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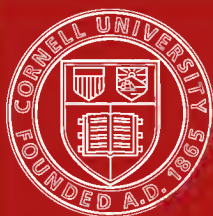


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Restoration Comedies



Arnoldus Vanbaecken invt et Delin.

Ægidius King sculp.

Sir Courtly Nice, Act 5, Scene 2

From the 12mo edition, 1735

Restoration Comedies

The Parsons Wedding, The London Cuckolds,

& Sir Courtly Nice, or, It Cannot Be.

With an Introduction & Notes

by Montague Summers



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In Friendship and Acknowledgement
to our Greatest Authority on Restoration Literature
G. Thorn-Drury, Esq., K.C.

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differentiated therefrom, I have enclosed any entrance or exit of my own inserting within square brackets. Above all have I been careful entirely to eschew that excess of superfluous and frequently incorrect stage directions, peppered haphazard throughout every scene, which is so serious a blemish upon many modern recensions of our old dramatists. Such obtrusive and unscholarly methods confuse and annoy the general reader; they render the text useless for the student; something worse than useless for the theatrical producer; and, in fine, with their rank wealth of cinematographic detail, they are the very death of all fancy and imagination.

To Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, K.C., whose intimate and encyclopaedic knowledge of this wide period of English literature is certainly unparalleled, I owe most grateful thanks for the kindest encouragement and the unwearied solving of not a few obscure and intricate questions that rose during the course of my researches. My work, moreover, was immensely facilitated throughout by the generous loan of many a rare piece from the treasure-house of his seemingly inexhaustible library.

I received many helpful suggestions from Mr. W. J. Lawrence, to whose classic works I am, in common with all other writers upon the history of the English Theatre, continually and deeply indebted.

•

Introduction

AT the time that the Puritan revolution had grown sufficiently powerful and tyrannical to issue its Parliamentary ordinance of 2 September, 1642, incontinently commanding the theatres to be closed down and all plays immediately and entirely to surcease, the London stage seems to have been in a particularly happy and prosperous condition. It is true that the greatest writers had for the most part been some while dead, Shakespeare in 1616, Fletcher in 1625, Middleton in 1627; whilst even if Webster's death did not actually occur in the autumn of 1625, as there is good reason to believe, he at any rate published nothing after that year. Jonson indeed lingered on till August, 1637, but for more than a decade he was the merest shadow of his former self. His favour waned apace, for the latest of his masterpieces, *The Staple of News*, had been produced in 1625, whilst *The New Inn* (1629) was hissed off the public stage ere the actors could reach the concluding scenes, and *A Tale of a Tub* (1633) was "not likte" when performed at Court, 14 January, 1634.

There were, however, even yet at work some dramatists of the first order, as well as many brilliant and popular playwrights, who in an unbroken line actively supplied the theatre, whilst younger scions "of the tribe of Ben" stoutly maintained the old Titan's traditions. In 1633 Ford, unsurpassed in exquisite, if illicit, idealism, had printed three masterpieces of painful psychology; Massinger's grave and equal genius persisted unflagging until his sudden death in 1638; the delicate and gracious comedies, the roseate tragicomedies of Shirley's sweet fertility are among the most

important plays licensed by Sir Henry Herbert in 1641 and 1642; *The Jovial Crew*, honest Dick Brome's delightful "conception of the joy and glory of vagabondage," was among the last original pieces to be produced before the theatres were banned, before which date also were staged at least a dozen plays and masques by Davenant, a dramatist possessing an exceptionally keen sense of the theatre and a vein of very real poetry, whose worth has too long been vastly underrated and is in consequence sadly neglected to-day.

Minor writers also, Davenport, Cartwright, Suckling, Glapthorne, Shackerley Marmion, May, Nabbes, Jasper Mayne, and their fellows, had been producing work of no little merit and interest. It was clearly impossible that so rich and prolific an output should be immediately stemmed even by the sternest and most arbitrary of Draconian statutes. It was even more impossible that, as soon as better days dawned, and the obstructive legislation was first tacitly and then officially repealed, a succeeding decade should not, to a very large extent at least, mould itself upon and draw constant inspiration, nay, in fact, direct supplies from the years of plenty which had gone before. How certain indeed would this be the case when there were actual living links in the shape of such outstanding figures as the two managers of the great permanent houses of Restoration London, Lincoln's Inn Fields and the Theatre Royal, to wit, Davenant himself and "merry" Tom Killigrew, whose first two plays had been staged at the Cockpit, *circa* 1636-7.

When the King came to his own again, James Shirley also was still alive, albeit by that time a broken and enfeebled old man whose end was to prove pitiful to a degree, for being driven from his house near Fleet Street during the Great Fire of 1666 he and his second wife succumbed to terror and exposure on the self-same day.

Both before and after the Restoration the veteran dramatist's theatrical experience was fully taken advantage of by titled amateurs, conspicuous amongst whom was the Duke of Newcastle, a couple of whose comedies, *The Country Captain** and *The Variety*, were produced at the Blackfriars before 1642, whilst *The Humorous Lovers* was acted in March, 1667, at the Duke's Theatre, and at the same house appeared *The Triumphant Widow*, these two later plays being published in 1677. It is interesting to note that in 1883, Bullen, in his second volume of *Old English Plays* (first series), printed from Harleian MS. 7,650, a comedy which, following Halliwell, he dubbed *Captain Underwit*. This he confidently and emphatically attributed to Shirley, citing in proof thereof many close parallels with Shirley's acknowledged work; he had, indeed, already spoken of its provenance as the discovery of "a lively comedy (quite unknown) by James Shirley." *Captain Underwit*, however, proved to be none other than *The Country Captain*, which with *The Variety* had been printed at the Hague, 12mo. 1649, a little volume now become excessively rare.†

* 26 October, 1661, Pepys "saw 'The Country Captain,' the first time it hath been acted this twenty-five years, a play of my Lord Newcastle's, but so silly a play as in all my life I never saw."

† It is not denied that *The Country Captain* has clearest indications of Shirley's manner, and a passage or two may even be from his pen, but it must not on that account be taken away from Newcastle and wholly attributed to Shirley, as has been the judgement of some extreme critics. Wood says: "Our author Shirley did also much assist his generous Patrone William, Duke of Newcastle, in the composure of certain Plays which the Duke afterwards published." It may be remarked that a considerable part of *The Triumphant Widow* is to be recognized in Shadwell's *Bury Fair*. Firth conjectures that Shadwell having assisted the Duke to compose the play, some twenty years later took back and utilized his own work, but this is absolutely unfounded.

According to a somewhat obscure reference in a version of that lampoon yclept *The Session of the Poets* * Shirley also assisted the Hon. Edward Howard in his dramatic endeavours. The lines run as follows :

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found
Tho never took notice of till that day,
Impatiently sat till it came to his round,
Then rose and commended the Plot of his Play.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* stark mad ;
But *Shirly* endeavour'd t' appease his Choler,
By owning the Play, and swearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

Edward Howard—Pope's "high-born Howard"—fifth son of the first Earl of Berkshire, was baptized at S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, 2 November, 1624. After the Restoration he turned his thoughts to literature and produced some half a dozen plays with scant success. Most of his scenes are indeed tedious in the extreme, and Dr. Doran's criticism may be cited as entirely just : "His characters 'talk,' but they are engaged in no plot ; and they exhibit a dull lack of incident." Of the plays which have come down to us, *The Usurper*, † a tragedy produced in the winter of 1662, would seem to be the only one in which he can have benefited by Shirley's aid, ‡ but I can discern no trace herein of the

* *The Session of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook Laurel. Poems on Affairs of State* (the sixth edition), 1710, i, p. 206. There are, of course, very many adaptations of *The Session of the Poets*.

† Seen by Pepys, 2 January, 1663, and again 2 December, 1668, when he judged it to be "a pretty good play in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly."

‡ *The Women's Conquest*, produced January-February, 1671, and *The Six Day's Adventure* (a complete failure), produced Easter of the same year, both at the Duke of York's House ;

elder dramatist's hand. The story is pseudo-Sicilian with a political import. Damocles, the usurper, represents Oliver Cromwell; Hugo de Petra is his "parasite and creature"; Cleomenes, "a faithful noble person," stands for General Monk. After various adventures and a romantic imprisonment Cleander, "the true king, disguised like a Moor under the name of *Hiarbas*," reveals himself and recovers the throne. It is, perhaps, only fair to say that two of Edward Howard's plays are no longer extant. *The London Gentleman*, entered in the Stationers' Register, 7 August, 1667, does not appear to have been printed. *The Change of Crowns* we only know from Pepys, who going by chance to the Theatre Royal, Monday, 15 April, 1667, found the house "so full as I never saw it . . . and many people went away for want of room. The King, and Queene, and Duke of York and Duchesse there, and all the Court. . . . The play called 'The Change of Crownes'; a play of Ned Howard's, the best that ever I saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing everything for money. The play took very much." Charles became so irate at being thus abused to his face that the play was promptly forbidden, and that same evening Lacy was lodged in jail. They released the actor within the week, but some trouble ensued, and Pepys records "The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed but very true and witty." It may well be that *The Change of Crowns* owed much to Shirley's collaboration.*

The Man of New-market (an incredibly fatuous piece), produced in the autumn of 1678 at the Theatre Royal; were, as will be seen, written some years after Shirley's death.

* It should be remembered that Shirley's comedy, *The Ball*, licensed 16 November, 1632, fell under the censure of Sir Henry

In the decade immediately following the Restoration many of Shirley's plays were revived with very great success, notably *The Traitor*, Tuesday, 6 November, 1660, which with Mohun as Lorenzo was frequently performed. *Love's Cruelty** and *The Opportunity* were respectively seen upon Wednesday, 15 and upon Monday 26 of the same month; *The Wedding*, Monday, 9 January, 1661; *The Changes*, May, 1662, when Lacy made a great hit as Thump; *The Brothers*, 6 July, 1662; and a fortnight later, *The Cardinal*, with Rebecca Marshall as the Duchess; *The Court Secret*, Thursday, 18 August, 1664, the first time it had been acted; *Love's Tricks*, 23 August, 1667, when Moll Davis, dressed as a shepherd boy, enraptured the house by her dancing; *The Grateful Servant*, February, 1668-9, with Mrs. Long, soon to be "erept the stage" by the Duke of Richmond, as Dulcino; *Hyde Park*, Saturday, 11 July, 1668, when Rebecca Marshall spoke a witty epilogue and Pepys saw horses brought upon the stage; *The Sisters*,† circa 1669-70, with Mrs. Knepp and Margaret Hughes in the cast, and Nell Gwyn in a breeches part, Pulcheria, who masquerades as Vergerio the page; *The Witty Fair One*; *The Constant Maid*; *The Example*; and several besides.

The influence of these productions‡ can be traced—

Herbert, who wrote that therein "ther were divers personated so naturally, both of lords and others of the court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the play, but that Biston promiste many things which I found faulte withall should be left out, and that he would not suffer it to be done by the poett any more, who deserves to be punisht."

* Seen by Pepys, Thursday, 15 November, 1667.

† See *A Restoration Prompt Book*, by the present editor. *The Times Literary Supplement*, 24 June, 1920, p. 400.

‡ The oblivion into which Shirley was soon to fall and the contempt with which his works were in some quarters treated are inexplicable. Dryden has scornful allusions in *MacFlecknoe*, and

to some extent at all events—in the output of such writers as Sir Robert Howard*, whose very popular comedy, *The Surprizall*, as also his *The Great Favourite*, a drama of sterling merit, are both unmistakably reminiscent of that Caroline school of which Shirley is the most prolific and completest representative. The scene of *The Surprizall*, which was produced at the Theatre Royal in 1664, is laid in romantic Siena, and the plot concerns the adventures of two ladies, Samira and Emilia, acted by Nell Gwyn and Pepys' fair favourite, Mrs. Knepp.† There is a wedding-day with a procession of "some bearing bays and rosemary"; a masque of Cupid, Hymen, Charon, and the Parcae; an old governante, Taccola; all thoroughly in the earlier manner. *The Great Favourite* was produced 20 February, 1667-8, at the Theatre Royal, before a most brilliant audience which included the King and Court. Pepys, who took care to be present, judged it "a well-writ and good play." He was a little perturbed, however, as conceiving it to be somewhat too overt a satire on Charles and his mistresses, which made some interruption and disorder probable, "but it ended all well, which salved all." For the diarist the play was greatly enhanced by the prologue, a smart enough piece of work, "most excellently" delivered by Mrs. Knepp and Nell Gwyn, "especially Knepp, who spoke beyond any creature I ever heard." The plot, which was suggested to the poet by the actor Charles Hart, who—on its being submitted to the Theatre Royal—had recently read and rejected a very indifferent manuscript play Oldham assigns him to Duck Lane. He is, however, praised by Gerard Langbaine.

* Eldest brother to Edward Howard.

† *The Surprizall* was seen by Pepys on Easter Monday, 8 April, 1667; Monday, 26 August, and 26 December, 1667; 17 April and 1 May, 1668.

dealing with the subject of the Duke of Lerma, is taken by Howard from various Spanish historians, more particularly Juan de Mariana's supplement for the year 1618 to his *Historiae de rebus Hispaniae, libri xxx.** The story is that of the fall of Don Francisco de Sandoval y Rojas, Duke of Lerma, the all-powerful favourite and minister of Philip III (1598-1621). Lerma, who had been "for twenty years king of Spain," upon scenting the possibility of disgrace, renounced his lay dignities and obtained a Cardinal's hat from Gregory XV. He fell, however, before a cabal engineered by his own son, the Duke of Uceda, and in October, 1618, he was ruthlessly driven from Court. Howard's play has some vigorous passages, and the concluding scene, where Lerma in his newly-donned scarlet faces his enemies as a Prince of the Church and defies their utmost, is a situation of great dramatic power and intensity.

In connection with this drama, which directly derives from Spanish history of a fairly recent date, it is not impertinent to note that the Spanish influence which was so strongly marked and enduring a feature in the work of Fletcher, Middleton, Massinger, and their contemporaries, became even more predominant in the theatre of Charles II. Mr. Martin Hume, indeed, goes so far as to write: "It is impossible to trace every play

* This chronicle was translated by Captain John Stevens. *The General History of Spain . . . to the death of King Philip III. To which is added two supplements, the first [1621-1649] by F [ra Ferdinand] Gamargo y Saludo [O.S.A.], the other by B [asil] Varen de Soto [a Regular], bringing it down to the present reign [of Charles II] folio, 1699.* The *Biographia Dramatica* loosely says of *The Great Favourite*: "the plot is taken from Mariana, Turquet de Mayern, and other historians of those times." But Turquet Mayerne's *Histoire générale d'Espagne*, which concludes with the conquest of Portugal by Philip II, 1580, was published in 1608, ten years before Lerma's downfall.

from the Restoration to the age of Anne to distinct Spanish sources, but it is not too much to say that hardly one of them was free from signs of Spanish inspiration." This is extreme, yet the King himself not infrequently directed the attention of authors to Spanish dramatists, as when he suggested *Los Empeños de Seis Horas** to Sir Samuel Tuke, whose version, *The Adventures of Five Hours*, first acted at the Court of Whitehall in January, 1663, when produced on the 8th of that month at the Duke's Theatre with Betterton, Henry Harris, Mrs. Betterton, and Mrs. Davenport in the cast, achieved an almost unprecedented run of thirteen nights, and long remained a stock piece.† Wellnigh a quarter of a century later, too, we find that the King hands Crowne Agustin Moreto's *No puede ser (guardar una mujer)*‡ and bids him take the plot of his new comedy therefrom, whence we have *Sir Courtly Nice*.

Immense and almost incalculable, however, as is the dramatic debt of England to Spain, there are in the theatre of the Restoration even notable exceptions to this borrowing, itself, it may be remarked, not infrequently second and even third hand through Thomas Corneille, Georges de Scudéri, Quinault, Scarron, and other French writers. A striking example of a prominent comedy which does not seem in any way derived from Spanish sources is *The Parson's Wedding* of Thomas Killigrew, and it is the more surprising to find that all

* This play is ascribed to Antonio Coello, but Tuke says he took his matter from Calderon. For a full discussion of this difficulty see Hume's *Spanish Influence upon English Literature*, pp. 291-4.

† A version by Meyrick Milton entitled *The Adventures of a Night* was produced at the Lyceum, Edinburgh, 19 June, 1893, and given at a *matinée*, 21 July of the same year, at the Strand Theatre.

‡ Itself an imitation of Lope de Vega's *El Mayor Imposible*.

authorities without exception agree in tracing this lively and realistic piece to Calderon's *La Dama Duende*. As a matter of fact the two plays have absolutely nothing in common; they do not bear the slightest resemblance. Yet the assertion that *The Parson's Wedding* is materially founded upon *La Dama Duende* has been boldly made times without number. This error apparently originated from a misreading of a somewhat ambiguous passage* in Charles Dibdin's *Complete History of the Stage* (1800), cited in his *English Dramatic Literature* (1875) by Sir Adolphus Ward, who, in a footnote, vol. iii, p. 166 (2nd edition, 1899), says that the plot of Killigrew's play "has been traced back to Calderon's *Dama Duende*" by Dibdin. The same error occurs in J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's *History of Spanish Literature* (1898), p. 332: "D'Ouville annexed the *Dama Duende* under the title of *L'Esprit follet*, which reappears in Killigrew's *Parson's Wedding*." Davray, the French translator, amplified the passage retaining the mistake: "Ainsi D'Ouville adapta le sujet de la *Dama Duende* dans *l'Inconnue ou l'Esprit follet*† qui reparait dans la *Dame Invisible* de Thomas Corneille et de Hauteroche aussi bien que dans *Parson's Wedding* de Killigrew." It unfortunately remains uncorrected in Mr. Martin Hume's *Spanish Influence on English Literature* (1905), "*The Parson's Wedding* of Killigrew was Calderon's *Dama Duende*," p. 297. Accordingly, we are not surprised to find it perpetuated in Schelling's very inexact chapter on the Restoration drama in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* (1912), vol. viii, c. 5: "*The Parson's Wedding*, which Killigrew had of Calderon's

* Charles Dibdin, *A Complete History of the Stage* (1800), iv, p. 64.

† The title of D'Ouville's play is *L'Esprit Folet*; *l'Inconnue* does not appear upon the edition of 1642, published by Quinet, Paris.

Dama Duende," p. 130. Hence possibly this error was copied by Nettleton into his superficial and untrustworthy *English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century* (1914), p. 45. So obstinate a mistake is all the more inexcusable as *La Dama Duende* is by no means one of Calderon's obscure and little known plays. On the contrary it ranks amongst the most celebrated; "*The Fairy Lady*," says Trench,* "variously transformed, has found a home in almost all lands." It has, moreover, been utilized for the English theatre on several occasions. Christopher Bullock's *Woman is a Riddle* (4to, 1717), produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, is entirely founded upon Calderon's comedy, as also is Savage's *Love in a Veil* (8vo, 1719), which appeared at Drury Lane, 17 June, 1718. It is said that a Mrs. Price, wife to one of the Barons of the Exchequer, having made a translation of *La Dama Duende*, presented both Bullock and Savage with a copy of her literal version, and Bullock took care to have his adaptation ready before Savage.† Isaac Bickerstaffe, in his preface to *'Tis Well it's No Worse* (8vo, 1770), frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to a "celebrated Spanish piece," which he is ingenuous enough not to name. Bickerstaffe's comedy, which was very successful, was presented at Drury Lane, 24 November, 1770, with King, Parsons, Reddish, Baddeley, and Mrs. Abington in the cast. The prologue and epilogue were written by David Garrick. Hence was taken a farce fathered upon J. P. Kemble, *The Panel*, produced at Drury Lane, 28 November, 1788. With three great favourites of the town, "handsome" Dick Bannister, Palmer junior, and Mrs.

* *Life's a Dream . . . from the Spanish of Calderon . . .* by Richard Chevenix Trench (1856), p. 43.

† Dr. Johnson gives a slightly different account, and states that Savage presented Bullock with his copy, but afterwards made use of it himself.

Jordan, in the principal parts, it long remained a stock piece. A prose version of *La Dama Duende* as *The Fairy Lady* may be read in a volume entitled *Three Comedies translated from the Spanish*, which is attributed by Watt in his *Bibliotheca* (1807) to the third Lord Holland.*

In France *La Dama Duende* was equally popular. As *L'Esprit Folet* it was adapted by Antoine le Metel, Sieur D'Ouville,† and acted in the winter of 1641. Claude and François Parfaict in their *Histoire du Théâtre François*‡ (1746) state that *L'Esprit Folet* was taken from "un Canevas Italien *La Dama Demonio ou Arlequin persécuté par la Dame invisible*." This is manifestly wrong. It is, indeed, quite possible that such a sketch, used by the Italian mimes and based upon *La Dama Duende*, preceded D'Ouville, but there can be no doubt that his more regular scenes are directly transcribed from the Spanish original. In 1684 was seen *La Dame Invisible, ou l'Esprit Follet*, a version of Calderon by Noel de Breton, Sieur de Hauteroche (1617-1707), a dramatist of some reputation. Nearly a century later, in 1770, appeared "*L'Esprit Follet, ou La Dame Invisible, comédie en cinq Actes, Mise en Vers Libres, par Collé, Lecteur de S.A.S. Monseigneur le Duc d'Orleans, premier Prince du Sang*." Charles Collé (1709-1783) was a well-known and prolific writer.

La Dama Duende, the scene of which is on the day of the baptism of Baltasar Carlos, 4 November, 1629, was produced during the magnificent fêtes with which was celebrated the christening of that prince.§ It was one of the favourite plays of the author who, in his other

* Erroneously, according to Ticknor.

† Birth and death unknown but *ob.* before 1657.

‡ Vol. vi, pp. 159-160.

§ For an excellent account of this "orgy of festivities," see Martin Hume, *The Court of Philip IV* (1907), pp. 209-11.

works, refers to it many times.* It was first printed in 1636 in a volume containing a dozen of Calderon's dramas under the editorship of his brother José.†

In *The Parson's Wedding*, however, Killigrew has freely availed himself of certain stock incidents, which seem indeed to have been the common property of dramatists at that day, and which, as the indefatigable Langbaine points out, had been seen on the stage more than once before. The trick by which Careless and Wild circumvent Lady Wild and her niece is an incident which may be closely paralleled in Ludowick Barry's capital comedy, *Ram Alley* (4to, 1611), Act V, when young Will Smalshankes "above in his shirt" interrupts Sir Oliver's aubade to Lady Somerfield; or, again, in Shackerley Marmion's amusing *The Antiquary* (4to, 1641), Act IV, when Aurelio appears at Lucretia's window and, hailing the Duke and Leonardo who are passing below, proclaims aloud his marriage to the lady. Yet Langbaine declares with perfect justice that the episode is "no where so well managed" as by Killigrew. The same situation occurs in the fifth act of Bullock's *Woman is a Riddle*. Courtwell has bribed Necessary, a confidential maid, to conceal him in Lady Outside's chamber. About eleven o'clock at night a number of his friends, Colonel Manly, Sir Amorous, Clarinda, Miranda, and others invade the ante-room and arouse the lady by music and wishing her joy. She appears and protests against so rude an intrusion, when suddenly Courtwell appears "as from the Bed-Chamber in a Night-Gown, Night-Cap, and Slippers." In order to save her good name she agrees to marry him.

The cheat played upon the Parson, who finds himself all unwillingly in too intimate relations with the

* I have counted some nine or ten allusions.

† I have used the edition issued at Lisbon, 1647, *La Dama Duende, comedia famosa*.

raddled beldame, is said to be found among the Italian novelists; at any rate it forms the eighth story of *Les Comptes du Monde aventureux*, Paris, 1555, which purports (and probably with truth) to be translated from the Italian. Two centuries later it reappears as *La Celia* in the *Novelle Galanti* of Gian Battista Casti. In English drama it has with some variation been not infrequently used, amongst others by Brome in his *Novella*, produced at the Blackfriars in 1632, when old Pantaloni, having made an assignation with Victoria, finds "a hideous and detested *Blackamore*" in her place; by Edward Howard in *The Six Day's Adventure*, produced at the Duke's House, 1671, when Sir Grave Solymour is tricked by his son Festlin into a more than compromising situation with a negress, who, however, afterwards proves to be a tawny page-boy; and by D'Urfey in *Squire Oldsapp*, produced at the Duke's Theatre in the spring of 1678, when Christina having supplied her own place in bed with an old Moor, exposes Welford to ridicule (Act V, 2). D'Urfey certainly based upon Mary's similar artifice in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (V, 2), a comedy which he had altered as *Trick for Trick*, produced at the Theatre Royal early in 1678. A slight variant of this trick forms the climax of Machiavelli's *La Clizia*, V, 2, when Siro exposes the folly of Nicomaco, and hence Lodovico Dolce had the motive of his excellent comedy, *Il Ragazzo*, IV, 1, where Giacchetto relates how he imposed upon Messer Cesare.*

It must be allowed that in availing himself of such popular episodes Killigrew has invested them with the liveliest wit and humour, albeit he is something broad in his portraiture, a quality we must by no means be

* One may compare Pietro Aretino's amusing *Il Marescalco* with its distinct reminder of *Epicoene*. A similar adventure occurs in the fiction, folk tales, and farces of all times and countries. •

surprised to meet in so roystering and indiscreet a cavalier, the official court jester * to the Merry Monarch himself.

After the Restoration there was no more prominent figure in theatrical London than Thomas Killigrew. Born in 1612, fourth son of Sir Robert Killigrew, he was, as a lad, for ever hanging round the theatres. Especially would he haunt the Red Bull at the upper end of S. John Street, Clerkenwell, † “and when the man cried to the boys, ‘Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?’ then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage and so get to see plays.” ‡ An ardent Royalist, he was appointed Page of Honour to Charles I in 1632, and at the outbreak of the Civil War, having taken up arms for the King, he was promptly committed to the custody of Sir John Lenthall, 3 September, 1642. In 1644 he was released, and three years later joined at Venice Prince Charles, by whom he was appointed English Resident in that city. Hence, however, he was withdrawn in June, 1652. He then travelled through Italy and Spain, intent meanwhile upon the composition of his plays. At the Restoration in 1660 this “merry droll” was immediately elected to fill various offices at Court, where he enjoyed a singular licence of speech and behaviour. He died at Whitehall, 19 March, 1682-3.

Two of his plays, *The Prisoners* and *Claracilla* (12mo, 1641), had been produced at the Cockpit *circa* 1636-7. Four months after Charles’ return, 21 August, 1660, by a Royal Grant Killigrew and Davenant were given

* In support of this designation see Pepys, 13 February, 1667-8, and Wheatley’s note on the passage.

† The Red Bull was an unroofed theatre built *circa* 1600, and enlarged thirty-two years later. It was frequented by “citizens and the meaner sort of people.”

‡ Pepys, 30 October, 1662.

“ full power & authority to Erect two Companies of Players, Consistinge respectiuey of such persons As they shall chuse and appoint . . . the said Companies to be vnder the Gouvernement and Authority of them the said Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Dauenant.” To this was added plenipotency as to the licensing of new plays and the revival of older dramas. Killigrew then, as manager of the theatre in Bear Yard, Vere Street, Clare Market, which opened November, 1660, and subsequently of the Theatre Royal, Bridges Street (the first Drury Lane), and, after the destruction of this house by fire, builder of the second Theatre Royal, forms a vital and all-important link between the non-scenic theatre of the days of Charles I and the picture stage of the Restoration era.

There was formerly some dispute as to whether *The Parson's Wedding* was acted before the closing of the theatres in 1642 or no, and Fleay assumed on very insufficient grounds that it had been performed at the Blackfriars. There are, it is true, obvious indications that Killigrew designed his play for a platform stage, almost certainly the Cockpit. This is plain from the ample stage directions such as Act I, Scene 2, where the widow, her niece, and Secret appear “above in the Musick-Room”; or Act IV, Scene 6, “the Tying-room, Curtains drawn [open] . . . all above, if the Scene can be so order'd,” and again Act V, scene 2, when “The Fiddlers play in the Tying-room, and the Stage Curtains are drawn and discover a Chamber, as it was.” The terms “Musick-room” and “Tying-room” refer to particular permanent parts of the playhouse, and after the Restoration, when scenery had come into general use, they no longer so existed. “Both these rooms,” says Mr. W. J. Lawrence, commenting upon the above stage directions, “were situated aloft. . . . Everything points to the conclusion that the music-room and the

tiring-room in the theatre for which the play was designed were situated side by side on the first storey of the tiring-house. Moreover, since the tiring-room must have occupied a very considerable space, viewing the size and number of the properties placed there at the one time, its identity with 'the upper stage' seems well assured."* There are several details which militate against the possibility of *The Parson's Wedding* having been staged before the Restoration; indeed, as Mr. Lawrence remarks, the evidence of Sir Henry Herbert's Office Book is conclusive.† He also suggests that the elaborate mounting of the comedy (particularly in Act IV, Scene 6) may have contributed to the long delay in its production. This is no doubt correct. I am inclined to think that Killigrew had his script ready and perhaps even in the actors' hands during the summer of 1642. But the times were threatening, revolution was in the air, the very existence of the theatre was menaced, and it is hardly likely that under such hazardous conditions the company would be eager to stage a piece which demanded a considerable outlay and necessitated special arrangements. There was procrastination, and soon the performance was prevented by the Civil War and the summary closing of all theatres.

When *The Parson's Wedding* was published in the folio of 1664 it is said upon the title-page to have been

* W. J. Lawrence, *The Elizabethan Playhouse*, i (1912), pp. 93-6. In a private letter to myself Mr. Lawrence writes: "Relative to Fleay's argument I doubt if this play was designed originally for performances at the Blackfriars. In the induction to *The Staple of News* (a Blackfriars play) the tiring room is clearly indicated as on stage level."

† On 3 November, 1663, Herbert books the receipt of a licensing fee of £2 for *The Parson's Wedding*. This was the fee for a new play. A revival cost £1.

written at Basle. During his travels Killigrew, whilst in residence at this town, no doubt revised his manuscript of the play, and not having any actual production in view, he amplified scenes and wrote in speeches of a length which would have been quite impossible on the stage. As Genest observes, in presentation these must have been considerably curtailed. Perhaps the actors used the original script.

The Parson's Wedding, then, was first seen on 5 or 6 October, 1664, at the King's House, Bridges Street, the first Drury Lane. It was "acted all by women," and proved, as so merry a comedy well deserved to be, entirely successful. Tuesday, 11 October, Peter Luellin, a Clerk of the Council, dined with Pepys, and "He tells me what a bawdy loose play this 'Parson's Wedding' is, that is acted by nothing but women* at the King's house, and I am glad of it."

In 1672 *The Parson's Wedding* was revived at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre, which was temporarily in the possession of the King's company. On 25 January, 1672, the Theatre Royal had been destroyed in a most disastrous fire, and Killigrew's actors were glad to take refuge in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had just been vacated by the Duke's players. Here Hart and his fellows opened, 26 February, 1672, and here they remained till their new theatre was ready, March, 1674. *The Parson's Wedding* was again wholly entrusted to the actresses. The cast has not been preserved, but the Prologue and Epilogue written for the occasion are printed in *Covent Garden Drollery*. The former was spoken by Mrs. Marshall, the leading lady of the day,

* Cf. James Wright's *Historia Histrionica* (1699): "And some plays, in particular the 'Parson's Wedding,' have been presented all by women as formerly [plays were] all by men." Dryden's *Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen* was acted all by women at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1672

dressed "in man's Cloaths."* The piece was exceedingly well received, but there is no record of any later revival.

In all the days of Charles II there was no more popular comedy with the town than Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds*,† which, as Cibber tells us, also enjoyed the highest Court favour. It is not to be wondered at that so signal, and indeed so well deserved, a success called forth much ill-natured criticism and censure. None the less Ravenscroft's scenes triumphantly kept the boards, and the hearty roar of a thronging theatre drowned the angry abuse of pedant and Puritan. There is little to be added to the tempered verdict of Genest, who says: "If it be the province of Comedy, not to retail morality to a yawning pit, but to make the audience laugh, and to keep them in good humour, this play must be allowed to be one of the best Comedies in the English language—the first act is little more than an introduction to the others—after that the attention is kept up incessantly—incident follows incident—but without confusion—the dialogue makes no pretensions to wit, but is easy, natural, and sprightly." All Ravenscroft's dramas are better than has been generally allowed, and this excellent comedy certainly takes the high place in our theatre which Genest unhesitatingly awards it. From a stage point of view it is incomparably clever, and there can be no doubt that it acts with a zest and a swing which must almost necessarily in the reading be at any rate partially lost.

The London Cuckolds, when produced at the Duke of York's Theatre in the winter of 1681, was supported by a cast which included all the leading comedians of the time. Every name is famous. Even Richards, who

* It would be idle to speculate which of the male characters she sustained.

† "The London Cuckolds they all Flock to see" (Robert Gould's *The Play-house, a satyr*).

curiously enough seems to have doubled the rôles of Roger and Tom, is spoken of as comparable to Joe Haines and "the best in England" for "Huffing Esquires" and impudent valets.* Contemporary allusions are legion, and theatrical annals record many memorable performances of this comedy, which maintained its popularity for a full hundred years. On 27 December, 1706, at the Haymarket Ramble was played by Verbruggen; Doodle, Ben Johnson; Wiseacres, Bullock; Arabella, Mrs. Bradshaw; Eugenia, Mrs. Porter; Engine, Mrs. Leigh, her original part. On Thursday, 27 April, 1709, *The Tatler* announces that "The play of *The London Cuckolds* was acted before a suitable audience who were extremely well diverted." On 11 December, 1721, it is billed at Lincoln's Inn Fields as "not acted 5 years," which must be taken to mean at this particular theatre. Dashwell was played by Jemmy Spiller, a mercurial wit and a friend of Hogarth.† On 12 November, 1738, at the same house, Pinketham was the Dashwell, and Mrs. Bullock Lady No, under which designation Arabella often appears on the bills. On 1 January, 1742, at Covent Garden, Woodward is the Dashwell and Mrs. Pritchard Lady No. At Drury Lane, 29 October, 1748, *The London Cuckolds* was announced as "never acted there," which is, of course, an egregious mistake. Ramble was played by Woodward, Lady No by Mrs. Pritchard, and Peggy by Mrs. Green, who a quarter of a century later created Mrs. Hardcastle and Mrs. Malaprop. On the same night at Covent Garden Peg Woffington appeared as Lady No, in which rôle

* G. Thorn-Drury, *A Little Ark containing Seventeenth-Century Verse* (1921), pp. 44-45. Richards doubled Spatterdash and Jeremy, two valets in D'Urfey's *The Fond Husband*, produced at the Duke's Theatre in the spring of 1676.

† W. J. Lawrence, "A Player Friend of Hogarth" (*The Elizabethan Playhouse*, ii (1913), p. 213).

this charming actress is said to have been particularly vivacious and entertaining. By this time a custom had grown up in the theatres annually to present *The London Cuckolds* on Lord Mayor's Day, which in old style fell on 29 October.* In King Charles' time the City and grave-faced square-toed cits had always been a stock butt on the comic stage, and tradition still demanded that at least once a season they should still be good-humouredly laughed at and joked in Ravenscroft's scenes. So at Drury Lane, 30 October, 1749, we find Taswell, a great farceur, amusing a packed house as Dashwell, whilst on the same night at Covent Garden, Ryan was Ramble to the Arabella of Peg Woffington. The following year, 29 October, at Drury Lane Mrs. Ward acted Arabella; whilst at Covent Garden Peg Woffington repeated her favourite impersonation of the same character. 29 October, 1751, Garrick, for some reason which has never been clearly explained, put on at Drury Lane the obsolete comedy of *Eastward Hoe*, and thenceforth dropped *The London Cuckolds* out of the repertory. His stupidity met its own reward, for in spite of the excellence of Woodward as Quicksilver and of that "matchless actress" Kitty Clive as Girtred, the new fare (for all its merit) was promptly damned

* The change of Lord Mayor's Day from 29 October to 9 November was not made by the act for reforming the calendar, 24 George II, c. 23, but by another act (c. 48) of the same session, entitled "An Act for the Abbreviation of Michaelmas Term," by which it was provided, "that from and after the said feast of S. Michael, which shall be in the year 1752, the said solemnity of presenting and swearing the mayors of the city of London, after every annual election into the said office, in the manner and form heretofore used on the 29th day of October, shall be kept and observed on the ninth day of November in every year, unless the same shall fall on a Sunday, and in that case on the day following."

and expired in a storm of hisses; nor was it suffered to be attempted a second time. The following year, however, Garrick, whose obstinacy would not allow him to learn a lesson, played *Macbeth* on 30 October, and the discarded Ravenscroft could never regain its place at his theatre.* The more conservative management of Covent Garden stoutly maintained the good old tradition, and *The London Cuckolds* was frequently seen at this house, where 29 October, 1751, Mrs. Vincent played *Arabella* to the *Peggy* of Miss Morrison. There has been retailed by various writers† a statement to the effect that 9 November, 1754, *The Provok'd Husband* was by express command of George II substituted at Covent Garden for Ravenscroft's comedy, which, they have not scrupled to assert, was never acted after that year. This latter assertion is demonstrably incorrect, as we find *The London Cuckolds* billed at Covent Garden in 1755 and 1757, and on 9 November, 1758, Dashwell was sustained by the celebrated Ned Shuter ‡ whom Garrick pronounced the greatest comic genius he had ever seen. That *The Provok'd Husband* was played on 9 November, 1754, by express command of George II and to supersede *The London Cuckolds*, seems pure invention. In the first

* Towards the end of the century Lillo's lachrymose *The London Merchant; or, The History of George Barnwell* (Drury Lane, 22 June, 1731) was regularly played on Lord Mayor's Night. It will be remembered that Charles Lamb demands that "this insult upon the morality of the common people of London should cease to be eternally repeated in the holiday weeks." Lamb justly loathed the "nauseous sermon of George Barnwell."

† E.g., Sir Adolphus Ward in his account of Ravenscroft (*Dictionary of National Biography*).

‡ The original Croaker (*The Good-Natured Man*), Covent Garden, 29 January, 1768; Sir Anthony Absolute (*The Rivals*), Covent Garden, 17 January, 1773; Hardcastle (*She Stoops to Conquer*), Covent Garden, 15 March, 1773.

place George II was the last monarch in the world to wish to banish Ravenscroft from the stage, for it was he who commanded, on one occasion at least, the full restoration of the Aquilina and Antonio scenes, which ignorance and banality had eliminated from *Venice Preserv'd*, to the violent disruption of Otway's masterpiece. Mr. W. J. Lawrence informs me that *The Provok'd Husband* was given by command of the Prince of Wales at Covent Garden on 31 October, 1754, with Sheridan and Peg Woffington as Lord and Lady Townly. It was repeated on the following 9 November; a very different story. Upon this fact, if upon anything at all, was founded the idle and elaborated account of the final performance of *The London Cuckolds*. It may be noted that the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1778, speak of *The London Cuckolds* as having been "acted within these few years." As late as April, 1782, Ravenscroft's comedy, reduced to two acts, was played at Covent Garden for the benefit of Quick* who appeared as Doodle. It formed the afterpiece to *The Wife's Relief* (an unnecessary alteration by Charles Johnson of Shirley's *The Gamester*) which had been originally seen at Drury Lane, 12 November, 1711, with Wilks, Colley Cibber, Doggett, and Mrs. Oldfield in the cast. Quick's benefit took place 10 April, and *The London Cuckolds* was repeated two nights later.

The amusing incidents of *The London Cuckolds*, which Ravenscroft has put together with such skill and adroitness, were legitimately garnered from many quarters. The immediate source of Loveday's trick (Act II, Scene 2) whereby he supplies himself, Dashwell, and Doodle with a good supper and furthers Ramble's †

* The original Tony Lumpkin.

† Perhaps Ravenscroft took a hint for Ramble from D'Urfey's Beauford, "A young wild unfortunate fellow, always engaging himself in Intrigues, but never prospering in any," *The Virtuous*

escape by feigning to raise a spirit is the story *D'un jeune Soldat qui jouit de la femme d'un Bourgeois sous pretexte d'être Devin* in the Sieur D'Ouville's *Contes aux heures perdues** where are collected a vast number of tales and anecdotes from *Le Moyen de Parvenir*, *Cento Nouvelle Antiche*, *Le Tombeau de la melancholie*, from Poggio, Domenichi, and a score of other writers. This particular story is *Le Soldat magicien* of the *Contes à rire*. It is even more familiar perhaps from Hans Andersen's *Little Claus and Big Claus*, when Little Claus procures a dinner for the farmer and himself and later opens the chest and exposes the sexton, pretending it is the devil in so respectable a shape. Arabella sending Engine to lie by her husband's side whilst she is absent (Act III, Scene 1), is taken from *La Gelosia partorire cativi effetti*, Number XVI of the *Mescolanza Dolce di varie Historiette*, which may be found in Giovanni Torriano's *The Italian Reviv'd, or, The Introduction to the Italian Tongue* (1673). It will be remembered that in Middleton and Rowley's *The Changeling* (4to, 1653, but acted at Court, January 1623-4), Beatrice-Joanna makes use of a similar device and employs Diaphanta to occupy Alsemero's bed. The cozening of Dashwell (Act IV, Scene 3), when Eugenia and Jane pretend to have hidden Loveday to save him from being murdered by Ramble, is to be read in D'Ouville, who had it from the *Decameron*, Giornata VII, novella 6, the story of Isabella and her husband, Leonetto and Messer Lambertuccio.† It occurs in the Wife, produced at the Duke's Theatre in the autumn of 1679. Smith, the original Ramble, created Beauford.

* Two vols., Paris, 1644. I have used the Rouen edition of 1680.

† The rubric runs: "Madonna Isabella, con Leonetto standosi, amata da un messer Lambertuccio, è visitata; e tornato il marito di lei, messer Lambertuccio con un coltello in mano fuor di casa sua ne manda, et il marito di lei poi Leonetto accompagna."

Greek Syntipas, in the Tales of Petrus Alphonsus, in French Fabliaux, in Bandello, Parabosco, and many other authors. There are also a vast number of Oriental versions. It has been used by Calderon and other Spanish dramatists, and on the English stage. The incident has been introduced by Cyril Tourneur in *The Atheist's Tragedy* (4to, 1611), II, 5, and by Fletcher into his *Women Pleas'd* (folio, 1647), Act II, 6. The adventure of My Lady No with Townly (Act V, Scene 1) and its consequence is derived from D'Ouville's tales.

The scene of Peggy in full armour watching by the bed (Act V, Scene 2) is taken from Scarron's *La Precaution inutile*,* in which novel Don Pedro, dressing Laura in a damascened cuirass and rich greaves, makes her keep guard during his absence. A young gallant from Cordova, however, acts as Ramble does in the English play.

Eugenia's stratagem and Loveday's trouncing Dashwell, who is dressed in his wife's petticoats and hood (Act V, Scene 5), is related in the *Contes* of D'Ouville, *D'un homme qui fut cocu, battu, & content*. It occurs in the *Decameron*, Giornata VII, novella vij, † whence it was copied by Ser Giovanni into *Il Pecorone* (Giornata III, novella 2). It is the ancient fabliau, *Romanz de un chevalier e de sa dame e de un clerk*, and is repeated by Poggio, Malespini, in the *Cent Nouvelles nouvelles*, the *Contes à rire*, and a dozen other collections, old and new. There is a cognate German ballad, *Der Herr und der Schrieber*, and La Fontaine's tale, *Le Cocu Battu et*

* Scarron's novels were "Done in English" by John Davies, and a collected edition was published 1665-7. They were immensely popular. Fourth edition "corrected," 1700.

† "Lodovico discuoopre a madonna Beatrice l'amore il quale egli le porta: la qual manda Egáno suo marito in un giardino in forma di sè, e con Lodovico si giace; il quale poi levatosi, va e bastona Egáno nel giardino."

Content, is famous. On the English stage the incident had been utilized by D'Urfey in his *Squire Oldsapp*, produced at the Duke's Theatre in the spring of 1678 (4to, 1679), Act IV, Scene 3, where Madam Tricklove sends Oldsapp, dressed in her clothes, to be beaten by Welford, who pretends to spurn the advances of the supposed woman.* Bellmour and Leticia in Mrs. Behn's comedy, *The Lucky Chance*, produced at the Theatre Royal in the winter of 1686 (4to, 1687), seem to some slight extent reminiscent of Loveday and Eugenia.

Another capital comedy which had a century of life, although not so frequently seen as *The London Cuckolds*, is *Sir Courtly Nice*. It is indeed generally considered the best of Crowne's plays, many of which have sterling merit. To mention only four of these, *The Countrey Wit*, *City Politiques*, *The English Friar*, *The Married Beau*, all contain the liveliest humour and most amusing situations. They were extremely popular for many decades, and in the Epistle prefixed to *Caligula* (4to, 1698) Crowne himself acknowledges: "Many of my plays have been very successful . . . *Sir Courtly Nice* was as fortunate a comedy as has been written in this age." The fullest and best account of the inception of this comedy is given by Dennis the critic, and may be quoted in his own words:† "It was at the latter End of King Charles' Reign that Mr. Crown, being tyred with the Fatigue of Writing, and shock'd by the Uncertainty of Theatrical Success, and desirous to shelter himself from the Resentment of those numerous

* Madam Tricklove was acted by Mrs. Curren (Eugenia); Oldsapp by Nokes. Betterton played Welford, "a wild debauch'd Town-Spark."

† John Dennis, *Letters Familiar, Moral, and Critical*, 2 vols., 1721. This letter, which is dated June 23, 1719, will be found in vol. i, p. 48.

Enemies he had made by his *City Politicks*,* made his Application immediately to the King himself; and desir'd his Majesty to establish him in some Office that might be a Security to him for Life. The King had the Goodness to assure him he should have an Office, but added that he would first see another Comedy. Mr. *Crown* endeavouring to excuse himself, by telling the King that he plotted slowly and awkwardly, the King replyed that he would help him to a Plot, and so put into his hands the *Spanish* comedy, called *Non pued. Esser*. Mr. *Crown* was oblig'd immediately to go to work upon it; but after he had writ three Acts of it, found to his Surprise that the *Spanish* play had some time before been translated and acted and damn'd, under the title of *Tarugo's Wiles, or the Coffee-house*. Yet, supported by the King's Command he went boldly on, and finish'd it; and here see the influence of a Royal encouragement.

“Mr. *Crown*, who had once before oblig'd the Commonwealth of Learning with a very agreeable Comedy in his *City Politicks* yet in *Sir Courtly Nice* went far beyond it and infinitely surpassed himself. For tho' there is something in the part of *Crack* which borders upon Farce, the *Spanish* Author alone must answer for that. For Mr. *Crown* could not omit the part of *Crack*, that is, of *Tarugo*, and the *Spanish* Farce depending upon it, without a downright Affront to the King, who had given him that Play for his Groundwork. But all that is of *English* growth in *Sir Courtly Nice* is admirable; for tho' we find in it neither the fine designing of *Ben Johnson*, nor the general and masculine satyr of *Wycherley*, nor that Grace, that Delicacy, nor that Courtly Air of *Etherege*; yet is the Dialogue so lively

* *City Politicks* (4to, 1683) is a mordant satire upon Titus Oates and the Whigs. It was produced with great success at the Theatre Royal in 1682.

and so spirited, and so attractively diversified and adapted to the several Characters; four of these Characters are so entirely new, yet general and so important, are drawn so truly, and so graphically, and oppos'd to each other, *Surly* to *Sir Courtly*, and *Hothead* to *Testimony*, with such a strong and entire Opposition; those Extremes of Behaviour, the one of which is the Grievance, and the other the Plague of Society and Conversation; excessive Ceremony on one side, and on the other Rudeness and Brutality, are so finely expos'd in *Surly* and *Sir Courtly*; and those Divisions and Animosities in the two great Parties of England, which have so long disturb'd the public Quiet, and undermined the public Interest, are happily represented and ridiculed in *Hothead* and *Testimony*, that tho' I have more than twenty times read over this charming Comedy, yet I have always read it, not only with Delight, but Rapture. And 'tis my Opinion, that the greatest Comick Poet that ever liv'd in any Age, might have been proud to have been the Author of it.

“The Play was now just ready to appear to the World; and, as every one that had seen it rehears'd was highly pleas'd with it, every one who had heard of it was big with the Expectation of it; and Mr. Crown was delighted with the flattering hope of being made happy for the rest of his Life by the performance of the King's Promise; when, upon the very last Day of the Rehearsal, he met *Cave Underhill** coming from the Play-House as he himself was going towards it. Upon which the Poet, reprimanding the Player for neglecting so considerable a Part as he had in the Comedy, and neglecting it on a Day

* Underhill was one of the original members of Davenant's company, and, in his line, an actor of the greatest importance. In *Sir Courtly Nice* he played Hothead. He was especially famous as the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*.

of so much Consequence as the very last of Rehearsal: Oh, Lord, sir, says *Underhill*, we are all undone. Wherefore? says *Mr. Crown*; Is the Play-House on fire? The whole Nation, replys the Player, will quickly be so, for the King is dead! At the hearing which dismal Words the Author was little better; for he who but the Moment before was ravish'd with the thought of the Pleasure which he was about to give to his King, and of the Favours which he was afterwards to receive from him, this Moment found, to his unspeakable Sorrow, that his Royal Patron was gone for ever, and with him all his hopes. The King indeed reviv'd from his Apoplectick Fit, but three Days after dyed, and *Mr. Crown* by his Death was replung'd in the deepest Melancholy."

Oldmixon, in his *History of England** (folio, 1730), has the following interesting anecdote of Charles II and Crowne: "Some short time before the King's last Sickness and Death, there was certainly a Scheme forming by him, to make himself easy for the rest of his Life, which he was over-heard to say for a Gentleman (*Mr. C.*) who told it me. The King had given him two Spanish plays call'd *Ne pudese*, or *It cannot be*, for him to give them an *English* Cast in one. Three Acts and more were finish'd, before the King was taken ill, and his Majesty oblig'd the Author to bring it to him, Scene by Scene, as he wrote it. The Courtiers, knowing what his Errand was at *Whitehall*, made his way Easy to the King's Cabinet, to which he once approach'd so near, that he could hear the King say distinctly, *Brother, you may travel if you will, I am resolv'd to make myself Easy for the rest of my Life.* At which Words the Door opening, the Author made off, and the Duke of *York* pass'd hastily by him as in a Passion. This Play

* P. 690.

is the famous *Sir Courtly Nice* which the King highly approv'd of, only he said it wanted a little more of what *Collier* calls *Smut* in his *View of the Stage*.* The Poet told me this so often, and was so little given to romancing in such things that I see no' reason to disbelieve him."

Tarugo's Wiles; or The Coffee-House (4to, 1668), which was taken (although far more closely) from the same Spanish original of Agustin Moreto as *Sir Courtly Nice*, was the work of Thomas St. Serf.† It was produced on Saturday, 5 October, 1667, at the Duke of York's Theatre, when Pepys found the house so full he was unable to secure even standing-room. It is on the whole a good piece, and although Downes tells us "*The Coffee-house* by Mr. *Sincerf* . . . Expir'd the third Day" he may be in error. Certainly it was not acted for three successive days and then withdrawn, as on Tuesday, 15 October, Pepys visited the Duke of York's house, "where, after a long stay, the King and the Duke of York come, and there saw 'The Coffee-house,' the most ridiculous, insipid play that ever I saw in my life, and glad we were that Betterton had no part in it."‡ It

* *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* was published in March, 1698.

† Son of the Bishop of Galloway, the only surviving prelate, at the Restoration, of those removed by the infamous Assembly of 1638. The Bishop, although a very old man upon the restoration of Episcopacy, was translated to the richer see of Orkney, which he held until his death in 1663.

‡ Tuesday, 15 October, may, of course, have been the third and last performance of *Tarugo's Wiles*. Betterton was seriously ill. On Wednesday, 16 October, Young played Macbeth; and on Thursday, 24 October, Smith was acting Brisac in *The Villain*. Betterton, indeed, seems to have been absent until the following July, on the sixth of which month Henry Harris told Pepys "how Betterton is come again upon the stage."

should be remarked that Charles Sackville (Lord Buckhurst), Earl of Dorset, whose reputation as poet and critic was among the foremost, has some highly complimentary lines addressed to St. Serf on *Tarugo's Wiles*.

*No puede ser** is considered one of the happiest comedies of the famous Spanish dramatist, Agustin Moreto y Cabaña (born *circa* 1600, died 28 October, 1669). It is something indebted, however, to Lope de Vega's *El Mayor imposible*, which had considerable success at Paris in a pretty close adaptation by Le Metel de Bois-Robert entitled *La Folle Gageure* (4to, 1653), and has been translated into German by Von Bamberg as *Die List der Liebe* (8vo, 1886). In the third volume of *Le Théâtre Espagnol* (Paris, 12mo, 1770), will be found *No puede ser* as *La Chose Impossible*, and 4 October, 1786, there was produced at the Palais Royal Theatre *Guerre Ouverte, ou Ruse contre Ruse*, a version of Moreto by the prolific Dumaniant (Antoine-Jean Bourlin, 11 April, 1752—24 September, 1828). Frontin, the scheming valet (Tarugo; Crowne's Crack) was created by Michet. *Guerre Ouverte* was published in 1787, and in the preface to his printed piece the author acknowledges a debt to the Spanish. Dumaniant's play, moreover, was immediately adapted for the English stage by Mrs. Inchbald as *The Midnight Hour*, produced at Covent Garden, 22 May, 1787,† a comedietta which long remained popular.

With reference to the original production of *Sir Courtly Nice*, Downes has the following entry:

* I have used the edition of 1661. "La Gran Comedia di No Puede Ser" will be found in the fourteenth volume of *Pen sil de apolo en Doze Comedias Nuevas de los meiores Ingenios de España* (Madrid, 1661).

† It formed that evening an afterpiece to *The Orphan*.

“Note, Mr. Griffin so Excell'd in Surly, Sir Edward Belfond, The Plain Dealer, none succeeding in the 2 former have Equall'd him, except his Predecessor Mr. Hart in the latter.

The first new Comedy after King James came to the Crown was Sir Courtly Nice, wrote by Mr. Crown: Sir Courtly, Acted by Mr. Mountfort: Hothead, Mr. Underhill: Testimony, Mr. Gillo: Lord Beaugard, Mr. Kynaston: Surly by Mr. Griffin: Sir Nicho-

las Callico, by the Famous Mr. Antony Leigh: Leonora, Madam Barry, &c. This Comedy being justly Acted and the Characters in't new, Crown'd it with a general Applause: Sir Courtly* was so nicely Perform'd, that not any succeeding, but Mr. Cyber has Equall'd him.” The “coquette prude of an Aunt” was admirably acted by the wife of Antony Leigh, Mrs. Elinor Leigh, who had “a good deal of humour, and knew how to infuse it into the affected mothers, aunts, and modest stale maids, that had missed their market. . . . In all these, with many others, she was extremely entertaining, and painted, in a lively manner, the blind side of nature.”†

Scarce a season passed in which this favourite comedy was not frequently given, and there was a particularly memorable production, 22 November, 1706, at the Haymarket, when Colley Cibber acted Sir Courtly with Bullock as Hothead, Norris Testimony, Verbruggen Surly, Nance Oldfield Leonora,‡ Mrs. Leigh Aunt. At

* William Mountford was assassinated Friday night, 9 December, 1692. Cibber, *Apology*, v, highly praises his Sir Courtly. Antony Leigh died December, 1692, a few days after Mountford's murder.

† Cibber's *Apology*, v.

‡ When Mrs. Barry resigned the rôle of Leonora it fell to Susanna Mountford, *en secondes noces* Mrs. Verbruggen. Nance Oldfield succeeded her in this part and first essayed it at Bath during the summer of 1703. Cibber (*Apology*, ix) gives an interesting account of a rehearsal of the play before she had

Drury Lane, 7 October, 1718, Cibber was again Sir Courtly to the Crack of Pinketham and Hothead of the celebrated Joe Miller. Nearly thirty years later, 14 April, 1746, at the same theatre, Foote played Sir Courtly for his benefit with Kitty Clive as his Leonora. At Drury Lane, 17 October, 1751, we find *Sir Courtly Nice* billed as "Not acted five years." Kitty Clive is Leonora, and Woodward Sir Courtly, a part in which he excelled. On 27 March, 1764, it is announced at Covent Garden as "Not acted 4 years." It was put on for the benefit of Shuter who appeared as Crack; Woodward Sir Courtly. Six years later at the same theatre, 25 April, 1770, the same actors repeated these two rôles for the benefit of John Dunstall, a low comedian, who then played Testimony. On 28 April, 1781, at Covent Garden again, Lewis was Sir Courtly, Quick Hothead, Mrs. Mattocks Leonora, and Mrs. Inchbald Violante. During a summer season at Covent Garden under the direction of Theophilus Cibber, there was performed, 6 July, 1758, as an afterpiece to the burlesque *Madrigal and Trulletta*, a farce entitled *Sir Thomas Callicoe, or, The Mock Nabob*, which was founded upon Crowne's comedy.*

We may unreservedly concur in Dennis's judgement that *Sir Courtly Nice* is a piece which any of the greatest comic authors might well be proud to own, and it assuredly takes a very high place in the English theatre. It has not, perhaps, the consummate elegance of Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, and Sir Courtly himself is not so elaborated a portrait as Vanbrugh's immortal Lord Foppington; on the other hand the diamonded brilliance of Etherege is apt at times to scintillate a little surprised him "into an opinion of her having all the innate powers of a good actress."

* There are two eighteenth century German translations of *Sir Courtly Nice*: *Sir Phantast, oder Es Kann Nicht Seyn*, Bremen, 1767; and *Die unmögliche Sache*, Wien, 1782.

too dazzlingly, whilst *The Relapse* is certainly loose in technique. In *Sir Courtly Nice* there are some peculiarly happy strokes which have hardly been surpassed, and the wit is genial without excess. Even nowadays *Hothead* and *Testimony* are exquisitely diverting, and they must have been more than irresistible at a time when the originals could be met in every street.

When, in considering the three Restoration comedies here given, it is remembered that no one of the masterpieces of Etherege, Wycherley, or Congreve has been included; that no selection has been made from the greatest dramatist of the age, John Dryden, whose theatre is one of the glories of English literature for all time; that the prolific D'Urfey's eight and twenty plays, many of which are excellent fun; that Shadwell, than whom none could give a more vivid and vital picture of the period; that Otway, Aphra Behn, and Southerne are all unrepresented, it will be recognized how splendid with dramatic genius were the forty years from 1660 to 1700, an epoch only to be challenged by the age of Elizabeth and her two successors. Minor poets also, John Banks, Shipman, and Neville Payne, and even the much-despised Elkanah Settle, are not without their scene of considerable vigour and compelling pathos. Such comedies, again, as Sir Robert Howard's *The Committee*, Fane's *Love in the Dark*, Betterton's *The Amorous Widow*, Lansdowne's *The She-Gallants*, *Tom Essence*, the anonymous *Woman Turn'd Bully*, and an hundred more prove vastly entertaining and evince high literary merit united with a keen sense of dramatic effect, a rare combination which seems since that date to have perished, save in one or two happy instances, for wellnigh two hundred years. Had our drama, indeed, no other achievement than that of those forty years of the later Stuarts it would even so surely stand foremost of the three great theatres the world has known, the English, the Spanish, and the Greek.

THE
Parsons Wedding,
A
COMEDY.

The Scene L O N D O N.

WRITTEN AT

Basil in Switzerland:

BY

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

DEDICATED

TO THE

LADY URSULA BARTU,
WIDOW.

Dramatis Personae

- Mr. *Careless*, A Gentleman, and a Wit.
Mr. *Wild*, A Gentleman, Nephew to the *Widow*.
Mr. *Jolly*, An Humorous Gentleman, and a Courtier.
Captain, A Leading Wit, full of Designs.
Parson, A Wit also, but over-reached by the *Captain*, and his
Wanton.
Mr. *Constant*, } Two dull Suitors to the Lady *Widow*,
Mr. *Sadd*, } and Mrs. *Pleasant*.
[*Cropp*, a Scrivener.]
[*A Taylor*.]
[*Footman* to Mr. *Sadd*.]
[*Drawer* at the *Devil*.]
[*Boy*, Servant to the *Captain*.]
[*Servant* to Mr. *Wild*.]
[*Watch*.]

Lady *Wild*, A rich (and somewhat youthful) *Widow*.
Mrs. *Pleasant*, A Handsome young Gentlewoman, of a good
Fortune.
Mrs. *Secret*, Her (Indifferent honest) Woman.
Lady *Love-all*, An old Stallion Hunting Widow.
Faithful, Her (errant honest) Woman.
Mrs. *Wanton*, The *Captains* Livery Punk, Married to the
Parson by Confederacy.
Baud, [Maid to Mrs. *Wanton*.]

Servants.
Drawers.
Fidlers.

Prologue to the *Parsons Wedding*,
spoken by Mrs. *Marshall*.

AFTER so many sad complaints to us,
The painful labouring Women of this house,
We with our Poet have prevail'd again,
To give us our Revenge upon the men,
Our tricks, our jilting hath been often told,
They nere were tax'd for impotent and old.
'Twas not our crime, the house so long lay still,
When e're we play not, 'tis against our will.
We could have acted, could but they have joyn'd,
You know the fault lies seldom in our kind,
Poor Sinners their best parts are worn away,
And now they quarrel when they cannot play.
'Twas something better when they did agree,
'Twas old but 'twas a willing company.
Mean time till they their quarrels can attone,
You may supply their Parts now they are gone,
We hope you will not let us act alone,
The House, the Scenes, and all things are free,
While this Play lasts 'tis ours, and you, and we
Can joyn and make an abler Company.
For so much every Woman here assures,
The Profit ours, the Pleasure shall be yours.

The PARSONS Wedding

A COMEDY

Act I. Scen. 1.

[*A room in Wanton's house.*]

Enter the Captain in choler, and Wanton.

Capt. NO more, I'll sooner be reconcil'd to want or sickness, than that Rascal; A thing, that my Charity made sociable; one, that when I smil'd would fawn upon me, and wag his stearn, like starv'd dogs; so nasty, the company cried foh upon him; he stunk so of *Poverty, Ale, and Bawdry*. So poor and despicable, when I reliev'd him, he could not avow his calling for want of a Cassock, but stood at Corners of Streets, and whisper'd Gentlemen in the ear, as they pass'd, and so deliver'd his Wants like a Message, which being done, the Rogue vanished, and would dive at Westminster like a Dabchick, and rise again at Templegate; The ingenuity of the Rascal, his wit being snuff by want, burnt clear then, and furnish'd him with a Bawdy Jest or two, to take the company; but now the rogue shall find he has lost a Patron.

Want. As I live, if I had thought you would have been in such a fury, you should never have known it.

Capt. Treacherous Rogue, he has always rayl'd against thee to me, as a danger his Friendship ought to give me warning of; and nightly cry'd, yet look back, and hunt not, with good Nature and the beauties of thy

Youth, that false Woman; but hear thy Friend, that speaks from sad experience.

Want. Did he say this?

Capt. Yes, and swears ye are as unsatiate as the Sea, as Covetous, and as ungrateful: that you have your Tempest too, and Calmes, more dangerous than it.

Want. Was the slave so Eloquent in his malice?

Capt. Yes, faith, and urg'd, you (for your part) were never particular, and seldom sound.

Want. Not sound? why, he offer'd to marry me, and swore he thought I was chaste, I was so particular; and prov'd it, that consent was full marriage, by the first Institution; and those that love, and lie together, and tell, have fulfill'd all Ceremonies now.

Capt. Did he offer to marry thee?

Want. Yes, yes.

Capt. If ever then I deserv'd from thee, or if thou be'st deer to thy self, as thou hast any thing thou hop'st shall be safe or sound about thee, I conjure thee, take my Counsel; Marry him, to afflict him.

Want. Marry him?

Capt. If I have any power I shall prevaile; thou know'st he has a fat Benefice, and leave me to plague him, till he give it me to be rid of thee.

Want. Will you not keep me then?

Capt. I keep thee? prithee, wilt thou keep me? I know not why men are such fools to pay: we bring as much to the sport as Women. Keep thee? I'de marry thee as soon; why, *that's Wedding sin*; no, no keeping I: that you are not your own, is all that prefers you before Wives.

Want. I hope this is not real.

Capt. Art thou such a stranger to my humor? why, I tell thee, I should hate thee if I could call thee mine, for I loath all Women within my knowledge; and 'tis six to four if I knew thy sign, I'de come there no more; a

strange mistris makes every night a-new, and these are your pleasing sins. I had as live be good, as sin by course.

Want. Then I am miserable.

Capt. Not so, if you'le be instructed, and let me pass like a stranger when you meet me.

Want. But have you these humours?

Capt. Yes faith; yet if you will observe them, though you marry him, I may perchance be your Friend; but you must be sure to be coy; for to me the hunting is more pleasure then the Quarry.

Want. But if I observe this, will you be my friend hereafter?

Capt. Firm as the day; hark, I hear him; [*The Parson calls within*] I knew he would follow me, I gave him a small touch that waken'd his guilt; Resolve to in-dear yourself to him, which you may easily do, by taking his part when I have vex'd him; No dispute, Resolve it, or as I live here I disclaim thee for ever.

Want. 'Tis well, something I'le do. [*Exit Wanton.*]

Capt. Open the door, I say, and let me in; your favorite and his Tythes shall come no more here.

Enter Parson.

Pars. Yes, but he shall; 'tis not you, nor your brac'd Drum, shall fright me hence, who can command the souls of men; I have read divine *Seneca*; thou know'st nothing but the earthly part, and canst cry to that, Faces about.

Capt. Thou read *Seneca*? thou steal'st his Coyer, to clothe thee, naked and wicked; that for money wouldst sell the share of the twelve, and art allow'd by all that know thee, fitter to have been *Judas*, than *Judas* was, for his treachery.

Pars. Rail, do rail, my illiterate Captain, that can only abuse by memory; and should I live till thou couldst read my sentence, I should never die.

Capt. No, ingrateful, live till I destroy thee; and thankless Wretch, did all my care of thee deserve nothing but thy malice, and treacherous speaking darkly still? with thy fine, No, not he, when any malicious discourse was made of me; and by thy false faint, No, faith; confess, in thy denials, whilst thy smiling excuses stood a greater and more dangerous Evidence against me, than my enemies Affidavits could have done.

Par. I'll lie for never a lean Souldier of you all.

Capt. I have for thee, slave, when I have been wondred at for keeping company with such a face; But they were such as knew thee not; all which thy looks deceiv'd, as they did me; they are so simple they'd Couzen a Jury, and a Judge that had wit would swear thou ly'dst, shouldst thou confess what I know to be true, and award Bedlam for thee; 'tis so strange and so new a thing, to find so much Rogue lodge at the sign of the Fool.

Par. Leave this injurious language, or I'll lay off my Cassock, for nothing shall privilege your Bragger's tongue, to abuse me, a Gentleman, and a Souldier ancienter than thyself.

Capt. Yes, thou wer't so; and now I think on't, I'll recount the Cause, which, it may be, thou hast forgot, through thy variety of sins; it was a Hue and Cry that follow'd thee a Scholar, and found thee a Souldier.

Par. Thou ly'st; thou, and scandal have but one tongue, hers dwells with thy Cowards teeth.

Capt. Oh! do you rage? nay, I'll put the cause in Print too, I am but a skirvy Poet, yet I'll make a ballad shall tell how like a faithful disciple you follow'd your poor Whore, till her Martyrdom in the Suburbs.

Par. I'll be reveng'd for this scandal.

Capt. Then shall succeed, thy flight from the University, disguis'd into Captain, only the outside was worse Buff, and the inside more Atheist then they;

furnish'd with an insolent faith, uncharitable heart, envious as old Women, cruel and bloody as cowards; thus arm'd at all points, thou went'st out, threatening God, and trembling at men.

Pars. I'll be reveng'd, thou poor man of War, I'll be reveng'd.

Enter Wanton.

Want. And why so bitter? whose house is this? who dares tell this story?

Capt. Why, sweet? hath he not treacherously broke into our cabinet, and would have stol'n thee thence? By these hilts, I'll hang him; and then I can conclude my ballad with, *Take warning all Christian people by the same*: I will, you lean slave; I'll prosecute thee, till thou art fain to hide in a Servitor's gown again, and live upon Crums with the Robin Red-breasts that haunt the hall, your old Mess-mates. Do you snarle? I'll do't, I will, and put thee to fight with the Dogs for the Bones that but smell of meat; those that your hungry Students have polish'd with their teeth.

Want. If you do this, good Captain, Lieutenant, and Company (for all your command, I think, is within your reach) I say, if you dare do this, I shall sing a song of one that bade stand, and made a carrier pay a dear Rent for a little ground upon his Majesties high-way.

Capt. How now, mistriss *Wanton*? what's this? what's this?

Pars. This? 'tis matter for a Jury; I'll swear, and positively; I'll hang thee, I'll do't, by this hand, let me alone to swear the Jury out of doubt.

Capt. But you are in jest, mistris *Wanton*, and will confess (I hope) this is no truth.

Want. Yes sir, as great a truth, as that you are in your unpay'd-for Scarlet. Fool! didst think, I'de quit such a friend, and his stay'd fortune, to rely upon thy dead pay, and hopes of a second Covenant?

Capt. His fortune! what is't? th'Advowson of Tybourn Deanry?

Pars. No, nor Rents brought in by long staff-speeches, that asks alms with frowns, till thy looks and speech have laid violent hands upon men's Charity.

Want. Let him alone, I'll warrant, hee'l never be indicted for drawing any thing but his tongue, against a man.

Capt. Very good.

Pars. Dear Mrs. *Wanton*, you have won my heart, and I shall live to doat upon you for abusing this impetuous *Captain*. Will you listen to my old suit? will you marry me, and vex him? say, dare you do't without more dispute?

Capt. 'Twas a good Question; she that dares marry thee, dares do any thing; she may as safely lie with the great Bell upon her, and his Clapper is less dangerous than thine.

Want. Why, I pray?

Capt. What a miserable condition wilt thou come to? his wife cannot be an honest woman; and if thou should'st turn honest, would it not vex thee to be chaste and Paxat, a Saint without a Nose? what Kalendar will admit thee, by an incurable slave that's made of Rogues flesh? consider that.

Want. Why, that's something yet; thou hast nothing but a few scars, and a little old Fame to trust to, and that scarce thatches your head.

Capt. Nay then I see thou'rt base, and this Plot (not Accident). And now I doe not grudge him thee; go together, 'tis pity to part you, whore and parson, as consonant——

Want. As Whore and Captain.

Capt. Take her, I'll warrant her a breeder; I'll prophecy she shall lie with thy whole Congregation, and bring an heir to thy Parish, one that thou maist

enclose the Common by his title, and recover it by Common Law.

Par. That's more than thy dear Dam could do for thee, thou Son of a thousand fathers, all poor Souldiers, Rogues, that ought mischiefs, no Midwives for their Birth. But I cry thee mercy, my patron has an Estate of old Iron by his side, with the Farm of old Ladies he scrapes a dirty living from.

Want. He earn from an old Lady? hang him, he's only wicked in his desires; and for Adultery he cannot be condemn'd, though he should have the vanity to betray himself. God forgive me for belying him so often as I have done; the weak-chin'd slave hir'd me once to say, I was with Child by him.

Capt. This is pretty, Farewell; and may the next Pig thou farrow'st have a promising face, without the dad's fool or gallows in't, that all may swear, at first sight, That's a Bastard; and it shall go hard but I'll have it call'd mine. I have the way, 'tis but praising thee, and swearing thou art honest before I am askt: you taught me the trick.

Par. Next *Levy* I'll preach against thee, and tell them what a piece you are; your Drum and borrowed scarf shall not prevail, nor shall you win with Charms half-ell-long, (hight ferret Ribband) the youth of our Parish, as you have done.

Capt. No, lose no time, prithee study and learn to preach, and leave railing against the Surplice, now thou hast preach'd thyself into Linen. Adieu, *Abigal*, adieu, heir apparent to sir *Oliver Marre-text*; to church, go, I'll send a Beadle shall sing your *Epithalamium*.

Par. Adieu, my Captain of a tame band, I'll tell your old Lady, how you abused her breath, and swore you earn'd your money harder than those that dig in the Mines for't. [*Exit Captain.*] A fart fill thy sail, Captain of a Gally Foyst.—He's gone: come, sweet, let's to

Church immediately, that I may go and take my Revenge; I'll make him wear thin breeches.

Want. But if you should be such a Man as he says you are, what would my Friends say, when they hear I have cast myself away?

Par. He says? hang him, lean, mercenary, provant rogue; I knew his beginning, when he made the stocks lowsie, and swarm'd so with vermin, we were afraid he would have brought that Curse upon the County—He says? but what's matter what he says? a Rogue, by Sire and Damm; his father was a broad fat peddler, a what-do-you-lack, sir, that haunted good houses, and stole more than he bought; his Damm was a Gypsie, a pilfering canting Sibyll in her youth, and she suffered in her old age for a Witch: poor *Stromwell*, the Rogue was a perpetual Burthen to her, she carried him longer at her back than her belly; he dwelt there, till she lost him one night in the great Frost upon our Common, and there he was found in the morning candid in Ice: a pox of their Charity that thaw'd him, you might smell a rogue then in the bud: he is now run away from his Wife.

Want. His Wife?

Par. Yes, his Wife; why, do you not know he's married according to the Rogues Liturgy? a left-handed bridegroom; I saw him take the ring from a Tinker's Dowager.

Want. Is this possible?

Par. Yes, most possible, and you shall see how I'll be reveng'd on him; I will immediately go seek the Ordinance against Reformadoes.

Want. What ordinance?

Par. Why, they do so swarm about the Town, and are so destructive to trade and all Civil Government, that the state has declared, no person shall keep above two Colonels and four Captains (of what Trade soever) in

his family; for now the war is done, Broken breech, Wood-monger, Rag-man, Butcher, and Link-boy, (Comrades that made up the ragged regiment in this holy War) think to return and be admitted to serve out their times again. .

Want. Your Ordinance will not touch the Captain, for he is a known Souldier.

Pars. He a Captain? an Apocryphal modern one, that went Convoy once to *Brainford* with those troops that conducted the Contribution-Puddings in the late holy war, when the city ran mad after their Russet Levites, Apron-rogues, with horn hands. Hang him, he's but the sign of a souldier; and I hope to see him hang'd for that Commission, when the King comes to his Place again.

Want. You abuse him, now he's gone; but——

Pars. Why, dost thou think I fear him? no, Wench, I know him too well for a Cowardly slave, that dares as soon eat his Fox, as draw it in earnest; the slave's noted to make a Conscience of nothing but fighting.

Want. Well, if you be not a good Man, and a kind Husband——

Pars. Thou know'st the Proverb, as happy as the Parson's Wife, during her Husband's life. [Exeunt.]

Act I. Scen. 2.

[A room in the Widow's house.]

Enter mistress Pleasant, Widow Wild her aunt, and Secret her woman, above in the Musick Room, as dressing her; a glass, a table, and she in her night-cloathes.

Pleas. SECRET, give me the Glass, and see who knocks.
Wid. Niece, what, shut the Door? as I live, this Musick was meant to you, I know my Nephew's voice.

Pleas. Yes, but you think his friend's has more Musick in't.

Wid. No Faith, I can laugh with him, or so, but he comes no nearer than my lace.

Pleas. You do well to keep your smock betwixt.

Wid. Faith, Wench, so wilt thou and thou beest wise, from him and all of them; and be rul'd by me, we'll abuse all the Sex, till they put a true value upon us.

Pleas. But dare you forbid the travel'd Gentlemen, and abuse them and your servant, and swear, with me, not to marry in a twelve moneth, though a Lord bait the hook, and hang out the sign of a court *Cupid*, whipt by a Country *Widow*; then I believe we may have mirth cheaper than at the price of ourselves, and some sport with the wits that went to lose themselves in *France*.

Wid. Come, no dissembling, lest I tell your servant, when he returns, how much you're taken with the last new fashion.

Secret. Madam, 'tis almost Noon, will you not dress your self to day?

Wid. She speaks as if we were Boarders; pr'ethee, Wench, is not the dinner our own? sure my Cook shall lay by my own Roast till my stomack be up.

Pleas. But there may be company, and they will say, we take too long time to trim. *Secret*, give me the flowers my servant sent me, he sware 'twas the first the Wench made of the kind.

Wid. But when he shall hear you had Musick sent you to day, 'twill make him appear in his old cloathes.

Pleas. Marry, I would he would take exception, he should not want ill usage to rid me of his trouble. As I live, custom has made me so acquainted with him, that I now begin to think him not so displeasing as at first; and if he fall not out with me, I must with him, to secure myself. Sure (Aunt) he must find Sense and Reason absent, for when a Question knocks at his head, the Answer tells that there is no body at home. I ask'd him, th'other day, if he did not find a blemish in his

understanding; and he sware a great Oath, not he. I told him 'twas very strange, for fool was so visible an eye-sore, that neither Birth nor Fortune could reconcile to me.

Wid. Faith, methinks his humour is good, and his purse will buy good company, and I can laugh and be merry with him sometimes.

Pleas. Why, pray, Aunt, take him to your self, and see how merry we will be; I can laugh at any bodies Fool, but mine own.

Wid. By my troth, but that I have married one Fool already, you should not have him. Consider, he asks no portion, and yet will make a great joynture; a fool with these conveniences, a kind loving fool, and one that you may govern, makes no ill husband; Niece, there are other arguments too, to bid a Fool welcome, which you will find without teaching; think of it, Niece; you may lay out your affection to purchase some dear wit, or judgement of the City, and repent, at leisure, a good bargain, in this Fool.

Pleas. Faith, Aunt, Fools are cheap in the Butchery, and dear in the Kitchin; they are such unsavory insipid things, that there goes more charge to the sauce than the Fool is worth, e'er a woman can confidently serve him, either to her bed or board: then if he be a loving fool, he troubles all the world a days, and me all night.

Secret. Friendship-love, madam, has a remedy for that.

Pleas. See, if the air of this place has not enclin'd *Secret* to be a Baud already. No, *Secret*, you get no Gowns that way, upon my word; if I marry, it shall be a gentleman that has wit and honour, though he has nothing but a sword by his side; such a one naked is better than a fool with all his Trappings, Bells and Baubles.

Wid. Why, as I live, he's a handsome fellow, and

merry; mine is such a sad soul, and tells me stories of Lovers that dy'd in despair, and of the lamentable end of their mistresses (according to the Ballad) and thinks to win me by Example.

Pleas. Faith, mine talks of nothing but how long he has lov'd me; and those that know me not, think I am old, and still finds new causes (as he calls them) for his love. I ask'd him the other day if I chang'd so fast or no.

Wid. But what think'st thou, *Secret*; my nephew dances well, and has a handsome house in the *Piazza*.

Pleas. Your Nephew? not I, as I live; he looks as if he would be woo'd; I'll warrant you, he'l never begin with a woman till he has lost the opinion of himself; But since you are so courteous, I'll speak to his friend, and let him know how you suffer for him.

Wid. Him! marry, God bless all good women from him; why, he talks as if the Dairy-maid and all her Cows could not serve his turn; then they wear such bauty-breeches, 'twould startle an honest woman to come in their company, for fear they should break, and •put her to count from the fall of them; for I'le warrant, the year of the Lord would sooner out of her head than such a sight.

Pleas. I am not such an enemy now to his humour as to your Nephew's; he rails against our sex, and thinks by beating down the price of a woman to make us despair of Merchants; but if I had his heart-strings tied on a True-lover's-knot, I would so firke him till he found physick in a Rope.

Secret. He's a scurvey-tongu'd fellow, I'me sure of that; and if I could have got a staff, I had mark'd him.

Wid. What did he do to thee, *Secret*?

Pleas. Why, he swore, he had a better opinion of her than to think she had her Maiden-head; but if she were that Fool, and had preserv'd the toy, he swore he

would not take the pains of fetching it, to have it; I confess, I would fain be reveng'd on them, because they are so blown up with opinion of their wit.

Wid. As I live, my Nephew travels still; the sober honest *Ned Wild* will not be at home this moneth.

Pleas. What say you? will you abuse them and all the rest, and stand to my first Proposition?

Wid. Yes, faith, if it be but to bury my servant, *Sadd*; for he cannot last above another Fall, and how, think you, will your servant take it?

Pleas. Mine! oh God help me, mine's a healthy Fool: I would he were subject to pine and take things unkindly; there were some hope to be rid of him; for I'll undertake to use him as ill as any body.

Wid. As I live, I am easily resolv'd; for if I would marry, I know neither who nor what humour to chuse.

Secret. By my troth, Madam, you are hard to please; else the courtier might have serv'd turn.

Wid. Serve turn! Prithee what haste, *Secret*, that I should put myself to bed with one I might make a shift with? When I marry, thou shalt cry, I marry, Madam, this is a husband, without blushing wench, and none of your so-so husbands. Yet he might half overcome my aversion, I confess.

Pleas. Overcome! I think so, he might have won a City his way; for when he saw you were resolv'd he should not eat with you, he would set himself down as if he meant to besiege us, and had vow'd never to rise till he had taken us in; and because our sex forbad force, he meant to do it by famine. Yet you may stay, and miss a better market; for hang ne, I am of *Secrets* opinion; he had but two faults, a handsome fellow, and too soon deny'd.

Wid. 'Tis true, he was a handsome fellow, and a civil, that I shall report him; for as soon as it was given

him to understand, I desir'd he would come no more, I never saw him since, but by chance.

Pleas. Why did you forbid him?

Wid. There were divers exceptions; But that which angred me then, was, he came with the King's Letters Patents, as if he had been to take up a wife for his Majesties use.

Pleas. Alas! was that all? why, 'tis their way at Court, a common course among them, and was it not one the King had a great care of? When my mother was alive, I had such a packet from the court directed unto me, I bid them pay the Post, and make the fellow drink, which he took as ill as I could wish, and has been ever since such a friendly enemy.

Wid. Nay, as I live, she was for the Captain too; his Scarfe and Feather won her heart.

Secret. Truly, madam, never flatter yourself; for the Gentleman did not like you so well, as to put you to the trouble of saying, no.

Pleas. Lord, how I hated and dreaded that Scarfe and Buff-coat!

Secret. Why, mistress *Pleasant*, a Captain is an honourable Charge.

Wid. Prithee, *Secret*, name them no more; Colonel and Captain, Commissioner, Free-quarters, Ordnance, and Contribution; when Buff utters these words, I tremble and dread the sound; it frights me still when I do but think on them; Cuds body, they're twigs of the old Rod (Wench) that whipt us so lately.

Pleas. I, I, and they were happy dayes, Wench, when the Captain was a lean, poor, humble thing, and the Souldier tame, and durst not come within the City, for fear of a Constable and a Whipping-post; they know the penal Statutes give no Quarter; then Buff was out of countenance, and sculk'd from Ale-house to Ale-house, and the City had no Militia but the Sheriffs-men:

in those merry days, a Bailiff trode the streets with terror, when all the Chains in the City were rusty, but Mr. Sheriff's, when the people knew no evil but the Constable and his Watch; Now every Committee has as much power, and as little manners, and examines with as much ignorance, impertinence and authority, as a Constable in the King's key.

[*People talking without.*

Wid. See, who's that so loud?

Secret. The men you talk'd off, newly come to Town.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Act I. Scen. 3.

[*The street before the Widow's house.*]

Enter Jack Constant, Will Sadd, Jolly, and a Footman
they comb their heads, and talk.

Jolly. REMEMBER our covenants, get them that can, all friends; and be sure to dispatch the Plot, to carry them into the Country, lest the brace of new-come Monsieurs get them.

Const. Those flesh-flies? I'll warrant thee from them; yet 'twas foolishly done of me to put on this gravity; I shall break out, and return to myself if you put me to a winters wooing.

Sadd. A little patience do's it; and I am content to suffer any thing till they're out of town: *Secret* says, they think my pale face proceeds from my love.

Jolly. Do's she? that shall be one hint to advance your designs, and my revenge; for so she be couzen'd, I care not who do's it, for scorning me, who (by this hand) lov'd her parlously.

Footm. Sir, what shall I do with the horses?

Sadd. Carry them to *Brumsted's*.

Footm. What shall I do with your worship's?

Jolly. Mine? take him, hamstring him, kill him, any

thing to make him away, lest having such a conveniency I be betray'd to another journey into the Country. Gentlemen, you are all welcome to my Country-house; *Charing-cross*, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart.

Const. What, not reconcil'd to the Country yet?

Sadd. He was not long enough there to see the pleasure of it.

Jolly. Pleasure! what is't call'd? walking, or hawking, or shooting at Buts?

Const. You found other pleasures, or else the story of the Meadow is no Gospel.

Jolly. Yes, a pox upon the necessity. Here I could as soon have taken the Cow, as such a Milk-maid.

Sadd. The wine and meat's good, and the company.

Jolly. When, at a Tuesday-meeting, the Country comes in to a match at two shillings Rubbers, where they conclude at dinner what shall be done this Parliament, railing against the Court and Pope, after the old *Elizabeth-way* of preaching, till they are drunk with zeal; and then the old Knight of the Shire from the board's end, in his Coronation-breeches, vies clinches with a silenc'd Minister, a Rogue that rail'd against the Reformation, meerly to be eas'd of the trouble of preaching.

Const. Nay, As I live, now you are to blame, and wrong him: the man's a very able man.

Jolly. You'l be able to say so one day, upon your wives report: I would he were gelt, and all that hold his opinion: By this good day, they get more souls than they save.

Sadd. And what think you of the Knight's Son? I hope he's a fine Gentleman, when his Green suit and his blew stockings are on; and the welcomest thing alive to Mrs. *Abigail*, but *Tib* and *Tom* in the Stock.

Jolly. Who, Mr. *Jeoffry*? *Hobinol* the second; by this life 'tis a very Veal, and he licks his Nose like one of them: by his discourse you'd guess he had eaten nothing

but Hay: I wonder he doth not go on all four too, and hold up his leg when he stales: he talks of nothing but the stable. The Coblers Black-bird at the corner has more discourse: he has not so much as the family-jest, which these Coridons use to inherit. I pos'd him in *Booker's* prophesies, till he confest he had not master'd his Almanack yet.

Const. But what was that you whisper'd to him in the hall?

Jolly. Why the Butler and I, by the intercession of *March* beer, had newly reconcil'd him to his Dad's old Cod-piece corslet in the hall, which, when his zeal was up, he would needs throw down, because it hung upon a Cross.

Const. But what think you of my neighbour? I hope her charity takes you.

Jolly. Yes, and her old Waiting-womans devotion: she sigh'd in the Pew behind me. A Dutch Skipper belches not so loud, or so sower: my Ladies miserable sinner, with the white eyes, she does so squeeze out her prayers, and so wring out *Have mercy upon us*. I warrant her, she has a waiting-woman's sting in her conscience; she looks like a dirty-soul'd baud.

Const. Who is this, my lady *Freedom's* woman that he describes?

Jolly. The same, the Independent Lady: I have promised to send her a Cripple or two by the next Carrier: her subject-husband would needs shew me his house one morning; I never visited such an hospital, it stunk like *Bedlam*, and all the servants were carrying Poulitisses, Julips, and Glisters, and several Remedies for all diseases but his. The man sigh'd to see his Estate crumbling away; I counsel'd him either to give or take an ounce of *Ratsbane* to cure his mind.

Const. She is my Cozen; but he made such a complaint to me, I thought he had married the Company of

Surgeons-hall; for his directions to me for several things for his Wife's use, were fitter for an pothecaries-shop than a Ladies Closet.

Jolly. I advis'd him to settle no joynture but her old Stills, and a Box of Instruments, upon her. She hates a man with all his limbs: a Wooden-leg, a Crutch, and *Fistula in Ano*, wins her heart. Her Gentleman-usher broke his leg last Dog-days, meerly to have the honour to have her set it; a foul rank Rogue! and so full of salt humours, that he pos'd a whole Colledge of old Women with a Gangrene, which spoil'd the jest, and his ambling before my Lady, by applying a hand-saw to his gartring-place; and now the Rogue wears booted Bed-staves, and destroys all the young ashes to make him legs.

Sadd. I never saw such a nasty affection: she would ha done well in the incurable, a Hand-maid to have waited on the Cripples.

Jolly. She converses with naked men, and handles all their members, though never so ill-affected, and calls the Fornication Charity. All her discourse to me was flat bawdry, which I could not chide, but spoke as flat as she, till she rebuk'd me, calling mine beastliness, and hers Natural Philosophy. By this day, if I were to marry, I would as soon have chosen a drawn whore out of mine own Hospital, and cure the sins of her youth, as marry a she-Chirurgeon; one that, for her sins in her first Husband's dayes, cures all the crimes of her Sex in my time. I would have him call her *Chiron*, the Centaur's own Daughter, a Chirurgeon by Sire and damm, *Apollo's* own Colt; she's red-hair'd too, like that bonny beast with the golden Mane and flaming taile.

Sadd. You had a long discourse with her, *Jolly*, what was't about?

Jolly. I was advising her to be divorc'd, and marry the Man in the Almanack; 'twould be fine pastime for her to lick him whole.

Sadd. By this day, I never saw such a Mule as her husband is, to bear with her Madness. The house is a good house, and well furnished.

Jolly. Yes; but 'tis such a sight to see great French Beds full of found Children, sons of Batchelors, Priests heirs, Bridewell Orphans; there they lie by dozens in a Bed, like sucking Rabbets in a dish, or a row of pins; and then they keep a whole dairy of milch Whores to suckle them.

Sadd. She is successful, and that spoils her, and makes her deaf to counsel: I bad him poyson two or three, to disgrace her; for the Vanity and Pride of their remedies make those Women more diligent than their Charity.

Jolly. I ask'd him why he married her; and he confess'd, if he had been sound he had never had her.

Const. He confess'd, she cur'd him of three Claps before he married her.

Jolly. Yes; and I believe some other member (though then ill affected) pleaded more than his tongue; and the Rogue is like to find her business still, for he flies at all. My God, I owe thee thanks for many things, but 'tis not the least I am not her Husband, nor a Country-Gentleman, whither I believe you cannot easily seduce me again, unless you can perswade *London* to stand in the Country: to *Hide-park*, or so, I may venture upon your Lady-fair' dayes, when the Filly-foales of fifteen come kicking in, with their Maines and tailes ty'd up in Ribbands, to see their eyes roule and neigh, when the Spring makes their blood prick them; so far I am with you, by the way of a Country-gentleman and a Beer-drinker.

Sadd. For all this dislike, Master *Jolly*, your greatest acquaintance lies amongst Country Gentlemen.

Jolly. I, at *London*; there your Country Gentlemen are good Company, where to be seen with them is a kind of credit. I come to a Mercers shop in your Coach; Boy,

call your Master; he comes bare, I whisper him, Do you know the *Constants* and the *Sadds* of *Norfolk*? yes, yes, he replies, and strokes his beard: they are good Men; cry I; yes, yes; No more, cut me off three sutes of Sattin; he does it, and in the delivery whispers, Will these be bound? pish, drive on Coachman, speak with me tomorrow.

Const. And what then?

Jolly. What then! why, come again next day.

Sadd. And what if the Country Gentleman will not be bound?

Jolly. Then he must fight.

Sadd. I would I had known that before I had sign'd your Bond, I would have set my sword sooner than my Seal to it.

Jolly. Why, if thou repent, there's no harm done: fight rather than pay it.

Sadd. Why, do you think I dare not fight?

Jolly. Yes, but I think thou hast more wit than to fight with me; for if I kill thee, 'tis a fortune to me, and others will sign in fear; and if thou should'st kill me, any body that knows us would swear 'twere very strange, and cry, there's God's just judgement now upon that lewd youth, and thou procur'st his hang-man's place at the rate of thy Estate.

Const. By this hand he is in the right; and, for mine, I meant to pay when I sign'd: hang it, never put good fellows to say, pr'ythee give me a hundred pounds.

Sadd. 'Tis true, 'tis a good ganty way of begging; yet, for being kill'd, if I refuse it—would there were no more danger in the Widow's unkindness than in your fighting, I would not mistrust my design.

Jolly. Why I, there's a point now in nicity of Honour, I should kill you for her; for you know I pretended first; and it may be if I had writ sad lines to her, and hid myself in my Cloak, and haunted her Coach, it may

be in time she would have sought me: not I, by this hand, I'll not trouble my self for a Wench, and married Widows are but Customary authoriz'd Wenches.

Const. Being of that Opinion, how can'st thou think of marrying one?

Jolly. Why, faith, I know not; I thought to rest me, for I was run out of breath with pleasure, and grew so acquainted with sin, I would have been good, (for variety;) in these thoughts 'twas my fortune to meet with this Widow, handsome, and of a clear fame.

Const. Did'st love her?

Jolly. Yes, faith: I had Love, but not to the disease that makes men sick; and I could have lov'd her still, but that I was angry to have her refuse me, for a fault I told her of my self, so I went no more.

Sadd. Did she forbid you but once?

Jolly. Faith, I think, I slipt a fair Opportunity, a handsome wench, and three thousand pounds *per annum* in certainty, besides the possibility of being saved.

Const. Which now you think desperate?

[*Widow and Pleasant looking out at a window.*

Pleas. That is you; Cross or Pile, will you have him yet or no?

Wid. Peace! observe them.

Jolly. Faith, no, I do not despair; but I cannot resolve.

Enter Wild, Careless, and the Captain, going in haste; he comes in at the middle door.

Wid. Who are those?

Care. *Captain*, whither in such haste? what, defeated? Call you this a retreat, or a flight from your friends?

Pleas. Your Nephew, and his Governour, and his Friend! Here will be a Scene! sit close, and we may know the secret of their hearts.

Wid. They have not met yet since they return'd: I shall love this bay window.

Capt. Prithee let me go: there's mischief a Boyling; and if thou shak'st me once more, thou wilt Jumble a lye together I have been hammering this hour.

Care. A pox upon you, a studying lies!

Capt. Why, then they are no lies, but something in the praise of an old Ladies Beauty; what do you call that?

Jolly. Who are those?

[*They spie each other.*

Sadd. Is't not the *Captain* and my friend?

[*Jolly salutes them; then he goes to the Captain to embrace him; the Captain stands in a French posture, and slides from his old way of embracing.*

Jolly. Ned *Wild*! Tom *Careless*! what ayl'st thou? do'st thou scorn my embraces?

Capt. I see you have never been abroad, els you would know how to put a value upon those, whose careful observation brought home the most Exquisite Garb and Courtship that *Paris* could sell us.

Jolly. A pox on this fooling, and leave off Ceremony.

Capt. Why then agreed, off with our masks, and let's embrace like the old knot.

[*They embrace.*

Jolly. Faith, say where have you spent these three years time? in our neighbour *France*? or have you ventur'd o'er the *Alps*, to see the seat of the *Cæsars*?

Sadd. And can tell us (*Ignorant*, doom'd to walk upon our own land) how large a seat the Goddess fix'd her flying *Trojans* in.

Const. Yes, yes, and have seen, and drunk (perhaps) of *Tyber's* famous stream.

Jolly. And have been where *Æneas* buried his trumpeter and his Nurse. Tom looks as if he had suck'd the one, and had a Battel sounded by the other, for joy to see our nation, ambitious not to be understood or known when they come home.

Capt. So, now I'me welcome home; this is freedom, and these are friends, and with these I can be merry; for, Gentlemen, you must give me leave to be free too.

Jolly. So you will spare us miserable men, condemn'd to *London*, and the company of a *Michaelmas* Term, and never travel'd those Countries that set Mountains on fire a purpose to light us to our lodging.

Wild. Why this is better then to stay at home, and lie by hear-say, wearing out your selves and Fortunes like your clothés, to see her that hates you for being so fine; then appearing at a Play, drest like some part of it, while the Company admire the Mercer's and the Taylor's work, and swear they have done their parts to make you fine Gentlemen.

Care. Then leap out of your Coach, and throw your Cloak over your shoulder; the Casting-nets to catch a Widow; while we have seen the world, and learn'd her Customs.

Capt. Yes, sir, and return'd perfect Mounseieurs.

Sadd. Yes, even to their diseases: I confess my ignorance, I cannot amble, nor ride like *S. George* at *Waltham*.

Jolly. Yet, upon my Conscience, he may be as welcome with a trot as the other with his pace; and faith, Jack, (to be a little free) tell me, do'st thou not think thou hadst been as well to pass here, with that English Nose thou carryedst hence, as with the French tongue thou hast brought home?

[*The Captain has a patch over his nose.*]

Capt. It is an accident, and to a Souldier 'tis but a scar: 'tis true, such a sign upon Mr. *Jolly's* face had been as ill as a *Red Cross*, and *Lord have mercy upon us*, at his lodging door, to have kept women out of Court.

Jolly. For ought you know of the Court.

Capt. I know the Court, and thee, and thy use, and how you serve but as the handsomest moveables; a kind

of Implement above stairs, and look much like one of the old Court Servants in the hangings.

Wild. But that they move, and look fresher, and your Apparel more Modern.

Care. Yet, faith, their Office is the same, to adorn the room, and be gaz'd on. Alas, hee's sad! Courage, man, these riding cloaths will serve thee at the latter day.

Capt. Which is one of their grievances; for nothing troubles them more than to think they must appear in a foul winding sheet, and come undress'd.

Jolly. Gentlemen, I am glad to find you know the Court; we know a Traveller too, especially when he is thus chang'd and exchang'd, as your Worships, both in Purse and Person, and have brought home foreign visages and Inscriptions.

Const. Why that's their perfection, their ambition to have it said, there go those that have profitably observ'd the vices of other Countreys, and made them their own; and the faults of several Nations, at their return, are their Parts.

Jolly. Why there's *Jack Careless*, he carried out as good stable manners as any was in *Suffolk*, and now he is return'd with a shrug, and a trick to stand crooked, like a skirvy Bow unbent; and looks as if he would maintain Oyl and Sallads against a Chyne of Beef. I knew a great Beast of this kind, it haunted the court much, and would scarcely allow us (fully reduc'd to Civility,) for serving up Mutton in whole joynts.

Const. What, silent?

Sadd. Faith, the *Captain* is in a study.

Jolly. Do, do, Conn the Rivers and towns Perfectly, *Captain*; thou may'st become Intelligencer to the People, and lie thy two sheets a week in *Corrantoës* too.

Const. And could you not make Friends at Court to get their Pictures cut ugly, in the corner of a Map, like the old Navigators?

Jolly. Wee'le see, wee'le see.

Enter Widow and Pleasant above.

Wid. I'le interrupt them:—*Servant*, you're welcome to Town. How now, *Nephew*? what, dumb? where are all our travel'd tongues?

Jolly. *Servant*! who doth she mean? by this hand, I disclaim the Title.

Pleas. *Captain*, *Secret* has taken Notes, and desires you would instruct her in what concerns a waiting Woman, and an Old Lady.

Capt. Very good! yet this shall not save your Dinner.

Wid. Nay, while you are in this humor I'll not sell your companies; and though Master *Jolly* be incens'd, I hope he will do me the favour to dine with me.

Jolly. Faith, Lady, you mistake me if you think I am afraid of a widow; for I would have the world know I dare meet her any where, but at Bed.

[*Exit Jolly.*

Wild. No more, Aunt, wee'le come; and if you will give us good meat, weel bring good humours and good stomachs.

[*Widow shuts the curtain.*

Care. By this day I'le not dine there: they take a pleasure to raise a spirit that they will not lay. I'll to *Banks's*.

Capt. A Pox forbid it! you shall not break company, now you know what we are to do after Dinner.

Care. I will consent, upon condition you forbid the spiritual Non-sence the age calls *Platonick* Love.

Capt. I must away too; but I'le be there at dinner. You will joyn in a Plot after dinner?

Wild. Any thing, Good, Bad, or Indifferent, for a Friend and Mirth.

[*Exeunt all but the Captain.*

Capt. I must go, and prevent the Rogues mischief with the Old Lady.

[*Exit Captain.*

Act II. Scen. I.

[*The Lady Love-all's house.*]*Enter Jolly and the old Lady Love-all.*

Love. **A**WAY, unworthy, false, ingrateful! with what Brow dar'st thou come again into my sight, knowing how unworthy you have been, and how false to love?

Jolly. No, 'tis you are unworthy, and deserve not those truths of Love I have paid here; else you would not believe ev'ry report that Envy brings, and condemn, without hearing me, whom you have so often try'd and found faithful.

Love. Yes, till I, too credulous, had pity on your tears; till I had mercy, you durst not be false.

Jolly. Nor am not yet.

Love. What dost thou call False? is there a treachery beyond what thou hast done? When I had given my Fame, my Fortune, myself, and my husbands honour, all in one Obligation, a sacrifice to that passion which thou seem'st to labour with despair of, to tell and brag of a Conquest o're a Woman, fool'd by her Passion, and lost in her love to thee, unworthy!—

[*She turns away her head.*]

Jolly. By this day 'tis as false as he that said it: hang him, son of a Batchelour! a slave! that envying my Fortune, in such a happiness as your love and chast embraces, took this way to ruine it. Come, dry your Eyes, and let the guilty weep: if I were guilty, I durst as soon approach a Constable drunk, as come here: you know I am your slave.

Love. You swore so, and honour made me leave to triumph over your miseries.

Jolly. Do you repent that I am happy? if you do, command my death.

Love. Nay, never weep, nor sit sadly; I am Friends, so you will onely talk and discourse; for 'tis your company I onely covet.

Jolly. No, you cannot forgive, because you have injur'd me: 'tis right woman's Justice, Accuse first; and harder to reconcile when they are guilty then when they are innocent, or else you would not turn from me thus.

Love. You know your youth hath a strong power over me: Turn those bewitching Eyes away; I cannot see them with safety of mine honour.

Jolly. Come, you shall not hide your Face; there's a Charm in it against those that come burnt with unchast fires; for let but your Eyes or Nose drop upon his heart, it would burn it up, or quench it strait.

Love. No Cogging, you have injur'd me; and now, though my love plead, I must be deaf; my honour bids me; for you will not fear again to prove unworthy, when you find I am so easie to forgive—Why, you will not be uncivil.

[*Jolly kisses her, and she shoves him away with her mouth.*]

Jolly. So, the storm is lay'd! I must have those Pearls—She shov'd me away with her mouth! I'le to her again.

Love. Where are you? what do you take me for? why you will not be uncivil?

[*Still as he offers to touch her, she starts as if he pluckt up her coats.*]

Jolly. Uncivil! by thy chaste self I cannot, Chick: thou hast such a terror, such a guard in those eyes, I dare not approach thee, nor can I gaze upon so much fire: Prithee, Sirrah, let me hide me from their power here.

Love. You presume upon the weakness of our sex: What shall I say or do? Tyrant Love!

Jolly. There's a charm in those Pearls! pull them off; if they have a frost in them, let me wear them, and then we are both safe.

Love. I would you had taken them sooner! I had then been innocent, and might with whiteness have worn my love, which I shall ne're out-live.

Jolly. Dear, do not too fast pour in my joys, lest I too soon reach my heaven.

Love. Be gone, then, lest we prove (having gain'd that height) this sad truth in Love, The first minute after noon is night.

Jolly. Part now? the Gods forbid! take from me first this load of joys you have thrown upon me, for 'tis a burthen harder to bear than sadness. I was not born till now; this my first night in which I reap true bliss.

Love. No, no, I would it had been your first night, then your falshood had not given argument for these tears; and I hate myself to think I should be such a foolish fly, thus again to approach your dangerous flame.

Jolly. Come, divert these thoughts: I'll go see your Closet.

Love. No, no, I swear you shall not.

Jolly. You know I am going out of Town for two days.

Love. When you return I'll shew it you; you will forget me else when you are gone, and at Court.

Jolly. Can your love endure delays? or shall business thee from hence remove? these were your own Arguments. Come, you shall shew it me.

Love. Nay, then I perceive what unworthy way your love would find. Ye Gods, are all men false?

Jolly. As I live you shall stay: come, you ought to make me amends for slandering of me. Hang me if ever I told; and he that reports it is the damn'dst Rogue in a Country. Come, I say——

[*He pulls her Bodkin, that is tied in a piece of black Bobbin.*

Love. Ah! as I live, I will not, I have sworn. Do not pull me, I will not be damn'd, I have sworn——

[*He pulls her, and says this.*]

Jolly. As I live, I'll break your Bodkin then, a weeping Tyrant! Come, by this good day, you shall be merciful.

Love. Why, you will not be uncivil; you will not force me, will you? As I live, I will not.

Jolly. Nay, and you be wilful, I can be stubborn too.

[*He pulls still.*]

Love. Hang me, I'll call aloud; why, *Nan!* nay, you may force me; But, As I live, I'll do nothing.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Act II. Scen. 2.

[*The same.*]

Enter Captain.

Capt. A POX upon you, are you earth'd? the Rogue has got her Neck-lace of pearl; but I hope he will leave the Rope to hang me in. How the pox came they so great? I must have some trick to break his neck, else the young rogue will work me out. 'Tis an excellent old Lady, but I dare not call her so; yet would she were young enough to bear, we might do some good for our heirs, by leaving such a charitable brood behind; she's a woman after the first kind; 'tis but going in to her, and you may know her; then she'll oblige so readily, and gives with greater thanks than others receive, takes it so kindly to be courted.—I am now to oblige her (as she calls it) by professing young *Wilds* love, and desiring an assurance; she's sensible of his sufferings, which though it be false, and beyond my Commission, yet the hopes of such a new young thing that has the vogue of the Town, for handsomest, 'twill so tickle her age, and so blow up her vanity, to have it said, He is in love with her, and

so endear her to me for being the means, that the Parsons malice will be able to take no root—she comes, I must not be seen.—

Enter Love-all and Jolly.

Love. Give me that Letter, I'll swear you shall not read it.

Jolly. Take it, I'll away, What time shall I call you in the evening? there's a Play at Court to-night.

Love. I would willingly be there, but your Ladies are so censorious, and malicious to us young Ladies in the Town, especially to me, because the Wits are pleas'd to afford me a visit, or so; I could be content else to be seen at court. Pray what humour is the Queen of? the Captain of her Guard I know.

Jolly. The Queen? who's that knocks at the back-door.—

[*The Captain Knocks.*

Love. Smooth my Band, I know not; go down that way, and look you be not false; if you should be false, I'll swear I should spoil myself with weeping.

Jolly. Farewell, in the evening I'll call you. [*Exit Jolly.*

Love. Who's there? Captain? where have you been all this while? I might sit alone, I see, for you, if I could not find conversation in books.

[*She takes a book in her hand and sits down.*

Capt. Faith, Madam, friends newly come to Town engag'd me, and my stay was civility rather than desire: what Book's that?

Love. I'll swear he was a Witch that writ it; for he speaks my thoughts as if he had been within me; the Original, they say, was French.

Capt. Oh, I know it, 'tis the Accomplish'd Woman, Your self, he means by this, while you are yourself.

Love. Indeed, I confess, I am a great friend to conversation, if we could have it without suspicion; but the world's so apt to judge, that 'tis a prejudice to our honour now to salute a man.

Capt. Innocence, Madam, is above opinion, and your fame's too great to be shook with whispers.

Love. You are ever civil, and therefore welcome; pray, what news is there now in Town? for I am reclus'd here; unless it be yours, I receive no visits; and I'll swear, I charg'd the wench to-day not to let you in; I wonder she let you come.

Capt. Faith, Madam, if it had been my own business, I should not have ventur'd so boldly; but the necessity that forces me to come concerns my friend, against whom if your mercy be now bounded with those strict ties of honour, and cold thoughts which I have ever found guard your heart, my friend, a young and handsome man, is lost, is lost in his prime, and falls like early blossoms. But methinks you should not prove the envious frost to destroy this young man, this delicate young man, that has whole bundles of Boys in his Breeches; yet if you be cruel, he and they dye, as useless as open Arses gather'd green.

[She must be earnest in her looks all the time he speaks, desirous to know who he speaks of.]

Love. Good Captain, out with the particular; what way can my charity assist him? you know by experience I cannot be cruel; remember how I fetch'd you out of a swoond, and laid you in my own bed.

Capt. That act preserv'd a life, that has always been labour'd in your service; and I dare say, your charity here will find as fruitful a gratitude.

Love. But I hope, he will not be so uncivil as you were; I'll swear, I could have hang'd you for that Rape, if I would have follow'd the Law; but I forgave you upon condition you would do so again. But what's this young man you speak of?

Capt. Such is my love to you and him, that I cannot prefer mine own particular before your contents, else I'de

have poyson'd him e'er I'de have brought him to your house.

Love. Why, I pray?

Capt. Because he's young, handsome, and of sound parts; that I am sure will ruine me here.

Love. His love may make all these beauties; else I have an honour will defend me against him, were he as handsome as young *Wild*.

Capt. Why I, there it is; that one word has remov'd all my fears and jealousies with a despair; for that's the man whose Love, Life and Fortune, lies at your feet; and if you were single, by lawful ways he would hope to reach what now he despairs of.

Love. Let him not despair, Love is a powerful pleader, and youth and beauty will assist him; and if his love be noble, I can meet it; for there's none that sacrifices more to friendship-love than I.

Capt. My friend's interest makes me rejoyce at this. Dare you trust me to say this to him, tho' it be not usual? pray speak; nay, you are so long still a resolving to be kind: remember, charity is as great a vertue as chastity, and greater, if we will hear nature plead; for the one may make many Maids, the other can but preserve one: But I know you will be perswaded, let it be my importunity that prevail'd; shall I bring him hither one evening?

Love. Why do you plead thus? pray be silent, and when you see him, tell him he has a seat here, and I—

[*She turns away.*]

Capt. Out with it, what is't? shall he call you Mistress? and his Platonick?

Love. Away, away; Me?

Capt. No Niceness, is't a match?

Love. Lord, would I were as worthy as willing (pray tell him so) he shall find me one of the humblest Mistresses that ever he was pleased to honour with his affections.

Capt. Dare you write this to him, and honour me with bearing it? I confess, I am such a friend to friendship-love too, that I would even bring him on my pack to a mid-night's meeting.

Love. If you will stay here, I'll go in and write it.—
[*She's going out, he calls her.*]

Capt. Madam, I forgot to ask your Ladship one question.

Love. What was't?

Capt. There happen'd a business last night betwixt Mr. *Wild*, and one *Jolly*, a Courtier, that brags extreamly of your favour; I swear, if it had not been for friends that interposed themselves, there had been mischief, for Mr. *Wild* was extream zealous in your cause.

Love. Such a Rascal I know; Villain, to bring my name upon the stage, for a subject of his quarrels—I'll have him cudgeld.

Capt. And I'll answer he deserv'd it; for the quarrel ended in a Bet of a Buck-hunting-nag, that sometime to-day he would bring a Neck-lace and chain of Pearl of yours (not stoln, but freely given) to witness his power.

Love. Did the vain Rascal promise that?

Capt. Yes, but we laught at it.

Love. So you might; and as I live, if the Neck-lace were come from stringing, I'de send them both to Mr. *Wild*, to wear as a favour, to assure him I am his, and to put the vain slave out of countenance.

Capt. I marry, such a timely favour were worth a dozen letters, to assure him of your love, and remove all the doubts the other's discourse may put into his head; and faith I'de send him the chain now, and in my Letter promise him the Neck-lace, he'll deserve such a favour.

Love. I'll go in and fetch it immediately: will you favour me to deliver it?

Capt. I'll wait upon your Ladship.

Love. I'll swear you shall not go in, you know I forswore being alone with you.

[*She goes and he follows her, she turns and bids him stay.*]

Capt. Hang me, I'll go in; does my Message deserve to wait an Answer at the Door?

Love. Ay, but you'll be naught.

Capt. O, ne're trust me if I break.

Love. If you break, some such forfeit you'l lose; well, come in for once.

Capt. You are so suspicious.

Love. I'll swear I have reason for't, you are such another man. [Exeunt.]

Act II. Scen. 3.

[*A room in Wanton's house.*]

Enter Wanton and Baud [her Maid].

Want. I S he gone?

Baud. Yes, he's gone to the old Ladies, high with mischief.

Want. Fare him well, easie fool, how the Trout strove to be tickl'd! and how does this ring become me? ha! they are fine kind of things, these Wedding Rings.

[*She plays with a wedding ring upon her finger.*]

Baud. Besides the good custom of putting so much Gold in 'em, they bring such conveniences along.

Want. Why I, now I have but one to please; and if I please him, who dares offend me? and that wife's a fool that cannot make her husband one.

Baud. Nay, I am absolutely of opinion, it was fit for you to marry; but whether he be a good husband or no.

Want. A pox of a good Husband, give me a wise one; they onely make the secure Cuckolds, the Cuckold in grain: for die a husband that has wit but with an

Opinion thou art honest, and see who dares wash the colour out; now your fool changes with every drop, doats with confidence in the morning, and at night jealous even to Murther, and his Love (lord help us) fades like my Gredaline Petticote.

Baud. This is a new Doctrine.

Want. 'Tis a truth, Wench, I have gain'd from my own observations, and the paradox will be maintain'd. Take wise Men for Cuckolds, and fools to make them; for your wise man draws eyes and suspition with his visit, and begets jealous thoughts in the Husband, that his Wife may be overcome with his parts; when the fool is welcome to both, pleaseth both, laughs with the one, and lies with the other, and all without suspition. I tell thee, a fool that has money is the Man. The wits and the we's, which is a distinct Parreal of Wit bound by itself, and to be sold at *Wit-hall*, or at the sign of the King's-head in the Butchery; these wise things will make twenty jealous, ere one Man a Cuckold; when the family of fools will head a Parish e'er they are suspected.

Baud. Well, I see one may live and learn; and if he be but as good at it now you are his own, as he was when he was your Friend's Friend, (as they call it) you have got one of the best hidiers of such a business in the Town; Lord, how he would Sister you at a play!

Want. Faith, 'tis as he is used at first; if he get the bridle in's teeth he'll ride to the Devil; but if thou be'st true, we'll make him amble e'er we have done. The Plot is here, and if it thrive I'll alter the proverb, The Parson gets the children, to, The Parson fathers them.

Baud. Any thing that may get Rule; I love to wear the Breeches.

Want. So do we all, Wench. Empire! 'tis all our aim; and I'll put my ranting *Roger* in a cage but I'll

tame him; he loves already, which is an excellent Ring in a fool's nose, and thou shalt hear him sing—

Happy onely is that family, that shewes
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crowes.

Baud. Do this, I'll serve you for nothing; the impetuous slave had wont to taunt me for beating of my husband, and would sing that song in mockery of me.

Want. In Revenge of which, thou (if thou wilt be faithful) shalt make him sing,

Happy is that Family that shewes
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crowes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act II. Scen. 4.

[*The Lady Love-all's house.*]

Enter Parson, Love-all, and Faithfull.

Love. **G**O, you are a naughty Man; do you come hither to rail against an honest Gentleman? I have heard how you fell out, you may be asham'd on't, a Man of your Coat.

Pars. What? to speak Truth and perform my Duty? the world cries out you are a scab'd sheep, and I come to tarr you, that is, give you notice how your fame suffers i'th' opinion of the world.

Love. My Fame, Sirrah? 'tis purer then thy Doctrine; get thee out of my house.

Faith. You uncivil fellow, do you come hither to tell my Lady of her faults, as if her own Levite could not discern 'em?

Love. My own Levite? I hope he's better bred than to tell me of my faults.

Faith. He finds work enough to correct his dearly belov'd sinners.

Pars. And the Right Worshipfull my Lady, and yourself, they mend at leasure.

Love. You are a saucy fellow, Sirrah, to call me Sinner in my own house; get you gone with—your Madam, I hear, and (Madam) I could advise, but I am loath to speak; take heed, the world talkes; and thus with dark sentences put my Innocence into a fright, with you know what you know good Mistriss *Faithfull*; so do I, and the world shall know too thou hast married a Whore.

Pars. Madam, a Whore?

Faith. No, sir, 'tis not so well as a Madam-Whore, 'tis a poor Whore, a Captain's cast Whore.

Love. Now bless me, marry a Whore? I wonder any man can endure those things; what kind of Creatures are they?

Pars. They'r like ladies, but that they are handsomer; and though you take a priviledge to injure me, yet I would advise your Woman to tie up her tongue, and not abuse my Wife.

Love. Fie, art thou not asham'd to call a Whore Wife? Lord bless us, what will not these men do when God leaves them! but for a Man of your Coat to cast himself away upon a Whore—come Wench, let's go and leave him! I'll swear 'tis strange, the state doth not provide to have all Whores hang'd or drown'd.

Faith. I, and 'tis time they look into it, for they begin to spread so, that a man can scarce find an honest woman in a Country; they say, they're voted down now, 'twas mov'd by that charitable member that got an Order to have it but five miles to *Croyden*, for ease of the Market-women.

Love. Ay, ay, 'tis a blessed Parliament.

[*Exit Love-all and Faithfull.*

Pars. That I have plaid the fool is visible; this comes of rashness; something I must do to set this right, or else she'll hate, and he'll laugh at me. I must not lose him, and my revenge too; something that's mischief I am resolv'd to do.

[*Exit Parson.*

Act II. Scen. 5.

[*The street before the Widow's house.*]*Enter Wild and Careless.*

Wild. NOW is the *Parson's* Wife so contemptible?
Care. No, but I'me so full of that resolution to dislike the sex, that I will allow none honest, none handsome. I tell thee, we must beat down the price with our selves, court none of them, but let their Maidenheads and their Faces lie upon their hands, till they're weary of the commodity, then they'l haunt us to find proper Chap-men to deal for their ware.

Wild. I like this, but 'twill be long a doing, and it may be er'e they be forc'd to sell, our bank will be exhausted, and we shall not be able to purchase.

Care. I, but we'll keep a credit, and at three six moneths, thou and the Captain shall be my Factors.

Wild. You had best have a partner, else such an undertaking would break a better back than yours.

Care. No partners in such commodities; your factor that takes up maidenheads, 'tis upon his own account still.

Wild. But what course will you take to purchase this trade with women?

Care. I am resolv'd to put on their own silence and modesty, answer forsooth, swear nothing but God's nigs, and hold arguments for their own cold Tenents, as if I believ'd there were no true love below the line; then sigh when 'tis proper, and with forc'd studies betray the enemy, who seeing my eye fix'd on her, her vanity thinks I am lost in admiration, calls and shakes me e'er I wake out of my design, and being collected, answer out of purpose. Love, divinest? yes, who is it that is mortal and do's not? or which amongst all the Senate of the Gods, can gaze upon those eyes, and carry thence the power he brought? this will start her.

Wild. Yes, and make her think thee mad.

Care. Why that's my design; for then I start too, and rub my eyes as if I wak'd, then sigh and strangle a yawn, till I have wrung it into tears, with which I rise as if o'ercome with grief; then kiss her hands, and let fall those witnesses of faith and love, brib'd for my design. This takes; for who would suspect such a Devil as Craft and Youth to live together?

Wild. But what kind of women do you think this will take?

Care. All kind of women, those that think themselves handsome; it being probable, concludes it real; and those that are handsome in their opinion, that small number will believe it, because it agrees with their wishes.

Wild. And when you are gone, it may be they sigh, and their Love breaks out into Paper, and what then?

Care. What then? why then I'll laugh, and shew thee their Letters, and teach the world how easie 'tis to win any woman.

Wild. This is the way; and be sure to dislike all but her you design for, be scarce civil to any of the sex besides.

Care. That's my meaning, But to her that I mean my prey, all her slave; she shall be my Deity, and her opinion my religion.

Wild. And while you sad it once to one, I'll talk freer than a privileg'd fool, and swear as unreasonably as losing Gamesters, and abuse thee for thinking to reclaim a woman by thy love; call them all bowls thrown that will run where they will run, and Lovers like fools run after them, Crying, Rub, and fly, for me; I believe none fair, none handsome, none honest, but the kind.

Care. We must make the Captain of our Plot, lest he betray us; this will gain us some revenge upon the Lovers to whom I grudge the Wenches, not that I

believe they're worth half the cost they pay for them; and we may talk, but 'tis not our opinion can make them happier or more miserable.

Enter Jolly.

Wild. *Jolly!* *Will,* where hast thou been? we had such sport with the Parson of our Town, he's marry'd this morning to *Wanton*.

Jolly. Who? the Captain's Wench? he's in a good humor then; as you love mirth let's find him, I have news to blow his rage with, and 'twill be mirth to us, to see him divided betwixt the several causes of his anger, and lose himself in his rage while he disputes which is the greater. Your opinion, Gentlemen, is this, or his Wench, the greater loss?

Care. What hast thou there? Pearl! they're false I hope.

[*Here he pulls out the Pearl.*]

Jolly. Why do you hope so?

Care. Because I am thy friend, and would be loath to have thee hang'd for stealing.

Jolly. I will not swear they are honestly come by; but I'll be sworn, there's neither force nor theft in't.

Wild. Prithee, speak out of Riddles, here's none but your friends.

Jolly. Faith take it; you have heard the Captain brag of an old Lady, which he thinks he keeps close in a Box; but I know where hangs a key can let a friend in or so: From her, my brace of worthies, whose wits are dull'd with plenty this morning, with three good words, and four good deeds, I earn'd this toy.

Care. The mirth yet we will all share; I am in pain till we find him, that we may vex his wit that he presumes so much on.

Wild. Let's go, let's go, I will desire him to let me see his Wench; I will not understand him if he says she's gone.

Care. I'll beg of him, for old acquaintance sake, to let me see his old Lady.

Jolly. Hark, I hear his voice.—

Capt. Which way?

Care. The Game plays itself; begin with him, Ned, while we talk as if we were busie; we'll take our Q.

Wild. When I put off my hat.

Enter Captain.

Capt. 'Sblood, I thought you had been sunk, I have been hunting you these four hours. Death, you might ha' left word where you went, and not put me to hunt like *Tom Fool*: 'tis well you are at *London*, where you know the way home.

Wild. Why in choler? we have been all this while searching you; come, this is put on to divert me from claiming your promise, I must see the *Wench*.

Capt. You cannot a dad, a dad you cannot.

Wild. I did not think you would have refus'd such a kindness.

Care. What's that?

Wild. Nothing, a toy, he refuses to shew me his *Wench*.

Care. The Devil he do's; what have we been thus long comrades, and had all things in common, and must we now come to have common *Wenches* particular? I say, thou shalt see her, and lie with her too, if thou wilt.

Jolly. What? in thy dumps, Brother? call to thy aid thy two edg'd wit. The Captain sad! 'tis prophetick, I'd as live have dreamt of *Pearl*, or the loss of my teeth; yet if he be musty, I'll warrant thee, *Ned*, I'll help thee to a bout; I know his cloak, his long *Cloak* that hides her; I am acquainted with the *Parson*, he shall befriend thee.

Capt. 'Tis very well, Gentlemen; but none of you have seen her yet.

Wild. Yes, but we have, By thy self, by thy anger,

which is now bigger than thou; By chance we crost
er coming from Church, leading in her hand the Parson,
to whom she swore she was this day married.

Jolly. And our friendships were now guiding us to
find thee out, to comfort thee after the treachery of thy
Levite.

Capt. Come, bear it like a man, there are more
Wenches: what has thou 'spy'd?—

[*He gives no answer, but peeps on Jollie's hat.*

Wild. His Pearl, I believe.

Capt. Gentlemen, I see you are merry, I'll leave you;
I must go a little way to enquire about a business.

Wild. H'as got a sore-eye, I think.

Capt. I will only ask one Question, and return.

Care. No faith, stay, and be satisfy'd.

Jolly. Do, good Brother; for I believe there is no
question that you now would ask, but here's an Oracle
can resolve you.

Capt. Are those Pearl true?

Jolly. Yes.

Capt. And did not you steal them?

Jolly. No.

Care. Nor he did not buy them with ready money;
but took them upon Mortgage of himself to an old Lady.

Jolly. Dwelling at the sign of the Buck in *Broad-street*.
Are you satisfy'd, or must I play the Oracle still?

Capt. No, no, I am satisfied.

Jolly. Like Jealous men, that take their wives at it,
are you not?

Capt. Well, very well, 'tis visible I am abus'd on all
hands; but Gentlemen, why all against me?

Care. To let you see your Wit's mortal, and not proof
against all.

Wild. The *Parson* hath shot it through with a Jest.

Capt. Gentlemen, which of you, faith, had a hand in
that?

Jolly. Faith, none, onely a general joy to find the *Captain* over-reach'd.

Capt. But do you go sharers in the Profit, as well as in the Jest?

Jolly. No faith, the Toy's mine own.

Capt. They are very fine, and you may afford a good pennyworth. Will you sell them?

Jolly. Sell them? ay, where's a Chapman?

Capt. Here, I'll purchase them.

Jolly. Thou? no, no, I have barr'd thee, By and Mayn, for I am resolv'd not to fight for them, that excludes thy purchase by the sword; and thy wench has prov'd such a loss, in thy last adventure of Wit, that I'me afraid it will spoil thy credit that way too.

Capt. Gentlemen, as a Friend, let me have the refusal, set your price.

Wild. Hee's serious.

Care. Leave fooling.

Jolly. Why if thou could'st buy them, what would'st thou do with them?

Capt. They're very fair Ones, let me see them, me-thinks they should match very well with these.

Jolly. These, which?

Omnes. Which?

Care. They are true.

Capt. Yes, But not earn'd with a pair of stoln verses, of, I was not born till now, this my first night, and so forsooth; nor given as a Charm against lust.

Care. What means all this?

Jolly. What? why 'tis truth, and it means to shame the Divel; by this good day, he repeats the same words with which I gather'd these Pearls.

Wild. Why then we have two to laugh at.

Care. And all Friends hereafter, let's fool altogether.

Capt. Gentlemen with the fine Wits, and my very good Friends, do you, or you, or he think I'll keep you

company to make you laugh, but that I draw my honey from you too?

Care. Come, come, the *Captain's* in the right.

Capt. Yes, yes, the *Captain* knows it, and dares tell you, your Wit, your Fortune, and his Face, are but my Ploughs; and I would have my fine Mounseieur know, who, in spite of my Counsel, will be finer than his Mistriss, and appears before her so curiously built, she dares not play with him for fear of 'spoiling him; and to let him know the truth I speak, To his fair hands I present this letter, but withal give him to understand, the Contents belong to me. [*He reads the letter.*]

Wild. The Pearl are sent to me.

Capt. I deny that, unless you prove you sent me; for the Letter begins, Sir, this noble Gentleman, the bearer, whom you are pleased to make the messenger of your love, and so forth. And now you should do well to enquire for that noble Gentleman, and take an account of him how he has lay'd out your love, and it may be hee'll return you pearl for it: and now, gentlemen, I dare propose a peace, at least a Cessation of Wit (but what is defensive) till such time as the Plot which is now in my head be effected, in which you have all your shares.

Wild. So she knows I have not the Pearl, I am content.

Capt. Shee'll quickly find that, when she sees you come not to-night according to my appointment, and hears I have sold the Pearl.

Jolly. Here then ceaseth our Offensive War.

Capt. I'll give you Counsel worth two Ropes of Pearl.

Care. But the Wench, how came the *Parson* to get her?

Capt. Faith, 'tis hard to say which labour'd most, he, or I, to make that Match, but the knave did well; there it is (if you assist) I mean to lay the Scene of your mirth to-night, for I am not yet fully reveng'd upon the Rogue;

for that I know him miserable is nothing, till he believe so too; *Wanton* and I have lay'd the plot.

Jolly. Do you hold Correspondence?

Capt. Correspondence? I tell thee the plots we lay'd to draw him on would make a Comedy.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Ladies stay Dinner.

Jolly. And as we go I'll tell you all the story, and after dinner be free from all Engagements, as we promised thee; and follow but your directions, I'll warrant you mirth and a pretty Wench.

Omnes. Agreed, any thing that breeds mirth is welcome.

Jolly. Not a word at the Widow's, let them go on quietly, and steal their Wedding too.

Capt. I heard a Bird sing, as if it were concluded amongst the Couples.

Wild. They have been long about it; my Couze is a girl deserves more haste to her bed, he has arriv'd there by Carriers Journeys.

Care. But that I hate wooing, by this good day, I like your Aunt so well and her humour, she should scarce be thrown away upon Pale-face, that has sigh'd her into a Wedding-Ring, and will but double her Joynture.

Capt. Why I, thus it should be: pray let us make them the Seat of the war all Dinner, and continue united and true among ourselves, then we may defie all forreign danger.

Jolly. And with full Bowles let us crown this peace, and sing, *Wit without war, no Mirth doth bring.*

[*Exeunt.*

Act II. Scen. 6.

[*A room in Wanton's house.*]*Enter Parson and Wanton.*

Want. WAS she deaf to your report?

Pars. Yes, yes.

[*The Parson walks troubled up and down.*]

Want. And ugly, her *Abigail*, she had her say too?

Pars. Yes, yes.

Want. And do you walk here biting your Nays? do you think I'll be satisfy'd with such a way of righting me?

Pars. What would'st have me do?

Want. Have you no Gall? be abus'd and laugh'd at by a dull Captain, that a strict Muster would turn fool? you had Wit, and could rail, when I offended you; and none so suddain, none so terrible, none so sure in his Revenge, when I displease you.

Pars. Something I'll do.

Want. Do it then, or I shall curse that e're I saw you. Death, let the sign of my Lady, an out of fashion whore, that has pay'd for sin, ever since yellow starch and wheel Fardingalès were cry'd down, let her Abuse me, and say nothing? if this passes——

Pars. As Christ bless me, but I did (sweet heart:) and if it were not Church livings are mortal, and they are always hitting me in the teeth with a man of your Coat, she should find I am no church-man within, nor Mr. *Parson*, but in my Coat. Come to Dinner, and after Dinner I'll do something.

Want. I shall do something will vex somebody.

Enter Baud. [*Wanton's maid.*]

Baud. Will you please to come to dinner? the company stays.

Pars. Come, let's go in.

Want. No, I must walk a little to disgest this breakfast, the guests else will wonder to see I am troubled.

Pars. Come, let this day pass in Mirth, spight of mischief, for luck's sake. [Exit Parson.]

Want. I'll follow you, and do what I can to be merry.

Baud. Why, he stands already.

Want. Peace, let me alone, I'll make him Jostle like the Miller's Mare, and stand like the Dun Cow, till thou may'st milk him.

Baud. Pray break him of his miserableness, it is one of the chief Exceptions I have against him. He reared a puppy once, till it was ten days old, with three hap'-worth of milk, and then with his own Dagger slew it, and made me dress it: blest myself to see him eat it, and he bid me beg the litter, and swore it was sweeter and wholsomer than sucking rabbets, or *London* pigs, which he call'd *Belmen's* issue.

[Parson calls within. *Why sweet heart.*

Want. Hearn, he calls me, we must humour him a little, he'll rebell else. [Exeunt.]

Act II. Scen. 7.

[The Widow's house.]

Enter (at the windowes) the Widow and Master Careless, Mistress Pleasant and master Wild, Captain, [Master Sadd, Constant,] Jolly, [Secret:] a Table and Knives ready for Oysters.

Wid. YOU'RE welcome all, but especially Master Jolly; no reply, with I thank your Ladyship.

Pleas. I beseech you, Sir, let us never be better acquainted. [She speaks to Master Jolly.]

Jolly. I shall endeavour, Lady, and fail in nothing that is in my power to dis-oblige you; for there is none more ambitious of your ill Opinion than I.

Pleas. I rejoyce at it, for the less love, the better welcome still.

Wid. And as ever you had an ounce of Love for the Widow, be not Friends among yourselves.

Wild. Aunt, though we were at strife when we were alone, yet now we unite like a Politick State against the common Enemy.

Pleas. The common Enemy, what is that?

Wild. Women, and Lovers in general.

Wid. Nay, then we have a party, Niece; claim quickly, now is the time, according to the Proverb; Keep a thing seven years, and then if thou hast no use on't, throw't away.

Pleas. Agreed, let's challenge our Servants; by the love they have profess'd, they cannot in honour refuse to join with us; and see where they come.—

Enter Sadd and Constant, and meet Secret; she whispers this to Sadd.

Secret. Sir, 'tis done.

Sadd. Be secret and grave, I'll warrant our design will take as we can wish.

Const. Sweet Mistress *Pleasant*.

Wid. Servant *Sadd*.

Sadd. Madam.

Wid. We are threatened to have a War wag'd against us, will you not second us?

Sadd. With these youths we'll do enough, madam.

Wid. I'll swear my Servant gave hit for hit this morning, as if he had been a Master in the Noble Science of Wit.

Pleas. Mine laid about him with spik and span new Arguments, not like the same Man, his old sayings and Presidents laid by.

Wid. Thus arm'd, then, we'll stand and defie them.

Wild. Where's your Points? sure, Aunt, this should

be your Wedding-day, for you have taken the Man for better for worse.

Wid. No, Nephew, this will not prove the day that we shall either give or take a Ring.

Care. Hang me, if I know you can go back again with your Honour.

Wild. Or in Justice refuse him Liberty, that has serv'd out his time; either marry him or provide for him, for he is maim'd in your service.

Wid. Why Servant *Sadd*, you'll arm? my Nephew has thrown the first dart at you.

Capt. Hast hit, hast hit?

Wild. No, Captain, 'twas too wide.

Capt. Too wide? Marry he's an ill Marks-man that shoots wider than a Widow.

Jolly. We are both in one hole, Captain; but I was loth to venture my Opinion, lest her Ladyship should think I was angry; for I have a good mind to fall upon the Widow.

Pleas. You're a constant man, Master *Jolly*; you have been in that mind this twelve-months day.

Const. You are in the right, Madam; she has it to shew under his hand, but she will not come in the List with him again; she threw him the last year.

Wid. Come, shall we eat Oysters? Who's there? call for some wine, Master *Jolly*; you are not warm yet, pray be free, you are at home.

Jolly. Your Ladyship is merry.

Wid. You do not take it ill, to have me assure you, you are at home here?

Wild. Such another invitation (though in jest) will take away master *Sadd's* stomach.

[*Oysters not brought in yet.*]

Sadd. No, faith, *Ned*, though she should take him, it will not take away my stomach; my Love is so fix'd, I

may wish my wishes, but she shall never want them to wait upon hers.

Pleas. A Traytor, bind him, has pull'd down a side; profess your love thus publick?

Jolly. Ay by my faith, continue Master *Sadd*, give it out you love, and call it a new Love, a Love never seen before, we'll all come to it as your Friends.

Sadd. Gentlemen, still I Love; and if she to whom I thus sacrifice will not reward it, yet the worst Malice can say, is, I was unfortunate; and misfortune, not falshood, made me so.

Jolly. In what Chapter shall we find this written, and what verse? you should preach with a Method, Master *Sadd*.

Wid. Gentlemen, if ever he spoke so much dangerous sence before (either of Love or Reason) hang me.

Sadd. Madam, my Love is no news where you are; Know, your scorn has made it publick; and though it could gain no return from you, yet others have esteemed me for the Faith and Constancy I have pay'd here.

Pleas. Did not I foretell you of his Love? I foresaw this danger, shall I never live to see Wit and Love dwell together?

Capt. I am but a poor Souldier, and yet never reach'd to the Honour of being a Lover; yet from my own observations, master *Sadd*, take a Truth; 'tis a folly to believe any Woman loves a Man for being constant to another; they dissemble their hearts only, and hate a man in love worse then a Wencher.

Jolly. And they have Reason; for if they have the grace to be kind, he that loves the Sex may be theirs.

Care. When your constant Lover, if a Woman have a mind to him, and be blest with so much grace to discover it; He, out of the noble mistake of Honour, hates her for it, and tells it perchance, and preaches Reason to her

Passion, and cryes, miserable beauty, to be so unfortunate as to inhabit in so much frailty!

Capt. This counsel makes her hate him more than she lov'd before; These are troubles, those that love are subject to; while we look on and laugh, to see both thus slav'd while we are free.

Care. My prayers still shall be, Lord deliver me from Love.

Capt. 'Tis Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Sword, and sometimes sudden death.

Sadd. Yet I love, I must love, I will love, and I do love.

Capt. In the present tense.

Wid. No more of this argument, for Loves sake.

Capt. By any means, Madam, give him leave to love; and you are resolv'd to walk tied up in your own Armes, with your Love as visible in your face, as your Mistresses colours in your hat; that any Porter at *Charing-cross* may take you like a Letter at the Carriers, and having read the superscription, deliver Master *Sadd* to the fair hands of Mistress or my Lady such a one, lying at the sign of the hard heart.

Pleas. And she, if she has wit (as I believe she hath) will scarce pay the Post for the Pacquet.

Wid. Treason! how now, Niece, joyn with the Enemy? [*They give the Captain wine.*]

Capt. A health, *Ned*, what shall I call it?

Care. To Master *Sadd*, he needs it that avowes himself a Lover.

Sadd. Gentlemen, you have the Advantage, the Time, the Place, the Company; but we may meet when your wits shall not have such advantage as my Love.

Pleas. No more of Love, I am so sick on't.

Const. By your Pardon, Mistress, I must not leave Love thus unguarded, I vow myself his follower.

Jolly. Much good may Love do him, give me a Glass

of Wine here; *Will*, let them keep company with the blind Boy, give us his mother, and let them preach again; hear that will; he has good luck, perswades me 'tis an ugly sin to lie with a handsome Woman.

Capt. A pox upon my Nurse, she frighted me so when I was young with stories of the Devil, I was almost fourteen e'er I could prevail with Reasons to unbind my Reason, it was so slav'd to Faith and Conscience; she made me believe Wine was an evil spirit, and Fornication was like the Whore of *Babylon*, a fine face, but a Dragon under her Pety-coats; and that made me have a mind to peep under all I met since.

Wid. Fie, fie, for shame, do not talk so; are you not asham'd to glory in sin, as if variety of women were none?

Jolly. Madam, we do not glory in Fornication; and yet I thank God, I cannot live without a woman.

Capt. Why, do's your Ladiship think it a sin to lye with variety of handsome women? if it be, would I were the wicked'st man in the company.

Pleas. You have been mark'd for an indifferent sinner that way, Captain.

Capt. Who I? no faith, I was a fool, but and I were to begin again, I would not do as I have done, I kept one; but if ever I keep another, Hang me; nor would I advise any friend of mine to do it.

Jolly. Why, I am sure 'tis a provident and safe way; a man may always be provided and sound.

Pleas. Fie upon this discourse.

Capt. Those considerations betrayed me: a pox, it is a dull sin to travel, like a Carrier's-horse, always one Road.

Wid. Fie, Captain, repent for shame, and Marry.

Capt. Your Ladiship would have said, Marry, and repent; No, though it be not the greatest pleasure, yet it is better than marrying; for when I am weary of her,

my unconstancy is term'd vertue, and I shall be said to turn to grace. Beware of women for better for worse; for our wicked nature, when her sport is lawful, cloyes straight; therefore, rather than Marry, keep a Wench.

Jolly. Faith, he is in the right, for 'tis the same thing in number and kind; and then the sport is quickned, and made poynant with sin.

Capt. Yet 'tis a fault, faith, and I'll perswade all my friends from it; especially here where any innovation is dangerous; 'twas the newness of the sin that made me suffer in the opinion of my friends; and I was condemned by all sorts of people; not that I sinn'd, but that I sinn'd no more.

Care. Why I, hadst thou been wicked in fashion, and privily lain with ev'ry body, their guilt would have made them protect thee; so that to be more wicked is to be innocent, at least safe; A wicked world, Lord help us.

Capt. But being particular to her, and not in love, nor subject to it, taking an Antidote ev'ry morning, before I venture into those infectious places where Love and Beauty dwell; this enraged the maiden Beauties of the Time, who thought it a prejudice to their Beauties to see me careless, and securely pass by their conquering eyes; my name being found amongst none of those that deck'd their Triumphs. But from this 'tis easie to be safe, for their pride will not let them love, nor my leisure me. Then the old Ladies, that pay for their pleasures; they, upon the news, beheld me with their natural frowns, despairing when their money could not prevail; and hated me when they heard that I for my pleasure would pay as large as they.

Jolly. Gentlemen, take warning; a Fee from ev'ry man; for by this day, there's strange counsel in this confession.

Wid. Captain, you forget to pledge Mr. *Careless*;

here, will you not drink a cup of wine? Who's there? bring the Oysters.

Capt. Yes, Madam, if you please.

Wild. Proceed, *Captain*.

Pleas. Fie, Mr. *Wild*, are you not asham'd to encourage him to this filthy discourse?

Capt. A glass of wine then, and I'll drink to all the new married wives, that grieve to think at what rate their Fathers purchase a little husband. These when they lie thirsting for the thing they paid so dear for——

Enter a Servant with Oysters.

Care. These methinks, should be thy friends, and point thee out as a man for them.

Capt. Yes, till the faithful Nurse cries; alas, Madam, he keeps such a one, he has enough at home; then she swells with envy and rage against us both, calls my Mistress ugly, common, unsafe; and me, a weak secure fool.

Jolly. These are strange truths, Madam.

Wid. I, I, but these Oysters are a better jest.

Capt. But she's abus'd that will let such reason tame her desire, and a fool in Loves School; else she would not be ignorant that variety is such a friend to love, that he which rises a sunk coward from the Ladies Bed, would find new fires at her Maid's; nor ever yet did the man want fire, if the woman would bring the fuel.

Pleas. For God's sake, leave this discourse.

Wid. The Captain has a mind we should eat no Oysters.

Wild. Aunt, we came to be merry, and we will be merry, and you shall stay it out; Proceed, Captain.

Wid. Fie, Captain, I'm asham'd to hear you talk thus: marry, and then you will have a better opinion of women.

Capt. Marry! yes, this knowledge will invite me, it is a good encouragement, is it not think you? What is

your opinion? were not these Marriages made in Heaven? By this good day, all the world is mad, and makes haste to be fool'd, but we four: and I hope there's none of us believes there has any Marriages been made in Heaven since *Adam*.

Jolly. By my faith, 'tis thought the Devil gave the Ring there too.

Wid. Nephew, I'll swear I'll be gone.

Capt. Hold her, Ned, [*He points to Sadd.*] she goes not yet; there's a fourth kind of women that concerns her more than all the rest, *Ecce signum*—she is one of those, who cloath'd in purple, triumph over their dead husbands; these will be caught at first sight, and at first sight must be catcht; 'tis a Bird that must be shot flying, for they never sit; if a man delay, they cool, and fall into considerations of Joynture, and friends opinion; in which time, if she hears thou keep'st a Wench, thou had'st better be a Beggar in her opinion; for then her pride, it may be, would betray her to the vanity of setting up a proper man (as they call it;) but for a Wencher, no Argument prevails with your Widow; for she believes they have spent too much that way, to be able to pay her due benevolence.

Wid. As I live, I'll be gone, if you speak one word more of this uncivil subject.

Jolly. Captain, let me kiss thy cheek, for that Widow; you understand this, Widow? I say no more; here Captain, here's to thee; as it goes down, A pox of care.

Wid. Jesus! Mr. *Jolly*, have you no observations of the Court, that are so affected with this of the Town?

Const. Faith, they say, there's good sport there sometimes.

Pleas. Mr. *Jolly* is afraid to let us partake of his knowledge.

Jolly. No faith, Madam.

Capt. By this drink, if he stay till I have eaten a few more, I'll describe it.

Jolly. What should I say? 'tis certain the Court is the bravest place in the Kingdom for sport, if it were well look'd to, and the Game preserv'd fair; but as 'tis, a man may sooner make a set in the *Strand*. And it will never be better whilst your *divine Lovers* inhabit there.

Care. Let the King make me Master of the Game.

Capt. And admit us Laity-lovers.

Jolly. I would he would; for as 'tis, there's no hopes amongst the Ladies; besides, 'tis such an example to see a King and Queen good Husband and Wife, that to be kind will grow out of fashion.

Capt. Nay, that's not all, for the women grow malicious; because they are not courted; nay, they bred all the last mischiefs, and call'd the King's chastity a neglect of them.

Jolly. Thou art in the right; an *Edward*, or a *Harry*, with *seven Queens in buckram*, that *Haught* among the men, and *stroakt* the women, are the Monarchs they wish to bow to; they love no tame Princes, but Lyons in the forest.

Capt. Why, and those were properly call'd the Fathers of their People, that were indeed akine to their Nobility; now they wear out their youth and beauty, without hope of a monumental Ballad, or Trophee of a Libel that shall hereafter point at such a lord, and cry, that is the royal Son of such a one.

Jolly. And these were the ways that made them powerful at home; for the City is a kind of tame Beast, you may lead her by the horns any whither, if you but tickle them in the ear sometimes. Queen *Bess* of famous memory, had the trick on't; and I have heard them say, in *Eighty-eight*, e're I was born, as well as I can remember, she rode to *Tilbury* on that bonny Beast, the Mayor.

Capt. I would I might counsel him, I'de so reform the Court.

Care. Never too soon; for now, when a stranger comes in, and spies a Covey of Beauties would make a Faulconer unhood, before he can draw his Leash he is warn'd that's a markt Partridge; and that, and ev'ry he, has by their example a particular she.

Wild. By this light, the six fair Maids stand like the Working-days in the almanack; one with A scored upon her breast, that is as much as to say, I belong to such a Lord; the next with B, for an elder Brother; C, for such a Knight; D possesst with melancholy, and at her breast you may knock an hour e'er you get an answer, and then she'll tell you, there's no lodging there; she has a constant fellow courtier that has taken up all her heart to his own use: in short, All are dispos'd of but the good Mother; and she comes in like the Sabbath, at the week's end; and I warrant her to make any one rest that comes at her.

Care. Ay marry, if she were like the Jews Sabbath, it were somewhat; but this looks like a Broken Commandment, that has had more work done upon her, than all the week besides.

Capt. And what think you, is not this finely carryed? you that are about the King counsel him, if he will have his sport fair, he must let the Game be free, as it has been in former Ages; then a stranger that has wit, good means, and handsome cloaths, no sooner enters the privy Chamber, and beats about with three graceful legs, but he springs a Mistress that danc'd as well as he, Sung better, as free as fair; those at first sight could speak, for wit is always acquainted: These fools must be akin e'er they can speak; and now the friends make the bargain, and they go to bed e'er they know why.

Jolly. Faith, he's in the right, you shall have a Buzzard now hover and beat after a pretty Wench, till

she is so weary of him she's forc'd to take her Bed for covert, and find less danger in being truss'd than in flying.

Capt. And what becomes of all this pudder? after he has made them sport for one night, to see him towse the Quarry, he carries her into the Country, and there they two fly at one another till they are weary.

Care. And all this mischief comes of Love and Constancy; we shall never see better days till there be an Act of Parliament against it; Enjoyning husbands not to Till their Wives, but change and lay them fallow.

Jolly. A pox, the women will never consent to it; they'll be till'd to death first.

Wid. Gentlemen, you are very bold with the sex.

Capt. Faith, Madam, it is our care of them; why you see they are married at fourteen, yield a Crop and a half, and then dye; 'tis meerly their love that destroys 'em; for if they get a good husbandman, the poor things yield their very hearts.

Pleas. And do you blame their loves, Gentlemen?

Jolly. No, not their love, but their discretion; let them love, and do, a God's name; but let them do with discretion.

Wild. But how will you amend this?

Jolly. Instead of two Beds and a Physitian, I'd have the state prescribe two Wives and a Mistress.

Wild. Ho! it will never be granted; the State is made up of old men, and they find work enough with one.

Jolly. We will petition the lower House, there are young men, and (if it were but to be factious) would pass it, if they thought the upper house would Cross it; besides, they ought to do it. Death! they provide against cutting down old Trees, and preserving highways and Post-horses, and let pretty Wenches run to decay.

Care. Why may it not come within the Statute of De-population? As I live, the State ought to take care of

those Pretty creatures: be you Judge, Madam, is't not a sad sight to see a rich young Beauty, with all her Innocence and Blossoms on, subject to some rough rude Fellow, that ploughs her, and esteems and uses her as a chattel, till she is so lean, a man may finde as good grass upon the Common, where it may be she'll sit coughing with sunk eyes, so weak, that a Boy (with a Dog) that can but whistle, may keep a score of them?

Wid. You are strangely charitable to Our Sex on a sudden.

Capt. I know not what they are; but, for my part, I'll be a Traytor ere I'll look on, and see Beauty go thus to wrack: it is enough custom has made us suffer them to be enclos'd; I am sure they were created common, and for the use of Man, and not intended to be subject to jealousy and choler, or to be bought or sold, or let for term of lives or years, as they are now, or else sold at Out-crys; Oh Yes! who'll give most, take her.

Wid. Why do not some of you Excellent men Marry, and mend all these Errours by your good Example?

Jolly. Because we want Fortunes to buy rich wives, or keep poor ones, and be loath to get Beggars, or whores, as well as I love 'em.

Pleas. Why, are all their Children so that have no fortune, think you?

Jolly. No, not all: I have heard of *Whittington* and his Cat, and others, that have made Fortunes by strange means; but I scarce believe my Son would rise from Hope, a half penny, and a Lamb's-skin: and the Wenches commonly having more wit & beauty than Money, foreseeing small Portions, grow sad, and read Romances, till their Wit spie some unfortunate merit like their own, without money too, and they two sigh after one another till they grow mysterious in Colours, and become a Proverb for their constancy; and when their Love has worn out the cause, marry, in the end, a new Couple

then grown asham'd of the knowledge they so long hunted, at length part by consent, and vanish into *Abigail* and Governour.

Wid. Well, Gentlemen, excuse me for this One time; and if ever I invite you to Dinner again, punish me with such another discourse: in the mean time let's go in and dine, meat stays for us. [Exit omnes.]

Act III. Scen. 1.

[The same.]

Enter all from dinner.

Capt. FAITH, Madam, we were resolv'd to be merry; we have not met these three years till to day, and at the Bear we meant to have din'd; and since your Ladyship would have our company, you must pardon Our humour. Here, Mistriss *Sadd*, here's the widow's health to you.

Wid. Nephew, how do you dispose of yourself this afternoon?

Wild. We have a design we must pursue, which will rid you of all this troublesome Company; and weel make no Excuse, because you peeped into our privacies to-day.

Care. Your humble servant, Ladies; Gentlemen, we'll leave you to pursue your fortunes. [Exit Careless.]

Jolly. Farewell, Widow, may'st thou live unmarried till thou run'st away with thyself. [Exit Jolly.]

Capt. No, no, When that day comes, Command the humblest of your servants. [Exit Captain.]

Wild. Farewell, Aunt; sweet Mistriss *Pleasant*, I wish you good fortune. [Exit Wild.]

Wid. Farewel, farewell, Gentlemen; Niece, now if we could be rid of these troublesome Lovers too, we would go see a Play. [She speaks aside.]

Pleas. Rid of them? Why, they are but now in

season; as I live, I would do as little to give mine content as any she in Town, and yet I do not grudge him the happiness of carrying me to a Play.

Wid. Ay, but the world will talk, because they pretend; and then we shall be sure to meet my Nephew there, and his wild Company, and they will laugh to see us together.

Pleas. Who will you have, *Tym* the Butler, or *Formal* your Gentleman Usher? I would take *Philip* the foreman of the Shop as soon.

Wid. Let's mask our selves, and take *Secret*, and go alone by water.

Pleas. Yes, and follow her like one of my Aunts of the Suburbs; it is a good way to know what you may yield in a Market; for I'll undertake, there are those shall bid for you before the play will be done.

Secret. As I live, madam, *Mistriss Pleasant* is in the right; I had such a kindness offer'd me once, and I came to a price with him in knavery; and hang me, if the Rogue was not putting the earnest of his affection into my hand.

Wid. Let's go to the Glass-house then.

Pleas. I'll go to a play with my servant, and so shall you; hang Opinion, and we'll go to the Glass-house afterwards; it is too hot to Sup early.

Secret. Pray Madam go, they say 'tis a fine Play, and a Knight writ it.

Pleas. Pray let *Secret* prevail, I'll propose it to the lovers; in the mean time go you, and bid the Coachman make ready the Coach.

[*Secret whispers* Sadd, 'twill take.

Secret. Alas, madam! hee's sick, poor fellow, and gone to bed, he could not wait at Dinner.

Wid. Sick?

Pleas. Why, see how all things work for the young men, either their Coach, or Afoot!—*Mr. Constant*, what

think you of seeing a Play this afternoon? is it not too hot to venture this Infectious time?

Const. Fie, Madam, there's no danger, the Bill decreas'd Twenty last week.

Sadd. I swear, they say, 'tis a very good Play to day.

Wid. Shall we go, Niece?

Pleas. Faith 'tis hot, and there's no body but we.

Sadd. Do's that hinder? pray Madam, grudge us not the favour of venturing yourself in Our company.

Wid. Come, leave this Ceremony, I'll go in, and put on my mask; *Secret* shall bring yours.

Pleas. No, I'll go, and put it on within.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act III. Scen. 2.

[*The street.*]

Enter Wild, Careless, Captain and Jolly.

Care. BY this day, you have nettled the Widow.

Wild. The *Captain* neglected his dinner for his mirth, as if he had forgot to eat.

Jolly. When did he oversee his drinking so?

Capt. Gentlemen, still it is my fortune to make your worships Merry.

Wild. As I live, *Captain*, I subscribe, and am content to hold my wit as a Tenant to thee; and to night I'll invite you to supper, where it shall not be lawful to speak till thou has victual'd thy Man of War.

Capt. Shall's be merry? what shall we have?

Wild. Half a score dishes of meat, choose them your self.

Capt. Provide me then the Chines fry'd, and the Salmon Calver'd, a Carp, and black sawce, Red-Deer in the blood, and an Assembly of Woodcocks, and Jacksnipes, so fat you would think they had their winding Sheets on; And upon these, as their Pages, let me have

wait your Sussex Wheat-Ear, with a Feather in his Cap; over all which let our Countreyman, General Chyne of Beef, Command: I hate your French pottage, that looks as the Cook-maid had more hand in it than the Cook.

Wild. I'll promise you all this.

Care. And let me alone to Cook the Fish.

Capt. You Cook it? no, no, I left an honest fellow in town, when I went into *Italy*, Signiour *Ricardo Ligones*, one of the ancient house of the Armenian Ambassadors; if he be alive, he shall be our Cook.

Wild. Is he so Excellent at it?

Capt. Excellent? You shall try, you shall try; why, I tell you, I saw him once dress a shooin-horn, and a Joyner's apron, that the Company left Pheasant for it.

Wild. A Shooin-horn?

Capt. Yes, a Shooin-horn; marry, there was Garlick in the sauce.

Wild. Is this all you would have?

Capt. This, and a Bird of Paradise, to entertain the rest of the night, and let me alone to Cook her.

Wild. A Bird of Paradise, what's that?

Capt. A Girl of Fifteen, smooth as Satten, White as her Sunday Apron, Plump, and of the first down: I'll take her with her guts in her Belly, and warm her with a Countrey-dance or two, then pluck her, and lay her dry betwixt a couple of sheets; There pour into her so much oyl of Wit as will make her turn to a man, & stick into her heart three corns of whole love, to make her taste of what she is doing; then having strewed a man all over her, shut the door, and leave us, wee'll work ourselves into such a Sauce as you can never surfeit on, so Poynant, and yet no Hogough; Take heed of a hogough, your Onion and woman make the worst sawce; this shook together by an English Cook (for your French seasoning spoils many a woman) and there's a Dish for a King.

Wild. For the first Part, I'll undertake.

Capt. But this for Supper? *Captain*, no more of this now; this afternoon, as you are true to the Pettycoat, observe your instructions, and meet at *Ned's* house in the Evening.

Omnes. We will not fail.

Capt. I must write to *Wanton*, to know how things stand at home, and to acquaint her how we have thrived with the Old Lady to day.

Wild. Whither will you go to write?

Capt. To thy house, 'tis hard by, there's the Fleece.

Jolly. Do, and in the mean time I'll go home and dispatch a little business, and meet you.

Wild. Make haste then.

Jolly. Where shall I meet you?

Wild. Whither shall we go till it be time to attend the design?

Care. Let's go to Court for an hour.

Jolly. Do, I'll meet you at the Queen's side.

Wild. No, prithee, we are the Mounsieurs new come Over; and if we go fine they will laugh at Us, and think we believe ourselves so; if not, then they will abuse our cloaths, and swear we went into *France* only to have our cloaks cut shorter.

Care. Will you go see a Play?

Capt. Do, and thither I'll come to you, if it be none of our Gentlemen Poets, that excuse their writings with a Prologue that professes they are no Scholars.

Jolly. On my word this is held the best penn'd of the time, and he has writ a very good Play; By this Day, it was extreamly applauded.

Capt. Do's he write Plays by the day? indeed a man would ha' judged him a labouring Poet.

Jolly. A labouring Poet! by this hand hee's a Knight; upon my recommendation venture to see it; hang me if you be not extreamly well satisfied.

Care. A Knight and write playes? it may be, but 'tis strange to us; so they say there are other Gentlemen Poets without Land or Latine; this was not ordinary; prithee when was he knighted?

Jolly. In the North, the last great knighting, when 'twas God's great Mercy we were not all Knights.

Wild. I'll swear they say, there are Poets that have more Men in Liveries, then Books in their studies.

Capt. And what think you, Gentlemen, are not these things to start a Man? I believe 'tis the first time you have found them lie at the sign of the Page, Foot-men and gilded Coaches; They were wont to lodge at the thin Cloak, they and their Muses made up the Family; And thence sent Scenes to their Patrons, like Boyes in at windowes, and one would return with a Dublett, another with a pair of Breeches, a third with a little ready Money; which, together with their credit with a company, in three Tearms you rarely saw a Poet repaired.

Jolly. This truth no body denies.

Wild. Prithee let us resolve what we shall do, lest we meet with some of them: for it seemes they swarm, and I fear nothing like a Dedication, though it be but of himself; For I must hear him say more than either I deserve or he believes; I hate that in a Poet, they must be dull, or all upon all Subjects; so that they can oblige none but their Muse.

Jolly. I perceive by this you will not see the play; what think you of going to *Sim's*, to *Bowles*, till I come?

Care. Yes, if you will go to see that Comedy; but there is no reason we should pay for our coming in, and Act too; like some whose interest in the Timber robs them of their Reason, and they run as if they had stolne a Byass.

Wild. Resolve what you will do, I am contented.

Care. Let's go walk in the Spring-garden.

Wild. I'll do it for Company, but I had as live be rid

in the Horse-market, as walk in that fools faire; where neither wit nor money is, nor sure to take up a Wench; there's none but honest Women.

Capt. A pox on't, what should we do there? let's go and cross the Field to *Pikes*; her kitching is cool Winter and Summer.

Care. I like that motion well, but we have no time, and I hate to do that business by halfe; after Supper, if you will, we'll go and make a night on't.

Capt. Well, I must go write, therefore resolve of somewhat; shall I propose an indifferent place where 'tis probable we shall all meet?

Omnes. Yes.

Capt. Go you before to the Devil, and I'll make haste after.

Care. Agreed, we shall be sure of good wine there and in *Fresco*, for he is never without *Patent snow*.

Wild. Patent snow! what doth that project hold?

Jolly. Yes, faith, and now there is a Commission appointed for Toasts against the next Winter.

Wild. Marry, they are wise, and fore-saw the Parliament, and were resolv'd their Monopolies should be no grievance to the People.

Capt. Farewell, you will be sure to meet?

Omnes. Yes, yes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act III. Scen. 3.

[*A room in Wanton's house.*]

Enter Wanton and [Baud] *her Maid, with her lap full of things.*

Want. **B**ID them ply him close and flatter him, and rail upon the old Lady and the Captain; and, do you hear, give him some hints to begin the story of his life, do it handsomely, and you shall see the Sack will clip his tongue.

Baud. I warrant you, I'll fit him.

Want. When he is in his discourse, leave him and come down into the Parlour, and steal away his box with the false Rings that stands by his bed-side; I have all his little plate here already.

Baud. Make you haste, I'll warrant you I'll dress him. [Exeunt.]

Act III. Scen. 4.

[A room in Wild's house.]

Enter the Captain with a letter in his hand, and his Boy to him with a Candle; his going to write the superscription.

Boy. SIR, the lady *Love-all* passed by even now.

Capt. The lady *Love-all*! which way went she?

Boy. To the rich Lady the Widow, where your Worship dined.

Capt. 'Tis no matter; here, carry this Letter, and bring an answer to the Devil quickly; and tell her we'll stay there till the time be fit for the design. [Exeunt.]

Act III. Scen. 5.

[The Devil tavern.]

Enter Careless, Wild, and a Drawer, at the Devil.

Care. JACK, how goes the world? Bring us some bottles of the best Wine.

Drawer. You shall, sir; your worship is welcome into *England*.

Care. Why look you, who says a Drawer can say nothing, but anan, anan, sir? Score a quart of Sack in the half-moon?

Drawer. Your Worship is merry; but I'll fetch you

that, sir, shall speak Greek, and make your Worship prophecy; you drank none such in your journey.

Wild. Do it then, and make a hole in this Angell thou may'st creep through [*Gives him an Angel.*] Who is't that peepes, a Fidler? bring him by the ears.

Enter the Taylor that peeps.

Taylor. A Taylor, an't like your Worship.

Care. A Taylor! hast thou a stout Faith?

Taylor. I have had, an't like your Worship; but now I am in despair.

Care. Why then, thou art damn'd; go, go home, and throw thyself into thine own Hell, it is the next way to the other.

Taylor. I hope your Worship is not displeas'd.

Care. What do'st do here? a *Taylor* without faith! do'st come to take measure of ours?

Taylor. No, I come to speak with one Master *Jolly*, a Courtier, a very fine-spoken Gentleman, and a just Compter, but one of the worst pay-masters in the world.

Wild. As thou lov'st me, let's keep him here till he comes, and make him valiant with Sack, that he may urge him till he beates him; we shall have the sport, and be reveng'd upon the Rogue for dunning a Gentleman in a Tavern. [*Aside.*]

Care. I'll charge him: Here drink, poor fellow, and stay in the next room till he comes.

Taylor. I thank your Worship, but I am fasting; and if it please your Worship to call for a dozen of Manchets that I may eat a crust first, then I'll make bold with a glass of your Sack.

Wild. Here, here, drink in the mean time, fetch him some bread.

Taylor. Will your Worship have me drink all this vessel of Sack?

Care. Yes, yes, off with't, 'twill do you no harm.

[*The Taylor drinkes.*

Wild. Why do you not take some Order with that *Jolly* to make him pay thee?

Taylor. I have petition'd him often, but can do no good.

Care. A pox upon him, petition him! his heart is hardned to ill, threaten to arrest him; nothing but a Serjeant can touch his Conscience.

Taylor. Truly, Gentlemen, I have reason to be angry, for he uses me ill, when I ask him for my money.

[*Jolly speakes within.*

Jolly. Where is Master *Wild*, and Master *Careless*?

Taylor. I hear his voice.

Jolly. Let the Coach stay. How now, who would he speak with?

Enter Jolly.

Wild. Do not you know?

Jolly. Yes, and be you Judge if the Rogue does not suffer deservedly; I have bid him any time this twelve moneth but send his wife, I'll pay her, and the Rogue replies, no body shall lie with his wife but himself.

Care. Nay, if you be such a one.

Taylor. No more they shall not, I am but a poor man.

Jolly. By this hand, he's drunk.

Taylor. Nay then, I arrest you in mine own Name at his Majesties suit.

Wild. As I live, thou shalt not beat him.

Jolly. Beat him! I'll kiss him, I'll pay him, and carry him about with me, and be at the charge of Sack to keep him in the humour. [*He hugs the quart pot.*

Taylor. Help, rescue, I'll have his body, no Bayle shall serve. [*Exit Taylor.*

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, yonder is a Gentleman would speak with you; I do not like his followers.

Jolly. What are they, Bailiffs?

Drawer. Little better.

Jolly. Send him up alone, and stand you ready at the Stairs feet.

Care. How can that be?

Jolly. It is the Scrivener at the Corner, pick a Quarrel with him for coming into our Company; the Drawers will be arm'd behind them, and we will so rout the Rascals; take your swords, and let him sleep.

Care. What scrivener?

Jolly. *Cropp* the Brownist, he that the Ballad was made on.

Care. What Ballad?

Jolly. Have not you heard of the Scrivener's Wife that brought the Black-moore from the holy Land, and made him a Brownist; and in pure charity lay with him, and was deliver'd of a Mag-Pie; a Pied prophet; which when the elect saw, they prophesied, if it liv'd, 'twould prove a great enemy to their Sect; for the Mid-wife cry'd out, 'twas born a Bishop, with Tippet and white-sleeves; at which the zealous Mother cri'd, Down with the Idoll; so the Mid-wife and she in pure devotion kill'd it.

Wild. Kill'd it! what became of them?

Jolly. Why, they were taken and condemn'd, and suffer'd under a Catholick Sheriff, that afflicted them with the Litany all the way from *New-gate* to the Gallows, which in Rog'ry he made to be set up Altar-wise too, and hang'd them without a Psalm.

Wild. But how took they that breach of Priviledge?

Jolly. I know not, *Gregory* turn'd them off, and so they descended, and became Brown-martyrs.

Wild. And is the husband at door now?

Jolly. Yes, yes, but he's married again to a rich Widow at *Wapping*, a Wench of another temper, one that you cannot please better than by abusing him; I always pick quarrels with him, that she may reconcile

us, the peace is always worth a dinner at least. Hark, I hear him. [*Enter Cropp.*] Save you, Mr. *Cropp*, you are come in the nick to pledge a health.

Cropp. No, sir, I have other business, shall I be paid my money, or no? [*Jolly drinks.*]

Jolly. Yes.

Cropp. Sir.

Jolly. You asked whether you should be paid your money, or no, and I said, Yes.

Cropp. Pray, sir, be plain.

Care. And be you so, sir; how durst you come into this Room, and company, without leave?

Cropp. Sir, I have come into good Lords company, er'e now.

Care. It may be so, but you shall either fall upon your knees, and pledge this health, or you come no more into Lords companies, no, by these hilts.

[*They tug him and make him kneel.*]

Cropp. 'Tis Idolatry; Do, martyr me, I will not kneel, nor joyn in sin with the wicked.

Jolly. Either kneel, or I'll tear thy Cloak, which by the age and looks, may be that which was writ for in the time of the Primitive Church.

Cropp. Pay me, and I'll wear a better: it would be honestlier done, then to abuse this, and prophane the Text; a Text that shews your Bishops in those days wore no Lawn-sleeves; and you may be asham'd to protect one that will not pay his debts; the cries of the Widow will come against you for it.

Jolly. Remember, Sirrah, the dinners and suppers, fat Venison and good words, I was fain to give you, Christening your Children still, by the way of Brokadge; count that charge, and how often I have kept you from fining for Sheriff, and thou art in my debt; then I am damn'd for speaking well of thee so often against my conscience, which you never consider.

Cropp. I am an honest man, Sir.

Jolly. Then ushering your wife, and Mistress *Ugly* her daughter, to Plays and Masques at Court; you think these courtesies deserve nothing in the hundred; 'tis true, they made room for themselves with their dagger Elbows; and when *Spider* your daughter laid about her with her breath, the Devil would not have sat near her.

Cropp. You did not borrow my money with this language.

Jolly. No, Sirrah; then I was fain to flatter you, and endure the familiarity of your family, and hear (nay fain sometimes to joyn in) the lying praises of the holy Sister that expir'd at *Tyburn*.

Cropp. Do, abuse her, and be curst; 'tis well known she dy'd a martyr; and her blood will be upon some of you; 'tis her Orphan's money I require; and this is the last time I'll ask it, I'll find a way to get it.

[*He offers to go, and Jolly stays him.*]

Jolly. Ar't serious? By that light, I'll consent, and take it for an infinite Obligation if thou wilt teach the rest of my Creditors that trick; 'twill save me a world of labour; for, hang me if I know how to do't.

Cropp. Well, sir, since I see your resolution, I shall make it my business.

Care. Prithee, let's be rid of this fool.

Cropp. Fool! let him pay the fool his money, and he'll be gone.

Jolly. No, Sir, not a farthing; 'twas my business to borrow it, and it shall be yours to get it in again; nay, by this hand, I'll be feasted too, and have good words; nay, thou shalt lend me more e'er thou get'st this again.

Cropp. I'll lay my Action upon you.

Jolly. Your Action! you Rogue, lay two.

[*They kick him, and thrust him out the room.*]

Care. Lay three for Battery—What have we here? a she-Creditor too? who would she speak with?

Enter Faithful, Wild and Careless return and meet her.

Wild. She looks as if she had trusted in her time.

Care. Would you speak with any here, old Gentlewoman?

Faith. My business is to Mr. *Jolly*.

Care. From your self, or are you but a Messenger?

Faith. My business, sir, is from a Lady.

Care. From a Lady! from what Lady, pray? Why so coy?

Faith. From a Lady in the Town.

Care. Hoh! hoh! from a Lady in the Town; is it possible I should have guest you came from a Lady in the Suburbs, or some Country-madam, by your riding face?

Enter Jolly again.

Jolly. I think we have routed the rascals.—*Faithful!* what makes thy gravity in a Tavern?

Faith. *Sport*, it seems for your saucy companions.

Jolly. Ho, ho, Mull, ho; No Fury, *Faithful*.

Faith. 'Tis well, Sir; my Lady presents her service to you, and hath sent you a Letter, there's my business.

Care. Prithee, who is her Lady?

Jolly. The lady *Love-all*.

Care. Oh, oh, do's she serve that old Lady? God help her.

Faith. God help her! pray for your self, sir, my Lady scorns your prayers.

Jolly. *Faithful*, come hither: Prithee is thy Lady drunk?

Faith. Drunk, sir!

Jolly. Ay, drunk, or mad, she'd never writ this else; she requires me, here, to send back by you the Pearl she

gave me this morning; which sure she'd never do if she were sober; for you know, I earn'd them hard.

Faith. I know! What do I know? you will not defame my Lady, will you?

Care. By no means, this is by way of counsel; fie, give a thing, and take a thing! if he did not perform, he shall come at night, and pay his scores.

Faith. 'Tis well, sir; is this your return for my Ladies favours? shall I have the Pearl, sir?

Jolly. No; and tell her 'tis the opinion of us all, he that opens her stinking Oyster is worthy of the Pearl.

Faith. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, Sirrah; and I shall live to see you load a Gallows, when my Lady shall find the way to her own again.

Jolly. If she miss, there are divers can direct her, you know; adieu, *Faithful*, do you hear? steal privately down by the back door, lest some knavish boy spie thee, and call thine age, Baud. [Exit Faithful.

Care. Prithee, who is this thing?

Jolly. 'Tis may Ladies waiting-woman, her Baud, her she Confessor, herself at second hand: her beginning was simple and below stairs, till her Lady finding her to be a likely promising Baud, secret as the Key at her Girdle, obedient as her thoughts, those vertues raised her from the flat Peti-coat, and Kercher, to the Gorget and Bum-roll; and I remember 'twas good sport at first, to see the Wench perplext with her Metamorphosis; she since has been in love with all the Family, and now sighs after the Levite; and if he forsake her too, I prophesie, a Waiting-woman's curse will fall upon her, to dye old, despised, poor, and out of fashion.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Why do you not hang out a painted cloath? and take two-pence a-piece, and let in all the tame fools at door, those sons of wonder that now gape, and think you mad?

Care. 'Tis no matter what they think, madness is proper here; are not Taverns *Bacchus* his Temples, the place of madness? Do's not the sign of madness hang out at the door?

Jolly. While we within possess our joys and cups, as full of pleasure as weeping *Niobe's* afflicted eyes were swell'd with grief and tears. Blessing on the cause that made our joys thus compleat; for see *Plutus* in our pockets, *Mars* by our sides, *Bacchus* in our head, self-love in our hearts, and change of Virgins in our Arms, Beauties whose eyes and hearts speak love and welcome; no rigid thinkers, no niggard beauties, that maliciously rake up their fire in green sickness to preserve a spark that shall flame only in some dull day of Marriage; let such swear and forswear, till (of the whole Parish) they love each other least, whilst we wisely set out our cobwebs in the most perspicuous places to catch these foolish flies.

Care. He's in the right; do'st think we retreated hither to beat a bargain for a score of Sheep, or dispute the legality of Votes, and weigh the power of Prerogative and Parliament, and club for concluding Sack, or read the Fathers here, till we grow costive, like those that have worn their suffering Elbows bare, to find a knowledge to perplex 'em? A pox on such brain-breaking thoughts; avoid them, and take me into thy hand a glass of eternal Sack, and prophesie the restauration of senses, and the fall of a Lover from grace, which our dear friend, Mr. *Jolly*, will prove, to whom the lady *Love-all* (by *Faithful* lately departed) sent for the Pearl you wot of.

Capt. But, I hope, he had the grace to keep them.

Jolly. No, no, I'me a fool, I.

Capt. Was not my Boy here?

Jolly. No, we saw him not.

Capt. A pox of the Rogue, he's grown so lasie.

Wild. Your Boy is come in just now, and called for the key of the back-door, there's women with him.

Capt. Oh! that's well, 'tis *Wanton*; I sent for her to laugh over the story of the old Lady and her Pearl. Where have you been all this while, Sirrah?

Enter Boy.

Boy. I could overtake the Coach, Sir, no sooner.

Capt. The Coach! what Coach?

Boy. The lady *Love-all's*.

Capt. The lady *Love-all's*! why, what had you to do with her Coach?

Boy. I went to give her the Letter your worship sent her.

Capt. The Letter! what Letter?

Boy. That your worship gave me.

Capt. That I writ at *Ned's* house, to *Wanton*?

Boy. The letter you gave me, Sir, was directed to the Lady *Love-all*, and she storm'd like a mad-woman at reading of it.

Care. Why, thou wilt not beat the Boy for thy own fault? what Letter was it?

Capt. 'Twas enough, only a relation of the Pearl, wherein she finds her self sufficiently abus'd to *Wanton*.

Jolly. Now, Gentlemen, you have two to laugh at.

Capt. A pox of fooling, let's resolve what to do, there's no denying, for she has all the particulars under my hand.

Boy. You must resolve of something, for she's coming, and stay'd only till the back-door was open'd.

Capt. How did she know I was here?

Boy. Your worship bade me tell her, you would stay here for her.

Care. How came this mistake?

Capt. Why, the Devil ought us a shame it seems. You know I went home to give *Wanton* an accompt how we advanc'd in our design; and when I was writing the

superscription, I remember the boy came in and told me, the lady *Love-all* pass'd by.

Jolly. And so, it seems, you in pure mistake directed your Letter to her.

Care. Well, resolve what you'll do with her, when she comes.

Capt. Faith, bear it like men, 'tis but an old Lady lost; let's resolve to defie her, we are sure of our Pearl; but lest we prolong the war, take the first occasion you can all to avoid the room; when she's alone, I'll try whether she'll listen to a composition.

Jolly. Have you no friends in the close Committee?

Capt. Yes, yes, I am an *Essex* man.

Care. Then get some of them to move, it may be voted no Letter.

Jolly. I, I; and after 'tis voted no Letter, then vote it false, scandalous, and illegal, and that is in it; they have a president for it in the Danish packet, which they took from a foolish fellow, who presuming upon the Law of Nations, came upon an Embassie to the King without an Order, or Pass from both houses.

Capt. Hark, I hear her coming.

Enter Love-all and Faithful.

Love. Sir, I receiv'd a Letter, but by what accident I know not; for I believe it was not intended me, tho' the contents concern me.

Capt. Madam, 'tis too late to deny it; is it peace or war you bring? without dispute, if war, I hang out my defiance: if peace, I yield my weapon into your hands.

Love. Are you all unworthy? your whole sex falsehood? is it not possible to oblige a man to be loyal? this is such a treachery no age can match: apply your self with youth and wit to gain a Ladies love and friendship only to betray it? was it not enough you commanded my fortune, but you must wrack my honour too, and

instead of being grateful for that charity which still assisted your wants, strive to pay me with injuries, and attempt to make the world believe I pay to lose my fame? and then make me the scorn'd subject of your Whores mirth? Base and unworthy, do you smile, false one? [*He smiles.*] I shall find a time for you too, and my vengeance shall find you all.

Faith. Yea, sir; and you that had such a ready wit to proclaim my lady Whore, and me Baud, I hope to see you load a Gallows for it.

Capt. Once again, is it peace or war?

Love. Peace! I'll have thy blood first, Dog; where's my pearl?—[*She speaks to Wild.*] You ought to right me, sir, in this particular; it was to you I sent them.

Wild. Madam, I sent not for them.

Capt. No more words; I have them, I earn'd them, and you paid them.

Faith. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, Sirrah.

Love. Peace, Wench, I scorn their slander, it cannot shake my honour; 'tis too weighty and too fixt for their calumny.

Jolly. I'll be sworn for my part on't, I think it is a great honour; I am sure I had as much as I could carry away in ten nights, and yet there was no miss on't.

Capt. You? I think so; there's no mark of my work, you see, and yet I came after thee, and brought away loads would have sunk a Sedan-man.

Wild. By this relation she should be a woman of a great fame.

Care. Let that consideration with her condition, and her age, move some reverence, at least to what she was; Madam, I am sorry I cannot serve you in this particular.

[*Exeunt Jolly and Careless.*]

Love. I see all your mean baseness, pursue your scorn. Come, let's go, Wench, I shall find some to right my

fame; and though I have lost my opinion, I have gain'd a knowledge how to distinguish of Love hereafter; and I shall scorn you and all your Sex, that have not Soul enough to value a noble Friendship.

Wild. Pray, Madam, let me speak with you.

Capt. We'll have no whispering; I said it, and I'll maintain it with my sword.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, there's one without would speak with you.

Capt. With me?

Drawer. No, sir, with Master *Wild.*

Wild. Madam, I'll wait upon you presently.

[Exit Wild.]

Capt. Madam, I know my Company is displeasing to you, therefore I'll take my leave: *Drawer*, shew me another room.

[The Captain makes a turn or two, they look at each other, then he goes out:]

[Exit Captain and Drawer.]

Love. Oh *Faithful, Faithful!* I am most miserably abus'd, and can find no way to my Revenge.

Faith. Madam, I'll give them Rats-bane, and speedily too, e'er they can tell: for that Rascall the *Captain* has a Tongue else will proclaim you, and undoe your Fame for ever.

Love. Ay, ay, my Fame, my Fame, *Faithful*; and if it were not for mine Honour, (which I have kept unstained to this minute) I would not care.

Faith. This it is; you will still set your affection upon every young thing; I could but tell you on't.

Love. Who could have suspected they would have been so false in their Loves to me that have been so faithful to them?—Honest friend, where is master *Wild*?

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. The other gentlemen carried him away with them.

Love. Are they all gone then?

Drawer. Yes, by this hand—These Gentlemen are quickly satisfied; what an ugly Whore they have got! how she states it! [*Aside.*

Love. Come, let's go Wench. [*She offers to go.*

Drawer. Mistress, who payes the reckoning?

Love. What saies he?

Faith. He asks me, who payes the reckoning?

Love. Who payes the reckoning! why, what have we to do with the reckoning?

Drawer. Shut the door, *Dick*, we'll have the reckoning before you go.

Faith. Why, good-man sawce-box, you will not make my Lady pay for their reckoning, will you?

Drawer. My Lady! a pox of her Title, she'd need of something to make her pass.

Faith. What do you say, Sirrah?

Drawer. I say, the gentlemen paid well for their sport; and I know no reason why we should lose our reckoning.

Love. What do you take me for, my Friend?

Drawer. In troth, I take you for nothing; but I would be loath to take you for that use I think they made shift with you for.

Faith. Madam, this is that Rascally Captain's plot.

Love. Patience, patience, Oh for a bite at the slave's heart! Friend, mistake me not, my name is *Love-all*, a Lady; send one along with me, and you shall have your money.

Drawer. You must pardon me, Madam, I am but a Servant; if you be a Lady, pray sit in an Inner Room, and send home your Woman for the money; the sum is six pounds, and be pleased to remember the Waiters.

Love. Go, *Faithful*, go fetch the money. Oh Revenge, Revenge! shall I lose my Honour, and have no Revenge?

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act IV. Scen. 1.

[*A room in Wanton's house.*]

Enter Wanton, Captain, Careless and Wild.

Want. BY all that a longing Bride hopes for, which I am not, I am better pleas'd with this Revenge than mine own plot, which takes as I could wish; I have so anointed my high Priest with Sack, that he would have confuted *Baal's* Priests; and now he do's so slumber in his Ale, and calls to bed already, swears the Sun is set.

Capt. Faith, Wench, her abusing of me made me leave her for the Reckoning.

Care. Yes, faith, they have treated her upsey Whore, lain with her, told, and then pawn'd her.

Want. Yes, yes, you are fine things; I wonder Women can endure you; for me, I expect you worse, and am arm'd for't.

Wild. Faith, let's send and release her, the jest is gone far enough; as I live I pity her.

Want. Pity her! hang her, and rid the Country of her, she is a thing wears out her limbs as fast as her cloathes, one that never goes to bed at all, nor sleepes in a whole skin, but is taken to pieces like a Motion, as if she were too long; she should be hang'd for offring to be a Whore.

Capt. As I live, she's in the right; I peep'd once to see what she did before she went to bed; by this light, her Maids were dissecting her; and when they had done, they brought some of her to bed, and the rest they either pin'd or hung up, and so she lay dismembred till Morning; in which time, her Chamber was strew'd all over, like an Anatomy School.

Want. And when she travels any where, she is transported with as great a care and fear of spoiling, as a Jugler's Motion, when he removes from Faire to Faire.

Care. She is a right broken Gamester, who, though she lacks wherewithall to play, yet loves to be looking on.

Enter [Baud] *Wanton's Maid.*

Baud. He is awake, and calls for you impatiently, he would fain be in Bed, the Company is all gone.

Want. Are you instructed?

Baud. Let me alone, I'll warrant you for my part,

Want. Farewell then, you are all ready; who plays Master Constable?

Capt. I, I; and *Ned Jolly* the summer.

Want. Farewell, farewell then.

[*Exit Wanton and Baud.*

Wild. It is a delicate wench.

Care. She has excellent flesh, and a fine face; by this light, we must depose the *Captain* from his reign here.

[*They whisper this.*

Wild. I like her shrewdly; I hate a Wench that is all Whore and no Company; This is a Comedy all day, and a Faire at night.

Care. I hope to exalt the Parson's horn here.

Capt. And what think you? is it not a sweet sin, this lying with another man's Wife?

Want. Is *Jolly* come?

[*Wanton above.*

Capt. No, but he'll be here instantly.

Wild. Is he a-bed?

Want. Yes, yes, and he sleeps as if he had been put to bed by his Sexton, with dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.

Capt. And we'll wake him with that shall be as terrible to him as the latter day.

Want. Let him sleep awhile that he may be fresh, else the Jest is spoil'd; for it is his sense of his disgrace must work my Ends.

Wild. I'll go home then, and get supper ready, and expect you.

Enter Jolly.

Capt. Do, Our scene lies here; Who's there, *Jolly*?

Jolly. Yes.

Capt. Are you fitted?

Jolly. Yes, I have got the *Black-fryers* Musick; I was fain to stay till the last Act; and who do you think I saw there?

Wild. I know not.

Jolly. Guess.

Wild. Prithee? I cannot guess.

Jolly. Your Aunt and Mistriss *Pleasant*, and trusty *Secret*.

Wild. What, man?

Jolly. The Lovers onely, so close in a box!

Capt. It will be a match, and there's an end; prithee let them go to't; what is't to Us? let's mind our business now, and think on them hereafter.

Want. A pox upon them, for a couple of Stauk-hounds; have they killed at last? why, this is Fools fortune; it would be long enough e'er one that has wit got such a wife.

Capt. No more of this now; have you borrow'd the watchmen's Coats?

Jolly. Yes, and Bills, Beards, and Constable's staff and Lanthorn; and let me alone to fit him for the Sumner; but when this is done I expect my Fee, a Tythe Night at least. *Wanton*, I will lie with thee for thy Roguery; what are you dumb, you will not refuse me, I hope?

Want. Not if I thought thou desiredst it; but I hate to have it desired indifferently, and but so so done neither when 'tis done.

Jolly. I hope you will not disgrace my work, will you?

Want. Faith, they say thy pleasure lies in thy

Tongue; and therefore, Though I do not give thee leave to lie with me, yet I will give thee as good a thing, that will please thee as well.

Jolly. Some Roguery, I expected.

Want. No Faith, I am Serious; and because I will please you both, master *Wild* shall lie here, and you shall have leave to say you do, which will please you as well.

Jolly. Faith, and my part is some pleasure; else, I have loved, enjoyed, and told, is mistook.

Want. I, but never to love, seldom enjoy, and always tell—Faugh, it stinks, and stains worse than *Shoreditch* dirt; and women hate and dread men for't. Why, I that am a whore profess'd, cannot see youth digest it, though it be my Profit and Interest. For to be a private whore in this Town, starves in the nest like young Birds, when the old one's kill'd.

Care. Excellent Girl! 'tis too true. *Jolly*, your tongue has kept many a woman honest.

Want. Faith, 'tis a truth, this I shall say, you may all better your pleasures by, if you will observe it; I dare say, the fear of telling keeps more women honest than *Bridewell* Hemp; And were you wise men, and true Lovers of liberty, now were the time to bring wenching to that perfection, no age could ever have hoped; now you may sow such seed of pleasure, you may be prayed for hereafter. Now, in this Age of zeal and Ignorance, would I have you four, in old cloathes, and demure looks, present a Petition to both Houses; and say, you are men touch'd in Conscience for your share in that wickedness which is known to their worships by the pleasure of Adultery; and desire it may be death, and that a Law may be pass'd to that purpose. How the women will pray for you, and at their own charges rear Statu's in memory of their Benefactors! the young and kind would then haunt your Chambers,

Pray, and present you, and Court the Sanguine youth, for the sweet sin secur'd by such a Law; None would lose an Occasion; nor churlishly oppose kind Nature, nor refuse to listen to her summons, when youth and Passion calls for those forbidden sweets; when such security as your lives are at stake, who would fear to trust? With this Law all Oaths and Protestations are cancell'd; letters and Bawdes would grow useless too; by instinct, the Kind will find the Kind; and having one nature, become of one mind; Now we lose an Age, to observe and know a man's humour ere we dare trust him; But get this Law, then 'tis, Like and enjoy; and whereas now, with expence of time and Fortune, you may glean some one Mistriss amongst your neighbours wives; you shall reap women whole Armfulls as in the Common field. There is one small town, wise onely in this Law; and I have heard them say that know it well, There has been but one Execution this hundred years; yet the same party searched seven years, and could not find an honest woman in the Town.

Care. An Excellent Plot! let us about it; Inke and Paper, dear *Wanton*; we will draw the Petition presently.

Want. Will Master *Jolly* consent too? you must not then, as soon as a handsome woman is named, smile, and stroak your Beard; tell him that is next you, you have layen with her; such a lie is as dangerous as a truth; and 'twere but Justice to have thee hang'd for a sin thou never committedst, for having defam'd so many women.

Jolly. If all those Lyars were hang'd, I believe the scale would weigh down with the guilty.

Want. One Rogue hang'd for Example, would make a thousand kind Girls: if it take, it shall be called my Law, *Wanton's Law*; then we may go in Pettycoats again; for women grew imperious and wore the Breeches, onely to fright the poor cuckolds, & make the Fools

digest their Horns.—Are you all ready, shall I open the door?

Capt. Yes.

Wild. I'll expect you at my house.

[*Exit Wild one way, and the rest of the Company another.*]

Omnes. Wee'l come, wee'l come.

Capt. So, knock lowder.

[*They knock within, and the Parson discover'd in his Bed, and the Baud with him.*]

Pars. Who's there? what would you have?

Capt. Here's his Majesties Watch, and Master Constables Worship must come in; We have a warrant from the Lords to search for a Delinquent.

Pars. You come not here; I'll answer your warrant to-morrow.

Jolly. Break open the door.

Pars. I would you durst.

Baud. Lord, Dear! what shall we do?

Pars. Why, sweet, I'll warrant you: art thou not my wife, my Rib, bone of my bone? I'll suffer any thing ere one hair of thee shall be touch'd.

Baud. Hark, they break open the door.

Pars. They dare not; why dost thou tremble so? alas, sweet Innocence, how it shakes!

Capt. Break open the door.

Pars. I'll complain to the Bishop, of this Insolence.

Baud. They come, they come, Lamb!

Pars. No matter, sweet, They dare not touch thee. What would you have, Mr. Constable? you are very rude.

[*He delivers the Warrant.*]

Capt. Read our Warrant, and our business will excuse us: do you know any such person as you find there?

Pars. Yes, Sir, but not by this name; such a woman is my wife, and no Lindabrides; we were married to-day, and I'll justifie her my wife the next Court day; you have your answer, and may be gone.

Jolly. We must take no notice of such Excuses now; if she be your wife, make it appear in Court, and she will be deliver'd unto you.

Pars. If she be my wife Sir? I have wedded her and Bedded her, what other Ceremonies would you have? Be not afraid, sweetheart.

Jolly. Sir, We can do no less than Execute our Warrant; we are but Servants; and, Master Constable, I charge you in the King's Name to do your Duty; behold the body of the Delinquent.

Pars. Touch her that dares; I'll put my Dagger in him. [*He takes his Dagger.*] Fear nothing, sweetheart. Master Constable, you'll repent this Insolence offer'd to a man of my Coat.

Baud. Help, my dearest, will you let me be hal'd thus? [*Here they strive to take her out.*]

Pars. Villains, what will you do? Murther! Rape!

Capt. Yes, yes, 'tis likely; I look like a Ravisher.

Jolly. Hold him, and wee'll do well enough with her.

[*As they go to pull her out of the bed, they discover the Baud. When they let him go he turns to her, and holds her in his Arms.*]

Capt. What have we here, an old woman?

Pars. Let me go, slaves and Murtherers.

Capt. Let him go.

Jolly. Do any of you know this woman? this is not she we look'd for.

Pars. No, Rascal, that mistake shall not excuse you.

Jolly. It is old Goodman what d'ye call him, his wife.

Capt. Hold the Candle, and let's see her face.

[*When they hold the Candle, she lies in his bosom, and his Arms about her; She must be as nastily dress'd as they can dress her; when he sees her, he falls into a maze, and shoves her from him.*]

Jolly. What have we here, Adultery? take them both, here will be new matter.

Pars. Master Constable, a little Argument will persuade you to believe I am grossly abus'd; sure this do's not look like a piece that a man would sin to enjoy; let that then move your Pity, and care of my Reputation; consider my calling, and do not bring me to a publike shame for what you're sure I am not guilty of, but by plot of some Villains.

Baud. Dear, will you disclaim me now?

Pars. Oh, Impudence!

Jolly. Master Constable, do your duty; take them both away, as you will answer it.

Capt. Give him his Cassock to cover him.

[*They put on his Cassock and her coat, and lead them away.*]

Pars. Why, gentlemen, whither will you carry me?

Capt. To the next Justice, I think it is Master *Wild*, he is newly come from travel; it will be a good way, Neighbours, to express our Respects to him.

Pars. No faith, Gentlemen, e'ne go the next way to Tybourn, and dispatch the business without Ceremony, for yee'll utterly disgrace me—This is that damn'd *Captain*; My wife is abroad too, I fear she is of the Plot.

Jolly. Come, away with 'em.

Baud. Whither will they lead us, Dear?

Pars. Oh, oh, Impudence! Gentlemen, do not lead us together, I beseech you.

Capt. Come, come, lead them together, no Ceremony's; your faults are both alike. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act IV. Scen. 2.

[Wild's house.]

Enter Wanton and Wild.

Want. YOU had best brag now, and use me like my Lady what'st ye call; But if you do, I care not.

Wild. Come, y'are a Fool: I'le be a faithful Friend, and make good conditions for thee before thy husband be quit. [Wild sits down with Wanton in his lap.]

Want. You must do it now or never.

Wild. Heark, heark, I hear them.—What's the news?

Enter Captain, Jolly, Watch, Baud and Parson.

Capt. We have brought a Couple of Delinquents before your Worship, they have committed a very foul fault.

Jolly. And we have brought the fault along too, that your Worship may see it: you will be the better able to judge of the offenders.

Pars. Ha! what do I see? my wife in Master Justice's Lap!

Want. What has the poor fellow done?

Capt. Why, Madam, he has been taken in Bed with this woman, another man's wife.

Want. In bed with her? and do you raise him to punish him? Master Constable, if you would afflict him, command them to lie together again; Is not the man mad?

Pars. This is fine Roguery! I find who rules the roast.

Wild. Well, to the business; you say, he was taken in bed with another man's wife.

Capt. Yes, and't like your worship.

Wild. Make his Mittimus to the Hole at *New-gate*.

Want. Sure I have seen this Fellow's face.—Friend have I never seen your face before?

Pars. If I mistake not, I have seen one very like your Ladyship's too: she was a *Captain's* cast-whore in the Town. I shall have a time to be reveng'd.

Wild. How now, Sirrah, are you threatenng? away with him.

Capt. I'll fetch a stronger Watch, sir, and return presently.

Wild. Do, Master Constable, and give the poor Woman something, and set her free; for I dare say 'twas his wickedness: she looks like one that ne're thought on such a thing.

Baud. God bless your Worship, I am innocent; he never left making Love, till I consented.

Enter Captain in his own shape.

Pars. Oh miserable! miserable!

Capt. How now, what's the news here? my honoured Friend, and Master *Parson*, what makes you here at this time of night? Why I should have thought this a time to have envy'd you for your fair Bride's embraces; do you give these favours? are these your Bride-laces? It's a new way. [*Playes with the cord that binds his arms.*]

Pars. Is it new to you?

Want. How now, Captain?

Capt. *Wanton*, is this your plot to endear your Husband to you?

Pars. No, 'tis thy plot, poor beaten *Captain*; but I shall be reveng'd.

Capt. Yes, faith, it was my plot, and I glory in't; to undermine my *Machiavell*, which so greedily swallow'd that sweet bait that had this hook.

Pars. 'Tis well.

Capt. But my anger ends not here. Remember the base language you gave me; Son of a thousand fathers, Captain of a tame band, and one that got my living by the long staffe-speeches; for which, and thy former Treacheries, I'll ruine thee, Slave; I'll have no more

Mercy on thee, than old women on blind puppies; I'll bring you to your Commendations in Latine Epistles again; nor leave thee any thing to live on, no, not Bread, but what thou earn'st by raking Gentlewomen's names in Anagrams. And Master Justice, if ever you'll oblige me, stand to me now, that I may procure the whipping of him from the Reverend Bench.

Pars. I am undone.

Wild. I can do nothing but Justice, you must excuse me; I shall onely make it appear how fit it is to punish this kind of sin in that Coat in time, and to crush such serpents in the shells.

Pars. Mercy, oh Mercy!

Wild. Officers, away with him. [*They pull him away.*]

Pars. No Mercy?

Want. Yes, upon Conditions, there may be some Mercy. [*The Parson looks very dejected.*]

Wild. And these they are——let the watch stay in the t'other Roome.—First, your Wife shall have her liberty, and you yours, as she reports of you; and when you bring her with you, you shall be welcome; then you shall not be jealous, that's another point.

[*Exit Watch.*]

Capt. That he shall have a Cure for.

Want. Yes, yes, I'll apply something to his Eyes shall cure him of his doubt.

Wild. Then you shall ask the *Captain* pardon, and your Wife; to him you shall allow half your Parsonage to maintain her; The Deedes are ready within, if you'll sign them, and deliver your Wife to our use, she shall discharge you.

Pars. I submit, sir, but I hope your Worship will desire no witness to the use of my Wife; the *Sumner*, and the Watch too, I hope your Worship will enjoyn them silence.

Want. You shall not need to fear, I'll have a Care of

your Credit; call in the Watch; do you know these Faces?
 [She discovers them.]

Par. Ha! abus'd.

Jolly. Nay, no flinching, if you do, I betake me to Master *Sumner* again.

Capt. And I become severe Master Constable in a trice.

Par. No, no, I submit, and I hope we are all Friends; I'm sure I have the hardest part, to forgive.

Want. And I, before all this Company, promise to forget and forgive thee; and am content to take thee again for my dear and mortal Husband, now you are tame; but you must see you do so no more, and give yourself to be blind, when it is not fit for you to see; and practise to be deaf; and learn to sleep in time, and find business to call you away, when Gentlemen come that would be private.

Capt. Why, so; now things are as they should be; and when you will obey, you shall command: But when you would be imperious, then I betake me to my Constable's Staff till you subscribe, *Cedunt Armis Togæ*; and if it be false Latine, *Parson*, you must pardon that too.

Jolly. By this hand, I must have my Tythe-night with thee, thou art such a wag; say, when? when wilt thou give me leave? ha!

Want. Never.

Jolly. Never!

Want. No, never.

Jolly. D'ye hear? I am none of them that work for Charity; either resolve to pay, or I kick down all my Milk again.

Want. What would you have?

Jolly. Give me leave to lie with you.

Want. No indeed.

Jolly. No!

Want. No; but rather than quarrell, as I said before, I will give you leave to say you have lain with me.

Wid. I am of opinion she owes you nothing now; so, Mistress *Wanton*, take your Husband; and to remove all doubts, this night I'll be at the charge of a Wedding-supper.

Pars. This is better than *Newgate* hole yet, *Bridewell* hemp, brown-bread, and whip-cord. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act IV. Scen. 3.

[*The street before the Widow's house.*]

Enter the Widow and Mistress Pleasant, Master Sadd, and Master Constant.

Wid. BY my troth, it was a good Play.

Pleas. And I am glad I am come home, for I am en'e as weary with this walking; For God's sake whereabouts do's the pleasure of walking lie? I swear, I have often sought it till I was weary, and yet I could ne're find it.

Sadd. What do these Halberds at your door?

[*A watch at the Widow's door.*]

Wid. Halberds! where?

Sadd. There, at your lodging.

Const. Friend, what would those Watch-men have?

Watch. The house is shut up for the sickness this afternoon.

Pleas. The sickness?

Watch. Yes forsooth, there's a Coach-man dead, full of the Tokens.

Sadd. Where is the Officer?

Watch. He is gone to seek the Lady of the House, and some other Company that din'd here yesterday, to bring her in, or carry her to the Pest-house.

Wid. Ha! What shall we do, Niece?

Sadd. If you please to command our Lodging.

Pleas. It will be too much trouble.

Wid. Let's go to *Love-all's*.

Pleas. Not I, by my Faith; it is scarce for our Credits to let her come to us.

Wid. Why, is she naught?

Const. Faith, Madam, her Reputation is not good.

Wid. But what shall we do then?

Const. Dare you adventure to oblige us?

Wid. Thank you, sir; We'll go to my Nephew's at *Covent-Garden*; he may shift among his acquaintance.

Pleas. It was well thought on, the *Piazza* is hard by too.

Wid. We'll borrow your Coach thither, and we'll send it you back again strait.

Const. We'll wait upon you, Madam.

Wid. This accident troubles me; I am heartily sorry for the poor Fellow.

Pleas. I am sorry too; but pray, Aunt, let us not forget ourselves in our grief; I am not ambitious of a Red-cross upon the door.

Const. Mistress *Pleasant* is in the right; for if you stay the Officers will put you in.

Wid. We shall trouble you, Sir, for your Coach.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act IV. Scen. 4.

[*Wild's house.*]

Enter Parson, Captain, Wild, Wanton, Careless, Jolly, and Fidlers.

Pars. I AM reconcil'd, and will no longer be an uncharitable Church-man; I think this sack is a cooler.

Capt. What, do's it make you to see your error?

Pars. Yes, and consider my man of war; nor will I again dispute his Letters of Mart, nor call them Passes for Pyrates; I am free.

Capt. And welcome, any thing but anger is sufferable,

and all is jest when you laugh; and I will hug thee for abusing me with thy eyes in their scaboards; but when you rail with drawn eyes, red and naked, threatening a Levites second revenge to all that touches your Concubine, then I betake me to a dark-lanthorn, and a Constables-staff; and by help of these Fathers whom I cite, I prove my text, Women that are kind ought to be free.

Pars. But, Captain, is it not lawful for us Shepherds to reclaim them?

Capt. A meer mistake; for sin, like the Sea, may be turned out, but will ne're grow less; and though you should drain this Mistress *Doll*, yet the Whore will find a place; and perhaps overflow some Maid, till then honest; and so you prove the author of a new sin, and the defiler of a pure Temple; therefore I say, while you live, let the Whore alone till she wears out; nor is it safe to vamp them, as you shall find: read *Ball* the first and the second.

Wild. No more discourse. Strike up Fidlers.

Capt. See, who's that knocks?

A Country-dance. [*When they are merry, singing Catches and drinking healths, the Widow, Mrs. Pleasant, and the two Lovers knock at the door.*]

[*Enter Servant.*]

Serv. Sir, 'tis Mistress *Pleasant*, and the two gentlemen that din'd there to day.

Wild. My aunt, and Mistress *Pleasant*!

Jolly. What a pox makes them abroad at this time of night?

Capt. It may be, they have been a wenching.

Serv. Sir, they were upon alighting out of the Coach when I came up.

Wild. Quickly, Mrs. *Wanton*, you and your husband to bed, there's the Key; Mr. *Parson*, you know the

way to the old Chamber, and to it quickly, all is friends now.

Pars. Sweet heart, we'll steal away.

Want. The Devil on them, they have spoild our mirth. [Exit Parson and Wanton.

Wild. *Jack*, get you and your company down the back-way into the Kitchin, and stay there till we see what this Visit means. [Exeunt Fidlers.

Capt. Means! what should it mean? it is nothing but the mischievous Nature all honest Women are endu'd with, and naturally given to spoil sport: I wonder what Fart blew them hither to night.

Wild. Nay, have a little patience, Captain; you and Mr. *Jolly* must sit quietly awhile within, till we know the cause.

Capt. It is but deferring our mirth for an hour, or so.

Servant. Sir, here's my lady.

Wild. Quickly remove those things there: Captain, step in there—— [Exeunt Captain and Jolly.

Enter Widow, Pleasant, Sadd and Constant.

Wid. Nephew, do you not wonder to see me here, at this time of night?

Wild. I know it is not ordinary, therefore I believe 'tis some designe: What is it, Mrs. *Pleasant*? shall I make one?

Pleas. As I live, Sir, pure necessity; neither mirth nor kindness hath begot this Visit.

Care. What, is your Coach broke?

Wid. Faith, Nephew, the truth is, the Sickness is in my house, and my Coach-man dy'd since Dinner.

Wild. The Sickness?

Pleas. I, as I live, we have been walking since the Play; and when we came home we found the Watch at the door, and the house shut up.

Sadd. And a Constable gone in search of all those that

dined there to day, with order to furnish us lodgings in the Pest-house.

Wid. Are you not afraid to receive us?

Wild. As I live, the accident troubles me; and I am sorry such a misfortune should beget me this favour; and I could wish myself free from the honour, if the cause were removed too.

Pleas. As I live, Mr. *Wild*, I must have been forc'd to have lain with my servant to night, if you had not received me.

Wild. If I thought so, I would carry you out in my arms, I am so much Mr. *Constant's* friend.

Pleas. But are you more his friend then mine, Mr. *Wild*?

Wild. No, but I presume by this he has gain'd so much interest, as he would not be very displeasing to you.

Const. Oh! your humble servant, sir.

Pleas. If I had had a mind to that lodging, I had ne're come hither; for when I have a mind to it, I'll marry without dispute; for I fear no body so much as a husband; and when I can conquer that doubt, I'll marry at a minutes warning.

Wid. No dispute now, can you furnish us with a couple of Beds?

Wild. Yes, yes.

Wid. And have you er'e a woman in the house?

Wild. My Sisters Maid is here.

Care. Madam, if you resolve to do us this honour, you shall find clean linen, and your Beds quickly ready.

Wid. But where will my Nephew and you, Sir, lie to night?

Care. Oh, madam, we have acquaintance enough in the Town.

Wid. Well, sir, we'l accept this courtesie; and when you come into *Suffolk*, you shall command my house.

Wild. Prithee call *Bess*, and bid her bring sheets to make the Bed; I'll go and fetch in a Pallet, 'tis as good a Bed as the other, and if you will stay the removing, we'll set up a Bed-stead.

Pleas. No, a Pallet, pray; but what shall we do for night cloaths, Aunt?

Wild. Why, what are those you bought my Sisters?

Wid. Is not that Linen gone yet?

Care. No faith, Madam, his man forgot it, till the Carriers were gone last week.

Wild. Will that serve?

Pleas. Yes, yes, pray do us the favour to let us have it, 'tis but washing of't again.

Wild. Nay, it will serve, discourse no more; I'll fetch the bundle; and prithee fetch the Combs and Looking-glasses I bought the other day; for other necessaries that want a name the wench shall furnish you with.

Wid. Nay, but where is she, Nephew?

Wild. I'll call her, if she be not gone to Bed; it is an ignorant young thing, I am to send her to my Sisters in the Country; I have had such ado to put her in the Fashion.

Pleas. What Country is she? Prithee, Mr. *Wild*, let's see her.

Wild. I'll call her down. [Exit *Wild*.

Sadd. Madam, now we see y'are safe, we'l kiss your hands, and wait upon you to morrow.

Wid. It must be early then, Sir; for I shall borrow my Nephew's Coach, and be gone betimes into the Country; to take a little fresh Air, and prevent the search.

Const. Pray, Madam, be pleased to command ours.

Wild. No, sir, I humbly thank you; my Nephew's will hold our company.

Const. Your humble servant, Mistress *Pleasant*.

Sadd. Your servant, Madam.

Pleas. Good night, Mr. *Constant*.

Wid. Sir, you'll excuse us, we have no body here to light you down.

Care. Madam, I am here your servant as much as those that wear your Livery; and this house holds no other; we can be civil, Madam, as well as extravagant.

Wid. Your humble servant, Mr. *Careless*.

Care. Gentlemen, if you'll wait on my Lady to her chamber, then I'll wait upon you down.

Sadd. You oblige us, Sir. [Exeunt omnes.]

Act IV. Scen. 5.

[The same.]

Enter Wild, Captain, Wanton, Parson and Jolly.

Capt. THE Plague?

Wild. The Plague, as I live; and all my relation is truth, every syllable. But, Mrs. *Wanton*, now must you play your master-piece; be sure to blush, and appear but simple enough, and all is well; thou wilt pass for as arrant a Chamber-maid as any is in the Parish.

Pars. Hum! new Plots?

Capt. Let me put on a Petti-coat and a Muffler, and I'll so Chamber-maid it, and be so diligent with the clean Smock and the Chamber-pot—Now would I give all the Shooes in my Shop to lie with 'em both.

Want. Let me alone to fit them, I can make a scurvey Curt'sie naturally; remember, I am an *Essex* woman, if they ask.

Wild. Come, come quickly, take those Sweet-meats; bring the great Cake and Knife, and Napkins, for they have not supp'd; and Captain, make some *Lemonade*, and send it by the Boy to my Chamber; and do you hear, *Jolly*, you must stay till we come, for we must lie with you to night.

Jolly. We'l stay, but make haste then.

Capt. And bring our Cloaks and Swords out with you.

Wild. I will, I will; but be quiet all.

Pars. Mr. *Wild*, I hope there is no Plot in this.

Capt. There's no jealousy, Mr. *Parson*; 'tis all serious, upon my life. Come, away with us.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act IV. Scen. 6.

[*Wild's house.*]

The Tying-room, Curtains drawn, and they discourse.

His Chamber, two Beds, two Tables, Looking-glasses, Night-cloaths, Waste-coats, Sweet-bags, Sweet-meats and Wine; Wanton drest like a Chamber-maid; all above, if the Scene can be so order'd.

Enter Widow and Mrs. Pleasant, Wild and Careless; the Widow and Mrs. Pleasant salute Wanton.

Wild. FAITH, Aunt, 'tis the first time I have had the honour to see you in my house; and as a stranger I must salute you.

Wild. As I live, Nephew, I'm asham'd to put you to this trouble.

Wild. It is an obligation.—*Mrs. Pleasant*, I know you have not supp'd; I pray you be pleas'd to taste these Sweet-meats, they are of *Sall's* doing; but I understand not Sweet-meats, the wine I'll answer for; and, in a word, you are welcome: you are *Patrona*, and we your slaves.

Care. Good rest, and a pleasing dream, your humble servant wishes you.

Wild. Good night, Nephew; good night, Mr. *Careless*.

Pleas. Good night, Mr. *Careless*; your humble servant, Mr. *Wild*. [Exeunt *Wild and Careless*.]

Wild. Why ay, here are men have some wit; By this good night, had we lain at my servant's, we should

have found the lac'd Cap and Slippers that have been entail'd upon the Family these five descents, advanc'd upon the Cup-boards-head instead of Plate.

[*They sit down to undress them.*]

Pleas. They are a couple of the readiest youths too; how they run and do all things with a thought! I love him for sending his Sister's [maid], a pretty wench!

Wid. Pray, let's go to bed; I am weary.

Pleas. You will not go to bed with all those windows open: sweet heart, prithee shut them, and bring me hither—Dost understand me? As I live, 'tis a great while since I went to the Play.

Wid. It has been one of the longest days; a year of them would be an Age.

Pleas. Oh, do you grow weary? you'll break your Covenant ere the year go out.

Wid. Prithee, shut the windows, and come pin up my hair. [The Curtains are closed.]

Act IV. Scen. 7.

[*Wild's house.*]

Enter Wild, Jolly, Careless, Captain and Parson, and Fidlers, and one with a torch, with their Cloaks and their Swords, putting them on. *Enter* Wild's man.

Wild. SEE you wait diligently, and let them want nothing they call for.—Come, shall we go? 'tis very late.

Capt. But how do's *Wanton* carry it?

Wild. They saluted her; and Mrs. *Pleasant* swore you might see the Country-simplicity in her face.

Pars. A pox upon her, crafty Gypsie.

Capt. Why, art not thou glad to see she can be honest when she will?

Pars. I'll shew you all a Trick for her, within these few days, or I'll miss my aim.

Jolly. Come, let's go. [They all offer to go.

Capt. I have a mind to stay till *Wanton* comes.

Wild. Stay a little then, for 'twill not be long ere they be a Bed.

Enter Wanton.

Capt. I hear *Wanton's* voice.

Wild. Are they a Bed?

Want. Yes, and have so admir'd you, and Mr. *Careless*, and abus'd the Lovers—Well, Gentlemen, you are the wits of the time; but if I might counsel—well, they might lye alone this night; but it should go hard if I lay not with one of them, within a moneth.

Care. Were they so taken with their lodging?

Want. All that can be said they said, you are the friendliest men, the readi'st men, the handsom'st men, [men] that had wit; and could tell when to be civil, and when to be wild; and Mrs. (what's her name) the *Younger*, asked why Mr. *Wild* did not go a wooing to some rich Heir; upon her conscience, she said, you would speed.

Care. Well, well, there's a time for all things; come, let's go. [They offer to depart.

Wild. Take a light.—Good night, *Wanton*.

Capt. D'ye hear, d'ye hear? let me speak with you.

[They all come back again.

Wild. What's the business?

Capt. I cannot get hence this night: but your good angels hang at my heels; and if I can prevail, you shall stay.

Wild. What to do?

Capt. What to do? why I'll be hang'd if all this Company do not guess.

Jolly. Prithee, what should we stay for?

Capt. For the widow, and her Niece: are they worth the watching for a night?

Wild. Yes, certainly..

Capt. Then take my counsel, and let me give it out y'are married; you have new cloaths come home this morning, and there's that you spoke of I'll fetch from the Taylor's, and here's a Parson shall rather give them his living, than stay for a License; the Fidlers too are ready to salute 'em.

Care. But if they refuse?

Jolly. Which, upon my conscience, they will.

Capt. As you hope, else you are laugh'd at for missing the widow. *Ned*, follow my counsel, appear at her Chamber-window in thy shirt, and salute all that passes by; let me alone to give it out, and invite Company and provide dinner; then when the business is known, and I have presented all your friends at Court with Ribbands, she must consent, or her honour is lost, if you have but the grace to swear it, and keep your own counsel.

Care. By this hand, he has reason; and I'll undertake the widow.

Wild. It will incense them, and precipitate the business, which is in a fair way now; and if they have wit, they must hate us for such a treachery.

Capt. If they have wit they will love you; beside, if it come to that, we two will swear we saw you married, and the Parson shall be sworn he did it:—Priest, will you not swear?

Pars. Yes, any thing; what is't Captain?

Wild. If this jest could do it, yet 'tis base to gain a wife so poorly: she came hither too for sanctuary; it would be an uncivil and an unhospitable thing, and look as if I had not merit enough to get a wife without stealing her from her self; then, 'tis in mine own house.

Capt. The better; nay, now I think on't, why came she hither? how do you know the Plague is there? all was well at dinner; I'll be hang'd if it be not a Plot; the Lovers too whom you abus'd at dinner, are joy'n'd with them; a trick, a meer trick of wit to abuse us;

and to morrow when the Birds are flown, they'l laugh at you, and say, Two Country Ladies put themselves naked into the hands of three travel'd City-wits, and they durst not lay hold on them.

Care. A pox upon these Niceties.

Want. If they have not some design upon you, hang me, why did they talk so freely before me else?

Care. Let's but try, we are not now to begin to make the world talk; nor is it a new thing to them to hear we are mad fellows.

Capt. If you get them; are they worth having?

Wild. Having? yes.

Capt. If you miss them the Jest is good; Prithee, *Ned*, let me prevail, 'tis but a mad trick.

Wild. If we would, how shall we get into the Chamber?

Want. Let me alone for that; I'll put on my country simplicity, and carry in a Chamber-pot; then under pretence of bolting the back-door I'll open it—and yet I grudge them the sport so honestly; for you wenchers make the best husbands; after you are once married, one never see's you.

Capt. I warrant thee, wench.

Want. No faith, I have observ'd it, they are still the doting'st husbands, and then retreat and become Justices of the Peace, and none so violent upon the Bench, as they, against us poor sinners: yet I'll do it, for upon my Conscience the young Gentlewoman will fall upon her back, and thank me. [Exit Wanton.

Capt. Away, go then, and leave your fooling; and in the Morning, *Ned*, get in, and plead naked with your hands in the bed.

Pars. And if they cry, put your lips in their mouths, and stop them.

Capt. Why look you, you have the Authority of the Church too.

Wild. Well, I am now resolv'd; go you about your part, and make the Report strong.

Care. And d'ye hear? be sure you set the Cook at work, that if we miss we may have a good Dinner, and good wine, to drink down our grief.

Capt. Miss? I warrant thee, ['twill] thrive.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Care. Nay, if I knock not down the *Widow*, geld me, and come out to morrow compleat Uncle, and salute the Company, with, you are well-come, Gentlemen, and good morrow Nephew *Ned*.

Wild. Uncle *Tom*, good morrow, Uncle *Tom*.

Enter Wanton.

Want. All's done, the door is open, and they're as still as Childrens thoughts; 'tis time you made you ready, which is, to put off your breeches, for 'tis almost day; and take my Council, be sure to offer force enough, the less reason will serve; Especially you, master *Wild*, do not put a maid to the pain of saying, I.

Wild. I warrant thee, wench; let me alone.

Care. Wee'll in, and undress us, and come again; for we must go in at the back door.

Wild. I'll meet you: is the Captain gone?

[*Exeunt Wild and Careless.*]

Want. Yes, yes, hee's gone.

Jolly. Come, master *Parson*, let us see the Cook in Readiness, where are the Fidlers? what will become of our Plot? for the Coach-man, Master *Sadd*, and his friend will stink of their jest if this thrive.

Pars. They have slept all night, on purpose to play all day.

Jolly. When the Ribbands and Poynts come from the Exchange, pray see the Fidlers have some; the Rogues will play so out of tune all day else, they will spoil the dancing, if the plot do take.

Enter Wild, and Careless, in their Shirts, with drawers under; Night-gowns on, and in Slippers.

Want. Let's see them in the Chamber first, and then I shall go with some heart about the business:—so, so,

creep close and quietly; you know the way, the widow lies in the high bed, and the Pallet is next the door.

[*They kneel at the door to go in; She shakes her Coats over 'em.*

Wild. Must we creep?

Want. Yes, Yes, down upon your knees, always, till you get a woman, and then stand up for the Cause; stay, let me shake my smock over you for luck sake.

Jolly. Why so? I warrant you thrive.

Par. A pox take you, I'll pare your nails when I get you from this place once.

Want. Sweet heart, sweet heart, off with your shooe.

Par. Ay, with all my heart, there's an old shooe after you; would I gave all in my shop the rest were furnish'd with wives too.

Jolly. *Parson*, the sun is rising, go send in the Fidlers, and set the Cook on work, let him chop soundly.

Par. I have a tythe Pig at home, I'll e'ne sacrifice it to the Wedding. [Exit *Parson*.

Want. They will find them in good Posture, they may take Privy marks if they please; for they said it was so hot they could endure no cloaths, and my simplicity was so diligent to lay them naked, and with such 'twists and turns fastned them to the feet, I'll answer for't, they finde not the way into them in an hour.

Enter a Servant and Parson.

Jolly. Why then they may pull up their Smocks, and hide their faces.

Serv. Master *Jolly*, there was one without would speak with you.

Jolly. Who was it?

Serv. It is the Lady that talks so well.

Jolly. They say, indeed, she has an Excellent Tongue; I would she had chang'd it for a face; 'tis she that has been handsome.

Par. Who, not the Poetess we met at Master *Sadds*?

Jolly. Yes, the same.

Pars. Sure shee's mad.

Jolly. Prithee, tell her I am gone to bed.

Serv. I have done as well, sir; I told her Mistris *Wanton* was here, at which discreetly, being touch'd with the guilt of her Face, she threw out a Curse or two, and retreated.

Want. Who is this you speak of? I will know who 'tis.

Pars. Why 'tis she that married the Genoway Merchant; they couzen'd one another.

Want. Who, Pegg Driver, Bewgle Eyes?

Jolly. The same, the same.

Want. Why, she is ugly now?

Pars. Yes; but I have known her, by this hand, as fine a wench as ever sinn'd in Town or Suburbs: when I knew her first, she was the Original of all the wayn-Scote Chambermaids with Brooms, and bare foot Madams, you see sold at Temple-Bar and the Exchange.

Want. Ah! th'art a Divel! how could'st thou find in thy heart to abuse her so? Thou lov'st Antiquities too: the very memory that she had been handsome, should have pleaded something.

Jolly. Was handsome, signifies nothing to me.

Want. But shee's a wit, and a wench of an Excellent Discourse.

Pars. And as good company as any's i'th' Town.

Jolly. Company! for whom? Leather-Ears, his Majesty of *Newgate* watch? There her story will do well, while they louse themselves.

Pars. Well, you are curious now; but the time was when you have skipp'd for a kiss.

Jolly. Prithee, *Parson*, no more of wit, and was handsome; but let us keep to this Text—[*he kisses Wanton*]—and with joy think upon thy little *Wanton* here, that's kind, soft, sweet, and sound: These are

Epithetes for a Mistris, nor is there any Elegancy in a woman like it. Give me such a naked scene to study Night and Day: I care not for her Tongue, so her face be good: A whore, dress't in verse, and set speeches, tempts me no more to that sweet sin, then the Statute of whipping can keep me from it. This thing we talk'd on, which retains nothing but the name of what she was, is not onely Poetical in her discourse, but her Tears and her Love, her health, nay her Pleasure, were all Fictions, and had scarce any live-flesh about her till I administred.

Pars. Indeed, 'tis time she sat out, and gave others leave to play; for a Reveren'd whore is an unseemly sight; besides it makes the sin malicious, which is but venial else.

Want. Sure hee'le make a case of Conscience on't: you should do well (sweet heart) to recommend her Case to your Brethren that attend the Committee of Affection, that they may order her to be sound and young again, for the good of the Commonwealth.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act V. Scen. I.

[*Wild's house.*]

Enter Fidlers, Jolly, and Wanton.

Jolly. O H, are you ready? are you ready?

Fidlers. Yes, and't like your worship.

Jolly. And did you bid the Cook chop Lustily, and make a noise?

Fidlers. Yes, sir, he's at it.

Want. I hear the *Captain.*

Enter Captain.

Jolly. Have you brought Cloaths and Ribbands?

Capt. Yes, yes, all is ready: did you hear them squeak yet?

Want. No, by this light: I think 'tis an appointment, and we have been all abus'd.

Capt. Give the Fidlers their Ribbands, and carry the rest in. *Mistris Wanton*, you must play my Ladys Woman to-day, and Mince it to all that come, and hold up your head finely when they kiss you; and take heed of swearing when you are angry, and pledging whole cups when they drink to you.

Want. I'll warrant you, for my part.

Capt. Go, get you in then, and let your husband dip the Rosemary.

Jolly. Is all ready?

Capt. All, all; some of the Company are below already: I have so blown it about, one Porter is gone to the Exchange, to invite Master *Wild's* Merchant to his Wedding, and, by the way, to bid two or three Fruiterers to send in Fruit for such a Wedding; another in my Lady's name to *Sall's* for sweet meats: I swore at *Bradborn* in his Shop my self, that I wonder'd he would disappoint Master *Wild* for his Points, and having so long warning; He protested 'twas not his fault, but they were ready, and he would send *John* with them presently; One of the Watermen is gone to the Mellon Garden; the other to *Cooks* at the Bear, for some Bottles of his best wine; and thence to *Gracious-street* to the Poulterer's, and all with directions to send in provisions for Master *Wild's* Wedding; and who should I meet at door, but *Apricock Tom*, and *Mary*, waiting to speak with her young Master: they came to beg that they might serve the Feast; I promis'd them they should, if they would cry it up and down the Town to bring Company, for Master *Wild* was resolv'd, to keep open house.

Jolly. Why then here will be witnesses enough.

Capt. But who should I meet at the corner of the *Piazza*, but *Joseph Taylor*; he tells me, there's a new

Play at the Fryers to day, and I have bespoke a box for Master *Wild* and his Bride.

Jolly. And did not he wonder to hear he was married?

Capt. Yes; but I told him 'twas a Match his Aunt made for him when he was abroad.

Jolly. And I have spread it sufficiently at Court, by sending to borrow Plate for such a Wedding.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There's half a dozen Coach fulls of Company lighted; they call for the Bride-Laces and Points.

Capt. Let the Fidlers play then, and bid God give them joy, by the name of my Lady *Careless* and Mistriss *Wild*.

Fid. Where shall we play, sir?

Jolly. Come with us, wee'le shew you the window.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act V. Scen. 2.

[*The same.*]

The Fidlers play in the Tyring Room, and the Stage Curtains are drawn, and discover a Chamber, as it was, with two Beds, and the Ladies asleep in them; Master Wild being at Mistriss Pleasant's bed-side, and Master Careless at the Widow's; The Musick awakes the Widow.

Wid. NIECE, Niece, Niece *Pleasant*.

[*She opens the Curtain and calls her; she is under a Canopy.*]

Pleas. Ha! I hear you, I hear you; what would you have?

Wid. Do you not hear the Fidlers?

Pleas. Yes, yes; but you have wak'd me from the finest dream——

Wid. A dream! what was't, some knavery?

Pleas. Why I know not, but 'twas merry; e'ne as

pleasing as some sins: well, I'll lie no more in a man's bed, for fear I lose more than I get.

Wid. Hark! that's a new Tune.

Pleas. Yes, and they play it well. This is your Jaunty Nephew; I would he had less of the Father in him, I'd venture to dream out my dream with him; In my conscience hee's worth a dozen of my dull Servant; that's such a troublesome visitant, without any kind of conveniency.

Wid. I, I, so are all of that kind; give me your Subject Lover; those you call Servants, are but troubles, I confess.

Pleas. What is the difference, pray, betwixt a Subject and a Servant Lover?

Wid. Why, one I have absolute Power over, the other's at large; Your Servant Lovers are those who take Mistresses upon tryal, and scarce give them a Quarter's warning before they are gone.

Pleas. Why, what do your Subject Lovers do?—I am so sleepy.

Wid. Do! All things for nothing: then they are the diligent'st and the humblest things a Woman can employ; Nay, I ha' seen of them tame, and run loose about a house: I had one once, by this light; he would fetch and Carry, go back, seek out; he would do any thing: I think some Faulconer bred him.

Pleas. By my Troth, I am of your mind.

Wid. He would come over, for all my Friends; but it was the dogged'st thing to my enemies; he would sit upon's tail before them, and frown like John a Napes when the Pope is nam'd: he heard me once praise my little Spaniel Bitch Smut for waiting, and hang me if I stirr'd for seven years after, but I found him lying at my door.

Pleas. And what became of him?

Wid. Faith, when I married he forsook me: I was

advis'd since, that if I would ha' spit in's mouth sometimes, he would have stay'd.

Pleas. That was cheap, But 'tis no certain way; for 'tis a generall opinion, that marriage is one of the certain'st cures for Love that one can apply to a man that is sick of the sighings; yet if you were to live about this Town still, such a Fool would do you a world of service: I'me sure *Secret* will miss him, he would alwayes take such a care of her, h'as saved her a hundred walkes for Hoods and Masques.

Wid. Yes, and I was certain of the earliest Fruits and Flowers that the Spring afforded.

Pleas. By my troth 'twas foolishly done to part with him; a few crums of your affection would have satisfy'd him, poor thing!

Wid. Thou art in the right; in this Town there's no living without 'em; they do more service in a house for nothing, than a pair of those what d'ye call 'ems, those he waiting-women, Beasts, that Custome imposes upon ladies.

Pleas. Is there none of them to be had now, think you? I'de feign get a tame one to carry down into the Country.

Wid. Faith, I know but one breed of them about the Town that's right, and that's at the Court: The Lady that has them brings 'em all up by hand; she breeds some of them from very puppies: there's another Wit too in the Town that has of them; but her's will not do so many tricks; good sullen diligent waiters those are which she breeds, but not half so serviceable.

Pleas. How does she do it? is there not a trick in't?

Wid. Onely patience; but she has a heavy hand with 'em (they say) at first, and many of them miscarry; she governesses them with signs, and by the Eye, as *Banks* breeds his Horse: there are some too that arrive at writing, and those are the right breed, for they com-

monly betake themselves to Poetry; and if you could light on one of them, 'twere worth your money; for 'tis but using of him ill, and praying his verses sometimes, and you are sure of him for ever.

Pleas. But do they never grow surly, Aunt?

Wid. Not, if you keep them from raw flesh; for they are a kind of Lyon-lovers, and if they once taste the sweet of it, they'll turn to their kind.

Pleas. Lord, Aunt, there will be no going without one this Summer into the Country; pray let's enquire for one, either a he one to entertain us, or a she one to tell us the story of her love; 'tis excellent to bed-ward, and makes one as drowsie as Prayers.

Wid. Faith, Niece, this Parliament has so destroy'd 'em, and the Platonick Humour, that 'tis uncertain whether we shall get one or no; your leading Members in the lower house have so cow'd the Ladies, that they have no leisure to breed any of late: Their whole endeavours are spent now in feasting, and winning close Committee-men, a rugged kind of sullen Fellows, with implacable stomachs and hard hearts, that make the gay things court and observe them as much as the foolish Lovers use to do. Yet I think I know one she Lover, but she is smitten in years o'th' wrong side of forty; I am certain she is poor too, and, in this lean Age for Courtiers, she perhaps would be glad to run this Summer in our Park.

Pleas. Dear Aunt, let us have her. Has she been famous? has she good Tales, think you, of Knights, such as have been false or true to Love, no matter which?

Wid. She cannot want cause to curse the Sex; handsome, witty, well born, and poor, in Court cannot want the experience how false young men can be: Her Beauty has had the highest fame; and those Eyes, that weep now unpitied, have had their Envy, and a dazzling Power.

Pleas. And that Tongue, I warrant you, which now grows hoarse with flattering the great Law-breakers, once gave Law to Princes: was it not so, Aunt? Lord, shall I die without begetting one story?

Wid. Penthesilea, nor all the cloven Knights the Poets treat of, yclad in mightiest Petticoats, did her excell for gallant deeds, and, with her Honour, still preserv'd her Freedom. My Brother lov'd her; and I have heard him swear *Minerva* might have own'd her Language; An Eye like *Pallas*, *Juno's* wrists, a *Venus* for shape, and a Mind chaste as *Diana*, but not so rough; never uncivilly Cruel, nor faulty kind to any; no vanity, that sees more than Lovers pay; nor blind to a gallant Passion: her Maxim was, he that could love, and tell her so handsomely, was better Company, but not a better Lover than a silent Man; thus all passions found her Civility, and she a value from all her Lovers. But, alas, Niece, this was (which is a sad word) was handsome, and was beloved, are abhorr'd sounds in Women's ears. [*The Fidlers play again.*]

Pleas. Hark, the Fidlers are merry still: will not *Secret* have the wit to find us this morning, think you?

Fid. God give you joy, Master *Careless*; God give your Ladyship joy, my Lady *Wild*.

Wid. What did the Fellow say? God give me joy?

Pleas. As I live, I think so.

Fid. God give you joy, Mistress *Pleasant Wild*.

Wid. This is my Nephew, I smell him in this knavery.

Pleas. Why did they give me joy by the name of Mistress *Wild*? I shall pay dear for a night's lodging, if that be so; especially lying alone. By this light, there is some knavery afoot.

[*All the company confused without, and bid God give them joy.*]

Jolly. Rise, rise, for shame, the year's afore you.

Capt. Why, *Ned Wild*; why *Tom*, will you not rise

and let's in? What, is it not enough to steal your wedding over night, but lock your selves up in the morning too? All your Friends stay for points here, and kisses from the Brides.

Wild. A little Patience! you'll give us leave to dress us?
[*The Women squeake when they speak.*]

Care. Why, what's a Clock, Captain?

Capt. It's late.

Care. Faith, so it was before we slept.

Wid. Why, Nephew, what means this rudeness? As I live, I'll fall out with you. This is no jest.

Wild. No, as I live, Aunt; We are in earnest; but my part lies here, and there's a Gentleman will do his best to satisfie you; [*they catch the Women in their Armes*] and, sweet Mistress *Pleasant*, I know you have so much wit as to perceive this business cannot be remedied by denials. Here we are, as you see, naked, and thus have saluted hundreds at the window that past by, and gave us joy this morning.

Pleas. Joy! of what? what do you mean?

Care. Madam, this is visible; and you may coy it, and refuse to call me Husband; But I am resolv'd to call you Wife, and such proofs I'll bring as shall not be denied.
[*Careless kisses the Widow.*]

Wid. Promise your self that; see whether your fine wits can make it good—You will not be uncivil?

Care. Not a hair, but what you give, and that was in the Contract before we undertook it; for any Man may force a Woman's body, but we have laid we will force your Mind.

Wild. But that needs not; for we know by your discourse last night and this morning, we are Men you have no aversion to; and I believe, if we had taken time, and wooed hard, this would have come a course; but we had rather win you by wit, because you defi'd us.

Wid. 'Tis very well, if it succeed.

Care. And, for my part, but for the jest of winning you, and this way, not ten joynters should have made me marry.

Wid. This is a new way of wooing.

Care. 'Tis so, Madam; but we have not laid our plot so weakly (though it were sudden) to leave it in any bodies power, but our own, to hinder it.

Pleas. Do you think so?

Wild. We are secure enough, if we can be true to our selves.

Care. Yet we submit in the midst of our strength, and beg you will not wilfully spoile a good jest by refusing us. By this hand, we are both sound, and we'll be strangely honest, and never in ill humours; but live as merry as the Maids, and divide the year between the Town and the Country.—What say you, is't a Match? Your bed is big enough for two, and my meat will not cost you much: I'll promise nothing but one heart, one purse betwixt us, and a whole dozen of boyes. Is't a bargain?

Wid. Not, if I can hinder it, as I live.

Wild. Faith, Mistress *Pleasant*, he hath spoken nothing but reason, and I'll do my best to make it good: Come, faith, teach my Aunt what to do, and let me strike the bargain upon your Lips.

Pleas. No, sir, not to be half a Queen; if we should yield now, your wit would dominere for ever; and still in all disputes (though never so much reason on our side) this shall be urg'd as an Argument of your Master wit to confute us: I am of your Aunts mind, Sir, and, if I can hinder it, it shall be no match.

Wild. Why, then know, it is not in your Powers to prevent it.

Wid. Why? we are not married yet.

Care. No, 'tis true.

Wid. By this good light then, I'll be dumb for ever

hereafter, lest I light upon the words of Marriage by chance.

Pleas. 'Tis hard, when our own Acts cannot be in our own power, Gentlemen.

Wild. The plot is only known to four; the Minister, and two that stood for Fathers, and a simple Country Maid that waited upon you last night, which plays your Chamber-maid's part.

Pleas. And what will all these do?

Wild. Why, the two friends will swear, they gave you; the Parson will swear, he married you; and the wench will swear, she put us to bed.

Wid. Have you men to swear we are married?

Pleas. And a Parson to swear he did it?

Both. Yes.

Wid. And a wench that will swear she put us to Bed?

Both. Yes, By this good light, and witness of reputation.

Pleas. Dare they, or you, look us in the face, and swear this?

Care. Yes, faith; and all but those four know no other but really it is so; and you may deny it, but I'll make Mr. Constable put you to bed, with this proof, at night.

Wid. Pray, let's see these witnesses.

Wild. Call in the four only. [Exit Careless.

Pleas. Well, this shall be a warning to me: I say nothing, but if ever I lye from home again——

Wild. I'll lye with you.

Pleas. 'Tis well. I dare say we are the first women (if this take) that ever were stolen against their wills.

Wild. I'll go call the Gentlemen. [Exit Wild.

Wid. I that have refus'd a fellow that lov'd me these seven years, and would have put off his hat, and thank'd me to come to bed, to be beaten with watch-mens

staves into another's!—For by this good light, for ought that I perceive, there's no keeping these out at night.

Pleas. And unless we consent to be their wives today; Mr. Justice will make us their whores at night. Oh, oh, what would not I give to come off! not that I mislike them, but I hate they should get us thus.

Enter Wild, Jolly, Captain, Careless, Parson, Wanton, with Rose-mary in their hands, and Points in their Hats.

Care. Follow.—Will not you two swear we were married last night?

Jolly. } Yes, By this light, will we.
Capt. }

Wild. Will you not swear you married us?

Pars. Yea, verily.

Care. And come hither, pretty one; will not you swear you left us all a bed last night, and pleas'd?

Want. Yes, forsooth; I'll swear any thing your worship shall appoint me.

Wild. But, Gentlemen, have you no shame, no conscience? will you swear false for sport?

Jolly. By this light, I'll swear, if it be but to vex you: remember you refus'd me. [That is contrary to Covenants though with my brace of Lovers: what will they do with their Coach-man's plot? but 'tis no matter, I have my ends; and so they are couzen'd, I care not who does it.] [*Speaks these words aside.*]

Capt. And faith, Madam, I have sworn many times false to no purpose; and I should take it ill, if it were mine own case, to have a friend refuse me an Oath upon such an occasion.

Pleas. And are you all of one mind?

Pars. Verily we will all swear.

Pleas. Will you verily? what shall we do, Aunt?

[*Pleasant laughs.*]

Wid. Do you laugh? By this light, I am heartily angry.

Pleas. Why, As I live, let's marry them, Aunt, and be reveng'd.

Wid. Marry! where's the Parson?

Capt. Here, here; Mr. Parson, come and do your Office.

Pleas. That fellow? No, by my troth, let's be honestly joyn'd, for luck's sake; we know not how soon we may part.

Wild. What shall we do for a Parson? *Captain*, you must run and fetch one.

Capt. Yes, yes; but methinks this might serve turn; By this hand, he's a *Marshal*, and a *Case*, by Sire and Dam; pray try him; By this light, he comes of the best preaching kind in *Essex*.

Wid. Not I, As I live, that were a blessing in the Devil's name.

Par. A pox on your wedding! give me my wife, and let me be gone.

Capt. Nay, nay, no choler, Parson; the Ladies do not like the colour of your Beard.

Par. No, no, fetch another, and let them escape with that trick, then they'l jeer your beards blew, y'faith.

Care. By this hand, he's in the right; either this Parson, or take one another's words: to Bed now, and marry when we rise.

Pleas. As I live, you come not here till you are married; I have been no body's whore yet, and I will not begin with my husband.

Wild. Will you kiss upon the bargain, and promise before these witnesses not to spoil our jest, but rise and go to Church?

Pleas. And what will Mr. *Constant* and Mr. *Sadd* say?

Capt. Why, I'll run and invite them to the wedding; and you shall see them expire in their own Garters.

Jolly. No, no, ne're fear't, their jest is only spoil'd.

Capt. Their jest! what jest?

Jolly. Faith, now you shall know it, and the whole Plot: In the first place, your Coach-man is well, whose death, we, by the help of *Secret*, contriv'd, thinking by that-trick to prevent this danger, and carry you out of Town.

Capt. But had they this Plot?

Jolly. Yes faith, and see how it thrives! they'l fret like carted Bauds when they hear this news.

Pleas. Why, Aunt, would you have thought Mr. *Sadd* a Plotter? well, 'tis some comfort we have them to laugh at.

Wid. Nay faith then, Gentlemen, give us leave to rise, and I'll take my venture, if it be but for a revenge on them.

Care. Gentlemen, bear witness.

Capt. Come, come, away, I'll get the points; I'm glad the Coach-man's well; the Rogue had like to have spoil'd our Comedy. [Exeunt omnes.]

Act V. Scen. 3.

[*Master Sadd's Lodging.*]

Enter the Lady Love-all; Master Sadd and Constant, undress'd, and buttoning themselves as they go.

Sadd. MARRIED?

Const. And to them?

Love. I, married, if you prevent it not; catch'd with a trick, an old stale trick; I have seen a Ballad on't.

Sadd. We shall go neer to prevent 'em.—Boy, My Sword.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Whither so fast?

Sadd. You guess.

Capt. If you mean the wedding, you come too late.

Const. Why, are they married?

Capt. No, but lustily promised.

Sadd. We may come time enough to be reveng'd though——

Capt. Upon whom? your 'selves, for you are only guilty: who carry'd them thither last night? who laid the Plot for the Coachman?

Sadd. Why, do they know it?

Love. Well, you'l find the Poet a Rogue, 'tis he that has betray'd you; and if you'le take my counsel, be reveng'd upon him.

Const. Nay, we were told he did not love us.

Capt. By my life, you wrong him; upon my knowledge the Poet meant you should have them.

Sadd. Why, who had the power to hinder then?

Capt. I know not where the fault lies directly; they say, the wits of the Town would not consent to't, they claim a right in the Ladies, as Orphan-wits.

Const. The wits! hang 'em in their strong lines.

Capt. Why I, such a clinch as that has undone you; and upon my knowledge 'twere enough to hinder your next match.

Sadd. Why, what have they to do with us?

Capt. I know not what you have done to disoblige them; but they crost it; there was amongst 'em too a pair of she-wits, something stricken in years; they grew in fury at the mention of it, and concluded you both with an authority out of a modern Author; besides 'tis said, you run naturally into the six-peny Room and steal sayings, and a discourse more than your peny-worth of jests every Term. Why, just now, you spit out one jest stolen from a poor Play, that has but two more in five Acts; what conscience is there in't, knowing how dear we pay Poets for our Plays?

Const. 'Twas Madam with the ill face, one of those whom you refused to salute the other day at *Chipp's* house; a Chees-cake had sav'd all this.

Love. Why do you not make haste about your busines, but lose time with this Babler?

Sadd. Madam, will you give us leave to make use of your Coach?

Love. You may command it, Sir; when you have done, send him to the Exchange, where I'll dispatch a little business, and be with you immediately.

[*Exeunt all but the Captain.*

Capt. So, this fire's kindled; put it out that can. What would not I give for a Peeper's place at the meeting? I'll make haste, and it shall go hard but I'll bear my part of the mirth too. [Exit.

Act V. Scen. 4.

[*The Street.*]

Enter Widow, Pleasant, Careless, Wild, Parson, Jolly, Wanton and Secret: *the Fidlers play as they come in.*

Pars. MASTER Jolly, I find I am naturally inclin'd to mirth this day, and methinks my Corns ake more then my Horns; and to a man that has read *Seneca*, a Cuckold ought to be no grief; especially in this parish, where I see such droves of *St. Luke's* cloathing; there's little *Secret* too, th'allay of waiting-woman, makes me hope, she may prove metal of the Parson's standard. Find a way to rid me of *Wanton*, and I'll put in to be chaplain to this merry family; if I did not enveigle formal *Secret*, you should hang me. I know the trick on't; 'tis but praying to, and preaching of the waiting-woman, then carefully seeing her cushion laid, with her book and leaf turn'd down, do's it, with a few Anagrams, Acrosticks, and her name in the Register of my Bible; these charm the soft-soul'd sinner: then

sometimes to read a piece of my Sermon, and tell her, a Saturday, where my Text shall be, spells that work more then Philtres.

Jolly. If you can be serious, we'll think of this at leisure.—See how they eye *Wanton!*

Care. What! consulting, Parson? let us be judges betwixt you. D'ye hear, *Jack?* if he offers ready money, I counsel, as a friend, take it; for, By this light, if you refuse it, your wife will not. D'ye see those gay Petticoats?

Pars. Yes, if you mean my wife's.

Care. You know th'are his, and she only wears 'em for his pleasure; and 'tis dangerous to have a wife under another man's Petticoats; what if you should find his breeches upon her?

Pars. Are not you married too? take care that yours do's not wear the Breeches, another kind of danger, but as troublesome as that, or sore-eyes; and if she get but a trick of taking as readily as she's perswaded to give, you may find a horn at home. I have seen a Cuckold of your complexion; if he had had as much hoof as horn, you might have hunted the beast by his slat.

Pleas. How fine she is! and, By this light, a handsome wench. Mr. *Jolly*, I am easier persuaded to be reconcil'd to your fault, than any man's I have seen of this kind; her eyes have more Arguments in 'em than a thousand of those that seduce the world; hang me if those Quivers be not full of Darts; I could kiss that mouth myself. Is this she my Aunt quarrel'd with you for?

Jolly. The same, self-same. And by this hand, I was barbarous to her, for your Aunt's sake; and had I not scap'd that mischief of matrimony, By this light, I had never seen her again; but I was resolv'd not to quit her till I was sure of a wife, for fear of what has

follow'd. Had I been such an Ass as to have left her upon the Aiery hopes of a widow's Oaths, what a case had I been in now! you see your Aunt's provided of a man. Bless him, and send him patience! 'twould have been fine to have seen me walking, and sighing upon cold hunting, seeking my whore again, or forc'd to make use of some common mercenary thing, that sells sin and diseases, crimes, penance, and sad repentance together! here's consolation and satisfaction in *Wanton*, though a man lose his meal with the widow. And faith, be free, how do you like my Girle? rid thee of her; what do's she want now pray, but a joynture, to satisfie any honest man? speak your conscience; Ladies, don't you think a little repentance hereafter, will serve for all the small sins that good nature can act with such a sinner?

Pars. Pray, sir, remember she's my wife; and be so civil to us both, as to forget these things.

Jolly. For that, *Jack*, we'l understand hereafter; 'tis but a trick of youth, man, and her jest will make us both merry, I warrant thee.

Pars. Pray, Sir, no more of your jestes, nor your *Jack*; remember my Coat and Calling. This familiarity both with my wife and my self, is not decent; your Clergy with Christen names are scarce held good Christians.

Wid. I wonder at nothing so much as Mr. *Jollies* mirth to-day; where lies his part of the jest? couzen'd or refused by all, not a fish that stays in's net.

Jolly. No, what's this? [*Jolly hugs Wanton.*] shew me a fairer in all your streams; nor is this my single joy, who am pleased to find you may be couzen'd; rejoyce to see you may be brought to lie with a man for a jest; let me alone to fit you with a trick too.

Care. Faith, it must be some new trick; for thou art so beaten at the old one, 'twill neither please thee nor her; besides, I mean to teach her that my self.

Pleas. I shall never be perfectly quiet in my mind, till I see some body as angry as myself; yet I have some consolation when I think on the wise plot that killed the Coach-man; how the Plague, Red-cross and Halberd has cut their fingers that design'd it! their anger will be perfect. *Secret* says they are coming, and that the Lady *Love-all* has given 'em the alarm.

Enter Sadd and Constant.

Wild. And see where the parties come!—Storms and Tempests in their minds, their looks are Daggers.

Pleas. Servant, what? you'r melancholy, and full of wonder; I see you have met the news.

Sadd. Yes, Madam, we have heard a report that will concern both your judgement and your honour.

Pleas. Alas, Sir, w'are innocent, 'tis meer predestination.

Const. All weddings, Mr. *Sadd*, you know, goe by chance, like hanging.

Pleas. And, I thank my Stars, I have 'scap'd hanging; to ha' been his Bride had been both.

Const. This is not like the promise you made us yesterday.

Wid. Why truly, Servant, I scarce know what I do yet, the fright of the Plague had so possess'd my mind with fear, that I could think and dream of nothing last night, but of a tall black man, that came and kiss'd me in my sleep, and slap'd his whip in mine Ears: 'twas a sawcy Ghost, (not unlike my Coach-man that's dead) and accus'd you of having a hand in his murder, and vow'd to haunt me till I was married. I told my niece the dream.

Pleas. Nay, the Ghost sigh'd, and accused *Secret* and Master *Sadd*, of making him away. Confess, faith, had you a hand in that bloody jest?

Wid. Fie, *Servant!* could you be so cruel as to joyn with my woman against me?

Const. 'Tis well, Ladys; why a Pox do you look at me? this was your subtil plot, a Pox on your Clark's wit; you said the jest would beget a Comedy when 'twas known, and so I believe 'twill.

Sadd. Madam, I find you have discover'd our design, whose chief end was to prevent this mischief, which I doubt not, but you'le both live to repent your share of, before you have done travelling to the Epsams, Burbons, and the Spawes, to cure those travell'd diseases these Knights errant have, with Curiosity, sought out for you. 'Tis true, th' are mischiefs that dwell in pleasant Countries, yet those Roses have their thorns; and I doubt not, but these gentlemens wit may sting as well as please sometime; and you may find it harder to satisfie their travail'd Experience, than to have suffer'd our home-bred ignorance.

Care. Hark, if he be not fallen into a fit of his Cozen; these names of places he has stollen out of her Receipt-book; amongst all whose diseases, find me any so dangerous, troublesome or incurable, as a fool, a lean, pale, sighing, coughing fool, that's rich and poor both; being born to an estate, without a mind or heart capable to use it; of a nature so miserable, he grudges himself meat; nay, they say, he eats his meals twice; a fellow whose breath smells of yesterday's dinner, and stinks as if he had eat all our Suppers over again. I would advise you, Mr. *Sadd*, to sleep with your mouth open, to air it, or get the Brewer to Ton it. Faugh! an empty Justice, that stinks of the Lees and Casks, and belches *Littleton* and *Ployden's* Cases. Dost thou think any woman that has wit, or honour, would kiss that Bung-hole? By this light, his head and belly look as blew and lank as French Rabbets, or stale Poultry. Alas, Sir, my lady would have a husband to rejoyce with, no green-tail'd Lecturer, to stand Centry at his bed's side while his nasty soul scoures through him, sneak-

ing out at the back door.—These, Sir, are diseases which neither the Spaw, or Bath, can cure: your Garters, and Willow are a more certain remedy.

Const. Well, Sir, I find our plot's betray'd, and we have patience left; 'Tis that damn'd Captain has inform'd.

Sadd. Yet 'tis one comfort, Madam, that you have miss'd that man of war, that Knight of Finsbury; His Dowager, with Ale and Switches, would ha' bred a Ballad.

Pleas. Faith, sir, you see what a difficulty it is in this Age, for a woman to live honest, though she have a proper man to her husband; therefore it behoves us to consider, whom we choose.

Jolly. The Lady has Reason; for being allow'd but one, who would choose such weazels as we see daily mary'd? that are all head and Tail, crooked, dirty, Sold Vermin, predestin'd for Cuckolds, painted Snails, with houses on their backs, and horns as big as *Dutch* cows; would any woman marry such? nay, can any woman be honest, that lets such Hod-man-dods crawl o're her Virgin breast, and Belly, or suffer 'em to leave their slimy paths upon their bodies only for Joyntures? Out! 'tis Mercenary and base; The generous heart has onely the laws of Nature and kindness in her view; and when she will oblige, Friend is all the ties that nature seeks, who can both bear and excuse those kind crimes: And I believe, one as poor as the despis'd *Captain*, and neglected Courtier, may make a woman as happy in a friendship as Master *Sadd*, who has as many faults as we have debts; one, whose Father had no more credit with Nature, than ours had with Fortune, whose soul wears Rags as well as the *Captain's* body.

Sadd. Nay then, I'le laugh; for I perceive y'are angrier than we. Alas! has lost both ventures, *Wanton*, and the *Widow*.

Jolly. Both, and neither so unlucky as to be thy wife. Thy face is hang'd with blacks already; we may see the Bells toll in thy Eyes. A Bride and a Wedding shirt? a Sexton and a Winding sheet? a Scrivener to draw up Joyntures? A Parson to make thy will, man; By this light, hees as Chap-fallen as if he had layen under the Table all night.

Care. Faith, master *Sadd*, hee's parlously in the right; ne're think of marrying in this dull clime: wedlock's a trade you'le ne're go through with; wives draw bills upon sight, and 'twill not be for your credit to protest 'em. Rather follow my counsel, and Marry *la Venetiano*, for a night and away; a Pistol Joynture does it; then 'tis but repenting in the morning, and leave your woman and the sin both i'th' Bed. But if you play the fool, like your friends, and Marry in serious earnest, you may repent it too, as they do; but wher's the remedy?

Wid. What was't you said, Sir, do you repent?

Care. By this hand, *Widow*, I don't know; but we have pursu'd a jest a great way. *Parson*, are you sure w' are married?

Pars. Yes, I warrant you, for their escaping.

Care. Their escaping? fool, thou mistak'st me, there's no fear of that; but I would fain know, if there be no way for me to get out of this Nooze; no hole to hide a man's head in from this Wedlock?

Pars. Not any, but what I presume shee'le shew you anon.

Care. Hum! now do I feel all my fears flowing in upon me. *Wanton* and Mistriss *Pleasant* both grow dangerously handsome; a Thousand Graces in each, I never observ'd before now, just now; when I must not taste, I begin to long for some of their Plums.

Wid. Is this serious, Sir?

Care. Yes truly, *Widow*, sadly serious; Is there no way to get three or four mouthfuls of Kisses from the *Parson's* wife?

Wid. This is sad, Sir, upon my Wedding-day to despise me for such a Common thing.

Sadd. As sad, as I could wish; This is a jest makes me laugh.—Common? no Madam, that's too bitter; she's forrest only, where the Royal Chace is as free as Fair.

Want. Were not you a Widow to-day?

Sadd. Yes faith, Girl, and as foolish a one as ever Coach jumbled out of joynt.

Want. Stay then till to-morrow, and tell me the difference betwixt us.

Sadd. I hope thou'lt prove a She prophet; could I live to see thee turn honest wife, and she the *Wanton Widow*.

Want. I cannot but laugh, to see how easie it is to lose or win the opinion of the world; a little custom heals all, or else what's the difference betwixt a Married Widow and one of us? Can any woman be pure, or worth the serious sighing of a Generous heart, that has had above one hand lay'd upon her? is there place to write above one Lover's name, with honour, in her heart? 'tis indeed for one a Royal Palace; but if it admits of more, an Hospitall, or an Inne at best, as well as ours; only off from the Road and less frequented.

Pleas. Shrewdly urg'd.

Want. And though the sins of my Family threw me into want, and made me subject to the treachery of that broken faith, to whose perjury I owe all my Crimes, yet still I can distinguish betwixt that folly and this honour, which must tell you, *He or she that would be thought twice so, was never once a lover.*

Const. Parson, thou art fitted; A whore, and Apothegms! what sport will she make us under a Tree, with a Sallad, and sayings, in the Summer!

Wild. Come, *Wanton*, no fury; you see my Aunt's angry.

Want. So am I, Sir, and yet can calmly reason this truth; Married widows, though chaste to the Law and

custom, yet their second Hymens make that which was but dying in the first husband's Bed, a stain in the second sheets, where all their kindness and repeated embraces want their value, because they're sully'd, and have lost their Lustre.

Sadd. By this light, I'll go to School to *Wanton*, she has open'd my Eyes, and I begin to believe I have scap'd miraculously. By this hand, wench, I was within an inch of being marry'd to this Danger; for what can we call these second submissions, but a tolerated lawful Mercenaryness, which though it be a rude and harsh expression, yet your Carriage deserves it?

Pleas. Fie, Master *Sadd!* pray leave being witty; I fear 'tis a mortal sin, to begin in the fifth Act of your Days upon an old subject too, abusing of Widows, because they despise you.

Wid. Alas, Niece, let him alone, he may come in for his share; the *Parson*, that has so oft receiv'd 'em, will not refuse him Tythes there, in Charity.

Want. That, or Conveniency, Interest, or Importunity, may by your Example prevail; But 'tis not fair play, Madam, to turn your Lover to the Common, as you call it, now hee's rid lean in your service. Take heed, Mr. *Careless*, and warning, Mr. *Sadd*; you see how fit for the Scavenger's team your Lady leaves her Lovers.

Care. Such a lecture before I had Marry'd would ha' made me have consider'd of this matter. Do'st thou hear, *Wanton*? let us forgive one another being Marry'd, for that folly has made us guilty alike.

Want. And I would fain know the difference betwixt ours, and a wedding crime, which is worst; to let love, youth and good humor, betray us to a kindness, or to be gravely seduc'd by some aunt or uncle, without consideration of the disparity of Age, Birth, or Persons, to lie down before a Joynture. Ladies, you may flatter your selves; but the ingenuous part of the world cannot

deny, but such minds, had they been born where our faults are not only tolerated but protected, would have listen'd to the same things; Interest counsels thereto.

Care. Parson, what Boot betwixt Our Wives? either come to a Price, or draw off your Doxy.

Pars. Propose, propose, here will be mirth anon.

Sadd. Yes, yes, propose, while I break it to your Lady. Madam, you see, here's a proper man to be had, and money to boot—what, dumb?

Want. No, she's onely thinking; faith, Madam, try 'em both to Night, and choose to morrow.

Wild. Come, no more of this. Aunt, take my word for your husband, that have had more experience of him then all these; 'tis true, he will long for these Girles, as children do for plums; and when h'as done, make a meal upon cheese; and you must not wonder, nor quarrel at what he says in his humor, but Judge him by his Actions; and when he is in his fit, and raves most, put him into your bed, and fold him close in your Arms, Aunt; if he do's not rise as kind and as good a husband as he that sings Psalms best, hang me. Why, you're a fool, aunt; a widow, & dislike a longing Bridegroom! I thought you had known better; do you love a spurr'd horse, rather then a Duker, that neighs and scrapes? I would not say this, but that I know him; let him not go out of your sight, for hee's now in season, a Ripe mature husband; No delays; if you let him hang longer upon hope, his fruit will fall alone.

Wid. You are merry, Sir; But if I had known this humor——

Wild. You'd ha' kiss'd him first; but being ignorant, let me make you blush; come, a kiss, and all's Friends.

[*She kisses Careless, and he kisses her twice.*

—How now, Sir! agen! agen! Aunt, look to your self.

Care. Um! By this light, sweet heart, and I thank thee; nay widow, there's no jesting with these things—

[*Kisses her again.*] nay, I am a Lyon; in my love: Aware, Puss, if you flatter me, for I shall deceive you.

Par. Since all are couzen'd, why should I be troubled at my fortune? Faith Gentlemen, what will you two give me for a wife, betwixt you?

Const. Faith, they'rè mischiefs deare bought, though a man get 'em for nothing.

Par. I'me almost of his mind; and if other people find no more pleasure in a marri'd life then I, upon my wedding day, I'de pass my time in the *Piazza*, with the Mountebank, and let him practise upon my Teeth, and draw 'em too, ere he perswades the words of matrimony out of my mouth again. I, I, Mr. *Constant*, you may laugh, you ha' miss'd a wife; would I were in your case, the world should see how chearfully I should bear such an affliction.

Const. Jack, I ha' made my peace at home, and by seeing others ship-wrack'd will avoid the danger, and here resolve never to sigh again for any woman; th'are weeds grow in ev'ry hedge; and transplanting of 'em thus to our Beds, gives certain trouble, seldom pleasure, never profit.

Enter Captain.

Par. See where the enemy comes! now if you be wise, arm, and unite against him, as a common foe, He's come from his old Lady, designing a reconciliation; the Rogue's provident, and would fain have a Nest for his Age to rest in: Buff and Feathers do well in the youth and heat of thirty; but in the winter of old age, Captain at threescore, lame and lean, may lie with the Almanack out of date.

Capt. The Parson's grown witty, and prophesies upon the strength of Bride-cake. If I guess aright, thou'lt be hang'd; for 'tis a truth, I have been endeavouring to make it appear, her fears were mistaken in me: but I find the witch more implacable then the Devil; the

waiting-woman is harder to forgive her part, than my Lady. *Faithful* will not be reconcil'd; the merciless *Baud* is all fire and sword, no quarter. Bless me from an old waiting-woman's wrath! she'l never forgive me the disappointing her of a promise when I was drunk. Her Lady and she are coming, but in such a fury, I would not have the storm find you in the street; therefore I counsel you to avoid the boys, and take shelter in the next house.

Wild. No, let's home, and with all diligence get our dinner, to defend us; and let the Porter dispute it at the wicket, till she signs Articles of peace.

Omnes. Agreed—[*Careless is kind to the Widow; as he goes out, Wild and Pleasant go together, Jolly and the Parson's wife go together.*]

Wild. See how they pair now! 'tis not threescore year will part 'em, now he has tasted a kiss or two.

Jolly. Parson, I'll be your Bride-man.

Pars. 'Tis well, sir, I shall ha my time too.

Jolly. Ay, by this hand; nay, we'l share fairly.

Capt. That's but reason, *Wanton*; and since he grows tame, use him kindly for my sake.

Pars. Can any of you digest Spunge and *Arsenick*?

Capt. *Arsenick*! what's that?

Pars. An Italian Sallad, which I'll dress for you, By *Jove*, e're I'll walk in my Canonical-coat lin'd with horn. Death, if I suffer this, we shall have that damn'd Courtier pluck on his shooes with the Parson's Musons. Fine y'faith! none but the small Levites brow to plant your shoeing-horn-seed in?—How now?

[*As he is going off, the Captain stays him.*]

Capt. Pr'ythee, *Jack*, stay, and say something to the Gentlemen, by way of Epilogue. Thou art a piece of scurvey poet thyself; prithee oblige the Author, and give us a line or two in praise of his Play.

Pars. I oblige him! hang him and all his friends,

and hurt no body—Yes, I'me likely to speak for him; you see how I ha been us'd to day betwixt you; I shall find a time to be reveng'd. Let go my cloak; I have a Province, within, of mine own to govern; let me go.

Capt. Who, thy wife? faith stay, and give them an opportunity; thy pain will be the sooner over: you see 'tis a thing resolv'd betwixt 'em, and now thou'rt satisfi'd in the matter, be wise and silent: who knows what good she may do thee another time? I dare say, if she had as many souls in her as she had men, she'd bring thee a cure of herself.

Par. Let me go, or I shall be as troublesome as you are injurious, for all your Titles, sir.

Capt. Lend me your cloak then, to appear more decent; you'd not ha' me present Epilogue in Buff, whorson Dunce, with a red nose?

Par. Sir, my business is praying, not Epilogues.

Capt. With that face? By this light, 'tis a scandal to see it flaming so neer the altar; thou look'st as if thou'dst cry tope, in the face of the Congregation, instead of Amen.

Par. Thou'rt an Ass, 'tis proper there, t'has zeal and fervor in't, and burns before the Altar like the primitive Lamps.

Capt. I cry thee mercy; By this light, he'll make it sacrilege anon to steal his nose! Thou'lt entitle the Altar to that Coal; was't not kindl'd *Ex voto*? nay, I will have your cloak.

Par. Take it; would 'twere *Nessus* his shirt, for you and your Poet's sake. [Exit Parson.

Capt. What, do's the Rogue wish 'twere made of Nettles?

[Captain *puts on his cloak, and addresses himself to speak the Epilogue, and is interrupted by the lady Love-all and Faithfull her woman, who in haste and full of anger pull him by the cloak.*

Love. By your favour, sir; did you see any company pass this way? [The Musick playes.

Capt. None, but the three Brides, and they are gone just before you.—Hark, the Musick will guide you.

Love. Is it certain then they're married?

Capt. Yes, Lady, I saw the Churches rites performed.

Faith. Why do's your Ladiship lose time in talking with this fellow? don't you know him, Madam? 'tis the rascally Captain, hid in a black cloak; I know you, Sirrah.

Love. She has reason; now I mark him better, I should know that false face too; see *Faithful*, there are those treacherous eyes still.

Capt. Alas! you mistake me, Madam, I am Epilogue now; the Captain's within; and as a friend I counsel you, not to incense the Gentlemen against the Poet, for he knows all your story; and if you anger him he'll put it in a Play: but if you'll do friendly offices, I'll undertake, instead of your Pearl you lost, to help you to the Jewel, the Scotch Dictionary will tell you the value of it; let them go alone, and fret not at their loss; stay, and take my counsel, it shall be worth three revenges.

Love. Well, what is't, sir?

Capt. They say, you have a great power over the Parson; if you can prevail with him to express his anger in some Satyrick Comedy (for the knave has wit, and they say his genius lies that way,) tell him, 'tis expected he should be revenged upon the illiterate Courtier that made this Play. If you can bring this business about, I may find a way, as Epilogue, to be thankful, though the Captain abus'd you to day. Think on't, *Stephen* is as handsome when the Play is done, as Mr. *Wild* was in the scene.

Love. There's something of reason in what he says.—But my friend, how shall one believe you? you that were such a Rascal to day, in Buff, is it to be hoped

you can be honest only with putting on a black cloak? Well, I'll venture once again; and if I have any power, he shall sting the malicious Rascal; and I think he is fit for such a business. I'm sure he has the worst tongue; and a conscience that neither honour nor truth binds; and therefore 'tis to be believed, if he will rail in publick, he may be even with your Poet; I will cloath and feed him and his Muse this seven years, but I will plague him: *Secret* tells me, 'twas your Poet too that pawn'd me, to day, in the Tavern.

Capt. By my faith, did he; nay, 'twas he that told me of your friendship with *Jolly*.

Love. I wonder the Parson has been so long silent; a man of his coat and parts, to be beaten with a pen, by one that speaks sence by rote, like Parots! one that knows not why sence is sence, but by the sound! one that can scarce read, nay, not his own hand! Well, remember your promise.

Capt. Leave it to me, he is yours; and if our Plot take, you shall all have your shares in the mirth; but not the profit of the Play; and the Parson, more then his Tythe, a second day.

Love. We will discourse of this some other time; and pray dispatch what 'tis you have to say to this noble company, that I may be gone; for those Gentlemen will be in such fury, if I stay; and think, because we are alone, God knows what.

Capt. 'Tis no matter what they think, 'tis not them we are to study now; but these guests, to whom pray address yourself civilly, and beg that they would please to become Fathers, and give those Brides within.—What say you, Gentlemen, will you lend your hands to joyn them? the Match, you see, is made; if you refuse, *Stephen* misses the Wench, and then you cannot justly blame the Poet. For you know, they say, that alone is enough to spoil the Play.

FINIS.

Epilogue to the Parsons Wedding.

WHEN boys play'd women's parts, you'd think
the Stage,
Was innocent in that untempting Age.
No : for your amorous Fathers then, like you,
Amongst those Boys had Play-house Misses too:
They set those bearded Beauties on their laps,
Men gave 'em Kisses and the Ladies Claps.
But they, poor hearts could not supply our room;
They went but Females to the Tying-room:
While we, in kindness to our selves and you,
Can hold out Women to our Lodgings too.
Now, to oppose the humour of that Age,
We have this day, expell'd our Men the Stage.
Why cannot we as well perform their Parts?
No, t'would not take : the tender Lady's hearts
Would then their former charity give o're:
The Madams in disguise would steal no more
To th' young Actors Chambers in mask'd Faces,
To leave Love off'rings of Points and Laces.
Nor can we Act their Parts : Alas ! too soon
You'd find the cheat in th' empty Pantaloon.
Well ; though we are not Womens-Men, at least
We hope to have you Gallants constant Guests;
Which if you grant, and fill our house each day,
We will return your kindnesses this way:
We'll build up a new Theatre to gain you,
And turn this to a House to entertain you.

THE
LONDON
CUCKOLDS.

A
COMEDY;

As it is Acted at

THE DUKE'S THEATRE.

By *Edward Ravenscroft*, Gent.

Actors Names.

<p><i>Wiseacres,</i> } <i>Doodle,</i> } Two Aldermen of <i>London</i>.</p> <p><i>Dashwell,</i> A City Scrivener.</p> <p>Mr. <i>Townly,</i> A Gentleman of the times, careless of Women, but fortunate.</p> <p>Mr. <i>Ramble,</i> A great Designer on Ladies, but unsuccessful in his Intrigues.</p> <p>Mr. <i>Loveday,</i> A Young Merchant, one that had formerly been a Lover of <i>Eugenia</i>.</p> <p><i>Eugenia,</i> Wife to <i>Dashwell,</i> a Hypocritè.</p> <p><i>Arabella,</i> Wife to <i>Doodle,</i> a Pretender to Wit.</p> <p><i>Peggy,</i> Bride to <i>Wiseacres,</i> an Innocent, and Country-bred.</p> <p><i>Aunt,</i> Governess to <i>Peggy</i>.</p> <p><i>Engine,</i> Woman to <i>Arabella</i>.</p> <p><i>Jane,</i> <i>Eugenia's</i> Maid.</p> <p><i>Roger,</i> } <i>Tom,</i> } Two Footmen to <i>Ramble</i> and <i>Townly</i>.</p>	<p>{ Mr. <i>Underhill</i>.</p> <p>{ Mr. <i>Nokes</i>.</p> <p>Mr. <i>Leigh</i>.</p> <p>Mr. <i>Williams</i>.</p> <p>Mr. <i>Smith</i>.</p> <p>Mr. <i>Wilshire</i>.</p> <p>Mrs. <i>Coror</i>.</p> <p>Mrs. <i>Barry</i>.</p> <p>Mrs. <i>Petty</i>.</p> <p>Mrs. <i>Norris</i>.</p> <p>Mrs. <i>Leigh</i>.</p> <p>Mrs. <i>Osborn</i>.</p> <p>Mr. <i>Richards</i>.</p>
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A *Linkboy,* Two *Chimney-sweepers,* *Watchmen*.

SCENE *London*.

PROLOGUE, Written by a Friend;
Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

*WELL; Now's your time, (my Masters of the Pit)
You that delight in Women, Wine, and Wit.
All things this Winter jump for your delight,
In Mirth to wear the Day, in Love the Night.*

*Now Fop may dine with Half-wit ev'ry Noon,
And read his Satyr, or his worse Lampoon.*

*Julian's so furnish'd by these scribbling Sparks
That he pays off old Scores and keeps no Clarks.
My Lady with her Eldest Daughter brings to Town
Michaelmas Rent, and vows she'll not go down
So long as her Sir John is worth a Crown.*

*The Theatres are up, and to their cost,
Must strive by Victory to please you most:
Both he's and she's must stretch, in hopes to gain,
Like you New-market Racers on the Strain.*

*Faith, give us Jockey-law without deceit,
Mark the mens inches well before their heat,
And let the Women have their Horse-mans weight.*

*For, Gallants, many of your Nymphs are come
At last from their respective Travels home;
Good News for you that love a Boosy Life,
And hate the lectures of a careful Wife.*

*That jointur'd Mansion never gives content
Like the convenient modish Tenement
That's held by moderate Lease or yearly Rent.
But if with me Misses would counsel joyn,
We'd make the Tenant pay a swinging Fine.*

*If Celia thoughtless in her Alcove sits,
With Indian Tables pleas'd and Cabinets,*

The London Cuckolds

*Soon for her Fault, or else some Trick of State,
She proves the turn of her uncertain Fate.
Then waking (like the Tinker in the Play)
She finds the golden Vision fled away.*

*But if you drain your Keeper till he's poor,
And have the wit to lay it up in store;
He marries you in hopes to mend his life,
And what he lost by th' Mistress, gains in th' Wife.*

T H E

London Cuckolds

Act I. Scene 1.

[*The street before Doodle's house.*]

Enter Alderman Wiseacres, and Doodle.

Wise. WELL, Mr. Alderman *Doodle*, you promise to go along with me.

Dood. Yes, I will dispence with business, since 'tis on this occasion; who else goes?

Wise. Only Mr. *Dashwell*, our City Scrivener, your Neighbour who draws the Writings for the Jointure.

Dood. You'll be going as soon as Change is done?

Wise. Yes. Well, you shall see the most simple innocent thing of a wife, I so hug my self with the thoughts of her.

Dood. What! is she silly say you?

Wise. A meer Infant in her intellects: But for her bigness you'd take her for a baby.

Dood. How old is she?

Wise. But fourteen.

Dood. An Infant to you indeed: why, you are near fifty.

Wise. What then?

Dood. Marry a fool and a child too!

Wise. Ay, to chuse.

Dood. But a discreet woman of thirty had been more sutable for you.

Wise. But my intention is to marry a woman that will be young when I am old.

Dood. Doubtless an old man will be very agreeable to a young woman.

Wise. I have consider'd that point too, and am convinc'd that an old man can never love an old woman, that's for certain. Age is a sore decayer, and renders men backward in their duty, therefore I marry a woman so young, that she may be a temptation to me when I am old. You may talk of Amber-cawdles, Chocolate, and Jelly-broth's, but they are nothing comparable to youth and beauty, a young woman is the only provocation for old age, I say.

Dood. Oh, is that your drift?

Wise. Brother Alderman, I have liv'd long a Bachelor, I begin late, and so would lengthen out my satisfaction as far as I can.

Dood. I perceive that's as to her youth: but why do you marry one so silly? where's the satisfaction of that?

Wise. There you are short of comprehension agen: why, a young wife that has wit would play the Devil with an old Husband. Why, you see a young one can hardly keep 'em from kicking backward in this age.

Dood. Some such there are at the other end of the Town: but we have few of them here in the City.

Wise. That I might be sure not to be troubled with a witty wife, I made choice of a Girl of four years of age, one that had no signs of a pregnant wit, her father and mother were none of the wisest, they dying, left this child to the care of her Aunt, a good honest decay'd Gentlewoman, but a little soft too; her portion they recommended to my hands, to be improv'd for her use; I plac'd the Aunt and child in the Country, at a lone house, instructed her to bread her up in all honesty and simplicity imaginable; never to let her play amongst Boys or Girls, or have any conversation with any body

but her self; and now being bred to my own humour, and moulded to my turn, I am going to reap the fruits of my long care and trouble; for this is she I design for my wife.

Dood. What need you to bestow all this pains to make a fool? were there not fools enough of Heavens making?

Wise. Yes, but those fools, if not meer Idiots and Drivellers, grow wiser by experience, and by that time they come to twenty years of age, are quite other things; this forward age ripens them apace; Girls now at sixteen are as knowing as Matrons were formerly at sixty, I tell you in these days they understand *Aristotle's* Problems at twelve years of age.

Dood. 'Tis true indeed, nothing in the nature of man or woman is a secret to them. I'll be sworn, Mr. Alderman, the other day I catch'd two young wenches, the eldest not above twelve, reading the beastly, bawdy translated book called *the School of Women*. O to say the truth, 'tis a very forward knowing age.

Wise. Why brother, I hear at that damn'd lewd other end of the Town there is a Bawd in a bib and apron not ten years old.

Dood. They are no sooner out of the nurses arms, but they run into a man's.

Wise. To secure my self against all this, I have been at the charge to breed up a fool, and will now marry her so young, that I may make a fool of her all her life long, and I will keep her and order her so, as she shall never grow wiser.

Dood. But the chief end of a wife, is to be a comfort and a companion to a man, and what satisfaction can a husband have to converse with one so simple that she can scarce tell her right hand from her left?

Wise. Ignorance is the mother of devotion, I can therefore make her do what I will, whate'r I shall say

she will believe, and whate'r I will have her do, she will think it her duty, and obey for fear.

Dood. Wou'd you have your Wife a slave?

Wise. O much rather than be a slave to a Wife: A witty Wife is the greatest plague upon earth, she will have so many tricks and inventions to deceive a man; and cloak her villany so cunningly, a husband must always be upon the spy, watch when he should sleep, seem to sleep when he should be awake, to secure his honour against her inventions; of all which cares and troubles, he is freed that has married a wife who has not wit enough to offend.

Dood. If my wife was a fool, I should always suspect her a whore, for 'tis want of wit that makes 'em believe the flatteries of men; she that has sense will discern their traps and snares and avoid 'em: I tell you, Mr. Alderman, a woman without sense, is like a Castle without Souldiers, to be taken at every assault.

Wise. But I say still, wit is a dangerous weapon in a woman, and simplicity is her best guard.

Dood. I tell you, Brother *Wiseacres*, you are in the wrong.

Wise. I tell you, brother *Doodle*, I am in the right.

Dood. A woman with wit will be cunning enough for men.

Wise. Ay, and too cunning for her husband: you have a witty wife, much good may do you with her.

Dood. And much good may do you with your fool.

Wise. Better be a fool than a wanton.

Enter Dashwell.

Dood. Better be a wanton than both.

Wise. Your positiveness provokes me.

Dood. And your want of reason provokes me.

Wise. I hope you will allow that a witty wife may be a slut,

Dood. But a foolish wife will certainly be one.

Dash. What has rais'd this heat betwixt you?

Wise. O Mr. *Dashwell*, in good time, you shall be judge now, we are in dispute here, whether 'tis best for a man to have a wife with wit, or one that's a fool; which is safest for a husband's reputation, to have a little laughing, gigling, highty, tighty, pratling, tatling, gossipping wife, such a one as he has married?

Dood. Or a silly, simple, peaking, sneaking, bashful, awkward, ill bred Country girl, that goes with her toes in, and can't say boah to a Goose, who can only answer, I *forsooth*, and no *forsooth*, and stands in aw of her Chamber-maid; such a one as my brother Alderman *Wiseacres* here, has taken pains to rear for his own proper use.

Wise. Just such a silly, simple, bashful thing I am for, I desire my wife should have neither wit nor money but what is in my keeping, what need my wife have wit to make her loud, talkative, and impertinent, when I have enough for her and my self too?

Dood. I am for the contrary, now Mr. *Dashwell*, which of us two do you think is in the right?

Dash. In the right?

Dood. Ay.

Dash. Why, I think you both in the wrong.

Wise. Both in the wrong!

Dood. How can that be?

Dash. Each wou'd be safe in a wife, as to his reputation, wou'd you not?

Wise. Yes.

Dash. Then let me tell you for both your comforts, a wife that has wit will out-wit her husband, and she that has no wit will be out-witted by others beside her husband, and so 'tis an equal lay, which makes the husband a Cuckold first or oftnest.

Wise. You are a married man, Mr. *Dashwell*, what course have you taken?

Dood. Ay, is yours wise or foolish? tell us that.

Dash. Look you, the security lies not in the foolish wife, or in the wise, but in the godly wife, one that prays and goes often to Church, mind you me, the religious godly wife, and such a one have I.

Wise. O, the godly wife.

Dood. Meer hypocrites all: A godly woman! I wou'd not have my wife a Church zealot. How many Cuckolds must there needs be in a Parish, when the bell tolls out our wives twice a day to Assignations?

Wise. Nor do I like my wife should be catechised by a smooth-fac'd Reader, or a Lecturer, I don't know what doctrine he may put into her.

Dood. I had rather my wife should have company and play at cross purposes, and questions and commands at home, than go to Church to play at hide and seek in a pew; for my part, I am scandalized, there are many pews in the Church. I don't know but—well I don't like it, and so much good may do you with your godly wife.

Dash. Well, the world has never been of one mind since there was above one man in't, and ne'r will be again so long as there are two; so let there be an end of this discourse, and to our business; where shall I bring the writings to you, that you may read 'em before we go?

Wise. I'll be in half an hour, at *Garraway's* Coffee-house.

Dash. I'll go and acquaint my wife I'm going out of Town, and meet you there. [Exit.

Wise. Mr. Alderman, I believe you perceive by my principles, that I intend my wife shall be no Gossiper, nor wife of the times, to visit and be visited, even by her own sex, therefore you need not acquaint your wife with any thing of my marriage, that she may not take it ill that I make her no invitation to my wife; I will

marry her to morrow morning in private, and she shall live retir'd and private, as she has been bred.

Dood. As you please for that.

Wise. You'll meet us anon upon Change?

Dood. I'll but tell 'em within I am going out of Town, about business, and follow you.

Wise. We'll expect you. [Exit Wiseacres.

Dood. This is an odd humour, I can't but laugh to think what sport the women will make with him, when they hear on't, my wife will make him mad.

Enter Arabella and Engine, laughing.

Arab. } Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
Eng. }

Dood. Thou art very merry, wife, this morning.

Arab. Ha ha ha.

Dood. Prethee what dost laugh at?

Arab. Lord, Husband! that your wife was but a fool; what a fine time wou'd you have on't?

Dood. What, you over-heard our discourse?

Arab. We have been listening at the door this half hour.

Eng. Marry there's a fine Project; marry a fool! sure he intends to keep her altogether in hanging sleeves.

Arab. He had a fling at me in his discourse, but I'll be reveng'd if ever I can come to speak to his silly wife, I'll read her a Chapter of *Wisdom* shall clear her understanding.

Eng. I am deceiv'd if this Town do not teach her wit.

Arab. I am afraid, he won't reap as he sows; this is not an age for the multiplication of fools, in the female sex.

Dood. He has taken great pains to make her one.

Eng. How far off is this pattern of innocence?

Dood. But few miles from *London*, he marries her to morrow morning, and brings her home.

Arab. And you, husband, are to go upon this piece of gallantry, to fetch the Lady.

Dood. He desired, and I have promised.

Arab. Are we to expect you home at dinner?

Dood. No, we shall dine together about Change, there take Coach. Well, wife, you shall see me again to morrow, there's a kiss to remember me till my return. Adieu. [Exit Doodle.]

Arab. Adieu, husband. A kiss! slender diet to live upon till to morrow this time: I have a months mind to greater dainties, to feast in his absence upon lustier fare than a dull City-husband, as insipid, as ill relisht as a *Guild-hall* dish on a Lord Mayor's day. Now, *Engine*, if I durst pursue my Inclinations with the man you have so often heard me speak of.

Eng. A little variety Madam, would be pleasant; always to feed upon Alderman's flesh is enough to cloy your stomach.

Arab. He's so sparing on't, it can never surfeit me.

Eng. Faith, Madam, they that have spare diet at home, may the better be allow'd to look abroad. Troth, Madam, ne'r loose your longing.

Arab. But how, *Engine*, what contrivance to let him know it? to write to him would not do so well.

Eng. Troth do, Madam, write to him, a little Letter of rallery, that may look like a frolick, as it were between jest and earnest.

Arab. Writing wou'd shew too great a forwardness.

Eng. No matter; if a right Cavalier, he will make the more hast to relieve a Lady in distress.

Arab. No, thou shalt go to him, thou hast a pretty good way of speaking; I'll give thee some general hints, and leave it to thy management.

Eng. I'll do my part, I'll warrant you Madam.

Arab. Come, we'll consider on't.

Eng. There needs but little consideration in this

case, if you like the Gentleman, I'll secure you, the Gentleman shall like you.

Arab. Have a care how you turn Insurer, Love is a doubtful Voyage.

Eng. Yes, if the venture be in a leaky rotten bottom, or such a slugg as your Husband.—But in such a well built ship, so finely rig'd as that you speak of, you run no risk at all, I'll insure you for two in the hundred.

Arab. Well then, thou shalt go and see of what burthen my Lover is, and if he has stowage-room left for a heart, contract for mine; but tell him, what foul weather soever happens, he shall preserve mine, though he throw all the rest over-board.

Eng. That's not to be fear'd in such a tall stout ship, so rig'd and man'd, methinks I have him in ken already, bearing up briskly to you, spreading all sails for hast, to clap you on board.—Methinks I see him lye cross your Hawser already.

Arab. Come, wench, thy tongue runs, and we loose time.

Eng. I'll regain it in my Expedition. [Exeunt.]

[Scene 2.]

[Ramble's lodging.]

Enter Ramble and Townly, in Morning Gowns.

Town. PRETHEE, Ned Ramble, what makes thee so early a riser, after so late a debauch as we made last night?

Ram. Business, Frank.

Town. Business! what business can a Gentleman have to make him rise at ten, that went drunk to bed, at four in the morning?

Ram. I am pursuing an intrigue, a new Mistress, Frank.

Town. An intrigue! thou art always upon intrigues; I never knew any of your intrigues come to any thing; there's no fellow in Town has been so bawk'd as thou hast, in all thy adventures; you see I never make it my business to look after women, and yet they sail in my way, and I am successful, whereas thou art always coursing 'em about, and when you are at the very scut of them, thou loosest 'em.

Ram. The truth is, I have been unfortunate hitherto, I always meet with occasions, but never bring 'em to perfection; yet it is not my fault neither, for either my Mistress jilts me, fortune jilts me, or the Devil prevents me, I can never bring it to a home push; when I think I have overcome all difficulties, and am as sure of a woman as a Hawk is of the prey he swoops at, fortune turns the wheel, a whirlwind blows my Mistress into *Asia*, and I am tost into *America*.*

Town. Therefore prethee leave hunting that difficult game, and learn of me to divert thy self with a bottle, leave enquiring where there's a pretty woman, and ask where the best wine is, take women as I do, when they come in thy way by accident; you'll never be successful, so long as you make it your business; Love like Riches, comes more by fortune than industry.

Ram. Perseverance will overcome distiny; I shall have good luck in the end.

Town. Never 'till you make drinking your chief diversion, O *Ned*, Wine gives a certain elevation of spirit, quickens and enlivens the fancy to that degree, that a man half bowsy shall advance farther with a woman in one encounter, than a sober fellow as thou art in ten; there's a certain boldness and alacrity wanting, which lets a woman's fancy sink and grow lukewarm, when she was just boiling o'er.

Ram. If I should keep company but one week with thee, *Franck Townly*, and drink as we did yesterday, I

should be fit neither for the company of women nor men, I am so squeamish and maukish to day.

Town. Custome will overcome that; come let's go and find out some honest fellows, and dine together, and drink away thy complaints.

Ram. I'll have no more on't, I thank you, this month.

Town. If I had thought this, I would have lain at my own Lodgings last night; I consented to lie with you, thinking to have been sure of you all this day, but since you will be stragling out of my clutches, cross fates, and thy own fortune pursue thee.

Ram. Every one in their own element; let me find pretty women, and take you the good wine, I envy you not.

Town. As soon as e'er my business in *Lombard street* is done, I'll abandon this sober end of the Town, where a man can't reel into a Tavern after eleven a clock, for sawcy Constables and Watchmen, that will wait on a man home against his will.

Ram. I find a great conveniency in a lodging here, I can be master of my own will, and free from all importunate Solicitors, that dun a man more to go to the Tavern, than a Tradesman does for money.

Enter Roger with a Letter.

Roger. A Porter, Sir, brought you this Letter.

Ram. A Woman's Hand——augh!

Town. A Bait to draw you into your old Snare; the Consequence will be unlucky.

Ram. No, I fear it not: Where is the Porter?

Roger. He told me it requir'd no Answer.

Ram. Lay my Cloaths ready, that I may dress me.

Town. What is this hasty Business? [*Exit Roger.*]

Ram. A bold Challenger, and I'll not fear to meet the fair Inviter.

Town. Pray tell me; is this a new Amour?

Ram. A new one! I neither know her Name, nor where she Lives.

Town. No better acquainted, and yet send you a Summons?

Ram. But we have conversed together sometime; I have bow'd to her, kist my hand to her, look'd Amorously on her, stood by her and Sigh'd, Whisper'd her cross the Pew, and stole Notes into her hand.

Town. This is a Church Lady then, some old Countess, or Rich Widow, with whom thou dost intend to drudge out a Fortune, and with dry slavish Letchery raise thy self to the equipage of a *Stalion*.

Ram. Have better thoughts of your Friend; no, she is neither Old nor Ugly, nor one whom Fortune has yet so much blest to put in the state of Widowhood; she is a Wife, young, plump, pretty, and blooming as the Spring.

Town. What is her Husband?

Ram. A Blockheaded City Attorney, a Trudging, Drudging, Cormudging, Petitioning Citizen, that with a little Law, and much Knavery has got a great Estate.

Town. A Petitioner! Cuckold the Rogue for that very reason.

Ram. By the Inducement of her Parents she Married him against her Inclinations, and now nauseating her Husbands bed, rises every Morning by five or six, with a pretence to hear her Lectures and Sermons, and loathing his Company at home, pretends all day to be at Prayers, that she may be alone in her Chamber.

Town. And that Billet is from her?

Ram. From her Maid, from whom with a Bribe I learn all this. You shall hear the Contents.

[*Reads the Letter.*

SIR,

My Master is going out of Town, and I have work'd upon my Mistress's Inclination to admit you this night:

Be at your Lodgings in the Evening, and expect me to come and be your Guide to the Happiness you wish for.

Yours in all Zeal, JANE.

Town. 'Tis strange a man should find a Mistress at Church, that never goes to one.

Ram. 'Tis true: till of late, I had never been at Church since my Father's Funeral, and I had not gone then, but to Conduct him as forward on his way as I could, that he might not return to take the Estate again I got by his Death: Nor had I been near the Church since, but for a sudden shower of Rain that drove me into a Church porch for shelter, and whilst I was standing there, came by this Miracle of a Woman, and wrought my Conversion.

Town. But as often as you have been there, you never said your Prayers?

Ram. Only the Love *Litany*, and some amorous Ejaculations, as *thou Dear Creature, Charming Excellence, Ravishing Beauty, Heavenly Woman*, and such flights as these; I durst not pray against Temptation, lest Heaven should have taken me at my word, and have spoil'd my intrigue.

Town. Spoke like a Cavalier, e'gad! If thy inclinations did but lye a little more to the Bottle, thou wouldst be an admirable honest Fellow.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, here's a Gentlewoman desires to speak with you in private.

Ram. Is she a Lady?

Roger. An ingenious Attendant I believe.

Ram. Bring her up. *Townly*, let me beg your pardon, and desire you to step into the next room.

Town. Another Love Ambassadors; I'll withdraw till you give her Audience. [*Exit Townly.*]

Enter Engine and Roger.

Roger. There's my Master.

[*Exit.*]

Ram. A good morrow to you Mistress.

Eng. The like to you, Sir; My wish will be successful, since I bring you such good news.

Ram. Pray come nearer; what is it I pray, and from whom?

Eng. From a Fair Lady, Sir. I hope we are private.

Ram. Fear not; pray go on.

Eng. Perhaps you will wonder, Sir, and think me Confident, when I shall tell you.

Ram. Nothing can make me think amiss of one that has such auspicious signs in her countenance.

Eng. You are pleas'd to flatter me; but pray wonder not, Sir, at my forwardness, since it is to do so worthy a Person service, and a Gentleman of such extraordinary merits as your self—

Ram. Now you Complement me, pray let me hear my Good morrow from those pretty Lips.

Eng. I protest I blush at my undertaking. But since I am no ways concern'd upon my own account, I can with better courage proceed.

Ram. Pray do; you have rais'd me to a wonderful expectation.

Eng. And yet when you have consider'd how accomplish'd a person you are, and how worthily you attract the eyes of the Ladies, you think it then no wonder at all that a Lady of as great wit and beauty as any the City affords, thinks you the most admirable person of your whole Sex. One that talks of you with so much delight and fervency, that I thought it injustice, even to you, as well as injurious to her, if I should not acquaint you.

Ram. Be free with me—Pray who is this Lady, whose thoughts are so favourable to me?

Eng. A rich Alderman's young Wife, one that has been married above Six Months. One so far from the City breeding—

Ram. Good.

Eng. She speaks so prettily in your praise, and has the tenderest sentiments in her thoughts for you.

Ram. Very good.

Eng. And o'er whom you have such an Ascendency, that could she be assur'd, you were one would be secret, and with whom her reputation might be safe——

Ram. She could Love me; is it so?

Eng. It is indeed. And says, after such an assurance, it were no longer in her power to refuse you any favour could be expected from a woman.

Ram. Thou pourest Harmony in my ears; the sweet sound strikes upon my Heart-strings, and makes it abound with joy. Take this Gold to encourage thee; say, where is this obliging Beauty, when shall I see her?

Eng. Her Husband is this day gone out of Town, now is a convenient time to make your addresses.

Ram. Conduct me to her, and let me fall before her with humble adoration.

Eng. Not 'till night, that darkness may secure her reputation from the censure of prying Neighbours, Visitants of your Garb and noble Meen draw all eyes; be therefore prudent, and approach with caution and circumspection, as Misers do the hoard of Wealth they are afraid to loose.

Ram. I'll think her a Mine of Gold, my self the *Indian* that has discover'd it, and imagine all the Citizens *Spaniards* that would rob me of't, so secretly I will approach——

Eng. Such prudence will secure a lasting Joy, and long may you reap the Spoils of Love and Beauty.

Ram. But where, where my little Angel-intelligencer, where is this blessing to be found? Which way shall I direct my uncertain steps? Or by what Title is she distinguish'd from other women, for yet I know her

but by these excellencies, the *fairest*, and the *kindest* of her Sex?

Eng. These Tablets I took from her, in those you will find her name with Characters that will direct you to this Beauty; but confine your censures to just bounds, and interpret not that my officiousness proceeds from any commands of hers.

Ram. Not in the least.

Eng. 'Tis true, I know the secrets of her heart—and since I was sure it would not be displeasing to her, and you were a party so highly deserving, I took the liberty without her knowledge, to do you both this piece of service.

Ram. I can never think amiss of her Love, nor your Service, but must bless the means that conducts me to my happiness. Now pray favour me with some further knowledge of your Self, least wanting opportunity to oblige, I should appear ungrateful.

Eng. My name is *Engine*, my inclinations to this fair person, lead me to be a Domestick in her Family, and she is pleas'd to make me her Confident.

Ram. I rejoyce you are so nearly concern'd; let my interest still be your care; and if such small acknowledgments as these can quit my Score, I hope not to dye your Debtor.

Eng. Your merits bind me beyond your gift.

Ram. Dear Mistress, *Engine*, yours?

Eng. Your Servant, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Ram. Who's there? wait down.

Now for her Name, and place of habitation,—where!—
[*Looks in the book.*] O here—Mrs. *Arabella* Wife to Alderman——

Enter Townly.

Town. *Ned*, You must pardon my Curiosity, I cou'd not but listen, I heard all the business; if ever thou prove successful in an intrigue, it will be this.

Ram. That two appointments should happen so at the same time, one to prevent the other.

Town. If you are doubtful which to choose, e'en throw up Cross or Pile.

Ram. No, I resolve to attempt the other first, because I know the person, I am sure she pleases me; what perfections this has, are yet unknown to me, therefore with more ease neglected.

Town. Who is this Woman; what's her name?

Ram. Excuse me there; it is not like a Gallant Man, to reveal a kind Ladies name. That and her place of habitation are here set down in fair Characters. Thus was the happy secret entrusted to me.

[Shows the Tablets.

Town. Hah! Let me but observe the outside.

Ram. Look no longer, 'tis not of your acquaintance.

Town. Not know it, 'twas mine once.

Ram. No, no, thou art deceiv'd: Thine!

Town. Mine, I know it by the Clasps: Pray look on the inside of the Cover, and see if there be not a *Cupid* drawn with a Red-lead Pen?

Ram. Gad, *Frank*, thou hast ghest right, here is.

Town. 'Tis then the same; the Woman I gave it to, is the person of all the World I most fancy.

Ram. Was she very handsome?

Town. I know not the Charms of her Face, 'tis her Wit I admire.

Ram. Has it been then a Night Intrigue, and carried on in the dark?

Town. No, I have seen her often in a Vizard at Plays, she has a delicate shape, and a pretty, pretty hand; she once shew'd me that for a Sample, and if her skin all over be like that, Snow was never whiter, nor Alabaster half so sleek and Polished.

Ram. Yet should her face not be answerable.

Town. Oh, she has a Tongue would charm a Man,

she is all Air, Mirth, and Wit,—but I had but her own Word for't, that her face was no disparagement to her body.

Ram. But for all that, this may be some common Town-Lady.

Town. No, no, she had Rings and Jewels too valuable to be one of those, she was Roguish, but not Impudent, Witty, but not Rampant; without doubt she has a husband that is proud of her, and takes delight to hear her talk, for I observ'd a kind of City-elder always sit a little distant from her, who listen'd to her rallery with the Sparks, and seem'd pleas'd in his countenance, when she was smart in her Repartees upon the little Cockerils of the Pit, that came flirting at her with her sparring blows.

Ram. And sitting at distance, might be on purpose to give her opportunity, to exercise her tallent.

Town. Questionless 'twas so, for with this man she always went out when the Play was done.

Ram. But how came she by your Tablets?

Town. I was humming a new Song one day in the Pit, and she ask'd me if I could give it her. I had it written down there, I presented the book to her; but could hardly force it on her, because she thought it of some value.

Ram. But took it at last?

Town. Yes, upon condition I would accept the book back again the next time we met in the Pit.

Ram. I am glad to hear her Character, and now am more dissatisfied that one Intrigue should cross the other.

Town. Since it so falls out, give me the directions, and I will go in your place.

Ram. Thank you for that—

Town. You can secure but one to your self, you'll certainly loose her you disappoint.

Ram. No, no, I'll keep two strings to my Bow, if any accident cross one design, I have the other Lady in reserve; and now I think my self secure above the malice of Fortune, and laugh at all her former spight.

Town. I know thou art positive, ill natur'd, and hard-hearted, and wouldst not part with one, hadst thou twenty. But for punishment, I wish thee the same curse I do to Misers that hoard up Gold, and wou'd not part with any to save a man from starving:—which is, that you may be rob'd of all, and after hang thy self with grief for the loss.

Ram. Alas, *Frank Townly*, I thought you could not be in love with any thing but a Bottle, what, would you leave all your merry Friends for a Woman, they'd take it unkindly.

Town. Evil Fates are boading o'er thy head, and so Churl, Farewel.

Ram. Spight of thy Prophecy, meet me to morrow morning, and I'll tell thee such pleasant stories of this nights joys, thou shalt for ever be converted from wine to women.

Women are Miracles the Gods have given.

That by their brightness we may gness at Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act II. Scene 1.

[*A room in Dashwell's house.*]

Enter Eugenia and Jane.

Jane. MADAM, Mr. *Ramble* will be here presently.
Eug. Well, *Jane*, though I love Mr. *Ramble*, yet are not my inclinations so much in fault as your counsels, for had not you perswaded me, I should never have consented to his coming to Night in my Husband's absence.

Jane. I vow to you, Madam, it grieved me to see how

the poor Gentleman sigh'd and lookt pale, and watch'd all opportunities to see you, and how constantly he came to Church; where, but for your sake, I dare swear, he would as soon have been hang'd as come, and then what complaints did he make of your reservedness, when I knew it was against your Conscience to deny him, for I was sure you lov'd him.

Eug. I do so, *Jane*, ah! were my husband but such a man, how happy a creature should I be? but I was forced to marry him to please my parents.

Jane. 'Tis then your turn to please your self now with a gallant, to supply the defects of a husband; when a man will press a woman to marry against her inclinations, he lays the foundation himself of being a Cuckold after: Troth Madam, think no more of your husband, but of your Gallant, the man you love, who is this night come to your Embraces, I'll warrant you you'll not repent your self to morrow morning.

Eug. If unexpectedly my husband should return——

Jane. No fear of that.

Eug. Hark, some body knocks, run to the door.

Scene 2.

Enter Loveday, meanly habited, in black.

Jane. WHO would you speak with, Sir?

Love. Is Mr. *Dashwell* within?

Jane. He is out of Town, and returns not 'till to morrow.

Love. Is his Lady at home?

Jane. Yes—there she is.

Eug. Your business, Sir.

Love. I have Letters to him, from his brother at *Hamburgh*, the Merchant, in which he recommends me to him for a servant, or at least a short entertainment

in his family, 'till I have dispatcht some business he is pleased to imploy me in.

Eug. Jane, this is unlucky, what shall we do? His being in the house will put a restraint on our freedom to night.

Jane. No, Madam, I'll dispatch him to bed, do but you give order, and then let me alone.

Eug. My Husband will be in Town to morrow, and then he will resolve you if he wants a servant, my house is not well provided of beds at present, you must be content with a lodging in the Garret; *Jane*, take care to see him lodged, I am sleepy and will go to my Chamber. *Jane*, make haste, for I am not very well.

[*Exit Eugenia.*

Jane. Come, Sir, you have rid a long journey to day, and may be weary, I'll shew you to your Chamber, there's a bed ready made.

Love. I came but from *Canterbury* to day.

Jane. Because my Lady's not well, let me beg of you to be content with a sack-posset to night, which as soon as she's in bed, shall be brought up to you, to morrow we'll make you amends as soon as you please.

Love. That shall suffice; but let me now request a Glass of Beer.

Jane. Pray, Sir, sit down, you shall have that presently.

[*Exit Jane.*

Love. How fair *Eugenia* look'd, her beauty's still fresh and blooming, with how much joy in this short interview have I beheld those eyes, whose wounds I have born so long, and felt their influence at so great a distance! I wish she had not been indispos'd.—Her husband out of Town, and she alone.—This had been a time,—hah, what room's that, what's there, a Cloath laid, Knives, Napkins, Oranges and Bread.—Late as it is here will be a supper, all this preparation cannot be for to morrow, some body is to come in the

Husband's absence, *Eugenia* pretends to be gone to bed, her indisposition is feign'd, my company was unseasonable, to lodge me in the Garret was policy, but I'll venture to observe passages.

Enter Jane, with Beer.

Jane. Sir, here's a glass of Drink.

Love. I thank you, I was very dry.

Jane. Now, Sir, if you please, I will light you to your chamber.

Love. With all my heart, for I am very weary; 'tis so, they relish not my company, and are for posting me supperless to bed, only to remove me out of the way.

[*Exeunt Jane and Loveday.*]

Enter Eugenia and Ramble.

Eug. Come, Sir, now come in here.—Well, Mr. *Ramble*, you see what influence, you Gentlemen have over us weak Women.

Ram. Oh my dear Life, my Joy, let me not answer thee, but in this Language. [Kiss.]

Eug. I ne'r thought I should condescend to admit you to my house in my husband's absence thus, what will you think of me?

Ram. I'll think thee the kindest, loving'st, the dearest, and the best of thy whole sex; come let us reserve our thoughts 'till anon, 'till I have thee in bed in my arms, where darkness will priviledge thee to tell thy thoughts without a blush freely, as I could now, were it not for loss of time, and that I should loose so many sweet kisses the while.

Eug. Use your conquest with discretion, and put me not to my blushes, I confess I can deny you nothing, and 'tis too late now to retreat.

Ram. Be not faint hearted, nor ashamed, now Fortune has blessed us with the opportunity;—now let us be all rapture, all fire, kiss, hug and embrace, and never have done.

Eug. Hark.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Madam, Supper is upon the Table.

Eug. Draw the Table in here, this room is more private.

Ram. Come, Madam, let us prepare our selves with Meat and Wine, yet make but a hasty meal of it, that we may the sooner come to that more delicious Banquet, the feast that Love has prepared for us, that feast of Soul and Senses, and of all at once.

Eug. Have a care of feeding too heartily on Love, 'tis a surfeiting dyet, with which your Sex is soon cloy'd, and that is the reason you men seek variety so much.

[*Jane draws the Table in.*

Ram. Fear not that now, for thou art a dish of all varieties, like a Spanish *Olio*, that contains the best of every thing; all the beauties of thy whole Sex, all their charms are here in this one composition.

Jane. Madam, the Meat will be cold.

Eug. Come, Sir, now you have said Grace, sit down.

[*They sit down to Table.*

Ram. Mrs. *Jane*, oblige me with a glass of Wine.

Madam, this to your good Health:

Fill the glass, and bring't to me again.

[*She fills it, and he puts Gold into't.*

I drank your Ladies health, Mrs. *Jane*, you must plèdge it; there are some ingredients to make the Wine relish.

Eug. Jane, Have a care what you do, Mr. *Ramble* is corrupting you to let him into my chamber after I am in bed, anon.

Ram. O sweet remembrance, wisht for hour!

Eug. But be sure, *Jane*, you don't let him have the Key.

Jane. No, Madam, I'll be sure to put that in my pocket, when you are both lock'd in.

Ram. Thank you, Mrs. *Jane*.

Eug. I see you have corrupted my Servant already: Fie upon you.—Come, Sir, will you carve, or shall I.—

Ram. You if you please, Madam, I am so extasy'd with the thoughts of approaching bliss.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Eug. Jane, Run to the door, and see who knocks.

Jane. Who can it be thus late?

Eug. Pray Heaven it be not my Husband.

Ram. Nono, Fortune will not be such an Enemy to Love.

Eug. Hark again. [*Knocking without.*]

Jane. Heavens, Madam, 'tis my Master.

Eug. Jane, what shall we do?

Ram. Cursed spite, where shall I hide?

Eug. Heavens, how he knocks.— [*Knocking.*]

Jane. Go into the Closet, Sir, there, there.

[*Ramble goes in.*]

Eug. Thrust in Table and all, the Wine too:

[*Table and all is put into the Closet.*]

So, if it be my Husband, tell him I am at my Prayers and would not be disturb'd:—get him up to bed.

Jane. Yes, Madam,—He'll beat down the door.

[*Knocking.*]

Eug. Stay, where is my Prayer-book?

Jane. In the Window, Madam. [*Exit Jane.*]

[*Eugenia settles herself to read upon the Couch.*]

Enter Dashwell and Doodle, [*with Jane.*]

Dash. Is my Wife in the Parlor? we'll go in to her.

Jane. She is at Prayers, and would not be disturb'd.

Dash. Let her pray anon,—I have brought Mr. Alderman *Doodle* to see her.—Wife, come prethee, Wife, leave off praying, thou art always a praying, lay by thy book.

Eug. Oh me, Husband, are you come home, indeed I did not expect you to Night. Mr. Alderman, your humble Servant.

Dood. Your Servant, good Mrs. *Dashwell*.

Eug. I hope your Wife is well.

Dood. I left her well in the morning; she's not at her prayers, I'll warrant you, e'en a little of that serves her.

Eug. Truly I think I cannot spend my time better.

Dash. Well, Wife, prethee, what hast thou for our Supper, we are very hungry, the fresh Air has got us a stomach?

Eug. Truly, husband, not expecting you home, I provided nothing, we made shift with what was left at dinner, there is nothing at all in the house.

Dood. Well neighbour, now I have seen you home, I'll leave you.

Dash. Nay, nay, stay and drink a glass of Wine.

[*Exit Jane.*]

Enter Loveday, with a Letter.

Love. This is a fit time for me to appear—I have observ'd all, and will startle 'em.

Dash. Who is this?

Eug. O my dear, I had forgot to tell you, this young man comes from your Brother at *Hambourgh* with recommendations to you.

Love. Here's a Letter from him, Sir, I was just going to bed, but when I heard you come, I slip'd on my cloaths and made bold to trouble you to Night to know your pleasure.

Dash. Reach me the Candle, *Jane*, and fill some Wine.

Enter Jane with Wine.

Eug. How did it happen pray, that you all return'd to night? [D*ashwell reads the Letter.*]

Dood. My Brother Alderman and I heard of a business upon Change to day, in which we are both concern'd, that will require our presence there to morrow, therefore he resolv'd to bring his Bride to Town to night, and be Married early in the morning.

Eug. Is she come then?

Dood. We left her and her Aunt at the Coach, he is come before to his house to provide for their reception.

Eug. The Marriage I suppose will be private?—

Dood. Yes, there will be only the Aunt, your husband, and my self, if I can be there. Mr. *Wiseacres* has the oddest humours, he will have her call him Uncle.

Eug. She is very Young I hear, and therefore—

Dash. My Brother gives you a very good General Character, he speaks much of your fidelity and sober carriage, but names not any particular imployment that you are fit for; pray what are you capable of?

Love. I have been bred a Scholar, taken some degrees at the University—I can write an account well.

Dash. Very good—I know not whether *I* shall have occasion for you as a Clerk under me for Law business, or whether *I* should recommend you to some Friend among the Merchants to be employ'd in his Counting house—I'll consider against to morrow; for my brother's sake *I*'ll see to get you some imployment?

Love. *I* humbly thank you, Sir. One thing more let me tell you of my abilities: Whilst *I* was a Scholar at *Oxford*, *I* studied a very Mysterious Art; and spent much time in the contemplation of *Magick*, which the Vulgar call the *Black-Art*; for this *I* was expell'd the University. *I* can perform something wonderful, yet without danger, and to morrow, or any time when you and your Lady are at leisure, *I* will show something of my skill for your diversion.

Eug. Oh goodness Husband! *I* would not see Conjuring for all the World, it is a naughty wicked thing; *I* shan't sleep to night for thinking there is one in the house that knows the *Black-Art*.—*Jane*, be sure you lay my Prayer-Book under my Pillow to Night.

Love. Fear not Lady, you shall have no hurt from me—it is very useful sometimes—I can by my Art discover private Enemies, reveal Robberies, help right

owners to goods, stolen or lost; to Ships becalm'd, procure a wind shall bring 'em to the Port desir'd—and the like.

Dood. I beg your pardon, I believe nothing of all this.

Dash. I would you cou'd help us to a good Supper to Night, for I am damnable hungry.

Dood. Ay, and not stay the dressing of it——

Love. That Sir,——I'll do it with all my heart.

Dash. Canst thou?

Love. In a trice, the easiest thing of a hundred.

Dash. Prethee do then.

Eug. O Lord Husband! what do you mean?

Dash. Nay, nay, ne'er fright your self, you'll see no such thing.

Love. I'll warrant you a Supper, Sir.

Dash. Sayst thou so. But let it be hot.

Love. Hot, Ay, Sir——

Dood. It must needs be hot if it comes from the Devil.

Eug. I hope he's not in earnest.

Love. Fear not, Madam, but sit you down; and you, Sir, by your Lady, and you on the other hand—sweet heart, stand you behind your Lady's chair.

Jane. What does this fellow mean?

Eug. For Heavens sake, Husband, let me be gone.

Dash. No, no, sit down; come begin.

Love. Have patience, you shall see nothing to fright you. Silence I pray. *Mephorbus, Mephorbus, Mephorbus*: Thrice I have thee invoked my Familiar—be thou assistant straight to my desires, supply what e'er a hungry appetite requires. By all the powers of the *Zodiac, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagitarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces.* Assist ye Seven Planets too, *Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, Luna, Dragons-Head, and Dragons Tayl.* Shed your auspicious influences, and to my Charm give efficacious strength.

Jane. Oh the Devil is coming, I smell Brimstone already.

Dash. Peace you Baggage, you have supp'd.

Dood. I begin to sweat for't—would I were under the Table, that the Devil mayn't see me if he comes.

Love. Tacete—

[*After the charms, he stands with his Head as listening to an invisible*—

Dash. That's hold your peace.

Love. Arlom Gascodin Adelphon, Eus, Eusticon Olam Amemnos. Thanks *Mephorbus.* Now, Sir, you may prepare to fall to.

Dash. Why, I see no meat—the Devil has fail'd you—

Dood. I thought you could Conjure.

Love. Let your Servant open that door—and draw in the Table as it is furnished by the Power of my Art.

Jane. Ha! was that his Conjuring?— [Aside.

[*Jane opens the Closset, draws out the Table.*

Dood. Wonderful, a Table plentifully furnish'd! Good Meat and Wine; 'tis excellent, Wife, Mr. Alderman fall to.

Eug. Eat of the Devils food?

Dood. I warrant you 'tis but a Vision, 'twill Vanish if you touch it.

Love. No, though it came by a supernatural means, yet it is no delusion; 'tis good substantial food, such as nature and the bounty of Heaven afford—to encourage you, see I will fall to and eat heartily.

Dash. Excellent fair 'faith, Wife; fill me some Wine; Mr. Alderman my service to you; delicious Wine too,—O rare Art; Sir, you are an excellent Caterer.

Eug. I could not have believ'd there was such power in Art, if I had not seen it.

Jane. Pray, Madam, fall to, the meat looks well, and is delicately dress'd.

Eug. I'll venture.

Dash. I'll have it no longer said that the Devil sends Cooks; why a Prince might eat of his dressing.

Dood. Pray heaven it digest well.

Love. I warrant you, Sir.

Eug. A witty Knave, *Jane*, he resolv'd not to go supperless to bed. [Aside.

Dash. Here, Sir, here's to you, and I thank you for our good cheer.

Love. Your Servant, Sir, I'll pledge you, a full glass—Come, Mr. Alderman, my service to you; the Founder's good health.

Dood. Auh! what mean you, drink the Devils health?

Love. Will you Eat of his Meat and not thank him.

Dood. 'Tis something uncivil I confess,—

Love. If you Eat with an Extortioner, the money that bought his meat was the price of Orphans tears, and so you may say it came from the Devil too, and yet we Eat with him, drink his health, and thank him.

Dash. Ay, ay, it's not a pin matter, and so Neighbour you are welcome—and, Sir, I thank you for our good supper—

Dood. If you can do this all the year round, I'll take you to be my Book-keeper—

Love. My Art serves me only in time of extremity, when hunger is strong and food absent, and difficult to be otherwise attain'd. If done for Covetousness, my Invocations have no strength.

Dood. Ah, that's a pity—my Book-keeper's a very honest fellow now I think on't.

Dash. No matter, I'll prefer him—for this you have engag'd me to speak wonderful things of you—But pray tell me, by what means was all this meat brought hither, and the Table furnish'd; was it by the help of Spirits? I heard no noise.

Love. It was done by a Familiar that I have com-

mand of——if you please I will shew you him in human shape.

Dash. Pray do, Sir, that I may thank him.

Eug. O by no means, Sir,—what, husband, would you thank the Devil?

Dash. Why, is't not the proverb, *Give the Devil his due*? Fear not.

Love. I warrant you, Lady, it shall be no harm to you; he is hereabouts invisible already.

Eug. It can be no ill Spirit sure——

Love. Set the door wide open, that his passage may be free.

Dash. Quick, *Jane*.

Love. *Mephorbus*, that lurkest here, put on humane shape, appear visible to our sight, and come forth in the likeness of a fine well-dress'd gentleman, such as may please this Lady's eye.—Pass by, pay your reverence, and make your *exit*. *Presto*, I say——be gone.

Enter Ramble, crosses the Stage, bows and exit.

Eug. *Jane*, step after him, and bid him not go far from the door—you shall call him when my husband is in bed. [*Aside.*

Go shut the door, *Jane*, for fear he should return.

Jane. Lend me your Prayer-book, to keep him off if he should offer to turn upon me. [*Exit Jane.*

Love. So, Madam, how did you like the Familiar?

Eug. It had no frightful shape——it look'd like a fine gentleman.

Love. I knew a shape that one sees every day would not affright.

Dood. It was a mannerly Devil too, he bow'd as he pass'd by.

Dash. But pray, why was the door open'd, could he not have vanish'd upwards or downwards, or gone through the Key-hole?

Love. Yes, Sir, but then he would have carried away

part of your house; for when Spirits appear in humane form and shape, they will be dealt withal as really humane, or else are sullen and malicious; wherefore I bid the door be open'd, lest he should have been mischievous.

Enter Jane.

Dash. I apprehend—

Dood. Well, now I'll take my leave—I'll call as I go, and see if the Bride be come yet, and then go home to my wife, poor soul, I shall waken her out of her first sleep.—Well, Mr. *Dashwell*, good night—I thank you, and this good Gentleman for my good supper.

Eug. Jane, light out—

Dash. Mr. Alderman, your servant.

[*Go out with Doodle.*

Love. So, my suspicions were not in vain—and my curiosity of stealing down stairs to observe what pass'd to night, has procur'd a good supper, oblig'd the Lady, and diverted the husband; for which I have thanks on all hands, and shall be applauded for a man of parts.

[*Dashwell, Eugenia, Jane, return.*

Eug. Sir, now I thank you for this kindness, your Art has obliged me, and you shall find it.

Love. I am glad, Madam, it was in my power to serve you.

Eug. Jane, help the Gentleman to a Candle.

Jane. Sir, will you please to take that?

Love. Good night, Sir; good night, Madam.

[*Exit Loveday.*

Dash. Good repose to you, Sir. An admirable fellow this, wife.

Eug. Ah fie! a wicked man to conjure, and to raise a Spirit, was it not a Devil, Husband?

Dash. A kind of a Devil, a Familiar;—cou'd you have laid him, Wife?

Eug. I have a prayer they say will make evil things

flie from one, but I never said it yet, but I'll make use on't to night.

Dash. No come, prethee let's go to bed now, 'tis gone far enough.

Eug. I could no more sleep to night without saying my prayers o'r agen—and I'll be sure to say that prayer above all.

Dash. Nay, if it be thy fancy, I am sure thou wilt not sleep unless thou dost; I'll go to bed for my part—

Eug. I'll say my prayers here below, because I won't disturb you.

Jane. I pray do, Madam, pray all the Devils out, or I shall be afraid ever to come alone into this Room.

Eug. *Jane*, light your Master up.

Dash. No, give me the Candle—and go lock fast the doors. Good night wife. [Exit *Dashwell*.]

Eug. Good night; I'll come softly to bed, I'll not disturb you. *Jane*, will Mr. *Ramble* be hereabout?

Jane. He'll hover near the door, 'till I give him notice—he begs you to contrive his admittance for one quarter of an hour.

Eug. Go you up, and give me notice when your Master is in bed.

Jane. Yes, Madam.

Eug. Light into the next Room. [Exeunt.]

[Scene 3.]

[*The street, before the houses of Wiseacres and Dashwell.*]

Enter Ramble in the Street.

Ram. WELL, here was one defeat of Fortune, but I would tempt her once more, and see what luck I could have with my other Mistress, if I cou'd find *Roger*, and I think here he comes: *Roger*.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Here, Sir.

Ram. Have you enquir'd as I gave you directions?

Roger. Yes, Sir, Alderman *Doodle* lives but in the next street, just turn'd the corner there.

Ram. But did you take notice of the door, cou'd you find it again in the dark.

Roger. Very readily, Sir.

Ram. Ha! who comes yonder! I discover a pretty face, run you, and get directions which is the true door, I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Ramble*, *Aunt*, *Peggy*, *Link-boy*.

Ram. La la la la la——&c. 'gad a most pretty creature.

Peg. Forsooth, *Aunt*, this is a most hugeous great place, here be a number of houses, *Aunt*?

Aunt. Ay, *Peggy*, and fine houses, when you see 'em by day-light.

Peg. Sha'n't I see 'em all to morrow forsooth, *Aunt*?

Ram. A young Country Girl, just come to Town.

Aunt. O you can't see all *London* in a week.

Peg. O Leminy! not in a week, *Aunt*; and does my Nuncle own all this Town?

Aunt. All, *Peggy*, no nor the King, God bless him, not half.

Ram. She appears so simple, young, and innocent, and is so pretty, I cannot forbear speaking to her——
By your leave, old Gentlewoman——

Aunt. How now, Sir, who are you?

Ram. A Gentleman, and one that desires to be acquainted with you and this pretty little Lady here.

Aunt. Stand off, come away child, don't let him be near thee.

Ram. Nay, I'll not part with this pretty hand yet.

Aunt. Shove him away, *Peggy*.

Peg. O, but forsooth *Aunt*, he's a Gentleman.

Aunt. Ay, but a *London* Gentleman, come from him, or he'll bite thee.

Peg. Deeds, Sir, will you bite me?

Ram. Bite thee! not for a thousand Worlds, yet methinks I could eat thee.

Aunt. Stand off, I say, stand off, come away child, or he'll devour thee.

Ram. Believe her not, she's a lying envious old woman; I wou'd hugg thee, kiss thee, give thee Gold and Jewels, make thee a little Queen, if I had thee.

Peg. O dear Aunt! did you ever hear the like?

Aunt. Believe him not, he's a lying flattering *London* Varlet.—he'll spirit thee away beyond Sea.

Peg. Oh la, Oh la, Oh la! I won't go beyond Sea.

Ram. Thou shalt not, dear creature, be not afraid; good Gentlewoman, do not fright a young innocent thing thus—I intend her no harm.

Peg. Law you there now, Aunt.

Ram. I only offer my service to wait on you to your Lodgings; say pretty one, will you give me leave, which way go you?

Peg. I don't know, not I.

Aunt. No, Sir, pray go about your business, let go her hand, we have not so far home, but we can go without your help.—get you gone I say, or I protest—

Peg. Nay pray, Aunt, don't beat the Gentleman, he does me no hurt, he only squeezes my hand a little.

Ram. Thy Innocence has reach'd my heart.—oh!—

Peg. Indeed I ha'n't done you no harm, not I.

Ram. Thou art insensible of the wound thy eyes have made.

Peg. Wound! Oh dear, why you don't bleed.

Ram. Oh, 'tis inwardly!

Peg. Aunt, I warrant you one of your pins has scratch'd him.

Aunt. Break from him, or he'll bewitch thee.

Peg. No no, forsooth Aunt, he's no old Woman.

Enter Wiseacres and Doodle.

Wise. No pray don't leave me yet,—I wonder they are not come.

Dood. Well, I'll stay a little.

Aunt. Yonder comes your Uncle—ods me, he'll knock us all on the head.—Come away, come away.

Ram. Hau, let me kiss thy hand first; to part from thee is death.

Wise. Hau—what do I see?

Ram. Adieu, sweet Innocence.

Wise. Men already buzzing about her, how comes this?

Dood. Where there is meat in summer, there will be flies.

Wise. I say how comes this?

Aunt. A rude Royster here, would stop us in the street whether we would or no.

Ram. O you old Crony.

[*Aside.*

Peg. Don't make my Nuncle angry, Aunt, he did but hold me by the hand.

Wise. How, let a man touch you, O monstrous, monstrous! did not I warn you not to let a man speak to you?

Peg. Oh, but he was a Gentleman, and my Aunt told me I must make a Curtesie to Gentle-folks, deeds Nuncle.

Dood. Be not so passionate—she could not help it.

Wise. I must seem angry to make her afraid for the future.

Ram. I'll step aside, and watch where they go.

Peg. I did not know but it might be the King, they say he is a fine man, Nuncle.

Wise. This was a night-walker, a spy, a thief, a villain, he would have murder'd thee, and eat thee.

Peg. Oh grievous! I am glad you came then, Nuncle, he said indeed he could eat me.

Aunt. Ay, and so he would if I had not been here——
at *London* they get young folks and bake 'em in Pies.

Peg. O sadness!

Dood. What will this come to? never did I see one
so simple.

Wise. Here, Link-man, here's six-pence for you, put
out your Link and go your ways——put out your Link.

Link. Yes Master. [Exit.]

Wise. What made you stay so long?

Aunt. It was so late we could not get a Coach in
Southwark, and were forc'd to come on foot.

Peg. Oh, Nuncle, we come o'r a bridge where there's
a huge pond.

Wise. *Peggy*, come give me your hand, *Peggy*, and
come your ways, or we shall have you eaten before we
can get you in a doors——here——here——this way——
so, so, get you in, get you in.

[Exeunt, as into *Wiseacres'* house, he shuts the
door.]

Ram. A crafty Old Fox, he put out the Link that I
might not see where they went in——Well, now to find
Roger. [Exit.]

Enter *Townly*.

Town. Ha, the Light's gone, and I can see no body!
——sure, 'twas *Ramble* I saw from the Tavern window
——he's upon the scent of some new intrigue; if I
could have met the Rogue, he should not have scap'd
from me till he had drank his bottle——Hark, I hear a
door open!——it may be him boulding out of some
Cunny-burrough——

Enter *Jane*.

Jane. Sir, Sir, where are you?

Town. Somebody calls! what can this mean?

Jane. Where are you?

Town. 'Tis a womans voice——here——

Jane. Where, give me your hand.

Town. Here.

[*Take hands.*

Jane. My Master, Sir, is in bed—and my Lady bid me bring you in—she sets upon the Couch in the dark, she'll have no light in the room for fear my master should rise, and come down into the yard.

Town. Well, well.

Jane. She desires you will only whisper, for fear of being heard—

Town. No, No.

Jane. If any thing happens, step into the same Closet.

Town. Yes, yes.

Jane. You must not stay long; therefore what you do, do quickly.

Town. Let me alone.

Jane. Come, Sir, softly.

Town. So here's a blind bargain struck up, but there's a woman in the case, and I cannot resist the temptation. [*Exeunt, as into Dashwell's house.*

Enter Ramble and Roger.

Ram. *Roger*, you are sure you have not mistaken the House?

Roger. Sure, ay Sir, I am sure that was Alderman *Doodle's* house. I ask'd three or four Shop-keepers—

Ram. But are you certain you shew'd me the right door?

Roger. Ay Sir, there's ne'r a great Door but that. They all told me at the great Door.

Ram. Stand there at a distance till I step to that house, and if you see me go in, be sure you stay here-about, expecting my coming forth.

Roger. Yes, Sir.

[*Ramble goes and feels out the door and turns back.*

Ram. The Door is shut, and all whist.

Will this fusty Alderman ne'r be in bed?

Let me see, are there any Lights above in the windows?

No; not a glimps, certainly they cannot be all gone to bed without giving me notice——*Roger*, where are you?

Roger. Here, Sir.

Ram. *Roger*, let it be your care, when I go from you, to buy a Link.

Roger. I doubt 'tis too late, Sir, the Shops are shut.

Ram. Give a Linkman six pence for a piece, there's money.

Roger. I see one at yonder Tavern door, I'll step and buy that now, if you please.

Ram. Do,——and bring it with you lighted, for I have drop'd a piece of money. [Exit *Roger*.

[*Ramble walks about humming a tune, then feels at the door again.*

Ram. The door is fast still, I begin to fear something extraordinary has happen'd,——to knock is not convenient, to expect is painful, but a Lover must have patience, a little sufferance sweetens the delight, and renders the pleasure of enjoyment more valuable. My trust is still in faithful *Jane*,——I hear a noise——Hark! the door opens, I'll advance.

Enter Townly, Eugenia——*in the street, embracing.*

Jane half out, holding the door.

Townly. Dear, kind, sweet Creature.

Eugenia. Go, you must not stay me any longer now, 'tis dangerous.

Ram. I heard a man's voice.

Townly. When shall I be thus bless'd again?

Eugenia. Often, if you be discreet.

Ram. Hau!

Townly. I could live an Age in thy arms, this was so very short——

Eugenia. E'r long, we'll find whole hours of pleasure.

Townly. But when, when——dear melting beauty——

Eugenia. Very soon; go, pray go now, I'll send to you in the morning.

Ram. Am I jilted then after all—I'll spoil to-morrows assignation.—Light here—light.

Enter Roger, with a Link.

Eug. Ha—who's there!

Ram. Have at the Traytor,——draw, and fight.

[He draws, and runs at Townly.]

Eug. } Ah, ah, ah!——
Jane. }

[Run in, and clap the door to.]

Roger. Hold, hold, Master, hold, 'tis Mr. Townly, 'tis Mr. Townly.

Ram. Ha, Townly.

Town. Ramble! What a plague did you mean?

Ram. To have kill'd you, had you not been my very good friend.

Town. Short warning, prethee next time give me leave to make my Will.

Ram. How came you here?

Town. By the wheel of fortune, I can scarcely tell thee. I guess I am luckily fallen upon some of thy intrigues; prethee, who was this Wench, with whom I have had so sweet a satisfaction?

Ram. I perceive your innocence by your ignorance. Come this way, farther from the house. 'Twas one of my two intrigues. I beat the bush, but thou hast catch'd the bird.

Town. I only shot flying—I did no great execution——next time she'll be your game.

Ram. Curse on all ill luck.

Town. I told you in the morning, fortune would jilt you.

Ram. She has in this——But I have another design in store.—Come, walk off, and as we go, let me understand a little more of this accident.

Town. As little as you please at present, for I have company staying for me at the Tavern.

Ram. I am in hast too.—Come—I find we can make no prosperous voyage in Love.

*Till Fortune, like thé Woman, will be kind,
Woman's the Tide, but Fortune is the Wind.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene I.

[*A room in Doodle's house.*]

Enter Arabella, and Engine.

Arab. WHERE is he gone, *Engine*?

Eng. But into the Garden, Madam.

Arab. I am concern'd at this mistake, which was occasioned by the Orange wench—she thought I had meant *Ramble*, when I ask'd her who *Townly* was—for they are constant Companions, and were then together at the Play.

Eng. Such mistakes are often when peoplè are in company.

Arab. Suppose I should tell him 'tis a mistake, and that he is not the person—I—

Eng. O, Madam, by no means, lest for revenge he should discover to your husband—

Arab. Do you think he would do so ill a thing?

Eng. I believe he is a person brave enough, but who knows how he may resent the disappointment; you are to suppose the worst; that would be such an affront—

Arab. Nay, I have no aversion to his person, and if I had never seen that *Townly*, I should have lik'd him extreamly.

Eng. E'en resolve to go forward now, you'll like him better to morrow morning, I warrant you, you'll not be mistaken in him, he is finely shap'd.

Arab. Well, if he press very hard, and I find I cannot come handsomely off—

Eng. Whiss, he's coming, Madam.

Enter Ramble.

Ram. What, Madam, not in bed yet?

Arab. Is it late, Sir?

Ram. Oh very late; sitting up is pernicious to beauty——

Arab. I'll take care of mine from your kind admonition,——I have but little, and should preserve it——in order thereunto, Sir, I beg your pardon, and take my leave.

Ram. Ay ay, to bed, to bed,——Mrs. *Engine*, pray help me to a cap or a napkin.——

Arab. What mean you, Sir?

Ram. Faith, to go to bed too——

Arab. You'll go home first?

Ram. Devil take me if I do.

Arab. What mean you then?

Ram. To stay and sleep with you.——

Arab. With me?

Ram. Even so.

Arab. Whether I will or no?

Ram. That's e'en as you please; if you are as willing as I, 'tis so much the better.

Arab. Sure you are but in jest.

Ram. 'Gad in as good earnest as ever I was in my life.——Come, Madam, act not against your Conscience, I know how matters go; you are a fine, a young, brisk, handsome Lady, and have a dull dronish Husband without a sting; I am a young active fellow fit for employment, and 'ygad I know your wants, and for once will throw my self upon you, therefore come, Madam, come, your night-dress becomes you so well, and you look so very tempting——I can hardly forbear you a minute longer.

Arab. You are very sharp set——methinks——

Ram. Therefore be merciful to a half-famished Lover, and let me fall too without farther ceremony; Dear

creature, go to thy bed, and let me not loose a minute of this blessed opportunity, the nights are short——

Arab. Nay I confess, now my Husband is out of Town, I am almost afraid to lie alone.

Eng. Truly, and well you may, for I think the house is a little haunted——would I had a bed-fellow too, but the best on't is, I lie but in the next Chamber within.

Arab. If any Spright comes call to me.

Eng. I thank you, Madam, but if be not an arrant Devil indeed, I shall make shift to lay him without help.

Ram. I dare swear, she'll make nothing of a Spright, she'll conjure him down I warrant you.

Arab. Well, well, Mr. *Ramble*, will you be conjur'd home?

Ram. Conjur'd home? no, Madam, the Devil, I am sure, will be on my side, and let me stay here.

Arab. I could chide you severely now, for your ill opinion of me, but you'd not care for't, and to stay longer to give you good Counsel would be loss of time, for I perceive you are past reclaim.

Ram. Oh leave not so good a work unfinish'd, keep me with you all night, take a little pains extraordinary, I am not so stiff-neck'd a Sinner but I may be mollified e'er morning.

Arab. No, I am very sleepy and must go to bed, therefore pray be gone.

Ram. If I go to night, let me be canoniz'd; is't possible, think you, for a man of flesh and blood, to overcome so sweet a temptation?

Arab. Go, Sir, as you hope——

Ram. Nay, as for your Hope and all that, ne'r question it: I have both Faith, Hope, and Charity; Faith to believe you dissemble, Hope that you love me, and Charity enough to supply your wants in your Husbands absence.

Arab. Well, Sir, I find you intend to be troublesome, I'll leave you.

Ram. But I shan't leave you.

Arab. Why what do you intend to do?

Ram. To follow you.

Arab. Whither?

Ram. To your Chamber.

Arab. For what?

Ram. To hugg, kiss, and come to bed to you.

Arab. You won't offer it——

Ram. I will.

Arab. Give me a Candle: since you are so resolute, I'll try.

Ram. Perhaps you'll shut the door.

Arab. I scorn't: I'll see what you dare do.

Ram. I'll dare if I die for 't.

Arab. Take notice then, thou desperate resolute man, that I now go to my chamber, where I'll undress me, go into my bed, and if you dare to follow me, kiss, or come to bed to me; if all the strength and passion a provoked Woman has, can do't, I'll lay thee breathless and panting, and so maul thee, thou shalt ever after be afraid to look a woman in the face.

Ram. Stay and hear me now: Thou shalt no sooner be there but I'll be there; kiss you, hugg you, tumble you, tumble your bed, tumble into your bed, down with you, and as often as I down with you, be sure to give you the rising-blow, that if at last you do chance to maul me, 'Gad you shan't have much reason to brag in the morning, and so angry, threatning woman get thee gone and do thy worst.

Arab. And, Sir, do you your best. Adieu.——

[*Exit Arabella.*

Eng. Well here is like to be fearful doings——here's heavy threatning on both sides.

Ram. I long till the skirmish begins.

Eng. I'll go in and help her to bed, she has nothing but her Night-Gown to slip off.

Ram. Best of all, I'd fain have her at my mercy.

Eng. Oh, Sir, have no mercy on her, she'll not complain of hard usage, I warrant you.

Ram. Go thy ways, bonny Girl. [*Exit Engine.*
I had almost forgot my man, I must send him away—
Roger, Roger.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Here, Sir.

Ram. I shall set up at Cards here all night, but you may go home; get up early in the morning, and come with a chair in sight of the back-door—sit in it a little distance, and wait till I come.

Roger. Yes, Sir.

Ram. Be sure you fail not to be here early.

[*Exit Ramble.*

Roger. I warrant you, Sir.

Well, I suspect what game my Master plays at to night, there will be fine shuffling and cutting and dealing—But I am glad I am not to stand Centinel all night, but can go home to bed and sleep in a whole skin—so good night to all and speed the Plough. [*Exit.*

Enter Engine.

Eng. Let me see, what has my pains-taking brought me in since morning 1—2—3—and 4 Guineys—When should I have got so much honestly in one day?—well, this is a profitable profession, and in us that wait on Ladies the scandal is hid under the name of Confident or Woman. I would sooner choose to be some rich Ladies Woman, than many a poor Lords Wife. This Imployment was formerly stil'd Bawding and Pimping—but our Age is more civiliz'd—and our Language much refin'd—it is now a modish piece of service only, and said, being complaisant, or doing a friend a kind office. Whore—(oh filthy broad word!)

is now prettily call'd Mistress;—Pimp, Friend; Cuckold-maker, Gallant: thus the terms being civiliz'd the thing becomes more practicable,—what Clowns they were in former Ages.—Hark!—

Enter Doodle.

Dood. Where are you here?

[*Engine runs to the chamber door and seems to speak as rejoicing.*

Eng. Ha! my Master—O Lord Madam, here's my Master, here's my Master, here's my Master, my Master's come—

Dood. Why are the doors open at this time of night?

Eng. My Master, Madam, my Master's come, O lemminy, my Master, my Master.

Dood. Well, Well, are you mad—I say why were the doors left open thus late?

Eng. I was standing at the door, and my Lady call'd on a sudden—I am so glad, you are come home, Sir,—Madam here's my Master—here's my Master.

Dood. Rogues might have come in and have rob'd the house.

Eng. My Mistress has been so wishing all the night you would come—Sir, Sir,—Madam here's my Master.

Enter Arabella in night-gown and slippers, runs and hugs him about the Neck.

Arab. Oh my dear—dear—dear—dear—dear—art thou return'd?

Dood. I have been come to Town a great while.

Arab. Oh my dear—dear—dear—

Eng. Hist.

[*Beckons to Mr. Ramble to slip by—he comes stealing out, Doodle turns and he slips back again.*

Dood. I am so sleepy.

Arab. Oh, you are a naughty hubby—you have

been a great while in Town, and would not come home to me before—I won't love you now I think on't.

Dood. Dear, I'll be going to bed.

Arab. Ay, but you shall kiss me first, here 'tis your nown Wife.

Eng. Hist, hist.

[*She hugs him agen, Engine beckons to Ramble to come out and retreats.*]

Arab. Kiss, kiss me heartily—Oh my hubby, dear, dear, dear hubby—

Eng. Hem—em—ah—

[*Comes out and retreats again.*]

Dood. So so, Wife, prethee be quiet—I am so weary, and thou stand'st hugging me—prethee let me go to bed.

Arab. Engine, take the Candle and let us go see what's in the house for your Master to eat.

Dood. I have supp'd already, Wife.

Arab. It may be a great while since—come, *Engine.*

Dood. No, just now—at Mr. *Dashwell's.*

Arab. And what had my dear for supper—

Dood. A Frigacie, and young Patridge.

Arab. And how far went dear to day?

Dood. A few Miles—

Arab. And what time came you back?

Dood. Two hours ago—

Arab. And are you all come back together?

Dood. Prethee, Wife, thou stand'st asking me so many questions.

Arab. Untie your Masters shoes the while—

Dood. No no, leave your fiddling, give me my Cap and Night-gown.

Arab. Engine, run into the Chamber and fetch 'em.

Dood. No matter, we'll go in— [Exit *Engine.*]

Arab. Well, dear, remember this, you are come home and won't make much of me— [Sings.]

*I have a Husband, but what of that?
 He neither loves me nor my little Cat;
 The Cat gets a Mouse and with it does play.
 But my Husband ne'er minds me all the long day—*

Dood. Prethee wife, thou art so troublesome—

Arab. *There was a Lady lov'd a Swine, hunny quoth she.
 Pig-hog wilt thou be mone—Hunh—quoth
 he—*

Husband, you lov'd to see me merry formerly.

Dood. Yes Wife, but I am so sleepy to night.

Enter Engine.

Eng. Sir, there's none of your Gown—in the Chamber.

Dood. Stay, now I think on't, 'tis in my Counting-house—Go to bed, wife, I'll undress me there, and come to you.

Arab. Don't stay to look over any Letters—

Dood. No, no, I'll come presently—

[*Exit Doodle.*]

Eng. So, he's gone—

Arab. Fox, Fox, come out of your hole.

Enter Ramble.

Ram. I am glad the enemy's drawn off a little—I was damnably afraid of his coming into the Chamber.

Arab. I did all I could that you might slip by—

Ram. I had best make hast out now—lest he return—

Eng. Hark, Madam, I heard my Master lock the door—and ten to one but he has taken the Key out.

Arab. Run and see. [*Exit Engine.*]

Ram. If he has taken the Key, which way shall I get out?

Arab. Ah—ha—ha—

Ram. Is all this but a laughing matter?

Arab. I laugh at your faint heart—

Enter Engine.

Eng. Madam, *I* look'd down the Stare-case, and saw the Key in my Masters hand, he has carried it into his Counting-house——

Arab. Nay, then you must abide by't now.

Eng. What shall we do, Madam?

Arab. You must e'en carry Mr. *Ramble* into your Chamber, and let him sleep in your bed——

Ram. What, What, within there——the Chamber within yours?

Arab. Even so, Sir,——and thank your Stars——

Ram. 'Gad *I* sweat with the thoughts on't.

Eng. And well may you, Sir, for my Mistress, is given to walk in her sleep——and if in the middle of the night she should chance to come to your bed-side——and take you betwixt sleeping and waking——

Ram. Thou hast put a very pleasing fancy in my head——say, Madam, will you be so kind?

Eng. That may easily be——my Master will soon be a sleep, as you may know by his snoring.

Ram. But, should he wake, and miss her——

Arab. Must you be the first that starts the question?

Ram. 'Gad, Madam, *I* beg your pardon——

Arab. To prevent that danger, when my husband snores, *Engine*, come you to my bed-side——softly, *I'll* rise, and you shall lye down in my place——

Eng. So, now *I* have drawn my self into a premunire——But, Madam, should the Spirit move, and my Master awake and turn to me——

Arab. Fool, he'll find thee a Woman, will he not?

Eng. Nay, now *I* have your leave——and rather than spoil a good intrigue, *I'll* venture.

Ram. An excellent device——

Eng. Go, get you both in——you, into my Chamber, Sir, and you, Madam, slip into bed, and make as if you were fast asleep——you know my Masters custom, he's

no sooner laid than asleep, and then I'll come softly, and pinch you by the arm to rise——

Ram. Rare wench——here will be an intrigue.

Arab. 'Tis such an unlucky project, that I would not but venture for ne'er so much——*I* am pleas'd with the thoughts on't.

Eng. Go, go, my Master's coming up,——softly——softly——

Ram. And *I* am pleas'd, to think, when your Husband's a snoring, how little he will dream of being a Cuckold——ha ha ha——

[*Exeunt Arabella and Ramble.*

Eng. So, this business is retriev'd again. *I* pity their case as it were my own, *I* hate to be bauk'd in my expectation; and of all things, disappointments in Love-matters, are the greatest Curse. Here comes Mr. Alderman, who thinks nothing of all this——

Enter Doodle, in a Cap and Night-Gown.

Dood. Is my Wife in bed?

Eng. Softly, Sir, she's asleep.

Dood. So, so, good night, make hast to bed. [*Exit.*

Eng. Go thy ways, Alderman, the *Cuckoe* sung o'er thy head as thou return'dst to Town to night. Oh the vain imaginations of a husband, who thinks himself secure of a wife, when he's in bed with her!——Oh were *I* but a wife, what ways would *I* invent to deceive a Husband, and what pleasure should *I* take in the Roguery!——Well, *I* long to be married to shew my wit. In the mean time, *I* am making Experiments at anothers cost. But now *I*'ll venture into my Chamber, and watch the Alaram of my Masters Nose; was it ever contriv'd before, that a husband himself should give his Wife the Sign to make him a Cuckold?

[*Goes to the door.*

Re-enter Engine.

Eng. My Master snores already——and *I* hear my

Mistress stirring, now must *I* to bed, and lye by a dull drowsy Animal; this or nothing will bring me to a Consumption.

Enter Arabella in her Night-Gown.

Eng. Hist, hist—Madam—

Arab. Here—where are you—

Eng. Here, Madam, give me your hand—

Arab. Softly, wench, softly—

Eng. *I* warrant you, Madam—he snores like a *Turk*.

Arab. Where is the door?—

Eng. There, there,—in—in—

Arab. Have a care of waking my Husband.

Eng. Have you a care to make good use of your time, and don't stay too long. [Exit Arabella.

So—thus far all goes well.—Now must *I* undergo the severe penance, to lie by a man in vain—and sweating for fear he should wake, and find me out in the Roguery—but *I* must venture now, let what will happen—
So happy go lucky and to bed gang *I*.

Roger. Without. Fire, fire, fire,

Eng. Hark! [Knocking at the door.

Roger. Without. Fire, Fire—fire—

Eng. O Heavens—we are undone—they cry Fire!

Enter Arabella.

Arab. O, *Engine*, don't you hear 'em knock, and cry fire!

Roger. Without. Fire, fire, fire! [Knocking at the door.

Arab. This will certainly waken him anon—Let us cry fire too, and say, *I* am just got up.—Fire—fire—
fire—

Roger. Without. Fire—fire— [Knocks hard.

Arab. Get up, husband—or you'll be burnt—

Ram. What must *I* do now?—

Eng. Don't stir out till my Master's gone—

[Enter Doodle.]

Dood. What's the matter, is the house on fire?—

Eng. Don't you hear 'em knock, and cry fire——

Dood. Run down, and open the door.

Eng. Give me the Key——

Dood. 'Tis below in my Counting-house——come down——come down all. Oh, fire——fire——fire——

[*Exeunt* Arabella, Engine, Doodle.

Enter Ramble.

Ram. What must I do now, venture to be discover'd, or stay here and dye a Martyr to save a Lady's honour? A pox of ill luck still.

But here is no smell of burning, nor any smoak, sure the fire is not in this house——But I'll get to the Stair-head for fear, and watch my opportunity to escape unseen——'Twas well I did not undress me—— [*Exit.*]

[Scene 2.]

[*The street before Doodle's house.*]

Enter Doodle, Arabella, *below in the Street.*

Dood. **W**HY, here's no fire, nor nothing like it—— what could be the meaning of all this Out-cry and Knocking?

Arab. I can't Imagine.

Dood. I heard them knock, and cry fire, as if they were mad, and yet when I open'd the door, here was no body!——

Arab. It was a false Alarm——

Dood. Where's *Engine*?——

Arab. Striking fire within, to light a Candle——

Dood. Come, Wife——come in again——this was the roguery of some drunken fellows in their night frolicks.

Arab. I am glad it was no worse——

Dood. Ha! who's there—who's there.

[*Going in, meets* Ramble *coming out.*

Enter Ramble.

Ram. A friend, Sir,——a friend——

Arab. Oh heavens—*Ramble* there—

Dood. A friend, Sir—how got you into my house—*Engine*, bring the Candle.

Ram. I Lodge here, just by, and was going to bed, but hearing the Out-cry of fire, came running over just as your door open'd, and ran in to help you—But I believe 'tis some other house—there's no fire within, as I see—

Enter Engine, with a light.

Dood. I see you are a Gentleman—Sir, your humble Servant, I thank you for your good will, but here's no need of help. All is safe.

Ram. 'Twas doubtless the Roguery of some unlucky Boys. Sir, your Servant, I wish you a good night—

Dood. Your Servant, Sir—Come, wife—*Engine* lock fast the doors.

Eng. Yes, Sir— [Exeunt Doodle and Arabella.

Ram. Now you have the Key—open the door again by and by, and let me in, I'll be hereabouts—

Eng. Ah, you could not stay above—you a Lover!

[*Aside.*

Ram. Dear Mistréss *Engine*, don't chide, but do what I request.

Eng. Well, I'll acquaint my Lady—if she'll consent, I'll contrive to get you in again—

[*Exit Engine, and locks the door.*

Ram. And Gold shall be thy reward.

Never was man, certainly, so cross'd in love—

Surely, some evil charm or spell is upon me.

A false alarm of fire—curse upon their tongues.

And I to be so unfortunate too, to come down Stairs.—

Enter Roger.

Roger. The door is shut, and all quiet—oh, here's my Master—

Ram. Who's there—

Roger. 'Tis I, Sir, your man *Roger*.

Ram. What do you do here—did not I send you home to bed?

Roger. If I had been in bed, where had you been, Sir—

Ram. Why, Sirrah—

Roger. I'll tell you, Sir,—that you may know what a piece of service I have done you, and how fitly qualified I am to be your Servant.

Ram. Well, Sir, in what—

Roger. I guess'd, Sir, by your sending me home, that your stay there all night, was to play at a better game than any upon the Cards—

Ram. What, you imagin'd a Woman in the case—

Roger. Troth I did, and 'twas a lucky thought—I was no sooner out of doors, but I met an acquaintance, and as I stood there talking, I perceiv'd a man come plodding along—go in without knocking, and shut the door—This, thought I, is the Husband.

Ram. So—

Roger. Now thought I, may my Master be in bed with this man's wife—

Ram. You had the impudence to think so—

Roger. My Conscience was so wicked to tell me so at that time, Sir.

Ram. Proceed.

Roger. Now thought I, must my Master be cramb'd under the Bed, or thrust into a Closet, or Woodhole, and remain in Purgatory all night to save a Lady's honour—unless I work his deliverance.

Ram. Well, Sir.

Roger. So, to get the door open'd, and put the people into confusion, I cry'd out fire—and thunder'd, and knock'd as hard as I could, till I rais'd the house, that you might escape in the hurry—Now, Sir, if you will speak your Conscience, I do believe this piece of policy

brought you off—your bare acknowledgment, Sir, will be to me above any reward—

Ram. It was you then, that knock'd, and cry'd out Fire—

Roger. Yes, Sir—at your service.

Ram. Lend me that stick in your hand.

Roger. This stick, for what, Sir?

Ram. Lend it me, I say—

Roger. Here Sir, here.

Ram. Now will I reward your excellent piece of service. [Beats him.

Roger. Oh Sir—oh, what do you mean, Sir?

Ram. To beat you till you have no invention left.

Roger. Oh, oh, oh, Sir, will you be ungrateful, Sir, will you be ungrateful?

Ram. Was it you, you Dog, hinder'd me of the sweetest enjoyments man ever miss'd, just at the very minute I was to have been happy?

Roger. Oh, 'twas well meant, 'twas well meant indeed Sir.

Ram. Be gone, and come not near me this week, lest I beat thee to Mummy.

Roger. What a cross Fate is here, I expected reward and applause, but meet with reproaches and stripes—but I'll solace my self with the thoughts that the wise are not always successful.

Fortune's a Jilt and so often doth vary,

That Fools may succeed and Wise men miscarry.

[Exit Roger.

Ram. In two attempts I have been defeated already, enough to dishearten any ordinary Lover, but it was the spight and malice of Fortune, and not want of Love in the fair *Arabella*, therefore as long as she is willing I will be daring; I am so elevated with the thoughts of her, that I cannot sleep, but will spend this night in buffeting with fortune.

Engine at the window.

Eng. Sir,——*Mr. Ramble.*

Ram. Here——have you prevail'd, shall I once more——

Eng. My Lady is willing, she sits up reading and pretends she can't sleep—he is snoring in bed again——and you have the rarest opportunity——but my Master took the Key again after I had lock'd the door——and we don't know how to get you in.

Ram. Is there no hole nor window to creep at?

Eng. Just there below is a Cellar-window with a bar out, the shutter on the inside is unpin'd, and will give way, try if you can get in there, if you can, I will go down and show you up.

Ram. I have found it here——even with the Ground.

Eng. Try if it be wide enough to get through.

Ram. I believe it is.

Eng. I'll come down then and open the Cellar-door.

[*Engine goes from the Window.*]

Ram. Do do——rare——

Now for a cleanly conveyance, that *I* could but pass and re-pass like a Juglers boy, or were like an Egg steep'd in Vinegar to be drawn through the compass of a Thumb-ring——now for the Experiment, by this time she is come down on the other side to help me——*I'll* go heels forward because *I* don't know how far it is to the bottom——so *I* am half through, hup——hup——it begins to grow strait hup——hup——the reward of Lovers had need be sweet for which they endure so much——hup——hup——'tis damnable narrow now, but *I'll* give 'tother squeeze, hup——hup——hup——O my guts——*I* can't get an inch further——what a sight is this——*I* must e'n come out again.

Engine above at the Window.

Eng. Sir, Sir,——where are you?

Ram. Where are you?

Eng. Here, above—the Cook-maid has lock'd the Cellar-door and taken out the Key—I can't find it to get down—and if you do get in you can't come up stairs.

Ram. I am half in, but if the door were open, I could not get any farther: I must give o'r for this night, and think of a Stratagem against to morrow,—hup—hup—hup—I am stuck fast—I can neither get quite in nor out—

Eng. How, Sir?—

Ram. Hup-a—hup-a—hup-a—'tis so, I am fast,—there is some damn'd hook or staple on the inside has got hold of my cloaths.

Eng. What will you do now, Sir?

Ram. A Pox of projects—here must I hang like a Monkey by the Loins.

Eng. Ha ha ha—

Ram. Hist hist, yonder comes company, now shall I be taken for a house-breaker—oh 'tis none but a Link-boy.

[*Enter a Link-boy passing by.*]

Link. Sauny was tall and of noble race
And lov'd me better than any ean,

[Sings going along.

Have a Light.

But now he ligs by another Lass

And Sauny will ne'er be my Love again.

[Sings; and as he passes by Ramble knocks his link on his head as by chance and exit.

Have a Light; will you have a Light?

Ram. A Son of a Whore knock'd his Link just in my face.

Eng. Ha ha ha—excuse me, Sir, I can't forbear—
ha ha ha—

Ram. S'death, how it scalds!

Eng. Hist, Sir, Hist.

Ram. Hau! I hear a Casement open above—I fear your laughing has waken'd some of the Neighbours—It's so dark I can't see—Oh confound you—

[*A Window opens above, and one throws a Chamber-pot of water upon his head just as he looks up.*

Eng. What's the matter, Sir.

Ram. One Rogue set me on fire with a Link, and another has quench'd me with a stale Chamberpot, faugh how it stinks.

Eng. That roguish Prentice at the next house does so almost every night.

Ram. Never was Lover in such a pickle.

Eng. Truly, this is enough to cool any body's courage: but is't not possible for you to get out?

Ram. Hup-a—hup-a—hup-a—all won't do, I am as fast as if I were wedg'd in.

Eng. Be silent, yonder comes some body, I heard 'em tread.

Enter Two Chimney sweepers.

1 *Ch.* Hold, *Tom*, stay, I am damnably grip'd in my Guts, I must slip a point.

2 *Ch.* Make haste then,

1 *Ch.* Oh I am damnably full of wind.

[*Stands with his back just against Ramble's face going to untruss.*

Ram. Fauh! out you stinking Cur.

1 and 2 *Ch.* Who's there, who's there?

Ram. A Friend.

1 *Ch.* Who are you, what are you?

Ram. A Gentleman.

2 *Ch.* Oh a Gentleman.

Ram. Pray help me here, and lend me your hands.

2 *Ch.* What are you wounded, Sir?

Ram. No, no; coming late to my Lodging, and loth to disturb the house with knocking, because of a sick

person within; I went to get in at the Cellar-window
—and am stuck fast.

1 *Ch.* And can't you get out, Sir?

Ram. No, lend me your help to pull me out.

2 *Ch.* Stay, for ought we know you may be some
Thief breaking into the house.

Ram. No no, 'tis as I tell you.

1 *Ch.* But how shall we know that?

Eng. 'Tis true, as he tells you, Friends, help the
Gentleman out.

2 *Ch.* Oh, nay then, Mistress, we'll do our best.

1 *Ch.* Hark you, *Tom*,—a rare opportunity—

[*Whisper.*

2 *Ch.* Ay ay, well thought on—but are you sure,
Sir, you can't get out?

Ram. No, I have been struggling this half hour.

1 *Ch.* Come, *Tom*, help the Gentleman, take you hold
of him by that arm—hold, Sir, we shall spoil your
Hat and Periwig—

2 *Ch.* Give me your sword, Sir, out of your hand—
now, *Tom*—

[*They take his Hat and Periwig off, clap on one
of their old Sooty Hats on his head and run
away—his face is all black'd by them.*—

1 *Ch.* Scoure and away.

Ram. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves!

Eng. What have they done, Sir?

Ram. The Rogues instead of helping me, are run
away with a new Bever Hat, my Periwig and Sword.

Eng. Oh the Rascals—Sir, Sir, your crying out has
rais'd the Watch, what will you do now?

Ram. Now shall I be lodg'd in the Counter, and
carried before a Magistrate to morrow, and all the City
will ring of me by noon; I shall be talked of in every
Coffee-house, and Poor *Robin* will make me a jest over
all the nation.

Eng. Give 'em good words, Sir—I'll withdraw—

Ram. Hist hist,—I'll be silent, it may be they may pass by and not see me.

Enter Watchmen with Lanthorns.

1. *W.* Here, this way they cry'd Thieves, follow, follow.

2. Ay, 'twas hereabouts—

3. Ha—here's one lies upon the ground.

1. Are you kill'd, Sir, speak?—

2. Ay, if you are dead, pray tell us.

Ram. No friends—I am not much hurt.

3. Hau, Neighbours, he's half way in at the Grates, this is some Thief.

1. } Ay, ay, a Rogue, come to rob the house.

2. }

Ram. Pray help me out friends, and I'll tell you the truth.

2. Hold there—there may be more Rogues in the house—before we take him out, let us knock and raise the house.

1. Ay, knock hard. [*Knock hard at the door.*]

2. Rise—Thieves, here, thieves—in your house

Ram. Now shall I be disgrac'd—

3. Knock hard, knock hard— [*Knock again.*]

Ram. Now, what lye shall I invent to save my credit?

1. What, don't they hear—let me knock.

Doodle—*above at the window.*

Dood. Hold—hold—are you mad—what's the matter there—friends?

3. We have catch'd a Thief creeping in at your Cellar-window.

Dood. A Thief!

3. We believe there are some of his Come-rogues in the house already—let the door be opened, and we'll search—

Dood. Honest Watchmen, I thank you—I'll come down to you presently.

Ram. Pray, honest Watchmen, help me out, for I am in a great deal of pain.

1. Come Neighbours, we may venture to pull him out now.

2. Ay, come—pull you by that arm.—So—pluck, pluck hard—

Ram. Oh—

3. Nay, you must endure't—Come neighbours, away with't all hands to work.

Ram. Zounds, my Guts.

2. So—'tis done—get up, Sir—

1. See, the very Iron bars are bent.

Enter Doodle, in his Night-gown, with Head-piece, and Bandileers, and a Musquet Charg'd and Cock'd.

Dood. Come, where is this Thief? where are these Rogues? I'll scoure among 'em.

2. Here's one we found sticking fast betwixt the Bars in the Cellar grates.

Dood. Was he so, was he so, where are the rest?

3. We suppose there are some in the Cellar, that got in before.

Dood. Say you so, say you so, if they be there I'll send 'em out, have amongst you blind Harpers.

[*Doodle stoops down and shoots the Musquet off in the Cellar-window, falls backward, as knock'd down, and lets it fall out of his hand.*

Oh Neighbours, Neighbours, oh—

1. You han't hurt your self Master, I hope?

Dood. O Neighbours, I can't tell, pray see, pray see.

2. No, Sir, I don't see any hurt you have.

3. You don't bleed, Sir.

Dood. Is my right arm on, is not my shoulder broke in pieces?

1. Stir your arm, Sir, stir it. Do you feel any pain?

Dood. No, not at all.

2. Get up then, Master, there's no hurt done.

3. Was it the recoil of the Musquet, beat you down?

Dood. Ay, ay, it was always a damn'd obstinate Piece
—Come where is the Rogue? it was all long of him,
let me talk with him.

1. Whilst you examine him, we'll search below.

Dood. Ay, pray do. *Engine*, go below with the
Watchmen.

Enter Arabella, and Engine.

Eng. You must persuade 'em to let him go.

[*Exeunt one watchman and Engine.*

Arab. What's the matter here, Husband?

Dood. We have catch'd a Thief, wife, breaking in at
the Cellar-window.

Arab. My dear, this is the Gentleman that was so
kind to come and offer his service to night, when Fire
was cry'd out.

Dood. Is't so, that cry of fire was his plot, to rob me,
but that design failing, he has made this new attempt.

Ram. Sir, I am a Gentleman, and one that scorns
such base actions—I'll tell you in short, Sir, how I
came to be fastened in your window.

Dood. Ay that, Sir.

Ram. When I left you to night, I walk'd down the
street for a little air; returning, I was dog'd by two or
three Rogues, who came behind me in the dark, and
knock'd me down, snatch'd away my Hat, Sword, and
Perriwig, and began to rifle my pockets, knowing I
had this purse of Gold about 'me; I slid from 'em upon
the Ground as far as I could, and struggling with 'em,
found my feet in at a Cellar window, and crowded my
self as far in as I could to escape from 'em, or at least,
to secure my pockets. Finding this, the Rogues let go
their hands from my mouth (which till then was stop'd)
to pull me out, that they might get at my money: But

I cryed Thieves, which the Watch presently hearing, away ran the Rogues, and so I sav'd my money.

Dood. Then you cry'd out Thieves your self?

Ram. Yes——'twas I——

Dood. And have been rob'd of your Hat and Per-
uque——

Ram. Yes——

Dood. How came you so disguis'd, and your face black'd, and that Hat upon your head?

Ram. The Rogues that took mine, clapt this on to muzzle me and stop my breath from calling, out——his, and their hands black'd my face so——the Rogues were Chimny-sweepers, or some that went in that disguise to rob——that they might not be suspected for walking about——

Arab. 'Tis very likely husband——

Dood. Ay, so 'tis, and if no body be found in my house, I'll release you.

Enter Engine, and Watchman.

Watch. We can find no body, Sir.

Eng. We have look'd so much as in the Oven, and the Cistern.

Dood. Well, Sir, your Servant then——Watchmen, see the Gentleman home, and call to morrow, and I'll give you something to drink.

2. } Your Servant, Master.

3. }

1. What, must he go then?

2. Ay, he's an honest Gentleman, and has been rob'd himself.

Ram. Sir, good night to you, I am sorry my misfortunes occasion'd this disturbance.

Arab. Hark you, Sir, now the worst is pass'd, let me put in a word before you go.

Lord, Sir, that your Mistress was but here in my place to see you now.

Ram. I should not be much sorry if she were, I am not the first unfortunate Lover, I'de say it happen'd to me for her sake, coming to see her.

Arab. She could not chuse but love you for such a piece of Knight-Errantry, and take you about the Neck, and kiss you.

Ram. Not till I had wash'd my Face, fair Lady.

Arab. Oh, don't wash your face, by no means, before you see her, for now you are the comliest black Gentleman, methinks.

Ram. Well, well, Lady, insult o'r my misfortunes.

Arab. At least, Sir, let your Picture be drawn in this posture, to present to her, and write underneath—

The Wandring black night.

Dood. Dear, you are too bold with the Gentleman.

Ram. I am glad my afflictions yield any divertisement, another time it may be my turn to laugh, I confess I am a little out of Countenance now.

Arab. What, such a handsome proper Gentleman as you are, out of Countenance—? fy, fy, methinks a man of your Complexion should not blush at any thing.

Dood. Pray excuse her, Sir,—my wife's a merry prating wag—

Ram. I like her ne'r the worse—

Dood. Good night Sir—good night neighbours—

Ram. Your Servant, Sir,—good night Mrs. *Mag-Pye.*

Arab. Chimny sweep—Boh.

Dood. Come wife you are a little too severe with the Gentleman.

Arab. What, should I have no revenge of him for disturbing us, and raising us out of our beds?

[*Exeunt Doodle, Arabella, and Engine.*]

Ram. Come Gentlemen, forward to my Lodging—this way—stay, yonder's some body with a light, I would not be seen—

Enter Townly, and Tom.

Town. Now, you Dog am not I very merry, this 'tis to be drunk, you Dog. [Townly *singing.*

Tom. Sir, don't make a noise, we are near the Watch.

Town. Watch, shew 'em me, that I may scower among 'em—I ne'er kill'd a Watchman yet.

1. Who goes there——

Town. You are the Son of a Whore—— [Sings.

Ram. 'Tis *Townly* drunk.——

2. Knock him down——

Ram. Be kind to him; 'tis a friend of mine——he's in drink.

Town. Hold——a truce——a friend of thine? who the Devil art thou?

3. Well, Master for your sake——

Town. For his sake! what's he, a Devil, or one of the Black-guard here upon Earth——

No, in my Conscience, 'tis a Jesuite.

Tom. By his Cloths, Sir, it should be Mr. *Ramble.*

Town. *Ramble*——what a pox, I should know *Ramble* from a Black-sheep. Hold up your light——*Ramble*——what a pox dost thou do thus like the Prince of Darkness, with these Hell-hounds about thee, and in this pickle?

Ram. Misfortunes, *Frank*, misfortunes.

Town. Thou art an unseasonable Blockhead, *Ned*, to go a Masquerading thus, when it has been so long out of fashion.

1. The Gentleman has been knock'd down, and rob'd, Sir.

Town. Ay Neighbours, that comes of Whoring.

Ram. Hold your tongue, you'll make a discovery—— I confess, I was about the other intrigue I told you of.

Town. And the husband came, and you were forced to creep up the Chimney to get away,——This comes of your Whoring still.——Hark you Friends, did you

not catch this Gentleman Catter-wauling upon the ridge of a house?

3. No, Sir, stuck fast in a Cellar-grates, half in, and half out.

Town. What, Burglary, *Ned*, Burglary—worse and worse, this comes of Whoring still.

2. No, Master, 'twas no Burglary—he crawl'd into the grates to save his money, he lost but his Hat, Perriwig and Sword.

Town. This comes of your Whoring still—hereafter, *Ned*, be rul'd by me, leave lewd Whoring, and fall to honest drinking? You see I am not turn'd Conjurer, nor look like one that had been studying the *Black-art*, Wine don't disguise a man half so much as Whoring, *Ned*.

Ram. Come, prethee go home—Watchman, forward, this Gentleman and I, lodge in the same house.

Town. Look you, Friends, I'll go home if you please, but for this *Tartar* here, e'en take a lodging for him at some great Inn—hang out his Picture, blow a Trumpet, and show him for Groats a piece. I warrant you, you'll raise a Patrimony,—be wise I say, and get money by him, you'll never have the opportunity of such another Monster.

1. The Gentleman's dispos'd to be merry with you, Master.

Town. Well, *Ned*, fare thee well—to tell the truth, I am a little asham'd of your company at present—I am sorry to leave my friend in affliction—but this comes of whoring, *Ned*, this comes of your Whoring—

3. What Master are you gone?

[*Exeunt Townly, and Tom.*

Ram. Hang him, let the Tyrant go—'twill be my turn to insult one of these days. [Exeunt.

Act IV. Scene 1.

[Ramble's lodging.]

Enter Townly and Ramble.

Town. NEVER was a more unfortunate adventure; the husband unexpectedly to come home when you were going to bed to his wife, a false alarm of fire, when she was coming to you, a third defeat by sticking fast in a window, there to be burnt with a Link, drown'd with a Chamber-pot, Rob'd of your Cloths, taken by the Watch, suspected to be a thief, the house alarm'd, the husband see you, your Mistress jeer you, your friend to come by and laugh at you, in all your afflictions how truly may'st thou sing *Fortune my Foe.*

Ram. But you were a little too unmerciful, considering how my supper fell into your mouth but just before—that the Devil should send you there just in the critical minute.

Town. Right, there was another fine turn of fortune, you started the hare, gave her the long course, I fell in by chance and took her at the half turn.

Ram. I could curse my Stars.

Town. 'Tis in vain; they will still shed their malicious influence, you will have no luck at intrigues, I always told you so, therefore for the future make your Court to the Bottle, *Ned*, to the bottle—

Ram. I would take your counsel and forswear all woman-kind, but for the hope I have to bring one of these two designs to perfection: yet my first Mistress err'd by mistake, the second jeer'd me to blind her Husband.

Town. Still wilt thou be misled by hopes; hope is yet more flattering far than women, and a greater jilt than Fortune; 'tis the grand bawd to all ill luck.

Enter Roger, with a Letter.

Roger. Here's a Letter, Sir, to be delivered to you with all speed.

Ram. Ha——let me see't quickly——

[Opens it and reads.

From *Eugenia.*

[Exit Roger.]

Town. Ay the Devil's coming abroad again to hinder your conversion.

Ramble reads.

SIR,

My Husband will be from home all this morning, I am very desirous to be informed the particulars of last nights misfortune; curiosity forces me, in spite of blushes to give you this invitation.

Enter at the back door without knocking, if you meet not Jane below, come directly up stairs.——
Good.

Town. Here's another spring laid to catch the Woodcock.

Ram. *Frank*, is not here temptation now, is it to be resisted think you, can flesh and blood forbear going?

Town. Truly here's a very fair appearance.

Ram. What can hinder now?

Town. The old Devil may dance again.

Ram. *Frank Townly*, give me thy hand——If I fail now, I will from this time, give over assignation and stratagems and be thy convert for ever——

Town. Upon those terms I consent to part with thee, adieu.

Ram. Adieu. Now you shall see me return triumphant.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 2.

[*A room in Dashwell's house.*]*Enter Eugenia and Jane.**Eug.* *JANE*, have you sent my Letter?*Jane.* Yes, Madam, but the Messenger is not return'd.*Eug.* It was a very strange accident last night—I cannot but think on't. I would fain know the riddle—I can't imagine how it came about.*Jane.* Mr. *Ramble*, when he comes, will inform you all: I look'd out at the window, and saw them both go away together—they were old acquaintance.*Eug.* I hope the Gentleman, who e'er he was, had bravery enough to evade the acknowledgment of what pass'd—*Jane.* I fear Mr. *Ramble* over heard too much—and that was the occasion he drew his Sword.*Eug.* Worst come to the worst—If I cannot cover it with denials, he must acknowledge it but a mistake; and himself in the fault.*Jane.* Ay, Madam, what made him absent?*Eug. Jane,* be you about the door below, and watch for the answer or his coming: I do not yet comprehend the meaning of this stranger, [*Exit Jane.*] What made him so curious to spy into secrets of the family the first night of his coming; there is a mystery too in that—here he comes—now I'll dive into that matter.*Enter Loveday.**Love.* Madam, good morrow to you, I have watch'd your Husbands going out to get an opportunity to speak with you in private. Nay, blush not, Madam, at any thing that pass'd last night; what knowledge I have gather'd of your secrets, lies buryed in this breast, the

frolick I play'd last night was harmless, and for mirth-sake, and such, as I hope you can freely pardon.

Eug. I hope you may have honour enough to conceal a Woman's failing, there was no ill intended by that Gentleman's being there, but your discovery of the person might have prov'd dangerous, and given great cause of suspicion.

Love. I had not proceeded so far, but to clear the house of a Rival.

Eug. What mean you, Sir?

Love. By a Rival I mean an intruder to your affections, one that invades my right.

Eug. I understand you not, Sir.

Love. *Eugenia*, Marriage has intitled you your Husbands, your duty and obedience are his, but if you have any Love to spare beside, I claim it as my due.

Eug. As your due?—I confess you have play'd the Spy, and know my secrets, therefore may think to make me comply, and to keep me in awe by threatning to discover last nights transactions to my Husband, but that is a poor design.

Love. No, Lady, I scorn that, I have better pretensions and a nobler claim—Look well on me, though in disguise, do you not know me?

Eug. Know you!

Love. Am I not like one that once lov'd you, and to whom you often kindly said, you could never love any other man? Is *Loveday* so lost in your remembrance? Have seven years so alter'd me, that I am in nothing like the man I was?

Eug. *Loveday*, is it you? forgive my excess of wonder; your growth and the small pox have so alter'd you, that I scarce know you in any thing but your voice, and even that is alter'd too.

Love. You see, *Eugenia*, how subject we are to change; but my heart is still the same, and I wish yours were so too.

Eug. Be assur'd, *Loveday*, I can never hate the man I once lov'd so much.

Love. How young and innocent were we in our first Loves—and all our vows sincere—but time and absence has effac'd them quite, and your heart has taken new impressions. O, *Eugenia*, 'tis death to me to see you, and not to see you mine.

Eug. Speak not too much, my *Loveday*, lest you again raise the flame which was never quite extinct, for still it lies hot and glowing at my heart—but tell me, why came you in this disguise, and with pretence to be a Servant?

Love. When I return'd from travel, I heard the fatal news of your Marriage, but excuse you, because your friends deceiv'd you, and I was absent.

Eug. Alas! they told me you were dead, and I heard it several times confirm'd.

Love. That was our Parents plot to divide our affections. They writ the same to me of you.

Eug. Had I known you were living—

Love. Well, *Eugenia*, say no more of that. I now come to play an after-game; though you are married, and your person is your husband's, I claim a share in your affections, since wholly I cannot enjoy you, allow me what part you can. I cannot live without your kindness, and since your inclinations to a Gallant, are partly priviledg'd by the constraint of your marriage, —I claim that title.

Eug. I confess I once lov'd you, nor had my affections ever abated, but from report of your death; the sight of you revives them again—be you discreet, and I cannot be unkind.

Love. Blessed *Eugenia*!

Eug. But why came you in this disguise?

Love. To get admittance into your house.

Eug. How came you by that Letter of Recommendation from my husband's brother?

Love. I took it from a young man that had been his Servant at *Hamborough*,—He desirous to return to live in *England*, obtain'd it from his Master, to recommend him to your husband—Coming in the same Ship together, I learnt from his discourse he depended on Service, and what provision he had made for his reception here—I receiv'd him into mine, took this Letter from him with design to personate him here, which has succeeded so fortunately, as once more to introduce me to the presence of my dear long-lov'd *Eugenia*.

Eug. How shall I recompence this constancy?

Love. Love is the best reward of Love: I cannot long remain in this disguise, for I must appear to my friends, who expect my arrival every day; therefore let slip no opportunity may make us bless'd.

Eug. My dear *Loveday*.

Love. Now the hour is inviting; your husband abroad, no body to observe or restrain our desires:—Say—shall we now? blush not, nor turn thy head into my bosome, but to thy chamber, my dear.

Eug. You have prevail'd—and I have power to refuse you nothing—retire in there, and expect my coming, I will only give some necessary orders to my Maid, and come to you presently.

Love. My dear Soul, make haste, for Love has but a short time to reap the harvest of many years.

[Exit *Loveday*.

Eug. I must contradict my orders to *Jane*, lest I be surpriz'd by Master *Ramble*; his coming now is to be avoided as well as my husbands—O, *Jane*, what news?

Enter *Jane*.

Jane. Madam, Mr. *Ramble* was gone abroad, but his Man is run to look him, to give him your Letter.

Eug. No matter for his coming now, I have alter'd my mind, I am glad he was not at home.

Jane. Will you not see him then, if he comes?

Eug. Not now.—I will tell you my reasons another time.

Jane. Well, Madam, 'tis ten to one whether his Man finds him.

Eug. Whither are you going?

[*Going away towards the Chamber.*]

Jane. Into your Chamber, to make your bed.

Eug. No no, stay I'll go to bed again for an hour.

Jane. I'll lay it smooth then for you.

Eug. Hold, don't go in, go down, and remain below 'till I call you, but watch my husband's coming, be as diligent to give me notice, as if Mr. *Ramble* were here.

[*Exit Eugenia.*]

Jane. Yes, Madam.

What can the meaning of this be? or is he in her Chamber already, and she would not have me know it—it must be so by her not letting me go in—he slipt up Stairs whilst I was absent—this is but a sudden fit of modesty in her.—I shall know all anon.

[*Exit Jane.*]

[Scene 3.]

[*Eugenia's Bed-chamber.*]

Loveday and Eugenia in the Bed-chamber, he unbutton'd, sitting upon the Bed-side.

Love. COME to my arms, dear kind creature, and let me gaze upon thy Charms a while, before the Curtains are drawn round us, and day is shut from our sight. Thus could I look, and kiss, and hug, for ever. O! I am in an exstasy of Joy.

Eug. Came you hither to talk, my dear?

Love. O dear Soul! how kind was that rebuke? come, now to bed—to bed, that we may plunge in bliss, and dive in the sweet Ocean of delight.

Eug. Some body knocks at the door—who's there?

Jane without. Madam, my Master is below, and just coming up to you.

Eug. O, good wench, run down and stop him a little.

Jane. He's coming up stairs now.

Love. Where shall I hide my self?

Eug. Here, in the Maids Chamber; the door's lock'd, and the key out.

Love. Ne'r a Closet in the room?

Eug. No Sir, here, here, cover your self in the bed, I'll draw the Curtains round you.

[*She covers him in the bed, shuts the Curtains, and sits upon a Cushion by the bed-side, as reading.*]

Love. O, any where.

Eug. So, now for my Book and a Cushion, and to my devotions——

Enter Dashwell and Jane.

Jane. Pray, Sir, don't go in there, I am just going to make the bed.

Dash. Well, I shan't stay——what is your Mistress doing?

Jane. What she is always doing, Sir, praying I think——

Dash. O, yonder she is——come wife, prethee lay by thy book, I did never see the like on thee, thou art always reading one good book or another. [*Exit Jane.*]

Eug. I had just done, husband, and was coming down——that *Jane* might clean the room. Come, will you go below?

Dash. No, prethee stay a little, wife, I came only to see thee, and tell thee the news——the Bride and Bridegroom are come from Church——

Eug. Where were they married——

Dash. They would have no license, and so were married at the *Minories*, a place at liberty, because it was more private——

Eug. I would not have been married at one of those ungodly, unsanctified Chappels, methinks for ne'r so much——'tis very unlucky they say—

Dash. What luck Mr. Alderman will have, I know not; 'tis such a Match, methinks——the Bride is more fit to play with a *Bartholomew-Baby* than to have a Husband; cuds-nigs, a Cock Sparrow would be too many for her.

Eug. How you talk, husband——and who was there at the Wedding?

Dash. Only his brother Alderman and my self, and an old woman the Bride calls Aunt.——Wife——come hither wife——prethee wife come——

Enter Jane.

Jane. Madam, won't you please to go down?

Dash. *Jane*, go down and fetch up your Mistresses Caudle.

Jane. Sir, my Mistress has eaten her breakfast already.

Dash. Eh——pouh——fetch me a Caudle, and my Tobacco-box——

Jane. Lord, Sir, you wont offer to take Tobacco here, in my Mistresses Chamber.

Dash. Hark, some body knocks.

Jane. No, Sir, no——

Dash. Eh, pouh, pish——here, here, take the Key of my Counting-house and fetch the pacquet of Letters that lies in the window.

Jane. You know, Sir, I could never open that scurvy door in my life.

Dash. Pox of this dull wench——she has put me by, I shan't have such a mind again this month: well, Wife, I'll leave thee, I must go and dine with 'em; I promis'd 'em not to stay, fare thee well, I'll come and see you before night.

[*Exit Dashwell.*]

Eug. As you please, husband. *Jane*, go down and stay below.

Jane. Yes, Madam,——am *I* again sent away, *I* can see no body——what can the matter be——*I* shall find it out. [Exit *Jane*.

Eug. His absence never was more wish'd——are you not in a sweat, Sir?

Love. *I* am almost smother'd with the Cloths, *I* lay so still *I* durst scarcely breath; if he had proceeded in his kindness to you, there had been more sacks to th'mill——*I* should have had a fine time on't.

Eug. *Janes* coming was very lucky.

Love. Would he not have been put off, think you?

Eug. Yes, he's never very troublesome.

Love. Is he quite gone, think you?

Eug. Stay, lie still a little, I'll look out at window and see if he be gone forth.

Love. Do, let all be secure, and then, *Eugenia*, let us bed with all the eager haste that ever Lovers made.

Eug. Hark, I think I hear him coming up stairs again.

Love. Then, like a Snail, I will draw in my horns once more——

Eug. Shut, shut the Curtain.

Enter Ramble followed by Jane.

Jane. Hold, Sir, hold, you must not go in.

Ram. You are mistaken, Mrs. *Jane*.

Jane. My Mistress charg'd me to the contrary.

Ram. I tell you, you are mistaken, I had a Letter from her, she sent for me——

Jane. But, Sir, my Master——

Eug. Who is that, *Jane*, Mr. *Ramble*?

Ram. 'Tis I, Madam your humble servant——

Eug. Leave us, *Jane*.

Ram. I received your Letter, kiss'd it a thousand times, and made what haste I could to obey your summons.

Eug. Things are alter'd since, my husband——

Ram. He's safe, Madam, I saw him go out.

Eug. He will be back again immediately.

Ram. I heard him tell a servant as he went forth, that he should not return 'till evening.

Eug. He's gone but cross the street, I am sure he will not stay long, let me beg you therefore to shorten your visit.

Ram. You seem to drive me hence, do you repent you sent for me?

Eug. No, Sir, but I was so scar'd last night, that I dare not run too great a hazzard, it imports me, Sir, to be wary.

Ram. Well that Conjuring Rascal was a witty fellow; when he first began his frolick he made me in a sweat with apprehension.

Eug. I was in a sad trembling too.

Ram. His calling me forth at last for a Devil, was an excellent piece of service.

Eug. I fear'd that would have discover'd all.

Ram. I had a Rheum tickled my throat, and if he had not by that device deliver'd me, my cough would have burst out—I had long before much ado to smother it.

Eug. It was a fair scape indeed; therefore let us prevent the like accidents for the future; wherefore if you love me, or ever hope for my kindness, go away now for fear of a mischief.

Ram. What, leave you already, when you sent for me?

Eug. By that you see my kindness, were it convenient—therefore, pray go.

Ram. We have not yet talk'd half enough—you have given me no account of the mistake that happen'd after.

Eug. The greatest mistake was in you at the door—there was else no harm in't.

Ram. Nay, I ask'd not the question to raise blushes on your Cheek, they were beautiful enough before, and

you may spare 'em, nor can your words inform me much more than I know already, for that person was my intimate friend and acquaintance, and I have sworn him to secresie.

Eug. I am apt to believe you thought more than was, and that he spoke more than he ought——this is not a time to come to a right understanding, therefore I beg you would leave me at present——for that young man is still in the house, and should he chance to see you again.

Ram. If he should, I'll bribe him to secresie.

Eug. I would not for the world he should see you again, to know you, lest he should show you to my husband and spoil all commerce for the future, therefore as you hope for future kindness, and respect my quiet, be gone.

Ram. I dare refuse nothing, but methinks so fair an opportunity should not be lost, your husband gone abroad, you undress'd, your bed there, I here——

Dash. without. *Jane, Jane,* where are you?

Eug. Undone, that's my husband's voice, coming up stairs.

Ram. I'll under the bed——

Eug. You can't, its too low.

Ram. I'll into't then.

Eug. Hold, no, no, my husband's come home to bed, he's not well.

Ram. What shall I say?

Jane. without. Have a care, Sir, have a care——

Eug. Draw your Sword, be angry, threaten, swear you'll kill——

Ram. Who, your Husband?

Eug. Any body—no matter—hunt about as if you look'd for some body.

Enter Dashwell, Jane.

Jane. I say have a care——have a care——

Dash. Have a care of what, you silly baggage?—
 Wife, what makes you tremble?—

Eug. O Lord, husband, I am so frightened—

Dash. Hau! a drawn Sword—what's he there?
 —who are you, Sir? what would you have, Sir?

Ram. Have, Sir, —

Eug. Indeed, Sir, he is not here—Pray be pacified

Ram. I'll be the death of him; his blood shall pay
 for the affront.

Eug. Indeed, Sir, he is not here.

Ram. Come, come, down on your knees all of you
 and confess.

Dash. What means this Wife?

Ram. Down on your knees, Sir.

Dash. Knees, Sir?

Eug. He is not here upon my word, Sir—

Dash. He is not here indeed, Sir—who is't, Wife?

Ram. He must be here, I follow'd him.

Jane. Indeed, Sir, he went out again.

Ram. No, he must be hereabouts, I'll not leave a
 corner unsearch'd—Hau—

*[He counterfeits a rage, throws open the Curtains,
 pulls off the bed-cloths and discovers Love-
 day in the bed.]*

Eug. Ah!

Dash. A man in my bed.

*[Eugenia screams—runs to Ramble, catches
 him on his arm and swoonds.]*

Jane. Oh hold, Sir, for Heavens sake, my Mistress
 swoonds, she'll die away, she's with-child, you'll make
 her miscarry.

Ram. Madam, be not frightened, I'll not meddle with
 him now for your sake.

Dash. What means all this?

Ram. Your house shall at present be his Sanctuary,

and protect the man that hath done me such injuries, but when I meet him abroad, let him guard well his throat, had he twenty lives he should not live one hour after.

Dash. Pray, Sir, let me know the meaning of this, and how the young man has offended you.

Ram. I cannot think on't without rage, let some of them tell you.

Dash. What have you done to the Gentleman to provoke him?

Love. Done to him, Sir——no great matter——done——a——

Eug. I'll tell you, Husband——*Jane* being in the street and seeing this Gentleman pass by, was so foolish to shriek and cry out, the Devil, the Devil——the Gentleman following her and pressing to know the meaning, she told him she saw the Devil in his shape last night; and how one in this house rais'd him in his likeness; upon this the Gentleman being incens'd rush'd into the house, ran into every room to look for the young man, and had like to have surpriz'd him in his Chamber, but fortunately hearing him threaten, [he] slip'd down stairs and ran in here for shelter; and had not *Jane* and I hid him in my bed he had certainly been murther'd.

Ram. Do you not think, Sir, I had reason to be angry?

Dash. What a silly baggage were you?

Jane. Truly, Sir, it was my fright, the Devil last night and this Gentleman were so like——

Dash. Nay he was very like him, that's the truth on't.

Ram. Sir, now you know the reason, I hope you'll excuse my intruding into your house, and I beg your pardon, Madam, for frightening you——as for that Conjuror, let him beware how he stirs over your threshold; he may safer leave his Circle when he's raising the Devil than stir forth of these doors: let him look

to't; so your servant, your servant.—Oh, false, damn'd false woman! [Exit Ramble.

Dash. *Jane*, go down and lock the door after him; lest he should return and surprise us. [Exit Jane.]

Love. Madam, I thank you; truly, Sir, under Heaven, I think your Lady has sav'd my Life, for had it not been for her, he had certainly murther'd me.

Dash. He's a damn'd Cholerick fellow, I am glad you escaped so well, Sir; keep close to day, to morrow I'll provide for you out of his reach; I have found a friend that will entertain you in a very good imployment,

Love. I thank you, Sir.

Eug. How happen'd it that you return'd so luckily, Husband?

Dash. By especial Providence, I think—I was to have din'd where I told you, but all that's prevented, Mr. Alderman is not like to bed his Bride to night.

Eug. How, is any thing happen'd amiss?

Dash. Nothing of harm to either of 'em—But Alderman *Doodle* brought him News from Change that there is a Ship come up the River, in which they both have very great concerns—I cannot tell you the particulars, but the Messenger is come on purpose, from the master of the Ship, to desire 'em to take Boat and go down this Tide—I suppose some seisure of prohibited goods or the like, I did not enquire into the matter—but they must go.

Eug. I am glad 'tis no worse—but 'tis some great business that can call him away from his bride, the first night of his Marriage too—

Dash. Nay they are in such hast they can't stay dinner—but that is because of the Tide, I suppose—

Eug. And that is the reason, Husband you are come back?

Dash. Yes, their Wedding-dinner is defer'd till their

return; and I am glad it fell out so, since my coming sav'd a man's life, for ought I know.

Eug. Indeed so am I, Husband, what a sad thing it would have been, if a man had been kill'd in your house.

Dash. No no, it's better as 'tis, come, let's have dinner in good time—

Eug. Yes, presently, Husband, I'll go below and give order for't. [Exit Eugenia.]

Dash. Come, Sir, whilst dinner is getting ready, you and I will take a turn in the Garden, there we'll talk farther of your concerns, and I'll let you know how I intend to provide for you.

Love. I'll attend you, Sir—I thank you for your generous care. *Eugenia*, now I love thee more than ever—how handsomely she brought all off. [Exeunt.]

[Scene 4.]

[A room in Wiseacres' house.]

Enter Wiseacres and Doodle.

Wise. COME Brother, are you ready to go?

Dood. I have sent for my Wife to speak two or three words with her and I have done.—Methinks it is very unlucky that business should fall out thus on your Wedding-day, and force you to leave your Bride unbedded.

Wise. 'Tis so at present, but hereafter, I shall never be much concerned at any thing that calls me away, knowing what security I have of my Wife in my absence from her simplicity, and I will now shew you an example that shall consult all your arguments to the contrary, and convince you of your error.

Dood. I shall not be converted without a Miracle.

Wise. I read a very pritty passage in a waggish book when I was a Prentice, and it has run in my head ever

since, and now I will practice it upon my wife—you shall behold and wonder.

Dood. Well, let's see.

Wise. Ho, Wife—*Peggy*—

Enter Aunt and Peggy.

Aunt. Here, and please you is your Bride—*Peggy*, where's your Curtesie to your Nuncle and the Gentleman?

Wise. There's my dainty *Peggy*.

Aunt. There is a Gentlewoman without, your wife, I humbly suppose enquires for you.

Wise. Tell her he is about a little private business.

Dood. And that I'll wait on her presently.

Wise. Oh fie, wait upon your wife!—that he'll come presently is enough.

Dood. Well, that I'll come presently. [*Exit Aunt.*]

Wise. And return to us again to take charge of *Peggy*, for I'll not have her see any *London* wife, especially no witty wife.

Dood. Well, well, Mr. Alderman—come—to my conversion now, make hast or my wife won't stay.

Wise. There 'tis now again, won't stay—there's a witty wife for you.

Dood. Well, well, pray to the business.

Wise. Now pray sit down and observe. *Peggy*, here, come to me, *Peggy*.

Peg. Yes forsooth. [*Peggy makes two Curtesies.*]

Wise. Your Curtesie—so, that's as I am your Uncle; another now as I am your husband—so, now stand before me—you know, *Peggy*, you are now my Wife.

Peg. Yes forsooth, so Naunt tells me.

Wise. And that is a happiness for which you are to thank Heaven, that you have married a discreet sober person.

Peg. Yes forsooth.

[*Re-enter Aunt.*]

Wise. One that will keep and preserve you from all the mad roaring Bears, Bulls and Lyons in the Town, that would without him devour thee alive.

Peg. Oh, but forsooth, Nuncle-husband, you won't let 'em now, will you?

Wise. No no, and for this, you are to observe my will and pleasure in all things, and to fear and tremble at offending me.

Peg. Yes, forsooth.

Wise. Now tell me *Peggy*, do you know what love is?

Peg. Love, it is to give one fine things.

Wise. How know you that, *Peggy*?

Peg. Because, forsooth Nuncle-husband, Naunt said you lov'd me, and therefore that you gave me this Petticoat and Manto, and these Ribbons, and this, and this.

Dood. Oh very well, she'll learn in time——

Wise. But now you are my wife, *Peggy*, and you are to love me, and the love of a wife to her husband, is to do all things that he desires and commands.

Peg. Yes, forsooth.

Wise. But, beside the love of a wife, *Peggy*, there is the duty of a wife, do you know what the duty of a wife is?

Peg. Duty, Nuncle, what's that?

Wise. I had not time to instruct you to night in the whole duty of a wife, because business calls me away——I will therefore only inform you at present what the duty of a wife is to her husband at night, which is to watch whilst he is asleep, and be his guard whilst he takes his rest.

Peg. Yes forsooth.

Enter Arabella looking in at the door, absconding.

Arab. I have heard all so far, but now I'll venture to peep, and see a little.

Wise. That duty, *Peggy*, is to be done in this manner ;

Here, put on this fine guilt cap and feather—so, now take this Lance in your hand—so, now let me see you walk two or three turns about the Room—so—now this are you to do part of the night.

Peg. Yes forsooth, Nuncle; oh dear, Aunt, are not these very pretty things?

Arab. The fool's pleas'd; oh simplicity!

Wise. And this respect must you show in my absence; for though I shall not be here present to night, yet upon my pillow do I here leave my Night-cap, which is the Emblem of me, your Husband; and you must show all duty and reverence to that Night-cap, as if it were my self.

Peg. Yes forsooth.

Arab. O Ridiculous.

Dood. Can she be so very simple to believe this?

Wise. Peace, let me alone—And, *Peggy*, though you may not have been us'd to see this duty of a Wife practis'd in the Country, yet this is the duty of a Wife here in *London* when their Husbands are absent, and you must do as they do here in *London*.—So now, Wife, let me see you practice this lesson: begin your March—make your low Curtesie to my Night-cap—so—this likewise must you do when you leave off at Break of day, as your Aunt will instruct you, and this, *Peggy*, you'll be sure to do.

Peg. O indeeds, Nuncle—yes—

Wise. So, now help to unharness her.

Arab. I can hardly forbear any longer—

Dood. Well, never was there such a piece of simplicity as this seen before.

Wise. Now will she be watching all night, and asleep all the day; so will she be always free from the impertinencies of the world, and I can have no dread upon me in my absence of her misbehaviour.

Dood. 'Tis strange she should be so impos'd on.

Wise. What security like this can such as you have with your witty Wives, who with their gadding abroad, or staring out of Windows and Balconies at home, will draw all the fool-flies in the Town buzzing about 'em, till they are blown, and their reputations tainted.

Dood. Well, you have your humour—I say no more, but I would fain see the first year of your Marriage over.

Wise. Well, now I'll be taking my leave—I commit *Peggy* to your care—you see what task I have set her for all night: I think I shall return to morrow; but if any thing hinder—every night whilst I am absent let her do the same—

Aunt. Yes, yes.

Wise. Keep you the Key of her Chamber—about break of day go in and put her to bed—let her sleep 'till noon; then put her to bed in the afternoon again, and let her sleep 'till evening. Keep my doors shut all day—and let her remain thus in ignorance. So fare you all well 'till I see you again.—Adieu my *Peggy*.

Peg. Adieu forsooth, Nuncle-husband.

Wise. There's my best *Peggy*. I wonder now what kind of Caution you give your wife; and what security you'll have of her behaviour in your absence.—

Enter Arabella.

Arab. A little better I hope than you have of your Mistress *Ninny* there.

Wise. Is she here?—

Arab. But I'll give her a lesson shall make her wiser.

Wise. Go, withdraw—

Arab. No, pray stay a little, I'll keep the door—lye there stool—

Dood. What frolick now, Wife?

Arab. You are going out of Town, Husband?

Dood. Yes, Wife.

Arab. Do your Duty then, and come and kiss me—

Dood. Ay, with all my heart, wife.

Arab. Nay, come not round—but over the stool—
—nay, jump, jump; come over for the King—here—
[*Doodle jumps over and kisses her.*

Dood. So, there wife.

Arab. So, now back again this way—for the Queen.

Dood. So, thou art such a wag, wife.

[*She goes round the stool, and he jumps back agen.*

Arab. There's a husband for you—Look you, little Gentlewoman, your husband has taught you your duty; now do you teach him his, and make him do this every night and morning—you must learn your husband to come over and over, agen and agen, and make him glad to jump at a—I'll tell you another—

Wise. She'll ruine all my design—here—good neighbour take your wife home.—

Arab. You teach your wife to reverence your Night-cap—Look ye, Mistriss *Peggy*, take his greasy Night-cap thus, and throw it down Stairs, and him after it.

Wise. Away, *Peggy*, away—this is a Mad-woman—see how she flings about—away, or she will tear thee to pieces.

Peg. O La! Aunt—Aunt!

Aunt. Ay, come away, *Peggy*,—away—

Wise. So, so; lock her up in a Room till we are gone.
[*Exeunt Aunt and Peggy.*

Dood. So, so, enough, wife, thou hast had thy frolick.

Arab. You are a fine man indeed, marry a woman to make a fool of her: you shall learn her more wit, or every wife in the Parish shall be her School-mistress.

Wise. Well, your husband here may do what he please with you—Let me alone to give my wife what instructions I think fit—I'de fain see what course he'll take with you now.

Dood. Why look you, my wife has a good forward wit of her own, and needs but little admonition; but

you shall hear now what I say to my wife—Well, dear, I sent for thee to let thee know I am going, and to take my leave of thee.

Arab. Thank you, husband.

Dood. Now, wife, I need give thee no instructions how to behave your self while I am gone—I trust all to thy own discretion.

Arab. I warrant you, husband, I have wit enough not to do my self any harm; and for any I do you, I have wit enough not to let you know it—and there's an old saying husband, *What the eye sees not, the heart grieves not.*

Dood. Law you there, my wife will have her jest, you see.

Wise. And this, Brother, you call her waggery.

Dood. Ay, ay.

Arab. Therefore, husband, as bus'ness calls you from me, I think it my right to bid you make hast back again; for though you carry the Key of your Treasure with you, yet you cannot be secure, since every man has a Key fitted to the same Wards.

Dood. Well, wife, I durst trust thee among all the Picklocks in *England*—and I have only one thing to request of thee.

Arab. What is that?

Dood. Only this—That till my return, to all impertinent men, that ask you any questions, or talk to you, answer 'em all with *No*—Let 'em say what they please, let your answer still be, *No, no.*

Arab. Well, husband, I guess at your meaning; and till I see you again, I will be sure to sing no other tune to any manner of man but *No*—all that I answer or say to 'em, shall be nothing but—*No, no, no.*

Dood. You promise me?

Arab. Yes—sincerely.

Dood. What will you forfeit if you break your word?

Arab. The Locket of Diamonds you promis'd to buy me.

Dood. Good, bear witness Mr. *Alderman*—I have done, wife.

Wise. And is this all the surety you take?

Dood. Yes.

Arab. And a wiser course than you have taken I hope, that leaves your wife to walk about your Chamber all night in Armour, like an Enchanted Knight upon Fairy-ground.

Wise. I wish he may find it so.

Dood. Ay, ay, let us see who'll have reason to complain first—Now, wife, we'll be going to the water-side.

Wise. We must make haste, or we shan't get things ready to go down this tide.—

Dood. Wife, you remember your promise?

Arab. Yes.

Dood. Then wife, adieu.

Arab. Da, da, husband.

Well! *No* is the word. What can be made of this *No*?

*Now let a Woman, if Circumstances hit,
Once try without her Tongue to show her Wit.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Act V. Scene I.

[*The Street.*]

Enter Townly, Ramble, Roger, in the Street.

Ram. **T**O night, *Frank*, I am for a Bottle, or any thing, with thee; my own ill fortune and thy counsel have at last converted me.

Town. Do you think you shall not relapse?

Ram. I have not the least inclination now to any intrigue, except it be with that foolish little innocent thing I told you I met last night; and the thoughts of

her are Transitory; one bottle will wash 'em from my remembrance.

Town. Now I have hopes of thee.

Ram. Henceforth I'll never make Love my business, If I find a Lady willing, and a fair opportunity present; I'll nick the critical minute, go my way, and trust providence for such another.

Town. Right, so much I allow.

Enter Arabella, Engine.

Arab. This walk in Drapers Garden has done me good.

Eng. 'Twas a fine Evening, but is grown dark on a sudden.

Town. What women are yonder?

Ram. None that shall divert me from my resolution of going to the Tavern.

Eng. If we had met Mr. *Ramble* in our Walks, Madam?

Arab. I utterly declare against that unfortunate Gentleman——But if his friend Mr. *Townly* had come in my way——

Eng. You could not have diverted your self now I think on't; you are under an obligation to say nothing but *No*——

Arab. You should have seen how I'de have manag'd that *No* to the best advantage, to the confusion of my Husband's stratagem——I hate to be out-witted, and long to try what I could make on't.

Aunt. within. Fire, fire, fire.

Enter Aunt, with a Candle.

Ram. Ha, fire! let's be gone, I shall never love fire since last night.

Aunt. Fire, fire, fire.

Town. Where? where, Mistress?

Aunt. Alas a day! here, in this house, Fire, fire.

Arab. Is not that Mr. *Ramble*?

Eng. Yes, and the other *Townly*, the man you wish'd for.

Ram. This is the old Gentlewoman that was with that innocent little creature—I shall find her now.

Aunt. Fire, fire.

Ram. Have patience, we'll all help you: Come *Townly, Roger*, here.

Town. I'll follow you.

Aunt. Oh I thank you Gentlemen—Ah, Fire, fire, fire. [Exeunt *Ramble, Roger, Aunt.*

Town. So, let him be for the Fire—I'll be for the Lady—

Eng. Madam, he comes this way.

Arab. Run you in o' doors, I'll follow you.

[Exit *Engine.*

Town. Madam, I am your most humble Servant.

Arab. No.

Town. Y'Gad but I am, and will if you please.

Arab. No.

Town. Will you not give me leave to wait on you?

Arab. No.

Town. Nor stand and talk with you a little, dear Rogue?

Arab. No.

Town. I am in love with you; will you be hard-hearted to a man that loves you.

Arab. No.

Town. By *Jove* I would kiss thee for that, but that I fear 'twould put you out of humour.

Arab. No.

[*Townly* kisses her.

Town. That was kindly said—there—Now shall I wait on you to your door?

Arab. No.

Town. Ah, that spoils all again—Do, carry me to your house—I'll steal in unseen and we'll discourse in private.

Arab. No.

Town. Do, my little pretty dear Rogue.

Arab. No.

Town. Must I then be gone and leave you?

Arab. No.

Town. By her answering *No* to contraries, I find she has taken a humour to say nothing else, I will fit her with Questions; now Lady answer me at your Peril. Beware you don't tell me a lye: Are you a Maid?

Arab. Ha, ha, ha!

Town. She laughs at that—a Widow then?

Arab. No.

Town. A Wife!—She changes her Note now, and whistles at that to let me know she is. Is your Husband at home?

Arab. No.

[*Arabella whistles at Wife.*]

Town. Is he in Town?

Arab. No.

Town. Would you refuse a Bed-fellow in his room to Night if you lik'd the Man?

Arab. No.

Town. If I go home with you, will you thrust me out?

Arab. No.

Town. Nor if I come to Bed to you?

Arab. No, no, no, no, no.—Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit Arabella laughing.*]

Town. Y'gad she's run in laughing. I know not whether she be in earnest or in jest. But here's a fair opportunity for a Nights Diversion, we have concluded a Bargain in the Negative already. I'll in after, and give her earnest of my Affections to bind her sure for the future—

[*Exit Townly.*]

[Scene 2.]

[*A Bed-chamber in Wiseacres' house.*]*Enter Peggy.**The Scene Draws and discovers her walking in Armour by the Bed-side.*[*Enter*] Roger and Ramble.

Ram. I HAVE searched all the Rooms below and cannot find her.

Roger. She must be above then unless she be frighted and run away.

Ram. We'll begin with this Room and search 'em all in order, ha! what Vision is this?

Roger. Vision Sir! I am afraid the house is haunted.

Ram. 'Tis she, the very she I look for, pretty dear Creature, will you stay to be burn'd? the House is on Fire?

Peg. Indeed! our House on Fire?

Ram. Why, did you not hear 'em cry Fire in the Street just now?

Peg. Yes, but they cry a great many things here in *London*, I heard 'em cry Oranges and Lemons, and a great many things.

Ram. Oh! what innocence is here; they had forgot her in the fright, and she might have been burnt alive.

Peg. But indeed, is our House on Fire?

Ram. I'll not fright her, I cannot tell, I think—something's—the matter. *Roger* run down and see, bring us word how matters go below; pretty Creature what art thou doing at this time of Night? [*Exit Roger.*]

Peg. I am a Wife and't please you.

Ram. A Wife? What of that?

Peg. And this is the Duty of a Wife here in *London*.

Ram. O Simplicity, what can be the meaning of this? And how long have you been Married pretty Miss?

Peg. I was Married this Morning betimes.

Ram. And where is your Husband?

Peg. He is gone a Journey about Business forsooth.

Ram. And when does he return.

Peg. I do not know.

Ram. And who dressed you thus prettily?

Peg. My Uncle-Husband shew'd my Aunt to dress meso.

Ram. Your Uncle-Husband?

Peg. Yes, my Uncle-Husband.

Ram. What is the meaning of that? Now I think on't she call'd the old Man Uncle that took her from me last night, he has Married her, finding her simple, they have put some trick on her. [*Aside.*

And to what end did they dress you thus?

Peg. Why, don't you know the Duty of a Wife and live here in *London*?

Ram. Of a Wife! Yes; but what is it say you?

Peg. It is to watch whilst her Husband sleeps, and to walk thus by him all night.

Ram. Ridiculous! But your Husband you say is out of Town?

Peg. Yes, but there is his Night-cap forsooth, and that's all one.

Ram. She's meerly impos'd upon, and is this all you know of the Duty of a Wife?

Peg. This is as far as I have learned yet, but Uncle will teach me more when he comes back.

Ram. 'Tis so, this is some trick of the Jealous old Fool that has Married her. Would you not thank a Man pretty *Peggy*, that would teach you your Lesson perfect before he comes?

Peg. Oh! Yes.

Ram. Don't you think you could learn as well from me as from him?

Peg. Yes, but they told me that such a one as you last night would eat me.

Ram. But no body shall eat you whilst I am with you, and I will stay with you to night and take pains to instruct you in the whole Duty of a Wife.

Peg. Will you indeed?

Ram. Lord, Lord, she's willing too, she has more wit than I thought for. Yes indeed will I, and now Mrs. *Peggy*, you must lay by this Launce, and these things, and go to your Bed.

Peg. But my Uncle-Husband said I was not to go to Bed till Morning that Aunt came to me, and that I was to do so all night, and he will be angry, and Aunt told me God won't bless me if I anger my Husband.

Ram. Never was there such a little Fool as this. But your Uncle-Husband came to me and told me he was mistaken, and bid me come to you and teach you the right Duty, and bid me tell you, that you must go to bed and do as I'de have you.

Peg. O then indeed I'll go to Bed and you'll come and teach me.

Ram. Ay! Ay! do dear pretty *Peggy*, and make hast.

[*Exit Peggy.*]

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir the Fire is quenched, 'twas only a Basket or two that took fire and blaz'd in the Kitchin Chimney and catch'd hold of the Mantle-tree, 'tis all out now.

Ram. Where's the old Gentlewoman?

Roger. She's seeing the House clear of the People that came in to help.

Ram. Steal down then and slip out amongst the rest, take no notice of any thing. I'll be at home two or three hours hence, or early in the Morning.

Roger. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll not disturb you with crying Fire again if you don't.

[*Exit Roger.*]

Ram. I must not venture into Bed the Aunt will be

here in the Morning. Let me see, how shall I get out, there's a Balcony in the great Room, a little before day I'll make my escape there, now I'll bolt the Chamber-door and secure my self from a Surprize on that side. Now to my little sweet dear piece of innocence, that little pretty simple foolish thing. What pleasure shall I have to teach her her first Love lesson? I am almost out of my Senses with Joy.

How I'll Mouse her and Touse her and Tumble her till Morning.

But little dreams the Bridegroom he is to be horning.
[Exit.]

[Scene 3.]

[A room in Dashwell's house.]

Enter Loveday, and Eugenia.

Love. MUST I be gone then to morrow morning?
Eug. So my Husband has resolved, he is afraid you should be killed if you stay here in Town, and therefore is writing to a Correspondent of his at *Bristol* to entertain you, he has provided for your Journey and says you must go very early.

Love. O unlucky Accident, how he cuts off all my hopes! I cannot think of parting from you.

Eug. What will you do? you must go from hence.

Love. To be defeated after I had wrought my self into his Family, not to gain one hours privacy, one minutes enjoyment of my Love, both to be resolved and willing, and yet disappointed! hard Fate, I wish I were now a Conjurer indeed, that could deceive him with a false Creation of your likeness in his Bed, whilst you were in my Arms, and I panting on your Bosom. Dear *Eugenia*, I am almost mad, cannot you now once play the Conjurer for me?

Eug. I will try my Art in spite of Fortune, Love

shall yet play out the game, the Cards are now in my hand, and I'll deal about once more in hopes of better Fortune.

Love. Kind, dear woman.

Enter Jane.

Eug. Jane, has your Master almost done his Letter?

Jane. Yes, Madam he is coming down.

Eug. I hear him, step you into the next Room, listen at the door, but make no noise——away——

[*Exit Loveday.*

Enter Dashwell.

Dash. Where, where, is *Valentine* not come down yet?

Eug. Yes Husband, but I have sent him up to bed again.

Dash. How so, I must give him my Letter that he may be gone early in the morning.

Eug. But I assure you I think it not convenient you should recommend him to any Friend, or entertain him your self. He is not the person you take him for.

Dash. What mean you?

Eug. And has Qualities such as you won't like when I shall give you a farther Account?

Dash. Speak plain Wife, what is't you mean?

Eug. I mean, he is a very impudent Rascal, and only fit to be kick'd out of doors.

Dash. What has he done?

Eug. I know not whether he made a false construction of my extraordinary care to hide him in my Bed to day when he was in danger to be kill'd, and interprets it Kindness and Love to him in a more particular manner. But he had the impudence e'ne now when you were gone to write your Letter, to tell me that his coming here was for my sake, and that it would break his heart to leave the House till he had accomplished his Design.

Dash. Meaning a Design on you?

Eug. Yes.

Dash. A Rogue!

Eug. Or that he should be miserable all his life after, and hop'd, that since time allowed him not further Opportunities of Courtship, I would without Ceremony consent to steal out of Bed from you when you were fast asleep, and slipping on my Night gown, meet him under the Summer-house in the Garden.

Dash. So, so.

Eug. If, says he, your Husband chance to wake and miss you, say in excuse you were hot and could not sleep, and went down to cool you and dispose you to Rest, or that you went to Prayers.

Dash. Very dainty Rogue, was this his Business?

Eug. You never heard a man so confident, and so urging, *sure, Madam*, said he, *since I have adventur'd so much for your sake, you will not be so unkind to let me loose my labour and go unrewarded.* No, Sir, said I, I will be kinder than so, you shall not go unrewarded, I will meet you as you desire.

Dash. What meant you by that, Wife?

Eug. To be revenged of him for his insolence; now that he may not lose his Reward—I would have you dress your self in a Night-gown and Pinnars, and go down in the dark, take a good Cudgel in your hand and stay in the Summer-house 'till he comes, and drub him soundly, then turn him out of doors.—You may let *Jane* be with you to help you.

Dash. I am glad you have discovered the Rogue,—that shall be his punishment; I would not for a *rool*. I had sent him where I intended, an insolent Dog,—lose his Labour, I'll give him the fruits of his Labour,
—*Jane.*

Jane. Sir.

Dash. Get me a couple of good Cudgels quickly, and meet me below in the Garden.—

Jane. Yes Sir.

Eug. Husband you had best have something white about your Head.—*Jane,* help me to some Pinner and a white Hood, and put him on your Night-gown.

Dash. Ay! do so,—here, here,—let me put them on quickly.

Eug. No, no, go down into the Garden and dress you there, that you may be in the way when he comes.

Dash. *Jane,* bring 'em below then. Wife, go you to your Rest, I'll bring you the news as soon as e'er I have met with him,—I'll bauk him for assignations, a Rogue, Cuckold a Citizen.

Eug. Ay do Husband—I'll pray for your good success.

Dash. Cuckold the Foreman of an *Ignoramus* Jury, a Dog—a Son of a— [Exit Dashwell.]

Eug. *Jane,* Make hast down to him, and when you go out, Spring-lock the Garden-door that he may not get in again, and be as long in dressing of him as you can.

Jane. Yes, yes, Madam. [Exit Jane,]

Eug. Come Sir, come from your Post.

Enter Loveday.

Love. Dear Creature—Witty Rogue.

Eug. How do you like my Invention?

Love. Y'gad you puzzl'd me at first,—when you told him I was not the Person he took me for, I began to—to—

Eug. An hour is our own by this Invention.

Love. Let us retire *Eugenia,* and make the best use on't we can.

Eug. But do you think how to come off at last?

Love. I'll think of nothing but thee at present, and the Heaven I am going to enjoy.

Eug. But let me tell you that's a necessary consideration.

Love. Love claims our present thoughts. We'll make those Reflections in our breathing Intervals.

Eug. I'll tell it you anon in a word.

Love. Ay ay anon, let it be anon, I am now eager as Racers in view of the Post, methinks I am flying to't. —Now I will plunge in Bliss and be all Rapture, all Extasie, already I am all on Fire, my Soul is in a Blaze, and whilst we talk I burn in vain.

Eug. And vain is talk when opportunity requires performance.

Love. Come then.—

And let our Joys no moderation find,

Whilst Love has Power, and Beauty can be kind.

[*Exeunt.*

[Scene 4.]

[*The street before the houses of Wiseacres and Dashwell.*]

Enter Wiseacres and Doodle.

Dood. [I T was very well the Master of the Ship came up as he did, for if our Boat had put off at the beginning of the Tide, we had mist him and gone down on a Fools Errand, and it would have vexed you to have lost the first Nights Lodging with your Bride, for a cold Voyage to no purpose.

Wise. I am well pleased it fell out so luckily. Now will I go to my little Wife, whom I shall find upon Duty, taking short turns by my Bed-side.—Well Brother I am mightily pleased with my invention.

[*Wiseacres knocks at the Door.*

Dood. 'Tis a strange one in my Opinion.

Wise. Yes, but a safe one, keep a Woman from sleep at night, and you secure her from Temptation all day, for then she'll be drousie and lying upon her Bed, whilst others are gadding about, and giving occasion, if not seeking themselves.

Dood. I think it a great deal of Cruelty in you so to torment a poor innocent, I am glad for her sake our Voyage was so luckily prevented, that she may go to Bed and receive better instructions, what will she say when she finds you have deceived her?

[*Wiseacres knocks again.*

Wise. I have a salvo for that. I'll tell her that was the Duty of a Wife to a Husband in his absence, and still keep her in ignorance, that I may have her at a sure Lock, whenever I have an occasion to go a Journey hereafter.

Dood. Well! and I will go home to my Wife, and uncharm her Mouth, and set her Tongue at Liberty, I can't but think how pleasant a Scene it would have been if any of the Courting Fops of the Times had accidentally met my Wife a Walking and gone to pick her up, to hear the Fools run on and cry, Madam shall I wait on you? will you accept of my Service? you are very pretty, and a hundred such foolish sayings, and she still answering nothing but *No, No*, how they'd a been puzz'd and she have laugh'd the while. [*Wiseacres knocks.*

Wise. Ay Brother—No Body hears yet.

Dood. Knock harder.

Aunt. *Within.* Who's there?

Wise. 'Tis I, open the door.

Aunt. *Within.* I come Sir, I come.

Dood. Now I'll bid you good-night.

Wise. No, you shall stay and go in with me, and see how obedient my Wife is; and then be Judge how much better my Security is than yours.

Dood. But what pleases you don't please another, I like my own way still.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Indeed I did not expect you back to night.

Wise. We met with News that prevented our Voyage to *Gravesend*. But what smell is this about the Door?

Dood. Here's a smell of Soot and Burning.

Aunt. Alas! after you went the Kitchin-chimny was on Fire. I was frighted out of my Wits, we had the House full of People.

Wise. How, Fire!

Aunt. Thank Providence it was quickly out, it did no great harm, all is safe.

Wise. How do's *Peggy*, was not she frighted?

Aunt. She poor thing is upon Duty as you directed, —she was close in her Chamber and knew nothing of the Fire; I would not tell her for fear of frightening her, unless I had seen a great deal of danger indeed.

Wise. Call her down, let us see her in her new night-gears.

Aunt. I'll tell her you are come—— [Exit Aunt.

Wise. Come pray walk in a little.

[*Doodle drops a Glove.*

Dood. Well to satisfie you I'll just step in and see her.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ramble above in the Balcony.

Ram. A Pox of ill Luck still say I, this must be the Husband by his hard knocking, that a man cannot lye in quiet for Cuckolds, he has broke the sweetest nights enjoyment. But I am glad I have overcome Fortune so far at last, to get a snap at least to stay my Stomach, though she won't yet allow me a full meal.—I hear somebody come up Stairs.—Which way shall I get down? I must venture to hang by my hands and then drop from the Balcony.

Doodle Re-enters.

Dood. Where have I drop'd my Glove?—It must be hereabouts. O! 'tis here—oh, oh, oh! Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves.—

[*As Ramble is getting down Doodle enters to look for his Glove, Ramble drops upon him and beats him down.*

Ram. You lye Sirrah, hold your bawling or I'll slit your Gullet. [Exit Ramble.

Dood. Auh—ah—ah—, He is gone, now if I did lye and he is no Thief then is the business yet worse. He drop'd from the Balcony, was all unbutton'd, he has been dabling with the Bride,—ay, ay, 'tis so.

Re-enter Wiseacres.

Wise. What made you cry out Murder and Thieves? was you set upon? or did you see any body about my House?

Dood. Returning to look for my Glove,—I did see some body, but I believe I was mistaken, it was no Thief.

Wise. What then?

Dood. Some body that came to relieve your Wife from that odd Duty you put her upon, I believe she is out of her War-like gears by this.

Wise. Pray unriddle—

Dood. Nay, methinks it is no riddle, when a man in the night all unbutton'd shall drop from your Wives Balcony and run away.

Wise. How, a man drop from the Balcony?

Dood. Even so; I suppose your knocking at the door allarm'd him, and just as I came forth to look my Glove, he jump'd down upon me, beat me all along and ran away—

Wise. 'Twas some Rogues that lurk'd in my house, e'er since the Fire with design to Rob—and our knocking scar'd him.

Dood. Such a thing may be indeed,—but the Rogue was very fine, he look'd more like a Thief that would steal away your Honour, rather than your Money.

Re-enter Aunt.

Aunt. Ah! Sir, I fear you will be very angry.

Wise. Why, what's the matter, I am not rob'd?

Aunt. No—but *Peggy*.

Wise. What of *Peggy*—ha—

Aunt. Without my knowledge, and contrary to your orders, was going to Bed.

Dood. Now Brother.

Wise. To Bed, into Bed?

Aunt. Yes, into Bed indeed.

Wise. Into Bed in Contempt of my Order and Commands, Monstrous!

Dood. Now where's your Caution?

Aunt. Nay, I told her you would be very angry.

Wise. And what said she to that?

Aunt. She said no, you would not be angry; I bid her slip on her night-gown and come down to you to acknowledge her fault.

Wise. Send her down to me quickly.

Aunt. She is coming; being her first offence you may forgive her, and let it be a warning.

Wise. It shall be no warning to you, I'll turn you out of doors for this, and for such another I'll send her after you.

Dood. Nay, nay, hear the business before you are so angry.

Wise. Go call her down to me.

Aunt. Yes an't please ye Sir.

Wise. Leave your ducking, and dropping, and tell her quickly.

Aunt. She is here an't please you.

Enter Peggy.

Wise. Go, get you in a while, and stay till I call you; and let me desire the favour of you, Brother.

Aunt. Yes, yes.

Dood. Ay, ay, come. [*Exeunt Aunt and Doodle.*]

Wise. *Peggy* come hither, how durst you neglect your Duty to me your Husband, and go to bed?

Peg. But I did not neglect my Duty.

Wise. Went you not to Bed—hau?

Peg. Yes, but *I* went to Bed to learn my Duty.

Wise. Did not I teach you what you were to do?

Peg. But he taught me a better Duty, than that you shewed me a great deal.

Wise. He, what he? this is some trick, *I* am abus'd: what he is this?

Peg. He that you sent to be my Master to teach me, that came when the Fire was, and asked me why *I* walked so, and when *I* told him you bid me, he said that was but the first Duty, but he'd shew me all the rest, and teach me every nights Duty, and that you had sent him so to do.

Wise. To do how?

Peg. Nay but *I* can't tell you how, but *I* have learn'd a great deal of him, and if *I* were in Bed *I* could shew you.

Wise. You are a Baggage.

Peg. Indeed Uncle *I* had forgot you told me *I* must call you Husband, and now Uncle-husband, it was ten times a better Duty than that you taught me.

Wise. Very pleasant.

Peg. Yes, yes, so pleasant *I* could do such duty all night long.

Wise. Her simplicity makes me mad; well, and where is this Master? when went this instructor from you?

Peg. *I* don't know, but after he had taught me my Lesson two or three times; *I* fell fast asleep *I* don't know how, and when *I* waked with the knocking at the door *I* could not find him upon the Bed, but *I* thought *I* heard some body in the next Room.

Wise. Ay, then was he getting open the Balcony; and what kind of Man was he?

Peg. He was a fine handsome Gentleman methought!

Wise. Ay, ay, you only thought so, 'twas all but your thought. There was no fine Gentleman, nor no body that taught you any thing.

Peg. But there was though—

Wise. No, no, there was not.

Peg. But indeed, and indeed, Uncle-husband there was, now.

Wise. Peace, I tell you there was not; 'twas all but a dream. I spoke to a Conjurer before I went, to Conjure up something before your eyes on purpose to make you think so, and to Conjure you asleep, and make you dream so, I tell you it was all but a dream, and the Conjurers doing.

Peg. Then Uncle-husband speak to him to Conjure up such a thing every night, and to make me dream always when *I* am asleep.

Wise. How she torments me?

Peg. Indeed Uncle-husband it seemed to me just for all the world as if *I* had been awake,—and *I* should have thought so if you had not told me what you do.

Wise. No, no, *I* tell you 'twas all a Dream; go, go, get you into Bed.

Peg. Yes.—But won't the Conjurer Conjure so again?—

Wise. No, no, he has taught me now; (a pox of his instructions;) I'll come and Conjure my self.

Peg. But can you Conjure as well as he did?

Wise. Never was Innocence in a woman a Plague before: *[Aside.*

Yes, I'll come and Conjure as he did.

Peg. Do quickly then, but don't Conjure no fire, *I* shall be frightened at that.

Wise. Well, well, there shall be no fire, go, get you in.— *[Exit Peggy.*

How the Wasp has stung me?—Here where are you? you may come in.

Enter Aunt and Doodle.

Aunt. *I* hope she has satisfied you?

Wise. Yes, yes, But do you hear? if she talk to you of any Fire that was to night, be sure you tell her there was none, and perswade her out on't; for she has been frighted at the disturbance, and talks strangely of Conjuring, and has odd Dreams, therefore be sure you say there was no Fire.

Aunt. Alas-a-day,—and being frighten'd was the reason *I* warrant you that she went to Bed?

Wise. Yes, yes, go, go, not a word of any Fire.

Aunt. No, no, not for the world; alas-a-day, alas-a-day. [Exit.

Dood. Now I hope to see the effect of having a Fool to your Wife.

Wise. Well! you may think as you please of the man's jumping from the Balcony, and make false conjectures, but you are mistaken; 'twas only a Rogue that would have Rob'd me.

Dood. You do well to submit with patience to your misfortune, and give it the best construction, since it befell you by your own want of Judgment; *I* doubt not but you are convinc'd of your error, though you won't acknowledge it to me.

Wise. By your leave; *I* am not yet convinced *I* was in the wrong, and have found no reason yet to change my opinion.

Dood. Nay, if your Wives going to Bed, contrary to your Orders, and a man's tumbling out of her Chamber-window, are no Arguments; *I* find you are invincibly stupid, or wilfully resolv'd to maintain your Errour, and so good night to you.

Wise. The like to you.

Dood. But e'er *I* go, brother Alderman, let me counsel you to go in and teach your Wife a better Lesson, or she'll turn over a new leaf with you, if she have not already.—ha, ha, ha,—a Wife that's a Fool—ha, ha, ha.—

Wise. Fare you well, fare you well. [Exit Doodle.
To have the breeding of a Woman to my own humour,
yet no sooner married but a Cuckold—Nay to have
her very flower of Innocence snatched from me, how
spitefully has Fortune frustrated my design? But *I*
will resolve to go in and go to bed to her, dissemble my
grief and seem content—though it will be a sharp
corrosive to my mind—ha! here comes a Gentleman,
it may be my Wife's Instructor—I'll stand by and
observe if he hankers about my House or leers up at
the Window, that *I* may know him another time.

Enter Townly.

Town. Ha, ha, ha—No, no, no, Hau! what's here?

Wise. Who is that, Mr. *Townly*?

Town. The same Sir. Is it you Mr. Alderman *Wise-*
acres?

Wise. Yes Sir—you are in a merry humour, where
are you going so late?

Town. *I* was going to the Tavern to a Friend to tell
him the pleasantest adventure *I* ever met with.

Wise. This may be concerning my Wife. [Aside.

Pray what was it Sir? if it be no secret, sure it was
very pleasant you are so merry after it.

Town. Going along the Street to night, it was my
Fortune to offer my Service to a Lady.

Wise. Ay, ay, a handsome Lady cannot escape you
Gentlemen.

Town. Handsome or not *I* don't know, for she was
muffled up in her hoods, and *I* could not see her face.
—But *I* have had three or four hours of the sweetest
enjoyment Man ever had with Woman.

Wise. That was pleasant indeed Sir—This was the
Man.

Town. This Lady has taken up an odd humour to
say nothing but *No, No.*

Wise. *No, Sir, hau!*

Town. Yes Sir, to whatever I said she would answer nothing but No,—not a word could I get from her but No, no, no.—

Wise. Hau Brother Alderman—this was his wife. Now will I go and stop his mouth,—he will be prating else on't: do you know who this Lady was Sir?—

Town.—Not I.—

Wise.—Nor you don't know her again if you should meet her?

Town.—Not I.

Wise.—A witty woman y'faith,—Are you obliged Sir to go to the Tavern you were speaking of?

Town.—Why do you ask?

Wise. Because I have a great curiosity to hear this Story at large, and if you are not engaged, I would desire your good Company at a Neighbours house where I am going to drink a glass of Wine, and as we go you may tell it me with all the circumstances,—it must needs be very pleasant, and worth hearing.

Town. Well Sir, I'll wait on you, and as we go you shall hear it all.

Wise. Come Sir, it is but just by here. [Exeunt.]

[Scene 5.]

[*The Garden of Doodle's house. A Table with wine and glasses.*]

Enter Doodle, Arabella, and Engine, in the Garden.

Dood. WIFE, I am glad to find you up, but am sorry thou art in pain.

Arab. I was so extreemly troubled with the Tooth-ach that I could not sleep, and therefore got up to take a walk here in the Garden, thinking I might rest better afterwards—

Dood. Come wife, a glass of Sack will do thee no harm, I must drink a glass or two before I go to Bed,

to take the rawness off my Stomach—and 'twill do thy Teeth good too——

Arab. Nay the pain is pretty well abated now.

Dood. Come let us sit down in the Arbour then——

Arab. Mrs. *Engine*, run up and smooth the Bed, and lay the Pillows to rights.

Eng. Yes, yes——

[*Exit Engine.*

Dood. *Arabella*, here's to thee——

Arab. Thank you Husband——

Dood. If I had happen'd to have stay'd a week away, how wouldst thou have long'd to have had thy Tongue at Liberty?

Arab. No, I should have done well enough.

Dood. But Silence is very burthensome to a woman.

Arab. I confess the Tongue is our unruly Member——but you had no security in that, if I had a mind to do you know what,——Silence you know gives Consent.

Dood. But if any of the fluttering Sparks had come buzzing about thee, thy Tongue would have so itched to have been at them, *I* have known thee so smart upon 'em at the Plays——

Arab. Oh! *I* never do that but when you are there to defend me, for sometimes they'll be Rude and abuse a woman if they see her alone.

Dood. O, rare Sparks of Chivalry, when they have not wit enough to talk to a woman, have Courage enough to beat her and tear her Hood and Scarf.

Arab. Husband here's to you, you are welcome home——

Dood. Hark, somebody knocks——who can it be at this time of night?

Arab. Pray Heaven my Spark han't found the way back again.——

Enter Townly, Wiseacres, Engine.

Wise. So when she led you out blindfolded she gave you the slip.

Town. Yes.

Wise. Cunning Baggage.

Eng. Here is Mr. Alderman *Wiseacres* come to see you.

Dood. How!

Arab. And *Townly* with him——what can the meaning be of his coming again, and with him?—— [*Aside.*

Wise. Just as you parted from me——something came in my head that I had a mind to speak to you about,——and meeting this Gentleman of my acquaintance, I brought him along with me to drink a glass of your Wine, Mr. Alderman.

Dood. The Gentleman is welcome, I just call'd for a Bottle. Sir my Service to you——

Town. Your Servant Sir.——Madam my humble Service to you——

Arab. Your Servant.——I am in amaze! [*Aside.*

Dood. Now pray tell me what business brought you to——

Wise. Pray ask Questions anon,——and have patience to hear one of the pleasantest Stories from this Gentleman that ever you heard: Sir, will you do me the favour to tell that Story again?

Town. With all my heart Sir.

Arab. Sure he has not told him what pass'd, I am mistaken if he could know me again. [*Aside.*

Wise. Come Sir begin.

Town. Going along the Street this Evening when it was dark, it was my Fortune to meet with a Lady, to whom I began to make some little Courtships, but to every thing I said, she answered nothing but *No*.

Arab. Ha!——

Town. Nothing but *No* still? what-e'er I ask'd her was *No*.

Dood. Hum——so Sir.

Town. I asked her if I should be her Servant, she said *no*, if she would let me wait on her home, she said

no, no, still. At last perceiving she was resolved to make no other Answer: I studied to ask such questions, and say such things to her that if she answered *no*, it would please me well.

Dood. Very good Sir.

Arab. I shall be discovered——what shall I do?

[*Aside.*

Wise. Pray mind Sister.

Arab. Ay, I do Sir.

Dood. Well Sir, and how then?

Town.——I asked her then if she would not be angry if I went home with her, she said *No*.

Wise. *No*, Brother.

Town. If she would not shut the door against me?
——*No*.

Wise. *No*, said she again.

Town. If she would lye alone to night——she said
No——

Wise. *No*.

Town. If she would be angry if I came to Bed to her?
No?

Wise. *No, no*, she said *no*, Brother.

Dood. Well, well, I observe——Humh——

Arab. I shall be undone if he goes forward. [*Aside.*

Wise. Pray sit still Sister, and mind this Story out.

Arab. Ay, I do——

Wise. Well Sir go on, you'll hear anon Brother.

Dood. Yes, pray go on.

Town. So Sir.

Arab. Sir my Service to you first.

Town. Pray Madam give me leave to fill.

Arab. Excuse me Sir, you shan't indeed.

[*Arabella drinks, and whilst Townly and she both offer to fill the Glass, she drops a Ruby Ring into the Glass—Townly takes the Glass, and talks o'er it.*

Town. Your Servant Madam. So I'll tell you Gentlemen, upon this I saluted the Lady and being now just come to her very Door——

Arab. Pray drink Sir.

Wise. By and by Sister, pray let him go on.

Town. In ran she,—in ran I, up stairs went she—up went I after her,—she into her Chamber,—I followed her,—she locks the door,—very glad was I,—throws her self upon her Bed,—down throws I my self by her—or upon her as you may guess.

Arab. What shall I do! [Aside.

Wise. And not a word but *no*, said the Lady all this while: *no*, was the word Brother.

Dood. Ay, yes, yes,—I observe,—I observe.

Arab. Come Sir, pray begin this Lady's good Health, you can't but drink her Health for her kindness, that's the least you can do.

Town. Madam, I'll drink it as long as I live for her sake.

Arab. Come then, pray begin it to me.

Town. With all my heart Madam.

Wise. Lord Sister you are so full of Interruptions! can't you let the Gentleman go on with his Story?

Arab. I thought there had been an end when he was got to Bed to her.

Wise.—no no, there's more yet.

Arab. Well, but the Gentleman may drink first, the Wine will die.

Town. Then Madam my Service to you, here's a Health to the Negative Lady.

Arab. Off with it every drop in honour of the Lady—

Town. Ha, a Ring in my mouth,—and the Ring—Mum— [Aside.

Arab. Come I'll pledge the Lady *No's* health——

Town. Well, to make my Story short——

Wise. Ay Sir, the rest of the Story——

Town. I had the happiness to tumble this Lady's Bed some hours, behav'd my self like a Man,—found her brisk and active, but on a sudden she rises from me, plucks me by the elbow to get up, then blinds me with her handkerchief, leads me out of doors a good way from her house, gives me a turn round, and slips away from me;—when I perceiv'd her gone, I pluck'd off her handkerchief, thinking to see where she went in, that I might be so happy to find this kind person another time,—and turning back methought I had a glimpse of her, but running after her stumbled against a great Stone, fell down, and so lost sight of her.—

Dood. Then you did not see where she went in?—

Town. No, for with the fall I wak'd out of my Dream.

Dood. Why then all this is but a Dream.

Town. Yes Sir.

Wise. How! a Dream.

Town. Ay Sir, a Dream.

Wise. Why, you did not tell me it was a Dream.

Town. No Sir, that may be, for we arriv'd here just as we came to that part of the Story, which prevented me from telling you how I awak'd.

Wise. You told me you came then from the Lady, and was going home to your Lodging.

Town. Yes Sir, for when I awaken'd, I was so pleased with my Dream, and so possessed with the Fancy, that immediately I got up and went to the place where I dream'd I fell, to see if there was any such Stone as I tumbled at, and if I found such a Stone, to look if there were any such House thereabouts as methoughts I saw her slip into just as I fell.

Dood. And found you any such Stone, Sir?

Town. Yes, I found just such a Stone.

Wise. But would a Man rise out of his Bed for this?

Town. I have great faith in Dreams.—

Wise. By your leave Sir, you told me that you put

a Ring upon the Ladies Finger when you were upon the Bed with her.

Town. I did so; now it work'd strongly in my Fancy, that if I went abroad and could find any such Stone, or a house like that, some good luck or other would befall me thereabouts.

Dood. And pray did any thing extraordinary happen?

Town. Yes, looking for the Stone I found this Ring, and 'tis exactly such a Ring as I dream'd I put upon the Ladies Finger.

Dood. This is wonderful.

Town. Stranger things than this have happen'd to me upon account of Dreams.—

Dood. Now Sir, I'll tell you, there's more in this than you are aware of—I was this night to have gone to *Gravesend*,—and as I was taking leave of my wife, a Frolick took me in the head to make her promise that if any Gentleman should talk to her during my absence, or ask her any questions, she should to all they said answer nothing but *No*, and there's your Dream out—

Town. How Sir! is this true?—

Dood. Ay indeed Sir, here's my wife, and here's Mr. Alderman too can witness the same.

Arab. I will assure you Sir, this is true.

Wise. Ay Sir, it is true.—

Arab. He has brought all clear off. [Aside.

Town. Well Sir, if the Person that answered me was your wife here,—I must beg your pardon if I have made you a Cuckold.—

Dood. How Sir I pray?

Town. 'Twas in a Dream, Sir, but so sweet a Dream, I could wish to Dream't a thousand times o'er,—O Madam! are you my Lady, *No*?

Arab. Truly Sir, knowing what my Husband has told you of my Promise: I much wondred all the while where the Story would end,—I perceived he was

uneasie, and I was as much surprized.—It was so pat to our purpose.

Dood. Truly wife *I* could not tell what to think on't, 'till *I* heard it was but a Dream.

Town. Well Mr. Alderman, *I* thank you for bringing me to the sight of the Lady *I* dream'd of, whose Face was the only thing in the world *I* desired to see.—*I* can't almost fancy but that *I* am in a Dream still; methinks this looks more like a Dream than the other.

Wise. Ay ay, Sir,—this is more like a Dream by half.

Arab. Have a care Sir the next time you have a fair Lady in view, you make no such stumbles to lose sight of her, that you may know where to find her without shewing.

Town. And let Ladies have a care of leading me forth to Blind-man's-buff.

Wise. And *I* say, let Husbands have a better stratagem, hereafter to secure their wives, than learning them to say nothing but *No*.—

Dood. You think then there is more in this than a Dream?—

Wise. Yes, and *I* brought this Gentleman on purpose to let you see what is become of your *No*; there's a fine business indeed, *No*.—

Dood. Hark you Brother Alderman,—carry him home to your own house, and let him see what's become of the Lady upon Duty,—and the Gentleman that drop'd down from the Balcony;—and what becomes of your *No*, then?

Wise. You know not what you say, you are in a Dream; ha, ha, ha.—

Dood. And *I* think your wife was in a fine Dream.—What think you of a fool for a wife now?—

Wise. As well as of a *No* witty wife, ha, ha, ha.

Town. What's the meaning of all this Madam?

Arab.—They don't know themselves.

Dashwell [*disguis'd in his wife's attire*] and Jane upon a Mount, looking over a wall that parts the two Gardens.

Jane. Speak to 'em Sir, or their noise will spoil your design.

Dash. Hark you Mr. Alderman, and Mr. Alderman there.

Town. Heaven! what foul Fiend is that?

Arab. Neighbour *Dashwell*!

Dood. Turn'd Cotquean!

Wise. What means this?

Dash. You'll see anon. But pray in the interim leave your disputes of a witty Wife or a foolish Wife: and learn by an example presently, that you are both in the wrong, as *I* told you before; and now be convinced what 'tis to have a zealous Wife.

Wise. Why *I* pray what has't to say as to that matter?

Dash. A Villain has tempted my Wife to meet him in the Garden, here at this Summer-house when *I* am in Bed; to commit his felonious Purpose against my Honour—She has prov'd her self a Vertuous, good Woman, and acquainted me with the wicked Machinations, and has advised me to dress my self up thus, and to give him entertainment here in the dark in her room, and see how *I* am prepared to welcome him.

Jane. Hark Sir? the Garden door unlocks. The Traitor is coming.

Dash. Hist! then be silent all *I* pray. Put out your Candle, and go softly to the Door there that opens out of your Garden into mine. *I* have unbolted it on this side: When you hear a noise, come in, but do not help the Rogue though he cry out never so: For *I* will so Caresse him.

Dood. No, no, lay him on—

Wise. Lay him on soundly.

Dood. Come follow me, and I'll lead you all to the door.

Town. Now if all this should be Artifice between the Wife and her Gallant?

Arab. Follow, follow. We shall be able to guess anon.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveday in the Garden with a Hunting-whip in his hand. Dashwell [disguis'd] and Jane at a distance.

[*Enter Wiseacres, Doodle, Townly, and Arabella.*]

Dash. *Jane,* I hear him come—Stand close, be ready.

Jane. I warrant you Sir.

Love. Oh that Heaven of Beauty *I* have left, that the sweet enjoyment might have for Ages lasted! I'd be content to give a Year of coming life for every hour of Bliss. But *I* must a while respite the memory of that happiness; and employ my thoughts how to come off with my Husband, for this is my present Task.

Dash. Hem. Hem.

Love. The Cuckold Hems! Little thinks he how he is counter-plotted. Hist where are you?

Dash. Hem, here.

Love. Where?

Dash. Hist, here, here; hist.

Love. Oh my Dear! art thou here? Let me prepare my Arms to embrace thee, and give thee the sweet enjoyment of my Love! receive it then in this kind, hearty Salutation.—

[*Whips Dashwell.*

Dash. Hold, hold, hold.

Love. I'll take down your Courage.

Dash. Hold, help, help.

Love. Make appointments in the dark!

Jane. Wrong my Lady. [*She beats him behind.*

Dood. They swinge him bravely.

Wise. That we could but see now!

Town. Yonder comes a Light.

Enter Eugenia with a Light.

Dash. Oh! Murder! Murder! Murder. Oh! oh! oh!

Love. Did you think it could be my intention ever to wrong so worthy a Gentleman as your Husband?

Dash. Oh, hold, hold, y're deceived——

Love. No, Lewd Woman, 'tis you are deceived in your expectation; Now I will go to your Husband, and acquaint him what a chaste good wife you are.

Dash. Here, here, bring the Candle; I say you are deceived——

Eug. Well Husband, have you met with him handsomely?——

Love. Ha! Madam *Eugenia*; who have I been handling then all this while.

Dash. O wife! I have been lash'd and beat here most unmercifully.

Love. O Lord Sir? Is it you?

Eug. How! have you been beaten? Sirrah I'll have you hang'd; first tempt me, and then beat my husband.

Dash. Nay, nay, wife.——'twas a mistake.

Love. Oh misfortune! have I been injuring you Sir, all this while!

Dash. Nay, nay; I am convinc'd it was well meant.

Eug. I acquainted my Husband with your Intentions, and sent him in my place to be revenged of you for your insolence.

Wise. Mr. *Dashwell*, you have paid him off; ha, ha, ha.

Dood. Indeed Neighbour you have cool'd his Courage for him: Do not your Arms ake? ha, ha, ha, ha.

Dash. Well, well; talk no more of it, he did it but to try my wife for my sake; he meant no hurt.

Town. I find how the Cards have been dealt.

Wise. Hark you Neighbour *Dashwell*; Now if your zealous Wife should have put a pious Cheat upon you?

Dood. 'Tis very suspicious: What should make him a Stranger so Zealous to try your wife for you?

Wise. I am afraid he has try'd her for you——
Neighbour.

Dash. Well, well, censure as you please: But this misfortune is a great satisfaction to me; I heard your Story e'ne now in the Garden, and I would not yet change my wife for her that a man leapt from her window, nor for the Lady *No*, of whom that Gentleman dream'd such a fine dream there; ha, ha, ha.

Enter Aunt, Ramble, Watchmen.

Aunt. Come friends, bring him along.

Town. How? *Ramble* here?

Arab. My unlucky Lover!

Watch. An't please you Mr. Alderman there was a cry of Thieves at your door, as we were coming from the Stand to you, we met this Gentleman here, running along in a very suspicious manner.

Wise. It was Mr. Alderman *Doodle* there that cry'd out Thieves; but it was a mistake, you may let the Gentleman go.

Dood. But I dare take it upon my corporal Oath this is the Gentleman that leap'd down from the Balcony.

Enter Engine and Peggy.

Peg. Oh pray now shew him me quickly, pray now!

Eng. Look you, they are all here.

Peg. Oh Uncle-husband!

Wise. What came you for?

Peg. Indeed Uncle-husband my Aunt told me this Gentleman was carried away for a Thief, and that he had rob'd you, and must be hang'd.

Wise. And how then?

Peg. And so I come to tell you he stole nothing that I saw. He did nothing but teach me the Duty of a wife, did you Sir?

Ram. No, no, pretty one.

Wise. Go, go, you are in a dream still.

Peg. Oh but it was no dream though! Now I see the Gentleman, I am sure he taught me my Lesson.

Dood. Ha, ha, ha. There's Simplicity for you, Brother.

Wise. Take her hence.

Peg. Deeds Nuncle-husband I had not come here but for sake o'the Gentleman.

Wise. Take her away or I'll break your bones.

Aunt. Ah wo is me! we shall be all hang'd, all hang'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Eug. Mr. Alderman, much good d'ye with your foolish innocent wife.

Arab. Pray Sir what think you? is she so very innocent?

Ram. Faith Madam I think she has good natural Parts.

Arab. But for a woman to kiss and tell; oh la!

Dash. Now Mr. Alderman you see the effects of having a silly wife: And now I hope at last you are convinced?

Wise. No, no, ne'er a whit, and so pray concern your self with your zealous wife there, who was above at her Devotions. And when the zealous fit was over, sent that Gentleman there to chastise you in the Garden for your folly.

Dash. Well, well, ha, ha, ha.

Wise. And you Brother Alderman, concern your self with your *no*, Stratagem, and your *no*, witty wife—— for she has done *No* -thing. And you are *No*—— Cuckold; good night to you.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Wise. Hence-forth I'll keep her under Lock and Key, and ne'er more trust a wifes simplicity. [Exit.

Arab. Sir, I find you are the charitable man that has instructed the ignorant.

Town. Yes, yes, he has taught her more wit.

Dash. Now Sir; give me leave to make peace with you for this friend of mine, and forgive him his Conjuring.

Ram. How! *Valentine Loveday* my Friend; were you

the Conjurer then? How long have you been come from *Hamborough*!

Dash. How! *Valentine Loveday*, and from *Hamborough*?

Love. I am discovered.

Dash. My wifes former Servant, nay, then I fear there's something more in this business than I yet apprehend.

Town. You have made Mischief, *Ned*.

Dash. Pray Sir how came you to use this trick to get into my Service? I wondred at my Brother to send Letters.

Love. How I came by his Letters I'll acquaint you hereafter. Some Friends of mine at *Hamborough*, who went lately from *England* told me since she was Married to you, she had forfeited my good opinion, and lost her virtuous inclinations—as they supposed, disgusted with her Marriage.—The truth of this I resolved to know, purposing never to Marry, nor put trust in woman-kind if she was false; but now I am assured of her Virtue, I will pursue my intentions of coming over, and Marry with speed.

Arab. He has a quick invention.

Eug. I am neither beholden to them for their Opinion, nor you for your Belief.

Love. And now Sir I hope you are satisfied, and give me your pardon.

Dash. Ay! Yes, but not so well satisf'd neither.

Dood. Ay, ay, Mr. *Dashwell*; you may well scratch your Head, for all your Wives Virtue you'll see the fruits of her Zeal upon your fore-head e'er long.

Dash. I wou'd not yet change my Wives Virtue for your Wives Wit, Mr. Alderman.

Dood. But Neighbour I think, *Consideratis Considerandis*, the witty wife is the best of the three.

Dash. To that I answer in your wives own Dialect; *No*.

Dood. Well, well, go in and noint your back Neighbour, you have been finely flaugh'd, ha, ha, ha; Sir you are an excellent Flaughter, ha, ha, ha.

Town. How our Cuckolds laugh at one another?

Ram. Now I find how I lost both my Mistresses; *Eugenia* repulsed me for you, *Loveday*; and you *Townly* leap'd into that Lady's Saddle before me. But I am sure of my pretty Fool when e'er I can come at her.

Arab. Eugenia. I now spy the Hypocrite under the Veil of Devotion. I always had too good an opinion of your wit, to believe you were in earnest; now we know one another better, let us meet to morrow; Each confess the whole truth, and laugh heartily at the folly of our Husbands.

Eug. With mine you see how smoothly matters went. He is a Cuckold; Cudgell'd and Content.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Ram. *R*OUZE up ye drowsie Cuckolds of our Isle,
*We see your aking hearts through your forc'd
 smile,*

*Hast hence like Bees, unto your City Hives,
 And drive away the Hornets from your Wives,*

*Rouze, rouze I say as do the Nobler Deer;
 In Parks when they the noise of Hunters hear;
 Joyn in a herd for their defence, and there
 Erect their large Brow-antlers in the Air.*

*A vision like to that methinks i'th' Pit
 I see, and every Cuckold is a Cit.*

*But what provok'd the Poet to this Fury,
 Perhaps he's piq'd at by the Ignoramus Jury,
 And therefore thus Arraigns the noble City,
 No, There are many Honest, Loyal, Witty,
 And be it spoke to their Eternal Glory's,
 There's not one Cuckold amongst all the Tory's.
 Yet still he'll rail, and all the world will blame us,
 'Till Billa Vera conquers Ignoramus;
 'Till you the Bully's of a Common wealth,
 Leave breaking Windows for a Loyal Health.*

*No, no, the cloven Foreheads are the Whigs, who send
 Their Wives a Bulling to their Morefields Friend.
 The Doctrine put into 'em does so tickle
 They'r pleas'd with nothing like a Conventicle.*

*Mrs. Dash. In me the effects of zealous Wives you see,
 What say the London Wiseacres to me?*

*Mr. Dash. You Wives of the last zealous Reformation }
 On Husbands Foreheads to your Reputation, }
 Do fix the mark of their Predestination. }
 Your Zeal's all counterfeit and nothing worth,
 Although you have such able Holders forth.*

*Mrs. Doodle. What say you friends unto a Wife that's
Witty?*

Have you such Wives as I am in the City?

*Ald. Dood. Yes, yes by my troth, but the more's the
pity.*

They'll never be content with our dull sport

So long as Tory's visit 'em from Court.

Ald. Wise. Take warning too by me (dear City Friends)

A Wife like mine will make ye all amends,

A pox upon't! Mine was a Country Cheat;

The sillyest of 'em all find out that Feat.

Mrs. Wise. Yes, yes, let him that does desire a Fool

To's Wife, make hast and send her here to School.

FINIS.

Sir Courtly Nice:

OR,

IT CANNOT BE.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted by

HIS MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. CROWN.

To

His GRACE the *Duke of ORMOND*,

*Lord-Steward of his MAJESTIES Houshold,
Chancellor of the University of Oxford,
Knight of the most Noble Order of the
Garter, &c.*

May it please your Grace,

THIS Comedy was Written by the Sacred Command of our late most Excellent King of ever blessed and beloved Memory. I had the great good Fortune to please Him often at his Court in my Masque, on the Stage in Tragedies and Comedies, and so to advance my self in His good Opinion; an Honour may render a wiser Man than I vain, for I believe he had more Equals in Extent of Dominions than of Understanding. The greatest Pleasure he had from the Stage was in Comedy, and he often Commanded me to write it, and lately gave me a *Spanish* Play called, *No Pudese: or It cannot be*; out of which I took Part o' the Name and Design o' this. I received the Employment as a great Honour, because it was difficult, requiring no ordinary Skill and Pains to build a little *Shallop*, fit only for the *Spanish* South Seas, into an *English* Ship Royal. But I believe my self able for the Work, because he thought so, who understood me, and all Men, better than I only knew myself; encourag'd by a Royal Judgment, that never was mistaken, I have attain'd a Success I never should have met with, had I only followed my own feeble

Genius, which often deceives me. That I may enjoy the little Fortune I have got with the better Reputation, and not ramble in the World like a bold outlaw, observing none but myself, I make this humble Application to your Grace. I am sure all the World will approve my Choice. I cannot be guilty of Flattery if I would, nor slander Wit (if I had any) by fulsome and wanton Paintings. Here will be no Trial of Skill how I can praise, Nature has done it to my Hands, and devis'd and expos'd finer Ideas than I am able to Translate, a Gracefulness of Person, excellence of Understanding, largeness of Heart, a Loyalty, Gallantry, Integrity, Humility, and many Qualities above my Description. Fortune has also been more wise than usual, she frequently honours and enriches others to her own disgrace—but here she shares in the Praise, and Commends her own Wisdome, in what she bestows on your Grace; she has advanc'd Honour in advancing you: Titles, Greatness, and Command, may be proud they have attained you. Wealth has a Value in your Hands, 'Tis no vile Pardon, poor Flatterer, servile Laquey, wretched Prisoner, but excellent Minister of a just, wise, and liberal Prince. Shou'd I mention all the Qualities that have long gained you the highest Honours from Prince and People, I should rather seem to describe a Province than a Man; for what single Province can afford what are at once in your Grace, a General, a Statesman, Courtier, and all in Perfection; and which is rare in such Company, a Martyr. What has your Grace both done and suffered for our Religion, Laws, Liberties, and Honour? And not only in the former Times of Rebellion, but the latter of Confusion? When the pretended *Protestants* of the Times, out of their Zeal against all *Popish* Doctrines, abhorr'd you for adhering to good Works.

As an *English-man* I am bound in justice to pay you

all the Honour I can. You have been an Ornament and Support to the Crown and Church of *England* both in your Person and Posterity. Many great Men no doubt have sprung from your Example, but none equalling those descended from yourself. The late brave Earl of *Ossery* advanced the Honour of our Nation both by Sea and Land: 'tis hard to say in which Element he made us most renown'd, and for which Vertue. He was no more to be vanquish'd by Falshood than Fear; Loyalty, Fidelity, and Gallantry, are Vertues inseparable from the House of *Ormond*; we find 'em in every Branch of it, and at all Seasons. The Earl of *Arran* Attack'd in the late Days of Confusion a Bloody, Popular, and Formidable Error in its Camp, Fortified and Defended by all the Strength of *England*, and for ever secur'd his own, and so much of the Publick Reputation as was entrusted to him, managing that Charge with the same Wisdom, Justice, and Fidelity, he has done the Kingdom of *Ireland*, and many other great Commands for the Honour and Service of the King. In the young Earl of *Ossery* we have great Assurances the Grandfather and Father shall live in him, and receive the last Rewards of Vertue Men are capable of in this World, to have their Honour and Happiness extend beyond their own Beings. And herein the History of your Grace seems a Comment on the Fifth Commandment, you have always Honoured the Father of your Country, and your Days of Honour continue long in the Land in your own Person, and your Illustrious Race; a useful President to *England*.

That I may approve my self an honest and grateful *English-man*, is one reason of my Address; I have also other Obligations on me. Your Grace has been a Princely Patron and Encourager of Poetry; a pleasant but barren Country where my Genius and inclination

has cast me. I am entangled among the Inclinations of it, tho' it affords nothing but a good Ayre, a little vain reputation, and we must climb for it, and shall miss it too, if Envy or Ill-nature can hinder us. There were no living, if some great Men, elevated not only in Quality but Understanding above the rest of the World, did not protect us from these *Barbarians*, because they know us. I beseech your Grace then give me leave to pay my Duty to you. Many and great are your Revenues in Honour, in the Camp, the Court, the Church, and the whole Common-wealth of Learning. The Poet may be employed as well as the Historian. I have made but a small Collection, but I have put it in Hands that I hope will not soon embezle it. This Comedy has raised itself such a Fortune in the World, I believe it will not soon run away. Give it leave to honour itself with your great Name, and me with the Title of,

May it please your Grace,

Your Graces most

Humble and

Obedient Servant,

JOHN CROWN.

The Names of the Persons.

Lord *Bellguard*. *Leonora's* Brother, in love with *Violante*.

Sir *Courtly Nice*. A Fop, overcurious in his Diet and Dress: in love with *Leonora*.

Farewel. A young Man of Quality and Fortune, his Rival.

Surly. A morose, ill-natur'd, negligent Fellow, in love with *Violante*.

Crack. A young subtle intriguing Fellow.

Hothead. A cholerick Zealot against Fanaticks.

Testimony. A Canting Hypocritical Fanatick.

[A Man dress'd as a Merchant.]

[A Parson.]

Violante. A Lady of Quality and Fortune, in love with *Bellguard*.

Leonora. *Bellguard's* Sister, in love with *Farewel*.

Aunt. *Leonora's* Governess—an old, Amorous, envyous Maid.
[*Leonora's* Woman.]

[Page; Footman to *Violante*; Servants at the several Houses;
Men suppos'd *Indians*; Musick.]

SCENE *Covent-Garden*.

The PROLOGUE.

*WHAT are the Charms by which these happy Isles
Have gain'd Heaven's brightest and Eternal Smiles ?
What Nation upon Earth besides our own,
But, by a Loss like ours, had been undone ?
Ten Ages scarce such Royal Worths display
As England lost and Found in one strange Day :
One Hour in Sorrow and Confusion hurl'd,
And yet the next the Envy of the World.
Nay, we are blest, in spite of us 'tis known,
Heaven's Choice for us was better than our own.
To stop the Blessings that o'reflow this Day,
What Heaps o' Rogues we pil'd up in the way ?
We chose fit Tools against all good to strive,
The Sawciest, Lewdest Protestants alive ;
They wou'd have form'd a Blessed Church indeed
Upon a Turn-coat Doctor's Lying Creed.
To know if e're he took Degree is hard,
'Tis thought he'll have one in the Palace-Yard.
Plot-Swallowers sure will drink no more Stuff down
From that foul Pitcher, when his Ears are gone.
Let us rely on Conscience, not on Cheats,
On Heavens Wisdom, not State-Juglers Feats.
How greatly Heaven has our great Loss supplied ?
'Tis no small Vertue heals a Wound so wide.
Nay, in so little Time to Rear our Head,
To our own Wonder, and our Neighbours Dread.
To see that Valour Crown'd with regal Power,
They oft have seen with Laurels Crown'd before.
Verse is too narrow for so great a Name,
Far sounding Seas hourly repeat his Fame.
Our Neighbours vanquish'd Fleets oft wafte'd o're
His Name to theirs, and many a trembling Shore ;*

*And we may go, by his great Conduct led,
As far in Fame as our Fore-fathers did.
At home he milder Ways to Glory chose,
God-like, by Patience he subdu'd his Foes.
Now they and their Designs are Ruin'd all,
Beneath their fall'n, accurst, excluding Wall.
These are not all the Blessings of this Isle,
Heaven on our Nation in a Queen does smile,
Whose Vertues Grace by Beauty, shines so bright,
All the fair Sex to Vertue she'll invite.
And all the Clouds turn to a glorious Day,
By that illustrious Pair's united Ray,
Who both Reform and Grace us by their Sway. }*

A
COMEDY
Call'd
Sir *Courtly Nice*:
OR,
IT CANNOT BE.

Act I. [Scene I.]

[*Lord Bellguards House.*]

Enter at several Doors, Leonora, and Violante.

Leo. MY Dear— [*They embrace.*]
Vio. My Dear, how is it with thee? What amendment in thy Brother's Humour, and thy Condition?

Leo. None.

Vio. Oh! thou break'st my Heart, for I love him extremely, and am, I think, as well belov'd by him; but whilst he has this Disease upon him so mortal to Liberty, dare venture on him no more, than if he had the Plague, or any other Distemper dangerous to Life. For what is Life without Liberty? To be his Wife, is worse than to be a Ghost, for that walks and enjoys a little Chat sometimes, but I must be laid by a Conjuror call'd a Husband for my whole Life. I would not be a

Queen on the Terms; no, nor on any Terms, because a Queen is confin'd to Forms, so fond am I of Liberty; but next to that I love your Brother; I wou'd give all the World to cure him, is there no way?

Leo. None that I know of.

Vio. Must we then be for ever unhappy, I in the Loss of him, and you in eternal Slavery?

Leo. I might have Liberty, but on such Terms——

Vio. What Terms?

Leo. Marriage with such a Coxcomb, you know him——
—*Sir Courtly Nice.*

Vio. A tempting Man, he has a vast Estate.

Leo. But incumber'd.

Vio. With what?

Leo. A Fop, 'tis morgag'd to a Thousand expensive Follies; if it were not, I wou'd not drink Water for the sake of a fine Bowl chain'd to the Well. The Youth I love has a fair and free Estate.

Vio. Mr. *Farewel*, is it not?

Leo. The same.

Vio. Ay, but he's forbidden Fruit.

Leo. I know it to my Sorrow.

Vio. What's the Reason?

Leo. History must tell you. There has been a Pique between our Families since the Conquest; none were thought truly of our Blood, that had not that Scurvy in it: because mine began to sweeten, my Father almost suspected my Legitimacy; and left me no Fortune but on Condition I retain the antient Mark of our House.

Vio. There arises then your Brother's great Authority. He has the Disposal of your Fortune, by consequence, of your Person; Fortune is all Men seek now. They are so cow'd from Marriage, they will go Voluntiers into a Battle, but must be prest to Marriage; and 'tis the Shilling does it.

Leo. Too true. But I believe Mr. *Farewel* of a more generous Temper, he addresses well.

Vio. It may be he does not know how it is with you, you have the Fame of ten thousand pound.

Leo. And the Money too, if I marry with my Brother's Consent, not else.

Vio. That's hard, but Mr. *Farewel* has enough for you both.

Leo. Ay, if he will venture on me; yet if he will, I know not how to come at him, I am so watch'd, not only at home but abroad. I never stir out but as they say the Devil does, with Chains and Torments. She that is my Hell at home, is so abroad.

Vio. A new Woman?

Leo. No, an old Woman, or rather an old Devil; nay worse than an old Devil, an old Maid.

Vio. Oh! there's no Fiend so envious.

Leo. Right, she will no more let young People sin, than the Devil will let them be sav'd, out of Envy to their Happiness.

Vio. Who is she?

Leo. One of my own Blood, an Aunt.

Vio. I know her. She of thy Blood? she has not had a Drop of it these twenty Years, the Devil of Envy suck'd it all out, and left Verjuice in the room.

Leo. True, this Aunt hangs on me like a daily Ague; but I had rather endure her, than be curb'd by such a nonsensical Charm as Sir *Courtly* is. And nothing else can be apply'd to me; for to assist my governing Aunt, there is a whole Army of Spies in the House; and over them two Spies General: And there my Brother thinks he shews a Master-piece of Policy.

Vio. Why: what are they?

Leo. Two, that will agree in nothing but one anothers Confusion. The one is a poor Kinsman of ours, so fierce an Enemy to Fanaticks, that he could eat no other Meat;

and he need no other Fire than himself to roast 'em; for he's always in a Flame when he comes near 'em, his Name is *Hothead*.

Vio. And I warrant thee the other is a Fanatick.

Leo. Oh! a most Zealous Scrupulous one; with a Conscience swaddled so hard in its Infancy by strict Education, and now thump'd and cudgel'd so sore with daily Sermons and Lectures, that the weak ricketty Thing can endure nothing.

Vio. Certainly these two must make you Sport.

Leo. Oh! Their Faces, Dresses. Names are Jest. The Fanatick's Name's *Testimony*.
Where's my Lord? Where's my Lord?

[*Hothead* within.

Leo. Oh! I hear my Cholerick Cousin *Hothead*.

Enter Hothead.

Hot. Where's my Lord? where's my Lord? I say.

Leo. What wou'd you do with my Lord?

Hot. Call him to an Account if he were not my Cousin, cut his Pate, it may be, cudgel him. Heaven be thank'd, to cudgel a Lord is no *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Leo. What's the Reason of all this Anger?

Hot. He affronts me, he invites me to live in his House, and then keeps a Fanatick to make a Jest of me. He knows I sweat when I see one.

Leo. May be he has Occasion for one.

Hot. What Occasion? He is not in a Plot, is he? Fanaticks are good for nothing else that I know of.

Leo. Why not? Toads are good for something.

Hot. Ay, when they are hang'd and dry'd, so is no Fanatick. He is such a canker'd Rogue, he does Mischief when he's hang'd; let him spread Ink upon Paper and it raises Blisters—But here the Rogue is.

Enter Testimony.

Sirrah! Sirrah, What's your Business in this House, Sirrah?

Test. What Authority have you to examine me, Friend?

Hot. Friend, you Dog! call me Friend, I'll knock you down, Sirrah.

Test. Poor Soul——poor Soul——

Hot. You are an impudent Rascal to call me poor Soul——Sirrah, I have Loyalty and a good Conscience, and that's a better Estate, than any of your Party have; and if you live in the House with me, I'll settle it on you with a Pox to you.

Test. Yes, Mr. *Hothead* I know you well enough, I know you would hang us all if you could.

Hot. I need not, Sirrah, for Heaven be prais'd now you begin to hang yourselves; I knew when *Tyburn* was bestow'd upon the Priests and Jesuits, the Fanaticks and Republicans wou'd not long be without it; for they are very fond of all Church Lands; come, Sirrah, if you live here, I'll make you turn over a new Leaf, I'll make you go to Church, Sirrah.

Test. That's more than you do yourself, Mr. *Hothead*, you go not often to Church.

Hot. What then? I'm for the Church, Sirrah. But you are against the Church, and against the Ministers, Sirrah.

Test. I cannot be edified by them, they are formal, weak, ignorant, poor Souls——Lord help 'em——poor Souls.

Hot. Ignorant? you're an impudent Rascal to call Men o' their Learning ignorant; there's not one in a hundred of 'em, but has taken all his Degrees at *Oxford*, and is a Doctor, you Sot you.

Test. What signifies *Oxford*? Can't we be sav'd unless we go to *Oxford*?

Hot. *Oxford* don't lie out o' the Road to Heaven, you Ass.

Test. Pray what do they learn at *Oxford*? only to

study Heathens; they'll talk of *Aristotle* in the Publick, they may be asham'd to name *Aristotle* among civil People.

Hot. Oh! you Sot.

Test. Our Ministers are powerful Men. [To Leonora. Oh! Forsooth I wish you were under one of our Ministers; you wou'd find they wou'd pierce you forsooth; they wou'd go to your inward Parts.

Hot. This Rogue is talking Bawdy.

Test. They wou'd shew you the great——great sinfulness of Sin, that Sin is one of the sinfullest things in the whole World.

Hot. You senseless Rascal, what should be sinful but Sin? What should be foolish but a Fool?

Leo. Are not these a ridiculous Couple? [To Violante.

Test. Come, this is very provoking, and very prophane; I shall have a sad time on't in this wicked family.

Hot. Wicked! Sirrah: What Wickedness do you see in this Family?

Leo. Ay, Mr. *Testimony*, now we are all concern'd, what Vices do you find among us?

Test. Suppose I see not many Vices, Morality is not the thing; the Heathens had Morality, and forsooth would you have your Coachman or your Footman to be no better Men than *Seneca*?

Hot. A Coachman a better Man than *Seneca*?

Leo. I wou'd have him be a better Coachman than I believe *Seneca* was.

Test. Ay, and a better Christian too, or woe be to him. But truly I see great Wantonness even in yourself, forsooth,——the very Cook debauches you.——

Hot. How? Call the Cook!——Cook!——Cook!——

Leo. The Cook debauch me, Sirrah?

Test. I mean by pamp'ring you, Morning, Noon, and Night, with one wanton kickshaw or another.——

Vio. You Coxcomb.

Leo. Sot.

Hot. Rascal, I thought the Cook had lain with my Cousin—Sirrah, you deserve to have your Bones broke. Well, Sirrah, since you find my Lord's Table is too lusty, I'll have it gelded; I'll make you keep *Lent*, and fast *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*.

Test. I will not, I abhor it, 'tis Popery.

Hot. Then you shall fast *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays*.

Test. And then the Family will slander me, and say I do it out o' Contradiction,—I will not do it, I do not love to grieve the Weak.

Hot. To grieve the Strong thou mean'st, thy own strong Stomach.

Test. You are offensive.

Hot. I will be more. I will watch you, Sirrah, and know why my Lord feeds such Rascals.

Test. I tarry not for his feeding, the Family is a sad Family, and I tarry out of pure Bowels.

Hot. Out of empty Bowels, which you have a Mind to fill, and it may be you may fill other empty Bellies, I mean among the Wenches; some of you godly Rogues play such Tricks sometimes. I'll watch you, Sirrah.

[*Exit.*

Test. And I'll watch you, my Spirit rises at this Man exceedingly.

[*Exit.*

Vio. These are a pleasant Couple.

Leo. Is not my Brother politick? These are to see no Provisions for Wantonness be convey'd to me from abroad, and be sure they will not agree to deceive him. And that I may have none at home, my Brother will not venture a handsome Servant in the House; he swears he will not be Brother-in-Law to e'er a Butler or Footman in *England*; and he has cull'd for his Family the most choice Pieces of Deformity he could find in the Nation. I believe they are now all together in the

Pantry, and my Aunt among 'em distributing their Breakfast—the Monsters will be worth seeing—open the Door.—

The Scene is drawn, and a Company of Crooked, Wither'd Ill-look'd Fellows are at Breakfast, and Aunt with them.

Aunt. How now? who open'd the Door without my Leave? Niece, this is one o' your Girlish Tricks, will you always be a Child? Will you never learn Staidness and Gravity, notwithstanding the perpetual Counsel you have from me, the perpetual Displeasure I show at all sort of youthful Follies? do not you know how I hate impertinent Youth?

Leo. Or any sort o' Youth, to my Knowledge. [*Aside.*

Au. Do not I always tell you how fine a thing it is to be grave? that Youth with Gravity is very passable, and almost esteem'd equal with Years? Very wise Persons will not be asham'd to match with grave Youth, daily Experience shews it, and will you never leave? Fye—fye—fye—I would not for the World any wise, sober Person o' Quality that has an Inclination for you, shou'd ha' seen this Rudeness in you, to expose your Aunt in this Manner, in her Undress; it might ha' created in him an Aversion for you.

Leo. An Aversion to me, to see your ill dress!

[*Aside.*

Au. Madam, I hope you'll pardon the Liberty I take in your Presence.

Vio. Oh! good Madam!—

Au. Oh! Madam—pardon me—I know I commit a Solecism in good Manners,—but you are a Lady that has a great deal of Goodness, and a great deal o' Worth.—

Vio. Oh! sweet Madam!

Au. Oh! Madam! our Family has found it—you pleas'd us to honour us with your Friendship. We

may venture to expose our Frailties before you. Madam, you'll be so good to pardon——Madam——

Vio. Oh! Madam!——

Au. Well, really, Madam——I wonder where my Niece learns her Wantonness, we are the most reserv'd Family in the World. There were fourteen Sisters of us, and not one of us married.——

Vio. Is it possible!

Leo. To your great Grief—— [*Aside.*

Au. We were all so reserv'd. O! Madam! no Man durst presume to think of us;——I never had three Love-Letters sent to me in my whole Life.

Vio. Oh! strange!

Au. Oh! we were very reserv'd. Well, Madam, I am very much out of Countenance to appear thus before you.

Vio. Oh! Madam, every thing becomes you, Madam.

Au. Oh! you are very obliging, Madam——Do you hear, Niece——learn o' this Lady?

Leo. To flatter you.—— [*Aside.*

Au. Madam, I am extreme unfortunate, the Affairs o' the Family call me away from your sweet Conversation.

Vio. The Misfortune is mine, Madam.

Au. Oh! sweet Madam your most humble Servant.

Vio. Your humble Servant, dear Madam. [*Exit Aunt.*]
Ha! ha! ha! What ridiculous Piece of Antiquity is this? Thy Brother has a great Honour for his Family, since he will keep such a Relick of his Ancestors as this.

Leo. All the House is of a Piece.

Vio. Nay if thou learn'st Lewdness at home, thou hast a great Genius to it.

Leo. Well, what do you think of my Condition?

Vio. I like it.

Leo. Like it?

Vio. Ay, for I perceive your Brother has put the

whole Force of his Wit into this Form of Government; now if we can baffle it, he will find it is a Dream fit for nothing but *Utopia*; and never torment himself and his Friends with it any more; then he'll be a faultless Creature, and all of us happy in our Loves. Here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellguard.

Your Servant, good my Lord.

Bell. Your most humble Servant, Madam.

Leo. My Lord, why do you call him Lord? he's a Doctor, and curing me o' the Palpitation o' the Heart, Falling sickness, Convulsions in the Eyes, and other such Distempers.

Vio. A Doctor? A Quack by his false medicines; shortly we shall see him mount the Stage, or stand at the *Old—Exchange*, and cry a Cure for your Horns, a Cure for your Horns.

Bell. I am glad to see you so pleasant, Madam.

Vio. How can I otherwise chuse, my Lord, and see your Family and Government?

Bell. Faith, Madam, he that will have a Garden must inclose it, and cover tender Plants: This is a very blasting Age to Virtue; 'twill not thrive without a Covering.

Vio. Ay, but my Lord, you force your Ground too much, what Horns wou'd not grow in your Soil? When wou'd not your Fore-head sprout? Were I your Wife and thus kept, I shou'd spread like a Vine, and all the Walls in *England* wou'd not hold me.

Bell. I'm not o' that Opinion, Madam.

Vio. Why shou'd you think better of me than your Sister?

Bell. I judge very well of her, but must speak freely. I think few Women may be trusted in this Life; this World is, and ever was a great Brothel; where, or with whom may a Woman be trusted? with ancient

Ladies; they are the chief Beauty Merchants, venders of fine Love.

Leo. Ladies o' that Profession.

Bell. Oh! the most excellent, and most in Employ. Peddling Women cry Scotch Cloth of a Groat a Yard, Stuff only fit for Footmen; but wou'd you have fine Beauty, Choice of Beauty, and with Ease, Security and Decency, go to your *Lady-Merchants*. In common Houses the Work is manag'd as slovenly as Religion in Conventicles, enough to put one out of Conceit with it; but in Brothels o' Quality, Iniquity is carried on with that venerable Order wou'd intice any one to Devotion.

Vio. Fye! fye!

Bell. And with that Security. A Man may there enjoy a Lady whilst her Husband holds her Cards.

Leo. And shall the Lady o' the House know o' these things?

Bell. And manage 'em too; break the Lady to the Lover's Hands; that's the Advantage o' Quality. If a Young Lady has not a natural Amble, a poor Bawd cannot have access to teach her.

Vio. What can a Lady o' Quality propound by such things?

Bell. Oh! many things. As Presents, and Pleasures, she has her House full of good Company, her Ears full of wanton Stories; her Eyes full of tempting Sights, and now and then her Lips get a close Kiss. Oh! Madam! do you think it does not warm an Elderly Lady's Blood, to have a brisk young Spark always by her side? he is her Liquor of Life, and though she never gets a full Draught, a Taste chears her Heart.

Leo. Who are these Ladies! where do they Live?

Bell. Oh! you'd fain be acquainted with 'em? no such Matter; and yet I'll tell you where they live.

Leo. Where?

Bell. Almost every where; where there is an amorous Aunt, or over-indulgent Mother.

Leo. Mothers! will Mothers corrupt their Daughters?

Bell. Ay, or if they won't, Daughters will corrupt their Mothers. Things are so inverted, that Ladies who were honest all their Youth to be like their Mothers, turn lewd in their old Age to be like their Daughters. There never was such an open and general War made on Virtue; young ones of thirteen will pickeere at it, and by that time they are Twenty, they are risen to be Strumpets General, and march in publick with their Baggage, with Miss and Mass, and Nurse and Maid, and a whole Train of Reformade Sinners, expecting the next Cully that falls.

Vio. You talk of paltry Hussies.

Bell. Very good Gentlewomen.

Leo. Gentlewomen o' those Employments!

Bell. Ay, purchase 'em. I have known a fair young Lady give all her Fortune to attend a Man o' Quality in his Bed-Chamber; be his chief Gentlewoman.

Leo. Suppose so, what's all this to me? If they be bad must I be so?

Bell. Truly, Sister, a rambling Woman, let her be never so good a Manager, will be apt to bring her Virtue as a Traveller does his Money, from a Broad-Piece to a Brass-Farthing: But say she does not, is Reputation nothing? And let me tell you, Reputation will hang loose upon a galloping Lady; you may as well go among high Winds and not be ruffled, as among Men and not have your good Name blown over your Ears.

Vio. Those Winds blow where they list. A Woman is not secure at home from Censure.

Bell. But you must allow a Jewel is not so safe in a Crowd as when lock'd up.

Leo. Lock'd up! do you think to lock me up?

Bell. I think to secure thee, my dear Sister.

*Woman, like Cheney, shou'd be kept with Care,
One Flaw debases her to common Ware.* [Exit.

Act II. Scene [1].

Violante's house.

Enter Violante and a Servant.

Vio. [S Mr. *Farewel* coming?

Ser. Yes, Madam, he's just at the Door.

Vio. That's well, if this brisk young Fellow has but Love enough to undertake this Work, and Wit enough to go thro' with it, we shall all be happy.

Enter Farewel.

Fa. Where's your Lady? Madam, your most humble Servant.

Vio. Your Servant, Mr. *Farewel*; you are a happy Man, young, rich, and in the Ladies Favours.

Fa. I'm glad to hear that, Madam; who are these Ladies, Madam? a Day, an Hour of Youth and good Fortune is precious; and Ladies like Birds, must be aim'd at whilst they hop about us; miss that Opportunity, you may lose 'em for ever. Therefore the Ladies, good Madam, quick, quick, for if you defer but half an Hour, they'll be in Love with some body else.

Vio. No, Mr. *Farewel*, there is one Lady more constant, you'll own it when I name her; my Lord *Bellguard's* delicate young Sister. What say you to her?

Fa. I adore her.

Vio. And dare you attempt her?

Fa. Dare I?

Vio. Ay, for do not you know you are the only Man forbidden her?

Fa. Do I know of what Race I am, Madam? Never was such a Pack of Fops as my Lord *Bellguard's* An-

cestors and mine. They lov'd Wrangling more than we do Intriguing; kept Lawyers instead o' Wenches, and begot upon their Bodies a Thousand illegitimate Law-Suits; the Terms they observ'd as duly as the River does the Tides, and Land was carried to and fro, as Mud is in the Thames. Nor were their Quarrels so bitter about Land, as Place; so big were their great Hearts, they cou'd not come into one Room together, for fear of losing Place. My Lord *Bellguard's* Father, to end the Difference, most piously endeavour'd to be a better Man than any of his Ancestors. That is to say, a Lord.

Vio. And then the Strife ended!

Fa. Was more inflam'd. For my Lord was more insolent, as having Authority under the Broad Seal to be proud, by Consequence my Father more enrag'd; and both the old Gentlemen contended who shou'd have the greatest Estate in Malice, and attain'd to be very considerable; and when they dyed, endeavour'd to settle it all upon us. But truly the young Lady and I most prodigally consum'd all our Portions at one Look, and agreed to cut off the wicked Entail.

Vio. You did well; but how will you accomplish your desires, her Brother has such Guards upon her!

Fa. Oh! 'tis decreed; nor shall thy Fate! O Brother! resist my Vow, though Guards were set on Guards, till their confounded Coxcombs reach'd the Skies, I'd o'er them all—

Vio. You are in a Rapture!

Fa. Ten Thousand, whenever I think of her.

Vio. But how will you do this?

Fa. I have leagu'd with a Witch: at least a young Fellow that has more tricks than a Witch; he was a poor Scholar at *Oxford*, but expell'd for studying the Black Arts.

Vio. For conjuring?

Fa. Yes, Madam, not only a Man's Pigs or Poultry, but Wife or Daughter into his Chamber. Nothing cou'd scape him, and he scap'd every thing. The Proctors watch'd more diligently for him than a Benefice, and cou'd never catch him. The grave Doctors abhor'd him worse than Heresy, and study'd more to keep him out of their Families; but he confuted their Skill, and they cou'd no more light upon him than on a jest.

Vio. I long to see him.

Fa. I order'd him to come hither to me.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's one Mr. *Crack* enquires for you, Sir.

Fa. That's he——bring him in.——

Enter Crack.

Mr. *Crack*, your Servant.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Cr. Your Servant, Sir, your humble Servant, Madam.

Vio. Your Servant, Sir, I am told you ha' been an *Oxford* Scholar.

Cr. A Scholar Madam? a Scholar's Egg——emptied by old Suck-Eggs, of all that nature gave me, and crumbled full of Essences, Hypostases, and other stuff o' their baking.

Vio. Why did not you apply yourself to Divinity?

Cr. Leave Wenches for Pigs, Madam; 'tis true I may wench then too, but it must be with Fear and Reverence, I hate that.

Vio. Why wou'd you not be a Physician?

Cr. A Gold-finder, Madam? look into Jakes for bits o' Money? I had a Spirit above it. I had an Ambition to be some honourable Profession; such as People of Quality undertake. As for instance, Pimping. A Pimp is as much above a Doctor, as a Cook is above a Scullion; when a Pimp has foul'd a Dish, a Doctor scours it.

Vio. This is an arch Blade.

Cr. Oh! you are pleas'd to say so, Madam; 'tis more your Goodness, than my Desert.

Fa. Well, Mr. *Crack*, you know what you have undertaken.

Cr. I'll do't—The Lady's yours.—Give me some Money.

Fa. There, there.—

Cr. Gold? thou Son o' the *Sun*, and Brother o' the *Stars*, Nutmeg o' Comfort, and Rose o' Delight, as my Friend the King o' *Persia* calls himself—what can'st thou not do, great Prince, if I be thy chief Minister?—

[*Exit.*

Vio. This is a notable Fellow,—our next Plot must be to secure your Rival *Sir Courtly Nice*.

Fa. Hang him, he secures himself by his Fopperies, she despises him.

Vio. Not many Ladies do so.

Fa. Oh! no Madam, he's the General Guitarre o' the Town, inlay'd with every thing Women fancy; Gaiety, Gallantry, Delicacy, Nicety, Courtesy.

Vio. And pray, put in Gold too.

Fa. True, Madam, Oh! the Ladies love to have him in their Chambers, and play themselves asleep with him.

Vio. Well, I have provided one shall thrumble on him.

Fa. Who's that?

Vio. *Surly*.

Fa. Oh! Fire and Water are not so contrary. *Sir Courtly* is so civil a Creature, and so respectful to every thing belongs to a Gentleman, he stands bare to his own Periwig. *Surly* uncovers to nothing but his own Nightcap, nor to that if he be drunk, for he sleeps in his Hat. *Sir Courtly* is so gentle a Creature, he writes a Challenge in the style of a *Billet-deux*; *Surly* talks to his Mistress, as he would to a Hector that wins his Moneys. *Sir Courtly* is so pleas'd with his own Person, his daily Contemplation, nay, his Salvation is a Looking-glass, for there he finds eternal Happiness. *Surly's* Heaven, at least his Priest, is his Claret Glass; for to that he

confesses all his Sins, and from it receives Absolution and Comfort. But his Damnation is a Looking-glass, for there he finds an Eternal Fire in his Nose. In short, if you wou'd make a Posset for the Devil, mingle these two, for there never was so sweet a thing as *Sir Courtly*, so sowre as *Surly*. But how will you get 'em together? for nothing has Power over *Surly*, but Claret and the Devil.

Vio. Yes, I have. Heaven is pleas'd to think the Devil himself has not mischief enough to plague that ill-natured Rogue, and joins me in Commission with him to torment him with Love; he loves me——

Fa. Love! can he love?

Vio. So much, he neglects his Claret for me; and comes hither hourly to perform his Devotion to me, but in such a slovenly Manner; 'tis such a *Non-Conformist* to all decent Ceremonies.

Surly. [within.] Where's your Mistress?

Vio. I hear him, we'll ha' sport with him. He abhors his Love worse than Murder or Treason; for those are Mischiefs to others, but Love he accounts High-Treason against his own damnable Person; and he's more asham'd of it, than he wou'd be of a Beast's Tail if it grew out of him. Therefore I'll conceal, and do you charge him with it, you shall hear how he'll renounce it, then will I appear like Conscience to a sick Debauchee, and you shall see what an aukward Penitent I'll make him. [Exit.

Enter Surly.

Fa. Honest *Surly*, how do'st do?

Sur. Prithee look in my Water.

Fa. In thy Water?

Sur. Ay, for I don't love to answer impertinent Questions.

Fa. Is it impertinent to inquire after the Health of a Friend?

Sur. A Friend? Thy Talk is more boyish than thy

Face. Do'st thou think there are such Friends? Thou believ'st there are Mar-maids and Centaures, I warrant; for such Friends. Monsters that grow to some other Beasts, and are the least Part o' themselves?

Fa. Why! hast thou no Concern for any Beast but thy self?

Sur. Yes, Bird, for many things or my own sake; for witty Men whilst they drink with me, handsome Whores whilst they lie with me; Dogs, Horses, or Cattle whilst they belong to me; after that, I care not if the Wits be hang'd, the Whores be pox'd, and the Cattle bewitcht.

Fa. A very generous Temper.

Sur. 'Tis a wise and honest Temper. The pretended good Nature is ill Nature; it makes a Man an Ass to others, he bears their Burden; a Rogue to himself, he cheats himself of his Quiet and Fortune. I am so very honest to myself, if the whole world were hang'd it shou'd not rob me of a Minute's Ease, I thank Heaven for it.

Fa. Was ever such a *Barbarian*!

Sur. Thou'rt an Ass; which is the *Barbarian*, he that eats Man, or the Man that's eaten? The Rogue that grieves away my Flesh eats me, and is a *Barbarian*; so is he that with Vexation gnaws himself; I am no such Cannibal.

Fa. Hast thou no Compassion?

Sur. I know not what it is.

Fa. Suppose you see a Man o' Quality in misery?

Sur. Let him be in misery and be damn'd.

Fa. Are you not concern'd for his Quality?

Sur. The less for that, because if he fancies the Whimsy, he has it to please him.

Fa. To trouble him.

Sur. Then to comfort him, I'll tell him he's the Son of a Whore, and his Grandfather rose by pimping.

Fa. Suppose you saw a Man o' Parts unfortunate?

Sur. Let his Parts look after him.

Fa. They'll afflict him.

Sur. Then to quiet him, I'll tell him he's an Ass.

Fa. Have you no Charity? do you never give any thing to the Poor?

Sur. As much as any Man.

Fa. What's that?

Sur. Nothing.

Fa. Does no Man give any thing?

Sur. Not to the Poor; they give it to themselves: some Fools have Diseases in their Natures, they never see any one in Pain, but they feel half on't, and so they give Money to ease themselves.

Fa. Ha' you no love for any thing?

Sur. I have Appetite.

Fa. Have you no love for Women?

Sur. I ha' Lust.

Fa. No Love.

Sur. That's the same thing, the Word Love is a Fig-Leaf to cover the naked Sense, a Fashion brought up by *Eve*, the Mother o' Jilts; she cuckolded her Husband with the *Serpent*, then pretended to modesty, and fell a making Plackets presently. And her Daughters take up the Trade. You may import what Lewdness you will into their Common-wealth, if you will wash it over with some fine Name. You may proclaim at Market-Cross, how great an Adorer you are of such a Woman's Charms; how much you desire to be admitted into her Service; that is, how lusty a Centaur you are, that the Horse in you is much the major Part, and she shall receive all this without a Blush, whilst the Beast trots to her under the Name of a Lover; when if she had any Wit she'd know, a Lover is more impudent than a Whoremaster; for a Whoremaster throws all his Bombs at a whole City, your Lover wastes all his upon a single House. So that

when a Woman desires a Lover, she desires to have the whole Brute to herself.

Fa. Ha! ha! ha!

Sur. What do you laugh at, Sir?

Fa. Only that your Mistress has heard your learned Discourse, Sir. Pray appear, Madam, and own you have lost your Wager, is he a Lover or no?

Enter Violante.

Sur. Here's a young treacherous Rogue.

Vio. Yes—a Brutal one—are these your Sentiments of Love, Sir? Was it this you meant when you talk'd of Love? When we grow Lovers do we degenerate into Brutes? I thought there was a generous Passion of which a Beast cou'd have no more Sense, than he has of Musick or Poetry. And to such Love you pretend. Sir.

Sur. I'll wheedle her.

[*Aside to Farewel.*

So I do still, Madam, but why must I let a Boy catechise me? I have that musical, poetical, fantastical Love, you speak of, and a Pox on me for it; you'll neither be my Slipper, nor my Shoe, my Wench to slip on and off at Pleasure, nor my Wife, that is a Whore buckled on.

Vio. You are charming in your Expressions.

Fa. Mr. *Surly*, Madam, is a mystical Piece, to be understood like a Prophecy, where Rams and He-Goats stand for Kings and Princes. Mr. *Surly's* rank Expressions must signify Virtue and Honour.

Vio. No, no, they signify his own filthy Meaning; and the Truth is, Love has no other Sense, in this corrupt Age. Now if a Woman by Blushes or otherwise, confesses she thinks a Man a fine Gentleman, he, to requite her, sends her presently a Libel call'd a *Billet-deux*, where he in fine words tells her to her Face, he thinks her a Wench, and invites her to lie with him. This ruins all Conversation, Men are always driving their brutal Appetites to the Plays, the Court, to Church,

like Drovers their Beasts to every Market; and there's no conversing with 'em, unless you'll take their Cattle off their hands.

Sur. Madam, I love you in your fashion, admire you, adore you, and the Devil and all, what wou'd you have? — Now will this simple Jade believe me?

[*Aside to Farewel.*

Fa. He calls you simple Jade, Madam, and says you'll believe him.

Sur. You malapert Boy, why do you meddle in my Business?

Fa. 'Tis my Business; she's my Friend, and I won't see her abus'd.

Sur. A Friend to the Woman loves your Enemy, Tom-Fool?

Fa. No, she hates him, and has quarrel'd with him, and I wou'd ha' had you step into his Room.

Sur. Oh! oh!

Fa. Now who's the Tom-Fool?

Sur. I am: look you Madam, that Rogue Despair made me talk like an Ass, and I am sorry for it.

Vio. I know you are, Sir, I know your base Desire is for your Punishment, confin'd to my Eyes, and I'll use you as you deserve.

Fa. Come, Madam, let me interpose; tho' you will not receive Mr. *Surly* as a half Horse, you may as a whole Ass, a Drudge, you know you have Business most agreeable to his ill Nature, pray employ him.

Vio. Well, I'll make trial of him, you pretend you love me generously.

Sur. Yes, and damnably.

Vio. Know then my Lord *Bellguard* is (as I have of late perceiv'd) sunk with the rest of the Age, into base Opinions of Love and Women, that I am angry I ever had a good Thought of him.

Sur. Good.

Vio. Look upon his Address to me, as an Affront you will revenge.

Sur. Better and better.

Vio. And you shall do it.

Sur. Best of all.

Vio. Do you know *Sir Courtly Nice*?

Sur. That you shou'd join knowledge with such a Fop? 'Tis a question to be put to a Boy. I may know Philosophy, but to ask a Man if he knows a Horn-Book? for such a thing is this Fop; guiled on the outside, on the inside the Criss-Cross-Row, and always hanging at the Girdle of a Girl.

Vio. You have describ'd him right. This Fop has my Lord *Bellguard* entic'd to accept his Sister with no Fortune, but her Birth and Beauty. Now if you'll break the Match, you'll be to me the most amiable Creature in the World.

Sur. Or the most damnable, if you jilt me.

Vio. In earnest of a farther Favour here's my hand.

Sur. There's the Devil in it. This transforming my Shape, I am growing a Woman's Ass, I feel the Ears prick out o' my Skin already; and I must hoof it away with her Load of Folly upon my Back. Well, I am thy Ass at present, but if thou jilt me, I will be thy Devil.

[*Exit.*

Vio. 'Tis the fittest Office for thee; thou art so like one already, you may pass for Twins. Now Mr. *Farewel* let's go in and laugh.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene [2].

Lord Bellguard's house.

Enter Hothead and Testimony.

Test. HE shall not speak with her, I don't approve of it.

Hot. You approve, Sirrah? what ha' you to do?

Test. I have Authority.

Hot. You Authority?

Test. Yes, from my Lord.

Hot. You had it then out of his Kitchen, Sirrah; the Beef o' the Nation breeds all the Maggots in the Peoples heads. I am sometimes tempted to throw down their Porridge-pots, and spill the Divine Right of Presbytery. In short, my Lord is a Man of Honour, and you have bely'd him, Sirrah.

Test. It is well known I make a Conscience.

Hot. Ay, you Rogues making o' Consciences is a great Trade among your Party, and you deserve to lose your Ears for it.

Test. I mean I keep a Conscience.

Hot. Ye've reason, Sirrah, it keeps you; but that an honest Lord shou'd give Money for a Rogue's false Conscience.—Oons!—

Test. Well, but don't swear.

Hot. Sirrah, who swears?

Test. De'e hear?—don't swear, I say.

Hot. Oons! Sirrah, don't preach to me.

Test. Don't swear then.

Hot. Sirrah, if you preach to me, I'll cut your Pate.

Test. Had I a Sword 'twere more than you cou'd do.

Hot. How now, Sirrah?

[*Takes Testimony by the Throat.*

Test. Nay but don't throttle me, don't *Godfrey* me.

Enter Aunt.

Au. What's the noise; what's the Rudeness, Cousin *Hothead*? you a Gentleman, and make a Bear-Garden of a Person of Honour's House?

Hot. Better make a Bear-Garden of it than a Conventicle; here's a Fanatick Rogue ordain'd ruling Elder o' th' Family by my Lord, as the Rogue says; so he undertakes to govern and preach.

Au. And you undertake to govern and correct?

Cousin, no body governs here but I; if he had committed Faults, you shou'd have brought him before me.

Hot. Oh! you'd have him enter'd into your Office?

Au. What do you mean? obscenely? you are confident; you are the first Gentleman that offer'd to say a wanton thing to me.

Hot. To your great sorrow. [*Aside.*

Enter Leonora.

Leo. What's the Quarrel here?

Hot. There's a Taylor wou'd fain speak with you.

Leo. All this Noise to introduce a Taylor?

Hot. He can't get thro' this Fellow's narrow Conscience; yet there's Room for a whole Commonwealth.

Au. Call in the Taylor; there must no Clothes be made without my Orders, that I may see them modest.

Leo. A Taylor? I order'd no Taylor.

Enter Crack.

Au. How now, Sir, what are you?

Cr. A Taylor, Madam.

Au. Who sent you? I know you not.

Cr. Your own Taylor, Mr. *Stitch*, Madam.

Au. How chanc'd he came not himself?

Cr. He's sick, Madam.

Au. And can you work well, for we are very hard to please; there's scarce a Taylor in Town can make me endure to see myself.

Leo. The Fault lies in——Fifty—— [*Aside.*

Cr. Indeed, Madam, I must needs say, my Countrymen are not the best Taylors in the World. This is a fine Nation, and all spoil'd by the Taylors. Heaven makes Women Angels, and Taylors make 'em Hedgehogs; 'tis a sad Sight to see 'em; now I'll make an Angel of a crooked Pin.

Au. Where did you learn your Skill?

Cr. In *France*, Madam.

Test. In *France!* then, Friend, I believe you are a Papist.

Hot. Sirrah, I'll believe you are a Presbyterian.

Test. Friend, if you be a Papist, I'll ha' you before a Justice.

Hot. Sirrah, if you be a Presbyterian, I'll kick you down Stairs.

Test. What are you, Friend?

Hot. Ay, what are you, Sirrah?

Cr. What am I? why, I'm a Taylor, I, think the Men are mad.

Au. Intolerable; Mr. *Testimony*, pray leave us, and Cousin *Hothead*, I shall desire the same of you, unless you'll behave your self like a Gentleman.

Hot. I will behave myself like a Gentleman, for I'll know of my Lord when he comes home, if he has given this Rogue Authority over me; if he has, I'll demand Satisfaction of him; if he be innocent, woe be to your Prick-ears, Sirrah. [*Exit Hothead.*]

Test. I fear you not.

Au. Mr. *Testimony*, I once more desire you'll give us Liberty.

Test. Yes, forsooth, I dare trust the young Gentlewoman with you, forsooth—you are a grave—Gentlewoman, and in Years—forsooth—

Au. In years, rude Clown—

Test. And truly she's a very sweet Woman, and deserves to have great Care taken of her.

Leo. Well, Sir, we'll excuse the Care at this time—

Test. Pretty Woman— [*Aside.*]

Leo. Pray leave us.—

Test. Sweet Woman—I profess she's strangely alluring, I had best retire, lest I fall into Frailty, and be discover'd. [*Aside and exit.*]

Cr. Now, Madam, before I take measure of you, I'll

shew you some Patterns—please you to look upon some, Madam, you have Judgment.— [To the Aunt.

Au. Let me see.

Cr. To you, Madam, I wou'd recommend this Piece.

Leo. Mr. *Farewel's* Picture? oh! I Sirrah! now I guess thee—my Dear—Dear— [Kisses the Picture.

Cr. Have a care o' your Aunt, Madam—I have a Letter too—

Leo. Give it me—quick—quick—

Au. These are pretty Silks.

Cr. The best in *France*, Madam.

Where's my Sister? [Bellguard within.

Leo. My Brother? I hope he does not know thee.

Cr. No, if he does, I'm a dead Man.

Leo. Hast thou no Disguise, for fear he should?

Cr. Only this great Pair of Spectacles.

Enter Lord Bellguard.

Bell. What Fellow's this?

Leo. A Taylor.

Bell. Not your Taylor?

Au. No, he's sick, and sent this Fellow in his Room.

Bell. How comes such a young Fellow to wear Spectacles?

Cr. Young, my Lord? I'm above five and fifty.

Bell. Thou bear'st thy Age well.

Cr. Ay, every where but in my Eyes, I thank Heaven.

Bell. This Fellow may be a Bawd, for ought I know, I'll watch him. [Exit.

[Aunt views the Patterns, Bellguard stands behind his Sister, and watches Crack, Crack mean while puts his Measure before, and delivers her a Letter.

Cr. Well, Madam, I perceive your Ladyship likes the Pattern I shew'd you first.

Leo. I have seen the whole Piece.

Cr. And your Ladyship likes it?

Leo. Oh! very well.

Cr. I'll assure you, Madam, you'll like it mightily when 'tis upon you, and you have a sweet Body, to work for. I do not doubt, Madam, but to get a great deal o' Credit, and a great deal o' Custom, by you among the Ladies, as soon as ever they see my Works.

Leo. Well, let's see your Work, and I'll say something.

Cr. That you shall, and speedily, Madam, I'll bring you home as sweet a Piece o' Work as ever you had in your Life. You'll look upon the Pattern I shew'd you last?

Leo. Yes.

Cr. That's for the Inside; do you like much Bombast, Madam?

Leo. No——

Cr. Well, Madam——I ha' taken a Survey o' your fine Body——now you shall be pleas'd according to your own Heart's Desire——your Servant, Madam——

[*Exit.*

Bell. Well, Sister——prepare to receive a Visit from Sir *Courtly Nice*, this Afternoon.

Au. Oh dear! then I must dress. He's a great Critick.

[*Exit.*

Leo. She designs him for herself, wou'd she cou'd get him.

[*Aside.*

Bell. Sir *Courtly* and I have agreed; pray give him your Promise.

Leo. So soon? 'twill be fulsome, he's abstemious.

Bell. Therefore take him whilst he has an Edge.

Leo. You us'd to despise Fools, how chance you marry amongst 'em?

Bell. Because none but Fools will marry. Wits are but few, and commonly poor; Fools are numerous and rich. Fortune is as fond of those Bits of Men, as Bigots are of Reliques; wraps 'em in Silver.

Leo. Better they were bury'd. A Fool in a Coach is like a Knave in a Pillory, the Object of publick Derision.

Bell. Oh! there are few to deride 'em, many to admire 'em; so many, I have oft admired how one Apple

Should such Diseases in old Adam breed,

That from his Loins not Men, but Worms proceed.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act III. Scene [1].

Covent-Garden-Square.

Enter Farewel and Crack, meeting.

Fa. OH! the News! the News! art thou an Angel or a Devil? bring'st thou Joys or Torments?

Cr. Joys! Joys! Joys!

Fa. Angel! Angel! Angel!

Cr. In the first Place I deliver'd your Picture.

Fa. Rare.

Cr. And she kissed it.

Fa. Kissed it?

Cr. Sweetly, wantonly, lasciviously. She set me soon on fire, I kiss'd all the Wenches as I came along, and made their moist Lips fiz again.

Fa. Oh! Rogue! Rogue! delicious Rogue.

Cr. Then I deliver'd the Letter, and before her Brother's Face.

Fa. Before his Face? ha! ha! ha!

Cr. Prepare this Night to be the happiest of Mortals. Give me some more Money.

Fa. Money? I'll sell my Land rather than thou shalt want. That one Inheritance will purchase me two, one in Love, and another in laughing at this politick Brother.

Cr. No, no Inheritances; as for laughing, I believe you will have an Annuity for Life; but for Love, you'll only have a Lease for three or four Years.

Fa. Pleasant Rogue! here's Money.

Cr. So, so, I wish you Joy, I wish you Joy. *[Exit.*

Fa. See *Surly* going to my Rival; my Affair thrives admirably. *[Exit.*

Enter Surly. Knocks, enter a Servant.

Sur. Is *Nice* within?

Ser. *Nice*, Sir?

Sur. Ay, *Nice*, Sir; is not your Master's Name *Nice*?

Ser. 'Tis Sir *Courtly Nice*.

Sur. Well, Sir, if I have a mind to clip half his Name, 'tis not Treason, is it, Sirrah?

Ser. I believe not, Sir.

Sur. Then get you in, and tell your Master I'd speak with him.

Ser. What sort o' domineering Man is this? *[Exeunt.]*

Scene [2].

A Chamber.

Sir Courtly Nice dressing, Men and Women singing to him.

Sir Co. **V**ERY fine! extremely fine. Gentlemen and Ladies, will you do me the Favour to walk in, and accept of a small Collation? I'm in some haste to dress upon an extraordinary Occasion. You'll pardon me?—your very humble Servant— *[Exit Musick.*

Servant. Very fine.

Sir Co. You Sot, 'twas barbarous.

Ser. Your Honour said 'twas very fine.

Sir Co. You Clown, don't you know what belongs to a Gentleman? Complaisance is the very thing of a Gentleman, the thing that shews a Gentleman. Wherever I go, all the World cries that's a Gentleman, my Life on't, a Gentleman; and when ye've said a Gentleman, you have said all.

Ser. Is there nothing else belongs to a Gentleman?

Sir Co. Yes, *Bon mien*, fine Hands, a Mouth well furnish'd—

Ser. With fine Language—

Sir Co. Fine Teeth, you Sot; fine Language belongs to Pedants and poor Fellows that live by their Wits. Men of Quality are above Wit; 'tis true, for our Diversion sometimes we write, but we ne'er regard Wit. I write, but I never writ any Wit.

Ser. How then?

Sir Co. I write like a Gentleman, soft and easy.

Ser. Does your Honour write any Plays?

Sir Co. No, that's Mechanick; I bestow some Garniture on Plays, as a Song or Prologue.

Ser. Then your Honour is only a Haberdasher of small Wares?

Sir Co. A Haberdasher, you saucy Rascal?

Enter a Servant.

2 Ser. Here's one Mr. *Surly* to visit your Honour.

Sir Co. *Surly*, what the Devil brings him hither?

2 Ser. He has been walking about the Rooms this quarter of an Hour, and wou'd not let me bring him in, till he had foul'd 'em all with his dirty Shoes.

Sir Co. A nauseous, beastly Sloven, Clown, Fool, Sot.

Enter Surly.

Dear Mr. *Surly*, your most humble Servant.

[*Sir Courtly bows to receive him.*

Sur. What are you unbu—buckling my Shoe?

[*Surly is drunk, stammers and belches.*

Sir Co. Dear Mr. *Surly*—he stinks horribly—

[*Aside.*

How came I to enjoy—a very Polecat— [*Aside.*

This great Happiness?—Pox! foh! you and I have been long *piquee*, and I'm amaz'd to see you at my *Levee*.

Sur. I begin to think thou art a good honest Fellow,

and have a mind we shou'd no longer be two lo—lo—
Loggerheads, but one.

Sir *Co.* Dear Sir, you are always so diverting; Well,
Sir, shall I beg a Favour of you?

Sur. What's that?

Sir *Co.* Leave to dress before you, Sir, I am to meet
some fine Women to Day, one presently.

Sur. Prithee dress, and be damn'd——shall we di—
dine together?

Sir *Co.* Yes, Sir, I suppose, and sup too——

Sur. That's kind; well, when?

Sir *Co.* About Five a'Clock, Sir.

Sur. Where?

Sir *Co.* In the King's Box, Sir.

Sur. Must you and I dine in the King's Box?

Sir *Co.* Oh! dearest! I beg your pardon ten thousand
Times; I thought you ask'd me where I should meet the
Lady.

Sur. Pox o' the Lady; I ask where we shall dine?

Sir *Co.* Really, Sir, I don't know, I can't put my
Head into one o' your beastly Eating-Houses, nor
swallow the filthy Meat you eat there, if you would
give me One hundred Pound.

Sur. Filthy Meat? Sir, I eat as good Meat as you do.

Sir *Co.* Oh! dear Mr. *Surly*, no doubt the Meat, in
its own nature, may be very innocent; but when once it
has committed Familiarity with the beastly Fists of
Cooks and Butchers, 'tis to me an unpardonable Sinner.
My Butcher cuts up all his Meat with a Fork.

Sur. Does he cut up an Ox with a Fork?

Sir *Co.* Ay, and he cuts up an Ox as neatly as a Lady
does a Partridge.

Sur. Well, then I'll accept o' thy Dinner.

Sir *Co.* Dear Sir, your most humble Servant; pox on
him, [*Aside.*] I wish I be capable o' the great Happiness;
for I came but last Night from my Country-House,

and I question whether I have all things in Order or no. Who's there? Are all things brought from my Country-House?

Ser. No, Sir, your Butler has forgot your Salt.

Sir Co. Left my Salt, careless Rascal; let him take Horse immediately.

Ser. Sir, he's rid Post for it.

Sur. Rid Post for Salt? whither?

Sir Co. To my Country-House.

Sur. How far's that off?

Sir Co. But a little way, not above forty Miles.

Sur. Send forty Miles out o' *London* for Salt! Is there not Salt enough in *London* for you?

Sir Co. Ay, Stuff pawm'd by Butlers and Waiters; they take up the Wenches Coats, then handle the Salt.

Sur. Here's a Rogue—[*Aside.*] Well, come let's drink a Glass o' Wine then.

Sir Co. Oh! dear Mr. *Surly*, if you name Wine, you make me throw up my Soul; I have abhor'd Wine ever since I was in *France*, and saw what barbarous Education they gave that generous Creature. Duce take me, Sir, if the Clowns don't press all the Grapes with their filthy naked Feet. Oh! beastly, nasty Dogs! no wonder we are poison'd with their Wine.

Sur. Prithee, what of that? the Wine purges before it comes over.

Sir Co. Oh! Lord, Mr. *Surly*, what a Phrase is there! You'll pardon my Freedom, Sir?—

Sur. Most civil Coxcomb, [*Aside.*] Well, what must we drink, for drink I must?

Sir Co. I have several Drinks of my own composing at your Service, as *Mead*, *Cyder*, *Ale*—

Sur. Ale, there's Sauce for a Woodcock; come let's taste a Bottle.

Sir Co. Fetch a Bottle; this Fellow will poison me—

[*Aside.*]

Sur. Well, I come to request a Favour o' thee.

Sir Co. Your most humble Servant, Sir, how d'ye like this Cravat?

Sur. What's that to my Business? I come to make a Request to thee.

Sir Co. 'Tis well tied too with a great deal o' Humour.

Sur. A Pox on thee, mind me!

Sir Co. Your most humble Servant, Sir.

Sur. I am going to make Love.

Sir Co. Before you drink, Sir?

Sur. Before I drink, Sir——

Sir Co. Well, Sir, since you'll have it so, I'll wait on you down stairs.

Sur. Is the Devil in the Fellow? I tell thee I am going to make Love.

Sir Co. Oh! Lord, Sir, I beg your Pardon a thousand times.

Sur. And I come to beg thy Assistance.

Sir Co. Oh! dear Sir.

Sur. For thou hast the Knack on't; thou art the only Court-Card Women love to play with? the very Pam at *Lantereloo*, the Knave that picks up all.

Sir Co. Oh! Sir, you are so obliging;——and stinking——Pox take him——

[*Aside.*

Sur. And 'tis a very pretty Woman I'm in love with; my Lord *Bellguard's* Sister *Leonora*; thou know'st her.

Sir Co. The Rogue's my Rival, he was born for my Confusion. [*Aside.*] Ay, Sir, I have the Honour of some small Acquaintance there.

Sur. Prithee speak for me.

Sir Co. Oh! dear Sir, you have a great Talent of your own.

Sur. But thine's a better. One thing I am sure thou may'st do, there's an abominable Fop makes Love to her, and, I am told, is to marry her; prithee tell him, he's a Son of a Whore.

Sir Co. Really, Sir, I'm unfortunate; I ha' no manner o' Genius to that sort o' Conversation.

Sur. Say my Words: Tell him, if he proceeds, I'll not only libel him, but tweag him by the Nose, kick him, cudgel him, and run him thro' the Guts. Prithee tell him this. [*Hugs Sir Courtly.*]

Sir Co. Oh! pray Sir give me Air.

Sur. Prithee do.

Sir Co. Sir, I am ready to——

Sur. And thou wilt tell the Puppy this?

Sir Co. I will upon my Soul.

Enter a Servant with Wine and Glasses.

Sur. Then thou art an honest Fellow——So, is the Drink come? Fill a Glass. Why two Glasses? Do you think I cannot drink after your Master?

Sir Co. Pox o' your Compliment—— [*Aside.*]

[*Surly flings away a Glass.*]

Sur. Here, *Nice*, my Mistress's Health.

Sir Co. What Misery is this Beast imposing on me? He coughs in the Glass too—— [*Aside.*]

Sur. Pox on't, a whole Gulp went the wrong way; Come, off with it, 'tis my Mistress's Health.

Sir Co. This Fellow's the Devil—— [*Aside.*]

Sur. Off with it, Man.

Sir Co. I never was so embarras'd since I was born.

Sur. Oons! Off with it.

Sir Co. I must take the beastly Potion down, but I shall be most horrible sick after it—— [*Drinks.*]

Sur. So, now thou art an honest Fellow; now I'll kiss thee.

Sir Co. The Devil thou wilt? More Miseries? [*Aside.*] Nay, but Mr. *Surly*.

Sur. I swear I will.

Sir Co. Nay but you'll disorder me.

Sur. I swear I will.

Sir Co. But, Sir, I'm going upon your Occasions to your Mistress.

Sur. Nay, then I'll give thee two Kisses, one for myself, and another for her.

Sir Co. Oh! Hell. [*Aside.*] Nay, but Mr. Surly.

Sur. I swear I will. [*Kisses him and belches.*] This Bottle Beer is damn'd windy—Well, honest Nice, farewell to thee. [*Exit.*]

Sir Co. Who's there? I'm sick to death—to death! —lead me in—get my Bed ready—and a Bath—and some Perfumes—I'm sick to death—I'm dead. [*Exit.*]

Scene [3].

Lord Bellguard's house.

Enter Bellguard with Farewel's Picture in his Hand.

Bell. THOU Horrid Vision! Would I had met with the worst Fiend in Hell, rather than thee; in thee there is a Legion exciting me to Blood—Blood—Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord—

Bell. My Coach—to Blood—Blood—

Enter Leonora, Aunt, [and Maid].

Leo. To Blood? What means my Brother?

Bell. Be gone.

Leo. To whom do you speak?

Au. Bless us; Nephew, what ails you?

Leo. Alas; my Lord, I fear you are going to quarrel.

Bell. Yes, I'm going to punish one who violates my Father's, my Will, and calls my Mother Whore.

Leo. What execrable Wretch is that?

Bell. Thy self.

Leo. Me!

Bell. Yes, what dost thou else but proclaim our Mother false, when she conceived a Thing so opposite to all our Father's Race as thou art?

Leo. In what?

Bell. In Infamy; when was there a Spot in our Name, till Heaven for our Sins sent thee among us? And I am going to destroy thee in thy lewd Undoer.

Leo. I know of no Reproach in our Family but your Madness, destroy that. What are your Spies and Coxcombs, but so many Capital Letters, wherein you write over your Door, my Sister is a wanton Woman.

Bell. 'Tis Truth, you are not only a wanton, but a wicked Woman; not only intrigue, but with the Enemy of our Family, *Farewel.*

Au. How?

Leo. I am betray'd?—

[*Aside.*

Bell. Do you blush?

Leo. At your Folly.

Bell. Dare you deny it?

Leo. Who dare accuse me?

Bell. This Picture, which I found in your Chamber.

Au. Horrid Creature!—I shall swoon away.

Leo. How shall I bring off this? [*Aside.*] All this Noise for a Picture? If you had found a little human Effigies in Swadling-clouts, there might have been some squawling.

Au. Do you laugh at your Shame?

Bell. She shall ha' no cause.

Leo. Do, kill me, before you know whether he's guilty or no.

Bell. I'll know it from himself; if he denies it, it will be some Revenge to make him stab his Soul with Lies; he shall swear not only that he never did, but never will send so much as an Imagination to you.

Leo. Do, if you wou'd force him hither, what Charm to a Man of Spirit like daring?

Bell. She speaks Sense in that. [*Aside.*]

Leo. If you wou'd be fighting, fight your own Jealousy, which abuses you worse than Mr. *Farewel* can do. My Honour protects you from him; but neither Wit or Honour can guard you from the rude Insolence of your Jealousy, which is now sending you of an Errand, a Footman o' Spirit wou'd scorn to proclaim the Dishonour of your own Sister. Fie! fie!

Bell. And so I must sit down tamely with this Abuse?

Leo. You are not abus'd, the Picture was found at Church.

Au. At Church? Do you intrigue at Church?

Bell. They do nothing else, the Church is almost as bad as the Porch.

Au. Nay there's shameful Doings, that's the Truth on't; it provokes my Flesh to see how the young Men fling their Eyes about.

Leo. And not upon her—— [*Aside.*]

Au. But 'tis no marvel, when Women will encourage 'em. No Fellows dare gape upon me, because I never encourage Fellows.

Leo. A Face of Fifty is small Encouragement. [*Aside.*]

Bell. Nay, no wonder the Devil's Cause thrives, he has a numerous Clergy; Heaven has but one Minister in the Church, and whilst he is preaching Divinity, the Devil has a thousand of both Sexes, by all the Oratory of Looks and Dresses, preaching Fornication and Adultery.

Au. Too true; well, she's certainly undone, I dare not examine her Breasts, if there shou'd be any thing in 'em I should die.

Leo. In my Breasts?

Au. Ay, Gentlewoman, do you think I regard your flim flam Story o' the Church?

Leo. 'Tis not my Story, my Woman found it in *Westminster-Abbey* at Prayers, and I knowing what work

wou'd be made with it, commanded her to burn it, and she has dar'd to disobey me.

Wom. Indeed, Madam, I thought to have presented it to a Friend o' mine, and laying it out of my Hand unfortunately in your Honour's Chamber, my Lord found it.

Bell. Oh! how nimble she takes the Lie at the first Rebound?

An. Out upon you, I'm extreme sick——lead me in——not you——you are not fit to touch a Woman o' my Virtue. These Things have strange Impression upon me.——

Leo. That you don't share in 'em—— [Exit.]

Bell. Pray, Sister, go out o' my Sight, you are an Horror to me. [Aside.]

Leo. Your own Dreams are. Ye are as mad as a Prophet; you have always before your Eyes a Vision of Horns and Whores.

Bell. All this goes upon the Score of *Farewel's* Heart's Blood if he be guilty; I'll make Enquiry presently, and search at what Gap this Treachery entred.

Leo. Oh! unfortunate Negligence! [Aside.] [Exit.]
Enter Hothead.

Bell. Who's there, Cousin *Hothead*, *Testimony!*

Hot. Oh! are you here?

Bell. Ay, to your Sorrow, if you have play'd me false.

Hot. You ha' serv'd me finely.

Bell. Do you first complain?

Hot. Coupled me with a Dog?

Bell. But you ha' coupled my Sister, Sir.

Hot. What a *Fanatick* Rogue.

Bell. No—with a finer Gentleman. Who brought this Picture?

Hot. The common Fire-fork of Rebellion.

Bell. A Fire-fork.——Fork me no Forks——Who brought this Picture?

Hot. The rotten Rump shou'd ha' been burnt—when 'twas only roasted.

Bell. The rotten Rump—Answer me, or I'll fight thee.

Hot. Answer you what?

Bell. Who brought this Picture? I found it in my Sister's Chamber.

Hot. Then your Fanatick Rogue convey'd it thither to make me suspected, out of his Malice to the Common-Prayer; I'll cut the Rogue to pieces.

Enter Testimony with a great Sword by his side.

Bell. Testimony.

Test. I am here.

Bell. How now, sworded?

Test. To preserve my Life; my Life is threatned by that bloody Papist.

Hot. How, Sirrah, dare you think of fighting me?

Test. Yes, and hope to do it thro' Providence.

Bell. Drawing before me?

[*Hothead and Testimony offer to draw.*

Hot. Will you protect a *Fanatick*. I see what you are.

Well, Sirrah, tho' I may not cut your Throat, I'll choak you, Sirrah.

Test. De'e hear the bloody Papist? he'll throttle me.

Hot. Sirrah, I'll cram the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy into you, and they'll stick in your Throat, tho' Treason won't, and so I'll to a Justice presently.

[*Exit.*

Bell. And stay with him, and never plague me more. Now, Sir, do you resolve my Question.

Test. I do resolve I will not take the Oaths.

Bell. I do not ask you about the Oaths.

Test. Why, if you ask me ten thousand times, I will not take the Oaths.

Bell. Did one ever see such a Coxcomb?

Test. Call me what you please, I will not take the Oaths—So do your worst. [Exit.]

Bell. A very fine Account of my Business.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Gentleman desires to speak with your Honour.

Bell. I'm not to be spoke with, I'm abroad—my Soul is—in the Heart of *Farewel*, ripping it up for this Secret. What Gentleman?

Ser. One from th' *East-Indies*, my Lord, he brings a Letter from your Uncle *Rich.*

Bell. He comes in a Storm; he will find worse Weather here than any he met at Sea. But I'll endeavour to compose myself—admit him—

Enter a Man dress'd like a Merchant.

Man. My Lord, your Lordship's most humble Servant. I perceive your Lordship has forgot me; you will know me better when I acquaint you who I am. My Father had the Honour of being a Retainer to your Lordship's Father, of honourable Memory, and sent me some Years since to the *East-Indies*, in the Service of your noble Uncle, Mr. *Rich.* My Name is *Waytewell.*

Bell. Oh! Mr. *Waytewell.* I am glad to see you: truly you are so chang'd, if you had not told me who you was, I shou'd never ha' known you.

Man. I believe so, my Lord—for I'm sure you never saw my Face before, but the Picture of it you have—for *Waytewell* was my Picture. [Aside.] Time and Travels will alter a Man, but truly I have lost nothing by my Travels but my Countenance, and in the Room have gotten what's better, a convenient small Competency of some seven or eight thousand Pound, Heaven and your Uncle's Love be praised. I have brought your Lordship some Letters from your noble Uncle, and a small Present of some threescore thousand Pound.

Bell. How?

Man. Only the Trouble of it, my Lord. Your Uncle contracted in th' *Indies* an intimate Friendship with Sir *Nicholas Calico*, President for the *East-India* Company. Sir *Nicholas* died, and left most Part of his Estate (which was near a hundred thousand Pound) to his only Son Sir *Thomas*. But poor Sir *Thomas* happen'd in his Father's Life-time to fall into a Distemper which gave him a scurvy Flaw in his Brain, that Sir *Nicholas* left him and all his Estate to your Uncle's Guardianship. Now your noble Uncle perceiving his Affairs like to detain him many Years in th' *Indies*, and fearing if he shou'd die, poor Sir *Thomas* might be cheated of all, he has, like a worthy and honest Gentleman, sent Sir *Thomas* and all his Estate to your Lordship's Care, as these Letters will testify. I suppose your Lordship is well acquainted with your Uncle's Hand and Seal.

Bell. I am, and this is his Hand and Seal; (*reads*)—
um—um—um—to preserve him from being cheated here, or begg'd in *England*, I take the Boldness to recommend him to the Care of so noble a Person as your Lordship—um—um—um—Well, Sir, the Letter expresses what you told me—Where is the Gentleman?

Man. I brought him along with me, he's in the next Room, my Lord. Poor Gentleman, he has the oddest Phrases and Ways with him; he will needs be attended like a great *Indian Mandarine*, or Lord, and has brought with him several *Siamites* and *Bantamers*, that serve him as his Slaves, in the ridiculous Dresses and Modes of their own Countries; we had such a Gaping Rabble after us as we came along.

Bell. Pray call him in, I long to see him—

Man.—Sir *Thomas*—pray come to my Lord.

Enter Crack ridiculously dress'd, attended by Men in the Habits of Siamites and Bantamers.

Cr. Which is the Peer?

Man. This is my Lord.

Cr. Great Peer, your extreme humble Servant.

Bell. Your Servant, Sir, you are recommended to me by my Uncle.

Cr. I know it, my Lord, and am most incomparably oblig'd to him—he is a Person, my Lord, that, as to the Altitudes of Friendship, and the most glorious Circumstances of a singular Person, is not to be cast up by the Logarithms of Oratory, nor his Latitude to be taken by the Quadrangle of Circumlocution.

Bell. So—I find I shall ha' store o' Nonsense.

Cr. My Lord, I'm a Person that, as to the Circumstances of Money, am not indifferently contemptible; and as to the Circumstances of Honour, I am by Profession a Merchant, by Generation a Knight; Sir *Nicholas Calico* applying his Person to my Mother, was the Author of, Sir, your humble Servant.

Bell. So the Letter says.

Cr. The Letter contains Verity.

Bell. Pox, I shall be teaz'd.

Cr. One thing more, Sir, I'm a Person that, as to your Understanding, am under the Circumstances of Witchcraft; I lov'd in th' *Indies* a fair Christian Curiosity, and a nauseous *Indian* Baggage had a mind to apply to my Person her tawny Circumstances, and finding she cou'd not obtain her Ambition, applies herself to an *Indian* Bawd, and bewitches me.

Bell. Pshaw! Bewitch! What stuff's here? [*Aside.*

Cr. Bewitches me, Sir; what follows thereupon? a Loathing in me of Females? I abhor Women, fall into Agonies when I see Women. Pray let me see no Women.

Bell. You shall not, Sir.

Cr. Pray, my Lord, no Women.

Bell. I'll warrant you, Sir.

Cr. But as much at Supper as you please, my Lord.

Bell. You shall, Sir.

Cr. You are highly civiliz'd.

Man. I told your Honour he had such odd Ways. Well, my Lord, as soon as the Ship is come up the River, which will be in a few Days, I'll bring the Captain to wait upon your Lordship, with the Account of Sir *Thomas* his Estate aboard, which will amount to forty thousand Pound, besides ten thousand Pound he has brought ashore in rough Diamonds: so, my Lord, your very humble Servant; Sir *Thomas*, your Servant, I leave you in good Hands.

Cr. Your Servant, Sir. [*Exit Man.*]

Bell. I'll order Things for you. I must dispose of this Man quickly, for I'm horribly weary of him, and also impatient to go about my Affairs.

[*Enter Leonora.*]

Leo. 'Tis he—I'm sure 'tis he——

Bell. How now, Sister? what's your Business here?

Leo. Staring at this strange sort o' Man.

Bell. You were no Woman else——pray get from him speedily.

Leo. You are not jealous of a mad Man sure? He's mad, is he not?

Bell. Yes, and impertinently brings me Vexation too from the *Indies*, at a time when I've enough at home, as every Man has that keeps a Woman. Pray get from him, he hates to see Women. [*Exit.*]

Leo. Hates to see Women? Ha! ha! Sir *Thomas Calico*, your humble Servant, you are welcome from the *Indies*, but have a care of being discover'd, lest you be under the Circumstances of a Cudgel.

Cr. Truly, Madam, I expect to have something stick by my Ribs presently, that is to say, a good Supper, which I have order'd; my Lord and I will sup together, and you and Mr. *Farewel*.

Leo. We sup together? Where? In the Grave? A fatal Accident has happened will bring us both thither, my Brother has found Mr. *Farewel's* Picture in my Chamber.

Cr. He shall not keep it, he shall deliver both Picture and Jealousy.

Leo. Then thou art a Master. I told him my Woman found it in *Westminster-Abbey*, may be thou may'st make something out o' that.

Cr. Stay, let me consider, *Westminster-Abby*, or the Abby of *Westminster*—um—um—let me alone—be gone—he comes. [Exit Leonora.

Enter Bellguard.

Bell. Come, Sir, let me wait on you to your Chamber.

Cr. Hold, my Lord, a word; I have Business of great consequence; I must humbly apply to your Understanding.

Bell. So I must be hindred with more Nonsense.

[*Aside.*

Cr. I've in the *Indies* a delicate Piece of my Father's Rib, I beg your Lordship to advise me in the Disposal.

Bell. Oh! dispose it how you please, Sir.

Cr. 'Tis a Sister I mean, Sir.

Bell. Oh! that's something.

Cr. She's sweet and slender as a Clove, and is worth two Millions of Coxcombs—three hundred of 'em comes to three Farthings, 'tis a *Chinese Money*; this Money makes her much sought in Marriage; the great *Hobbommocoes* o' the *Indies* come galloping upon Elephants, Camels, Rhinoceros's and Oxen to see her. Now my Father was under Circumstances of great Obligation to a Gentleman in *England*, and out o' Gratitude to him, order'd me on his Death-bed to bestow my Sister on his Son and Heir, if his Actions have any sort o' Simile in 'em to his incompatible Father, which is the Query. Pray resolve it.

Bell. First let me know the Gentleman.

Cr. You shall, I'll give you a Map of his Face, a Picture contain'd in my Pocket—Ha! I ha' lost it, —I ha' lost it—

Bell. Tell me his Name, Sir.

Cr. I ha' dropt it out o' my Pocket.

Bell. I, but his Name.

Cr. I ha' dropt it out o' my Pocket.

Bell. Ha' you dropt his Name out o' your Pocket?
His Name, Sir?

Cr. Oh! his Name, I'll tell you both his Name and
Cogname? his Name is *Andrew*, his Cogname *Farewel*.

Bell. *Farewel*? What comes into my Head? Sir,
can't you guess where you might lose this Picture?

Cr. A Guess may be obtain'd——by the Prayers of
Mariners——

Bell. No other way? those I seldom hear of——

Cr.——I was drawn down——stay, let me see——
Remembrance begins to be idle——Has *London* no
Place in the West?

Bell. Ay, no doubt.

Cr. Ay, but something very West? something call'd
West?

Bell. Yes——there's *West-Smithfield*.

Cr. That's not the Appellative. Is there no monster
in the West call'd *Westmonster*?

Bell. *Westminster* I believe you mean.

Cr. Ye've nick'd it; to *Westminster* I rode, to be-
hold the glorious Circumstances o' the Dead; and div-
ing into my Pocket, to present the Representer with a
Gratification, I am fully confirm'd I then lost it for my
Eyes and the Picture had never any Rencounter since.

Bell. This exactly agrees with my Sister's Story:
what a prodigious thing is this! A Discovery o' my
Sister's Innocence sent to me from th' *Indies* in a Heap
o' Nonsense, and in so critical a Minute; excellent
Providence!

Cr. What's an excellent Providence, Sir, that I ha'
lost my Picture?

Bell. No, Sir, that I ha' found your Picture.

Cr. Found my Picture?

Bell. Ay, Sir, 'twas found by a Friend o'mine in *Westminster-Abby*—there it is.

Cr. Oh! my Picture! — my Picture! — my Picture! —

Bell. Oh! my eas'd Heart!

Cr. Oh! my Picture! my Picture! my pretty Picture!

My Lord, I must requite this Favour, open that Casket, and give my Lord a Handful of Diamonds.

Bell. A Handful of Diamonds?

Cr. Ay, my Lord, I beg your Pardon for the Inconsiderableness o' the Present.

Bell. Inconsiderableness! What a Market wou'd some make o' this Man?—Put up your Diamonds.

Cr. By no means, my Lord.

Bell. Put 'em up, Sir, or you'll disoblige me.

Cr. You overwhelm me with Favours, I wish I had you at my House in *Bantam*.

Bell. I thank you, Sir, we are better where we are.

Cr. My Lord, you put me under the Circumstance of blushing.

Bell. Pray let me put you into a Chamber to rest yourself.

Cr. Rest is good—yours humbly—

Bell. Yours as humbly—What a Fire did I kindle in my House, to clear the Air of a Pestilence was not in it! My Sister and Family are innocent. But what a fantastick thing is Woman's Honour!

*Whilst she enjoys it, 'tis not seen or known,
And yet when lost she's utterly undone.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act IV.

The SCENE *continues.**Enter Violante and Leonora laughing.*

Vio. HA! ha! ha! what an excellent Fellow is this! what Engines he has in his Head, not only to wind himself into my Lord's House, but the Picture out of his Hands.

Leo. He undertakes to bring Mr. *Farewel* hither to Night; if he engag'd to bring him in a Church with a Parson to marry us, I wou'd not doubt it.

Vio. Certainly my Lord must be in a most mortify'd Humour; now is the time to scarify him, and take out his Worm.

Leo. Here he comes, now will I carry myself with all the Insolence of a virtuous Woman.

Enter Lord Bellguard.

So, my Lord, have your Slaves been gathering any more scatter'd Smiles o' mine? What Loads o' that Gold-Sand have your Asses brought home?

Bell. They have heard all, now I am asham'd to shew my Face.

Vio. Come, my Lord, wou'd you confine a Woman of Honour? give her Liberty; Wou'd you corrupt her? confine her.

Leo. 'Tis true, were I a Wife to such a Man, I shou'd abuse him out o' Pride, and think my self not an ill, but a great Woman, since to punish is a Mark of Princely Dignity.

Bell. This I confess is the *English* Dialect, and when I talk of Governing Women, I talk of a thing not understood by our Nation. I admire how it came about, that we, who are of all Nations the most wise and free in other respects, shou'd be the only Slaves and Fools to Women.

Vio. Oh! you're the wisest of all Nations: you know, let Men do what they can, Women will do what they please; and whereas other Nations by their Spies and Governantes are at great Toil and Charges to be Cuck-olds, you have it for nothing.

Leo. Come, Brother, do not dress me in a Fool's Coat, nor hang Spies about me like so many jingling Bells, to give Notice of all my Motions; I can count and know that one and one put shamefully together, are two lewd Fools, and not one happy Pair, as ill Women reckon and deceive themselves.

Bell. Sister, I believe you virtuous, but I wou'd have you not only be virtuous, but thought so; and truly a Woman may be virtuous, but is seldom Wise in Men's Company; her vain Honour will put her on new Conquests, and Womens Conquests are pretty things, they often end like those of Highway-men, in a shameful Execution on their own Persons, and yet all the Business of their Lives is mustering up Forces; to day the Beauty lies ambush'd in Undresses, the Hair pinned up in Papers like Serpents coil'd, to fly on you with greater Force; the Garments are loose, and flowing as the Sea, to shew a *Venus* is there; to morrow she's as regularly fortified as a low Country Town, and oft a Party of charming Looks are sent abroad, to put all Spectators under a Contribution.

Vio. Your Wife must not dress.

Bell. Why shou'd she? I think Womens Points and Embroideries but so many *Billet-deux* in Needle-work.

Vio. She must not go abroad, or see a Play.

Bell. Yes, she may go to Plays, provided she'll see Plays and not Fools; it may be enter into Conversation with 'em, and instead of getting Wit from the Plays, get Folly from the Fops, and so her Wit being spoil'd in her Youth, shall, like a Clock set wrong in the Morning, go false all the Day after; in short, no Wife or

Sister of mine shall dabble in Conversation with any Man? I hate a Slattern in her Credit. [*Enter Surly peeping.*

Sur. I' my Conscience I think I hear *Bellguard* and his Mistress quarrel in good earnest. [*Aside.*

Vio. Let no Woman marry a Man o' your Humour, but she that for her Crimes is condemn'd to Transportation; the Slave that in *Virginia* toils to plant her Lord's Tobacco, is not more miserable than she that in your Bosom labours to plant a good Opinion, both drudge for Smoke; I scorn the Slavery, nor will marry a King to increase his Dominions, but to share 'em.

Bell. I offer you the entire Dominion o' myself; only desire you not to aim at farther Conquests.

Vio. I shou'd be a fine Sovereign where Jealousy, Pride, Rage, and such a saucy Committee shall give me Laws! which they wou'd never do to a Prince they lov'd.

Bell. I think I've given convincing Proofs of Love.

Vio. When?

Bell. When I offer'd, Madam, to take you for better or for worse; those are heroical Compliments; the Form of Matrimony out-does *Ovid* for passionate Expressions.

Vio. Ay, my Lord, but that's none o' your Wit, and I wou'd not have a Man o' your Parts steal other Mens Phrases; so your Lordship's humble Servant—Come away Child. [*Exit Violante and Leonora.*

Enter Surly.

Sur. Rare! they're parted; once a Woman spoke Truth. My Lord, your Servant, I've overheard your Quarrel, and I honour you, you are the only Man in the Nation that understands himself. Lock up the Women till they're musty, better they should have a Hogo, than their Reputations. And their Honours are not like their Smocks, whitened by lying abroad.

Bell. Nor have their ador'd Faces the more Esteem, for often appearing.

Sur. Pox on 'em, they varnish like Copper, and the Women are sensible of it, that's the Reason they forge new Faces every Time they go abroad; and all the Arts of Paint and Dress are suborn'd to give a bastar'd-Beauty Title to reign, because the legitimate Face is fallen into Contempt by Familiarity. No more to be said, keep your Ground like a Man of Honour; and lose your Mistress like a Coxcomb. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. An't please your Honour, Mr. *Hothead* and Mr. *Testimony* are return'd, as your Honour gave Order.

Enter Testimony.

Bell. That's well—come Mr. *Testimony*; here has been a Mistake gave me a harsh Opinion of you—I'm sorry for it.

Test. Oh! My Lord, have a care of censuring Professors—for a Professor—

Bell. Nay, prithee don't profess too much; I am satisfied with thee.

Test. Truly you would, if you knew what a tender Spirit I am of, I was only deluded the other Day into a Playhouse, and truly it will be a Burden to my Spirit whilst I live.

Bell. A-lack a-day; well, I hope you'll be the more tender of my Sister, your Trouble will not be long. I have engag'd her to a Gentleman, whom about this time I expect. What a Clock is it?

Test. Truly, I do believe it is about Four, I cannot say it positively; for I would not tell a Lye for the whole World. [*Exit.*]

Bell. This is an excellent Fellow, if he be what he pretends. [*Knocking.*

Hark! some one at the Door—may be 'tis he—see—

Enter Hothead.

Hot. Did you send for me, my Lord?

Bell. Ay, Cousin, to reconcile myself to thee, I was in a Mistake.

Hot. I think you was, when you judg'd a rascally *Fanatick* a better Man than I.

Bell. The contrary, Cousin,—I think thee so much the better Man, I keep thee to have an Eye over him, because I don't know if he be a Knave.

Hot. Not know if a *Fanatick* be a Knave? You're fit to sit in the House o' Peers, i'faith.

Bell. Well, thou art a very honest Fellow, Cousin—let me have thy Company. But what are those Patches on thy Face, for Ornament?

Hot. They are for Plaister, but they are Ornaments. I have been in a *Fanatick* Coffee-House, and this is the Beauty they gave me.

Bell. 'Twas to reward some honourable Name, thou gav'st them.

Hot. I gave 'em no wrong Names. I call'd 'em Rogues indeed, but that's their proper Name; and they all set their Hands to it immediately, and subscribed themselves Rogues upon my Chops, the only true Narrative they ever writ.

Bell. Thou art a mad Fellow—prithee go in.

Exit Hothead at one Door. Enter at another

Testimony.

Bell. Well—who's at the Door?

Test. A lamentable Soul.

Bell. A Beggar?

Test. A more sad Object; but I conceive he comes rather to rob than to beg, for he comes arm'd with a strong Bow and Arrows.

Bell. A Bow and Arrows? What, is he a *Tartar*?

Test. A Bow and Arrows made of Ribbons, Laces, and other idle Vanities, wherewith he intends to wound your Sister's Heart.

Bell. Oh! the canting Coxcomb.

Test. Nay, why canting Coxcomb?

Bell. Be gone, you senseless Ass, and bring in the Gentleman.

Test. Nay, why senseless Ass? this is unseemly.

Bell. He won't stir.

Test. I am no senseless Person—I ha' more senses than yourself; I have a Sense o' Vanity, and of the Nothingness o' the Things of this World—and a Sense o' Sin, and a Sense o' the insinuating Nature o' Sin—I dare not bring this wanton frothy young Man to your Sister—for she's frothy also—and Sin will get in at a little Crany—and if Sin once get in his Head, he'll get in all his whole Body. Now your Honour has not that Sense o' these Things; you ought to have that; your Honour is a senseless Person—

Bell.—How, Sirrah?—

Test. In a spiritual Sense—

Bell. There's no getting this preaching Fellow away.
—Cousin *Hothead*.

Enter Hothead.

Hot. My Lord!

Bell. Why do you let this canting Coxcomb plague me?

Hot. Why do you keep such a canting Coxcomb? let him plague you, pox you, and damn you, I don't care.

Test. Oh! sad! oh! sad!

Hot. Oh! shad! oh! Sot!

Bell. So, now I've brought both upon me.

Hot. He's always tuning his Nose, too high, too low, like a Sowgelder's Horn.

Bell. Well, Sir, if you please tell me who's at my Door?

Hot. *Forty One* is coming in ding dong.

Bell. Into my Door? Who's at my Door, I say?

Hot. *Old Forty One*, i'faith.

Bell. I cannot have an Answer—Sirrah—who's at my Door?

Test. Popery I'm sure is coming in.

Bell. Into my Door? I ask you who's at my Door?

Test. Popery I'm sure.

Hot. Roguery I'm sure.

Test. Popery I'm sure.

Hot. Roguery I'm sure.

Bell. Confound you both.

Hot. And confound you both.

[Bellguard *turns them both out.*

Bell. You, Boy, is there any one at Door?

[*To a Page.*

Pa. Yes, my Lord.

Bell. So, this Boy can answer. Who is it?

Pa. Sir *Courtly Nice*, my Lord.

Bell. O! these Rogues, have they made him wait all this while? Introduce him quickly; he comes most seasonably to rid me of my Plague, now I'm very sick of it.

Enter Sir Courtly and the Page, bowing to one another.

Dear Sir *Courtly*, my Servants did not tell me who you were, that I have ignorantly made you wait, I am asham'd to see you.

Sir Co. Your Lordship's most humble Servant.

Bell. Your very humble Servant—Page, call my Sister,

Enter Aunt and Leonora.

Sir Co. Madam, your most—

[*Goes to salute Leonora, Aunt steps first.*

Sir Co. Oh! your Ladyship's very humble Servant—

[*Salutes Aunt.*

Au. Your most humble Servant.

Sir Co. Now, Madam, your most humble Servant.

[*To Leonora.*

Au. An incomparable fine Gentleman.

Bell. Well, Sir *Courtly*, now I've brought you thus

far o' your Way to my Sister's Inclinations, I'll leave you to pursue the rest o' your Journey by yourself: you need no Guide to Ladies Hearts.

Sir Co. Oh! your most humble Servant.

Au. No, Sir *Courtly* commands all. If my Niece does not receive you, Sir *Courtly*, in all the obliging manner in the World, 'tis for want of Experience and Understanding Merit—I'll assure you, Sir *Courtly*, I, who have some little more Judgment, have had a particular Value for you, Sir, from the first Minute I had the Honour to see you, Sir.

Sir Co. Oh, Madam, your very humble Servant.

Au. A very particular——

Sir Co. Oh! your most humble Servant.

Au. And if my Niece has not, it proceeds from her want of Years to know Desert; and, indeed, all Youth is indiscreet; I would by no means advise a Gentleman of Merit to marry any Person that has not some Years and Experience upon her——

Bell. She's setting up for herself, I think. Aunt——

Au. Nephew——

Bell. Pray leave the Lovers together.

Au. Sir *Courtly*, your most humble Servant.

Sir Co. Madam, your most humble Servant.

Au. Pray, Niece, behave yourself to Sir *Courtly*, as at least to do me right; that by all your Expressions and Behaviour, he may know how very particular an Honour I have for him.

Bell. She has for him!——

[*Aside.*

Au. Most particular——

Bell. Pray Aunt in particular——come with me——

Au. Very particular——

Sir Co. Oh! Madam——Madam——

Bell. Aunt——

Au. Yes, Nephew——Sir *Courtly*, I am exceeding unwilling to leave you to the Conversation of a young

Lady, whose Years, I am afraid, will not afford her Wit enough to entertain so fine a Gentleman——

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Au. But I'll return with all Speed possible——

Bell. But you shall not, if I can help it—— [*Aside.*

Au. And so your very humble Servant.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! your humble Servant.

[*Exeunt Aunt and Bellguard.*

Leo. Now will I manage him, humour him——pretend to admire him——to draw him into Love, laugh at him, and revenge myself on him, for plaguing me.

Sir Co. Now, Madam, is the glorious Opportunity come, which my Soul has long wish'd to express how much I admire, adore——

Leo. Oh! *Sir Courtly*——

Sir Co. Extravagantly adore!——

Leo. Oh! *Sir Courtly*——I cannot receive all this.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, if there's any thing on the Earth so charming?——I never saw any thing so fine as your Ladyship, since I was born.

Leo. Fie, *Sir Courtly*——

Sir Co. Never since I was born——

Leo. You'll kill me with blushing.

Sir Co. I speak my Soul——Heavens! what divine Teeth there are?

Leo. Fie! fie! I shall never open my Mouth more.

Sir Co. Then you'll undo all the World. Oh! there's nothing so charming as admirable Teeth. If a Lady fastens upon my Heart, it must be with her Teeth.

Leo. That's a pleasant Raillery——hah! hah! hah! hah!

[*Feigns a foolish laugh.*

Sir Co. Oh Madam, I hope your Ladyship has a better Opinion o' my good Manners——Raily a Lady o' your Quality?

Leo. Oh! your Wits turn all Things into Ridicule.

Sir Co. Madam, I never was so serious since I was

born; therefore I beseech your Ladyship have pity upon me—I swear and vow, if you do not, I shall die.

Leo. Die! hah! hah! your Wits will be raillying.

Sir Co. Heavens, Madam! how shall I convince you I am serious?

Leo. Really, *Sir Courtly*, I should be very sorry if you be serious.

Sir Co. Oh! Heavens! why so, Madam?

Leo. Because 'tis pity so fine a Gentleman should lose all his Gallantry.—

Sir Co. Now you frighten me, Madam. Is it impossible for me to attain the Glory of your Inclinations?

Leo. It will be impossible for me to keep the Glory of your Inclinations, *Sir Courtly*; so I dare not venture on 'em.

Sir Co. Oh! to that, Madam, I'll swear eternal Constancy, eternal Services, and all those things.

Leo. You are not in your own Power, *Sir Courtly*; you fine Gentlemen, like fine Countries, are desir'd and sought by all, and therefore in a perpetual War; if I shou'd place my Heart in you, it wou'd not have a Minute's quiet; a thousand potent Beauties wou'd every Day assault you, and you'd yield a Complaisance, your good Breeding wou'd undo me.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, this is Extremity o' Gallantry; your Ladyship pushes things to a strange height.

Leo. I speak my Soul. Besides I've another Humour, but that is, a *Foibless* will ridicule me.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam.

Leo. Nay, I'll confess it; I am strangely curious—extravagantly curious—I nauseate a Perfume, if it ever saluted any Nose but my own.

Sir Co. Oh! fortunate! my own Humour.

Leo. Nothing must come near me that was ever touch'd by another.

Sir Co. Is it possible?

Leo. Not if you give a hundred Pound.

Sir Co. My own Phrase too, I've observ'd it in myself; I'm strangely fortunate—we shall be fond to an infinite degree. [Aside.

Leo. For that reason your fine Gentleman, is my Aversion; he's so tempted by all Ladies, so complaisant to all Ladies, that to marry a fine Gentleman, is to accept the Leavings of a Thousand Ladies.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! you ha' met with the Creature you desire——

I never touch'd a Woman since I was born.

Leo. That's pleasant; I believe you have ruin'd a thousand.

Sir Co. Not one, upon my Soul.

Leo. 'Tis impossible.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam there's not one Lady in a thousand I can salute, I only touch the tip o' their Ear with my Cheek.

Leo. Fie! fie!

Sir Co. Not one Lady in a Million whose Breath I can endure; but I cou'd not go into their Beds if you'd give me a thousand Pound; I cou'd not come into the Air of any Bed in *England* but my own, or your Ladyship's, if you'd give all the World.

Leo. This is all Gallantry, Sir *Courtly*. You have been told this is my Humour.

Sir Co. Is it really, Madam?

Leo. Oh! above all Things. I suffer nothing to come near my Bed but my Gentlewoman.

Sir Co. Nor I, but my Gentleman; he has a delicate Hand at making a Bed; he was my Page, I bred him up to it.

Leo. To make Beds?

Sir Co. Ay, Madam; and I believe he'll make a Bed with any Gentleman in *England*.

Leo. And my Woman has a great Talent.

Sir Co. Is it possible? Ladies commonly employ ordinary Chamber-maids—with filthy Aprons on, made by sluttish Women that spit as they—spin—foh!

Leo. Foh!

Sir Co. Your Ladyship will pardon me——my Linnen is all made in *Holland*, by neat Women, that dip their Fingers in Rose-water, at my Charge.

Leo. Delicate.

Sir Co. And all wash'd there.

Leo. And so is mine at *Harlem*.

Sir Co. At *Harlem*? I hold a constant Correspondence with all the eminent Washers there.

Leo. That's delicate, and agrees wonderfully with my Humour.

Sir Co. Oh! happy! we shall be fond to an infinite degree.

Enter Surly.

Leo. Oh! foh! here's that beastly rude Clown, Mr. *Surly*.

Sir Co. Oh! foh! what shall we do with him?

Sur. How now? how now? you two are too intimate—heark you, Madam.

Leo. Oh! foh!

Sir Co. Foh!

Sur. Foh! what's this fohing at?

Sir Co. No-body, Mr. *Surly*, only at present we are accosted with an ungrateful Smell.

Sur. Yes, I smell an ungrateful Smell, your Roguery. Madam, I employ'd this Fellow to speak for me, and I'll be hang'd if he be not false to me.

Leo. To speak for him? ha! ha!

Sir Co. Ay, for him, Madam, ha! ha!

Sur. Ay, for me, Ninkumpoop.

Sir Co. Your humble Servant, Sir, y'are very civil.

Sur. So I am, that I do not execute thee for this Theft upon this Place; but thou plead'st thy Face, as Whores do their Bellies; 'tis big with Fool.

Sir Co. Very civil—Sir.

Sur. Sure, Madam, a Woman o' your Sense will not chuse him before me. He has more Land; not more improv'd Land! His Acres run up to one great Weed, I mean himself; and there it blossoms in Periwigs and Ribbons. Oh but he has a finer Person! that's a Cheat, a false Creed impos'd on you, by a General Council of Taylors, Milliners, and Semstresses; let my Hat expound his Face, and you'll see what a Piece o' simple Stuff it is.

Sir Co. Horrid! he has put his Beastly Hat upon my Head—pray, Sir do me the Favour to remove it, or I shall grow very sick—

[*To a Servant.*]

Sur. Sick? I hope thou wilt eat my Hat. Now, Madam, you see what a Cheat he is, and whether he deserves any more Favours than to be decently hang'd with the rest of his Brothers.

Sir Co. My Brothers hang'd, Mr. *Surly*?

Sur. I mean the Pictures in the Hangings, for they and thou are all but Needle-work; and thou would'st serve for a Piece o' Tapestry; but for a Husband, Lord have mercy on thee!

Sir Co. Your Servant, Mr. *Surly*, you are a very well bred Gentleman, Sir, and pay great Veneration to a Lady o' Quality, and your Mistress—hah! hah!

Leo. His Mistress, hah! hah!

Sir Co. Let's rally him to Death, Madam—hah! hah!—

Sur. Rally? does the ridiculous Figure pretend to laugh at any thing?

Sir Co. De'e hear, Madam?

Leo. Sir *Courtly*, you are a Martyr to good Manners, and suffer out o' Respect to me, more than is fit for a Man to bear.

Sur. He a Man? I ha' seen a Butler make a better Thing out of a Diaper Napkin.

Sir Co. Your humble oblig'd Servant——*Sir.*

Leo. *Sir Courtly*, I'll withdraw, that you may do your self Justice——and be kick'd—— [Aside.

Sir Co. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

Leo. I'll no longer protect such a Coxcomb——as yourself. [Aside.

Sir Co. Your very humble Servant, Madam; I'll push his Soul out presently.

Leo. Oh! don't do him that favour, *Sir*; only correct him.

Sir Co. Well Madam, what your Ladyship pleases.——

Your Ladyship's very humble Servant. [Exit Leonora.

Mr. Surly, I have received some Favours from you, *Sir*, and I desire the Honour of your Company, *Sir*, to morrow Morning at *Barn-Elms*, *Sir*——please to name your Weapon, *Sir*.

Sur. A Squirt.

Sir Co. A Squirt?

Sur. Ay, for that will go to thy Heart, I'm sure.

Sir Co. Well, *Sir*, I shall kiss your Hands.

Sur. Kiss my Breech—— [Exit.

Sir Co. Beast, Clown, Fool, Rascal. Pox take him——what shall I do with him? It goes against my Stomach horribly to fight such a Beast, if his filthy Sword shou'd touch me, 'twould make me as sick as a Dog. [Exit.

Scene [2].

A Garden.

Enter Crack and Leonora.

Leo. **H**A! ha! I'll secure the Coxcomb——I'll get him confin'd upon the Guard, among Tobacco takers, and that will confine him to his Bed and Bagnios for one Month.

Cr. That will do rarely. About this time I expect Mr. *Farewel*, I ha' sent for your Brother to introduce him.

Leo. My Brother?

Cr. Your Brother, I say, to shew my Skill. Retire, and stay conceal'd in the Garden. Here your Brother comes. [*Exit* Leonora.

Enter Bellguard.

Now for Lies and Nonsense to entertain this Jealous Brother till the Lover comes.

Bell. Sir *Thomas*, your Servant, what's your Will with me?

Cr. Talk—I love Talk—begin.

Bell. Very pithy.

Cr. In what Circumstance are we?

Bell. Circumstance?

Cr. Ay, what call you this where we are?

Bell. A Garden.

Cr. A Garden? I've seen in the *Indies* a Melon as big.

Bell. As all this Garden?

Cr. Bigger.

Bell. Well ly'd of a mad Man. [*Aside.*

Are all your Fruit so large?

Cr. All.

Bell. Your Nutmegs and Pepper are not.

Cr. Your History is erroneous; we have Nutmegs as big as small Fly-boats, I have sail'd a hundred Leagues in a Nutmeg.

Bell. Well lyed. [*Aside.*

Cr. Our Oysters have wonderful Conference.

Bell. Circumference, I suppose, you mean.

Cr. Ye've nick'd it; three of 'em block up a Harbour; 'tis our way of Mortification.

Bell. Fortification.

Cr. You are in the Right—Pox on't, I have been so long aboard I have almost forgot my Mother Tongue.

Well——when will this Lover come? 'Tis near the Hour, and delicately dark.

[*Aside.*

Farewel within. Murder! Murder! Murder!

[*Clashing of Swords.*

Cr. That's he! He's come! [*Aside.*] Murder cried out.

Bell. And at my Coach-house door?

Farewel within. Oh Cowardly Rogues! Four upon one.

Bell. A Gentleman assassinated?

Cr. Open the Door.

Bell. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord?

Bell. Call some o' the Servants to assist a Gentleman set upon at my Coach-house Door.

Cr. Ay——quick——quick—— [Draws.

Bell. How, Sir *Thomas*? will you venture among 'em?

Cr. De'e think I won't? a Gentleman and not fight?

Bell. I must not suffer it, you may be hurt.

Cr. No, Sir, I'll fight like a Gentleman; I'll come by no Hurt, I'll warrant you.—Come quick——quick——open the Door——

Enter Servants.

Now sound a Trumpet, Tivy—tivy——tan tan——tivy——Tone——Pox on't, 'tis a Horn——I don't know a Horn, I ha' forgot every thing belongs to a Gentleman.—Among 'em——helter skelter——

[*Exeunt Bellguard, Crack and Servant, mean while Farewel steals into the Garden.*

Enter Leonora and her Woman.

Leo. I' my Conscience this is *Crack's* Design to let in Mr. *Farewel*.

Fa. Dear Madam, you are in the right.

Leo. Mr. *Farewel*, I know your Voice——

Fa. Oh! Madam, I adore you for this Bounty.

Leo. And I should blush for it.

Fa. Why so, Madam?

Leo. Shou'd a Woman admit a Lover by night at a Back-door into the same House where she lies, and converse privately with him before Marriage?

Fa. Your Brother admitted me.

Leo. 'Tis true indeed, you may thank him for the Favour. I thought your Sufferings deserved Pity, and my Brother wou'd let me shew it no other way.

Fa. A thousand Blessings on you.

Leo. I doubt not but my Honour is very safe in your keeping, I wish your Person were as secure in mine.

Fa. I am glad o' the Danger, since 'tis some Assurance o' my Love.

Leo. Your Friend Mr. *Crack* plays his Part very well, and I doubt not but he will secure us here, and convey us hence; but then other Dangers will follow you.

Fa. What are those, Madam?

Leo. The Danger of marrying without a Fortune, my ten thousand Pound is at my Brother's Dispose.

Fa. I am glad of that too, Madam; 'twill shew that my Love is not mercenary.

Leo. The Danger of being laugh'd at by the Wits for marrying at all.

Fa. Oh! let the Wits keep the jilting rotten Wenches, and leave the sweet virtuous Ladies to us marrying Fools; I can be as well pleased to keep a fine Wife to myself, as they can be to maintain fine Wenches for all the Town.

Leo. Nay, your keeping Men, Keepers like, have commonly but the Offals for their Share. Well the Evening Air will be unwholsome to you; if you stay longer in it, you'll be in danger of Thunder and Lightning presently; I mean my Brother—he comes—follow me—

[*Exeunt* Leonora, Farewel, Woman.

Enter Bellguard, Crack, &c.

Cr. What cowardly Rogues were these? they ran upon our first sallying.

Bell. They had Reason, you're a Lyon.

Cr. I us'd to kill Lyons and Tygers in the *Indies* as you do Hares and Conies here. I kept a Tyger-Warren, I kill'd a Brace every Morning to get me a Stomach.

Bell. It was a good one sure, you offer'd dear for it. Well, I hope you ha' got no Hurt?

Cr. Yes, something very sharp went quite thro' my Stomach.

Bell. How? thro' your Stomach? then you cannot live.

Cr. Yes, if you 'noint it presently with a good Dish o' Jelly-Broth, and tent it with a Bone o' roast Beef.

Bell. Is that the Wound? it shall be heal'd presently.

Cr. Presently, for my Stomach is captious.

Bell. It shall be done. Go to my *Aunt*, and desire her to order Sir *Thomas* his Supper——

Ser. She's not very well, my Lord, and gone to bed.

Bell. Then let the Steward do it. Sir *Thomas*, I am going out, and shall stay late. Pray command my House——good night to you——

[*Exit.*

Cr. Your Servant, Sir,——you keep a Woman? Now to the Lovers——where are they?——

Enter Farewel, Leonora and her Woman.

Fa. Here! here! thou divine Fellow.

Cr. So, so: kiss! kiss! kiss!——

Leo. Before Marriage?

Cr. Ay, for fear you shou'd not kiss after Marriage—Well, the House is our own, and the Night our own—your *Aunt* gone to-bed, and your Brother abroad, we'll tory——tory, and 'tis——a fine Night, we'll revel in the Garden——Slaves, go bring my Supper——quick——quick——

Exeunt Slaves——and enter with Dishes: Farewel, Leonora and Crack sit down.

Enter Siamites and Bantamers.

Now a Song and Dance o' your own fashion——but

shut the Garden Gates—and look to 'em well, for I'll be private in my Pleasures—

[*A Song and Indian Dance.*

—So—now to my Chamber—well—there is no publick Officer like your Pimp—

*Pimps manage the great Business o' the Nation,
That is—the heavenly Work o' Propagation.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Act V. Scene [1].

Crack's Chamber.

Enter Farewel and Crack.

Fa. O H thou divine Fellow, what Joys has thou procured me?

Cr. What Joys?

Fa. All that Innocence could afford.

Cr. Innocence? that's insipid Stuff.

Fa. No, Mr. *Crack*, there's difference between the *Manna* that came from Heaven, and that out of Pothecaries Shops; a Touch of *Leonora's* Hand, like *Manna* from Heaven, has all that Man can fancy. Here she comes.

Enter Leonora.

This, Madam, is bountiful, after an Evening Conversation to afford me a Morning too.

Leo. We shou'd be charitable to Prisoners.

Fa. I am Prisoner, but such a happy one as a King is when lodg'd in a Royal Tower, to prepare for his Coronation. My hour of Coronation draws near, I want only the Church Ceremony and the Oath.

Cr. Madam, how durst you venture hither by Day-light?

Leo. My Aunt and Brother are gone abroad, and

won't come home till Noon, so all those Hours are mine; and now, Mr. *Crack*, to requite your Musick, I ha' brought some o' mine to entertain you.

A Song—and enter a Woman.

Wom. Oh! Madam—undone—your Brother.

Cr. How? how?

Wom. Just coming up Stairs to visit—you, Sir *Thomas*.

Cr. Pox of his Civility. Hide, Sir, hide. And do you Women shriek!—
shriek! and cry out Murder.

[*Crack throws himself on the Ground, and scrambles in distracted Postures after the Women. They shriek—*

Enter Bellguard.

Bell. So, here's my Sister got into the mad Man's Room, and has put him into a frantick Fit. Oh! the insatiable Curiosity o' Women.

Cr. You Whores!—you bewitching Whores, do you come to bewitch me! I'll fetch Blood from you.

Bell. Why wou'd you offer to come hither, Sister?

Cr. What are you, Sir, the King of *Bantam*?

Bell. No, Sir, no.

Cr. Oh! the *Mogul*.

Bell. Nor the *Mogul*.

Cr. What do you then with all these Concubines?—Oh! I know you now, you're a fine Man, you have put me into brave Circumstances. Did not I desire you to let me see no Women? and here you keep a Company of rambling Whores in your House, that have put me into the Circumstances o' Distraction. I was a top o' the Staircase taking a Prospect o' the Cape of *Good-hope*, and these Fly-boats came sailing under my Nose. What do me I? but leap down to break their Necks? and ha' broke my own I think; I am certain I have broke something, but what I don't know; pray take me up, and look over my Bones, see

if none be missing; if they be, Bone for Bone will be demanded.

Bell. Poor Creature! Who's there?

Cr. Who's there? will you trust me to your Servants! so if a Leg or an Arm of mine be broke, they'll leave it behind them, and I shall lose it. I expect all my Limbs and Bones from you as you receiv'd 'em; so—come and take account of 'em.

Bell. I will—I will— [Takes him up.

Cr. Oh! have a care—Oh!—

Bell. Alas! I fear he's hurt; your Curiosity ha' done this; did you not gape enough before upon him?

Cr. Oh! gently! gently!—so—so—

[Bellguard leads him out.

Fa. Oh! this pleasant Rogue! ha! ha!

Leo. 'Tis an excellent Fellow. As soon as we hear my Brother is returning, slip into that Passage, 'twill lead you to *Crack's* Bed-chamber.

Enter Aunt.

Au. How now, Gentlewoman? a Man wi' you? Nephew—Nephew—Nephew—

Leo. Be gone—be gone—thro' that Entry.

[Exit Farewel at one Door, at another

Enter Bellguard.

Bell. What's the Matter?

Au. Our Family's dishonour'd, dishonour'd—here was a Fellow, a handsome young Fellow wi' my Niece. Oh! my Flesh! my Flesh!

Leo. Wi' me?

Au. Will you deny it, Confidence?

Bell. Who's there? *Hothead, Testimony*, all of you come hither.

Enter Hothead, Testimony, &c.

Test. What's your Honour's Pleasure?

Bell. To cut all your Throats, you are all Bawds, and Villains.

Hot. Leave me out o' the Number you had best.

Bell. I will not, Sir, for here was a young Fellow wi' my Sister.

Leo. My Aunt's Whimsy and Jealousy.

Au. I cou'd tread you under my Feet.

Bell. Which Way went he?

Au. Into that Passage; he cannot be got farther than Sir *Calico's* Bed-chamber.

Bell. Lock all the Doors, arm, and beset Sir *Thomas Calico's* Lodgings.

Leo. This will prove such another wise Business as the Picture.

Bell. Hold your Peace——get you into that Room wi' my Aunt. Aunt, pray look to her.

[*Exit Bellguard, Hothead, Testimony, &c.*

Au. I'll keep her, I warrant her——Come in, Gentlewoman——you are a fine Gentlewoman.

Leo. Oh! my Heart trembles——Heaven inspire
Crack. [Aside.

[*Exit Aunt and Leonora.*

Scene [2].

Changes to another Room.

Enter Farewel and Crack.

Fa. O! CURSED Fortune.

Cr. Well, don't trouble your self; I'll bring you off safe.

Fa. Not trouble myself when *Leonora's* Honour is in danger? She'll be the Jest of every prating Fop and malicious Beauty.

Cr. Her Honour shall be safe too; this blustering——Brother shall entertain you——

Fa. With a Blunderbuss:

Cr. Ay, full o' Claret. Away——away——he comes.

[*Exit Farewel.*

And enter Bellguard, Hothead, Testimony, and the Servants armed.

Cr. How? the high and glorious Emperor o' Siam with all his Guards? Thou most invincible *Paducco, Farucco*——*nelmocadin*——*bobbekin*——*bow*——*wow*——*wow*——why dost thou seek to destroy us *English*, seated on thy Dominions by thy own Letters Patents?

Bell. Pish!——take him away.

Cr. Take away our Privileges? then this goes to my Heart.

[Draws his Dagger, and pretends to stab himself.

Bell. Hold——hold——Sir *Thomas*——Sir *Thomas*, no Hurt is meant to you.

Cr. Most great and glorious Emperor, I humbly thank, and do humbly implore thee, that thou wouldst command thy invincible Guards to lay down their Arms, and put us out of our Frights, and we'll submit our Persons to thee. This is some interloper's Work. *[Aside.*

Bell. Pox o' this impertinent mad——Coxcomb; lay down your Weapons, may be if we humour him he may come to his Senses, and give us leave to search the Rooms. *[They lay down their Weapons.*

Cr. My Lord *Bellguard*, your most humble Servant.

Bell. He's come to himself; that's well. Sir *Thomas* your Servant, how do you?

Cr. A little discompos'd, something has frightned me, and put me into the Circumstance of a Sweat.

Bell. I'm sorry for that. Shall I beg Leave to search your Rooms for a Thief that's got in?

Cr. Pardon's begg'd, Search must not be made, for I have a Friend there you must not see.

[Bell. Aside. Wou'd you and your Friend were hang'd.

A very honest Gentleman, but very much addicted to Marriage; 'tis he that I told you is to marry my *Indian* Fubs of a Sister——Mr. *Farewel*.

Bell. Mr. *Farewel*!

Cr. Ay, hearing of my Arrival, and what Circumstances I was in, hover'd all this Morning about the House to get a sight o' me, but car'd not to come in, for it seems there is Enmity between you.

Bell. 'Tis true, and I wonder how he got in without my Knowledge.

Cr. I made him come in; I was throwing my Legs about in the Hall, and the Door being open, our Eyes knock'd immediately, and gave Remembrance such a Bang, that we ran full Speed into the Circumstances of Embracing.

Bell. And pray who saw this?

Cr. Who saw? what care I who saw? I care not if the whole Town saw, I'm not asham'd of owning Mr. *Farewel*.

Bell. No, Sir, but I mean which of my Family saw? that I may thank 'em for their Care.

Cr. What do I care for your Family? If I may not bring a Friend into your Family, a Fart for your Family.

Bell. Nay, be not angry, Sir *Thomas*, your Friend's welcome.

Cr. I doubt it not, for I have found you a very civil Person. And now Recollection is active, I fancy he's the Man you take for a Thief. 'Tis so——ha! ha! ha!——excuse me——ha! ha!——Leave is implor'd——ha! ha!——Brother *Farewel*.

[*Fa.* within] Brother.

Cr. Come out and participate o' Laughter.

Bell. So, now have I play'd the Fool again, vex'd my self, and wrong'd my Sister with impertinent Jealousies.

Enter Farewel.

Cr. Come, Brother——ha! ha! laugh——but first salute.

Fa. My Lord, I believe you wonder to see me here,

and you may; I call myself Bastard, and renounce the Blood o' my Family, by coming under your Roof with any Design but to prejudice you, which at present I must acknowledge to my Shame is not my Intention. I visit my Friend here for his own sake, and the sake of a great Beauty, which you shall not hinder me of, my Lord.

Bell. I will not, Mr. *Farewel*, I scorn those effeminate Revenges; if I hurt any Man, it shall be with my Sword.

Fa. Your Sword, my Lord?

Cr. Hold, hold.

Bell. Ay, any where but here, Mr. *Farewel*; my House is your Sanctuary, and here to offer you Violence, wou'd prejudice my self.

Cr. What a quarrelling's here? I' my Conscience, I believe, my Lord, 'tis because you think he came to steal me, I being under whimsical Circumstances, for I remember you call'd him a Thief. Look you, my Lord, don't fear me, I won't be stole—I know when I'm well—Brother, I am well provided for, I want nothing but my Wits; and what do they signify? If a Man lives a Gentleman, no Matter whether he has Wit or no—

Fa. Well, my Lord, tho' I have the Misfortune to be your Enemy, I am none to good Manners; I am sorry I ha' given your House this Trouble, and the more because my Friend receives such generous Usage in it.

Bell. Nor am I an Enemy to Love and the fair Sex. If the Lady you come for loves you, for her sake I wish you Success—

Fa. Now, my Lord, you vanquish me.

Cr. He's a brave Man—faith—

Fa. I fancy we shall live to be better Friends, at present I'll take my Leave—my Lord, your Servant—

Bell. Your Servant, Sir.

Cr. Brother, I must see you down Stairs. This was a Master-piece, ha! ha! [*Exit Farewel and Crack.*]

Bell. Now I am cool again. What a Flame had your Negligence put me into. Here, release my Sister, I'm asham'd to see her— [*To a Servant.*]

Hot. Sirrah! Sirrah! you did this to make me suspected.

Test. Ay—ay, I must be abus'd because I'm a Protestant.

Hot. A Protestant? a Dog. But with such Names the Rogues divide the Rabble, and make the Nation go, like the Devil, upon cloven Feet.

Bell. Hold your prating, and by your future Care make amends for your past Negligence; your Trouble shall not be long, within this eight and forty Hours I'll marry her, or send her into the Country.

Hot. Well,—well—I'll look to her for the Honour of my Family, not your Huffing. [*Exit.*]

Test. I do discharge a Conscience— [*Exit.*]

Enter Leonora.

Leo. So—Sir—

Bell. My Sister—

Leo. Do you run from me? Is that the Reparation you make for the intolerable Wrongs you have done me?

[*Pretends to burst into Tears.*]

Bell. Well, I have wrong'd you, I am sorry for it, and beg your Pardon—I must be gone—about Business—your Business—to fetch *Sir Courtly Nice*. Your Servant, Sister. [*Exit.*]

Leo. Oh! your Servant, Sir,—ha! ha!—he runs—I may chance, Sir, to run as nimbly from you, if *Crack's* Wit does not fail him—here he comes—

Enter Crack.

Thou admirable Fellow, what hast thou done with Mr. *Farewel*?

Cr. He's in the Street, staying for you.

Leo. Staying for me? and can'st thou convey me to him?

Cr. De'e question it? put on a Vizard, and something over your Cloaths.

Leo. Sweet Rogue.

Cr. Nay, nay, be gone.

Leo. Delicate Rogue.

Cr. Nay, nay, he stays for you.

Leo. Incomparable Rogue.

Cr. Pshaw! put on your Vizard.

Leo. Most excellent Rogue.

Cr. Oons! put on your Vizard.

Leo. I will—I will—ha! ha! toll—loll—derol—

[Crack goes out, and as Leonora goes out singing and dancing, she's met by Bellguard and Sir Courtly.

Bell. Oh! Sister, your Tune's alter'd.

Sir Co. Oh! Madam! I'm happy to find your Ladyship in so gay a Humour.

Leo. You'll not find it so— [Aside.

Bell. Sir Courtly, I'll betray her to you. I left her in Tears upon an unhappy Occasion, and at parting told her I would bring you. Now you are come I find her in Joy. Nothing else could cause the Change.

Sir Co. Oh! Fortunate.

Leo. Oh! Fop!— [Aside.

Bell. Now improve your Interest, and let us see how great a Master you are in Courtship by your dextrous Dispatch. I leave you together— [Exit.

Sir Co. And upon my Soul I will. Oh! Madam, am I so fortunate, so glorious, to be well in your fine Inclinations!

Leo. Oh! fie, Sir Courtly—if I had any such Guilt upon me, do you think I wou'd confess?

Sir Co. You do confess, Madam—your fine Eyes and your languishing Air, and your charming Blushes, and all those things—

Leo. I hope I carry no such false Things about me; for if they say any such thing, they infinitely wrong me.

Sir Co. Oh! now you are cruel, Madam; you kill me.

Leo. Can you hope for my Heart, *Sir Courtly*, 'till I've some Assurance o' Yours.

Sir Co. What Assurance would your Ladyship have?

Leo. All manner—he that pretends to my Heart—must sigh, and wait, and watch—and pant—and fight, and write—and kill himself.

Sir Co. All this I ha' done, Madam, and ten thousand things more; drove by your Windows a thousand times a Day; sought you at the Parks and the Plays, was a constant faithful Attendant at all Tragedies—for I presum'd your Ladyship nauseates all Comedies.—

Leo. Oh! Foh!

Sir Co. They are so ill—bred—and sawcy with Quality, and always cram'd with our odious Sex—that have not always the most inviting smell—Madam, you'll pardon me—Now at Tragedies the House is all lin'd with Beauty, and then a Gentleman may endure it. And I have gone, found not your Ladyship there, drove home, kill'd my self with sighing, and then writ a Song.

Leo. Oh! Heavens! *Sir Courtly*, did you ever write a Song upon me?

Sir Co. Above a thousand.

Leo. Oh! there's nothing charms me like a Song—For Heaven's sake—the Song!—the Song—

Sir Co. I've above forty here in a sweet Bag; I'll shew you the first I made upon your Ladyship; 'tis thought to be a pretty foolish soft Song, most Ladies are very kind to it.

As I gaz'd unaware

On a Face so fair—

Leo. Oh! *Sir Courtly—*

Sir Co. *Your cruel Eye
Lay watching by
To snap my Heart,
Which you did wi' such Art;
Then away wi't you ran,
Whilst I look'd on—
To my Ruin and Grief;
Stop Thief—stop Thief.*

Leo. Oh! fine! Oh! fine!

Sir Co. That stop Thief, Madam, is pretty novel.

Leo. Oh! delicate! I'm charm'd! I'm lost!—fie,
what have I said—

Sir Co. What makes me the happiest of Creatures.

Leo. I only raily—I renounce all—

Sir Co. Not for the World—

Leo. Away—the Song again—the Song—I'll
hear nothing but the Song. Is there no Tune to it?

Sir Co. One of my own composing.

Leo. That Accomplishment too? Heavens! how fine
a Gentleman is this?

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, how proud you make me?

Leo. Oh! dear, how I betray myself? foolish Creature
—no more.—no more—the Tune, the Tune.

Sir Co. I always humour my Words with my Air:
so I make the Voice shake at the last Line, in Imitation
of a Man that runs after a Thief. Sto—ho—ho
—hop—Thief. [Sings.

Leo. Oh! delicate! cannot I learn it? Sto—ho
—ho—ha! ha! ha!

[Imitates his foolish Singing, and falls into a
Laugh.

Sir Co. Dear Madam, what makes your Ladyship
laugh?

Leo. At a Coxcomb, that thought to win me with a
foolish Song, this puts it into my head.

Sir Co. Oh! foolish! there are abundance of those

foolish Fellows, and does the Song please your Ladyship?

Leo. Infinitely, I did not think you had been so fine a Poet.

Sir Co. Poetry, Madam, is my great Foible, and when I see a fine Woman I cannot command my Foible.

Leo. How? de'e make Songs upon other Ladies? unfortunate, I've given my Heart to an inconstant Man——

Sir Co. Oh! Madam——only Gallantry.

Leo. I'm abus'd——unfortunate— [*Pretends to weep.*]

Sir Co. Oh! Madam, you take it wrong——

Leo. I'm abus'd——

Sir Co. Oh! Heavens! •

Leo. But the Song's very fine! sto——ho——ho——
ha! ha!

Sir Co. Pleasant Creature. [*Sings and laughs.*]

Leo. Coxcomb—— [*Aside.*]

Sir Co. We shall be infinitely fond——a pretty Glass this, Madam. [*Looks in a Glass.*]

Leo. So, he's making an Assignation with his own foolish Face, I'll leave him to court that and steal away. [*Exit.*]

Sir Co. Sto——ho——ho——hop——

Enter Aunt.

Au. Singing, *Sir Courtly*?

Sir Co. At your Service, Madam. Well, Madam, you have said so many fine things to me, that I assure yourself of my Heart; and now I'm resolv'd to push this Opportunity to an Extremity o' Happiness.

[*Sir Courtly looks into the Glass while he speaks.*]

Au. Oh! Fortunate! this to me? I did make him some Advances to Day, I confess, and have they had this Success? My Heart pants; I am surpriz'd with an infinite Joy, and am not able to answer—— [*Aside.*]

Sir Co. Well, Madam, I must be happy, and so upon my—the Lady gone— [Turns from the Glass.

Au. Sir *Courtly*, you put me in great Confusion.

Sir Co. The Lady's Consent is very considerable— she governs her Niece, and under her Conduct may make me happy, with a Reserve to Modesty. [Aside.

Well, Madam, shall I have your Consent to my Happiness, my Glory?

Au. Oh! dear Sir! is it possible to answer you so soon?

Sir Co. So soon, Madam? you know my Passion has been long.

Au. Is it possible? I swear I never heard of it before.

Sir Co. That's strange; wou'd not my Lord, your Nephew, acquaint you?

Au. He never said one Word of it to me.

Sir Co. That's amazing.

Au. I find my Nephew has been false to me. It seems 'tis me the Gentleman loves, and my Nephew wou'd defraud me of him for his Sister—here's fine doings— [Aside.

Sir Co. I swear I thought your Ladyship had known, and granted your Consent—you said so many fine things—

Au. I said no more—Sir *Courtly*, than what were the Result o' my Thoughts upon the Contemplation of your great Desert—

Sir Co. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant— then I hope, Madam, since my Passion has been long, tho' you knew not of it, you will not defer my Happiness—'tis in your Power, I'm certain no Person controuls you—

Au. Controuls me? that's Pleasant—no, Sir.

Sir Co. She says true; she can bring her Niece; [Aside.] I beseech you, Madam, take pity of a suffering Lover.

Au. Oh! Sir should I consent so soon 'twould be against all Forms.

Sir Co. I wou'd not for the World offend against any Forms. No Man living more studies and adores all manner of Forms: but my Passion has been long.

Au. I know not what to say, Sir, indeed I must not——

Sir Co. Oh! Pardon me!

Au. Oh! Pardon me!

Sir Co. Oh! Madam!

Au. You confound me, Sir.

Sir Co. You distract me, Madam. It must be——

Au. Well, Sir, I yield, but with an Extremity o' blushing.

Sir Co. Your most obliged humble Servant.

Au. My severe Temper wou'd never ha' been wrought on so soon but by so fine a Gentleman.

Sir Co. Your most humble Servant.

Au. And to revenge myself on my Nephew for his false Play.

Sir Co. Well, Madam, we'll in my Coach to the next Church presently.

Au. 'Tis very hard to resist you, *Sir Courtly*. If you please I will first put on a Disguise, for I desire it may be manag'd with all Secrecy till the Ceremony of Marriage be over.

Sir Co. With all my Soul, for I infinitely love a secret Intrigue, especially when every Body knows of it.

Au. Lest my Nephew light on us, and prevent it.

Sir Co. He's for the Match.

Au. He's very false.

Sir Co. Is it possible?

Au. Is it not apparent, when he conceal'd the whole Matter from me, lest I should promote it?

Sir Co. That's unanswerable, I'm amaz'd at it. Well, Madam, I shall not fail of being happy?

Au. Immediately, Sir.

Sir Co. And you think you have Power?

Au. Power? that's pleasant.

Sir Co. So—so—she'll bring or send her——[*Aside.*
well, Madam your most humble Servant——

Au. Your very blushing Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir Co. Your humble——sto——ho——ho——hop——
Thief—— [*Exit.*

Enter Crack and Leonora laughing.

Cr. An humble Thief indeed, steal an old Woman?

Leo. This was a Pleasure I cou'd not ha' thought of.
Now to our Affair.

Cr. Come, on with your Vizard. [*Exeunt.*

Scene [3].

Changes to the Hall.

*Enter at one Door Hothead and Testimony, at another
Crack.*

Cr. **B**ARBARITY! Falshood! Treachery! Murder.
Hot. What's the Matter?

Cr. Did not I stipulate upon the surrendery of myself
to this House, to be kept from Women? and I'm
devour'd with 'em, here's come into my Chamber a hot
burnt Whore with a black Crust upon her Face; here
she is, *Avant.* [*Exit.*

Crack pulls in Leonora vizarded.

Hot. You damn'd Whore, how came you into this
House? and what are you? I'll see your Face.

Cr. Then I'll see your Brains, I swear by Gogmagog,
and all the seven damnable Sins.

Test. Oh, sad! oh, sad!

Cr. Shew me the Face of a Woman! I had rather
see forty full Moons.

Hot. Stand off, Impertinence, I will see her Face.

Cr. Murder! Murder! Call my Lord; Lord, Lord, Murder! Murder! Lord, Lord, Lord!

Hot. Hold your Bawling, I'll let her go! for now I think on't, if my Lord should find this Whore here, when he gave such strict Orders we should let no Body out or in, he'll make more Noise than this mad Fool; so let us kick her out o' Doors, and say nothing.

Test. Hold, let us not use Violence to her; she's a great Temptation to me. [*Aside.*] I'll reprove the idle Woman, it may be I may gain upon her.

Hot. Gain a Clap, Sirrah; for this is one of the Footmens Whores, pick'd up in the Dark. Get you out, you Whore.

Test. No Violence, pray; she's a great Snare to me, [*Aside.*] Woman, get you out, Woman: and de'e hear? I'll follow you, and we'll drink a Bottle.

Leo. Do, old godly Knave, and thou shalt be welcome.

Test. I come! I come! [*Aside.*] Get you out, Woman.

Hot. Get you out; you Whore.

[*They thrust Leonora out.*]

Cr. Good Morrow; up so early?

Hot. What's the Whimsy now?

Cr. Am not I i' Bed?

Hot. In Bed?

Test. Poor Soul, poor Soul——

Cr. I am not i' faith. Then I walk in my Sleep; I was fast asleep just now, and dream'd I saw Women and Vizards, and all that Trash; and the Fright put me in a Fever. I burn, prithee give me a Mouthful of sweet Air.

[*Exit Crack.*]

Hot. Prithee take a Belly-full and be damn'd. A fine time on't I have with Whores, and Fools, and mad Men, and Fanaticks.

[*Exit.*]

Test. So, now I'll steal after her, for I find in me a very great uproar.

[*Exit.*]

Scene [4].

*Changes to Violante's house.**Enter Farewel, Leonora vizarded, and Testimony.*

Fa. COME in, come, honest old Fornicator, tho' the Girl be mine, when I have had my Collation, if she'll consent, faith thou shalt have a Bit; I love a wenching Rogue i' my Heart.

Test. Oh! dear Sir, your very humble Servant, and truly I am a kind of a Wag. I love a pretty Bit sometimes.

Fa. And I love thee the better for it, and this is a pretty Bit, thou shalt see her.

[*Leonora pulls off her Vizard.*]

Test. Oh! dear! undone! undone!

Leo. Nay, nay, Mr. *Testimony*, won't you be as good as your Word? Shan't we have a Bottle?

Test. Oh! Madam, don't discover me to my Lord, and you shall not only have my Prayers, but the Prayers of all the sober Party for you all Days o' my Life.

Leo. So, he runs from whoring to praying.

Fa. Are not you a Rogue, Sirrah?

Test. I know I shall be called a Rogue by the *Popish* Party—they will rejoice at my Fall; but I hope my Fall will be sanctified unto me, for my better up-standing—

Fa. Among the Wenchs—Sirrah—come, Sirrah, you shall stay till my Lord comes, for his Mortification as well as yours.

Test. O! my Flesh, it has undone me!

Enter Violante and Crack.

Vio. My Dear.

Leo. My Dear—

Vio. Excellent *Crack*; for this great Piece o' Service

I'll ha' thee Knighted under a Petticoat. Well, we must send for my Lord to laugh at him.

Test. Oh! dear! I tremble!

Vio. Who's there? Tell my Lord I desire to speak with him.

[*Enter a Footman.*]

Leo. Pray let him bring *Sir Courtly Nice* and his Bride with him; be sure you say nothing o' me—

[*Exit Footman.*]

Vio. Are you a Bride yet?

Leo. Not yet.

Vio. Get in, and let my Chaplain make you one.

Leo. Come, Mr. *Testimony*; Mr. *Crack*, bring him.

Cr. How now, you Rogue? What's your Business?

Test. Oh! my Reproach will be great.

[*Exeunt Farewel, Leonora, Crack, Testimony.*]

Vio. Mr. *Surly*.

Enter Surly.

Sur. Well, what now?

Vio. Now you shall be my Husband.

Sur. Your Jack, to turn and roast you for another, whilst I ha' no share in you.

Vio. According to the Share I have in you: You Men wou'd fain engross all manner o' Sins, by the pretended Prerogative of your Sex. Well, if Iniquity be your Estate, when you ha' married me I'll put in for my Thirds.

Sur. I doubt it not; within this Week I shall see in a Fop's Hand a *Billet-Doux*, that is, a Ticket to let him into your Play-House.

Vio. Prithee leave off this dogged Humour.

Sur. I ha' none; Fawning is a Dog's Humour.

Vio. Nay, but Sullenness; it taxes my Estate, that thou art never the better for it; 'tis a *French Estate*.

Sur. Ay, but to lick a Fool's Shoe is a Spaniel's Estate.

Vio. Prithee dress like a Gentleman.

Sur. So I do; but I wou'd not dress like a Gentleboy, lag at my Years among those Children, to play with their Toys; be always folded up like a Love-Letter, with a Superscription, these to the next pretty Girls.

Vio. There's no altering thee——go in a while.

[*Exit Surly.*

Enter Lord Bellguard, Sir Courtly, Aunt vizarded.

Vio. My Lord, your humble Servant; I invited you hither to reconcile you to your Sister, she's weary of your Government, and has dispos'd of herself.

Bell. Ay, Madam, but according to my own Desires; that now I suppose you will acknowledge the good Effects of my Government——Sister, salute your Friend.

Vio. Do you take that for your Sister? then I'll shew you the good Effects of your Government. Open the Door.

The Scene is drawn, and Farewel, Leonora, a Parson, Crack, Testimony, appear.

Bell. My Sister there? call my Servants.

Cr. Nay, then call mine, the *Great Mogul*, and the King of *Bantam*; I'll pepper you.

Bell. Then you were the Pimp, were you——Sirrah, I may chance begin with you.

Vio. How? I' my House and Presence? Touch him if you dare.

Bell. I'm made an Ass on.

Cr. Not far from that Circumstance.

Bell. You Rascal——

Vio. Again?

Sir Co. But what the Devil am I made? What have I got?

Leo. Even my stale Aunt.

Au. Sawcy huzzy.

Sir Co. The Aunt? What, have you put upon me, Madam?

Au. What have I put upon you, Sir, more than yourself desir'd? Did not you declare you have long had a Passion for me?

Sir Co. A Passion for you? Comical! that's probable! Rot me if ever I had a Passion for you in my Life, I meant all to your Niece; a Passion for an old Woman!

Au. Ill-bred Fop.

Sir Co. Very fine——

Vio. Now, my Lord, what say you of your fine Cot-queen Art of conserving Women? Will she keep if not candied with Virtue? here's a Piece o' dry'd Sweetmeat you see cou'd not keep; and proves by her Example, that the Huffs of either Sex, when they are boldly attack'd in private, soonest deliver their Weapons.

Au. This is all ill Manners.

Vio. Ay, but here's an old Cat will suffer no Vermin to come into the House; but then he has a liquorish Tooth, and loves to have a sweet Bit for himself; he wou'd fain ha' pick'd up your Sister for a Wench.

Bell. How? .

Test. 'Tis true indeed, my Lord; I will not tell a Lie for the whole World.

Bell. O Villain——well, Sirrah——I'll leave you to my Cousin *Hothead's* Correction.

Vio. But your Faults, my Lord, I'll take into my Correction, and give myself to Mr. *Surly*——Mr. *Surly*.

Enter Surly:

Sur. Well——

Bell. To *Surly*?

Sur. Ay, now *Nice* thy Quarrel and mine is at an end, I'll let thee be an Ass forty Years longer.

Sir Co. You are a rude Fellow, and you are all ill-bred——and I'll revenge myself on you all, as far as my Sword and my Wit can go—— .

Leo. Wit——ha! ha!——

[*All laugh.*

Sir Co.——Very fine Manners this—— my Coach

—Madam, you may follow your own Occasions—
I have none with an old Woman. [To the Aunt.

Au. You are a Coxcomb.

Sir Co. Your Servant—my Coach—

Leo. Must I lose you, *Sir Courtly*—stop Thief—
stop Thief—

Sir Co. Oh! your Servant—My Coach, you Dogs—

[*Exit.*

Vio. Come, my Lord, I see Patience in your Face,
all may be well yet.

Sur. How? Jilting already?

Vio. Promise I shall enjoy all and singular the
Privileges, Liberties, and Immunities of an *English*
Wife.

Bell. All.

Vio. That is to say, ramble, rant, game, dress, visit,
prate, ogle, kiss—and—

Bell. Hold—hold—whither the Devil is she run-
ning? Kiss, kiss—and—stop for Heaven's sake.

Vio. Kiss, and before your Face; is it not the Prero-
gative of an *English* Wife? *Surly*, I owe thee a Reward
for Service, kiss me.

Bell. That's not to be born.

Vio. *Surly*, I am thy Wife.

Bell. Hold—hold—for Heaven's sake—do not
use me thus.

Vio. Then do not rebel, but practise obediently the
Postures of an *English* Husband before you are listed;
poize your Hat, draw your left Leg backward, bow with
your Body, and look like an Ass, whilst I kiss like a—
Wife—*Surly*, kiss me.

Bell. —If he does— [Lays his Hand on his Sword.

Sur. With all my Heart. If I kiss thee, let the Devil
marry thee.

[He offers to kiss her, and she gives him a Box
o' th' Ear.

Vio. And the Devil kiss thee, cou'dst thou think any Woman wou'd suffer thy Face to come near her, but some Dairy-Maid, to curdle her Milk?

All. Ha! ha! ha!

[*All laugh.*]

Sur. Hoh! hoh! What a Society of *Gotams*, are here, to laugh at a Man for missing a Woman? had I marry'd her, as my Lord *Wise-acre* intends to do, I had deserved to ha' been laugh'd at for a Coxcomb and a Cuckold, as he will be in a few Days.

Vio. How?

Sur. Ay, you are all Whores, Pox on you, all Whores.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Hothead and all the Servants.

Hot. Did you send for us?

Bell. Yes, do you see where my Sister is?

Hot. By what Witchcraft was this?

Vio. Do you not remember a Vizard you turn'd out o' Doors?

Hot. Was it you?

Leo. Even the same.

Hot. Then you deserve to be turn'd out o' Doors again.

Bell. But what do you deserve, Sir, that not only turn'd my Sister out o' Doors—but let Mr. *Testimony* pick her up for a Wench?

Hot. Oh! Dog—oh! Rogue—

Test. I am no Rogue—a Man may fall, and be godly in the main—I am satisfied in my Spirit I am a godly Man—

Hot. —Here's a Rogue—Sirrah—Sirrah—

[*Beats and kicks Testimony.*]

Test. Persecution—Persecution—*Papist*—do—kick the Godly, kick the Protestants out o' th' Kingdom—do *Papists*—I see what you would be at—

[*Exit.*]

Bell. So, Cousin, now I have done with Spies—

you may follow your own Business, if you have any——

Hot. Business? Yes, I have Business, and will have Business as long as there is any Fanatick in the Kingdom, and so farewell—— [Exit.

Bell. I am now convinced Virtue is a Woman's only Guard. If she be base Metal, to think by Chymistry to turn her into Gold,

*Is a vain Dream of what we never see,
And I'll proclaim to all——It cannot be.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

A SONG.

To be sung in a Dialogue between a Man and a Woman in the third Act to *Sir Courtly Nice*, at his first Appearance.

Man. *OH! be kind, my Dear, be kind,
Whilst our Loves and we are young.
We shall find, we shall find,
Time will change the Face or Mind;
Both will not continue long.
Oh! be kind, my Dear, be kind.*

Woman. *No, I love, and fear to lose you,
Therefore 'tis I must refuse you,
When I've yielded you my Crown,
You'll no more Obedience own.
No, I love, and fear to lose you,
Therefore 'tis I must refuse you.*

Man. *The Fair by Kindness reign,
By Cruelty destroy.
If you can charm with the Pain
Of Love, then what can you do with the Joy?
The Fair by Kindness reign,
By Cruelty destroy.*

Woman. *I fear to yield, but can't deny ;*

Man. *If you do not I shall die.*

Woman. *So shall I.*

Both. *So shall I.*

Chorus
together. *{ Then come to Joy—come to Joy,
Better love than we shou'd die.
Come to Joy, come to Joy.*

A SONG.

A Dialogue sung between an *Indian Man and Woman* in the fourth Act to *Farewel, Violante, Crack*; being in Imitation of a Song sung by some Natives of *India* before the late King.

Man. *THOU lovely Indian Sea of Charms,
I'd envy no Jaw-waw alive
Might I be so blest to dive
Into thy soft and yielding Arms.*

*With a Jimminy, Gomminy, whee, whee, whee,
With a Gomminy, Jimminy-whee.*

Woman. *I wou'd if you'd be true,
But when you've done
You'll begone,
And throw me off with a Shoooh-shoooh, shoooh.
And a hush pooh,
And a fush pooh,
And a migotty, magotty, migotty, magotty,
Migotty, magotty, shoooh.*

Man. *No, no, my other Females all,
Yellow, fair, or black,
To thy Charms shall prostrate fall,
As every Kind of Elephant does
To the white Elephant Buittenacke.
And thou alone shalt have from me
Gimminy, Gomminy, whee, whee, whee,
The Gomminy, Jimminy, whee.*

Woman. *The great Jaw-waw that rules our Land,
And pearly Indian Sea,
Has not so absolute Command
As thou hast over me,*

*With a Jimminy, Gomminy, Gomminy,
Jimminy, Jimminy, Gomminy, whee.*

Both. *Thou alone shalt have from me
Jimminy, Gomminy, Gomminy,
Jimminy, Jimminy, Gomminy,
Whee, whee, whee, whee, whee, whee.*

EPILOGUE.

*'TIS a hard Case an Audience now to please.
 For ev'ry Pallats spoyl'd with some Disease.
 Poor Plays as fast as Women, now decay,
 They'r seldom car'd for after the first Day:
 How often have I heard true Wit call'd Stuff,
 By Men with nothing in their Brains but Snuff?
 Each Shante Spark that can the Fashion hit,
 Place his Hat thus, role full, forsooth's a Wit,
 And thinks his Cloaths allow him Judge of it.
 The City-Gallant, the Exchange being done,
 Takes Sword at Temple-Bar, which Nice stuck on,
 Comes here and passes for a Beaugarzoon. }
 Audacious Vizards too so fast do grow,
 You hardly can the Virtuuous from 'em know.
 Nay, Parents now not likely can endure
 Their Childrens Faults, but, what is worse, procure.
 Of old the Mother, full of Parent Sway,
 Kept Miss a Vassal to her Work all Day;
 And to the wooing Spark Miss was not brought,
 But some fine Golden Thing her Needle wrought.
 Now you shall meet young Lady and her Mother
 Rambling in Hackney-Coaches masqu't together;
 Yes, and to say the Truth, to work they go,
 Fine Work, but——such as they will never show,
 Unless some Nott to draw a Fool to wed,
 And then he finds Miss rare at work a Bed.
 But the grand Rendezvous is kept of late
 Exact at Nine, hard by, o'er Chocolate.
 Sad Fate, that all the Christian Youth o'th' Nation
 Should be oblig'd to Jews for Procreation.
 Nay, what is worse, that's if Reports be true,
 Many a Christian Gallant there turns Jew;*

*That is, so oft some rotten Strumpet plies him;
The Chirurgion's forc'd at last to circumcise him.
Our Bridges-Street is grown a Strumpet Fair,
Where higling Bawds do palm their rotten Ware.
There, Fowler like, the watching Gallant pores
Behind his Glove, to get a Shot at Whores,
And from his Tongue lets fly such charming Words,
That strait he carries off the wounded Birds.
Another waits above in the great Room,
Till a new Cargozone of Strumpets come.
There, by three Glasses plac'd, the affected Dunce
Acts you four Courtly-Nices all at once.
Our Gallerys too were finely us'd of late,
Where roosting Masques sat cackling for a Mate;
They came not to see Plays, but act their own,
And had throng'd Audiences when we had none.
Our Plays it was impossible to hear,
The honest Country-men were forc't to swear;
Confound you, give your bawdy prating o're,
Or, Zounds, I'll fling you i' the Pitt, you bawling Whore.
This Comedy throws all that lewdness down,
For Virtuous Liberty is pleas'd alone;
Promotes the Stage to th' Ends at first design'd,
As well to profit, as delight the Mind.*

THE EPILOGUE.

*TO plead for Freedome in so free a time,
May seem Impertinent, if not a Crime.
The Circling Sea, gives Limits to our Shores,
But nothing bounds our Rabble, Wives, or Whores.
In Spite of all Indulgent Sway can do,
Our Crowd, their Lust of Faction will persue,
And either Sex will to their Joys go on,
Scorning all ills to Honour, Purse, or Bone.
Nay, Parents now, not only can endure
Their Childrens Faults, but which is worse, procure,*

*Of old, Proud Mother, full of Parent Sway,
 Kept Miss a Vassal to her work all day.
 And to the Wooing Spark, Miss was not brought
 But some fine Golden thing, her Needle wrought.
 Now you shall meet Young Lady and her Mother,
 Rambling in Hackney-Coaches, Masqu'd together.
 Yes, and to speak the Truth, to work they go,
 Fine work, but such as they will never show ;
 Except some Net to draw a Fool to Wed,
 And then he finds Miss rare at work—a Bed.
 Nay, we have gotten other Schools of late,
 As Masquerades, and the Jews Chocolate.
 There Fowler like, a watching Gallant pores
 Behind his Glove, to get a Shot at Whores,
 Whose Coach and Bones comes Ratling to the Dores. }
 Nearer he creeps, discharges some kind words,
 And off he carries streight the wounded Birds.
 Another Gallant waits in the great Room,
 Till a New Cargazon of Strumpets come ;
 And there with his own Face he Treats his Eyes ;
 What need he see, if he Act Comedies ?
 Then by four Glasses plac'd, as for the nonce,
 Sir Sparkish Acts four Coxcombs all-at once.
 Our Galleries were finely us'd of late
 Where Roosting Masques sat Cackling for a Mate ;
 They came not to see Plays, but Act their own ;
 And had throng'd Audiences when we had none :
 Both Pit and Gallery was a Strumpet Fair,
 Where Higling Whores, Sold Rotten Pumpions dear.
 This Comedy throws all the Leudness down,
 For Vertuous Liberty it pleads alone ;
 Promotes the Stage to th'ends at first design'd,
 At once to Profit and Delight the Mind.*

Notes

THE PARSONS WEDDING

P. 1, *the Lady Ursula Bartu*. Lady Ursula Bertie.

P. 3, *Prologue*. The prologue and epilogue are from *Covent Garden Drollery*, 12mo, 1672. They were written for the Lincoln's Inn Fields revival in that year, "a new Prologue and Epilogue being spoken by Mrs. *Marshal* in Man's Cloaths," as is noted by Langbaine. Mrs. Marshall was the leading actress of the King's Company.

P. 7, *faces about*. Cf. *Every Man in his Humour* (1598), III, 1, when Well-bred says to Bobadill, "Good Captayne, *faces about*, to some other discourse."

P. 8, *Suburbs*. Largely frequented by loose women, who resided in these outlying districts. "A suburban" was a cant term for a prostitute. In Heywood's *The Rape of Lucrece* (4to, 1608), the merry lord, Valerius, sings "a song of all the pretty suburbians," II, 3.

P. 9, *a song of one that bad stand*. Cf. *Every Man out of his Humour*, acted at the Globe, 1599, IV, 4: "Why, I tell you, sir: he has been the only *Bid-stand* that ever kept Newmarket, Salisbury-plain, Hockley i' th' Hole, Gads-hill, and all the high places of request." A *Bid-stand* was a slang term for a highwayman, and "a dear Rent for a little ground" alludes to highway robbery.

P. 10, *Paxat*. Poxed. Pox sometimes appears as Pax, perhaps from a mincing pronunciation. Cf. Duffett's *Psyche Debauch'd* (4to, 1678), I: "a pax take ye." Later this affectation became one of the marks of the full-blown exquisite, as Vanbrugh's Lord Foppington.

P. 11, (*hight ferret Ribband*). Ferret is a stout tape most commonly made of cotton, but also of silk. Cf. Dryden's *An Evenings Love*, produced at the King's House, June, 1668, IV, 3, where Beatrix rejects "Ferret Ribbanding for Garters."

P. 11, *svr Oliver Marre-text*. This reference to *As You Like It* has not been collected in the *Shakespeare Allusion Books*.

P. 11, *Galley Foist*. Cf. Fletcher's *Wit without Money* (4to, 1639), II, 3, where Isabella speaks of "No plays nor galley-foists," upon which passage Dyce has the following note: "The galley-foist (city barge) was used when the Lord Mayor went in state to Westminster to be sworn into his office."

P. 12, *provant rogue*. Provant, supported by the government, or supplied by the government stores, and therefore inferior. Cf. *Every Man in his Humour*, III, 1, "a poore prouant rapier," and Massinger's *The Maid of Honour* (4to, 1632), I, 1, "a provant sword."

P. 12, *canting*. Cant is the beggars' jargon, for ample specimens of which see Fletcher's *Beggars Bush* and Brome's *A Jovial Crew*. To the second volume of *Bailey's Dictionary* is annexed "A Collection of the Canting Words and Terms . . . used by Beggars, Gypsies, Cheats . . . etc."

P. 12, *Stromwell*. A beggar's brat born in the straw. Cf. Brome's *A Jovial Crew: or, The Merry Beggars*, acted at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, in 1641, II: "The Bratling's born, the *Doxey's* in the *Strummel*," i.e., "The wench is laid in the straw."

P. 12, *rogues' liturgy*. Beggars were married by their hedge-priest or Patrico with vagabond rites of their own. Patrico = Pater Cove. See *The Jovial Crew*, IV, *Scena secunda*.

P. 13, *Levites*. A slang term for a clergyman. The word is generally used in a jocular or even disparaging sense. It long remained in use and is frequent. Cf. Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable* (4to, 1640), IV, 1: "There shall a little Levite Meet you, and give you to the lawful bed." In *The Double-Dealer*, produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in November, 1693, Maskwell refers to the chaplain Saygrace as "my little Levite," Act V.

P. 13, *Fox*. Sword. A very common term. Cf. Porter's *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599, "I had a sword . . . a right fox, i' faith."

P. 16, *Piazza*. An open arcade on the north and east sides of Covent Garden. Cf. Brome's *The Covent-Garden Weeded* (8vo, 1658), I, 1, where the scene is laid in Covent Garden, and Cockbrayne says: "Yond magnificent Peece, the *Piazzo*, will

excel that at *Venice*." The Piazza was built by Inigo Jones, 1633-4.

P. 19, *they comb their heads*. There are constant allusions to the combing of the wig. Cf. Dryden's prologue to *The Conquest of Granada*, II (1670):

" . . . when Vizard Masque appears in Pit
Straight every Man who thinks himself a Wit
Perks up; and, managing his Comb with grace,
With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown face."

Also Congreve, *The Way of the World* (1700), III: "The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam, and will wait on you."

P. 20, *clinches*. A clinch is a sharp repartee involving a word-play or pun. Cf. Dryden's *The Wild Gallant* (1663, and revised version 1667; 4to, 1667), where Burr says: "I ne'er made jest in all my life," and Failer assures him "A bare clinch will serve the turn; a carwicket, a quarter-quibble, a pun."

P. 20, *Mrs. Abigail*. A generic name for a maid-servant from Abigail in Beaumont and Fletcher's evergreen *The Scornful Lady*.

P. 20, *Tib and Tom in the stock*. Tib is the ace of trumps in the card game Gleeck. Tom is the knave of trumps. Cf. Cleveland, *Hermaphrodite* (1658):

"That Gamester needs must overcome
That can play both with Tib and Tom."

Gleeck is played by three persons. Forty-four cards are used; twelve dealt to each player, and the remaining eight cards form a common "stock." See Cotton's *Compleat Gamester* (1680).

P. 20, *Hobinol the second*. "Foolish Hobbinol" in Spenser's *The Shepheardes Calendar* (1579).

P. 21, *Booker's prophesies*. John Booker (1603-1667) was an astrologer of great reputation. In 1631 he published the first number of his almanack *Telescopium Uranium*. In 1640 so competent an authority as Lilly adjudged him "the greatest and most compleat astrologer in the world." Later the two occultists had differences, but these were composed, and at Booker's death Lilly wrote of him as "a very honest man, who abhorred any deceit in the art he practised." Booker's correspondence is preserved in the Ashmolean collection.

P. 21, *March beer*. Very strong ale brewed in March. Lithgow

Rare Adventures and painefull Peregrinations (4to, 1632), speaks of "strong March-Ale surpassing fine Aqua-vitae."

P. 22, *Bed-staves*. A bedstaff is a staff or stick used in some way about a bed. Dr. Johnson's definition "a wooden pin stuck anciently on sides of the bed-stead to hold the cloaths from slipping on either sides" is given without any cited authority, and no corroboration occurs. Cf. Brome's *The City Wit* (8vo, 1658), IV, 3: "If I do not make him an Example . . . say there is no virtue in Cudgels and Bedstaves."

P. 22, *the Man in the Almanack*. In old almanacks there is often seen the figure of a man surrounded by the twelve signs of the Zodiac, each sign being placed beside that part of the body which it governs, and each having a label, from *Aries, the head and face* to *Pisces, the feet*. Cf. Fletcher's *The Chances* (folio, 1647), III, 2, where Antonio says of the surgeon:

"He rolls me up in lints with labels at 'em
That I am just the man i' th' almanac,—
'In head and face is Aries' place.'"

In *The Double Dealer*, produced at the Theatre Royal, November, 1693, Act V, Lady Froth says to Brisk: "Hark'ee, shall you and I make an almanack together?" and he replies: "With all my soul. Your ladyship has made me the man in't already, I'm so full of the wounds which you have given."

P. 24, *ganty*. Smart; spruce.

P. 25, *Cross or Pile*. Croix ou pile. Heads or tails.

P. 26, *trumpeter and his Nurse*. The trumpeter was Misenus (*Aeneid*, VI, 160-165). The grammarian Festus quotes: "Misenum promontorium a Miseno tubicine Aeneae ibi sepulto est appellatum." The modern name is Punta di Miseno.

The nurse was Caieta (*Aeneid*, VII, 1-4). The town is now Gaeta.

P. 27, *S. George at Waltham*. The sign of a famous and much-frequented inn at Waltham. In *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (4to, 1608), Blague, the jovial host of the George at Waltham, is a prominent character. Cf. Act I, where he welcomes Sir Arthur and his family: "Welcome good knight, to the George at Waltham."

P. 28, *stable manners*. Native manners, old English courtesy.

P. 28, *Corranto*. "Coranto" was the descriptive name of

the early printed periodicals of foreign news. It was vulgarly a "currant" of news, or a running "relation," French *courant*. The first coranto, *A Currant of generall newes*, was entered in the Stationers' Registers, 18 May, 1622. They seem to have cost a groat apiece.

P. 29, *Bank's*. A well-known ordinary of the day.

P. 29, *Platonick love*. In a letter, 3 June, 1634, of James Howell to Sir Philip Warwick we read that at Court there was: "little news at present, but that there is a Love call'd Platonick Love which much sways there of late. It is a Love abstracted from all corporeal, gross impressions and sensual appetite, but consists in contemplations, and ideas of the mind, not in any carnal fruition. This Love sets the Wits of the Town on work." Davenant's masque, *The Temple of Love*, presented at Court on Shrove Tuesday, 1634, deals with this fantasy, and two years later was published his tragi-comedy, *The Platonick Lovers*, which had been produced at the Blackfriars.

P. 31, *No Cogging*. To cog = to trick, wheedle, or cajole. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Rover* (4to, 1677), Part I, Act IV, 2, where Helena cries: "Nay, dear Captain, I'm undone if you discover me," and Willmore answers: "Nay, nay, no cogging."

P. 34, *the Accomplish'd Woman*. *The Accomplish'd Woman*. Written originally in French since made English, By The Honourable *Walter Montague*, Esq.; London, 1656 (5), 12mo.

P. 35, *Innocence, Madam, is above opinion*. Opinion = what is thought of one by others; and so "reputation." Cf. 1 *Henry IV*. V, iv, 48: "Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion." And Mrs. Behn, *The City Heiress* (4to, 1682), I, 1, when Wilding says:

"My Life of Scandal, and my leud Opinion,
Forbad me wish that way."

P. 35, *open Arses*. An old rural name for the medlar, especially dialect Lincoln and Somerset.

P. 39, *Gredaline Petticoat*. French, *gridelin*, *gris-de-lin* = flax grey. "A colour partaking of white and red" (Littré). A pale purple or grey violet colour. See H. Cogan's translation (1652) of Scuderi's *Ibrahim, ou l'Illustre Bassa*, II, i, 10, "The third . . . was in a wastcoat of gridilyon sattin."

P. 39, *ranting Roger*. Roger was a common nickname for a cleric, from Sir Roger the curate in *The Scornful Lady*.

P. 43, *Crying, Rub*. A term in bowls. To rub is to encounter some impediment which retards or diverts the course of a bowl. If the bowl runs too fast a player will call out "rub" = stop, as if the bowl could hear and obey. For a scene of a bowling party see *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, I, 2.

P. 45, *dreamt of Pearl*. The old superstitions that to dream of pearls means tears, of the loss of one's teeth, a quarrel among friends, still hold.

P. 46, *Broad-street*. Broad Street, Austin Friars, runs from Threadneedle Street to London Wall. It was at this time a fashionable residential district.

P. 47, *I have barr'd thee, By and Mayn*. To bar by and main is to prevent entirely. Cf. George Tuberville, *The Heroycall Epistles of . . . P. Ovidius Naso* (8vo, 1567), "Refuseth me and all the wealth and barres me by and maine."

P. 50, *yellow starch and wheel Fardingales*. Yellow starch was invented by Anne Turner (1576-1615), who was hanged at Tyburn 14 November, 1615, for being concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. On the day of her execution she appeared in a huge ruff stiffened with the fashionable yellow starch. It is said that in consequence this neckwear became entirely demoded, but this seems doubtful, indeed a morbid vogue appears to have set in, as Barnaby Riche, *The Irish Hubbub* (1622), writes: "they [these ruffs] beganne even then to be more generall than they were before."

The huge wheel fardingale was discarded towards the end of the reign of James I.

P. 60, *divine Lovers*. Platonic lovers, in the affected sense of the day.

P. 63, *Out-crys*. Auctions. Cf. Massinger's *The City Madam*, licensed 25 May, 1632, I, 3.

"The goods of this poor man sold at an out-cry."

P. 63, *Hope*. In allusion to the proverb:

"At the west-gate came Thornton in,
With a hop, a halfpenny and a lamb's-skin."

Ralph Thornton was a wealthy merchant of Newcastle, see Lean's *Collectanea*, I, p. 164.

P. 64, *Bear*. The Bear at the Bridge Foot was a celebrated tavern at the Southwark end of old London Bridge on the west

side of High Street. It was demolished December, 1761. Cf. Shirley's *The Lady of Pleasure* (4to, 1637), IV, 2:

"I read but in a tavern; if you'll honour us,
The Bear at the Bridge Foot shall entertain you."

P. 65, *Aunts of the Suburbs*. Aunt was a slang name for a bawd. The suburbs were notorious for their brothels.

P. 65, *Glass-house*. There was a Glass House in Broad Street, where Strype relates "Venice glasses were made and Venetians employed." There was also a famous Glass House in Blackfriars, which had been set up in 1580 by James Verselyn for making Venetian glass.

P. 66, *the Bill decreas'd*; *Twenty*. The Weekly Bills of Mortality for London issued from 1538 until 1837. Cf. Pepys, 14 August, 1665: "Great fears we have that the plague will be a great Bill this weeke."

P. 66, *the Salmon Calver'd*. To calver salmon is to treat or cook it in a special mode which apparently differed at different periods. The word is by no means infrequent. *N.E.D.* cites this passage. Cf. Robert May's *The Accomplisht Cook, or the art and mystery of cooking* (8vo, 1660), "To calver salmon to eat hot or cold."

P. 67, *Hogough*. *Haut-goût*, a full flavoured relish or savoury. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Rover* (4to, 1677), I, 2: "Our *Cupids* are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can roast or boil a Woman, but they have none of the fine Tricks to set 'em off, no Hogoes to make the Sauce pleasant, and the Stomach sharp."

P. 69, *Sim's*. Simon Wadloe, the original of "Old Sir Simon the King," in Ben Jonson's day the jolly landlord of the Devil tavern. The Old Devil stood between Temple Bar and the Middle Temple Gate. Cf. Rowley's *A Match at Midnight* (4to, 1633), I: "As you come by Temple Bar make a step to the Devil." Pepys often visited this famous house, which remained till 1787.

P. 69, *a Byass*. The construction or form of a bowl imparting an oblique motion; the oblique line in which the bowl runs.

P. 69, *Spring-garden*. Spring-garden lay between S. James', Park and Charing Cross and Whitehall. It dated from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Charles I laid out a bowling-green. The name was so called from a jet or spring of water which

sprung with the pressure of the foot and thoroughly doused any person foolish or inadvertent enough to tread upon it.

New Spring Garden, formed about 1661, was at Vauxhall.

P. 70, *Pikes*. Pike Garden, Bankside, Southwark, in the parish of S. Saviour. It once belonged to Henslowe, the partner of Edward Alleyn the actor.

P. 70, *Patent snow*. This project, which seems to have been some method of keeping drink cool is, I am reminded by Mr. Thorn-Drury, alluded to by Suckling in his *Session of the Poets* :

“To Will. Bartlett sure all the wits meant well
But first they would see how his snow would sell
Will. smiled, and swore in their judgments they went less,
That concluded of merit upon success.”

P. 71, *the half-moon*. A room in the tavern.

P. 72, *speak Greek*. To speak Greek sometimes means to chatter gibberish. The Drawer says that Careless will get drunk. But a “merry Greek” was a common term for a jovial fellow, and to “speak Greek” was obsolete slang for to be in a good humour. The Drawer means also that the wine will be excellent and put Careless in the best of tempers.

P. 72, *Angell*. A gold coin stamped with a device of S. Michael piercing the dragon. It was last coined by Charles I. It varied in value but usually stood at about 10s. There are innumerable allusions and puns.

P. 72, *Manchets*. A manchet is a small loaf or roll of the finest wheaten bread.

P. 74, *Brownist*. A follower of Robert Browne (1549-1630), a ranting Puritan of extreme views. His disciples were separatists or early English independents. He was wont to deliver violent diatribes against “bishops and their courts, the ordaining of priests and the ceremonies,” and was continually at war with the authorities. He seems to have been a sour opinionated man, who disseminated broadcast the most subversive and fanatical doctrines. There is an allusion in *Twelfth Night*, III, 2: “I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.”

P. 74, *Gregory*. Gregory Brandon, common hangman in the early part of the seventeenth century and successor of Derrick. His son, Richard Brandon, is said to have been the executioner of Charles I. Both father and son, “Gregory” and “young

Gregory," as they were commonly known, were notorious characters. The son succeeded in the hideous office shortly before 1640. He died 20 June, 1649.

P. 75, *writ for in the time*. In allusion to II *Timothy*, iv, 13, where S. Paul requests Timothy to bring with him the cloak left at Troas.

P. 77, *Mull*. A heifer or cow: hence, a wench. Cleveland, *Upon a Miser* "Poems" (1677) has:

"Thou that didst once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'd thine *Io* to a lovely Mull."

P. 78, *give a thing*. An old proverb:

"Give a thing and take a thing
To wear the devil's golden ring."

There is also an allusion to the old fabliau which Prior has used for his *Hans Carvel*.

P. 78, *Gorget and Bum-roll*. A gorget was a rich and embroidered wimple (in contradiction to the plain kercher). Halliwell defines Bum-roll as "stuffed cushions worn by women about the hips." *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.

P. 81, *Essex man*. A simpleton. More often an "Essex calf," as in *Thomaso*, I, v, 11 (folio, 1663, p. 380).

P. 85, *upsey Whore*. Upsey, *Op zijn* = in the fashion or manner of. Cf. *The Alchemist*, IV, vi:

"I do not like the dulnesse of your eye:
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch."

P. 85, *Motion*. A puppet-show.

P. 87, *Fools fortune*. Alluding to the proverb, "fools have fortune." Cf. Wycherley's *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* (4to, 1673), III, 1, where Hippolita remarks: "Fools have fortune, they say, indeed" and Monsieur de Paris rejoins, "so say old *Senèque*."

P. 88, *death*. Cromwell's parliament passed Draconian acts punishing adultery, fornication, incest, with death. *Mercurius Politicus*, No. 168, August-September, 1653, records the execution of an old man of eighty-nine who was found guilty of adultery at Monmouth with a woman over sixty.

P. 90, *Lindabrides*. A cant term for a prostitute. Lindabrides is a heroine in *The Mirror of Knighthood*, a romance of the Amadis family, which was translated into English by Margaret

Tyler and others between 1578 and 1601. The original Spanish work is from the pens of divers authors. It relates the adventures of Don Febo, Knight of the Sun, and his brother Rosclair. This book formed part of Don Quixote's library. In *A Match at Midnight*, II, Sue Shortheels is dubb'd Lindabrides. Lindabrides is also mentioned in *Cynthia's Revels* (4to, 1601), III, 3.

P. 93, *Mittimus*. A warrant of commitment to prison. Cf. Dryden's *The Wild Gallant* (4to, 1669), IV, 1, where Justice Trice says: "Hang him, rogue; make his mittimus immediately."

P. 94, *Bride-laces*. A piece of gold, silk, or other lace, used to bind up the sprigs of rosemary formerly worn at weddings.

P. 96, *Cedunt*. The correct line is Cicero's *Cedant arma togae*, which, of course, bears an entirely contrary meaning.

P. 97, *A watch*. Any house visited by the plague was guarded and no persons were allowed to pass out or enter.

P. 99, *a Levite's second revenge*. In reference to the story of the Levite and his concubine, *Judges* xix, xx; and probably to Robert Gomersall's *The Levite's Revenge: containing poetical Meditations upon the 19 and 20 Chapters of Judges*, 8vo, 1628.

P. 99, *Mistress Doll*. A generic name for a prostitute from Dol Common the punk in *The Alchemist* (1610).

P. 99, *to vamp them*. 26 January, 1623-4, *The whore in grain* (not extant) was licensed for the Fortune. At the Red Bull, September, 1639, this play was acted as "new vamp'd." Libellous matter had been introduced and much scandal ensued. The actors and others connected with the production were punished with some severity.

P. 99, *Ball*. John Ball (1585-1640), a Puritan divine, author of various polemical discourses and super-lunatical sermons.

P. 103, *I am an Essex woman*. In reference to the term an "Essex man," used to mean a simpleton. This is a favourite phrase of Killigrew's, and several times occurs in *Thomaso* and other of his plays.

P. 103, *Lemonade*. *N.E.D.* cites this passage as the earliest occurrence of *Lemonade*. The obsolete *lemonado* is found in the Duke of Newcastle's *The Country Captain* (12mo, 1649); in St. Serfe's *Tarugo's Wiles* (4to, 1668); and in Shadwell's *The Libertine* (4to, 1676).

P. 109, *Exchange*. The Royal Exchange, founded by Sir Thomas Gresham and opened by Queen Elizabeth, 23 January, 1570-1. Within its precincts were many shops for the sale of fancy goods and articles of attire. It was burned in 1666. Points were the laces used to tie up hose.

P. 110, *She shakes her Coats over 'em*. An old lucky superstition. Cf. *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*, where Indulgence says to her son, who is going a courting to Wisdom:

“Well yet before thou goest, hold here my blessing in a clout
Well fare the mother at a need; hold to thy tackling stout.”

Also *Roxburgh Ballads*, III, p. 226:

“His mother’s smock sure did this widower wear,
For no sooner wooed he but he presently sped,
A license he fetcht and he married her straight.”

P. 110, *there’s an old shooe after you*. The superstition of having an old shoe thrown after one when setting out on any important venture or business is referred to very frequently. Cf. *Englishmen for my Money*, ascribed to William Haughton and mentioned by Henslowe in 1598 (4to, 1616), IV, 1, where Frisco says: “Now to my young mistresses go I. Somebody cast an old shoe after me.” Also Fletcher’s *The Wild Goose Chase*, acted at Court, 1621, II, 1:

“Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, suddenly,
For I am then determin’d to do wonders.
Farewell, and fling an old shoe.”

And in the nineteenth century, Tennyson’s *Will Waterproof’s Lyrical Monologue*:

“And wheresoe’er thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after.”

The shoes thrown after a newly-married couple for luck are said to be the sham assault on the bridegroom who, according to old custom, once abducted the bride by seeming force. “It may be the form of capture in its last stage of disintegration” —McLennan, *Primitive Marriage* (1865).

P. 113, *Rosemary*. There are innumerable references to the wearing of rosemary at weddings.

P. 113, *Gracious-street*. Gracechurch Street between Cornhill and Eastcheap.

P. 113, *Joseph Taylor*. Of this famous actor (1586?-1653?)

an account may be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. His name occurs in the list of twenty-six "principal actors in all these plays," prefixed to the folio Shakespeare, 1623.

P. 114, *box*. See W. J. Lawrence, *The Elizabethan Playhouse*, I (1912), chapters i and ii.

P. 116, *Banks breeds his Horse*. There are a number of allusions to Banks, a famous juggler, and his trained horse, Morocco, which went up to the roof of S. Paul's. The steed was taught, says Sir Kenelm Digby, to show tricks with cards and dice, and to perform several feats of art to the great admiration of the crowd. It would seem that Banks took Morocco to the continent, where if we may believe Jonson, *Epigram* 134, they were both "burned for witches." Cf. *Every Man out of his Humour* (4to, 1600), IV, 4: "He keeps more ado with this monster than ever Banks did with his horse." Also Dekker's *Satiromastix* (4to, 1602), I, 2: "I have heard a the horses walking a' th top of Paules": and again (same scene): "He teach thee to turne me into Bankes his horse, and to tell gentlemen I am a jugler and can shew trickes."

P. 118, *Penthesilea*. A queen of the Amazons, who fought before Troy against the Greeks, and was slain by Achilles. Cf. *Aeneid*, I, 490-1:

"Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis

Penthesilea furens, mediisque in millibus ardet."

P. 120, *as merry as the Maids*. This old saying is cited in John Ray's *A Collection of English Proverbs* (8vo, 1670). Cf. also *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the second part (1684), where Mrs. Light-mind says: "I was yesterday at Madam Wanton's, where we were as merry as the maids."

P. 123, *a Marshal, and a Case*. Stephen Marshall (1594?-1655), the famous Presbyterian divine, published many sermons and was also largely concerned in politics. A memoir by Miss Porter may be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Although it was once thought, owing to an anecdote related by Pepys (26 October, 1667) that Ann and Rebecca Marshall were Stephen Marshall's daughters, Colonel Chester in *Westminster Abbey Registers*, 1876, p. 149, shows this was not the case. Sir Peter Leycester, in his *Historical Antiquities concerning Cheshire*, wrote that, "the two famous women-actors in London" were

daughters of — Marshall, chaplain to Lord Gerard, by Elizabeth, bastard daughter of John Dutton of Dutton. Sir Peter, who married a daughter of Gilbert, Lord Gerard, of Gerards Bromley, Staffordshire, ought to have known the facts, but Dr. George W. Marshall (Rouge Croix), who fully investigated the history of the Marshall families, *Miscellanea Marescelliana*, has not succeeded in verifying Sir Peter's statement.

Thomas Case (1598-1682), was a fanatical minister and doctrinaire who made some small stir in his day. He was ejected from his living for refusing to conform. Pepys found him "a dull fellow in his talk, and all in the Presbyterian manner; a great deal of noise and a kind of religious tone, but very dull."

The allusion to Essex is once again to that county as the home of rustics and simpletons.

P. 125, *six-penny room*. The cheapest part of the theatre, see W. J. Lawrence, *The Elizabethan Playhouse*, I: "The Situation of the Lords' Room," pp. 36-37. In *The Magnetic Lady* (1632), Jonson alludes to "the faeces or grounds of your people, that sit in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your six-penny mechanicks."

P. 126, *droves of St. Luke's cloathing*. I.e., cuckolds. On S. Luke's day, 18 October, a fair was held every year in Charlton, near Greenwich, beside the church of S. Luke. Tradition connected the founding of this fair with King John, who is said to have been caught in an intrigue with a miller's wife, and to have compensated the husband by granting him a large estate on condition that each S. Luke's day of every year he paraded his acres wearing upon his head a huge pair of horns. The fair was held as late as 1832, and not wholly discontinued until 1872. All kinds of articles made of horn were sold, and amid much revelry a procession of supposed cuckolds crowned with horns marched from Cuckold's Haven, on the south shore of the Thames, to Charlton. Cf. *Eastward Hoe* (4to, 1605), "Actus Quartus, Scena Prima." *Enter Slitgut with a paire of oxe hornes, discovering Cuckolds-Haven above*: "I presume not to arrive here, but in my maister's behalfe (a poore butcher of East-cheape), who sends me to set up (in honour of Saint Luke) these necessarie ensignes of his homage."

P. 127, *slat*. Or slot, the track or trail of an animal, especially

a deer, as shown by the marks of the foot. *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.

P. 130, *Burbons*. Bourbonne-les-Bains in the Haute Marne.

P. 130, *Littleton and Ployden's Cases*. Sir Thomas Littleton (1402-1481), the celebrated judge and legal authority. His famous *Tenures* was first printed without a date at London by Letton and Machlinia.

Edmund Plowden (1518-1585), the jurist. *Les Comentaries*, first edition, folio, 1571, have been translated into English and often reprinted.

P. 131, *Knight of Finsbury*. The citizens practised archery and the militia was drilled in Finsbury fields.

P. 131, *Hod-man-dods*. Shell-snails; dodmans; and so (as here) deformed persons. *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.

P. 132, *Pistol*. Pistole, a foreign gold coin. The Spanish pistole, which circulated from about 1600, was worth 16/6—18/. The French pistole, the *louis d'or* of Louis XIII, was issued in 1640.

P. 136, *Bride-cake*. If the bride-cake cut heavy it was an omen of ill luck. There are very many nuptial superstitions attached to the bride-cake and the slicing of it. "The bride should put the knife into the wedding-cake and each bridesmaid must give it a push to ensure getting a husband. The icing of the bride-cake is called Love, the almond paste Courtship, and the cake Matrimony."

P. 137, *Italian sallad*. A slang name for poison.

P. 137, *Musons*. An obsolete term in hunting = the shed horns of a deer. Hence in jocular reference to cuckoldom. *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.

P. 138, *Nessus his shirt*. "*Palla tabe Nessea illita*" (Seneca, *Hercules Oetaeus*, 710). The centaur Nessus, upon offering violence to Dejanira, was slain by Hercules with a poisoned arrow. Nessus when expiring gave Dejanira his tunic dipped in his blood, assuring her it would be an effectual charm against all infidelity on the part of her husband. Afterwards, on hearing that Hercules is in love with Iole, she sends him the tunic. As soon as he has put it on the venom courses through his veins and he is seized with excruciating torments. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, IX, 101-272.

P. 139, *cloak*. A black cloak was the recognized dress for the speaker of the epilogue. The Parson's cloak would, of course, be of this colour.

P. 140, *Stephen*. The allusion is to Stephen Hamerton, an actor of the day who was famous for his good looks. Amintor, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, was one of his chief parts. No doubt Killigrew originally intended this rôle in *The Parson's Wedding* for him. Cf. the Epilogue to Suckling's *The Goblins* (8vo, 1646):

"O, if Stephen should be kill'd,
Or miss the lady, how the plot is spill'd!"

THE LONDON CUCKOLDS

P. 143, *As it is Acted at the Duke's Theatre*. The quarto of 1697 and some subsequent editions have "As it is Acted at The Theatre Royal." At the union of the two companies the Duke's players removed from Dorset Garden to the smaller but better situated Theatre Royal (Drury Lane), where the amalgamation opened 16 November, 1682, the prologue on this occasion being written by Dryden and addressed to the King and Queen who were present.

P. 145, *Julian*. Julian was a well-known journalistic scribbler and ribald ballader of the day. There are innumerable slighting references in prologues, epilogues, and lampoons, e.g., *Poems on Affairs of State*, III (1704): *To Mr. Julian* (p. 141); *A Familiar Epistle to Mr. Julian, Secretary to the Muses* (p. 156). In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living* we have one from Julian, "late Secretary to the Muses," to Will. Pierre of Lincoln's Inn Fields Playhouse. This actual letter was written by Boyer, together with the reply which is dated 5 November, 1701. William Peer [Pierre] was an actor of the meanest rank.

P. 145, *Misses*. Kept women; prostitutes. Evelyn speaks of "the fair and famous comedian called Roxalana . . . being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's Miss (as at this time they began to call lewd women)" (*Diary*, 9 January, 1662).

P. 145, *Indian tables*. The most fashionable furniture of the day. As early as the reign of Louis XIV connoisseurs collected fine specimens of Oriental cabinets and screens, and England

and the Low Countries were producing articles of furniture in imitation of Chinese and Japanese lacquer. One of the most successful imitators of that period was a Dutchman named Huygens. In England this exotic mode flourished exceedingly and found its zenith about the middle of the eighteenth century when, under the influence of Edwards and Darley, "Chinese taste" reigned supreme in society.

P. 146, (*the Tinker in the Play*). This interesting allusion to *The Taming of the Shrew* is not noticed by Furnivall in *The Shakespeare Allusion Book*, ed. Ingleby (1909), but has been collected by Mr. Thorn-Drury in his *Some Seventeenth Century Allusions to Shakespeare and his Works* (1920).

P. 148, *Amber-caudles*. An amber-caudle was a warm comfortable drink made with wine, spices, sugar, eggs, etc., with which ambergris had been mingled. Ambergris, universally considered invigorating and a provocative, was largely used in wines, sauces, cordials, and perfumes.

P. 149, *Aristotle's Problems*. This work is, of course, wrongly attributed to the great Greek philosopher. The earliest edition was printed in 1475 at Rome. *Aristotelis Problematū particula prima* (—*vicesima*, etc). *Per Johānem Reynhard de Eningen*. There are translations in nearly all modern languages. In 1597 there was published in London *The Problems of Aristotle with other Philosophers and Phisitions*. A similar version had appeared at Edinburgh, 1595. There are editions of 1680 and 1684, and 1710 we have "The Twenty-Fifth Edition," London. The book is frequently reprinted even to-day. Cf. Leander's *The Rambling Justice*, produced at the Theatre Royal in January, 1678, Act IV, 6, where Sir Geoffrey Jolt says: "What's here, a Study? Aristotles Problems, excellent; and here *Leschole de Filles*, a pretty French book; and here *Annotations upon Aretines Postures*, three Excellent Books for a Ladies Chamber."

P. 149. *the School of Women*. *L'Ecole des Filles* is an imitation of a prose dialogue, *La Puttana Errante*, which is often (quite erroneously) attributed to Aretino, and which must be carefully distinguished from Lorenzo Veniero's poem, *La Puttana Errante* (sixteenth century), in which Aretino possibly had some hand. The name of the author of *L'Ecole des Filles* is given as Mililot; Guy-Patin, however, calls him Milot, and Carpentier, Hélot.

The book was first printed at Paris in 1655, but the whole edition was condemned to be burned by the public executioner, and Mililot fled. It was, notwithstanding, clandestinely re-issued in 1668. 13 January, 1668, Pepys "stopped at Martin's, my bookseller, where I saw the French book which I did think to have had for my wife to translate, called 'L'escholle des filles,' but when I came to look in it, it is the most bawdy, lewd book that ever I saw, rather worse than 'Puttana errante,' so that I was ashamed of reading in it." None the less he bought it on 8 February following, and perused it in private, "a lewd book, but what do no wrong once to read for information sake." In *The Country Wife* (4to, 1675), Act I, Horner, who has just returned from France, says to my Lady Fidget: "I have brought over not so much as a bawdy picture, no new postures, nor the second part of the *Ecole des Filles*."

P. 152, *Garraway's*. Garraway's Coffee House stood in Exchange or Change Alley, Cornhill. It was a most popular resort, and on the first floor was a famous auction room. It is often alluded to in contemporary writers, by Swift, Defoe, Tom Brown, etc.

P. 154, *a months mind*. Originally a religious celebration held a month from the day of a funeral, and hence (owing to a thing being kept well in memory) a strong desire. Cf. Pepys, 20 May, 1660: "There was a pretty Dutch woman in bed alone, but though I had a month's-mind I had not the boldness to go to her." Also *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I, 2, where Julia says: "I see you have a month's mind to them." This phrase has been explained as alluding to "a woman's longing."

P. 156, *scut*. The technical term for a hare's tail, still in country use. Cf. *The Way of the World*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, March, 1700, Act III, where the Salopian Sir Willful cries: "A hare's foot and a hare's scut for your service, sir!"

P. 158, *Petitioning*. In allusion to the number of petitions which that crooked politician, Shaftesbury, procured from the counties in support of the unconstitutional and illegal Exclusion Bill. The rival factions, "Petitioners" and "Abhorrrers," were the nucleus of the two great parties, Whigs and Tories. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress* (Dorset Gardens, 1682), II, 3: I "had the honest Reputation of lying with the Magistrates

Wives, when their Reverend Husbands were employ'd in the necessary Affairs of the Nation, seditiously petitioning."

P. 158, *rises every Morning by five or six*. In many City churches services, sermons, and lectures, even on week-days, began very early, at five, six, or seven o'clock. At S. Antholin's, Budge Row, Watling Street, morning prayer and lecture "after the Geneva fashion" were held at five o'clock in the morning and the church was largely attended. The bells used to ring even before dawn, and there are many allusions to these matutinal chimes. Cf. Davenant's *News from Plymouth* (folio, 1673, licensed 1635), I, 1:

"Two disciples to St. Tantlin,
That rise to long exercise before day."

An Exclamation from Tunbridge and Epsom against the New-found Wells at Islington (single half-sheet, 1684), has: "Going to St. Anthlin's and Morning Lectures is out of fashion."

P. 163, *Cross or Pile. Croix ou pile*. Heads or Tails.

P. 164, *she always went out when the Play was done*. In the leisured days of Charles II it was the custom to assemble in the theatre early. The doors opened about twelve o'clock, see Pepys, 2 May and 18 May, 1668; 25 February, 1669. Audiences also seem to have been allowed to remain as long as they pleased after the end of a play, and it was not usual to leave immediately the epilogue had been spoken. On the first day of *She Would if She Could* (6 February, 1668), it being a wet evening, Pepys hung about for an hour and a half in the pit, "the people staying there until the rain was over, and to talk with one another."

P. 167, *sack-posset*. A posset was a draught of hot milk with sugar and spices curdled by some strong infusion, as by white wine in the case of a sack-posset, which was considered highly invigorating and customarily drunk on a wedding-night. Cf. Addison, *Spectator*, No. 87 (1711): "[He] can make a Caudle or a Sack-Posset better than any man in England."

P. 179, *O Leminy!* A childish corruption of Gemini, a mild exclamation or petty oath in use principally among the vulgar. Cf. Duffett's *The Mock Tempest*, produced at the Theatre Royal in the winter of 1674, IV, 1: "Is it like a Colt? O Lemine! then I'll ride upon't."

P. 182, *Exeunt, as into Wiseacres' house, he shuts the door.* In a Restoration theatre the stage extended a considerable way beyond the proscenium, and upon this apron opened four doors, two on either side, each with its balcony above. Characters in comedy frequently have to climb up into or descend from one of these "windows." This is the case with Ramble in Act V of the present play. The door on one side would have served as the entrance into Wiseacres' house, the door on the other side served as the entrance into Dashwell's house. Both are used in this scene. All four proscenium doors were practicable. For a full account of this arrangement see my edition of Mrs. Behn's *Works*, II, p. 441, where I give several examples and have a reference to *The London Cuckolds*.

P. 186, *Whiss*. Whist; hush. Cf. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (4to, 1598), First Sestiad:

"Far from the town (where all is whist and still,)"

Also *The Maid's Metamorphosis* (1600): "But everything is quiet, whist, and still." The word is very frequent, and indeed in use (especially as an exclamation as here) to-day.

P. 194, *premunire*. *Praemunire facias*. An act in contempt of the royal prerogative, especially the prosecuting in a foreign court a suit cognizable by the law of England. The writ granted for such an offence, and the penalty incurred by it. Hence a predicament, "a fix." Cf. *The Double-Dealer* (Theatre Royal, November, 1693), Act IV, when Lady Plyant cries: "I'm in such a fright; the strangest quandary and premunire."

P. 202, *Sauny was tall*. This popular old Scotch song, *Saunie's Neglect*, is to be found, with a tune, on p. 317, Vol. I, D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719). It had previously been given in *Wit and Drollery* (1681).

P. 204, *a new Bever Hat*. A *chapeau de poil*, a mark of some distinction in those days. Hence the title of Rubens' famous picture, a lady in a beaver hat or *chapeau de poil*, which, being corrupted to *chapeau de paille*, led to much error. Stubbes, *The Anatomie of Abuses* (1583), has: "These they call *bever hats* of xx, xxx, or xl shillings price, fetched from beyond the sea." Pepys, 28 January, 1660-61, writes: "at Mr. Holden's, where I bought a hat, cost me 35s." But 27 June, 1661: "This day Mr. Holden sent me a *bever*, which cost me £4 5s."

P. 204, *Poor Robin*. "Poor Robin, 1664. An Almanack After a New Fashion. Wherein the Reader may see (if he be not blinde) many remarkable things worthy of Observation. . . . Written by Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt-Island, a well-willer to the Mathematicks. Calculated for the Meridian of Saffron-Walden. . . . London. Printed for the Company of Stationers." 1662 seems to have been the first year of this almanack, as 1681 is called the 19th impression. But 1664 is the earliest copy to be found in the British Museum. 1681, 1682, and other years have a "Brief Chronology of other things," some few pages devoted to much topical satire, which make Ramble's fear of a lampoon in *Poor Robin* highly probable and natural.

P. 206, *Bandileers*. A broad military belt worn over the shoulder and across the breast. It originally supported the musket, and afterwards had little loops or cases, each of which contained a charge for the musket.

P. 210, *scower*. To scour was to rampage the streets, breaking windows, assaulting passers-by, beating the watch, etc. Shadwell has an excellent comedy, *The Scourers* (4to, 1691), which, giving a vivid picture of the times, shows these drunken and blackguardly gentry in a very unamiable light. Several plays treat of their violent exploits.

P. 211, *disguise*. To be "disguised" or "in disguise" was a very common phrase for to be intoxicated. Cf. Dryden's *The Wild Gallant* (1663, and revised version 1667; 4to, 1667), I, 1, where Bibber says: "I was a little disguised . . . in short, I was drunk." Dr. Johnson has: "Disguise; disorder by drink."

P. 212, *Fortune my Foe*. Dyce found this song in a collection of Ballads, etc. (British Museum, 643 m.), under the title *A sweet Sonnet wherein the Lover exclaimeth against Fortune for the loss of his Ladies Favour . . . The Tune is, Fortune, my Foe*. There are twenty-two stanzas. It was common long before 1600 and continued in vogue for more than a century. The tune is to be found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*; in William Ballet's MS. Lute Book; and in many other old musical works. There are innumerable allusions.

P. 219, *the Minories, a place at liberty*. The Minories, a name which came in use at the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, extend from Aldgate High Street to

Tower Hill. Originally the Abbey of S. Clare, founded 1293 and suppressed 1539, the district was thus called from the Poor Clares or Franciscan Minresses. The church, Holy Trinity, became the parish church within the precincts of Portspoken Ward, and it enjoyed singular privileges, traditionally said to have been granted by King Edgar, who endowed that district "with the liberties of a guild for ever." When Sir Isaac Newton was Master of the Mint he attended Holy Trinity, which escaped the Great Fire but was entirely rebuilt in 1706.

P. 220, *a Bartholomew-Baby*. A doll purchased at Bartholomew Fair, which was held each Bartlemytide in Smithfield. Toys of all kinds were hawked here. A vivid picture of the fair is given by Jonson in his comedy. After having gradually lost all its jollity and prestige Bartholomew Fair was held for the last time in 1855.

P. 227 [*Scene IV. A room in Wiseacres' house*]. The locale of this scene (which I have inserted), as indeed of several other scenes in *The London Cuckolds*, is not very clearly distinguished by the author. When no directions were given a pair of conventional flats were considered amply sufficient in the theatre, and the audience did not demand any great exactitude in their use. There is even an instance of a "Traverse," *i.e.*, a pair of curtains running on a rod, being employed in the fifth act of Dryden and Lee's *The Duke of Guise* (Theatre Royal, 4 December, 1682). The scene-division of such popular writers as Shadwell, Ravenscroft, Mrs. Behn, and D'Urfey is notoriously imperfect, whence it is frequently not a little difficult to write in any precise indication of place. The door through which Arabella peeps is, of course, one of the proscenium doors.

P. 235, *Drapers Garden*. Drapers' Hall and Garden, Throgmorton Street, City. These were originally the house and garden-ground of Thomas Crumwell, upon whose attainder in 1541 they were purchased by the Drapers' Company. Drapers' Gardens extended northwards as far as London Wall, and they must, when first laid out, have commanded a fine view of Highgate and the adjoining hills. In *The London Spy* (1699-1709) Ward speaks of these Gardens as a fashionable promenade "an hour before dinner-time."

P. 243, *Pinners*. "A coif with two long flaps one on each side, pinned on and hanging down, and sometimes fastened at the

breast" (N.E.D). This headdress was very fashionable amongst ladies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Cf. Pepys, 18 April, 1664: "I saw . . . my Lady Castlemayne in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on."

P. 244, *Ignoramus Jury*. In allusion to the improper verdict of the Middlesex Grand Jury ignoring (*Ignoramus*) the bill of the indictment against Shaftesbury, 24 November, 1681. It is very frequently referred to by Dryden, Mrs. Behn, and the Tory writers. Cf. *The City Heiress* (1682), III, 1, where Sir Timothy says: "Let 'em accuse me if they please; alas, I come off handsomely with *Ignoramus*."

P. 262, *Cotquean*. A man that acts the housewife and busies himself unduly, or meddles with domestic affairs.

P. 269, *Epilogue*. In a Restoration theatre the curtain did not fall until after the delivery of the epilogue. It rose after the prologue and the intervals between the acts were denoted by a clear stage. The custom of occasionally introducing two, three, or even more actors to recite prologue or epilogue continued in vogue as long as these addresses themselves. Thus the epilogue to Garrick and Colman's *The Glandestine Marriage* (Drury Lane, 20 February, 1766), is indeed quite a miniature play, being spoken or sung by nearly a dozen characters.

P. 269, *a Bulling to their Moorfields Friend*. To bull is sometimes used (as here) of the cow desiring the ox. Moorfields were first drained in 1527, and walks were laid out in 1606. The following year Richard Johnson wrote *The Pleasant Walks of Moore fields*. On 7 April, 1667, Pepys notes that houses are being built in this district. These were, however, largely frequented for purposes of intrigue and soon came to bear no very good reputation. At one time the notorious Mother Cresswell lived in Moorfields, and Damaris Page, another of the same infamous sisterhood, also kept house there. In March, 1668, there was a considerable riot "about Moore-fields, among the 'prentices, taking the liberty of these holydays to pull down bawdy-houses."

P. 269, *Conventicle*. Conventicle was accentuated upon the third syllable. This, of course, led to innuendo. Cf. *Hudibras*, I (1663), Canto ii, 437:

"He used to lay about and stickle
Like ram or bull at conventicle."

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P. 273, *the Duke of Ormond*. James Butler, twelfth Earl and first Duke of Ormonde, of whom a full account from the pen of Mr. Osmund Airy may be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. "The late brave Earl of Ossory" is Ormonde's eldest son, Thomas Butler, Earl of Ossory (1634-1680). Ormonde's second son, Richard, Earl of Arran, died January, 1685-6. "The young Earl" is James Butler (1665-1745), eldest son of the Earl of Ossory and second Duke of Ormonde.

P. 273, *my Masque*. *Calisto : or The Chaste Nymph. The Late Masque at Court, as it was frequently Presented there, by several Persons of Great Quality* (4to, 1675). On the occasion for which this masque was written Dryden, the poet laureate, had been passed over in favour of Crowne through the influence of Rochester. *Calisto* was played by the Princess Mary, and her sister, the Princess Anne, appeared as Nyphe, "a chaste young Nymph."

P. 278, *Palace-Yard*. New Palace Yard was the open space before the north entrance to Westminster Hall. It was the scene of many executions and public punishments. It was here that Titus Oates, the "turn-coat doctor" and "one of the most infamous villains whom history is obliged to record" was so deservedly pilloried, Monday, 18 May, 1685, a penalty which was ordered to be repeated annually on every 9 August. Oates pretended to have taken the degree of D.D. at the University of Salamanca. Cf. *Absalom and Achitophel*, I (1681), 657-659:

"The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where:
And gave him his *Rabbinical* degree,
Unknown to Foreign University."

P. 279, *a Queen*. James II had married the beautiful and accomplished Mary D'Este of Modena, 21 November, 1673.

P. 281, *at several Doors*. The permanent proscenium doors, four in number, two on each side of the stage.

P. 283, *Fanaticks*. This term was in the latter half of the seventeenth century applied to Nonconformists in general. Cf. Fuller, *Mixt Contemplations* (1660): "A new word coined within

few months called fanatic . . . seemeth well . . . proportioned to signify . . . the sectaries of our age."

P. 288, *The Scene is drawn*. As in the Restoration theatre the curtain rising after the prologue did not fall until the epilogue had been spoken, and the end of each act was indicated by a clear stage, the common method of changing the scene was by drawing flats which ran in grooves. There are many examples of a scene being partially drawn to represent the opening of a door: e.g., Dryden's *The Rival-Ladies* (1663), Act V, scene 1, when the Captain says:

"Don Rodorick's Door opens, I'll speak to him.

The SCENE draws and discovers the Captain's Cabin;

Rodorick on a Bed, and two Servants by him.

Capt. How is it with the brave Don Rodorick?"

In *Love for Love*, Act IV, we have: "*Jeremy*. I'll knock at the Door. [*Goes to the Scene, which opens and discovers Valentine upon a Couch, disorderly dress'd, Scandal by him.*]" The reprints of Congreve have entirely and quite unwarrantably altered the stage directions here and in many other places. As late as Lytton's *The Duchess de la Vallière*, produced at Covent Garden 4 January, 1837, we find Act III, scene 2: "*The scene opens and discovers the King and Duchess de la Vallière at chess.*"

P. 290, *Old Exchange*. Gresham's Exchange had been destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. The second Exchange consisted of a quadrangle with a cloister running round the interior of the building. Above this was a corridor divided into stalls which formed a kind of bazaar.

P. 291, *Scotch Cloth*. A fabric resembling lawn but cheaper. J. F., *The Merchant's Warehouse laid open* (1696): "Scotch Cloth is a sort of white Slesie Soft Cloth . . . and since Callico hath been dear is much used for Linnens for Beds and for Window Curtains."

P. 292, *pickeere*. To dally; to skirmish playfully or amorously. Cf. Shadwell, *The Virtuoso* (1676), Act V, the masquerade scene, where Longville says to Bruce, "There's a Lady hovering about you, and longs to pickeer with you."

P. 292, *Reformade*. A reformado was an officer left without a command owing to the "reforming" or disbanding of his company, but yet retaining his rank and seniority and receiving

half or full pay. Also: a volunteer serving in the army (or navy) without a commission, but with the rank of an officer. There is a further play on the word here as meaning "reformed."

P. 292, *Broad-Piece*. After the introduction of the guinea in 1663 this name was applied to the "Unite" or twenty-shilling piece ("Jacobus" or "Carolus") of the preceding reigns, which was much thinner and broader than the new-milled coinage. The term is common.

P. 296, *thrumble*. This very rare form is perhaps only found here. *N.E.D.* cites this passage. It derives from to thrum in the sense to strum. Cf. Pepys, 12 April, 1669: "after sitting an hour, thrumming upon my viall, and singing, I to bed."

P. 301, *half Horse*. A centaur. Ovid's *Metamorphoses* translated by Sandys, II, 38:

"It pleas'd the Halfe-horse to be so imploy'd."

P. 302, *Criss-Cross-Row*. Christ-cross row. The alphabet, so called from the figure of a cross prefixed thereto in horn-books.

P. 303, *don't Godfrey me*. "Don't strangle me." From the murder of Sir Edmond Bury Godfrey, whose dead body was found on Primrose Hill, 17 October, 1678. Sir Roger L'Estrange and others were inclined to consider that this melancholist committed suicide, but it is now pretty certainly established that he was done to death by Oates and the Shaftesbury gang in order to give colour to and further their diabolical scheme. The *N.E.D.* fails to include "to Godfrey." Cf. to De-Wit = to lynch, from the deaths of John and Cornelius De Wit, opponents of William of Orange (when stadtholder), who were torn to pieces by an enraged mob in 1672. In Mrs. Behn's *The Widow Ranter* (1689), Act III, Dullman cries: "the Rabble swore they would *De-Wit* me." Cf. also in more recent times "to burke" from the ruffian Burke, who in 1828 killed many persons by strangulation to sell their bodies as subjects for dissection.

P. 307, *Bombast*. Cotton wool used for stuffing clothes, hence any padding. *N.E.D.* cites this passage. Cf. I. R., *An Historicall description of the most famous Kingdomes and Common weales in the Worlde*, 4to, 1603: "Iacks quilted with bombast to resist arrowes."

P. 311, *King's Box*. The seats in the boxes of the Restoration

theatre were let out severally to separate persons (cf. Pepys, 19 October, 1667), and although the King had, of course, his own private box when he saw a play, yet when he was not present even the royal box was apportioned to individuals as the rest. There are many allusions to this which prove, moreover, that the front row of the King's Box was the most conspicuous and highly coveted position in the house. In Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (1676), Dorimant, hearing of a young gentleman lately come to town and being taken with, his own handsome face, wagers that she must be "some awkward, ill-fashioned, country toad, who, not having above four dozen of black hairs on her head, has adorned her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the forefront of the King's box at an old play." In Mrs. Behn's novel, *The Court of the King of Bantam* (8vo, 1698, but written 1683-4) we have: "Goodland, alighted, and expected Sir Philip; who led Lucy into the King's Box, to his new Majesty; where, after the first Scene, he left them together."

P. 312, *pawn'd*. Palmed. *N.E.D.*, quotes this pasage as the earliest example of the word.

P. 312, *Sauce for a Woodcock*. Surly jeers Sir Courtly with a covert reference to the semi-proverbial meaning of woodcock = a fool. Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*, I, 2: "O! this woodcock what an ass it is!"

P. 313, *Pam at Lantereloo*. Pam is the knave of clubs, especially in the game of five-card loo, in which this card is the highest trump. Cf. Pope, *The Rape of the Lock* (1712-14), III, 61:

"Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of Lu."

Lantereloo is an old form of the game now called loo. It was exceedingly fashionable and there are many references. Cf. Shadwell, *A True Widow*, produced at the Duke's Theatre 21 March, 1678, III, where Prig at the theatre says: "What should we do at this damn'd Play-house? Let's send for some cards, and play at lang-trilloo in the box."

P. 317, *flim flam*. Rubbishy. To flam is to cheat, whence the reduplicated derivation is easy. Cf. South's *Sermons* (1687): "A God not to be flamm'd off with lies."

P. 319, *rotten Rump*. In allusion to the universal enthusiasm

in London at the fall of the Rump Parliament. Bonfires were lighted at every street corner. "They made little gibbets and roasted rumps of mutton. Nay, I saw some very good rumps of beef," writes Aubrey.

P. 325, *Cognome*. Surname, from *cognomen*. Perhaps only found here. *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.

P. 329, *Hogo*. *Haut-goût*, a sharp relish. Cf. Mrs. Behn, *The Rover*, I, 1, 2 (1677), where Blunt says: "no Hogoes to make the Sauce pleasant, and the Stomach sharp."

P. 332, *Forty One*. 1641 was the date of the Grand Remonstrance and Petition to Charles I, the beginning of rebellion. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Round-heads* (1681), where the ghost of Hewson, speaking the prologue, refers to "our Success is Forty One."

P. 340, *Barn-Elms*. The eastern part of Barnes, adjoining Putney. It was a favourite jaunt of Pepys. Many duels were fought here and amongst others the famous encounter (16 January, 1668) between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury, who died of his wounds two months later. See Pepys, 17 January, 1667-8.

P. 349, *Fubs*. A small chubby person, generally used as a term of endearment. Cf. Otway's *The Soldier's Fortune* (1680), I, 1, where Sir Jolly calls the ladies "my poor Fubses." Fubs was a nickname given by Charles II to the Duchess of Portsmouth.

P. 355, *Stop Thief*. This song is a translation of Mascarille's *Au Voleur!* in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, which was produced at the Petit-Bourbon, Paris, 18 November, 1659.

P. 370, *Shante*. Showy; flashy. This passage is cited by the *N.E.D.* as the earliest example.

P. 370, *Beaugarزون*. *Beau garçon*. An exquisite; a cicisbeo. Cf. *The Rehearsal* (7 December, 1671), Act I, 2, where Bayes says: "I am kept by another woman in the City. Smith. How kept? for what? Bayes. Why, for a *Beau Gerson*: I am, ifackins."

P. 370, *Vizards*. The commonest Restoration synonym for a bona roba, especially as plying the theatre.

P. 370, *Nott*. A bond, a tie, an obligation. Cf. Hobbes, *Leviathan* (1651): "This was the first knot upon their liberty."

P. 371, *Bridges-Street*. Bridges Street lies between Russell

Street and Catherine Street. Drury Lane Theatre is at its north-east corner. It early acquired no very decent repute. In the Epilogue to *King Arthur* (1691), Dryden gave Mrs. Bracegirdle, who entered, her hands full of billets-doux, the following lines to speak:

* *“ Pulls one out]* Heres, one desires my Ladyship to meet
 At the kind Couch above in *Bridges-Street*.
 Oh Sharping Knave! That wou'd have you
 know what,
 For a Poor Sneaking Treat of Chocolat.”

P. 371, *Cargozoon*. The cargo or freight of a ship. Cf. Howell, *Letters*, I, xi (1645): “ My body is a cargozoon of ill humours.”

P. 371, *Gallerys*. The upper gallery was the cheapest part of the Restoration theatre. The middle gallery, or eighteenpenny place, was largely frequented by, if not entirely given up to, women of the town. This is a subject of constant allusion. *E.g.*, Dryden’s “ Epilogue upon the Union of the Two Companies in 1682 ”:

“ But stay; methinks some Vizard Mask I see
 Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery:
 About her all the fluttering Sparks are rang’d;
 The Noise continues, though the Scene is chang’d:
 Now growling, sputt’ring, wauling, such a clutter,
 ’Tis just like Puss defendant in a Gutter.”

P. 371, *The Epilogue*. As will be seen this Epilogue differs from that appearing in the first quarto, 1685 (and all other editions) of *Sir Courtly Nice*. It is to be found in a broadside, “ LONDON, Printed for Tho. Benskin at the Corner Shop in Little Lincolns Inn Fields. 1685 ” which gives the Prologue and Epilogue to the new comedy. It would seem to be the Epilogue as originally delivered, but soon after altered and improved. This broadside may be seen in the British Museum [11795, k. 31], where it is bound up in a volume of old dramatic papers collected by Joseph Haslewood. It has not been previously reprinted.

P. 372, *Sir Sparkish*. A generic name for a coxcomb. Sparkish is the fop in Wycherley’s comic masterpiece, *The Country Wife* (4to, 1675).

