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The complete works of Henry Fielding, es



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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

THE NOVELS IN SEVEN VOLUMES
THE PLAYS AND POEMS IN FIVE VOLUMES
THE LEGAL WRITINGS IN ONE VOLUME
THE MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS IN THREE VOLUMES
COMPLETE IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

With an Essay on the Life, Genius and Achievement
of the Author, by

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, LL.D.

VOLUME TWELVE
PLAYS AND POEMS, V

EDITION DE LUXE.

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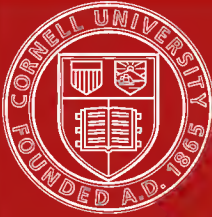
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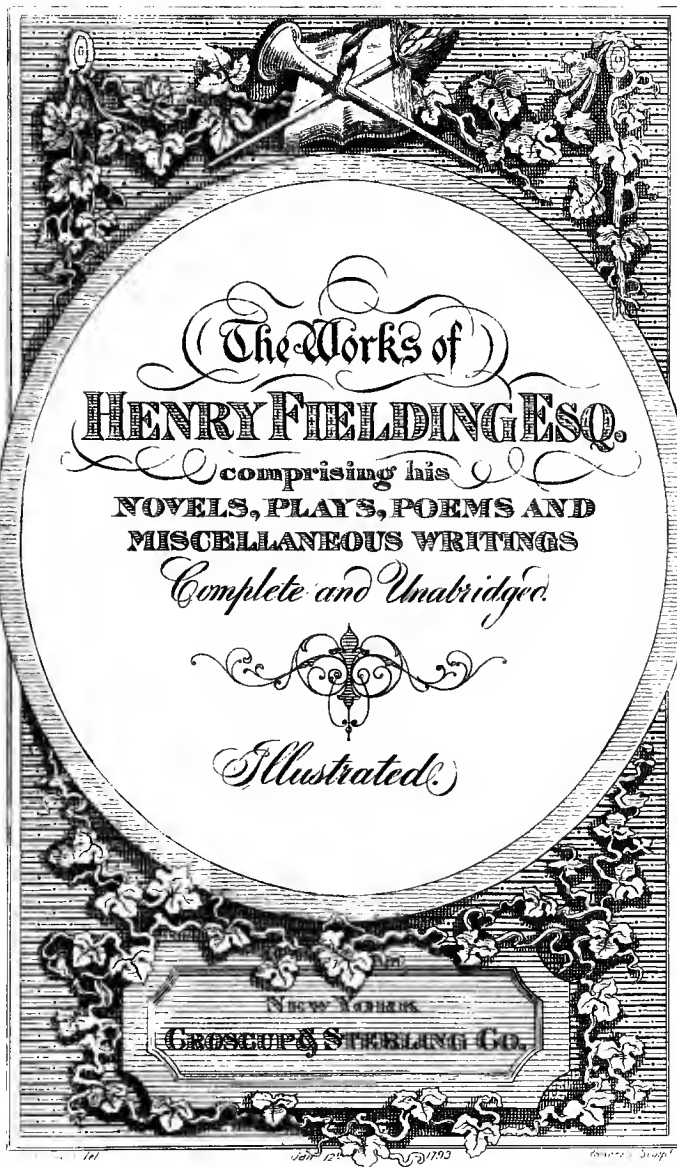
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(The Works of)
HENRY FIELDING ESQ.

comprising his
**NOVELS, PLAYS, POEMS AND
MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS**

Complete and Unabridged.



Illustrated.

NEW YORK
GROSCUP & S. STERLING CO.

1871

Jan 12 1873

George S. Sterling

The Complete Works of
HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

With an Essay on the Life, Genius and Achievement of the Author,
by

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, LL.D.

PLAYS AND POEMS

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. FIVE

Illustrated with
Reproductions of Rare Contemporary Drawings
and Original Designs by
E. E. Carlson and E. J. Read



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NEW YORK



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This little church in London was the scene of Fielding's second marriage, in 1847, to Mary Daniel.

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This most celebrated actor of the eighteenth century took part as an amateur in Fielding's play, *The Mock Doctor*. He made his debut at Goodman's Fields in 1741, soon "taking the town by storm," and holding the first rank until his death when he was accorded a public funeral and a resting place in Westminster Abbey. He created the part of Millamour in Fielding's *Wedding Day*. He acted in others of his dramas. He revived Shakesperian plays and introduced the device of footlights. In both comedy and tragedy he was master, and in private life also he was popular.

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK

OR

PHAETON IN THE SUDS

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT OF WALKING IN SERIOUS
AND FOOLISH CHARACTERS

Interlarded with Burlesque, Grotesque, Comic Interludes

CALLED

HARLEQUIN A PICK-POCKET

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET

Being ('tis hoped) the last Entertainment that will ever be
Exhibited on any Stage

INVENTED BY THE INGENIOUS

MONSIEUR SANS ESPRIT

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY THE HARMONIOUS

SIGNIOR WARBLERINI

AND THE SCENES PAINTED BY THE PRODIGIOUS

MYNHEER VAN BOTTOM-FLAT

Monstr' horrend' inform.—

FIRST ACTED IN 1744

TO MR. JOHN LUN

Vulgarly called ESQUIRE

SIR,—Though Pasquin has put dedications in so ridiculous a light, that patrons may, perhaps, pay some shame for the future for reading their own praises; yet, I hope you will not begin to be affected with so troublesome a passion, when I tell you, I know no man in England to whom I can so properly dedicate the following pages as yourself.

It is to you, sir, we owe (if not the invention) at least the bringing into a fashion, that sort of writing which you have pleased to distinguish by the name of Entertainment. Your success herein (whether owing to your heels or your head I will not determine) sufficiently entitles you to all respect from the inferior dabblers in things of this nature.

But, sir, I have farther obligations to you than the success, whatever it be, which this little farce may meet with, can lay on me. It was to a play judiciously brought on by you in the May-month, to which I owe the original hint, as I have always owned, of the contrasted poets, and two or three other particulars, which have received great applause on the stage. Nor am I less obliged to you for discovering in my imperfect performance the strokes of an author, any of whose wit, if I have preserved entire, I shall think it my chief merit to the town. Though I cannot enough cure myself of selfishness, while I meddle in dramatic writings, to profess a sorrow that one of so superior a genius is led, by his better sense and better fortune, to more profitable studies than the stage. How far you have contributed to this, I will not presume to determine. Farther, as Pasquin has proved of greater advantage to me, than it could have been at any

other play-house, under their present regulations, I am obliged to you for the indifference you showed at my proposal to you of bringing a play on your stage this winter, which immediately determined me against any farther pursuing that project; for as I never yielded to any mean or subservient solicitations of the great men in real life, I could by no means prevail on myself to play an underpart in that dramatic entertainment of greatness, which you are pleased to divert yourself with in private, and which, was you to exhibit it in public, might prove as profitable to you, and as diverting a Pantomime to the town, as any you have hitherto favoured us with.

I am, moreover, much obliged to you for that satire on Pasquin, which you was so kind to bring on your stage; and here I declare (whatever people may think to the contrary) you did it of your own goodness, without any reward or solicitation from me. I own it was a sensible pleasure to me to observe the town, which had before been so favourable to Pasquin at his own house, confirming that applause, by thoroughly condemning the satire on him at yours.

Whether this was written by your command, or your assistance, or only acted by your permission, I will not venture to decide. I believe every impartial honest man will conclude, that either lays me under the same obligation to you, and justly entitles you to this dedication. Indeed, I am inclined to believe the latter; for I fancy you have too strong a head ever to meddle with Common-sense, especially since you have found the way so well to succeed without her, and you are too great and good a Manager, to keep a needless super-numerary in your house.

I suppose you will here expect something in the dedicatory style on your person and your accomplishments: but why should I entertain the town with a recital of your particular perfections, when they may see your whole merit all at once, whenever you condescend to perform the Harlequin? However, I shall beg leave to mention here (I solemnly protest, without the least design of flattery) your adequate behaviour in that great station to which you was born, your great judg-

ment in plays and players, too well known to be here expatiated on; your generosity, in diverting the whole kingdom with your race-horses at the expense I might almost say, of more than your purse. To say nothing of your wit and other perfections, I must force myself to add, though I know every man will be pleased with it but yourself, that the person who has the honour to know your very inmost thoughts best, is the most sensible of your great endowments.

But, sir, while I am pleasing myself, and I believe the world, I am, I fear, offending you: I will therefore desist, though I can affirm, what few dedicators can, that I can, and perhaps may, say much more; and only assure you that I am, with the sincerity of most of the foregoing lines,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

PASQUIN.

ARGUMENT

PHAETON was the son of Phoebus, and Clymene, a Grecian oyster-wench. The parish boys would often upbraid him with the infamy of his mother Clymene, telling him she reported him to be the son of Apollo, only to cover her adultery with a serjeant of the Foot-guards. He complains to Clymene of the affront put upon them both. She advises him to go to the Round-house (the temple of his father), and there he resolved from his own mouth of the truth of his sire; bidding him at the same time beg some indubitable mark, that should convince the world that his mother was a virtuous woman, and whore to Phoebus. He goes to the said Round-house, where Apollo grants his request, and gives him the guidance of his lanthorn for a day. The youth falling asleep, was tumbled out of the wheelbarrow, and what became of him I could never learn.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MACHINE, the Composer	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
FUSTIAN, an Author	<i>Mr. Lacey.</i>
SNEERWELL, a Critic	<i>Mr. Machen.</i>
PROMPTER	<i>Mr. Turner.</i>
CLYMENE	<i>Mrs. Charke.</i>
JUPITER	<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
NEPTUNE	<i>Mr. Wallis.</i>
PHOEBUS	<i>Mr. Topping.</i>
OLD PHAETON	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
YOUNG PHAETON	<i>Mr. Boothby.</i>
AURORA	<i>Mrs. Egerton.</i>
AURORA'S MAID	<i>Miss Jones.</i>
TERRA	<i>Miss Burgess.</i>
GENIUS OF GIN	<i>Miss Burgess.</i>
HARLEQUIN	<i>Mr. Rosamond.</i>
JUSTICE	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
JUSTICE'S CLEEK	<i>Mons. Castiglione.</i>
MANAGERS	{ <i>Mr. Freeman.</i> <i>Mr. Turner.</i>
STARS	{ <i>Master Sherwin.</i> <i>Miss Ferguson.</i>
COLUMBINE	<i>Middle. Beaumaunt.</i>
1 COUNTRYMAN	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
2 COUNTRYMAN	<i>Mr. Lowder.</i>
3 COUNTRYMAN	<i>Mr. Collerd.</i>
1 RAKE	<i>Mr. Boothby.</i>
2 RAKE	<i>Mr. Pullen.</i>
3 RAKE	<i>Mr. Wallis.</i>
4 RAKE	<i>Mr. Phenix.</i>
CHAIRMEN	{ <i>Mr. Smith.</i> <i>Mr. Collerd.</i>

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PISTOL	<i>Mr. Lowder.</i>
TRAGEDY KING	<i>Mr. Pullen.</i>
SCHOOL-MISTRESS	<i>Mrs. Egerton.</i>
TRAGEDY QUEEN	<i>Miss Jones.</i>
	{ <i>Mr. Smith.</i>
	{ <i>Mr. Lowder.</i>
WATCHMEN	{ <i>Mr. Collerd.</i>
	{ <i>Mr. Chapman.</i>

*Constables, Watch, Fiddlers, Lanthorns, Suns, Moons, Whores,
&c., &c., &c.*

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK

OR

PHAETON IN THE SUDS

PROMPTER, FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, *and* MACHINE.

PROMPTER. Mr. Fustian, I hope the tragedy is over, for Mr. Machine is just come, and we must practise the entertainment.

FUSTIAN. Sir, my tragedy is done; but you need not be in such haste about your entertainment, for you will not want it this season.

PROMPTER. That, sir, I don't know; but we dare not disoblige Mr. Machine, for fear he should go to the other house.

SNEERWELL. Dear Fustian, do let us stay and see the practice.

FUSTIAN. And can you bear, after such a luscious meal of tragedy as you have had, to put away the taste with such an insipid dessert?

SNEERWELL. It will divert me a different way.—I can admire the sublime which I have seen in the tragedy, and laugh at the ridiculous which I expect in the entertainment.

FUSTIAN. You shall laugh by yourself then. [*Going.*]

SNEERWELL. Nay, dear Fustian, I beg you would stay for me, for I believe I can serve you; I will carry you to dinner in a large company, where you may dispose of some tickets.

FUSTIAN. Sir, I can deny you nothing.—Ay, I have a few tickets in my pockets.

[Pulls out a vast quantity of Paper.

MACHINE. Gentlemen, I must beg you to clear the stage entirely: for in things of this serious nature, if we do not comply with the exactest decency, the audience will be very justly offended.

FUSTIAN. Things of a serious nature! Oh, the devil!

MACHINE. Harkye, Prompter, who is that figure there?

PROMPTER. That, sir, is Mr. Fustian, author of the new tragedy.

MACHINE. Oh! I smoke him, I smoke him. But Mr. Prompter, I must insist that you cut out a great deal of Othello, if my pantomime is performed with it, or the audience will be palled before the entertainment begins.

PROMPTER. We'll cut out the fifth act, sir, if you please.

MACHINE. Sir, that's not enough, I'll have the first cut out too.

FUSTIAN. Death and the devil! Can I bear this? Shall Shakespeare be mangled to introduce this trumpery?

PROMPTER. Sir, this gentleman brings more money to the house than all the poets put together.

MACHINE. Pugh, pugh, Shakespeare!—Come, let down the curtain, and play away the overture.—Prompter, to your post.

[The curtain draws up, discovers Phaeton leaning against the scene.

SCENE.—A Cobbler's Stall.

Enter CLYMENE.

SNEERWELL. Pray, sir, who are these extraordinary figures?

MACHINE. He leaning against the scene is Phaeton; and the lady is Clymene; or Clymene as they call her in Drury Lane. This scene, sir, is in the true altercation, or scolding style of the ancients. Come, madam, begin.

Pray, sir, who are those extraordinary figures?

From an original painting by E. J. Read.



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CLYMENE. You lazy, lousy rascal, is't well done,
That you, the heir-apparent of the Sun,
Stand with your arms before you like a lout,
When your great father has two hours set out,
And bears his lanthorn all the world about?

YOUNG PHAETON. Oh mother, mother, think you it sounds
well,
That the Sun's son in cobbler's stall should dwell?
Think you it does not on my soul encroach,
To walk on foot while father keeps a coach?
If he should shine into the stall, d'ye think
To see me mending shoes he would not wink?
Besides, by all the parish-boys I'm flammed,
You the Sun's son! You rascal, you be damned!

CLYMENE. And dost thou, blockhead, then make all this
noise,
Because you're fleered at by the parish-boys?
When, sirrah, you may know the mob will dare
Sometimes to scorn, and hiss at my Lord Mayor.

AIR I. *Gilliflower, gentle Rosemary.*

YOUNG PHAETON. O mother, this story will never go
down;
'Twill ne'er be believed by the boys of the town;
'Tis true what you swore,
I'm the son of a whore,
They all believe that, but believe nothing more.

CLYMENE. You rascal, who dare your mamma thus to
doubt,
Come along to the justice, and he'll make it out;
He knows very well,
When you first made me swell,
That I swore 'twas the Sun that had shined in my cell.

YOUNG PHAETON. O mother, mother, I must ever grieve;
Can I the justice, if not you believe?

If to your oath no credit I afford,
Do you believe I'll take his worship's word?

CLYMENE. Go to the watch-house, where your father
bright
That lanthorn keeps which gives the world its light;
Whence sallying, he does the day's gates unlock,
Walks through the world's great streets, and tells folks what's
o'clock.

YOUNG PHAETON. With joy I go; and ere two days are
run
I'll know if I am my own father's son. [Exit.

CLYMENE. Go, clear my fame, for greater 'tis in life
To be a great man's whore, than poor man's wife.
If you are rich, your vices men adore,
But hate and scorn your virtues, if you're poor.

AIR II. *Pierot Tune.*

Great courtiers palaces contain,
Poor courtiers fear a jail;
Great parsons riot in champagne,
Poor parsons sot in ale;
Great whores in coaches gang,
Smaller misses
For their kisses
Are in Bridewell banged;
Whilst in vogue
Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens hanged. [Exit.

*The scene draws and discovers the Sun in a great chair in the
Round-house, attended by Watchmen.*

Enter YOUNG PHAETON.

SNEERWELL. Pray, sir, what is the scene to represent?
MACHINE. Sir, this is the Palace of the Sun.

FUSTIAN. It looks as like the Round-house as ever I saw any thing.

MACHINE. Yes, sir, the Sun is introduced in the character of a watchman; and that lanthorn there represents his chariot.

FUSTIAN. The devil it does!

MACHINE. Yes, sir, it does, and as like the chariot of the Sun it is as ever you saw any thing on any stage.

FUSTIAN. I can't help thinking this a properer representation of the Moon than the Sun.

SNEERWELL. Perhaps the scene lies in the Antipodes, where the Sun rises at midnight.

MACHINE. Sir, the scene lies in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; and so, pray, sir, don't ask any more questions, for things of this nature are above criticism.

YOUNG PHAETON. What do I see? What beams of candle-light

Break from that lanthorn and put out my sight?

PHOEBUS. O little Phaey! pr'ythee tell me why Thou tak'st this evening's walk into the sky?

YOUNG PHAETON. Father, if I may call thee by that name, I come to clear my own and mother's fame:
To prove myself thy bastar'd, her thy miss.

PHOEBUS. Come hither first, and give me, boy, a kiss.

[*Kisses him.*]

Now you shall see a dance, and that will show
We lead as merry lives as folks below.

[*A dance of Watchmen.*]

YOUNG PHAETON. Father, the dance has very well been done,
But yet that does not prove I am your son.

FUSTIAN. Upon my word, I think Mr. Phaeton is very much in the right on't; and I would be glad to know, sir, why this dance was introduced.

MACHINE. Why, sir? why, as all dances are introduced, for the sake of the dance. Besides, sir, would it not look very unnatural in Phoebus to give his son no entertainment after so long an absence? Go on, go on.

PHOEBUS. Thou art so like me, sure you must be mine;
I should be glad if you would stay and dine;
I'll give my bond, whate'er you ask to grant:
I will by Styx! an oath which break I can't.

YOUNG PHAETON. Then let me, since that vow must ne'er
be broke,
Carry, one day, that lanthorn for a joke.

PHOEBUS. Rash was my promise, which I now must
keep:

But oh! take care you do not fall asleep.

YOUNG PHAETON. If I succeed, I shall no scandal rue;
If I should sleep, 'tis what most watchmen do.

[Exit Young Phaeton.

PHOEBUS. No more.—Set out, and walk around the
skies;

My watch informs me it is time to rise. [Exit.

MACHINE. Now for the comic, sir.

FUSTIAN. Why, what the devil has this been?

MACHINE. This has been the serious, sir,—the sublime.
The serious in an entertainment answers to the sublime in
writing. Come, are all the rakes and whores ready at King's
coffee-house?

PROMPTER. They are ready, sir.

MACHINE. Then draw the scene. Pray, let the carpenters
take care that all the scenes be drawn in exact time and
tune, that I may have no bungling in the tricks; for a trick
is no trick, if not performed with great dexterity. Mr.
Fustian, in tragedies and comedies, and such sort of things,
the audiences will make great allowances; but they expect
more from an entertainment; here, if the least thing be out
of order, they never pass it by.

FUSTIAN. Very true, sir, tragedies do not depend so much
upon the carpenter as you do.

MACHINE. Come, draw the scene.

*The scene draws, and discovers several Men and Women
drinking in King's Coffee-house. They rise and dance.
The dance ended, sing the following song.*

AIR III. *O London is a fine Town.*

1 RAKE. O Gin, at length, is putting down,
 And 'tis the more the pity;
 Petition for it all the town,
 Petition all the city.

CHORUS. O Gin, &c.

1 RAKE. 'Twas Gin that made train-bands so stout,
 To whom each castle yields;
 This made them march the town about,
 And take all Tuttle Fields.

CHORUS. O Gin, &c.

1 RAKE. 'Tis Gin, as all our neighbours know,
 Has served our army too;
 This makes them make so fine a show,
 At Hyde Park, at review.

CHORUS. O Gin, &c.

1 RAKE. But what I hope will change your notes,
 And make your anger sleep;
 Consider, none can bribe his votes
 With liquor half so cheap.

CHORUS. O Gin, &c.

FUSTIAN. I suppose, sir, you took a cup of Gin to inspire you to write this fine song?

During the song Harlequin enters and picks pockets. A Poet's pocket is picked of his Play, which, as he was going to pawn for the reckoning, he misses. Harlequin is discovered; Constables and Watch are fetched in; the Watchmen walking in their sleep; they bind him in chains, confine him in the cellar, and leave him alone. The Genius of Gin rises out of a tub.

GENIUS. Take, Harlequin, this magic wand,
 All things shall yield to thy command:
 Whether you would appear incog.,
 In shape of monkey, cat or dog;
 Or else to show your wit, transform
 Your mistress to a butter-churn;
 Or else, what no magician can,
 Into a wheelbarrow turn a man;
 And please the gentry above stairs
 By sweetly crying, Mellow pears.
 Thou shalt make jests without a head,
 And judge of plays thou canst not read.
 Whores and race-horses shall be thine,
 Champagne shall be thy only wine;
 Whilst the best poet, and best player,
 Shall both be forced to feed on air;
 Gin's genius all these things reveals,
 Thou shalt perform, by slight of heels.

[Exit Genius.]

Enter Constable and Watchmen. They take Harlequin out and the scene changes to the Street; a crowd before the Justice's house. Enter a Clerk in the character of Pierrot; they all go in. The scene changes to the Justice's Parlour, and discovers the Justice learning to spell of an old School-mistress.

FUSTIAN. Pray, sir, who are those characters?

MACHINE. Sir, that's a Justice of peace; and the other is a School-mistress, teaching the Justice to spell; for you must know, sir, the Justice is a very ingenious man, and a very great scholar, but happened to have the misfortune in his youth never to learn to read.

Enter Harlequin in custody; Columbine, Poet, &c. The Poet makes his complaint to the Justice; the Justice orders a Mittimus for Harlequin; Columbine courts the Justice

to let Harlequin escape; he grows fond of her, but will not comply till she offers him money; he then acquits Harlequin, and commits the Poet.

FUSTIAN. Pray, how is this brought about, sir?

MACHINE. How, sir! why, by bribery. You know, sir, or may know, that Aristotle, in his book concerning entertainments, has laid it down as a principal rule, that Harlequin is always to escape; and I'll be judged by the whole world if ever he escaped in a more natural manner.

The Constable carries off the Poet; Harlequin hits the Justice a great rap upon the back, and runs off; Columbine goes to follow; Pierrot lays hold on her, the Justice being recovered of his blow, seizes her, and carries her in. Pierrot sits down to learn to spell, and the scene shuts.

Scene, the Street. Harlequin re-enters, considering how to regain Columbine, and bite the Justice. Two Chairmen cross the stage with a China jar, on a horse, directed to the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. Harlequin gets into it, and is carried into the Justice's; the scene changes to the Justice's House; Harlequin is brought in, in the jar; the Justice, Pierrot, and Columbine enter; the Justice offers it as a present to Columbine.

FUSTIAN. Sir, sir, here's a small error, I observe; how comes the Justice to attempt buying this jar, as I suppose you intend, when it is directed to the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane?

MACHINE. Sir, sir, here's no error, I observe; for how should the Justice know that, when he can't read?

SNEERWELL. Ay, there I think, Mr. Fustian, you must own yourself in the wrong.

FUSTIAN. People that can't read ought not to be brought upon the stage, that's all.

While the Justice and Chairmen are talking about the jar, Harlequin tumbles down upon him. The Justice and Pierrot run off in a fright. Columbine runs to Harlequin, who carries her off. The Chairmen go out with the jar.

SNEERWELL. Pray, Mr. Machine, how came that jar not to be broke?

MACHINE. Because it was no jar, sir; I see you know very little of these affairs.

Scene, the Street. Harlequin and Columbine re-enter, pursued by the Justice and his Clerk.

Scenes changes to a Barber's Shop; he sets Columbine down to shave her, blinds the Clerk with the suds, and turns the Justice into a periwig-block.

MACHINE. There, sir, there's wit and humour, and transformation for you!

FUSTIAN. The transformation is odd enough, indeed.

MACHINE. Odd, sir! What, the Justice into a block? No, sir, not odd at all; there never was a more natural and easy transformation; but don't interrupt us. Go on, go on.

The Clerk takes the wig off the block, puts it on, and admires himself; Harlequin directs him to powder it better, which, while he is doing, he throws him into the trough, and shuts him down. Harlequin and Columbine go off. The Justice re-enters without his wig; his man calls to him out of the trough, he takes him out, and they go off together in pursuit of Harlequin.

MACHINE. Thus ends, sir, my first comic. Now, sir, for my second, serious, or sublime. Come, draw the scene, and discover Aurora, or the Morning, just going to break, and her maid ironing her linen.

AURORA. The devil take the wench, is't not a shame You should be lazy, and I bear the blame?

Make haste, you drone, for if I longer stay,
The Sun will rise before the break of day;
Nor can I go till my clean linen's done:
How will a dirty morning look in June?

MAID. Shifts, madam, can't be dried before they're wet;
You must wear fewer, or more changes get.

FUSTIAN. Pray, sir, in what book of the ancients do you
find any mention of Aurora's washerwoman?

MACHINE. Don't trouble me with the ancients, sir; if
she's not in the ancients, I have improved upon the ancients,
sir, that's all.

AURORA. Dare you to me in such a manner speak?
The morning is scarce fine three times a week;
But I can't stay, and as I am must break. [Exit.]

MAID. Break and be hanged! please Heaven I'll give you
warning.
Night wants a maid, and so I'll leave the Morning. [Exit.]

Scene changes to an Open Country.

Enter two COUNTRYMEN.

1 COUNTRYMAN. Is it day yet, neighbour?

2 COUNTRYMAN. Faith, neighbour, I can't tell whether it
is or no. It is a cursed nasty morning; I wish we have not
wet weather.

1 COUNTRYMAN. It begins to grow a little lighter though
now. [Aurora crosses the stage, with two or three
girls carrying farthing candles.]

FUSTIAN. Pray, sir, what do those children represent?

MACHINE. Sir, those children are all stars; and you shall
see presently, as the Sun rises, the candles will go out, which
represents the disappearing of the stars.

FUSTIAN. O the devil! the devil!

MACHINE. Dear sir, don't be angry. Why will you not
allow me the same latitude that is allowed to all other com-
posers of entertainments? Does not a dragon descend from
hell in Doctor Faustus? And people go up to hell in Pluto

and Proserpine? Does not a squib represent a thunderbolt in the rape of Proserpine? And what are all the suns, sir, that have ever shone upon the stage, but candles? And if they represent the Sun, I think they may very well represent the stars.

FUSTIAN. Sir, I ask your pardon. But, sir,—

MACHINE. Pray, sir, be quiet, or the candles will be gone out before they should, and burn the girls' fingers before the Sun can rise.

1 COUNTRYMAN. I'll e'en go saddle my horses.

2 COUNTRYMAN. Odso! methinks 'tis woundy light all of a sudden; the Sun rises devilish fast to-day, methinks.

1 COUNTRYMAN. Mayhap he's going a fox-hunting to-day, but he takes devilish large leaps.

2 COUNTRYMAN. Leaps, quotha! I'cod he'll leap upon us, I believe. It's woundy hot, the skin is almost burnt off my face; I warrant I'm as black as a blackmoor.

[Phaeton falls, and the lanthorn hangs hovering in the air.

Enter 3rd COUNTRYMAN.

3 COUNTRYMAN. Oh, neighbours! the world is at an end: call up the parson of the parish: I am but just got up from my neighbour's wife, and have not had time to say my prayers since.

1 COUNTRYMAN. The world at an end! No, no, if this hot weather continues, we shall have harvest in May. Odso, though, 'tis damned hot! I'cod, I wish I had left my clothes at home.

2 COUNTRYMAN. 'Sbud, I sweat as if I had been at a hard day's work.

1 COUNTRYMAN. Oh, I'm scorched!

2 COUNTRYMAN. Oh, I'm burnt!

3 COUNTRYMAN. I'm on fire. [Exeunt, crying fire.

NEPTUNE *descends.*

NEPTUNE. I am the mighty emperor of the sea.

FUSTIAN. I am mighty glad you tell us so, else we should have taken you for the emperor of the air.

MACHINE. Sir, he has been making a visit to Jupiter. Besides, sir, it is here introduced with great beauty: for we may very naturally suppose, that the Sun being drove by Phaeton so near the earth, had exhaled all the sea up into the air.

FUSTIAN. But methinks Neptune is oddly dressed for a god?

MACHINE. Sir, I must dress my characters somewhat like what people have seen; and as I presume few of my audience have been nearer the sea than Gravesend, so I dressed him e'en like a waterman.

SNEERWELL. So that he is more properly the god of the Thames, than the god of the sea.

MACHINE. Pray, let Mr. Neptune go on.

NEPTUNE. Was it well done, O Jupiter! whilst I
Paid you a civil visit in the sky,
To send your Sun my waters to dry up,
Nor leave my fish one comfortable sup?

MACHINE. Come, enter the goddess of the earth, and a dancing-master, and dance the White-Joke.

They enter and dance.

NEPTUNE. What can the earth with frolics thus inspire?
To dance, when all her kingdom is on fire?

TERRA. Though all the earth was one continual smoke,
'Twould not prevent my dancing the White Joke.

SNEERWELL. Upon my word, the goddess is a great lover
of dancing.

MACHINE. Come, enter Jupiter with a pair of bellows,
and blow out the candle of the Sun.

JUPITER enters, as above.

TERRA. But ha! great Jupiter has heard our rout,
And blown the candle of the sun quite out.

MACHINE. Come now, Neptune and Terra, dance a minuet
by way of thanksgiving.

FUSTIAN. But pray how is Phaeton fallen all this time?

MACHINE Why, you saw him fall, did not you? And there he lies; and I think it's the first time I ever saw him fall upon any stage. But I fancy he has lain there so long, that he would be glad to get up again by this time; so pray draw the first flat over him. Come, enter Clymene.

CLYMENE. Are thou, my Phaey, dead? O foolish elf To find your father, and to lose yourself. What shall I do to get another son? For now, alas! my teeming-time is done.

AIR IV.

Thus when the wretched owl has found
Her young owls dead as mice,
O'er the sad spoil she hovers round,
And views 'em once or twice:
Then to some hollow tree she flies,
To hollow, hoot, and howl,
Till every boy that passes, cries,
The devil's in the owl!

MACHINE. Come, enter Old Phaeton.

FUSTIAN. Pray, sir, who is Old Phaeton? for neither Ovid nor Mr. Pritchard make any mention of him.

MACHINE. He is the husband of Clymene, and might have been the father of Phaeton if his wife would have let him.

Enter OLD PHAETON.

OLD PHAETON. What is the reason, wife, through all the town
You publish me a cuckold up and down?
It's not enough, as other women do,
To cuckold me, but you must tell it too?

CLYMENE. Good cobbler, do not thus indulge your
rage,
But, like your brighter brethren of the age,

Think it enough your betters do the deed,
And that by horning you I mend the breed.

OLD PHAETON. Madam, if horns I on my head must wear,
'Tis equal to me who shall graft them there.

CLYMENE. To London go, thou out-of-fashion fool,
And thou wilt learn in that great cuckold's school,
That every man who wears the marriage-fetters,
Is glad to be the cuckold of his betters;
Therefore, no longer at your fate repine,
For in your stall the Sun shall ever shine.

OLD PHAETON. I had rather have burnt candle all my life,
Than to the Sun have yielded up my wife.
But since 'tis past I must my fortune bear;
'Tis well you did not do it with a star.

CLYMENE. When neighbours see the sunshine in your stall,
Your fate will be the envy of them all;
And each poor clouded man will wish the Sun
Would do to his wife, what to your wife h'as done.

[Exeunt arm in arm.]

MACHINE. There, sir, is a scene in heroics between a cobbler and his wife; now you shall have a scene in mere prose between several gods.

FUSTIAN. I should have thought it more natural for the gods to have talked in heroics, and the cobbler and his wife in prose.

MACHINE. You think it would have been more natural; so do I, and for that very reason have avoided it; for the chief beauty of an entertainment, sir, is to be unnatural. Come, where are the gods?

Enter JUPITER, NEPTUNE, and PHOEBUS.

JUPITER. Harkye, you Phoebus, will you take up your lanthorn and set out, sir, or no? For by Styx! I'll put somebody else in your place, if you do not; I will not have the world left in darkness, because you are out of humour.

PHOEBUS. Have I not reason to be out of humour. when you have destroyed my favourite child?

JUPITER. 'Twas your own fault; why did you trust him with your lanthorn?

PHOEBUS. I had promised by Styx, an oath which you know was not in my power to break.

JUPITER. I shall dispute with you here no longer; so either take up your lanthorn, and mind your business, or I'll dispose of it to somebody else. I would not have you think I want suns, for there were two very fine ones that shone together at Drury Lane play-house; I myself saw 'em, for I was in the same entertainment.

PHOEBUS. I saw 'em too, but they were more like moons than suns; and as like any thing else as either. You had better send for the sun from Covent Garden house, there's a sun that hatches an egg there, and produces a Harlequin.

JUPITER. Yes, I remember that; but do you know what animal laid that egg.

PHOEBUS. Not I.

JUPITER. Sir, that egg was laid by an ass.

NEPTUNE. Faith, that sun of the egg of an ass is a most prodigious animal; I have wondered how you came to give him so much power over us, for he makes gods and devils dance jigs together whenever he pleases.

JUPITER. You must know he is the grand-child of my daughter Fortune by an ass; and at her request I settled all that power upon him; but he plays such damned pranks with it, that I believe I shall shortly revoke my grant. He has turned all nature topsy turvy, and not content with that, in one of his entertainments he was bringing all the devils in hell up to heaven by a machine, but I happened to perceive him, and stopt him by the way.

PHOEBUS. I wonder you did not damn him for it.

JUPITER. Sir, he has been damned a thousand times over; but he values it not a rush; the devils themselves are afraid of him; he makes them sing and dance whenever he pleases. But, come, 'tis time for you to set out.

PHOEBUS. Well, if I must, I must; and since you have destroyed my son, I must find out some handsome wench and get another. [Exit.

JUPITER. Come, Neptune, 'tis too late to bed to go,
What shall we do to pass an hour or so?

NEPTUNE. E'en what you please—Will you along with me,
And take a little dip into the sea?

JUPITER. No, faith, though I've a heat I want to quench,
Dear Neptune, canst thou find me out a wench?

NEPTUNE. What sayst thou to Dame Thetis? she's a
prude,
But yet I know with Jupiter she would.

JUPITER. I ne'er was more transported in my life:
While the Sun's out at work, I'll have his wife;
Neptune, this service merits my regard,
For all great men should still their pimps reward. [*Exeunt.*]

MACHINE. Thus, sir, ends my second and last serious;
and now for my second comic. Come, draw the scene, and
discover the two play-houses side by side.

SNEERWELL. You have brought these two play-houses in a
very friendly manner together.

MACHINE. Why should they quarrel, sir? for you observe,
both their doors are shut up. Come, enter Tragedy King and
Queen, to be hired.

*Enter Tragedy King and Queen, and knock at Covent Garden
play-house door; the Manager comes out; the Tragedy
King repeats a speech out of a play; the Manager and he
quarrel about an emphasis. He knocks at Drury Lane
door; the Manager enters with his man Pistol bearing a
sack-load of players' articles.*

FUSTIAN. Pray, sir, what is contained in that sack?

MACHINE. Sir, in that sack are contained articles for
players, from ten shillings a week, and no benefit, to five hun-
dred a year, and a benefit clear.

FUSTIAN. Sir, I suppose you intend this as a joke? but I
can't see why a player of our own country, and in our own
language, should not deserve five hundred, sooner than a saucy
Italian singer twelve.

MACHINE. Five hundred a year, sir! Why, sir, for a little

more money I'll get you one of the best harlequins in France; and you'll see the managers are of my opinion.

Enter Harlequin and Columbine. Both Managers run to them, and caress them; and while they are bidding for them, enter a Dog in a Harlequin's dress; they bid for him. Enter the Justice and his Clerk; Harlequin and Columbine run off. Covent Garden Manager runs away with the Dog in his arms. The scene changes to a Cart-load of Players. The Justice pulls out the Act of the 12th of the Queen and threatens to commit them as Vagrants; the Manager offers the Justice two hundred a year if he will commence a player; the Justice accepts it, is turned into a Harlequin; he and his Clerk mount the Cart, and all sing the following Chorus.

CHORUS.

AIR V. *Abbot of Canterbury.*

You wonder, perhaps, at the tricks of the stage,
Or that Pantomime miracles take with the age;
But if you examine court, country, and town,
There's nothing but Harlequin feats will go down.
Derry down, &c.

From Fleet Street to Limehouse the city's his range,
He's a saint in his shop, and a knave on the 'Change;
At an oath, or a jest, like a censor he'll frown,
But a lie or a cheat slip currently down.
Derry down, &c.

In the country he burns with a politic zeal,
And boasts, like knight-errant, to serve commonweal;
But once returned member, he alters his tone,
For, as long as he rises, no matter who's down.
Derry down, &c.

At court, 'tis as hard to confine him as air,
Like a troublesome spirit, he's here and he's there;
All shapes and disguises at pleasure puts on,
And defies all the nation to conjure him down.

Derry down, &c.

MISS *LUCY*

IN TOWN.

A

SEQUEL

TO

The Virgin Unmasqued.

A

FARCE;

WITH SONGS.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, against St. Clement's
Church in the Strand. 1742.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

GOODWILL	<i>Mr. Winstone.</i>
THOMAS	<i>Mr. Neal.</i>
LORD BAWBLE	<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
MR. ZOROBABEL	<i>Mr. Macklin.</i>
SIGNIOR CANTILEÑO	<i>Mr. Beard.</i>
MR. BALLAD	<i>Mr. Lowe.</i>

WOMEN

MRS. MIDNIGHT	<i>Mrs. Macklin.</i>
WIFE	<i>Mrs. Clive.</i>
TAWDRY	<i>Mrs. Bennet.</i>

MISS LUCY IN TOWN

SCENE.—MRS. MIDNIGHT'S.

MRS. MIDNIGHT *and* TAWDRY.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. And he did not give you a single shilling?

TAWDRY. No, upon my honour.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Very well. They spend so much money in show and equipage, that they can no more pay their ladies than their tradesmen. If it was not for Mr. Zorobabel, and some more of his persuasion, I must shut up my doors.

TAWDRY. Besides, ma'am, virtuous women and gentlemen's wives come so cheap, that no man will go to the price of a lady of the town.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. I thought Westminster Hall would have given them a surfeit of their virtuous women: but I see nothing will do; though a jury of cuckolds were to give never such swinging damages, it will not deter men from qualifying more jurymen. In short, nothing can do us any service but an Act of Parliament to put us down.

TAWDRY. Have you put a bill on your door, ma'am, as you said you would?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. It is up, it is up. O Tawdry! that a woman who hath been bred, and always lived like a gentlewoman, and followed a polite way of business, should be reduced to let lodgings.

TAWDRY. It is a melancholy consideration truly. [*Knocking.*] But hark! I hear a coach stop.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Some rake or other, who is too poor to have any reputation. This is not a time of day for good

customers to walk abroad. The citizens, good men, can't leave their shops so soon.

SERVANT [*enters*]. Madam, a gentleman and lady to inquire for lodgings; they seems to be just come out of the country, for the coach and horses are in a terrible dirty pickle.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Why don't you show them in? Tawdry, who knows what fortune has sent us?

TAWDRY. If she had meant me any good, she'd have sent a gentleman without a lady.

SERVANT [*returning with JOHN*]. This is my mistress, friend.

JOHN. Do you take volks in to live here? Because, if you do, madam and the squoire will come and live with you.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Then your master is a squire, friend, is he?

JOHN. Ay, he's as good a squire as any within five miles o'en: tho'f he was but a footman before, what is that to the purpose? Madam has enough for both o'em.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Well, you may desire your master and his lady to walk in. I believe I can furnish them with what they want. What think you, Tawdry, of the squire and his lady, by this specimen of them?

TAWDRY. Why, I think if I can turn the squire to as good account as you will his lady, (I mean if she be handsome,) we shall have no reason to repent our acquaintance. You will soon teach her more politeness than to be pleased with a footman, especially as he is her husband.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Truly, I must say, I love to see ladies prefer themselves. Mercy on those who betray women to sacrifice their own interest: I would not have such a sin lie on my conscience for the world.

Enter THOMAS, WIFE, and Servants.

THOMAS. Madam, your humble servant. My fellow here tells me you have lodgings to let, pray what are they, madam?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Sir, my bill hath informed you.

THOMAS. Pox! I am afraid she suspects I can't read.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. What conveniences, madam, would your ladyship want?

WIFE. Why, good woman, I shall want every thing which other fine ladyships want. Indeed, I don't know what I shall want yet: for I never was in town before: but I shall want every thing I see.

THOMAS. I hope your apartments here are handsome, and that people of fashion use to lodge with you.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. If you please, sir, I'll wait on your honour, and show you the rooms.

THOMAS. Ay, do, do so; do wait on me. John, do you hear, do you take care of all our things.

WIFE. Ay, pray, John, take care of the great cake and the cold turkey, and the ham and the chickens, and the bottle of sack, and the two bottles of strong beer, and the bottle of cyder.

JOHN. I'll take the best care I can: but a man would think he was got in to a fair. The folks stare at one as if they had never seen a man before. [*Remain Tawdry and Wife.*]

TAWDRY. Pray, madam, is not your ladyship infinitely tired with your journey?

WIFE. I tired! not I, I an't tired at all; I could walk twenty miles farther.

TAWDRY. O, I am surprised at that! most fine ladies are horribly fatigued after a journey.

WIFE. Are they?—Hum! I don't know whether I an't so too; yes, I am, I am horribly fatigued. (Well, I shall never find out all that a fine lady ought to be.) [*Aside.*]

TAWDRY. Was your ladyship never in town before, madam?

WIFE. No, madam, never before that I know of.

TAWDRY. I shall be glad to wait on you, madam, and show you the town.

WIFE. I am very much obliged to you, madam: and I am resolved to see every thing that is to be seen: the Tower, and the crowns, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the Parliament-house, and the Abbey——

TAWDRY. O fie, madam! these are only sights for the vulgar; no fine ladies go to these.

WIFE. No! why then I won't neither! Oh! odious Tower and filthy lions. But pray, madam, are there no sights for a fine lady to see?

TAWDRY. O yes, madam; there are ridottos, masquerades, court, plays, and a thousand others, so many, that a fine lady has never time to be at home but when she is asleep.

WIFE. I am glad to hear that; for I hate to be at home: but, dear madam, do tell me—for I suppose you are a fine lady.

TAWDRY. At your service, madam.

WIFE. What do you fine ladies do at these places? What do they do at masquerades now? for I have heard of them in the country.

TAWDRY. Why they dress themselves in a strange dress, and they walk up and down the room, and they cry, *Do you know me?* and then they burst out a laughing, and then they sit down, and then they get up, and then they walk about again, and then they go home.

WIFE. Oh! this is charming, and easy too; I shall be able to do a masquerade in a minute: well, but do tell me a little of the rest. What do they do at your what d'ye call 'ems, your plays?

TAWDRY. Why, if they can, they take a stage-box, where they let the footman sit the two first acts, to show his livery; then they come in to show themselves, spread their fans upon the spikes, make curtsies to their acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able.

WIFE. O delightful! By gole, I find there is nothing in a fine lady; anybody may be a fine lady if this be all.

AIR I.

If flaunting and ranting,
If noise and gallanting,

Be all in fine ladies required ;
 I'll warrant I'll be
 As fine a lady
 As ever in town was admired.

At plays I will rattle,
 Tittle-tattle,
 Tittle-tattle,
 Prittle-prattle,
 Prittle-prattle,
 As gay and as loud as the best.
 And at t'other place,
 With a mask on my face,
 I'll ask all I see
 Do you know me?
 Do you know me?
 And te, he, he,
 And te, he, he!
 At nothing as loud as a jest.

THOMAS and MRS. MIDNIGHT return.

THOMAS. My dear, I have seen the rooms, and they are very handsome, and fit for us people of fashion.

WIFE. Oh, my dear, I am extremely glad on't. Do you know me? Ha, ha, ha, my dear, [*stretching out her fan before her*], ha, ha, ha!

THOMAS. Hey-day! What's the matter now?

WIFE. I am only doing over a fine lady at a masquerade, or play, that's all. [*She coquets apart with her husband.*]

TAWDRY. [*to Mrs. Midnight*]. She's simplicity itself. A card fortune has dealt you, which it's impossible for you to play ill. You may bring her to any purpose.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. I am glad to hear it: for she's really pretty, and I shall scarce want a customer for a tit-bit.

WIFE. Well, my dear, you won't stay long, for you know I can hardly bear you out of my sight; I shall be quite miserable till you come back, my dear, dear Tommy.

THOMAS. My dear Lucy, I will but go find out a tailor, and be back with you in an instant.

WIFE. Pray do, my dear.—Nay, t'other kiss; one more—Oh! thou art the sweetest creature.—Well, miss fine lady, pray how do you like my husband? Is he not a charming man?

TAWDRY. Your husband! Dear madam, and was it your husband that you kissed so?

WIFE. Why, don't fine ladies kiss their husbands?

TAWDRY. No, never.

WIFE. O la! but I don't like that though; by gole, I believe I shall never be a fine lady, if I must not be kissed. I like being a fine lady in other things, but not in that; I thank you. If your fine ladies are never kissed, by gole, I think we have not so much reason to envy them as I imagined.

SONG.

How happy are the nymphs and swains,
 Who skip it and trip it all over the plains:
 How sweet are the kisses,
 How soft are the blisses,
 Transporting the lads, and all melting their misses!
 If ladies here so nice are grown,
 Who jaunt it and flaunt it all over the town,
 To fly as from ruin
 From billing and cooing,
 A fig for their airs, give me plain country wooing.

TAWDRY. Oh, you mistake me, madam; a fine lady may kiss any man but her husband.— You will have all the beaus in town at your service.

WIFE. Beaus! O Gemini, those are things Miss Jenny used to talk of.—And pray, madam, do beaus kiss so much sweeter and better than other folks?

TAWDRY. Hum! I can't say much of that.

WIFE. And pray, then, why must I like them better than my own husband?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Because it's the fashion, madam. Fine ladies do every thing because it's the fashion. They spoil their shapes, to appear big with child because it's the fashion. They lose their money at whist, without understanding the game; they go to auctions, without intending to buy; they go to operas, without any ear; and slight their husbands without disliking them; and all——because it is the fashion.

WIFE. Well, I'll try to be as much in fashion as I can: but pray when must I go to these beaus? for I really long to see them. For Miss Jenny says, she's sure I shall like them; and if I do, i'facks! I believe I shall tell them so, notwithstanding what our parson says.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Bravely said! I will show you some fine gentlemen, which I warrant you will like.

WIFE. And will they like me?

TAWDRY. Like you! they'll adore you, they'll worship you. Madam, says my lord, you are the most charming, beautiful, fine creature that ever my eyes beheld!

WIFE. What's that? Do say that over again.

TAWDRY. [*Repeats.*] Madam, you are, &c.

WIFE. And will they think all this of me?

TAWDRY. No doubt of it. They'll swear it.

WIFE. Then to be sure they will think it. Yes, yes, then to be sure they will think so. I wish I could see these charming men.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Oh, you will see them everywhere. Here in the house I have had several to visit me, who have said the same thing to me and this young lady.

WIFE. What, did they call you charming and beautiful? —By gole, I think they may very well say so to me. [*Aside.*] But when will these charming men come?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. They'll be here immediately: but your ladyship will dress yourself. I see your man has brought your things. I suppose your ladyship has your clothes with you?

WIFE. O yes, I have clothes enough; I have a fine thread satin suit of clothes of all the colours in the rainbow; then I have a fine red gown, flowered with yellow, all my own

work; and a fine laced suit of pinnners, that was my great grandmother's; that has been worn but twice these forty years, and, my mother told me, cost almost four pounds when it was new, and reaches down hither. And then I have a great gold watch that hath continued in our family, I can't tell how long, and is almost as broad as a moderate punch-bowl; and then I have two great gold ear-rings, and six or seven rings for my finger, worth about twenty pounds all together; and a thousand fine things that you shall see.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Ay, madam, these things would have dressed your ladyship very well an hundred years ago: but the fashions are altered. Laced pinnners, indeed. You must cut off your hair, and get a little periwig and a French cap; and instead of a great watch, you must have one so small, that it is impossible it should go; and—but come, this young lady will instruct you. Pray, miss, wait on the lady to her department, and send for proper tradesmen to dress her; such as the fine ladies use. Madam, you shall be dressed as you ought to be.

WIFE. Thank you, madam; and then I shall be as fine a lady as the best of them. By gole, this London is a charming place! If ever my husband gets me out of it again, I am mistaken. Come, dear miss, I am impatient. *Do you know me?* ha, he, ha! *[Exit Wife and Tawdry.]*

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

LORD BAWBLE. So, Old Midnight, what schemes art thou plodding on?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. O fie! my lord; I protest if Sir Thomas and you don't leave off your riots, you will ruin the reputation of my house for ever. I wonder, too, you have no more regard to your own characters.

LORD BAWBLE. Why, thou old canting offspring of hypocrisy, dost thou think that men of quality are to be confined to rules of decency, like sober citizens, as if they were ashamed of their sins, and afraid they should lose their turn of being Lord Mayor?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. We ought all to be ashamed of our sins. O my lord, my lord, had you but heard that excellent sermon on Kennington Common, it would have made you ashamed: I am sure it had so good an effect upon me, that I shall be ashamed of my sins as long as I live.

LORD BAWBLE. Why don't you leave them off then, and lay down your house?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Alas, I can't, I can't; I was bred up in the way: but I repent heartily; I repent every hour of my life; and that I hope will make amends.

LORD BAWBLE. Well, where is my Jenny Ranter?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Ah, poor Jenny! Poor Jenny is gone. I shall never see her more; she was the best of girls: it almost breaks my tender heart to think on't; nay, I shall never out-live her loss (*crying*). My lord, Sir Thomas and you forgot to pay for that bowl of punch last night.

LORD BAWBLE. Damn your punch! is my dear Jenny dead?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Worse, if possible.—She is—she is turned Methodist, and married to one of the brethren.

LORD BAWBLE. O, if that be all, we shall have her again.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Alas! I fear not; for they are powerful men—But pray, my lord, how go the finances, for I have such a piece of goods, such a girl just arrived out of the country!—upon my soul as pure a virgin—for I have known her whole bringing up: she is a relation of mine; her father left me her guardian. I have just brought her from a boarding-school to have her under my own eye, and complete her education.

LORD BAWBLE. Where is she? let me see her!

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Not a step without the Ready. I told you I was her guardian, and I shall not betray my trust.

LORD BAWBLE. If I like her—upon my honour—

MRS. MIDNIGHT. I have too much value for your lordship's honour, to have it left in pawn. Besides, I have more right honourable honour in my hands unredeemed already, than I know what to do with. However, I think you may

depend on my honour; deposit a cool hundred, and you shall see her; and then take either the lady or the money.

LORD BAWBLE. I know thee to be inexorable. I'll step home and fetch the money. I gave that sum to my wife this morning to buy her clothes. I'll take it from her again, and let her tick with the tradesmen. Lookye, if this be stale goods, I'll break every window in the house.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. I'll give you leave.—He'll be tired of her in a week, and then I may dispose of her again. I am afraid I did wrong in putting her off for a virgin, for she'll certainly discover she is married. However, I can forswear the knowing it. [*Zorobabel brought in, in a chair with the curtains drawn.*]

O here's one of my sober customers——Mr. Zorobabel, is it you? I am your worship's most obedient servant.

MR. ZOROBABEL. How do you do, Mrs. Midnight? I hope nobody sees or overhears. This is an early hour for me to visit at. I have but just been at home to dress me since I came from the Alley.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. I suppose your worship's hands are pretty full there now with your lottery-tickets?

MR. ZOROBABEL. Fuller than I desire, Mrs. Midnight, I assure you. We hoped to have brought them to seven pounds before this; that would have been a pretty comfortable interest for our money.—But, have you any worth seeing in your house?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. O Mr. Zorobabel! such a piece! such an angel!

MR. ZOROBABEL. Ay, ay, where? where?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Here in the house.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Let me see her this instant!

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Sure nothing was ever so unfortunate.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Hey! what?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. O sir! not thinking to see your worship this busy time, I have promised her to Lord Bawble.

MR. ZOROBABEL. How, Mrs. Midnight, promise her to a lord without offering her to me first? Let me tell you, 'tis an affront not only to me, but to all my friends: and you

deserve never to have any but Christians in your house again.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Marry forbid! Don't utter such curses against me.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Who is it supports you? Who is it can support you? Who have any money besides us?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Pray your worship forgive me.

MR. ZOROBABEL. No, I will deal higher for the future with those who are better acquainted with lords; they will know whom to prefer. I must tell you, you are a very ungrateful woman. I know a woman of fashion at St. James's end of the town, where I might deal cheaper than with yourself; though I own, indeed, yours is rather the more reputable house of the two.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. But my lord hath never seen her yet.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Hath he not? Why then he never shall, till I have done with her: she'll be good enough for a lord half a year hence. Come, fetch her down, fetch her down. How long hath she been in town?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Not two hours. Pure country innocent flesh and blood.—But what shall I say to my lord?

MR. ZOROBABEL. Say any thing: put off somebody else upon him; a stale woman of quality, or somebody who hath been in Westminster Hall and the newspapers.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Well, I'll do the best I can; though, upon my honour, I was to have had two hundred guineas from my lord.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Two hundred promises you mean; but had it been ready cash, I'll make you amends if I like her; we'll never differ about the price; so fetch her, fetch her.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. I will, an't please your worship. [*Exit.*]

MR. ZOROBABEL. Soh! the money of Christian men pays for the beauty of Christian women. A good exchange!

Enter MRS. MIDNIGHT.

[*A noise without.*]

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Oh, sir, here are some noisy people

coming this way; slip into the next room: I am as tender of your reputation as of my own.

MR. ZOROBABEL. You are a sensible woman, and I commend your care; for reputation is the very soul of a Jew.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Go in here, I will quickly clear the coast for you again. [*Exit Zorobabel.*] Now for my gentlemen; and if I mistake not their voices, one is an opera-singer, and the other a singer in one of our play-houses.

Enter SIGNIOR CANTILENO *and* MR. BALLAD.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. What is the matter, gentlemen? what is the matter?

SIGNIOR CANTILENO. Begar I vil ave de woman; begar I vil ave her.

MR. BALLAD. You must win her first, Signior; and if you can gain her affections, I am too much an Englishman to think of restraining her from pursuing her own will.

SIGNIOR CANTILENO. Never fear, me vin her. No English woman can withstand de charms of my voice.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. If he begins to sing, there will be no end on 't. I must go look after my young lady. [*Exit.*]

SONG.

CANT. Music sure hath charms to move,
 With my song, with my song I'll charm my love.
 This good land where money grows,
 Well the price of singing knows:
 Hither all the warblers throng;
 Taking money,
 Milk and honey,
 Taking money for a song.

MR. BALLAD. Ha, ha, ha! What the devil should an Italian singer do with a mistress?

SIGNIOR CANTILENO. Ask your women, who are in love wit de Italian singers.

SONG.

See, while I strike the vocal lyre,
 Beauty languish, languish and expire:
 Like turtle-doves, in a wooing fit,
 See the blooming charmers sit;
 Softly sighing,
 Gently dying,
 While sweet sounds to raptures move:
 Trembling, thrilling,
 Sweetly killing,
 'Airs that fan the wings of love.

SONG.

MR. BALLAD. Be gone, you shame of human race,
 The noble Roman soil's disgrace;
 Nor vainly with a Briton dare
 Attempt to win a British fair.
 For manly charms the British dame
 Shall feel a fiercer, nobler flame:
 To manly numbers lend her ear,
 And scorn thy soft enervate air.

Enter a PORTER.

PORTER [*to Cantileno*]. Sir, the lady's in the next room.

SIGNIOR CANTILENO. Ver vel. Begar I vil ave her.

MR. BALLAD. I'll follow you, and see how far the charms of your voice will prevail.

Enter MR. ZOROBABEL, MRS. MIDNIGHT, and WIFE.

MRS. MIDNIGHT [*to her, entering*]. I am going to introduce your ladyship to one of our fine gentlemen whom I told you of.

WIFE [*surveying him awkwardly*]. Is this a beau, and a fine gentleman?—By goles, Mr. Thomas is a finer gentleman, in my opinion, a thousand times.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Madam, your humble servant; I shall always think myself obliged to Mrs. Midnight, for introducing me to a young lady of your perfect beauty. Pray, madam, how long have you been in town?

WIFE. Why, I have been in town about three hours: I am but a stranger here, sir; but I was very lucky to meet with this civil gentlewoman and this fine lady, to teach me how to dress and behave myself. Sir, I would not but be a fine lady for all the world.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Madam, you are in the right on't: and this soft hand, this white neck, and these sweet lips were formed for no other purpose.

WIFE. Let me alone, Mun, will you; I won't be pulled and hauled about by you, I won't.—For I am very sure you don't kiss half so sweet as Mr. Thomas.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Nay, be not coy, my dear; if you will suffer me to kiss you, I will make you the finest of ladies; you shall have jewels equal to a woman of quality:—nay, I will furnish a house for you in any part of the town, and you shall ride in a fine gilt chair, carried by two stout fellows, that I will keep for no other purpose.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Madam, if you will but like this gentleman, he'll make you a fine lady: 'tis he, and some more of his acquaintance, that make half the fine ladies in the town.

WIFE. Ay! Why, then I will like him,—I will say I do, which I suppose is the same thing. [*Aside.*] But when shall I have all these fine things? for I long to begin.

MR. ZOROBABEL. And so do I, my angel.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

WIFE. —Nay, I won't kiss any more till I have something in hand, that I am resolved of.

MRS. MIDNIGHT [*to Zorobabel*]. Fetch her some baubles; any toys will do.

WIFE. But if you will fetch me all the things you promised me, you shall kiss me as long as you please.

MR. ZOROBABEL. But when I have done all these things you must never see any other man but me.

WIFE. Must not I?—But I don't like that.—And will you stay with me always then?

MR. ZOROBABEL. No; I shall only come to see you in the evening.

WIFE. (O then it will be well enough, for I will see whom I please all the day, and you shall know nothing of the matter.) [*Aside.*] Indeed I won't see anybody else but you; indeed I won't. But do go, fetch me these fine things.

MR. ZOROBABEL. I go, my dear.—Mrs. Midnight, pray take care of her. I never saw any one so pretty nor so silly.

WIFE. I heard you, sir; but you shall find I have sense enough to out-wit you. Well, Miss Jenny may stay in the country if she will; and see nothing but the great jolly parson, who never gives any thing but a nosegay or a handful of nuts for a kiss. But where's the young lady that was here just now? for to my mind I am in a new world, and my head is quite turned giddy.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. It is a common effect, madam, which the town air hath on young ladies, when first they come into it.

Enter SIGNIOR CANTILENO.

SIGNIOR CANTILENO. Begar, dat dam English ballad-singing dog has got away de woman—ah, *pardie*—*voila un autre*—
[*Going towards her.*]

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Hold, hold, Signior; this lady is not for you.—She is a woman of quality, and her price is a little beyond your pocket.

SIGNIOR CANTILENO. Begar, I like none but de woman of quality.—And you no know de price of my pocket—See here—begar here are fifty guinea—dey are not above de value of two song.

SONG.

To beauty compared, pale gold I despise,
 No jewels can sparkle like Cælia's bright eyes :
 Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass :
 With far greater raptures I view my fine lass :
 Gold locked in my coffers for me has no charms,
 Then its value I own,
 Then I prize it alone,
 When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms.

WIFE. This is certainly one of those operish singers Miss Jenny used to talk of, and to mimic : she taught me to mimic them too.

RECITATIVE.

CANT. Brightest nymph, turn here thy eyes,
 Behold thy swain despairs and dies.

WIFE. A voice so sweet can not despair,
 Unless from deafness of the fair ;
 Such sounds must move the dullest ear :
 Less sweet the warbling nightingale ;
 Less sweet the breeze sweeps through the vale.

SONG.

CANT. Sweetest cause of all my pain,
 Pride and glory of the plain,
 See my anguish,
 See me languish :
 Pity thy expiring swain.

WIFE. Gentle youth, of my disdain,
 Ah, too cruel you complain ;
 My tender heart
 Feels greater smart ;
 Pity me, expiring swain.

- CANT. Will you then all my pangs despise?
 Will nothing your disdain remove?
 WIFE. Can you not read my wishing eyes?
 Ah, must I tell you that I love?
 CANT. I faint, I die.
 WIFE. And so do I.

MR. BALLAD enters, and sings.

SONG.

- Turn hither your eyes, bright maid,
 Turn hither with all your charms;
 Behold a jolly young blade,
 Who longs to be clasped in your arms:
 To sighing and whining,
 To sobbing and pining,
 Then merrily bid adieu.
 CANT. See how I expire,
 BAL. See how I'm on fire,
 And burn, my dear nymph, for you.
 WIFE. Thus strongly pursued,
 By two lovers woo'd,
 What shall a poor woman do?
 But a lover in flames,
 Sure most pity claims,
 So, jolly lad, I'm for you.

Enter MRS. MIDNIGHT.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Gentlemen, I must beg you would go into another room; for my Lord Bawble is just coming, and he hath bespoke this.

SIGNIOR CANTILENO. Le diable! one of our directors! I would not ave him see me here for de varld.

WIFE. Is my lord come? How eagerly I long to see him?

SIGNIOR CANTILENO. Allons, madam.

WIFE. No, I will stay with my lord.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. He is just coming in.—Upon my soul I will bring her to you presently.

SIGNIOR CANTILENO. Well, you are de woman of honour.

MR. BALLAD. This new face will not come to my turn yet; so I will to my dear Tawdry.

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

LORD BAWBLE. Well, I have kept my word; I have brought the ready. [*Seeing Wife.*] Upon my soul, a fine girl! I suppose this is she you told me of?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. What shall I do? [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, my lord, this is the same: But pray come away; for I can't bring her to any thing yet: she is so young, if you speak to her, you will frighten her out of her wits; have but a little patience, and I shall bring her to my mind.

LORD BAWBLE. Don't tell me of patience; I'll speak to her now; and I warrant I bring her to my mind.

[*They talk apart.*]

WIFE [*at the other end of the stage, looking at my lord*]. O, la! that is a fine gentleman, indeed; and yet, who knows but Mr. Thomas might be just such another, if he had but as fine clothes on?—I wonder he don't speak to me; to be sure he don't like me; if he did, he would speak to me; and if he does not presently, the old fellow will be back again, and then I must not talk with him.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Consider, she is just fresh and raw out of the country.

LORD BAWBLE. I like her the better. It is in vain to contend; for by Jupiter, I'll at her. I know how to deal with country ladies. I learnt the art of making love to them at my election.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. What will become of me? I'll get out of the way, and swear to Mr. Zorobabel, I know nothing of my lord's seeing her. [*Exit.*]

LORD BAWBLE. It is generous in you, madam, to leave

the country, to make us happy here, with the sunshine of your beauty.

WIFE. Sir, I am sure I shall be very glad if any thing in my power can make the beaux and fine gentlemen of this fine town happy.—He talks just like Mr. Thomas before I was married to him, when he first come out of his town-service. [*Aside.*]

LORD BAWBLE. She seems delightfully ignorant. A quality which is to me a great recommendation of a mistress or a friend.—Oh, madam, can you doubt of your power, which is as extensive as your beauty; which lights such a fire in the heart of every beholder, as nothing but your frowns can put out.

WIFE. I'll never frown again; for if all the gentlemen in town were in love with me—icod,—with all my heart, the more the merrier.

LORD BAWBLE. When they know you have my admiration, you will soon have a thousand other adorers. If a lady hath a mind to bring custom to her house, she hath nothing more to do but to hang one of us lords out for a sign.

WIFE. A lord!—Gemini, and are you a lord?

LORD BAWBLE. My Lord Bawble, madam, at your service.

WIFE. Well, my Lord Bawble is the prettiest name I ever heard: the very name is enough to charm one.—My Lord Bawble!

LORD BAWBLE. Why, truly, I think it hath something of a quality-sound in it.

WIFE. Heigh ho!

LORD BAWBLE. Why do you sigh, my charmer?

WIFE. At what, perhaps, will make you sigh too, when you know it.

LORD BAWBLE. Ay, what?

WIFE. I am married to an odious footman, and can never be my Lady Bawble.—I am afraid you won't like me, now I have told you.—But I assure you, if I had not been married already, I should have married you of all the beaux and fine gentlemen in the world: but though I am married to him, I like you the best; and I hope that will do.

LORD BAWBLE. Yes, yes, yes, my dear; do!—very well! (Is this wench an idiot, or a bite? marry me, with a pox!) [Aside.] And so you are married to a footman, my dear?

WIFE. Yes, I am; I see you don't like me, now you know I am another man's wife.

LORD BAWBLE. Indeed you are mistaken; I dislike no man's wife but my own.

WIFE. O la! What, are you married then?

LORD BAWBLE. Yes, I think I am: but I have almost forgot it; for I have not seen my wife, till this morning, for a twelvemonth.

WIFE. No! by goles, you may marry somebody else for me. And now I think on't; if I should be seen speaking to him, I shall lose all the fine things I was promised.

LORD BAWBLE. What are you considering, my dear? [Aside.]

WIFE. I must not stay with you any longer, for I expect an old gentleman every minute, who promised me a thousand fine things, if I would not speak to anybody but him: he promised to keep two tall lusty fellows, for no other business but to carry me up and down in a chair.

LORD BAWBLE. I will not only do that, but I will keep you two other tall fellows for no other use but to walk before your chair.

WIFE. Will you? Nay, I assure you, I like you better than him, if I shall not lose any fine things by the bargain.—But hold, now I think on't: suppose I stay here till he come back again with his presents, I can take the things, promise him, and go with you afterwards, you know, my lord. Oh, how pretty lord sounds!

LORD BAWBLE. No, you will have no need on't! I will give you variety of fine things. (Till I am tired of you, and then I'll take them away again.) But, my dear, these lodgings are not fine enough: I will take some finer for you.

WIFE. O la! what, are there finer houses than this in town? Why, my father hath five hundred a year in the country, and his house is not half so fine.

LORD BAWBLE. Oh, my dear, gentlemen of no hundred

pound a year scorn such a house as this: nobody lives now in any thing but a palace.

WIFE. Nay, the finer the better, by goles, if you will pay for it.

LORD BAWBLE. Pugh, pshaw! Pay! never mind that: that word hath almost put me in the vapours.—Come, my dear girl—— [Kisses her.

WIFE. O fie, my lord, you make me blush. He kisses sweeter than my husband, a thousand times; I did not think there had been such a man as my husband in the world, but I find I was mistaken.

LORD BAWBLE. Consider, my dear, what a pride you will have in hearing the man you love called Lordship.

WIFE. Lordship! it is pretty. Lordship! But then you won't see me above once in a twelvemonth.

LORD BAWBLE. I will see you every day, every minute: I like you so well, that nothing but being married to you could make me hate you.

WIFE. O Gemini! I forgot it was the fashion.

LORD BAWBLE. Let us lose no time, but hasten to find some place where I may equip you like a woman of quality.

WIFE. I am out of my wits. My lord, I am ready to wait on your lordship wherever your lordship pleases—Lordship! Quality! I shall be a fine lady immediately now.

Enter MRS. MIDNIGHT.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. What shall I do? I am ruined for ever! My lord hath carried away the girl. Mr. Zorobabel will never forgive me; I shall lose him and all his friends, and they are the only support of my house. Foolish slut, to prefer a rakish lord to a sober Jew; but women never know how to make their market till they are so old no one will give any thing to them.

Enter THOMAS.

THOMAS. Your humble servant, madam. Pray, madam, how do you like my clothes?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Your tailor hath been very expeditious, indeed, sir.

THOMAS. Yes, madam, I should not have had them so soon, but that I met with an old acquaintance, Tom Shabby, the tailor in Monmouth Street, who fitted me with a suit in a moment—But where's my wife?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. (What shall I say to him?) I believe she is gone out to see the town.

THOMAS. Gone out! hey! what, without me! Who's gone with her?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Really, sir, I can't tell. Here was a gentleman all over lace: I suppose, some acquaintance of hers. I fancy she went with him.

THOMAS. A gentleman in lace! I am undone, ruined, dishonoured! Some rascal hath betrayed away my wife.—Zounds, why did you let her go out of the house till my return?

MRS. MIDNIGHT. The lady was only a lodger with me, I had no power over her.

THOMAS. How, did any man come to see her? for I am sure she did not know one man in town. It must be somebody that used to come here.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. May the devil fetch me, if ever I saw him before; nor do I know how he got in.—But there are birds of prey lurking in every corner of this wicked town: it makes me shed tears to think what villains there are in the world to betray poor innocent young ladies. [Cries.

THOMAS. Oons and the devil! the first six weeks of our marriage!

MRS. MIDNIGHT. That is a pity indeed—if you have been married no longer: had you been together half a year, it had been some comfort. But be advised, have a little patience; in all probability, whoever the gentleman is, he'll return her again soon.

THOMAS. Return her! Ha! stained, spotted, sullied! Who shall return me my honour?—'Sdeath! I'll search her through the town, the world—Ha! my father here!

GOODWILL [entering]. Son, I met your man John at

the inn, and he showed me the way hither.—Where is my daughter, your wife?

THOMAS. Stolen! lost! every thing is lost, and I am undone.

GOODWILL. Heyday! What's the matter?

THOMAS. The matter! O curse this vile town; I did but go to furnish myself with a suit of clothes, that I might appear like a gentleman, and in the mean time your daughter hath taken care that I shall appear like a gentleman all the days of my life; for I am sure I shall be ashamed to show my head among footmen.

GOODWILL. How! my daughter run away——

MRS. MIDNIGHT. I am afraid it is too true.

GOODWILL. And do you stand meditating?

THOMAS. What shall I do?

GOODWILL. Go advertise her this minute in the newspapers——get my lord chief-justice's warrant.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. As for the latter, it may be advisable; but the former will be only throwing away your money; for the papers have been of late so crammed with advertisements of wives running away from their husbands, that nobody now reads them.

THOMAS. That I should be such a blockhead to bring my wife to town!

GOODWILL. That I should be such a sot as to suffer you!

THOMAS. If I was unmarried again, I would not venture my honour in a woman's keeping, for all the fortune she could bring me.

GOODWILL. And if I was a young fellow again, I would not get a daughter, for all the pleasure any woman could give me.

Enter MR. ZOROBABEL.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Here, where's my mistress? I have equipped her. Here are trinkets enough to supply an alderman's wife.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. (I must be discovered.) Hush, hush,

consider your reputation; here are company. Your mistress is run away with my Lord Bawble.

MR. ZOROBABEL. My mistress run away? Damn my reputation: where's the girl? I will have the girl.

GOODWILL. This gentleman may have lost a daughter too.

THOMAS. Or a wife, perhaps—You have lost your wife, sir, by the violence of your rage?

MR. ZOROBABEL. O worse, worse, sir; I have lost a mistress. While I went to buy her trinkets, this damned jade of a bawd (where is she?) lets in a young rake, and he is run away with her: the sweetest bit of country innocence, just come to town. 'Sblood, I would have given a hundred lottery-tickets for her.

GOODWILL *and* THOMAS. How, hell-hound!

MRS. MIDNIGHT. I am an innocent woman, and shall fall a sacrifice to an unjust suspicion.

GOODWILL. Oh! my poor daughter!

THOMAS. My wife, that I had so much delight in!

MR. ZOROBABEL. My mistress, that I proposed such pleasure in.

MRS. MIDNIGHT. Oh, the credit of my house, gone for ever!

MR. ZOROBABEL. Ha! here she is again.

Enter WIFE.

WIFE. Such joy! such rapture! Well, I'll never go into the country again. Faugh! how I hate the name!—Oh! father, I'm sure you don't know me; nor you, Mr. Thomas, neither—nor I won't know you.—Ah, you old fusty fellow,—I don't want any thing you can give; nor you shan't come near me,—so you sha'n't—Madam, I am very much obliged to you for letting me see the world. I hate to talk to any one I can't call Lordship.

GOODWILL. And is this be-powdered, be-curled, be-hooped mad woman my daughter?—[*She coquets affectedly.*] Why, hussy, don't you know your own father?

THOMAS. Nor your husband?

WIFE. No, I don't know you at all—I never saw you before. I have got a lord, and I don't know any one but my lord.

THOMAS. And pray what hath my lord done to you, that hath put you in such raptures?

WIFE. Oh, by go! who'd be fool then? When I lived in the country, I used to tell you every thing I did; but I am grown wiser now, for I am told I must never let my husband know any thing I do, for he'd be angry; though I don't much care for your anger, for I design always to live with my lord now; and he's never to be angry, do what I will.—Why, pr'ythee, fellow, dost thou think that I am not fine lady enough to know the difference between a lord and a footman?

MR. ZOROBABEL. A footman!

MRS. MIDNIGHT. I thought he was a servant, by his talking so much of his honour.

THOMAS. You call me footman! I own I was a footman; and had rather be a footman still, than a tame cuckold to a lord. I wish every man, who is not a footman, thought in the same manner.

GOODWILL. Thou art a pretty fellow, and worthy a better wife.

THOMAS. Sir, I am sorry that from henceforth, I cannot, without being a rascal, look on your daughter as my wife; I am sorry I can't forgive her.

WIFE. Forgive me!—ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha! comical! why, I won't forgive you, mun!

GOODWILL. What hath he done, which you will not forgive?

WIFE. Done! why, I have found out somebody I like better; and he's my husband, and I hate him, because it is the fashion: That he hath done.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Sir Skip, a word with you: If you intend to part with your wife, I will give you as much for her as any man.

THOMAS. Sir!

MR. ZOROBABEL. Sir, I say, I will give you as much, or more for your wife, than any man.

THOMAS. Those words, which suppose me a villain, call me so, and thus should be returned.

[Gives him a box in the ear.

MR. ZOROBABEL. 'Sdeath, sir! do you know who you use in this manner?

THOMAS. Know you? yes, you rascal, and you ought to know me. I have indeed the greatest reason to remember you, having purchased a ticket of you in the last lottery for as much again as it was worth.—However, you shall have reason to remember me for the future; a footman shall teach such a low, pitiful, stock-jobbing pick-pocket to dare to think to cuckold his betters.

[Kicks him off the stage.

MR. ZOROBABEL. You shall hear of me in Westminster Hall.

GOODWILL. Your humble servant. [Kicking him off.

MR. ZOROBABEL. Very fine! very fine!—a ten-thousand-pound-man is to be kicked!

GOODWILL. A rascal, a villain!

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

WIFE. O my dear lord, are you come?

LORD BAWBLE. Fie, my dear, you should not have run away from me while I was in an inner room, promising the tradesman to pay him for your fine things.

WIFE. O my lord, I only stept into a chair, as you call it, to make a visit to a fine lady here. It is pure sport to ride in a chair.

LORD BAWBLE. Bless me! what's here? My old man Tom in masquerade?

THOMAS. I give your lordship joy of this fine girl.

LORD BAWBLE. Stay till I have had her, Tom. Egad she hath cost me a round sum, and I have had nothing but kisses for my money yet.

THOMAS. No, my lord! Then I am afraid your lordship never will have any thing more, for this lady is mine.

LORD BAWBLE. How! what property have you in her?

THOMAS. The property of an English husband, my lord.

LORD BAWBLE. How, madam! are you married to this man?

WIFE. I married to him! I never saw the fellow before.

LORD BAWBLE. Tom, thou art a very impudent fellow.

GOODWILL. Mercy on me! what a sink of iniquity is this town! She hath been here but five hours, and learnt assurance already to deny her husband.

LORD BAWBLE. Come, Tom, resign the girl by fair means, or worse will follow.

THOMAS. How, my lord, resign my wife! Fortune, which made me poor, made me a servant; but nature, which made me an Englishman, preserved me from being a slave. I have as good a right to the little I claim, as the proudest peer hath to his great possessions; and whilst I am able, I will defend it.

LORD BAWBLE. Ha! rascal! [*They draw.*]

GOODWILL. Hold, my lord! this girl, ungracious as she is, is my daughter, and this honest man's wife.

WIFE. Whether I am his wife or no is nothing to the purpose; for I will go with my lord. I hate my husband, and I love my lord. He is a fine gentleman, and I am a fine lady, and we are fit for one another.—Now, my lord, here are all the fine things you gave me: he will take them away, but you will keep them for me.

LORD BAWBLE. So, now I think every man hath his own again; and since she is your wife, Tom, much good may you do with her. I question not but these trinkets will purchase a finer lady. [*Exit.*]

WIFE. What, is my lord gone?

THOMAS. Yes, madam, and you shall go, as soon as I can get horses put into a coach.

WIFE. Ay, but I won't go with you.

THOMAS. No, but you shall go without me: your good father here will take care of you into the country: where, if I hear of your amendment, perhaps, half a year hence I

may visit you; for since my honour is not wronged, I can forgive your folly.

WIFE. I shall show you, sir, that I am a woman of spirit, and not to be governed by my husband.—I shall have vapours and fits, (these they say are infallible), and if these won't do, let me see who dares carry me into the country against my will: I will swear the peace against them.

GOODWILL. Oh! oh! that ever I should beget a daughter!

THOMAS. Here, John!

JOHN [*enters*]. An't please your worship.

THOMAS. Let all my things be packed up again in the coach they came in;—and send Betty here this instant with your mistress's riding dress.—Come, madam, you must strip yourself of your puppet-show dress, as I will of mine; they will make you ridiculous in the country, where there is still something of Old England remaining. Come, no words, no delay; by Heaven! if you but affect to loiter, I will send orders with you to lock you up, and allow you only the bare necessaries of life. You shall know I'm your husband, and will be obeyed.

WIFE [*crying*]. And must I go into the country by myself? Shall I not have a husband, or a lord, or any body?—If I must go, won't you go with me?

THOMAS. Can you expect it? Can you ask me after what hath happened?

WIFE. What I did, was only to be a fine lady, and what they told me other fine ladies do, and I should never have thought of in the country; but if you will forgive me, I will never attempt to be more than a plain gentlewoman again.

THOMAS. Well, and as a plain gentlewoman you shall have pleasure some fine ladies may envy. Come, dry your eyes; my own folly, not yours, is to blame; and that I am only angry with.

WIFE. And will you go with me then, Tommy?

THOMAS. Ay, my dear, and stay with thee too; I desire no more to be in this town, than to have thee here.

GOODWILL. Henceforth I will know no degree, no difference between men, but what the standards of honour and

virtue create: the noblest birth without these is but splendid infamy; and a footman with these qualities, is a man of honour.

SONG.

WIFE. Welcome again, ye rural plains;
Innocent nymphs and virtuous swains:
Farewell town, and all its sights;
Beaus and lords, and gay delights:
All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

CHORUS.

All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

T H E
WEDDING-DAY.
A
C O M E D Y,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL
I N
D R U R Y - L A N E,

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;



L O N D O N,

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite to *Catharine's*
Street in the Strand. M DCCXLIII.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. MACKLIN

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

WE must beg your indulgence, and humbly hope you'll not
be offended

At an accident that has happened to-night, which was not
in the least intended,

I assure you: if you please, your money shall be returned.

But Mr. Garrick, to-day,

Who performs a principal character in the play,

Unfortunately has sent word, 'twill be impossible, having so
long a part,

To speak to the Prologue: he hasn't had time to get it by
heart.

I have been with the author, to know what's to be done,

For, till the Prologue's spoke, sir, says I, we can't go on.

"Pshaw! rot the Prologue," says he; "then begin without
it."

I told him, 'twas impossible, you'd make such a rout
about it:

Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented,—and I dare say,
Such an attempt, sir, would make them damn the play.

"Ha! damn my play!" the frightened bard replies;

"Dear Mackin, you must go on, then, and apologise."

Apologise! not I: pray, sir, excuse me.

"Zounds! something must be done: pr'ythee don't refuse
me:

Pr'ythee, go on: tell them, to damn my play will be a
damned hard case.

Come, do: you've a good long, dismal, mercy-begging face."

Sir, your humble servant: you're very merry. "Yes," says he, "I've been drinking

To raise my spirits; for, by Jupiter! I found 'em sinking."

So away he went to see the play; Oh! there he sits:

Smoke him, smoke the author, you laughing crits.

Isn't he finely situated for a damning Oh—Oh! a—a shrill Whihee! Oh, direful yell!

As Falstaff says: would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!

What think you now? Whose face looks worst, yours or mine?

Ah! thou foolish follower of the ragged Nine,

You'd better stuck to honest Abraham Adams, by half:

He, in spite of critics, can make your readers laugh.

But to the Prologue.—What shall I say? Why, faith, in my sense,

I take plain truth to be the best defence.

I think, then, it was horrid stuff; and in my humble apprehension,

Had it been spoke, not worthy your attention.

I'll give you a sample, if I can recollect it.—

Hip! take courage: never fear, man: don't be dejected.

Poor devil! he can't stand it; he has drawn in his head:

I reckon, before the play's done, he'll be half dead.

But to the Prologue. It began,

"To-night the comic Author of to-day,

Has writ a—a—a—something about a play:

And as the bee,—the bee,—(that he brings by way of simile) the bee, which roves,

Through, through,"—pshaw! pox o' my memory!—Oh!

"through fields and groves,

So comic poets in fair London town

To cull the flowers of characters wander up and down."

Then there was a good deal about Rome, Athens, and dramatic rules,

And characters of knaves and courtiers, authors and fools,
And a vast deal about critics,—and good-nature,—and the
 poor Author's fear;
And I think there was something about a third night,—
 hoping to see you here.
'Twas all such stuff as this, not worth repeating,
In the old Prologue cant; and then at last concludes, thus
 kindly greeting,
“ To you, the critic jury of the pit,
Our culprit Author does his cause submit:
With justice, nay, with candour, judge his wit:
Give him, at least, a patient quiet hearing:
If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN.

MILLAMOUR	<i>Mr. Garrick.</i>
HEARTFOET	<i>Mr. Delane.</i>
MR. STEDFAST	<i>Mr. Macklin.</i>
MR. MUTABLE	<i>Mr. Taswell.</i>
YOUNG MUTABLE	<i>Mr. Neale.</i>
SQUEEZE PURSE	<i>Mr. Morgan.</i>
BRAZEN	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
DR. CRISIS	<i>Mr. Turbutt.</i>

WOMEN

CLARINDA	<i>Mrs. Pritchard.</i>
CHARLOTTE	<i>Mrs. Woffington.</i>
MRS. USEFUL	<i>Mrs. Macklin.</i>
MRS. PLOTWELL	<i>Mrs. Cross.</i>
LUCINA ,	<i>Mrs. Bennet.</i>

Servants, &c.

SCENE.—LONDON

THE WEDDING-DAY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MILLAMOUR'S *Lodging.*

BRAZEN *asleep on a Chair.*

MILLAMOUR [*calls several times without—Brazen!*] why, you incorrigible rascal, are you not ashamed to sleep at this time of day? Do you think yourself in Spain, sirrah, that thus you go regularly to sleep when others go to dinner?

BRAZEN [*waking*]. Truly, sir, I think he that wakes with the owl should rest with him too. Spain! Agad, I should live in the Antipodes, by the hours I am obliged to keep. Nor do I see why the same bell that rings others to dinner should not ring me to sleep: for, I thank heaven and your honour, sleep is the only dinner I have had these two days.

MILLAMOUR. Cease your impertinence, and get things ready to dress me.

BRAZEN. What clothes will your honour please to wear?

MILLAMOUR. Get me the blue and silver; or stay—the brown and gold. Come back, fetch me the black; that suits best with my present circumstances.

BRAZEN. I fancy the lace suits best with your circumstances. Most people in your honour's circumstances wear lace.

MILLAMOUR. Harkye, sir, I have often cautioned you against this familiarity. You must part with your wit, or with your master.

BRAZEN. [*Aside.*] That's true. If I had any wit, I should have parted with him long ago. No wise servant will live with a master who has turned away his estate.

MILLAMOUR. Get me the laced—go immediately. Familiarity is a sort of interest which all servants exact from an indebted master: and, as being indebted to a friend is the surest way to make him your enemy, so making your servant your creditor is the surest way of making him your friend.

SCENE II.

Enter BRAZEN, showing in MRS. USEFUL.

BRAZEN. Sir, is your honour at home? Here is Mrs. Useful.

MILLAMOUR. Sirrah, you know I am at home to my friend, my mistress, and my bawd, at any time.

MRS. USEFUL. Hoity, toity,—What! must I stay at the door till your worship has considered whether you will see me or not? Do I pass for a beggar or a dun with you? Do you take me for a tradesman with his bill, or a poet with a dedication?

MILLAMOUR. [*To Brazen.*] Do you see what your blunders are the occasion of? Come, my angry fair one, lay aside the terror of your brows, since it was my servant's fault, not mine.

MRS. USEFUL. I, who am admitted where a poor woman of quality is excluded!

MILLAMOUR. I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the women of fashion as their lap-dogs, or to the men as their buffoons.

MRS. USEFUL. A very civil comparison!

MILLAMOUR. Thou art the first minister of Venus, the first plenipotentiary in affairs of love, and thy house is the noble scene of the congress of the two sexes. Thou hast united more couples than the Alimony Act has parted, and

sent more to bed together without a licence than any parson of the Fleet.

MRS. USEFUL. I wish I could have prevented one couple from doing it with a licence.

MILLAMOUR. What, has some notable whore of thy acquaintance turned rebel to thy power, and listed under the banners of Hymen? But be not disconsolate at thy loss.—My life to a farthing she returns to her duty. Whoring is like the mathematics; whoever is once initiated into the science is sure never to leave it.

MRS. USEFUL. This may probably take your mirth a key or two lower than its present pitch. *[Gives a letter.]*

MILLAMOUR. I hope thou dost not deal with the law. I know no letter can give me any uneasiness, but a letter from an attorney. *[Opens the letter.]* Ha! Stedfast! I know the hand, though not the name.

“SIR,—After your behaviour to me, I might not have been strictly obliged to give you any account of my actions: however, as it is the last line you will ever see from me, I have prevailed with myself to tell you, that your course of life has at last determined me to fly to any harbour from the danger of you; and accordingly this morning has given me to a man, whose estate and sincere affections will, in time, produce that love in my heart, which your actions have—have—(this is a damned hard word) have e-ra-di-ca-ted, and make me happy in the name of

“CLARINDA STEDFAST.”

MRS. USEFUL. What do you think now, sir?

MILLAMOUR. Think! that I am the most unhappy of men and have lost the most charming of women.

MRS. USEFUL. I always told you what it would come to, but you went still on in your profligate way. It is very true, what religious men tell us, we never know the value of a blessing till we lose it.

MILLAMOUR. Ay, 'tis very true indeed; for till this hour I never knew the value of Clarinda. *[Reads again.]* Hum!

hum! *has given me to a man whose estate and sincere affection*, by which I am to understand that my rival is some very rich old fellow; two excellent qualifications for a husband and a cuckold, as one could wish.

MRS. USEFUL. I shall make a faithful report of the philosophy with which you receive the news.

MILLAMOUR. Oh! couldst thou tell her half my tenderness or my pain, thou must invent a language to express them.

MRS. USEFUL. Truly, I think you had best set pen to paper, and tell her them yourself.

MILLAMOUR. I had rather trust to your rhetoric: the paper, I am sure, will carry no more than I put into it; but for thee——

MRS. USEFUL. It if receives any addition it will not be to your advantage.

MILLAMOUR. I dare trust thee; thou lovest the game too well to spoil it.

MRS. USEFUL. It is very strange that a lover will not answer his mistress's letter.

MILLAMOUR. Oh! no one writes worse than a real lover. For love, like honesty, appears generally most beautiful in the hypocrite. In painting the mind, as well as the face, art generally goes beyond nature.

MRS. USEFUL. Why, this is all cool reason. I expected nothing but imprecations, threatening, sighing, lamenting, raving.

MILLAMOUR. You are mistaken. I act on the marriage of a mistress as on the death of a friend: I strive to the utmost to prevent it. But if fate will have it so——

MRS. USEFUL. You are a wicked man. You know it hath been in your power to prevent it.

MILLAMOUR. Yes; but, my dear, I am no more resolute to give up my liberty to the one, than my life to the other; and if nothing but my marriage or my death can preserve them, agad, I believe I shall continue *in statu quo*, be the consequence what it will. [Knocking.]

BRAZEN. Sir, here's a lady, I don't know whether she

comes under any of the titles your honour would have admitted.

MILLAMOUR. Sirrah,—admit all ladies whatsoever.

MRS. USEFUL. I'll be gone this moment.

MILLAMOUR. Why so?

MRS. USEFUL. Oh! I would not be seen with you for the world.

MILLAMOUR. Out of tenderness for my reputation, I suppose. But that's safe enough with you; and as for your reputation, it is safe enough with any one. Reputation, like the small-pox, gives you but one pain in your life. When you have had the one, and lost the other, you may venture with safety where you please.

SCENE III.

MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL, MRS. PLOTWELL.

MILLAMOUR. Ha!

MRS. PLOTWELL. You seem surprised, sir: I suppose this is a visit you little expected, though I see it's no unusual thing for you to receive visits from a lady.

MRS. USEFUL. No, madam: my cousin Millamour is very happy with the ladies.

MILLAMOUR [*to Plotwell*]. I believe, cousin, this is a relation of ours you don't know; give me leave to introduce you to one another. Cousin Useful, this is my Cousin Plotwell; Cousin Plotwell, this is my Cousin Useful. [*The ladies salute.*] But come, relations should never meet with dry lips. Here, Brazen, bring a bottle of Usquebaugh.

BOTH WOMEN. Not a drop for me.

MILLAMOUR. Come, come, it will do you no harm. Well, cousin, and how did you leave all our relations in the north? Have you brought me no letters?

MRS. PLOTWELL. Only one, cousin.

MRS. USEFUL. [*Aside.*] Cousin! this is a sister of mine, I believe; we are both of the same trade, my life on 't.

MILLAMOUR. [*To Brazen, who enters with a bottle.*] Sirrah fill the ladies—do you hear? [*He takes a letter from Plotwell and opens it.*]

“SIR,—After so many vows and protestations, I should be surprised at the falsehood of any one but so great a villain as yourself: but as I have been long since certain that you have not one virtue in your whole mind, that you are a compound of all that is bad, and that you are the greatest tyrant, and the falsest and most perjured wretch upon earth, I can expect no other. If you deserve not this and ten times worse, make haste to acquit yourself to the injured

“LUCINA.”

MRS. PLOTWELL. Well, sir, what does my aunt say?

MILLAMOUR. She is very inquisitive about my health, complains of my not writing. There's no secret in 't. I'll read it for your diversion. [*Reads.*]

MRS. PLOTWELL. For Heaven's sake, sir, do not discover the secrets of our family.

MILLAMOUR. “My dear nephew, I suppose it impossible for so fine a gentleman, amidst the hurry of the *beau monde* to think of an old aunt in Northumberland; yet sure you might sometimes find an opportunity to let one know a little how the world goes.” Pshaw! I'll read no more. These country relations think their friends in town obliged to furnish them with continual matter for the scandal of their tea-tables. Has the old lady no female acquaintance?—They would take as much pleasure in writing defamation as she in reading it. For my part, I'll never trouble myself with others' business till I can mind my own; nor about others' sins till I have left off my own.

MRS. USEFUL. Which will not be till doomsday, I'm confident.

MILLAMOUR. Never, while I have the same mind to tempt me to sin, and the same constitution to support me in it. For sins, like places at court, we seldom resign, till we can keep them no longer.

MRS. USEFUL. And, like places at court, you often keep them when you can't officiate in them.

MRS. PLOTWELL. But I hope you will answer my aunt's letter.

MILLAMOUR. Not I, faith. Your aunt's letter shall answer itself. Send it back to the old lady again, and write my duty to her on the back of it.

MRS. USEFUL. You have done your duty to her already, or I am mistaken.

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL, MRS. PLOTWELL, BRAZEN.

BRAZEN. Sir, sir.

MILLAMOUR. Well, sir; what, another cousin? Do you hear, sirrah, I am at home to no more female relations this morning.

BRAZEN. Sir, Mr. Heartfort is below.

MILLAMOUR. Desire him to walk up.

MRS. PLOTWELL. But are you resolved not to answer the letter?

MILLAMOUR. Positively. And, harkye,—tell the enraged fair one she hath made a double conquest: her beauty got the better of my reason, and now her anger hath got the better of my love. Give my humble service to her, and, when she comes to herself again, tell her I am come to myself.

MRS. PLOTWELL. You will repent of your haughtiness, I warrant you. [Exit.

MILLAMOUR. So, there's your despatch: and now for my other cousin.

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL.

MILLAMOUR. And for you, madam, give my kindest respects to Mrs. Stedfast. Tell her I will endeavour to efface

the lovely idea which Clarinda had formed in my mind since she is now another's. I will pray for her happiness, but must love her no more.

MRS. USEFUL. And is this all?

MILLAMOUR. You may carry her this again.—Tell her, I will have nothing to put me in mind of her—and this kiss, which I send her by you, shall be the last token she shall have to awaken the remembrance of me.

MRS. USEFUL. Well, you're a barbarous man. But, suppose, now, I could procure a meeting between you; suppose I could bring her to you this very day, at your own house—

MILLAMOUR. Suppose! Oh, thou dear creature! suppose I gave thee worlds to reward thee!

MRS. USEFUL. Well, I will suppose you a man of honour, and much may be done. Don't be out of the way. *[Exit.]*

MILLAMOUR. Thus men of business despatch attendants. And in female affairs, I believe few have more business than myself. The Grand Signior is but a petty prince in love, compared to me. But, though I have disguised my uneasiness before this woman, Clarinda lies deeper in my heart than I could wish. There is something in that dear name gives me a sensation quite different from that of any other woman. The thought of seeing her another's stings me to the very soul.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

HEARTFORT. What, is your levée despatched? I met antiquated whores going out of your door, as thick as antiquated courtiers from the levée of a statesman, and with as disconsolate faces. I fancy thou hast done nothing for them.

MILLAMOUR. Thus it will ever be, Jack, when there are a multitude of attendants. The lover no more than the statesman can do every man's business.

HEARTFORT. Thou dost as many people's business as any man in town, I dare swear.

MILLAMOUR. I believe no one tastes more the sweets of love——

HEARTFORT. Nor any more its bitters than I. Oh! Millamour, I am the most unhappy of mankind——I have lost the mistress of my soul.

MILLAMOUR. Ay,——and I have lost two mistresses of my soul.

HEARTFORT. The woman I dote on to distraction is to be married this day to another.

MILLAMOUR. A reprieve, a reprieve, in comparison of my fate! The woman I dote on was married this morning to another.

HEARTFORT. Thou knowest not what it is to love tenderly.

MILLAMOUR. No, faith; not very tenderly——not without a great deal of discretion. Here lies the difference between us: you, Heartfort, have discretion in every thing but love: I have discretion in nothing else. Mine is a true English heart; it is an equal stranger to the heat of the equator and the frost of the pole. Love still nourishes it with a temperate heat, as the sun doth our climate; and beauties rise after beauties in the one, just as fruits do in the other.

HEARTFORT. Is it impossible to engage thee to be serious a moment?

MILLAMOUR. Faith, I believe it would on this subject, if I did not know thy temper.

HEARTFORT. The loss of a mistress may indeed seem trifling to thee, who hast lost a thousand.

MILLAMOUR. The devil take me if I have.—I have found it always much easier to get mistresses, than to lose them. Women would be charming things, Heartfort, if, like clothes, we could lay them by when we are weary of them; since, like clothes, we are often weary of them before they are worn out. But this curse attends a multiplicity of amours, that a man is sometimes forced to support his whole wardrobe on his back at once.

HEARTFORT. My passion, sir, will not bear raillery.

MILLAMOUR. I am sorry for it. Raillery is a sort of test to our passions: when they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed. Therefore I'll indulge your infirmity, and for your sake will be grave on a subject which I could never be serious on for my own. So, lay open your wound, and I'll give you the best advice I can.

HEARTFORT. I am enough acquainted with your temper, Millamour, to know my obligations to you for this compliance. And after all, perhaps my case requires rather your pity than advice; for the last word I had from my mistress was, that she hated me of all men living.

MILLAMOUR. Hum!—Faith, I think your case requires neither pity nor advice.

HEARTFORT. But this is not the most terrible, or time might alter her inclination.

MILLAMOUR. Hardly, if it be so violent.

HEARTFORT. I take this violence to be a reason for its change; but I have a better from experience, for she formerly has told me that she loved me of all men living.

MILLAMOUR. And what has caused this great revolution in her temper?

HEARTFORT. Oh! I defy all philosophy to account for one of her actions. You might easier solve all the phenomena of nature than of her mind. All the insight you can get into her future thoughts by her present is, that what she says to-day she will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

MILLAMOUR. So, if she promised your rival yesterday, you may depend upon her discarding him to-day.

HEARTFORT. But then she has a father, whose resolution is immovable as the predestinarian's fate, who has given me as positive a denial as his daughter, and is this day determined to bestow her on another, whom he has preferred to me.

MILLAMOUR. For the old reason, I suppose,—because he is richer?

HEARTFORT. No, upon my word; for a very new reason, because he is a greater rake. For you must know, that this

mighty unalterable will, which is as fixed as the Persian laws, is determined with as little reason as resolutions of some countries which are less stable. In short, sir, he hath laid it down as a maxim, that all men are wild at one period of life or another; so he resolved never to marry his daughter but to one who hath already passed that period. At last, the young lady's good stars, and his great wisdom, have led him to the choice of Mr. Mutable.

MILLAMOUR. What, our Mutable!

HEARTFORT. The very same—though I have reason to believe she hath as great an aversion for him as for me. There is some other, Millamour, hath supplanted me in her heart, whom I have not yet been able to discover; for to this match she is compelled by her father.

MILLAMOUR. So you are a stranger to the man she loves; you have only discovered her husband.

HEARTFORT. Ten thousand horrors are in that name!

MILLAMOUR. Hum!—faith, to him I think there may; but if the possession of your mistress's person be all you desire, I can't see how you are a whit the farther from that by this match; and, as to the first favour, I should not be much concerned about that. If a man would keep a coach for my use, I think it is but a small indulgence to let him take the first airing in it.

HEARTFORT. Oh! do not trifle. An hour, a minute, a moment's delay may be my ruin. Could I but see her before the marriage, this compulsion of her father's might throw her into my arms. But he is resolved she shall be married on the same day with himself, and he hath this morning taken a second wife.—Oh! Millamour, thou hast a lively imagination.—Set it at work for thy friend: for, by Heaven, I never can have any happiness but in Miss Stedfast's arms.

MILLAMOUR. Miss Stedfast!—and her father married this morning! Oh! my friend, if I don't invent for thee, may I never be happy in Mrs. Stedfast's arms.

HEARTFORT. What do you mean?

MILLAMOUR. It is as fixed as your father-in-law's most

confirmed will but that he is to be the cuckold of your humble servant. Take courage; the d——l's in 't if he robs us both of our mistresses in one day. Mine he has got already,—— and much good may she do him.

HEARTFORT. Is it possible?

MILLAMOUR. Ay, faith. This father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that shall be too, hath outstript me in the race, and is gotten to the goal before me.

HEARTFORT. You are a happy man, Millamour, who can be so easy in the loss of your mistress.

MILLAMOUR. Ay, and of a mistress thou hast heard me toast so often, and talk so tenderly, so fondly of—in the loss of Clarinda.

HEARTFORT. The d——l? was Miss Lovely your Clarinda?

MILLAMOUR. Ay, sir, Miss Lovely, Mrs. Stedfast now, was my Clarinda, and is my Clarinda;—and Miss Stedfast shall be yours.

HEARTFORT. Keep but your word there, Millamour.

MILLAMOUR. Lookye, Heartfort, if she hath a mind to see you, I'll send for an engine that shall convey you thither, in spite of all the fathers in Europe.

HEARTFORT. But the time—

MILLAMOUR. If you will step in with me while I dress, Brazen shall fetch the person immediately. Come, be not dejected; we shall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

HEARTFORT. Yet how do I know but every moment may be the cursed period of my ruin? Perhaps this instant gives her to another.

MILLAMOUR. It cannot give her inclinations; and, as I have heard thee say, thy mistress hath wit and beauty, depend upon it these qualities will never be confined in the arms of a man she doth not like. Pursue her, and she must fall. Decency may guard her a honeymoon or two, but she will be yours at last. Never think a celebrated beauty, when she is married, is deceased for ever. No, rather imagine her setting in her husband's bed, as poets make the Sun do in that of Thetis;

Which from our sight retires a while, and then
Rises and shines o'er all the world again.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LUCINA'S *Lodging*.

LUCINA and MRS. PLOTWELL.

LUCINA. Distraction! Send me back my letter! Is not falsehood enough! must he add insult to it? Oh! may eternal furies haunt him! may all the horrors of despair attend his guilt! may he be so wretched that hell itself may sicken with revenge!

MRS. PLOTWELL. And may you be so happy as to have nothing to do with him! or rather, so wise as not to desire it.

LUCINA. Sure it is impossible. He could not be so great a villain. You never carried him my letter. He, that has sworn so many vows of constancy——

MRS. PLOTWELL. Ha, ha, ha! vows of constancy! that any woman after eighteen should think of these. Vows in love have just the same meaning as compliments in conversation; and it is as ridiculous to believe the man who swears eternal constancy, as to believe him who assures you he is your most obedient humble servant.

LUCINA. Oh! Plotwell, had I but known thee sooner! had I but known a friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienced soul against the wicked arts of this deceitful man——

MRS. PLOTWELL. Then you would have followed my advice, just as you have done since we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you against the protesting dying lover, who was breathing out daily raptures at your feet, when it is not in your power to prevail against him, even when he has discovered his falsehood?

LUCINA. Believe me, I could never assure myself of it

till now; the whole long year that I expected his return to Paris, though it made me fear his falsehood, still left me room to hope his truth.

MRS. PLOTWELL. We are apt to hope what we desire. But could any woman have reason to expect the return of a lover, after a month had passed beyond his promise? Had he intended to have married you, he would have done it before his departure. Marriage, like self-murder, requires an immediate resolution; he that takes time for deliberation will never accomplish either.

LUCINA. Oh! Plotwell, thou art well skilled in the wiles of the sex: I wonder thou couldst be deceived.

MRS. PLOTWELL. Yes, madam, I have paid for my knowledge. Man is that forbidden fruit which we must buy the knowledge of with guilt. He must be tasted to be known; and certain poison is in the taste. Were man to appear what he really is, we should fly from him as from a tempestuous sea; or were he to be what he appears, we should be happy in him as in a serene one. They lead us into ruin with the face of angels, and when the door is shut on us exert the devil.

LUCINA. He must have been a man of uncommon sense who worked your ruin.

MRS. PLOTWELL. Rather the circumstances of my ruin were uncommon.

LUCINA. I am surprised that in all our acquaintance, though you have often mentioned your misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the cause of them.

MRS. PLOTWELL. Though the relation be uneasy to me, still, to satisfy your curiosity, and to prevent any solicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few words as I can. In my way to Paris, twenty years ago, I fell acquainted with a young gentleman, who appeared to be an officer in the army. He continued our fellow-traveller on the road, and, after our arrival at Paris, took lodgings in the same house with us. I was then young and unskilled, and too ready to listen to the flattery of a lover. In short, he employed all his art to convince me of his passion, to make an impression on

that heart which was too weakly armed to resist him. He succeeded,—and I was undone.

LUCINA. I can't find any thing uncommon in these circumstances; for I was undone just the same way myself.

MRS. PLOTWELL. After a month spent in our too fatal and too guilty joys he suddenly eloped from Paris, and from that time I never saw him more.

LUCINA. But could any thing be so strange as your staying twenty years in Paris without seeking after him?

MRS. PLOTWELL. I heard the same year he was slain at the battle of Belgrade. But I think it much more strange in you, after staying a year at Paris, to come a hunting after your lover. For a woman to pursue is for the hare to follow the hounds; a chase opposite to the order of nature, and can never be successful. A woman is as sure of not overtaking the lover who flies from her as of being overtaken by a lover who flies after her.

LUCINA. Well, I'm resolved to see him. If I reap no other advantage from it I shall have at least the pleasure of thundering my injuries in his ear.

MRS. PLOTWELL. The usual revenge of an injured mistress. If nature had not granted us the benefit of venting our passions at our tongues and our eyes, the injury and falsehood of mankind would destroy above half our sex.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, BRAZEN.

MILLAMOUR. Your calling on me was lucky enough; you could have been directed to none properer for your purpose than this woman: for though her body will scarce go through the door, yet she has dexterity enough to go through the key-hole. But let me tell you that dexterity must be put in motion by gold, or it will remain in rest.

HEARTFORT. She shall not want that. When my Charlotte's at stake, fortune or life are trifles to the adventurer.

MILLAMOUR. Well, for a sober grave man of sense, thou art something violent in thy passion. I always thought love as foreign to a speculative man as religion to an atheist.

HEARTFORT. Perhaps it may: for I believe the atheist is as often insincere in his contempt of religion as the other in his contempt of woman. There are instances of men who have professed themselves despisers of both, that have at length been found kneeling at their shrines.

MILLAMOUR. Those two things I never intend to trouble my head about the theory of—I shall content myself with the practice—

HEARTFORT. With the practice of one, I dare swear.

MILLAMOUR. In my youth I believe I shall; and for being old, I desire it not. I would have the fires of life and love go out together. What is life worth without pleasure? And what pleasure is there out of the arms of a mistress? All other joys are dreams to that. Give me the fine, young, blooming girl,—cheeks blushing,—eyes sparkling. Give me her, Heartfort—

HEARTFORT. Take her with all my heart. Come, Mr. Brazen, you are to conduct me another way.

MILLAMOUR. You are too soon for Mrs. Useful's appointment.

HEARTFORT. No matter—here is one coming I would avoid.

MILLAMOUR. Ha! your rival. Nay, you have no reason to be angry with him: you tell me he is as averse to the match as yourself: you cannot expect he should be disinterested out of complaisance.

HEARTFORT. It is for that reason I would avoid him. I am not master enough of my passions; besides, I hate lying and impertinence; I can't bear to hear a fellow run on with his intimacy with this duke and that lord, whom he has never spoke to, and, perhaps, never seen.

MILLAMOUR. A more innocent vanity at least than the boasting of favours from women, though with truth, as I have known some men of sense do; which is a vanity indulged at the expense of another's reputation.

HEARTFORT. Faith, and I take the other to be equally as destructive of reputation; for I can't see why it should more reflect on a woman to be great with a man of sense, than on a man of sense to be great with a fool.

MILLAMOUR. Pshaw!—thou art as serious in thy criticisms on life as a dull critic on the Drama. I prefer laughing sometimes at a farce and a fool to being entertained with the most regular performances, or the conversation of men of the best sense.

HEARTFORT. In my opinion, laughing at fools is engaging them at their own weapons; for a fool always laughs at those who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the laugh of his side, because there are in the world abundance of fools to one who is otherwise. In short, it is as dangerous to ridicule folly any where openly, as to speak against Mahometism in Turkey, or Popery in Rome. But he is here—Good-morrow.

SCENE III.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MR. MUTABLE, BRAZEN.

MR. MUTABLE. Nay, 'foregad, Heartfort, you shall not run away from me—Pox take your mistress, I would not lose a friend for all the sluts in town—Pshaw! they are plenty enough—If thou canst persuade my father off the match I did not care if the devil had her.

HEARTFORT. Harkye, sir, on your life, do not utter a profane word of her.

MR. MUTABLE. Well then, I wish you had her, or the devil had her—it's equal to me.—'Tis so difficult to please you—I must like her, and I must not like her.

MILLAMOUR. Ay, Mutable, to content a passionate lover is as difficult as to sail between Scylla and Charybdis: you must fall into one extreme or other.

HEARTFORT. Though I would have Charlotte only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her slighted by another.

MILLAMOUR. Well, Mutable, doth this early sally of yours

proceed from having been in bed early, or from not being in bed at all?

MR. MUTABLE. Not at all, agad.—That Lord Bouncer is an everlasting sitter.

MILLAMOUR. Who had you with you?

MR. MUTABLE. There was myself, three lords, two baronets, four whores, and a justice of peace. His worship, indeed, did not sit late; he was obliged to go home at three to take a nap, to be sober at the sessions—

MILLAMOUR. And punish wickedness and debauchery.

MR. MUTABLE. Millamour, was you ever in company with my Lord Grig?—He is the merriest dog—We had such diversion between him and the Duke of Fleet Street—Ha, ha, ha! says the Duke to me—Jack Mutable, says he—ha, ha, ha; what do you think of my Lord Grig? Why, my Lord Duke, says I, what of my Lord Grig? Why, says my Lord Duke again, he is damnably in love with my Lady Piddle.—You know my Lady Piddle, Millamour—she is a prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what Sir John Gubble told me t'other day at White's—

HEARTFORT. Death and damnation! This is insupportable. Come, Mr. Brazen—

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, MR. MUTABLE.

MR. MUTABLE. White's—Now I mention White's, I must send an excuse to my Lord Goodland. He invited me two days ago, to dine with him to-day.

MILLAMOUR. Two days ago!—why he went into the country a week since.

MR. MUTABLE. Nay, then Sir Charles Wiseall was mistaken, for he delivered me the message yesterday; which is a little strange, methinks.

MILLAMOUR. Ay, faith, it is very strange; for he has been in Scotland this fortnight.

MR. MUTABLE. How!

MILLAMOUR. It is even so, I assure you.

MR. MUTABLE. Then, as sure as I am alive, I dreamt all this. Oh! but may I wish you joy yet? They tell me you are going to be married.

MILLAMOUR. Who told you so?

MR. MUTABLE. Hum!—that I can't remember. It was either the Duchess of Holbourn, or Lady Chatter, or Lady Scramble, or—

MILLAMOUR. No, you dreamt it; a sure sign it will not happen.

MR. MUTABLE. Heyday! Where's Heartfort gone?

MILLAMOUR. He can't bear a successful rival.

MR. MUTABLE. Poor devil! I pity him heartily. And I pity myself; for, I protest, I am as sorry at winning her as he can be at losing her.

MILLAMOUR. But, is there no way of persuading the old gentleman off?

MR. MUTABLE. Odd! here he comes. Pr'ythee, do try; let me call you my lord, and it will give you more weight with him; for he takes a lord to be as infallible as the pope.

MILLAMOUR. Ay, is he so fond of quality?

MR. MUTABLE. Oh! most passionately. You must know he hesitates even at this match on that account; nay, I believe, notwithstanding her fortune, he would prefer a woman of quality for his daughter-in-law, though she was not worth a groat.

MILLAMOUR. Ha! 'Sdeath! I have a thought—but mum—he's here.

SCENE V.

MR. MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, MILLAMOUR.

MR. MUTABLE. Ha! Jacky, have I found you out at last? It is so long since I was in town, I had almost lost myself. But, harkye,—who's that fine gentleman? hey!

YOUNG MUTABLE. Oh! one of the lords I told you I converse with—an intimate acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, sir. My lord, this is my father, my lord—

MR. MUTABLE. At your lordship's service, my lord.

MILLAMOUR. Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you in town.

MR. MUTABLE. I am exceedingly obliged to your lordship—My lord, I am vastly unworthy so great an honour.

YOUNG MUTABLE. You will excuse my father, my lord: as he has lived in the country most of his time, he does not make quite so fine a bow as we do.

MR. MUTABLE. My son says true, my lord. I have lived most of my time in the country, the greater my misfortune, and my father's crime, my lord. But, I thank my stars, my son cannot charge me with stinting his education. Alas! my lord, it must be done betimes. A man can never be sent into the world too soon. What can they learn at schools or universities?—No, no, I sent my boy to town at sixteen, and allowed him wherewithal to keep the best company. And, I thank my stars, I have lived to see him one of the finest gentlemen of his age.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Ah! dear sir, your most obedient humble servant.

MILLAMOUR. It is owing, sir, to such wise parents as you that the present age abounds with such fine gentlemen as it does. Our dull forefathers were either rough soldiers, pedantic scholars, or clownish farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine gentleman among us then as it is a true Briton among us now.

MR. MUTABLE. I am very proud, my lord, to find my son in such company as your lordship's.

MILLAMOUR. Dear sir, the honour is on my side, I assure you.

MR. MUTABLE. 'Sbud! Your men of quality are the civilest sort of people upon earth.

MILLAMOUR. And, I believe, my sister is of the same opinion.

YOUNG MUTABLE. His sister!

[*Aside.*]

MR. MUTABLE. I am extremely bound to your good lordship.

MILLAMOUR. I see you are shy of speaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the honour of my house to marry into a worthy family with a competent estate, though there be no title.

MR. MUTABLE. My lord!

MILLAMOUR. And since my sister has condescended to receive the addresses of your son I shall not oppose the match.

MR. MUTABLE. I am surprised, my lord——

MILLAMOUR. Nay, sir, you cannot be surprised; for certainly Mr. Mutable has more honour than to have proceeded so far without acquainting you.

MR. MUTABLE. Oh, yes, my lord, he has acquainted me——Yes, my lord, I have been acquainted indeed——But the honour was so great that I could scarce believe it.

YOUNG MUTABLE. [*Aside.*] This is not the first woman I have been in love with, without seeing.

MR. MUTABLE. Oh, fie upon you, Jacky, why did you not tell me of this?—I'll go break off the other match this moment. My lord, I cannot express the very grateful sentiments I have of this great honour, my lord——

MILLAMOUR. I shall be glad to see you at my house; in the meantime, Mr. Mutable may have as free access to my sister as he pleases.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Dear my lord, I am your most obedient humble servant.

MR. MUTABLE. I and mine, my lord, are eternally obliged to your goodness; and I hope my son is as sufficiently sensible as myself. I will just go do a little business, and, then, Jacky, I'll come to this place, and you shall carry me to wait on his lordship. Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you. In the meantime I am your lordship's very obedient, devoted, humble servant, to command.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, YOUNG MUTABLE.

MILLAMOUR. Well, have I not managed the old gentleman finely?

YOUNG MUTABLE. Yes; but as my Lord Twitter says, how shall we carry it on?

MILLAMOUR. That I am thinking. Suppose I get somebody to personate my sister—I see your father is of a good, easy, credulous disposition, and not altogether so inflexible as your father-in-law——

YOUNG MUTABLE. No, hang him; he never kept a resolution two minutes in his life. He is the very picture of my Lord Shatterbrain; and you know my Lord Shatterbrain is very famous for breaking his word. I have made forty engagements with him and he never kept one;—then, the next time we met,—Jack Mutable, says he, I know you'll pardon me—I have such a memory—but there's Sir George Goose has just such another too—but George is a comical dog, that's the truth on't——There was he, and I, and the duke——

MILLAMOUR. Harkye, I have thought how the thing shall be conducted. Heartfort's house shall pass for mine; thither do you bring your father; you shall find a lady ready to receive you. But you must remember to behave to her as if you were old acquaintance. I will instruct her how to answer you. So, go now, and expect your father, and remember to give me the title of Lord Truelove.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Agad, I dined with Sir John Truelove about four days ago; and how many bottles do you think we sat?

MILLAMOUR. Twenty dozen, if you will.

YOUNG MUTABLE. No, faith, not that——not that quite. I bought off four to my own share though; and so drunk was my Lord Puzzle—ha, ha, ha! and so mad——

MILLAMOUR. But if thou art not quite drunk or mad

thyself, pr'ythee do mind thy business; for if you stay one moment longer I'll fling up the affair.

YOUNG MUTABLE. I go, I go. My Lord Truelove, your servant. 'Foregad, Sir John is one of the merriest dogs in Christendom.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMOUR. [*Solus.*] Go thy way, Guillim displayed—Thou catalogue of the nobility—'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the vanity of such fools as this that makes men proud of a title, without any other merit. Now, if I can but match this spark with my Northumberland cousin, I shall handsomely be quit of a troublesome relation—And, faith, I think the arms of a rich fool are a sort of hospital, proper to every woman who has worn out her reputation in the service.

SCENE VIII.—MR. STEDFAST'S *House.*

CHARLOTTE, *speaking to MRS. USEFUL, who goes out and returns with HEARTFORT.*

CHARLOTTE. Well, well, tell the wretch I will see him, to give him another final answer, since he will have it. Poor creature! how little he suspects who is his rival!—Oh! Millamour, thou hast given this heart of mine more sighs in one week than it ever felt before—nay, than it hath ever made any other feel. How shall I let him know my passion, or how avoid this match intended for me by my father! Well, sir, how often must I tell you, I won't have you, I can't have you?

HEARTFORT. Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some reason why you will not have me.

CHARLOTTE. I tell you a reason—I hate you.

HEARTFORT. I might expect a better reason for that hate than the violence of my love.

CHARLOTTE. Oh! the best reason in the world. I hate every thing that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real lover.

HEARTFORT. Methinks, gratitude might produce the highest affection.

CHARLOTTE. Your humble servant, sweet sir—Gratitude!—that implies an obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me—did I?—I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole town.

HEARTFORT. Can my torments make you merry, madam?

CHARLOTTE. Oh! no, certainly; for you must know, I am extravagantly good-natured; nor can you yourself say, that I have not begged you to get off the rack: but you would have me take you off in my arms, like an odious ridiculous creature as you are.

HEARTFORT. Give me my reason again; untie me from the magic knot you have bound me in; for, whilst you hold me fast within your chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me take my freedom.

CHARLOTTE. Chains!—sure being in love is something like being in the galleys; and a lover, like other slaves, is the subject of no other passion but pity: Nay, they are even more contemptible—they are mere insects. One gives being to thousands with a smile, and takes it away again with a frown. A celebrated physician might as well grieve at the death of every patient as a celebrated toast at the death of every lover: and then it would be impossible for either of them ever to have dry eyes.

HEARTFORT. Come, come, madam; the world are not all so deaf to reason as I am. There are those who can see your faults, though I can't—can weigh affectation against beauty, and ill-nature against wit.

CHARLOTTE. They are inseparable. No one has beauty without affectation, nor wit without ill-nature. But lovers,

you know, only see perfections. All things look white to love, as they do yellow to the jaundice.

HEARTFORT. This cool insensibility is worse than rage.

CHARLOTTE. It would be cruel indeed to add to the fire. I would extinguish your passion, sir, since this is the last time it can blaze in public without prejudice to my reputation.

HEARTFORT. Sure you can't resolve to marry a fool?

CHARLOTTE. I can resolve to be dutiful to a parent, and run any risk rather than that of my fortune. In short, Mr. Heartfort, could you have prevailed with my father, you might have prevailed with me. I liked you well enough to have obeyed my father, but not to disobey him.

HEARTFORT. Was that the affection you had for a man who would have sacrificed himself and the whole world to you?

SCENE IX.

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

CLARINDA. Fie! Charlotte, how can you use him so barbarously? Poor Heartfort! I protest I pity you sincerely.

CHARLOTTE. Indeed, Clarinda,—for I shall never call you mother—I am come to an age wherein I shall not follow your advice in disposing of myself: nor am I more forward to ask your opinion, than you was to ask mine when you married my father.

CLARINDA. My dear Charlotte, you shall never have more cause to repent my marriage than I believe you would have to repent your own with this gentleman.

HEARTFORT. My life, madam, is a poor sacrifice to such goodness.

CHARLOTTE. Dear creature! if the old gentleman your husband was here, you would make him jealous on his wedding-day.—Besides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a resolution to give me to Mr. Mutable; and you know, or you will know before you have been married

to him long, that when once he hath resolved on any thing, it is impossible to alter him.

SCENE X.

MR. STEDFAST, HEARTFORT, CLARINDA.

MR. STEDFAST. Heyday! What's here to do? I thought I had forbidden you my house. Am I not master of my own house?

HEARTFORT. No, sir, nor ever will while you have two such fine ladies in it.

MR. STEDFAST. Sir, if I had two empresses in it, my word should be a law.—And I can tell you, sir, I will have blunderbusses in it, and constables too, if I see you in it any more.

CLARINDA. Nay, pray, my dear, do not try to shock him more; Charlotte hath used him ill enough already.

MR. STEDFAST. Harkye, madam, my dear, I must give you a piece of advice on our wedding-day—Never offer to interrupt me, nor presume to give your opinion in any thing till asked—If nature hath made any thing in vain, it is the tongue of woman. Women were designed to be seen, and not heard; they were formed only to please our eyes.

CHARLOTTE. You will be singularly happy, my dear, with a husband who marries to please no sense but his eyes.

CLARINDA. I do not doubt being as happy with him as I desire.

MR. STEDFAST. This is another thing I must warn you of—never to whisper in my presence.—Whispering no one uses but with an ill design. I made a resolution against whispering at sixteen, and have never whispered since.

HEARTFORT. Yes, sir, and if you had made a resolution to hang yourself, others would have been equally obliged to follow the example.

MR. STEDFAST. I wish you would resolve to go out of my doors, sir; or I shall take a resolution which may not please

you. Madam, if you have not given this gentleman a final discharge already, do it now.

CHARLOTTE. You hear, sir, what my father says, therefore I desire you would immediately leave us, and not think of returning again.

HEARTFORT. Not certain death should deter me from obeying your commands; nor would that sentence, pronounced from any other lips, give me as much pain, as this banishment from yours. [Exit.]

SCENE XI.

MR. STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

CLARINDA. Go thy ways for a pretty fellow.

MR. STEDFAST. Go thy ways, for an hypocrite. We shall have that fellow turn rake at forty. The seeds of raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a disease in the blood, which every man is born with: and the sooner it shows itself the better.

CHARLOTTE. But I hope, sir, since I have complied with your commands in despatching one lover, you will comply with my desires in delaying my alliance with another.

MR. STEDFAST. As for that, you may be very easy; so you are married to-day, I care not what hour.

CHARLOTTE. Why to-day, sir?

MR. STEDFAST. Because I have resolved it, madam.

CHARLOTTE. One day sure would make no difference.

MR. STEDFAST. Madam, I have said it.

CLARINDA. Let me intercede for so short a reprieve.

MR. STEDFAST. I am fixed.

CHARLOTTE. Consider, my whole happiness is at stake.

MR. STEDFAST. If the happiness of the world was at stake, I would not alter my resolution. [Servant enters.]

SERVANT. Sir, Mr. Mutable is below.

MR. STEDFAST. Show him up. Go you two in.—Daughter, be sure and make yourself ready. I have not yet resolved

the hour of marrying you, but it shall be this afternoon; for I am determined to keep both our wedding suppers together.

SCENE XII.

MR. STEDFAST, MR. MUTABLE.

MR. STEDFAST. Mr. Mutable, your servant. Odso! where's the bridegroom?—He is a little too backward for a young fellow: the bride has reason to take it amiss.

MR. MUTABLE. Nay, Mr. Stedfast, if she or you take any thing amiss, we cannot help that.

MR. STEDFAST. Pugh! I was in jest with thee: She shall take nothing amiss, for I am resolved on the match.

MR. MUTABLE. Truly, I am sorry for it.

MR. STEDFAST. Ha! sorry—for what?

MR. MUTABLE. Since it must be known, what signifies hesitation?—My son is pre-engaged, sir.

MR. STEDFAST. How, sir, pre-engaged!

MR. MUTABLE. Yes, sir, to a young lady of beauty and fortune—and, what is more, a lady of quality. I assure you, sir, I did not know one word of it when our bargain was made; which I am sorry for, and heartily ask your pardon.

MR. STEDFAST. And is this the manner you treat me in, after I have refused such offers for your son's sake?

MR. MUTABLE. The match was none of my own choice; but if quality will drop into one's lap—

MR. STEDFAST. Ay, quality may drop into your lap or your pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier—And pray, who is this great lady of quality?

MR. MUTABLE. I know nothing more of her than that she is a lord's sister.

MR. STEDFAST. Hath she no name, then?

MR. MUTABLE. Yes, sir, I suppose she hath a name, though I don't know it.

MR. STEDFAST. And pray, sir, what's her fortune?

MR. MUTABLE. I don't know that either.

MR. STEDFAST. Your very humble servant, sir—I honour your profundity: If the lady's quality be equal to your wisdom, Goatham and Fleet Street will be in strict alliance—sir, I admire your son; for though it is probable he may get nothing by the bargain, I find he has sense enough to outwit his father; and he may laugh at you, while all the world laughs at him.

MR. MUTABLE. What do you mean, sir?

MR. STEDFAST. Stay, till your daughter be brought home, she will explain my meaning, I warrant you—she will bring you both extremes, my life on't—Quality in the kennel, and fortune in the air.

MR. MUTABLE. Hum! if it should prove so—sir, the match is not completed.

MR. STEDFAST. No, sir; you are very capable of breaking it off, we see—— [Servant enters.

SERVANT. Sir, the lawyer is come with the writings.

MR. STEDFAST. He may cancel them if he pleases, and hang himself when he has done.

MR. MUTABLE. Stay, sir, I am not determined in this affair——

MR. STEDFAST. Nor in any, I am sure—but I am; and you must give up your pretensions one way or other this moment.

MR. MUTABLE. Then I stand by the securest—So desire the lawyer to walk in—I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Stedfast, what's past.

MR. STEDFAST. Ay, sir, more for my own sake than yours; for had I not resolved on the match, I might have taken other measures.

SCENE XIII.

MR. MUTABLE, MR. STEDFAST, PRIG.

MR. MUTABLE. Come, sir, I am ready to sign articles.

MR. STEDFAST. Where's Squeezepurse, your master?

PRIG. Sir, my master is busy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

MR. STEDFAST. Sir, I am the best judge of that—I have resolved never to sign any thing without your master.

PRIG. It is the very same thing, I assure you—The writings are fully drawn, and any witness may do as well as my master.

MR. STEDFAST. Your master is a negligent puppy, and uses me doubly ill—first, in staying away, and then in sending such an impertinent coxcomb to dispute with me.

MR. MUTABLE. I believe, Mr. Stedfast, we may do it.

MR. STEDFAST. Excuse me, sir, I shall not alter my resolves—Therefore go to your master and tell him to come to me immediately; for I will not sign without him, that I am resolved.

MR. MUTABLE. In the meanwhile, I'll step just by, and call my son, that we may meet with no further interruption.

[*Servant enters.*]

SERVANT. Sir, the tailor hath sent word, that he cannot finish the new liveries till to-morrow morning.

MR. STEDFAST. Then, sir, go and give my humble service to the tailor, and tell him to send them half done or undone; for I am resolved to have them put on to-day, though they are thrown like blankets over their shoulders, and my equipage should look like the retinue of a Morocco ambassador.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR, YOUNG MUTABLE.

HEARTFORT. Though I fear my fortune desperate, yet is my obligation infinite to you, my dear Millamour, for this trouble.

YOUNG MUTABLE. And to me too.—Agad, I have run the hazard of being disinherited on your account—As for

the wife, the loss is not great; but I have a real value for the estate.

MILLAMOUR. Come, faith, Heartfort, thou must confess thyself obliged to him: he hath done what is in his power——

HEARTFORT. I thank him——And, in return, Mutable, let me give you a piece of advice. Leave off that ridiculous quality of pretending an acquaintance with men of fashion whom thou hast never seen, for two reasons: First, no one believes you; nor, if you were believed, would any one esteem you for it; because all the prizefighters, jockeys, gamesters, pimps, and buffoons in England have the same honour——

YOUNG MUTABLE. Ha, ha, ha! this is very merry, very facetious, faith——Agad, Millamour, if I did not know that Heartfort keeps the best company, I should think him envious.

MILLAMOUR. I rather think his ambition lies quite the opposite way; for I have seen him walking at high Mall with a fellow in a dirty shirt, and a wig unpowdered.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Auh! what a couple of distinguishing qualifications he chose to appear in the Mall with!——

HEARTFORT. And the man he means happens to have qualifications very seldom seen in the Mall or any where else——

YOUNG MUTABLE. Ay, pr'ythee what are these?

HEARTFORT. Virtue, and good sense.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Ha, ha, ha! virtue and good sense; no powder and dirty linen——Four fine accomplishments for an old philosopher to live upon——

MILLAMOUR. Ay, or for a modern philosopher to starve with——But, mum——Remember who I am.

SCENE II.

MR. MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR.

MILLAMOUR. So, sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you please, I am ready to wait upon you——

MR. MUTABLE. I am unwilling to give your lordship any

further trouble; for I find, my lord, that matters are too far gone to be broke off now—So I thank your lordship for the honour you intended me. But the boy must be married to his former mistress——

HEARTFORT. Ha!

[*Aside.*]

MILLAMOUR. What's this, sir?

MR. MUTABLE. In short, my lord, I have as great an honour for quality as any man; but there are things to be considered—Quality is a fine thing, my lord, but it does not pay debts.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Faith, you are mistaken there, father, for it does.

MILLAMOUR. I little thought this consideration would have exposed my sister to an affront—You are the last com-
moner I shall offer her to, I assure you—Perhaps you may repent this refusal——

YOUNG MUTABLE. Dear sir, consider—Your son's happiness, grandeur, fortune, all are at stake.

MILLAMOUR. Now the affair is over, sir, I shall tell you, that my sister was not only secure of a fortune much larger than Mr. Stedfast's daughter; but, as I have resolved against marriage, my fortune and title too must have descended to your son.

MR. MUTABLE. Hey!—And should I have seen my Jacky a lord?—Should I have had a lord ask me blessing?—And a set of young lords and ladies my grand grandchildren? Should this old crab-tree stock have seen such noble grafted fruit spreading on its branches?—O my good dear lord, I ask pardon on my knees—Forgive the foolish caution of a fearful old man.

MILLAMOUR. My honour, my honour forbids——

MR. MUTABLE. O dear, sweet, good my lord.——Let pity melt your honour to forgiveness.

HEARTFORT. Let me intercede, sir.

MR. MUTABLE. If your honour must have a sacrifice, let my fault be paid by my punishment. Tread upon my neck, my lord. Do any thing to me. But do not let me bar my son's way to happiness.

MILLAMOUR. The strictest honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself therefore with inflicting on you a moderate punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the fortune down before marriage, I now will do it afterwards.

MR. MUTABLE. Whenever your lordship pleases. I will give one thorough rebuff to Mr. Stedfast, and return instantly.—Jacky, stay, stay you here, and expect me, to conduct me to his lordship. My lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant. [Exit.

MILLAMOUR. This succeeds to our wish. I think I'll e'en play the parson myself, and marry you in jest.

YOUNG MUTABLE. But I shall not play the husband, I thank you.

MILLAMOUR. Pshaw!—in jest.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Hum, I take matrimony to be no jest.

MILLAMOUR. And I take it to be the greatest jest in nature. When the old gentleman comes, Heartfort, do you take him to your house, which must pass for my Lord True-love's; thither will I bring the lady with the utmost expedition. But remember to give a particular order to all your servants that your name is Truelove.

HEARTFORT. If you would have me stay with you, in the meantime, I must have no lords. Nay, I will not allow you a baronet. Not even a plain Sir, though he was but knighted last week, and hath not paid his fees yet.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Well, well, you shall be humoured, though I am at work for your service.

SCENE III.—STEDFAST'S *House*.

CLARINDA, MRS. USEFUL.

CLARINDA. To leave my husband's house on my wedding-day? And visit a gallant? I'll never consent to it—

MRS. USEFUL. Then there's a pretty fellow gone to his forefathers.

CLARINDA. No, tell the barbarous man, undone as he is, I would have consented to any other portion with him than dishonour. Tell him he hath forced me to the fatal resolution I have taken; for, to avoid him was my first cause of marrying; and tell him in that hour I gave my hand to Mr. Stedfast I resolved never to see him more.

MRS. USEFUL. The devil take me if I do. You may send another messenger. I'll have no hand in his death. I always had a natural antipathy to murder—Poor dear, pretty, handsome young fellow—Go—you are a cruel creature!—Oh! had you seen how he sighed, and sobbed, and groaned, and kissed your letter, and called you by all the tenderest, softest names; then shed such a shower of tears upon the paper; then kissed it again, and swore he had lost his soul in you—Oh! it would have melted rocks, could they have seen it.

CLARINDA. Why wilt thou torment me to no purpose?

MRS. USEFUL. It is your own fault if it be to no purpose.

CLARINDA. What can I do?

MRS. USEFUL. What can you do?—that any woman after eighteen should ask that question—What can you do? Methinks charity should tell you, if your heart was not deaf to every thing that is good. When a fine handsome young fellow is the beggar, what woman can want charity?

CLARINDA. I have no more to give—My all is now my husband's; nor can I, without injuring him, bestow—

MRS. USEFUL. Your husband!—You are enough to make me mad—Injure your husband!—You may as well think you injure your chest when you take the money out of it—And would you be locked up all your life in that old fusty chest, the arms of your husband?

CLARINDA. Ha! Doth it become thee to rail against my husband, who hast employed all thy vile rhetoric to persuade me to receive him?

MRS. USEFUL. To receive him as a husband I did,—and I now persuade you to make a husband of him.

CLARINDA. Oh, villain! What hath urged thee to use me as thou dost? Didst thou not first entice me to leave my convent, and fly to England with that monster Millamour?

—And then didst thou not, with the same diligence, in-treat me to this marriage? And now——

MRS. USEFUL. What allegations are here? I own I advised you to quit a religion I thought not consistent with the health of your soul, and to fly to the arms of a man I thought loved you. When I thought he did not love you, I advised you to leave him—And now I find he does love you, I advise you to return to him again.

CLARINDA. What! with the loss of my honour?

MRS. USEFUL. The loss of your honour! No, no—You may keep your honour still; for every woman hath it till she is discovered.

CLARINDA. Name it to me no more.

MRS. USEFUL. At least you may see him—there's no dishonour in that.

CLARINDA. I dare not think of it.

MRS. USEFUL. E'en do it without thinking of it—Let the poor man owe the continuing of his life to my entreaties.

CLARINDA. Oh! he hath a more powerful advocate within me.

MRS. USEFUL. Well—I'll fly with the happy news.

CLARINDA. Stay—I cannot resolve.

MRS. USEFUL. That's enough—She, that can't resolve against her lover, always resolves for him.

CLARINDA. Well—I will take one dear last draught of ruin from his eyes—And then bid them farewell forever.

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

CHARLOTTE [*disguised.*] Here am I fairly escaped from my father's house—And now, what to do, or whither to go, I know not. If I return, I know the positiveness and passionateness of his temper too well to leave me any hopes of avoiding the match he is resolved on—If I do not, I dread the consequences. Suppose I find Millamour out, and acquaint him with my passion—I'll die sooner—If Heartfort were here

this moment, I believe I should not refuse him any longer—
Ah!

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE.

MILLAMOUR. Pox on my rashness in discharging the good mother this morning—I shall never be able to find Lucina—I must get another—Ha! What hath fortune sent us? A woman in a mask!—I suppose she doth it to hide the small-pox, or some cursed deformity—But hang it, she may pass for a woman of quality, for all that. Agad, I'll attack her, and if I mistake not, she expects it. At least she doth not threaten to run away.—Madam, your most obedient, humble servant—I presume by your present posture, that your mask gives you an advantage over me—That I have the honour of being known to you—

CHARLOTTE. You may depend on it, sir, it is to my advantage to cover my face by my doing it—And I conceive it would be to your advantage to wear a mask too.

MILLAMOUR. I'll excuse your abusing my face, while you abuse your own—Nor do I believe you in earnest in either; for I see, by your eyes, that you like me; and I am pretty confident you like yourself.

CHARLOTTE. Indeed, if Mr. Millamour is so fully persuaded of the former, I think he may without any ill opinion of my modesty suspect the latter.

MILLAMOUR. Hum! My name too—

CHARLOTTE. I hope you have not the worse opinion of yourself from my knowing it.

MILLAMOUR. No, my dear—nor much the better of you, I can tell you. Harkye, child, I find thou art some old acquaintance of mine; and as those are a set of people whom I am always glad to serve, I will make thy fortune.

CHARLOTTE. Now I fancy you don't think me an old acquaintance: for, if I was, you must be assured I know that it is not in your power.

MILLAMOUR. Why, truly, madam, I am not worth as many Indies as I would bestow on your dear sex, if I had 'em— But, in this affair, I am not to be the principal, but only a sort of agent—or, to speak in your own language, the bawd.

CHARLOTTE. Well, sir?

MILLAMOUR. And if you can but act the part of a woman of quality for one half hour, I believe I shall put it into your power to act one as long as you live.

CHARLOTTE. What! have you a man of quality to dispose of?

MILLAMOUR. No; but I have what many a man of quality would be glad to dispose of. I have a great fortune for you; and that with it which many a woman of quality hath to dispose of.

CHARLOTTE. What's that, pray?

MILLAMOUR. A fool!

CHARLOTTE. Oh! you won't want customers; but you and I, I find, shall not agree; for we happen to deal in the same wares.

MILLAMOUR. But mine is a man-fool, madam.

CHARLOTTE. And so is mine, sir—but let us waive that; for I will give him to any one who will have him. The fortune is what concerns me most. Do you know any one in whose hands I could place ten thousand pounds with safety.

MILLAMOUR. Nay, pr'ythee don't trifle; if you will come with me, and act your part well, you shall be mistress of four times that sum within these two hours. You shall have a husband with those two great matrimonial qualities, rich and a fool.

CHARLOTTE. Ay, and what is his name?

MILLAMOUR. What signifies his name? Will you have a rich fool for a husband, madam, or no? (This must be some very vulgar slut, by her hesitation.)

CHARLOTTE. No, sir, I don't want riches, and I hate a fool.

MILLAMOUR. Then, your servant. I must go find somebody that will. If I had but time on my hands, I should

find many a woman of fashion who would be glad to be Mrs. Mutable.

CHARLOTTE. Ha! stay, sir (this may be a lucky adventure, at least it must be a pleasant one), if I had known Mr. Mutable was the gentleman——

MILLAMOUR. Well, Mr. Mutable is the gentleman.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, heavens! My father! I shall be discovered.

MILLAMOUR. Come, madam, we have not a moment to lose. Step to my lodgings, and receive instructions.

CHARLOTTE. Well, sir, I have so good an opinion of your honour, that I will trust myself with you.

MILLAMOUR. My honour is most infinitely obliged to your confidence, dear madam.

SCENE VI.

MR. STEDFAST, MR. MUTABLE.

MR. STEDFAST. Forgive indeed! Why a man may as well determine which way a weathercock will stand this day fortnight, by its present situation, as he can what you will think an hour hence by what you think now. A windmill, or a woman's heart, are firm as rocks in comparison of you.

MR. MUTABLE. I own he did overpersuade me; but, pardon me this time, and I will immediately fetch the boy, and matters shall be despatched.

MR. STEDFAST. Hum!

MR. MUTABLE. Come, come, you cannot blame me. Who would not marry his son to a woman of quality?

MR. STEDFAST. Who would not? I would not, sir. If I had resolved to marry my daughter to a cobbler, I would not alter my resolution, to see her a-bed with the Emperor of Germany.

MR. MUTABLE. All men, Mr. Stedfast, are not so firm in their resolutions as you are.

MR. STEDFAST. More shame for them, sir. I am now in

the fiftieth year of my age, and never broke one resolution in my life yet.

MR. MUTABLE. Good lack! I am some years older than you are, and never made a resolution in my life yet.

MR. STEDFAST. Well, sir, I see your son coming: I will prepare my daughter. But, pray observe me. Make one resolution. If you change your mind again before they are married, they shall never be married at all, that I am resolved.

MR. MUTABLE. [*Aside.*] This is a bloody positive old fellow. What a brave absolute prince he'd make! I'll warrant he'd chop off the heads of two or three thousand subjects, sooner than break his word. I must not anger him any more.

SCENE VII.

MR. MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT.

MR. MUTABLE. Come, Jacky, you must along with me: Mr. Stedfast and I are agreed at last.

YOUNG MUTABLE. And disappoint his lordship, sir?

MR. MUTABLE. Don't tell me of his lordship. I have taken a resolution to see you married immediately: and married you shall be.

HEARTFORT. Confusion!

YOUNG MUTABLE. Dear sir.

MR. MUTABLE. Sir, I tell you I have taken a resolution: so follow me, as you expect my blessing.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Heartfort, for heaven's sake stop him.

HEARTFORT. 'Sdeath! I'll stop him, or perish in the attempt.

SCENE VIII.—MILLAMOUR'S *Lodgings*.

BRAZEN [*alone, with an opera book in his hand*]. Well, I cannot come into the opinion of the town about this last

opera. It is too light for my gout. Give me your solemn sublime music. But pox take their taste: I scarce know five footmen in town who can distinguish. The rascals have no ear, no judgment. I would as soon ask a set of country squires what they liked. I remember the time when we should not have suffered such stuff as this to have gone down. Ah, dear, *Si caro*— [Sings.]

To him, MILLAMOUR and CHARLOTTE.

MILLAMOUR. Hey-day! Here, you musical gentleman, pray get you down stairs.

BRAZEN. Yes, sir. [Sings the end of the tune, and exit.]

CHARLOTTE. You have a very polite footman indeed, sir.

MILLAMOUR. Yes, madam. But come, my dear, as you are now in a place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more occasion for your mask.

CHARLOTTE. No, sir. Before I discover more of me, it will be proper to set you right in some mistakes you seem to lie under concerning me. In the first place know, that I am a gentlewoman.

MILLAMOUR. Ay, a parson's daughter, descended from very honest and reputable parents, I dare swear. [Aside.]

CHARLOTTE. And what will surprise you, one of a very good family, and very great fortune.

MILLAMOUR. Ay, that would surprise me, indeed. But come, unmask, or you will force me to a violence I would avoid.

CHARLOTTE. You promised me not to be rude, before I would venture hither; and, I assure you, I am a woman of fashion.

MILLAMOUR. Well, madam, if you are a woman of fashion, I am sure you have too much good-nature to be angry with me for breaking a promise, which you have too much wit to expect I should keep. Besides, where there is no breach of confidence, there is no breach of promise. And you no more believe us when we swear we won't be rude than we believe you when you swear you think us so. So, dear, sweet

gentlewoman, unmask; for I am in haste to serve my friend, and yet I find I must serve myself first.

CHARLOTTE. Hold, sir. You know you are but a procurer.

MILLAMOUR. But I generally taste what I procure before I put it into a friend's hands. Lookye, madam, it is in vain to resist. So, my dear artificial Blackmoor, I desire thee to uncover.

CHARLOTTE. No, sir, first hear my history.

MILLAMOUR. I will first see the frontispiece of it.

CHARLOTTE. Know, I am a woman of strict honour.

MILLAMOUR. Your history hath a very lamentable beginning.

CHARLOTTE. And in the greatest distress in the world; for I am this day to be married to a man I despise. Now, if Mr. Millamour can find out any means to deliver me from the hands of this uncourteous knight, I don't know how far my generosity may reward him. I forgive these suspicions of me, which the manner in which you found me sufficiently justifies: But, I do assure you, this adventure is the only one which can attack my reputation; and I am the only child of a rich old father, and can make the fortune of my husband.

MILLAMOUR. Husband! Oh!

CHARLOTTE. Ay, husband. As rich a man as Mr. Millamour would leap at the name; though I hope you don't think it my intention to make one of you—To endeavour wickedly to inclose a common that belongs to the whole sex.

MILLAMOUR. Ouns! What the devil can she be?

CHARLOTTE. You have a rare opinion of yourself indeed, that the very same morning in which you have escaped the jaws of a poor mistress, you should find another with twenty thousand pounds in her pocket.

MILLAMOUR. Every circumstance—[*Aside.*] Who knows what fortune may have sent me? What these charms of mine have done?

CHARLOTTE. What are you considering, sir?

MILLAMOUR. I am considering, my dear, what particular charm in my person can have made this conquest.

CHARLOTTE. Oh! a complication, sir.

MILLAMOUR. Dear madam!

CHARLOTTE. For you must know, sir, that I have resolved never to marry, 'till I have found a man without one single fault in my eye, or a single virtue in any one's else.—For my part, I take beauty in a man to be a sign of effeminacy; sobriety, want of spirit; gravity, want of wit; and constancy, want of constitution.

MILLAMOUR. So that to have no fault in your eye is to be an impudent, hatchet-face, raking, rattling, roving, inconstant—

CHARLOTTE. All which perfections are so agreeably blended in you, sweet sir—

MILLAMOUR. Your most obedient humble servant, madam.

CHARLOTTE. That I have fixed on you as my cavalier for this enterprise, for which there is but one method. I must run into one danger to avoid another. I have no way to shun my husband at home but by carrying a husband home with me. Now, sir, if you can have the same implicit faith in my fortune as you had in my beauty, the bargain is struck. Send for a parson, and you know what follows—[*unmasks*], you may easily see my confusion. And I would have you imagine you owe this declaration only to my horrible apprehension of being obliged to take a man I like less than yourself.

MILLAMOUR. I am infinitely obliged to you, madam, But—

CHARLOTTE. But! Do you hesitate, sir?

MILLAMOUR. The offer of so much beauty and fortune would admit of no hesitation, was it not that I must wrong a friend! Consider, madam, if you know none who hath a juster title to them. How happy would this declaration make Heartfort, which you throw away on me.

CHARLOTTE. I find I have thrown it away indeed—Ha! Am I refused? I begin to hate him, and despise myself.

MILLAMOUR. Upon my soul she is a fine woman; but can I think of wronging my friend? The devil take me if she is not exquisitely handsome; but he is my friend—But she hath

twenty thousand pounds—But I must be a rascal to think of her, and as many millions would not pay for it.

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, BRAZEN.

BRAZEN. Sir, here is a lady.

MILLAMOUR. 'Sdeath! a lady!—Fool, sot, oaf! How often shall I tell thee, that I am never at home to two ladies at a time?

BRAZEN. Sir, you would have hanged me, if I should have denied you to Madam Clarinda.

MILLAMOUR. Clarinda! O, transporting name—My dear, shall I beg, for the safety of your reputation, you would step into that closet, while I discharge the visit of a troublesome relation?

CHARLOTTE. Put me any where from the danger of a female tongue.—Well, if I escape free this time, I will never take such another ramble while I live again.

MILLAMOUR. [*Shuts her in the closet.*] There—now will I find some way to let Heartfort know of her being here. I am transported at the hope of serving him, even whilst Clarinda is at my door.

SCENE X.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA *introduced by* MRS. USEFUL.

MILLAMOUR. My Clarinda! This is a goodness of that prodigious nature—

CLARINDA. That it can be equalled by nothing but thy falsehood.

MILLAMOUR. Can so unjust an accusation proceed from so much sweetness? Can you, that have forsaken me—

CLARINDA. Do not attempt to excuse yourself—You know how false you have been—Nor could any thing but your falsehood have driven me to what I have done.

MILLAMOUR. By all the——

CLARINDA. Do not damn thyself more—I know thy falsehood; I have seen it. Therefore thy perjuries are as vain as wicked. Do you think I wanted this testimony? [*Gives him a letter.*]

MILLAMOUR. Lucina's letter! Cursed accident! She too hath received Clarinda's! But I must stand it out.—Hear this! My falsehood! Mine! when there's not a star in heaven that hath not seen me, like an Arcadian of the first sort, sighing and wishing for you; the turtle is inconstant, compared to me; the rose will change its season, and blossom in mid-winter; the nightingale will be silent, and the raven sing; nay, the phoenix will have a mate when I have any mate but you.

CLARINDA. Had this been true, nature should have sooner changed than I.

MILLAMOUR. Oh! you know it is: you have known this heart too long to think it capable of inconstancy.

CLARINDA. Thou hast a tongue that might charm the very sirens to their own destruction, till they owned thy voice more charming and more false than theirs. There is a softness in thy words equal to the hardness of thy heart.

MILLAMOUR. And there is a softness within that.

CLARINDA. Hold, sir, I conjure you do not attempt my honour; but think, however dear you have been to me, my honour's dearer.

MILLAMOUR. Thy honour shall be safe—Not even the day, nor heaven itself, shall witness our pleasures.

CLARINDA. Think not the fear of slander guards my honour—No, I would not myself be a witness of my shame.

MILLAMOUR. Thou shalt not. We'll shut out every prying ray of light, and, losing the language of our eyes, find more delicious ways to interchange our souls. We'll wind our senses to a height of rapture, till they play us such dear enchanting tunes of joy—

CLARINDA. Oh! Millamour [*sighing.*]

MILLAMOUR. Give that dear sigh to my warm bosom. Thence let it thrill into my heart, and fan thy image there—Oh! thou art every where in me. My eyes, my ears, my thoughts would only see, and hear, and think of thee. Thou dearest, sweetest, tenderest—Would Heaven form me another paradise, would it give me new worlds of bliss,

To thee alone my soul I would confine,
Nor wish, nor take, another world than thine.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—MR. STEDFAST'S *House.*

MR. STEDFAST, *with* SERVANTS.

MR. STEDFAST. Is every thing in order? Are the new liveries on all the rest of my servants?

FOOTMAN. Yes, sir, they are all on after a manner; one hath no pockets, and the other hath no sleeves. John the coachman will not wear his.

MR. STEDFAST. Then desire John the coachman to drive himself out of my doors. I'll make my servants know they are dressed to please my humour, not their own.

COOK. Sir, it is impossible to get supper ready by nine.

MR. STEDFAST. Then let me have it raw. If supper be not ready at nine, you shall not be in my house at ten. Well, what say you? will not my wine be ready?

BUTLER. No, indeed will it not, sir; your honour hath by mistake marked a pipe not half a year old.

MR. STEDFAST. Must I consult your palate or my own? Must I give you reasons for my actions? Sirrah, I tell you new wine is properest for a wedding. So go your ways, and trouble me with no more impertinent questions.

SCENE II.

MR. STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

MR. STEDFAST. Mr. Squeezepurse, I am glad you are come. I am so pestered with my servants.

SQUEEZEPURSE. The laws are too mild—too mild for servants, Mr. Stedfast.

MR. STEDFAST. Well, and have you brought the writings?

SQUEEZEPURSE. They are ready. The parties' hands are only necessary. The settlement is as strong as words can make it; I have not been sparing of them.

MR. STEDFAST. I expect Mr. Mutable and his son this instant; and hope, by the help of you and the parson, to have finished all within an hour. *[Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT. Sir, here's a letter for your honour.

MR. STEDFAST. Mr. Squeezepurse, you will excuse me.

[Reads.

"SIR,—I am at length fully determined to marry my son to the other lady, so desire all matters may be cancelled between us. I was ashamed to bring you this refusal, so have sent it by letter. Your humble servant,

"THO. MUTABLE."

Ashamed! Ay, thou mayst be ashamed, indeed.

SQUEEZEPURSE. Any thing of moment from the other party?

MR. STEDFAST. Death and fury! Go call your lady here!—She was a witness of his engagements. I'll go to law with him.

SQUEEZEPURSE. The law is open to any injured person, and is the properest way of seeking restitution.

SERVANT. My lady, sir! my lady is gone out.

MR. STEDFAST. How! gone out! My wife gone out—Ouns, and pestilence! run away on her wedding-day! Where is she gone?

SERVANT. I don't know, sir.

SQUEEZEPURSE. I saw your lady, sir, as I came by, go into a house in the other street.

MR. STEDFAST. Show me that house immediately, good Mr. Squeezepurse. I will fetch her home, I am determined. It is a fine age to marry in, when a wife cannot stay at home on her wedding-day.

SCENE III.—MILLAMOUR'S *Lodgings*.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA.

MILLAMOUR. Cruel Clarinda—Thus to stop short when we are at the brink of happiness: to show my eager soul a prospect of elysium, and then refuse it the possession.

CLARINDA. With how much juster reason may I complain of you! Ah! Millamour, didst thou not, when the very day of our marriage was appointed, didst thou not then forsake me?

MILLAMOUR. Heaven knows with what reluctancy, nor could any thing but my fear of your misery have compelled me to it.

CLARINDA. It is a strange love that makes its object miserable, for fear of its becoming so. Nor can the heart that loves be, in my opinion, ever miserable, while in possession of what it loves.

MILLAMOUR. Oh! let that plead my cause, and whisper to thy tender heart——

SCENE IV.

To him, BRAZEN.

BRAZEN. Oh, sir! Undone, undone.

MILLAMOUR. What's the matter?

BRAZEN. Mr. Stedfast, sir, is below with another gentle-

man—He swears his wife is in the house, and he will have her.

CLARINDA. I shall faint.

MILLAMOUR. What's to be done?—There's another woman in the closet, whom she must not see.

[Runs to the closet, and returns.

BRAZEN. Sir, he will be up stairs in a moment.

CLARINDA. Oh, heavens! [Falls back into a chair.

MILLAMOUR. Sirrah, be at hand, and assist me with lying. Her fright has inspired me with the only method to preserve her. Give me my gown and cap instantly. Away to your post—Madam, do you pretend yourself as ill as possible—So! hush, hush, what noise is this?

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, BRAZEN, MR. STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

MR. STEDFAST. Where is this wicked, vile, rambling woman? Where are you, sorceress, that are run away from your husband's house on your wedding-day?

MILLAMOUR. Hold, sir, you must not disturb the lady.

MR. STEDFAST. Must not disturb her, sir?

MILLAMOUR. No, sir.

MR. STEDFAST. Why, pray, sir, who are you?

SQUEEZEPURSE. Mr. Stedfast, give me leave if you please. Whoever you are, sir, I believe you scarce know what you are doing. Do you know, sir, that this lady is a *femme couverte*, and the consequence of detaining such without the leave of her husband first had and obtained? Mr. Stedfast, you have as good an action against the gentleman as any man can wish to have. Juries, nowadays, give great damages in the affair of wives.

MILLAMOUR. Is this lady your wife, sir?

MR. STEDFAST. Yes, sir, to my exceeding great sorrow.

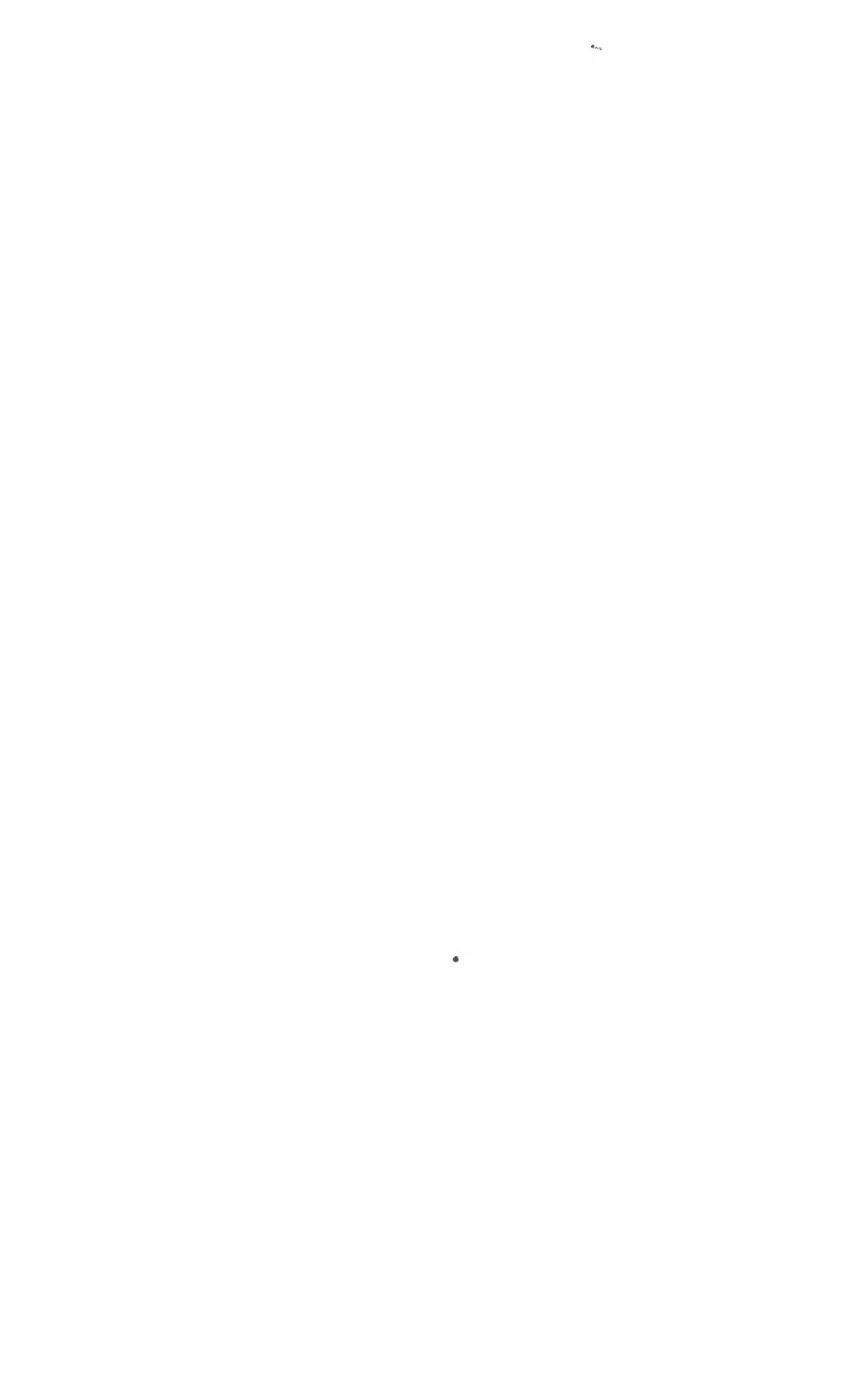
Is this lady your wife, sir ?

From an original painting by E. J. Read.



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Guido & Co



MILLAMOUR. Then, sir, you owe her life to me; for had not immediate application been made, the whole College could not have saved her.

MR. STEDFAST. To you! who the devil are you?

MILLAMOUR. Sir, I am an unworthy practiser of the art of physic.

MR. STEDFAST. How came she here, in the devil's name?

MILLAMOUR. By a most miraculous accident——She was taken ill just at my door. My servant too was then, by as great good luck, standing at it. Brazen, give the gentleman an account how you brought the lady in, when you saw her drop down at my door.

BRAZEN. I was standing, sir, as my master says, picking my teeth at the door, when the sick lady who sits in the chair, as my master says, and ready to drop down, as my master says; and so I took her up in my arms, and brought her up stairs, and set her down in the great chair, and called my master, who, I believe, can cure her if any doctor in England can; for though I say it, who am but a poor servant, he is a most able physician in this sort of falling fits.

SQUEEZEPURSE. I saw nothing of this happen when she came in, and this fellow's a good evidence, or I am mistaken.

CLARINDA. Oh, heavens! where am I?

MR. STEDFAST. Where are you? Not where you should be—at home at your husband's.

CLARINDA. My husband's voice! Mr. Stedfast, where are you?

MILLAMOUR. Go near her, sir—Now you may go as near her as you please.

MR. STEDFAST. What's the matter with you, madam?

CLARINDA. I cannot tell you, sir; I was taken in the strangest giddy manner, with such a swimming in my head, that every thing seemed to dance before my eyes.

MR. STEDFAST. You may thank yourself. What did you do a-gadding? But is this giddy, swimming, dancing distemper over, pray?

CLARINDA. Not quite over; but I am much better.

MILLAMOUR. I never knew that *specificum basilicum magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an universal nostrum.

MR. STEDFAST. Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a nostrum, by which, I suppose, you are not a regular-bred physician; for those are a set of people whom I resolved, many years ago, never to employ.

MILLAMOUR. Sir, I never took any degree at our university.

MR. STEDFAST. I like you the better for it.

MILLAMOUR. You are a man of understanding, sir. The university is the very worst place to educate a physician in. A man, sir, contracts there a narrow habit of observing the rules of a set of stupid ancients. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to strike a bold stroke. A quack, sir, is the only man to put you out of your pain at once. A regular physician, like the court of chancery, tires a man's patience, and consumes his substance, before he decides the cause between him and the disease.

MR. STEDFAST. Come, madam, I suppose by this time you are able to walk home, or to a chair at least.

MILLAMOUR. Sir, the air is very dangerous, you had better leave her here some time.

MR. STEDFAST. Sir, I am resolved she shall go home, let the consequence be what it will. Doctor, here is something for your trouble. I am much obliged to your care—Madam, how do you now?

CLARINDA. Oh! infinitely better.

MILLAMOUR. A word with you, sir; I heard you say, this is your wedding-day—In your ear. [*Whispers.*] Not as you tender your wife's future health, nay, her life.

MR. STEDFAST. Never fear—come, child, come—Mr. Squeezepurse. Doctor, your servant.

MILLAMOUR. Give me leave, sir, to hand the lady to her chair.

MR. STEDFAST. Pshaw! I hate ceremony—pray stay behind—
[*Pushes away Millamour and exit with his wife and Squeezepurse.*]

MILLAMOUR. So! we are well off this time.

BRAZEN. Ay, sir, some thanks to me; for I think I lied pretty handsomely.

MILLAMOUR. Well, sirrah, and are you so vain of the merit? Did not I show you the way?

CHARLOTTE. [*Knocks at the door.*] Doctor! doctor!

MILLAMOUR. Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out Heartfort, and bring him hither instantly. My fair prisoner, I ask your pardon for keeping you confined so long.

CHARLOTTE. Oh! sir, no excuses: patients must be tended. But, pray, doctor, have you not some little skill in casuistry? Will you advise me what to do in this affair, and whether you think it proper I should suffer you to pass with my father for so excellent a physician as you do?

MILLAMOUR. Oh! madam, it needs no great casuist to advise a young lady how to act, which should be always by the rules of good-nature. Besides, madam, you shall not see your father deceived, for I will merit the same reputation with you, if you will take my prescription; for I will engage to recommend you one that shall cure you of all distempers.

CHARLOTTE. Ay, pray what is this infallible nostrum? I am afraid it is something very nauseous to the palate.

MILLAMOUR. No, far otherwise: it is taken by a great many ladies merely for its agreeable relish.

CHARLOTTE. Well, what is it?

MILLAMOUR. Nothing more than a very pretty fellow of my acquaintance.

CHARLOTTE. Indeed! And pray is this very pretty fellow of your acquaintance like a certain physician of my acquaintance?

MILLAMOUR. No, faith: if he was, you would have taken the nostrum long ago.

CHARLOTTE. Hum! I question that. I fancy, doctor, you are as great a quack in love as you are in physic, and apt in both to boast more power than you have. Ah! if I thought it worth my while, I would play such pranks with your wild worship.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

HEARTFORT. Oh! Millamour, I have been waiting for you.
Ha!

MILLAMOUR. Well, whether thou hast been waiting for me, or seeking me, I am glad you have found me: for I have a favour to ask of you, which you must not deny me. Madam, look him boldly in the face: I dare swear we shall carry our point.

CHARLOTTE. What point, sir?

MILLAMOUR. In short, sir, this young lady hath begged me to ask your pardon in her name, and hopes your forgiveness of all her ill usage, all her little airs, which the folly of youth, and the vanity of beauty together, made her put on; and she does most faithfully promise, nay, and I have offered to be bound for her, that, if you are so generous to forgive the past, she shall never offend for the future.

CHARLOTTE. Intolerable insolence!

MILLAMOUR. Yes; her intolerable insolence, she hopes, knowing the infinite goodness and sweetness of your temper, will be past over; and that you will be pleased to consider, that a gay, giddy, wild young girl, could not have understanding enough to set a just value on the sincere passion of a man of sense and honour.

CHARLOTTE. This is insupportable!

MILLAMOUR. Nay, nay, I think so too. I must condemn the hardness of your heart, that can be proof against such penitence in an offending mistress. Though she hath been, I own, as bad as possible, yet sure her repenting tears may atone.

HEARTFORT. I'm in a dream; for thou, my friend, I am sure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it possible for me to presume to think the sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thousand times as great, could touch your heart?

CHARLOTTE. Hum! I thank my stars, I have it.

HEARTFORT. I cannot be awake, nor you be mistress of such goodness, to value my little services so infinitely beyond their merit. Oh! you have been too kind. I have not done nor suffered half enough.

MILLAMOUR. Pox take your generosity! suffer on to eternity, with all my soul.

HEARTFORT. I deserve your pity now a thousand times more than ever. This profusion of goodness overwhelms my heart.

MILLAMOUR. Not one bit beyond a just debt; she owes you all.

HEARTFORT. Millamour, as thou art my friend, no more.

CHARLOTTE. Let him proceed; I am not ashamed to own myself Mr. Heartfort's debtor.

MILLAMOUR. Ay!

CHARLOTTE. And though you have somewhat exceeded your commission, and said more for me than perhaps the stubbornness of my temper might have permitted me to say, yet this I must confess, my behaviour to Mr. Heartfort hath no way answered his merits.

MILLAMOUR. Go on, go on, madam; you never spoke half so much truth in your life.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT, MR. MUTABLE,
YOUNG MUTABLE.

MR. MUTABLE. My lord, I have been waiting for your lordship above this hour; if it had not been for Jacky here, I should never have found you.

MILLAMOUR. A particular affair, sir, hath detained me; but I am ready now to wait on you.

MR. MUTABLE. Jacky, is not that your former mistress, Miss Stedfast? Odso! it is she. What can she do here?

YOUNG MUTABLE. I wish she be not come to spoil my match with my lord's sister.

MR. MUTABLE. You have hit it, boy. Jacky, you have it: but I'll try that. My lord, my good lord—

[*They talk apart.*]

HEARTFORT. This is such an excess of goodness! You judge too harshly indeed of a few slight gaieties. Women with not half your merit or beauty daily practise more. And give me leave to think, they were put on for a trial of me.

CHARLOTTE. Ay, but what right had I to that trial, unless I had intended, which I never can, to disobey my father.

HEARTFORT. Ha! never can!

CHARLOTTE. Heaven forbid I should prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. Heartfort, wherefore, pray, did you understand all these apologies made, but that, after all your merit, I must obey my father in marrying this young gentleman.

HEARTFORT. Confusion!

MR. MUTABLE. Indeed, madam, but there are more fathers to be obeyed than one. My son, madam, is another woman's property: and I believe I have as good a right to my son as Mr. Stedfast has to his daughter. It's very fine, truly, that my son must be stolen from me, and married whether I will or no!

YOUNG MUTABLE. Ay, faith is it, madam, very hard that you will have me whether I will or no.

CHARLOTTE. Indeed!

MR. MUTABLE. Why truly, madam, I am very sorry it should be any disappointment to you; but my son, madam, happened to be, without my knowledge, at the time I offered him to you, engaged to my Lord Truelove's sister. Was not he, my lord? Sure, madam, you would not rob another woman of her right.

CHARLOTTE. Sir, if it please you, honoured sir, my good father-in-law that was to have been, a word with you.

MR. MUTABLE. As many as you please, madam, but no father-in-law.

CHARLOTTE. Though in obedience to my father I had complied to accept of your son for a husband, yet I am obliged to your kind refusal, because that young gentleman, your son, sir, happens to be a person for whom, ever since

I had the honour of his acquaintance, I have entertained the most surprising, invincible, and infinite contempt in the world.

YOUNG MUTABLE. Contempt for me!

MR. MUTABLE. Contempt for Jacky!

CHARLOTTE. It would be therefore ungrateful to let such a benefactor as you be deceived in a point which so nearly concerns him. This gentleman, sir, is no lord, and hath no estate.

MR. MUTABLE. How, Jacky, no lord!

YOUNG MUTABLE. Yes, sir, I'll be sworn he is.

CHARLOTTE. And he hath contrived, sir, to marry your ingenious son to some common slut of the town. So I leave you to make up the match, and am, gentlemen, your most humble servant.

SCENE VIII.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MR. MUTABLE, *and* YOUNG
MUTABLE.

HEARTFORT. Millamour, I thank thee for the trouble thou hast undergone for me; but, as the affair is no longer worth my pursuit, I will release you from your troublesome title, and this gentleman from his mistake. So, sir, your son is disengaged, and you may marry him to the young lady just now gone, whenever you please.

MILLAMOUR. Faith, sir, I am sorry I have no sister for your son, with all my heart.

MR. MUTABLE. And are you no lord?

MILLAMOUR. No, sir, to my sorrow.

MR. MUTABLE. Why have I been imposed upon then? [*To Young Mutable.*] But how came you to join in the conspiracy? Would you cheat your father?

YOUNG MUTABLE. Indeed, sir, not I. I was imposed on as well as you. I took him for a lord; for I don't know a lord from another person but by his dress. You cannot blame me, sir.

MR. MUTABLE. Nay, Jacky, I don't desire to blame you: I know thou art a good boy, and a fine gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more visit to Mr. Stedfast, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with lords? We country gentlemen never get any good by them.

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

MILLAMOUR. Come, Heartfort, be not grave on the matter: I will venture to affirm thy mistress is thy own.

HEARTFORT. Damn her! do not mention her: I should despise myself equal with the fool just departed could I think myself capable of forgiving her: no, believe me, Millamour, was she to commence the lover, and take the pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

MILLAMOUR. And art thou so incensed with a few coquette airs of youth and gaiety, which girls are taught by their mothers, and their mistresses, to practise on us to try our love, or rather our patience, when perhaps their own suffers more in the attempt?

HEARTFORT. 'Sdeath, sir, hath she not used me like a dog?

MILLAMOUR. Certainly.

HEARTFORT. Hath she not trifled with my passion beyond all sufferance?

MILLAMOUR. Very true.

HEARTFORT. Hath she not taken a particular delight in making me ridiculous?

MILLAMOUR. Too true! and since I see you can bear it, I will tell you, she hath abused you, tried with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

HEARTFORT. Hold, Millamour, do not accuse her unjustly neither: I cannot say she hath jilted me.

MILLAMOUR. Damn her! think no more of her: it would be wrong in you to forgive her.

HEARTFORT. Yes, forgive her I can: it would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her.

MILLAMOUR. Well, do; and so think no more of her.

HEARTFORT. I will not; for it is impossible to impute so much ill usage only to the coquettish airs of youth: for could I once be brought to believe that——

MILLAMOUR. And yet a thousand women——

HEARTFORT. True, true, dear Millamour: a thousand women have played worse pranks with their lovers, and afterwards made excellent wives; it is the fault of their education, rather than of their natures: and a man must be a churl who would not bear a little of that behaviour in a mistress, especially in one so very young as Charlotte is, and so very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may justly ascribe several faults to the number of flatterers, which beauty never is without; besides, you must confess, there is a certain good-humour that attends her faults, which makes it impossible for you to be angry with them.

MILLAMOUR. Indeed, to me she appears to have no faults but what arise from her beauty, her youth, or her good humour; for which reason, I think, sir, you ought to forgive them, especially if she asked it of you.

HEARTFORT. Asked it of me! Oh! Millamour, could I deny any thing she asked of me?

MILLAMOUR. Well, well, that we shall bring her to; or at least to look as if she asked it of you; and you know looks are the language of love.

HEARTFORT. But pray how came she to your lodgings this afternoon?

MILLAMOUR. Ha! Truepenny, art thou jealous?

HEARTFORT. No, faith: your sending for me prevents that, though I was never so much inclined.

MILLAMOUR. Let us go and take one bottle together, and I will tell you, though perhaps I must be obliged to trust a lady's secret with you (and I could trust any but your own mistress's). Courage, Heartfort: what are thy evils com-

pared with mine, who have a husband to contend with; a damned legal tyrant, who can ravish a woman with the law on his side? All my hope and comfort lie in his age: and yet it vexes me, that my blooming fruit must be mumbled by an old rascal, who hath no teeth to come at the kernel.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LUCINDA'S *Apartment*.

LUCINA. [*With a letter.*] Shall I write once more to this perjured man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath scornfully sent back? Perhaps I was too severe. Let me revise it. Ha! what do I see?—A letter from another woman. Clarinda Stedfast! O villain! doth he think I yet want testimonies of his falsehood?

SCENE II.

LUCINA, MRS. PLOTWELL.

LUCINA. Oh! Plotwell, such new discoveries! The letter you brought me back was not my own, but a rival's, a rival as unhappy as myself.

MRS. PLOTWELL. And now I bring you news of a rival more happy than yourself, if the possession of a rake be happiness. In short, Mr. Millamour is to be married to the daughter of Mr. Stedfast.

LUCINA. Ha! that was the name I heard when at his lodgings. He hath debauched his wife, and would marry his daughter. This is an opportunity of revenge I hardly

could have wished. But how, how, dear Plotwell, art thou apprised of this?

MRS. PLOTWELL. When you sent me back to Millamour while I was disputing with his servant, who denied me admission, a fine young lady whipped by me into a chair: I then bribed his servant with a guinea, who discovered to me that her name was Stedfast; that she was a great fortune, and to be married to his master; and that she lived in Grosvenor Street.

LUCINA. Shall I beg you would add one obligation more to those I have already received from you, and deliver her this letter? It may prevent the ruin of a young creature.

MRS. PLOTWELL. One of Millamour's letters to you, I suppose. But it will have no effect, unless it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an opportunity of triumphing over a rival.

LUCINA. No matter: To caution the unexperienced traveller from the rocks we split on is our duty; if that be ineffectual, his rashness be his punishment.

MRS. PLOTWELL. Pray take my advice, and resolve to think no more of him.

LUCINA. As a lover I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the cloister you shall choose, and never more have converse with that traitorous sex.

MRS. PLOTWELL. On condition you think no more of Millamour, I will undertake it, though it is an ungrateful office.

LUCINA. Come in with me, while I enclose it under seal, that you may securely affirm you are ignorant of the contents. Come, my faithful Plotwell, believe me, I both hate and despise mankind; and from this hour I will entertain no passion but our friendship in my soul.

Friendship and love by heaven were both designed,
That to ennoble, this debase the mind.

Friendship's pure joys in life's last hour remain:
By love, the cheating lottery, we gain
A moment's bliss, bought with an age of pain.

SCENE III.—*A Tavern.*

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

MILLAMOUR. And now, dear George, I hope I have satisfied your jealousy.

HEARTFORT. I wish I could say you had as well satisfied me with your behaviour to this young lady—— to Clarinda.

MILLAMOUR. What wouldst thou have me do?

HEARTFORT. Why, faith, to be sincere, not what thou hast done; however, since that's past, all the reparation now in thy power to make, is to see her no more.

MILLAMOUR. That would be a pretty reparation indeed! and perhaps she would not thank you for giving me that advice.

HEARTFORT. Perhaps not; but I am sure her husband would.

MILLAMOUR. Her husband! Damn the old rascal: the teasing such a cuckold is half the pleasure of making him one.

HEARTFORT. How! what privilege dost thou perceive in thyself to invade and destroy the happiness of another? Besides, though shame may first reach the husband, it doth not always end there: the wife is always liable, and often is involved in the ruin of the gallant. The person who deserves chiefly to be exposed to shame is the only person who escapes without it.

MILLAMOUR. Hey-day! thou art not turning hypocrite, I hope. Thou dost not pretend to lead a life equal to this doctrine?

HEARTFORT. My practice, perhaps, is not equal to my theory; but I pretend to sin with as little mischief as I can to others: and this I can lay my hand on my heart and affirm, that I never seduced a young woman to her own ruin, nor a married one to the misery of her husband. Nay, and I know thee to be so good-natured a fellow, that what thou dost

of this kind arises from thy not considering the consequence of thy actions; and if any woman can lay her ruin on thee, thou canst lay it on custom.

MILLAMOUR. Why, indeed, if we consider it in a serious way——

HEARTFORT. And why should we not? Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none; nor are any of its laws more absurd and unjust than those relating to the commerce between the sexes: for what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for women to grant what it is honourable for us to solicit, nay, to ensnare and almost compel them into; to make a whore a scandalous, a whoremaster a reputable appellation! Whereas, in reality, there is no more mischievous character than a public debaucher of women.

MILLAMOUR. No more, dear George; now you begin to pierce to the quick.

HEARTFORT. I have done: I am glad you can feel; it is a sure sign of no mortification.

MILLAMOUR. Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a woman, who hath no fault but foolishly loving me. 'Sdeath! thou hast raised a devil in me that will sufficiently revenge her quarrel. Oh! Heartfort, how was it possible for me to be guilty of so much barbarity without knowing it, and of doing her so many wrongs without seeing them till this moment, till it is too late, till I can make her no reparation?

HEARTFORT. Resolve to see her no more; that's the best in your power.

MILLAMOUR. Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do more.

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MRS. USEFUL.

MRS. USEFUL. Oh! Mr. Millamour, oh!

MILLAMOUR. What news?

MRS. USEFUL. Oh! I am dead.

HEARTFORT. Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of this?

MRS. USEFUL. Give me a glass of wine, for I am quite out of breath.

MILLAMOUR. Help! Heartfort, help!

MRS. USEFUL. I am come——Give me another glass.

HEARTFORT. You have no reason to complain of your breath, for I think you drink two glasses in the same.

MRS. USEFUL. Well, then, now I am a little come to myself, I can tell you I have charming news for you; Clarinda continues still in the same dangerous way, and her husband—but mum—what have I said?—I forgot we were not alone.

HEARTFORT. Oh! madam, I will withdraw.

[Retires to another part of the stage.]

MRS. USEFUL. Well then, her husband hath sent me to fetch you to her.

MILLAMOUR. He hath sent too late; for I have resolved to see her no more.

MRS. USEFUL. What do you mean?

MILLAMOUR. Seriously as I say——

MRS. USEFUL. You will never see her more?

MILLAMOUR. Never.

MRS. USEFUL. You will see her no more! *[Passionately.]*

MILLAMOUR. No: I have considered it as the only reparation I can possibly make her.

MRS. USEFUL. Indeed! If that be the only reparation you can make her, you are a very pretty fellow. But it is false; you are not such a sort of a man. If I had known you to be such a sort of a man, the devil should have had you, before I should have troubled my head about your affairs.

MILLAMOUR. My heart reproaches me with no action of my life, equal with my behaviour to Clarinda, and I would do any thing to make her amends.

MRS. USEFUL. Could not your heart have reproached you sooner, before you had made me accessory to the cheat you intend to put upon her?

MILLAMOUR. What cheat?

MRS. USEFUL. The worst cheat that can be put upon her. What, sir! do you think she hath no expectations from you?

MILLAMOUR. If she hath, her husband will answer them.

MRS. USEFUL. Her husband! her husband won't, nor can't answer them——

MILLAMOUR. I am not inclined to jest——

MRS. USEFUL. Nor am I; but I think you are. What would you say of a man, who would sail to the Indies, and, when he was just come in sight of his port, tack about and return without touching? Have not you been sailing several years into the arms of your mistress, and now she holds them open, you refuse——What! did you court her only to refuse in your turn? To refuse her when she is expecting, wishing, longing——

MILLAMOUR. And do you really think her as you say?

MRS. USEFUL. What could move her else to lay such a plot as she has done? To pretend herself sick, that you might be sent for as her physician? But you would play the physician with her, and make her distemper real.

MILLAMOUR. If I thought that——

MRS. USEFUL. What can you think else? Can any thing hurt a woman equal with being refused?

MILLAMOUR. Refused! what, giving up her matchless beauty to my longing arms! 'Sdeath, he is not of flesh and blood who could refuse. Thou dearest woman! and dost thou think she will consent?——Dost thou think my happiness so near?

MRS. USEFUL. I know it must be; but——

MILLAMOUR. But what?

MRS. USEFUL. You had better make her a reparation for what's past, and see her no more.

MILLAMOUR. Reparation! ay, so I will. All that love, transporting, eager, wanton, raving love can give. Heartfort, you must excuse me: business, sir, business of very great importance calls me away.

HEARTFORT. I can guess your business by your company.

MILLAMOUR. Come, my dear Useful, convey me, quick

as my desires, where only they can meet full satisfaction. Let me enjoy Clarinda,—and—then——

MRS. USEFUL. And then——perhaps you may keep your word, and never see her any more.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Useful and Millamour.*]

HEARTFORT. There goes an instance of the great power our reason hath over our passions. But hold,—why should I seek instances abroad, who have so sufficient an example in my own breast? Where, had reason the dominion, I should have long since expelled the little tyrant, who hath made such ravage there. Of what use is reason then? Why, of the use that a window is to a man in a prison, to let him see the horrors he is confined in; but lends him no assistance to his escape.

SCENE V.—MR. STEDFAST'S *House.*

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

CLARINDA. Oh, Charlotte! let no passion prevail on you to throw yourself away on a person you despise. Marriage knows no release but death. Had I the world, I would give it to recall mine.

CHARLOTTE. You see, Clarinda, it is easier to give advice than to take it.

CLARINDA. You are not in my situation. Think, my Charlotte, think but of the danger I was in, against the daily solicitations of a man who had so great a friend within my breast. My little fortune spent. A friendless, helpless orphan. The very man I loved, with whom I must at least have shared poverty, refusing to make me the honourable partner of his bed! What could Charlotte then have done? Would you have then refused a rich, an honourable lover?

CHARLOTTE. Hum! agad, I don't know what I should have done. Heaven forbid it should be my case. I should not have taken the old fellow, I am positive.

CLARINDA. Oh, my dear Charlotte! never let any thing tempt you to forfeit the paths of honour.

CHARLOTTE. And yet, my dear Clarinda, you can feign yourself sick to see your lover. Pray, my dear, how doth a woman's honour do when she is sick to see her gallant?

CLARINDA. Indeed you wrong me. The terror I have of your father's bed put me on the feigning this sickness, which will soon be real. For as to Millamour, I have determined never to see him more.

CHARLOTTE. Nay, I will swear I saw Useful take a chair and go for him, as your physician, by my father's order.

CLARINDA. You surprise me! O that wicked woman, who hath been the occasion of all my misfortunes, and is determined to persecute me to the last minute.

CHARLOTTE. There is somewhat in her which I dislike, and have often wondered why you would indulge her in the freedom she takes.

CLARINDA. Oh, Charlotte, in distressed circumstances, how easily can impudence get the ascendant over us? Besides, this woman, of whom I now have your opinion, can outwardly act a saint, as well as inwardly a devil. What defence hath the ignorance of twenty against the experienced arts of such a woman? Believe me, I thank heaven I have escaped so well, rather than wonder I have not escaped better.

CHARLOTTE. Well, honoured madam, if your daughter-in-law may presume to advise, rest contented with the honour you have already attained; for, if you should be overthrown but in one battle, there's an end of all your former conquests. But hush, hush! to your chair. My father is coming up.

SCENE VI.

MR. STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

MR. STEDFAST. Well, madam, how do you now?

CHARLOTTE. My mother is extremely ill, sir.

MR. STEDFAST. I did not ask you—How do you do, child?

CLARINDA. Oh!

MR. STEDFAST. Oh! This is the most comfortable wed-

ding-day, sure, that ever man had. Well, the doctor will be here presently.

CHARLOTTE. Sir, the last words mamma spoke were, she desired she might not see the doctor.

MR. STEDFAST. Yes, madam; but the last words I speak are that she shall see him.

CLARINDA. No doctor—No doctor!

Enter MRS. USEFUL and MILLAMOUR.

MRS. USEFUL. [*Introducing Millamour.*] Sir, here's the doctor.

MR. STEDFAST. I am glad you are come, sir: my wife is extremely ill—Go to her. Physicians should make a little more haste.

MILLAMOUR. Give me your hand, if you please, madam?

MR. STEDFAST. How do you do, child?

CLARINDA. Oh!

MR. STEDFAST. That's all I have been able to get of her, Doctor; she is not able to tell you even how she doth.

MRS. USEFUL. [*Aside.*] A true physician, faith! He feels for her pulse in her palm.

MR. STEDFAST. How do you find her, Doctor?

MILLAMOUR. Truly, sir, I wish there may not be more danger in the case than is imagined.

MR. STEDFAST. Nay, the world shall not say she died for want of assistance. I will go send for another.

MILLAMOUR. O sir! there's no need for that—I can trust to my own skill.

MR. STEDFAST. I'm resolved.

MRS. USEFUL. Come, madam; we'll leave the doctor to his patient.

SCENE VII.

CLARINDA, MILLAMOUR.

MILLAMOUR. Oh, speak to me, Clarinda—Whisper something tender to my soul, or I shall die before thee.

CLARINDA. Thou hast undone me, Millamour.

MILLAMOUR. Then I have undone myself—Myself!—What's that to having ruined thee? I would be ages expiring to preserve thee. My dear! my only love! Too late I see the follies of my life. I see the fatal consequence of my ungoverned, lawless passion.

CLARINDA. Oh! had thy eyes but yesterday been opened, but now it is too late.

MILLAMOUR. Too late! I will put back the hand of time. Oh, think it not too late. O couldst thou but recover; thy marriage could not, should not keep us from being happy.

CLARINDA. Alas, my disease is but a poor pretence to see you once again to take this last farewell.

MILLAMOUR. Thou angel of softness! Thou fountain of eternal sweets! To take a last farewell! Then I will bid farewell to life, Clarinda. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witness heaven, that could I but recall blest yesterday again, I would not slight the offers of thy virtuous love, for the whole world of beauty, or of wealth! O fool! to trifle with so vast a blessing till it was snatched from thee! Yet since we cannot be what we wish, let us be what we can.

CLARINDA. No, Millamour, never with the forfeit of my honour. I will lose my life: nay, what I value much more, rather than quit that idol of my soul, I will lose you.

SCENE VIII.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, MRS. USEFUL, MR. STEDFAST, DR. CRISIS.

MRS. USEFUL. Hush, hush—to your posts, to your posts.

MR. STEDFAST. [*Introducing Crisis.*] Doctor, that is your patient, and heaven direct your judgment.

DR. CRISIS. Sir, sir, harkye, who's that? I observed him feel her pulse.

MR. STEDFAST. That is a brother physician, sir.

DR. CRISIS. Ay, what is his name?

MR. STEDFAST. Doctor, Doctor Crisis desires to know your name.

MILLAMOUR. My name! name—My name is Gruel.

DR. CRISIS. Gruel, I don't know him, nor do I remember his name in the college. Some quack, I suppose.—Sir, I'm your humble servant.

MR. STEDFAST. Stay, stay, dear Doctor.

DR. CRISIS. Sir, I will consult with no quacks: Sir, I have not studied physic so long, to consult with a quack; wherefore have we a college of physicians, if we are to call quacks to our assistance?

MR. STEDFAST. For heaven's sake, Doctor, my wife will die.

DR. CRISIS. Sir, I can't help it, if half the world were to die, unless that man were out of the room, I will have nothing to do: and that I am resolved.

MR. STEDFAST. If you come to that, sir, I am resolved he shall not be sent out of the room. I would not send him out of the room to save my wife's life: No, nor scarce to save my own life. So see whose resolution will be broke first, yours or mine—Resolved, quotha.

DR. CRISIS. Here, John, my coach! to the door—consult with a quack!

MR. STEDFAST. Doctor, pray return my fee.

DR. CRISIS. Sir, your humble servant. *[Exit.]*

MILLAMOUR. I hope, sir, we shall not want his advice. I apprehend the distemper to be now some moments past the crisis, and in half an hour, I may possibly send you the happy news of your wife's being out of danger. But it is entirely necessary she should go to bed, and then I will go and see her.

[Enter Servant, who whispers Stedfast.]

MR. STEDFAST. Doctor, you will excuse me a few minutes—A lady wants me below stairs. *[Exit.]*

MILLAMOUR. Come, nurse; you must put your patient to bed, and then I'll visit her again.

CLARINDA. Never, never, Millamour. Never from this hour will I behold that face again: that fatal cause of all my misery.

MILLAMOUR. Barbarous Clarinda! Can I be knowingly the cause of one misfortune to you, when I would not purchase the world with one sigh of thine?

CLARINDA. Thy conversation is dangerous to my honour: and henceforth I will fly thee as the worst of contagions. Farewell—And think you have lost a woman who durst not, from her tenderness, ever see thee more. [*Exit.*]

MILLAMOUR. O agony! O Clarinda!

MRS. USEFUL. Ha, ha, ha!—That ever a man, who knows so much of the sex as Mr. Millamour, should despair at the very brink of victory!

MILLAMOUR. 'Sdeath—Did she not say she'd never see me more?

MRS. USEFUL. Well, and hath she not said so a hundred times; and seen you as often?—Did she not say she durst not see you more? Women are all cowards, and dare not do any thing unless they are forced to it. I tell you she is wishing, sighing for you. Honour and love have a conflict within her breast, and if you stand by the little gentleman, I'll hold a thousand pounds he gets the better.

MILLAMOUR. No more of this foolery. Thou hast undone us both: and, by heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expose thee to all mankind, as thy infamy deserves, till every wretched maid shall curse thee, every honest woman despise thee, and every boy that meets thee shall hoot thee through the world.

MRS. USEFUL. Is this my reward?

MILLAMOUR. Reward! There is none in law or justice equal to thy deserts. Thou art a more mischievous animal than a serpent; and the man or woman who admits one of thy detestable character into his house or acquaintance, acts more foolishly than he who admits a serpent into his bosom. A public mark of infamy should be set on every such wretch, that we might shun them as a contagion. Never see me more; for if thou dost, I shall forego the dignity of my sex to punish thee. O Clarinda! I will pursue thee still: for next to having thee mine is leaving my life at thy feet.

MRS. USEFUL. Very fine! I have no more to do here at

present. Such encouragement will tempt me to grow honest and quit my employment.

SCENE IX.

MR. STEDFAST, MRS. PLOTWELL.

MR. STEDFAST. A very pretty reasonable gentleman, truly. Would not one woman content him? Must he have my wife and daughter too? would he have my whole family? Madam, I know not how to return this obligation, which the great concern you have showed for my honour hath laid upon me.

MRS. PLOTWELL. Can you not find then in this face something which might give you a reason for that concern? Look steadfastly on me, and tell me if you remember no mark in these features which were once known to you?

MR. STEDFAST. There's something in that voice, that——

MRS. PLOTWELL. That once was music in your ears, if ever you spoke truth to Cleomela.

MR. STEDFAST. Cleomela!

MRS. PLOTWELL. Are there then any horrors in that name? Age certainly hath left no furrows there, however it hath altered this unhappy face. Still, if remembrance of past joys be sweet, the name of Cleomela should be so.

MR. STEDFAST. I am so surprised! I scarce have reason left to recollect you.

MRS. PLOTWELL. Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you; to thunder any injuries in your ears, nor breach of promise.

MR. STEDFAST. You know you cannot. It was your own fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your religion, you know my resolutions were to have married you. And you know my resolutions were never to marry you, unless you did. You kept your religion, and I my resolution.

MRS. PLOTWELL. How easily men find excuses to avoid

what they dislike! But that is past; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

MR. STEDFAST. No, Heaven hath taken care to put that out of my power; as this letter hath told you before.

MRS. PLOTWELL. I assure you, sir, the contents of that letter I am a stranger to.

MR. STEDFAST. Are you? then pray read it—for I intend to make them no secret. [*Plotwell takes the letter, reads, and shows much surprise.*]

SCENE X.

MILLAMOUR, MR. STEDFAST, MRS. PLOTWELL.

MILLAMOUR. Oh! sir, the most unfortunate news.

MR. STEDFAST. What's the matter?

MILLAMOUR. Your lady is relapsed into the most violent fit of madness; and I question much whether she will ever speak again.

MR. STEDFAST. She hath no need. She hath hands to write her mind. Nay, were they cut off too, she would find some other means. She would invent as strange methods to betray the lewdness of her mind as Lavinia did to discover her injury.

MILLAMOUR. Hey-day! Your wife hath infected you with madness.

MR. STEDFAST. Yes, my wife hath infected me indeed. It breaks out here [*pointing to his head*].

MILLAMOUR. What can be the meaning of this? I am sorry to see this, sir. Very sorry to hear this. This is no common distemper.

MR. STEDFAST. No! I thought cuckoldom the most general distemper in the kingdom.

SCENE XI.

MR. MUTABLE, MR. STEDFAST, MILLAMOUR, MRS.
PLOTWELL.

MR. MUTABLE. Odso! Mr. Stedfast, I am sorry to hear your lady is ill.

MR. STEDFAST. It is probable you may; for you and I are not likely to be sorry on the same occasion.

MR. MUTABLE. No, it is not—Yes, it is—it is impossible—Agad! 'tis he—'tis—my dear Lord Truelove. I'm your most obedient humble servant.

MR. STEDFAST. My Lord Truelove?

MR. MUTABLE. Ay, sir, this is the worthy lord, sir, to whose sister I was to have married my son, till, by good luck, sir, I found my Lord Truelove to be no lord, but a certain wild young vagabond, who goes by the name of Millamour.

MR. STEDFAST. What's this I hear?

MILLAMOUR. Ay, 'tis so,—the house is infected, and every man is mad that comes into it.

MR. MUTABLE. Mad! You young dog, you have made a fool of me, I thank you.

MR. STEDFAST. I am a fine one, truly, if Doctor Gruel be a cheat.

MRS. PLOTWELL. Mr. Millamour!

MILLAMOUR. Nay, then, 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires less impudence to confess all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. Plotwell. [*Millamour and Mrs. Plotwell talk apart, and then go out together.*]

MR. MUTABLE. Mr. Stedfast, if you please, we'll make no longer delay of the wedding.

MR. STEDFAST. Sir, I hate the name of wedding.

MR. MUTABLE. Hey-day! I hope you are not capable of breaking your resolution.

MR. STEDFAST. Sir, I shall break my heart. A man that is married is capable of every thing but being happy.

MR. MUTABLE. Come, come, I'm sorry for what's past, and am willing to show my repentance, to put it out of my power to offend any more.—What signify delays? Let us have the wedding to-night.

MR. STEDFAST. Whenever you please, sir.

MR. MUTABLE. If your daughter be ready, my son is.

MR. STEDFAST. I have no daughter, sir.

MR. MUTABLE. Ha, ha, ha! You're a merry man.

MR. STEDFAST. Lookye, gentlemen, if one of you will take my wife, the other shall have my daughter. [*To them, Millamour.*]

MILLAMOUR. O, sir! the luckiest news: Your lady is recovered, her distemper left her in a moment, as by a miracle, at the sight of Mrs. Plotwell.

MR. STEDFAST. My distemper is not removed.

MILLAMOUR. Take courage, sir, I'll warrant I cure you—What are you sick of?

MR. STEDFAST. What you are sick of too, by this time—my wife.

MILLAMOUR. Is that all?

MR. STEDFAST. This insult, sir, is worse than your first injury: but the law shall give me a reparation for both.

MILLAMOUR. Here comes a better friend to you than the law. If your wife be all your illness, she will do what the law can seldom do, unmarry you again. I don't know how uneasy you may be for marrying my mistress; but I am sure you ought to be so for marrying your own daughter.

SCENE XII.

To them, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

MRS. PLOTWELL. Start not at that word, but thank the watchful care of Heaven, which hath sent me here this day to prevent your fall, even at the brink of ruin—And, with a joy becoming so blest an occasion, receive your daughter to your arms.

CLARINDA. My father,—I am resolved to call you by that name.

MR. STEDFAST. Call me any thing but husband.

MRS. PLOTWELL. She is indeed your daughter—the pledge of our loves—the witness of your treachery and my shame, whom that wicked woman seduced from the nunnery, where I thought I had placed her in safety.

CLARINDA. Sir, I kneel for your blessing, nor will I rise till you have given it me.

MR. STEDFAST. Take it, my child, and be assured no father ever gave it more gladly. This is indeed a happy discovery—I have found my daughter, and I have lost my wife.

MRS. PLOTWELL. My child, let me again embrace thee. This is happiness indeed!

MR. MUTABLE. What, have you more daughters than one, Mr. Stedfast?

MR. STEDFAST. Even as you see, sir.

MR. MUTABLE. Why then, sir, I hope you will not take it amiss, that I desire all farther treaty may cease between us.

MR. STEDFAST. Sir, I would not marry a daughter of mine into your family, was your estate ten times as large as it is. So now you have my resolution. I should expect by such a match, to become grandfather to a weather-cock.

MR. MUTABLE. Very well, sir, very well—there's no harm done—my son is *in statu quo*, and as fine a gentleman as ever he was.

HEARTFORT. Your honour, sir, is now disengaged. You will give me leave once more to mention my ambition, especially if another child is to share my Charlotte's fortune, I may appear at least worthier of her in your eyes.

MR. STEDFAST. Here!—Take her—take her——

CHARLOTTE. I told you, sir, I would obey my father; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my husband.

HEARTFORT. When I expect more obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will punish me by rebellion.

CHARLOTTE. Well, I own I have not deserved so much constancy; but I assure you, if I can get gratitude enough, I will pay you, for I hate to be in debt.

MILLAMOUR. You was pleased, sir, this day to promise me, that on the recovery of your lady's senses you would give me whatever I should ask.

MR. STEDFAST. Ay, sir, you shall have her before you ask. There she is, she hath given you her inclinations, and so I give you the rest of her. Heaven be praised, I am rid of them both. Stay, here is another woman still. Will nobody have her, and clear my house of them? for it is impossible for a man to keep his resolutions while he hath one woman in it.

MILLAMOUR. My Clarinda! Oh! transporting ecstasy!

CLARINDA. My Millamour! my ever loved!

MILLAMOUR. Heartfort, your hand. I am now the happiest of mankind. I have, on the very point of losing it, recovered a jewel of inestimable value. Oh, Clarinda! my former follies may, through an excess of good fortune, prove advantageous to both in our future happiness. While I, from the reflection on the danger of losing you, to which the wildness of my desires betrayed me, shall enjoy the bliss with doubled sweetness: and you from thence may derive a tender and a constant husband.

From my example, let all rakes be taught
To shun loose pleasure's sweet but poisonous draught.
Vice, like a ready harlot, still allures;
Virtue gives slow, but what she gives secures.

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, AND SPOKEN BY MRS. WOFFINGTON

THE trial ended, and the sentence o'er,
The criminal stands mute, and pleads no more.
Sunk in despair, no distant hope he views,
Unless some friendly tongue for mercy sues.
So too our bard (whatever be his fate)
Hath sent me here compassion to create:
If damned, to blunt the edge of critic's laws;
If saved, to beg continuance of applause.
All this the frightened Author bid me say.
——But now for my own comments on his play.

This Millamour, for aught I could discover,
Was no such dangerous, forward, pushing lover:
Upon the bull I, like Europa, ventured,
Entered his closet—where he never entered;
But left me, after all my kindness shown,
In a most barbarous manner, quite alone:
Whilst I, with patience to our sex not common,
Heard him prescribing to another woman:
But, though quite languishing, and vastly ill
She was, I could not find she took one pill.
Though her disease was high, though fierce the attack,
You saw he was an unperforming quack:
But soon as marriage altered his condition,
He cured her as a regular physician.

My father Stedfast took it in his head
To keep all resolutions which he made:
As the great point of life, this seemed to strike him:
His daughter Charlotte's very much unlike him:

The only joys (and let me freely speak them)
I know in resolutions is to break 'em.

I think without much flattery I may say
There's strict poetic justice through this play.
You heard the fool despised; the bawd's just sentence;
Heartfort's reward, and Millamour's repentance:
And such repentance must forgiveness carry;
Sure there's contrition with it when we marry.

THE FATHERS
OR
THE GOOD-NATURED MAN
A COMEDY
AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE

ADVERTISEMENT

THE Comedy now published was written by the late HENRY FIELDING some years before his death. The Author had shown it to his friend Mr. Garrick; and entertaining a high esteem for the taste and critical discernment of Sir Charles Williams, he afterwards delivered the manuscript to Sir Charles for his opinion. At that time appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Russia, Sir Charles had not leisure to examine the play before he left England. Whether it has had the honour to travel with the Envoy into Russia, or was left behind that it might not interfere with the intrigues of the Embassy, we cannot determine. Sir Charles died in Russia, and the manuscript was lost.

As MR. FIELDING has often mentioned this affair, many inquiries were made, after his decease, of several branches of Sir Charles's family, but did not produce any tidings of the comedy.

About two years ago, Thomas Johnes, Esq., member for Cardigan, received from a young friend, as a present, a *tattered manuscript play*, bearing indeed some tokens of *antiquity*, else the present had been of little worth, since the young gentleman assured Mr. Johnes, that it was "a damned thing!"—Notwithstanding this unpromising character, Mr. Johnes took the dramatic foundling to his protection with much kindness; read it; determined to obtain Mr. Garrick's opinion of it; and for that purpose sent to Mr. Wallis of Norfolk Street, who waited upon Mr. Garrick with the manuscript, and asked him, if he knew whether the late Sir Charles Williams had ever written a play?—Mr. Garrick cast his eye upon it—"The lost sheep is found!—This is Harry Fielding's Comedy!" cried Mr. Garrick, in a manner that evinced the most friendly regard for the memory of the Author.

This recognition of the play was no sooner communicated to Mr. Johnes, than he, with the most amiable politeness, restored his foundling to the family of MR. FIELDING.

Two gentlemen, of the most distinguished dramatic talents of the age, have shown the kindest attention to the fragment thus recovered. To the very liberal and friendly assistance of Mr. Sheridan, and to the Prologue and Epilogue, written by Mr. Garrick, is to be attributed much of that applause with which the Public have received "THE FATHERS; OR, THE GOOD-NATURED MAN."

David Garrick (1717–1779).



TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, AND
MASTER OF THE HORSE TO THE KING

MY LORD,—The Author of this Play was an upright, useful, and distinguished magistrate for the County of Middlesex; and by his publications laid the foundation of many wholesome laws for the support of good order and subordination in this metropolis, the efforts of which have been, and now are, forcibly felt by the Public. His social qualities made his company highly entertaining. His genius, so universally admired, has afforded delight and instruction to thousands. The memory of such a man calls for respect; and to have that respect shown him by the great and praiseworthy must do him the highest honour.

Under these circumstances this little orphan posthumous work, replete with humour and sound sense, looks up to your Grace for protection, as a nobleman who makes rank and affluence answer the great purposes of displaying true dignity and beneficence. Thus adorned by accomplishments, and enriched by manly sentiments, it is the interest of society to join with me in the warmest wishes for the continuance of your Grace's health, and of all those powers so liberally and so constantly exerted by your Grace for the good of mankind.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's respectful and
Obedient Servant,

JOHN FIELDING.

Brompton Place.

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK, SPOKEN BY MR. KING

WHEN from the world departs a son of fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name;
Yet not content, the Public call for art
To rescue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,
To spread his mimic form throughout the land:
A form, perhaps, which living, was neglected,
And when it could not feel respect, respected.
This night no bust or picture claims your praise,
Our claim's superior, we his spirit raise:
From time's dark storehouse, bring a long-lost play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.

But who the Author? Need I name the wit,
Whom nature prompted as his genius writ?
Truth smiled on Fancy for each well-wrought story,
Where characters live, act, and stand before ye:
Suppose these characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wise, and fair,
For and against the Author pleading at your bar.
First pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and warm—
Brave, generous Britons, shield this play from harm;
My best friend wrote it; should it not succeed,
Though with my Sophy blest—my heart will bleed—
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear;
Courage, my master, Partridge cries, don't fear:
Should Envy's serpent hiss, or malice frown,
Though I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em down:
Next, sweet Sophia comes—she cannot speak—

Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
 In every look her sentiments you read:
 And more than eloquence her blushes plead.
 Now Blifil bows—with smiles his false heart gilding,
 He was my foe—I beg you'll damn this FIELDING;
 Right! Thwackum roars—no mercy, sirs, I pray—
 Scourge the dead Author, through his orphan play.
 What words! cries Parson Adams, fie, fie, disown 'em,
 Good Lord!—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*:
 If such are Christian teachers, who'll revere 'em—
 And thus they preach, the Devil alone shall hear 'em.
 Now Slipslop enters—though this scrivening vagrant,
 Salted my virtue, which was ever flagrant,
 Yet, like black 'Thello, I'd bear scorn and whips,
 Slip into poverty to the very hips,
 T' exalt this play—may it increase in favour;
 And be its fame immortalized for ever!
 'Squire Western, reeling, with October mellow,
 Tall, yo!—Boys!—Yoax—Critics! hunt the fellow!
 Damn 'em, those wits are varmint not worth breeding,
 What good e'er came of writing and of reading?
 Next comes, brimful of spite and politics,
 His sister Western—and thus deeply speaks:
 Wits are armed powers, like France attack the foe;
 Negotiate till they sleep—then strike the blow!
 Allworthy last, pleads to your noblest passions—
 Ye generous leaders of the taste and fashions;
 Departed genius left his orphan play
 To your kind care—what the dead wills, obey:
 O then, respect the FATHER'S fond bequest,
 And make his widow smile, his spirit rest.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR	<i>Mr. King.</i>
MR. BONCOUR	<i>Mr. Bensley.</i>
YOUNG BONCOUR, his Son	<i>Mr. Webster.</i>
OLD VALENCE	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
YOUNG VALENCE, his Son	<i>Mr. Whitfield.</i>
SIR GREGORY KENNEL	<i>Mrs. Baddelcy.</i>
YOUNG KENNEL, his Son	<i>Mr. Dodd.</i>

WOMEN

MRS. BONCOUR	<i>Mrs. Hopkins.</i>
MISS BONCOUR	<i>Miss Younge.</i>
MISS VALENCE	<i>Mrs. Baddelcy.</i>

THE FATHERS

OR

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Parlour in Mr. BONCOUR'S House.*

Enter MR. BONCOUR and MRS. BONCOUR.

MR. BONCOUR. Pray be pacified——

MRS. BONCOUR. It is intolerable, and I will never submit to it.

MR. BONCOUR. But, my dear!

MRS. BONCOUR. Good Mr. Boncour, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it; such fulsome stuff is nauseous to the ears of a woman of strict virtue.

MR. BONCOUR. I don't doubt your virtue.

MRS. BONCOUR. You don't——I am very much obliged to you, indeed; nor any one else, I apprehend: I thank Heaven my carriage is such that I dare confront the world.

MR. BONCOUR. You mistake me, madam.

MRS. BONCOUR. That is as much as to say I have not common understanding; to be sure, I can't comprehend any thing.

MR. BONCOUR. I should be sorry to think I had given you any reason to be out of humour.

MRS. BONCOUR. Then I am in the wrong; a wife is al-

ways in the wrong, certainly; it is impossible for a wife to be in the right in any thing.

MR. BONCOUR. My dear, I never said so.

MRS. BONCOUR. That is as much as to say, I don't tell truth: I desire you will treat me with good manners at least; that I think I may expect. A woman of virtue, who brought you a fortune may expect that.

MR. BONCOUR. Madam, I esteem you for your virtue, and am grateful to you for your fortune; I should blush if you could upbraid me with lavishing it on my own pleasures, or ever denying you the enjoyment of it.

MRS. BONCOUR. How! have I a coach at my command? you keep one, indeed, but I am sure I have no command of it.

MR. BONCOUR. Indeed you wrong me.

MRS. BONCOUR. Why, have you not lent it this very morning without my knowledge?

MR. BONCOUR. My dear, I thought the chariot would have served.

MRS. BONCOUR. How can that serve when I am to take three other ladies with me?

MR. BONCOUR. Who's there?

Enter SERVANT.

Bid John take the chariot to my cousin, and let the coach attend my wife—I ask your pardon, child; I own I should have told you of it, but business really put it out of my head.

MRS. BONCOUR. Well, and suppose I should find but one of the ladies at home, must I drag about a heavy coach all over the town, like an alderman's or a country justice of peace's lady?

MR. BONCOUR. Nay, since you are so unresolved—the promise was not absolute; you shall not be uneasy on any account—Tell the fellow he need not go to my cousin at all—*[Exit Servant]*. Now, my dear, you may have your choice, and I hope you will be easy.

MRS. BONCOUR. Easy! yes; I have a great deal of reason to be easy, truly; now your relations, if they have not the

coach will lay the whole blame upon me; sure, never was so unfortunate a creature as I am!—no, let them have both, and then they will be satisfied; I dare say I shall find a coach amongst my acquaintance, though you deny me yours.
[Exit.]

MR. BONCOUR. So! this comes of meddling with matters out of my sphere; but I deserve it, who know her temper so well.

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Brother, good-morrow, I hope no accident hath happened, for I met my sister in a violent hurry at the door.

MR. BONCOUR. No, nothing extraordinary: wives will have their humours, you know.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Ay, wives who have such husbands.

MR. BONCOUR. I hope I give her no occasion to be uneasy.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Indeed you do—You are a very wicked man, brother.

MR. BONCOUR. How!

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. For you have spoilt a very good sort of a woman; you have many an uneasy hour, many a heart-ache, many a sigh, and many a tear to answer for, which you have been the occasion of to my poor sister.

MR. BONCOUR. I don't remember I ever denied her any thing.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. That is the very reason; for what can a poor woman be obliged to consult so unsteady as her own inclinations? If you would contradict her a little, it would prevent her contradicting herself. A man pretends to be a good husband, and yet imposes continually that hard task upon his wife to know what she has a mind to.

MR. BONCOUR. Brother, I admit raillery, but I should contemn myself, if I refused any thing to a woman who brought me so immense a fortune, to which my circumstances were so very unequal: I do not think with the world, that I make a woman amends for robbing her of her fortune by taking her person into the bargain.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I would not have you rob her; I would only have you keep her from robbing herself. Ah! I should have made an excellent husband, if I could ever have been persuaded to marry.

MR. BONCOUR. Doubtless your wife would have agreed rarely with this doctrine.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. She must have been a most unreasonable woman else; for I should have desired no more of her than only to do whatever I would have her. I am not that person you would make me appear; for, except a few diversions which I have an antipathy to, such as music, balls, cards, plays, operas, assemblies, visits, and entertainments, I should scarce ever deny her any thing.

MR. BONCOUR. Your exceptions put me in mind of some general pardons, where every thing is forgiven except crimes.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I suppose you would have me suffer her to keep an assembly and rendezvous of all such idle people as can't stay at home; that is, have nothing to do any where else.

MR. BONCOUR. Perhaps I love an assembly no more than you.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Why do you keep one then?

MR. BONCOUR. For the same reason that I do many other things not very agreeable to me, to gratify my wife.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. But, brother, pray for what purpose do you think the law gives you a power to restrain her?

MR. BONCOUR. Brother, the law gives us many powers which an honest man would scorn to make use of.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. So the advantage you receive from your wife's fortune, is to be her steward, while she lays it out in her own pleasures.

MR. BONCOUR. And that no inconsiderable one.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. No!

MR. BONCOUR. No; for the greatest pleasure I can enjoy is that of contributing to hers.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. You are a good deal too good for this world, indeed you are; and really, considering how good you are, you are tolerably lucky; for were I half so good, I

should expect, whenever I returned home, to catch my wife in an intrigue; my servants robbing my house; my son married to a chambermaid; and my daughter run away with a footman.

MR. BONCOUR. These would be ill returns to your goodness.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. That's true; but they are very common ones for all that; and I wish somewhat worse does not happen to your son; for I must tell you, and I am sorry to tell it you, the town talk of him.

MR. BONCOUR. I hope they can say nothing ill of him.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Nothing ill of him! they say every thing ill of him—O brother, I think myself obliged to discover it to you, this son, this eldest son of yours, the hopes of your family, whom I intended my heir; this profligate rascal, I tell it with tears in my eyes—keeps—keeps—a wench.

MR. BONCOUR. I know it—

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. [*In a passion.*] Know it!—wh— at—that he keeps a wench?

MR. BONCOUR. I am sorry for it.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. If he was a son of mine, I'd skin him—I'd flay him—I'd starve him. He shall never have a groat—a farthing of mine: I'll marry to-morrow, and if I haven't an heir, I'll endow an hospital, or give my money to the Sinking Fund.

MR. BONCOUR. Come, brother, I am in hopes to reclaim him yet.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. His vices are all owing to you.

MR. BONCOUR. I never gave him instructions in that way.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. You have given him money, that is giving him instructions: whoever gives his son money is answerable for all the ill uses he puts it to.

MR. BONCOUR. Rather, whoever denies his son a reasonable allowance is answerable for all the ill methods he is forced into to get money.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Reasonable! brother: why there is our dispute; I am not so rigid as some fathers; I am not for

totally curbing a young man; I would not have him without a shilling or two in his pocket, to appear scandalous at a coffee-house—no——

MR. BONCOUR. Sir George, instead of disputing longer on this subject, will you go with me and visit my son?—suppose we should find him at his studies?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I as soon expect to find him at his prayers—Well, I will go, as I have no other business; though I know the world better than to expect either to convince myself or you.

MR. BONCOUR. I am ready to wait on you; my coach is at the door.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.—If I should break the rascal's head, you'll forgive me—Keep—I'd keep him, if he was a son of mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*At* YOUNG BONCOUR'S.

YOUNG BONCOUR, MISS BONCOUR, MISS VALENCE, *come forward.*

YOUNG BONCOUR. Dear sister, how could you let this inundation of nonsense in upon us?

MISS BONCOUR. Nay, don't blame me.

MISS VALENCE. Oh! I was a witness to what passed; however, now they are gone, I must remind you of your promise to let me hear that song. I think both the words and air admirable.

MISS BONCOUR. You will make George proud if you praise his poetry.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Love or poverty makes most poets; and I hope I shall never want at least one of those motives—as Mr. Warbler is gone, I will attempt it myself.

SONG.

I.

While the sweet blushing spring glowing fresh in her prime,
All nature with smiles doth adorn;
Snatch at each golden joy—check the ravage of time,
And pluck every bud from the thorn.
In the May-morn of life, while gladsome and gay,
Each moment, each pleasure improve,
For life we shall find is at best but a day,
And the sunshine that gilds it is love.

II.

The rose now so blooming, of nature the grace,
In a moment is shrunk and decayed,
And the glow which now tinges a beautiful face,
Must soon, alas! wither and fade.
In the May-morn of life then, while gladsome and gay,
Each moment, each pleasure improve,
For life we shall find is at best but a day,
And the sunshine that gilds it is love.

Enter MR. BONCOUR and SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

YOUNG BONCOUR. My father! and uncle too—so, so!

MR. BONCOUR. Dear George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment; your uncle and myself called only to see how you did, as we went by. If I had known you had had company, we should not have come up—Pray go on with your music.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir; you are always the kindest and most condescending—but from you, sir, this is an unexpected honour.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Dear sir, most obliging, and most gracious sir,—you do me an infinite deal of honour—indeed—You see he is at his studies, brother.

MR. BONCOUR. Pray, George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Upon my word, my nephew shows an exceeding good taste in his morning diversions.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Yes, sir, these ladies have been so good as to hear a silly trifle of my own writing.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I am sorry we came too late, for I think nonsense is never so agreeable as when set to music.

MISS BONCOUR. The music my brother designed for me and this lady; and I doubt not, if he had had any expectation of your company, my dear uncle, he would have provided some more serious entertainment.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Upon my word, sir, you have a very pretty house here, completely finished and furnished—when I was a young fellow we had not half so good a taste.

YOUNG BONCOUR. No, sir, the age is improved since that time—when a knight of the shire used to jog to town with a brace of geldings, and a single liveryman; and very prudently take a first floor in the Strand, when, if you asked in the shop for Sir Thomas, a dirty fellow behind the counter called out, Maid, is Sir Thomas above?—I dare swear, uncle, in your time, many a tradesman hath had half a dozen men of fashion in his house.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. If he had nine men of fashion in his house, he had fewer in his books, I believe.

MISS BONCOUR. And once in seven years came up madam in the stage-coach, to see one comedy, one tragedy, go once to the opera, and rig out herself and family till the next general election—ha! ha! ha!—

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Well, Miss Malapert, and what do you think you have said now? why, nothing more than that your grandmothers had ten times as much prudence as yourselves.

Enter SERVANT hastily.

SERVANT. Sir, I ask pardon. I thought your honour had been gone.

MR. BONCOUR. Speak out, sir.

SERVANT. Sir, there be below Monsieur de Pannier, with a new suit; and Monsieur de la Mouton Maigre, with some embroidery for your honour.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. There is another virtue of the age! If you will be extravagant, can't you let your own tradesmen reap the benefit of it? is it not enough to send your money out of your own family, but you must send it out of your own country too?

YOUNG BONCOUR. I consider nothing farther than who serves me the best.

MR. BONCOUR. I must join your uncle here, George,—I am afraid it is fashion rather that guides you to the choice; but were it otherwise, every man ought to have some partiality for his own country; it is a laudable prejudice, without which no people ever were or can be great.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. It ever was the characteristic of this nation—but now a passion for French dress and fopperies is as prevailing as the use of their frippery tongue—Ah! there was a time, when we found the way to be understood in France without the help of their language—[*looks on his watch*], but I have trifled away more time than I could well afford; shall I carry you any where, brother, or will you stay here?

MR. BONCOUR. Have you any engagement, George?

YOUNG BONCOUR. None at present.

MR. BONCOUR. Then, brother, I wish you a good morning. I have some business with my son.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Good-morrow to you, brother—Pray, sir, will you order some of your domestics to show me out of these noble apartments, for there are so many doors to them, I may possibly miss my way.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I will do myself that honour, sir.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Upon my soul, sir, you are so full of complaisance you confound me; nay, sir, pray walk first, I insist upon it.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir, it is my duty to obey. [*Exit.*]

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Extravagant rascal! if I had such a son, I would make a little free with his coxcombal pate.

[*Exit.*]

MR. BONCOUR. I wish, child, you would take that young lady away, for I have something to say to your brother.

MISS BONCOUR. La, papa, you are always so full of secrets!

MR. BONCOUR. You know, dear Harriet, how fond I am of your company.

MISS BONCOUR. Yes; eternally sending me away is a proof of it.

MR. BONCOUR. This is a disobedience which I ought to love you for, instead of chiding you; and I will break an appointment to enjoy this evening with you and your brother.

MISS BONCOUR. Nay, I can't promise to be at home this evening, for I shall be engaged to go to the play, and if I should not happen to go to the play, I shall be engaged to a party at cards.

MISS VALENCE. Miss Boncour, you must remember your promise to set me down at home; my time is out, and I dare not stay one minute beyond it.

MISS BONCOUR. Dare not? ha! ha! ha!

MISS VALENCE. No; my father will never forgive me if I should.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I have got my uncle into his chariot at last; but he was so full of ceremony I thought I never should; he has made fifty bows to my servants; I never saw him in such a humour.

MR. BONCOUR. You know his temper, George, and may easily guess at the reason of it.

MISS BONCOUR. Well, if you are so positive——

MISS VALENCE. Don't call me positive—I act against my inclination.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Are you going already, madam,—— you will do me the honour—— *[Exit, leading her out.]*

MR. BONCOUR. *[Alone.]* How wretched is that animal, whose whole happiness centres in himself; who cannot feel any satisfaction, but in the indulgence of his own appetite. I feel my children still a part of me; they are, as it were,

additional senses, which let in daily a thousand pleasures to me; my enjoyments are not confined to those which nature hath adapted to my own years, but I can in my son's fruition taste those of another age——nor am I charitable, but luxurious, when I bestow on them the instruments of their pleasures. [*Enter Young Boncour.*] So, George, you have soon quitted the young lady.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I was going to make that excuse for leaving you so long.

MR. BONCOUR. You have been a good husband this quarter.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir; you are always so good as to prevent my necessities, and almost my wishes; for indeed I should have been obliged——

MR. BONCOUR. I thought a hundred would not be burthensome. [*Giving him a note.*]

YOUNG BONCOUR. [*Bowing respectfully, with a smile.*] A hundred! Gad, it is but a hundred.

MR. BONCOUR. What are you considering, George?

YOUNG BONCOUR. I was thinking, sir, how happy such a sum as this would have made me when I was at school; but really, in my circumstances, it will go a very little way; it will but just pay for a picture which I bought yesterday.

MR. BONCOUR. A hundred pounds is a large price for a picture.

YOUNG BONCOUR. A mere trifle, sir; one can get nothing to hang up in a room for less.

MR. BONCOUR. I only give that hint, because I should be sorry that your demands should ever be such as I should be unable to answer.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I am not such a stranger to your fortune, sir, as to incur expense beyond its reach.

MR. BONCOUR. No more of this: call on me by and by, and your wants shall be supplied; but, I believe you guess by the formality of my preparation, and my sending away your sister, that I have something of moment to impart to you—Without more preface—what think you of marriage?

YOUNG BONCOUR. Marriage, sir?

MR. BONCOUR. Ay: I don't expect your good sense will

treat my proposition with the common stale raillery of those noble free-spirited libertines, whose great souls disdain to be confined within the limits of matrimony: who laugh at constancy to the chaste arms of a woman of virtue, while at the expense of health and fortune they are strictly faithful to the deceitful embraces of some vile designing harlot.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Pardon me, sir; my thoughts of marriage are different; but I hope, sir, you will indulge me in choosing a wife for myself.

MR. BONCOUR. You need not apprehend too much compulsion or restraint; but the lady I shall recommend to you is so unexceptionable——

YOUNG BONCOUR. To be sincere, sir, my affections are already engaged; and though I have no hasty thoughts of marrying, yet when I do, I am determined on the person, and one whom I think unexceptionable on your side.

MR. BONCOUR. Her name?

YOUNG BONCOUR. Miss Valence.

MR. BONCOUR. Her fortune, I apprehend, is much inferior to that of the lady I should have proposed; but neither her fortune nor family are such as shall make me endeavour to oppose your inclinations.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir, you are ever good; though indeed in this you indulge me only in the common right which nature has bestowed on me; for to restrain the inclination in that point, is not a lawful but a usurped power in a parent: how can Nature give another the power to direct those affections which she has not enabled even ourselves to govern?

MR. BONCOUR. However, you will give me leave to treat with Mr. Valence on this subject; for though I know he must rejoice at that offer, yet he is a man of that kind who must be dealt with with due circumspection; and the minds of lovers are too much wrapt up in sublime pleasures, to attend to the low settlement of worldly affairs.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, Monsieur Valence desires to know if your honour be at home.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I shall be glad to see him.

MR. BONCOUR. I'll leave you, and go and find out the old gentleman.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I believe, sir, you may treat with him farther than for me; my sister's inclinations, I am confident, look toward the same family.

MR. BONCOUR. Are you certain of that?

YOUNG BONCOUR. By incontestable proofs.

MR. BONCOUR. Well, Mr. Valence and I have been old acquaintance and neighbours; he is of a good family, and has a good fortune; and the world gives him and his children a fair character. I am glad you have disposed of your affections in no worse manner: good-morrow to you, George—I shall see you in the afternoon.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I shall not forget to pay my duty to you, sir.

MR. BONCOUR. No ceremony with me. [Exit.]

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir [*bows*]; I believe I have the most complaisant father in Christendom. Though all fathers are too niggardly—This sneaking hundred: ha! ha! ha! My dear Valence, good-morrow:—

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

Why look you so sprightly and gay? some unexpected happiness has befallen you.

YOUNG VALENCE. O Boncour! my father, can you believe it? he sent for me this morning, of his own accord, without the least petition, the least motion of mine, sent for me, and with the utmost generosity, made me a present of ten pieces.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Ha, ha, ha!

YOUNG VALENCE. Why do you laugh?

YOUNG BONCOUR. To see you so much over-rate a trifle. My father paid me a visit this morning, and with the utmost generosity made me a present of a hundred: upon which, with the utmost gratitude, I asked him for more! Why, tell me, Charles, dost thou think it is not his duty who hath begot us with all those appetites and passions, to supply them to the

utmost of his power? But, Charles, I hope you will make your friends partakers of your father's generosity: you will dine with us to-day.

YOUNG VALENCE. Your company is generally too expensive for me.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Why, faith, the world is grown to such a pass, that, without expense, a man cannot keep good company.

YOUNG VALENCE. By good company, I suppose you mean embroidered company; for men of sense are to be come at cheaper.

YOUNG BONCOUR. By good company, I mean polite company; for true politeness, though it does not make a man of sense, it mends him.

YOUNG VALENCE. But does politeness never dine without a French cook, nor eat out of anything but plate?

YOUNG BONCOUR. To show you I think otherwise, I will dine with you wherever you please.

YOUNG VALENCE. Why, my business with you was, to let you know my father has been so good to give my sister leave to spend this day at your house; now, if you will, without ceremony, let me invite myself to the same place——

YOUNG BONCOUR. You make me perfectly happy, and I hope to know something this afternoon which will make you so; at least, if you wish to call me brother as eagerly as I do to call you by that name.

YOUNG VALENCE. Need I declare that to you?

YOUNG BONCOUR. Then I assure you, your father's consent is only wanting.

YOUNG VALENCE. Ha!——you make me happy, indeed; for were the alliance less advantageous, he is so good, so indulgent, I will fly to him, and throw myself at his feet to obtain it.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I believe my chariot is at the door; I will carry you——Oh, my dear Charles, my spirits are now so high, that it must be an uncommon accident which will ruffle them; and believe me, the vast delight which the near prospect of enjoyment of my love affords me, is not a little

heightened by the expectation of seeing you also happy in your wishes; and I can look down with contempt on the merchant, who sees the anchor cast to his ship; the general, who has just obtained a victory; or the despairing minister, who has just carried his point and subverted the designs of his enemies. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in OLD VALENCE'S House.*

Enter OLD VALENCE and SERVANT.

OLD VALENCE. Tell Mr. Boncour I shall be glad to see him.—What can this formal visit mean? I hope he has not discovered the intimacy between our children; if I could once compass that double marriage, I should complete my wishes; why not? For I know the violent passion of the young people, and the extreme indulgence of the father; but, though he is a weak man, it is impossible he should give his consent; the disparity of fortune is too great: Well! but, as he has brought up his children to hate and despise him, perhaps they may not ask it; no, it would make me too happy.

Enter MR. BONCOUR.

MR. BONCOUR. My good old friend and neighbour, how do you do?

OLD VALENCE. Mr. Boncour, I am heartily glad to see you; this is extremely kind, and hath prevented me this very morning paying you that visit, which I have been obliged to owe you some time against my inclination.

MR. BONCOUR. Ceremony between old friends, my good neighbour, is ridiculous; it is the privilege of friendship and love to throw aside those forms, which only serve men to keep up an appearance of affection where there is none; there

has been a long acquaintance and intimacy between our families.

OLD VALENCE. There has been so indeed, and highly to my satisfaction.

MR. BONCOUR. I am deceived, my very good old friend, if there are not some who wish a much closer alliance; you know, Mr. Valence, my way hath been always to discover my sentiments, without great formality of introduction; in short, I have discovered a very particular intimacy between our younger branches; I am mistaken if they are not desirous to knit the alliance still closer.

OLD VALENCE. So! (just what I feared). [*Aside.*]

MR. BONCOUR. But you know, my old friend, the views of young people, and of their parents, in matrimony, are extremely different; theirs is only the satisfaction of an immediate passion, ours looks forward to their future happiness.

OLD VALENCE. Sir, I am surprised at what you tell me. [*Confusedly.*]

MR. BONCOUR. Why surprised? it is but a natural affection.

OLD VALENCE. It is an affection, sir, which I never encouraged in them.

MR. BONCOUR. It is in our power, Mr. Valence——

OLD VALENCE. I shall be very ready to contribute mine, I assure you; I scorn to connive at my children's stealing a match into any family, particularly my friend's: I do assure you, I should scorn it.

MR. BONCOUR. I believe, indeed, you would——but——

OLD VALENCE. If I had had but the least suspicion—— if such a thing had ever entered into my thoughts, you should have known it that moment.

MR. BONCOUR. I am convinced, but give me leave—— perhaps the advantage may be somewhat of your side.

OLD VALENCE. Dear sir, the whole world knows how infinitely it is so; but I am not like the world in all respects; I am not so devoted to my interest to do a mean thing; I would not do a mean thing for the world.

MR. BONCOUR. Nor am I so like the world to place my

own or my children's interest in riches only, or rather to sacrifice their happiness to my own vanity; I am willing, when they have taken out a license, that they shall have no more to do with Doctors' Commons; for which reason I will neither marry my daughter to a spindle-shanked beau, nor my son to a rampant woman of quality. Mr. Valence, our children love each other, and their passions, if encouraged, may make them happy: my business with you, my neighbour, is not to frustrate, but to complete their attachments; in a word, what think you of a double marriage between our families?

OLD VALENCE. [*Surprised.*] Sir!—

MR. BONCOUR. Are you willing it should be so?

OLD VALENCE. Are you in earnest?

MR. BONCOUR. I thought you had known me too well to suspect me of jesting on such an occasion; I assure you I have no other business here at present: I know my son's happiness is wrapt up in your daughter, and for aught I know, my daughter may have the same affection for your son; I do not only therefore propose the match to you, but I do it with earnestness.

OLD VALENCE. Do you? Why then, for that very reason, I shall put on some backwardness; eagerness is always to be taken advantage of. [*Aside.*]

MR. BONCOUR. Be not surprised; perhaps there may be some advantage in point of fortune on one side or other: if it should be on mine, I can never give it up better than to an old friend.

OLD VALENCE. Hum—that estate of mine in Northumberland is a very good estate, and very improvable; let me tell you, it is an estate that—

MR. BONCOUR. It will be the business of hereafter to consider each particular; we have been neighbours to each other so long, that our affairs in general can be no secret to either. At present I should be glad of your direct answer.

OLD VALENCE. A double marriage between our children! It is a matter, Mr. Boncour, which will require great consideration.

MR. BONCOUR. Ay!—

OLD VALENCE. Are you certain your son has so violent an affection for my daughter?

MR. BONCOUR. I am certain.

OLD VALENCE. And that your daughter has the same liking towards my son?

MR. BONCOUR. Women are not so open on these occasions, but I have reason to believe it.

OLD VALENCE. And they meet, I suppose, with a suitable return of affection from my children?

MR. BONCOUR. I believe they do.

OLD VALENCE. And you are entirely willing to have this double match go forward?

MR. BONCOUR. I am desirous of it, earnestly desirous.

OLD VALENCE. So that my consent alone is wanting?

MR. BONCOUR. Even so.

OLD VALENCE. It will require great consideration.

MR. BONCOUR. How?

OLD VALENCE. Mr. Boncour, I have always had the greatest respect for you and your family; there is nothing in my power which I would not do to serve you; consider, sir, I have but two children, a boy and a girl, they are my all, and the disposal of them is a matter of great weight; you cannot expect me to be so hasty in taking any measures leading to it.

MR. BONCOUR. Why, what objections can you apprehend?

OLD VALENCE. I don't know: I have not yet considered enough of the matter.—You will excuse me, Mr. Boncour, but treaties of this nature oblige us to inquire a little into one another's affairs: why, that estate now of yours in Hampshire is a very ill-timbered estate.

MR. BONCOUR. Sir, I am in no doubt but that my estate will be able to answer your demands.

OLD VALENCE. They will not be unreasonable, Mr. Boncour; I shall act in a most generous manner; I have always despised those who have used any art in their actions; I shall be glad if it happens to fall within my power to oblige you; but, truly, this affair requires great consideration.

MR. BONCOUR. Well, sir, I will leave you to it; in the afternoon I shall expect your answer.

OLD VALENCE. Mr. Boncour, you shall have my answer this very evening; be assured, if possible, I will comply with your desires.

MR. BONCOUR. I shall expect you this afternoon.

OLD VALENCE. I will wait on you, and hope there will be no difficulty.

MR. BONCOUR. There shall be none on my side. [*Exit.*]

OLD VALENCE. This is beyond my utmost expectation;—but I must not appear forward, that I may make the better bargain;—nothing is so foolish as leaping eagerly at an advantageous proposal.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

So, son, where have you been? I have wanted you; is it impossible for you to stay at home with money in your pocket?

YOUNG VALENCE. Sir, if I had known you would have wanted me—

OLD VALENCE. But you are not to know always: I don't know myself; you must keep in the way; young fellows nowadays mind nothing but their pleasures.

YOUNG VALENCE. Sir, you will have no reason to complain of that, for to please you is my greatest pleasure.

OLD VALENCE. And so it ought to be, for I think my generosity to you this morning shows you that I have a pleasure in pleasing you.

YOUNG VALENCE. Oh, sir, if my happiness can give you pleasure, it is in your power to make me so happy!

OLD VALENCE. So, something else is wanted, I see; but, whatever it be, I may thank myself for it: bestowing one favour is giving right to ask a second; the first is a gift, the rest are payments.

YOUNG VALENCE. If a son hath any right to ask, it is the favour I shall ask of you; and if any son could hope to obtain, I must; since the only reason which prompts a

father to deny is in my favour, and the lady on whom I have placed my affection is my superior in fortune.

OLD VALENCE. Ay! perhaps he means my friend's daughter, and then my prudent backwardness will be finely rewarded [*aside*]. Who is the lady?

YOUNG VALENCE. One whose person, family, and fortune, are not unknown to you; but why should I fear to name her? Miss Boncour.

OLD VALENCE. Who?—what?

YOUNG VALENCE. Miss Boncour; sure you can have no objections.

OLD VALENCE. What a way is that of talking? You are sure I can have no objections? How can you tell what objections I may make? Are you to dictate to me? This is the consequence of my generosity to you this morning; this all arises from my foolish prodigality.

YOUNG VALENCE. Sir, I own my obligations, and am sorry I used an unguarded expression, by which I meant no more than that I hoped her fortune would be agreeable to you.

OLD VALENCE. I don't know that.

YOUNG VALENCE. I thought, sir, so long an acquaintance with her father——

OLD VALENCE. And pray, why have you thought that my long acquaintance with her father must let me into the knowledge of his circumstances? Mr. Boncour has the reputation of a weak man, but notwithstanding that, I know he has a little low cunning in him, which makes it more difficult to see through his affairs than those of a wiser man; so let me give you a little advice: if you have an affection for this girl, don't let her father see it; I hate deceit, and love to act openly and honestly with mankind; but still with some prudence towards such a cunning knave as Boncour.

YOUNG VALENCE. Sir, I shall pay an exact observance to your orders.

OLD VALENCE. Well, well, perhaps you might have settled your affections worse; I don't know, I don't promise any thing, but if matters appear exactly to my mind——

YOUNG VALENCE. Sir, you are the best and most indulgent of fathers.

OLD VALENCE. Remember, I promise nothing.

YOUNG VALENCE. You are the kindest of men, and I the happiest.

OLD VALENCE. Observe my advice.

YOUNG VALENCE. I should be unworthy, indeed, were I to neglect it.

OLD VALENCE. Go, send your sister to me; remember, I promise nothing.

YOUNG VALENCE. Sir, you are the best of fathers. [*Exit.*]

OLD VALENCE. This is the effect of severity; severity is indeed the whole duty of a parent—Now for my daughter—a little caution would suffice with her; for women of their own accord are apt enough to practise deceit, and now, I think I have my old neighbour's fortune at my disposal.

Enter MISS VALENCE.

MISS VALENCE. My brother told me, sir, you had sent for me.

OLD VALENCE. Yes, Sophy, I did; come hither, I have not very lately given you any pocket-money.

MISS VALENCE. Sir, it is not my business to keep an account where I have no demand, but from the generosity of the giver.

OLD VALENCE. But I think I have not lately, that is very lately, given you much.

MISS VALENCE. No, really, sir, I don't remember to have had any thing of you, since you gave me a ticket for the opera, and that is almost a year ago.

OLD VALENCE. Well, well, there are a couple of pieces for you; be a good housewife, and you sha'n't want money.

MISS VALENCE. I give you a thousand thanks, sir.

OLD VALENCE. Now, Sophy, look me full in the face, and tell me what you think of young Boncour.

MISS VALENCE. Why should you ask me what I think of him, sir?

OLD VALENCE. What an impertinent question is that! You give me fine encouragement to be generous to you; why should I ask you? I have reason, no doubt of it, but your cheeks answer me better than your lips; that blush sufficiently assures me what you think of him.

MISS VALENCE. If I blushed, sir, it was at your suspicion, for I am sure Mr. Boncour is no more to me than another man.

OLD VALENCE. But suppose I have a desire he should be more to you?

MISS VALENCE. I shall be dutiful to you in all things.

OLD VALENCE. I believe it will be an easy piece of duty; you are all very dutiful when you are ordered to follow your inclinations; but, young lady, what I insist on at present is, that if this gentleman has your affections you will be so good as to conceal them.

MISS VALENCE. Pray, sir, why should you think he has my affections?

OLD VALENCE. Again at your whys! Madam, I tell you I expect you to behave with discretion; that is, in other words, to deal as dishonestly with your lover as you do with your father; I am sure you can never repine at such easy commands; so this afternoon I desire you will put on all your reserve, all your airs and indifference: but, perhaps you have given him encouragement already, perhaps you have dutifully intended to marry him without consent or approbation of mine.

MISS VALENCE. Indeed, sir, you have no reason——

OLD VALENCE. How, have I no reason! a pretty compliment to your father; go to your chamber, madam, and stay there till you have learnt a more respectful behaviour.

MISS VALENCE. Sir, I obey—— [Exit.]

OLD VALENCE. Ah, there's nothing like severity! children are so vile, that one dares not indulge one's good inclination towards them: I have brought all this on me by my own generosity: but now for the business with Boncour, I will go to my lawyer, and we will draw up proposals together. An imprudent man in my situation would have testified imme-

diate raptures, but the best general rule I know is, never to discover your thoughts, either in your words or your countenance. [Exit.

SCENE II.—MR. BONCOUR'S *House*.

Enter MR. BONCOUR and MISS BONCOUR.

MISS BONCOUR. Dear papa, don't tease me about the fellow: I care not if he was hanged, and all other fellows! I affections for the creature! I wonder who can have put it into your head!

MR. BONCOUR. Nay, if it be not so, tell me frankly, and you shall be left out of the treaty which I am carrying on with the old gentleman, relative to a match between your brother and his daughter.

MISS BONCOUR. A match between my brother and Miss Valence!

MR. BONCOUR. We met this morning, and shall meet again this afternoon about it.

MISS BONCOUR. And pray tell me, dear sir, what makes you suspect any thing between me and Mr. ——? I forget the creature's name!

MR. BONCOUR. Are my suspicions well grounded?

MISS BONCOUR. La, sir, I can't conceive what should make you imagine any such thing.

MR. BONCOUR. You will not answer me directly?

MISS BONCOUR. I don't know what to answer.

MR. BONCOUR. Nay, I desire no more! Well, my dear, we will not be long in finishing the settlements.

MISS BONCOUR. Settlements! Sir, you frighten me. I hope I have not said any thing—can't one converse and dance with a man—But. I assure you, sir, it is no such thing.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

MR. BONCOUR. So, George, you find me engaged in an impossible task.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I am sorry for that, sir, pray what is it?

MR. BONCOUR. Nothing more than trying to get truth from a woman; it seems we have been under a mistake all this while, and one half of our treaty is abortive; your sister disavows all regard for Mr. Valence.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I am glad of it! for I should be sorry if she threw away her affections on one so worthless—one who, while he is addressing her, is engaged to another woman.

MR. BONCOUR. How!

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir, I have had ocular demonstration; nay, I question if he be not married already; at least, I am certain every thing is concluded.

MR. BONCOUR. Say you so? this very well accounts for that backwardness which surprised me in the father——

MISS BONCOUR. Ha, ha, ha,—an affection, indeed!—ha, ha, ha!—no, I assure you, sir, I have no affection—an affection truly!—no, I have all the abhorrence and contempt in the world for him.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Dear sister, don't be in a passion.

MISS BONCOUR. I am in no passion, brother; it is impossible for a man I hate and despise to put me in a passion; no, brother, when I know a man to be a villain, I assure you, brother, he shall never have it in his power to give me uneasiness.

YOUNG BONCOUR. But, my dear——

MISS BONCOUR. No, brother, I would not have you think I am in a passion on his account; all that vexes me is, that my father should think I had a value for him.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Well, dear sir, I believe I need not fear to ask you the success of the business you was so kind to undertake.

MR. BONCOUR. Upon my word, George, it was such as surprised me, till you accounted for it, by this engagement of young Valence's; I think, on comparing his circumstances, I might have expected a more hearty concurrence; but I do assure you, the best answer I could obtain was, that he would consider of it.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Oh, sir, that was only to lessen the opinion which he feared you might have had of the advantageousness of the proposal; I think I know him so well, that he would make an outward difficulty of assenting to a point which inwardly he heartily wished to compass; especially when he had no fear of losing it by so doing; as perhaps your good-natured forwardness made him secure on that side.

MR. BONCOUR. Ay, faith, it is surprising there should be such foolish wise men in the world.

MISS BONCOUR. Brother, one word with you; who told you this villain was to be married?

YOUNG BONCOUR. Excuse me—I cannot tell you.

MISS BONCOUR. I would not deny you, brother.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I should not have curiosity enough to ask what no ways concerned me.

MISS BONCOUR. But suppose it did concern me?

YOUNG BONCOUR. Is that possible?—what! he that never made any addresses to you?

MISS BONCOUR. Addresses, pugh!—Pshaw, this is using me in a manner I did not expect; I would not conceal a secret from you, especially a secret of this nature.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Oh! a secret of this nature! Now, be honest, and tell me why you called Valence a villain, and I will discover the whole.

MISS BONCOUR. A villain! if you knew as much as I, you would think it a term too gentle. Don't imagine I have the least concern at losing him; but if what you say is true, he is the most perfidious wicked villain that ever broke his solemn vows to a woman.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Then to be as honest and sincere with you, there is not one single syllable of truth in all I have said. I am convinced he loves you sincerely, and since I find you return his passion with equal ardour—

MISS BONCOUR. What do you mean, brother?

MR. BONCOUR. Nay, child, 'tis in vain to dissemble—you are fairly caught.

MISS BONCOUR. Well, I protest now, this is the most

barbarous treatment; and so the story you raised of poor Valence is absolutely false?

YOUNG BONCOUR. As mere fiction as ever came from a traveller or a newspaper.

MR. BONCOUR. Well, child, I think you need say no more to encourage me to include you in the treaty, at least I shall take your silence for consent.

MISS BONCOUR. Then if I must speak——

YOUNG BONCOUR. Let it be truth for once.

MISS BONCOUR. The devil take the story—for I never was more frightened by one in all my life.

MR. BONCOUR. George, I think there will be no farther obstruction; Mr. Valence will be here this afternoon; and as soon as matters can be settled by the lawyers, you may depend on your happiness.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Here is my mother coming this way; I believe it would be my sister's wish, as well as mine, that this affair should be yet a secret from her.

MR. BONCOUR. I think you are in the wrong there; nor am I willing she should be unacquainted with a thing of this nature.

YOUNG BONCOUR. At least, sir, till I have the honour of seeing you again.

MISS BONCOUR. Ay, do, dear sir.

MR. BONCOUR. Well, so far I will indulge you.

[*Exeunt* Young Boncour and Miss Boncour.]

Enter MRS. BONCOUR.

MRS. BONCOUR. Do Mr. Valence's family dine here to-day?

MR. BONCOUR. Yes, my dear.

MRS. BONCOUR. Very well, then, I will dine abroad.

MR. BONCOUR. As you please, child, since your daughter is at home.

MRS. BONCOUR. I know, sir, it is a matter of indifference to you; but I think you need not affect it—it would be civilier to express some regard for me, though it was never so counterfeit.

MR. BONCOUR. Would you have me say you shall not dine abroad?

MRS. BONCOUR. Shall not! I should laugh at that indeed!

MR. BONCOUR. Why, my dear, should I ever discover an inclination contrary to yours, by which you must be driven to the uneasiness of knowing you thwart one or the other? you know, child, concealments of this kind are the greatest delicacies of friendship.

MRS. BONCOUR. To be sure I can conceal nothing, nor I have no delicacy of friendship about me; I wonder you would choose so indelicate a woman.

MR. BONCOUR. Come, it is happy for you I did choose you; at least, you might have fallen to the lot of one who would have been less observant of your temper; suppose you had been married to my brother Sir George?

MRS. BONCOUR. Sir George! why Sir George? I know no man who would make a better husband.

MR. BONCOUR. So he says himself, and this I must confess, he would never have had a dispute of this kind with his wife; for he would have told her peremptorily, Madam, I have invited the company, and you shall stay and dine with them.

MRS. BONCOUR. Well, and that would have been kinder than indifference; for my part, I aver I could bear contradiction from a man that was fond of me.

MR. BONCOUR. What, rather than compliance?

MRS. BONCOUR. I am not that fool you may imagine me; I know a little of human nature, and am convinced there is no man truly fond of his wife who is not uneasy at the loss of her company.

MR. BONCOUR. Will it please you if I order you to stay at home?

MRS. BONCOUR. Order me! no, truly, if my company be so indifferent that you consult only my pleasure in desiring it, I shall never think myself obliged to you on that account: I thank Heaven, I am not every where so despicable, but that there are some weak enough to desire my conversation,

and, perhaps, might prefer it to the agreeable Miss Valence herself.

MR. BONCOUR. She is a guest of my daughter's, not of mine: surely you don't conceive I have any particular pleasure in Miss Valence's company?

MRS. BONCOUR. Oh, I am not jealous, I assure you; you wrong me mightily if you think I am jealous; she must be a poor creature, indeed, who could be jealous of every little flirt; no, I should have too much contempt for the man who delighted in the conversation of such flirts; but this I think I might reasonably expect, that he would enjoy them by himself, and not insist on my being of the company.

MR. BONCOUR. You cannot charge me with any such behaviour, nay, scarce with a single desire that would contradict your inclinations; therefore, when you told me you would dine abroad, I answered, Just as you please; though I knew not the company to be disagreeable to you.

MRS. BONCOUR. But I will not dine abroad, Mr. Boncour, I will dine at home; pray give me leave to know my own inclinations better than you; I am neither a fool nor a child, whatever you may think of me, nor will I be treated as such by any husband in the universe! What! I suppose I must shortly come with my hands before me, and ask you leave before I do any thing! Pray, Mr. Boncour, will you give me leave to make a few visits this morning?

MR. BONCOUR. Ha, ha, ha! My dear, did I ever deny you!

MRS. BONCOUR. You insist on my asking, then, it seems, but I assure you I shall not; I did not part with my fortune to part with my liberty too, so your servant. *[Exit.]*

MR. BONCOUR. Well, Sir George is in the right; I have spoiled this woman certainly; for her temper from a good one is now become intolerable; but she brought me a fortune; true, she did, and an immense one, and with it, what I took for better and for worse; and so it is idle to complain. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MR. BONCOUR'S *House*.

Enter MR. BONCOUR and SERVANT.

SERVANT. Mr. Valence's man left this letter .

MR. BONCOUR. So! here I shall have, I suppose, my neighbour's sentiments at large on this important business. [*Reads the letter.*]

“SIR,—I have maturely weighed your proposal; and to convince you of the desire I have to an alliance with your family, notwithstanding some offers made me, which, to a worldly-minded man might perhaps appear more advantageous, I have consented to the union between our children, for which purpose I have drawn up a few articles, not doubting but you will think them very reasonable.

“First, You shall vest your whole estate immediately in the possession of your son, out of which, besides your wife's fortune, you shall be allotted two hundred pounds per annum during life.

“Secondly, You shall pay down fifteen thousand pounds as your daughter's portion, for which she shall have a proportionable settlement, as our lawyers shall agree.

“Thirdly, That, as a very large part of my estate will, at my death, descend to my son, I shall remain in possession of the whole during my life, except——” But why should I read any farther? Is this man mad, or doth he conclude me to be so?

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I called on you, brother, to let you know I shall dine with you, for my friend has sent me word the House will sit late.

MR. BONCOUR. Oh, Sir George, I am particularly glad to see you; I will give you an instance that your opinion of mankind is juster than my own; since I saw you, I have, to comply with my son's inclinations, proposed a match in Mr. Valence's family; could you imagine he would send me such a letter as this in answer? oh, you need only look at the articles.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. [*Reading.*] Well, what of this?

MR. BONCOUR. What! can you think the man is in his senses?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Certainly; for 'tis impossible he should suppose you to be in yours, when you made him the offer to which this letter is an answer.

MR. BONCOUR. But, brother, is my making him an advantageous offer a reason for so impudent an imposition?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Ay, surely, no one can give another a stronger hint to impose upon him than by first imposing upon himself; you have infinite obligations to him I think, for he sees you have an inclination to beggary, and therefore would make you a beggar. Besides, can any thing be more reasonable than what he proposes? I am sure I should not expect such gentle terms in the same case! What doth he desire of you more than to throw yourself on the bounty of your son? Well, and who the devil would make any scruple of trusting a son,—especially such a son as yours—a fine gentleman—one who keeps a wench—Never fear, man, I warrant he'll allow you pocket-money enough.

MR. BONCOUR. Raillery, Sir George, may exceed the bounds of good nature as well as good breeding; I did not expect that you would have treated the serious concerns of my family in so ludicrous a manner, nor have laughed at me when I asked your advice.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Zounds! what shall I say? I thought to have pleased you, by calling his demands reasonable; shall I take the other side of the question? for, like a lawyer, I can speak on either; he hath taken the most prudent way of calling you a fool, and his proposals seem to proceed

rather from a design of insulting you than from any hopes of success.

MR. BONCOUR. It really has that appearance.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Well, then, and do you want my advice what to do?

MR. BONCOUR. I shall undoubtedly reject them with scorn, and if myself alone were concerned, I could with ease:—but my son, I fear, has set his heart on the young lady.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Then break his heart: why what a devil of a fellow is this son of yours? he sets his fortune on one wench, and his heart on another!

MR. BONCOUR. Come, brother, you are a little too hasty: when we reflect on the follies of our youth, we should be more candid to the faults of our children.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. You are welcome to throw the sins of my youth in my face: I own I have been as wicked as any, and therefore, I would not suffer a son to be so; of what use is a parent's experience, but to correct his children; and, give me leave to tell you, you are a very unnatural father, in not suffering your son to reap any benefit from your former sins; but you, brother, to obtain the character of a good-natured man, are content to be the bubble of all the world.

MR. BONCOUR. Well, I had rather be the bubble of other men's will than of my own; for, let me tell you, brother, whatever impositions knavery puts upon others, it puts greater on itself.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, dinner is upon the table.

MR. BONCOUR. Well, we will defer this affair till the afternoon, when I believe my behaviour will please you.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. It will surprise me too, if it does.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—OLD VALENCE'S *House*.

Enter OLD VALENCE *and* SERVANT.

OLD VALENCE. Sir Gregory come to town, say you?

SERVANT. He is at the coffee-house, and will be here immediately.

OLD VALENCE. Well, show him up. [*Exit* Servant.] What great affair can have brought him up, who has not, I believe, been in town these twenty years? something of vast importance must have drawn him from his foxhounds! he hath been so long absent, the town will be a sight to him, at least he will be a sight to the town. [*Sir Gregory halloos without.*] He is not far off, I hear.

Enter SIR GREGORY KENNEL.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Hey a vox, Master Valence—how goes it, my old friend? you look surprised to see me in town.

OLD VALENCE. I must confess, Sir Gregory, you were one of the last persons I expected to see here.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. It is like a fox running against the wind: well, how does madam, and how does your fine son do?

OLD VALENCE. Alas! my wife, poor woman, I have lost her some time: I thought you must have heard of that.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Like enough I may: I can't remember every trifle.

OLD VALENCE. I hope your family is well, Sir Gregory?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Why I have lost my lady too, since I saw you; she is six feet deep, by George! but the boys are well enough: Frank, he is at home; and Will is at Oxford; and the Squire, he is just come from his travels.

OLD VALENCE. And how does Master Francis? I think he is my godson.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Why, Frank, Frank is well enow; I would a brought un to town, but the dogs would not spare un; he is mightily improved, I can tell you, since you saw un: he takes a five-bar gate like a greyhound; but the Squire is the top of the pack: I have been at some pains in his education; he has made, what do you call it, the tower of Europe.

OLD VALENCE. What, has Master Gregory been abroad?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. I think so—he hath been out almost two years, in France, and Italy, and Venice, and Naples, and I don't know wherc.

OLD VALENCE. Indeed! why I thought he had been too young to travel.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. No, no; he's old enough, he will be of age in half a year more.

OLD VALENCE. He is much improved by his travels, no doubt on 't.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Improved, ay, that he is—Egad he overtops them all—he was the finest gentleman at sessions—I have nothing to do for 'n, but marry un to a woman of quality, and get un made a parliament man, and then his fortune is made, then he will be a complete gentleman; now I have secured one o' um; I have agreed for a borough, and I fancy, neighbour Valence, you can recommend me to t'other; you converse with quality; do you know now ever a woman of quality that's very handsome, with a great fortune, that wants a husband?

OLD VALENCE. Quality, beauty, and fortune! you are somewhat high in your demands, Sir Gregory.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Why, if she be not handsome, the boy won't like her; and if she have no fortune, I sha'n't.

OLD VALENCE. But, why quality? what use is there in that?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Nay, I can't tell much use in it; but there is something in it to be sure, for I have seen men proud on it in the country, who have nothing else to be proud of—Odsure—I fancy they have forgot to direct the boy hither: I left him at the coffee-house having his

shoes cleaned; the dog's grown so nice since his travels, that he did but just step into a kennel, though he wa'n't over the instep; the shoes o' un must be cleaned immediately; I will step and see for un, and be back with you in an instant. *[Exit.]*

OLD VALENCE. If this cub hath no more wit than his father, it will not be difficult to match him to my own daughter. He will be a much greater match than young Boncour: this is an effect of my prudence; but I am afraid, as unreasonable as my demands are to Boncour, folly will make him accept them; if he should, I can raise them so high, that, even so great a fool as he is, he will reject them: however, I will be first sure on this side.

Enter SIR GREGORY KENNEL and YOUNG KENNEL.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Here he is; here is the boy; child, this is my friend, Mr. Valence.

[Young Kennel runs to Old Valence and kisses his hand.]

OLD VALENCE. I am glad to see you returned.

YOUNG KENNEL. *Pardie!* Sir, your most humble servant.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Is not he a fine gentleman? Well, Gregory, let us hear a little more of your travels; come, don't be ashamed before folks, don't—Come, tell us what you—

YOUNG KENNEL. Dear old gentleman, don't give yourself any pain on my account: I should have made the tour of Europe to very little purpose if I had any modesty left.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Neighbour Valence, do ask him about places.

OLD VALENCE. Pray, sir, how do you like Venice?

YOUNG KENNEL. Not at all; egad, it stands in the middle of the sea!

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. How! no lies, Greg,—don't put the traveller upon us!

OLD VALENCE. Indeed he speaks truth. How do you like the humour, the temper of the Italians?

YOUNG KENNEL. I don't know any thing of them, for

I never would converse with any but those of my own country.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. That's right; I would have thee always be a true Englishman.

OLD VALENCE. I suppose you saw Rome, sir?

YOUNG KENNEL. Faith, sir, I can't say I saw it, for I went extremely late in, and stayed there but a week: I intended to have taken a walk or two about town, but happening to meet with two or three English dogs at our inn—*mortblue!* I never stirred abroad till the day I came away.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. What! didst not see the Pope of Rome?

YOUNG KENNEL. No, not I: I should have seen him, I believe, but I never heard a word that he was at Rome till after I came into France, and then I did not think it was worth going back for: I did not see any one thing in Italy worth taking notice of, but their pictures; they are *magnifique* indeed!

OLD VALENCE. How do you like the buildings, sir, in Italy?

YOUNG KENNEL. They showed me some old buildings, but they are so damnably out of repair one can't tell what to make of them.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Well, Gregory, give us a little account of France: you saw the King of France, did not you, Greg?

YOUNG KENNEL. Yes, and the Queen, and the Dolphin; why, Paris is well enough, and the merriest place I saw in all my travels: one never wants company there; for there is such a rendezvous of English, I was never alone for three months together, and scarce ever spoke to a Frenchman all the while.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. There, Mr. Valence, you see how unjustly they speak against our sending our sons to travel: you see they are in no danger of learning foreign vices when they don't keep company with foreigners. Well, Mr. Valence, how do you like un?

OLD VALENCE. Oh, infinitely well, indeed! he is really a finished gentleman——

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Ay, is he not a fine fellow? But, Greg, you don't tell Mr. Valence half what you told me about a strange man at Orlines.

YOUNG KENNEL. You will excuse my father's pronunciation, as he has never been abroad: he means Orleans, where I saw one of the largest men I ever saw in my life; I believe he was about eight foot high.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. What a misfortune it is not to travel in one's youth: I can scarce forgive my father's memory for keeping me at home. Well, but about the King of France?

YOUNG KENNEL. Zounds! father, don't ask me so many questions. You see, sir, what a putt he is.

[*Aside to Valence.*

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Why, you rogue, what did I send you abroad for, but to tell me stories when you came home?

YOUNG KENNEL. You sent me abroad, sir, to learn to be a fine gentleman, and to teach me to despise clownish fellows.

OLD VALENCE. Come, Sir Gregory, perhaps the young gentleman will be more open over a bottle; what say you?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. You know I never flinch from a bottle; and we will have some stories after a glass. Well, Greg, you know what I came to town about, and this gentleman will assist us; he will recommend a wife to you.

YOUNG KENNEL. I am this gentleman's very humble servant; but I want none of his assistance. There is a lady whom I knew before I went abroad, and saw again last night with another young lady at the play, and *mortblue* if I marry any other woman.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. How, sirrah!

YOUNG KENNEL. Pray, dear old gentleman, don't put on that grum look: rat me, do you think I have made the tour of Europe to be snubbed by an English father when I came home again?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Sirrah, I'll beat the tour of Europe

out of you again : have I made you a fine gentleman in order to despise your father's authority!—

OLD VALENCE. Pray, Sir Gregory—

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Sirrah, I'll disinherit you; I'll send your brother Will a travelling, and make Frank a parliament man in your room.

YOUNG KENNEL. A fig for your disinheriting! it is not in your power; if I can but get this girl, I'll marry her, and carry her back to France. There is as good English company at Boulogne as I ever desire to crack a bottle with—what do you take me for? a boy! and that you are to make me do what you please, as you did before I went abroad? *Diable!* do you think to use me as you do brother Frank, who is but your whipper-in? *mortblue*, I have been hunting with the King of France.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. If you have been hunting with the devil, I'll make you know I am your father; and, though you are a fine gentleman, the same pains will make your brother Will as fine a gentleman to the full.

OLD VALENCE. Pray, sir, consider; don't disoblige your father. Come, Sir Gregory, I have ordered a bottle of wine within; let us go and talk over that matter; I dare say I shall bring the young gentleman to reason; come, pray walk in.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. He shall obey me, or—

YOUNG KENNEL. I have travelled to a fine purpose, truly.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—MR. BONCOUR'S *House*.

Enter MR. BONCOUR and YOUNG BONCOUR.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Though the articles are a little unreasonable, if you had any compassion or love for your children, who you know have placed their hearts on the match, you would comply.

MR. BONCOUR. My children are ungrateful, if they up-

braid me with want of affection: but this is a mere trick, a poor scheme of Mr. Valence's, to take advantage of your passions and my indulgence.

YOUNG BONCOUR. So, we are sacrificed to contention 'twixt our fathers for the superiority of understanding.

MR. BONCOUR. You injure me, son; the low, dirty reputation of cunning I scorn and detest.

Enter MRS. BONCOUR.

MRS. BONCOUR. So, sir, I hear there are marriages going on in the family, which I was not to be acquainted with.

MR. BONCOUR. Pardon me, my dear; I intended to have acquainted you, and should before, but for a particular reason.

MRS. BONCOUR. What reason, pray?

MR. BONCOUR. You need not concern yourself.

MRS. BONCOUR. Indeed! not concern myself! who am I? have not I an equal concern, ay, and a superior one?

MR. BONCOUR. But hear me, madam.

MRS. BONCOUR. No, I won't hear any thing said for the match; it is below them in family and fortune both.

MR. BONCOUR. I do not intend——

MRS. BONCOUR. I don't care what you intend; you may keep your reasons to yourself, if you please; but, as for the double marriage, I will have no such thing; all your plots sha'n't compass it.

MR. BONCOUR. I tell you it is broke off——there is to be no match.

MRS. BONCOUR. How, no match! and pray what was the reason you kept it a secret from me?

MR. BONCOUR. Ma'am!

MRS. BONCOUR. So! I am nobody in the house; matches are made and unmade, and I know nothing of the matter. And why do you break it off?

MR. BONCOUR. Because his demands were monstrous——exorbitant beyond credibility.

MRS. BONCOUR. And pray what was the reason you kept

it a secret from me? nay, I will know—I am resolved I will know—won't you tell me?—you are a barbarous man, and have not the least affection for me in the world [*crying*].

Enter MISS BONCOUR.

MISS BONCOUR. Bless me, madam, what is the matter?

MRS. BONCOUR. Nothing extraordinary; your father has behaved to me like a monster.

MISS BONCOUR. La, sir, how can you vex my mamma in this manner!

MR. BONCOUR. So! she for whom I suffered all this, is the first to accuse me.

MRS. BONCOUR. It seems you are to be married without my knowledge.

MISS BONCOUR. Married, madam! to whom, pray?

MRS. BONCOUR. Nay, I don't know whether it is to be so now; for the same wise head that made the match has, it seems, broke it off again.

MR. BONCOUR. Yes, child; Mr. Valence hath been pleased, from my easy behaviour to him, to use me in such a manner, and insist upon such terms, that I can't, either consistently with common sense or honour, comply with. Now, my dear, you see I do not keep all secrets from you, examine them yourself.

MISS BONCOUR. [*Aside.*] So, so, so! after my affections are engaged, they are to be balked, it seems: but there shall go two words to that bargain.

MRS. BONCOUR. I can't see any thing so unreasonable in his demands; if the match was otherwise good, I should not have broken it off on this account.

MR. BONCOUR. What! would you subvert the order of nature, and change places with your children? would you depend on their duty and gratitude for your bread; and give way to the exorbitant demands of a man who has made them for no other reason but because I offered him more than he expected, or could have hoped for?

MRS. BONCOUR. I say his demands are for the advantage

of our children, and truly if I can submit to them, you, Mr. Boncour, may be satisfied.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Nay, then, I think it is a good time for me to appear: Oh, madam, eternal blessings on your goodness, which it shall be the business of my life to deserve! Oh, cease not till you have prevailed on his obdurate heart to relent.

MISS BONCOUR. I must second my brother—Have pity on him, dear mamma! see how he trembles, his lips are pale, his voice falters! Oh, consider what he suffers with the apprehension of losing the woman he loves; though my father's cruel heart is deaf to all his sufferings, you are all goodness, all tenderness; you, I know, will not bear to see him miserable!

MRS. BONCOUR. Why do you address yourself to me? there stands the good man who wisely contrived this match, and then with so much resolution broke it off.

YOUNG BONCOUR. My passion, till you encouraged it, was governable—'Twas you, sir, who bid me hope, who cherished my young love; and, though the modesty of her sex may make her backward to own it, my sister's heart is as deeply concerned as mine.

MISS BONCOUR. Thank you, brother, but never mind me:—I had my father's command to give my promise, and I must not obey him if he commands me to break it.

YOUNG BONCOUR. [*Takes hold of his sleeve.*] Sir, I beseech you—

MISS BONCOUR. [*Takes hold of the other.*] Dear papa—

MRS. BONCOUR. And for what reason was this secret kept from me?

MISS BONCOUR. When he hath put it into his children's heads—

YOUNG BONCOUR. When their whole happiness is at stake.—Then it is into a family of so good a character—

MRS. BONCOUR. I must take my children's parts, and you shall consent or never—

MISS BONCOUR. I'll never let go your hand—

YOUNG BONCOUR. I'll never rise again—

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

MR. BONCOUR. O brother! you never arrived so fortunately to my assistance as now——

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Why, what's the matter?

MR. BONCOUR. Oh, I am worried to death by my wife and my children.

MRS. BONCOUR. Nay, brother, you shall judge if he hath reason to complain: he hath, without my knowledge, contracted a match between Mr. Valence's children and his own; and when the young people had united their affections, truly he hath, of his own wise head, broke it off again.

MR. BONCOUR. You have appealed to a very wrong person now; my brother knows the whole affair.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I know, brother! what do I know? if you have broken off the children's match, you have done a very ill thing, let your reasons be what they will.

MR. BONCOUR. How, brother! are you my enemy too?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Can you imagine I will be your friend, brother, when you run rashly of your own head into schemes of consequence without consulting your wife!—without taking the advice of her, your best friend, your best counsellor?

MRS. BONCOUR. True, dear brother——

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. And then when you have done so, and suffered a fine gentleman here to engage his precious affections, to fix his constant heart, which always dotes with the same ardour on the same beautiful object——

YOUNG BONCOUR. True, by heavens!

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. And this little bud here, to throw off the veil of her virgin modesty, and all overspread with blushes and confusion, to tell an odious man she will have him, which nothing but her duty to you could ever extort from her——

MISS BONCOUR. True, dear uncle!

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Then after all this, out of base

worldly motives, such as should never enter into the thoughts of a good man——

YOUNG BONCOUR. Too true——

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. To disappoint all their hopes, to ruin all their fair prospects of happiness—to throw your wife into an ill humour——

MRS. BONCOUR. Monster!

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. To make your son here distracted.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Unnatural father!

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. To break your daughter's heart!

MISS BONCOUR. Cruel! barbarous!

MR. BONCOUR. Now madam, wife, children, marry, do as you will——I oppose you no longer——a leaf may as well swim against a cataract——

MRS. BONCOUR. But why keep it a secret from me? why must not I be trusted with a secret?

YOUNG BONCOUR. And may I depend on my father's permission to be happy?

MR. BONCOUR. Even as you please, sir—O—ay,—madam, and you too, I will prevent you the trouble of speaking.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Come, dear girl, let us haste to make our friends happy with the news.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Boncour, Young Boncour, Miss Boncour.*]

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Ha, ha, ha!

MR. BONCOUR. You use me kindly, brother.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. How would you have me use you, brother? you must excuse me if I don't follow your example: you see an instance now, that by humouring these good people I have gained their affections, I mean their thanks; affections, indeed, they have none, but for themselves; but had I taken your part, and spoken my real sentiments, I had pulled an old house on my head; your wife would have abused me, your daughter have hated me, and your son have wished to send me out of the world.

MR. BONCOUR. But is this consistent with your behaviour this afternoon, when I received your letter?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Remember, brother, we were alone then; and at the worst I should only have opposed my judg-

ment to yours; here I must have encountered a majority—a measure seldom attended with success; well, but for your comfort, I have contrived a scheme to disappoint them all effectually.

MR. BONCOUR. Brother, I thank you; but will it be a good-natured thing to disappoint them, poor things?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Good nature! damn the word! I hate it!—they say it is a word so peculiar to our language that it can't be translated into any other—Good nature!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—OLD VALENCE'S *House.*

Enter OLD VALENCE *and* YOUNG KENNEL.

OLD VALENCE. Consider, young gentleman, the consequence of disobedience to a father; especially to so passionate a father as Sir Gregory!

YOUNG KENNEL. Don't talk to me of fathers! *Parblieu!* it is fine topsy-turvey work, to travel first and go to school afterwards.

OLD VALENCE. Upon my word it would do some of our young travellers no harm.

YOUNG KENNEL. That I, who am to inherit a fortune of five thousand pounds a year, may not marry whom I please, but must have crammed down my throat some bread-pudding of a citizen's daughter, or scrag end of a woman of quality!

OLD VALENCE. You don't know whom Sir Gregory may provide for you.

YOUNG KENNEL. But I know whom he will not;—besides, I shall provide for myself—

OLD VALENCE. Consider first the sin of disobedience;—you know it is in his power to disinherit you.

YOUNG VALENCE. No, indeed don't I, nor he neither, that's better:—plague! if he could do that, I believe I should be a little civiller to him—no, no, that's out of his power, I assure you; my tutor let me into that secret a great while ago.

Enter MISS VALENCE.

OLD VALENCE. Oh, here comes my daughter according to my orders. Now if he had not unluckily seen this wench at the play—— *[Aside.*

MISS VALENCE. Did you send for me, sir?

OLD VALENCE. I send for you! no; but come hither.

YOUNG KENNEL. Ha! *parbleu!* 'tis she—'tis the very same.

MISS VALENCE. What coxcomb is this? *[Aside.*

YOUNG KENNEL. This is the most lucky adventure that hath happened in all my travels.

OLD VALENCE. You stare at my daughter as if you had seen her before.

YOUNG KENNEL. As certain as I have seen the King of France;—but, sir, is this lady your daughter?

OLD VALENCE. She is, sir; I have only one other child.

YOUNG KENNEL. Then I believe, sir, you are father to an angel; you know, sir, I told you I saw a lady at the play, and for whom I would be disobedient to all the fathers in the universe.

OLD VALENCE. I protest, sir, you surprise me——

MISS VALENCE. Sir, may I go?

OLD VALENCE. Ay, ay, child:—go—go.

[Exit Miss Valence.

YOUNG KENNEL. Sir!—madam, can you be so barbarous?

OLD VALENCE. Sir Gregory will be back in a minute. I would not have him know any thing of this for the world, he would run me through the body, though I am innocent.

YOUNG KENNEL. Never fear him, I will defend you. Let me see her once more.

OLD VALENCE. You shall see her again; but have patience, if you will get your father away, and return back by your-

self, you shall see her once to take your leave of her, for you must not disobey your father; but are you certain he can't disinherit you? that is, that he is only tenant for life?

YOUNG KENNEL. I don't know whether he is tenant for life or for death; but I know that my tutor, and several lawyers too, have told me he could not keep me out of one acre.

OLD VALENCE. But you are sure you had it from good lawyers?

YOUNG KENNEL. Ay, as any in the kingdom.

OLD VALENCE. Well, I am glad of it; 'tis a terrible thing for a man to disinherit his children:—don't be undutiful, unless you can't help it, and if you can't help it, why it is not your fault; but hush, here's Sir Gregory.

Enter SIR GREGORY KENNEL.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Well, have you brought him to it?—will he be a good boy, and marry a woman of quality, or no?

OLD VALENCE. I have said all that I can say, Sir Gregory, and upon my word he is rather too hard for me. I would have you consider a little, sir; it is only whether he shall choose a wife for himself or not:—consider, Sir Gregory, he is to live with her, not you.

YOUNG KENNEL. Ay, I am to live with her, not you——

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. That's not true, Mr. Valence; I intend both he and she shall live with me; they shall down to Dirty Park next week, and there they shall remain.

YOUNG KENNEL. I'll be cursed though, if we do!

OLD VALENCE. That very argument makes against you; for if he should have fixed on a private gentlewoman, and that you don't know but he hath, she may go down to Dirty Park; but a woman of quality—why, Sir Gregory, she'd fetch Dirty Park up hither, and convert a thousand of your acres into half a rood in Grosvenor Square.

YOUNG KENNEL. Ay, into half a rood in Grosvenor Square.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Would she? let me see her there once, I'll answer for her; why, Mr. Valence, I'll tell you what I did to myself. I married this boy's mother in this town, she was a woman of fashion, a well-bred woman; though I had but a small fortune with her, but twenty thousand pounds.—I married her for love; well, the next morning, down tumbled her and I to Dirty Park, and when I had her there, ecod, I kept her there: and whenever she asked to go to London, my answer was, that as I hated the town myself, she had better stay till she had a daughter old enough to be her companion.

OLD VALENCE. But she was not a woman of quality, Sir Gregory.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. No, not quite your tip-top of all, not one of your duchesses nor your countesses, but her father was a squire, and that's quality enough.

OLD VALENCE. Now you talk like a reasonable man.

YOUNG KENNEL. Ay, faith, that's something like a Christian.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Why, you rogue, do you make a heathen of me? why, did I ever talk otherwise?

OLD VALENCE. Nay, do not be captious, Sir Gregory.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Captious! ha, ha, ha! Why, do you think I am angry with the boy for his wit? no, no, let him be as sharp as he will, I always encourage his wit, that is the chief thing he learnt in his travels.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir George Boncour, sir—

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. But come, Mr. Valence, let's go and crack one bottle together.

OLD VALENCE. Show him up. [*Exit* Servant.] Excuse me, Sir Gregory, I have business.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Well, come Greg, you sha'n't flinch—ah, Mr. Valence, I assure you the rogue is as true an Englishman at his glass as ever. [*Exit.*]

YOUNG KENNEL. I shall give him the slip, and be back again as soon as I can.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. [*Within.*] Why, Greg!—Greg!—

YOUNG KENNEL. Coming! *Pardie!* he halloos at me as if I was a whipper-in.

OLD VALENCE. This was beyond my hope, beyond my expectation; I despair not of Sir Gregory's consent—but if not, as long as he can't cut off the entail—

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Your servant, Mr. Valence.

OLD VALENCE. Most Noble Sir George, I have not had the honour of seeing you a great while. (I suppose he is come to make up the match, but 'tis too late.) [*Aside.*]

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I am sorry, sir, for the occasion of waiting on you now, and so will you too; I know you will, though perhaps it will give you an opportunity of exerting your friendship; that may be some alleviation; in short, my brother is undone.

OLD VALENCE. How!

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Unless one can raise ten thousand pounds within an hour, an execution will be in his house.

OLD VALENCE. An execution in his house for ten thousand pounds! what! a man of his estate?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Estate! what estate could stand out against the prodigality of his children? besides, between you and me, with all his prudence, he has been dabbling in the Funds, that bottomless pit that swallows up any fortune. Estate!—ah, all mortgaged, all ate out; it matters not to tell it, for within these two days the whole town must know he is not worth a groat.

OLD VALENCE. I am very sorry for it; upon my word; I am shocked to the last degree; poor gentleman! my neighbour, my acquaintance, my friend!

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Do not let it move you too much.

OLD VALENCE. Why do you ask impossibilities? do you

think me more than man, or that my heart is stone? is flint? Oh, my good Sir George, you know not how tenderly I feel the misfortunes of others—of my friends' especially, and of him my best of friends; I am too tender-hearted for a man.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I know your goodness, your excessive goodness, and therefore contrary to the express charge, that of all men you should know nothing of the matter—

OLD VALENCE. I am obliged to him—I know the reason of that, but I find you don't. *[Aside.]*

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I say contrary to his express injunction; I acquaint you with his misfortunes; since I know you are both able and willing to save him from disgrace; a mere trifle will do it, though nothing but money will do.

OLD VALENCE. Money! why does he not sell? why does he not mortgage? there is an estate of his contiguous to mine; I have a value for it, as it is his; and rather than it shall go to a stranger, I will borrow the money to purchase it—(men in distress always sell pennyworths). *[Aside.]*

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. (Damned rascal!) *[Aside.]* Well, I'll tell him what you say.

OLD VALENCE. Pray do.—Your humble servant, and pray if that estate be sold, let me have the refusal of it. *[Exit Sir George.]* Mercy on me! where can one find an honest man? that ever he should lay such a plot of inter-marriage between our families, when he knew himself undone! how wary ought a man to be in each moment of his life, when every fool is a politician, and capable of laying schemes to attack him.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

YOUNG VALENCE. Oh, sir, I have news which I am sure will please you! Mr. Boncour hath consented to your terms, so there is now no impediment to the union of our families.

OLD VALENCE. Indeed, there is an impediment which will be never got over; in short, I have news for you, which I am afraid will not please you. Mr. Boncour is undone.

YOUNG VALENCE. Undone, sir!

OLD VALENCE. Not worth a groat.

YOUNG VALENCE. How! is it possible?

OLD VALENCE. Indeed, sir, I don't know by what means men ruin themselves; we see men's fortunes ruined, and others made every day no one knows how; it is sufficient I am certain that it is so; and I expect you will have no more thought of his daughter.

YOUNG VALENCE. Truly, sir, I am not very ambitious of marrying a beggar.

OLD VALENCE. You have none of my blood in you if you are; and, take my word for it, there are in marriage many comfortable hours when a man wants not the assistance of beggary to make him hang himself.

YOUNG VALENCE. Sir, it was in obedience to your commands that I thought of the match at all.

OLD VALENCE. And it is, sir, in obedience to my commands, that I expect you to break it off.

YOUNG VALENCE. I hope you'll give me leave to do it with civility.

OLD VALENCE. Oh! with as much civility as you please, sir; when you are obliged by prudence to do what the world calls an ill thing, always do it with civility.

YOUNG VALENCE. Sir, I shall obey you in all things.

OLD VALENCE. Send your sister to me in my closet, I must give her a lesson of the same kind.

YOUNG VALENCE. She will, I am confident, receive it with the same regard.

[*Exit* Young Valence.]

OLD VALENCE. I have no reason to doubt it, thanks to my severity; for by continually thwarting my children's desires, I made their inclinations so useless to them, that at length they seemed to have none at all, but to be entirely guided by my will. Severity is, in short, the whole duty of a parent.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE II.—MR. BONCOUR'S *House*.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR *and* MISS BONCOUR.

MISS BONCOUR. La, brother, you are always teasing me with your odious questions: what condition is my heart in? What condition is your own in? We seem to be pretty much in the same circumstances.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I confess, and glory in it. I wonder why the devil women should have more reserve than men.

MISS BONCOUR. Oh, don't be angry with us on that account; we have not a bit more than is useful to us; and really it seems well enough contrived to keep your whimsical affections alive, which seldom pursue us longer than you have difficulties thrown in your way.

YOUNG BONCOUR. As you have had no experience, sister, you must have heard this from others; and, believe me, child, they told thee those frightful stories, and made bug-bears of men merely to deter thee from marrying, that's all: they only frighten thee, as they do children, with apparitions.

MISS BONCOUR. It is preposterous though to frighten us, in order to make us desire to lie alone.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Well, you don't know but I am an exception to your first rule, if it be general. [Miss Boncour *sighs*.] Why that sigh?

MISS BONCOUR. I wish there may be another.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I am convinced you will find another in my friend Valence.

MISS BONCOUR. It is my interest to hope so, since you have contrived among you to marry me to him.

YOUNG BONCOUR. All compliance! you have no affection for him, then?

MISS BONCOUR. Shall I tell you the truth, brother?

YOUNG BONCOUR. I would not put you to too violent pain, sister; but if, without great danger of your life, it might come out—

MISS BONCOUR. Why, then I do love him, and shall love him to all eternity.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Madam, Mr. Valence to wait on you.

MISS BONCOUR. Show him into the parlour, I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Brother, you will keep my secret; at least, don't tell him till a day or two after I am married, and perhaps I may be beforehand with you.

[*Exit* Miss Boncour.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Get you gone for a good-natured girl: he is a rascal who would not make you happy, and be so himself with you.

Re-enter SERVANT. *with a letter.*

SERVANT. Mr. Valence's man, sir, delivered me this.

[*Exit* Servant.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Ha! I know the dear hand.—[*Reads.*] “Sir, I am sorry to inform you, that I have this moment orders from my father to”——Ha! confusion!——“to see you no more: you will best know on this occasion how to act, for the sake of your unhappy Sophia Valence!”——My blood runs cold; I'll fly to her and know the reason of this change of my fortune—poor girl, she wants a comforter as much as myself. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in Mr. BONCOUR's House.*

Enter YOUNG VALENCE and MISS BONCOUR.

YOUNG VALENCE. How sudden are the changes in this world, how vain our pursuits! An hour ago I was the happiest of mankind, and am now the most miserable.

MISS BONCOUR. This is nothing but some scruple started between the old gentleman, which will be settled again: this

be assured of, while your happiness is in my power, you shall never be miserable.

YOUNG VALENCE. Yet consider, madam, consider my condition; I, who, if I was possessed of all my father's fortune, should be an unworthy offering to your beauty: with what assurance can I throw a disinherited son at your feet?

MISS BONCOUR. Fathers often threaten what they never perform; but let yours be ever so obstinate, I know my father's good nature to be such, that he will settle a fortune on us that will enable us to live at our ease, if not in splendour.

YOUNG VALENCE. Oh! my dearest love, I fear there are no hopes from that quarter; for the reason of my father's breaking off the match was an account he just received from undoubted authority, that your father is irretrievably ruined, and is not worth a shilling in the world.

MISS BONCOUR. Good Heavens! what do I hear?

YOUNG VALENCE. 'Tis but too true; and 'tis with the utmost reluctance I come the fatal messenger of such unwelcome tidings! Oh, that I were now but master of the fortune I am entitled to, that I might prove the sincerity of my passion; that I might show my sole object was the possession of your lovely self, without any sordid views of fortune.

MISS BONCOUR. Then all the flattering prospects of happiness I had before me is vanished in an instant.

YOUNG VALENCE. Why so, my angel? if the change of fortune makes no change in our love, we may still be happy.

MISS BONCOUR. Happy! what, by indulging a hopeless passion?

YOUNG VALENCE. Why hopeless? it is in our power instantly to realise its joys—curse on all those who conspired to fetter love with any chains to make it subservient to the gain of lawyers and priests; cannot we trust to the ties of nature, and our own affections? Is not this dear hand security enough for your heart, without a more formal union? Oh, melting softness. (Ha! by my hopes she dissolves—I'll carry her now.) [*Aside.*] O my paradise, this hour, this minute, this instant—

MISS BONCOUR. What do you mean?

YOUNG VALENCE. Need I tell you my meaning? or can words do it? O no, my soul, my angel!

MISS BONCOUR. Sure I am in a dream! pray who are you, sir?

YOUNG VALENCE. You are in a dream, indeed; do not you know your Valence?

MISS BONCOUR. My Valence! no, he never would use me thus.

YOUNG VALENCE. Does the excess of my passion offend you, which, inflamed by disappointment, will admit of no delay? I here plight my solemn vow, and call Heaven to witness that you are my wife, and at my father's death—

MISS BONCOUR. Be gone, villain, and never see me more. [Exit.]

YOUNG VALENCE. This I might expect on the first proposal; but her distress and my perseverance must in time prevail. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in MR. BONCOUR'S House.*

Enter MR. BONCOUR and SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Your ruin will go round the town before night; by six all the good women will order their horses, to blame your conduct, and pity your family in every assembly and private company they meet with.

MR. BONCOUR. So, you think I shall have no more difficulty to prevent the match.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I do, indeed, and hope you will reap more advantage than that from it.

MR. BONCOUR. What, pray?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Be cured of your distemper—your good nature. Have you not obliged almost every one of your acquaintance? Have you not lent money without security? Have you not always been inclined to speak well

of mankind, and blamed nothing but the most notorious villainy? Have not your doors been open as those of an hospital to the sustenance of the poor? nay, have you not taken them from a prison, and brought them to your table? Are there not many rich men who owe the original of their wealth to your bounty; and yet, if after all that you have done, should you not be able to borrow five pounds in the town, would it not cure you?

MR. BONCOUR. Why should I be sorry that I have been good, because others are evil? If I have acted right I have done well, though alone; if wrong, the sanction of all mankind would not justify my conduct.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I tell you, sir, you have not acted right; you have acted very wrong in doing kindness to a parcel of rogues and rascals, who with the tenth part of your understanding have called you fool for serving them; have privately laughed at you in your prosperity, and will publicly despise you in your adversity—a good-natured man! Oh! 'tis a precious character.

MR. BONCOUR. Ha, ha, ha! brother, you yourself are a good-natured man, and don't know it.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Why, truly, I have been guilty of some infirmities of that kind, for which I am heartily sorry; I have told a man he deserved to be hanged, when he ought to have been broke on the wheel; and sometimes I pay my tradesmen's bills in half a year without deduction, when the rascals would gain three per cent. if I paid them in a twelvemonth: I have refused going to law with a man for a debt, only because I knew he could not pay the charges: I have shaken a rogue by the hand, only because it was the fashion; and have expressed abundance of sorrow for the misfortunes of my acquaintance when they have not given me the least uneasiness; yes, I think, in the main, I am too good-natured truly.

MR. BONCOUR. Well, Sir George, let the effects this scheme of yours produces upon my children be the test of our principles.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Content.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

YOUNG BONCOUR. My father! oh, sir, I have heard such news! heaven forbid there should be the least shadow or colour of truth in it.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Why, sure, sir, it can't surprise you to hear your father is ruined, when you have been endeavouring by a long course of extravagance to bring it about?

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir, I can ill bear jesting on this subject: if the indulgence of my father has allowed the inadvertency of my youth to bring this misfortune on him, the agonies of all my future days will not sufficiently punish me for it.

MR. BONCOUR. Do you hear that, brother?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. I would not have you take it so much to heart neither, since your own ruin will not be absolutely included in your father's; you have a certain reversion of the estate, by the marriage settlement, upon which you may still raise money for your own subsistence; and I do not suppose you mad enough to give up your right to that in order to enable your father to preserve himself, by cutting off the entail.

YOUNG BONCOUR. How! is it in my power to preserve him?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Yes, in that way you may, but in no other.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Send for a lawyer this moment: let him point out the method: if there were no other way my blood should sign the deed. Oh, my father, believe me, I am blest to give you this trifling instance of my duty, of my affection!

MR. BONCOUR. My child! Oh, brother, I can scarce support it.

YOUNG BONCOUR. I'll this instant to my lawyer; I am impatient till it be done; justice, gratitude, duty to the best of fathers, will not let me rest till it is accomplished. [*Exit.*

MR. BONCOUR. Well, Sir George, what think you now?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Think! why I think he has smelt out the trick, and has artfully contrived this cheap method of appearing meritorious in your eyes.

MR. BONCOUR. Oh, brother, that is too severe a censure; the feeling that he showed, the warmth, the earnestness with which he expressed himself, could never be assumed by one not accustomed to dissemble.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Well, if that be the case, all I can say is, that you have damned good luck in having a son whose natural disposition was so good, that all the pains you have taken have not been able to spoil him entirely—— But who have we here?

Enter SIR GREGORY KENNEL.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL [*entering*]. Pshaw! at home indeed! plague on thee; dost think I want to ask whether a man's at home when I see him at the window? Neighbour Boncour, how fares it?——what, Sir George!

MR. BONCOUR. Is it possible! Sir Gregory Kennel in town!

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. That question hath been asked by every one I have seen since I have been here: why should it not be as possible for us country gentlemen to come to town, as for you town gentlemen to come into the country? I don't know whether you are glad to see us here, but we should be glad to see some of you there a little oftener.

MR. BONCOUR. I hope you left all well there, Sir Gregory?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Yes; I left the tenants very well; and they give their humble service to you, would be very glad of your company to spend a little of your money amongst them.

MR. BONCOUR. But how does your family, Sir Gregory? how does my godson do?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Why, the squire is very well; I was bringing him to see you; but I taught un to travel, I

think, and so, ecod, at the corner of one of the streets, he travelled off, and left me in the lurch: you have no need to be ashamed of your godson, I can tell you; he is a fine gentleman: I suppose you have heard he has made the tour of Europe, as he calls it.

MR. BONCOUR. Not I, truly.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. But, pray, Sir George, what do you think is my business in town?

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Faith, I can't tell——To sell oxen, I suppose?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. No; not that entirely; though I have some cattle with me too.——Pray guess again.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. To see my Lord Mayor's show, perhaps?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. No, no; I don't love shows. Well, then, since you can't tell, I'll tell you; to get a good wife for my son; for though the boy hath seen all Europe, till a man hath married his son, he ha'n't discharged his duty——then he hath done all in his power.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Ay, ay, his wife will do the rest.

Enter MISS BONCOUR.

MISS BONCOUR. Sir, when you are at leisure, I shall be happy to speak with you.

MR. BONCOUR. Presently, my dear.——Sir Gregory Kennel——a very old friend of mine.——My daughter, Sir Gregory.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. A brave lass, faith! by your leave, madam; why, that's well; you are in the right not to be shy to me, for I have had you in my arms before now.

MR. BONCOUR. And her brother too, Sir Gregory.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Ay, so I have, and truly for the matter we were talking of, since I see what I see, I don't care for going any farther; what say you, neighbour Boncour? You know my estate, and I know yours, you have seen my son, and I see your daughter; what say you to a match between them?

MR. BONCOUR. My daughter, Sir Gregory, will be the properest person to ask.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Not at all; what signifies asking a person a question, when you know beforehand what will be the answer; especially when you know that answer to be a false one—No, no, the boy shall ask her, and then they will lie to one another; for if she swears she does not love him, he'll swear he'll love her for ever, and that is as good a one.

MR. BONCOUR. Sir Gregory, I am sensible of the honour you propose me, but shall neither force nor oppose her inclination.

MISS BONCOUR. I find he hath not heard our story.

[*Aside.*

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Well, my little Gilliflower, since I am to ask thee, what would it say to a hearty, healthy, good-humoured young dog, that would love thee till thy heart ached?

MISS BONCOUR. Sir! I don't understand you.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. O lud, there is a—

MISS BONCOUR. Hold, sir, no rudeness; when I am properly asked, I shall know how to answer. [*Exit.*

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. That is, when she is asked by the young fellow; that, I suppose, is properly asked.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. 'Tis an alliance on no account to be lost—well, Sir Gregory, I hope my niece gave you a satisfactory answer.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. The same answer that a lawyer or physician could give who were attacked without a fee.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. What's that?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. That they were not properly asked; but here will be the proper person himself presently; he who knows where to fine me.

MR. BONCOUR. In the mean time, Sir Gregory, what say you to a bottle of Burgundy?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. I shall like a bottle of any thing very well, for I have not drank a single drop this whole hour.

MR. BONCOUR. I am ready to wait on you.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Wait on me! pr'ythee get out and show me the way; a plague of ceremony. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in OLD VALENCE'S House.*

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR *and* MISS VALENCE.

MISS VALENCE. And so you have promised to resign your right of inheritance in the estate to your father?

YOUNG BONCOUR. I have, madam.

MISS VALENCE. Then you have done like a fool; and deserve to be pointed at as such.

YOUNG BONCOUR. How, madam? would you have me insensibly and quietly sit down, and see my father ruined?

MISS VALENCE. Ay, fifty fathers, rather than part with my prospect of a fortune.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Does this agree with those professions of filial duty I have heard from Miss Valence?

MISS VALENCE. Professed! ha, ha, ha! to my father! when I never dared to do otherwise. I may rather say, this foolish generosity is little of a piece with your frequent professions of disobedience.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Well, no more of this, dear Sophia. Tell me when you will make me happy?

MISS VALENCE. I don't know what you mean——

YOUNG BONCOUR. How!

MISS VALENCE. Sure, you can't imagine, when you parted with the right of your estate, but that you parted with your right to your mistress. Do you think I would do so imprudent a thing as marry a beggar?

YOUNG BONCOUR. Did you not tell me to-day, nay scarce an hour ago, that neither the misfortunes of my father, nor the commands of your own, should prevent our happiness?

MISS VALENCE. Nor do they. 'Tis your own folly you are to thank; a folly, which had you loved me, you could

not have been guilty of——(Besides, I did not know then, that I had a lover at my command). [Aside.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sure my eyes or my ears deceive me! these words cannot come from the generous Miss Valence.

MISS VALENCE. Indeed, I am as generous as a prudent woman ought to be, or ever will be; I hope you do not expect me to have the romantic ideas of a girl of fifteen, to dream of woods and deserts; you would not have me live in a cottage on love?

YOUNG BONCOUR. I find I have been in an error, the grossest, wildest, and most monstrous of errors; I have thought a woman faithful, just, and generous.

MISS VALENCE. Why truly that is a mistake, something extraordinary in so great a man; but if you have any thing of importance, I beg you would communicate it, for my mantua-maker waits for me in the next room, and I expect a lady every moment, to carry me into the city, where I am to give her my judgment on a fan-mount. So, Mr. Boncour, you will excuse me at present, and do me the favour to give my compliments to your sister.

[Exit Miss Valence.

YOUNG BONCOUR. [*Stands some time silent.*] I have been deceived with a vengeance. Thou art indeed another creature than the object of my affection was; where is she then? why, no where. This is the real creature, and the object of my love was the phantom. Vanish then, my love, with that, for how can a building stand, when the foundation is gone!

[Exit Young Boncour.

SCENE II.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE *and* MISS VALENCE (*laughing*).

MISS VALENCE. I assure you, brother, I take it ill of you to overhear my privacies.

YOUNG VALENCE. Nay, never be ashamed of your merit; I shall esteem you always for your resolution. I own I scarce

believed any woman could so easily have resigned her lover.

MISS VALENCE. Oh, 'tis a terrible thing for a woman to resign her lover when she is under fifteen, or above fifty; that is, for a girl to part with what she calls her first love, or an old woman with what she fears will be her last. But at one-and-twenty, when one has seen a little of the world, the changing of one lover for another is as changing one's clothes.

YOUNG VALENCE. Well, since you are so frank with me, I'll be as communicative with you. My passion for Miss Boncour is a little more ungovernable than yours for her brother; and since it is inconvenient to have her for a wife, I have determined to have her for a mistress.

MISS VALENCE. And do you think you shall be able to accomplish your point?

YOUNG VALENCE. Yes, and you will think so too, I believe, when you know all—In short, I attacked her this very morning, depreciated marriage with violence, and pressed her with all the eagerness of a man whose appetites were too impatient to endure the tedious ceremony of saying grace before he satisfies them.

MISS VALENCE. And how did she receive you?

YOUNG VALENCE. Much better than I expected. However, at last she rallied her spirits, and with some passion commanded me to leave her; I was scarce at home before I received this letter.

MISS VALENCE. Any letter after such a proposal was an acceptance of it.

[*Reads.*] "As you cannot wonder at my being a little surprised at what past this morning between us, you will easily be able to account for my behaviour on that occasion. If you desire me to say I am sorry for so peremptorily putting an end to your visit, you may think I have said so. However, I desire to see you this evening punctually at eight, and that you would, if possible, avoid being seen by any of the family, but yours."

YOUNG VALENCE. What are you considering about?

MISS VALENCE. Only whether it is her hand.

YOUNG VALENCE. That I am sure it is.

MISS VALENCE. Then I am sure you have nothing to do but to keep your appointment.

Enter OLD VALENCE and YOUNG KENNEL.

OLD VALENCE. Since you are so very desirous, sir, to see my daughter, I don't see how I can refuse the son of my good friend Sir Gregory; refusing indeed is not my talent—I own I cannot guess what earnest business you can have with her.

YOUNG KENNEL. Upon my honour, sir, it is not of any disservice to the young lady, nay, I believe I may trust you with it.

OLD VALENCE. No, no, no, I will be trusted with nothing.—I see nothing, I hear nothing, I know nothing. But pray, young gentleman, are you sure now (I only ask for an impertinent curiosity), are you sure that Sir Gregory can't cut off the entail of his estate?

YOUNG KENNEL. Why, if you won't believe, you may ask the lawyers that my tutor consulted about it.

OLD VALENCE. Nay, nay, it is nothing to me, it is no business of mine—Oh, here is my daughter. Child, Mr. Kennel, eldest son of Sir Gregory Kennel, desires me to introduce him to your acquaintance—*[They salute]*—Well, Mr. Kennel, you must pardon me, I must leave you on business of consequence: Son, you must come along with me, I ask pardon for only leaving my daughter to keep you company.

YOUNG VALENCE. Sir, I wait on you.

[Exit Old Valence and Young Valence.]

YOUNG KENNEL. Pray, madam, was you ever at Paris?

MISS VALENCE. No, sir, I have never been out of my own country.

YOUNG KENNEL. That is a great misfortune to you, madam; for I would not give a fig for any thing that had not made the tour of Europe.

MISS VALENCE. I thought, sir, travelling had been a

necessary qualification only to you gentlemen. I need not ask, sir, if you have been at Paris.

YOUNG KENNEL. No, I hope not, madam; I hope no one will imagine these clothes to be the handiwork of any English tailor: Paris, indeed! why, madam, I have made the tour of Europe.

MISS VALENCE. Upon my word, this is extraordinary in one so young; I suppose, sir, you went abroad very soon after you left school?

YOUNG KENNEL. School! ha, ha, ha! why, madam, I was never at school at all; I lived with the old witch my grandmother till I was seventeen, and then my father stole me away from her, and sent me abroad, where I wish I had stayed for ever—for, ah! madam——

MISS VALENCE. Now he begins (he is just what I would choose for a husband)—— [*Aside.*]

YOUNG KENNEL. Can you not read in my eyes that I have lost my heart?

MISS VALENCE. Avez-vous donc laisser votre cœur a Paris, Monsieur?

YOUNG KENNEL. What the devil is that, madam?

MISS VALENCE. Don't you understand French, sir?

YOUNG KENNEL. Not a syllable, upon my soul, except an oath or two.

MISS VALENCE. I suppose, I say, sir, you have left your heart at Paris?

YOUNG KENNEL. No, madam, you cannot suppose that: you saw, you must have seen at the play in what corner of the world my heart was.

MISS VALENCE. I have no time to play the coquette. [*Sighs.*]
[*Aside.*] High-ho!

YOUNG KENNEL. Ha! sure that sigh betokens pity.

MISS VALENCE. How do you know you want it? Have you declared your passion?

YOUNG KENNEL. Not unless my eyes have done it.

MISS VALENCE. Perhaps she who hath your heart, may have returned you her own?

YOUNG KENNEL. That would make me happier than the

King of France, the Doge of Venice, or any prince I have ever seen; but if she hath, sure you must know it, and it is in your power——

MISS VALENCE. I, sir?——O bless me——My power! ——What have you said?

YOUNG KENNEL. Oh, take pity of the most unhappy man that ever was at Versailles.

MISS VALENCE. I am so frightened, so confounded—— Could I have imagined that I had made this impression on your heart!

YOUNG KENNEL. No, madam, no, no, no; not you; the other lady that was with you.

MISS VALENCE. How, sir!

YOUNG KENNEL. I am only soliciting you to let me know where I may find that dear, adorable, divine creature, who was with you at the play the night before last; I lost you both in the crowd by a cursed accident, and by the most fortunate one have met with you once again to direct me to my love.

MISS VALENCE. Unheard-of impudence——and am I to be a go-between?

YOUNG KENNEL. Can you refuse me?

MISS VALENCE. Refuse you! Go, oaf! Go, find your slut, your trollop, your beggar, for so she is.

YOUNG KENNEL. Were she the meanest beggar upon earth, could I find her, I should be happy.

MISS VALENCE. I could tear my fan——my hair——my flesh ——I'll to my closet, and vent myself in private.

[*Exit* Miss Valence.

YOUNG KENNEL. Hey-day! what can have put the woman in such a passion?——But though she won't tell me, now I have found her out, I shall surely find out her acquaintance; I will watch her closely, for I will discover my angel, though I make the tour of the whole world after her. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—MR. BONCOUR'S *Apartment*.

Enter MR. BONCOUR and MRS. BONCOUR.

MRS. BONCOUR. But why keep a secret from me? why am I not worthy to know secrets?

MR. BONCOUR. I have given you what should be a satisfactory reason.—I had promised not to tell it you.

MRS. BONCOUR. No, to be sure! A wife is not a proper person to be trusted with any thing.

MR. BONCOUR. You have no reason to arraign my want of confidence in you.

MRS. BONCOUR. Well then, do tell me the reason why you keep this a secret from me?

MR. BONCOUR. That would be to have no confidence in myself: come, my dear, leave this vain solicitation; you know I seldom resolve to contradict you in any thing: but when I do, I have never been wheedled, or cried, or bullied out of my resolution.

MRS. BONCOUR. What can I think of this?

MR. BONCOUR. Why, you are to think that you owe my condescension to my tenderness, and not my folly.—Pray, my dear, lay aside this caprice of temper, which may work your own misery, but shall not mine; my gratitude to you will prevent my contributing to your uneasiness, but shall never make the quiet of my own life dependent on any other.

MRS. BONCOUR. It is a pretty compliment, truly, to assure me that your happiness does not depend on me.

MR. BONCOUR. I scorn to compliment you, nor did I ever speak to you but from my heart. I challenge you in any one instance of my whole course of behaviour to blame my conduct, unless you join the world and condemn me for too much easiness of disposition; but I must leave you a little while.

MRS. BONCOUR. But I desire you will not leave me.

MR. BONCOUR. I am obliged, I am guilty of rudeness

every moment I stay. I assure you it is regard to decency only, and not to pleasure, calls me from you.

MRS. BONCOUR. Why will you go then?

MR. BONCOUR. Because I will always do what I think right, without regard to my own pleasure, or that of others.

MRS. BONCOUR. You shall stay.

MR. BONCOUR. I will not.

MRS. BONCOUR. I will come and disturb your company.

MR. BONCOUR. You would make me miserable if you did, by forcing me to the last of evils.

MRS. BONCOUR. What is that, pray?

MR. BONCOUR. That of using violence to you.

[*Exit* Mr. Boncour.]

MRS. BONCOUR. What does the man mean? he never uttered any thing like this before! I must turn over a new leaf, and exert more spirit than I have lately done. I will go this instant and break up his company—but suppose he should use violence; he seemed very resolute. Ha! I will not provoke him so far—but the secret I will hear—or—he shall never sleep again, that I am resolved. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in Mr. BONCOUR's House.*

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR, SIR GREGORY KENNEL, and
MR. BONCOUR, *discovered drinking.*

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Sir Gregory, it is your glass.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Well, and it shall be my glass then—here's success to the war; and I hope we shall shortly have French pointers in England as plenty as curs.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Well said, Sir Gregory, spoke like a true Englishman.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Ay, like an Englishman that will drink, as long as he can stand, for the good of his country.—Odso, here comes my son.

Enter YOUNG KENNEL.

MR. BONCOUR. Sir George, this is young Mr. Kennel.

[*They salute.*]

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Is this your son, Sir Gregory?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Ay, I think so.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. A hopeful youth, truly. [*Aside.*]

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. So, rascal, how have you the assurance to look me in the face? how have you the impudence to come into my presence, sirrah, after running away from me?

YOUNG KENNEL. Nay, if you come to that, you ran away from me.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. That's a lie, and would be a pretty story if it was true, to be outwalked by your father.

YOUNG KENNEL. Hold there, not so fast, sir; I don't allow you can outwalk me neither.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Don't you? why then I will see whether I can outdrink you, I believe I can do that yet: Mr. Boncour, let us have a quart glass, for the rascal shall start fair, we won't give him a bottle scope.

YOUNG KENNEL. A quart glass! why, sir, you don't intend to make me drunk?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Yes I do, sir, but I hope a quart won't do it; you are not such a milksop as that. Harkye, sirrah, it is all over, I have done your business for you; this gentleman and I have agreed that he shall be your father-in-law, so nothing remains but for you to see the wench, marry, and to bed, and then down to Dirty Park.

YOUNG KENNEL. Two words to that bargain, sir, for I am engaged.

MR. BONCOUR. Nay, Sir Gregory, then——

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR *and takes his father aside.*

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir, I have something to say to you in private from my sister.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. You are engaged!

YOUNG KENNEL. Even so, sir.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Why then, sir, my estate is engaged too; I will disinherit you, sirrah: I won't leave you money enough to pay the tailor for such another fool's cover as you have on now.

YOUNG KENNEL. Ha, ha, ha!

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Do you laugh at me, you dog?

YOUNG KENNEL. Only at your disinheriting me; my tutor has let me into that secret.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Oh, ho, he has. I will thank him for that the first time I see him: and in the mean time, sirrah, do as I would have you, or—— [*Lifts up his stick.*]

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Why, Sir Gregory, do you think this is the way to prevail with your son? it may be a knock-down argument, I grant you, but I am much mistaken if it will ever prove a convincing one.

YOUNG KENNEL. If he could disinherit me, as I know he can't, I will never marry unless it be the woman I love. Nay, don't shake your stick about, I know a little of quarter-staff as well as you.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Sirrah—I'll—I'll——

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. It is almost a pity to hinder these two loggerheads from falling foul of one another.

MR. BONCOUR. Gentlemen, I must beg to be excused one moment, I will return to you instantly—Sir George, I wish you would bring the company after us, I have a particular reason for it. [*Exit Mr. Boncour and Young Boncour.*]

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. [*To Sir Gregory.*] Come, Sir Gregory, be pacified, you had best try by gentler methods to bring the young gentleman to reason.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. I'll bring him by a good cudgel, that's my reason, odsbodikins, I have sent him a travelling to a fine purpose, truly, to learn to despise his father!

YOUNG KENNEL. You have hit it at last, my good old gentleman.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Come, Sir Gregory, we will, if you please, adjourn for a few minutes; you have not seen the house——here are some pictures worth your seeing.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Why, I like to see pictures well enough, if they are handsome ones.

YOUNG KENNEL. They may do well enough for you, but I am convinced they must be sad trash to a man that has seen Italy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Apartment.*

YOUNG VALENCE and MISS BONCOUR.

YOUNG VALENCE. I will outwit my father, I will plunder him of every thing he has, to keep you in affluence equal to your desire.

MISS BONCOUR. And do you intend literally to make me your mistress?

YOUNG VALENCE. I intend to make you happy, and myself with you; be assured, if love, if wealth, can make you happy, thou shalt be so.

MISS BONCOUR. No, there is something in that word mistress, which I don't like.

YOUNG VALENCE. A groundless prejudice—cannot we join ourselves, without the leave or assistance of a priest? are we more capable of transferring raptures to each other's bosoms by a few cant words which he pronounces? Where is the difference then of our being one another's, with marriage or without it?

MISS BONCOUR. Yes, as to me, it differs a little.

YOUNG VALENCE. How, my dearest creature?

MISS BONCOUR. I shall be infamous this way, that's all.

YOUNG VALENCE. A false opinion of the world, unworthy your regard; our happiness is precarious, indeed, if it is to be blown up and down by the inconstant changeable breath of mankind.

MISS BONCOUR. It seems strange to me, however, that a man would make the creature he loves infamous. Could I ever have thought I should have brought infamy on myself by that tender passion for you, which I now frankly

own? Can you endeavour to make use of the sincerest, honestest and tenderest affection, to the ruin of her who bears it to you? I need not tell you how willingly I would have sacrificed my all,—how eagerly I would have done or suffered any thing for you; and would you sacrifice my eternal quiet, my spotless fame, my unguarded innocence, to the satisfaction of an appetite which every common prostitute may serve?

YOUNG VALENCE. Every moment I see you, every word you utter, adds new fuel to my flame.

MISS BONCOUR. Think of the injury you do me, and the least drop of humanity will cool the hottest passion.

YOUNG VALENCE. Think of the bliss I am to enjoy.

MISS BONCOUR. And would you enjoy it to my ruin? Oh, consider those tedious miserable hours which I must suffer for the momentary bliss you will possess! behold me abandoned by my father, deserted by my relations, denied by my acquaintance, shunned, slighted, scorned by all the world! see me in the horrors of this state, and think 'twas you who brought me to it; 'twas you who plunged me into this scene of misery, that creature who would not, to have gained the treasures of the world, have done an act to destroy your quiet; consider this and answer me, could you enjoy any happiness at the price of my eternal ruin?

YOUNG VALENCE. Oh, can you ask it? let us not think beyond the present moment.

MISS BONCOUR. Hold—thou lowest, meanest, and most abject villain, think not this trial was made to recover your love: Oh, no! this morning I saw,—I despised, the baseness of your heart, and bore your hated presence those few moments but to expose you. Open the door!

YOUNG VALENCE. Ha! damnation!

Enter MR. BONCOUR, OLD VALENCE, and the rest.

OLD VALENCE. Oh, monstrous! Nothing but my own ears could have made me give credit to it; you will outwit your father, sir; your father will outwit you of every farthing, I

can tell you: I'll disinherit you this afternoon, and turn you out like a vagabond as you are.

YOUNG VALENCE. Death and despair! I'm ruined for ever. *[Exit Young Valence.]*

OLD VALENCE. Not one penny, not one single farthing shall he ever have of mine.

MR. BONCOUR. My daughter, my dear child! as much now the object of my admiration, as this morning of my love.

MISS BONCOUR. Thou best of men, it shall be the business of my future days to be your comfort only.

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR, SIR GREGORY KENNEL, and YOUNG KENNEL.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. You are a civil man, indeed, neighbour, to leave one in your own house—What! do you grudge your wine?

MR. BONCOUR. You'll pardon me, Sir Gregory, I had a little business; besides, I am not able to drink, and my brother there is your match.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. As to the business, that's a lie, I believe; and if you can't drink, what a plague are you good for: but come, is this my god-daughter? Here, sirrah, where are you? this is the lady you are to have: come, let one see you fall to making love: let us see a little of the fruits of your travels.

YOUNG KENNEL. Sir, I am so surprised! nor know I whether to thank you or fortune.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. I know you had rather thank anybody than your father, you rascal; but this is the lady whom I found out for you, you dog.

YOUNG KENNEL. And this is the lady for whom alone I refused to be obedient, not knowing who your choice was.

OLD VALENCE. Ha! what's that, what's that?

MISS BONCOUR. With your leave, I would be excused at present, sir.

MR. BONCOUR. No, no, my dear, pray stay, do not disoblige Sir Gregory; you may trust me, I shall not force your inclinations.

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Come, begin, sirrah, begin.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir, Mr. Recorder, your lawyer, is in the next room, and waits to execute the deed.

MR. BONCOUR. My heart, my eyes overflow with tenderness, for so much goodness; sure 'tis a sensation almost worthy to be bought with ruin: but, oh! what happiness must be mine, who, while I hear these instances of my children's goodness, can assure them my fortune wants not so dear a reparation. The story was your uncle's invention; the reason for it I will tell you anon: no, my son, though perhaps I may not much increase, I shall be at least a faithful steward of my wife's fortune to her children.

OLD VALENCE. How, Mr. Boncour! is this possible?

MR. BONCOUR. It is true, indeed, neighbour.

OLD VALENCE. Indeed, neighbour, I am very glad of it; and what, was this only a jest of Sir George's?

MR. BONCOUR. Even so.

OLD VALENCE. I am extremely happy in hearing it, and will, if you please, make this a memorable era in the happiness of our children. I speak not of my son, I will abandon him, and give all I am worth to my daughter, and give that daughter to your son.

YOUNG BONCOUR. You will pardon me, Mr. Valence; but, had I been reduced to the lowest degree of distress, I would not have accepted of your daughter with any fortune she could have brought.

OLD VALENCE. How, sir!

YOUNG BONCOUR. She will, if she relate to you faithfully her behaviour to me this day, lessen your surprise at what I say.

OLD VALENCE. I will go home, turn my daughter out of doors, disinherit my son, give my estate to build an

hospital, and then hang myself up at the next charitable tree I can find.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Mr. Valence, Mr. Valence! I have spoke to my brother about that estate that lies so contiguous to yours, and when it is to be sold, you shall certainly have the refusal of it.

OLD VALENCE. What, am I mocked, scoffed? Ah! zounds! I shall run mad. [*Exit Valence.*]

YOUNG KENNEL. Madam, I have seen a great deal of the world; but all the women I have seen, are no more comparable to you than the smallest chapel in London is to the church of Notre Dame.

MISS BONCOUR. Ha, ha, ha!

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. [*To Mr. Boncour.*] Why should there go so many words to a bargain: let us have the wedding directly.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Wedding directly! what, do you think you are coupling some of your animals in the country? Do you think that a union of bodies is all that is requisite in a state, wherein there can be no happiness without a union of minds too? Go, and redeem past time: your son is not yet too old to learn: employ some able man to cultivate the share of understanding that nature gave him; to weed out all the follies and fopperies that he has picked up in the tour of Europe, as he calls it: then, when he appears to be a rational creature, and not till then, let him pay his addresses to my niece.

YOUNG KENNEL. So, then, I find I am not a rational creature! and faith, I begin to think so myself. And whose fault was that, father, but yours, that did not give me a rational education?

SIR GREGORY KENNEL. Why, you dog, I gave you the same education I had myself: would you have had a better education than your father, sirrah? But did not I send you, besides, to travel, to finish your education? and when an education is finished, is not that enough? what signifies what the beginning was? But never fear them, Greg; with such an education as I had, I got'twenty thousand pounds

with my wife; and you who have travelled may, I think, expect more. Never fear 'em, boy, the acres, the acres will do the business.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. There you may find yourself mistaken; for I have some dirty acres to add to my niece's fortune that may chance to weigh against your scale. Her behaviour this day has pleased me: and I never will consent to see her wedded to any one, who has not understanding enough to know her value.

YOUNG KENNEL. Oh! heavens! I'll do any thing to mend my understanding rather than lose the only woman I can love; and though I have hated books as I do the devil, if that be the only way to improve it, I'll pore my eyes out rather than lose her.

MR. BONCOUR. Why, this must be a work of time; and when ever you render yourself worthy of her, you may have a chance to succeed.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, my lady has sent me to acquaint your honour, that supper is on the table.

MR. BONCOUR. We will attend her. [*Exit Servant.*]

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Well, brother, I think you begin to find already the good effects of my advice to you: your wife, you see, civilly sends in, instead of rushing herself into company with the scream of, "Why must not I be let into the secret?"

MR. BONCOUR. Sir George, I thank you; and am now convinced, that a little exertion of a proper authority on my part will soon make my wife act like a rational woman.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. Well, George, your behaviour this day has, I confess, wiped away some part of the very bad opinion I had of you; and if you will cast off your follies, and turn away your wench, I have a wife in view for you, the same that your father intended to propose, who will make you amends for the one you have lost: and in that case, to make you more worthy of her, I don't care if I settle the best part of my estate on you.

YOUNG BONCOUR. Sir, I know that professions, on such occasions, often pass only for words of course; but you will see, by a total reformation of my past conduct, that the whole study of my life hereafter shall be to please so generous an uncle, and so good a father.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. What a variety of strange events has this day produced! I can't help thinking, that they might furnish out a good subject for a comedy.

MR. BONCOUR. Only a catastrophe would be wanting; because you know it is a constant rule, that comedies should end in a marriage.

SIR GEORGE BONCOUR. That's true; but if the performer, who is to represent your character, should only step forward at the end, and make a smooth speech or so, an English audience is generally so good-natured, that they would pass over that, and all the other faults that might be in the piece, for the sake of the GOOD-NATURED MAN.

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK, SPOKEN BY MISS YOUNG

PROLOGUES and Epilogues—to speak the phrase
Which suits the warlike spirit of these days—
Are cannon charged, or should be charged, with wit,
Which, pointed well, each rising folly hit ;
By a late General who commanded here,
And fought our bloodless battles many a year !
'Mongst other favours were conferred on me,
He made me Captain of Artillery !—
At various follies many guns I fired,
Hit 'em point-blank, and thought the foe retired,—
But vainly thought—for to my great surprise,
They now are rank and file before my eyes !
Nay, to retreat may even me oblige ;—
The works of Folly stand the longest siege !
With what brisk firing, and what thunder-claps,
Did I attack those high-built castle—caps !
But towering still, they swell in lofty state,
Nor strike one riband to capitulate ;—
Whilst beaus behind, thus peeping, and thus bent,
Are the besieged, behind the battlement :
But you are conquerors, ladies—have no dread,
Henceforth in peace enjoy the cloud-capped head !
We scorn to ape the French, their tricks give o'er,
Nor at your rigging fire one cannon more !
And now ye Bucks and Bucklings of the age,
Though caps are clear, your hats shall feel my rage ;
The high-cocked, half-cocked quaker, and the slouch,
Have at ye all !—I'll hit you, though ye crouch.
We read in history—one William Tell,
An honest Swiss, with arrow shot so well,

On his son's head, he aimed with so much care,
He'd hit an apple, and not touch one hair :
So I, with such-like skill, but much less pain,
Will strike your hats off, and not touch your brain :
To curse our head-dress! an't you pretty fellows!
Pray who can see through your broad-brimmed umbrellas?
That pent-house worn by slim Sir Dainty Dandle
Seems to extinguish a poor farthing candle—
We look his body through—But what fair she
Through the broad cloud that's round his head can see?
Time was, when Britons to the boxes came
Quite spruce, and *chapeau bas!* addressed each dame.
Now in flapt hats and dirty boots they come,
Look knowing thus—to every female dumb;
But roar out—Hey, Jack! So, Will! You there, Tom?
Both sides have errors, that there's no concealing;
We'd lower our heads, had but men's hearts some feeling.
Valence, my spark, played off his modish airs,
But nature gave us wit to cope with theirs;
Our sex have some small faults won't bear defending,
And though near perfect, want a little mending;
Let Love step forth, and claim from both allegiance,
And bring back caps and hats to due obedience.

PREFACE TO THE
MISCELLANIES AND POEMS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

PREFACE

THE volumes I now present the public consist, as their title indicates, of various matter; treating of subjects which bear not the least relation to each other, and perhaps, what Martial says of his epigrams, may be applicable to these several productions:

“*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala FLURA.*”

At least, if the *bona* be denied me, I shall, I apprehend, be allowed the other two.

The poetical pieces which compose the first part of the first volume were most of them written when I was very young, and are indeed productions of the heart rather than of the head. If the good-natured reader thinks them tolerable, it will answer my warmest hopes. This branch of writing is what I very little pretend to, and will appear to have been very little my pursuit, since I think (one or two poems excepted) I have here presented my reader with all I could remember, or procure copies of.

My modernisation of part of the sixth satire of Juvenal will, I hope, give no offence to that half of our species for whom I have the greatest respect and tenderness. It was originally sketched out before I was twenty, and was all the revenge taken by an injured lover. For my part, I am much more inclined to panegyric on that amiable sex, which I have always thought treated with a very unjust severity by ours, who censure them for faults (if they are truly such) into which we allure and betray them, and of which we ourselves, with an unblamed licence, enjoy the most delicious fruits.

As to the Essay on Conversation, however it may be executed, my design in it will be at least allowed good;

being to ridicule out of society one of the most pernicious evils which attend it, viz., pampering the gross appetites of selfishness and ill-nature with the shame and disquietude of others; whereas I have endeavoured in it to show, that true good-breeding consists in contributing, with our utmost power, to the satisfaction and happiness of all about us.

- In my Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men, I have endeavoured to expose a second great evil, namely, hypocrisy; the bane of all virtue, morality, and goodness; and to arm, as well as I can, the honest, undesigning, open-hearted man, who is generally the prey of this monster, against it. I believe a little reflection will convince us, that most mischiefs (especially those which fall on the worthiest part of mankind) owe their original to this detestable vice.

I shall pass over the remaining part of this volume, to the Journey from this World to the Next, which fills the greatest share of the second.

It would be paying a very mean compliment to the human understanding, to suppose I am under any necessity of vindicating myself from designing, in an allegory of this kind, to oppose any present system, or to erect a new one of my own: but perhaps the fault may lie rather in the heart than in the head; and I may be misrepresented, without being misunderstood. If there are any such men, I am sorry for it; the good-natured reader will not, I believe, want any assistance from me to disappoint their malice.

Others may (and that with greater colour) arraign my ignorance; as I have, in the relation which I have put into the mouth of Julian, whom they call the Apostate, done many violences to history, and mixed truth and falsehood with much freedom. To these I answer, I profess fiction only; and though I have chosen some facts out of history to embellish my work, and fix a chronology to it, I have not, however, confined myself to nice exactness; having often ante-dated, and sometimes post-dated, the matter I have found

in the historian, particularly in the Spanish history, where I take both these liberties in one story.

The residue of this volume is filled with two dramatic pieces, both the productions of my youth, although the latter was not acted until this season. It was the third dramatic performance I ever attempted; the parts of Millamour and Charlotte being originally intended for Mr. Wilks and Mrs. Oldfield; but the latter died before it was finished; and a slight pique which happened between me and the former, prevented him from ever seeing it. The play was read to Mr. Rich upwards of twelve years since, in the presence of a very eminent physician of this age, who will bear me testimony, that I did not recommend my performance with the usual warmth of an author. Indeed I never thought, until this season, that there existed on any one stage, since the death of that great actor and actress above mentioned, any two persons capable of supplying their loss in those parts: for characters of this kind do, of all others, require most support from the actor, and lend the least assistance to him.

From the time of its being read to Mr. Rich, it lay by me neglected and unthought of, until this winter, when it visited the stage in the following manner:

Mr. Garrick, whose abilities as an actor will, I hope, rouse up better writers for the stage than myself, asked me one evening, if I had any play by me; telling me he was desirous of appearing in a new part. I answered him I had one almost finished; but I conceived it so little the manager's interest to produce any thing new on his stage this season, that I should not think of offering it him, as I apprehended he would find some excuse to refuse me, and adhere to the theatrical politics, of never introducing new plays on the stage, but when driven to it by absolute necessity.

Mr. Garrick's reply to this was so warm and friendly, that, as I was full as desirous of putting words into his mouth, as he could appear to be of speaking them, I mentioned the play the next morning to Mr. Fleetwood, who embraced my proposal so heartily, that an appointment was immediately

made to read it to the actors who were principally to be concerned in it.

When I came to revise this play, which had likewise lain by me some years, though formed on a much better plan, and at an age when I was much more equal to the task, than the former, I found I had allowed myself too little time for the perfecting it; but I was resolved to execute my promise, and accordingly, at the appointed day, I produced five acts, which were entitled, *THE GOOD-NATURED MAN*.

Besides that this play appeared to me, on the reading, to be less completely finished than I thought its plan deserved, there was another reason which dissuaded me from bringing it on the stage as it then stood, and this was, that the very actor on whose account I had principally been inclined to have it represented, had a very inconsiderable part in it.

Notwithstanding my private opinion, of which I then gave no intimation, *The Good-natured Man* was received, and ordered to be written into parts, Mr. Garrick professing himself very ready to perform his; but as I remained dissatisfied, for the reasons above mentioned, I now recollected my other play, in which I remembered there was a character I had originally intended for Mr. Wilks.

Upon perusal, I found this character was preserved with some little spirit, and (what I thought would be a great recommendation to the audience) would keep their so justly favourite actor almost eternally before their eyes. I apprehended (in which I was not deceived) that he would make so surprising a figure in this character, and exhibit talents so long unknown to the theatre, that, as hath happened in other plays, the audience might be blinded to the faults of the piece, for many I saw it had, and some very difficult to cure.

I accordingly sat down with a resolution to work night and day during the short time allowed me, which was about a week, in altering and correcting this production of my more juvenile years; when unfortunately, the extreme danger

of life into which a person, very dear to me, was reduced, rendered me incapable of executing my task.

To this accident alone, I have the vanity to apprehend, the play owes most of the glaring faults with which it appeared. However, I resolved rather to let it take its chance, imperfect as it was, with the assistance of Mr. Garrick, than to sacrifice a more favourite, and in the opinion of others, a much more valuable performance, and which could have had very little assistance from him.

I then acquainted Mr. Garrick with my design, and read it to him and Mr. Macklin; Mr. Fleetwood agreed to the exchange, and thus the WEDDING DAY was destined to the stage.

Perhaps it may be asked me, why then did I suffer a piece, which I myself knew was imperfect, to appear? I answer honestly and freely, that reputation was not my inducement; and that I hoped, faulty as it was, it might answer a much more solid, and in my unhappy situation, a much more urgent motive. If it will give my enemies any pleasure to know that they totally frustrated my views, I will be kinder to them, and give them a satisfaction which they denied me; for though it was acted six nights, I received not 50*l.* from the house for it.

This was indeed chiefly owing to a general rumour spread of its indecency; which originally arose, I believe, from some objections of the licenser, who had been very unjustly censured for being too remiss in his restraints on that head; but as every passage which he objected to was struck out, and I sincerely think very properly so, I leave to every impartial judge to decide, whether the play, as it was acted, was not rather freer from such imputation than almost any other comedy on the stage. However, this opinion prevailed so fatally without doors, during its representation, that on the sixth night there were not above five ladies present in the boxes.

But I shall say no more of this comedy here, as I intend to introduce it the ensuing season, and with such alterations as will, I hope, remove every objection to it, and may make the

manager some amends for what he lost by very honourably continuing its representation, when he might have got much more by acting other plays.

- I come now to the third and last volume, which contains the History of Jonathan Wild. And here it will not, I apprehend, be necessary to acquaint my reader, that my design is not to enter the lists with that excellent historian, who from authentic papers and records, &c., hath already given so satisfactory an account of the life and actions of this great man. I have not indeed the least intention to deprecate the veracity and impartiality of that history; nor do I pretend to any of those lights, not having, to my knowledge, ever seen a single paper relating to my hero, save some short memoirs, which about the time of his death were published in certain chronicles called newspapers, the authority of which hath been sometimes questioned, and in the Ordinary of Newgate his account, which generally contains a more particular relation of what the heroes are to suffer in the next world, than of what they did in this.

To confess the truth, my narrative is rather of such actions which he might have performed, or would, or should have performed, than what he really did; and may, in reality, as well suit any other such great man, as the person himself whose name it bears.

A second caution I would give my reader is, that as it is not a very faithful portrait of Jonathan Wild himself, so neither is it intended to represent the features of any other person. Roguery, and not a rogue, is my subject; and as I have been so far from endeavouring to particularise any individual, that I have with my utmost art avoided it; so will any such application be unfair in my reader, especially if he knows much of the great world, since he must then be acquainted, I believe, with more than one on whom he can fix the resemblance.

In the third place, I solemnly protest, I do by no means intend in the character of my hero to represent human nature in general. Such insinuations must be attended with very dreadful conclusions; nor do I see any other tendency

they can naturally have, but to encourage and soothe men in their villainies, and to make every well-disposed man disclaim his own species, and curse the hour of his birth into such a society. For my part, I understand those writers who describe human nature in this depraved character, as speaking only of such persons as Wild and his gang; and I think it may be justly inferred, that they do not find in their own bosoms any deviation from the general rule. Indeed, it would be an insufferable vanity in them to conceive themselves as the only exception to it.

But without considering Newgate as no other than human nature with its mask off, which some very shameless writers have done, a thought which no price should purchase me to entertain, I think we may be excused for suspecting, that the splendid palaces of the great are often no other than Newgate with the mask on. Nor do I know anything which can raise an honest man's indignation higher than that the same morals should be in one place attended with all imaginable misery and infamy, and in the other, with the highest luxury and honour. Let any impartial man in his senses be asked, for which of these two places a composition of cruelty, lust, avarice, rapine, insolence, hypocrisy, fraud and treachery, was best fitted; surely his answer must be certain and immediate; and yet I am afraid all these ingredients, glossed over with wealth and a title, have been treated with the highest respect and veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the gallows in the other.

If there are then any men of such morals who dare to call themselves great, and are so reputed, or called at least, by the deceived multitude, surely a little private censure by the few is a very moderate tax for them to pay, provided no more was to be demanded: but I fear this is not the case. However the glare of riches, and awe of title, may dazzle and terrify the vulgar; nay, however hypocrisy may deceive the more discerning, there is still a judge in every man's breast, which none can cheat nor corrupt, though

perhaps it is the only uncorrupt thing about him. And yet, inflexible and honest as this judge is (however polluted the bench be on which he sits) no man can, in my opinion, enjoy any applause which is not thus adjudged to be his due.

Nothing seems to me more preposterous than that, while the way to true honour lies so open and plain, men should seek false by such perverse and rugged paths: that while it is so easy and safe, and truly honourable, to be good, men should wade through difficulty and danger, and real infamy, to be great, or, to use a synonymous word, villains.

Nor hath goodness less advantage in the article of pleasure than of honour over this kind of greatness. The same righteous judge always annexes a bitter anxiety to the purchases of guilt, whilst it adds a double sweetness to the enjoyments of innocence and virtue: for fear, which all the wise agree is the most wretched of human evils, is, in some degree, always attending on the former, and never can in any manner molest the happiness of the latter.

This is the doctrine which I have endeavoured to inculcate in this history, confining myself at the same time within the rules of probability. (For except in one chapter, which is visibly meant as a burlesque on the extravagant accounts of travellers, I believe I have not exceeded it.) And though perhaps it sometimes happens, contrary to the instances I have given, that the villain succeeds in his pursuit, and acquires some transitory imperfect honour or pleasure to himself for his iniquity; yet I believe he oftener shares the fate of my hero, and suffers the punishment, without obtaining the reward.

As I believe it is not easy to teach a more useful lesson than this, if I have been able to add the pleasant to it, I might flatter myself with having carried every point.

But perhaps some apology may be required of me, for having used the world greatness to which the world hath affixed such honourable ideas, in so disgraceful and contemptuous a light. Now if the fact be, that the greatness which is commonly worshipped is really of that kind which I have here represented, the fault seems rather to lie in those

who have ascribed to it those honours to which it hath not in reality the least claim.

The truth, I apprehend, is, we often confound the ideas of goodness and greatness together, or rather include the former in our idea of the latter. If this be so, it is surely a great error, and no less than a mistake of the capacity for the will. In reality, no qualities can be more distinct: for as it cannot be doubted but that benevolence, honour, honesty, and charity, make a good man; and that parts, courage, are the efficient qualities of a great man, so must it be confessed, that the ingredients which compose the former of these characters bear no analogy to, nor dependence on, those which constitute the latter. A man may therefore be great without being good, or good without being great.

However, though the one bear no necessary dependence on the other, neither is there any absolute repugnancy among them which may totally prevent their union so that they may, though not of necessity, assemble in the same mind, as they actually did, and all in the highest degree, in those of Socrates and Brutus; and perhaps in some among us. I at least know one to whom Nature could have added no one great or good quality more than she hath bestowed on him.

Here then appear three distinct characters; the great, the good, and the great and good.

The last of these is the true sublime in human nature. That elevation by which the soul of man, raising and extending itself above the order of this creation, and brightened with a certain ray of divinity, looks down on the condition of mortals. This is indeed a glorious object, on which we can never gaze with too much praise and admiration. A perfect work! the Iliad of Nature! ravishing and astonishing, and which at once fills us with love, wonder, and delight.

The second falls greatly short of this perfection, and yet hath its merit. Our wonder ceases; our delight is lessened, but our love remains; of which passion, goodness hath always appeared to me the only true and proper object. On this head I think proper to observe, that I do not conceive my good

man to be absolutely a fool or a coward; but that he often partakes too little of parts or courage to have any pretensions to greatness.

Now as to that greatness which is totally devoid of goodness, it seems to me in nature to resemble the false sublime in poetry; whose bombast is, by the ignorant and ill-judging vulgar, often mistaken for solid wit and eloquence, whilst it is in effect the very reverse. Thus pride, ostentation, insolence, cruelty, and every kind of villainy, are often construed into true greatness of mind, in which we always include an idea of goodness.

This bombast greatness then is the character I intend to expose; and the more this prevails in and deceives the world, taking to itself not only riches and power, but often honour, or at least the shadow of it, the more necessary is it to strip the monster of these false colours, and show it in its native deformity: for by suffering vice to possess the reward of virtue, we do a double injury to society, by encouraging the former, and taking away the chief incentive to the latter. Nay, though it is, I believe, impossible to give vice a true relish of honour and glory, or, though we give it riches and power, to give it the enjoyment of them, yet it contaminates the food it can't taste, and sullies the robe which neither fits nor becomes it, till Virtue disdains them both.

Thus have I given some short account of these works. I come now to return thanks to those friends who have with uncommon pains forwarded this subscription: for though the number of my subscribers be more proportioned to my merit than their desire or expectation, yet I believe I owe not a tenth part to my own interest. My obligations on this head are so many, that for fear of offending any by preference, I will name none. Nor is it indeed necessary, since I am convinced they served me with no desire for a public acknowledgment; nor can I make any, to some of them, equal with the gratitude of my sentiments.

I cannot, however, forbear mentioning my sense of the friendship shown me by a profession of which I am a late

and unworthy member, and from whose assistance I derive more than half the names which appear to this subscription.

It remains that I make some apology for the delay in publishing these volumes, the real reason of which was, the dangerous illness of one from whom I draw all the solid comfort of my life, during the greatest part of this winter. This, as it is most sacredly true, so will it, I doubt not, sufficiently excuse the delay to all who know me.

Indeed when I look a year or two backwards, and survey the accidents which have befallen me, and the distresses I have waded through whilst I have been engaged in these works, I could almost challenge some philosophy to myself, for having been able to finish them as I have; and however imperfectly that may be, I am convinced the reader, was he acquainted with the whole, would want very little good-nature to extinguish his disdain at any faults he meets with.

But this hath dropped from me unawares: for I intend not to entertain my reader with my private history: nor am I fond enough of tragedy to make myself the hero of one.

However, as I have been very unjustly censured, as well on account of what I have not written, as for what I have, I take this opportunity to declare in the most solemn manner, I have long since (as long as from June, 1741) desisted from writing one syllable in the *Champion*, or any other public paper; and that I never was, nor will be, the author of anonymous scandal on the private history or family of any person whatever.

Indeed there is no man who speaks or thinks with more detestation of the modern custom of libelling. I look on the practice of stabbing a man's character in the dark, to be as base and as barbarous as that of stabbing him with a poignard in the same manner; nor have I ever been once in my life guilty of it.

It is not here, I suppose, necessary to distinguish between ridicule and scurrility; between a jest on a public character, and the murder of a private one.

My reader will pardon my having dwelt a little on this particular, since it is so especially necessary in this age,

when almost all the wit we have is applied this way; and when I have already been a martyr to such unjust suspicion. Of which I will relate one instance. While I was last winter laid up in the gout, with a favourite child dying on one bed, and my wife in a condition very little better on another, attended with other circumstances which served as very proper decorations to such a scene, I received a letter from a friend, desiring me to vindicate myself from two very opposite reflections, which two opposite parties thought fit to cast on me, viz., the one of writing in the *Champion* (though I had not then written in it for upwards of half a year), the other, of writing in the *Gazetteer*, in which I never had the honour of inserting a single word.

To defend myself therefore as well as I can from all past, and to enter a caveat against all future, censure of this kind, I once more solemnly declare, that since the end of June, 1741, I have not, besides Joseph Andrews, published one word, except *The Opposition*, a *Vision*; *A Defence of the Duchess of Marlborough's Book*; *Miss Lucy in Town* (in which I had a very small share). And I do further protest, that I will never hereafter publish any book or pamphlet whatever, to which I will not put my name. A promise which, as I shall sacredly keep, so will it, I hope, be so far believed, that I may henceforth receive no more praise or censure to which I have not the least title.

And now, my good-natured reader, recommending my works to your candour, I bid you heartily farewell; and take this with you, that you may never be interrupted in the reading these *Miscellanies* with that degree of heartache which hath often discomposed me in the writing them.

OF TRUE GREATNESS

AN EPISTLE TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq.

'Tis strange, while all to greatness homage pay,
So few should know the goddess they obey;
That men should think a thousand things the same,
And give contending images one name.
Not Greece, in all her temples' wide abodes,
Held a more wild democracy of gods
Than various deities we serve, while all
Profess before one common shrine to fall.

Whether ourselves of greatness are possess'd,
Or worship it within another's breast.

While a mean crowd of sycophants attend,
And fawn and flatter, creep and cringe and bend;
The fav'rite blesses his superior state,
Rises o'er all, and hails himself the great.
Vain man! can such as these to greatness raise?
Can honour come from dirt? from baseness, praise?
Then India's gem on Scotland's coast shall shine,
And the Peruvian ore enrich the Cornish mine.

Behold, in blooming May, the May-pole stand,
Dress'd out in garlands by the peasant's hand;
Around it dance the youth, in mirthful mood;
And all admire the gaudy, dress'd-up wood.

See, the next day, of all its pride bereft,
 How soon the unregarded post is left.
 So thou, the wonder of a longer day,
 Raised high on power, and dress'd in titles gay,
 Stripp'd of these summer garlands, soon wouldst see
 The mercenary slaves adored, not thee;
 Wouldst see them thronging thy successor's gate,
 Shadows of power, and properties of state.
 As the sun insects, power court-friends begets,
 Which wanton in its beams, and vanish as it sets.

Thy highest pomp the hermit dares despise,
 Greatness (cries this) is to be good and wise.
 To titles, treasures, luxury and show,
 The gilded follies of mankind, a foe.
 He flies society, to wilds resorts,
 And rails at busy cities, splendid courts.
 Great to himself, he in his cell appears,
 As kings on thrones, or conquerors on cars.

O thou, that dar'st thus proudly scorn thy kind,
 Search, with impartial scrutiny, thy mind;
 Disdaining outward flatteries to win,
 Dost thou not feed a flatterer within?
 While other passions temperance may guide,
 Feast not with too delicious meals thy pride.
 On vice triumphant while thy censures fall,
 Be sure no envy mixes with thy gall.
 Ask thyself oft, to power and grandeur born,
 Had power and grandeur then incurr'd thy scorn?
 If no ill-nature in thy breast prevails,
 Enjoying all the crimes at which it rails?
 A peevish sour perverseness of the will,
 Oft we miscall antipathy to ill.

Scorn and disdain the little cynic hurl'd
 At the exulting victor of the world.

Greater than this what soul can be descried?
His who contemns the cynic's snarling pride.
Well might the haughty son of Philip see
Ambition's second lot devolve on thee;
Whose breast pride fires with scarce inferior joy,
And bids thee hate and shun men, him destroy.

But hadst thou, Alexander, wish'd to prove
Thyself the real progeny of Jove,
Virtue another path had bid thee find,
Taught thee to save, and not to slay, mankind.

Shall the lean wolf, by hunger fierce and bold,
Bear off no honours from the bloody fold?
Shall the dead flock his greatness not display;
But shepherds hunt him as a beast of prey?
While man, not drove by hunger from his den,
To honour climbs o'er heaps of murder'd men.
Shall ravaged fields and burning towns proclaim
The hero's glory, not the robber's shame?
Shall thousands fall, and millions be undone,
To glut the hungry cruelty of one?

Behold, the plain with human gore grow red,
The swelling river heave along the dead.
See, through the breach the hostile deluge flow,
Along it bears the unresisting foe:
Hear, in each street the wretched virgin's cries,
Her lover sees her ravish'd as he dies.
The infant wonders at its mother's tears,
And smiling feels its fate before its fears.
Age, while in vain for the first blow it calls,
Views all its branches lopp'd before it falls.
Beauty betrays the mistress it should guard,
And, faithless, proves the ravisher's reward:
Death, their sole friend, relieves them from their ills
Their kindest victor he who soonest kills.

Could such exploits as these thy pride create?
 Could these, O Philip's son, proclaim thee great?
 Such honours Mahomet expiring craved,
 Such were the trophies on his tomb engraved.
 If greatness by these means may be possess'd,
 Ill we deny it to the greater beast.
 Single and arm'd by nature only, he
 That mischief does, which thousands do for thee.

Not on such wings to fame did Churchill soar,
 For Europe, while defensive arms he bore;
 Whose conquests, cheap at all the blood they cost,
 Saved millions by each noble life they lost.

Oh, name august! in capitals of gold,
 In fame's eternal chronicle enroll'd!
 Where Cæsar, viewing thee, ashamed withdraws,
 And owns thee greater in a greater cause.
 Thee, from the lowest depth of time, on high
 Blazing, shall late posterity descry;
 And own the purchase of thy glorious pains,
 While Liberty, or while her name, remains.

But quit, great sir, with me this higher scene,
 And view false greatness with more awkward mien,
 For now, from camps to colleges retreat;
 No cell, no closet here without the great.
 See, how pride swells the haughty pedant's looks;
 How pleased he smiles o'er heaps of conquer'd books.
 Tully to him, and Seneca, are known,
 And all their noblest sentiments his own.
 These, on each apt occasion, he can quote;
 Thus the false count affects the man of note,
 Awkward and shapeless in a borrow'd coat.

Thro' books some travel, as thro' nations some,
 Proud of their voyage, yet bring nothing home.
 Critics thro' books, as beaus thro' countries stray,
 Certain to bring their blemishes away.

Great is the man, who with unwearied toil
Spies a weed springing in the richest soil.
If Dryden's page with one bad line be bless'd,
'Tis great to show it, as to write the rest.

Others, with friendly eye run authors o'er,
Not to find faults, but beauties to restore;
Nor scruple (such their bounty) to afford
Folios of dulness to preserve a word:
Close as to some tall tree the insect cleaves,
Myriads still nourish'd by its smallest leaves,
So cling these scribblers round a Virgil's name,
And on his least of beauties soar to fame.

Awake, ye useless drones, and scorn to thrive
On the sweets gather'd by the lab'ring hive.
Behold the merchant gives to thousands food,
His loss his own, his gain the public good.
Her various bounties Nature still confines,
Here gilds her sands, there silvers o'er her mines:
The merchant's bounty Nature hath outdone,
He gives to all, what she confines to one.
And is he then not great? Sir B. denies
True greatness to the creature whom he buys:
Blush the wretch wounded, conscious of his guile
B—nard and H—cote at such satire smile.

But if a merchant lives, who meanly deigns
To sacrifice his country to his gains,
Tho' from his house, untrusted and unfed,
The poet bears off neither wine nor bread;
As down Cheapside he meditates the song,
He ranks that merchant with the meanest throng.
Nor him the poet's pride contemns alone,
But all to whom the muses are unknown.
These, cries the bard, true honours can bestow,
And separate true worth from outward show;

Sceptres and crowns by them grow glorious things
 (For tho' they make not, they distinguish kings).
 Short-lived the gifts which kings to them bequeath;
 Bards only give the never-fading wreath.
 Did all our annals no Argyle afford,
 The muse constrain'd could sing a common lord.
 But should the muse withhold her friendly strain,
 The hero's glory blossoms fair in vain;
 Like the young spring's, or summer's riper flower,
 The admiration of the present hour.
 She gleans from death's sure scythe the noble name,
 And lays up in the granaries of fame.
 Thus the great tatter'd bard, as thro' the streets
 He cautious treads, lest any bailiff meets,
 Whose wretched plight the jest of all is made;
 Yet most, if hapless, it betray his trade.
 Fools in their laugh at poets are sincere,
 And wiser men admire them thro' a sneer.
 For poetry with treason shares this fate,
 Men like the poem and the poet hate.
 And yet with want and with contempt oppress'd,
 Shunn'd, hated, mock'd, at once men's scorn and jest,
 Perhaps from wholesome air itself confined,
 Who hopes to drive out greatness from his mind?

Some greatness in myself perhaps I view;
 Not that I write, but that I write to you.

To you! who in this Gothic leaden age,
 When wit is banish'd from the press and stage,
 When fools to greater folly make pretence,
 And those who have it seem ashamed of sense;
 When nonsense is a term for the sublime,
 And not to be an idiot is a crime;
 When low buffoons in ridicule succeed,
 And men are largely for such writings fee'd,
 As W——'s self can purchase none to read;

Yourself th' unfashionable lyre have strung,
 Have own'd the muses and their darling Young.
 All court their favour when by all approved;
 Ev'n virtue, if in fashion, would be loved.
 You for their sakes with fashion dare engage,
 Mæcenas you in no Augustan age.

Some merit then is to the muses due;
 But oh! their smiles the portion of how few!
 Tho' friends may flatter much, and more ourselves,
 Few, Dodington, write worthy of your shelves.
 Not to a song which Coelia's smiles make fine,
 Nor play which Booth had made esteem'd divine;
 To no rude satire from ill-nature sprung,
 Nor panegyric for a pension sung;
 Not to soft lines that gently glide along,
 And vie in sound and sense with Handel's song;
 To none of these will Dodington bequeath
 The poet's noble name and laureate wreath.

Leave, scribblers, leave the tuneful road to fame,
 Nor by assuming damn a poet's name.
 Yet how unjustly we the muses slight,
 Unstirr'd by them because a thousand write!
 Who would a soldier or a judge upbraid,
 That——wore ermine,——a cockade.¹

To greatness each pretender to pursue,
 Would tire, great sir, the jaded muse and you.

The lowest beau that skips about a court,
 The lady's plaything, and the footman's sport;
 Whose head adorn'd with bag or tail of pig,
 Serves very well to bear about his wig;²

¹ This verse may be filled up with any two names out of our Chronicles, as the reader shall think fit.

² These verses attempt (if possible) to imitate the meanness of the creature they describe.

Himself the sign-post of his tailor's trade,
 That shows abroad how well his clothes are made;
 This little, empty, silly, trifling toy,
 Can from ambition feel a kind of joy;
 Can swell, and even aim at looking wise,
 And walking merit from its chair despise.

Who wonders, then, if such a thing as this
 At greatness aims, that none the aim can miss!
 Nor trade so low, profession useless, thrives,
 Which to its followers not greatness gives.
 What quality so mean, what vice can shame
 The base possessors from the mighty claim?
 To make our merit's little weight prevail,
 We put not virtue in the other scale;
 Against our neighbours's scale our own we press,
 And each man's great who finds another less.
 In large dominions some exert their state,
 But all men find a corner to be great.
 The lowest lawyer, parson, courtier, squire,
 Is somewhere great, finds some that will admire.

Where shall we say then that true greatness dwells
 In palaces of kings, or hermits' cells?
 Does she confirm the minister's mock-state,
 Or bloody on the victor's garland wait?
 Warbles, harmonious, she the poet's song,
 Or, graver, laws pronounces to the throng?

To no profession, party, place confined,
 True greatness lives but in the noble mind;
 Him constant through each various scene attends,
 Fierce to his foes, and faithful to his friends.
 In him, in any sphere of life she shines,
 Whether she blaze a Hoadley 'mid divines,
 Or, an Argyle, in fields and senates dare,
 Supreme in all the arts of peace and war.

Greatness with learning deck'd in Carteret see,
With justice, and with clemency in Lee;
In Chesterfield to ripe perfection come,
See it in Lyttelton beyond its bloom.
Lives there a man, by nature form'd to please,
To think with dignity, express with ease;
Upright in principle, in council strong,
Prone not to change, nor obstinate too long:
Whose soul is with such various talents bless'd,
What he now does seems to become him best;
Whether the Cabinet demands his powers,
Or gay addresses soothe his vacant hours,
Or when from graver tasks his mind unbends,
To charm with wit the muses or his friends?
His friends! who in his favour claim no place,
From titles, pimping, flattery or lace,
To whose blest lot superior portions fall,
To most of fortune, and of taste to all.
Awed not by fear, by prejudice not sway'd
By fashion led not, nor by whim betray'd,
By candour only biass'd, who shall dare
To view and judge and speak men as they are?
In him (if such there be) is greatness shown,
Nor can he be to Dodington unknown.

OF GOOD-NATURE

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND

WHAT is good-nature? Gen'rous Richmond, tell;
He can declare it best, who best can feel.
Is it a foolish weakness in the breast,
As some who know, or have it not, contest?
Or is it rather not the mighty whole,
Full composition of a virtuous soul?
Is it not virtue's self? A flower so fine,
It only grows in soils almost divine.

Some virtues flourish, like some plants, less nice,
And in one nature blossom out with vice.
Knaves may be valiant, villains may be friends;
And love in minds depraved effect its ends.
Good-nature, like the delicatest seeds,
Or dies itself, or else extirpates weeds.

Yet in itself howe'er unmix'd and pure,
No virtue from mistakes is less secure.
Good-nature often we those actions name,
Which flow from friendship, or a softer flame.
Pride may the friend to noblest efforts thrust,
Or savages grow gentle out of lust.
The meanest passion may the best appear,
And men may seem good-natured from their fear.

What by this name, then, shall be understood?
What? but the glorious lust of doing good?

The heart that finds its happiness to please
 Can feel another's pain, and taste his ease;
 The cheek that with another's joy can glow,
 Turn pale and sicken with another's woe;
 Free from contempt and envy, he who deems
 Justly of life's two opposite extremes,
 Who to make all and each man truly bless'd
 Doth all he can and wishes all the rest?

Tho' few have power their wishes to fulfill,
 Yet all men may do good, at least in will.
 Tho' few, with you or Marlborough, can save
 From poverty, from prisons, and the grave;
 Yet to each individual Heaven affords
 The power to bless in wishes, and in words.

Happy the man with passions bless'd like you,
 Who to be ill, his nature must subdue;
 Whom fortune fav'ring, was no longer blind,
 Whose riches are the treasures of mankind.
 O! nobler in thy virtues than thy blood,
 Above thy highest titles place THE GOOD.

High on life's summit raised, you little know
 The ills which blacken all the vales below;
 Where industry toils for support in vain,
 And virtue to distress still joins disdain.
 Swelt'ring with wealth, where men unmoved can hear
 The orphan's sigh, and see the widow's tear;
 Where griping av'rice slights the debtor's prayer,
 And wretches wanting bread deprives of air.

Must it not wond'rous seem to hearts like thine,
 That God, to other animals benign,
 Should unprovided man alone create,
 And send him hither but to curse his fate?
 Is this the being for whose use the earth
 Sprung out of nought, and animals had birth?

This he, whose bold imagination dares
 Converse with Heaven, and soar beyond the stars?
 Poor reptile! wretched in an angel's form,
 And wanting that which Nature gives the worm.

Far other views our kind Creator knew,
 When man the image of Himself He drew.

So full the stream of Nature's bounty flows,
 Man feels no ill, but what to man he owes.
 The earth abundant furnishes a store,
 To sate the rich, and satisfy the poor.
 These would not want, if those did never hoard;
 Enough for Irus falls from Dives' board.

And dost thou, common son of Nature, dare
 From thy own brother to withhold his share?
 To vanity, pale idol, offer up
 The shining dish, the empty golden cup!
 Or else in caverns hide thy precious ore,
 And to the bowels of the earth restore
 What for our use she yielded up before?
 Behold, and take example, how the steed
 Attempts not, selfish, to engross the mead.
 See how the lowing herd, and bleating flock,
 Promiscuous graze the valley, or the rock;
 Each tastes his share of Nature's gen'ral good,
 Nor strives from others to withhold their food.
 But say, O man! would it not strange appear
 To see some beast (perhaps the meanest there)
 To his repast the sweetest pastures choose,
 And ev'n the sourest to the rest refuse?
 Wouldst thou not view, with scornful wond'ring eye,
 The poor, contented, starving herd stand by?
 All to one beast a servile homage pay,
 And boasting, think it honour to obey?

Who wonders that good-nature in so few,
 Can anger, lust, or avarice subdue?

When the cheap gift of fame our tongues deny,
And risk our own, to poison with a lie.

Dwells there a base malignity in men,
That 'scapes the tiger's cave, or lion's den?
Does our fear dread, or does our envy hate,
To see another happy, good, or great?
Or does the gift of fame like money seem?
Think we we lose, whene'er we give, esteem?

Oh! great Humanity, whose beams benign,
Like the sun's rays, on just and unjust shine;
Who turning the perspective friendly still,
Dost magnify all good, and lessen ill;
Whose eye, while small perfections it commends,
Not to what's better, but what's worse attends:
Who, when at court it spies some well-shaped fair,
Searches not through the rooms for Shaftsb'ry's air;
Nor when Clarinda's lilies are confess'd,
Looks for the snow that whitens Richmond's breast.
Another's sense and goodness when I name,
Why wouldst thou lessen them with Mountford's fame?
Content, what Nature lavishes admire,
Nor what is wanting in each piece require.
Where much is right some blemishes afford,
Now look for Ch——d in every lord.

LIBERTY

TO GEORGE LYTTTELTON, Esq.

To Lyttelton the muse this off'ring pays;
Who sings of liberty, must sing his praise.
This man, ye grateful Britons, all revere;
Here raise your altars, bring your incense here.
To him the praise, the blessings which ye owe,
More than their sires your grateful sons shall know.
O! for thy country's good and glory born!
Whom Nature vied with Fortune to adorn!
Brave, tho' no soldier; without titles, great;
Fear'd without power; and envied, without state.
Accept the muse whom Truth inspires to sing,
Who soars, tho' weakly, on an honest wing.

See Liberty, bright goddess, comes along;
Raised at thy name, she animates the song.
Thy name, which Lacedemon had approved,
Rome had adored, and Brutus' self had loved.

Come then, bright maid, my glowing breast inspire;
Breathe in my lines, and kindle all thy fire.

Behold, she cries, the groves, the woods, the plains,
Where Nature dictates, see how freedom reigns;
The herd, promiscuous, o'er the mountain strays;
Nor begs this beast the other's leave to graze.
Each freely dares his appetite to treat,
Nor fears the steed to neigh, the flock to bleat.

Did God, who freedom to these creatures gave,
Form His own image, man, to be a slave?

But men, it seems, to laws of compact yield;
 While Nature only governs in the field;
 Curse on all laws which liberty subdue,
 And make the many wretched for the few.

However deaf to shame, to reason blind,
 Men dare assert all falsehoods of mankind;
 The public never were, when free, such elves
 To covet laws pernicious to themselves.
 Presumptuous power assumes the public voice,
 And what it makes our fate, pretends our choice.

To whom did power original belong?
 Was it not first extorted by the strong?
 And thus began, where it will end, in wrong.

These scorn'd to power another claim than might,
 And in ability established right.

At length a second nobler sort arose,
 Friends to the weak, and to oppression foes;
 With warm humanity their bosoms glow'd,
 They felt to Nature their great strength they owed.
 And as some elder born of noble rate,
 To whom devolves his father's rich estate,
 Becomes a kind protector to the rest,
 Nor sees unmoved the younger branch distress'd,
 So these, with strength whom Nature deign'd to grace,
 Became the guardians of their weaker race;
 Forced tyrant power to bend its stubborn knee,
 Broke the hard chain, and set the people free.
 O'er abject slaves they scorn'd inglorious sway,
 But taught the grateful freed man to obey;
 And thus, by giving liberty, enjoy'd
 What the first hoped from liberty destroy'd.

To such the weak for their protection flew,
 Hence right to power and laws by compact grew.

With zeal embracing their deliverer's cause,
They bear his arms, and listen to his laws.
Thus power superior strength superior wears,
In honour chief, as first in toils and cares.
The people power, to keep their freedom, gave,
And he who had it was the only slave.

But fortune wills to wisest human schemes
The fate that torrents bring to purest streams,
Which from clear fountains soon polluted run,
Thus ends in evil what from good begun.

For now the savage host, o'erthrown and slain,
New titles, by new methods, kings obtain.
To priests and lawyers soon their arts applied,
The people these, and those the gods belied.
The gods, unheard, to power successors name,
And silent crowds their rights divine proclaim.
Hence all the evils which mankind have known,
The priest's dark mystery, the tyrant's throne;
Hence lords, and ministers, and such sad things;
And hence the strange divinity of kings.
Hail, Liberty! Boon worthy of the skies,
Like fabled Venus fair, like Pallas wise.
Thro' thee the citizen braves war's alarms,
Tho' neither bred to fight, nor paid for arms;
Thro' thee, the laurel crown'd the victor's brow,
Who served before his country at the plough:
Thro' thee (what most must to thy praise appear)
Proud senates scorn'd not to seek virtue there.

O thou, than health or riches dearer far,
Thou gentle breath of peace, and soul of war;
Thou that hast taught the desert sweets to yield,
And shame the fair Campania's fertile field;
Hast shown the peasant glory, and call'd forth
Wealth from the barren sand, and heroes from the north!

The southern skies, without thee, to no end
In the cool breeze, or genial showers descend:
Possess'd of thee, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Enjoy their frost, nor mourn the distant sun.

As poets Samos, and the Cyprian grove,
Once gave to Juno, and the Queen of Love:
Be thine Britannia: ever friendly smile,
And fix thy seat eternal in this isle.
Thy sacred name no Romans now adore,
And Greece attends thy glorious call no more.
To thy Britannia, then, thy fire transfer,
Give all thy virtue, all thy force to her;
Revolve, attentive, all her annals o'er,
See how her sons have loved thee heretofore.
While the base sword oppress'd Iberia draws,
And slavish Gauls dare fight against thy cause,
See Britain's youth rush forth, at thy command,
And fix thy standard in the hostile land.
With noble scorn they view the crowded field,
And force unequal multitudes to yield.
So wolves large flocks, so lions herds survey,
Not foes more num'rous, but a richer prey.
O! teach us to withstand, as they withstood,
Nor lose the purchase of our father's blood.
Ne'er blush that sun that saw in Blenheim's plain
Streams of our blood, and mountains of our slain;
Or that of old beheld all France to yield
In Agincourt or Cressy's glorious field;
Where freedom Churchill, Henry, Edward gave,
Ne'er blush that sun to see a British slave.

As industry might from the bee be taught,
So might oppression from the hive be brought:
Behold the little race laborious stray,
And from each flower the hard-wrought sweets convey,
That in warm ease in winter they may dwell,
And each enjoy the riches of its cell.

Behold th' excising power of man despoil
These little wretches of their care and toil.
Death's the reward of all their labour lost,
Careful in vain, and provident to their cost.

But thou, great Liberty, keep Britain free,
Nor let men use us as we use the bee.
Let not base drones upon our honey thrive,
And suffocate the maker in his hive.

TO A FRIEND

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE

'Tis hard (experience long so taught the wise)
Not to provoke the person we advise.
Counsel, tho' ask'd, may very oft offend,
When it insults th' opinion of my friend.
Men frequent wish another's judgment known,
Not to destroy, but to confirm their own.
With feign'd suspense for our advice they sue,
On what they've done, or are resolved to do.
The favoured scheme should we by chance oppose,
Henceforth they see us in the light of foes.
For could mankind th' advice they ask receive,
Most to themselves might wholesome counsel give.
Men in the beaten track of life's highway,
Offer through passion than through error stray,
Want less advice than firmness to obey.

Nor can advice an equal hazard prove
To what is given in the cause of love;
None ask it here till melting in the flame.
If we oppose the now victorious dame,
You think her enemy and yours the same.

But yet, tho' hard, tho' dangerous the task,
Fidus must grant, if his Alexis ask.
Take then the friendly counsels of the Muse;
Happy, if what you've chosen she should choose

The question's worthy some diviner voice,
How to direct a wife's important choice.

In other aims if we should miss the white,
 Reason corrects, and turns us to the right :
 But here, a doom irrevocable's past,
 And the first fatal error proves the last.
 Rash were it then, and desperate, to run
 With haste to do what cannot be undone.
 Whence comes the woes which we in marriage find,
 But from a choice too negligent, too blind ?

Marriage, by Heaven ordain'd is understood,
 And bounteous Heaven ordain'd but what is good.
 To our destruction we its bounties turn,
 In flames, by Heaven to warm us meant, we burn.
 What draws youth heedless to the fatal gin ?
 Features well form'd or a well polish'd skin.
 What can in riper minds a wish create ?
 Wealth, or alliance with the rich and great :
 Who to himself, now in his courtship, says,
 I choose a partner of my future days ;
 Her face, or pocket seen, her mind they trust ;
 They wed to lay the fiends of avarice or lust.

But thou, whose honest thoughts the choice intend
 Of a companion, and a softer friend ;
 A tender heart, which while thy soul it shares,
 Augments thy joys, and lessens all thy cares.
 One, who by thee while tenderly caress'd,
 Shall steal that god-like transport to thy breast,
 The joy to find you make another blest.
 Thee in thy choice let other maxims move.
 They wed for baser passions ; thou for love.

Of beauty's subtle poison well beware ;
 Our hearts are taken ere they dread the snare :
 Our eyes, soon dazzled by that glare, grow blind,
 And see no imperfections in the mind.
 Of this apprised, the sex, with nicest art,
 Insidiously adorn the outward part.

But beauty, to a mind depraved and ill,
Is a thin gilding to a nauseous pill;
A cheating promise of a short-lived joy,
Time must this idol, chance may soon destroy.
See Leda, once the circle's proudest boast,
Of the whole town the universal toast;
By children, age, and sickness, now decay'd,
What marks remain of the triumphant maid?
Beauties which nature and which art produce,
Are form'd to please the eye, no other use.
The husband, sated by possession grown,
Or indolent to flatter what's his own;
With eager rivals keeps unequal pace:
But oh! no rival flatters like her glass.
There still she's sure a thousand charms to see,
A thousand times she more admires than he;
Then soon his dulness learns she to despise,
And thinks she's thrown away too rich a prize.
To please her, try his little arts in vain;
His very hopes to please her move disdain.
The man of sense, the husband, and the friend,
Cannot with fools and coxcombs condescend
To such vile terms of tributary praise,
As tyrants scarce on conquer'd countries raise.
Beauties think Heaven they in themselves bestow,
All we return is gratitude too low.
A gen'ral beauty wisely then you shun;
But from a wit, as a contagion, run.
Beauties with praise if difficult to fill;
To praise a wit enough, is harder still.
Here with a thousand rivals you'll contest;
He most succeeds who most approves the jest.
Ill-nature too with wit's too often joined;
Too firm associates in the human mind.
Oft may the former for the latter go,
And for a wit we may mistake a shrew.
How seldom burns this fire, like Sappho's, bright!
How seldom gives an innocent delight!

Flavia's a wit at modesty's expense ;
Iris to laughter sacrifices sense.
Hard labour undergo poor Delia's brains,
While every joke some mystery contains ;
No problem is discuss'd with greater pains.
Not Lais more resolved, through thick and thin
Will plunge to meet her ever-darling sin,
Than Myrrha, through ingratitude and shame,
To raise the laugh, or get a witty fame.
No friendship is secure from Myrrha's blows ;
For wits, like gamesters, hurt both friends and foes.
Besides, where'er these shining flowers appear,
Too nice the soil more useful plants to bear ;
Her house, her person, are below her care.
In a domestic sphere she scorns to move,
And scarce accepts the vulgar joys of love.
But while your heart to wit's attacks is cool,
Let it not give admission to a fool.
He who can folly in a wife commend,
Proposes her a servant, not a friend.
Thou, too, whose mind is generous and brave,
Wouldst not become her master, but her slave ;
For fools are obstinate, advice refuse,
And yield to none but arts you'd scorn to use.
When passion grows, by long possession, dull,
The sleepy flame her folly soon must lull ;
Tho' now, perhaps, those childish airs you prize,
Lovers and husbands see with diff'rent eyes.
A rising passion will new charms create ;
A falling seeks new causes for its hate.
Wisely the bee, while teeming summer blooms,
Thinks of the dearth which with cold winter glooms,
So thou shouldst, in thy love's serener time,
When passion reigns, and Flora's in her prime,
Think of that winter which must sure ensue,
When she shall have no charms, no fondness you.
How then shall friendship to fond love succeed ?
What charms shall serve her then in beauty's stead ?

What then shall bid the passion change, not cool?
No charm's in the possession of a fool.
Next for the all-attracting power of gold,
That as a thing indifferent you hold.
I know thy am'rous heart, whose honest pride
Is still to be on the obliging side,
Would wish the fair one, whom your soul allures,
Enjoy'd a fortune rather less than yours.
Those whom the dazzling glare of fortune strikes,
Whom gold allures to what the soul dislikes;
If counterfeit affection they support,
Strict penance do, and golden fetters court.
But if ungrateful for the boon they grow,
And pay the bounteous female back with woe,
These are the worst of robbers in their wills,
Whom laws prevent from doing lesser ills.

Many who profit in a match intend,
Find themselves clearly losers in the end,
Fulvius, who basely from Melissa broke,
With richer Chloe to sustain the yoke,
Sees, in her vast expense, his crimes repaid,
And oft laments the poor forsaken maid.
And say, what soul, that's not to slavery born,
Can bear the taunts, th' upbraidings, and the scorn,
Which women with their fortunes oft bestow?
Worse torments far than poverty can know.

Happy Alexis, sprung from such a race,
Whose blood would no nobility disgrace.
But, O prefer some tender of a flock,
Who scarce can graft one parson on her stock,
To a fair branch of Churchill's noble line,
If thou must often hear it match'd with thine.
Hence should, I say, by her big taunts compell'd,
With Tallard taken, Villars forced to yield,
And all the glories of great Blenheim's field.

While thus secure from what too frequent charms,
Small force against the rest your bosom arms.
Ill-nature, pride, or a malicious spleen,
To be abhorr'd, need only to be seen ;
But to discover 'em may ask some art :
Women to lovers seldom faults impart.
She's more than woman, who can still conceal
Faults from a lover who will watch her well.
The dams of art may Nature's stream oppose,
It swells at last, and in a torrent flows.
But men, too partial, think, when they behold
A mistress rude, vain, obstinate, or bold,
That she to others who a demon proves,
May be an angel to the man she loves.
Mistaken hope, that can expect to find
Pride ever humble, or ill-nature kind.
No, rest assured, the ill which now you see
Her act to others, she will act to thee.
Shun then the serpent, when the sting appears,
Nor think a hurtful nature ever spares.
Two sorts of women never should be woo'd,
The wild coquette, and the censorious prude :
From love both chiefly seek to feed their pride,
Those to affect it strive, and these to hide.
Each gay coquette would be admired alone
By all, each prude be thought to value none.
Flaretta so weak vanities enthrall,
She'd leave her eager bridegroom for a ball.
Chloe, the darling trifle of the town,
Had ne'er been won but by her wedding gown ;
While in her fond Myrtillo's arms caress'd,
She doats on that, and wishes to be dress'd.
Like some poor bird, just pent within the cage,
Whose rambling heart in vain you would engage,
Cold to your fondness, it laments its chain,
And wanton longs to range the fields again.
But prudes, whose thoughts superior themes employ,
Scorn the dull transports of a carnal joy :

With screw'd-up face, confess they suffer raptures,
And marry only to obey the Scriptures.
But if her constitution take the part
Of honest Nature 'gainst the wiles of art;
If she gives loose to love, she loves indeed;
Then endless fears and jealousies succeed.
If fondness e'er abate, you're weary grown,
And doat on some lewd creature of the town.
If any beauty to a visit come;
Why can't these gadding wretches stay at home?
They think each compliment conveys a flame,
You cannot both be civil to the same.
Of all the plagues with which a husband's curst,
A jealous prude's, my friend sure knows, the worst.

Some sterner foes to marriage bold aver,
That in this choice a man must surely err:
Nor can I to this lottery advise,
A thousand blanks appearing to a prize.
Women by nature form'd too prone to ill,
By education are made proner still;
To cheat, deceive, conceal each genuine thought,
By mothers and by mistresses are taught.
The face and shape are first the mother's care;
The dancing-master next improves the air.
To these perfections add a voice most sweet;
The skill'd musician makes the nymph complete.
Thus with a person well equipp'd, her mind
Left, as when first created, rude and blind,
She's sent to make her conquests on mankind.
But first inform'd the studied glance to aim,
Where riches show the profitable game:
How with unequal smiles the jest to take,
When princes, lords, or squires, or captains speak;
These lovers careful shun, and those create,
And merit only see in an estate.
But tho' too many of this sort we find,
Some there are surely of a nobler kind.

Nor can your judgment want a rule to choose
If by these maxims guided you refuse.
His wishes then give Fidus to declare,
And paint the chief perfections of the fair.
May she then prove, who shall thy lot befall,
Beauteous to thee, agreeable to all.
Nor wit nor learning proudly may she boast ;
No low-bred girl, nor gay fantastic toast :
Her tender soul good-nature must adorn,
And vice and meanness be alone her scorn.
Fond of thy person, may her bosom glow
With passions thou hast taught her first to know.
A warm partaker of the genial bed,
Thither by fondness, not by lewdness led.
Superior judgment may she own thy lot ;
Humbly advise, but contradict thee not.
Thine to all other company prefer ;
May all thy troubles find relief from her.
If fortune gives thee such a wife to meet,
Earth cannot make thy blessing more complete.

TO JOHN HAYES Esq.

THAT Varius huffs, and fights it out to-day,
Who ran last week so cowardly away,
In Codrus may surprise the little skill,
Who nothing knows of humankind, but ill:
Confining all his knowledge, and his art,
To this, that each man is corrupt at heart.

But thou who Nature thro' each maze canst trace,
Who in her closet forcest her embrace;
Canst with thy Horace see the human elves
Not differ more from others than themselves:
Canst see one man at several times appear,
Now gay, now grave, now candid, now severe;
Now save his friends, now leave 'em in the lurch;
Now rant in brothels, and now cant in church.

Yet farther with the muse pursue the theme,
And see how various men at once will seem;
How passions blended on each other fix,
How vice with virtues, faults with graces mix;
How passions opposite, as sour to sweet,
Shall in one bosom at one moment meet,
With various luck for victory contend,
And now shall carry, and now lose their end.
The rotten beau, while smell'd along the room,
Divides your nose 'twixt stench and perfume:
So vice and virtue lay such equal claim,
Your judgment knows not when to praise or blame.
Had Nature actions to one source confined,
Ev'n blund'ring Codrus might have known mankind.

But as the diff'ring colours blended lie
When Titian variegate his clouded sky;
Where white and black, the yellow and the green,
Unite and undistinguish'd form the scene;
So the great artist diff'ring passions joins,
And love with hatred, fear with rage, combines.

Nor Nature this confusion makes alone;
She gives us often half, and half's our own.

Men what they are not struggle to appear,
And Nature strives to show them as they are;
While Art, repugnant thus to Nature, fights,
The various man appears in different lights.
The sage or hero on the stage may show
Behind the scenes the blockhead or the beau.
For tho' with Quin's or Garrick's matchless art,
He acts; my friend, he only acts a part:
For Quin himself, in a few moments more,
Is Quin again who Cato was before.
Thus while the courtier acts the patriot's part,
This guides his face and tongue, and that his heart.
Abroad the patriot shines with artful mien,
The naked courtier glares behind the scene.
What wonder then to-morrow if he grow
A courtier good, who is a patriot now!

A DESCRIPTION

OF

U——N G—— (ALIAS NEW HOG'S NORTON), IN COM. HANTS.

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG LADY IN THE YEAR 1728

To Rosalinda, now from town retired,
Where noblest hearts her brilliant eyes have fired;
Whom nightingales in fav'rite bowers delight,
Where sweetest flowers perfume the fragrant night;
Where music's charms enchant the fleeting hours,
And wit transports with all Thalia's powers;
Alexis sends: Whom his hard fates remove
From the dear scenes of poetry and love,
To barren climates, less frequented plains,
Unpolish'd nymphs, and more unpolish'd swains.
In such a place how can Alexis sing?
An air ne'er beaten by the muse's wing!
In such a place what subject can appear?
What not unworthy Rosalinda's ear?
Yet if a charm in novelty there be,
Sure it will plead to Rosalind for me?
Whom courts or cities nought unknown can show,
Still U—— G—— presents a prospect new.

As the daub'd scene, that on the stage is shown,
Where this side canvas is, and that a town;
Or as that lace which Paxton half lace calls,
That decks some beau apprentice out for balls;
Such our half house erects its mimic head,
This side a house presents, and that a shed.
Nor doth the inward furniture excel,

Nor yields it to the beauty of the shell :
Here Roman triumphs placed with awkward art,
A cart its horses draws, an elephant the cart,
On the house-side a garden may be seen,
Which docks and nettles keep for ever green.
Weeds on the ground, instead of flowers, we see,
And snails alone adorn the barren tree.
Happy for us, had Eve's this garden been ;
She'd found no fruit, and therefore known no sin.
Nor meaner ornament the shed-side decks
With hay-stacks, faggot piles, and bottle-ricks ;
The horses' stalls, the coach a barn contains ;
For purling streams, we've puddles filled with rains.
What can our orchard without trees surpass ?
What, but our dusty meadow without grass ?
I've thought (so strong with me burlesque prevails,)
This place design'd to ridicule Versailles ;
Or meant, like that, art's utmost power to show,
That tells how high it reaches, this how low.
Our conversation does our palace fit,
We've everything but humour, except wit.

O then, when tired with laughing at his strains,
Give one dear sigh to poor Alexis' pains ;
Whose heart this scene would certainly subdue,
But for the thoughts of happier days, and you ;
With whom one happy hour makes large amends
For every care his other hours attends.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

(NOW EARL OF ORFORD)

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1730

SIR,

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,
Our nation's envy, and its pride;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And curse those councils which they praise;
Would you not wonder, sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.

You know, great sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.
If then, as it might follow straight,
Wretched to be, is to be great.
Forbid it, gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be so great as I.

The family that dines the latest,
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall
Before him who never dines at all.

Your taste in architect, you know,
Hath been admired by friend and foe:

But can your earthly domes compare
To all my castles—in the air?

We're often taught it doth behove us
To think those greater who're above us.
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you twice two story,
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of Arlington.¹

Greatness by poets still is painted,
With many followers acquainted;
This too doth in my favour speak,
Your levée is but twice a week;
From mine I can exclude but one day,
My door is quiet on a Sunday.

Nor in the manner of attendance
Doth your great bard claim less ascendance.
Familiar you to admiration,
May be approach'd by all the nation:
While I, like the Mogul in Indo,
Am never seen but at my window.
If with my greatness your offended,
The fault is easily amended,
For I'll come down with wond'rous ease,
Into whatever place you please.

I'm not ambitious; little matters
Will serve us great, but humble creatures.
Suppose a secretary o' this isle,
Just to be doing with a while;
Admiral, gen'ral, judge, or bishop;
Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negotiation;

¹Where Lord Orford then lived.

Tuscan and French are in my head;
 Latin I write, and Greek I—read.

If you should ask, what pleases best?
 To get the most and do the least;
 What fittest for?—you know, I'm sure,
 I'm fittest for a—sinecure.

TO THE SAME. ANNO 1731

GREAT Sir, as on each levée day
 I still attend you—still you say
 I'm busy now, to-morrow come;
 To-morrow, sir, you're not at home.
 So says your porter, and dare I
 Give such a man as him the lie?

In imitation, sir, of you,
 I keep a mighty levée too;
 Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
 Are bid to come again to-morrow.
 To-morrow they return, no doubt,
 And then like you, sir, I'm gone out.
 So says my maid—but they, less civil,
 Give maid and master to the devil;
 And then with menaces depart,
 Which could you hear would pierce your heart.

Good sir, or make my levée fly me,
 Or lend your porter to deny me.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON A HALFPENNY

*Which a young lady gave a beggar, and the author redeemed for
half-a-crown*

DEAR little, pretty, fav'rite ore,
That once increased Gloriana's store ;
That lay within her bosom bless'd,
Gods might have envied thee thy nest.
I've read, imperial Jove of old
For love transform'd himself to gold :
And why, for a more lovely lass,
May he not now have lurk'd in brass ;
O ! rather than from her he'd part,
He'd shut that charitable heart,
That heart whose goodness nothing less
Than his vast power could dispossess.

From Gloriana's gentle touch
Thy mighty value now is such,
That thou to me art worth alone
More than his medals are to Sloan.

Not for the silver and the gold
Which Corinth lost shouldst thou be sold :
Not for the envied mighty mass
Which misers wish, or M——h has :
Not for what India sends to Spain,
Nor all the riches of the Main.

While I possess thy little store,
Let no man call, or think me, poor ;
Thee, while alive, my breast shall have,
My hand shall grasp thee in the grave :
Nor shalt thou be to Peter given,
Tho' he should keep me out of Heaven.¹

¹ In allusion to the custom of Peter Pence, used by the Roman Catholics.

THE BEGGAR

A SONG

I.

WHILE cruel to your wishing slave,
You still refuse the boon I crave,
Confess, what joy that precious pearl
Conveys to thee, my lovely girl?

II.

Dost thou not act the miser's part,
Who with an aching, lab'ring heart,
Counts the dull, joyless, shining store,
Which he refuses to the poor?

III.

Confess then, my too lovely maid,
Nor blush to see thy thoughts betray'd;
What, parted with, gives heaven to me;
Kept, is but pain and grief to thee.

IV.

Be charitable then, and dare
Bestow the treasure you can spare;
And trust the joys which you afford
Will to yourself be sure restored.

AN EPIGRAM

WHEN Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
He kept the sun a-bed all day;
That he might taste her wond'rous charms,
Two nights together in her arms.

Were I of Celia's charms possess'd,
 Melting on that delicious breast,
 And could, like Jove, thy beams restrain,
 Sun, thou shouldst never rise again;
 Unsated with the luscious bliss,
 I'd taste one dear eternal kiss.

THE QUESTION

IN Celia's arms while bless'd I lay,
 My soul in bliss dissolved away:
 "Tell me," the charmer cried, "how well
 You love your Celia; Strephon, tell?"
 Kissing her glowing, burning cheek,
 "I'll tell," I cried—but could not speak.
 At length my voice return'd, and she
 Again began to question me.
 I pulled her to my breast again,
 And tried to answer, but in vain:
 Short falt'ring accents from me broke,
 And my voice fail'd before I spoke.
 The charmer, pitying my distress,
 Gave me the tenderest caress,
 And sighing cried, "You need not tell;
 Oh! Strephon, oh! I feel how well."

J—N W—TS AT A PLAY

WHILE hisses, groans, cat-calls thro' the pit,
 Deplore the hapless poet's want of wit:
 J—n W—ts, from silence bursting in a rage,
 Cried, "Men are mad who write in such an age."
 "Not so," replied his friend, a sneering blade,
 "The poet's only dull, the printer's mad."

TO CELIA

I HATE the town and all its ways;
Ridottos, operas, and plays;
The ball, the ring, the mall, the court;
Wherever the beau-monde resort;
Where beauties lie in ambush for folks,
Earl Straffords, and the Duke of Norfolks;
All coffee-houses, and their praters;
All courts of justice, and debaters;
All taverns, and the sots within 'em;
All bubbles and the rogues that skin 'em.
I hate all critics; may they burn all,
From Bentley to the Grub Street Journal.
All bards, as Dennis hates a pun:
Those who have wit, and who have none.
All nobles, of whatever station;
And all the parsons in the nation.
All quacks and doctors read in physic,
Who kill or cure a man that is sick.
All authors that were ever heard on,
From Bavius up to Tommy Gordon;
Tradesmen with cringes ever stealing,
And merchants, whatsoever they deal in.
I hate the blades professing slaughter,
More than the devil holy water.
I hate all scholars, beaus, and squires;
Pimps, puppies, parasites, and liars.
All courtiers, with their looks so smooth;
And players, from Boheme to Booth.
I hate the world, cramm'd all together,
From beggars, up the Lord knows whither.

Ask you then, Celia, if there be
The thing I love? My charmer, thee.
Thee more than light, than life adore,
Thou dearest, sweetest creature more

Than wildest raptures can express;
 Than I can tell,—or thou canst guess.

Then tho' I bear a gentle mind,
 Let not my hatred of mankind
 Wonder within my Celia move,
 Since she possesses all my love.

ON A LADY

COQUETTING WITH A VERY SILLY FELLOW

CORINNA's judgment do not less admire,
 That she for Oulus shows a gen'rous fire;
 Lucretia toying thus had been a fool,
 But wiser Helen might have used the tool.
 Since Oulus for one use alone is fit,
 With charity judge of Corinna's wit.

ON THE SAME

WHILE men shun Oulus as a fool,
 Dames prize him as a beau;
 What judgment form we by this rule?
 Why this it seems to show—
 Those apprehend the beau's a fool,
 These think the fool's a beau.

EPITAPH ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT

WHAT tho' alive neglected and undone,
 O let thy spirit triumph in this stone!
 No greater honour could men pay thy parts,
 For when they give a stone, they give their hearts.

ANOTHER

ON A WICKED FELLOW, WHO WAS A GREAT BLUNDERER

INTERR'D by blunder in this sacred place,
Lies William's wicked heart, and smiling face.
Full forty years on earth he blunder'd on,
And now the L—d knows whither he is gone.
But if to heaven he stole, let no man wonder,
For if to hell he'd gone, he'd made no blunder.

EPIGRAM

ON ONE WHO INVITED MANY GENTLEMEN TO A SMALL DINNER

PETER (says Pope) won't poison with his meat;
'Tis true, for Peter gives you nought to eat.

A SAILOR'S SONG

DESIGNED FOR THE STAGE

COME, let's aboard, my jolly blades,
That love a merry life;
To lazy souls leave home-bred trades,
To husbands home-bred strife;
Through Europe we will gaily roam,
And leave our wives and cares at home.
With a Fa la, &c.

If any tradesman broke should be,
Or gentleman distress'd,
Let him away with us to sea,
His fate will be redress'd:

The glorious thunder of great guns,
Drowns all the horrid noise of duns.

With a Fa la, &c.

And while our ships we proudly steer
Through all the conquer'd seas,
We'll show the world that Britons bear
Their empire where they please:
Where'er our sails are once unfurl'd,
Our king rules that part of the world.

With a Fa la, &c.

The Spaniard with a solemn grace
Still marches slowly on,
We'll quickly make him mend his pace,
Desirous to be gone:
Or if we bend our course to France,
We'll teach Monsieur more brisk to dance.

With a Fa la, &c.

At length, the world subdued, again
Our course we'll homeward bend;
In women, and in brisk champagne,
Our gains we'll freely spend:
How proud our mistresses will be
To hug the men that fought as we!

With a Fa la, &c.

ADVICE TO THE NYMPHS OF NEW S—M

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1730

CEASE, vainest nymphs, with Celia to contend,
And let your envy and your folly end.
With her almighty charms when yours compare,
When your blind lovers think you half so fair,

Each Sarum ditch, like Helicon shall flow,
And Harnam Hill, like high Parnassus, glow;
The humble daisy, trod beneath our feet,
Shall be like lilies fair, like violets sweet;
Winter's black nights outshine the summer's noon,
And farthing candles shall eclipse the moon:
T—b—ld shall blaze with wit, sweet Pope be dull,
And German princes vie with the Mogul.
Cease, then, advised, O cease th' unequal war,
'Tis too much praise to be o'ercome by her.
With the sweet nine so the Pierians strove;
So poor Arachne with Minerva wove:
Till of their pride just punishment they share;
Those fly and chatter, and this hangs in air.
Unhappy nymphs! O may the powers above,
Those powers that form'd this second Queen of Love,
Lay all their wrathful thunderbolts aside,
And rather pity than avenge your pride;
Forbid it, Heaven, you should bemoan too late
The sad Pierian's or Arachne's fate;
That hid in leaves, and perch'd upon a bough,
You should o'erlook those walks you walk in now;
The gen'rous maid's compassion, others joke,
Should chatter scandal which you once have spoke;
Or else in cobwebs hanging from the wall,
Should be condemn'd to overlook the ball:
To see, as now, victorious Celia reign,
Admired, adored, by each politer swain.
O shun a fate like this, be timely wise,
And if your glass be false, if blind your eyes,
Believe and own what all mankind aver,
And pay with them the tribute due to her.

TO CELIA

Occasioned by her apprehending her house would be broke open, and having an old fellow to guard it, who sat up all night, with a gun without any ammunition.

CUPID CALLED TO ACCOUNT

LAST night, as my unwilling mind
To rest, dear Celia, I resign'd;
For how should I repose enjoy,
While any fears your breast annoy?
Forbid it, Heaven, that I should be
From any of your troubles free.
O! would kind Fate attend my prayer,
Greedy, I'd give you not a share.

Last night, then, in a wretched taking,
My spirits toss'd 'twixt sleep and waking,
I dreamt (ah! what so frequent themes
As you and Venus of my dreams!)
That she, bright glory of the sky,
Heard from below her darling's cry:
Saw her cheeks pale, her bosom heave,
And heard a distant sound of "thieve!"
Not so you look when at the ball,
Envied you shine, outshining all.
Not so at church, when priest perplex'd,
Beholds you, and forgets the text.

The goddess frighten'd, to her throne
Summon'd the little god her son,
And him in passion thus bespoke:
"Where, with that cunning urchin's look,
Where from thy colours hast thou stray'd?
Unguarded left my darling maid?"

Left my loved citadel of beauty,
With none but Sancho upon duty!
Did I for this a num'rous band
Of loves send under thy command!
Bid thee still have her in thy sight,
And guard her beauties day and night!
Were not th' Hesperian gardens taken?
The hundred eyes of Argus shaken?
What dangers will not men despise,
T' obtain this much superior prize?
And didst thou trust what Jove hath charm'd,
To a poor sentinel unarmed?
A gun indeed the wretch had got,
But neither powder, ball, nor shot.
Come tell me, urchin, tell no lies;
Where was you hid, in Vince's eyes?
Did you fair Bennet's breast importune?
(I know you dearly love a fortune.)"
Poor Cupid now began to whine:
"Mamma, it was no fault of mine.
I in a dimple lay *perdue*,
That little guard-room chose by you.
A hundred loves (all arm'd) did grace
The beauties of her neck and face;
Thence, by a sigh, I dispossess'd,
Was blown to Harry Fielding's breast;
Where I was forced all night to stay,
Because I could not find my way.
But did mamma know there what work
I've made, how acted like a Turk;
What pains, what torments he endures,
Which no physician ever cures,
She would forgive." The goddess smiled,
And gently chuck'd her wicked child,
Bid him go back, and take more care,
And give her service to the fair.

TO THE SAME

ON HER WISHING TO HAVE A LILLIPUTIAN TO PLAY WITH

Is there a man who would not be,
 My Celia, what is prized by thee?
 A monkey beau, to please thy sight,
 Would wish to be a monkey quite.
 Or (couldst thou be delighted so)
 Each man of sense would be a beau.
 Courtiers would quit their faithless skill,
 To be thy faithful dog Quadrille.
 P—lt—y, who does for freedom rage,
 Would sing confined within thy cage;
 And W—lp—le, for a tender pat,
 Would leave his place to be thy cat.
 May I, to please my lovely dame,
 Be five foot shorter than I am;
 And, to be greater in her eyes,
 Be sunk to Lilliputian size.
 While on thy hand I skipp'd the dance,
 How I'd despise the king of France!
 That hand! which can bestow a store
 Richer than the Peruvian ore,
 Richer than India, or the sea,
 (That hand will give yourself away).
 Upon your lap to lay me down,
 Or hide in plaitings of your gown;
 Or on your shoulder sitting high,
 What monarch so enthroned as I!
 Now on the rosy bud I'd rest,
 Which borrows sweetness from thy breast;
 Then when my Celia walks abroad,
 I'd be her pocket's little load:
 Or sit astride, to frighten people,
 Upon her hat's new-fashioned steeple.

These for the day; and for the night,
 I'd be a careful, watchful sprite;
 Upon her pillow sitting still,
 I'd guard her from th' approach of ill.
 Thus (for afraid she could not be
 Of such a little thing as me)
 While I survey her bosom rise,
 Her lovely lips, her sleeping eyes,
 While I survey, what to declare
 Nor fancy can, nor words must dare,
 Here would begin my former pain,
 And wish to be myself again.

 SIMILES

TO THE SAME

As wildest libertines would rate,
 Compared with pleasure, an estate;
 Or as his life a hero'd prize,
 When honour claim'd the sacrifice;
 Their souls as strongest misers hold,
 When in the balance weigh'd with gold;
 Such, was thy happiness at stake,
 My fortune, life, and soul, I'd make.

 THE PRICE

TO THE SAME

CAN there on earth, my Celia, be
 A price I would not pay for thee?
 Yes, one dear precious tear of thine
 Should not be shed to make thee mine.

HER CHRISTIAN NAME

TO THE SAME

A VERY good fish, very good way of selling
 A very bad thing, with a little bad spelling,
 Make the name by the parson and godfather given,
 When a Christian was made of an angel from heaven.

TO THE SAME

HAVING BLAMED MR. GAY FOR HIS SEVERITY ON HER SEX

LET it not Celia's gentle heart perplex
 That Gay severe hath satirized her sex;
 Had they, like her, a tenderness but known,
 Back on himself each pointed dart had flown.
 But blame thou last, in whose accomplish'd mind
 The strongest satire on thy sex we find.

AN EPIGRAM

THAT Kate weds a fool what wonder can be,
 Her husband has married a fool great as she.

ANOTHER

MISS MOLLY lays down as a positive rule,
 That no one should marry for love, but a fool:
 Exceptions to rules even Lilly allows;
 Moll has sure an example at home in her spouse.

TO THE MASTER OF THE

SALISBURY ASSEMBLY

*Occasioned by a dispute whether the company should have fresh
candles*

TAKE your candles away, let your music be mute,
My dancing, however, you shall not dispute;
Jenny's eyes shall find light, and I'll find a flute.

THE CAT AND FIDDLE

TO THE

FAVOURITE CAT OF A FIDDLING MISER

THRICE happy cat, if, in thy A—— House,
Thou luckily shouldst find a half-starved mouse;
The mice, that only for his music stay,
Are proofs that Orpheus did not better play.
Thou too, if danger could alarm thy fears,
Hast to this Orpheus strangely tied thy ears:
For oh! the fatal time will come, when he,
Prudent, will make his fiddle-strings of thee.

THE Queen of Beauty, t'other day
(As the Elysian journals say),
To ease herself of all her cares,
And better carry on affairs;
By privy-council moved above,
And Cupid minister of love,

To keep the earth in due obedience,
 Resolved to substitute vice-regents;
 To canton out her subject lands,
 And give the fairest the commands.

She spoke, and to the earth's far borders
 Young Cupid issued out his orders,
 That every nymph in its dimensions
 Shall bring or send up her pretensions.
 Like lightning swift the order flies,
 Or swifter glance from Celia's eyes:
 Like wit from sparkling W—tley's tongue;
 Or harmony from Pope, or Young.
 Why should I sing what letters came;
 Who boasts her face, or who her frame?
 From black and brown, and red, and fair,
 With eyes and teeth, and lips and hair.
 One, fifty hidden charms discovers;
 A second boasts as many lovers:
 This beauty all mankind adore;
 And this all women envy more.
 This witnesses, by *billets doux*,
 A thousand praises, and all true;
 While that by jewels makes pretences
 To triumph over kings and princes;
 Bribing the goddess by that pelf,
 By which she once was bribed herself.
 So borough towns, election brought on.
 Ere yet corruption bill was thought on.
 Sir Knight, to gain the voters' favour,
 Boasts of his former good behaviour;
 Of speeches in the Senate made;
 Love for its country, and its trade.
 And, for a proof of zeal unshaken,
 Distributes bribes he once had taken.
 What matters who the prizes gain,
 In India, Italy, or Spain;
 Or who requires the brown commanders

Of Holland, Germany, and Flanders!
 Thou, Britain, on my labours smile,
 The Queen of Beauty's favoured isle;
 Whom she long since hath prized above
 The Paphian, or the Cyprian grove.
 And here, who ask the muse to tell,
 That the court lot to R——chmond fell?
 Or who so ignorant as wants
 To know that S——per's chose for Hants?
 Sarum, thy candidates be named,
 Sarum, for beauties ever famed,
 Whose nymphs excel all beauty's flowers,
 As thy high steeple doth all towers.
 The court was placed in manner fitting;
 Venus upon the bench was sitting;
 Cupid was secretary made.
 The crier an *O Yes* display'd;
 Like mortal crier's loud alarum,
 Bring in petitions from New Sarum.
¹ When lo, in bright celestial state,
 Jove came and thunder'd at the gate.
 "And can you, daughter, doubt to whom
 (He cried) belongs the happy doom,
 While C——cks yet make bless'd the earth,
 C——cks, who long before their birth,
 I, by your own petition moved,
 Decreed to be by all beloved.
 C——cks, to whose celestial dower
 I gave all beauties in my power;
 To form whose lovely minds and faces,
 I stripp'd half heaven of its graces.

¹ The middle part of this poem (which was written when the author was very young) was filled with the names of several young ladies, who might perhaps be uneasy at seeing themselves in print, that part therefore is left out; the rather, as some freedoms, though gentle ones, were taken with little foibles in the amiable sex, whom to affront in print, is, we conceive, mean in any man, and scandalous in a gentleman.

Oh let them bear an equal sway,
 So shall mankind well-pleased obey."
 The god thus spoke, the goddess bow'd;
 Her rising blushes straight avow'd
 Her hapless memory and shame,
 And Cupid glad writ down their name.

A PARODY

FROM THE FIRST ÆNEID

DIXIT; et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
 Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera incessu patuit Dea.—

She said; and turning, show'd her wrinkled neck,
 In scales and colour like a roach's back.
 Forth from her greasy locks such odours flow,
 As those who've smelt Dutch coffee-houses know.
 To her mid-leg her petticoat was rear'd,
 And the true slattern in her dress appear'd.

A SIMILE

FROM SILIUS ITALICUS

AUT ubi cecropius formidine nubis aquosæ
 Sparsa super flores examina tollit Hymettos;
 Ad dulces ceras et odori corticis antra,
 Mellis apes gravidæ properant, densoque volatu
 Raucum connexæ glomerant ad limina murmur.

OR when th' Hymettian shepherd, struck with fear
Of wat'ry clouds thick gather'd in the air,
Collects to waxen cells the scatter'd bees
Home from the sweetest flowers, and verdant trees;
Loaded with honey to the hive they fly,
And humming murmurs buzz along the sky.

TO EUTHALIA

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1728

BURNING with love, tormented with despair
Unable to forget or ease his care;
In vain each practised art Alexis tries;
In vain to books, to wine or women flies;
Each brings Euthalia's image to his eyes.
In Locke's or Newton's page her learning glows;
Dryden the sweetness of her numbers shows;
In all their various excellence I find
The various beauties of her perfect mind.
How vain in wine a short relief I boast!
Each sparkling glass recalls my charming toast.
To women then successful I repair,
Engage the young, the witty, and the fair.
When Sappho's wit each envious breast alarms,
And Rosalinda looks ten thousand charms;
In vain to them my restless thoughts would run;
Like fairest stars, they show the absent sun.

PART OF
JUVENAL'S SIXTH SATIRE
MODERNISED IN
BURLESQUE VERSE

JUVENALIS SATYRA SEXTA

CREDO pudicitiam Saturno rege ¹ moratam
In terris, visamque diu; cum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,
Et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra:
Silvestrem montana torum cum sterneret uxor
Frondebis et culmo, vicinarumque ² ferarum

¹ Aureo scilicet sæculo; quod vixisse Saturno, Cæli et Vestæ filio, in Latio regnante a poetis fingitur. Regem hunc eleganter satis poeta profert, cum de moribus in Latio mutatis agitur.

² Contubernalium. Vel forsitan non longe petitarum sicut nunc; et exprobrare vult sui temporis Romanis, qui ex longinquo, mollitiei vel odoris causa, ferarum pelles maximo cum pretio comparabant.

PART OF
JUVENAL'S SIXTH SATIRE
MODERNISED IN
BURLESQUE VERSE

DAME Chastity, without dispute,
Dwelt on the earth with good King Brute;¹
When a cold hut of modern Greenland
Had been a palace for a Queen Anne;
When hard and frugal temp'rance reign'd,
And men no other house contain'd
Than the wild thicket, or the den;
When household goods, and beasts, and men,
Together lay beneath one bough,
Which man and wife would scarce do now;
The rustic wife her husband's bed
With leaves and straw, and beast-skin made.

¹The Roman poet mentions Saturn, who was the first King of Italy; we have therefore rendered Brute the oldest to be found in our Chronicles, and whose history is as fabulous as that of his Italian brother.

Pellibus, haud similis tibi,¹ Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
 Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos;
 Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,²
 Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito.
 Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cœloque recenti
 Vivebant homines; qui rupto robore nati,
 Compositique luto nullos habuere parentes,
 Multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan,

¹ Cynthia propertii, Lesbia Catulli amica. Quarum quidem hanc ineptam, illam delicatulam fuisse innuit noster.

² Grangæum quendam hic refutat Lubinus. Qui per magnos, adultæ vel saltem provectoris Ætatis pueros, intelligit. Ego tamen cum Grangæo sentio. Nam delicatulis et nobilissimis matronis consuetudinem pueros a matris mammis arcendi objicere vult poeta, ob quam Romanas mulieres, Juvenalis temporibus, sicut et nostræ, infames et reprehensione dignas fuisse ne minimum quidem dubito.

Rupto robore nati. Sic Virgilius.

Gensque virum truncis, et rupto robore nati.

Hanc fabulam ex eo natam fuisse volunt, quod habitantes in arborum cavitibus exinde egredi solebant. Ridicula sane conjectura, et quæ criticolorum homunculorum hallucinantem geniunculum satis exprimit. Hæc fabula et aliæ quæ de hominis origine extiterunt, ab uno et eodem fonte effluxisse videntur, ab ignorantia scilicet humana cum vanitate conjuncta. Homines enim cum sui generis originem prorsus ignorant, et hanc ignorantiam sibi probro verterent, causas varias genitivas, ad suam cujusque regionem accommodatas invenerunt et tradiderunt; alii ab arboribus, alii a luto, alii a lapidibus originem suam ducentes.

Not like Miss Cynthia,¹ nor that other,
 Who more bewail'd her bird than mother;
 But fed her children from her bobbies,
 Till they were grown up ² to great loobies:
 Herself an ornament lest decent
 Than spouse, who smell'd of acorn recent.
 For, in the infancy of nature,
 Man was a diff'rent sort of creature;
 When dirt-engendered ³ offspring broke
 From the ripe womb of mother oak.
 Ev'n in the reign of Jove, perhaps,

¹ This is the first satirical stroke, in which the poet inveighs against an over affectation of delicacy and tenderness in women.

² Here the poet slyly objects to the custom of denying the mother's breast to the infant; there are among us truly conscientious persons, who agree with his opinion.

³ We have here varied a little from the original, and put the two causes of generation together.

Aut aliqua extiterant, et sub Jove,¹ sed Jove nondum
 Barbato, nondum Græcis jurare paratis²
 Per caput alterius; cum furem nemo timeret
 Caulibus, aut pomis, sed aperto viveret horto.
 Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
 Hac comite; atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.
 Antiquum et vetus est, alienum, Posthume, lectum
 Concutere, atque sacri genium contemnere fulcri.
 Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas:
 Viderunt primos argentea secula mœchos.
 Conventum tamen, et pactum, et sponsalia nostra
 Tempestate paras; jamque a tonsore magistro³
 Pectoris, et digito pignus fortasse dedisti.
 Certe sanus eras: uxorem, Posthume, ducis?
 Dic, qua Tisiphone? quibus exagitare colubris?
 Ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam?

¹ Argenteo sæculo, Jove Saturni filio regnante. Miram hujus loci elegantiam nimine prætereundam censeo. Quanta enim acerbitate in vitia humana insurgit poeta noster, qui non nisi vestigia pudicitiae argenteo sæculo attribuit, neque hæc asserit, sed *forsan* extitisse sæculo hoc *ineunte* dicit; mox Jove pubescente ad superos avolasse.

² Apud Romanos Punica fides, et apud Græcos, ut liquet ex Demosthene in 1 Olynth. Macedonica fides, proverbio locum tribuerunt: Asiaticos etiam ob perjuriam insectatur noster Sat. sequente vers. 14. Sed hic originem perjurii Græcis attribuere videtur.

³ Adprime docto. Hic et ad vers. 78, 79. Ritus nuptiales exhibet poeta.

The goddess may have shown her chaps ;
 But it was sure in its beginning,
 Ere Jupiter had beard to grin in.
 Not yet the Greeks ¹ made truth their sport,
 And bore false evidence in court ;
 Their truth was yet become no adage ;
 Men fear'd no thieves of pears and cabbage.
 By small degrees Astrea flies,
 With her two sisters ² to the skies.
 O 'tis a very ancient custom,
 To taint the genial bed, my Posthum !
 Fearless lest husband should discover it,
 Or else the genius that rules over it.
 The iron age gave other crimes,
 Adult'ry grew in silver times.
 But you, in this age, boldly dare
 The marriage settlements prepare ;
 Perhaps have bought the wedding garment,
 And ring too, thinking there's no harm in't.
 Sure you was in your senses, honey.
 You marry. Say, what Tisiphone ³
 Possesses you with all her snakes,
 Those curls which in her pole she shakes ?

¹ They were so infamous for perjury, that to have regard to an oath was a great character among them, and sufficient to denote a gentleman. See our Notes on the *Plutus* of Aristophanes.

² Truth and Modesty.

³ One of the Furies. We have presumed to violate the quantity of this word.

Cum pateant altæ, caligantesque fenestræ?
 Cum tibi vicinum se præbeat Æmilius pons?
 Aut si de multis nullus placet exitus; illud
 Nonne putas melius, quod tecum pusio dormit?
 Pusio qui noctu non litigat: exigit a te
 Nulla jacens illic munuscula, nec queritur quod
 Et lateri parcas, nec, quantum jussit, anheles.
 Sed placet Ursidio lex Julia: ¹ tollere dulcem
 Cogitat hæredem, cariturus turture magno,
 Mullorumque jubis, ² et captatore macello.
 Quid fieri non posse putes, si jungitur ulla
 Usidio? si mœchorum notissimus ³ olim
 Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capistro,
 Quem toties textit periturum cista Latini?

¹ De adulteriis; qua lata est pœna adulterii, ideoque ad matrimonium viri ab ea lege impelluntur.

² I.e. Mullatis jubis. Sic Phædrus: aviditas canis pro avido cane, et etiam apud Græcos *Βί Πρίαμοιο* pro *Βίαιος Πρίαμος*.

³ Al. Turpissimus, perperam: nam si ita legas diminuitur hujus loci vis; quo quis enim majorem adulterarum habuit notitiam, eo magis maritali capistro porrecturus, ora exemplum præbet ridiculum.

What, wilt thou wear the marriage chain,
 While one whole halter doth remain ;
 When open windows death present ye,
 And Thames hath water in great plenty ?
 But verdicts of ten thousand pound
 Most sweetly to Ursidius sound.
 " We'll all (he cries) be cuckolds *nem. con.*
 While the rich action lies of *crim. con.*"
 And who would lose the precious joy
 Of a fine thumping darling boy ?
 Who, while you dance him, calls you daddy
 (So he's instructed by my lady).
 What tho' no ven'son, fowl, or fish,
 Presented, henceforth grace the dish :
 Such he hath had, but dates no merit hence ;
 He knows they came for his inheritance.¹
 What would you say, if this Ursidius,
 A man well known among the widows,
 First of all rakes, his mind should alter,
 And stretch his simple neck to th' halter ?²
 Often within Latinus' closet,³
 (The neighbours, nay, the whole town knows it,)

¹ This custom of making presents to rich men who had no children, in order to become their heirs, is little known to us. Mr. Ben Jonson, indeed, hath founded a play on it, but he lays the scene in Venice.

² We have endeavoured to preserve the beauty of this line in the original. The metaphor is taken from the posture of a horse holding forth his neck to the harness.

³ We have here a little departed from the Latin. This *Latimus* was a player, and used to act the part of the gallant; in which, to avoid the discovery of the husband, he used to be hid in a chest, or clothes-basket, as Falstaff is concealed in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The poet therefore here alludes to that custom.

Quid, quod et antiquis uxor de moribus illi
 Quæritur? O medici mediam pertundite venam:
 Delicias hominis! ¹ Tarpeium limen adora
 Pronus, et auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,
 Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
 Pauca adeo Cereris vittas ² contingere dignæ;
 Quarum non timeat pater oscula, necte coronam
 Postibus, et densos per limina tende corymbos.
 Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit? ocyus illud
 Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.
 Magna tamen fama est cujusdam rure paterno
 Viventis: vivat Gabiis, ut vixit in agro;
 Vivat Fidenis, et agello cedo paterno.
 Quis tamen affirmat nil actum in montibus, aut in
 Speluncis? adeo senuerunt Jupiter et Mars?

¹ Delicat um hominem. Sic monstrum hominis, pro monstrosus homo.

² Mysteria eleusynia hic respicit. Quæ quidem a Warburtono illo doctissimo in libro suo de Mosaica legatione accuratissime nunc demum explicantur.

He hath escaped the cuckold's search ;
 Yet now he seeks a wife most starch ;
 With good old-fashion'd morals fraught.
 Physicians give him a large draught,
 And surgeons ope his middle vein.
 O delicate taste ! go, prithee strain
 Thy lungs to heaven, in thanksgivings ;
 Build churches, and endow with livings.
 If a chaste wife thy lot befall,
 'Tis the great prize drawn in Guildhall.
 Few worthy are to touch those mysteries,¹
 Of which we lately know the histories,
 To Ceres sacred, who requires
 Strict purity from loose desires.
 Whereas at no crime now they boggle,
 Ev'n at their grandfathers they ogle.
 But come, your equipage make ready,
 And dress your house out for my lady.
 Will one man Iberine supply ?
 Sooner content her with one eye.
 But hold ; there runs a common story
 Of a chaste country virgin's glory.

¹ Which the reader may see explained in a most masterly style, and with the profoundest knowledge of antiquity, by Mr. Warburton, in the first volume of his *Divine Legation of Moses vindicated*.

Porticibusne tibi monstratur fœmina voto
 Digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis
 Quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis?
 Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,
 Tuccia vesicæ non imperat; Appula gannit
 (Sicut in amplexu) subitum, et miserabile longum: ¹
 Attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc rustica discit.
 Ast aliæ, quoties aulæa recondita cessant,
 Et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,
 Atque a plebiis longe Megalesia; tristes
 Personam thyrsumque tenent, et subligar Acci.

¹ Hæc et sequentia ut minus a castis intelligenda, sic ab interpretibus minime intellecta videntur. Omnes quos unquam vidi, Codd. ita se habent.

—————" *Appula gannit*
Sicut in amplexu; subitum, et miserabile longum:
Attendit Thymele.

Quid sibi vult hæc lectio, me omino latere fateor; sin vero nobiscum legas, tribus illis verbis parenthesi inclusis, invenies planam quidem (licet castiore musa indignam) sententiam.

At Bath and Tunbridge let her be;
 If there she's chaste, I will agree.
 And will the country yield no slanders?
 Is all our army gone to Flanders? ¹

Can the full Mall ² afford a Spouse,
 Or boxes, worthy of your vows?
 While some soft dance Bathyllus dances,
 Can Tuccy regulate her glances?
 Appula chuckles, and poor Thomyly
 Gapes, like a matron at a homily.

But others, when the house is shut up,
 Nor play-bills By Desire, ³ are put up;
 When players cease, ⁴ and lawyer rises
 To harangue jury at assizes;
 When drolls at Barthol'mew begin,
 A feast day after that of Trin'.

¹ As the patron of these gentlemen is mentioned in the original, we thought his votaries might be pleased with being inserted in the imitation.

² The portico's in the original; where both sexes used to assemble.

³ A constant puff at the head of our play-bills; designed to allure persons to the house, who go thither more for the sake of the company than of the play; but which has proved so often fallacious (plays having been acted *at the particular desire of several ladies of quality, when there hath not been a single lady of quality in the house*) that at present it hath very little signification.

⁴ Viz. in the vacation. In the original, As the Megalesian festival is so long distant from the plebeian. The latter being celebrated in the calends of December, the former in the nones of April.

Urbicus exodio risum movet Attellanæ
 Gestibus Autonoes; hunc diligit Ælia pauper.
 Solvitur his magno comcedi fibula; sunt quæ
 Chrysogonum cantare vetent; Hispulla tragædo
 Gaudet; an expectas, ut Quintilianus ametur?
 Accipis uxorem, de qua citharædus Echion
 Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambrosiusve choraules.
 Longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos:
 Ornentur postes, et grandi janua lauro,
 Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
 Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans.
 Nupta senatori comitata est Hippiæ ludium.¹

¹Salmas. ludum mavult, et hoc pro ludio, ut regna pro regibus, positum censet: sed synæresis hæc frequenter occurrit apud poetas. Sic τὸ omnia apud Virgilium dissyllabum est.

Others, I say, themselves turn players,
 With Clive and Woffington's gay airs;
 Paint their fair faces out like witches,
 And cram their thighs in Fle—w—d's breeches.

Italian measures while Fausan
 Moved, what a laugh thro' gall'ry ran?
 Poor Ælia languishes in vain;
 Fausan is bought with greater gain.

Others make B—rd their wiser choice,
 And wish to spoil his charming voice.
 Hispulla sighs for Buskin's wit,
 Could she love Lyt—n or P—t?

Choose you a wife, whom the blind harper,
 Or any fiddler else, or sharper,
 Fine rivals! might with ease enjoy,
 And make thee father of a boy?

Come then, prepare the nuptial feast,
 Adorn the board, invite the guest;
 That madam may, in time, be big,
 And bring an heir resembling Fig.¹
 Hippia,² to Parl'ment man was wed,
 But left him for a fencer's bed:

¹ A celebrated prize fighter.

² She was wife to Fabricius Veiento, a noble rich Roman, who was infamous for his luxury and pride. This last quality was so eminent in him, that he scorned to salute any almost of his fellow citizens; for which he is lashed by our poet, Sat. III. v. 185. He is likewise introduced in the fourth satire. His wife Hippia ran away to Egypt with the gladiator Sergius.

Ad Pharon et Nilum, famosaque mœnia Lagi;
 Prodigia, et mores urbis damnante Cãnopo.¹
 Immemor illa domus, et conjugis, atque sororis,
 Nil patriæ indulsit; plorantesque improba gnatos,
 Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.
 Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumaque paterna,
 Et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,
 Contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,
 Cujus apud molles minima est jacturâ cathedras.
 Tyrrenos igitur fluctus, lateque sonantem
 Pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis
 Mutandum toties esset mare. Justa pericli
 Si ratio est, et honesta, timent; pavidoque gelantur
 Pectore, nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
 Fortem animum præstant rebus, quas turpiter audent
 Si jubeat conjux, durum est conscendere navim;

¹ Urbs erat Ægyptiaca ad ostium Nili, sed hic pro tota Ægypto usurpatur. Hujus populi mores tam apud Græcos quam Romanos maxime infames fuere, adeo ut *ἁγυπριαστὶ* periude valeat ac turpiter. His duobus versibus nihil acerbius esse potest.

With him she went to some plantation,
 Which damned the morals of our nation;
 Forgetful of her house and sister,
 And spouse and country too, which miss'd her:
 Her brawling brats ne'er touch'd her mind;
 Nay more, young C—r's¹ left behind.

Nor was this nymph bred up to pattins,
 But swaddled soft in silks and satins;
 Yet she despised the sea's loud roar;
 Her fame she had despised before:
 For that's a jewel, in reality,
 Of little value 'mongst the quality.²
 Nor Bay of Biscay raised her fears,
 Nor all the Spanish privateers.
 But should a just occasion call
 To danger, how the charmers squall!
 Cold are their breasts as addled eggs,
 Nor can they stand upon their legs,
 More than an infant that is rickety;
 But they are stronger in iniquity.

Should spouse decoy them to a ship,
 Good heavens! how they'd have the hip!

¹ In the original Paris, a player of whom Domitian was so fond, that our author was banished for his abusing him. He afterwards was put to death for an amour with the empress.

² We have inserted this rather to stick as close to the original as possible, than from any conceit that it is justly applicable to our own people of fashion.

Tunc sentina gravis; tunc summus vertitur aer.
 Quæ mœchum sequitur, stomacho valet: illa maritum
 Convomit: hæc inter nautas et prandet, et errat
 Per puppim, et duros gaudet tractare rudentes.
 Qua tamen exarsit forma? qua capta juventa
 Hippia? Quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici
 Sustinuit? nam Sergiolus¹ jam radere guttur
 Cœperat, et secto requiem sperare lacerto.²
 Præterea multa in facie deformia; sicut
 Attritus galea, medijsque in naribus ingens
 Gibbus; et acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.
 Sed gladiator erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos:
 Hoc pueris, patriæque, hoc prætulit illa sorori,
 Atque viro: ferrum est, quod amant: hic Sergius idem
 Accepta rude, cœpisset Veiento videri.

¹ Diminutivo blandulo quam facete utitur poeta!

² Missionem impetrabant gladiatores, Brachio, vel aliquo alio membro mutilato. Vide ut Sergii laudes enumeret noster; eum nempe formæ, decorem, propter quem Hippia, famæ suæ oblita, ludia dici sustinuit. Senex erat, mutilatus, et forma turpissima. Hæc omnia munere suo gladiatorio compensavit.

" 'Tis hard to clamber up the sides ;
 O filthy hold ! and when she rides,
 It turns one's head quite topsy-turvy,
 And makes one sicker than the scurvy."
 Her husband is the nauseous physick,
 With her gallant she's never sea-sick.
 To dine with sailors then she's able,
 And even bears a hand to cable.
 But say, what youth or beauty warm'd thee,
 What, Hippia, in thy lover charm'd thee ?
 For little Sergy, like a goat,
 Was bearded down from eyes to throat :
 Already had he done his best ;
 Fit for an hospital, and rest.¹
 His face wore many a deformity,
 Upon his nose a great enormity.
 His eyes distill'd a constant stream ;
 In matter not unlike to cream.
 But he was still of the bear-garden,
 Hence her affection fond he shared in :
 This did, beyond her children, move ;
 Dearer than spouse or country prove ;
 In short, 'tis iron which they love.
 Dismiss this Sergius from the stage ;
 Her husband could not less engage.

¹ The gladiators, when they were maimed, received their dismissal ; as a token of which a wand was presented to them. Sergius had not, however, yet obtained this favour ; our poet hints only that he was entitled to it.

Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippia, curas?
Respice rivales Divorum: Claudius audi
Quæ tulerit: dormire virum cum senserat uxor,
(Ausa Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,
Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos,)
Linquebat, comite ancilla non amplius una;
Et nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero,
Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,
Et cellam vacuum, atque suam: tunc nuda papillis
Constitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciscæ,
Ostenditque tuum, generose Britannice, ventrem.
Excepit blanda intrantes, atque æra poposcit.

But say you, if each private family
 Doth not produce a perfect Pamela;
 Must every female bear the blame
 Of one low, private, strumpet's shame?
 See then a dignified example,
 And take from higher life a sample;
 How horns have sprouted on heads royal,
 And Harry's wife ¹ hath been disloyal.
 When she perceived her husband snoring,
 Th' imperial strumpet went a whoring:
 Daring with private rakes to solace,
 She preferr'd Ch-rl-s Street to the Palace:
 Went with a single maid of honour,
 And with a capuchin upon her,
 Which hid her black and lovely hairs;
 At H——d's ² softly stole up stairs:
 There at receipt of custom sitting,
 She boldly call'd herself the Kitten; ³
 Smiled, and pretended to be needy,
 And ask'd men to *come down the ready*.⁴

¹ This may be, perhaps, a little applicable to one of Henry VIII.'s wives.

² A useful woman in the parish of Covent Garden.

³ A young lady of pleasure.

⁴ This is a phrase by which loose women demand money of their gallants.

Mox, lenone suas jam dimittente puellas,
Tristis abit; sed, quod potuit, tamen ultima cellam
Clausit, adhuc ardens rigidæ tentiginæ vulvæ;
Et lassata viris, nondum satiata recessit:
Obscurisque genis turpis, fumoque lucernæ
Fœda, lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.
Hippomanes, carmenque loquar, coctumque venenum,
Privignoque datum? faciunt graviora coactæ
Imperio sexus, minimumque libidine peccant.
Optima sed quare Cesennia teste marito?
Bis quingenta dedit; tanti vocat ille pudicam:
Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent; veniunt a dote sagittæ.
Libertas emitur: coram licet innuat, atque
Rescribat; vidua est, locuples quæ nupsit avaro.
Cur desiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet?
Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.

But when for fear ¹ of justice' warrants,
 The bawd dismiss'd her whores on errands,
 She stayed the last——then went, they say,
 Unsatisfied, tho' tired, away.

Why should I mention all their magic
 Poison, and other stories tragic?
 Their appetites are all such rash ones,
 Lust is the least of all their passions.

Cesennia's husband call, you cry,
 He lauds her virtues to the sky.
 She brought him twice ten thousand pounds,
 With all *that* merit she abounds.
 Venns ne'er shot at him an arrow,
 Her fortune darted through his marrow:
 She bought her freedom, and before him
 May wink, forgetful of decorum,
 And lovers billets-doux may answer:
 For he who marries wives for gain, sir,
 A widow's privilege must grant 'em,
 And suffer captains to gallant 'em.

But Bibula doth Sertorius move:
 I'm sure he married her for love.
 Love I agree was in the case;
 Not of the woman, but her face.

¹ In Rome, the keepers of evil houses used to dismiss their girls at midnight; at which time those who follow the same trade in the city first light up their candles.

Fiant obscuri dentes, oculique minores;
Collige sarcinulas, dicet libertus,¹ et exi;
Jam gravis es nobis, et sæpe emungeris; exi
Ocyus, et propera; sicco venit altera naso.
Interea calet, et regnat, poscitque maritum
Pastores, et ovem Canusinam, ulmosque Falernas.
Quantulum in hoc? pueros omnes, ergastula tota,

¹ Sensus hujus loci non subolet interpretibus. Divitem maritum e libertino genere hic ostendi volunt: cum poeta plane servum manumissum, vel primi ordinis servum intendit: quem nos anglice, *the gentlemen, the steward, &c.*, nominamus.

Let but one wrinkle spoil her forehead;
 Or should she chance to have a sore head;
 Her skin grow flabby, or teeth blacken,
 She quickly would be sent a packing.
 "Be gone!"—(the gentleman¹ would cry)
 "Are those d—n'd nostrils never dry?
 Defend me, Heaven, from a strumpet,
 Who's always playing on a trumpet."

But while her beauteous youth remains,
 With power most absolute she reigns.
 Now rarities she wants; no matter
 What price they cost—they please the better.
 Italian vines, and Spanish sheep.²
 But these are trifles—you must keep
 An equipage of six stout fellows;³
 Of no use to 'em, as they tell us,

¹ That is, her husband's gentleman. The commentators have wretchedly blundered here, in their interpretation of the Latin.

² In the original, Falernian vines and Canusian sheep: for Falernia produced the most delicious wine, and the sheep which came from Canusium, a town or village of Apulia, the finest wool. I know not whether either of the instances by which I have attempted to modernise this passage be at present in fashion, but if they are not, it is probable the only reason is, that we forget Italian vines, as they would require the assistance of artificial heat; and Spanish sheep, as they are to be fetched a great way by sea, would be extremely expensive, and consequently well worth our having.

³ The Latin hath it—All the fellows in the workhouse: but this is an instance that our luxury is not yet so extravagant as that of the Romans was in Juvenal's days.

Quodq; domi non est, et habet vicinus, ematur.
 Mense quidem brumæ, cum jam mercator Iason
 Clausus, et armatis obstat casa candida nautis,
 Grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursus
 Myrrhina, deinde adamas notissimus, et Berenices
 In digito factus pretiosior: hunc dedit olim
 Barbarus incestæ; dedit hunc Agrippa sorori;¹
 Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges,
 Et vetus indulget, senibus clementia porcis.

Nullane de tantis gregibus² tibi digna videtur?
 Sit formosa, decens, dives, fœcunda, vetustos
 Porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni
 Crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabina:
 (Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.)
 Quis feret uxorem, cui constant omnia? malo,
 Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia,³ mater
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
 Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.

¹ Repetitionem hujus vocis *dedit* sunt qui conantur abjicere, licet elegantissimam; ideoque interpretum gustui minus gratam.

² Ambiguitatem qua greges refert tam ad mulieres quam ad porcos miratur lubinus, et queritur quod ab aliis non animadvertatur. Sed nescio annon inurbanus potius quam argutus hic dicendus sit poeta.

³ Scipionis Africani filia, Cornelio Graccho nupta, et Caii et Tiberii mater, hic maximæ laudis, non vituperationis causa, memorata.

Unless to walk before their chairs,
 When they go out to show their airs.
 However liberal your grants,
 Still what her neighbour hath she wants;
 Even Pitt's precious diamond—that
 Which Lewis Fifteen wears in's hat;
 Or what Agrippa gave his sister.¹
 Incestuous bride! for which he kiss'd her.
 (Sure with less sin a Jew might dine,
 If hungry, on a herd of swine.)

But of this herd, I mean of women,
 Will not an individual do, man?
 No, none my soul can e'er inflame,
 But the rich, decent, lovely dame:
 Her womb with fruitfulness attended;
 Of a good ancient house descended:
 A virgin too, untouch'd, and chaste,
 Whom man ne'er took about the waist.
 She's a rare bird! find her who can,
 And much resembling a black swan.

But who could bear a wife's great merit,
 Who doth such qualities inherit?
 I would prefer some country girl
 To the proud daughter of an earl;
 If my repose must still be hind'red
 With the great actions of her kindred.

¹ Berenice.

Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Syphacem
In castris, et cum tota Carthagine migra.

Parce, precor, Pæan; et tu, Dea, pone sagittas;
Nil pueri faciunt; ipsam configite matrem;
Amphion clamat: sed Pæan contrahit arcum.
Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsumque parentem,
Dum sibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur,
Atque eadem scrofa Niobe fœcundior alba.
Quæ tanti gravitas? quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet? hujus enim rari, summique voluptas
Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta superbo
Plus aloes, quam mellis, habet. Quis deditus autem

Go to the devil, should I say,
 With the West Indies ta'en—away.¹
 “Hold, Pæan, hold! thou goddess, spare
 My children,” was Amphion’s prayer.
 “They have done nought to forfeit life;
 O shoot your arrows at my wife.”
 His prayer nor god nor goddess heard,
 Nor child, nor ev’n the mother spared.
 For why, the vixen proudly boasted,²
 More than Latona she was toasted;
 And had been oft’ner in the straw,
 Than the white sow ³ Æneas saw.
 But say, though Nature should be lavish,
 Can any mien or beauty ravish,
 Whose mind is nothing but inanity,
 Mere bladder blown with wind of vanity?
 Trust, if for such you give your money,
 You buy more vinegar than honey.

¹ Juvenal here mentions Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio Africanus, wife of Cornelius Gracchus, and mother of the Gracchi, Caius and Tiberius. The beauty of the original here is inimitable.

² Our poet here alludes to the story of Niobe, wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, who affronted Latona, in preferring her own fruitfulness to that of the goddess; for which reason Apollo and Diana destroyed all her children; the number of which authors report variously.

³ Which produced thirty pigs at a litter.

Usque adeo est, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
 Horreat? inque diem septenis oderit horis?
 Quædam parva quidem; sed non toleranda maritis.
 Nam quid rancidius, quam, quod se non putat ulla
 Formosam, nisi quæ de Thusca Græcula facta est?
 De Sulmonensi mera Cecropis omnia Græce;
 Cum sit turpe minus nostris nescire Latine.
 Hoc sermone pavent; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
 Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra?
 Concumbunt Græce, dones tamen ista puellis:
 Tune etiam, quam sextus et octogesimus annus
 Pulsat, adhuc Græce? non est hic sermo pudicus
 In vetula, quoties lascivum intervenit illud,
 ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ, modo, sub lodice relectis
 Uteris in turba, quod enim non excitat inguen
 Vox blanda et nequam? digitos habet: ut tamen omnes
 Subsident pennæ: dicas hæc mollius Æmo
 Quamquam, et Carpophoro; facies tua computat annos.

Who is there such a slave in Nature,
That while he praises would not hate her?

Some smaller crimes, which seem scarce nominable
Are yet to husbands most abominable:
For what so fulsome—if it were new t' ye,
That no one thinks herself a beauty,
Till Frenchified¹ from head to foot,
A mere Parisian dame throughout.
She spells not English, who will blame her?
But French not understood would shame her.

This language 'tis in which they tremble,
Quarrel, are happy, and dissemble;
Tell secrets to some other Miss;
What more?—'tis this in which they kiss.

But if to girls we grant this leave;
You, madam, whom fast by your sleeve
Old age hath got—must you still stammer
Soft phrases out of Bowyer's grammar?
Mon ame, mon Mignon! how it comes
Most graceful from your toothless gums
Tho' softer spoke than by Lord Fanny,
Can that old face be liked by any?

¹ The Romans were (if I may be allowed such a word) Greecified, at this time, in the same manner as we are Frenchified.

Si tibi legitimis pactam, junctamque tabellis
 Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
 Causa; nec est quare cœnam et mustacea perdas
 Labente officio, crudis donanda, nec illud,
 Quod prima pro nocte ¹ datur; cum lance beata
 Dacicus, et scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
 Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
 Est animus; submitte caput cervice parata
 Ferre jugum: nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti,
 Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis,
 Et spoliis, igitur longe minus utilis illi
 Uxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusque maritus.
 Nil unquam invita donabis conjuge: vendas
 Hac obstante nihil: nihil, hæc si nolit, emetur.
 Hæc dabit affectus: ille excludetur amicus
 Jam senior, cujus barbam tua janua vidit.
 Testandi cum sit lenonibus, atque lanistis
 Libertas, et juris idem contingat arenæ,
 Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur hæres.
 Pone crucem servo: meruit quo crimine servus
 Supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi:

¹ Mos erat præmium aliquod novæ nuptæ donandi, quasi virginitatis depositæ pretium: Hæc est autem hujus loci vis. *Si non amaturus es nuptam quam ducis, ne nox prima quidem grata erit; quam solam in matrimonio jucundam esse expectare debes.*

If love be not your cause of wedding,
 There is no other for your bedding:
 All the expense of wedding-day
 Would then, my friend, be thrown away.

If, on the contrary, you dote,
 And are of the uxorious note,
 For heavy yoke your neck prepare;
 None will the tender husband spare:
 E'en when they love they will discover
 Joys in the torments of a lover:
 The hope to govern them by kindness
 Argues, my friend, a total blindness.
 For wives most useless ever prove
 To those most worthy of their love.

Before you give, or sell, or buy,
 She must be courted to comply:
 She points new friendships out—and straight
 'Gainst old acquaintance shuts your gate.

The privilege which at their birth
 Our laws bequeath the scum o' th' earth,
 Of making wills, to you's denied;
 You for her fav'rites must provide;
 Those your sole heirs creating, who
 Have labour'd to make heirs for you.

Now come, sir, take your horsewhip down,
 And lash your footman there, Tom Brown.
 What hath Tom done? or who accuses him?
 Perhaps some rascal, who abuses him.

Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est,
 O demens, ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:
 Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.
 Imperat ergo viro: sed mox hæc regna relinquit,
 Permutatque domos, et flammea conterit: inde
 Avolat, et spreti repetit vestigia lecti;
 Ornatas paulo ante fores, pendentia linquit
 Vela domus, et adhuc virides in limine ramos.
 Sic crescit numerus; sic fiunt octo mariti ¹
 Quinque per autumnos: titulo res digna sepulchri.
 Desperanda tibi salva concordia socru:
 Illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti:
 Illa docet, missis a corruptore tabellis,
 Nil rude, nil simplex rescribere: decipit illa
 Custodes, aut ære domat: tunc corpore sano
 Advocat Archigenem, onerosaque pallia jactat.
 Abditus interea latet accersitus adulter,
 Impatiensque moræ silet, et præputia ducit.

¹ Quot nempe a lege permissi sunt. Nam prohibitum erat mulieribus, pluribus quam octo maritis nubere, cum hunc numerum ergo minime liceret transire, necessitate coacta uxor ab octavo marito redit iterum ad primum.

Let us examine first—and then—
 'Tis ne'er too late to punish men.
 Men! Do you call this abject creature
 A man? He's scarce of human nature.¹
 What hath he done?—no matter what—
 If nothing—lash him well for that:
 My will is a sufficient reason
 To constitute a servant's treason.

Thus she commands: but straight she leaves
 This slave, and to another cleaves;
 Thence to a third and fourth, and then
 Returns, perhaps, to you again.
 Thus in the space of seven short years
 Possessing half a score of dears.

Be sure, no quiet can arrive
 To you while her mamma's alive:
 She'll teach her how to cheat her spouse,
 To pick his pocket, strip his house:
 Answers to love-letters indite,
 And make her daughter's style polite.
 With cunning she'll deceive your spies,
 Or bribe with money to tell lies.

Then, tho' health swells her daughter's pulse,
 She sends for Wasey, Hoadley, Hulse.
 So she pretends,—but in their room,
 Lo, the adulterer is come.

¹ The Romans derived from the Greeks an opinion, that their slaves were of a species inferior to themselves. As such a sentiment is inconsistent with the temper of Christianity, this passage loses much of its force by being modernised.

Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honestos,
 Aut alios mores, quam quos habet? utile porro
 Filiolam turpi vetulæ producere turpem.

Nulla fere causa est, in qua non fœmina litem
 Moverit. Accusat Manilia, si rea non est.¹
 Componunt ipsæ per se, formantque libellos,
 Principium atque locos Celso dictare paratæ.

Endromidas Tyrias, et fœmineum ceroma
 Quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali?
 Quem cavat assiduis sudibus, scutoque lacessit,
 Atque omnes implet numeros; dignissima prorsus
 Florali matrona tuba;² nisi si quid in illo
 Pectore plus agitet, veræque paratur arenæ.
 Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem?
 Quæ fugit a sexu, vires amat;³ hæc tamen ipsa
 Vir nollet fieri; nam quantula nostra voluptas?
 Quale decus rerum, si conjugis auctio fiat,

¹ Accusator et reus eandem habent quam in lege nostra querens et defendens, significationem.

² Tuba ad impudicos ludos vocante. Hos a Flora meretrice quadam in honorem Floræ Deæ institutos docet Ovid fast: acerbius quidem hoc in matronas a poeta dictum.

³ Ita prorsus legendum existimo, finita interrogatione ad vocem pudorem? sensus tum erit. *Quamquam amat vires mulier quæ fugit a sexu, tamen omnino vir fieri nolit, quia, &c.*—Multo elegantior ita fiet sententia. Alii legunt *Quæ fugita sexu et vires amat.*—Sed minus recte.

Do you expect, you simple elf,
 That she who hath them not herself
 Should teach good manners to your lady,
 And not debauch her for the ready?

In courts of justice what transactions?
 Manilia's never without actions:
 No forms of litigation 'scape her,
 In special pleading next to Dr-per.

Have you not heard of fighting females,
 Whom you would rather think to be males?
 Of Madam Sutton, Mrs. Stokes,
 Who give confounded cuts and strokes?
 They fight the weapons through complete,
 Worthy to ride along the street.¹

Can female modesty so rage,
 To draw a sword, and mount the stage?
 Will they their sex entirely quit?
 No, they have not so little wit:
 Better they know how small our shares
 Of pleasure—how much less than theirs.

But should your wife by auction sell,
 (You know the modern fashion well)

¹ Prize-fighters, on the day of battle, ride through the streets with a trumpet before them.

Balteus, et manicæ, et cristæ, crurisque sinistri
Dimidium tegmen! vel si diversa movebit
Prælia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puella.
Hæ sunt, quæ tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
Delicias et panniculus bombycinus urit.
Aspice, quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus,
Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere; quanta
Poplitibus sedeat; quam denso fascia libro:
Et ride, scaphium positis cum sumitur armis.
Dicite vos neptes Lepidi, cæcive Metelli,
Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia sumpserit unquam
Hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asylli?

Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet: minimum dormitur in illo.
Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orba tigride pejor,
Cum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,
Aut odit pueros, aut ficta pellice plorat
Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis

Should Cock aloft his pulpit mount,
 And all her furniture recount,
 Sure you would scarce abstain from oaths
 To hear, among your lady's clothes,
 Of those superb fine horseman's suits,
 And those magnificent jack-boots.

And yet, as often as they please,
 Nothing is tenderer than these.
 A coach!—O gad! they cannot bear
 Such jolting!—John, go fetch a chair.
 Yet see through Hyde Park how they ride!
 How masculine! almost astride!
 Their hats fierce cock'd up with cockades,
 Resembling dragoons more than maids.

Knew our great-grandmothers these follies?
 Daughters of Hampden, Baynton, Hollis?¹
 More modesty they surely had,
 Decently ambling on a pad.

Sleep never shows his drowsy head
 Within the reach of marriage-bed:
 The wife thence frightens him with scolding.
 —Then chiefly the attack she's bold in,
 When, to conceal her own amours,
 She falls most artfully on yours:
 Pretends a jealousy of some lady,
 With tears in plenty always ready;

¹ These, according to Sidney, are some of the best families in England, and superior to many of our modern nobility.

In statione sua, atque expectantibus illam,
 Quo jubeat manare modo: tu credis amorem;
 Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletumque labellis
 Exorbes; quæ scripta, et quas lecture tabellas
 Si tibi zelotypæ retlegantur scrinia mœchæ!
 Sed jacet in servi complexibus, aut equitus: dic,
 Dic aliquem, sodes hic, Quintiliane, colorem.
 Hæremus: dic ipsa: olim convenerat, inquit,
 Ut faceres tu quod velles, necnon ego possem
 Indulgere mihi: clames licet, et mare cœlo
 Confundas,¹ homo sum. Nihil est audacius illis
 Deprensis: iram atque animos a crimine sumunt.
 Unde hæc monstra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris?
 Præstabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
 Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebat

¹ Exclamando scilicet, ut apud terentium, O Cœlum! O Terra!
 O Maria!

Which on their post true sent'nels stand,
 The word still waiting of command,
 How she shall order them to trickle.
 —Thou thinkest love her soul doth tickle.
 Poor hedge-sparrow—with fifty dears,
 Lickest up her fallacious tears.
 Search her scrutoire, man, and then tell us
 Who hath most reason to be jealous.

But, in the very fact she's taken;
 Now let us hear, to save her bacon,
 What Murray, or what Henley can say;
 Neither proof positive will gainsay:
 It is against the rules of practice;
 Nothing to her the naked fact is.
 "You know" (she cries) ere I consented
 To be, what I have since repented,
 It was agreed between us, you
 Whatever best you liked should do;
 Nor could I, after a long trial,
 Persist myself in self-denial."
 You at her impudence may wonder,
 Invoke the lightning and the thunder:
 "You are a man" (she cries) "'tis true;
 We have our human frailties too."

Nought bold is like a woman caught,
 They gather courage from the fault.

Whence come these prodigies? what fountain,
 You ask, produces them? I' th' mountain
 The British dames were chaste, no crimes
 The cottage stain'd in elder times;

Tecta labor, somnique breves, et vellere Thusco
Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
Hannibal, et stantes Collina in turre mariti.
Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.¹
Nullum crimen abest, facinusque libidinis, ex quo
Paupertas Romana perit: hinc fluxit ad istos
Et Sybaris colles, hinc et Rhodos, atque Miletos,
Atque coronatum, et petulans, madidumque Tarentum.
Prima peregrinos obscœna pecunia mores
Intulit, et turpi fregerunt secula luxu
Divitiæ molles.—

¹ *Eximie* sunt hi versus notæ, et vix satis laudandi.

When the laborious wife slept little,
 Spun wool, and boil'd her husband's kettle;
 When the Armada frighten'd Kent,
 And good Queen Bessy pitch'd her tent.
 Now from security we feel
 More ills than threaten'd us from steel;
 Severer luxury abounds,
 Avenging France of all her wounds.
 When our old British plainness left us,
 Of every virtue it bereft us:
 And we've imported from all climes,
 All sorts of wickedness and crimes:
 French finery, Italian meats,
 With German drunkenness, Dutch cheats.
 Money's the source of all our woes;
 Money! whence luxury o'erflows,
 And in a torrent, like the Nile,
 Bears off the virtues of this isle.

We shall here close our translation of this satire; for as the remainder is in many places too obscene for chaste ears; so, to the honour of the English ladies, the Latin is by no means applicable to them, nor indeed capable of being modernised.

TO MISS H—AND AT BATH

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN THE PUMP-ROOM, 1742

Soon shall these bounteous springs thy wish bestow,
Soon in each feature sprightly health shall glow;
Thy eyes regain their fire, thy limbs their grace,
And roses join the lilies in thy face.
But say, sweet maid, what waters can remove
The pangs of cold despair, of hopeless love?
The deadly star which lights th' autumnal skies
Shines not so bright, so fatal, as those eyes.
The pains which from their influence we endure,
Not Brewster, glory of his art, can cure.

PLAIN TRUTH

As Bathian Venus t'other day
Invited all the Gods to tea,
Her maids of honour, the miss Graces,
Attending duely in their places,
Their godships gave a loose to mirth,
As we at Butt'ring's here on earth.

Minerva in her usual way
Rallied the daughter of the sea.
Madam, said she, your lov'd resort,
The city where you hold your court,
Is lately fallen from its duty,
And triumphs more in wit than beauty;
For here, she cried; see here a poem—
'Tis Dalston's; you, Apollo, know him,
Little persuasion sure invites
Pallas to read what Dalston writes:
Nay, I have heard that in Parnassus
For truth a current whisper passes,
That Dalston sometimes has been known
To publish her works as his own.

Minerva read, and every God
Approv'd—Jove gave the critic nod;
Apollo and the sacred Nine
Were charm'd, and smil'd at ev'ry line;
And Mars, who little understood,
Swore, d—n him, if it was not good.
Venus alone sat all the while
Silent, nor deign'd a single smile.

All were surpriz'd; some thought her stupid;
 Not so her confident 'Squire Cupid;
 For well the little rogue discern'd
 At what his mother was concern'd,
 Yet not a word the urchin said,
 But hid in Hebe's lap his head.
 At length the rising choler broke
 From Venus' lips,—and thus she spoke.

That poetry so cram'd with wit,
 Minerva, shou'd your palate hit,
 I wonder not, nor that some prudes
 (For such there are above the clouds)
 Shou'd wish the prize of beauty torn
 From her they view with envious scorn.
 Me poets never please, but when
 Justice and truth direct their pen.
 This Dalston—formerly I've known him;
 Henceforth for ever I disown him;
 For Homer's wit shall I despise
 In him who writes with Homer's eyes.
 A poem on the fairest fair
 At Bath, and Betty's name not there!
 Hath not this poet seen those glances
 In which my wicked urchin dances?
 Nor that dear dimple, where he treats
 Himself with all Arabia's sweets;
 In whose soft down while he reposes
 In vain the lillies bloom, or roses,
 To tempt him from a sweeter bed
 Of fairer white or livelier red?
 Hath he not seen, when some kind gale
 Has blown aside the cambric veil,
 That seat of paradise, where Jove
 Might pamper his almighty love?
 Our milky way less fair does shew:
 There summer's seen 'twixt hills of snow.
 From her lov'd voice whene'er she speaks,
 What softness in each accent breaks!

And when her dimpled smiles arise,
What sweetness sparkles in her eyes!
Can I then bear, enrag'd she said,
Sights offer'd to my fav'rite maid,
The nymph whom I decreed to be
The representative of me?

The Goddess ceas'd—the Gods all bow'd,
Nor one the wicked bard avow'd,
Who, while in beauty's praise he writ,
Dar'd Beauty's Goddess to omit:
For now their godships recollected,
'Twas Venus' self he had neglected,
Who in her visits to this place
Had still worn Betty Dalston's face.

END OF VOL. V



