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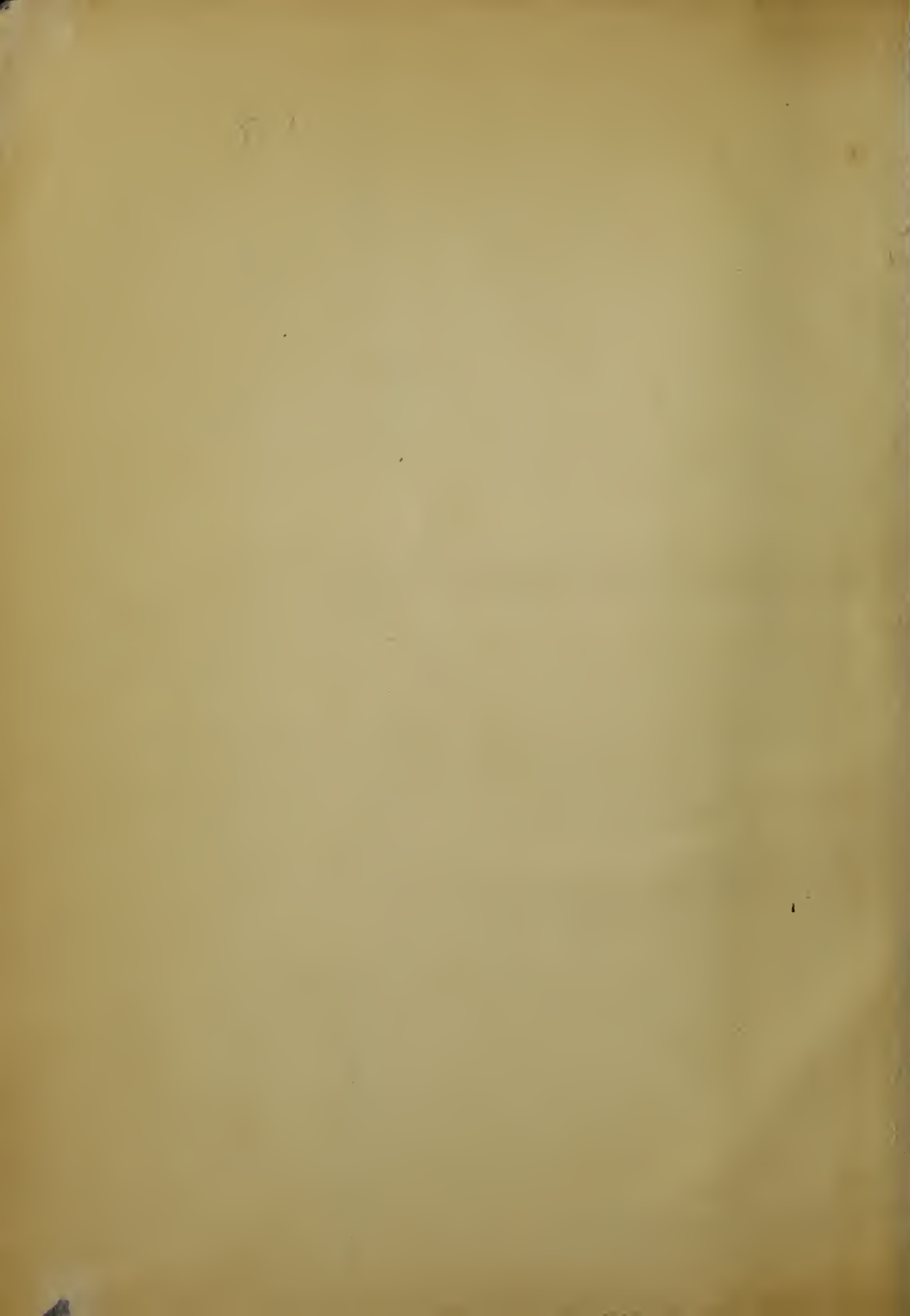
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William Holgate.





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THE

Kind KEEPER;

OR,

Mr. Limberham :

A

COMEDY :

As it was Acted at the

DUKE'S Theatre

BY

His Royal Highnesses Servants.

Written by JOHN DRYDEN, Servant to his Majesty.

Κίν με φάγνυς ἐπὶ πίζαν, ὁμῶς ἐστὶ καρποφορήτω.
Ἀνθολογία Δευτέρα.

Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus; hic meretricum:
Omnes hi metuunt versus; odere Poetas. Horat.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Bentley, and M. Magnes, in Russel-
Street in Covent-Garden, 1680.

This I take to be Mr Brydens best Comedie. Lang.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN Lord VAUGHAN, &c.

My Lord,

I CANNOT easily excuse the printing of a PLAY at so unseasonable a time, when the Great Plot of the Nation, like one of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine, has devour'd its younger Brethren of the Stage: But however weak my defence might be for this, I am sure I shou'd not need any to the World, for my Dedication to your Lordship; and if you can pardon my presumption in it, that a bad Poet should address himself to so great a Judge of Wit, I may hope at least to scape with the Excuse of *Catullus*, when he writ to *Cicero*:

Gratias tibi Maximas Catullus

Agit, pessimus omnium Poeta;

Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,

Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.

I have seen an Epistle of *Fleckno's* to a Noble-man, who was by some extraordinary chance a Scholar; (and you may please to take notice by the way, how natural the connection of thought is betwixt a bad Poet and *Fleckno*) where he begins thus: *Quatuordecim jam elapsi sunt anni, &c.* his Latin, it seems, not holding out to the end of the Sentence; but he endeavour'd to tell his Patron, betwixt two

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Languages which he understood alike, that it was 14 years since he had the happiness to know him; 'tis just so long, and as happy be the Omen of dulness to me, as it is to some Clergy-men and States-men, since your Lordship has known that there is a worse Poet remaining in the world than he of scandalous memory who left it last. I might inlarge upon the subject with my Author, and assure you, that I have serv'd as long for you, as one of the *Patriarchs* did for his Old Testament Mistress: But I leave those flourishes, when occasion shall serve, for a greater O-rator to use, and dare only tell you, that I never pass'd any part of my life with greater satisfaction or improvement to my self, than those Years which I have liv'd in the honour of your Lordships Acquain-tance. If I may have only the time abated when the Publick Service call'd you to another part of the World, which in imitation of our Florid Speakers, I might, (if I durst presume upon the expression, call the *Parentthesis of my Life*.

That I have always honour'd you, I suppose I need not tell you at this time of day; for you know I staid not to date my respects to you from that Title which now you have, and to which you bring a greater addition by your Merit, than you receive from it by the Name; but I am proud to let others know how long it is that I have been made happy by my knowledge of you, because I am sure it will give me a Reputati-on with the present Age, and with Posterity. And now, my Lord, I know you are afraid, lest I should take this occasion, which lies so fair for me, to ac-
quaint

The Epistle Dedicatory.

quaint the World with some of those Excellencies which *I* have admir'd in you; but *I* have reasonably consider'd, that to acquaint the World, is a Phrase of a malicious meaning: for it would imply, that the World were not already acquainted with them. You are so generally known to be above the meanness of my praises, that you have spar'd my Evidence, and spoil'd my Complement: should *I* take for my common places, your knowledge both of the old and the new *Philosophy*, should *I* add to these your skill in *Mathematicks*, and *History*, and yet farther, your being conversant with all the Ancient Authors of the *Greek* and *Latine* Tongues, as well as with the *Modern*, *I* should tell nothing new to Mankind; for when *I* have once but nam'd you, the World will anticipate all my Commendations, and go faster before me than *I* can follow. Be therefore secure, my Lord, that your own Fame has freed it self from the danger of a *Panegyrique*, and only give me leave to tell you, that *I* value the Candour of your Nature, and that one Character of Friendliness, and if *I* may have leave to call it, kindness in you, before all those other which make you considerable in the Nation.

Some few of our Nobility are learned, and therefore *I* will not conclude an absolute contradiction in the terms of Noble man and Scholar; but as the World goes now, 'tis very hard to predicate one upon the other; and 'tis yet more difficult to prove, that a Noble-man can be a Friend to Poetry: Were it not for two or three instances in *WHITE-HALL*, and in the Town, the Poets of this Age would find so little incouragement.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

agement for their labours, and so few Understanders, that they might have leisure to turn Pamphleteers, and augment the number of those abominable Scriblers, who in this time of License abuse the Press, almost every day; with Nonsense, and railing against the Government.

It remains, my Lord, that I should give you some account of this Comedy; which you have never seen, because it was written and acted in your absence, at your Government of *Jamaica*. 'Twas intended for an honest *Satyre* against our crying sin of *Keeping*; how it would have succeeded, I can but guess, for it was permitted to be acted only thrice. The Crime for which it suffer'd, was that which is objected against the *Satyres* of *Juvenal*, and the *Epigrams* of *Catullus*, that it exprest too much of the Vice which it decry'd: Your Lordship knows what Answer was return'd by the Elder of those Poets, whom I last mention'd, to his Accusers.

Castum esse decet pium Poetam

Ipsum. Versiculos nihil necesse est:

Qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem

Si sint molliculi & parum pudici.

But I dare not make that Apology for my self, and therefore have taken a becoming care, that those things which offended on the Stage, might be either alter'd, or omitted in the Press: For their Authority is, and shall be ever sacred to me, as much absent as present, and in all alterations of their Fortune, who for those Reasons have stopp'd its farther appearance on the *Theatre*. And whatsoever hinderance it has been to me, in point of profit, many of my Friends can bear me witness, that I have not once murmur'd against that Decree. The same Fortune once hap-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

happen'd to *Moliere*, on the occasion of his *Tartuffe*; which notwithstanding afterwards has seen the light, in a Country more *Bigot* than ours, and is accounted amongst the best Pieces of that Poet. I will be bold enough to say, that this *Comedy* is of the first Rank of those which I have written, and that Posterity will be of my Opinion. It has nothing of particular *Satyre* in it: for whatsoever may have been pretended by some Criticks in the Town, I may safely and solemnly affirm, that no one Character has been drawn from any single man; and that I have known so many of the same humour, in every folly which is here expos'd, as may serve to warrant it from a particular Reflection. It was printed in my absence from the Town, this Summer, much against my expectation, otherwise I had over-look'd the Press, and been yet more careful, that neither my Friends should have had the least occasion of unkindness against me, nor my Enemies of upbraiding me; but if it live to a second Impression, I will faithfully perform what has been wanting in this. In the mean time, my Lord, I recommend it to your Protection, and beg I may keep still that place in your favour which I have hitherto enjoy'd; and which I shall reckon as one of the greatest Blessings which can befall,

My Lord,

*Your Lordships most obedient,
faithful Servant,*

JOHN DRYDEN.

Personæ Dramatis

1. *Aldo*, an honest, good natur'd, free-hearted old Gentleman of the Town.
2. *Woodall* his Son, under a false Name; bred abroad, and new return'd from Travel.
3. *Limberham*, a tame, foolish Keeper, perswaded by what is last said to him, and changing next word.
4. *Brainsick*, a Husband, who being well conceited of himself, despises his Wife: Vehement and Eloquent, as he thinks; but indeed a talker of Nonsense.
5. *Gervase*, *Woodall's* Man: formal, and apt to give good counsel
6. *Giles*, *Woodall's* cast Servant.
7. *Mrs Saintly*, an Hypocritical Fanatick, Landlady of the Boarding-House.
8. *Mrs. Tricksy*, a Termagant kept Mistress.
9. *Mrs. Pleasance*, suppos'd Daughter to *Mistress Saintly*: spiteful and Satyrical; but secretly in Love with *Woodall*.
10. *Mrs. Brainsick*.
11. *Judith*, a Maid of the House.

SCENE, *A Boarding-House in Town.*

PROLOGUE.

TRue Wit has seen its best days long ago,
It ne're look'd up, since we were dipt in Show:
When Sense in Dogrel Rhimes and Clouds was lost,
And Dulness flourish'd at the Actors cost.
Nor stopt it here, when Tragedy was done,
Satyre and Humour the same Fate have run;
And Comedy is sunk to Trick and Pun.
Now our Machining Lumber will not sell,
And you no longer care for Heav'n or Hell;
What Stuff will please you next, the Lord can tell.
Let them, who the Rebellion first began,
To wit, restore the Monarch if they can;
Our Author dares not be the first bold Man.
He, like the prudent Citizen, takes care,
To keep for better Marts his Staple Ware,
His Toys are good enough for Sturbridge Fair,
Tricks were the Fashion; if it now be spent,
'Tis time enough at Easter to invent;
No Man will make up a new Suit for Lent:
If now and then he takes a small pretence
To forrage for a little Wit and Sense,
Pray pardon him, he meant you no offence.
Next Summer Nostradamus tells, they say,
That all the Criticks shall be shipt away,
And not enow be left to damn a Play.
To every Sayl beside, good Heav'n be kind;
But drive away that Swarm with such a Wind,
That not one Locust may be left behind.

PROLOGUE

The first part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the world. It is divided into two main parts, the first of which is a general history of the world, and the second of which is a history of the world as it is at present. The first part is divided into three main sections, the first of which is a general history of the world, the second of which is a history of the world as it is at present, and the third of which is a history of the world as it is at present. The second part is divided into three main sections, the first of which is a general history of the world, the second of which is a history of the world as it is at present, and the third of which is a history of the world as it is at present.

LIMBERHAM;

OR, THE

Kind Keeper.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

An open Garden-House; a Table in it, and Chairs.

Enter Woodall, Gervase.

Woodall. **B**ld the Foot-man receive the Trunks, and Portmantu; and see 'em plac'd in the Lodgings you have taken for me, while I walk a Turn here in the Garden.

Gervase. 'Tis already order'd, Sir: But they are like to stay in the outer Room, till the Mistress of the House return from Morning Exercise.

Wood. What, she's gone to the Parish Church, it seems, to her Devotions.

Ger. No, Sir; the Servants have inform'd me, that she rises every Morning, and goes to a private Meeting-house; where they pray for the Government, and practice against the Authority of it.

Wood. And hast thou trepan'd me into a Tabernacle of the Godly? Is this Pious Boarding-house a place for me, thou wicked Varlet?

Ger. According to humane appearance, I must confess, 'tis neither fit for you, nor you for it; but, have patience, Sir, matters are not so bad as they may seem: there are pious Baudy-houses in the World, or Conventicles wou'd not be so much frequented: Neither is it impossible, but a Devout Fanatick-Landlady of a Boarding-House may be a Baud.

Wood. I, to those of her own Church, I grant you, *Gervase*; but I am none of those.

B

Ger.

Ger. If I were worthy to read you a Lecture in the Mystery of Wickedness, I wou'd instruct you first in the *Art of Seeming Holiness*: but, Heav'n be thank'd, you have a toward and pregnant Genius to Vice, and need not any man's instruction; and I am too good, I thank my Stars, for the vile employment of a Pimp.

Wood. Then thou art e'en too good for me; a worse Man will serve my turn.

Ger. I call your Conscience to witness, how often I have given you wholesom counsel; how often I have said to you, with tears in my eyes, Master, or Master *Aldo*——

Wood. Mr. *Woodall*, you Rogue! that's my *nom de guerre*: You know I have laid by *Aldo*, for fear that name shou'd bring me to the notice of my Father.

Ger. Cry you mercy, good Mr. *Woodall*. How often have I said, Into what courses do you run! Your Father sent you into *France* at twelve year old, bred you up at *Paris*; first, in a College, and then at an *Academy*: At the first, instead of running through a course of Philosophy, you ran through all the Baudy-houses in Town: At the later, instead of managing the Great Horse, you exercis'd on your Master's Wife. What you did in *Germany*, I know not; but that you beat 'em all at their own Weapon, *Drinking*, and have brought home a Goblet of Plate from *Munster*, for the Prize of swallowing a Gallon of *Rhenish* more than the *Bishop*.

Wood. *Gervase*, thou shalt be my Chronicler, thou losest none of my Heroick Actions.

Ger. What a comfort are you like to prove to your good Old Father! You have run a Campaigning among the *French* these last three years, without his leave; and, now he sends for you back, to settle you in the World, and marry you to the Heiress of a rich Gentleman, of whom he had the Guardianship, yet you do not make your Application to him.

Wood. Prithee, no more.

Ger. You are come over, have been in Town above a Week *Incognito*, haunting Play-houses, and other places, which for Modesty I name not; and have chang'd your name, from *Aldo*, to *Woodall*, for fear of being discover'd to him: you have not so much as inquir'd where he is lodg'd, though you know he is most commonly in *London*: And lastly, you have discharg'd my honest Fellow-servant *Giles*, because——

Wood. Because he was too saucy, and was ever offering to give me counsel: mark that, and tremble at his Destiny.

Ger. I know the reason why I am kept: because you cannot be discover'd by my means; for you took me up in *France*, and your Father knows me not.

Wood. I must have a Ramble in the Town; when I have spent my Money,

Money, I will grow dutiful; see my Father, and ask for more. In the mean time, I have beheld a handsom Woman at a Play, I am fall'n in Love with her, and have found her easie: thou, I thank thee, hast trac'd her to her Lodging in this Boarding-house, and hither I am come to accomplish my design.

Ger. Well, Heav'n mend all. I hear our Landlady's voice [*Noise.*] without; and therefore shall defer my counsel to a fitter season.

Wood. Not a Sillable of counsel: the next Grave Sentence, thou marchest after *Giles*. *Woodall's* my name: remember that.

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Is this the Lady of the House?

Ger. Yes, Mr. *Woodall*, for want of a better, as she will tell you.

Wood. She has a notable Smack with her! I believe Zeal first taught the Art of Kissing close.

[*Saluting her.*]

Saintly. You're welcom, Gentleman. *Woodall* is your name?

Wood. I call my self so.

Saint. You look like a sober discreet Gentleman; there is Grace in your Countenance.

Wood. Some sprinklings of it, Madam: we must not boast.

Saint. Verily, boasting is of an evil Principle.

Wood. Faith, Madam, —

Saint. No swearing, I beseech you. Of what Church are you?

Wood. Why, of *Covent-Garden* Church, I think.

Ger. How lewdly, and ignorantly he answers!

[*Aside.*]

She means, of what Religion are you?

Wood. O, does she so? — Why, I am of your Religion, be it what it will, I warrant it a right one: I'll not stand with you for a trifle; *Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist*, they are all of 'em too good for us, unless we had the grace to follow 'em.

Saint. I see you are ignorant; but verily, you are a new Vessel, and I may season you. I hope you do not use the Parish-Church.

Wood. Faith, Madam — (Cry you mercy; I forgot again!) I have been in *England* but five days.

Saint. I find a certain motion within me to this young man, and must secure him to my self, e're he see my Lodgers.

[*Aside.*]

O, seriously, I had forgotten; your Trunk and Portmantu are standing in the Hall: your Lodgings are ready, and your Man may place 'em, if he please, while you and I confer together.

Wood. Go, *Gervase*, and do as you are directed.

[*Exit Ger.*]

Saint. In the first place, you must know, we are a Company of our selves, and expect you shou'd live conformably and lovingly amongst us.

Wood. There you have hit me. I am the most loving Soul, and shall be conformable to all of you.

Saint. And to me especially. Then, I hope, you're no keeper of late hours.

Wood. No, no, my hours are very early; betwixt three and four in the morning, commonly.

Saint. That must be amended: But to remedy the inconvenience, I will my self sit up for you. I hope, you wou'd not offer violence to me?

Wood. I think I shou'd not, if I were sober.

Saint. Then, if you were overtaken, and shou'd offer violence, and I consent not, you may do your filthy part, and I am blameless.

Wood. (*Aside.*) I think the Devil's in her; she has given me the hint again. Well, it shall go hard, but I will offer violence sometimes; will that content you?

Saint. I have a Cup of Cordial Water in my Closet, which will help to strengthen Nature, and to carry off a Debauch: I do not invite you thither; but the House will be safe a Bed, and Scandal will be avoided.

Wood. Hang Scandal; I am above it, at those times.

Saint. But Scandal is the greatest part of the offence; you must be secret. And I must warn you of another thing; there are, besides my self, two more young Women in my house.

Wood. (*Aside.*) That, besides her self, is a cooling Card. Pray, how young are they?

Saint. About my Age: some eighteen, or twenty, or thereabouts.

Wood. Oh, very good! Two more young Women besides your self, and both handsom?

Saint. No, verily, they are painted out-sides; you must not cast your eyes upon 'em, nor listen to their Conversation: you are already chosen for a better work.

Wood. I warrant you, let me alone: I am chosen, I.

Saint. They are a couple of alluring wanton Minxes.

Wood. Are they very alluring, say you? very wanton?

Saint. You appear exalted, when I mention those Pit-falls of Iniquity.

Wood. Who, I exalted? Good faith, I am as sober, a melancholy poor Soul!—

Saint. I see this abominable sin of Swearing is rooted in you. Tear it out, oh tear it out; it will destroy your precious Soul.

Wood. I find we two shall scarce agree: I must not come to your Closet when I have got a Bottle; for, at such a time, I am horribly given to it.

Saint. Verily, a little Swearing may be then allowable: you may swear you love me, 'tis a lawful Oath; but then, you must not look on Harlots.

Wood. I must wheedle her, and whet my courage first on her; as a good

good Musician always preludes before a Tune. Come, here's my first Oath. [Embracing her.]

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. How now, Mrs. Saintly! what work have we here towards?

Wood. (Aside.) Aldo, my own natural Father, as I live! I remember the lines of that hide-bound face: Does he lodge here? if he shou'd know me, I am ruin'd.

Saint. Curse on his coming! he has disturb'd us. [Aside.] Well, young Gentleman, I shall take a time to instruct you better.

Wood. You shall find me an apt Scholar.

Saint. I must go abroad, upon some business; but remember your promise, to carry your self soberly, and without scandal in my Family; and so I leave you to this Gentleman, who is a Member of it. [Ex. Saintly.]

Aldo. (Aside.) Before George, a proper fellow! and a Swinger he shou'd be, by his make! the Rogue wou'd bumble a Whore, I warrant him! You are welcome, Sir, amongst us;—most heartily welcome, as I may say.

Wood. All's well: he knows me not. Sir, your civility is obliging to a Stranger, and may befriend me, in the acquaintance of our fellow-Lodgers.

Aldo. Hold you there, Sir: I must first understand you a little better; and yet, methinks, you shou'd be true to love.

Wood. Drinking, and Wenching, are but slips of Youth: I had those good qualities from my Father.

Aldo. Thou, Boy! Aha, Boy! a true Trojan, I warrant thee! [Hugging him.]

Well, I say no more; but you are lighted into such a Family, such food for concupiscence, such Bona-Roba's!

Wood. One I know indeed; a Wife: but Bona Roba's say you.

Aldo. I say, Bona Roba's, in the Plural Number.

Wood. Why, what a Turk Mahomet shall I be! No, I will not make my self drunk, with the conceit of so much joy: the Fortunes too great for mortal man; and I a poor unworthy sinner.

Aldo. Wou'd I lye to my Friend? Am I a Man? am I a Christian? there is that Wife you mention'd, a delicate little wheedling Devil, with such an appearance of simplicity; and with that, she does undermine, so fool her conceited Husband, that he despises her!

Wood. Just ripe for horns: his destiny, like a Turks, is written in his forehead.

Aldo. Peace, peace; thou art yet ordain'd for greater things. There's another too, a kept Mistress, a brave Strapping Jade, a two-handed Whore!

Wood. A kept Mistress too! my bowels yearn to her already: She's certain prize. Aldo.

Aldo. But this Lady is so Termagant an Empress! and he so submissive, so tame, so led a Keeper, and as proud of his Slavery, as a *French* man: I am confident he dares not find her false, for fear of a quarrel with her; because he is sure to be at the charges of the War; She knows he cannot live without her, and therefore seeks occasions of falling out to make him purchase peace. I believe she's now aiming at a settlement.

Wood. Might not I ask you one civil question? How pass you your time in this Noble Family? for I find you are a Lover of the Game, and shou'd be loth to hunt in your Purlieus.

Aldo. I must first tell you something of my condition: I am here a Friend to all of 'em; I am their *Fac totum*, do all their business; for, not to boast, Sir, I am a man of general acquaintance: there's no News in Town, either Foreign or Domestick, but I have it first; no Mortgage of Lands, no sale of Houses, but I have a finger in 'em.

Wood. Then, I suppose, you are a gainer by your pains.

Aldo. No, I do all *gratis*, and am most commonly a loser; only a Buck sometimes from this good Lord, or that good Lady in the Country: and I eat it not alone, I must have company.

Wood. Pray, what company do you invite?

Aldo. Peace, peace, I am coming to you: Why, you must know I am tender-natur'd; and if any unhappy difference have arisen betwixt a Mistress and her Gallant, then I strike in to do good offices betwixt 'em; and, at my own proper charges, conclude the quarrel with a reconciling Supper.

Wood. I find the Ladies of Pleasure are beholden to you.

Aldo. Before *George*, I love the poor little Devils. I am indeed a Father to 'em, and so they call me: I give 'em my Counsel, and assist 'em with my Purse. I cannot see a pretty Sinner hurri'd to Prison by the Land-Pyrats, but Nature works, and I must Bail her: or want a Supper; but I have a couple of cram'd Chickens, a Cream Tart, and a Bottle of Wine to offer her.

Wood. Sure you expect some kindness in return.

Aldo. Faith, not much: Nature in me is at low water-mark; my Body's a Jade, and tires under me, yet I love to smuggle still in a Corner; pat 'em down, and pur over 'em; but, after that, I can do 'em little harm.

Wood. Then I'm acquainted with your business: you wou'd be a kind of Deputy-Fumbler under me.

Aldo. You have me right. Be you the *Lyon*, to devour the Prey, I am your *Fack-Call*, to provide it for you: there will be a Bone for me to pick.

Wood. Your Humility becomes your Age. For my part, I am vigorous, and throw at all.

Aldo. As right as if I had begot thee! Wilt thou give me leave to call thee Son?

Wood.

Wood. With all my heart.

Aldo. Ha, mad Son!

Wood. Mad Daddy!

Aldo. Your man told me, you were just return'd from Travel: what Parts have you last visited?

Wood. I came from *France*.

Aldo. Then, perhaps, you may have known an ungracious Boy of mine there.

Wood. Like enough: pray, what's his name?

Aldo. *George Aldo.*

Wood. I must confess I do know the Gentleman; satisfie your self, he's in health, and upon his return.

Aldo. That's some comfort: But, I hear, a very Rogue, a lewd young Fellow.

Wood. The worst I know of him is, that he loves a Wench; and that good quality he has not stoln.

Musick at the Balcony over head: Mrs. Trickfy and Judith appear.

Hark! there's Musick above.

Aldo. 'Tis at my Daughter *Trickys's* Lodging, the kept Mistress I told you of, the Lass of Mettle: but for all she carries it so high, I know her Pedigree; her Mother's a Semstres in *Dog and Bitch-Yard*, and was, in her Youth, as right as she is.

Wood. Then she's a two-pil'd Punk, a Punk of two Descents.

Aldo. And her Father, the famous Cöbler, who taught *Walsingham* to the Black-birds. How stand thy affections to her, thou lusty Rogue?

Wood. All o'fire: a most urging Creature!

Aldo. Peace! they are beginning.

A SONG.

I.

'G Ainst Keepers we petition,
Who wou'd inclose the Common:
'Tis enough to raise Sedition
In the free-born Subject Woman.
Because for his gold
I my body have sold,
He thinks I'm a Slave for my life;
He rants, domineers,
He swaggers and swears,
And wou'd keep me as bare as his Wife.

2. 'Gains

2.

'Gainst Keepers we petition, &c.
 'Tis honest and fair,
 That a Feast I prepare;
 But when his dull appetite's o're,
 I'll treat with the rest
 Some welcomer Guest,
 For the Reck'ning was paid me before.

Wood. A Song against Keepers! this makes well for us lusty Lovers.

Tricky. (Above) Father, Father Aldo!

Aldo. Daughter Tricky, are you there Child? your Friends at Barnet are all well, and your dear Master Limberham, that Noble He-
 phestion, is returning with 'em.

Trick. And you are come upon the Spur before, to acquaint me with the news.

Aldo. Well, thou art the happiest Rogue in a kind Keeper! He drank thy health five times, *supernaculum*, to my Son Brain-sick; and dipt my Daughter Pleasance's little finger, to make it go down more glibly: And, before George, I grew tory rory, as they say, and strain'd a Brimmer through the Lilly-white Smock, i'faith.

Trick. You will never leave these fumbling tricks, Father, till you are taken upon suspicion of Manhood, and have a Bastard laid at your Door: I am sure you wou'd own it for your Credit.

Aldo. Before George, I shou'd not see it starve for the Mothers sake: for, if she were a Punk, she was good-natur'd, I warrant her.

Wood. (Aside) Well, if ever Son was blest with a hopeful Father, I am.

Trick. Who's that Gentleman with you?

Aldo. A young *Monsieur* return'd from travel; a lusty young Rogue; a true-mill'd Whoremaster, with the right Stamp. He's a Fellow-lodger, incorporate in our Society: for whose sake he came hither, let him tell you.

Wood. (Aside) Are you gloting already? then there's hopes, i'faith.

Trick. You seem to know him, Father.

Aldo. Know him! from his Cradle——What's your name?

Wood. Woodall.

Aldo. Woodall of Woodall; I knew his Father; we were Con-
 temporaries, and Fellow-Wenchers in our Youth.

Wood. (Aside) My honest Father stumbles into truth, in spite of lying.

Trick. I was just coming down to the Garden-house before you came.

Aldo. I'm ferry I cannot stay to present my Son Woodall to you; but, I have set you together, that's enough for me.

[Exit.

Wood.

Wood. (Alone) 'Twas my study to avoid my Father, and I have run full into his mouth; and yet I have a strong hank upon him too, for I am private to as many of his Vertues, as he is of mine. After all, if I had an ounce of discretion left, I shou'd pursue this business no farther: but two fine Women in a House! Well, 'tis resolv'd, come what will on't, thou art answerable for all my sins, old *Aldo*.——

Enter Trickisy with a Box of Essences.

Here she comes, this Heir-Apparent of a Semstrefs, and a Cobler! and yet, as she's adorn'd, she looks like any Princess of the Blood.

[*Salutes her.*

Trick, (Aside) What a difference there is between this Gentleman, and my feeble Keeper, Mr. *Limberham*! He's to my wish, if he wou'd but make the least advances to me. Father *Aldo* tells me, Sir, you're a Traveller: what Adventures have you had in Foreign Countries?

Wood. I have no Adventures of my own can deserve your Curiosity; but, now I think on't, I can tell you one that hapned to a *French Cavalier*, a Friend of mine, at *Tripoli*.

Trick. No Wars, I beseech you: I am so weary of Father *Aldo's* *Lorrain* and *Creguy*.

Wood. Then this is as you wou'd desire it, a Love-Adventure. This *French Gentleman* was made a Slave to the *Dye* of *Tripoli*; by his good qualities gain'd his Masters favour; and after, by corrupting an *Eunuch*, was brought into the *Seraglio* privately, to see the *Dye's* Mistress.

Trick. This is somewhat; proceed, sweet Sir.

Wood. He was so much amaz'd, when he first beheld her, leaning over a *Balcone*, that he scarcely dar'd to lift his eyes, or speak to her.

Trick, (Aside) I find him now. But what follow'd of this dumb Interview?

Wood. The *Nymph* was gracious, and came down to him; but with so Goddess-like a presence, that the poor Gentleman was Thunder-struck again.

Trick. That favour'd little of the *Monsieurs* Gallantry, especially when the Lady gave him encouragement.

Wood. The Gentleman was not so dull, but he understood the favour, and was presuming enough to try if she were Mortal: He advanc'd with more assurance, and took her fair hands: Was he not too bold, Madam? and wou'd not you have drawn back yours, had you been in the *Sultana's* place?

Trick. If the *Sultana* lik'd him well enough to come down into the Garden to him, I suppose she came not thither to gather Nofegays.

Wood. Give me leave, Madam, to thank you, in my Friends behalf, for your favourable judgment. [Kisses her hand.

He kiss'd her hand with an exceeding Transport; and finding that she prest his at the same instant, he proceeded with a greater eagerness to her lips: But, Madam, the Story wou'd be without life, unless you give me leave to act the Circumstances. [Kisses her.

Trick. Well, I'll swear you are the most Natural Historian!

Wood. But now, Madam, my heart beats with joy, when I come to tell you the sweetest part of his Adventure: Opportunity was favourable, and Love was on his side; he told her, the Chamber was more private, and a fitter Scene for Pleasure: Then, looking on her Eyes, he found 'em languishing; he saw her Cheeks blushing, and heard her Voice faultring in a half denial: he seiz'd her hand with an Amorous Extasie, and—— [Takes her hand.

Trick. Hold, Sir, you act your Part too far. Your Friend was unconscionable, if he desir'd more favours at the first Interview.

Wood. He both desir'd, and obtain'd 'em, Madam, and so will——

(Noise) *Trick.* Heav'ns! I hear Mr. *Limberham's* voice: he's return'd from *Barnet*.

Wood. I'll avoid him.

Trick. That's impossible; he'll meet you. Let me think a moment: Mrs. *Saintly* is abroad, and cannot discover you: Have any of the Servants seen you?

Wood. None.

Trick. Then you shall pass for my *Italian* Merchant of Essences: Here's a little Box of 'em just ready.

Wood. But I speak no *Italian*, only a few broken scraps which I pick'd up from *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin* at *Paris*.

Trick. You must venture that: when we are rid of *Limberham*, 'tis but slipping into your Chamber, throwing off your black Periwig, and Riding Sute, and you come out an *English-man*. No more; he's here.

Enter *Limberham*.

Limberham. Why, how now, *Pug*? Nay, I must lay you over the Lips, to take hanfel of 'em, for my welcom.

Trick. (Putting him back) Foh! how you smell of Sweat, Dear!

Lim. I have put my self into this same unsavoury heat, out of my violent affection to see thee, *Pug*, before *George*, as Father *Aldo* says; I cou'd not live without thee; thou art the purest Bed-fellow, though I say it, that I did nothing but dream of thee all night; and then I was so troublesome to Father *Aldo* (for you must know, he and I were lodg'd together) that, in my Conscience, I did so kiss him, and so hug him in my sleep!

Trick.

THE KIND KEEPER.

11

Trick. I dare be sworn 'twas in your sleep; for, when you are waking, you are the most honest, quiet Bed-fellow, that ever lay by woman.

Lim. Well, *Pug*, all shall be amended; I am come home on purpose to pay old Debts. But who is that same Fellow there? what makes he in our Territories?

Trick. You Auph you, do you not perceive it is the *Italian* Seignior, who is come to sell me Essences?

Lim. Is this the Seignior? I warrant you, 'tis he the *Lampoon* was made on. [*Sings the Tune of Seignior, and ends with Ho, ho.*]

Trick. Prythee leave thy foppery, that we may have done with him. He asks an unreasonable price, and we cannot agree. Here, Seignior, take your Trinkets, and be gone.

Wood. (taking the Box) *A Dio, Seigniora.*

Lim. Hold, pray stay a little, Seignior; a thing is come into my head o'th' sudden.

Trick. What wou'd you have, you eternal Sot? the Man's in haste.

Lim. But why shou'd you be in your Frumps, *Pug*, when I design only to oblige you? I must present you with this Box of Essences; nothing can be too dear for thee.

Trick. Pray let him go, he understands no *English*.

Lim. Then how cou'd you drive a Bargain with him, *Pug*?

Trick. Why, by Signs, you Coxcomb.

Lim. Very good! Then I'll first pull him by the Sleeve, that's a Sign to stay. Look you, Mr. *Seignior*, I wou'd make a Present of your Essences to this Lady; for I find I cannot speak too plain to you, because you understand no *English*. Be not you refractory now, but take ready Money: that's a Rule.

Wood. *Seignioro, non intendo Inglese.*

Lim. This is a very dull Fellow! he says, he does not intend *English*. How much shall I offer him, *Pug*?

Trick. If you will Present me, I have bidden him ten Guineys.

Lim. And, before *George*, you bid him fair. Look you, Mr. *Seignior*, I will give you all these: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Do you see, *Seignior*?

Wood. *Seignior, Si.*

Lim. Lo' you there, *Pug*, he does see. Here, will you take me at my word?

Wood. (*Shrugging up*) *Troppo poco, troppo co.*

Lim. *A poco, a poco!* why, a Pox o' you too, and you go to that. Stay, now I think on't, I can tickle him up with *French*; he'll understand that sure. *Monsieur, voulez vous prendre ces dix Guinees, pour ces Essences? mon foyc'est assez.*

Wood. *Chi vala, Amici: ho di Casa! Taratapa, Taratapa, eus, maton, mean!*—(*To her.*) I am at the end of my *Italian*, what will become of me?

Trick. (To him) Speak any thing, and make it pass for *Italian*; but be sure you take his Money.

Wood. *Seignior, jo non canno takare ten Guinneo, possibilmente; 'tis to my loss.*

Lim. That is, *Pug*, he cannot possibly take ten Guineys, 'tis to his loss: now I understand him; this is almost *English*.

Trick. *English!* away, you Fop! 'tis a kind of *Lingua Franca*, as I have heard the Merchants call it; a certain compound Language, made up of all Tongues that passes through the *Levant*.

Lim. This *Lingua*, what you call it, is the most rarest Language, I understand it as well as if it were *English*; you shall see me answer him: *Seignioro, stay a littlo, and consider wello, ten Guinnio is monyo, a very considerablo summo.*

Trick. Come, you shall make it twelve, and he shall take it for my sake.

Lim. Then, *Seignioro*, for *Pugsakio*, addo two more: *je vous donne bon advise: prenez vistement: prenez me a mon mot.*

Wood. *Jo losero molto: ma per guadagnare it vestro costume, datemi hansello.*

Lim. There is both *hansello* and *Guinnio*; take, take; and so Good-morrow.

Trick. Good-morrow, *Seignior*, I like your Spirits very well; pray let me have all your Essence you can spare.

Lim. Come, *Puggio*, and let us retire in *secreto*, like Lovers, into our *Chambro*; for I grow *impatiento*. — *Bon Matin, Mounseur, bon Matin & bon jour.* [Exeunt *Limberham*, *Trick*sy.]

Wood. Well, get thee gone, Squire *Limberhamo*, for the easiest Fool I ever knew, next my Naunt of Fairies in the *Alchemist*. I have escap'd, thanks to my Mistresses *Lingua Franca*: I'll steal to my Chamber, shift my Periwig, and Cloaths; and then, with the help of resty *Gervase*, concert the business of the next Campaign. My Father sticks in my Stomach still; but I am resolv'd to be *Woodall* with him, and *Aldo* with the Women. [Exit.]

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall, Gervase.

Wood. **H**itherto, sweet *Gervase*, we have carri'd matters swimmingly: I have danc'd in a Net before my Father, almost Check-mated the Keeper, retir'd to my Chamber undiscover'd, shifted

shifted my Habit, and am come out an absolute *Monsieur* to allure the Ladies. How sits my *Chedreux*?

Ger. O very finely! with the Locks comb'd down, like a *Mare-maids*, on a Sign-post. Well, you think now your Father may live in the same house with you till *Dooms-day*, and never find you; or, when he has found you, he will be kind enough not to consider what a Property you have made of him. My Employment is at an end; you have got a better Pimp, thanks to your Filial Reverence.

Wood. Prythee what shou'd a man do with such a Father, but use him thus? Besides, he does Journey-work under me; 'tis his humour to fumble, and my duty to provide for his old age.

Ger. Take my advice yet; down o' your Marrow-bones, and ask forgiveness; Espouse the Wife he has provided for you; lye by the side of a wholesom Woman, and procreate your own Progeny in the fear of Heaven.

Wood. I have no vocation to it, *Gervase*: A man of Sense is not made for Marriage; 'tis a Game, which none but dull plodding Fellows can play at well; and 'tis as natural to them, as *Crimp* is to a *Dutch-man*.

Ger. Think on't however, Sir; Debauchery is upon its last Legs in *England*: witty men began the Fashion; and, now the Fops are got into't, 'tis time to leave it.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. Son *Woodall*, thou vigorous young Rogue, I congratulate thy good Fortune; thy Man has told me the Adventure of the *Italian Merchant*.

Wood. Well, they are now retir'd together, like *Rinaldo* and *Armida*, to private dalliance; but we shall find a time to separate their loves, and strike in betwixt 'em, Daddy: But I hear there's another Lady in the house, my Landladies fair Daughter; how came you to leave her out of your Catalogue?

Aldo. She's pretty, I confess, but most damnably honest; have a care of her, I warn you, for she's prying and malicious.

Wood. A tang of the Mother; but I love to graff on such a Crab-tree; she may bear good fruit another year.

Aldo. No, no, avoid her: I warrant thee, young *Alexander*, I will provide thee more Worlds to conquer.

Ger. (*Aside*) My old Master wou'd fain pass for *Philip of Macedon*, when he is little better than *Sir Pandarus of Troy*.

Wood. If you get this Keeper out of doors, Father, and give me but an opportunity—

Aldo. Trust my diligence; I will smoak him out, as they do Bees, but I will make him leave his Honey-comb.

Ger.

Ger. (Aside) If I had a thousand Sons, none of the Race of the *Gervases* shou'd ever be educated by thee, thou vile old Satan.

Aldo. Away Boy, fix thy Arms, and whet, like the lusty *German* Boys, before a Charge: he shall bolt immediately.

Wood. O, fear not the vigorous five and twenty.

Aldo. Hold, a word first: Thou said'st my Son was shortly to come over.

Wood. So he told me.

Aldo. Thou art my Bosom Friend:

Ger. (Aside) Of an hours acquaintance.

Aldo. Be sure thou dost not discover my frailties to the young Scoundrel: 'twere enough to make the Boy my Master. I must keep up the Dignity of old Age with him.

Wood. Keep but your own counsel, Father; for what ever he knows, must come from you.

Aldo. The truth on't is, I sent for him over; partly to have marri'd him, and partly because his villanous Bills came so thick upon me, that I grew weary of the charge.

Ger. He spar'd for nothing; he laid it on, Sir, as I have heard.

Wood. Peace, you lying Rogue, believe me, Sir, bating his necessary expences of Women, which I know you wou'd not have him want: in all things else, he was the best manager of your allowance; and, tho I say it, —

Ger. (Aside.) That shou'd not say it.

Wood. The most hopeful young Gentleman in *Paris*.

Aldo. Report speaks otherwise. And before *George*, I shall read him a Worm-wood Lecture, when I see him. But hark, I hear the door unlock; the Lovers are coming out: I'll stay here, to wheedle him abroad; but you must vanish.

Wood. Like Night and the Moon, in the Maids Tragedy: I into Myst; you into Day.
[Ex. Wood. Gerv.]

Enter Limberham and Trickfy.

Limb. Nay, but dear sweet honey *Pug*, forgive me but this once: it may be any man's case; when his desires are too vehement.

Trick. Let me alone; I care not.

Limb. But then thou wilt not love me, *Pug*.

Aldo. How now Son *Limberham*? there's no quarrel towards, I hope!

Trick. You had best tell now, and make your self ridiculous!

Limb. She's in Passion: Pray do you moderate this matter, Father *Aldo*.

Trick. Father *Aldo*! I wonder you are not asham'd to call him so!

fo! you may be his Father, if the truth were known.

Aldo. Before *George*, I smell a Rat, Son *Limberham*: I doubt, I doubt here has been some great omission in Love affairs.

Limb. I think all the Stars in Heav'n have conspired my ruin. I'll look in my Almanack—As I hope for mercy 'tis cross day now.

Trick. Hang your pitiful excuses. 'Tis well known what offers I have had, and what fortunes I might have made with others, like a fool as I was, to throw away my youth and Beauty upon you. I could have had a young handsome Lord, that offer'd me my Coach and six; besides many a good Knight and Gentleman, that wou'd have parted with their own Ladies, and have settled half they had upon me.

Limb. Is you said so.

Trick. I said so, Sir! who am I? is not my word as good as yours?

Limb. As mine, Gentlewoman? tho I say it, my word will go for thousands.

Trick. The more shame for you, that you have done no more for me: But I am resolv'd I'll not lose my time with you; I'll part.

Limb. Do, who cares? Go to Dog and Bitch yard, and help your Mother to make Footmens Shirts.

Trick. I defy you, Slanderer, I defy you.

Aldo. Nay, dear Daughter!

Limb. I defy her too.

Aldo. Nay, good Son!

Trick. Let me alone: I'll have him cudgel'd, by my Footman.

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Bless us! what's here to do? My Neighbours will think I keep a Nest of unclean Birds here.

Lim. You had best preach now, and make her house bethought a Baudy-house!

Trick. No, no: while you are in't, you'l secure it from that scandal. Hark hither, Mrs. *Saintly*. [Whispers.]

Limb. Do, tell, tell, no matter for that.

Saint. Who wou'd have imagin'd you had been such a kind of man, Mr. *Limberham*! O Heav'n, O Heav'n. [Ex.]

Lim. So, Now you have spit your Venom, and the Storm's over.

Aldo. (crying.) That I shou'd ever live to see this day!

Trick. To show I can live honest, in spite of all mankind, I'll go into a Nunnery, and that's my resolution.

Lim.

Lim. Don't hinder her, good Father *Aldo*; I'm sure she'll come back from *France*, before she gets half way o're to *Calais*.

Aldo. Nay, but Son *Limberham*, this must not be: a word in private. You'll never get such another Woman, for Love nor Money. Do but look upon her; she's a Mistress for an Emperor.

Lim. Let her be a Mistress for a Pope, like a Whore of *Babylon*, as she is.

Aldo. Wou'd I were worthy to be a young man, for her sake: she shou'd eat Pearl, if she wou'd have 'em.

Lim. She can digest 'em, and Gold too. Let me tell you Father *Aldo*, she has the Stomach of an Estrich.

Aldo. Daughter *Tricksy*, a word with you.

Trick. I'll hear nothing: I am for a Nunnery.

Aldo. I never saw a Woman, before you, but first or last she wou'd be brought to Reason. Hark you Child, you'll scarcely find so kind a keeper: What if he has some impediment one way? every body is not a *Hercules*. You shall have my Son *Woodal*, to supply his wants; but as long as he maintains you, be rul'd by him that bears the purse.

Lim. Singing.

I my own Fylour was; my only Foe,

Who did my liberty forego;

I was a Pris'ner, cause I wou'd be so.

Aldo. Why, look you now, Son *Limberham*, is this a Song to be sung at such a time, when I am labouring your reconcilment? Come Daughter *Tricksy*, you must be rul'd; I'll be the Peace-maker.

Trick. No, I'm just going.

Lim. The Devil take me, if I call you back.

Trick. And his Dam take me, if I return, except you do.

Aldo. So, now you'll part, for a meer Punctilio! Turn to him, Daughter: speak to her, Son. Why shou'd you be so refractory both, to bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?

Lim. I'll not be forsworn, I swore first.

Trick. Thou art a forsworn man however; for thou swor'st to love me eternally.

Lim. Yes, I was such a fool, to swear so.

Aldo. And will you have that dreadful oath ly gnawing on your Conscience?

Trick. Let him be damn'd; and so farewell for ever. [Going.]

Lim. Pug!

Trick. Did you call, Mr. *Limberham*.

Lim. It may be, I; it may be, No.

Trick.

Trick. Well, I am going to the Nunnery: but to show I am in charity, I'll pray for you.

Aldo. Pray for him! fy, Daughter, fy; is that an answer for a Christian?

Lim. What did *Pug* say? will she pray for me? Well, to show I am in Charity, she shall not pray for me.—Come back, *Pug*. But did I ever think thou could'st have been so unkind to have parted with me? [*Cries.*

Aldo. Look you, Daughter, see how nature works in him!

Lim. I'll settle two hundred a year upon thee, because thou said'st thou wou'dst pray for me.

Aldo. Before *George*, Son *Limberham*, you'll spoil all, if you under-bid'so. Come, down with your dust, man: what, show a base mind, when a fair Lady's in question!

Lim. Well, if I must give three hundred.

Trick. No, 'tis no matter; my thoughts are on a better place.

Aldo. Come, there's no better place, than little *London*. You sha'not part for a Trifle. What, Son *Limberham*? four hundred a year's a square sum, and you shall give it.

Lim. 'Tis a round Sum indeed; I wish a three-corner'd sum wou'd have serv'd her turn. Why shou'd you be so perversicacious now, *Pug*? Pray take three hundred.—Nay, rather than part, *Pug*, it shall be so. [*She frowns.*

Aldo. It shall be so, it shall be so: come, now bufs, and seal the bargain.

Trick. (*kissing him.*) You see what a good-natur'd fool I am, Mr. *Limberham*, to come back into a wicked World, for love of you. You'll see the Writings drawn, Father?

Aldo. I; and pay the Lawyer too. Why, this is as it shou'd be! I'll be at the charge of the reconciling Supper—(*To her aside.*) Daughter, my Son *Woodall* is waiting for you.—Come away, Son *Limberham*, to the Temple.

Lim. With all my heart, while she's in a good humor: it wou'd cost me another hundred, if I shou'd stay till *Pug* were in wrath again. Adieu, sweet *Pug*. [*Ex. Aldo. Limb.*]

Trick. That he shou'd be so silly to imagine I wou'd go into a Nunnery! 'tis likely; I have much Nuns Flesh about me. But here comes my Gentleman.

Enter Woodall, not seeing her.

Wood. Now the Wife's return'd, and the Daughter too, and I have seen 'em both, and am more distracted than before: I wou'd enjoy all, and have not yet determin'd with which I shou'd begin. 'Tis but a kind of Clergy-covetousness in me, to desire so many; if I

stand gaping after Pluralities, one of 'em is in danger to be made a *Sine cure*.—(Sees her.) O, Fortune has determin'd for me. 'Tis just here, as it is in the World; the Mistrefs will be serv'd before the Wife.

Trick. How now, Sir? are you rehearsing your *Lingua Franca* by your self, that you walk so pensively?

Wood. No faith, Madam, I was thinking of the fair Lady, who at parting bespoke so cunningly of me all my Essences.

Trick. But there are other Beauties in the house; and I shou'd be impatient of a Rival: for I am apt to be partial to my self, and think I deserve to be prefer'd before 'em.

Wood. Your Beauty will allow of no competition; And I am sure my love cou'd make none.

Trick. Yes, you have seen Mrs. *Brainsick*, she's a Beauty.

Wood. You mean, I suppose, the peaking Creature, the Marry'd Woman, with a fideling look, as if one Cheek carry'd more byass than the other?

Trick. Yes, and with a high Nose, as visible as a land-mark.

Wood. With one cheek blew, the other red: just like the covering of *Lambeth Palace*.

Trick. Nay, but her legs, if you cou'd see 'em——

Wood. She was so foolish to wear short Petticoats, and show 'em. They are pillars, gros enough to support a larger building; of the *Tuscan* order, by my troth.

Trick. And her little head, upon that long neck, shows like a Traitor's scull upon a pole. Then, for her wit.——

Wood. She can have none: there's not room enough for a Thought to play in.

Trick. I think indeed I may safely trust you with such Charms; and you have pleas'd me with your description of her.

Wood. I wish you wou'd give me leave to please you better; but you transact as gravely with me, as a Spaniard; and are losing Love, as he does Flanders: you consider, and demur, when the Monarch is up in Arms, and at your Gates.

Trick. But to yield upon the first Summons, e're you have laid a formal Siege——

To morrow may prove a luckier day to you.

Wood. Believe me, Madam, Lovers are not to trust to morrow: Love may die upon our hands, or opportunity be wanting; 'tis best securing the present hour.

Trick. No, Love's like Fruit; it must have time to ripen on the Tree; if it be green gather'd, 'twill but wither afterwards.

Wood. Rather 'tis like Gun-powder; that which fires quickest, is commonly the strongest.——By this burning kiss——

Trick. You Lovers are such froward Children, ever crying for the Breast;

Breast; and, when you have once had it, fall fast asleep in the Nurses Arms. — And with what face shou'd I look upon my Keeper after it?

Wood. With the same face that all Mistresses look upon theirs. Come, come.

Trick. But my Reputation!

Wood. Nay, that's no Argument, if I shou'd be so base to tell; for Women get good fortunes now-a-daies, by losing their Credit, as a cunning Citizen does by Breaking.

Trick. But I'm so shame-fac'd! Well, I'll go in, and hide my Blushes. [Exit.

Wood. I'll not be long after you; for I think I have hidden my Blushes where I shall never find 'em.

Re-enter Trickfy.

Trick. As I live, Mr. *Limberham*, and Father *Aldo*, are just return'd; I saw 'em entring. My Settlement will miscarry, if you are found here: what shall we do?

Wood. Go you into your Bed-chamber, and leave me to my Fortune.

Trick. That you shou'd be so dull! their suspition will be as strong still; for what shou'd you make here?

Wood. The curse on't is too, I bid my Man tell the Family I was gone abroad; so that if I am seen, you are infallibly discover'd.

Trick. Hark, I hear 'em! Here's a Chest which I borrow'd of Mrs. *Pleasance*; get quickly into it, and I will lock you up: there's nothing in't, but Cloaths of *Limberham's*, and a Box of Writings. [Noise.

Wood. I shall be smother'd.

Trick. Make haste, for Heav'n sake; they'l quickly be gone, and then——

Wood. That Then, will make a man venture any thing.

[He goes in, and she locks the Chest.

Enter Limberham and Aldo.

Lim. Dost thou not wonder, to see me come again so quickly, *Pug*?

Trick. No, I am prepar'd for any foolish freak of yours: I knew you wou'd have a qualm, when you came to settlement.

Lim. Your settlement depends most absolutely on that Chest.

Trick. Father *Aldo*, a word with you, for Heav'n sake.

Aldo. No, no, I'll not whisper: do not stand in your own light, but produce the Keys, Daughter.

Lim. Be not musty, my pretty *S. Peter*, but produce the Keys; I must have the Writings out that concern thy Settlement.

Trick. Now I see you are so reasonable, I'll show you I dare trust your honesty; the Settlement shall be defer'd till another day.

Aldo. No deferring, in these cases, Daughter.

Trick. But I have lost the Keys.

Lim. That's a jest! let me feel in thy Pocket, for I must oblige thee.

Trick. You shall feel no where: I have felt already, and am sure they are lost.

Aldo. But feel again, the Lawyer stays.

Trick. Well, to satisfy you, I will feel. — They are not here. — Nor here neither.

[*She pulls out her Handkerchief, and the Keys drop after it: Limberham takes 'em up.*]

Lim. Look you now, *Pug!* who's in the right? Well, thou art born to be a lucky *Pug*, in spite of thy self.

Trick. (*Aside*) O, I am ruin'd! — One word, I beseech you, Father *Aldo.*

Aldo. Not a syllable: what's the Devil in you, Daughter? Open Son, open.

Trick. (*Aloud*) It shall not be open'd; I will have my will, though I lose my Settlement: Wou'd I were within the Chest, I wou'd hold it down, to spite you: I say again, wou'd I were within the Chest, I wou'd hold it so fast, you shou'd not open it: the best on't is, there's good Inckle on the top of the in-side, if he have the wit to lay hold on't.

Lim. (*Going to open it*) Before *George*, I think you have the Devil in a String, *Pug*; I cannot open it, for the Guts of me. *Hiccius Doctius!* what's here to do? I believe, in my Conscience, *Pug* can Conjure: Marry, God bless us all good Christians.

Aldo. Push hard, Son.

Lim. I cannot push; I was never good at pushing: when I push, I think the Devil pushes too. Well, I must let it alone, for I am a Fumbler. Here, take the Keys, *Pug.*

Trick. (*Aside*) Then all's safe again.

Enter Judith and Gervase.

Jud. Madam, Mrs. *Pleasance* has sent for the Chest you borrow'd of her: she has present occasion for it; and has desir'd us to carry it away.

Lim. Well, that's but reason: if she must have it, she must have it.

Trick. Tell her, it shall be return'd some time to day; at present we must crave her pardon, because we have some Writings in it, which must first be taken out, when we can open it.

Lim.

Lim. Nay, that's but reason too: then she must not have it.

Ger. Let me come to't; I'll break it open, and you may take out your Writings.

Lim. That's true: 'tis but reasonable it shou'd be broken open.

Trick. Then I may be bound to make good the loss.

Lim. 'Tis unreasonable it shou'd be broken open.

Aldo. Before *George*, *Gervase* and I will carry it away; and a Smith shall be sent for to my Daughter *Pleasance's* Chamber, to open it without damage.

Lim. Why, who says against it? Let it be carri'd; I'm all for Reason.

Trick. Hold; I say it shall not stir.

Aldo. What? every one must have their own: *Fiat Jusitia aut ruat Mundus.*

Lim. I, *fiat Jusitia*, *Pug*: she must have her own; for *Jusitia* is Latin for Justice.

[*Aldo and Gervase list at it.*]

Aldo. I think the Devil's in't.

Ger. There's somewhat bounces, like him, in't. 'Tis plaguy heavy; but we'll take t'other heave.

Trick. (*Taking hold of the Chest*) Then you shall carry me too. Help, murder, murder.

[*A confus'd gabbling among'em.*]

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I think all Hell's broke loose among you. What, a Schism in my Family! Does this become the Purity of my House? What will the ungodly say?

Lim. No matter for the ungodly; this is all among our selves: for, look you, the business is this, *Mrs. Pleasance* has sent for this same Business here, which she lent to *Pug*; now *Pug* has some private Businesses within this Business, which she wou'd take out first, and the Business will not be open'd: and this makes all the Business.

Saint. Verily, I am rais'd up for a Judge amongst you; and I say—

Trick. I'll have no Judge: it shall not go.

Aldo. Why Son, why Daughter, why *Mrs. Saintly*; are you all mad? Hear me, I am sober, I am discreet; let a Smith be sent for hither, let him break open the Chest; let the things contained be taken out, and the thing containing be restor'd.

Lim. Now hear me too, for I am sober and discreet; Father *Aldo* is an Oracle: it shall be so.

Trick. Well, to show I am reasonable, I am content, *Mr. Gervase* and I will fetch an Instrument from the next Smith; in the mean time, let the Chest remain where it now stands, and let every one depart the Chamber.

Lim. That no violence be offer'd to the Person of the Chest, in *Pug's* absence.

Aldo.

Aldo. Then this matter is compos'd.

Trick. (*Aside*) Now I shall have leisure to instruct his Man, and set him free, without discovery. Come, Mr. *Cervase*. [*Ex. all but Saintly.*]

Saint. There is a certain motion put into my mind, and it is of good; I have Keys here, which a precious Brother, a devout Blacksmith, made me; and which will open any Lock of the same bore: verily, it can be no sin to unlock this Chest therewith, and take from thence the spoils of the ungodly. I will satisfy my Conscience, by giving part thereof to the Hungry, and the Needy; some to our Pastor, that he may prove it lawful; and some I will sanctify to my own use. [*She unlocks the Chest, and Woodall starts up.*]

Wood. Let me embrace you, my dear Deliverer!

Bless us! is it you, Mrs. *Saintly*? [*She shrieks.*]

Saint. (*Shrieking*) Heav'n, of his mercy! Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Wood. What will become of me now?

Saint. According to thy wickedness, shall it be done unto thee. Have I discover'd thy back-slidings, thou unfaithful man! thy Treachery to me shall be rewarded, verily; for I will testify against thee.

Wood. Nay, since you are so revengful, you shall suffer your part of the disgrace; if you testify against me for Adultery, I shall testify against you for Theft: there's an Eighth for your Seventh.

[*Noise.*]

Saint. Verily, they are approaching: return to my embraces, and it shall be forgiven thee.

Wood. Thank you, for your own sake: Hark! they are coming! cry Thief again, and help to save all yet.

Saint. Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Wood. Thank you, for your own sake; but I fear 'tis too late.

Enter Trickly, Limberham.

Trick. (*Entering*) The Chest open, and *Woodall* discover'd, I am ruin'd!

Enter Limb. Why all this shrieking, Mrs. *Saintly*?

Wood. (*Rushing him down*) Stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief! cry you mercy, Gentleman, if I have hurt you.

Limb. (*Rising*) 'Tis a fine time to cry a man mercy, when you have beaten his wind out of his body.

Saint. As I watched the Chest, behold a Vision rushed out of it, on the sudden; and I lifted up my voice, and shriek'd.

Limb. A Vision, Landlady; what, have we *Gog* and *Magog* in our Chamber?

Trick. A Thief, I warrant you, who had gotten into the Chest.

Wood. Most certainly a Thief: for hearing my Landlady cry out, I flew from my Chamber to her help, and met him running down stairs;

stairs; and then he turn'd back to the *Balcone*, and lept into the Street.

Lim. I thought indeed that something held down the Chest, when I would have open'd it: — But my VVritings are there still; that's one comfort! — Oh *Seignioro*, are you here!

Wood. Do you speak to me, Sir?

Saint. This is Mr. *Woodall*, your new fellow-Lodger.

Lim. Cry you mercy, Sir; I durst have sworn you cou'd have spoken *Lingua Franca*. — I thought in my Conscience, *Pug*, this had been thy *Italian Merchanto*.

Wood. Sir, I see you mistake me for some other: I shou'd be happy to be better known to you.

Lim. Sir, I beg your pardon with all my *hearto*. Before *George*, I was caught again there! But you are so very like a paltry Fellow, who came to sell *Pug* Essences this morning, that one wou'd swear those Eyes, and that Nose and Mouth, belong'd to that Rascal.

Wood. You must pardon me, Sir, if I don't much relish the close of your Complement.

Trick. Their Eyes are nothing like: (you'll have a quarrel.)

Lim. Not very like, I confess.

Trick. Their Nose and Mouth are quite different.

Lim. As *Pug* says, they are quite different indeed: but I durst have sworn it had been he; and therefore once again, I demand your *pardon*.

Trick. Come, let us go down; by this time *Gervase* has brought the Smith; and then Mrs. *Pleasance* may have her Chest. Please you, Sir, to bear us company.

Wood. At your service, Madam.

Lim. Pray lead the way, Sir.

Wood. 'Tis against my will, Sir: but I must leave you in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Enter Saintly, and Pleasance.

Pleasance. **N**Ever fear it, I'll be a Spy upon his actions: he shall neither whisper nor glote on either of 'em, but I'll ring him such a Peal!

Saint. Above all things, have a care of him your self; for surely there is Witchcraft betwixt his Lips: he is a Wolf within the Sheepfold; and therefore I will be earnest, that you may not fall. [*Exit.*]

Pleas. Why shou'd my Mother be so inquisitive about this Lodger?

I half

I half suspect Old *Eve* her self has a mind to be nibbling at the Pippin: he makes Love to one of 'em, I am confident; it may be to both; for methinks I shou'd have done so, if I had been a Man; but the damn'd Petticoats have perverted me to honesty, and therefore I have a grudge to him, for the Priviledge of his Sex. He shuns me too, and that vexes me; for though I wou'd deny him, I scorn he shou'd not think me worth a civil question.

Re-enter Woodall, with Trickly, Mrs. Brainsick, Judith, and Musick.

Mrs. Brain. Come, your works, your works; they shall have the approbation of *Mrs. Pleasance*.

Trick. No more Apologies: give *Judith* the words; she sings at sight.

Jud. I'll try my skill.

A SONG from the ITALIAN.

BY a dismal Cypress lying,
 Damon cry'd, all pale and dying,
 Kind is Death that ends my pain,
 But cruel She I lov'd in vain.
 The Mossy Fountains
 Murmure my trouble,
 And hollow Mountains
 My groans redouble:
 Every Nymph mourns me,
 Thus while I languish;
 She only scorns me,
 Who cans'd my anguish.
 No Love returning me, but all hope denying;
 By a dismal Cypress lying,
 Like a Swan, so sung he dying:
 Kind is Death that ends my pain,
 But cruel She I lov'd in vain.

Pleas. By these languishing Eyes, and those *Simagres* of yours, we are given to understand, Sir, you have a Mistress in this Company: Come, make a free discovery which of 'em your Poetry is to Charm; and put the other out of pain.

Trick. No doubt 'twas meant to *Mrs. Brainsick*.

Mrs. Brain. We Wives are despicable Creatures: we know it, Madam, when a Mistress is in presence.

Pleas. Why this Ceremony betwixt you? 'Tis a likely proper Fellow, and looks as he cou'd People a new Isle of *Pines*.

Mrs. Brain.

Mrs. Brain. 'Twere a work of Charity to convert a fair young Schismatick, like you, if 'twere but to gain you to a better Opinion of the Government.

Pleas. If I am not mistaken in you two, he has works of Charity enough upon his hands already; but 'tis a willing Soul, I'll warrant him, eager upon the Quarry, and as sharp as a Governour of Covent-Garden.

Wood. Sure this is not the phrase of your Family: I thought to have found a sanctifi'd Sister; but I suspect now, Madam, that if your Mother kept a Pension in your Father's time, there might be some Gentleman-Lodger in the house; for I humbly conceive, you are of the half-strain at least.

Pleas. For all the rudeness of your Language, I am resolv'd to know upon what Voyage you are bound: you Privateer of Love, you Argier's Man, that Cruise up and down for prize in the *Streights Mouth*; which of the Vessels wou'd you snap now?

Trick. We are both under safe Convoy, Madam: a Lover, and a Husband.

Pleas. Nay, for your part, you are notably guarded, I confess; but Keepers have their Rooks, as well as Gamesters: But they only venture under 'em, till they pick up a Sum, and then push for themselves.

Wood. (*Aside*) A Plague of her suspicions; they'll ruine me on that side.

Pleas. So; let but little *Minx* go proud, and the Dogs in *Covent-Garden* have her in the wind immediately: all pursue the Scent.

Trick. Not to a Boarding-house, I hope!

Pleas. If they were wise, they wou'd rather go to a Brothel-house; for there most Mistresses have left behind 'em their Maiden-heads, of blessed memory: and those which wou'd not go off in that Market, are carri'd about by Bauds, and sold at doors, like stale Flesh in Baskets. Then, for your honesty, or justness, as you call it, to your Keepers, your kept Mistress is originally a Punk; and let the Cat be chang'd into a Lady never so formally, she still retains her natural property of Mousing.

Mrs. Brain. You are very sharp upon the Mistresses; but I hope you'll spare the Wives.

Pleas. Yes, as much as your Husbands do, after the first Month of Marriage; but you requite their negligence in Household-duties, by making them Husbands of the first Head, e're the year be over.

Wood. (*Aside*) She has me there too!

Pleas. And, as for you, young Gallant,

Wood. Hold, I beseech you, a Truce for me.

Pleas. In troth I pity you, for you have undertaken a most difficult Task, to cozen two Women, who are no Babies in their Art, if you

bring it about, you perform as much as he that cheated the very Lottery.

Wood. Ladies, I am sorry this shou'd happen to you for my sake: she's in a raging Fit, you see; 'tis best withdrawing, till the Spirit of Prophecy has left her.

Trick. I'll take shelter in my Chamber, — whither, I hope, he'll have the grace to follow me. [Aside.]

Mrs. Brain. And, now I think on't, I have some Letters to dispatch. [Ex. *Trick.* and *Mrs. Brain* severally.]

Pleas. Now, good *John* among the Maids, how mean you to bestow your time? Away, to your Study I advise you, invoke your Muses, and make *Madrigals* upon absence.

Wood. I wou'd go to *China*, or *Japan*, to be rid of that impetuous Clack of yours: Farewel, thou Legion of Tongues in one Woman.

Pleas. Will you not stay, Sir? it may be I have a little business with you.

Wood. Yes, the second part of the same Tune! Strike by your self, sweet *Larm*; you're true Bell mettal, I warrant you. [Exit.]

Pleas. This spitefulness of mine will be my ruine: To rail them off, was well enough; but to talk him away too! O Tongue, Tongue! thou wert given for a Curse to all our Sex!

Enter *Judith.*

Jud. Madam, your Mother wou'd speak with you.

Pleas. I will not come: I'm mad I think: I come immediately. Well, I'll go in, and vent my passion, by railing at them, and him too. [Exit.]

Jud. You may enter in safety, Sir, the Enemy's march'd off.

Re-enter *Woodall.*

Wood. Nothing, but the love I bear thy Mistress, cou'd keep me in the house with such a Fury. VVhen will the bright *Nymph* appear?

Jud. Immediately: I hear her coming.

Wood. That I cou'd find her coming, *Mrs. Judith!*

Enter *Mrs. Brainfick.*

You have made me languish in expectation, Madam. VVas it nothing, do you think, to be so near a happiness, with violent desires, and to be delay'd?

Mrs. Brain. Is it nothing, do you think, for a VVoman of Honour, to overcome the eyes of Vertue and Reputation; to do that for you, which I thought I shou'd never have ventur'd for the sake of any man? *Wood.*

Wood. But, my comfort is, that Love has overcome. Your Honour is, in other words, but your good Repute; and 'tis my part to take care of that: for the Fountain of a Womans Honour is in the Lover, as that of the Subject is in the King.

Mrs. Brain. You had concluded well, if you had been my Husband: you know where our subjection lies.

Wood. But cannot I be yours, without a Priest? They were cunning people, doubtless, who began that Trade; to have a double Hank upon us, for two Worlds: that no pleasure here, or hereafter shou'd be had, without a Bribe to them.

Mrs. Brain. Well, I'm resolv'd, I'll read, against the next time I see you; for, the truth is, I am not very well prepar'd with Arguments for Marriage; mean while, farewell.

Wood. I stand corrected; you have reason indeed to go, if I can use my time no better: We'll withdraw, if you please, and dispute the rest within.

Mrs. Brain. Perhaps, I meant not so.

Wood. I understand your meaning at your Eyes. You'll watch, *Judith?*

Mrs. Brain. Nay, if that were all, I expect not my Husband till to-morrow: The Truth is, he's so odly humour'd, that, if I were ill-inclin'd, it wou'd half justify a Woman: He's such a kind of Man,

Wood. Or, if he be not, we'll make him such a kind of Man.

Mrs. Brain. So Fantastical, so Musical, his talk all Rapture, and half Nonsense: Like a Clock out of order, set him a going, and he strikes eternally. Besides, he thinks me such a Fool, that I cou'd half resolve to revenge my self, in justification of my Wit.

Wood. Come, come, no half resolutions among Lovers; I'll hear no more of him, till I have reveng'd you fully. Go out, and watch, *Judith.* [Exit. *Judith.*

Mrs. Brain. Yet, I cou'd say, in my defence, that my Friends married me to him against my will.

Wood. Then let us put your Friends too, into the Quarrel: it shall go hard, but I'll give you a Revenge for them.

Enter Judith again, hastily.

How now? what's the matter?

Mrs. Brain. Can'st thou not speak? hast thou seen a Ghost? — As I live, she signs Horns! that must be for my Husband: He's return'd. [Judith looks ghastly, and signs Horns.

Jud. I wou'd have told you so, if I cou'd have spoken for fear.

Mrs. Brain. Hark, a knocking! what shall we do? [Knocking.] There's no dallying in this case: here you must not be found, that's

certain; but *Judith* hath a Chamber within mine; haste quickly thither; I'll secure the rest.

Jud. Follow me, Sir.

[*Ex.* Woodall, Judith:

Knocking again. She opens: Enter Brainsick.

Brain. What's the matter, Gentlewoman? am I excluded from my own Fortrefs; and by the way of Barricado? Am I to dance Attendance at the Door, as if I were some base *Plebeian* Groom? I'll have you know, that when my Foot assaults, the Lightning and the Thunder are not so terrible as the strokes: *Brasen-Gates* shall tremble, and Bolts of Adamant dismount from off their Hinges, to admit me.

Mrs. Brain. Who wou'd have thought that 'none Dear wou'd have come so soon? I was e'en lying down on my Bed, and dreaming of him: Tum a' me, and buffs, poor Dear, piddee buffs.

Brain. I nauseat these foolish Feats of Love.

Mrs. Brain. Nay, but why shou'd he be so fretful now? and knows I doat on him; to leave a poor Dear so long without him, and then come home in an angry humour! indeed I'll ky.

Brain. Prythee leave thy fulsom fondness; I have surfeited on Conjugal Embraces.

Mrs. Brain. I thought so; some light Huswife has bewitch'd him from me: I was a little Fool, so I was, to leave a Dear behind at *Barnet*, when I knew the Women wou'd run mad for him.

Brain. I have a luscious Air forming, like a *Pallas*, in my Brain-pan; and now thou com'st a-cross my fancy, to disturb the rich Idea's, with the yellow Jaundies of thy Jealousie. (*Noise within.*)

Hark, what noise is that within, about *Judith's* Bed?

Mrs. Brain. I believe, Dear, she's making it.—Wou'd the Fool wou'd go.

Brain. Hark, again!

Mrs. Brain. (*Aside.*) I have a dismal apprehension in my head, that he's giving my Maid a cast of his Office, in my stead. O, how it stings me! (*Woodall sneezes.*)

Brain. I'll enter, and find the reason of this Tumult.

Mrs. Brain. (*holding him.*) Not for the World: there may be a Thief there; and shou'd I put 'none Dear in danger of his life?—What shall I do? betwixt the jealousy of my Love, and fear of this Fool, I am distracted: I must not venture 'em together, what e're comes on't. Why, *Judith*, I say! Come forth, Damsel.

Wood. (*within.*) The danger's over: I may come out safely.

Jud. (*within.*) Are you mad? you sha' not.

Mrs. Brain. (*aside.*) So, now I'm ruin'd unavoidably.

Brain. Who-e're thou art, I have pronounc'd thy Doom; the dreadful *Brainsick* bares his brawny Arm in tearing terror; kneeling Queens in vain shou'd beg thy being.—Sa, sa, there. Mrs.

Mrs. *Brain*. (*aside*.) Tho I believe he dares not venture in ; yet I must not put it to the Tryal. Why *Judith*, come out, come out, Huswife.

Enter Judith, trembling.

What Villain have you hid within ?

Jud. O Lord, Madam, what shall I say ?

Mrs. *Brain*. How shou'd I know what you shou'd say ? Mr. *Brain-sick* has heard a Man's Voice within ; if you know what he makes there, confes the truth ; I am almost dead with fear, and he stands shakeing.

Brain. Terror, I ! 'tis indignation shakes me. With this Sabre I'll slice him small as Atoms ; he shall be doom'd by the Judge, and damn'd upon the Gibbet.

Jud. (*kneeling*.) My Master's so out-ragious, sweet Madam, do you intercede for me, and I'll tell you all in private. (*Whispers.*) If I say it is a Thief, he'll call up help ; I know not what o'th' sudden to invent.

Mrs. *Brain*. Let me alone.——And is this all ? why wou'd you not confes it before, *Judith* ? when you know I am an indulgent Mistress (*Laughs.*)

Brain. What has she confes'd ?

Mrs. *Brain*. A venial Love-Trespas, Dear : 'Tis a Sweet-heart of hers ; one that is to marry her ; and she was unwilling I shou'd know it, so she hid him in her Chamber.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. What's the matter tro ? what in Martial posture, Son *Brain-sick* ?

Jud. Pray, Father *Aldo*, do you beg my pardon of my Master : I have committed a Fault ; I have hidden a Gentleman in my Chamber, who is to marry me without his Friends consent, and therefore came in private to me.

Aldo. That thou shou'dst think to keep this secret ! why, I know it as well as he that made thee.

Mrs *Brain*. (*aside*.) Heav'n be prais'd, for this Knower of all things : Now will he lye three or four rapping Voluntiers, rather than be thought ignorant in any thing.

Brain. Do you know his Friends, Father *Aldo* ?

Aldo. Know 'em ! I think I do. His Mother was an Arch-Deacon's Daughter ; as honest a Woman as ever broke Bread : She and I have been Cater-Cousins in our Youth ; we have tumbled together between a pair of Sheets, i'faith.

Brain.

Brain. An honest woman, and yet you two have tumbled together! those are inconsistent.

Aldo. No matter for that.

Mrs. Brain. He blunders; I must help him. I warrant 'twas before Marriage, that you were so great.

Aldo. Before *George*, and so it was: for she had the prettiest black Mole upon her left Ankle, it does me good to think on't! His Father was Squire what d'you call him, of what d'you call 'em Shire. What think you, little *Judith*? do I know him now?

Jud. I suppose you may be mistaken: my Servant's Father is a Knight of *Hamshire*.

Aldo. I meant of *Hamshire*. But that I shou'd forget he was a Knight, when I got him Knighted at the King's coming in! Two fat Bucks, I am sure, he sent me.

Brain. And what's his Name?

Aldo. Nay, for that, you must excuse me: I must not disclose little *Judith's* secrets.

Mrs. Brain. All this while the poor Gentleman is left in pain: we must let him out in secret; for I believe the young Fellow is so bashful, he wou'd not willingly be seen.

Jud. The best way will be, for Father *Aldo* to lend me the Key of his Door, which opens into my Chamber; and so I can convey him out.

Aldo. (*Giving her a Key*) - Do so, Daughter. Not a word of my familiarity with his Mother, to prevent blood-shed betwixt us: but I have her Name down in my *Almanack*, I warrant her.

Jud. What, kifs and tell, Father *Aldo*; kifs and tell!

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Brain. I'll go and pass an hour with *Mrs. Tricky*.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Limberham.

Brain. What, the lusty Lover *Limberham*!

Enter Woodall at another door.

Aldo. O here's a *Monsieur*, new come over, and a Fellow-lodger; I must endear you two to one another.

Brain. Sir, 'tis my extream ambition to be better known to you: you come out of the Country I adore. And how does the dear *Batrist*? I long for some of his new Compositions in the last *Opera*. *A propo*! I have had the most happy invention this morning, and a Tune trouling in my head; I rise immediately in my Night-Gown and Slippers, down I put the Notes slap dash, made words to 'em like Lightning: and I warrant you have 'em at the Circle in the Evening.

Wood. All were compleat, Sir, if *S. Andre* wou'd make steps to 'em.

Brain. Nay, thanks to my Genius, that care's over: you shall see, you shall see. But first the Air. — (*Sings.*) Is't not very fine? Ha, *Messieurs*!

Lim.

Lim. The close of it is the most ravishing I ever heard!

Brain. I dwell not on your Commendations. What say you, Sir?

(*To Wood.*) Is't not admirable? Do you enter into't?

Wood. Most delicate *Cadence*!

Brain. Gad, I think so, without vanity. *Battist* and I have but one Soul. But the close, the close! (*Sings it thrice over.*) I have words too upon the Air; but I am naturally so bashful!

Wood. Will you oblige me, Sir?

Brain. You might command me, Sir; for I sing too *en Cavalier*: but —

Lim. But you wou'd be intreated, and say, *Nolo, nolo, nolo*, three times, like any Bishop, when your mouth waters at the Diocess.

Brain. I have no voice; but, since this Gentleman commands me, let the words commend themselves. [Sings.]

My Phillis is Charming—

Lim. But why, of all Names, wou'd you chuse a *Phillis*? There have been so many *Phillis*'s in Songs, I thought there had not been another left, for Love or Money.

Brain. If a man shou'd listen to a Fop! (*Sings.*)

My Phillis—

Aldo. Before *George*, I am on t'other side: I think, as good no Song, as no *Phillis*.

Brain. Yet again! — *My Phillis*— (*Sings.*)

Lim. Pray, for my sake, let it be your *Cloris*.

Brain. (*Looking scornfully at him.*) *My Phillis*— (*Sings.*)

Lim. You had as good call her your *Succuba*.

Brain. *Morbleau*! will you not give me leave? I am full of *Phillis*. (*Sings.*) *My Phillis*—

Lim. Nay, I confess, *Phillis* is a very pretty name.

Brain. *Diable*! Now I will not sing, to spight you. By the World, you are not worthy of it. Well, I have a Gentleman's Fortune, I have courage, and make no inconsiderable Figure in the World: yet I wou'd quit my pretensions to all these, rather than not be Author of this Sonnet, which your rudeness has irrevocably lost.

Lim. Some foolish *French quelque chose*, I warrant you.

Brain. *Quelque chose*! O ignorance, in supreme perfection! he means a *kek chose*.

Lim. Why, a *kek shoes* let it be then! And a *kek shoes* for your Song.

Brain. I give to the Devil such a Judge: well, were I to be born again, I wou'd as soon be the Elephant, as a Wit; he's less a Monster in this Age of malice. I cou'd burn my Sonnet, out of rage.

Lim. You may use your pleasure with your own.

Wood. His Friends wou'd not suffer him: *Virgil* was not permitted to burn his *Æneids*.

Brain.

Brain. Dear Sir, I'll not die ingrateful for your approbation: (*Aside to Woodall*) You see this Fellow? he's an Afs already; he has a handsome Mistrefs, and you shall make an Oxe of him, e're long.

Wood. Say no more, it shall be done.

Lim. Hark you, Mr. *Woodall*; this fool *Brainsick* grows insupportable; he's a publick Nufance; but I scorn to set my wit against him: he has a pretty Wife: I say no more, but if you do not graff him—

Wood. A word to the wife: I shall consider him, for your sake.

Lim. Pray do, Sir: consider him much.

Wood. Much is the word.—This fewd makes well for me. [*Aside.*]

Brain to Wood. I'll give you the opportunity, and rid you of him.—Come away, little *Limberham*; you, and I, and Father *Aldo*, will take a turn together in the Square.

Aldo. We'll follow you immediately.

Lim. Yes, we'll come after you, Bully *Brainsick*; but I hope you will not draw upon us there.

Brain. If you fear that, *Bilbo* shall be left behind.

Lim. Nay, nay, leave but your *Madrigal* behind: draw not that upon us, and 'tis no matter for your Sword. [*Exit Brainsick.*]

Enter Tricksy, and Mrs. Brainsick, with a Note for each.

Wood. (*Aside*) Both together! either of 'em apart, had been my buifness: but I shall ne're play well at this Three-hand Game.

Lim. O, *Pug*, how have you been passing of your time?

Trick. I have been looking over the last Present of *Orange Gloves* you made me; and methinks I do not like the scent.—O Lord, Mr. *Woodall*, did you bring those you wear from *Paris*?

Wood. Mine are *Roman*, Madam.

Trick. The scent I love, of all the World. Pray let me see 'em.

Mrs. Brain. Nay, not both, good Mrs. *Tricksy*; for I love that scent as well as you.

Wood. (*Pulling 'em off, and giving each one*) I shall find two dozen more of Womens *Gloves* among my *Trifles*, if you please to accept 'em Ladies.

Trick. Look to't; we shall expect 'em.—Now to put in my *Billet doux*!

Mrs. Brain. So, now I have the opportunity to thrust in my Note.

Trick. Here, Sir, take your *Glove* again; the *Perfume's* too strong for me.

Mrs. Brain. Pray take the other to't; though I shou'd have kept it for a *Pawn*.

[*Mrs. Brainsick's Note falls out, Lim. takes it up.*]

Lim. What have we here? For Mr. *Woodall*.

Both Women. Hold, hold, Mr. *Limberham*.

[*They snatch it.*]

Aldo.

Aldo. Before *George*, Son *Limberham*, you shall read it.

Wood. By your favour, Sir; but he must not.

Trick. He'll know my hand, and I am ruin'd!

Mrs. Brain. Oh, my misfortune! Mr. *Woodall*, will you suffer your secrets to be discover'd?

Wood. It belongs to one of 'em, that's certain.— Mr. *Limberham*, I must desire you to restore this Letter; 'tis from my Mistress.

Trick. The Devil's in him; will he confess?

Wood. This Paper was sent me from her this morning; and I was so fond of it, that I left it in my Glove: if one of the Ladies had found it there, I shou'd have been laugh'd at most unmercifully.

Mrs. Brain. That's well come off!

Lim. My heart was at my mouth, for fear it had been *Pug's*—
(*Aside*) There 'tis again.— Hold, hold; pray let me see't once more: A Mistress, said you?

Aldo. Yes; a Mistress, Sir. I'll be his Voucher; he has a Mistress, and a fair one too.

Lim. Do you know it, Father *Aldo*?

Aldo. Know it! I know the match is as good as made already: Old *Woodall* and I, are all one. You, Son, were sent for over on purpose; the Articles for her Joynture are all concluded, and a Friend of mine drew 'em.

Lim. Nay, if Father *Aldo* knows it, I am satisfi'd.

Aldo. But how came you by this Letter, Son *Woodall*? let me examine you.

Wood. Came by it! (Pox, he has non-plus'd me!) How do you say I came by it, Father *Aldo*?

Aldo. Why, there's it, now. This morning I met your Mistresses Father, Mr. you know who—

Wood. Mr. Who, Sir?

Aldo. Nay, you shall excuse me for that; but we are intimate: his Name begins with some Vowel or Consonant, no matter which; well, her Father gave me this very Numerical Letter, superscrib'd, For *Mr. Woodall*.

Lim. Before *George*, and so it is.

Aldo. Carry me this Letter, quoth he, to your Son *Woodall*; 'tis from my Daughter such a one, and then whisper'd me her Name.

Wood. Let me see; I'll read it once again.

Lim. What, are you not acquainted with the Contents of it?

Wood. O, your true Lover will read you over a Letter, from his Mistress, a thousand times.

Trick. I, two thousand, if he be in the humour.

Wood. Two thousand! then it must be hers. (*Reads to himself.*) Away, to your Chamber immediately, and I'll give my Fool the slip—
(The Fool! that may be either the Keeper, or the Husband; but

commonly the Keeper is the greater. Humh! without Subscription! it must be *Trickisy*.) Father *Aldo*, prithee rid me of this Coxcomb.

Aldo. Come, Son *Limberham*, we let our Friend *Brainsick* walk too long alone: shall we follow him? We must make haste; for I expect a whole Beavy of Whores, a Chamber-full of Temptation this Afternoon: 'tis my day of Audience.

Lim. Mr. *Woodall*, we leave you here, you remember?

[*Exeunt Limber. Aldo.*]

Wood. Let me alone. Ladies, your Servant; I have a little private business with a Friend of mine.

Mrs. Brain. Meaning me.—Well, Sir, your Servant.

Trick. Your Servant, till we meet again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Mr. Woodall's Chamber.

Mrs. Brainsick alone.

Mrs. Brain. My Note has taken, as I wish'd: he will be here immediately. If I cou'd but resolve to lose no time, out of modesty; but 'tis his part to be violent, for both our Credits. Never so little force and ruffling, and a poor weak Woman is excus'd. (*Noise.*) Hark, I hear him coming.—Ah me! the steps beat double: he comes not alone: If it shou'd be my Husband with him! where shall I hide my self? I see no other place, but under his Bed: I must lie as silently, as my fear will suffer me. Heav'n fend me safe again to my own Chamber. [*Creeps under the Bed.*]

Enter Woodall, and Trickisy.

Wood. Well, Fortune at the last is favourable, and now you are my Prisoner.

Trick. After a quarter of an hour, I suppose, I shall have my Liberty upon easie terms. But pray let us parley a little first.

Wood. Let it be upon the Bed then. Please you to sit?

Trick. No matter where: I am never the nearer to your wicked purpose. But you men are commonly great *Comedians* in Love-matters; therefore you must swear, in the first place—

Wood. Nay, no Conditions: the Fortrefs is reduc'd to Extremity; and you must yield upon discretion, or I Storm.

Trick. Never to love any other Woman.

Wood

Wood. I kiss the Book upon't.

[Kisses her. Mrs. Brain. pinches him from underneath the Bed.

Oh, are you at your Love-tricks already? If you pinch me thus, I shall bite your Lip.

Trick. I did not pinch you : but you are apt, I see, to take any occasion of gathering up more close to me. Next, you shall not so much as look on Mrs. *Brainsick*.

Wood. Have you done? these Covenants are so tedious!

Trick. Nay, but swear then.

Wood. I do promise, I do swear, I do any thing. (*Mrs. Brain. runs a Pin into him*) Oh, the Devil! what do you mean to run Pins into me? this is perfect Catter-wauling.

Trick. You fancy all this; I wou'd not hurt you for the World. Come, you shall see how well I love you.—(*Kisses him: Mrs. Brain. pricks her.*) Oh! I think you have Needles growing in your Bed.

[Both rise up.

Wood. I'll see what's the matter in't.

Saint. (*Within.*) Mr. Woodall, where are you, verily?

Wood. Pox verily her; 'tis my Landlady : here, hide your self behind the Curtains, while I run to the door to stop her entry.

Trick. Necessity has no Law; I must be patient.

[She gets into the Bed, and draws the Cloaths over her.

Enter Saintly.

Saint. In sadness, Gentleman, I can hold no longer : I will not keep your wicked counsel, how you were lock'd up in the Chest; for it lies heavy upon my Conscience, and out it must, and shall.

Wood. You may tell, but who'll believe you? where's your witness?

Saint. Verily, Heav'n is my witness.

Wood. That's your witness too, that you wou'd have allur'd me to lewdness, have seduc'd a hopeful young man, as I am; you wou'd have intic'd youth : mark that, *Beldam*.

Saint. I care not; my single Evidence is enough to Mr. *Limberham*; he will believe me, that thou burn'st in unlawful Lust to his beloved : So thou shalt be an out-cast from my Family.

Wood. Then will I go to the Elders of thy Church, and lay thee open before them, that thou did'st Feloniously unlock that Chest, with wicked intentions of purloyning : so thou shalt be Excommunicated from the Congregation, thou *Jezebel*, and deliver'd over to Satan.

Saint. Verily, our Teacher will not Excommunicate me, for taking the Spoils of the Ungodly, to Cloath him; for it is a judg'd Case amongst us, that a marri'd Woman may steal from her Husband, to

relieve a Brother. But yet thou may'st attone this difference betwixt us; verily, thou mayest.

Wood. Now thou art tempting me again. Well, if I had not the gift of Continency, what might become of me?

Saint. The means have been offered thee, and thou hast kicked with the Heel: I will go immediately to the Tabernacle of Mr. *Limberham*, and discover thee, O thou Serpent, in thy crooked Paths.

[*Going.*

Wood. Hold, good Landlady, not so fast; let me have time to consider on't; I may mollifie, for Flesh is frail. An hour or two hence we will confer together upon the Premises.

Saint. Oh, on the sudden, I feel my self exceeding sick! Oh! oh!

Wood. Get you quickly to your Closet, and fall to your *Mirabilis*; this is no place for sick people. Be gone, be gone.

Saint. Verily, I can go no farther.

Wood. But you shall, verily: I will thrust you down, out of pure pity.

Saint. Oh, my eyes grow dim! my heart quops, and my back a-keth! here I will lay me down, and rest me.

[*Throws her self suddenly down upon the Bed; Tricksy shrieks, and rises: Mrs. Brainsick rises from under the Bed in a Fright.*

Wood. So! here's a fine business! my whole *Scraglio* up in Arms!

Saint. So, so; if Providence had not sent me hither, what folly had been this day committed!

Trick. Oh the Old Woman in the Oven! we both over-heard your Pious Documents: did we not, Mrs. *Brainsick*?

Mrs. Brain. Yes, we did over-hear her, and we will both testify against her.

Wood. I have nothing to say for her. Nay, I told her her own; you can both bear me witness. If a sober man cannot be quiet in his own Chamber for her—

Trick. For, you know, Sir, when Mrs. *Brainsick* and I over-heard her coming, having been before acquainted with her wicked purpose, we both agreed to trap her in it.

Mrs. Brain. And now she wou'd scape her self, by accusing us! but let us both conclude to cast an Infamy upon her House, and leave it.

Saint. Sweet Mr. *VWoodall*, intercede for me, or I shall be ruin'd.

VWood. Well, for once, I'll be good-natur'd, and try my interest. Pray, Ladies, for my sake, let this business go no farther.

Trick. Mrs. *Brain.* You may command us.

VWood. For, look you, the offence was properly to my Person; and Charity has taught me to forgive my Enemies. I hope, Mistress *Saintly*, this will be a warning to you, to amend your life: I speak like a Christian, as one that tenders the welfare of your Soul.

Saint.

Saint. Verily, I will consider.

Wood. Why, that's well said.— (*Aside.*) Gad, and so must I too; for my People is dissatisfi'd, and my Government in danger: but this is no place for Meditation. Ladies, I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aldo, Geoffery.

Aldo. Dispatch, *Geoffery*, dispatch: the out-lying Punks will be upon us, ere I am in a readiness to give Audience. Is the Office well provided?

Geoff. The Stores are very low, Sir: some *Doily* Petticoats, and *Manto's* we have; and half a dozen pair of lac'd Shoes, bought from Court at second hand.

Aldo. Before *George*, there's not enough to rig out a Mournival of VWhores: they'l think me grown a meer Curmudgeon. Mercy on me, how will this glorious Trade be carri'd on, with such a miserable Stock!

Geoff. I hear a Coach already stopping at the door.

Aldo. VWell, somewhat in ornament for the Body, somewhat in counsel for the mind; one thing must help out another, in this bad VWorld: VWhoring must go on.

Enter Mrs. Overdon, and her Daughter Pru.

Mrs. Over. Ask blessing, *Pru*: he's the best Father you ever had.

Aldo. Bless thee, and make thee a substantial, thriving VWhore. Have your Mother in your eye, *Pru*; 'tis good to follow good example: How old are you, *Pru*? hold up your head, Child.

Pru. Going o'my sixteen, Father *Aldo*.

Aldo. And you have been initiated but these two-years: losf of time, losf of precious time. *Mrs. Overdon*, how much have you made of *Pru*, since she has been Man's meat?

Mrs. Over. A very small matter, by my troth; considering the charges I have been at in her Education: poor *Pru* was born under an unluckie Planet; I despair of a Coach for her. Her first Maiden-head brought me in but little: the weather-beaten old Knight that bought her of me, beat down the price so low; I held her at an hundred Guinies, and he bid ten; and higher than thirty he wou'd not rise.

Aldo.

Aldo. A pox of his unluckie handsel: he can but fumble, and will not pay neither.

Pru. Hang him; I cou'd never endure him, Father: he's the filthi'st old Goat; and then he comes every day to our house, and eats out his thirty Guinies; and at three Months end, he threw me off.

Mrs. Over. And since then, the poor Child has dwindled, and dwindled away: her next Maiden-head brought me but ten; and from ten she fell to five; and at last to a single Guiny: she has no luck to keeping; they all leave her, the more my sorrow.

Aldo. VVe must get her a Husband then in the City; they bite rarely at a stale VVhore o'this end o'th' Town, new furbish'd up in a taudry *Manto*.

Mrs. Over. No: pray let her try her fortune a little longer in the VVorld first: by my troth, I shou'd be loth to be at all this cost, in her *French*, and her *Singing*, to have her thrown away upon a Husband.

Aldo. Before *George*, there can come no good of your swearing, *Mrs. Overdon*: Say your Prayers, *Pru*, and go duly to Church o'Sundays, you'l thrive the better all the week. Come, have a good heart, Child; I'll keep thee my self: thou shalt do my little business; and I'll find thee an able young Fellow to do thine.

Enter Mrs. Pad.

Daughter, *Pad*; you are welcome: what, you have perform'd the last Christian Office to your Keeper; I saw you follow him up the heavy Hill to *Tyburn*. Have you had never a business since his death?

Mrs. Pad. No indeed, Father; never since Execution-day: the night before, we lay together most lovingly in *Newgate*: and the next morning he lift up his eyes, and prepar'd his Soul with a Prayer, while one might tell twenty; and then mounted the Cart as merrily, as if he had been a going for a Purse.

Aldo. You are a sorrowful Widow, Daughter *Pad*; but I'll take care of you: *Geoffery*, see her rigg'd out immediately for a new Voyage: Look in Figure 9. in the upper Drawer, and give her out the Flower'd *Justacorps*, with the Petticoat belonging to't.

Mrs. Pad. Cou'd you not help to prefer me, Father?

Aldo. Let me see! let me see! Before *George*, I have it, and it comes as pat too! Go me to the very Judge who fate upon him; 'tis an amorous, impotent, old Magistrate, and keeps admirably: I saw him leer upon you from the Bench: he'll tell you what's sweeter than Strawberries and Cream, before you part.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Mrs. Term. O Father, I think I shall go mad.

Aldo. You are of the violentest temper, Daughter Termagant! when had you a business last?

Mrs. Term. The last I had was with young Caster, that Son of a Whore Gamester: he brought me to Taverns, to draw in young Cullies, while he bubbled 'em at Play: and when he had pick'd up a considerable Sum, and shou'd divide, the Cheating Dog wou'd sink my share, and swear, *Dam him, he won nothing.*

Aldo. Unconscionable Villain, to cozen you in your own Calling!

Mrs. Term. When he loses upon the Square, he comes home Zoundzing and Bleeding; first beats me unmercifully, and then squeezes me to the last Penny: he has us'd me so, that Gad forgive me, I cou'd almost forswear my Trade: the Rogue starves me too: he made me keep Lent last year till *Whitsontide*, and out-fac'd me with Oaths, it was but *Easter*. And what mads me most, I carry a Bastard of the Rogues in my Belly: and now he turns me off, and will not own it.

Mrs. Over. Lord, how it quops! you are half a year gone, Madam——

[Laying her hand on her Belly,

Mrs. Term. I feel the young Rascal kicking already, like his Father— Oh, there's an Elbow thrusting out: I think in my Conscience he's Palming and Topping in my Belly; and practising for a livelihood before he comes into the World.

Aldo. Geoffrey, set her down in the Register, that I may provide her a Mid-wife, and a Dry and Wet Nurse: when you are up again, as Heav'n send you a good hour, we'll pay him off at Law i' faith. You have him under black and white, I hope.

Mrs. Term. Yes, I have a Note under his hand for 200*l.*

Aldo. A Note under's hand! that's a Chip in Porridge; 'tis just nothing. Look, Geoffrey, to the Figure 12. for old Half-shirts for Child-bed Linnen.

Enter Mrs. Hackney.

Mrs. Hack. O, Madam Termagant, are you here! Justice, Father Aldo, Justice.

Aldo. Why, what's the matter, Daughter Hackney?

Hack. She has violated the Law of Nations; for yesterday she inveigled my own natural Cully from me, a marri'd Lord, and made him false to my Bed, Father.

Term. Come, you are an illiterate Whore: He's my Lord now; and, though you call him Fool, 'tis well know he's a Critick, Gentlewoman. You never read a Play in all your life; and I gain'd him by my Wit, and so I'll keep him.

Hack. My comfort is, I have had the best of him; he can take up no more, till his Father dies: and so, much good may do you with my Cully, and my Clap into the Bargain.

Aldo.

Aldo. Then there's a Father for your Child, my Lord's Son and Heir by Mr. *Caster*: but henceforward, to preserve peace betwixt you, I ordain, that you shall ply no more in my Daughter *Hackney's* Quarter's: you shall have the City, from *White-Chappel* to *Temple-Bar*, and she shall have to *Covent-Garden* downwards: At the Play-houses, she shall ply the *Boxes*, because she has the better face; and you shall have the *Pit*, because you can prattle best out of a *Vizor-Mask*.

Mrs. Pad. Then all Friends, and Confederates: Now let's have Father *Aldo's* delight, and so *Adjourn the House*.

Aldo. Well said, Daughter: lift up your Voices, and sing like *Nightingales*, you Tory Rory Jades. Courage, I say; as long as the merry Pence hold out, you shall none of you die in *Shoreditch*.

Enter Woodall.

A hey, Boys, a hey! here he comes that will swinge you all down, you little Jades, and worship him; 'tis the *Genius* of Whoring.

Wood. And down went Chairs and Table, and out went every Candle. Ho, brave old Patriarch in the middle of the Church Militant! Whores of all forts; Forkers and Ruine-tail'd: now come I gingling in with my Bells, and fly at the whole Covey.

Aldo. A hey, a hey, Boys, the Town's thy own; burn, ravish, and destroy.

Wood. We'll have a Night on't; like *Alexander*, when he burnt *Persepolis*: *tue, tue, tue; point de quartier.*

[He runs in amongst 'em, and they scuttle about the Room.]

Enter Saintly, Pleasance, Judith, with Broom-sticks.

Saint. What, in the midst of *Sodom*! O thou lewd young Man! My Indignation boils over against these Harlots; and thus I sweep 'em from out my Family.

Plea. Down with the *Suburbians*, down with 'em.

Aldo. O, spare my Daughters, Mrs. *Saintly*: sweet Mrs. *Pleasance*, spare my Flesh and Blood.

Wood. Keep the door open, and help to secure the Retreat, Father: there's no pity to be expected.

[The Whores run out, follow'd by Saintly, Pleasance, and Judith.]

Aldo. Welladay, welladay! one of my Daughters is big with *Bastard*, and she laid at her *Gascoins* most unmercifully! every stripe she had, I felt it: the first fruit of Whoredom is irrecoverably lost!

Wood. Make haste, and comfort her.

Aldo. I will, I will: and yet I have a vexatious business which calls me first another way: the Rogue, my Son, is certainly come over; he has been seen in Town four days ago!

Wood.

Wood. 'Tis impossible : I'll not believe it.

Aldo. A Friend of mine met his Old Man *Giles*, this very morning, in quest of me ; and *Giles* assur'd him, his Master is lodg'd in this very Street.

Wood. In this very Street ! how knows he that ?

Aldo. He dogg'd him to the corner of it : and then my Son turn'd back, and threaten'd him. But I'll find out *Giles*, and then I'll make such an Example of my Reprobate ! [Exit. *Aldo.*

Wood. If *Giles* be discover'd, I am undone ! Why, *Gervase*, where are you, Sirrah ! Hey, hey !

Enter *Gervase*.

Run quickly to that betraying Rascal *Giles*, a Rogue, who wou'd take *Judas* his Bargain out of his hands, and under-fell him : Command him strictly to mew himself up in his Lodgings, till farther Orders : and in case he be refractory, let him know, I have not forgot to kick and cudgel. That *Memento* wou'd do well for you too, Sirrah.

Ger. Thank your Worship, you have always been liberal of your hands to me.

Wood. And you have richly deserv'd it.

Ger. I will not say who has better deserv'd it, of my old Master.

Wood. Away, old *Epictetus*, about your business, and leave your musty Morals, or I shall——

Ger. Nay, I won't forfeit my own wisdom so far, as to suffer for it. Rest you merry : I'll do my best, and Heav'n mend all. [Exit.

Enter *Saintly*.

Saint. Verily, I have waited till you were alone, and am come to rebuke you, out of the zeal of my Spirit.

Wood. 'Tis the Spirit of Persecution : *Dioclesian*, and *Julian* the Apostate, were but Types of thee. Get thee hence, thou old *Geneva* Testament : thou art a part of the Ceremonial Law, and hast been abolish'd these twenty years.

Saint. All this is nothing, Sir ; I am privy to your Plots : I'll discover 'em to Mr. *Limberham*, and make the House too hot for you.

Wood. What, you can talk in the Language of the World, I see !

Saint. I can, I can, Sir ; and in the Language of the Flesh and Devil too, if you provoke me to Despair : you must, and shall be mine, this night.

Wood. The very Ghost of *Queen Dido* in the Ballad.

Saint. Delay no longer, or——

Wood. Or ! you will not swear, I hope ?

Saint. Ods Niggers, but I will ; and that so loud, that Mr. *Limberham* shall hear me.

Wood. Ods Niggers, I confess, is a very dreadful Oath : you cou'd lye

Iye naturally before, as you are a Fanatick: if you can swear such Rappers too, there's hope of you; you may be a Woman of the World in time. Well, you shall be satisfi'd, to the utmost farthing: to night, and in your own Chamber.

Saint. Or, expect to morrow—

Wood. All shall be atton'd e're then. Go, provide the Bottle of *Clary*, the *Westphalia* Ham, and other Fortifications of Nature; we shall see what may be done: what, an old Woman must not be cast away. [Chucks her.

Saint. Then, verily, I am appeas'd.

Wood. Nay, no relapsing into Verily; that's in our Bargain. Look how she weeps for joy! 'Tis a good old Soul, I warrant her.

Saint. You wi' not fail?

Wood. Dost thou think I have no compassion for thy grey hairs? Away, away; our love may be discover'd: we must avoid Scandal; 'tis thy own Maxim. [Exit Saintly.

They are all now at *Ombre*; and *Brainsick's* Maid has promis'd to send her Mistress up.

Enter Pleasance.

That Fury here again!

Pleas. (*Aside*) I'll conquer my proud Spirit, I'm resolv'd on't, and speak kindly to him.—What, alone, Sir! If my company be not troublesome; or a tender young Creature, as I am, may safely trust her self with a man of such Prowess, in Love affairs——It won't be.

Wood. So! there's one Broad-side already: I must shear off. [*Aside.*

Pleas. What, you have been pricking up and down here upon a cold scent; but, at last, you have hit it off, it seems! Now for a fair view at the Wife or Mistress! up the wind, and away with it: Heigh, *Fouler!*——I think I am bewitch'd, I cannot hold.

Wood. Your servant, your servant, Madam: I am in a little haste at present. [*Going.*

Pleas. Pray resolve me first, for which of 'em you lie in Ambush: for, methinks, you have the Meen of a Spider in her Den: Come, I know the Web is spread, and, who ever comes, Sir *Cranion* stands ready to dart out, hale her in, and shed his Venom.

Wood. (*Aside*) But such a terrible Wasp, as she, will spoil the Snare, if I durst tell her so.

Pleas. 'Tis unconscionably done of me, to debar you the Freedom and Civilities of the House. Alas, poor Gentleman! to take a Lodging at so dear a rate, and not to have the benefit of his Bargain!—Mischief on me, what needed I have said that? [*Aside.*

Wood. The Dialogue will go no farther: Farewel, gentle, quiet Lady. [*Pleas.*

Pleas. Pray stay a little; I'll not leave you thus.

Wood. I know it; and therefore mean to leave you first.

Pleas. O, I find it now; you are going to set up your Bills, like a Love-Mountebank, for the speedy cure of distressed Widows, old Ladies, and languishing Maids in the Green-sickness: a Sovereign Remedy.

Wood. That last, for Maids, wou'd be thrown away: few of your Age are qualify'd for the Medicine. What the Devil wou'd you be at, Madam?

Pleas. I am in the humour of giving you good counsel. The Wife can afford you but the leavings of a Fop; and to a witty man, as you think your self, that's nauseous: The Mistress has fed upon Fool so long, she's Carrion too, and Common into the Bargain. Wou'd you beat a Ground for Game in the Afternoon, when my Lord Mayor's Pack had been before you in the morning?

Wood. I had rather sit five hours at one of his greasie Feasts, than hear you talk.

Pleas. Your two Mistresses keep both Shop and Ware-house; and what they cannot put off, in Gross, to the Keeper and the Husband, they sell by Retail to the next Chance-customer. Come, are you edifi'd?

Wood. I'm considering how to thank you for your Homily: and to make a sober Application of it, you may have some laudable design your self in this advice.

Pleas. Meaning, some secret inclination to that amiable Person of yours?

Wood. I confess, I am vain enough to hope it: for why shou'd you remove the two Dishes, but to make me fall more hungrily on the third?

Pleas. Perhaps, indeed, in the way of *Honour*——

Wood. Paw, paw! that word *Honour* has almost turn'd my Stomach: it carries a villanous interpretation of Matrimony along with it. But, in a civil way, I cou'd be content to deal with you, as the Church does with the Heads of your Fanaticks, offer you a lusty Benefice to stop your mouth; if fifty Guinies, and a courtesie more worth, will win you.

Pleas. Out upon thee! fifty Guinies! Dost thou think I'll sell my self? and at Play-house price too? When ever I go, I go altogether: no cutting from the whole Piece; he who has me, shall have the sag end with the rest, I warrant him. Be satisfi'd, thy Sheers shall never enter into my Cloth. But, look to thy self, thou impudent *Belswagger*: I'll be reveng'd; I will. [Exit.]

Wood. The Maid will give warning, that's my comfort; for she is brib'd on my side. I have another kind of Love to this Girl, than to either of the other two; but a Fanatick's Daughter, and the

Noose of Matrimony, are such intolerable terms! O, here she comes, who will sell me better cheap?

Enter Mrs. Brainsick.

Mrs. Bra. How now, Sir? what impudence is this of yours, to approach my Lodgings?

Wood. You lately honour'd mine: and 'tis the part of a well-bred man, to return your Visit

Mrs. Bra. If I cou'd have imagin'd how base a Fellow you had been, you shou'd not then have been troubled with my company.

Wood. How cou'd I guess, that you intended me the Favour, without first acquainting me?

Mrs. Bra. Cou'd I do it, ungrateful as you are, with more obligation to you, or more hazard to my self, than by putting my Note into your Glove?

Wood. Was it yours then? I believ'd it came from Mrs. *Tricksy*.

Mrs. Bra. You wish'd it so; which made you so easily believe it. I heard the pleasant Dialogue betwixt you.

Wood. I am glad you did: for you cou'd not but observe, with how much care I avoid'd all occasions of railing at you; to which she urg'd me, like a malicious Woman, as she was.

Mrs. Bra. By the same token, you vow'd and swore never to look on Mrs. *Brainsick*!

Wood. But I had my Mental Reservations in a readiness. I had vow'd fidelity to you before; and there went my second Oath, i'faith: it vanish'd in a twinkling, and never gnaw'd my Conscience in the least.

Mrs. Bra. Well, I shall never heartily forgive you.

Jud. (Within) Mr. *Brainsick*, Mr. *Brainsick*, what do you mean; to make my Lady lose her Game thus? Pray come back, and take up her Cards again.

Mrs. Bra. My Husband, as I live! Well, for all my quarrel to you, step immediately into that little dark Closet: 'tis for my private occasions; there's no Lock, but he wi'not stay.

Wood. Thus am I ever Tantaliz'd?

[Goes in.]

Enter Brainsick.

Brain. What, am I become your Drudge? your Slave? the Property of all your pleasures? Shall I, the Lord and Master of your Life, become subservient; and the Noble Name of Husband be dishonour'd? No, though all the Cards were Kings and Queens, and *Indies* to be gain'd by every Deal—

Mrs. Bra.

Mrs. Bra. My dear, I am coming to do my duty. I did but go up a little, (I whisper'd you for what) and am returning immediately.

Brain. Your Sex is but one Universal Ordure, a Nufance, and incumbrance of that Majestick Creature, Man: yet I my self am mortal too, Nature's necessities have call'd me up; produce your Utensil of Urine.

Mrs. Brain. 'Tis not in the way, Child: you may go down into the Garden.

Brain. The Voyage is too far: though the way were pav'd with Pearls and Diamonds, every step of mine is precious, as the March of Monarchs.

Mrs. Bra. Then my steps, which are not so precious, shall be imploid for you: I'll call up *Judith*.

Brain. I will not dance attendance. At the present, your Closet shall be honour'd.

Mrs. Bra. O Lord, Dear, 'tis not worthy to receive such a man as you are.

Brain. Nature presses; I am in haste.

Mrs. Bra. He must be discover'd, and I unavoidably undone! [*Aside*.

Brainsick goes to the Door, and Woodall meets him: She shrieks out.

Brain. Mounsiere Woodall!

Wood. Sir, be gone, and make no noise, or you'll spoil all.

Brain. Spoil all, quoth a! what does he mean, in the name of Wonder?

Wood. (*Taking him aside*) Hark you, Mr. Brainsick, is the Devil in you, that you, and your Wife come hither, to disturb my Intrigue, which you your self ingag'd me in, with Mrs. *Tricksy*, to revenge you on *Limberham*? Why, I had made an appointment with her here; but, hearing some-body come up, I retir'd into the Closet, till I was fatisf'd 'twas not the Keeper.

Brain. But why this Intrigue in my Wife's Chamber?

Wood. Why, you turn my Brains, with talking to me of your Wife's Chamber! do you lie in common? the Wife and Husband, the Keeper and the Mistrefs?

Mrs. Bra. I am afraid they are quarrelling; pray Heav'n I get off.

Brain. Once again, I am the *Sultan* of this place: Mr. *Limberham* is the *Mogol* of the next Mansion.

Wood. Though I am a stranger in the House, 'tis impossible I shou'd be so much mistaken: I say, this is *Limberham's* Lodging.

Brain. You wou'd not venture a wager of ten pounds that you are not mistaken?

Wood. 'Tis done: I'll lay you.

Brain. Who shall be Judge?

Wood.

Wood. Who better than your Wife? She cannot be partial, because she knows not on which side you have laid.

Brain. Content. Come hither, Lady mine: whose Lodgings are these? who is Lord; and Grand Seignior of 'em?

Mrs. Bra. (*Aside*) Oh, goes it there? — Why shou'd you ask me such a question, when every body in the house can tell they are n'one Dears?

Brain. Now are you satisf'd? Children, and Fools, you know the Proverb.—

Wood. Pox on me; nothing but such a positive Coxcomb as I am, wou'd have laid his money upon such odds; as if you did not know your own Lodgings better than I, at half a days warning! And that which vexes me more than the loss of my Money, is the loss of my Adventure! [*Exit.*

Brain. It shall be spent: we'll have a Treat with it. This is a Fool of the first Magnitude.

Mrs. Bra. Let n'one Dear alone, to find a Fool out.

Enter Limberham.

Lim. Bully *Brainsick*, *Puz* has sent me to you on an Embassie, to bring you down to Cards again; she's in her Mulligrubs already; she'll never forgive you the last *Vol* you won. 'Tis but losing a little to her, out of complaisance, as they say, to a fair Lady: and what e're she wins, I'll make up to you again in private.

Brain. I wou'd not be that Slave you are, to enjoy the Treasures of the *East*: the possession of *Peru*, and of *Potozi*, shou'd not buy me to the Bargain.

Lim. Will you leave your Perbole's, and come then?

Brain. No; for I have won a Wager, to be spent luxuriously at *Long*s; with *Pleasance* of the Party, and *Termagant Tricky*; and I will pass, in Person, to the preparation: Come, Matrimony.

[*Exeunt Brainsick, Mrs. Brain.*

Enter Saintly, and Pleasance.

Pleas. To him; I'll second you: now for mischief!

Saint. Arise, Mr. *Limberham*, arise; for Conspiracies are hatch'd against you, and a new *Faux* is preparing to blow up your happiness.

Lim. What's the matter, Landlady? Prithee speak, good honest *English*, and leave thy Canting.

Saint. Verily, thy Beloved is led astray, by the Young Man *Woodall*, that Vessel of Uncleanness: I beheld them communing together; she feigned her self sick, and retired to her Tent in the Garden-house;

den-house; and I watched her out-going, and behold he follow'd her.

Pleas. Do you stand unmov'd, and hear all this?

Lim. Before *George*, I am Thunder-struck!

Saint. Take to thee thy resolution, and avenge thy self.

Lim. But give me leave to consider first: a man must do nothing rashly.

Pleas. I cou'd tear out the Villains eyes, for dishonouring you, while you stand considering, as you call it. Are you a man, and suffer this?

Lim. Yes, I am a man; but a man's but a man, you know: I am recollecting my self, how these things can be.

Saint. How they can be! I have heard 'em; I have seen 'em.

Lim. Heard 'em, and seen 'em! It may be so; but yet I cannot enter into this same business: I am amaz'd, I must confess; but the best is, I do not believe one word on't.

Saint. Make haste, and thine own eyes shall testify against her.

Lim. Nay, if my own eyes testify, it may be so.—But 'tis impossible however; for I am making a Settlement upon her, this very day.

Pleas. Look, and satisfy your self, e're you make that Settlement on so false a Creature.

Lim. But yet, if I shou'd look; and not find her false, then I must cast in another hundred, to make her satisfaction.

Pleas. Was there ever such a meek, Hen-hearted Creature!

Saint. Verily, thou hast not the Spirit of a Cock-Chicken.

Limb. Before *George*, but I have the Spirit of a Lion, and I will tear her limb from limb—if I cou'd believe it.

Pleas. Love, Jealousy, and disdain, how they torture me at once! and this insensible creature—were I but in his place.—(To him.) Think, that this very instant she's yours no more: now, now she's giving up her self, with so much violence of Love, that if Thunder roar'd, she cou'd not hear it.

Limb. I have been whetting all this while: they shall be so taken in the manner, that *Mars* and *Venus* shall be nothing to 'em.

Pleas. Make haste; go on then.

Limb. Yes, I will go on;—and yet my mind misgives me Plaguily.

Saint. Again backsliding!

Pleas. Have you no sense of Honour in you?

Limb. Well, Honor is Honor, and I must go: but I shall never get me such another *Pug* again! O, my heart! my poor tender heart! 'tis just breaking, with *Pug's* unkindness!

They drag him out.

SCENE II.

Woodall and Trickfy discover'd in the Garden-house.

Enter Gervase to them.

Ger. Make haste, and save your self, Sir; the Enemy's at hand: I have discover'd him from the corner, where you set me Sentry.

Wood. Who is't?

Gerv. Who shou'd it be, but *Limberham*? Arm'd with a two-hand Fox. O Lord, O Lord!

Trick; Enter quickly into the Still-house both of you, and leave me to him: there's a Spring-lock within, to open it when we are gone.

Wood. Well, I have won the party and revenge however: a minute longer, and I had won the Tout. [They go in: She locks the door.

Enter Limberham, with a great Sword.

Limb. Disloyal Pug.

Trick. What humor's this? you're drunk it seems: go sleep.

Limb. Thou hast robb'd me of my repose for ever: I am like *Mackbeth*, after the death of good King *Duncan*; methinks a voice says to me, Sleep no more; *Trickfy* has murder'd Sleep.

Trick. Now I find it: you are willing to save your Settlement, and are sent by some of your wise Counsellors, to pick a quarrel with me.

Limb. I have been your Cully above these seven years; but, at last my eyes are open'd to your Witchcraft: and indulgent Heav'n has taken a care of my preservation.—In short, Madam, I have found you out; and to cut off preambles, produce your Adulterer.

Trick. If I have any, you know him best: you are the only ruin of my reputation. But if I have dishonor'd my Family, for the love of you, methinks you shou'd be the last man to upbraid me with it.

Limb. I am sure you are of the Family of your abominable great Grandam *Eve*; But produce the man, or, by my Fathers Soul——

Trick. Still I am in the dark.

Limb. Yes, you have been in the dark; I know it: but I shall bring you to light immediately.

Trick. You are not jealous.

Limb. No; I am too certain to be jealous: but you have a man here, that shall be nameless; let me see him.

Trick. O, if that be your business, you had best search: and when you

you have weari'd your self, and spent your idle humor, you may find me above, in my Chamber, and come to ask my pardon. [Going.]

Lim. You may go, Madam; but I shall beseech your Ladiship to leave the Key of the Still-house door behind you: I have a mind to some of the Sweet-meats you have lock'd up there; you understand me. Now, for the old Dog-trick! you have lost the Key, I know already, but I am prepar'd for that; you shall know you have no Fool to deal with.

Trick. No; here's the Key: take it, and satisfie your foolish curiosity.

Lim. (*Aside*) This confidence amazes me! If those two Gipsies have abus'd me, and I shou'd not find him there now, this wou'd make an immortal quarrel.

Trick. (*Aside*) I have put him to a stand.

Lim. Hang't, 'tis no matter; I will be satisfi'd: if it comes to a rupture, I know the way to buy my peace. *Pug*, produce the Key.

Trick. (*Takes him about the Neck*) My Dear, I have it for you: Come, and kiss me. Why wou'd you be so unkind to suspect my Faith now? when I have forsaken all the World for you.—(*Kiss again*) But I am not in the mood of quarrelling to night; I take this Jealousie the best way, as the effect of your passion. Come up, and we'll go to Bed together, and be Friends. [*Kiss again.*]

Lim. (*Aside*) *Pug*'s in a pure humor to night, and 'twou'd vex a man to lose it; but yet I must be satisfi'd: And therefore, upon mature consideration, give me the Key.

Trick. You are resolv'd then?

Lim. Yes, I am resolv'd; for I have sworn to my self by *Styx*: and that's an irrevocable Oath.

Trick. Now, see your folly: there's the Key. [*Gives it him.*]

Lim. Why, that's a loving *Pug*; I will prove thee Innocent immediately: and that will put an end to all Controversies betwixt us.

Trick. Yes, it shall put an end to all our quarrels: farewell for the last time, Sir. Look well upon my face, that you may remember it; for, from this time forward, I have sworn it irrevocably too, that you shall never see it more.

Lim. Nay, but hold a little, *Pug*. What's the meaning of this new Commotion?

Trick. No more; but satisfie your foolish fancy, for you are Master: And besides, I am willing to be justifi'd.

Lim. Then you shall be justifi'd. [*Puts the Key in the door.*]

Trick. I know I shall: farewell.

Lim. But, are you sure you shall?

Trick. No, no, he's there: you'l find him up in the Chimney, or behind the door; or, it may be, crouded into some little Galley-Pot.

Lim. But you will not leave me, if I shou'd look?

Trick. You are not worth my answer: I am gone.

[*Going out.*]

Lim. Hold, hold, Divine *Pug*, and let me recollect a little.— This is no time for meditation neither: while I deliberate, she may be gone. She must be Innocent, or she cou'd never be so confident, and carelefs.—Sweet *Pug*, forgive me.

[*Kneels.*]

Trick. I am provok'd too far.

Lim. 'Tis the property of a Goddess to forgive. Accept of this Oblation; with this humble kifs, I here present it to thy fair hand: I conclude thee Innocent without looking, and depend wholly upon thy mercy.

[*Offers the Key.*]

Trick. No, keep it, keep it: the Lodgings are your own.

Lim. If I shou'd keep it, I were unworthy of forgiveness: I will no longer hold this fatal Instrument of our Separation.

Trick. (*Taking it*) Rise, Sir: I will endeavour to overcome my Nature, and forgive you; for I am so scrupulously nice in Love, that it grates my very Soul to be suspected: Yet, take my counsel, and satisfie your self.

Lim. I wou'd not be satisfi'd, to be Possessor of *Potozi*, as my Brother *Brainsick* says. Come, to Bed, dear *Pug*. Now wou'd not I change my condition, to be an *Eastern Monarch*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Woodall and Gervase.

Ger. O Lord, Sir, are we alive!

Wood. Alive! why, we were never in any danger: well, she's a rare Menager of a Fool!

Ger. Are you dispos'd yet to receive good counsel? has affliction wrought upon you?

Wood. Yes, I must ask thy advice in a most important business: I have promis'd a Charity to Mrs. *Saintly*, and she expects it with a beating heart a-bed: Now, I have at present no running Cash to throw away, my ready Money is all paid to Mrs. *Tricksy*, and the Bill is drawn upon me for to night.

Ger. Take advice of your Pillow.

Wood. No, Sirrah, since you have not the grace to offer yours, I will for once make use of my Authority, and command you to perform the foresaid Drudgery in my place.

Ger. Zookers, I cannot answer it to my Conscience.

Wood. Nay, and your Conscience can suffer you to swear, it shall suffer you to lie too: I mean in this sense. Come, no denial, you must do it; she's rich, and there's a provision for your life.

Ger. I beseech you, Sir, have pity on my Soul.

Wood. Have you pity of your Body: there's all the Wages you must expect.

Ger.

Ger. Well, Sir, you have perswaded me : I will arm my Conscience with a resolution of making her an honourable amends by Marriage ; for to morrow morning a Parson shall authorize my labours, and turn Fornication into duty. And moreover, I will enjoyn my self, by way of Penance, not to touch her for seven nights after.

Wood. Thou wert predestinated for a Husband I see, by that natural Instinct : as we walk, I will instruct thee how to behave thy self, with secrecie and silence.

Ger. I have a Key of the Garden, to let us out the back-way into the Street, and so privately to our Lodging.

Wood. 'Tis well : I'll plot the rest of my affairs a-bed ; for 'tis resolv'd that *Limberham* shall not wear Horns alone : and I am impatient till I add to my Trophy the Spoils of *Brainsick*. [Exeunt.]

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall, Judith.

Jud. Well, you are a lucky man ! *Mrs. Brainsick* is Fool enough to believe you wholly Innocent ; and that the Adventure of the Garden-house last night, was only a Vision of *Mrs. Sainly's*.

Wood. I knew, if I cou'd once speak with her, all wou'd be set right immediately ; for, had I been there, look you,——

Jud. As you were, most certainly.

Wood. *Limberham* must have found me out ; that *Fe-fa-fum* of a Keeper wou'd have smelt the blood of a Cuckold-maker : they say, he was peeping and butting about in every cranny.

Jud. But one. You must excuse my unbelief, though *Mrs. Brainsick* is better fatish'd. She and her Husband, you know, went out this morning to the *New Exchange* : there she has given him the slip ; and pretending to call at her Taylors, to try her Stays for a new Gown.——

Wood. I understand thee. She fetch'd me a short turn, like a Hare before her Muse, and will immediately run hither to Covert,?

Jud. Yes ; but because your Chamber will be least suspicious, she appoints to meet you there ; that, if her Husband shou'd come back, he may think her still abroad, and you may have time——

Wood. To take in the Horn-work. It happens as I wish ; for *Mistress Tricksy*, and her Keeper, are gone out with *Father Aldo*, to compleat her Settlement : my Landlady is safe at her Morning Exercise,

with my Man *Gervase*, and her Daughter not stirring: the House is our own, and Iniquity may walk bare-fac'd.

Jud. And, to make all sure, I am order'd to be from home. When I come back again, I shall knock at your door, with speak Brother, speak; is the deed done? [Singing.]

Wood. Long ago, long ago; and then we come panting out together. Oh, I am ravish'd with the imagination on't!

Jud. Well, I must retire; Good-morrow to you, Sir. [Exit.]

Wood. Now do I humbly conceive, that this Mistress in Matrimony, will give me more pleasure than the former: for your 'coupled Spaniels, when they are once let loose, are afterwards the highest Rangers.

Enter Mrs. Brainfick running.

Mrs. Brain. Oh dear Mr. *Woodall*, what shall I do?

Wood. Recover breath, and I'll instruct you in the next Chamber.

Mrs. Brain. But my Husbaud follows me at heels.

Wood. Has he seen you?

Mrs. Bra. I hope not: I thought I had left him sure enough, at the *Exchange*; but, looking behind me, as I entred into the house, I saw him walking a round rate this way.

Wood. Since he has not seen you, there's no danger: you need but step into my Chamber, and there we'll lock our selves up, and transform him in a twinkling.

Mrs. Bra. I had rather have got into my own; but *Judith* is gone out with the Key, I doubt.

Wood. Yes, by your appointment. But so much the better; for when the Cuckold finds no company, he will certainly go a fantring again.

Mrs. Bra. Make haste then.

Wood. Immediately.—) *Goes to open the door hastily, and breaks his Key.* What's the matter here? the Key turns round, and will not open! As I live, we are undone! with too much haste 'tis broken!

Mrs. Bra. Then I am lost; for I cannot enter into my own.

Wood. This next Room is *Limberham's*. See! the door's open; and he and his Mistress are both abroad.

Mrs. Bra. There's no remedy, I must venture in: for his knowing I am come back so soon, must be cause of jealousy enough, if the Fool shou'd find me.

Wood. (*Looking in*) See there! *Mrs. Tricksy* has left her *Indian Gown* upon the Bed; clap it on, and turn your back: he will easily mistake you for her, if he shou'd look in upon you.

Mrs. Bra. I'll put on my *Vizor-Mask* however, for more security.

(*Noise*) Hark! I hear him.

[*Goes in.*]

Enter

Enter Brainsick.

Brain. What, in a musty musing, Monsieur *Woodall*! Let me enter into the *Affair*.

Wood. You may guess it, by the *Post* I have taken up.

Brain. O, at the door of the *Damsel Tricksy*! your business is known by your abode: as the posture of a Porter before a Gate, denotes to what Family he belongs. (*Looks in.*) 'Tis an *Assignment* I see: for yonder she stands, with her back toward me, drest up for the *Duel*, with all the *Ornaments* of the *East*. Now for the *Judges* of the *Field*, to divide the *Sun* and *Wind* betwixt the *Combatants*, and a *tearing Trumpeter* to sound the *Charge*.

Wood. 'Tis a private quarrel, to be decided without *Seconds*; and therefore you wou'd do me a favour to withdraw.

Brain. Your *Limberham* is nearer than you imagine: I left him almost entering at the door.

Wood. Plague of all impertinent *Cuckolds*! they are ever troublesome to us honest *Lovers*: so intruding!

Brain. They are indeed, where their company is not desir'd.

Wood. Sure he has some *Tutelar Devil* to guard his *Brows*! just when she had bobb'd him, and made an *Errand* home, to come to me!

Brain. 'Tis unconscionably done of him. But you shall not adjourn your love for this; the *Brainsick* has an *Ascendant* over him: I am your *Garantee*; he's doom'd a *Cuckold*, in disdain of *Destiny*.

Wood. What mean you?

Brain. To stand before the door with my brandish'd *Blade*, and defend the *Entrance*: he dies, upon the point, if he approaches.

Wood. If I durst trust it, 'tis *Heroick*.

Brain. 'Tis the *Office* of a *Friend*: I'll do't.

Wood. (*Aside*) Shou'd he know hereafter his *Wife* were here, he wou'd think I had enjoy'd her, though I had not: 'tis best venturing for something. He takes pains enough o'conscience for his *Cuckoldom*; and, by my troth, has earn'd it fairly.—But, may a man venture upon your promise?

Brain. Bars of *Brass*, and doors of *Adamant*, cou'd not more secure you.

Wood. I know it; but still gentle means are best: you may come to force at last. Perhaps, you may wheedle him away: 'tis but drawing a *Trope* or two upon him.

Brain. He shall have it; with all the *Artillery* of *Eloquence*.

Wood. I, I; your *Figure* breaks no bones. With your good leave.—

[Goes in.]

Brain. Thou hast it, *Boy*. Turn to him, *Madam*; to her *Woodall*: and *S. George* for merry *England*. *Tan ta ra ra ra, ra ra! Dib, a dub, dub; Tan ta ra ra ra.*

Enter

Enter Limberham.

Lim. How now, Bully *Brainsick*! What, upon the *Tan tara*, by your self?

Brain. Clangor; *Taratantara*, Murmur.

Lim. Commend me to honest *Lingua Franca*. Why, this is enough to stun a Christian, with your *Hebrew*, and your *Greek*, and such like *Latin*.

Brain. Out, Ignorance!

Lim. Then Ignorance, by your leave; for I must enter.

Brain. Why in such haste? the Fortune of *Greece* depends not on't.

Lim. But *Pug's* Fortune does: that's dearer to me than *Greece*, and sweeter than *Ambergrise*.

Brain. You'l not find her here. Come, you are jealous: you're haunted with a raging Fiend, that robs you of your sweet repose.

Lim. Nay, and you are in your *Perbole's* again! Look you, 'tis *Pug* is jealous of her *Jewels*: she has left the Key of her *Cabinet* behind; and has desir'd me to bring it back to her.

Brain. Poor Fool! he little thinks she's here before him! Well, this pretence will never pass on me; for I dive deeper into your affairs: you are jealous. But, rather than my Soul shou'd be concern'd for a Sex so insignificant, —— Ha! the Gods! If I thought my proper Wife were now within, and prostituting all her Treasures to the lawless love of an Adulterer, I wou'd stand as intrepid, as firm, and as unmov'd, as the Statue of a *Roman Gladiator*.

Lim. (In the same tone) Of a *Roman Gladiator*! — Now are you as mad as a *March Hare*; but I am in haste, to return to *Pug*: yet, by your favour, I will first secure the *Cabinet*.

Brain. No, you must not.

Lim. Must not? what, may not a man come by you, to look upon his own Goods and Chattels, in his own Chamber?

Brain. No: with this *Sabre*, I defy the Destinies, and dam up the passage with my person; like a rugged Rock, oppos'd against the roaring of the boisterous Billows. Your jealousy shall have no course through me, though *Potentates* and *Princes* ——

Lim. Prithee what have we to do with *Potentates* and *Princes*? Will you leave your *Troping*, and let me pass?

Brain. You have your utmost answer.

Lim. If this Maggot bite a little deeper, we shall have you a *Citizen* of *Ber'lem* yet e're *Dog-days*. Well, I say little; but I'll tell *Pug* on't.

[Exit.

Brain. She knows it already, by your favour. —— [Knocking.
Sound a Retreat, you lusty Lovers, or the Enemy will Charge you in the

the Flank, with a fresh Reserve : March off, march off upon the Spur, e're he can reach you.

Enter Woodall.

Wood. How now, Baron *Tell-clock*, is the passage clear ?

Brain. Clear as a Level, without Hills or Woods, and void of Ambuscade.

Wood. But *Limberham* will return immediately, when he finds not his Mistress where he thought he left her.

Wood. Friendship, which has done much, will yet do more. (*Shows a Key.*) With this *Passe par tout*, I will instantly conduct her to my own Chamber, that she may out-face the Keeper she has been there ; and, when my Wife returns, who is my Slave, I will lay my Conjugal Commands upon her, to affirm, they have been all this time together.

Wood. I shall never make you amends for this kindness, my dear *Padron* : but wou'd it not be better, if you wou'd take the pains to run after *Limberham*, and stop him in his way e're he reach the place where he thinks he left his Mistress ; then hold him in discourse as long as possibly you can, till you guess your Wife may be return'd, that so they may appear together ?

Brain. I warrant you : *laissez faire a Marc Antoine.* [Exit.]

Wood. Now, Madam, you may venture out in safety.

Mrs. Bra. (*Entering*) Pray Heav'n I may. [Noise.]

Wood. Hark ! I hear *Judith's* voice : it happens well that she's return'd : slip into your Chamber immediately, and send back the Gown.

Mrs. Bra. I will : but are not you a wicked man, to put me into all this danger ? [Exit.]

Wood. Let what can happen, my comfort is, at least, I have enjoy'd : But this is no place for consideration. Be jogging, good Mr. *Woodall*, out of this Family, while you are well ; and go Plant in some other Country, where your Virtues are not so famous. [Going.]

Enter *Trick*, with a Box of Writings.

Trick. What, wandering up and down, as if you wanted an owner ? Do you know that I am Lady of the Mannour ; and that all Wests and Strays belong to me ?

Wood. I have waited for you above an hour ; but Fryer *Bacon's* Head has been lately speaking to me, that *Time is past*. In a word, your Keeper has been here, and will return immediately ; we must defer our happiness till some more favourable time.

Trick. I fear him not ; he has, this morning, arm'd me against himself,

self, by this Settlement: the next time he rebels, he gives me a fair occasion of leaving him for ever.

Wood. But is this Conscience in you? not to let him have his Bargain, when he has paid so dear for't.

Trick. You do not know him: he must perpetually be us'd ill, or he insults. Besides, I have gain'd an absolute Dominion over him: he must not see, when I bid him wink. If you argue after this, either you love me not, or dare not.

Wood. Go in, Madam: I was never dar'd before. I'll but Scout a little, and follow you immediately.— (*Trick. goes in.*) I find a Mistress is only kept for other men: and the Keeper is but her Man, in a green Livery, bound to serve a Warrant for the *Doe*, when e're she pleases, or is in season.

Enter Judith, with the Night-Gown.

Jud. Still you're a lucky man! Mr. *Brainsick* has been exceeding honourable: he ran, as if a Legion of Bayliffs had been at his heels, and overtook *Limberham* in the Street. Here, take the Gown; lay it where you found it, and the danger's over.

Wood. Speak softly: Mrs. *Tricksy* is return'd. (*Looks in.*) Oh, she's gone into her Closet, to lay up her Writings: I can throw it on the Bed, e're she perceive it has been wanting.— [*Throws it in.*]

Jud. Every Woman wou'd not have done this for you, which I have done.

Wood. I am sensible of 'it, little *Judith*: there's a time to come shall pay for all. I hear her a returning: not a word; away. [*Exit Judith.*]

Re-enter Tricksy.

Trick. What, is a second Summons needful? my Favours have not been so cheap, that they shou'd stick upon my hands. It seems, you slight your Bill of fare, because you know it: or fear to be invited to your loss.

Wood. I was willing to secure my happiness from interruption: A true Souldier never falls upon the Plunder, while the Enemy is in the Field.

Trick. He has been so often baffled, that he grows contemptible. Were he here, shou'd he see you enter into my Closet; yet—

Wood. You are like to be put upon the tryal; for I hear his voice.

Trick. 'Tis so: go in, and mark the event now: be but as unconcern'd, as you are safe, and trust him to my management.

Wood. I must venture it: because to be seen here, wou'd have the same effect, as to be taken within. Yet I doubt you are too confident.

[*He goes in.*]

Enter

Enter Limberham and Brainsick.

Lim. How now, *Pug*? return'd so soon!

Trick. When I saw you came not for me, I was loth to be long without you.

Lim. But which way came you, that I saw you not?

Trick. The back way; by the Garden-door.

Lim. How long have you been here?

Trick. Just come before you.

Lim. O, then all's well. For, to tell you true, *Pug*, I had a kind of villanous apprehension that you had been here longer: but what e're thou say'st, is an Oracle, sweet *Pug*, and I am satisfi'd.

Brain. (*Aside*) How infinitely she gulls him! and he so stupid not to find it! (*To her*) If he be still within, Madam, (you know my meaning?) here's *Bilbo* ready to forbid your Keeper entrance.

Trick. (*Aside*) *Woodall* must have told him of our appointment.— What think you of walking down, Mr. *Limberham*?

Lim. I'll but visit the Chamber a little first.

Trick. What new Maggot's this? you dare not sure be jealous!

Lim. No, I protest, sweet *Pug*, I am not: only to satisfie my curiosity; that's but reasonable, you know.

Trick. Come, what foolish-curiosity?

Lim. You must know, *Pug*, I was going but just now, in obedience to your Commands, to enquire of the health and safety of your Jewels, and my Brother *Brainsick* most barbarously forbade me entrance: (nay, I dare accuse you, when *Pug*'s by to back me;) but now I am resolv'd I will go see 'em, or some-body shall smock for't.

Brain. But I resolve you shall not. If she pleases to command my Person, I can comply with the obligation of a Cavalier.

Trick. But what reason had you to forbid him then, Sir?

Lim. I, what reason had you to forbid me then, Sir?

Brain. 'Twas only my *Caprichio*, Madam. (Now must I seem ignorant, of what she knows full well.)

Trick. We'll enquire the cause at better leisure: Come down, Mr. *Limberham*.

Lim. Nay, if it were only his *Caprichio*, I am satisfi'd: though, I must tell you, I was in a kind of huff, to hear him *Tan ta ra, tantara*, a quarter of an hour together; for *Tan ta ra* is but an odd-kind of sound, you know, before a man's Chamber.

Enter Pleafance.

Pleas. (*Aside*) *Judith* has assur'd me he must be there; and, I'm resolv'd, I'll satisfie my revenge at any rate upon my Rivals.

Trick. Mrs. *Pleasance* is come to call us: pray let us go.
Pleas. Oh dear, Mr. *Limberham*, I have had the dreadful'st Dream to night, and am come to tell it you; I dream'd you left your Mistress Jewels in your Chamber, and the Door open.

Lim. In good time be it spoken; and so I did, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

Pleas. And that a great swinging Thief came in, and whipt 'em out.

Lim. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Trick. This is ridiculous: I'll speak to your Mother, Madam, not to suffer you to eat such heavy Suppers.

Lim. Nay, that's very true; for, you may remember, she fed very much upon Larks and Pigeons; and they are very heavy meat, as *Pug* says.

Trick. The Jewels are all safe; I look'd on 'em.

Brain. Will you never stand corrected, Mrs. *Pleasance*?

Pleas. Not by you: correct your Matrimony. And methought, of a sudden, this Thief was turn'd to Mr. *Woodall*; and that, hearing Mr. *Limberham* come, he slipt for fear into the Closet.

Trick. I look'd all over it; I'm sure he is not there. Come away, Dear.

Brain. What, I think you are in a Dream too, Brother *Limberham*.

Lim. If her Dream shou'd come out now! 'tis good to be sure however.

Trick. You are sure: have not I said it? You had best make Mr. *Woodall* a Thief, Madam.

Pleas. I make him nothing, Madam: but the Thief in my Dream was like Mr. *Woodall*; and that Thief may have made Mr. *Limberham* something.

Lim. Nay, Mr. *Woodall* is no Thief, that's certain: but if a Thief shou'd be turn'd to Mr. *Woodall*, that may be something.

Trick. Then I'll fetch out the Jewels: will that satisfy you?

Brain. That shall satisfy him.

Lim. Yes, that shall satisfy me.

Pleas. Then you are a Predestinated Fool, and somewhat worse, that shall be nameless: do you not see how grossly she abuses you? My life on't, there's some-body within, and she knows it;—otherwise she wou'd suffer you to bring out the Jewels.

Lim. Nay, I am no Predestinated Fool; and therefore, *Pug*, give way.

Trick. I will not satisfy your humor.

Lim. Then I will satisfy it my self: for my generous blood is up, and I'll force my entrance.

Brain. Here's *Bilbo* then shall bar you: Atoms are not so small, as I will slice the Slave. Ha! Fate, and Furies!

Lim. I, for all your Fate and Furies, I charge you, in his Majesties Name, to keep the Peace : now, disobey Authority, if you dare.

Trick. Fear him not, sweet Mr. *Brainsick*.

Pleas. to *Bra.* But, if you shou'd hinder him, he may trouble you at Law, Sir, and say you robb'd him of his Jewels.

Lim. That's well thought on. I will accuse him hainoussly ; there— and therefore fear and tremble.

Brain. My Allegiance Charms me : I acquiesce.— (*Aside*) Th' occasion's plausible to let him pass. Now let the burnish'd Beams upon his Brow blaze broad, for the brand he cast upon the *Brainsick*.

Trick. Dear Mr. *Limberham*, come back, and hear me.

Lim. Yes, I will hear thee, *Pug*.

Pleas. Go on ; my life for yours, he's there.

Lim. I am deaf, as an Adder ; I will not hear thee, nor have no commiseration. [*Struggles from her, and rushes in.*]

Trick. Then I know the worst, and care not.

Limberham comes running out with the Jewels, follow'd by Woodall, with his Sword drawn.

Lim. O, save me, *Pug*, save me ! [*Gets behind her.*]

Wood. A Slave, to come and interrupt me at my Devotions ! but I'll—

Lim. Hold, hold, since you are so devout, for Heav'n sake, hold.

Brain. Nay, Mounseur *Woodall* !

Trick. For my sake, spare him.

Lim. Yes, for *Pug*'s sake, spare me.

Wood. I did his Chamber the honour, when my own was not open, to retire thither ; and he to disturb me, like a profane Rascal as he was.

Lim. (*Aside*) I believe he had the Devil for his Chaplain, and a man durst tell him so.

Wood. What's that you mutter ?

Lim. Nay, nothing ; but that I thought you had not been so well given. I was only afraid of *Pug*'s Jewels.

Wood. What, does he take me for a Thief ? nay then—

Lim. O, mercy, mercy.

Pleas. Hold, Sir ; 'twas a foolish Dream of mine that set him on. I dreamt, a Thief, who had been just repriev'd for a former Robbery, was vent'ring his Neck a minute after in Mr. *Limberham*'s Closet.

Wood. Are you thereabouts, i'faith ! A Pox of *Artemidorus* !

Trick. I have had a Dream too, concerning Mrs. *Brainsick*, and perhaps—

Wood. Mrs. *Tricksy*, a word in private with you, by your Keepers leave.

Lim. Yes, Sir, you may speak your pleasure to her ; and, if you have a mind to go to prayers together, the Closet is open.

Wood. to Tr. You but suspect it at most, and cannot prove it: if you value me, you will not engage me in a quarrel with her Husband.

Trick. Well, in hope you'll love me, I'll obey.

Brain. Now, Damsel *Trick*, your dream, your Dream!

Trick. 'Twas something of a *Flagelet* that a Shepherd play'd upon so sweetly, that three Women follow'd him for his Musick, and still one of 'em snatch'd it from the other.

Pleas. (Aside) I understand her; but I find she's brib'd to secrecy.

Lim. That *Flagelet* was, by interpretation, but let that pass; and Mr. *Woodall* there was the Shepherd that play'd the *Tan ta ra* upon't: but a generous heart, like mine, will endure the infamy no longer; therefore, *Pug*, I banish thee for ever.

Trick. Then farewell.

Lim. Is that all you make of me?

Trick. I hate to be tormented with your jealous humors, and am glad to be rid of 'em.

Lim. Bear witness, good People, of her ingratitude! Nothing vexes me, but that she calls me jealous; when I found him as close as a Butter-fly in her Closet.

Trick. No matter for that: I knew not he was there.

Lim. Wou'd I cou'd believe thee.

Wood. You have both our words for't.

Trick. Why shou'd you perswade him against his will?

Lim. Since you won't perswade me, I care not much: here are the Jewels in my possession; and I'll fetch out the Settlement immediately.

Wood. (Showing the Box) Look you, Sir, I'll spare your pains: four hundred a year will serve to comfort a poor cast Mistress.

Lim. I thought what wou'd come of your Devils *Pater Nosters*!

Brain. Restore it to him for pity, *Woodall*.

Trick. I make him my Trustee; he shall not restore it.

Lim. Here are Jewels that cost me above two thousand pound, a Queen might wear 'em; behold this Orient Neck-lace, *Pug*! 'tis pity any Neck shou'd touch it after thine, that pretty Neck! but, oh, 'tis the falsest Neck that e're was hang'd in Pearl.

Wood. 'Twould become your bounty to give it her at parting.

Lim. Never the sooner for your asking. But, oh, that word *Parting*! can I bear it? if she cou'd find in her heart but so much grace, as to acknowledge what a Traytress she has been, I think in my Conscience I cou'd forgive her.

Trick. I'll not wrong my Innocence so much, nor this Gentlemans; but, since you have accus'd us falsely, four hundred a year, betwixt us two, will make us some part of reparation.

Wood.

Wood. I answer you not, but with my Leg, Madam.

Pleas. (*Aside*) This mads me; but I cannot help it.

Lim. What, wilt thou kill me, *Pug*, with thy unkindness, when thou know'st I cannot live without thee? It goes to my heart, that this wicked Fellow——

Wood. How's that, Sir?

Lim. Under the Rose, good Mr. *Woodall*. But I speak it with all submission, in the bitterness of my spirit, that you, or any man, shou'd have the disposing of my four hundred a year *gratis*: therefore, dear *Pug*, a word in private, with your permission, good Mr. *Woodall*.

Trick. Alas, I know, by experience, I may safely trust my Person with you. [*Ex. Lim. Trick.*]

Enter Aldo.

Pleas. O, Father *Aldo*, we have wanted you! Here has been made the rarest discovery!

Brain. With the most Comical Catastrophe!

Wood. Happily arriv'd, i'faith, my old Sub-fornicator: I have been taken upon suspicion here with Mrs. *Tricksy*.

Aldo. To be taken, to be seen! Before *George*. that's a point next the worst, Son *Woodall*.

Wood. Truth is, I wanted thy assistance, old *Methusalem*: but, my comfort is, I fell greatly.

Aldo. Well, young *Phaeton*, that's somewhat yet, if you made a blaze at your departure.

Enter Giles, Mrs. Brainfick, and Judith.

Giles. By your leave, Gentlemen. I have follow'd an old Master of mine, these two long hours, and had a fair Course at him up the Street: here he enter'd I'm sure.

Aldo. Whoop Holiday! our trusty and well-beloved *Giles*, most welcome! Now, for some news of my ungracious Son.

Wood. (*Aside*) *Giles* here! O Rogue, Rogue! Now, wou'd I were safe stow'd, over head and ears, in the Chest again.

Aldo. Look you now, Son *Woodall*, I told you I was not mistaken; my Rascal's in Town, with a vengeance to him.

Giles. Why, this is he, Sir; I thought you had known him.

Aldo. Known whom?

Giles. Your Son here, my young Master.

Aldo. Do I dote? or art thou drunk, *Giles*?

Giles. Nay, I am sober enough, I'm sure; I have been kept fasting almost these two days.

Aldo.

Aldo. Before *George*, 'tis so! I read it in that leering look: What a *Tartar* have I caught!

Brain. *Woodall* his Son!

Pleas. What, young *Father Aldo*!

Aldo. (*Aside*) Now cannot I for shame hold up my head, to think what this young *Rogue* is privy to!

Mrs. Brain. The most dumb interview I ever saw!

Brain. What, have you beheld the *Gorgon's* head on either side?

Aldo. Oh, my sins! my sins! and he keeps my *Book of Conscience* too! He can display 'em, with a witness! Oh, treacherous young *Devil*!

Wood. (*Aside*) Well, the *Squib's* run to the end of the *Line*, and now for the *Cracker*: I must bear up.

Aldo. I must set a face of *Authority* on the matter, for my credit.— Pray, who am I? do you know me, *Sir*?

Wood. Yes, I think I shou'd partly know, *Sir*: you may remember some private passages betwixt us.

Aldo. (*Aside*) I thought as much; he has me already! — But pray, *Sir*, why this *Ceremony* amongst *Friends*? Put on, put on; and let us hear what news from *France*: have you heard lately from my *Son*? does he continue still the most hopeful and esteem'd young *Gentleman* in *Paris*? does he manage his allowance with the same discretion? and lastly, has he still the same respect and duty for his good old *Father*?

Wood. Faith, *Sir*, I have been too long from my *Catechise*, to answer so many questions; but, suppose there be no news of your *Quondam* *Son*, you may comfort up your heart for such a loss; *Father Aldo* has a numerous *Progeny* about the *Town*, *Heav'n* blefs 'em.

Aldo. 'Tis very well, *Sir*; I find you have been searching for your *Relations* then, in *Whetstone's* *Park*!

Wood. No, *Sir*; I made some scruple of going to the fore said place, for fear of meeting my own *Father* there.

Aldo. Before *George*, I cou'd find in my heart to disinherit thee.

Pleas. Sure you cannot be so unnatural.

Wood. I am sure I am no *Bastard*; witness one good quality I have: If any of your *Children* have a stronger Tang of the *Father* in 'em, I am content to be disown'd.

Aldo. Well, from this time forward, I pronounce thee — no *Son* of mine.

Wood. Then you desire I shou'd proceed, to justify I am lawfully begotten? The *Evidence* is ready, *Sir*; and, if you please, I shall relate before this *Honourable* *Assembly*, those excellent *Lessons* of *Morality* you gave me at our first *Acquaintance*. As, in the first place, —

Aldo. Hold hold; I charge thee hold, on thy obedience. I forgive

give thee heartily : I have proof enough thou art my Son ; but tame thee that can, thou art a mad one.

Pleas. Why, this is as it shou'd be.

Aldo to Him. Not a word of any passages betwixt us : 'tis enough we know each other ; hereafter we'll banish all Pomp and Ceremony, and live familiarly together : I'll be *Pilades*, and thou mad *Orestes*, and we'll divide the Estate betwixt us, and have fresh Wenches, and *Ballum Rankum* every night.

Wood. A match, i'faith : and let the World pass.

Aldo. But hold a little ; I had forgot one point : I hope you are not marri'd, nor ingag'd ?

Wood. To nothing but my pleasures, I.

Aldo. A mingle of profit wou'd do well though. Come, here's a Girl ; look well upon her ; 'tis a metled Toad, I can tell you that : she'll make notable work betwixt two Sheets, in a lawful way.

Wood. What, my old Enemy, Mrs. *Pleasance* !

M. Brain. Marry Mrs. *Saintly's* Daughter !

Aldo. The truth is, she has past for her Daughter, by my appointment ; but she has as good blood running in her veins, as the best of you : her Father, Mr. *Palms*, on his Death-bed, left her to my care and disposal ; besides, a Fortune of twelve hundred a year ; a pretty convenience, by my faith.

Wood. Beyond my hopes, if she consent.

Aldo. I have taken some care of her Education, and plac'd her here with Mrs. *Saintly*, as her Daughter, to avoid her being blown upon by Pops, and younger Brothers. So now, Son, I hope I have match'd your Concealment with my discovery ! there's hit for hit, e're I cross the Cudgels.

Pleas. You will not take 'em up, Sir ?

Wood. I dare not against you, Madam : I'm sure you'll worst me at all Weapons. All I can say is, I do not now begin to love you.

Aldo. Let me speak for thee : Thou shalt be us'd, little *Pleasance*, like a Sovereign Princess : thou shalt not touch a bit of Butchers meat in a twelvemonth ; and thou shalt be treated——

Pleas. Not with *Ballum Rankum* every night, I hope !

Aldo. Well, thou art a Wag ; no more of that. Thou shalt want neither Man's meat, nor Woman's meat, as far as his provision will hold out.

Pleas. But I fear he's so horribly given to go a House-warming a-broad, that the least part of the Provision will come to my share at home.

Wood. You'll find me so much employment in my own Family, that I shall have little need to look out for Journey-work.

Aldo. Before *George*, he shall do thee *Reason*, e're thou sleep'st.

Pleas. No ; he shall have an Honourable Truce for one day at least ;

least; for 'tis not fair, to put a fresh Enemy upon him.

Mrs. Bra. to Pleas. I beseech you, Madam, discover nothing betwixt him and me.

Pleas. to her. I am contented to cancel the old Score; but take heed of bringing me an after-reckoning.

Enter Gervase leading Saintly.

Ger. Save you, Gentlemen; and you, my *Quondam* Master: you are welcome all, as I may say.

Aldo. How now, Sirrah? what's the matter?

Ger. Give good words, while you live, Sir: your *Landlord*, and Mr. *Saintly*, if you please.

Wood. Oh, I understand the business; he's marri'd to the Widow.

Saint. Verily, the good work is accomplish'd.

Brain. But, why Mr. *Saintly*?

Ger. When a man is marri'd to his Betters, 'tis but decency to take her name. A pretty House, pretty Scituation, and prettily furnish'd! I have been unlawfully labouring at hard duty; but a Parson has soder'd up the matter: thank your Worship, Mr. *Woodall*.—— How? *Giles* here!

Wood. The business is out, and I am now *Aldo*: my Father has forgiven me, and we are friends.

Ger. When will *Giles*, with his honesty, come to this?

Wood. Nay, do not insult too much, good Mr. *Saintly*: thou wert but my Deputy; thou know'st the Widow intended it to me.

Ger. But I am satisfi'd she perform'd it with me, Sir. Well, there is much good will in these precise old Women; they are the most zealous Bed-fellows: Look and she does not blush now! you see there's Grace in her.

Wood. Mr. *Limberham*, where are you? Come, cheer up man: how go matters on your side of the Country? Cry him, *Gervase*.

Ger. Mr. *Limberham*, Mr. *Limberham*, make your appearance in the Court, and save your Recognizance.

Enter Limberham and Trickisy.

Wood. Sir, I shou'd now make a Speech to you in my own defence; but the short of all is this: if you can forgive what's past, your hand, and I'll endeavour to make up the breach betwixt you and your Mistress: if not, I am ready to give you the satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Lim. Sir, I am a peaceable man, and a good Christian, though I say it, and desire no satisfaction from any man: *Pug* and I are partly agreed upon the point already; and therefore lay thy hand upon thy heart,

heart, *Pug*, and if thou canst from the bottom of thy Soul desire mankind, naming no body, I'll forgive thy past Enormities; and, to give good example to all Christian Keepers, will take thee to my wedded Wife: And thy four hundred a year shall be settled upon thee, for separate maintenance.

Trick. Why, now I can consent with Honour.

Aldo. This is the first business that was ever made up without me.

Wood. Give you Joy, Mr. *Bridegroom*.

Lim. You may spare your breath, Sir, if you please: I desire none from you. 'Tis true, I'm satisfi'd of her Vertue, in spite of Slander; but, to silence Calumny, I shall civilly desire you henceforth, not to make a Chappel of Ease of *Pug's* Closet.

Pleas. (*Aside*) I'll take care of false Worship, I'll warrant him: he shall have no more to do with *Bell* and the *Dragon*.

Brain. Come hither, *Wedlock*, and let me Seal my lasting Love upon thy Lips: *Saintly* has been seduc'd, and so has *Tricksy*: — but thou alone art kind and constant. Hitherto I have not valu'd modesty, according to its merit; but hereafter, *Memphis* shall not boast a Monument more firm, than my affection.

Wood. A most excellent Reformation, and at a most seasonable time! The Moral on't is pleasant, if well consider'd. Now, let's to Dinner: Mr. *Saintly*, lead the way, as becomes you, in your own House. [The rest going off.]

Pleas. Your hand, sweet moyety.

Wood. And heart too, my comfortable Importance.

Mistress, and Wife, by turns, I have possess'd:

He who enjoys 'em both, in one, is bless'd.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *LIMBERHAM.*

I Beg a Boon, that e're you all disband,
Some one would take my Bargain off my hand;
To keep a Punk is but a common evil,
To find her false, and Marry, that's the Devil.
Well, I ne're Acted Part in all my life,
But still I was fobb'd off with some such Wife:
I find the Trick; these Poets take no pity
Of one that is a Member of the City.
We Cheat you lawfully, and in our Trades,
You Cheat us basely with your Common Fades.
Now I am Married, I must sit down by it;
But let me keep my Dear-bought Spouse in quiet:
Let none of you Damn'd Woodalls of the Pit,
Put in for Shares to mend our breed, in Wit;
We know your Bastards from our Flesh and Blood,
Not one in ten of yours e're comes to good.
In all the Boys their Fathers Vertues shine,
But all the Female Fry turn Pugs like mine.
When these grow up, Lord with what Rampant Gadders
Our Counters will be throng'd, and Roads with Padders.
This Town two Bargains has, not worth one farthing,
A Smithfield Horse, and Wife of Covent-Garden.

F I N I S.



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