

*A Gotham
Election*

Susanna Centlivore

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A GOTHAM ELECTION.

By

Susanna Centlivre

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Tickup,
a Candidate for Gotham.

Sir John Worthy,
another Candidate talk'd on, but not seen.

Friendly,
an Agent for Sir Roger Trusty.

Scoredouble,
an Inn-keeper.

Watt Washball,
a Barber.

The Mayor of Gotham.

Mallet,
a Carpenter, and his Son.

Scruple,
a Quaker.

A Cobler.

A Miller.

Ben Blunt.

Gregory Gabble.

Roger Sly.

Timothy Shallow.

WOMEN.

Lady Worthy.

Goody Gabble.

Goody Shallow.

Goody Sly.

Midwife, and other Women.

SCENE, *Gotham.*

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter on one Side Mr. Friendly.
On the other, Scoredouble, an Inn-keeper.*

Friend. Ha! Landlord, I'm glad to see you.

Score. Mr. *Friendly*, you are welcome.

Friend. I hope Mrs. *Scoredouble* and your pretty Daughter's well.

Score. Yes, yes, Sir, the Women are in good Case; my Wife, as the old Zaying is, *is better in Health than good Condition*. In troth I'm glad to zee you; pray, what brought you to *Gotham* an I may be so bold to ask you? Elections, I warrant you?

Friend. Something like it, Landlord; pray what sort of a Man is your Mayor?

Score. Why, his Worship is a huge Admirer of the *French*; nay, 'tis whisper'd by zome, that his Zon is with the Knight of the *Dragon*, for he has never been zeen zince the Duke of what d'e call him went away.

Friend. Say you so!

Score. Ay, an he has a Daughter, a weighty Girl, I promise you: Od wou'd you had her, Mr. *Friendly*; she has Five Thousand Pound, and a right Lover of her Country.

Friend. Five Thousand Pound! a-gad, a sudden Thought comes into my Head, I'll pursue it; who knows but I may make some lucky Discovery: I thank you for your kind Wishes, Landlord, but I can never hope for such a Fortune: His Son with the Knight of the *Dragon*, say you, why then, your Mayor is a *Jacobite*.

Score. Nay, he is shrewdly suspected by zome to be a down-right *Papist* in his Heart; but to zay Truth of him, he does go to Church constantly, he does, indeed; he does go to Church.

Friend. A pretty Fellow, for the Head of a Corporation.

Score. What do you please to drink, Sir?

Friend. Why, bring us the best your House affords.

Score. The best my house affords, ha, ha, ha, that is as you think it, Sir;—now most of our Gentry, for this last vour Years, d'ye mind, will touch nothing but *French Claret*,—there are zome that like your *Port Wines* still, but very few, and those of the poorer Zort too, as my Barboard can witness.

Friend. Come, bring such as you like yourself.

Score. Why then, Master, we'll have a bottle of white *Lisbon*.—Here, *Sam*, bring a Bottle of the best white *Lisbon*, d'ye hear.

Friend. Withal my Heart.—Well, Landlord, and how will Elections go with you in *Gotham*?

Score. Why, here is old tugging vort:—Here has been zuch roasting of Oxen: Zuch Veasting, and zuch Caballing, as you ne'er zaw the like! Here's one Squire *Tickup*, a *Londoner*, I think puts up for one;—he's over Head and Ears in Debt, they zay, and zo has a Mind to get above the Law, and pay no Body.

Friend. That's one Way, indeed, to serve himself; but he that has not Honesty enough to pay his own Debts, may easily be brought to give up the Debts of the Nation.—I hope he has no considerable Number of Votes secur'd, has he?

Score. He has zome—Here has happen'd an unfortunate Squabble between Sir *John Worthy*, and his Lady.

Friend. Sir *John Worthy*! Does not he put up too?

Score. Ay, and he and his Family has represented this zame Burrough of *Gotham* these vorty Years, and yet I believe he will lose it now; I am sorry vor't, vor he's a very honest Gentleman.

Friend. How so, prithee?

Score. Why, you must know his Lady is a what d'ye call it, —a High-flyer,—and nothing zo great as our Parson's Wife and she; now you must know, the Parson had given my Lady a game Cockeril,—and, as the Devil would have it, a

Dissenter's Dog happen'd to worry this zame Cockeril,—and because Sir *John* wou'd not go to Law with him for his Dog's Fault, my Lady zwears he's a Rebel, and would pull down the Church.

Friend. Ha, ha, excellent; but how does this effect Sir *John's* Election?

Score. Why, my Lady being plaguy cunning de mind,—she reserv'd to herself a Thousand Pound when she married Sir *John*; now she swears she'll spend every Groat on't, but she'll fling Sir *John* out of his Election; and under the Rose, d'ye zee, they zay that she, and this zame Squire *Tickup*, are mainly well acquainted; zo she veasts the good Wives, d'ye mind, and so secures all those Husbands Votes, whose Wives wear the Breeches, ha, ha, ha.

Friend. Ha, ha, come my Service to you, and to all those honest Fellows not under Petticoat Government.

Score. With all my Heart; hang Petticoat Government I zay; Zooks I love to wear my own Breeches.

Friend. Here's strange Juggling it seems.

Score. Ha, ha, but now you talk of Juggling, we had rare Juggling here not long since; we had like to have had all the Money in the Country juggled away.

Friend. As how?

Score. Why, here was a Trickster came down to *Gotham*—

Enter Wat Washball.

Ho, *Wat Washball!* Come in, come in mun; this zame Man can testify what I am going to zay: He is a very honest Freeholder, of vour Pounds a Year, zo he is,—a Barber here by; with your Leave, Master, I'll drink to him.

Friend. Pray do, you are welcome, Friend.

Wat. Thank you, Sir.

Score. Come pull a Chair *Wat*, and zit down; I was telling Master *Friendly* here, of the Trickster that chang'd the Cards zo, you know, *Wat*, in the Town-Hall.

Wat. Ay, that was a bitter Dog, I believe we shant forget him in Haste.

Friend. Why, what did he do?

Score. Why, you must know, Sir, he play'd several Tricks but his greatest Skill lay in changing the Cards,—He had a plaguy Nack at that;—don't you remember, *Wat*,—how he dealt a Card round the Hall,—when our High Sheriff had got the Ace of Hearts, you know?

Wat. Ay, as plain an Ace of Hearts are ever I zaw in all my born Days.

Score. Ay, and what does this zame Trickster but with one—Whif, conjures away this zame Ace of Hearts,—and claps the Knave of Clubs in its Place.

Friend. Ha, ha, ha.

Score. When my Neighbour *Washball* and I saw that, we wou'd have had the Mayor made his *Mittimuss*, and zent him to a *Gaol*.

Wat. No, no, not for that, not for that, *Landlord*, it was for changing an *English Guinea* into a *French Pistole*, you know.

Score. Right, right, zo it was; *Wat*, zo it was; and you know the Mayor said the *Pistole* was the better *Gold*, and wou'd not meddle with him vor't.

Friend. But there was Four Shillings lost by that Change; what cou'd your Mayor say for that?

Wat. Zay! Why, he pretended to prove by *Logick*, I think he call'd it,—that *Seventeen and Sixpence* was more than *One and Twenty and Sixpence*.

Friend. Pretty *Sophistry* truly, for a Mayor of a *Corporation*;—and what is become of this *Juggler*?

Score. Gone to the *Devil*, vor ought I know.

Friend. From whence came he?

Wat. Why, zome zay from one *Part*, zome another; but those that pretend to know best, zay he came from zome *Part* of the *Zouth-Zeas*.

Friend. I rather believe the *South-Seas* came from him.

Wat. Pray what is this zame Zouth-Zeas? A Shire, Town, Burrough, or Market-Town?

Friend. It was a Market, and once had a very great Trade for Flumery and Leeks.

Score. Well, of all Garden Stuff, I hate those zame Leeks.

Wat. They leave a plaguy Stink behind them.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Dinner's upon Table, Sir.

Score. Master *Friendly*, will you eat a Slice of Buttock of Beef and Carrots?

Friend. With all my Heart,—and after Dinner I shou'd be glad if you'd bring me acquainted with some of the honest Fellows of *Gotham*; I'll try if I can recommend a worthy Gentleman to them, one that has Gold enough, and owes no Man a Groat; is as generous as a Prince, and loves his Country as he loves his Wife.

Score. Ha, ha, ha, troth Master, that may be little enough, vor what as I do know—pray, who is he?

Friend. Sir *Roger Trusty*.

Score. Sir *Roger*! I shall be glad to zee him with all my Heart, Blood and Guts, as they zay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Room in a Tavern.*

Enter Lady Worthy, Mr. Tickup, Goody Gabble, and Goody Shallow.

Lady. Never fear, my dear *Tickup*,—as far as my Thousand Pound goes I'll stand by you; I'll spend it every Shilling but carry my Point; I hate a Whig so much, that I'll throw my Husband out of his Election, or throw myself out of the World! a Parcel of canting Rogues; they have always Moderation in their Mouths,—rank Resistance in their Hearts,—and hate Obedience even to their lawful Wives,—and then they bear a mortal Hatred to Three Pound Fourteen and Fippence?

Tick. Ay, they hate all Coin that won't take their Impression.

Lady. Why, there's my Brute of a Husband now, he hates the *French* so much, that he won't let poor *Fanny* learn to dance.

Good G. Nay, my Husband is a little poison'd that Way too;—will you believe it, Madam, he had the Impudence to forbid me Dancing with your Honour's Worship last Night;—he said Dancing was a bold Recreation, and that was an Inlet to Sin;—but I pluck'd up a Spirit, and told him, I wou'd do it;

that I wou'd dance, and dance again, so I wou'd,—od my Gentleman was soon snub'd, for he knew, an he rais'd my Passion once, he wou'd have enough to do to get it down again.

Good S. Well, an I zay but one Word to *Timothy Shallow*, down goes Thimble and Shears,—and up he takes Gloves and Stick, and away goes he.—Ah, you're a happy Woman, *Goody Gabble*; your Husband is a Man every Inch of him, I'll zay that for him.

Good G. You'll say that for him; Pray how come you to know what Man my Husband is, *Goody Shallow*? Have you found him a Man for your Business, ha?

Good S. I, I found your Husband a Man for my Business, I have a Husband as fit for Business as yours;—and tho' I zay it, that shou'd not zay it, there is not a better Workman in the Parish.

Tick. Ay, ay, they are both good Workmen enough in their Way; she only jested with you, that's all.

Lady. Ay, ay, Neighbours, nothing else,—well, you'll use your Endeavours with your Husbands to give their Votes for Mr. *Tickup*.

G. Gab. That I shall sure, Madam,—your Worship promises me I shall nurse the young Squire, as soon as he is born.

Tick. That you shall.

G. Gab. And I am to have Twenty Pounds a Year.

Lady. Ay, I'll pass my Word for't.

G. Gab. I thank your Ladyship,—not that I doubt your Word, Madam, or the bountiful Squire's in the least;—but, but, but, an, an the Squire wou'd advance a Year's Sallery aforehand, it wou'd go a great Way with my Husband; for you must know, that *Gregory Gabble* is an honest Man, and won't vote against his Conscience, if it were not for his Interest;—now Sir *John*, you know, Madam, promises to renew his Lease *Gratis*, if he votes for him, but an he votes against him, he won't bate him a Groat so he won't; you know your Husband's Temper, Madam.

Lady. Oh, prithee name him not, you'll give me the Vapours; there, there's Twenty Pound for you, let me hear his odious Name no more.

Tick. Take Notice *Goody Gabble*, those Twenty Pounds are to pay for nursing of a Child that shall be born,—no Matter when.

G. Gab. No, no, no, no Matter whether ever or never, I'll take it when you send it, sure sweet Squire.

Tick. It is not out of any sinister End to suborn your Husband; no, I scorn it, I am an honest Man, and a Lover of

the Church, and will take Care the Roguish Whigs don't pull down a Hassock in't.

Lady. Ay, Neighbours, Mr. *Tickup's* a good Churchman, mark that! He is none of your occasional Cattle; none of your hellish pantile Crew;—Oh, we shall never thrive till all these canting Whigs are whipt out of the Kingdom;—Oh, that I had the Jerking of 'em, I'd teach 'em Passive-Obedience, or make the Devil come out of 'em.

Good S. Well, your Ladyship is a very wise Woman, that's certain: Good lack, how she doth talk, Neighbour *Gabble?*—Oh, she's a great Woman.

Lady. Ay, and you shall be a great Woman too, *Goody Shallow*, if Mr. *Tickup* carries the Day; well, I'll say no more, but every Body don't know Mr. *Tickup's* Power;—but there's a certain great Prince, that shall be nameless, that has a very great Kindness for him, and for ought I know, he may stand as fair for a Garter as the best of 'em, one Day.

Good. S. Pray, 'Squire, will you be so kind as to recommend my *Tim*, to that same great Prince, to be his Taylor?

Lady. He shall do it: your Husband shall be his Taylor, and you shall be Dresser to his Queen.

Good. S. And will your Honour's Worship do this?

Tick. I'll do any Thing to serve you, *Goody Shallow*.

Good. S. Will you, truly! Well, *Timothy Shallow*, thou art a made Man;—and am I born to be a Courtier? Good lack, good lack—

Good. G. Bless me! Who wou'd have thought that you, with your Broomstick, wou'd have come to such Honour, *Goody Shallow*?

Good. S. Ay, who indeed;—but I ha no vine Cloaths to go to Court in tho'; what mun I do for that now?

Tick. Why, to show you that I have a Kindness for you and your Husband, there is Ten Guineas to rig you, for the Honours I design to prefer you to. (*Gives her Money.*)

Good. S. Ah, Heaven bless your good Worship, me and mine will be oblig'd to pray for you, as long as we live.

Lady. Look you there now, when wou'd a Whig have done as much?—Bless me, I'm in a Sweat when I but name a Whig.—(*Fans herself, and walks about.*)

Tick. I take a Pleasure to serve my Country Folks, and am proud of an Opportunity to do good Offices;—for my Part, I should not be concern'd if I lost the Election, otherways than not being in a Capacity to serve my poor Country at this Juncture.

Lady. There's a Man for ye, Neighbours! Now cou'd you find in your Heart, *Goody Shallow*, to deny this Gentleman any Thing, any Thing, any Thing, I say?

Good. S. No, by my truly, I think I cou'd not; why shou'd I belie my Conscience? Madam, come, here's the 'Squire's Health. (*drinks*)

Tick. I am oblig'd to you, *Goody Shallow*.

[*kisses her*]

Good. S. Good Gentleman, he's not proud;—odd, he kisses main sweetly, Madam.

Lady. Ay, does he not?—Well, you'll bring your Husband over.

Good. S. Over! ay, Madam, or he shall never come over—my Threshold more, I can tell him but that.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here's *Goodman Mallet*, the Carpenter, enquires for you; he says you sent for him.

Lady. No,—I sent for him in your Name; he is a silly Fellow, but no Matter for that; he can do you great Service; humour him in all he says,—bring him up.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

Give him Money, if you can handsomely top it upon him;—there's a hundred Guineas, when they are gone, you shall have more!—if you can get *Mallet's* Vote, he'll bring you twenty at least.

Tick. My charming Woman,—you oblige me to be for ever your's. (*Kisses her.*)

Lady. Come, Neighbour, let's retire, it may not be proper for us to hear *Goodman Mallet's* Business, you know.

[*Exit.*

Good. G. No, no, no, no; come, come, come, we'll go, we'll go. Good Sir, your most humble Servant, I'll bring you *Gregory Gabble*, I warrant you.

[*Exit.*

Good S. And so will I, my Timothy Shallow, sweet 'Squire.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mallet.

Tick. Mr. *Mallet*, your Servant. [*Takes out 20 Guineas, and plays with them on the Table as he talks.*]

Mall. Your humble Servant, Sir, pray what is your Business with me?

Tick. Come, sit down, Sir;—here, the House.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Did you call, Sir?

Tick. Ay, what Wine do you drink, Mr. *Mallet*?

Mall. 'Tis all one to me, Sir.

Tick. Then bring up a Bottle of *French Red*.

Draw. You shall have it, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Tick. Mr. *Mallet*, there is a very honest Gentleman gives his Service to you, charg'd me to see you, and gave me a Token to drink with you.

Mall. Pray, who may that be?

Tick. One Mr. *Double*.

Mall. Ha! Master *Double*.

Drawer. (within) A Bottle of *French Red* in the *Flower-de-Luce*. *Score*.

Enter with Bottle and Glass.

Tick. Come, Mr. *Mallet*, Mr. *Double*'s Health to you.

Mall. With all my Heart; I have earn'd many a fair Pound of him;—some says he's an ill Pay-master, but I won't say so; for he paid me very honestly, tho' I must needs say he's a little long winded.—Sir, an you please, my Service to you, remembring Master *Double*.

Tick. Thank you, Mr. *Mallet*; well, how do you like the Wine? I think 'tis pretty good. (*Drinks.*)

Mal. I think so too, Sir;—but second Thoughts is best.

Tick. Right;—Come, here's to your Fireside, Mr. *Mallet*, I suppose you are a marry'd Man.

Mal. Ay, Master, I have been marry'd these Five and Twenty Years; I have a Son's Wife lies in now.

Tick. I'll stand Godfather, if he be not better provided, Mr. *Mallet*.

Tick. Sir, your humble Servant; I dare say he'll accept your kind Offer, and thank you too.

Tick. Is he all the Children you have, Mr. *Mallet*?

Mal. No Sir, I have four Sons and three Daughters in all, fine young Men and Women as any in the Parish, no Dispraise to the best. My eldest Son is a Lawyer, just out of his Time, a smart young Fellow, I promise you, Sir; My second I brought up to my own Trade, and he is a very great Master of his Business, tho' I say't, as any is in all *Gotham*. My third Son is a Bookseller, a notable Fellow, he lives in *London*; he is a kind of a Wit too, they say, and makes Verses: Then he has an admirable Knack at quacking Titles. Perhaps you may know what that is, Sir; but for my Part, I do not, I confess, understand it; but they tell me, when he gets

an old good for nothing Book, he claps a new Title to it, and sells off the whole Impression in a Week.

Tick. 'Tis a good Way of imposing on the Publick, why, he'll be a rich Fellow in a short Time!

Mal. Ay, so they say; but my youngest Lad troubles me most of all.

Tick. How so, pray?

Mal. Why, you must know, Sir, he is a main weakly Boy; he had the Rickets till he was seven Years old, which took away his Strength, and hugely dull'd his Memory, so that he's dull, very dull, Sir; I can't think what to breed him up to, that don't require much Strength of Body, nor Application of Mind: His Mother is for making him a Parson, but the Rogue won't hear on't.

Tick. Oh, Mr. *Mallet!* by your Description, he is very unfit for a Parson.

Mal. Why, so I tell her, Sir; and, in my Opinion, we had better get him a Place at Court.

Tick. Ay, there indeed you are in the right; I don't know but I may be able to serve you there, if you'd endeavour to put it in my Power.

Mal. As how, pray?

Tick. Why, Sir, you must know, I stand one of the Candidates for this Borough of *Gotham*; and if you'll be so kind to give me your own Vote, and engage your Friends to do the same, I'll take care of your Son, I promise you.

Mal. Pray what may your Name be, Sir?

Tick. My Name is *Tickup*, Sir.

Mal. *Tickup!* Ah, Sir, you lose it for a Wager with you.

Tick. Why do you think so?

Mal. Why, Sir, our Town has an Aversion for the Family of the *Tickups*; it is a Name very much hated, I assure you, and I might advise you, I'd change it into *Ready Cash*, ha, ha.

Tick. You are witty upon my Name, Mr. *Mallet*, but no Matter for that: what will you lay I don't carry it? I'll hold you twenty Guineas to one I do, and you shall hold Stakes.

Mal. By Mess, I'll take this Wager, if I never hold another, done, Sir.

Tick. Done; there, there's twenty Guineas. [*Pushes 'em to him.*]

Mal. Well, if I should lose my Guinea, Mr. *Tickup*, you'll remember a Place for my Son.

Tick. That I will indeed, Mr. *Mallet*; but then you must not vote against me.

Mal. No, no, that I won't, I promise you; but an I engage my Friends, you must promise to do a Kindness or two more for me.

Tick. Name 'em, and command me.

Mal. Why, cou'd not you now get my Son, the Lawyer, made Lord Chancellor, think you?

Tick. Can't! Yes, and will too.

Mal. Will ye? Ay, pray you do—an, an, hold, hold, I have the Names of all the great Places in a Bit o'Paper somewhere, if I find 'em, but—I took 'em out of the present State of *Gotham*,—ho! here, here it is—Ay, let me see,—yes, yes,—Lord Steward, ay, Lord Steward! ay, that's a very pretty Post; that, d'you mark me, I wou'd have for my Son Ned—the Carpenter, he understands how to keep the House in good Repair—and that's a main Matter you know; his Majesty need give himself no Manner of Trouble.

Tick. Oh, that will be a very great Advantage; well, I'll take care about that too.

Mal. And the Bookseller, I'd have him—de ze—ho! I'd have him Groom of the Stole.

Tick. There you are perfectly right, because he will have an Opportunity to make Use of his Verses.

Mal. Then for my youngest Son! What mun he be? Why, what an you should make him Treasurer now! for the Rogue

always lov'd Money. And for my Daughters—I fancy they would do rarely well for the Queen's Maids of Honour.

Tick. Oh, excellently well—all this I promise you.

Mal. Do you truly?—Well, you are a huge civil Gentleman, and so my humble Service to you—Well, I'll say no more—but an I do not bring you twenty Votes, my Name's not *Mallet*, d'ye see, that's all, that's all—and so, Sir, your Servant, with all my Heart. (*going*) Hold! one Thing more I must desire of you—I have an own Cousin, that is a Sailor—suppose now you should make him somewhat—an Admiral—or a Boatswain, or so d'ye see?

Tick. He shall be one of them, I promise you.

Mal. Shall he in troth?—well, good bye to you, and thank you kindly. (*going*)

Tick. Mr. *Mallet*, your humble Servant,—oh, the Devil!

Mal. Methinks I love to do Good in my Generation; tho' to say Truth, the graceless Dog does not deserve it; but no matter—as long as you can have it for speaking for, you know?

Tick. What is it? Death, this Fellow would tire a Porter.

Mal. I have a Nephew somewhere or other, his Name is *Sam Slash*, a Soldier; pray enquire him out, wol you, and make him—ay, make a Corporal, or a Colonel, or somewhat of that, now.

Tick. Well, well, this I promise you. Have you any Thing else?

Mal. No, no, I won't trouble you any more, not I—your Servant. (*going*)

Tick. Give me leave to wait of you down.

Mal. Odso! I had forgot my Wife *Joan*, well thought on i'faith—she would never have forgiven me, if I had not remember'd her—*Joan* must have somewhat, Mr. *Tickup*, what can *Joan* have now, think; pray think a little for her.

Tick. Let me see—why, suppose she were made Oyster-Cracker to the Court now.

Mal. Oyster-Cracker! I don't remember any such Post in my List.

Tick. Oh! never trouble your Head about that, there is, or shall be such a Post.

Mal. Shall there! well, well, that will do then—but, but, but, I doubt *Joan* will never be content to live at Court without me—Can't you contrive some small Place for me too—Anything will serve me—I'll be satisfy'd with being Lord-Mayor; I am very modest in my Requests, you see?

Tick. Modest, quotha! ha, ha, well, well, you shall be Lord-Mayor.

Mal. Well, well, that's enough—will you believe me, Mr. *Tickup*? I really love my Friends as well as myself—why, here's an honest Pot-Companion of mine, *Barnaby Bran*, the Baker; methinks I would fain make his Fortune too; can you think of nothing for him?

Tick. Honest *Barnaby Bran*, the Baker! I have a rare Place for him.

Mal. Have you really now! What is it, pray?

Tick. Why, he shall be—Master of the Rolls.

Mal. He will be main thankful. What, is it a Patent Place?

Tick. Yes, yes; a Patent Place.

Mal. And have you any Thing for his Wife?

Tick. His Wife, ay, she shall have Pattins too.

Mal. Od, that will please her Husband mainly.

Tick. Ay, she has been a Clogg to him a great while, no Doubt on't. (*Aside.*)

Mal. Well, honest 'Squire, your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Tick. I'm glad I'm rid of him; bless me, if it were in my Power now to keep my Word, what a prodigious Company

this Fellow has provided for!—but thanks to Policy, a Man is not always oblig'd to keep his Word:

*The Courtier, Politician, and the Beau,
Whate'er you ask, will never answer, No:
But closely prest, you'll find their whole Proceeding,
To be no more nor less, than pure good Breeding.*

[Exit.

SCENE *changes to the Mayor's House.*

*Enter Mayor with a Letter in his Hand.
Friendly dress'd like a Frenchman.*

May. Well, and how does all our Friends on t'other Side the Water, ha? Well, I hope.

Friend. Oh *fort bien*, Monsieur *Mayor*, and Monsieur *le Chevalier*, be varey much your Humble Serviteur, Begar.

May. I am very much his, I am sure—Come, Monsieur, to the Fatherless and Widow. (*drinks*)

Friend. Vid all mine Heart, dat every Man may have his own, Begar. (*drinks*)

May. Amen, I say—but I must desire you, Monsieur, to explain the Letter to me? My Daughter tells me it is not *English*.

Friend. No, dis be *French*, Sir.

May. *French!* what, has my Son learn'd *French* already?—But what makes him write *French* to me, when he knows that I can neither write nor read it—and that no Body understands a Word of *French* in the Parish.

Friend. Oh, for dat very Reason he did write in *French*, because it be one great Secret, and he knows me to be de very fedelle Personne, in whom de grand Monarchs in dis World put a der Confidance: You understand a me, Monsieur?

May. Yes, yes; Oh Blessings on my Boy, he will certainly raise his Family!—a Secret! pray read it softly.

Friend. Oh softly, by all Means.—First, den, he tell you here, dat de Knight of de Dragon give his most humble Service to you, and prays you to take a de care to make de good Members for him.

May. Ay, ay, I will do all that in me lies.

Friend. And for dat Purpose, you shall receive one, two, three hundred Pistoles, in one, two, three Days ma foy.

May. Very well, very well;—pray let him know, that the last Money, that was remitted, has been prudently employ'd for the Chevalier's Service: Our Parson Blow-Coal is right stanch; he distributed it, with a strict Charge to have Regard to the Church; the Noise of the Church, you know, does

much, Monsieur?—My Brother, Alderman *Credulous*, had two hundred Pounds.

Friend. Humph; well said Parson; this News shall to Sir *Roger Trusty*. (*Aside.*) Ha, ha, ha, Begar, dat will do de Business; de Cry of de Church will bring in de King *par blue*; but one ting more, Monsieur *Mayor*, he say here in dis Letter, dat de Knight of de Dragon charge you right or wrong, to return de vat do you call 'em—de High-Church.

May. Ay, ay, that he may depend on; oh, my dear Boy! And what is my Boy a Favourite abroad, ha?

Friend. Oh, a great Favourite, I assure you—Den here be one ting more;—he prays you to send by me his Sister for de Education,—because it be whisper'd, dat if dese plaguey Low-Church get de Day,—dey vill make it Treason for any one to send der Children to *France*, Begar; no, dey vill send dem for Education to *Scotland*, and bring all de young Ladies to the Stool of Repentance, ma foy.

May. Zounds, I'd send mine to *Lapland* sooner, tho' I am a Protestant myself, because I was born so d'ye see; yet I had rather breed my Children at *Rome*, than *Geneva*; Zounds I hate these Whiggish Dogs.

Friend. Begar de Pope no love to them neither; dey be dam Fellows for de Liberty and Property; but your Daughter, your Daughter, Monsieur Mayor—

May. She shall along with you, Monsieur—her Aunt left her five thousand Pounds;—I wish you could persuade her to turn Nun; one Thousand would provide for her in the Nunnery—and the other four would make my Son a Lord.

Friend. Oh let de Priest get her once, and begar he vill make her—something, I warrant you.

May. But which Way shall I get her over, she'll never consent to leave *England*; for you must know she is plaguey low in her Principles!

Friend. Me tell you one Politick—'tis vine Veder! Ask her to go vid you and me to see de Ship dat bring me hither, and ven she be in de Ship vid me, some Body must stop your going up de Ship, and tell you dat Day came an Express for you upon de grand Business of de Nation, ma Foy; so you leave us, vid de Promise to return presently;—so as soon as you be gon, me make a de Master hoist a Sail, and away for *Calais*, Begar.

May. Excellent Contrivance!—we'll about it this Moment.—I can but laugh to think how I shall chouse the young Jade into her Happiness.

Friend. And I can but laugh to think how you'll be chous'd out of your Daughter, if Luck favours me. (*Aside.*)

May. And pray tell my Son, I'll observe his Direction,—my Clerk shall sit up all this Night to write Conveyances;—I'll make twenty Freeholders before Morning yet.

Friend. As how, pray, Monsieur Mayor?

May. Oh, we have Ways and Means:—Why, I'll undertake, d'ye see, to make four Votes out of a Gooseberry-Bush, and six out of a Hog's-Sty—

Friend. Begar dose be de very sweet Votes.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

A Cobler at work in his Stall under an Ale-house.

Enter Mr. Tickup.

Tick. Speed your Work, Friend, your Trade depends upon good Husbandry.

Cob. Ay, Master, zo't does, as you zay; but I make new Shoes sometimes, as well as mend old ones.—

Tick. Say you so! why, you shall be my Shoe-maker—if you'll do me a small Kindness.

Cob. (*Getting up, with Cap in Hand.*) What is it Master? to put a Stitch in your Shoe, I warrant you?

Tick. No, only to give me your Vote, that's all.

Cob. (*Sits down to work again.*) All, quotha! why, that's all many a Man has to live on; at this Time, a small Kindness! Ha, ha, ha, it is a small Kindness, truly.

Tick. What say you, Friend, will you?

Cob. I don't know, I believe not.

Tick. Why, so, pray you?

Cob. I can't tell,—mehap I may;—mehap I may not, d'ye see.

Tick. Have you promis'd any body else?

Cob. Suppose I have,—suppose I have not, what then? Look ye, my Vote's as good as the best Man's i'th' Parish, or next Parish to't, that's a proud Word d'ye zee;—and I will take care who I gin to, zo I wol.

Tick. Nay, you are in the Right of that; but no Man shall do more for the Corporation than myself.

Cob. Ay, ay, you all talk it well affore you get in;—but you are no sooner chose in, but whip, you are as proud as the Devil, zo you are, and a Man can't speak Truth, but you come with your *Candelum Natum* zous upon us.

Tick. Pride is the least Sign of a Gentleman, and I don't know if I should not rather be called Rogue, than a proud Man.

Cob. And mehap he would not lie that call'd you both, ha, ha.

Tick. I am sorry you should have so ill an Opinion of me.

Cob. Why, are you not proud, now?

Tick. I think I may safely say I am not.

Cob. Why then—come and kiss me.

Tick. With all my Heart. (*kisses him*) Well, what think you now? will you give me your Vote yet.

Cob. Look ye, vare and zoftly,—I am not throwly zatisfy'd, whether I shall give you my Vote or not.

Tick. I am sorry for that—but if you'll go to the Tavern, I'll give you a Pint of Wine, whether you'll give me your Vote or not, for I like you for your Bluntness.

Cob. I dan't value your Wine of this Hog's Bristle, d'ye zee;—I am an honest Man, d'ye zee—and am vor a vree Government; I'm none of those that are to be brib'd—now an you are not proud, d'ye zee—why come into my Stall, here, and I'll give you a Flaggon of Ale.

Tick. Oh, the Devil, that will dirty all my Cloaths; (*Aside.*) Had not we better go into the Ale-House?

Cob. Look ye there now, did I not zay you was proud? No, Sir, I won't leave my Stall; those that are asham'd of me—

why, I am asham'd of them, d'ye zee, that's all. (*Sings and marks.*)

Tick. A Pox of the unpolish'd Blockhead, I must humour him. (*Gathers up his Cloaths, and goes in.*)

Nay, nay, don't be angry—I only said it, to save you the Trouble of going for the Ale, that's all.

Cob. Oh, I have a Conveniency for that.

[*Whistles, and the Boy enters.*]

Look you there, Sir; Sirrah, bring me a Pot of humming Ale, de you hear—what are you afraid of your Cloaths? Zblead, sit down, mun, tho' I'm a poor Fellow, I've zitten by as good as you affore now, mun.

[*Pulls him down rudely.*]

Enter Boy with Drink on one Side, and Tolefree, the Miller, on t'other.

Tick. Ay, ay, Friend, who doubts it.

Tole. Hark ye, Neighbour *Last*, will you never have done cobling my Shoes?

Cob. Oh, Neighbour *Tolefree*, you come in the Nick; why, here's Neighbour *Tolefree* has a Vote too, and he'll give it ye.

Tick. I shall be much oblig'd to him, if he will, pray drink to him.

Cob. By and by, let his Betters be serv'd before him, my Service to you, Sir—come in, Neighbour *Tolefree*—come, we'll make you Room. (*Drinks.*)

Tole. With all my Heart. (*Gets on the other Side*) Tickup.

Tick. I wish the Devil had them both—what a fine Pickle I shall be in, pray have a Care of my Cloaths.

Cob. Cloaths, nay, I hope I am a better Commonwealths-Man than to mind Cloaths; sit close, Neighbour *Tolefree*, or you'll thrust me off the Form.

[The Miller hitches upon Tickup, and makes his Cloaths all white.]

Tick. These Dogs have a Design upon me, I wish I was fairly out; Death, what a Coat is here? (*Aside.*)

Tole. Come, come put about the Pot.

Tick. My Service to you, Sir, (*drinks*) the King's Health—

Cob. I love the King—and so kiss me agen.

[Claps his Hands on his Cheeks, and pulls him to kiss him, and leaves them all black.]

Tick. Confound the Rascal! how his Breath stinks—Well, what say you now, Gentlemen, will you both give me your Votes?

Tole. Give you my Vote! that will bring no Grist to my Mill, d'ye see.

Cob. Get out and walk before my Door, now, two or three Turns, and I'll tell you more of my Mind.

Tick. Death, he'll make me jump over a stick by and by.

[*Gets out and walks.*]

Well, what say you now?

Tole. You have a plaguy Hitch in your Pace, you learnt to dance of some *Frenchman*, I'm certain.

Cob. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I think that you'd think me a Fool, if I should give you my Vote, now.

Tick. How so, pray?

Cob. How so! ha, ha, ha, you that are a fine bred Gentleman, here d'ye see—yet can stoop so low, as to kiss, and humour such a dirty Fellow as I am, purely to buy my Vote—I dan't know, d'ye zee, but for a good round Sum you might be prevail'd upon to zell my Country, ha, ha, ha, ha: Look ye, I da't like you comming Sparks—you shou'd be a little more coy, ha, ha, ha.

Tick. You are merry, Friend.

Cob. Not so merry as you think for, mehaps—but Vriend me no Vriend, go troop, Nouns, he looks like a Jesuit, does he not, Neighbour *Tolefree*?

Tole. Pull off his Whore's Hair, and ze an he has not a bald Crown.

Tick. The Devil! they'll strip me by and by, I had as good walk off, for these are both damn'd *Whigs*, I find that.

Cob. Ha, ha, he's gone! an he be not a plaguey High Boy, I'm mistaken. Come Neighbour *Tolefree*, you and I will take a Pot of Ale together, to Sir *John Worthy*'s Health, you'll vote for him, wol you not?

Tole. Yes, that I wol—for all my Lady has been tampering with my Wife *Margery*, and has given her a vine Silk Gown, and a huge high Head—but I dress'd my Dame's Jacket for her, and made her carry 'em agen; ods-flesh, we should have rare Times, an we were to be rul'd by our Wives, you know, ha, ha.

[*Exit.*

Enter Alderman Credulous.

Alderman. Ha, ha, ha, I can but laugh to think how my Wife's Brother, the Mayor, has over-reach'd his Daughter.

Enter Sir Roger Trusty.

Sir Roger. Mr. Alderman *Credulous!* your most humble Servant, Sir, I'm glad to see you so merry; pray what may be the Occasion?

Ald. Family Affairs, *Sir Roger*; my Brother has dispos'd of his Daughter—that's all.

Sir Rog. Humph! not as he expected; tho' I believe, for her Advantage, I hope. (*Aside.*)

Ald. Ay, ay, *Sir Roger*, we Fathers know what's good for our Children, better than they do themselves; they have nought to do but to submit to our Pleasures; passive Obedience is as absolutely necessary in our Wives and Children, as in Subjects to the Monarch; is not your Opinion the same, *Sir Roger*?

Sir Rog. Yes, whilst Husbands, Fathers and Monarchs exact nothing from us, contrary to our Religion and Laws: But pray, Mr. *Alderman*, how came you so passive? I remember you wore other Principles in Eighty Eight—this is not natural, *Alderman*.

Ald. Eighty Eight! that's a long Time ago; I know some Men that have worn out twenty Sets of Principles since Eighty Eight, both Men of the Robe, and Men of the Gown.

Sir Rog. More the Pity, *Alderman*, I am sorry Nature did not distinguish Men of such Principles from the rest of her Handywork, that we might enjoy her Gifts more amply, and be more thankful for the Blessing. When I reflect that I am of

the same Species with the Betrayers of my Country (for sure that Crime is the greatest of all others) I could almost wish to wear any other Form of the Creation. Life is a Blessing, or a Curse, according to the Fame we purchase, and he that redeems twenty of his Fellow Creatures from the slavish Yoke of Tyranny, does an Action worthy of a Man that bears the Image of his Creator, whilst he who seeks by Treachery to inslave his Kind, to feed Ambition, Avarice, or Revenge, is only the Pest of human Society, and ought to have a Mark set upon him, that we might shun him as we would the Plague.

Ald. Ay, ay, so it ought to be, Sir *Roger*; but I have read somewhere,

*Nature to Man's Breast has made no Window
To show us what they act within Doors,*

For my Part, I am for the Church, and my Country.

Sir Rog. So am I; their Interests are inseparable; who gives up one, betrays the other: For my Part, I intend to stand or fall by both; therefore I hope you'll do me the Honour of your Vote, Mr. *Alderman*.

Ald. Why truly, Sir *Roger*, I am pre-engag'd, I won't tell a Lie for the Matter.

Sir Rog. To who pray?

Ald. Why, to Squire *Tickup*.

Sir Rog. Tickup! Why, he's a Fellow not worth a Groat, and a known *Jacobite*.

Ald. Nay, look ye as to that, his Means and his Religion is nothing to me; let his Creditors take care of one, and our Parson o'th' t'other; for my Part, I'm for the Church, as I said before, and would rather be a Papist than a Presbyterian.

Sir Rog. Why, where's the Necessity of your being either? Come, come, there's a more convincing Argument than what you have nam'd—Mr. *Tickup* is recommended by some great Man on whom you have Dependance.

Ald. Great Man! Why yes, truly, he is a pretty large Man; and I have, I trust Heaven, very great Dependance on what he says: The Parson of the Parish, you know, ought to be regarded, *Sir Roger*, and he told me that Mr. *Tickup* was a good Churchman, and pray'd me to vote for him, and to get all my Friends to do the same, if I would promote the Interest of the Church.

Sir Rog. Ay, the Interest of the Church of *Rome*, not that of *England*; why, I'll undertake to prove this Fellow deep in the Interest of young *Perkin*, and that he and his Friend at *Villa Coumbe*, has bought up, and sent for his Service, more than two thousand Horses within these last four Years; and can such a Man be a proper Person to represent you in that august Assembly, where the People of *Gotham* expect to have these pernicious Measures redrest?

Ald. Why, I am confounded at what you tell me.

Sir Rog. I am amaz'd to find you in the Interest of the High-Boys, you that are a Clothier! What, can you be for giving up Trade to *France*, and starving poor Weavers?

Ald. Trade, pish, pish, our Parson says that's only the Whig's Cant, and that if the Bill of Commerce had pass'd, it wou'd have been of signal Service to us.

Sir Rog. Which Way, I pray, Alderman?

Ald. Nay, I never ask'd him that; tho' no doubt but he can tell you, for he is a learn'd Man, and understands Matters better than I do.

Sir Rog. It is much to be wish'd for the Honour of our Religion, and the Safety of our State, that those learned Men were more industrious in the Cure of Souls, and less busy in Politicks—But come, come, Mr. *Alderman*, there is yet a Secret behind the Curtain; pray what cou'd Mr. *Tickup*, or any of his Friends oblige you with, that is not in my Power to have done?—You and I have been good Friends, and if a Brace of Hundreds had been wanting—why, we could have serv'd you as well as they.

Ald. So, so, I find whereabouts you are already. Well, there is nothing kept a Secret in this damn'd Town. However, I had not those two hundred Pounds by Way of Bribe, I assure you, *Sir Roger*.

Sir Rog. Ha, ha, why then, you had two hundred Pounds?

Ald. Yes, I confess, Mr. *Blowcoal* our Parson did give me Bills for two hundred Pounds, part of a Sum, he said, that was given him for charitable Uses, and bade me dispose of it to proper Objects, as I thought fit, but not to bribe Votes, I assure you.

Sir Rog. No, no, no, no, 'twas to build Churches, I suppose, and reward secret Merit, ha, ha, ha, ha; but I am sorry, for your Sake, that they made their Payment in Paper:—Pray let me see those Bills—who are they upon?

Ald. See them! Ay—there they are, Sir *Roger*.

[*Gives him Bills.*]

Sir Rog. (*Looks on 'em.*) Upon Sir *Charles Wealthy*! As I suspected:—Why, he is a Bankrupt, not worth a Groat, ha, ha, ha; why, you are bit, Alderman, *Blowcoal* has bit you, ha, ha, ha; Charity, quotha! Yes, this is Charity with a Vengeance.

Ald. How! Am I trick'd? But you are not in Earnest, Sir *Roger*, are you?

Sir Rog. As certainly as that I myself lost five hundred Pounds by the same Banker: I tell you, Sir *Charles Wealthy* has been gone off this Month.

Ald. The Devil he has? Odsheart, I am finely serv'd; why, I'm out of Pocket the Lord knows what: Death! I shall lose all Patience!

Sir Rog. Look ye, Mr. *Alderman*, if you'll yet hear Reason, I'll make up all this Matter; see here, (*pulls out a Purse*) here's two hundred Guineas in this Purse; all ready Cash, hang Paper; here's the best Provision for charitable Uses.—Mr. *Alderman*! hark how religiously they chink; what say you? Come, for once, serve yourself and your Country, old Boy.

Ald. But you are sure those Bills are not worth a Farthing, Sir *Roger*?

[*Sir Roger claps the Bills into his Pockets, and takes out some Papers, and tears 'em in small Pieces.*

Sir Rog. Sure on't, aye, as sure as I am that my Name is *Roger Trusty*:—and thus I sacrifice them to your Resentment, Mr. *Alderman*, and now—

Ald. Death, Hell, and the Devil, I'm undone—but if I'm not reveng'd.—

Sir Rog. (*Plays with the Purse.*) It was a cursed Trick indeed to affront an Alderman of a Corporation at this Rate.

Ald. Give me the Purse; (*Sir Roger slaps it into his Hand*) and now, Sir *Roger*, I am yours; if I do not fit Parson *Blowcoal*, say I am the Son of a dead Cinder.—I'll bring sixteen Votes, Sir *Roger*; egad I'll over-reach the Rogues, I warrant em: This Purse is a Pledge for my Performance.

[*Exit.*

Sir Rog. And these Bills a Pledge for that Purse. Ha, ha, ha, (*takes out the Bills*) I'll send my Servant to receive the Money immediately; I think I have paid them in their own Coin.

*In this at last we have the Advantage got,
We give the Treat, but they shall pay the Shot.*

SCENE Mallet's Son's House.

Mallet, his Son, Lady Worthy, Goody Gabble, Goody Shallow, Sly and his Wife, and Midwife with the Child; several Men and Women drinking, as at a Christ'ning, a Quaker filling Wine, and a Fidler playing.

Enter Tickup.

Mallet. We began to despair of your Company, Sir, we have Christened the Child—but we got one to stand in your Place, 'Squire.

Tick. Very well, I'll take the Charge upon me.

Midwife. (Presenting the Child.) Here's your Godson, Sir, a fine thumping Boy, he is almost big enough to ask your Blessing.

Tick. A fine Child, indeed—(*He takes the Child and kisses it, and gives it a Silver Cup.*) Here, Sirrah, here's a Cup for

you, and be sure you drink my Health out of it as soon as you can speak, do you hear—Which is the Father?

Mal. This is my Son, 'Squire.

Son. Sir, you do me much Honour.

Tick. Sir, I wish you much Joy of my Godson,—and may your good Lady bring you every Year such another. Well, which are the Godmothers? that I may discharge my Duty.

Goody Sly. Why, I am one, for want of a better, Sir.

Tick. Say you so! Have at you then. (*Kisses her.*)

G. Gab. And I'm t'other, sweet 'Squire.

Tick. Goody Gabble; (*kisses her*) nay, I'm to go round,—and you too, Mrs. Midnight; kiss me, you old Jade you—

Mid. Well, well, you Gentlemen are very happy at Midnight, sometimes—Old Jade! Not so old neither, but I can have a Civility done me by as fine a Gentleman as your 'Squire's Worship, I'd have you to know.

Tick. P'shaw, who disputes that?—Old Jade is my favourite Name; you must know, egad, I love an old Woman—I would not give a Fig for your green Girls, not I.

G. Sly. Ah, you are a merry Gentlemon—He has a Breath as sweet as a Cow—he kisses rarely well—*Roger*, you shall

give this Gentleman your Vote, *Roger*. (*Aside to her Husband.*)

Roger. So, he has tickled her Fancy already.

G. Sly. I fancy you are a rare Dancer, 'Squire; pray will you give us a Jigg?

Tick. A Jigg! Ay, with all my Heart, if you'll dance with me, Dame.

G. Sly. A lack, 'Squire, I can't dance, 'Squire.

Tick. I warrant thee, Dame:—Come, strike up, Fidler. (*He kisses her.*)

G. Sly. Nay, sure I shall not be able to do it with such a vine Gentleman as you. (*They dance.*)

Roger. (*Goes up to his Wife.*) Get home, you Beast, you, wol ye? A Plague o' your jiggig, will you ne'er ha jiggig enough?

Tick. I hope you are not angry! Rather than disoblige you, I'll kiss your Wife no more.

G. Sly. Look ye there now, *Roger*?—you are always doing Mischief, so you are.

Lady. An't you asham'd of yourself, *Roger*?

Roger. Asham'd of myself; vor what, I tro?

Lady. Methinks you shou'd take it as an Honour.

Roger. What, vor him to lie with my Wife! Look ye, Madam, you may keep that Honour for Sir *John*, an you woll.

Lady. You saucy impudent Rascal! Who do you talk to, Sirrah?

G. Gab. Fye, Neighbour *Sly*, you use my Lady like a common Woman, so you do.

Roger. If she's as common as those that take her Part, I'm sure she's common enough.

G. Gab. Meaning me, Sirrah—I'll make you prove your Words, you Rogue you:—Why *Gregory*, *Gregory Gabble*, I say—do you hear what this Rogue *Sly* says?

[*Gregory is kissing a Woman.*]

See, see, the Villian is minding his Pleasures, when he should be vindicating his Wife;—but I'll swinge you,—I'll cool your Courage when I get you at home, I will so—(*Clapping her Hands.*)

Lady. This Rascal, *Sly*, was against the Peace, I remember it well—and I'll have you hang'd for't, I will, you Pantile Monster.

Roger. Nay, when such as you talk of Peace, we know the Devil is beating up for Volunteers, ha, ha.

Tick. Prithee, my dear Life, don't put thyself into a Passion.—Mr. *Sly*, I ask your Pardon, if I have given you any Offence.

Roger. I am no Pope, Sir;—but I ha done.

Mal. Why, that's well said—my Neighbour *Sly*'s an honest Man, he takes nothing ill, I'll say that for him. Pray, Mr. *Tickup*, drink to my Neighbour *Sly*.

Tick. I fill'd the Glass for the same Purpose. Mr. *Sly*, my hearty Service to you. (*Drinks.*)

Roger. Don't Master me, Sir,—I'm but a poor Man; my Name is *Roger Sly*, d'ye see, that's all.

Mal. (*To the Quaker.*) Neighbour *Scruple*, will you do me the Favour to give this honest Gentleman your Vote!

Scruple. Verily, Neighbour *Mallet*,—I do think I shall not do it.

Mal. Why so?

Scru. Am I oblig'd to give thee my Reasons?

Mal. No, not oblig'd, but I would be glad to know them.

Scru. Why then, thou shalt know them. Between thee and me, Neighbour *Mallet*, I do not take him for an honest Man.

Lady. Not an honest Man! Why, what can you say against his Honesty—He's none of your canting Congregation, that's all.

Scru. I did not direct my Discourse to thee; and I wou'd advise thee not to put thyself into a Passion, it will much disorder thy outward Woman—and make thy Lovers less desiring.

Lady. My Lovers! Goodman Goose-crown, who told you that I had Lovers, ha? Goodman *Mallet*, why do you let your Son take Wine of this old canting Villian, when there is ten times better, either at the Pope's Head,—or the Devil?

Scru. Yea, verily, I do perceive that thou art much in the Interest of those two that thou hast nam'd, by thy Language and thy Actions.

Lady. And what are you in the Interest of, Sirrah?—Not of your Country,—you, you, you—Spawn of old Noll, you—Here, Fidler, play me the tune of, *The King shall enjoy his own again.*

Sly. Ay, Ay, let 'en, let en an he dares; 'zbud I ha' no Papists Tunes play'd where I am; play Lillibullera, you Rogue.

Lady. You won't have no Papists Tunes! Sirrah, play what I bad you.

Sly. Wounds, play what I bad ye, ye Dog, or I'll break your Fiddle about your Ears. (*He plays Lillibullera.*)

Lady. You Presbyterian Son of a Conventicle, how dare you contradict me, Sirrah?

[Strikes him on the Face, and makes his Nose bleed.]

G. Sly. Murder, Murder, my Husband's all of a gore Blood; ah, you are a good one to strike a Man, I warrant ye.

Lady. I'll murder you, you dirty, draggle-tail'd Slut; take that Huswife.

[Strikes Goody Sly, and makes her Nose bleed; she blows it into her Hand, and shows it, crying.]

G. Sly. See, see here, see here, how they begin to spill Protestant Blood already; oh you Papist Devil, you;—ay, this is what you wou'd be at.

Sly. Zounds, if she carries this off,—I'll be hang'd alive; I'll dress her down, I warrant her, an she be for fighting.

[Offers to strip; they hold him.]

Mal. O fie, is she not a Woman?

Sly. Nay, ask her Spark there, he knows best, or he's foully bely'd on—A Woman! a shameless Beast is she!

Tick. Let me persuade your Ladyship to leave the Room.
(Aside to the Lady.)

Lady. No, I'll have the Blood, the Blood, the Blood of these confounded Whigish Dogs.

[*Stamps and tears.*

Tick. Indeed you'll ruin the Design by these Passions; did not I intend to crush them a more effectual Way? You shou'd see how we wou'd use them now; but we must bear with their Sauciness now, if we expect to gain our Ends;—you will by these Measures fright 'em all into your Husband's Interest.

Lady. Oh, oh, oh, well, well, that Thought has cool'd me, and I'll retire to your Lodgings, make what Haste you can after me, where we will meditate on Revenge to come.

[*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Mayor is gone to the Hall, Sir, and the Election is begun.

Tick. Well, Gentlemen, I hope you'll give me your Votes; none shall do more for your Town than I will, I promise you.

[*Exit.*

Ser. Here's a Letter for you, Mr. *Scruple*, from your Wine Merchant, Monsieur *Traffick*, the Man says. (*Gives Scruple a Letter.*)

Scru. (Reads.) *I should take it as a particular Favour, if you wou'd give Mr. Tickup your Vote, who is now with you in Gotham; he is an honest Gentleman, I assure you.*—Yes, it would be a very particular Favour, truly.

Mal. What wou'd, Mr. *Scruple*?

Scru. Why, thou must know, that this Letter comes from a *Frenchman*, to direct my Vote for a Member in an *English* Senate, ha, ha.

Mal. Perhaps there may be no harm in it, the Gentleman might mean it well.

Scru. Yea, he doth mean it well for himself, no doubt on't; but he doth not mean it well for me—But come, let us to the Hall, Neighbours.

Mal. Ay, ay, to the Hall, and act as Conscience, or our Interest leads.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Friendly *and* Lucy.

Friend. I hope you are convinc'd, Madam, of your Father's Principle, and what you must have suffer'd from it, if I had been really what I am represented.

Lucy. I do believe the Design you speak of; a Nunnery! Heaven! I shudder at the Thought.

Friend. Ay; where swarms of Nuns and Priests daily curse your Country, by *Bell, Book, and Candle*, where you must have been taught to pray for its Destruction too.

Lucy. No! Had I been trapan'd to that cursed Place, tho' but a poor defenceless Maid alone; yet I'd have shown 'em a true *British* Soul, and dy'd before I wou'd have changed my Faith.

Friend. Well said, Madam; but to the Point—you will not sure return to your Father, and put it in his Power to betray you a second Time?

Lucy. No, that I won't.

Friend. May I not hope some Share in your Esteem?

Lucy. No, whining, Love, I'm not to be caught that Way;—this Day I am of Age, and I chuse you for my Guardian,—and if you can bring me unquestionable Proofs of your being an honest Man;—that you have always been a Lover of your Country;—a true Assertor of her Laws and Privileges; and that you'd spend every Shilling of my Portion, in Defence of Liberty and Property, against *Perkin* and the Pope, I'll sign, seal, and deliver myself into your Hands the next Hour.

Friend. If I do not this, may I meet the Fate which every Traytor to his Land deserves, my charming Heroine!

[*A Noise of a Mob without, crying, A Tickup, a Tickup; A Worthy, a Worthy; A Trusty, a Trusty.*

Lucy. The Election is begun; where shall I stay conceal'd!

Friend. At my Lodgings, Madam, where you shall quickly have the Proof that you demand, to make my Happiness compleat.

Enter Mob with their Candidates at the Head of each Party one bearing a Pope, and wooden Shoes, with Wool in their Hats; the other a Tub, with a Woman Preacher in it, and Laurel in their Hats; crying on one Side, A Tickup, a Tickup; on the other, A Worthy, a Worthy, huzza.

Ben Blunt. No Pope, no Perkin; a Worthy, a Worthy.

Tim. Shal. No Tub-preaching; no Liberty and Property Men.

Gr. Gab. A Tickup, a Tickup, a Tickup.

Ben Blunt. No Fire and Faggot;—no wooden Shoes; no Trade-Sellers; a Low Bow, a Low Bow.

Tim. Shal. Z'blead! who made you a Politician in the Devil's Name?

[*Knocks 'em down; Blunt gets up and collars him, and pulls him down, and gets on him, and boxes him: Half a Score more fall together by the Ears.*

Gr. Gab. Down with 'em, down with 'em.

Rog. Sly. Nay, an you're for that Sport, have at ye: No *Pope*; no *Perkin*; knock 'em down; down with the Dogs; down with their Champion—down with that frenchify'd Dog, *Tickup*: No High Boy; no High Boy.

Shal. No *Worthy*, no *Worthy*; a High Boy, a High Boy.

[*Exeunt fighting.*]

Enter Mr. Scoredouble, Friendly, and Lucy.

Score. I wish you much Joy with all my Heart, Madam, you are the nineteenth Bride I have been Father to, and I never gave one to an honest Man in my Life, I'll zay that for him.

Friend. I thank you, Landlord—And it shall be my constant Study to make you happy, Madam, and by my future Actions convince you, that you have not chose amiss. (*To Lucy.*)

Lucy. I cannot be unhappy, if your Conduct answers your Character; a moderate Man, from a true innate Principle of Virtue, scorns to betray even his Enemies, much less his County or Faith.

[*A great Shout within.*]

Enter Mob, bearing the chosen Member on Poles, in a Chair, huzzaing cross the Stage.

The Mayor following.

Mayor. I say it is an unfair Election, and I'll return Mr. Tickup.—Ha! What do I see?

Friend. Your Son and Daughter, Sir, if you please to give us your Blessing. (*Kneels.*)

Mayor. The Devil! Down-right *English*, Sirrah; I'll have you laid by the Heels, for a Cheat.

Lucy. Then he'll recriminate, my dear Father, and, ten to one, tell how powerfully the Promise of *French Pistoles* sway'd your Conscience, ha, ha.

Mayor. There's a Jade, now; Zounds, that ever I begot her. Huswife, if you are married to that rascally, cheating, canting Low Boy—may—Hell confound you both.

[*Exit.*

Friend. Ha, ha, ha, mind not his Curses, my dear *Lucy*, I'll be both a Father and a Husband to thee.

Lucy. I do believe you, and thank you for this Deliverance; for if I had escap'd a Nunnery, ten to one but I had been thrown into the Arms of some of my Father's Principle, and that wou'd have been as bad.

*This is my Maxim, in a marry'd Life,
Who hates his Country, ne'er can love his Wife.*

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M.DCC.LX.

[The end of *A Gotham Election* by Susanna Centlivre]