the great Room: and we will Rejoyce this
Night, for all this.

[*Exeunt Servants first.*

[*Then Exeunt all the Rest.*

*Enter M. G. Blunt, Collonel Hackwell sen., Hackwell
Juni[or], Welford, Sir Nich'las, Sir Timothy Kastril,
Teres[ia], Eugenia and Clara.*

Hack. sen. Son and Daughter, give me your

508, 510. *Handkerchief* . . . *Peice.* D, Handkerchief . . . *Piece.*

515. *Peice.* D, *piece.*

518. *Juni[or].* Q, *Junier.* *Teres[ia].* Q, *Teres.*

hands, I have been led away by a wicked ⁵²⁰
Instrument, to injure you both; I was poison'd
with lyes: And I have discover'd her, and her
wicked falsehood: And have put her away,
Repenting me that ever I took her unto Wife:
And I desire you will forgive me. ⁵²⁵

Clara. What happy change is this? [*Aside.*

Hack. jun. Pardon me Sir, for all that I
have offended you in. I desire now, nothing
but your favour, which I so long in vain have
sought. ⁵³⁰

Clara. If I regain your favour, I shall
reckon this the happiest day of all my Life.

Hack. sen. You have it both of you; and I
will make some amends, and verily you shall
find it. ⁵³⁵

M. G. Bl. Look thee my old Acquaintance:
we have another discovery to make to you; —
When you had cast your Son and Daughter
out, I undertook to serve them: — And for
your Son, I have provided this Daughter for ⁵⁴⁰
a Wife; — And for your Daughter, that Gentle-
man, Mr. *Welford*, (whose Fortune and Family
you know) for a Husband.

Hack. sen. I profess I am very greatly
bound unto you: Good Major-General: And ⁵⁴⁵
I am so abundantly satisfi'd in the Wisdom of

your Disposal, that I look upon it as a great and signal Dispensation unto me and mine, and for settlement, I will do what you shall
550 approve.

M. G. Bl. That's well, now we come to a point. — Well Pupil! how are you now agreed?

Teres. I have that duty to my Father, — That I never can resist his pleasure.

555 *Sir Nich.* I must do, what Love and Honour oblige me to! Madam, you have won me from all the Ladies in the Town — You will be envy'd, and I shall be laugh'd at — But
Jacta est Alea.

560 *Sir Tim.* What a Devil am I here? I am no body: I must fight or marry or lye with some body, — But a Pox on't, now I think on't, I'll Beau it no longer — But turn Whoremaster.

565 *Clara.* Sir, I beseech you let me have *Lettice* with me. She's a very Good Girle.

Hack. sen. O yes, thou wert wrong'd, — much wrong'd.

M. G. Bl. Come on my pair Royal — I'll
570 lead you up a Country-Dance. And then to Supper: And the whole House shall ring. Come my young partner — Colonel — Thou shall stay and see this Adod.

Hack. sen. I will for once.

M. G. Bl. To morrow the Lawyers shall to 575
work: Articles shall be sign'd and Bonds
given. And the next day we will have a pretty
nimble Divine.

Clara. Why such haste?

Eugen. Sir, Consider a little. 580

M. G. Bl. No more, you little jilting, dis-
sembling sluts! By the Lord Harry, it shall
be so: Take 'em by the hands.

Hack. jun. My joy is so transporting —
That I am besides my self. 585

Welf. And mine is so beyond all bounds;
— I shall not endeavour to express it.

[*The Fiddels strike up, and they Dance.*

M. G. Bl. Wee'l dedicate this Night, to
Mirth and Joy: And may you all have cause
for't ever after: And now, my old Neighbour, 590
who ever marries a second Wife, — When he
has a good Brood at first, which is like to be his
best Brood:

*By her abus'd and jilted, Friend, like thee,
Let him a most Notorious Cuckold be.* 595

FINIS

The Epilogue,

Spoken by one in deep Mourning.

- Enough of Mirth, the Sportive Scene is done,
 And a new doleful Theme is coming on:
 These Sable Robes, at Plays so seldom worn,
 Do silently express the loss we mourn:*
- 5 SHADWELL *the great Support oth' Comick Stage,
 Born to expose the Follies of the Age:
 To whip prevailing Vices, and unite
 Mirth with Instruction, Profit with Delight:
 For large Idea's and a flowing Pen,*
- 10 *First of our Times, and second but to Ben:
 Whose mighty Genius and discerning Mind,
 Trac'd all the various Humours of Mankind;
 Dressing them up with such successful Care,
 That ev'ry Fop found his own Picture there:*
- 15 *And blush'd for shame at the surprizing Skill,
 Which made his lov'd Resemblance look so ill:
 SHADWELL, who all his Lines from Nature drew,
 Copy'd her out, and kept her still in view:
 Who never sunk in Prose, nor soar'd in Verse,*
- 20 *So high as Bombast, or so low as Farce:
 Who ne're was brib'd by Title or Estate,
 To fawn and flatter with the Rich or Great;
 To let a gilded Vice or Folly pass,
 But always lash'd the Villain and the Ass.*
- 25 *Many within this crowded Pit I see,
 Friends to our Author and his Memory:*

*To them he leaves, to cherish and maintain
The last and youngest Off-spring of his Brain:
By your just Care of this, you best will show
The kind Respect you to its Parent owe.*

30

*Crown you his last Performance with Applause,
Who love, like him, our Liberties and Laws.*

*Let but the honest Party do him Right,
And their loud Claps will give him Fame, in spight
Of the faint Hiss of grumbling Jacobite.* }

Notes to the Volunteers

Of the first performance of *The Volunteers*, an anonymous writer in the *Gentleman's Journal* for November, 1692 (probably published early in the following month), has the following note at the end of his obituary notice before mentioned (Introduction, page lx):

The Comedy which, as I told you, he design'd for the Stage was acted since his decease: 'tis call'd the *Volunteers*; and though that Orphan wanted its Parent to support it, yet it came off with reasonable success.

It may be presumed therefore that it ran for at least three nights, the third being regularly for the author's benefit; in this case, for Shadwell's widow. Downes makes no mention of the piece in *Roscius Anglicanus*, and it appears that no revival took place until July, 1711, when it was advertised as being "Not acted these Twenty Years." During this season it was performed 25 and 27 July, 10 August, and 22 October. No later performances are known.

TITLE PAGE

Historiographer Royal, a sinecure office, usually combined with the laureateship, for which £200 per annum was the salary, included in the £300 emoluments paid

to Shadwell. His successor in the office of laureate, Nahum Tate, was not, however, appointed historiographer; this office was given to Thomas Rhymer. (S. P. Dom. 8 December, 1692.)

DEDICATION

206, 17. Your Presence. It is not known whether the Queen was present when the play was produced, but it is of interest to note that the poet's salary was paid to his executors for the widow for the year following his death. (*Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. I, New Ser., 90.*)

A PROLOGUE

207, 11. Towing Bombast, creeping farce. Shadwell throughout his career as a dramatist expressed his contempt for Heroic Tragedy and mere farcelike plays. (See Introduction, pages xxii, xxxiv.)

PROLOGUE BY MR. DURFEY

209, (Heading) Mr. Durfey. Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723), author of a large number of comedies, beginning with *Madam Fickle or the Witty False One* (D. G. November, 1676), two or three tragedies and a few operatic pieces. His earlier comedies are mainly of the farcical type; the later, of which *The Richmond Heiress* (D. L. March, 1693) is a good example, reflect the growing taste for sentimentalism.

210, 30. Protestant true blew. The subtitle of Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe* is *A Satyr on the True-Blew-Protestant Poet, T. S.*, alluding to Shadwell's Protestant-

Whig principles, as opposed to Dryden's High-Church-Tory principles.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

211, 13. **Reduction of Ireland**, referring to Cromwell's campaign in 1649, when Drogheda and Wexford were stormed.

212, 45. **Mrs. Bracegirdle**, the most famous actress of the latter part of the seventeenth century and the early years of the eighteenth.

55. **Penkethman**, or Pinkethman, became the most popular of farcical or harlequin actors. This must have been one of his earliest appearances on the stage.

ACT I — SCENE I

214, 20. **wears the Breeches**, rules the household; or, has a strong masculine will.

216, 79. **Hockley in the Hole**, a notorious district memorable for its bear-garden, near Clerkenwell, North of the city. See *The Spectator*, Nos. 31, 436.

218, 118. **flye from the University**. Royalist sympathizers were ejected from Oxford on 11 June, 1644, after Charles I's army had been defeated at Marston Moor.

218, 129-130. **Smithfield**, horse fair and cattle-market, within a mile of St. Paul's.

228, 390. **Grand Lewis**, Louis XIV of France.

229, 411. **Monstrat . . . jubet**, *He bids them not, but shows them how to toil.* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, IX.

231, 456. **scornful Lady**, alluding, no doubt, to Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Scornful Lady*, a comedy frequently revived in the period.

SCENE II

233, 497. two half broad pieces, a coin was broken in halves as a sign of plighted troth. The custom still lingers in some districts.

239, 646. the Linnen Manufacture, stimulated by Huguenot exiles after the Edict of Nantes, 1685.

648. Stockjobbing, described in the *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (ca. 1720) as "a sharp, cunning, cheating Trade of Buying and Selling Shares of Stock in East-India, Guinea and other Companies; also in the Bank, Exchequer etc." See also II, i, 648, note.

663. Mons, &. Battles recently fought in the War of the Grand Alliance formed by William with Holland and the Empire against France.

ACT II — SCENE I

249, 62. scornful Lady. See I, i, 456, note.

256, 231. Mall, the fashionable thoroughfare between Whitehall and Hyde Park.

259, 323. St. James' Square, the Court district.

330. Musick meeting. Concerts of what would now be termed "chamber music" became very fashionable in Restoration times. See Pepys' *Diary*, 5 October, 1664; 1 October, and 16 November, 1667.

260, 333-334. Wits Coffee-house. Probably Will's Coffeehouse, also known as *The Rose*, at the western corner of Bow Street, Covent Garden; the most famous of the coffeehouses.

343. Wit Office, apparently a facetious title given to Will's Coffeehouse.

262, 384-385. **Monstrum horrendum.** *Dreadful monstrosity.* From Virgil's *Æneid*, III, describing Cyclops Polyphemus, after his one eye had been put out by Ulysses with a red-hot spit.

271, 627-628. **Marston-Moore.** The famous victory of Cromwell's Ironsides against Prince Rupert, 2 July, 1644.

272, 648. **Patents . . . soliciting.** The term "stock-jobbing" was applied to this practice as well as to the business before mentioned; see I, i, 648, note. It will be noted that the part given to the stockjobbers is scarcely so large as to justify the use of the name in the subtitle of the play.

273, 676-677. **Chinese Rope-Dancers.** These performers had actually been brought over to take part in the masque at the end of *The Fairy Queen*, the operatic version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* acted at Drury Lane about April, 1692.

274, 691. **a great Vertuoso.** Shadwell had worked up this humor for his comedy *The Virtuoso*, D. G. May, 1676. See Introduction, page xlviiii *et seq.*

ACT III — SCENE I

276, 24. **Edge-hill**, the first battle of the Civil War fought with indecisive result, 23 October, 1642.

24. **Brentford**, another indecisive battle, fought 12 November, 1642. General Blunt evidently thought that it was one of the last battles of the war.

288, 338-339. **trail . . . Rampant**, *marry a virago.*

295, 506. **an old Shooe.** It is still the practice in some places to throw an old shoe after a newly wedded couple, or to tie it on the back of the carriage to

bring good luck. In former days the custom was not restricted to marriages.

297, 547-550. This remark of Sir Nicholas Dainty's seems to introduce a new note of restraint unknown to the earlier fops; but perhaps it is ironical.

564. **second Naseby**, fought 14 June, 1645, where the decisive defeat was inflicted on Charles by Fairfax and Cromwell.

299, 604-605. **Love and Honour**. See note to *Epsom Wells*, I, i, 558.

ACT IV — SCENE I

304, 45. **à propos**. See note to *Epsom Wells*, I, i, 711. It is to be observed that the use of French terms is much rarer in the present play.

308, 128-129. **Cum . . . est**. A tag from Lilly's *Latin Grammar*, ed. C. Hoole, who translates: "with many more, which would bee long to set down." (Cf. ed. 1653, pp. 32, 33.)

312, 223-225. **Win the Fight . . . Fight a Good Fight**. The old Puritans affected such biblical phrases for their Christian names.

316, 330. **Bridewell**. Originally a royal palace (the probable scene of *Henry VIII*, I and III); used in Restoration period as a house of correction for recalcitrant city apprentices and other offenders.

317, 360. **Hudibras**. The hero of Samuel Butler's famous satire. In Part II, Canto I, 209-210, occurs a couplet to which Nickum may allude:

Then how is't possible a kick
Should e're reach that way to the quick?

SCENE II

326, 572. the last Newbury fight. The second battle of Newbury, fought to save London from the king, with indecisive results, was fought 27 October, 1644.

327, 590. Smithfield. See I, i, 129, 130, note.

ACT V — SCENE I

343, 203. Plain-dealing. A term made popular by Wycherley's comedy, *The Plain Dealer* (D. L. December, 1676). In the prologue to *Bury Fair* (D. L. April, 1689), Shadwell plays tribute to *The Plain-Dealer* (Manly, and also applied to Wycherley himself) along with other famous characters of the earlier Comedies of the Restoration. Plain-dealing was also the name of a card game, described in *The Compleat Gamester*, 142.

344, 236-237. like Chymists . . . Projection, referring to the astrological experiments of the alchemists.

345, 255. Orlando Furioso. The subject of Ariosto's romantic epic, of which English translations long remained popular.

358, 555-556. Love and Honour. See note to *Epsom Wells*, I, i, 558-559.

559. *Jacta est alea, The die is cast*; said by Julius Cæsar, at the crossing of the Rubicon.

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Glossary

Abbreviations:

E.W.	<i>Epsom Wells.</i>
V.S.	<i>The Volunteers, or The Stock-Jobbers.</i>
N.E.D.	<i>New Oxford English Dictionary.</i>
S.D.	<i>Stage Directions.</i>

A Dod, corruption of *Ah God*, equivalent to *egad*. V.S. i, 47, etc.

after-reckonings, subsequent or final accounts. E.W. ii, 182.

almond-milk, a preparation made from sweet blanched almonds and water, of some use in medicine as an emollient. E.W. v, 339.

antick, grotesque, ridiculous. V.S. i, 155.

aqua mirabilis, "The wonderful water, prepared of cloves, galangale, cubebs, mace, cardomums, nutmegs, ginger, and spirit of wine, digested twenty-four hours, then distilled." (Johnson, quoted in N.E.D., where the earliest reference is dated 1741.) E.W. ii, 362.

avant, avaunt, (Fr. *en avant*) begone. (Cf. *Othello*, III, iii, 336.) E.W. i, 440; V.S. i, 760.

Bantamite, apparently native of Bantam in North-west Java. V.S. iv, 71.

bars, a kind of false dice on which certain numbers are prevented from turning up. V.S. ii, 697.

basset, a card game introduced from Venice, mentioned by Evelyn, 1645. V.S. i, 98.

bear-bating, alternative spelling of *bear-baiting*, a popular "sport" in the XVIth and XVIIth centuries. E.W. v, 44.

Bedlam, corruption of Bethlehem Hospital, a lunatic asylum, formerly at the end of Blackfriars Road. V.S. iii, 232.

- bed-staff**, a stick or staff kept near a bed for some obscure purpose, often used as a weapon. E.W. iv, 650.
- Bellarmino**, "A large glazed drinking-jug with capacious belly and narrow neck, originally designed, by the Protestant party in the Netherlands, as a burlesque likeness of their great opponent, Cardinal Bellarmine." (N.E.D., where the earliest reference is dated 1719.) E.W. iv, 104.
- biskes**, a soup made originally of crayfish (Fr. *bisque*); afterwards applied to soups made from birds. V.S. ii, 382.
- blanc manger**, early spelling of *blanc mange*, used by Chaucer, Prologue to *Canterbury Tales*, 387. V.S. ii, 380.
- blunts**, a kind of foil used for fencing, contrasted with *sharpes*. E.W. i, 545.
- boars**, apparently confused with *boors*, originally peasants, later rude, clownish fellows. E.W. v, 726.
- bob**, jolt, unpleasant surprise. E.W. v, 305, etc.
- breech**, the hams. V.S. iii, 630 (S.D.), 632.
- broad-piece**, applied, after the introduction of the guinea in 1663, to the much broader and thinner twenty-shilling piece of the reigns of James I and Charles I. V.S. i, 497; v, 396.
- bubble**, defraud, gull, to delude by false appearances (replacing the Elizabethan term *coney-catching*); a person so deceived. E.W. ii, 862; V.S. iii, 582 (verb); E.W. iii, 483, V.S. iii, 574 (noun).
- cacara camouchi**, term of endearment; see note on E.W. iii, 488.
- canary**, a light sweet wine imported from the Canary Islands. E.W. iv, 31.
- canonical**, in accordance with ecclesiastical canons or rules. E.W. ii, 261; v, 867.
- carriers**, wagons used for carrying the mail, also for taking passengers. E.W. i, 150.
- carrion**, used as a term of abuse. (Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, III, i, 38.) E.W. iii, 138.

- catch'd**, alternative spelling to *caught* until the end of the XVIIIth century. E.W. iii, 474, etc.
- cattle, black**, applied to oxen, bulls, and cows, originally applied to black breeds of the Scottish Highlands and Wales; apparently an obscure metaphorical use. V.S. i, 273, 274; iii, 212.
- caveat**, a legal process to suspend proceedings; hence used generally as a warning. V.S. v, 454.
- cherubin**, the plural form of *cherub*, used in the singular as a term of endearment. E.W. ii, 113.
- chincough**, whooping cough. V.S. iii, 446.
- citts**, citizens. E.W., I Prologue, 13.
- Cod sniggs**, a mild oath derived from *God* and a word of obscure origin (not recorded in N.E.D.). E.W. i, 667.
- Cods me**, conception of *God's knee*, a mild oath. E.W. iii, 415.
- comet**, a card game recently introduced, the earliest reference in N.E.D. being to Shadwell's *Bury Fair*, 1689. V.S. i, 95.
- complement**, alternative spelling to *compliment* until the end of the XVIIIth century. E.W. iii, 517; V.S., I Prologue, 4.
- consort**, the more regular spelling of *concert* in the XVIIth century. E.W. v, 371.
- corant**, possibly a form of *coranto*, a kind of dance; more probably of *courante*, a running kind of walk. V.S. i, 519.
- coupee**, a dance step. V.S. i, 483.
- cove**, *couve*, literally, to hatch or to incubate; to make love. V.S. iii, 502.
- cribach**, a rare spelling of *cribbage*. In *The Compleat Gamester*, 1674, it is spelt *Cribbidge*. E.W. i, 673; ii, 522.
- currans**, an alternative early spelling of *currants* (from *raisins de Corinthe*). E.W. iv, 27.
- decimated**, from "Decimations," extortionate taxes raised by Cromwell from cavaliers who possessed any wealth. V.S. i, 121.
- Diet**, applied to the legislative assembly of Poland. E.W. iv, 93.

- dive dapper**, literally, a *dab-chick*; applied ludicrously to a person. V.S. iv, 163, 164.
- douce**, for *douse*, a slang term for a bow. E.W. iv, 761 (S.D.).
- drap-de-berry**, a kind of woolen cloth called after the town of Berry in France. V.S. i, 661; iii, 200.
- dust**, (slang) toss off, drink quickly. E.W., i, 337; iii, 551.
- entries**, applied originally to the formal entries of dancers in a ballet, then to the dances themselves (Fr. *entrées de ballet*). V.S. v, 324
- errant**, errand (phonetic spelling of vulgar pronunciation). E.W. v, 293.
- featest**, most skilful. V.S. ii, 234.
- feble**, for *feeble*, portion of sword from the middle to the point. (Also spelt *foible*.) V.S. iv, 442.
- filou**, sharper, pickpocket (*French*, not in N.E.D.). V.S. iv, 426.
- fire-ship**, a vessel laden with combustibles, to be sent among enemy ships to set them on fire. E.W. ii, 320.
- fiz**, for *phiz*, a contraction of physiognomy, slang for *face*. V.S. iv, 93.
- fore-handed**, pertaining to the foreparts (neck, breast, and shoulders) of a horse. E.W. iii, 706, 707.
- fox't, fox'd**, intoxicated. E.W. iv, 85, etc.
- fricasies**, fricassees, tasty French dishes, recently introduced, made of chicken, rabbit, etc. fried in strong sauce. E.W. iv, 40; V.S. ii, 384.
- fuge**, the more usual spelling of *fugue* in the XVIIth century. V.S. iii, 151.
- galashoes**, galoshes or goshes, from French *galloche*, a wooden shoe; spelling confused with *shoe*. V.S. i, 5 (S.D.).
- gleek**, an old card game; N.E.D. gives a reference dated 1533. Described in *The Compleat Gamester*, 1674, p. 90. E.W. ii, 524.
- Gods-ooks, Gudse-ooks**, a mild oath derived from *God* and a word of obscure origin. E.W. i, 320, etc.
- green-salve**, a home-made ointment, also known as green butter. E.W. ii, 82.

- grisons**, misprinted *grifons* (both in Q and D), servants without livery, dressed in grey for secret errands (the only reference cited in N.E.D.). V.S. ii, 21.
- guilds**, gilds, brightens. V.S. ii, 472.
- hackney-coach**, a vehicle kept for hire, drawn by hackneys (O. Fr. *haque-nee*, a pacing horse). E.W. iv, 310, 311.
- hey**, or *hay*, a country dance or jig. Cf. Marlowe, *Edward II*, I, i, 167: "My men like Satyres grazing on the lawnes, Shall with their Goate feete daunce the Anticke hay." E.W. i, 26.
- hockamore**, corruption of Hockheimer, the district which gives its name to *hock*, a light Rhenish wine. E.W. iii, 57.
- honest**, chaste, virtuous. (Cf. *As You Like It*, I, ii, 41, 42.) E.W. ii, 60.
- hot-spur**, a swaggering fellow. (Cf. character of Henry Hotspur in *Henry IV*.) E.W. v, 662.
- huffing**, talking big, bluffing. (Cf. *The Country Wife*, Prologue, 19.) E.W. i, 472.
- humour**, disposition; for Shadwell's definition see Introduction, p. xxxviii. E.W. i, 509.
- huswife**, corruption of *housewife*, later spelt *hussy*; a pert, forward woman, a jilt or jade. E.W. iv, 682, 683.
- i'fack**, **i'fackings**, variations of *in faith*. E.W. iii, 474; i, 686, 687.
- inhumane**, not distinguished from *inhuman* until late in the XVIIIth century. E.W. ii, 606, etc.
- Jacobite**, a supporter of James II after he abdicated from the throne in 1688. V.S. ii, 439; Epilogue, 35.
- jilt-flirt**, properly *gill-flirt* (from *Gillian*, a form of *Juliana*), a young woman or girl of giddy character. E.W. iv, 738.
- Kick-shaws**, trifles (corruption of French *quelques choses*). E.W. i, 311.
- kill-cows**, swashbuckler, bully, or braggadocio. V.S. iv, 179.
- kit**, a small fiddle, possibly an abbreviation of Latin *cithara* or of *cittern*. V.S. i, 481; v, 32.
- langtriloo**, commonly abbrev-

- viated to *loo*; described in *The Compleat Gamester*, 1674, p. 144, under the name *Lanterloo*. E.W. ii, 848.
- lattin-ware**, latten, a fine kind of brass or bronze. E.W. iv, 56.
- lock (of hay)**, a small indefinite quantity. E.W. i, 189.
- Lockets fellows**, fops and wits who frequented Locket's Ordinary. V.S. iii, 48.
- lolpoop**, a lazy, idle fellow. E.W. ii, 490, 491.
- maggot**, a caprice, or whimsical fancy. (N.E.D. has reference dated 1625.) V.S. v, 284.
- mainprize**, a legal term meaning a writ demanding sureties for a prisoner's appearance. E.W. v, 792.
- Mall**, the fashionable walk bordered by trees in St. James's Park. V.S. ii, 231.
- Mamamouchi**, a mock title, supposedly Turkish, conferred on M. Jourdain in Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Equivalent to *Paladin*. See note. E.W. iii, 488.
- Miss**, used in Restoration times to mean a harlot. V.S. i, 450.
- mop'd up**, confined unwillingly (a use of *mop'd* unrecorded in N.E.D.). E.W. v, 713.
- mum**, a strong kind of beer originally made in Brunswick and introduced into England by General Monk. The method of brewing it is described in the *Harleian Miscellany*, ed. H. Savage, 1924, pp. 105-108. E.W. ii, 479; iii, 476.
- nicompoop**, earlier spelling of *nincompoop*, a booby, or stupid fellow. E.W. ii, 474.
- olio**, a stew or hotpot, highly spiced. V.S. ii, 383.
- ombre**, a card game. See note. E.W. ii, 830; v, 680.
- ordinaries**, meals of fixed price "served in taverns about midday," composed of a variety of dishes in season, well drest, with all other accommodation fit" (*Compleat Gamester*); also applied to the taverns where these meals were served. Prices varied considerably. Pepys, July 4, 1663, arriving late with

ordinaries, (*Continued*)

his friend Creed at the King's Head Ordinary at Charing Cross, dined very well at the second table for tweldepence each. E.W. i, 269.

Ounds, contraction of God's wounds, a mild oath. V.S. ii, 402.

out-liers, applied to persons who lie outside the pale of the established church. In this sense the earliest use recorded in N.E.D. is dated 1690. E.W. iv, 64.

pads, foodpads, highway robbers. E.W. iii, 731.

parlous, perilous, dangerous. (Cf. *Richard III*, II, iv, 35.) E.W. ii, 576.

perruque, for more common *peruke* (Fr. *perruque*, corrupted later to *periwig*). E.W. i, 412.

phanatick, non-conformist, or belonging to dissenting church. V.S. i, 17, etc.

pigsnye, term of endearment; literally, *little pig's eye*; used by Chaucer, *Miller's Tale*, 3268. E.W. iii, 489; V.S. i, 806.

pillng, for *peeling*, stripping. (Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I, iii, 85.) E.W. i, 296.

pongy-bongy, a kind of snuff

(not in N.E.D.). V.S. iii, 271, 272.

post, by post horses as opposed to carriers, *q.v.* E.W. i, 149.

posted, exposed to ridicule, *e.g.* by notice posted in a coffee house. E.W. i, 731.

pothor, earlier form of *bother*; noise, or turmoil. (Cf. *Lear*, III, ii, 50.) V.S. ii, 712.

pragmatick, practical. E.W. ii, 727.

projection, the casting of the powder of the Philosopher's Stone (powder of projection) upon a metal in fusion to effect its transmutation into gold. V.S. v, 237.

punk, harlot. E.W. i, 659.

put, or *putt*, "the ordinary rooking Game of every place" (*The Compleat Gamester*, p. 131). E.W. iv, 6.

puther, see *pothor*. E.W. iv, 38.

quartane, applied to an ague or fever in which a paroxysm recurs every fourth (in modern reckoning, third) day. E.W. iii, 291.

quorum, see note. E.W. i, 293.

- ragoust**, early spelling of *ragoût*, a stew with vegetables highly seasoned. E.W. iv, 40; V.S. ii, 383.
- rakehel**, a thorough scoundrel, in common use from 1550 to 1720. V.S. II, Prologue, 22.
- ram**, a cuckold. V.S. iv, 237.
- rap and rend**, snatch and seize. E. W. i, 59.
- reculliscence**, corruption of *recognizance*. E.W. iii, 759.
- roaring**, acting like a "Roaring Boy" or roarer, a term regularly applied in pre-Restoration times to wild young bloods, known at the end of the century as "scowrers." (See E.W. ii, 826.) E.W. i, 34.
- rub**, an obstacle on a bowling green to prevent the ball from rolling in a straight course; used metaphorically. (Cf. *Hamlet*, III, i, 65.) E.W. v, 74.
- rub-rub**, "us'd on the Greens when the Bowl flees too fast, to have it forbear, if words wou'd do it." (*Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.) E.W. iii, 379 (S.D.).
- rubbers**, rencounters with drawn sword, (*ibid*). V.S. i, 286.
- ruffins**, earlier spelling of *ruffians*. E.W. i, 419.
- sallets**, earlier alternative spelling of *salads*. V.S. ii, 397.
- sarcenet**, a kind of fine, woven silk. V.S. i, 661.
- scower**, earlier spelling of *scour*, to paint the town red. E.W. ii, 826.
- scritore**, for *scrutoire*, *escritoire*. V.S. iv, 2.
- sea-coal**, coal brought by sea from coal mines, as opposed to the more common charcoal. (Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I, iv, 9.) E.W. i, 280.
- shammey**, shammy, phonetic spelling of *chamois*. E.W. i, 741.
- sharps**, kind of fencing foils, contrasted with *blunts*. E.W. i, 546.
- shoars**, probably not a variant of *sewers*, but from the "common shore" by the waterside where filth was deposited. V.S. i, 68.
- shock-dogs**, rough-haired dogs, poodles. E.W. i, 402.

- side-glassing**, ogling from carriage windows (not in N.E.D.). V.S. iv, 56.
- smoaky**, suspicious (*Dictionary of the Canting Crew*). V.S. iii, 514.
- soveraignly**, excellently, a fashionable epithet. E.W. i, 9.
- spleenatick**, splenetic, peevish. E.W. i, 82.
- springal**, a youth or stripling. V.S. ii, 203.
- stand of ale**, literally an open tub or barrel. E.W. i, 334; iii, 551.
- stingo**, "humming, strong liquor," (*Dictionary of the Canting Crew*), applied particularly to ale or beer. E.W. iv, 9.
- stin'st**, for *stintest*. V.S. i, 48.
- Streights trade**, trade with the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar. E.W. iv, 20, 21.
- stum'd wine**, wine tasting flat; literally wine in which fermentation has been arrested by fumigating the cask containing the liquor with burning sulphur. E.W. i, 386.
- tearm**, in law, the period (term) during which a court of justice holds its sessions for the trial of cases. E.W. i, 184.
- teirce** for *tierce*, (in fencing) a position in which the wrist and nails are turned downwards, the weapon of the opponent being on the right of the fencer. V.S. iv, 436.
- termagant**, a brawling or turbulent person, originally used of a person of either sex. E.W. i, 353; ii, 708.
- test-man**, a man who subscribed to the religious tests imposed by the Test Act (1673). V.S. iii, 61.
- tetter**, literally, a skin disease, eczema, etc., used metaphorically (possibly owing to the prevalence of smallpox in the Restoration period). V.S. ii, 515.
- titest**, smart, from *tite*, an adverb meaning quickly. E.W. iii, 449.
- tory-rory**, in a roaring, boisterous fashion; origin obscure; but probably originally unconnected with Tory as applied to wild Irish, or to the Tory political party. W.E. ii, 458.
- tuck**, rapier. V.S. i, 287.
- vertuoso**, applied to a scientist or member of the

Royal Society. See note.
V.S. ii, 691.

vizor-masques, masks which
disguised the face. (See
note to E.W., Prologue,
22.) E.W. i, 350.

wall-fac'd, with a blank,
unintelligent expression.
E.W. i, 411.

Williamite, a supporter of

William III; as opposed
to Jacobite, *q.v.* V.S., ii,
440.

wittal, or **wittol**, a cuckold.
(Cf. *Merry Wives of Wind-
sor*, II, ii, 313.) Sir
Joseph Wittol is a charac-
ter in Congreve's *The Old
Batchelor* (D.L. Jan. 1693).
E.W. iv, 695.

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