

# *The Artifice*

*Susanna Centlivre*

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# **THE ARTIFICE.**

**A COMEDY BY**

# SUSANNA CENTLIVRE

As it is ACTED

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

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PROLOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Dramatis Personæ.

ACT I.

ACT II.

ACT III.

ACT IV.

ACT V.

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**PROLOGUE.**

Written by Mr. **BOND.**

Spoken by Mr. **MILLS.**

*Our Wits of late, grown wond'rous Weather-wise,*

*Change, like the various Seasons of the Skies.  
They, each dull Winter, sullen and severe  
And cloudy, as its gloomiest Days appear:  
Yawn o'er their Desks, sigh forth some Tragic-Scene,  
Then treat the Town with Products of their Spleen.*

*Our Author takes a different Way to please;  
Heals injur'd Love, and cures its Jealousies.  
You tender Virgins, and neglected Wives,  
For You, She all her ARTIFICE contrives.  
You can't deny her—Your Protection surely,  
She hides your Slips, and brings you off—so purely!  
Bold in her Sex's Cause, She always rouzes  
'Gainst their worst Foes, false Lovers, and dull Spouses.  
But, O! ye Critics! Comic-Bards are few,  
And we've no Wit beneath the Sun, that's New:  
Ask not, in such a General Dearth, much Wit,  
If she your Taste in Plot, and Humor hit:  
Plot, Humor, Business, form the Comic Feast,  
Wit's but a higher-relish'd Sauce, at best;  
And where too much, like Spice, destroys the Taste.*

*You Sparks in Red, she knows, will all befriend her;  
Nay, Faith, you're bound in Honour to defend her.  
You, in her Plays, her choicest Favours share;  
She never fails to raise her Men of War.  
'Tis seldom known, you Brothers of the Blade,  
Let Women make Advances un-repaid.  
You Chiefs in War, who Monarchs can subdue,  
Yet own—The Ladies Victors over You.*

*A single Helen, once divinely Fair,  
Summon'd a Croud of Heroes to the War:  
And brighter Helens raise your Courage—There.  
You, while our Author pleads in Beauty's Cause,  
Join on her Side, and Arm in her Applause:  
Be Heroes in a WOMAN'S Cause to Day,  
And as you Love the Sex, Defend the PLAY.*

# EPILOGUE.

Written by Dr. SEWELL, 1723.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

*Since Plotting is the Business of the Age,  
Our Bard has paid it off upon the Stage.  
And strongly labour'd in these Scenes, to shew Ye,  
How WOMAN can in ARTIFICE out-do Ye.  
You bungle sadly, and are always caught  
'Ere half your Work is to Perfection brought.  
Did our Town-Wives their Schemes no better lay,  
What monstrous Plots wou'd break out ev'ry Day?  
Ladies, I hope, I've acted to your Mind,  
And serv'd my Jealous Monster in his Kind.  
To play the Priest, and steal a Wives Confession;  
What Man can make amends for such Transgression?  
Should all our English Husbands shrive their Wives,  
Women wou'd lead most comfortable Lives.  
For of all Slavery, 'tis the worst Condition,  
To live beneath a Marriage Inquisition.*

*What think you of our Hogan-Mogan Belle?  
Didn't she trick the Trickster nicely well?  
The Whipster thought, forsooth, 'twas smart and clever,  
To swell the young Vrow up, and then to leave her.  
But on the Younker a Dutch Trick she palms;  
Poison for Poison gives, and Qualms for Qualms.  
What Rake among you, but, his Condition,  
Would even think a Wife a good Physician?  
Did this Dutch Law our roving Gentry bind,  
How charming wou'd it be for Woman-kind!  
Then ev'ry Nymph who has vouchsaf'd the Favour,  
Might tie her Lover up to good Behaviour:  
And after she has put him to the Test,  
Might take, or leave him,—as she lik'd it best.*

*You, who are noos'd, let me advise; beware,  
Give o'er your Jealous Freaks, and trust the Fair:  
For, look ye, you may rant, and play the Devil;  
There's nought but Patience cures the Marriage-Evil.*

*The Thing is plain, and Instances are common;  
No MAN is half a Match for any WOMAN.*

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## Dramatis Personæ.

### MEN.

- |  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| <i>Sir Philip Moneylove</i> , Father to <i>Olivia</i> ,<br>a Man whose Morals are only<br>subservient to his Interest.                                       | Mr. <i>Miller</i> .   |
| <i>Sir John Freeman</i> , Heir to 4000 <i>l. per</i><br><i>annum</i> , but disinherited. In Love with <i>Olivia</i> .  | Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .    |
| <i>Ned Freeman</i> , his Younger Brother;<br>possess'd of the Estate.  | Mr. <i>Mills</i> .    |
| <i>Fainwell</i> , an Ensign under the Name<br>of <i>Jeffery</i> ; in Disguise, Footman to the<br>Widow <i>Heedless</i> .                                     | Mr. <i>W. Wilks</i> . |
| Mr. <i>Watchit</i> , A Country-Gentleman,<br>very jealous of his Wife.   | Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .  |
| <i>Tally</i> , One belonging to a <i>Pharoah-Bank</i> ;<br>an humble Servant to Widow <i>Heedless</i> ,<br>under the Character of Lord <i>Pharoah-Bank</i> , | Mr. <i>Harper</i> .   |
| <i>Demur</i> , a Doctor of the Civil law.  |                       |

### WOMEN.

- |   |                        |
|---|------------------------|
| <i>Olivia</i> , Daughter of <i>Sir Philip Moneylove</i> .<br>In love with <i>Sir John Freeman</i> .   | Mrs. <i>Horton</i> .   |
| <i>Louisa</i> , a <i>Dutch Lady</i> , formerly contracted<br>to <i>Ned Freeman</i> .  | Mrs. <i>Younger</i> .  |
| Mrs. <i>Watchit</i> , Wife to Mr. <i>Watchit</i> .  | Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> . |
| Widow <i>Heedless</i> , worth 20,000 <i>l.</i> affected,<br>vain, and an Admirer of Quality, and<br>resolv'd never to marry beneath a Lord. | Mrs. <i>Thurmond</i> . |



*Lucy*, Servant to Mrs. *Watchit*.

*Flora*, Servant to *Louisa*.

*Judith*, Servant to Mrs. *Heedless*.

Constable, Watch, and other Attendants.

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## **THE ARTIFICE.**

St. James's PARK.

*Enter Fainwell in a Livery, meeting Sir John Freeman in Mourning.*

*Fain.* Ha! *Freeman* in *Black*? Dear *Jack* how must I distinguish thee?

*Sir John.* Dear *Jack*!—How came you and I so well acquainted Fellow!

*Fain.* O!—that's too long a Story at present.

*Sir John.* What the Devil is this *Metamorphosis* for, *Fainwell*?

*Fain.* Love! Almighty Love! Copying of the *Gods*, you know.

*Sir John.* What Game are you in pursuit of?

*Fain.* The old standing Dish, a WIFE! There's no Hopes of War, no Rising in View! and *Subaltern's* Pay will make a Man rub but slowly thro' the World. I have got Leave of my Colonel to be absent from my Post for Two Months, in which Time, I intend to make my Fortune.—You know the Widow *Heedless*!

Sir *John*. Very well! Ha!—is not that her Livery?

*Fain*. Yes, Faith, I march in the Number of her Retinue.

Sir *John*. To what End?

*Fain*. That's uncertain. If you know the Widow, you are no Stranger to her Taste in Servants.

Sir *John*. I know she keeps none but awkward *Country Louts*.

*Fain*. Ay! and is a perfect Jockey in her Family, and takes as much Pains to polish her Train, as they do to break their young Colts. Now, you must know I pass with her for as arrant a *Rustick*, as ever wielded Cudgel at a Country Wake, or tumbled Girl upon a Hay mow.

Sir *John*. But wherein can this advance your Design?

*Fain*. Why, you must know, I make Love to her.

Sir *John*. Make Love to her! what, under the Character of a Footman?

*Fain*. No, no, under the Character of a Gentleman of Fifteen hundred Pounds a year in *Gloucestershire*, of which Country I pretend to be; for having quarter'd heretofore in that Shire, I counterfeit the Dialect very well.

Sir *John*. But what Service can this be to you?

*Fain.* Why, I write to her as from Mr. *Worthy*; my Man brings the Letters; and I deliver them as *Jeffrey*, her Footman; and when I find her in Humour, I intend to give her my Picture, in so simple a manner, that she shall take it all for Gospel.

Sir *John.* But what signifies the Copy? How will you introduce the Original?

*Fain.* That has been done already. I have made her several Visits. My Man is now gone to her with a Letter.

Sir *John.* But suppose she should inquire after this Mr. *Worthy*? It is an easy Matter to know all the Gentlemen in *Gloucestershire*, and what Estates they are possess'd of too.

*Fain.* She can't trap me there, if she does: For, between you and I, there is such a Person as Mr. *Worthy*, Master of the very Estate I mention, who has given me Leave to take his Name.—But I have discover'd since I have been in her House, that an *Irish* Baron is my Rival.

Sir *John.* Then you are undone; for I am told, she declares against Matrimony without a Title. But who is he?

*Fain.* My Lord *Pharoah-Bank*, I think they call him, of the County of *Tipperary*.

Sir *John.* I don't remember ever to have heard of any such Nobleman.

*Fain.* Recommended, they say, by Sir *Philip Moneylove*.

*Sir John.* For which he is to have a valuable consideration; for I am sure, he does nothing out of Honour or Honesty. I wish thee success with all my Heart.

*Fain.* I thank you, *Freeman*; but prithee who are you in Mourning for? Is the old Knight at Rest Six Foot deep ha, *Jack*?

*Sir John.* He has been dead to me these Seven Years; but is now so to all the World, *Fainwell*.

*Fain.* *Sir John!* I give thee Joy of Four thousand Pounds *per annum*.

[*Embracing him.*]

*Sir John.* I hope you'll give me the Estate too, *Fainwell*; for, I assure you, I have not one Foot of Land by the Death of my Father.

*Enter Sam.*

*Fain.* He did not disinherit thee, sure.

*Sir John.* Neither better nor worse.

*Sam.* I ever thought my old Master would dye hard, and take the Left-hand Road.

*Sir John.* Ha! what is *Sam* with you still?

*Sam.* You know, Sir, I always stick as close to my Masters, as their Breeches.

*Sir John.* Ay! whilst there is any Money in them; but, I remember, you left me for fear of starving.

*Sam.* Starving, Oh, no, no!—Not starving, Sir; tho' I must confess, my Waist-band was Three inches too wide for me.

*Fain.* You saucy Rascal! ha, ha! Well, did you deliver my Letter?

*Sam.* Yes, I did, Sir; and into the Widow's own Hands; and, truly, by what I can find Sir, you have nothing to hope for, if I have any Judgment.

*Fain.* Why! What have you discover'd?

*Sam.* Why, I observ'd when she read your Epistle, she smil'd scornfully, thus—toss'd your Letter upon her Toylet; turn'd upon her heel; tipp'd her Maid a Box o' the Ear for grinning, and bid me tell you, it required no Answer.

*Sir John.* Cold Comfort!

*Fain.* Not a Jot the less for giving herself that Air. But is it possible, that pure Party-Rage could make thy Father so unkind, *Sir John*?

*Sir John.* Add to that some little Wildnesses. But the main thing that did my Business, was this; When I found nothing

wou'd open his Purse-strings, I pretended to embrace his Principles.

*Sam.* I remember that Time, Sir: We lived in Clover then! Many a delicious Morsel of Flesh have I serv'd up and supp'd luxuriously out of your Leavings, Sir.

*Sir John.* But, as the Devil wou'd have it, one Day, in my Cups, I chanced to stumble into a Non-juring-Meeting, with half a Dozen honest Officers at my Back, drove out the Congregation, ty'd the Parson Neck and Heels, lock'd the Door, and took the Key in my Pocket.

*Fain.* Good! And what became of Old Sedition?

*Sir John.* Some of his Flock returning to Evening Prayer, broke open the Door, and freed him from Durance; amongst which Number was my natural Father.

*Fain.* Rather Unnatural! That was very unlucky, *Sir John.*

*Sir John.* Ay; for that Action not only lost me a paternal Blessing, but a paternal Estate.

*Fain.* Which would have afforded thee many Blessings, Wine and Women, *Sir John,* the only Blessings in this World! So your younger Brother *Ned* has the Estate, I suppose.

*Sir John.* Every Acre! My Fortune is cramm'd into such a narrow Circumference, I can cover it with my Thumb. Only—a single Shilling.

*Fain.* Damn'd Barbarity! 'S'Death! were he my Brother, I'd cut his Throat.

*Sam.* There's the Inside of a Soldier for you! (*Aside.*)

*Sir John.* So say Passion and Necessity; but Conscience and Humanity offer to my cooler Thoughts a brown Musquet rather. I confess, I long to exert the elder Brother, and beat him a little; in order to which, I have done all I could to provoke him to give me Occasion; but he avoids me as carefully as if he durst not fight, though I know he's no Coward.

*Fain.* Well! Heaven be prais'd, I am not afraid of being disinherited. I wear my fortune with my Red-Coat; and whilst there is one Mischief making Priest in the World, Soldiers will never want Bread.

*Sam.* Ay, the Priests have ever been fast Friends to the Soldiers. Nothing like a Pulpit Drum.—But it ruins the Surgeons Business quite.

*Sir John.* Ay! how so?

*Sam.* Why, where's the Occasion for their retailing Lancet, when the other lets the Nation Blood by Whole-sale?

*Fain.* My Rascal has a Kind of smattering after Wit, ha, ha, No more of your Impertinence.

*Sam.* Impertinence! these Gentlemen will allow no body to say a good Thing but themselves. (*Aside.*)



*Sir John.* Ha! yonder's my Brother coming this Way. How stately the Rogue walks, with three Footmen at his Heels.

*Fain.* Whilst thou hast not so much as one Scoundrel to pick up a Wench for thee.

*Sam.* Oh, for that, Sir! with your Leave, he may always command his humble Servant.

*Fain.* He struts like an elder Brother. He wants nothing but your Title, Sir *John*.

*Sir John.* I wish I could transfer it; for it is of no Use to me. Honour's a Commodity not vendable among the Merchants; there is no Draw-back upon't.

*Fain.* That's a Mistake, Sir *John*; I have known a Statesman pawn his Honour as often as Merchants enter the same Commodity for Exportation; and like them, draw it back so cleverly, that those who give him Credit upon't, never perceiv'd it 'till the Great Man was out of Post.

*Sir John.* Honour's a stale Cheat.

*Fain.* It may pass at Court, or the Groom-Porter's; but no Citizen will lend a Shilling upon it.

*Enter Ned Freeman.*

*Ned.* Brother! Your Servant. If this young Fellow had not been in a Livery, I should have sworn it had been Ensign *Fainwell*!

*Fain.* The very Numerical Person you mention, is as you see, at your Service, Mr. *Freeman*. I believe you are surpriz'd at the Figure I make; but there are Reasons, which another Time shall be yours. In the mean while, I must intreat, that wherever you see me, you know me for nothing above my present Appearance.

*Ned.* Whatever Design you may have in View, it shall never miscarry through any Fault of mine.—Well! how go Matters in the North, Captain?

*Sir John.* Your Party perform'd no Wonders there.

*Ned.* Nay, if you are entring upon Party Matters, good by-t'ye; You know I always decline Politics in your Company.

*Sir John.* 'Tis the sign of an ill Cause.

*Ned.* Then Disputes won't mend it. Here—which Colour would you advise me for a Wedding Suit?

*Fain.* What; just upon the Brink of Matrimony? Is it with the *Dutch* Lady you wrote such Panegyrics on, when you was in *Holland*?

*Ned.* What, the old Burgo master's Daughter of *Haerlem*? No, no! that Affair's ended long since. She was a good-natured fond Fool, and, to say Truth, I did love her; but the old Carl her Father, did not like a younger Brother for a Son-in-Law then, and I'm a better Friend to my Country, than to take a *Dutch* Wife now, I did him one Piece of Service; I left

some *English* Blood in his Family. I met a Gentleman at *Paris*, who told me, she was brought to Bed of a fine Boy.

Sir *John*. If I mistake not, you made that Lady a Promise of Marriage, Brother.

*Ned*. Cou'd I do less for a Maidenhead?

*Fain*. It is the custom in *Holland*, after such a Promise, the Girl never scruples to go to Bed, and thinks herself as much your Wife, as if the Parson had said Grace; and if ever you are found in that Country, their Laws will oblige you to perform Articles.

*Ned*. Ay, if they catch me in the Corn, let 'em put me in the Pound.

Sir *John*. Whatever you think of such Proceedings, I assure you, I should have very little Confidence in that Man who forfeited his Faith and Honour to a Woman.

*Ned*. Preserve your Opinion, Brother; the Ladies will like you never the better for't. Every Female has Vanity enough to believe her Charms sufficient to secure what another lost.

*Fain*. But who is the Object of your present Passion?

Sir *John*. Pray Heaven, it proves not where I guess!  
(*Aside*.)

*Fain*. Who is the Beauty that enslaves you now?

*Ned.* Nay, I'm not so prodigiously inslav'd as you imagine.

*Sir John.* What! and just a going to be married.

*Sam.* Mr. *Freeman* speaks like an experienc'd Traveller; he is entring upon a Journey for Life; the Whip and Spur are for the short Stages of Love. It would kill the Devil to ride full Speed down a Lane that has neither End nor Turning.

*Ned.* Ha, ha, ha! *Sam* has a right Notion of Matrimony.

*Sir John.* A Lady must be extremely happy with such a Husband. But may we not know the Lady?

*Ned.* Yes, yes, Brother, I'm not asham'd of the Lady; she has Beauty enough for a Wife, and one Charm, as desirable, as a new Mistress.

*Fainwell.* *Videlicet.*

*Ned.* Twenty thousand Pounds.

*Sir John.* Ha! that one Article strikes thro' me. (*Aside.*)

*Ned.* 'Tis Sir *Philip Moneylove's* Daughter.

*Sir John.* As I imagin'd!—This Blow wounds deeper than my being disinherited. Have you that Lady's Consent, Brother?

*Ned.* I have her Father's; and he has the Disposal of her Fortune, though left by her Grandfather. She commands not a

Penny, if she marries without his Consent.

*Sir John.* A most pernicious Clause!—Yet, if *Louisa*, his *Dutch* Mistress, who I have sent for, comes Time enough, I may chance to spoil your Market. (*Aside.*)

*Ned.* I think I stand very fair; I have had his Promise these ten Days.

*Sir John.* Just the Time that *Sir Philip* forbid me his House! since when, I have often watch'd him in, and, fearing the Consequence, I sent for his Mistress! and if there is the least Grain of Virtue left in that Heap of Muck and Immorality, *Sir Philip*, I may yet prevent this hateful Match. (*Aside.*)

*Fain.* I wish you Joy, Mr. *Freeman*.—

*Sir John.* Wish him Hell! where he may taste in part the Pains he gives me now.—*Olivia!*—Oh! my *Olivia*. (*Aside.*)

*Ned.* My Brother has no Relish for my good Fortune.—I perceive you affect Gravity in my Company, *Sir John*, and seem to have no Taste for any Joy of mine.—Prithee, how have I offended? You may have Reason to blame our Father, perhaps; but how is that my Fault? I have really as much Love for you, as if you had been born a Year after me, and will treat you as well.

*Fain.* That is to say, he shall live like your Brother.—

*Ned.* He shall live as he thinks fit, Sir; I shan't pretend to direct him.

*Fain.* But you must put it in his Power!—Come, shall I make a Proposal?

*Ned.* Out with it.

*Fain.* Buy him a Colonel's Post in the Guards.

*Ned.* I don't think to part with any Money that way.—

*Sir John.* Not without it were to serve a certain Person, you know where. Oh! that vile restless Principle of yours!—

*Ned.* Shall never disturb you with a Commission any where. Look ye, Brother, you shan't want for what is Necessary.

*Sir John.* Necessary! I suppose you reserve to your own Judgment how far that Word may extend.

*Ned.* It shall extend so far, Sir, as becomes a Brother who has the Estate, to him that has none.

*Sam.* Humph! That is as much as to say, in plain *English*, you may starve or steal, and be hang'd, for him. (*Aside.*)

*Sir John.* As far as becomes your elder Brother.

*Ned.* I can't say that, for perhaps you may fancy my Estate may become you better than it does me.

*Sir John.* Your Estate!

[*Going up to him.*]

*Sam.* (*Stepping between.*) Sir, Sir, With your Leave! Where-abouts do you think the Soul of my old Master may be now?

*Ned.* That Thought never enter'd my Head, Sirrah. I know where his material Soul, the Estate is, and how to spend it too. So, Brother, if you will be chearful.—

*Sir John.* Chearful! Bid the Directors, when there's a Run upon the Bank, be chearful; the Merchant who hears the Shipwreck of his freighted Vessel; or bid the Mother, weeping over the Corps of her departed Son, be chearful.— Bid them be mad rather, to avoid Reflection.—Chearful, quotha!

*Sam.* That's breaking a Man's Legs, and then bidding him cut Capers. (*Aside.*)

*Fain.* Philosophy is a noble Study, *Sir John*; but few of us poor Rogues can pursue it.

*Sir John.* With what Elegance might my Brother there, display the Beauty of Patience and Poverty!

*Ned.* No, Faith, *Jack*, I am no Orator.

[*Keeps looking upon the Paper.*]

*Sir John.* Oh! What Serenity of Mind attends Four Thousand Pounds a Year? whilst Passion, Pride, and all the

deadly Sins, fill up the Train of a poor Dog like me.

*Sam.* That's true to a Tittle, I know it by myself. (*Aside.*)

*Sir John.* Poor *Olivia!* now I understand thy Letter, wherein thou said'st, That we must part for ever; but I will see thee now, tho' certain Death attend it; though robb'd of Birthright by his younger Brother, let him not hope to take my Mistress from me.

*Such an Attempt will far more dang'rous prove:  
He robs me of my Life, that robs me of my Love.*

[Exit.

*Ned.* That is the Colour for my Money.

*Fain.* Ay, White is the Bridegroom's Colour.

*Ned.* Ha! What, is my Brother gone?

*Fain.* So it seems—Poor *Sir John.*

*Ned.* Pox of this Livery, I should have been glad we cou'd have din'd together to Day.

*Sam.* Now you talk of dining—your Uncle call'd at your Lodging this Morning, Sir, and bad me tell you, he wonders how you bestow your Time, that you don't come and dine with him as usual.—

*Ned.* Who's that?



*Fain.* An Uncle of mine, to whom I had once some hopes of being Heir.

*Ned.* And what has stifled them?

*Fain.* Why, the Devil put Matrimony in his Head, and spoil'd my Fortune.—

*Ned.* Then he has Children, has he?

*Fain.* One, which happening to be Red-hair'd, and the Parson of the Parish being Sandy, my Uncle, not content with forbidding him his House, bid adieu to the Country, and brought my Aunt to Town.

*Sam.* An excellent Place to preserve Virtue in.

*Ned.* How came he to suspect the Doctor?

*Fain.* Why, my Aunt is a *Roman Catholic*, you must know, and I suppose my Uncle had a mind to make a good Protestant of her, and brought the Doctor to convert her; but finding his Arguments more prevalent for Love, than Religion, thought fit to remove her.

*Ned.* Ha, ha, ha! Where has he lodg'd her?

*Fain.* He has taken a House in the *Pall-Mall*, within a Door of my Colonel's.—

*Sam.* Who has as good a hand at converting, as the Parson, if he can find a Way to come at her. (*Aside.*)

*Ned.* In the *Pall-Mall*! If this shou'd be my Mistress now?  
(*Aside.*) So, the old Fellow is very Jealous of her, you say?

*Fain.* So Jealous, that he locks her up, it seems, resolving to father no Children for the future, but his own; He allows her the Sight of nothing that's Male.

*Ned.* It must be she; this agrees exactly with her Story,  
(*Aside.*) Such Restraint sets all the Wheels of Invention at Work, and a Million to nothing, but she'll find a Way to use him as he deserves. And how does she take it?

*Sam.* Oh! not at all, Sir—You hear my Master say; she's lock'd up.

*Ned.* Her Confinement, I mean, Sirrah?

*Sam.* Oh! her Confinement.

*Fain.* Not seeing her the last Time I din'd there, I inquir'd after her Health, and was answer'd, she was indispos'd; yet I observ'd he cut her a Plate of ev'ry Thing that came to Table, and sent up to her Chamber, which, as the Maid told me afterwards, is his constant Custom of late, when any body dines with him. He is a true *Spanish* Husband.

*Ned.* And if she proves but a true *English* Wife, his Children may be nothing a-kin to him, for all his Caution. Is she handsome?

*Fain.* So handsome, that I could venture my Soul with her; and if I had her Consent, my Uncle *Watchit*, should be

advanc'd in Honours.—You understand me.

*Ned.* Watchit! Mum! that's the Name. *Fainwell* must not know where I live. (*Aside.*)—You would not cuckold your Uncle, would ye?

*Fain.* Why not? I think a well-bred Gentleman ought to have as much Regard to the Breed of his Family, as a Fox hunter has to those of his Dogs and Horses. Where do you lodge, Mr. *Freeman*? I must bring a School-Fellow of mine to wait on you, one who has a Play upon the Stocks: You must give him leave to dedicate to you. It is young *Distich*.

*Ned.* Ha! Little *Distich*! I shall be glad to see him. When I have finish'd an Affair which I have upon my Hands at present, I shall come somewhere to this End of the Town; but I am *Incog.* for a little while.

*Fain.* What, are you upon an Intrigue?

*Ned.* Yes, Faith, and with one of the prettiest Women in Town; a Citizen's Wife, whose Husband is tinctur'd with thy Uncle's Distemper: He permits her neither to pay, or receive Visits; but in Spight of his *Blockade*, I have found means to open a Communication between myself and his Female, and hope I shall be able to spring a Mine, and blow up the Fort of her Chastity, maugre all his Iron Guards.

*Fain.* You talk like an Engineer, Mr. *Freeman*; but if she is so closely confin'd how got you acquainted with her?

*Ned.* Very accidentally. You must know, her House, and that which I lodge in, were formerly one, so that there are Doors remaining, tho' fasten'd up.—Sitting one Evening in my Chamber reading, I heard the Voice of Women, and found by their Discourse 'twas a Lady complaining to her Maid of her Husband's ill Usage. If I were in your Place, says the Maid, I'd be reveng'd of the old Brute: Ay, quoth the Lady, but shew me the Means.—Upon which, having bor'd a Hole in the Door, I put my Mouth to it, and cry'd, the Means is ready, Madam, if you'll consent to it. She was a little surpriz'd at first, but we soon came to a right Understanding.

*Fain.* Ha, ha! so she open'd the door!

*Ned.* Not that door: But the Chamber-Maid, who knew her Business perfectly well, after inquiring who lodg'd at next House, in the Morning, knock'd gently at this private Door, and calling me by my Name, gave me to understand that there was a Door, between her Room, and a Garret in our House, which if I cou'd find the Way to open, I might have an Opportunity of playing a Game at Picquet with her Lady sometimes, in her Master's Absence: I took the Hint, agreed with my Landlord for that Garret, and fell to work immediately. The Passage was soon open'd, and we came to an Interview, lik'd one another's Proposals, call'd for the Cards, and sat down to play, where I had the Game all to nothing, having *Point*, *Quint*, and *Quatorze*, the first Deal, had not the old Fellow come in, and forc'd us throw up our Cards.

*Fain.* For which you both curs'd him, I suppose; but you have found a Time, 'tis to be hop'd, to finish your Game.

*Ned.* I shall do, this Day, I believe. Wish me Success,  
*Fainwell.*

*Fain.* I do with all my Heart: I know you us'd to be generous, you'll not expose her. When you have corrupted her, you may help your Friends, before she falls into the Hands of the Public.

*Ned.* With all my Heart! Now for the finishing Stroke: I'll Home, and watch the old Fellow out, and then *L'Affair il fera fait*, as the *French* say—Which Way are you going,  
*Fainwell?*

*Fain.* Every Way! I have some Twenty How-d'ye's to deliver; the constant Business of Men of my Cloth, you know.

*Ned.* Ha! yonder comes my Father-in-Law that is to be. I must avoid him.

*Fain.* And the Widow's Lord with him. (*Aside.*) Pray who is the Gentleman with him, Mr. *Freeman?*

*Ned.* His Name is *Bite*, to the best of my Memory. He belongs to a *Pharoah-Table*, I us'd to see him tally sometimes, that's all I know of him. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

*Fain.* I'm glad you know so much of him. *Bite*, quotha! Egad, I'll take care he shan't bite me of the Widow.—Is this her Man of Quality?—*Sam*, go you Home, and don't you be out of the Way, if I should want you. Do you hear?

*Sam.* Yes, yes, Sir.

[*Exit Sam.*

*Fain.* Egad, this Woman fatigues me more than a long March. But the Hopes of her Gold, like the Hopes of Plunder, gives me fresh Courage for continuing the Siege.

*For, to besiege, and storm the Soldier's Trade is,  
In War, to conquer Towns; In Peace, the Ladies.*

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SCENE *Sir Philip Moneylove's House.*

*Enter Olivia and Louisa weeping.*

*Oli.* Your Story, I confess, Madam, is moving; but I am more surpriz'd at *Freeman's* Insensibility than at his Perjury. It is no Wonder to find a Man false; but that he should be blind to so much Beauty, is an Argument of Stupidity.

*Lou.* Not when he changes for superior Merit;  
But if you love not the Dissembler,  
Oh, give him back to my desiring Arms!  
For we are fit Companions for each other.

*Oli.* All I can, besure I'll do to serve thee.  
Dear hast thou bought, the faithless, worthless Man!

*Lou.* Too late, I blame my credulous Nature.  
Our Sex, like Roses blooming on the Tree,  
Admir'd by ev'ry gazing Passenger:  
The Flow'r once cropt, a while 'tis worn in Triumph;  
Then thrown aside to wither in Disgrace.

*Oli.* Be pleas'd to give this Letter to Sir *John*, and pursue whatever he directs you. Depend upon any Thing in my Power to serve you, Madam; my Soul abhors this Treachery, and had he been as dear to me, as his poor injur'd Brother is I would renounce him now, tho' Life went with him.

*Enter Sir Philip.*

*Oli.* My Father! that's unlucky. (*Aside.*)

*Sir Phil.* Pray, Daughter, what is this pretty Resolution of yours? Who wou'd you renounce?

*Oli.* One whom you wou'd have me, Sir, if you but wish me Happiness; 'tis that Deceiver *Freeman*.

*Sir Phil.* How! Why, what has *Sir John* recover'd the Estate then? If so, Egad I shall renounce him too, Girl.—Ho'now, who have we here? Some Letter-Carrier, ha! Pray, who let you in, Mistress?

*Oli.* Justice.

Look on this Lady, Sir, with Eyes more human,  
On her whom *Freeman* basely has betray'd,  
Just in her rising Bloom and Pride of Youth.

*Sir Phil.* Why, you'd make an excellent Actress; you Rant and Strut it well; but who is this Lady you are so tender of, pray?

*Oli.* She's *Freeman's* Wife, by all the Ties of Love.

*Sir Phil.* Ties of Love—Hark ye! Has the Parson ty'd 'em? Love makes none but running Knots, and a Man may slip those at Pleasure; but the Parson's Noose is as sure as the Hangman's; nothing but the Grave unties it.—Now if you have him in that String, Madam, you are on the right Side of the Hedge, and I must look out for another Son-in-law—



Otherwise, you must look sharp for another Husband—that's all.

*Lou.* By my Country's Custom 'tis I claim him.  
I can have no other Husband;  
For all our Vows are register'd in Heaven.

*Sir Phil.* Humph! that's a long Way off, and very few Lawyers go that Circuit. I doubt you'll lose your Cause for want of Evidence too.

*Oli.* No, Sir, she has a living Witness of his Guilt. A Boy, the very Picture of the Villain.

*Lou.* A Pledge of Love and everlasting Faith.

*Oli.* Can you defend his Treachery, Sir?

*Sir Phil.* Can you defend her Folly? Treachery quotha! He's a Traytor who weakens his King, not he who adds to the Number of his Subjects.—You say, you claim him by your Country's Custom, pray what Country is that, Madam?

*Lou.* *Holland*, Sir.

*Sir Phil.* Odso! *Holland*; why their High Mightinesses ought to settle a Pension upon you. I wish you much Joy of your Son, Madam. I warrant him a Hero, or a Politician. Every *Englishman's* Son, merrily begot, proves a great Man. Fools and Cowards are the Product of our wedding Sheets. I wish he had laid such a Foundation in my Family, before the Lawfulness of the Pleasure spoils the Breed.

*Oli.* Are these fit Speeches for a Daughter's Ear?  
And this the Language of a virtuous Parent!

*Sir Phil.* The Virtue of a Parent consists in Interest and Cunning now-a-Days, as your Sex's Modesty does in Pride and Affectation.

*Oli.* Monstrous Precepts!

*Sir Phil.* I suppose, Madam, you had nothing but Mr. *Freeman's* bare Word?

*Lou.* Words of the most sacred Form! Vows of eternal Faith! Eternal Constancy!

*Sir Phil.* But how the Devil could you expect Performance? Can any Man promise for Futurity? You should have got him into Bonds. Hereafter let me advise you: Do nothing till you have 'em under Black and White.—Then, if they fly the Parson, catch 'em with the Proctor.

*Lou.* Unmannerly Advice; but I was told before I came, what small Regard you paid to Justice—It is in you, Madam, that all my Hopes are center'd.

*Oli.* Depend on me, in all I can.

*Sir Phil.* No whispering in my House; no caballing; no underhand Dealing.—Look ye, Madam, the Man's dispos'd of; but if you will let me know whereabouts your Fortune may be, I'll do my Endeavour to get you a Husband—I will, Faith.

*Lou.* Since injur'd Virtue is become your Sport,  
And you, instead of pitying, mock my Sorrow,  
    *I'll try all Arts that may his Soul subdue;* }  
    *But if I fail his Passion to renew,* }  
    *The Traytor dies, to be revenged on you.*  
[Exit.]

*Oli.* Why will you raise her Indignation thus?  
Do you not dread the Consequence?  
Base as he is, will you not guard his Life?  
O! call her back, and calm her Passion;  
If you prevent not, you encourage Murder.

*Sir Phil.* No, no, the Threats of your Sex, like Courtiers Promises, vanish into nothing. Passion has left the weeping Corner, and now it blusters like the North Wind, that's all. I wonder who let this Woman in. I shall examine that Point with my Servants. (*Aside.*)

*Oli.* Are you a Man yet void of all Humanity?

*Sir Phil.* If your Mother were alive, she'd tell you: How dare you call me Father, and question my Manhood? What would you make your Mother, hussey? ha!

*Oli.* Oh do not name my Mother! Were she alive, you would not treat me thus. Remember your Promise to Sir *John.*

Sir *Phil.* But when I made that Promise, he was Heir Apparent to four thousand Pounds a Year, and nobody dreamt of his being disinherited.—Zounds, do you think I'll throw away my Money upon your Inclination, Mistress? No, mark me, Were thy Mother here all in her Bloom of Beauty; here, here, upon her Knees before me, I would not break my Word to *Freeman*; that is to say, whilst he is Master of his Father's Estate; therefore urge me no more, but prepare to be his Wife to morrow. D'ye hear?

[*Exit.*

*Oli.* To morrow! short Warning! yet short as 'tis, I shall have Time for Resolution; and you shall find it, Father, as unalterable as your own.

*If where I've fix'd my Love, I must not wed,  
I'll chuse a Coffin for my bridal Bed.*

[*Exit.*

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SCENE *Watchit's House.*

*Mrs. Watchit sola.*

Since my Husband resolves to immure me, I'm glad my Jayl is so luckily situated. Here I may hope for some Consolation: The agreeable Address of *Freeman* charms me;

my Husband's Jealousy provokes me, and the Conveniency of that dear Door is so irresistable, that if I should not be able to withstand Temptation, my Husband may take it for his Pains: Besides, as the Poet says,

*One had as good commit the Fault.*

*As always to be guilty thought.*

There's some Pleasure in reflecting upon past Delights: and Confinement will sit more easy, when one knows one deserves it; but to be shut up for nothing, is not to be borne.

*Enter Lucy.*

Well, *Lucy* have you given the Signal?

*Lucy.* There was no need of the Signal, Madam: I found Mr. *Freeman* in my Chamber, waiting the happy Minute. Oh! were these Men but half so eager after Possession!—But then, the Park, the Play, the Bottle, nay an Afternoon's Nap, shall have important Business in it.—But here he is, Madam.

*Enter Ned Freeman, running into her Arms.*

*Ned.* My Charmer! I have stood Centinel at my Window these two Hours, to watch your old Jaylor out; and the Moment I saw him hobble over the Channel, I flew to the kind Door, impatient to be let into Paradise.

Mrs. *Wat.* The impatient Lover, at the Beginning of an Amour, commonly proves the most indolent after Possession, they say.

*Ned.* That, Madam, in a great measure, depends upon the Wit and Temper of the Lady; after Enjoyment, Love grows nice; Beauty kindles up the Flame: Yet there is more required to keep that Flame alive: But you may boast your Sex's whole Perfection: He who puts on your Chains, must be your Slave for ever. Where Souls sympathize, the Bodies fear no Separation. When I but kiss thee (*embracing her*) my Heart flutters at my Lips, as if 'twould tell you every Thought within.

*Mrs. Wat.* Bless me, what do you mean? I doubt you have naughty Thoughts!—Give me the Cards—Come, I must have my Revenge.

*Ned.* That you shall, with all my Soul, instantly.

*Mrs. Wat.* Be quiet then, and take the Cards.

*Ned.* The Cards! No, no, my Angel, I shall beat you at Cards; there is a sweeter Game for your Revenge.

*Mrs. Wat.* Pish! what Game?—Lud!—you smother one. Suppose any of the Servants should be upon the Stairs?—*Lucy!*

*Lucy. (Aside.)* Humph! I understand her. I'll take Care of that, Madam.

[*Exit.*

*Ned.* You see, my Life, Mrs. *Lucy* knows her Business: Why should we neglect *ours*?

Mrs. *Wat.* Business! what Business? Oh Lud! what would you have me do?

[*Struggling a little.*

*Ned.* Make me the happiest of Mankind. A thousand Loves are dancing in your Eyes. Your balmy Lips and heaving Breasts invite me to the Banquet.

Mrs. *Wat.* Don't talk to me thus, you insinuating Devil, you!—Let me go!—Oh gad! I a'nt able to struggle any longer?—

*Ned.* Why will you struggle at all! Why destroy that Pleasure which your Consent so infinitely would raise? Come, lead me to my Bliss, where, folded in each other's close Embraces, we'll bid Defiance to a Husband's Frown, and kiss, and laugh at all his jealous Folly.

Mrs. *Wat.* O Gad!—O, O Lud!—I have not Breath to answer—O, O! I must not—dare not—will not—O Lud!—I have such a Swimming in my Head!—Let me go!—Tho' if you do, I am sure I shall fall down.

[*Sinks into his Arms.*

*Ned.* O my yielding Dear!—Where the Duce shall I find the Bed-Chamber?

Mrs. *Wat.* 'Tis the next Room—Ha! What have I said? Did you name the Bed-Chamber? Oh Gad! I won't go into the Bed-Chamber.

*Ned.* No, no, no, my Dear, I would not offer to injure your Modesty with such a Thought for the World. Go into the Bed-Chamber! No, no, I'll carry thee thither.

*[Takes her in his Arms.]*

*Mrs. Wat.* Nay, how can you be so rude? Lord, whither are you a going? I swear I have a good Mind to cry out.

*[Lucy shrieks without.]*

*Ned.* Ha! What Shriek is that?

*Mrs. Wat.* 'Tis *Lucy's* Voice! Set me down! my Husband is most certainly return'd. What shall I do? O Invention! O Invention! *(Pauses.)*

*Ned.* Pox take him for an unmannerly Churl, to make a Gentleman rise from Table before he has tasted the first Dish; and with such an Appetite too!

*Mrs. Wat.* Oh gad! don't loiter here; but fly, fly, Sir!

*Ned.* But whither, Madam, whither? Which way can I get up Stairs, without meeting him full in the Teeth? Except you have any back-way.

*Mrs. Wat.* I'll venture; (for it is impossible for him to get out.) Here, here, Sir, step behind this Screen, and stir not for your Life, 'til I give you Notice.

*[Ned goes behind the Screen.]*



*Enter Watchit and Lucy.*

*Wat.* What the Devil did you shriek out for? To give Warning, Mrs. *Screech-Owl*?

*Lucy.* Warning! of what, I wonder? Who could you expect to catch, that you came creeping up in this Manner, to fright a-body out of one's Wits? You suffer nothing to come near my Lady but Flies, that I know of.

*Mrs. Wat.* (*Throwing herself upon the Floor.*) Oh, Misery! —Oh, oh, oh!—

*Wat.* Nothing but Flies! why Flies breed Maggots, Hussey.

*Mrs. Wat.* Oh undone! Undone for ever!

*Lucy.* Oh my poor Lady on the Floor! Help, Sir, help.— Where have you put the Gentleman, Madam? (*Aside to Mrs. Watchit.*)

*Mrs. Wat.* Behind the Screen, (*Aside.*) Oh, oh!

*Wat. Pud,* What is the Matter, *Pud*?

*Mrs. Wat.* I fear I have broke my Leg, *Mumps.*

*Wat.* Heaven forbid!—Though if she has, there will be one Advantage in't; she won't teize me to go abroad these two Months. (*Aside.*)—Let me see; where abouts hast thou hurt thy pretty Leg?

Mrs. *Wat*. Just in my Instep, *Mumps!*—Oh, oh!

*Wat. Lucy!* Where are you, *Hussey!* help me to set your Mistress in a Chair. How camest thou to fall, *Pudsey*.

[*They lift her into a Chair.*

Mrs. *Wat*. Why, hearing her shriek, I ran hastily to see what was the Matter; and my Heel happening to catch in my Hoop, down I came, with my Foot double under me.—Oh dear *Mumps!* you hurt me terribly! Pray lead me to my Bed, that I may lie down 'till a Surgeon can be sent for.

*Ned. (Peeping.)* Well propos'd.

*Wat*. No, no, let me rub it a little; I don't find it is broke: One must not make Surgeon's Work of every little Accident. It is not broke, *Pudsey*, that's certain.

*Lucy*. I wish your Neck had been broke, when you came Home. (*Aside.*)

*Wat*. It may be sprain'd, perhaps. I have some camphorated Spirits of Wine in the Corner-Cupboard, behind that Screen. I'll fetch it, and bathe it with some of that. It is exceeding good for a Sprain.

*Ned. (Peeping.)* So! I find a Law-suit commenced already.

Mrs. *Wat*. If he comes near the Screen, I'm undone. (*Aside.*)

*Lucy.* What, in the Name of *Jupiter*, will become of the Gentleman?

*Mrs. Wat.* Oh dear, dear, *Mumps!* do not leave me. Give *Lucy* the Key; let her fetch it.

[*Catches hold of him.*

*Lucy.* Ay, ay, Sir, give me the Key; and do you keep rubbing, that the Blood may circulate.

*Ned. (Peeping.)* Well said, Mrs. *Abigail.*

*Mrs. Wat.* Ay, do, dear *Mumpsy!* Methinks there's a kind of Ease whilst you are rubbing it, Oh, oh!

*Wat. (Rising.)* No, no, she can't find it; she'll fling down some of the Bottles; that's all the Good she'll do.

*Mrs. Wat.* Oh, I shall swoon, if you stir, *Mumps!*—I shall, I shall!

[*Catches hold of him.*

*Wat.* Well, well! I won't go!—You Women are so impatient! Here, *Lucy*, take the Key. It is in a chrystal Bottle. Don't you do Mischief now, amongst the rest of the Spirits.

*Ned. (Peeping.)* I wish I were a Spirit, to go out unseen.—

*Mrs. Watchit beckons Ned to go off, whilst old Watchit is rubbing her Foot.*

*Lucy.* She beckons you to go out, Sir.

*Ned.* I understand her. But if the old Fellow should look up?

*Lucy.* No, no, never fear; I'll help to screen you from his Sight. (*Runs, and flaps herself down by Watchit.*) Here, here, Sir, here's the Bottle. I'm sure 'tis the right.

*Wat.* What is the Devil in the Wench! have you a Mind to lame me, Hussey? Why don't you pull out the Cork?

[*Ned advances, but as Watchit looks up, retires.*]

*Mrs. Wat.* Hang the Cork—Rub, rub, rub, dear *Mumps*.

*Lucy.* (*Beckons Ned.*) Now, now, now.

*Wat.* What's now, now! Ha!

*Lucy.* Why, now the Cork's out! Lord, you don't mind my Mistress's Foot?

*Mrs. Wat.* (*Aside.*) Ah! he will catch him, that's certain.—I have such a Terror upon me, that I'm disarm'd of all Excuses.

*Wat.* Where lies thy Pain, *Pud*?

*Mrs. Wat.* Just where you are.

*Lucy.* That I dare swear. (*Aside.*)—Bless me, Sir, how my Lady's Ankle swells!

*Wat.* Your Nose swells, don't it? What do you fright your Mistress for, Hussey? I see no Swelling.

*Lucy.* I don't know how he should. (*Aside.*)

*Ned.* (*Aside.*) She might have laid a Foundation for a Swelling, if you had been civil enough to have stay'd away half an Hour longer.

[*Advancing to the Middle of the Stage.*]

*Wat.* Come, try to stand upon't, *Pudsey.*

*Mrs. Wat.* (*Shrieking.*) Ah! my dear, dear Life and Soul! I cannot bear it!

[*As Watchit is raising her up, she throws her Arms about his Neck, to prevent his seeing Ned.*]

*Wat.* (*Struggling.*) What, will you smother me? How now! Who have we here?

*Ned.* So! he has me!—I admire you leave your Doors open, Sir, and not a Servant in the Way to take a Message.

*Wat.* Had you any to send up, Sir? I don't like a Man that comes up to my Nose; then tells me, *I admire you leave your Doors open.*—Zounds, was there not a Knocker to the Door?

*Ned.* I did knock, Sir; but my Business would not give me Leave to wait.

*Wat.* Business! What, to rob my House? or lie with my Wife, I warrant, had I been out of the Way. (*Aside.*) I pray you, sweet Sir, what may your hasty Business be?

*Ned.* What, in the Name of *Jupiter*, shall I pretend? (*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Wat.* (*Aside to Lucy.*) Oh Lud! What Tale can he invent? I tremble every Joint of me.

*Lucy.* (*Aside to Mrs. Wat.*) If he proves of the *Irish Breed*, all may go well yet.

*Wat.* I am afraid, Sir, you have forgot your Business—A clean-limb'd young Rascal, this;—and has a damn'd Cuckold-making Air: Zounds, how my Wife eyes him! (*Aside.*)

*Ned.* I have it; Impudence protect me. (*Aside.*) The Affair I come upon, Sir, requires your private Ear.

*Wat.* Sir, I keep my private Ears, for my publick Friends. I have survey'd you round, and round; and, to be plain, I don't like your Phiz, and, may be, I shall like your Business worse. Therefore, will hear, whether it be worth going out of the Room for, or not.

*Ned.* I can easily pardon your Dislike to my Face; but I must insist upon speaking with you alone.

*Wat.* I insist upon your speaking here, Sir—The Dog will cut my Throat, perhaps. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. *Wat*. I'm in Pain for the Event.

[*Aside to Lucy*.

*Lucy*. The Gentleman promises well; have Courage, Madam.

[*Aside to Mrs. Watchit*.

*Ned*. But your Reputation is concern'd, Sir.

*Wat*. My Reputation does not depend upon your Tongue, Sir; and I'll not stir a Foot.

*Ned*. But have you no Regard to your Lady, Sir? for I perceive this is your Wife.

*Wat*. And what of that, Sir? What have you to say against my Wife? Out with it.

*Ned*. I have nothing to say, Sir, against your Wife.

*Wat*. 'S'death, Sir! What is your Business? What have you to say? Speak, Sir;—Or, or—

*Ned*. Nay! if I must speak here! Then know, Sir, I am employ'd by Sir *Andrew Gudgeon*.

*Wat*. *Gudgeon*! I doubt, Friend, you have Mistaken your Fish; for I know no man of that Name.

*Ned.* Hark ye, Sir, a Word. (*Speaks in his Ear.*) You know his Wife, I suppose, if you don't know him.

*Wat.* Wife! what Wife? Ad's Heart! speak out, and keep farther off—This Dog is a Pick-pocket, for aught I know. (*Aside.*)

*Ned.* Why then, I must tell you, Sir, that Sir *Andrew* will have Satisfaction, before he and you have done.

*Wat.* Satisfaction! for what, Sir?

*Ned.* For lying with his Wife, Sir, since you will have it out.

*Mrs. Wat.* Adultery! Very fine, truly!

*Lucy.* Bless me! who could have thought that my Lady had not been sufficient for you, Sir!

*Wat.* Zounds! what do you mean, Sir? Do you think to make a *Gudgeon* of me?

*Ned.* Nor you must not think to make a Cuckold of Sir *Andrew*, without making him Satisfaction, Sir. I don't value your high Words, nor your big Looks. I am not to be frightened out of my Business, Sir. I am a Proctor in the Bishop's Court, and employed by Sir *Andrew*, to exhibit a Libel against you for Incontinency.

*Wat.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! I incontinent! I'll be judg'd by my own Wife.—*Pud!*—come hither. *Pud*—speak the Truth, and



no more but the Truth—Didst thou ever find me a Man given that Way?

Mrs. *Wat*. I wonder you have the Assurance to look me in the Face! I find your Suspicions of my Virtue, proceeded from the Weakness of your own—Ungrateful Man! Have I kiss'd and hugg'd you in my Arms for this?

[*Bursts seemingly into Tears.*

*Lucy*. Ah! Did ever I think this of you, Sir? You, who have such a tender, fond, loving, lovely Wife of your own! I can't help weeping to see my poor Lady so ill treated.

*Wat*. Was ever innocent man thus baited?

Mrs. *Wat*. Ah, *Mumps*! I never thought you were such a Hypocrite—How often have you told me, what a crying sin Adultery is! And—

*Wat*. This must be a Trick to abuse me!—Get out of my House, Sir. Zounds, get out of my House!

*Ned*. Get out of your House! Get ready your Bail, Sir. The Allegations against you are so plain, and positive, you'll scarce have an evasive Answer, or to cross-examine Witnesses upon new Interrogatories, Sir,—Mind that.

*Wat*. You and your Interrogatories had best March off, Sir, without any more to do, or—

Mrs. *Wat*. If I might advise you, make up this Matter, and don't expose yourself.

*Wat*. Why *Pud!* do you think I'm guilty, *Pud?* Oh Lud! oh Lud! oh Lud!

Mrs. *Wat*. Why, can you have the Assurance to deny it, after what the Gentleman has said.

*Ned*. His denying it, Madam, will signify nothing; we have unquestionable Proofs; Causes of this Nature never come into our Court, without Demonstration—He must undergo the Sentence usual in these Cases—Which is, to stand in a white Sheet, and humbly confess his Faults before the Congregation. Besides which (*turning to him*) you will be compelled to pay Costs and Damages.—And if you are found guilty of Contumacy, as your present Behaviour seems to promise, we shall get you excommunicated.

Mrs. *Wat*. Excellent Fellow! (*Aside.*)

*Ned*. Upon which comes out the Writ *Excommunicato Capiendi*: That, whips you up in an instant; carries you to the next Jail, and delivers you into *Salvo Custodio* without Bail, or Mainprize.

*Wat*. What ho! within there? Where are all my Rascals? Hussey, go look 'em, (*Pushes Lucy*) and bid 'em call a Constable. I'll Bail and Mainprize you, I warrant you, Sirrah: Why don't you go? (*To Lucy.*)

*Lucy.* I'll not stir a step: You wicked Man, you!—

*Ned.* A Constable!—that may not be so well. (*Aside.*) I'm not afraid of a Constable, Sir. Send for him, and welcome; but the least Noise you make in this Affair, the better, Sir *Nicholas!*

*Mrs. Wat.* Sir *Nicholas!* here must be some Mistake in this; my Husband's Name is not *Nicholas*, Sir!

*Ned.* What say you, Madam? Is not this Sir *Nicholas Widgeon?*

*Wat.* No, nor *Woodcock* neither, as you shall find, Sir!

*Ned.* Bless me! What have I been saying all this while? I ask your Pardon, Sir, with all my Heart. How the Vengeance could I make such a Blunder? I was directed next Door to the *Sun.*

*Lucy.* If I mistake not, Sir *Nicholas* lives at the next House but one. I am glad to find it a Mistake, Sir, and that you are not guilty of wronging so good a Woman, as my Lady is.

*Wat.* It is a very pretty Mistake tho', to come into a Man's House, and abuse, and threaten him with white Sheets, Penance, and the Devil; and then, *I ask your Pardon, Sir.* A Pox on you, and your Pardon too, Sir.

*Ned.* Nay, you have Reason to be angry, I own, Sir—and I wish I knew how to make you some Satisfaction.—Madam, can you forgive me? Upon Honour, I'm in such Confusion!

Mrs. *Wat*. I believe him. (*Aside.*) The Pleasure of finding my Husband innocent, inclines me the more easily to pardon your Mistake, Sir.

*Ned*. I protest, Sir, I am very much out of Countenance!

*Wat*. I wish you were out of my House, Sir—

*Ned*. If you should ever have any Business in *Doctors Commons*, Sir, I assure you, no Body shall be—

*Wat*. I assure you, Sir, that nothing can oblige me more, than to see your Backside; and so, sweet Mr. *Proctor*, with your *Excommunicato Capiendi*, I am your very humble Servant.

*Ned*. Sir, I am yours entirely.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. *Wat*. Charming Fellow! (*Aside.*)

*Wat*. Pox take him, he has given me the Palpitation of the Heart, which I shan't get rid of these two Hours—Why, what a Multitude of Troubles will this poor Sir *Nicholas* be in now? His *sweet Meat will have sour Sauce*. Odd, there's a pretty Penny to be made of these Cuckold-making Dogs, if one could but catch 'em napping. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. *Wat*. (*Aside.*) Well, this is a Jewel of a Man, *Lucy*.

*Lucy.* Ay, Madam, this Man has a Genius, and deserves a Woman. (*Aside to her.*)

*Wat.* I can't get this Fellow's Mistake out of my Head; it is a cursed odd one, methinks. (*Aside.*)

*Lucy.* How does your Foot do, Madam?

*Mrs. Wat.* Pretty well, I think, *Lucy*: Your Hand has done me exceeding Service, *Mumps*—

*Wat.* Ay, ay, Chick, ev'ry one don't know the Virtue of a warm Hand—I don't like this sudden Cure.—To roar out, but now when I touch'd it; and now to walk about, as if nothing ail'd her. (*Aside.*)

*Lucy.* If you were a Surgeon, Sir, and could effect Cures so soon, you'd grow rich apace.

*Wat.* (*Aside.*) I wish you and your Mistress have not all your—I might not always be so lucky.

*Lucy.* To prevent your being made a Cuckold, I grant you. (*Aside.*)

*Wat.* I took this, just in the Nick.

*Lucy.* Or she had nick'd you. (*Aside.*)

*Wat.* That is to say, just as 'twas done.

*Lucy.* Nay, before it was done; to my Lady's Sorrow.  
(*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Wat.* Well, *Mumps*, I must remind you of your Promise: I must go out to Day.

*Wat.* Fy, fy, you would not walk upon your Foot so soon; would you?

*Mrs. Wat.* Pho! I tell you my Foot is well: Besides, I can take a Chair.

*Wat.* Prithee, what Business hast thou abroad, Wife?

*Mrs. Wat.* Why, I want to go to Chapel, in the first Place.

*Wat.* The Saints will hear you as well, from your Closet.

*Mrs. Wat.* I can't pray in my Closet.

*Wat.* Nor any where else, I believe. (*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Wat.* Besides, here are Priests in *London*.

*Wat.* Ay! Enough to corrupt the whole Nation—

*Mrs. Wat.* And it is a mortal Sin not to confess, when 'tis in one's Power to do it.

*Wat.* Pray, what Sins have you committed that you are in such haste to unburthen?

Mrs. *Wat*. You are not qualify'd to know.

*Wat*. Well, since your Conscience accuses you, you shall have a Priest. I'll send to the What-d'ye-call 'em Ambassador's, for one of his; who shall take your Confession in your Closet; but I'll stand at the Door: For I would not trust one of these Pardon selling Rogues: They have such convincing Arguments for Cuckoldom.

Mrs. *Wat*. Why, do you think, Sir, that I'll be shut up thus, for ever?

*Wat*. Nay, if you begin to exalt your Voice, then I must tell you, it is my Pleasure to have it so. Let that suffice.

Mrs. *Wat*. No, that will not suffice; for it's against my Inclination.

*Wat*. Which is not to be suffic'd; for you are never satisfy'd with gadding; if we Husbands should always follow our Wives Inclinations, we should be in a fine Condition.

*Lucy*. I am sure you have all Conditions, but good ones.  
(*Aside.*)

Mrs. *Wat*. Is this your matrimonial Vow! to imprison me; you that wou'd cherish, love, and worship me!

*Wat*. So I do, don't I, my dear Flesh and Blood? Thou art my Goddess, and I adore thee; and cannot suffer thee out of my Sight.

*Lucy.* If you two are one Flesh, how come you to have such different Minds, pray, Sir?

*Wat.* Because the Mind has nothing to do with the Flesh.

*Mrs. Wat.* That's your Mistake, Sir; the Body is govern'd by the Mind. So much Philosophy I know.

*Wat.* Yes, yes; I believe you understand natural Philosophy very well, Wife: I doubt the Flesh has got the better of the Spirit in you.—Look ye, Madam! Every Man's Wife is his Vineyard; you are mine, therefore I wall you in. Adsbudikins, ne'er a Coxcomb in the Kingdom shall plant so much as a Primrose in my Ground.

*Mrs. Wat.* I am sure, your Management will produce nothing but Thorns.

*Wat.* Nay, ev'ry Wife is a Thorn in her Husband's Side: Your whole Sex is a kind of Sweet-brier, and he who meddles with it, is sure to prick his Fingers.

*Lucy.* That is, when you handle us too roughly.—

*Mrs. Wat.* You are a kind of Rue; neither good for Smell nor Taste.

*Wat.* But very wholesome, Wife.—

*Mrs. Wat.* Ay, so they say of all Bitters; yet I wou'd not be oblig'd to feed upon Gentian and Wormwood.



*Wat.* No, you like Sweet-meats better.

*Mrs. Wat.* Confinement wou'd cloy me with them too.

*Wat.* Or you are no Woman.—

*Mrs. Wat.* But what do's this signify to our Marriage-Articles? You know the Forfeiture, if you deny me ghostly Aid.

*Wat.* A thousand Pounds,—You bit me there.—Have a care I don't bite you again. (*Aside.*)—Well, well, you shall have this ghostly Aid—But do you consider, you never had the Small-Pox, and it never was so mortal as now; therefore it is not convenient you shou'd go abroad; indeed it is not, *Pudsey*—'Tis out of pure Love to thee, Faith, my Dear; for the Small-Pox would spoil that pretty Face: It wou'd truly, *Pudsey*. Prithee now, believe thine own *Mumps*.—

*Mrs. Wat.* Away!—I hate your wheedling. Those who languish under the Plague, need not fear the Small-Pox.

[*Exit with Lucy.*

*Wat.* Humph! Say you so? I shall indeed be a Plague to you, if I catch you tardy, Gentlewoman. Odd, I can't put this Foot of hers out of my Head; it looks like an Excuse to conceal some secret Failing, and puts me in mind of a youthful Stratagem of my own. Having been a little familiar with one of my Mother's Maids, and like to have been caught, I cut my Finger, and pretended I came for a Rag to

bind it up.—This Fellow with his *Excommunicato Capiendi* too, may have more in't than I can see through: I resolve to examine my Servants, if ever they saw him before; but in personating this Priest, I shall know all.

Lucy *listening*.

Lucy. Shall you so?

Wat. I have bespoke a Disguise; and am resolv'd to take her Confession myself.

Lucy. Indeed!—My Lady shall know your Contrivance; and if she does not fit you for your Curiosity, I am mistaken, old Gentleman.

[*Exit*.

Wat. If she has Cuckolded me, tho' but in Thought, I will injoin her such a Penance!

*Zoons! I'll so swinge, so mortify the Jade,  
That she shall ne'er forget my ghostly Aid.*

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**SCENE** *Widow Heedless's House. She wiping down the Dust with her Handkerchief.*

*Enter Judith.*

*Wid. Judith!* What hast thou been doing all this Morning, that my Dressing-Room is in this pickle?

*Jud. Pickle!*

*Wid. Ay, pickle, Sauce-box; why dost thou eccho me?*

*Jud. Eccho you!*

*Wid. Again!*—Indeed I shall slap your Chaps if you don't learn to leave off repeating my Words after me.

*Jud. After you!*—Marry, I—

*Wid. (Gives her a Box o' the Ear.)* You will do it then.

*Jud. Will do what? Chem zhour, chem can do nothing to please you! Chem clean'd it as it had bin vor mine Life; zo I dud.*

*Wid. Life!* what is thy Life, Muck-worm, to a clean Room? Dost thou imagine Rooms lie thus at Court? Ha, Slattern?

*Jud. They can't lie better, I think.*

*Wid.* Think! why dost thou think, Animal? What hast thou to do with Thought? Mind thy own Business, and never puzzle thy Noddle with Thought.

*Enter Sir Philip and Tally.*

Bless me! my Lord, and Sir *Philip!*—I am asham'd to be caught in this Disorder!

*Sir Phil.* My Lord and I have been fetching a Walk, and I could not persuade his Lordship to pass by your Door, Cousin, without calling. You are his North, and he is embark'd in the Cock-boat of Love, and is constantly pointing this way.

*Wid.* You are very pleasant this Morning, Sir *Philip.* But—

*Tally.* I ask your Pardon, Madam; but finding your Door open, and no-body in the Way, the Knight undertook to be Master of the Ceremonies, as well as to answer the Reproaches I might reasonably expect from you, for this Liberty—

*Wid.* Oh, good my Lord, no Apology! That ought to be done by me for the Disorder your Lordship finds me in—Go, Beesom, and look for your Fellow Puzzles, and ask 'em, Why they leave my Doors open? I shall be robb'd one of these Days.—Sure, never any body was fatigu'd with Servants as I am. Did you ever visit a Lady in a Stable before, my Lord? Oh gad, I shall be stuck, mir'd, and laid fast, and forc'd to be dug out like a Potatoe.

[*Holds up her Coats and walks cautiously.*]

*Tally.* A Stable, Madam! I protest I think your House is as much in Order, as any Lady's in *London*.

*Sir Phil.* Ay, my Lord, there are few of the Quality such Housewives, as my Cousin. If it be your Lordship's good Fortune to marry her, she'll set the Ladies at Court a Pattern.

*Wid.* Fy, *Sir Philip!* This to my Face! it looks like Flattery.

*Tally.* What would be Flattery to another, is but doing you Justice, Madam.—

*Wid.* Women have no Defence against the fine Things you well-bred Men say. To raise our Vanity, and make us have a good Opinion of ourselves, you are sure, is one way to be well in our Esteem.

*Tally.* I should think myself the happiest Man living, if I cou'd perceive I had the least share in yours, Madam.

*Sir Phil.* His Lordship complains, Cousin, that you are inexorable.—Hark ye, one Word with you.—Don't overstand your Market. A Man of Quality is not to be caught every Day.

*Fain.* (*Listening.*) There's an old Rogue now. (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* Wou'd you have me marry a Man as soon as he asks me the Question, *Sir Philip?* I think, to have an Amour with a Person of Rank known and talk'd of, is one of the greatest

Inducements to Matrimony; especially if it gives the Rest of my Sex Pain.

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) Right Woman, on my Conscience!

*Wid.* My Lord! won't your Lordship please to rest yourself?

*Tally.* My Rest depends upon your Ladyship.

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) Who shall never be a Resting-Place for you to Tally on.

*Wid.* I'm certain, it is not in my Power to give your Lordship Pain.

*Fain.* So—Another Trap! but I'll spoil the Dialogue.

*Enter Fainwell.*

*Tally.* More than your whole Sex.

*Wid.* Your Lorship will make me vain.

*Sir Phil.* If there could be any Addition to the Vanity that thou hast already. (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* Oh, *Jeffery!*—Well, have you delivered all my Messages?

*Fain.* By Mess, I think so.

*Wid.* Ha! (*Looking wistful at him.*)

*Fain.* How many dud you gi' me, Forsooth?

*Wid.* Madam—Oh the Clod-hopper! (*Aside.*)

*Fain.* Mrs. What-ni-cull-um, at the *Hog's-Head*, was gone out, chu'd seem.

*Wid.* Madam! Blockhead.

[*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*]

*Sir Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! this is like to be a diverting Scene.

*Wid.* How often must I instruct you to behave yourself before Company? Will you never learn Manners, Booby?

*Fain.* No I shan't, an you go on at thik same slip-slap Rate.—Nouns, an thick be *London* Breeding, send me into the Country agen, I say.

*Tally.* If I were thy Lady, Fellow, thou should'st have thy Wish.

*Fain.* Say you so? Ay! But *curst Cows have short Horns*, we say in our Country,—I shall never be your Servant, I hope!

*Wid.* How now, Sauce-box! do you know who you talk to?

*Fain.* Yes, I do—better than you think for, mehap.

*Tally.* (*Aside.*) How's that? S'death if this Bumkinly Dog should know me, he'll spoil all.

*Wid.* I have a good Mind, Sirrah, to dash your Teeth down your Throat.

*Fain.* So yow ma' an you wol. What does he meddle with me for, then? I dud not meddle wi' him; dud I?

*Sir Phil.* You'll have your Bones broke in *London*, Sirrah. I admire my Lord does not cane you, Scoundrel.

*Tally.* His being this Lady's Servant protects him.

*Fain.* No, it is that protects yow; for an I had yow in my Country—

*Tally.* This Fellow and I must have a little Confabulation. I must stop his Mouth.

*Wid.* Sirrah, no more of your Impudence; but give me an Account of the Business I sent you about. How does Lady *Lucy*, Lady *Lock-up*, Lady *Love-it*, Lady *Set-up*, Lady *Comely*, Lady *Revel*, Lady *Ramble*, Mrs. *Prim*, Mrs. *Prude*, Mrs. *Costly*, and Mrs. *Travel*?

*Fain.* Nowns! her Tongue runs like the Mill at Vather's Orchard-end, that scares Crows fro' the Cherry-tree.

*Wid.* Does it so, Sirrah?

[*Runs to beat him, but Tally steps in between.*]



*Tally.* Hold, hold, dear Madam, let me intercede for Mr. *Jeffery* this once.

*Fain.* How civil the Dog is! (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* Your Lordship commands me. Well, Mrs. *Fiskout*, at the *Boar's-Head*, which you call the *Hog's-Head*, Clumsy! was gone out, you say?

*Fain.* So she was.

*Wid.* How's that?

*Tally.* (*Aside to Fainwell.*) Madam?—*Jeffery*—Madam—  
You forget.

*Fain.* Madam—

*Wid.* Hoa! you have squeez'd out Madam at last.

*Fain.* Squeez'd—Od! would I had the squeezing of you.

*Wid.* How, Sirah! you squeeze me? My Lord! Sir *Philip*! Did you ever hear such a Varlet?

*Tally.* You see, Madam, your Beauty reaches all Degrees. He speaks from his Heart, I dare swear.

Sir *Phil.* You have him as you breed him.

*Wid.* Oh, that's barbarous, Sir *Philip*. You don't know the Pains I take with my clodpated Family.—Well! (*Looking at*

Fainwell.)

*Fain.* Yes, they are well, Madam—And hope yow are well, Madam—And they'll all,—or some of them, will come to see yow, Madam—So they gi' their Loves— Loves? No, no,— So they gi' their Service to yow, Madam—An, an, an, an— So that's all, Madam—There's Madam enough for yow now, I think, if yow know when yow have enough.

*Tally.* Now *Jeffery* has done it. Ha, ha, ha!

*Wid.* I have been teaching him the distinguishing Rap, these three Days! and yet, I warrant, he'll knock with the sneaking Air of a Taylor. Let's hear how you perform?

[*He knocks awkwardly.*

*Wid.* Execrable!—Didn't I tell you so? There, Blockhead.—

[*She thunders at the Door.*

*Fain.* By'r Lady! that's enough to fright all the Dogs in Town.

*Wid.* In the Opinion of such a Puppy as you are—Go, bid the Cook set on the Tea-kettle, and cut some Bread and Butter.—But d'ye hear? don't you bring it dangling in your Fist, as you did Yesterday, Sloven—If you do, I shall throw it at your Head, Sir. Remember to bring me nothing without a Plate: D'ye hear?—You han't breakfasted, I hope, Sir *Philip*?

*Sir Phil.* Yes, long since.

*Tally.* So have I, Madam.

Sir *Phil. Jeffery's* talking of Dogs, puts me in Mind of a Message from my Daughter. She bid me tell you, she expects a Puppy: Has your Bitch litter'd yet, Cousin?

*Wid.* Not yet, Sir *Philip.* You never saw a poor Creature so big in your Life. *Jeffery,* fetch *Misha* hither. (*Fainwell going.*)—Hark-ye! Hark-ye!—Come back, (*He runs up to her Nose.*) What!—will you run your Nose into my Mouth? Where are your Manners, when you leave the Room?—Still that Scrape? I thought I had shew'd you to bend your Body only, and keep your Feet upon the Ground.

*Fain.* By'r Lady, you'll make an ambling Nag o'me by-and-by.

[*Exit.*

*Tally.* (*Aside.*) Nothing but the twenty thousand Pounds could make Amends for thy Impertinence.—I admire you give yourself the Trouble of Country Servants, Madam.

*Wid.* I would not keep a Town Servant, my Lord, if they would live with me for nothing. Their whole Attention is Drunkenness and Pride. The dirtiest Trollup in the Town must have her Top-knot and Tickin-shoes. This City spoils all Servants. I took a *Welsh* Runt last Spring, whose Generation scarce ever knew the Use of Stockings: And—will you believe me, my Lord? She had not liv'd with me

three Weeks, before she sew'd three Penny Canes round the Bottom of her Shift, instead of a Hoop-Petticoat.

*Sir Phil.* That was something better than a Wench at my House, who disrob'd a Barrel, and let all the Ale about the Cellar. One of the Ends of the Hoop working out, discover'd the Trick, and at the same time flung down a Side-Board of Glasses.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Tally.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Wid.* Ay, they do more Mischief than their Necks are worth. If the Parliament don't lay a Tax upon their Pride, there will be no living. I wish your Lordship would take it into Consideration.

*Enter Fainwell.*

*Wid.* Well!—Where's *Misha*?

*Fain.* By Mess, I can't bring her; not I.

*Wid.* How so? Is she so heavy?

*Fain.* No, she's not so heavy: But I can't make her lie upon a Plate, for the Blood o'me, so I can't.

*Sir Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous enough!—Ha, ha!

*Wid.* A Plate, Blockhead! a Plate! did you ever see a Dog brought on a Plate, Clod-hopper? Did you?

[*Following him about.*

Sir *Phil.* Pure Innocence, Faith!

*Fain.* Nay, how do I know your *London* Vashions?—You bad me but now, I am zure, to bring you naught without a Plate; so you dud.

*Wid.* What?—Living Things?—Ha, did I say Living Things?

*Fain.* Living Things! S'Bleat, the Devil would not live wi'you—The Cobler wants Six-pence for mending your Clogs, *Judith* bod me tell yow.

*Wid.* These Wretches will distract me! Is that a Message to be delivered to me in Publick? Ha, Thick-scoll!—But since you have no more Wit, let me see what he has done for the Money—My Lord, you'll excuse this Piece of Oeconomy.

[*Exit Fainwell.*

*Tally.* O! Madam—

*Fainwell returns with the Clogs upon a Plate.*

*Wid.* Did you ever see the Fellow of him, Sir *Philip*? I protest he puts me into an Agony! Why, you Thick-scoll'd Rascal!—You unthinking Dolt!—You senseless Ideot!—Was ever a Pair of dirty Clogs brought upon a Plate, Sirrah?—Ha!—Was there?—Was there? Was there? Hedge Hog?

[*Follows him about and beats him, Sir Philip interposing.*]

*Fain.* What d'ye strick me vor?—The Clogs ar'n't Living Things too, are they?—By the Mess, I'll take the Law of you, so I will, an you thrash me about at thick same Rate. S'Blead, an yow were a Man, I'd dress your Jacket for yow.

*Sir Phil.* Fy, fy, Cousin, this is not like a fine Lady.

*Wid.* That's your Mistake, *Sir Philip*; my Lady *Flippant* beats her whole Family, from her Husband to her Coachman.

*Tally.* (*Aside.*) I shall teach you better Manners, if once I get you.

*Wid.* Out of my Sight, Sirrah!

*Fain.* Who the Murrain, cares to stay in it, I wonder? Ah! *Jeffery!* *Jeffery!* thou art right enough serv'd!—Why didst thou leave thy Sweetheart, *Cicely*, to pine away like a Goose in a Pen?

*Sir Phil.* Why, then you are false-hearted, *Jeffery*?

*Fain.* I have been, Sir; with Shame I confess it, or I had never come under Mistress's Clutches.—But

*May all false-hearted Men my Fortune have,  
And who slights Woman, be a Woman's Slave.*

I've somewhat to say to you, my Lord, when Time shall serve.

[*As he goes out.*]

*Tally.* I'll meet you in *Covent-Garden Piazza*, in Half an Hour. (*Aside to Fainwell.*)

*Re-enter Fainwell.*

*Fain.* Here's the Knight in Black to speak wi'yow.—Sir *Freeman*, I think they call him.

*Wid.* Sir *John Freeman*, you mean—Shew him up.

*Sir Phil.* Hold, hold, let me be gone first. I have some Reasons why I don't care to see him.—I had some Business with you, Cousin, but I shall send to you.—Will you walk, my Lord? Or shall I leave your Lordship?

*Tall.* I'll wait on you, Sir *Philip*.—I take an unwilling Leave, Madam: But it may not be convenient to press upon your Business—I long to know what this Fellow has to say to me. (*Aside!*)—Your most obedient humble Servant.

[*Exit Tally and Sir Philip.*]

*Wid.* I am your Lordship's—

*Enter Sir John.*

*Sir John.* I ask your Pardon, Madam; I fear my Visit has robb'd you of better Company.

*Wid.* Not at all, Sir *John*: Your Father-in-Law, that was to have been, is just gone out; he seem'd unwilling to meet you.

Sir *John*. Well he might, after his perfidious Usage.

*Wid.* But is your Brother really to marry my Cousin *Olivia*?

Sir *John*. I have Reason to fear it; but hope he will be disappointed. I receiv'd Instructions from *Olivia* to wait on you, Madam, to ask a Favour of you.

*Wid.* She may command every Thing in my Power, Sir *John*. What is it?

Sir *John*. That you would give a Lady Entertainment in that Apartment which opens into the Back-street.

*Wid.* What, is that the *Dutch* Lady, Sir *John*?

Sir *John*. The same, Madam.

*Wid.* She's welcome. May her coming prove propitious!

*Enter* Judith.

*Jud.* Here's one Mr. *Freeman* to wait on you, he says.

Sir *John*. My Brother; what can he want? Does he use to visit you, Madam?

*Wid.* He never was here in his Life! I can't imagine his Business!—Would you see him?

Sir *John*. Yes, yes; but not a Word of the Business I came about.



*Wid.* You don't think me so indiscreet, I hope: Shew him up, *Judith*.

*Enter Ned Freeman.*

*Ned.* Madam, your Servant. Ha! Brother! I'm glad to find you in such good Company. My Brother *Jack's* a pretty Fellow, Madam.

*Wid.* So he is, indeed, Sir. He wants nothing but a Wife, in my Opinion.

*Ned. (Aside.)* Brother, I hope you conceive a Widow, when she makes such Wishes in your Favour.—She has Twenty Thousand Pounds.

*Sir John.* And what then, Sir?

*Ned.* What then, Sir? Why, then he who marries her, will be worth Twenty Thousand Pounds—That's all!

*Sir John.* I would advise you to marry her yourself.

*Ned.* I thank you, Sir; but I am provided.

*Sir John.* So am I.

*Ned.* Why then I wish you Joy, Brother, if you are so sure of it.—Madam, I have a Message to you from Sir *Philip Moneylove*, who intended to have delivered it to you himself; but Company coming in, and being to meet a Lawyer at the *Rummer*, where I now left him, he was obliged to leave your

Ladyship without telling you, that he came to know your Resolution about a Piece of Land that he mentioned to you some Time ago. He would gladly buy it, or exchange with you for another; because that Ground is contiguous to some Part of his Estate, which he is about to settle upon his Daughter.

*Wid.* Pray, Sir, let my Cousin know, that I gave my Lawyer Orders to treat with him about that Matter.

*Ned.* Where does your Lawyer live, Madam.

*Wid.* At Number 2 in the *King's-Bench Walks* in the *Temple*. Sir *Philip* knows him.

*Ned.* Very well, Madam.—Brother, where shall I see you in the Evening?

*Sir John.* I am engaged this Evening.

*Ned.* You'll make one in a Country-Dance to Morrow I hope? for that is to be my Wedding-Day—

*Sir John.* I hope to balk you yet. (*Aside.*)—I can promise nothing for Futurity, Sir.

*Ned.* Humph! you can't!—what you please, Sir.—Madam, your most humble Servant.

*Wid.* How he triumphs!—How can you bear the Airs he gives himself, Sir *John*?

*Sir John.* To do him Justice, Madam, I believe he knows nothing of my Pretensions to *Olivia*. He was travelling, when first I made my Addresses; and since his Return, we have not been so well with one another, to communicate Things of this Nature.

*Wid.* I ask your Pardon, *Sir John*, for keeping you standing. Won't you please to sit, Sir?

*Sir John.* Excuse me, dear Madam; I intend to take this Opportunity to see *Olivia*, whilst her Jaylor's abroad, let the Consequence be what it will; and let her know, how much we are oblig'd to you, Madam.

*Wid.* My good Wishes attend you both, *Sir John*.

[*Exit.*

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**SCENE** *changes to Covent-Garden Piazzas.*

*Enter Fainwell, solus.*

*Fain.* Ha! not here! sure he don't suspect me; and apprehend a Duel might ensue; all my Measures are broke, if he should—Ho! here he comes.

*Enter Tally.*

*Tally.* What can this Fellow have to say to me, I wonder? If he has discovered me, he wants a Bribe. But I hope it is not so: for I shou'd be loth to have a Secret of this Nature lie in the Breast of such a Blunderer. (*Aside.*)—Mr. *Jeffery!* I protest I did not see you.—Well, what can I serve you in?

*Fain.* In nought, that I know of, Zir; but me-haps, I may zerve you in zomewhat, Zir;—my Lord I wou'd zay. I beg your Pardon, Zir; we dan't zee zuch vine Voke in our Country every Day—zo that I hope yow won't be angry an I shou'd not hit on your Worship's Name at every turn.

*Tally.* Angry! no, no, Mr. *Jeffery,* I hate Ceremony.—I find he does not know me; all's safe. (*Aside.*) If it were not necessary that we People of Quality shou'd be distinguish'd by the Titles and Degrees his Majesty has been pleas'd to exalt us to, I wou'd not care if I were call'd plain *Jack.*

*Fain.* If you were exalted according to your Merit, you'd take your Degree at *Tyburn.* (*Aside.*)—Ay, ay, nothing but right, Zir, nothing but right.

*Tally.* But which Way am I to be oblig'd to you, Mr. *Jeffery?* I shan't prove ungrateful, I assure you.—

*Fain.* Nay, as for that, d'ye zee—that's not the Matter—I dan't want a Bribe. An tho' I be but a poor Fellow, and wears a tawdry Coat here, and am thumpt, and beaten about as you zee, I have an honest Heart in my Belly, and good Blood in me too, for aught I know: For yow mun understand, Vather

was my Lord *Firebrand's* Gardiner when I was got, chou'd zeem, and they say Mother was a deadly pretty Woman.—

*Tally.* From whence you would infer, that his Lordship might be your Father.—Not unlikely; but go on.

*Fain.* I perceive your Lordship is a Suitor to my Mistress.

*Tally.* I confess you are a Man of Penetration. I am indeed an Admirer of hers.—

*Fain.* The more's the pity.—I'm zorry for't.

*Tally.* Why so?

*Fain.* Because, I'm zure she'll use yow like a Dog: I han't liv'd a Month wi'her, and to my Knowledge, she has made Fools of Three or Four; main sightly Men, I promise yow.

*Tally.* The Devil.

*Fain.* (*Starts.*) Mercy o' me! Where, Zir? Dud yow zee any Thing, my Lord?

*Tally.* No, no, I was only surpriz'd.—Cursedly ignorant. (*Aside.*)

*Fain.* Surpriz'd! be Mess, the Devil wou'd surprize ony Man, and tho' he were the Parson o' the Parish.

*Tally.* But has she had so many Lovers, say you?

*Fain.* Oh, a mort, Zir, a mort: But I can tell yow one Thing; she likes yow woundy well.

*Tally.* Ay! How dost thou know that, my Boy?

*Fain.* Why, our *Mary* knows all her Heart, mun, an she tells me ev'ry Thing. Odd, an yow knew as much as I cou'd tell yow, your Business might zoon be done, Sir; my Lord, I wou'd zay.

*Tally.* Ay! How, pritheer?

*Fain.* But won't yow be false-hearted now, and tell?

*Tally.* What, against myself? No, no, there's no Danger of that. Besides, I hope you don't think I wou'd be so ungenerous to you!

*Fain.* Nay, as for that,—I'm but a Servant; an one Place won't do, another woll, for that Matter. Now what I am going to tell your Lordship, is none o' my Business, as one may zay; but it would make a-body mad to zee a Woman flounze about the House, like a Dog in a Ducking-Pond.—Now, Zir, an she had a Husband—He, he, he, he! why me-haps,—he, he!—me-haps, I zay, he might vind her somewhat else to do, zometimes. Yow understand me, Zir.

*Tally.* Yes, yes, very well, *Jeffery*: If I had her once, I'd make her turn over a new Leaf.

*Fain.* That I dare swear. (*Aside.*) Why, that was my very Thought now.—I wish yow had her, Zir; but you'll find it a

knotty Piece of Work, let me but tell you that; she deals as scurvily with her Sweet-hearts, one Way, as with her Servants another; and, I Cod, I ha' found her Fingers slip-slap, this a-way, and that a-way, like a Flail upon a Wheat-sheaf.

[*Flinging out his Arms, and hits Tally a Slap on the Face.*]

*Tally.* A Pox of your Similies.— (*Aside.*)

*Fain.* Odsave me! Dud I hit yow, Zir?

*Tally.* Oh, no Matter, *Jeffery*,—Go on—

*Fain.* I hope your Lordship's Worship will forgive me, Zir; I meant no Harm, not I, Zir.—But as I was zaying,—Mistress will give you the Dog to hold, and yow do'no'give her somewhat.

*Tally.* Think'st thou so, *Jeffery*? Why, what woud'st thou have me do?

*Fain.* Don't yow know that without telling? There is somewhat to be done, Zir, beside the Parson, or yow must dangle after her till Doom's Day, to no more Purpose, than to winnow Corn without a Wind.—Her t'other Husband dudn't get her with Compliments, my Lord.

*Tally.* No!

*Fain.* No, no! He had been in *Ireland*, and knew better Things, Mun.

*Tally.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! Are we thought to have a particular Method to gain the Women, *Jeffery*? For I am of that Country, you must know.—

*Fain.* Are you zo, my Lord: Nay, then, and all be true they zay o' yowr Country Men, one need not tell yow which End to begin your Work at.

*Tally.* Ha! Is she to be won that Way? I thank you for the Hint.—I find thou art a Lad of Parts; and when I am thy Master, I'll have thee taught to shave, and make thee my *Valet de Chambre*.

*Fain.* I shall shave you, I believe, before I have done with you.—With what assurance the Rogue talks. (*Aside.*) I shall be main thankful to your Lordship, an yow do, Zir; when wol yow come to our House agen?

*Tally.* This Evening—What is the best Time to find her alone?

*Fain.* Be mess, I known't that; but an yow find her alone, I'll take Care, Nobody shall disturb yow, an yow'll put it home to her.—

*Tally.* Wo't thou! Egad, there's a Guinea for thee to drink my Health, then.—Never fear, I warrant thee, Boy, I'll have her.

[*Exit.*



*Fain.* Ha, ha, ha! How generous the Rogue is: Well, I hope by this Stratagem to give her a Disgust to his pretended Lordship; at least, I shall prove if she has any Thing valuable, besides her Money.

*To talk of Virtue is the Womens Pride;  
But they give Proofs on't, who resist, when try'd.*

[*Exit.*

*Enter Sir John, solus.*

*Sir John.* This is the House! Oh? for an Art to make myself invisible!

[*Knocks, the Porter opens the Door.*

*Por.* Who would you speak with, Sir?

*Sir John.* With your young Lady, Friend.

*Por.* I wonder you'll be so troublesome, Sir, I told you before, I would not disobey my Orders.— (*He offers Money.*) I'll have none of your Money, Sir,—I'm not to be brib'd to betray my Trust, I'd have you to know that.

*Sir John.* Then you must be kick'd out of it, Sir.

[*Pulls him out, gives him a Kick, enters, and shuts the Door.*

*Por.* Murder! Thieves! Murder!—This is a terrible Fellow. For my Part I'll never hinder him going in again.—And now

he is in, I wish I had taken the Money.—He has shut the Door, and the Devil take them that open it, for *Dick*.

[*Exit.*

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*The SCENE changes to the Inside of the House.*

*Olivia and Sir John meeting.*

*Olivia. Dick! Will! John!* What Noise of Murder is that?—  
*Ah; Freeman!*

[*Half fainting; he catches her.*

*Sir John.* My Life! my Soul! Am I become so hateful to thee, that thou can'st not bear my Sight?

*Oliv.* How ill dost thou interpret my Surprise?  
The unexpected Joy of seeing thee,  
When no one Means supply'd me with a Hope,  
To tell thee,—That to Morrow,—

*Sir John.* Thou art to be my Sister.

*Oliv.* Blast the Name!

*Sir John.* Perish my Brother first,—If thou art true. If thy Heart has not consented.—

*Oliv.* To him nor any, but thyself.

*Sir John.* Then not all the Brothers upon Earth shall take thee from me. Mrs. *Heedless* readily comply'd with your Request, and I have sent *Louisa* thither.

*Oliv.* Alas! I fear that Lady's come too late. The Time's so short, the Plot cannot succeed!

*Sir John.* Dost thou think so? Yet wilt thou stay, and sacrifice thyself and me? Consent to fly with me, now, whilst *Sir Philip* is abroad.

*Oliv.* But whither shall we fly?

*Sir John.* Where Love directs us.

*Oliv.* I could, methinks, run any Risque with thee; and thou perhaps, wouldst do the same with me. Now in the Summer of our Love, little Cares would not offend us; But when the Glowing of the Passion's over, and pinching Cold of Winter follows, will amorous Sighs supply the Want of Fire? Or kind Looks and Kisses keep off Hunger?

*Sir John.* I think they would. But Love ne'er reasons thus, *Olivia.* I fear my Brother's gawdy Train, has rais'd this Picture of Despair. He, he, has my Estate! Dare I, stript as I am, pretend to vye with him? I, who live upon his Bounty!—Bounty! damn the Word! Live on a younger Brother's Bounty, and see him wed the Woman I adore!—That Thought will hurry me to Madness!

*Oliv.* You wrong my Love, and I should chide you for it, were our Condition happier. But to shew you I am a Lover-errant, consider what Trade you can take up for a Livelihood. For my Part I can make Purses by Day, and sing Ballads by Night. Now, if you can grind Knives, or turn Tinker, I'm yours.

*[Slapping her Hand into his.*

*Sir John.* Fortune can never cast us so low. She owes thy Vertues more; methinks this Dawn of Mirth, portends a joyful Day. Haste then my Fairest: Let us leave this Place, that we may gain Time, at least, to work *Louisa's* Purpose.

*Oliv.* I'll only fetch a few Jewels; a sure Relief in Time of Need.

*[Goes to the Door, starts, and runs back.*

Undone for ever! my Father is coming up!

*Sir John.* Mischievous Accident!—What shall we do? *Humph:* (*Pauses.*) I have it—Run you to your Chamber, my Angel, and when you hear a Noise, come forth, and wonder.

*[Exit Olivia, Sir John lies down on a Couch, and pulls his Hat over his Eyes.*

*Enter Sir Philip.*

*Sir John.* Thus to be circled, thus to be embrac'd! Oh! that I could hold thee for ever!

Sir *Philip*. Ha! What's this of embracing and holding for ever?

Sir *John*. The Curtain's drawn, and see! She's here again!

Sir. *Phil*. She's here!—Who's here? What is the Meaning of this?

Sir *John*. *Jocasta*! Ha! What, fall'n asleep so soon?

Sir *Philip*. *Jocasta*! Who is *Jocasta*? What in the Name of Vengeance have we here?

Sir *John*. How fares my Love?

Sir *Phil*. Nay, who the Devil knows?

Sir *John*. Ha! Lightning blast me! Thunder rivet me for ever to *Prometheus'* Rock, and *Vultures* gnaw out my incestuous Heart!

Sir *Phil*. With all my Soul.

Sir *John*. By all the Gods, it is my Mother *Merope*.

Sir *Phil*. *Merope*! Who, in the Devil's Name, is she? Ouns! Where are all my Rascals? Now will I be hang'd if here isn't a Pack of Strollers got into my House. Why, Rogues! Villains! Where are you all? Who have you let in, Rascals?

[*Enter two or three Servants.*

*Ist. Serv.* We let in Nobody, Sir, not we.

*Sir John.* My Sword.—A Dagger.—Ha! who waits there?

*Sir Phil.* Go look!

*2d Serv.* O Lord! No-body, no-body at all, Sir. Fly, Master, fly! It is a Madman, to be sure!

*Ist. Serv.* Come away, Sir, come away? He'll certainly kill us.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Sir Phil.* The Devil go with you all.—

*Sir John.* (*Rising.*) Most triumphant Mischief!—  
And now, whilst thus I stalk about the Room,  
I challenge Fate to find another Wretch  
Like *Oedipus*!

*Sir Phil.* *Oedipus*! Just as I thought; Strollers! neither better nor worse. But how the Devil they got into my House, that's the Question?

*Sir John.* Horror! Death! Confusion! Hell! and Furies!  
Where am I?

*Sir Phil.* Where you shan't belong, I promise you.—Ouns, 'tis that beggarly Badge of Quality, *Sir John Freeman*!

Sir *John*. Oh, my *Jocasta*!  
Let me hold thee thus, thus to my Bosom,  
Ages let me hold thee!

[*Runs and catches Sir Philip in his Arms.*]

Sir *Phil*. Murder, Murder! S'Death! the Rogue will Squeeze  
my Guts out.

*Enter Olivia.*

*Oliv*. Bless me! What is the Matter, Sir?—Ha! Sir *John*!

Sir *Phil*. How you stare, Mistress!—You did not know that  
he was here!—No, not you.—You was not to have been an  
Actor in this Droll, I warrant.

*Oliv*. Not I, indeed, Sir. I heard you cry out, and came to  
know the Cause.

*Enter Footmen.*

*1st Foot*. What is the Matter, Sir?

Sir *Phil*. I'll tell you, Rascals, by-and-by.

Sir *John*. Gentlemen, you are very welcome to stay and see  
the Play: but I must beg it may be on the other side the  
House. You'll crowd the Scenes so much, that the Actors  
can't enter.

Sir *Phil.* The Actors! What Actors, Sir?—Ouns, do you think I am to be droll'd out of my Daughter?—I thought I had forbid you my House?

Sir *John.* Pish, pish; you are out, Sir; confoundedly out—Hark ye! did you ever rehearse this Part, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* 'S'Death he'll make me mad!—I shall make my Part good with you, I fancy. Fetch me a Constable.

Sir *John.* Out again!—Constable! Why, there is not such a Word in the whole Play. A Constable! Why, they never heard of such a Thing in *Thebes!*

*Oliv.* Alas, Sir! don't you perceive his Brain is turn'd?

Sir *Phil.* His Brain! If he had had any Brains, he had not lost his Estate.

Sir *John.* If I had had your Conscience, I should not.  
(*Aside.*)

Sir *Phil.* (*Pulling off his Hat.*) Sir, will you be pleas'd to walk out of my House.

Sir *John.* Look-ye, Sir, if you study your Part no better, I'll forfeit you, by *Jupiter.*—Hold, hold, hold! Ad's-Heart, Madam! You entered too soon.—Oh, think of something to defer this Marriage but for a Day.

[*Aside to Olivia.*]



Sir *Phil.* What a Vengeance are you whispering! ha?

Sir *John.* Why, was that your Cue now? If you don't mind your Cues, you can never make an Actor, Sir— Here, Sir! here's a Woman for you, who never trod the Stage before, yet I'll be bold to say, that she'll surprize you.—Come! hold up your Head, my Dear—Mind your Business.—Enter boldly, and when you *Exit, Exit*—nimble—Thus—

[*Exit.*

*Oliv.* I wish I could Exit with thee. (*Aside.*)

Sir *Phil.* Stark Mad! This comes of sticking to Principles! I have known Principle starve Five hundred Fools; but never knew it feed one wise Man yet.

*Oliv.* It will never starve you, I'm sure. (*Aside.*)

Sir *Phil.* I'm glad he's gone.—Come, come, dry up your Tears, and think of him no more. A Coach with Six before, and Six behind, with a pretty Fellow in the middle, will make Amends for Beggary and Madness.

*Enter Ned Freeman.*

Here's Mr. *Freeman!* Leave your Snivelling, and mind your Obedience, I command you.

*Oliv.* Souls know no Command, tho' Bodies do.

*Ned.* I deny that Position! I'm all yours—in *all* and *ev'ry* Part.

*Command me, Madam, now; and try your Pow'r.*  
*Oliv. It shall be then, to see my Face no more.*

[Exit.

*Ned.* A very extraordinary Wife, I'm like to have, truly!—  
Very singular in her Manners, Faith!—

*Sir Phil.* Oh, never mind what a Woman says or does  
before Marriage. She'll be gentler after.

*Ned.* That's doubtful; for I can't perceive her to have the  
least Inclination for me.

*Sir Phil.* Pish, pish; when you have been married a Night or  
Two, you'll tell me another Story, Mr. *Freeman*.—Her  
Mother was thus before her.

*Ned.* I wish it may prove so, *Sir Philip*:  
*For who by Force the Courted Bliss receives,*  
*Ne'er tastes that Joy the willing Fair-One gives.*

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SCENE *Watchit's* House.

*Watchit, solus.*

*Wat.* Was ever Man so cheated, chous'd, and cuckolded, as I am? By a Priest too, a Pox of his Sanctity! Well, this was an admirable Contrivance. Little did she think who was her Ghostly Father. Ah! the Wickedness of this Age! Ah! *Tim!* *Tim.* *Watchit!* all thy Care is vain. Zounds! why did I grope for what I fear'd to find? I was but a Cuckold in Conceit before! now ev'ry Fool will hang his Hat upon my Horns! Oh; that I had her in *Spain!* I'd Spitch-cock her, like an Eel.—But just Revenge is counted Murder, in our Country; and a Man must be hang'd for doing himself Justice.—The Priest must be a Conjuror! he must have some Charm to make me sleep sound; or, he never cou'd have come to Bed, and I not hear him. Nay, she says ev'ry Door in the House flies open as soon as he approaches.—These are fine holy Guides, truly; no wonder there are so many Female Proselytes, when the Priests take so much Pains to convert 'em.—Which way shall I be reveng'd of this Cuckold-making Dog? (*Pauses.*)—No, that won't do.—Ay, it must be so.— (*Goes to the Scene, and calls,*)

*Pud,* Why *Pud,* where are you, *Pudsey?*

*Enter Mrs. Watchit.*

*Mrs. Wat.* Did you call, *Snub?*

*Wat. Snub!* How many Names must I have, ha? *Snub!* Pray who taught you that Name, Wife?

Mrs. *Wat.* Taught me! Why do you think I don't know how to put three Letters together?

*Wat.* Ay, the Priest has taught her the Art of Coupling! Pox take him for't. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. *Wat.* But what did you call me for?

*Wat.* To tell you that some Affairs oblige me to go out of Town to Night; and that you must not take it ill, if I lock you into the House, that Nobody may come in or out, till I come back.

Mrs. *Wat.* Ay, into my Chamber if you please; I begin to relish my Confinement very well—But may it not be dangerous to travel so late?

*Wat.* For her Ghostly Father, it may, if I catch him. (*Aside.*) No, no, not at all. Go, get you to your Chamber, *Pud*, I'll follow you; perhaps I may take a Nap before I go.—

Mrs. *Wat.* I wish it might be your last.—*Lucy* shall give Mr. *Freeman* Notice of this lucky Opportunity. (*Aside.*) Well, as you please, *Snub*: I'm all Obedience.

[*Exit.*

*Wat.* If you were, *Snub*, I should be too happy. Ah! She is a delicious Bit! a tempting Morsel. Ah! these Priests! these

pamper'd Priests! What would become of good old *English* Property, had they once Footing here again? S'death, what had I to do with Beauty? What Business had I for a Wife, a handsome Wife? Of all Men living I'm the most unqualify'd for a Husband! Husbands shou'd be kind, sociable, courteous, gentle, loving, blind Animals? if they are so bewitch'd to pitch on Beauty.

*For He whoever weds a handsome Wife,  
Engrosses all the Plagues of human Life.*

[*Exit.*

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**SCENE** *changes to Mrs. Heedless's House.*

*She enters on one Side, and Fainwell on the other.*

*Fain.* Dud yow call, forsooth,—Madam?

*Wid.* Fy, fy, *Jeffery*, will you always be this stupid Wretch, notwithstanding all the Pains I take with you? Is not Madam, as soon, and as easily pronounc'd, as Forsooth?

*Fain.* Ay, every whit, d'ye zee, an I could but hit on't; but my Memory is short, and yow hare a-body zo, that yow fright it out of one's Head—Madam.

*Wid.* Hare you, quotha! I'm sure you craze me. You behave yourself so awkwardly before Strangers, they will believe,

perhaps, that I don't understand better. When I'm alone, I don't care: Nay, sometimes your Blunders conduce to my Pleasure.

*Fain.* I cou'd find a way more conducive to her Pleasure, if she'd give me leave. (*Aside.*)

*Enter Judith and Sam.*

*Jud.* There's Mistress; and yow mun gi't her yowrzelf; gi't her, an yow wol.

[*Exit.*

*Sam.* My Master, Madam, gives his humble Service to you, and begs the Favour of an Answer.

[*Gives her a Letter.*

*Wid.* I admire your Master will give himself and me this Trouble, when I have so often assur'd him 'tis to no Purpose.

[*Opens the Letter, and looks over it.*

*Sam.* Sure, I have seen your Face before, Brother.

*Fain.* Ma-hap, yow may, Friend, and ma-hap, yow mayn't.

*Sam.* Ar'n't you *Gloucestershire*?

*Fain.* Yes, I am.—I won't deny my Country.—

*Sam.* Is not your Name *Crumplin*?

*Fain.* Ay, marry, is it; be mess, I shou'd know yow too!

*Sam.* Honest *Jeffery Crumplin*! I'm glad to see thee.

[*Kisses him.*

*Fain.* P'shaw; I dan't like this same flabbering Vashion.—  
But, pray, what may one call yow? I know you'r Face.—Ah.

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*Sam.* My Face! Why I can't be alter'd in Six or Seven  
Years, sure! my Name is *Sly*!

*Fain.* Odd sa' me! *Sam Sly*! gi' me thy Hond, (*Shakes him  
by the Hand.*) Well, an how! an how have yow done, *Sam*,  
e'er sen we us'd to break one another's Heads at Cudgels, ha?  
They told me you was gon over Seas.—

*Sam.* I han't been in *England* above Six Weeks.

*Fain.* Say you zo! good lack! Well, an have yow bin in  
*Gloucestershire*?

*Sam.* Yes, I came from thence but t'other Day; I live with  
Mr. *Worthy*.

*Fain.* What, Master *Worthy*, of *Worthy-Hall*?

*Sam.* The same.

*Fain.* Odd, yow had rare Luck, hark-ye, to light on zo brave a Place. Well, and dud yow zee our Volk? how do Vather, and Mother, and Sisters? Ha?

*Sam.* All well, and brisk, *Jeffery*.

*Fain.* Odd, Master *Worthy* is a main honest Mon.

*Sam.* As lives by Bread, and as well belov'd.

*Wid.* Ha! these two Fellows are acquainted, I find. (*Aside.*)

*Sam.* They would have my Master set up for Parliament-Man.

*Fain.* I wish he were qualify'd for it. (*Aside.*) An he does I'm zure he'll carry't: An Mr. *Worthy* comes to rule the Roast, we shall zee better Times, I'm persuaded.—Well, besure I'm huge glad to zee yow, *Sam.*—Where may a Body zee yow some Day to drink a Pot to all our Friends in *Gloucestershire*? ha? I have zome there, I believe; ha?

*Sam.* I'll call on you some Evening, an shew you where I live.

*Wid.* Mr. *Worthy* writes me Word, that he is going to *Jamaica*. It is only a Pretence, I suppose. I'll hear what his Servant says. (*Aside.*) Is your Master going to travel, young Man?

*Sam.* Not for his Pleasure, Madam—



*Wid.* I did not speak of Pleasure; I ask'd you, if he is going abroad?

*Sam.* It is in your Power to stop him, I believe, if he is, Madam.

*Wid.* Still foreign to my Question! Can't you answer directly, Friend?

*Sam.* That depends so intirely upon your Ladyship, that it is impossible to answer you directy.—I know he has an Uncle dead in *Jamaica*, that has left him Forty Thousand Pounds; but I also know, he is so much in love with your Ladyship, that he does not care Forty Shillings for't.

*Wid.* The Fellow's mad! Not care for Forty Thousand Pounds? Why, the fourth Part on't would purchase a Barony.

*Fain.* If I had the sixth Part of it, I'm sure thou shou'dst never purchase me. (*Aside.*) What! is that zame Uncle dead, that came over once with a huge sight o' Blackamoors at's Tail?

*Sam.* Ay, ay, *Jeffery!* he's dead.

*Fain.* Is he zo? He was mainly rich, chu'd zeem?

*Wid.* You are mainly impertinent, chu'd seem.—Pray ask your Country-man here, if *he* puts in his Verdict, when his Master is talking?—Pray tell Mr. *Worthy*, that I shall be at home this Evening; and he may, if he pleases, give me the Opportunity of wishing him a good Voyage.—

*Fain.* To the Island of Matrimony, or I shall make but a broken Voyage of it. (*Aside.*)

*Sam.* I shall inform him, Madam.

[*Exit.*

*Wid.* How came you to know this Gentleman, *Jeffery*?

*Fain.* Who, Master *Worthy*? Why, every Body knows him in *Gloucestershire*; Vather has work'd for him, and the old 'Squire, these twenty Year chu'd zeem. He's a fine Man, and has no more Pride in him, than I have. He keeps a topping House.—He has humming *March* Beer, and deadly strong Cyder; there's rare Doings at *Cursmas*.

*Wid.* What Doings?

*Fain.* Why, he keeps open House for all Comers.

*Wid.* He ought to be very rich; whose Oeconomy is so profuse.

*Fain.* Rich, Quotha! Nouns, he knows no End of his Means; he has a mort of Land! I ha' seen a Hundred at Dinner in the great Hall, one *Plough-Monday*; all his own Tenants; and Master was so familiar and so merry wi' 'em, and made 'em so drunk! Lord, what Work was there!—

*Wid.* It was a beastly Pleasure; and no Sign of his Frugality, whatever it may be of his good Nature.

*Fain.* Ah! he is the sweetest natur'd Man in the World. Nobody ever saw him out of Humour, that ever I could hear on: His Vather, indeed, wou'd bawl and make a Noise, chu'd zeem; but as for thick same Gentleman, he's quite another Thing; he is so good to the Poor, and so loving to his Neighbours; that there's not a Man twenty Miles round him, but would run thro' Fire and Water for him.—He is counted a main wise Man too; he makes no more of a Lawyer, or a Justice of the Peace, than, than, than yow do of me, Madam.—Nay, it's thought by zome Volk, that he is so deep learned, than an he wou'd, he cou'd puzzle, even the Parson o' the Parish.

*Wid.* That may be; and be no Conjurer neither. He shall know what a Favourite he is of yours.—

*Fain.* That he knows already. (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* You seem to know him perfectly well.

*Fain.* I wish you knew him as well—Madam!

*Wid.* It is a pity he is not a Man of Quality; these Qualifications, tho' I confess they are very bright ones, signify nothing without a Title, *Jeffery!*

*Fain.* I'm sure thy Vanity will never intitle thee to the Heart of any Man of Sense. (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* Go, get me some Tea.

*Fain.* Did I not hope to command in my Turn; I shou'd not obey so readily.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Judith.*

*Jud.* There's a Lady below, that wants yow, she says,—  
Madam.

*Wid.* Bring her up.—This must be the Lady, Sir *John* mentioned.

*Enter Louisa, with a Letter.*

*Lou.* 'Tis from *Olivia*, Madam.

[*Gives her the Letter, she opens it, and reads.*

*Wid.* You are welcome, Madam—I'll wait on you to that Apartment my Cousin mentions. It is impossible Mr. *Freeman* should know it to be any part of my House, when he is brought in by the Back-door; your own Servants must attend; I'll give Orders that none of mine are seen on that Side of the House.

*Lou.* I am extremely obliged to you, Madam. I have sent a Letter to Mr. *Freeman*, and expect his Return every Moment.—I'll wait on you, Madam.

*Wid.* Be pleas'd to walk this Way.

[*Exeunt.*

**SCENE** *draws, Louisa coming forwards, meets Flora.*

*Lou.* Is *Frederick* come back, *Flora*?

*Flor.* Yaw, ye *Vrow*, an he heb dat Letter gi brought.

[*Gives her a Letter.*  
*Exit Flora.*

*Lou.* What Pleasure once these Letters gave me!  
And with what Eagerness I broke the Seals!  
Then kiss'd and dwelt upon each poison'd, pleasing Vow!  
And thought the Perjury all faithful Love.  
—But now!—  
I fear to read; so much his Stile is alter'd!—

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

MADAM,  
*I am not more surpriz'd to hear you are in England, than that you so earnestly desire to see me before I am married. But since you promise it shall be the last Trouble you'll give me of this Kind, I design to oblige and wait on you immediately, to know your important Business. If it be to upbraid me with Past Conduct, you must expect but a short Visit from*

Your humble Servant, FREEMAN.

*Lou.* Perfidious Man; we'll may'st thou not stay,  
To hear those solemn Vows repeated

Which thou didst make so falsely.

*Enter* Flora.

*Flora.* Here bin Minheer *Freeman*, ye Vrow.

*Lou.* Shew him up.      [*Exit* Flora.

Oh, my Heart!—Lie still, thou Flutterer!

And aid me all the cunning Courage of my Sex!

*Enter* Freeman. *Salutes* her.

*Lou.* That cold Salute, is not like my *Freeman*.

You was not wont to kiss me thus!

*Ned.* Faith, Madam, I keep no Journal of my Pleasures; so can't recollect how I us'd to behave myself.

[*Walks about.*

*Lou.* With what Indifference he regards me!

Hold in Resentment. (*Aside.*)

*Ned.* Pray, Madam, what brought you to *England*?

*Lou.* Do you ask? Why, I follow where you lead me. Where should I be, but where my Husband is?

*Ned.* Hold, hold—You'll spoil my Marriage—Husband!  
Ha, ha, ha! Don't you rave, Child!

*Lou.* Have you forgot the Promises you made me?

*Ned.* No, nor what you gave me in Return, neither, my Dear.

*Lou.* Did not you love me, *Freeman*?

*Ned.* Did I not give thee Proofs of it? How does my Boy do? Ha! I think you must lend him me for a Pattern. You have heard I am going to be married, I find.

*Lou.* Yes—I've heard such a News, but cannot think it true. (*Weeps.*)

*Ned.* I can't help that. Nay, nay, nay, if you are at that Sport, good bye t'ye.—

[*Going, she stops him.*]

*Lou.* You shall not go.

*Ned.* Indeed but I shall, Madam—Pish, prithee shew me none of your Tragedy-Airs. Let go my Coat. You know, I hate to see Women cry.—To what purpose are these Tears?—I thought I gave you a Caution of it in my Letter.

[*Struggles to get from her.*]

*Lou.* O do not struggle to be gone, but hear me; my Tears will fall, but I'll strive to suppress 'em.

*Ned.* Do so; for if you have anything to say to me, you must deliver it in a more entertaining Manner, or I'm your Humble Servant. Again! Humph!—I imagin'd how 'twould

be—S'Death! what a Fool was I to come; I hate Upbraidings of this Nature.

*Lou.* I sent not for you to upbraid you.  
I see too well I've lost your Heart.  
May she be happy who enjoys it now.  
Yet sure your Pity's not extinguished too.  
Not for my Sake, but for your Child's, I hope it;  
Who, if you relieve him not, must perish,—  
My Father, some three Weeks ago, expir'd,  
And left me but a Shilling to support me.  
No Friend have we on Earth if you are not one.

*Ned.* Well! and could not you have told me this without whimpering?—Pox o' the old Dog! A Shilling!—What a Duce shall I do with this Heifer and her Calf now! She comes very unlucky too at this Time. If *Olivia* should hear of her, my Business will be done there. (*Aside.*) Send out your Maid, *Louisa*.

*Lou.* Leave the Room; but when I call, do as I directed.  
(*Aside.*)

[*Exit* Flora.]

*Ned.* (*Sitting down.*) What do you pay for these Lodgings?

*Lou.* The People are related to a Friend of mine in *Holland*, from whom I brought a Letter. I believe they let no Lodgings. I would not willingly trespass long upon them.



*Ned.* Well, my Servant shall take Lodgings for you. (*Pulls her on his Knee, and kisses her.*) You foolish Girl you, to blubber and spoil your Face at this Rate, when you have nothing else to trust to! (*He wipes her Eyes.*)—So, there! Kiss me again, you Chit, you.—I'll take Care of you. I have a Man in my Eye; a Lord too, that is very fond too, of your Country-women.

*Lou.* What means my Dearest. (*Rises.*)

*Ned.* To get thee a good Settlement. A Lord's Mistress lives as great as his Wife, and is as much respected in our Country.—And thou shalt be initiated, according to Custom.

*Lou.* Monstrous, filthy Custom!  
Indeed, my *Freeman*, I'll be only thine:  
For after thee, I ne'er can love another.

*Ned.* Pish, pish; yes, yes, a Hundred, I warrant thee.—

*Lou.* Unkind, and cruel!—Can I love—

*Ned.* Well, well, as to Love, that's not essential to a Mistress: Provided the Gallant has your Person, you may dispose as you think fit of your Inclination.

*Lou.* Sometimes to see my *Freeman's* all I wish.

*Ned.* Well, well, you shall see me; but we must manage that Point with Prudence: There must be a *Decorum* observed at home. For if it should reach my Wife's Ear, it wou'd prevent

me seeing you at all.—Ah, *Louisa!* I wish the Lady I'm to marry, lov'd me as well as thou dost.

*Lou.* I hope she does.

*Ned.* No, faith, she says she hates me; so that, for ought I know, thou'rt in as fair Way to be revenged of me.

*Lou.* I wish it not, nor would I seek Revenge on thee, more than on my own Heart.—*Flora!* (*Goes to the Scene, and calls.*)—You must drink something with me.—

*Enter Flora, with two Glasses of Wine on a Salver.*

*Lou.* Come, here's to your future Happiness!

*Ned.* I'll pledge that generous Toast, and kiss thee for't.—Why this is as it should be now. (*Kisses her.*) If Women understood their own Interest, they'd find us less prepared to resist the Force of their good Humour, than all the Artillery of Tears and Ranting!—Egad! methinks thou art as handsome now, as when I first enjoyed thee: Lips as soft, and panting Breast as hard as ever!—Oh, you are a tempting Baggage; (*embracing her.*)—What if we should try to get a Girl to our Girl, *Louisa?*

*Lou.* What! Sin a-new, e'er we have repented of the past?

*Ned.* Sin, you silly Jade! Come, come, we'll repent once for all, my Dear.

[*Pulling her.*

*Lou.* It must be quickly then—Or Life will be too short to do it!

*Ned.* What say'st thou?

*Lou.* Forgive me, *Freeman!* thou art poisoned.

*[Falls on her Knees.*

*Ned.* Ha!—Dye thou then, from whose Hand I took it!

*[Draws and runs at Flora.*

*Flora.* (*Shrieking.*) Ha! ick hab nit dat gedan, Mynheer.

*[Louisa rises, and runs between the Maid and him.*

*Lou.* O spare the Maid, who acted by my Order,  
And turn the Point on me the sole Aggressor.  
I had no other Way to keep thee mine.

*Ned.* Am I then caught! poison'd!—What! Die the Death of Rats!—Confusion! Murdered by my Whore!

*Lou.* No, I'm thy Wife, thou vile Detractor!  
Thou wou'dst have made me that detested Thing!—  
Shame on thy Project to expose thy Wife!

*Ned.* Wife! Name that no more, I charge thee,  
Lest I forget thy Sex, and spurn thee from me!

*Lou.* Not name it? Yes, I will, whilst living, name it.  
Call Heaven to Mind, who witness'd to your Vows;  
By whom you swore when first our Faiths were plighted.  
It was by yon All-seeing Power above,  
At whose Tribunal we shall soon appear.  
Death summons now our trembling Souls to Trial;  
Stript of Excuses, Custom, and Evasion,  
This guilty Deed of mine will fall to thee.  
There, there, our Marriage Contract is recorded!  
There is a Judge from whom you can't appeal:  
Your Jury can't be brib'd to save you:  
Your casting Witness is your broken Vows!

*Ned.* Methinks her Words pierce like a Dagger, thro' me,  
And more than ever, now I wish to live—  
Repair thy Fault, and call Physicians hither. [To Flora.

*Lou.* Call the kind Physician of the Soul,  
Thy Body can receive no help from Art.  
The Poison is too strong, t'admit of Antidotes.

*Ned.* Then Heav'n have mercy on my Soul. (*Kneels.*)  
O my *Louisa!* canst thou forgive me? (*Rises.*)  
O could Revenge, the blackest Fiend in Hell,  
Shroud itself beneath that Angel's Form?

*Lou.* Call't not Revenge, but Love.—Be Witness, Heav'n.  
I drank the healing Draught, with greater, stronger  
Gust of Pleasure, than others take rich Cordials,  
To lengthen fleeting Life, which I despise.  
Since in fair Fame I could not live thy Wife,

My only Wish was, we might dye together.  
Oh! my Heart.

*Ned.* The Poison works! I feel it too in mine!  
Oh! might I live to make thee Satisfaction.—

*Lou.* And wou'dst thou do it? wou'dst thou marry me?

*Ned.* As willingly as I did ever promise thee.

*Lou.* My Soul revives at thy returning Virtue,  
Only to bear the Rack of deep Despair—  
Now, now, I do repent the desperate Deed,  
And wish my *Freeman's* Life a longer Date.  
I should have trod the Paths of Death alone!  
But 'twill not be!—A few short Minutes hence  
We both shall be no more!

*Ned.* Oh! Shock of Nature! Bitterness of Thought!  
O! whither am I going?—  
Haste! Let the holy Man be call'd!  
And 'tis most fit a Lawyer too be sent for.  
Something I must adjust before I go—  
And then, oh! World, farewell!

*Lou.* Haste *Flora*, and obey.

[*Exit* *Flora*.]

*Ned.* I feel a strange Disorder in my Brain!  
My Heart beats fast too, and my Spirits flutter!  
My boiling Blood runs swiftly thro' my Veins,

In haste to man the last Retreat of Life!  
Oh! *Louisa!* wou'd I had married thee—

*Lou.* Do it now. 'Twill wipe off many Sins from thee.  
When we appear in t'other World together—  
The virtuous Act may plead my Pardon too,  
If thou canst but forgive the Rashness of my Love.  
Again, upon my Knees I ask it.

*Ned.* As willingly as I would be forgiven.  
A sudden Faintness seizes me all over:  
I will be thine, if Life will last so long.

*Lou.* Blest Sound!—Come lean on me.  
I'll lead thee to my Bed.  
Where we will rest, and wait the holy Man.  
*The Bridal Bed, from whence we both shall rise,  
Disrob'd of Scandal, to substantial Joys.*

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE** *changes to Watchit's House.*

*Mrs. Watchit in a Night-Dress on a Couch.*

*Mrs. Wat.* I wonder what carries my Husband out of Town so late! But no Matter, it gives me an Opportunity to see *Freeman*, who I know will be here as soon as *Lucy* has given the Signal.—Ha! sure I heard the Door go.

*Enter Watchit.*

*Wat.* I have unluckily forgot my Powder-horn; and how I shall find it in the Dark, I can't tell—I don't care to disturb the Family for a Candle.

*Mrs. Wat.* He is here already—Oh, the dear impatient Man!—Bless me, *Lucy*, why did you let him come so soon? I don't think your Master is got out of the Street yet.

*Wat.* How's this? (*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Wat.* And if he should take it into his Head to come back, I should be terrible frightened.

*Wat.* Ounds! I'm Thunder-struck! this Dog of a Fryar is here already! and of *Lucy's* bringing. Oh! the Jade! Ad's-heart! I might have waited without Doors 'till Dooms-day.

*Mrs. Wat.* Distraction! What have I said?—It is my Husband's Voice; what will become of me now? (*Aside.*)

*Wat.* Here needs no Conjuration. My Turtle seems willing enough to coo with him; and is only afraid I should return to spoil the Sport. Oh the Strumpet! But let me hear what the Rogue answers. Which Way will she get off now, I wonder? (*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Wat.* I have no Pretence to get off, but by going on. (*Aside.*) Well, *Lucy* tells me you are the most dextrous Fellow at this Business.—

*Wat.* Business! What are they come to Business, already?

Mrs. *Wat*. I know not why; but methinks, I'm half afraid to venture on a Stranger.

*Wat*. A Stranger? What, then this is a new Rogue?—Ounds! I shall be cuckolded by Church and State.

Mrs. *Wat*. How now? What do you mean? You won't come to Bed to me, sure?

*Wat*. You'll take it very ill if he don't—Ounds, I han't Patience to hear it out.

Mrs. *Wat*. O Gemini! What do you do?—How dare you be so rude?

*Wat*. There's a Question to ask a Man that she has brought into her Bed-chamber.

Mrs. *Wat*. If my Husband should come.

*Wat*. As he really is—

Mrs. *Wat*. If he should catch you—

*Wat*. As he most surely will—Thou Sorceress.

Mrs. *Wat*. Nay, nay; indeed, and indeed, but I won't.

*Wat*. Indeed, and indeed, but you will.—This is a thorough-pac'd Cuckold-making Dog!—How softly the Villain whispers!—I can't hear one Word he says.



Mrs. *Wat*. What gave you the Assurance to imagine I'd cuckold my Husband, who is the best of Husbands?

*Wat*. That's a Lye.

Mrs. *Wat*. Let me go, will you? I protest I'll cry out.

*Wat*. That's another Lye.

Mrs. *Wat*. Nay; Lord! Pish; don't—Fy!—What do you do?

*[Speaks as if she was struggling with somebody.]*

*Wat*. 'S'Death! I shall stand and hear myself cuckolded!—A Light! a light, there! Thieves, Thieves! A Light, a Light!—

*[She rises hastily. He pulls out a Pistol.]*

Mrs. *Wat*. Ah, Heavens! What Noise is that? Why, *Lucy, Lucy!* Thieves, Thieves! A Light, a Light! (*She gropes about, and lays hold on his Pistol.*) Thieves!—Ah, a Pistol! Murder, Murder! Oh save my Life, and I'll lead you to all the Money, Plate, and Jewels in the House. Oh, oh, oh!

*Enter Lucy with a Light.*

Mrs. *Wat*. *Mumps!* Oh, save me, save me!

*[Flies about his Neck.]*

*Wat*. Off, thou foul Adultrous! Don't think to smuggle me, 'till your leud Paramour escapes.

[*Snatches the Candle, and looks about.*

*Lucy.* Bless me, Madam! Master looks as if he would eat a-body! What was all this Outcry for?

*Mrs. Wat.* I'll tell you anon.

[*Aside to Lucy.*

*Wat.* Where have you hid this Rogue of your providing, Hussey? Ha?

*Lucy.* Of my providing? what do you mean, Sir?

*Mrs. Wat.* Nay, nay, don't stand prating; but call up the Servants to assist your Master.—Don't, dear *Mumps*, don't be too venturesome. The Thieves have Pistols, and may kill thee.

*Wat.* May they so! A Pox o' your Sneer—Now does she look as if she knew one Word of the Matter.

*Mrs. Wat.* I hope to prevent your knowing one Word of the Matter, that's my Comfort. (*Aside.*)

*Lucy.* Why, what should she know, Sir?

*Wat.* Go look, Mrs. *Pander*.

*Mrs. Wat.* I'm sure, I know nothing, but that I was wak'd with the Cry of Thieves, Thieves! If it was a false Alarm, so

much the better: It did me Service, however, for it wak'd me out of a Dream, that frighted me as bad as the Noise did.

*Wat.* A Dream! Why, what was you dreaming on, pray?

*Mrs. Wat.* Why, methought *Lucy* had brought me a Corn-cutter, a great, fat, clumsy, black Fellow; but the most dextrous Fellow in the World, she told me, at that Business.

*Wat. (Aside.)* Ha! I remember dextrous was one of the Words she spoke. Perhaps it might be nothing but a Dream.

*Mrs. Wat.* And the impudent ugly Villain, methought, would have come to bed to me. I was struggling with him in my Sleep, and vowed I'd cry out just as the Noise wak'd me.

*Wat.* Say'st thou so, *Pud!* And was all this splutter about a Corn-cutter?—Why then, to tell thee the Truth, thou didst cry out, and I thinking Thieves were got into the House, cry'd out too; for I never dream't of thy talking in thy Sleep, Child.—I don't remember ever to have heard thee before.

*Lucy.* So have I, an hundred Times; but you snore so loud, that nobody's Noise can be heard but your own.—This Corn-cutter has put the Corn-maker out of his Head. I smell the Plot already. (*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Wat. (Aside.)* It takes, as I could wish—But where was *Freeman, Lucy?*

*Lucy.* Gone out, Madam. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. *Wat.* (*Aside.*) 'Twas lucky that he was—Ah! *Mumps!* I know what you thought.

*Lucy.* Ay, Madam, he thought you had got a Gallant through the Key-hole. Had I a Husband of Master's Temper, I'd fit him, I warrant him. He should not be jealous of me for nothing.

*Wat.* That I dare swear.

*Lucy.* As you are of my Lady. She has a comfortable Life, has she not? To have you vex and teaze, and break her Rest for nothing.

*Wat.* Take care I don't break your Head for something.

*Lucy.* I care not if you do. I will speak. You could not use my Lady worse, if she had cuckolded you.—You are like some litigious Farmers, who pound their Neighbours Cattle for a Trespass, tho' they have more Ground than they can stock themselves.

*Wat.* Hussey! You have Stock for the whole Parish!—Get out of my Sight, or I'll break your Neck down Stairs.

Mrs. *Wat.* Excellent Wench! (*Aside.*) Fy, *Lucy*, how you talk to your Master? I assure you I shall discharge you my Service, if you don't behave yourself better.

*Lucy.* I shall get another, I hope, if you do! Don't think I'll be suspected of procuring Gallants for you! Did he not ask where the Rogue was of my procuring—I'll bring my Action

against you for Scandal. I have nothing but my Reputation to live by. Take that from me, and you take all. If he's your Husband, Madam, he's not mine.

[*Bursts into Tears.*

*Wat.* No, thank Heaven, I have enough of one of you.

*Mrs. Wat.* Leave the Room, I say.

*Lucy.* It's for, for, your Sake—or, or—I'd tear his Eyes out!  
(*Sobs.*) Take away my Reputation!

[*Exit.*

*Wat.* Oh! the wondrous Reputation of a Chamber-Maid!—  
This Slut has strangely provok'd me. I wish I were rid of her.  
(*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Wat.* (*Aside.*) I wish I knew what brought him back;  
and if he intends to go again.

*Wat.* (*Aside.*) Ah! that the Husband of that charming  
Woman should be cornuted by a Priest!—

*Mrs. Wat.* (*Aside.*) What would I give to be rid of his  
Company? Yet I dare not ask him, how he designs to dispose  
of himself, for my Soul.

*Wat.* What art thou thinking of, *Pudsey*?

Mrs. *Wat*. Of your Unkindness, *Mumps*! To pretend Business out of Town, and leave me starving in Bed by myself. I'm sure if you lov'd me, you would not let Business take you from my Arms. Indeed, indeed, you would not, *Mumpsey*.

[*In a wheedling Tone.*]

*Wat*. Ah! those pretty Pouters! I must kiss them, thou coaxing Pug thou: (*Kisses her.*) Dost thou really love thine own *Mumpy*?

Mrs. *Wat*. Naughty *Mumps*! is that a Question now! Han't I given you all the Signs of it? Don't I lie close to your Back? and warm your Feet every Night in my Lap? And creep gently out o' Bed in the Morning, without waking you? Don't I? Can you deny all this, *Mumps*?

*Wat*. No, nor I won't deny it, *Pudsey*. And I hope you'll allow me some Merit in my Turn, *Pudsey*.

Mrs. *Wat*. Nay, *Mumps*, I scorn to derogate from your Merit. I must confess, you never do any thing to break my Rest, but when you are so naughty to leave me—For then I do so tumble, and toss—and dream—and am so terribly frightened—as I was now, you know—Well, I protest you shan't go out again to Night!—If you do, I won't love you again these three Days; so I won't.

[*Pats him on the Cheek.*]

*Wat.* Thou handsome Creature! Oh! 'twas that bewitching Leer, that snapt my Heart—What has she in her Head now?—I never knew her in this wheedling Humour, but she had some Design. (*Aside.*)—Well, *Pudsey*, what is this begging Face put on for?

*Mrs. Wat.* That's a secret past your finding out. (*Aside.*)

*Wat.* What can I do to please my *Pudsey*?

*Mrs. Wat.* E'en very little, truly. (*Aside.*)—I could tell you, *Mumpy*; but may be, you won't do it.

*Wat.* But may be I will do it. (*In a fond Tone.*)

*Mrs. Wat.* Won't you go out no more to Night, then? But say your Prayers, and go to Bed, and snore like any little Pig in your *Punny's* Bousey?

*Wat.* (*Aside.*) Humph! Now is she afraid of her ghostly Father. She certainly smokes my Design—On my Conscience, she's in Love with him—I warrant, he's a strapping young Dog—Ounds! if I can but light of him?

*Mrs. Wat.* What is he pondering on? Pray Heaven he does not take me at my Word, and stay at home in Complaisance. (*Aside.*)—What, won't you answer me, *Mumps*?

*Wat.* Why *Pudsey*, thy Kindness so confounds me, that I know not what to answer thee—I am loth to displease thee, and yet I must leave thee instantly.

Mrs. *Wat.* (*Aside.*) Little does he think, that 'tis the only Thing he can do to please me. I hope *Freeman* is come home by this Time.

*Wat.* I only come back for my Powder-horn; that's all, *Pud*; but I'll make all possible haste back, I will indeed, *Pudsey*, to make thee easy.

Mrs. *Wat.* Or otherwise. (*Aside.*) Well if it must be so (*sighing*) I must be content, and make myself as happy as I can without you, *Mumps*.

[*In a melancholy Tone.*

*Wat.* Ay, ay, I won't be long from thee; go, prithee, get me a Dram, I'll but take my Powder-horn, and follow thee—

*Exit Mrs. Watchit.*

*Watchit solus.*

I know not what to think. Sometimes I think she loves me—and sometimes I think she does not. And if Father *Domine* comes within the Reach of my Blunderbuss, have at him: If not, she shall produce him: I'll confront her by her own Confession. If I once get him in my Power, I'll turn his own *Inquisition* upon him. His *Church* ne'er tortur'd Heretick, as I will him.

*I'll teach him to keep Handmaids of his own,  
And let his honest Neighbours Wives alone.*



[Exit.

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SCENE *Mrs. Heedless's House.*

Heedless, *Sola.*

*Wid.* I am strangely divided between Inclination and Grandeur. I confess, I like Mr. *Worthy's* Person better than my Lord's; but marry him, and I shall be call'd plain Mrs. *Worthy*: Then, where's the Distinction between me and my Brother's Wife: And who in their Senses would part with twenty thousand Pounds, to be nothing but what one was before? My Lord can make me a Woman of Quality, and intitle me to treat all below me with Contempt. That carries a valuable Consideration—Methinks, there is an Air in the very Footman of a Woman of Quality. He approaches with such profound Submission! And in a Tone so soft—*Did your Ladyship call, Madam?* Whereas, now, my blundering Rascals come trotting up to my Nose, with a *Dud you want me, Forsooth?*—Ha! *Lord Pharaoh-Bank.*

*Enter Tally.*

*Tally.* I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Intrusion, Madam. It is intirely chargeable on the Impatience of my Love. Command my Absence, I beseech you, if I break in upon your more diverting Thoughts.

*Wid.* I had no Amusements, my Lord, but what ought to give way to better Company.

*Tally.* You do me a particular Honour in that Distinction.

*Wid.* If I had not some Skill in the Choice of my Acquaintance, I should be stifled with Impertinence. The first Lesson I teach my Servants, is, to distinguish between Persons of Rank, and the Dross of Human-kind. I am pleas'd to find my Instructions are not lost upon 'em, by admitting one of your Lordship's Figure upon such easy Terms.

*Tally.* Such an Approbation from a Lady of your good Taste, cannot fail of inspiring me with a better Opinion of myself, and a Confidence of my not being unwelcome to my dear Widow. (*Kisses her.*) She kisses softer than a southern Wind!

*Wid.* Pugh! I hate to be complimented with Fragments of another's Wit, my Lord. It argues a Decay of Charms in the Person you address.

Fainwell *peeping.*

*Tally.* I own it is a Fault, Madam. Your Ladyship has Beauty enough to inspire the dullest Genius with something new.

*Fain. (Aside.)* You mean, she has Money enough to inspire you with Impudence.

*Tally.* *Apollo* and the Muses dwell upon these Lips. Another Kiss, and I shall be—

*Wid.* A Poet.

*Tally.* Whatever you would have me. (*Kisses her.*)

*Wid.* Say you so, my Lord? I have an odd Whim come into my Head—Will you give me a Proof of my Power, my Lord? I want an Elegy.

*Tally.* On a departed Monkey, or a favourite Kitten, I presume.

*Wid.* No, upon a living Subject.

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) A pretty new Invention, to bury People before they are dead.

*Tally.* A living Subject! An Elegy upon a living Subject!

*Wid.* You are not inspir'd yet, I find, my Lord. I mean, a Characteristick of human Life; dead, and yet existing.

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) Mystery!

*Tally.* Popery, down-right Popery! May the Genius of *England* defend us.—Let me see! What dead Folks have we among the Living?—There's a disbanded Officer—An old Beau—A broken Tradesman—A degraded Parson—A *Quondam South-Sea* Director—An Eunuch—An, an, an old Maid.

*Wid.* You have hit it, my Lord.

*Tally.* Then crown my Success with another Draught of *Nectar.* (*Kisses her.*)

*Fain. (Aside.)* How warmly the Rogue kisses! He makes Love with as much Assurance, as if he had two Bottles of *Burgundy* in his Belly, and a real Title to support his Impudence.

*Wid.* I protest, one shou'd take your Lordship for a Soldier; for you attack a Woman, as they do a fortify'd Town.

*Tally.* Love and War agree in every Point, my dear Widow; the Blockade of a Town resembles an obstinate Woman, and a phlegmatic Lover, who resolves to weary her into Compliance. A Kiss now and then from a diffident Lover, is like stealing a March, and surprizing the Enemy, by a circumspect General. But eager and repeated Kisses, are, like Storming, more glorious to the Assailant.

[*Embracing and kissing her in a Rapture.*]

*Fain. (Aside.)* These Rogues happen into good Company sometimes, one may know by their Gleanings of Wit.

*Wid.* Oh gad, my Lord, what do you mean, by ruffling one at this Rate?

*Tally.* Judge my Meaning, by the Quickness of my Pulse, the Throbbing of my Heart, and Trembling of my Limbs! The unquestionable Proofs of Love, and eager Wishes for Possession—Come, come! Thou art no Stranger to a Lover's Meaning!—My Life, my Soul! Let us improve this Dawn of Pleasure. (*Embracing her.*)

*Wid.* As how, my Lord?

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) Sure she wou'd not have him tell her in plain Terms.

*Tally.* P'shaw! for a Woman of thy Experience to ask that Question!—Come, come, the Sight of the Bed-chamber will refresh thy Memory. (*Pulling her.*)

*Wid.* Pish?—Nay, fy—Be civil, my Lord.

[*Seems to struggle.*

*Fain.* (*Aside.*) Humph!—If it come to *pish* and *fy* already, another Volley of Kisses, and she surrenders at Discretion.

*Tally.* Nay, struggling is your Sex's Privilege. You wisely know Resistance but inflames Desire.

*Wid.* I protest, I'll cry out, my Lord.

*Tally.* With all my Heart. Your Servants know their Duty better than to come, if you do.—Honest *Jeffery* has taken care of that. (*Aside.*)

*Fain.* How secure the Rogue thinks himself! (*Aside.*)

*Tally.* I will positively enjoy thee this Night—Honourably, if you please.

*Wid.* Or not at all, my Lord, if you were the first Man of Quality in *England!*

*Tally.* Send for the Parson this Minute then.

[*Kisses her again.*

*Wid.* Oh Gad! You slop one's Breath—You are the most impatient Man!

*Tally.* Impatient, quotha! Who can behold these dear Eyes without Impatience for the Blessing?—

*Wid.* Well, my Lord, let us sign Articles:—And then—

*Tally.* I'll give thee a *Charte-Blanche*. Make thy own Terms; so that I may this Night take Possession of these Arms.

*Wid.* Well, since your Lordship will have it so—

*Fain.* Nay, you mou'not go in, an yow were ten Master Worthess—(*In Jeffery's Voice.*) (*Fainwell within, in his own Voice.*) I tell you, I had your Lady's Commands to wait on her, and must, and will go in: So, sweet Mr. *Jeffery Crumplin*, by your Leave.

*Fainwell rushes in, in his own Dress.*

*Wid.* Oh Gad! that's Mr. *Worthy's* Voice! What can he think, when he sees one ruffled in this Manner!—I'm surpriz'd—Did not I hear my Clod-hopper's Voice, in a resisting Tone, Mr. *Worthy*?

*Fain.* I was so far out of my Countryman's good Graces, that he would neither bring in my Name, nor permit me to enter.

*Tally.* (*Aside.*) That was in Favour of me. *Jeffery* is a Man of Honour, I find—But who's this Mr. *Worthy*?  
Disappointment catch him, for coming so *Mal a-propos*.

*Wid.* That Fellow the most impenetrable Sot!—Why did not you break his Head, Mr. *Worthy*?

*Fain.* That's a Liberty, Madam, no Man ought to take in your House, 'till you have made him Master of it—Were I that happy Person—

[*Takes hold of her Hand.*]

*Tally.* (*Stepping in between them.*) You'd kick every-body out of it, I suppose?

*Fain.* That gave me just Provocation, Sir.

[*Steps in between.*]

*Wid.* If they should quarrel now!—Mr. *Worthy*, pray let me speak a Word with you—Do you know who this Gentleman is?

*Fain.* Very well, Madam.

*Tally.* Then if you know me, you know your Distance.



[*Steps between again.*]

*Fain.* So well, Sir, (*goes between 'em*) that were you not protected by this Lady's Presence, there should be just the Distance from hence to the Street between us.

*Tally.* How Sir?

[*Stepping up to him.*]

*Fain.* Through the Window, Sir.

[*Pushes him away.*]

*Tally.* You dare not talk thus elsewhere.

*Fain.* You dare not give me an Opportunity. (*In his Ear.*)

*Wid.* Dear Mr. *Worthy*, for your own Sake, consider what you do—He is a Man of Quality; and for ought I know, a Privy-Counsellor— (*Aside to Fainwell.*)

*Fain.* To nothing above a Gang of Pickpockets, I'll answer for him. Hark ye, *Tally*; how long have you worn this Surtout of Honour, I beseech you? In what Reign were you created a Baron, pray?

*Tally.* Humph! He knows me, I find—My Business is done here.

*Wid.* My Stars! Is he not a Man of Quality?

*Fain.* Yes, yes, Madam, I'll give you his Titles in a very few Words.—He is a Baron of *Fair-Chance* and Viscount of all the *Pharoah-Tables* in and about *London*. He has a Pack of Cards for his Coat of Arms, quarter'd with Knaves; and false Dice, in a Field of Impudence.—His Crest is a Fool; his Supporters are *Parolie Traitla va*.

*Tally.* (*Aside.*) The Rogue has blazon'd me!—But I must carry it off as well as I can.—I hope you'll prove this Sir.

*Fain.* Oh! instantly, Sir.—*Sam!*

*Enter Sam.*

*Fain.* Call a Constable.

*Wid.* Not for the World. I beg I may have no more Bustle in my House.

*Fain.* You understand me. (*Whispers to Sam.*)

*Sam.* Perfectly well.—Will your Lordship please to walk this Way—What think you, my Lord, of a Pot of Porter, to drink to our better Acquaintance?

[*In a screaming tone.*]

*Tally.* A Pox of Ill-luck!—I may find a Time, Sir—

[*Exit with Sam.*]

*Fain.* Not to cheat me of my Money Sir,—Ha, ha, ha!

*Wid.* I hope you are not mistaken in the Man, Mr. *Worthy*.

*Fain.* I'm glad *You* were not, Madam.

*Wid.* Which is intirely owing to your timely Discovery, or I had been undone.

*Fain.* For which, give me leave to say, you might have thank'd your own Vanity. Nothing but a Lord wou'd go down!—I admire, a Woman of your Discretion, and a Widow too! should prefer empty Title to real Pleasure, and mere Shadow to conjugal Affection. (*Embracing her.*)

*Wid.* A Fiddle of Affection, Mr. *Worthy*; I tell you, I have been lac'd very tight once in my Life; but having made my Fortune, and got my Liberty, if ever I try again the Matrimonial Bodice, the Lace shall be tagg'd with a Title, I assure you.

*Fain.* Ah! that will make a Noise in the World; but your Pleasure, like a Squib, will vanish in the Bounce, ha, ha, ha! —To give Twenty Thousand Pounds for the bare Name of my Lord's Lady, whilst Ten to One, but your Chamber-Maid supplies your Ladyship's Place in his Arms, and rattle about Streets in her *Berlin*, supported out of your Ladyship's Fortune.

*Wid.* You seem well acquainted with the Map of this World.

*Fain.* Perfectly, Madam; and have made this Observation, That Women who love to indulge their Vanity, and yet hope

for their Dividend of Pleasures, are acting as inconsistent a Part, as they who give a Loose to their Fancy, and at the same Time think to preserve their Reputation.—I tell you, Madam, a Man of Quality will no more throw all his Love upon a Wife, than a Farmer will sow all his Land with the same Grain. The only Way to engross your Joys is to marry one of us Country-Gentlemen.

*Wid.* To be rival'd by *March-Beer, Tobacco, and Foxhounds.*

*Fain.* Even those are preferable to Cards, Dice, and a Wench, as you wou'd have experienc'd had not I come in.

*Wid.* So! now will he value himself upon my Deliverance. (*Aside.*)—Well, well, Mr. *Worthy*, since this Fellow proves a mere *Plebian*, he is a worthless Rascal; but if he had really been a Lord, what is now Impudence, wou'd only have been Violence of his Love.

*Fain.* Humph! a very pretty Distinction!—No, Madam, I deny that Position—Love is soft and gentle, as the Morning-Sun in Autumn, mellowing Inclination by Degrees; but its Twin-Brother, like a Foot-Pad, knocks you down, and rifles you at once.—*He* was impatient for your Money only, Widow—I, for this dear Person.—Now, why can't you like me as well as a Lord?

*Wid.* Like you! For what?

*Fain.* For what! Why, for an unalterable, faithful, constant, doating—

*Wid.* Hold, hold, Sir. Your Epithets are running away with your Meaning.—But to prevent your explaining it, I must tell you, that the very Name of Matrimony with a Commoner, will flatten our Conversation, and make us look very simple.

*Fain.* Ay! but there is something so expressive in that Simplicity, that it gives a deeper Impression than all the Gildings of Rhetorick. Ah! my dear Widow, wou'd you but return my Love, how many *Cupids* shou'd I behold dancing in these Eyes! Nay, and you shou'd see strange Things before Morning.—

*Wid.* Sha! you talk foolishly.

*Fain.* That's inherent to a Lover.

*Wid.* And so you'd have me a Fool too, to keep you in Countenance. A very wise Foundation for the Fabrick of Matrimony.—No, no, I tell you once for all, though I do like your Person, you and I must never be conjur'd into the Circle of a Wedding-Ring.

*Fain.* And no other Circle will do my Business.—I'll try if she has really a Liking for my Person. (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* Well! what, have I put you in the Dumps, now? Are you considering what Death will revenge you of an ungrateful Mistress? Ha, ha!

*Fain.* No, Faith, Madam; I'll live to be reveng'd, and balk your Vanity—

*Then farewell Love,  
Farewell Love, and all soft Pleasure,  
Honour calls, and we must part.*

[*Sings in a careless Manner.*

*Wid.* You are the merriest Lover at parting!

*Fain.* I am of *Ben's* Mind, Madam; resolve to be merry, though the Ship were sinking. And since I must never hope to call you mine, I here dismiss all the Retinue of a formal Lover. Such as Vows, Ogles, Sighs, Dreams, Visions, Sonnets, Gingles, Epigrams, Couplets, with a long &c.—Thus, with infinite Struggles, I hope to entertain as mean an Opinion of Matrimony, as your Ladyship, in a very little Time.

*Wid.* Oh! that he had a Title to support this Humour; he shou'd find, I have no mean Opinion of Matrimony. (*Aside.*)

*Fain.* And, for the future, shall look upon the Parson's Patchwork, like a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, or *Jerusalem*, fit only for the Superstitious, and People who have periodical Inclinations, to fill up the Vacancies of human Life with a huge Caravan of Children; a long Journey; dirty Road; through the Turnpikes of Jealousy, Anxiety, Suspicion. Animosity, pinching Cares, and a Thousand other Inconveniencies.—By the way, you have travell'd the Stage, and, I suppose, know what I say to be true.

*Wid.* Ha!—All is not right within this Breast. I begin to perceive his Indifference gives me Pain. (*Aside.*)

*Fain.* I fancy the only Object to give one a Surfeit of Matrimony, wou'd be to see a Pair of distemper'd Creatures in the Corner of a Room, in close Conspiracy to deceive one another; very sincerely promising mutual Love for Fifty Years ensuing; when, upon Trial, a Month's Fruition makes either a Caterwauling Correspondence, or a more peaceable and elegant Way of separate Beds.—She seems nettled, I'll proceed. (*Aside.*)—With this Thought I comfort myself: And here, Madam, bid Matrimony and you eternally, Farewell.—*Who wou'd be let for Life.*

[*Sings and hums that Tune.*

*Wid.* Eternally!—I wish I had never seen this Fellow.—Lord, how my Heart sinks. (*Aside.*)

*Fain.* *Come all ye Winds, come all away,  
And briskly in our Canvass play;  
Waft me gently o'er the Main;  
Farewell, Widow! Farewell, Pain!  
Lara, dera, lara, dera, lal, lal, la!*

[*In the Tune of Over the Hills and far away.*

*Wid.* You are exceeding gay, Sir.

*Fain.* *Tous jour Gay*, as the *French* say. I always meet the Frowns of Fortune thus.—The Jade may jilt, but never

inslave me.—But, to be serious, To-morrow, Madam, I embark for the *Indies*. It will be a secret Pleasure to me, if you'll permit this Paper Room in your Cabinet. It is my last Will and Testament. If I miscarry in the Voyage, that will intitle you to Forty thousand Pounds, my Uncle's Death enrich'd me with in *Jamaica*; whither I am bound. This is a Proof of my Esteem, though you have forbid my Love.

[Gives her a Paper, and takes up a Book from the Table, and seems to look in't.]

*Wid.* This is an Act so singular, so full of Generosity, that it almost lays me under a Necessity of making you some Return.

*Fain.* Very singular, Faith, if she knew all. (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* Forty Thousand Pounds!—Why, one Quarter of that Money, would buy a Barony.

*Fain.* Quarter me, if I wou'd lay it out that Way, if I had it. (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* Or, suppose you shou'd sell Part of your Estate in, in, in—*Gloucestershire*?

*Fain.* Ay! or any other Shire. (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* A Patent wou'd be no difficult Thing to obtain.

*Fain.* No! but the Money to pay for it wou'd. (*Aside.*) Ha! —What's here, *The Pleasures of a Single Life*? Luckily



encounter'd!—

*Wid.* P'shaw! a Fiddle of *Single Life!*

*Fain.* Nay, since you have impos'd the Study, Madam, you must give me Leave to con my Lesson.

[*Seems to read.*

*Wid.* Pugh! now, I'm serious, you are turning every Thing to ridicule.—About this same Patent, I say;—Suppose you sell Part of your Estate.

*Fain.* Faith, Madam, my Estate is like a Wife, intail'd; and my Father made me swear, never to levy a Fine upon any Consideration, but making a Lady a Jointure. So that it is like to be mine for Life.—But, I know, this sudden Pretence of yours, is only to try the Strength of my Resolution.—You are not in earnest.

*Wid.* Well, pursue your Voyage to *Jamaica*; sell your Effects; return and purchase a Barony; which you may easily do, in Eight or Ten Months, and you shall see if I am in earnest, or not.

*Fain.* Eight, or Ten Months! Ha, ha, ha! Men love not now, Child, the Patriarchal Way. No, no, I wou'd not trust to a Woman's Promise Eight or Ten Hours.—Marry me before I go, and then—

*Wid.* O! then you won't go at all.

*Fain.* Just the same as if you do not marry me.

*Wid.* But what a ridiculous Figure I shall make, after so many Declarations against *Plebeianism*, when I shall be wish'd Joy by that vulgar Epithet—Mrs. *Worthy*!

*Fain.* If that be an Objection, I'll give you my Honour, you shall never be call'd Mrs. *Worthy*—(*Takes hold of her Hand, then snatches it away.*)—O, the Devil! that Touch has thaw'd all my Resolution, and Love and Folly begin to pour in like a Deluge: But when I think of those terrible Words, *You and I must never be conjured into the Circle of a Wedding-Ring.*

*Wid.* This is nothing to the Barony. Look-ye, Mr. *Worthy*, your Generosity has made this Moment yours, but if you don't take me at my Word, Consideration may spoil my Gratitude.

*Fain.* Nay, I'm to be taken in the Moment too. Therefore, if you'll slip on your Hood and Scarf, and step into a Hackney-Coach with me, and drive to the *Fleet*, where we may be tack'd together by a Spiritual Journey-man, without a License, or the Knowledge of either your Servants or mine; I promise you, as soon as the Ceremony is over, I'll on Board; make what Haste the Wind and Waves will permit; Dispatch my Affairs with the utmost Expedition; and with the first Ship, return to these dear Arms. 'Till when, 'till when, thy Widow's Name be worn. The World shall be insensible of my Happiness, 'till it ring with thy Honour.

*Wid.* And you'll perform this?

*Fain.* Most religiously. (*Embraces her.*)

*Wid.* But—

*Fain.* Nay, no more Fairy Fancies: Give real substantial Pleasure. We Country-Gentlemen are so used to Surloins of Beef, that we shall starve on the Whipt-Cream of Airy Promises.—*Take me, take me, whilst you may.* (*Sings, then runs and catches her in his Arms.*) This Moment, whilst my Hopes are high; whilst Imagination represents a Groop of Pleasures. Thou'lt find thy Account in't, I warrant thee, Widow!

*Wid.* Oh! I can refuse the dear Man no longer.—Well, wait in a Coach at the Corner of the Street, and I'll be with you in the Compass of a Wish.

[*Exit.*

*Fain.* Ha, ha, ha! she's caught by *Jupiter*.

*Enter Sam.*

*Sam.* Joy to you, Sir! I over-heard the Bargain.

*Fain.* Not a Word in the Family.

*Sam.* Not for the World, Sir.

*Fain.* Wait you at my Lodging, with all Things in Readiness for Consummation.

*Sam.* Never fear my Part of the Business, Sir.

*Fain.* What have you done with his Lordship?

*Sam.* Reduc'd him to a Commoner again, Sir; but the Fellow is a reasonable Creature; provided you'll forgive him, he'll obey your Commands.

*Fain.* Very well! Away, and call me a Coach.

*Sam.* Yes, Sir, yes.—

[*Exit.*

*Fain.* Egad, I've earn'd her Fortune by mere Dint of Policy.  
—Thus,

*When Truth, and Love, to win a Woman fail,  
A well laid Plot, and Artifice prevail.*

[*Exit.*

**SCENE** *changes to the Street, before Watchit's Door. He in Armour, with a Blunderbuss on his Shoulder, which he often makes ready to fire.*

*Wat.* I shall pepper this Dog, if he comes in my Way.—  
Hark! Sure I heard somebody tread.—No, 'twas nothing but the Wind, I believe—'Tis very cold—I shall catch my Death; but it is better to die once for all, than to live upon the Rack. What had I to do with a Help-Mete, when I was no Mete-Help for her? S'Death, to be bubbled in my old Age; to father Children that I never got, and leave my Estate to a Mungrel

Race, half Fish, half Flesh, a Piece of Priest Craft! I have had, as it were, by Instinct, a Sort of Aversion to that Kind of People from my Cradle. Ah! honest *John Dryden*, I shall never forget a Passage of Thine.—

*Priests of all Religions.*—

Who comes there? Stand, or you're a dead Man.

*Enter Demur, who draws, strikes up Watchit's Piece, and disarms him.*

*Dem.* How! Villain—I'll see you fairly truss'd up, if I live.

*Wat.* 'Ounds, who are you, Sir? and what makes you sauntering here, at this time of Night? you are a Rogue, Sirrah, and I'll secure you.—Watch, Watch, Watch.

*Dem.* That pretence shan't save your Bacon, you old Villain you. Watch. Watch.

*Enter Sir John, with his Sword drawn.*

*Sir John.* What's the Matter here? Ha! Doctor *Demur*? You are not hurt, I hope!

*Wat.* Doctor *Demur*! Who the Devil's he? a Patch of the Law? or a Carcase-mender? I expected a Botcher of another Kind.—*(Aside.)*

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Dem.* No, not hurt, *Sir John*; but I was like to have a Brace of Balls in my Guts.

*Const.* Who call'd Watch?

*Dem.* I did, Sir; here's a Rogue attack'd me on the King's Highway, with a Design to rob, and murder me, I suppose.

*Wat.* I did, Sir; this strapping young Dog disarm'd me, with Intention to enter my *House Vi & Armis*; plunder, and abuse me—

[*They both speak together.*]

*Const.* Your House! Where do you live, Sir?

*Wat.* What's that to you, Sir?—A Constable may cuckold an Alderman. I don't desire any of you Night-walking Sparks should know my House! (*Aside.*)

*Const.* A plain Case, a plain Case! he's asham'd of his Habitation; away with him.

*Sir John.* Ay, ay, Mr. *Constable*, he's a Rogue! This is a worthy Gentleman, a Doctor of the Laws.

*Const.* Yes, yes, Sir; I know Doctor *Demur* to be as honest a Man, as any in the whole *Temple*, and ruins as few, I believe. We'll secure him, Sir.

*Dem.* Do; I'll have him examin'd before a Justice of the Peace in the Morning.

*Wat.* The Devil! this is a Trick to get me out of the way; and whilst I'm detained by these Scoundrels, that Dog of a

Fryar will lie at Rack and Manger with my Wife. Pray hear me, Mr. *Constable*.

*Const.* Yes, yes, Sir, you shall be heard before you go to *Newgate*.—You're a fine old Duke to come to the Gallows at these Years. Come, bring him along.

*Wat.* Sir, I say I'll go before a Justice to Night, and will have my Wife with me too. Zounds, I cou'd tear my Flesh.—Oh! *Tim! Tim!* that ever thou should'ft marry?

[Exit, forc'd out by the Constables, &c.

*Sir John.* This shou'd be *Fainwell's* Uncle, by his talking of his Wife; and certainly mistook you for one of her Gallants.

*Dem.* Odso! I have heard *Fainwell* speak of him. If it shou'd be him, we shall have good Diversion. Where are you going, *Sir John*?

*Sir John.* I am sent for by my Brother *Ned*; who, I am told, lies dangerous ill at the Widow *Heedless's*.

*Dem.* 'Tis thither I'm going; I'm glad I met you: I hope it is for your Advantage.—I'll follow you, Sir.

*Sir John.* Haste shou'd excuse Ceremony, Doctor.

[Exit.

*Enter Constable and Watch, with Mr. Watchit and his Wife, and Lucy; meeting Sir Philip Moneylove.*

*Const.* Come, come, bring them along to the Round-House.

*Mrs. Wat.* Whither, cruel Man, must I be haul'd out of my Bed at this unseasonable Hour?

*Const.* Only to the Watch-house, Madam.

*Wat.* To the Watch-house! to the Devil, Sir! I'm a Gentleman, and won't be abus'd. Carry me before a Justice instantly.

*Sir Phil.* What's the matter here?

*Const.* Oh, Sir *Philip!* Here, here's a Justice of Peace for you. This old Man, Sir, assaulted Doctor *Demur.*

*Wat.* You lye, Sir! he assaulted me, Mr. *Justice.*—

*Sir Phil.* Hold, hold, Sir; I can't hear you in the Street. My Cousin *Heedless* lives the next Door, carry your Prisoners thither, *Constable;* you know the House, I suppose.

*Const.* Yes, yes, very well, Sir. Come, come, bring 'em along.

**SCENE** *the Inside of Mrs. Heedless's House.*

*The Back-Scene draws, and discovers Ned Freeman and Louisa, just married; (the Parson making his Exit) and Sir John and Demur; Louisa throws her Arms about Freeman's Neck.*



*Lou.* Now I'm happy. Now thou'rt mine again!  
Look up, my Love! my *Freeman*!  
My Joy! my Soul! my Husband!  
Take, take me in thy Arms; and say,  
Thou dost forgive me; or I'm still most wretched.

*Ned.* Ha! Why this Joy? from whence these Raptures,  
When Life is on the Wing; and Death pursues it  
With an Eagle's Swiftness?

*Lou.* Far be that Thought! far as my wishes, send it!  
I hope to hold it many happy Years:  
Thou art not poison'd.

*Sir John.* You're in no Danger, I assure you, Brother; it was  
only your Surprize disordered you.

*Ned.* Give me leave to tell you, Brother, the Disorder I find  
myself in cannot proceed from Surprize alone.

*Sir John.* Something there was; but far from being fatal; the  
Doctor assur'd me, it wou'd have no other Effect than making  
you a little sick for the present.—

*Ned.* And, I assure you, Sir, that I am not to be trick'd, Sir.  
(*Draws.*) Cancel the Deed this Moment, or—

*Sir John.* (*Draws.*) That, and my Life shall go together.

*Lou.* Ah! (*Shrieks.*) Murder! Murder!

[*Demur draws, and parts them.*]

*Enter Sir Philip, Watchit, Mrs. Watchit, Lucy, Constable and Watch.*

Sir *Phil.* Ha! Murder! I charge you in the King's Name to keep the Peace, Mr. *Constable*.—What do I see! Mr. *Freeman* and the mad Knight!—What would you murder your Brother, Sir. Secure him, Constable—I have been looking for you, Mr. *Freeman*, all the Town over.—D'ye hear, step to my House, and bid my Daughter come to me this Minute.

[*To one of the Watchmen, who Exits.*]

Hark-ye, Mr. *Freeman*; was not there something to be done at my House to Night?

*Ned.* I thought so, Sir, but was unluckily prevented.—

*Wat.* This is the Rogue, that took me up, Mr. *Justice*.

*Dem.* Did not you bid me stand, Sir? and did not I disarm you of that Blunderbuss in the Constable's Hand, you old Thief, you?

*Wat.* Thief! I scorn your Words, Sir; I was upon my Guard.

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Sir *Phil.* Guard of what, Sir?

*Wat.* Why, a Breach that's made in my Citadel here.

[*Pointing to his Wife.*]

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! By whom, pray?

*Wat.* Ask her that; she can tell you.

*Lucy.* Yes, Sir, my Lady can tell you, what melancholy Days, and wretched Nights—

*Wat.* I'll wretched Nights you, Hussey!

[*Holds up his Cane.*]

Sir *Phil.* Hold, Sir; do you consider where you are?

*Wat.* Yes, and what I am too.

Sir *Phil.* And what may that be, I pray?

*Wat.* A Cuckold, Sir—

*Dem.* If you are sure of that—Why—the Law is open, Sir.

*Wat.* Ay! so open, that it has swallow'd both Justice and Conscience; and yet is as Hollow as ever.

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha; but how came you arm'd? and to insult this honest Gentleman?

*Wat.* Have a care what you say, Sir; he'll bring his Action against you for Scandal.—But I took him for just such another honest Gentleman; a Botcher of Consciences. One that has a better Knack at making Sin than forgiving it.—My Wife knows what I say to be true; and my Intention was to

have sent a Brace of Balls Hue-and-Cry thro' his Body, in Pursuit of his Continency.

*Dem.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Murder a Man for lying with your Wife!—Why, you shou'd take the Law of him.

*Wat.* That the Lawyers might murder my Estate; no, I thank you; I'm for the shortest way; I'd rather hang at *Tyburn*, than in one of your Courts.—

Mrs. *Wat.* Have you Witness of what you say, my Dear?

*Wat.* Yes, yourself, my dear Devil—

Mrs. *Wat.* I deny it; produce your Evidence!

*Wat.* Oh Impudence! Sir, pray give her her Oath and send her to the Devil at once—Did not you tell your ghostly Father, Mistress, that a Fryar enjoy'd you every Night? Deny that, if you can! Nay, and even when I was in Bed with you too! And that ev'ry Door in the House open'd as soon as he approach'd it! for which you believ'd him a Conjuror? A Pox on the Wizard, and the Circle too, I say—Now, Gentlewoman, can you safely take your Oath this was not your Confession!

Mrs. *Wat.* I can safely take my Oath, I go in Danger of my Life with you.

*Wat.* No, no, 'tis I go in Danger of my Life, Mistress—

Mrs. *Wat*. That shall be try'd; for know, Sir, I can bear these base Insults no longer—I must not go abroad—Not so much as to Church; nor see any Company at Home; not a Relation in Breeches; and whenever you take a Whim in your Head to go Abroad, I must not lie in my Bed, tho' you have the Key of the Door in your Pocket. Nay, in short, I must not sleep, lest I shou'd cuckold you in a Dream.

Sir *Phil*. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Wat*. A Woman may be made a Fool on, if she will; but you shall find, Mr. *Watchit*, I have Friends that won't see me abus'd. *Lucy*, call me, a Chair—I'll clear myself, I warrant you.

*Wat*. Hussey, stir if you dare. (*To Lucy*.) No, Madam, you shall clear yourself here, if you can.

Sir *Phil*. I wou'd advise you, Sir, to agree with your Lady.—Mr. *Constable*, you may leave your Prisoners with me.

[*Exit Constable, &c.*

*Dem*. This is a Cause for the Civil Court.

Mrs. *Wat*. I have something to offer under the Cognizance of Common Law; have not we an Act against Priests, that belong to no Ambassadors?

*Dem*. Yes, Madam, it's Death for such to live in *England*; and it's pity that Act is not put in Execution.

Mrs. *Wat*. Then, I here deliver up this Gentleman to you, Sir.

*Wat*. What, do you mean to hang me for a Priest, Mistress? Am I a Priest?

Mrs. *Wat*. So you pretended when you took my Confession; Cou'd you imagine, I did not know you? Yes, and resolv'd to fit you for your Jealousy. And now this good Company shall judge, if I don't bed every Night with a Fryar; and pray you, *Snub*, what Door in our House keens shut, when you approach, and bid it open?

[*In a drolling Manner.*]

*Dem*. Ha, ha, ha! You are bit, old Gentleman.—I suppose you'll ask my Pardon now, Sir? Ha, ha ha.

*Wat*. The Devil sneer you.—How have I expos'd myself! Ah! *Tim! Tim!* Thou art but a Fool of a wise Man! (*Aside.*)

*Enter Mrs. Heedless.*

Sir *Philip*. Oh! Cousin *Heedless!* you'll forgive my taking up your House here—

*Wid*. My Servants told me the Reason.—You are welcome, Sir *Philip*. I hate the sight of him; but it's no Time to tell him so now.—Well! I have made no ill Bargain. If this Spouse of mine shou'd never return, this Writing intitles me to all his Estate in *Jamaica*.—If he lives to come back—I shall be a Woman of Quality! and our Laws make farther Provision for

me, if he dies. I wish all Widows were as wise as myself.  
Cousin *Olivia*, your Servant.

*Enter Olivia.*

*Oliv.* How go Matters here? Dear Cousin, inform me.

*Wid.* As you wou'd have 'em, I believe; for the Parson was sent for; and methinks, one may read Matrimony in Mr. *Freeman's* Face already.

*Sir Phil.* Ho! Are you come. (*Seeing Olivia.*)

*Oliv.* Did you send for me, Sir?

*Sir Phil.* Ay, ay, come hither, Child.—Mr. *Freeman*, we had as good make an End of the Business now; and this good Company will make up a Country-Dance—Here's my Girl. Cousin *Heedless* will send for a Parson.

*Oliv.* Oh miserable! What do I hear?

*Sir Phil.* The Business will soon be done.

*Ned.* My Business is done, Sir.

*Sir Phil.* But not with my Daughter, Sir.—Come, hang Thinking; send home the *Dutch* Woman, They are heavy dull Jades. Here's a Girl of the true *English* Breed, that will make you as merry as a Cricket, when the Parson has said Grace, Boy.

*Ned.* I tell you, Sir *Philip*, I have more Occasion for the Hangman's Halter, than the Marriage Noose.

*Sir Phil.* What, before you are married? Pish, Pish! that's impossible. But were there not certain Articles to be performed on your Part to Day?

*Ned.* I thought so Yesterday, Sir.

*Sir Phil.* Yesterday, Sir? Zounds! What do you mean, Sir?

*Sir John.* Why, in short, Sir, this Lady has slept in between my brother *Ned*, and your Daughter, and supply'd her Place; that's all, Sir.

*Oliv.* O blessed Sound. (*Aside.*)

*Sir Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! What have you another Play to act, Sir *John*?

*Sir John.* No, Faith, Sir *Philip*, the Play is ended; and with your Leave, this Lady and I will speak the Epilogue.

[*Takes hold of Olivia's Hand.*]

*Sir Phil.* Stark mad, by *Jupiter*. Hold, hold, Sir, this Lady does not understand Epilogues, nor Prologues neither. (*Takes her from him.*) Do you think I am to be fool'd, Mr. *Freeman*?

*Lou.* No, Sir; but I think you must look out sharp for another Son-in-Law, Sir *Philip*; for I am on the right side of the Hedge, now.—We are married, Sir.



Sir *Phil.* Indeed, is she in earnest, Mr. *Freeman*?

*Ned.* Yes, Faith, I can see no Jest in't; and I'll tell you another Secret; I have given my Brother every Foot of my Estate.—

Sir *Phil.* Really!

*Dem.* Really, Sir *Philip.* I drew the Deed.

Sir *Phil.* Why, then it was the worst Deed he ever did in his Life; and if it be true—I wish you Joy, Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* To convince you, Sir, there's the Papers.

[*Gives him Papers.*]

Sir *Phil.* Humph!—'Tis even so,—I wish you Joy with your *Dutch Vrow*, Mr. *Freeman*,—I do, Faith, Minheer.

Mrs. *Wat.* My Lover married! Nay, then I'm glad we were no better acquainted. (*Aside.*)

*Wid.* I wish you Joy, Madam. (*To Louisa.*)

*Lou.* It is not in the Power of Fortune to give me more. I hope, my Dear, you are pretty well again.

*Ned.* Humph, my Sickness will continue longer than she imagines. (*Aside.*) You assure me I'm in no Danger of leaving the World, Madam; I wish you cou'd tell me how to live in't

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*Lou.* Oh, trust to Love, my Dear.

*Ned.* And starve, my Dear!      [*Walks from her.*]

*Wat.* How shall I be able to look my Wife in the Face again?

*Mrs. Wat.* Methinks, *Lucy*, your Master seems to have an Air of Penitence.

*Lucy.* He does, indeed, look penitential, Madam.

*Sir Phil.* I've been considering you from Head to Foot, *Sir John*; and, upon my Soul, I think I never saw you look so well in my Life: Tho', to say Truth, I always thought you a fine Gentleman.—'Till he was disinherited. (*Aside.*)—*Olivia*, come hither, Child! Give me thy Hand; it was ever my Resolution, that thou should'st go with the Estate; and therefore, *Sir John*, since you've got one, e'en take t'other. (*Throws her to him.*)—There, now do your Endeavour to make me, within Ten Months, a Grandfather.—

*Sir John.* On my Knees I thank you. This Present is more Welcome, than what my Brother gave me.

*Ned.* Return my Deed then; I did not give it you: You trick'd me out of it; remember that, Brother.

*Sir John.* Out of nothing but my own, Brother; but half my Estate is at your Service. Your Generosity to this Lady commands that.

Sir *Phil.* Say you so, Sir? Then your Generosity shall command but half my Daughter's Portion; mark that.

*Lou.* I bar that Injustice; the Fortune's all his own; Nor do we need your kind Indulgence, Brother—

*Ned.* No!—Egad, I'm glad to hear that! (*Aside.*)

*Lou.* Yours was the Plot that made my *Freeman* mine; and Heaven rewards you for't, with your Estate; and puts it in my Pow'r to raise your Brother above the Reach of Want. Know, then, my Father left me his only Heir, and Mistress of forty thousand Pounds.

*Ned.* Ha! Say'st thou?

*Lou.* I knew not where to find thee; but resolv'd to live unmarried for thy Sake—But, upon Sir *John's* Letter, hasten'd to prevent thy Breach of Faith. 'Tis done; forgive the Artifice, and all my Fortune's thine.

*Ned.* Forgive thee! What, forty thousand Pounds, and ask Forgiveness! One quarter of the Money would purchase a Pardon for all the Sins of thee, and thy Posterity! I affirm, no Woman can be guilty of any Fault, that has forty thousand Pounds.—But few of the Sex can boast such Constancy. How shall I thank thee for this excessive Goodness? Brother! Let me thank you too. Had I known your Inclination for this Lady, you should have had no Rival here.

[*Claps his Hand on his Breast.*]

Sir *Phil.* And if he had not got the Estate again, he should have had no Father here. (*Clapping his Hand on his Breast.*) Come, come, 'tis all well, and the *Man has his Mare again*—What are you musing on, Sir? (*To Watchit.*) Prithee be chearful Man—Suppose you were a Cuckold, the Fault's not yours, nor your Wife's neither: No doubt but you was born when *Mars* and *Venus* were in Conjunction; and if so, who can withstand their Fate?

*Omn.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Dem.* Ha, ha; but this Gentleman is in no Danger—Come, come, Sir, take your Lady and make much of her; give her her own Liberty; confide in her Honour, and that way preserve her Virtue.

*Ned.* I'm glad the old Cuss does not know me again. (*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Wat.* Let him cease to be jealous, and when I give him real Cause, let him expose me—What say you, *Mumps*? Shall I enjoy the Liberties of an *English Wife*?

*Wat.* An *English Wife*, that's a large Latitude, *Pud!* But I agree to it; come, buss, and Friends then! (*Kisses her.*) So now;

*I'll from this Moment banish all my Cares,  
With all my Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars.*

*Enter Fainwell and Sam singing, the last with a Bottle and Glass in his Hand.*

*Wid.* Bless me! What, do I see my Rascal drunk?

*Sir Phil.* Ha, ha, ha, *Jeffery* in his Cups?

*Fain.* I'm resolv'd to be merry to Night, be-mess, Sir.—  
(*Sings.*)

*Sing Ola wa, let us be merry—*

*Sam.* *O nilly wa, let us be merry.*

*Fain.* *And drink the King's Health in racy Canary.*

*Sam.* *Ya hony Lee.—*

*Wid.* I'll honey Lee you, Sirrah—

[*Runs to beat him.*

*Fain.* Hold, hold, my Dear; tho' I allow'd you to beat me, when you was my Mistress, the Case is alter'd now you are my Wife.—

*Wid.* Wife!

*Fain.* I am no longer *Jeffery*! but your Lord and Master.—

*Wid.* Ruin'd past Redemption! Oh! oh! oh!

[*Bursts into Tears.*

*Fain.* No, no, my Dear, I'll so hug, love, and buss thee, that thou shalt own to Morrow Morning thy Money well laid out.

[*Goes to embrace her.*

*Omnes* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Wid.* Stand off; I never can forgive your putting such a Trick upon me, Mr. *Worthy!*

*Fain.* Mr. *Fainwell*, if you please, my Dear. You shall find me a Man of Honour. You know it was part of our Agreement, you shou'd not be call'd Mrs. *Worthy.*

*Wid.* Not *Worthy!* Oh Heavens! then I have married a down-right Scoundrel! Oh! undone, undone; get out of my Sight. Oh! oh!

*Fain.* Get out of thy Sight! No, no, I'll get into thy Arms, my Girl: where I'll convince thee, that I am a Gentleman, of a better Family than your Sham-Lord.

[*Whispers Sam, who Exits.*

*Wat.* That he is, I assure you, Widow; for he is my Nephew.

*Sir Phil.* A very good Metamorphosis! You are an excellent Actor, Sir.

*Fain.* Every Man in his Way, Sir.

*Sir Phil.* Is your Vanity come to this! Faith, you have made but a blind Bargain of it, Cousin.

*Fain.* You had lik'd to have couzen'd her into a blinder Bargain—Hark-ye, Sir *Philip*, what was you to have had, if this noble Lord of your Dubbing, had been in my Place?

*Enter Sam and Tally.*

*Sir Phil.* What do you mean by asking that Question, Sir? Do you think I was to be brib'd?

*Fain.* So this same Gentleman says, Sir; to the Tune of Three Thousand Pounds.—Is it not true, *Tally*?

*Tally.* To a Tittle, Sir—

*Sir Phil.* Why, you, you, you impudent Son of a Whore; were not Seventeen enough for you?

*Wid.* Not if he had been what you represented him, Sir. But I have nothing to thank your Friendship for.

*Sir Phil.* A Fig for your Reflections; nothing wou'd go down with your Vanity, but a Lord, forsooth: and since no Lord of the King's making would be troubled with you, I made one on purpose for you. Look-ye, 'tis my Opinion, ev'ry Man cheats in his Way—And he is only honest, who is not discover'd.

[*Exit.*

*Omnes* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Fain.* I believe, Sir, I have a Guinea of yours.—It is too much, to take both your Money and your Mistress; there, Sir; (*Gives him a Guinea.*) Now, Sir, I presume your Absence will be very agreeable to this Company.

*Tally.* With all my Heart, Sir.—And I am glad I'm come off so well.

[*Exit.*

*Ned.* Come, come, Madam, I think you have 'scap'd very well, considering all. You might have been undone: The Prevention of which is owing to Mr. *Fainwell*. There's nothing in a Title—Believe me, there are more heavy Hearts in Coaches with Coronets behind 'em, than you'll find in the Hacks, take 'em as they run, from the *Royal Palace* to the *Royal Exchange*.

*Sir John.* I'm of my Brother's Opinion, Madam; Mr. *Fainwell* bears the King's Commission; and tho' he is but a Subaltern, you have Fortune enough to buy him a Regiment; and a Colonel's Lady is as good as my Lord's.

*Wid.* Well, since it is no better, 'tis well it's no worse;—But don't you think, *Sir John*, a Thousand Pounds, rightly plac'd, wou'd not get him knighted?

*Fain.* Ha, ha, ha! We'll consider of that to Morrow Morning.

*Wid.* I hope you'll forgive the Blows, I—



*Fain.* And promise never to return 'em too.

*Wat.* Nephew, I wish thee Joy with all my Heart.

*Fain.* I thank you, Uncle.

*Sir John.* I'm so much indebted to you, that I love you now, methinks, in spight of Principle.

*Ned.* My Principle, dear *Jack*, is the same with thine. I did not think it prudent to contradict my Father; but no Man shall do more in Defence of his Country, or pay his Taxes more chearfully. Come to my Arms.

*Sir John.* To my Heart. (*They embrace.*)

*Ned.* Now every Man to his Mate; and let's have a Country-Dance.

[*Goes to Louisa.*]

*Sir John.* Come, Mr. *Watchit*, take your Wife, and let me advise you, if she has any Faults, hide them from the Publick:

*For He or She, who drags the Marriage Chain,  
And finds in Spouse Occasion to complain,  
Should hide their Frailties with a Lover's Care,  
And let th' ill-judging World conclude 'em Fair;  
Better th' Offence ne'er reach the Offender's Ear. }  
For they who sin with Caution, whilst conceal'd,  
Grow impudently careless, when reveal'd.*

**FINIS.**

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TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

Contemporary spelling has generally been retained; this includes contractions now uncommon, such as *cou'd* and *han't*.

The abbreviations used for character names, and their spelling generally, are not uniform, and hyphenation is inconsistent. Some punctuation has been normalised based on context.

A small number of obvious misprints due to broken or reversed type, or simply human error, have been corrected.

One instance of *Enter Mrs. Watchit* was changed to *Exit Mrs. Watchit* at the end of Act 4 (since it is followed by *Watchit solus*).

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[The end of *The Artifice* by Susanna Centlivre]