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*del. et sculp. J. G. Kneller*

*J. G. Kneller*

*M<sup>r</sup> LEE LEWIS as CAP<sup>t</sup> BOARDWELL  
(He you disorder your point most irregularly)!*

London Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand. on Aug<sup>o</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 1791.



# EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

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A WILLIAM & MARY EARLENOTE  
COMEDY. MEMORIAL LIBRARY  
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By BEN JONSON.

AS ALTERED

By DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

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“The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

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MDCCLXXII



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## EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

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**THIS** is one of the boldéſt Comedies in any language — Every ſentence is ſtamped for ſterling by the mintage of dramatic excellencē.

Its characters are, however, all of them SHAKSPERIAN. from the tortur'd imagination of the jealous *Kitely* down to the ſlight inſufficiency of *Maſter Stephen*.—As we do not recollect to have ſeen the contiguous characters in the great Bard particularly oppoſed to thoſe of JONSON, it may not be unentertaining to point them nominally out, for leiſure and curioſity to compare.

**KITELY** is obviously like **FORD** and **LEONTES**.

**BOEADIL** is between **PISTOL** and **ARMADO**.

**KNO'WELL**, as a father, is **POLONIUS**.

**Mr. STEPHEN** reſembles **Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK**.

**DOWNRIGHT** performs the functions of **FLUELLEN**.

**Justice CLEMENT** is like our **HOST of the GARTER**.

**Mr. MATTHEW** is **Mr. FROTH**.

**CASH** ſpeaks the very language of **EMILIA**,

And ſo on.—But they are coloured with a ſkill ſo profound, that the copies are nearly as valuable as the originals.

In the perusal of this Piece lately, it has risen considerably in our estimation—We could not resist weighing together *Ford* and *Kitely* in the balance of comparison, and it was long ere we could determine upon the superiority of power; at length a slight difference in their ages induced us, but with hesitation, to give the place of honour to *Ford*.

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## PROLOGUE.

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*C*RITICS, your favour is our author's right—  
The well-known scenes we shall present to-night  
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,  
But the strong touches of immortal Ben;  
A rough old Bard, whose honest pride disdain'd  
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd—  
And wou'd to-night your loudest praise disclaim,  
Shou'd his great shade perceive the doubtful fame,  
Not to his labours granted, but his name.  
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,  
“ He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,  
“ Or purchase their delight at such a rate,  
“ As, for it, he himself must justly hate:  
“ But rather begg'd they wou'd be pleas'd to see  
“ From him, such plays as other plays shou'd be:  
“ Wou'd learn from him to scorn a motley scene,  
“ And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men.”  
Thus spoke the bard—and tho' the times are chang'd,  
Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd;  
And satire had not then appear'd in state,  
To lash the finer follies of the great,  
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,  
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd;

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*With no false niceness this performance view,  
Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true :  
Sure to those scenes some honour shou'd be paid,  
Which Cambden patroniz'd, and Shakspeare play'd :  
Nature was Nature then, and still survives :  
The garb may alter, but the substance lives.  
Lives in this play——where each may find complete  
His pictur'd self——Then favour the deceit——  
Kindly forget the hundred years between ;  
Become old Britons, and admire old Ben.*

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Dramatis Personae.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

*Men.*

KITELY, <i>a merchant,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Wroughton.
Captain BOBADIL,	- - - - -	Mr. Lee-Lewes.
KNO'WELL, <i>an old gentleman,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Hull.
ED. KNO'WELL, <i>his son,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Whitfield.
BRAIN-WORM, <i>the father's man,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Wilson.
Mr. STEPHEN, <i>a country gull,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Edwin.
DOWNRIGHT, <i>a plain squire,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Clarke.
WELL-BRED, <i>his half brother,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Robson.
Justice CLEMENT, <i>an old merry magis-</i>	- - - - -	} Mr. Booth.
<i>trate,</i>	- - - - -	
ROGER FORMAL, <i>his clerk,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Jones.
Mr. MATTHEW, <i>the town gull,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
CASH, <i>Kitely's man,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Thompson.
COB, <i>a water-bearer,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Fearon.

*Women.*

Dame KITELY,	- - - - -	Mrs. Bulkley.
Mrs. BRIDGET, <i>sister to Kitely,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Whitfield.
TIB, <i>Cob's wife,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Pitt.

SCENE, London.

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# EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

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*A Court-Yard before KNO'WELL'S House. Enter KNO'WELL and BRAINWORM.*

*Kno'well.*

A GOODLY day toward! and a fresh morning!  
Brain-worm,

Call up young master. Bid him rise, sir.

Tell him I have some business to employ him.

*Bra.* I will, sir, presently.

*Kno.* But hear you, sirrah.

If he be at his book, disturb him not.

*Bra.* Well, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Kno.* How happy, yet, should I esteem myself,

Could I, by any practice, wean the boy

From one vain course of study he affects.

He is a scholar, if a man may trust

The liberal voice of Fame in her report,

Of good account, in both our universities;

Either of which have favoured him with graces :  
 But their indulgence must not spring in me  
 A fond opinion, that he cannot err.  
 Myself was once a student ; and, indeed,  
 Fed with the self-same humour, he is now,  
 Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,  
 That fruitless, and unprofitable art,  
 Good unto none, but least to the professors,  
 Which, then, I thought the mistress of all know-  
 ledge :  
 But since time and the truth have wak'd my judg-  
 ment,  
 And reason taught me better to distinguish  
 The vain from th' useful learnings——

*Enter Master STEPHEN.*

Cousin Stephen !

What news with you, that you are here so early ?

*Step.* Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do,  
uncle.

*Kno.* That's kindly done, you are welcome, coz.

*Step.* Ay, I know that, sir, I would not ha' come  
else. How doth my cousin Edward, uncle ?

*Kno.* O, well, coz, go in and see : I doubt he be  
scarce stirring yet.

*Step.* Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an'  
he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and  
hunting ? I would fain borrow it.

*Kno.* Why, I hope you will not a hawking now,  
will you ?

*Step.* No wosse, but I'll practise against the next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

*Kno.* O, most ridiculous!

*Step.* Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without 'em. And by Gad's lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every hum-drum, hang 'em scroyls, there's nothing in 'em, i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury! or the citizens, that come a ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest i'faith! slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry. I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

*Kno.* You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb: go tell Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.

Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.

Ha' you not yet found means enow to waste

That which your friends have left you, but you must  
Go cast away your money on a kite,

And know not how to keep it when you've done?

O, it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!

Well, cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope

Of all reclaim. Ay, so, now you're told on it,  
You look another way.

*Step.* What would you ha' me do?

*Kno.* What would I have you do! I'll tell you,  
kinsman;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;  
That would I have thee do: and not to spend  
Your coin on every bawble that you fancy,  
Or every foolish brain that humours you.

“ I would not have you to invade each place,

“ Nor thrust yourself on all societies,

“ Till men's affections, or your own desert,

“ Should worthily invite you to your rank.

“ He that is so respectless in his courses,

“ Oft sel's his reputation at cheap market.

“ Nor would I you should melt away yourself

“ In flashing bravery, lest while you affect

“ To make a blaze of gentry to the world,

“ A little puff of scorn extinguish it,

“ And you be left like an unsavory snuff,

“ Whose property is only to offend.”

I'd ha' you sober and contain yourself:

Not, that your sail be bigger than your boat:

But mod'rate your expences now (at first)

As you may keep the same proportion still.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,

Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,

From dead men's dust and bones: and none of yours

Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Save you, gentlemen.

*Step.* Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet, you are welcome; and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a-year, Middlesex land: he has but one son in all the world; I am his next heir (at the common law) master Stephen, as simple as I stand here; if my cousin die (as there's hope he will). I have a pretty living o' my own too, beside, hard by here.

*Serv.* In good time, sir.

*Step.* In good time, sir! why? and in very good time, sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

*Serv.* Not I, sir.

*Step.* Not you, sir! you were not best, sir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too: go to. And they can give it again soundly too, an' need be

*Serv.* Why, sir, let this satisfy you: good faith, I had no such intent.

*Step.* Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

*Serv.* Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

*Step.* And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion? an' you were out o' my uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

*Kno.* Cousin! cousin! will this ne'er be left?

*Step.* Whoreson, base fellow? a mechanical serving man? By this cudgel, and 'twere not for shame, I would—

*Kno.* What would you do, you peremptory gull? If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see, the honest man demeans himself Modestly towards you, giving no reply To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion: And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage, As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go, get you in, 'fore heaven, I am asham'd Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [*Exit Step.*]

*Serv.* I pray you, sir, is' this Master Kno'well's house?

*Kno.* Yes, marry, is't, sir.

*Serv.* I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Kno'well: do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

*Kno.* I should forget myself else, sir.

*Serv.* Are you the gentleman: cry you mercy, sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end of the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

*Kno.* To me, sir! [*To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'well.*] What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?

*Serv.* One Master Well-bred, sir.

*Kno.* Master Well-bred! A young gentleman? Is he not?

*Serv.* The same, sir; Master Kitley married his sister: the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

*Kno.* You say very true. Brain-worm.

*Enter BRAIN-WORM.*

*Brain.* Sir.

*Kno.* Make this honest friend drink here. Pray you go in. [*Exeunt Brain. and Servant.*]

This letter is directed to my son:

Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,

With the safe conscience of good manners, use

The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious)

Be it but for the stile's sake, and the phrase,

To see if both do answer my son's praises,

Who is, almost, grown the idolater

Of this young Well-bred: What have we here?—

What's this?

[*The Letter.*]

*Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' th' Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall: an' I had been his son, I had sav'd him the labour long since; if, taking in all the young wenches that pass by, at the back door, and coddling every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' served. But pr'ythee, come over to me, quickly, this morning: I have such a present for thee (our Turkey company never sent the like to*

*the Grand Signior*). One is a rhimer, sir, o' your own batch, your own leven; but doth think himself poet-major o' the town; willing to be shewn, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your Viaticum.

*From the Windmill.*

From the Burdello, it might come as well;  
 The Spittal: is this the man,  
 My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,  
 The choicest brain, the times hath sent us forth?  
 I know not what he may be in the arts;  
 Nor what in schools: but surely, for his manners,  
 I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch:  
 Worse, by profession of such great good gifts,  
 Being the master of so loose a spirit.  
 Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ,  
 In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend?  
 Why should he think, I tell my apricots?  
 Or play th' Hesperian dragon with my fruit,  
 To watch it? Well, my son, I 'ad thought  
 You'd had more judgment, t' have made election  
 Of your companions, "than t' have ta'en on trust  
 "Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare  
 "No argument, or subject from their jest."  
 But I perceive, affection makes a fool  
 Of any man, too much the father. Brain-worm.



*Enter* BRAIN-WORM.

*Brain.* Sir.

*Kno.* Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

*Brain.* Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

*Kno.* And where's your young master?

*Brain.* In his chamber, sir.

*Kno.* He spake not with the fellow, did he?

*Brain.* No, sir, he saw him not.

*Kno.* Take you this letter, seal it, and deliver it  
my son;

But with no notice that I have open'd it on your life.

*Brain.* O lord, sir, that were a jest, indeed!

*Kno.* I am resolv'd, I will not stop his journey;

Nor practise any violent means to stay

The unbridled course of youth in him: for that,

Restrain'd, grows more impatient; "and, in kind,

"Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,

"Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,

"Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat."

There is a way of winning, more by love,

And urging of the modesty, than fear:

Force works on servile natures, not the free,

He, that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;

But, 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn

By softness, and example, get a habit.

Then if they stray, but warn 'em: and, the same

They would for virtue do, they'll do for shame.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Young KNO'WELL's Study. Enter EDWARD KNO'WELL and BRAIN-WORM.*

*E. Kno.* D'it he open it, say'st thou?

*Brain.* Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

*E. Kno.* That's bad. What countenance, pray thee, made he i' the reading of it? Was he angry, or pleas'd?

*Brain.* Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

*E. Kno.* No! How know'st thou then, that he did either?

*Brain.* Marry, sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it: which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

*E. Kno.* That's true: well, I thank thee, Brain-worm.

*Enter Master STEPHEN.*

*Step.* O! Brain-worm, did'st thou not see a fellow here, in a what sha'-call him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

*Brain.* Yes, Master Stephen, what of him?

*Step.* O! I ha' such a mind to beat him—where is he? canst thou tell?

*Brain.* Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Master Stephen.

*Step.* Gone! which way? When went he? How long since?

*Brain.* He is rid hence. He took horse at the street door.

*Step.* And I stay'd i' the fields! Whoreson, Scanderbeg rogue; O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again.

*Brain.* Why, you may ha' my master's gelding to save your longing, sir.

*Step.* But I ha' no boots, that's the spite on't.

*Brain.* Why, a fine whisp of hay, roll'd hard, Master Stephen.

*Step.* No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now; let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me—

*Brain.* You'll be worse vex'd, when you are truss'd, Master Stephen. Best keep unbrac'd, and walk yourself till you be cold, your choier may founder you else.

*Step.* By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't. How dost thou like my leg, Brain-worm?

*Brain.* A very good leg, Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

*Step.* Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll ha e a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose.

*Brain.* Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

*Step.* In sadness, I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

*Brain.* You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now; I am very sorry for't. [*Exit.*

*Step.* Another time will serve, Brain-worm. *Gracemercy*, for this.

*Enter Young KNO'WELL.*

*E. Kno.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Step.* 'Slid! I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do——

*E. Kno.* Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! He cannot but think most virtuously both of me and the sender, sure, that make the careful coster-monger of him in our familiar epistles. I wish I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—— What! my wise cousin! Nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more tow'rd the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth! Fortune! if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I intreat thee——

*Step.* O, now I see who he laughs at. He laughs at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laugh'd at me——

*E. Kno.* How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

*Step.* Yes, a little. I thought you had laugh'd at me, cousin.

*E. Kno.* Why, what an' I had, coz, what would you ha' done?

*Step.* By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

*E. Kno.* Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

*Step.* Did you, indeed?

*E. Kno.* Yes, indeed.

*Step.* Why, then——

*E. Kno.* What then?

*Step.* I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

*E. Kno.* Why, be so, gentle coz. And I pray you, let me intreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him: it's but crossing over the fields to Moor-gate: will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

*Step.* Sir, that's all one, an 'twere; you shall command me, twice so far as Moor-gate, to do you good, in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest——

*E. Kno.* No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

*Step.* By my fackins, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

*E. Kno.* You speak very well, coz.

*Step.* Nay, not so, neither; you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

*E. Kno.* Your turn, coz! Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me, alone, like a water-bearer at a conduit! "fie!  
"A wight, that, hitherto, his every step hath left

“the stamp of a great foot behind him, at every  
 “word the savour of a strong spirit; and he! this  
 “man, so graced, so gilded, or, as I may say, so tin-  
 “fou’d by nature.”—Come, come, wrong not the  
 quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz;  
 but hold up your head, so, and let the idea of what  
 you are, be pourtrav’d i’ your face, that men may  
 read i’ your physiognomy: *here, within this place, is to  
 be seen the true, and accomplished monster, or miracle of  
 nature, which is all one.* What think you of this,  
 coz?

*Step.* Why, I do think of it; and I will be more  
 proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I  
 have been, I’ll assure you.

*E. Kno* Why, that’s resolute, Master Stephen!  
 Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is  
 happily begun, it will do well for a suburb-humour:  
 we may hap have a match with the city, and play him  
 for forty pounds. Come, coz.

*Step* I’ll follow you.

*E. Kno.* Follow me; you must go before.

*Step.* Nay, an’ I must, I will. Pray you, shew  
 me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The Street before COB’s House. Enter Mr. MATTHEW.*

*Mat.* I think this be the house. What, hoal

*Enter COB, from the House.*

*Cob.* Who's there? O, Master Matthew! gi' your worship good morrow.

*Mat.* What, Cob! How dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

*Cob.* Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here in our days.

*Mat.* Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadil, where his lodging is?

*Cob.* O, my guest, sir, you mean!

*Mat.* Thy guest! Alas! ha, ha.

*Cob.* Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadil?

*Mat.* Cob, pray thee, advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman and thyself too. I dare be sworn he scorns thy house. He! he lodge in such a base, obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou'dst gi' it him.

*Cob.* I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in't we could not get him to-bed, all night! Well, sir, though he lies not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench. An't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost; and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done, to-night.

*Mat.* Why, was he drunk?

*Cob.* Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, ho. God b' wi' you, sir, it's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two turns by this. What ho! my stopple! come.

*Mat.* Lie in a water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

*Cob.* What Tib, shew this gentleman up to the captain. [*Tib shews Master Mat. into the house.* You should ha' some now, would take this Mr. Matthew to be a gentleman at the least. His father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is. O, my guest is a fine man! he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: by St. George—the foot of Pharaoh—the body of me,—as I am a gentleman—and a soldier; such dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth out at's tonnels! Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse by six-pence a time, besides his lodging; I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman.

[*Exit.*]



SCENE IV.

*A Room in COB's House. BOBADIL discovered upon a Bench. TIB enters to him.*

*Bob.* Hostess, hostess!

*Tib.* What say you, sir?

*Bob.* A cup o' thy small-beer, sweet hostess.

*Tib.* Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

*Bob.* A gentleman! 'ods so, I'm not within.

*Tib.* My husband told him you were, sir.

*Bob.* What a plague——what meant he?

*Mat.* [*Within.*] Captain Bobadil!

*Bob.* Whose there!—Take away the bason, good hostess. Come up, sir.

*Tib.* He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house here.

*Enter Mr. MATTHEW.*

*Mat.* 'Save you, sir; 'save you, captain.

*Bob.* Gentle Master Matthew! is it you, sir? Please you, sit down.

*Mat.* Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

*Bob.* Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drank to, I assure you.

*Mat.* Vouchsafe me by whom, good captain.

*Bob.* Marry, by young Well-bred, and others. Why, hostess! a stool here for this gentlemen.

*Mat.* No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

*Bob.* Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet: I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

*Mat.* Faith, some half hour to seven. Now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private!

*Bob.* Ay, sir: sit down. I pray you, Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

*Mat.* Who? I, sir? No.

*Bob.* Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular and generally visited, as some are.

*Mat.* True, captain, I conceive you.

*Bob.* For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

*Mat.* O lord, sir, I resolve so.

[Pulls out a paper, and reads.]

*Bob.* I confess, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new piece ha' you there? Read it.

*Mat.* [Reads.] *To thee, the purest object of my sense,  
The most refined essence Heaven covers,  
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence  
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.*

*Bob.* 'Tis good; proceed, proceed. Where's this?

*Mat.* This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage: the infancy of my muses. But, when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late—That boot becomes your leg, passing well, captain, methinks.

*Bob.* So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

*Mat.* Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Well-bred's elder brother and I are fall'n out exceedingly: this other day, I happen'd to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like; yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down, for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

*Bob.* 'Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

*Mat.* Ay, sir, George Downright.

*Bob.* Hang him, rook! He! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal! The most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs! a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

*Mat.* Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his

manhood still, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

*Bob.* How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?

*Mat.* Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

*Bob.* That may be: for I was sure, it was none of his word. But when! when said he so?

*Mat.* Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

*Bob.* By the foot of Pharaoh, an' 'twere my case now, I should send him a challenge, presently. The bastinado! A most proper, and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall challenge him. I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure: the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

*Mat.* Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

*Bob.* Of whom? Of whom ha' you heard it, I be-seen you?

*Mat.* Troth, I have heard it spoken of by divers, that you have very rare and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

*Bob.* By Heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth: some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have profest it more for noble-men, and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. I'll give you a lesson. Look you, sir.

Exalt not your point above this state, at any hand ; so, sir. Come on ! O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg ; note your distance ; keep your due proportion of time — Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly ! Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern or so—and have a bit—What money ha' you about you, Mr. Matthew ?

*Mat.* Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

*Bob.* 'Tis somewhat with the least : but come, we will have a bunch of raddishes, and salt, to taste our wine ; and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach : and then we'll call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall meet the Corydon, his brother, there, and put him to the question. Come along, Mr. Matthew

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Warehouse, belonging to KITELY. Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT*

*Kitely*

THOMAS, come hither.

There lies a note within, upon my desk,

Here, take my key — It is no matter, neither.  
Where is the boy?

*Cash.* Within, sir, i' the warehouse.

*Kite.* Let him tell over, straight, that Spanish gold,  
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you  
See the delivery of those silver stuffs  
To Mr. Lucar. Tell him, if he will,  
He shall ha' the grograms at the rate I told him,  
And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon.

*Cash.* Good, sir. [Exit.]

*Kite.* Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

*Dow.* Aye, what of him?

*Kite.* He is a jewel, brother, —  
I took him of a child, up, at my door,  
And christened him; gave him my own name, Thomas;  
Since bred him, at the hospital; where proving  
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him  
So much, as I have made him my cashier,  
And find him, in his place, so full of faith,  
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

*Dow.* So would not I in any bastard's brother,  
As, it is like, he is, although I knew  
Myself his father. But you said you'd somewhat  
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?

*Kite.* Faith, I am very loth to utter it,  
As tearing it may hurt your patience:  
But that I know your judgment is of strength,  
Against the nearness of affection —

*Dow.* What need this circumstance? Pray you be direct.

*Kite.* I will not say how much I do ascribe  
 “ Unto your friendship; nor, in what regard  
 “ I hold your love: but let my past behaviour,  
 “ And usage of your sister, but confirm  
 “ How well I’ve been affected to your——

*Dow.* “ You are too tedious,” come to the matter,  
 the matter.

*Kite.* Then, without further ceremony, thus.  
 My brother, Well bred, sir, I know not how,  
 Of late, is much decin’d in what he was,  
 And greatly alter’d in his disposition  
 When he came first to lodge here in my house,  
 Ne’er trust me, if I were not proud of him:  
 “ Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,  
 “ So full of man and sweetness in his carriage,  
 “ And what was chief, it shew’d not borrow’d in him,  
 “ But all he did, became him as his own,  
 “ And seem’d as perfect, proper, and possess,  
 “ As breath with life, or colour with the blood:”  
 But now his course is so irregular,  
 So loose, affected, and depriv’d of grace,  
 “ And he himself withal so far fall’n off  
 “ From that first place, as scarce no note remains,  
 “ To tell men’s judgments where he lately stood.  
 “ He’s grown a stranger to all due respect;  
 “ Forgetful of his friends, and not content  
 “ To state himself in all societies,”  
 He makes my house here, common, as a mart,  
 A theatre, a public receptacle  
 For giddy humour, and diseased riot:

And here, as in a tavern or a stew,  
 He, and his wild associates spend their hours  
 In repetition of lascivious jests :  
 Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,  
 Control my servants ; and indeed what not !

*Dow.* 'Sdains, I know not what I should say to him  
 i' the whole world ! he values me at a crack'd three-  
 farthings, for ought I see. It will never out o' the  
 flesh that's bred i' the bone ! I have told him enough,  
 one would think, if that would serve. Well ! he  
 knows what to trust to, for George. Let him spend  
 and spend, and domineer, till his heart ach ; an' he  
 think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one  
 o' your city-pounds, the counters, he has the wrong  
 sow by the ear, i' faith, and claps his dish at a wrong  
 man's door. I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere  
 I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

*Kite.* Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you,  
 thus.

*Dow.* S'death, he made me—I could eat my very  
 spur-leathers, for anger ! But, why are you so tame ?  
 Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he  
 disquiets your house ?

*Kite.* O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, bro-  
 ther ;

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,  
 Though but with plain and easy circumstance,  
 It would both come much better to his sense,  
 And savour less of stomach, or of passion.  
 You are his elder brother, and that title



Both gives and warrants you authority :  
 Whereas, if I should intimate the least,  
 It would but add contempt to his neglect,  
 Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,  
 That, in the rearing, would come tott'ring down,  
 And, in the ruin, bury all our love.  
 Nay, more than this, brother, if I should speak,  
 He would be ready, from his heat of humour,  
 And over-flowing of the vapour, in him,  
 To blow the ears of his familiars  
 With the false breath of telling what disgraces  
 And low disparagements I had put upon him.  
 Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,  
 Make their loose comments upon ev'ry word,  
 Gesture or look, I use ; mock me all o'er ;  
 And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,  
 Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.  
 And what would that be, think you ? Marry, this :  
 They would give out, because my wife is fair,  
 Myself but newly married, and my sister  
 Here sojourning a virgin in my house,  
 That I were jealous ! Nay, as sure as death,  
 That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd  
 My brother purposely, thereby to find  
 An apt pretext to banish them my house.

*Dow.* Mass, perhaps so : they're like enough to do it.

*Kite.* Brother, they would, believe it : so should I,  
 Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,  
 But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,

And try experiments upon myself:  
Lend scorn and envy opportunity  
To stab my reputation and good name.—

*Enter MATTHEW and BOBADIL.*

*Mat.* I will speak to him—

*Bob.* Speak to him! Away! by the foot of Pharaoh,  
you shall not; you shall not do him that grace.

*Kite.* What's the matter, sirs?

*Bob.* The time of day, to you, gentleman o' the  
house. Is Mr. Well-bred stirring?

*Dow.* How then? what should he do?

*Bob.* Gentleman of the house, it is you: is he with-  
in, sir?

*Kite.* He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I  
assure you.

*Dow.* Why, do you hear? you!

*Bob.* The gentleman-citizen hath satisfy'd me, I'll  
talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt Bob. and Mat.*]

*Dow.* How, scavenger! stay, sir, stay!

*Kite.* Nay, brother Downright.

*Dow.* 'Heart! stand you away, and you love me.

*Kite.* You shall not follow him now, I pray you,  
brother; good faith you shall not: I will over-rule  
you.

*Dow.* Ha! scavenger! Well, go to, I say little:  
but by this good day (God forgive me I should swear)  
if I put it up so, say, I am the rankest coward ever  
liv'd. 'Sdains, an' I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my  
sword in the sight of Fleet-street again, while I live;

I'll sit in a barn with Madge Howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger!

*Kite.* Oh, do not fret yourself thus, never think on't.

*Dow.* These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his comrades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, and I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews, so he shall drink, for George, again. Yet, he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i' faith.

*Kite.* But brother, let your reprehension then  
Run in an easy current, not o'er high  
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;  
But rather use the soft persuading way,  
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

*Dow.* Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bell rings.*]

*Kite.* How now! Oh, the bell rings to breakfast.  
Brother, I pray you, go in, and bear my wife  
Company till I come; I'll but give order  
For some dispatch of business to my servant——

*Dow.* I will—Scavenger!—scavenger!——

[*Exit Dow.*]

*Kite.* Well, tho' my troubled spirit's somewhat  
eas'd,  
It's not repos'd in that security

As I could wish : but, I must be content.  
 Howe'er I set a face on't to the world,  
 Would I had lost this finger, at a venture,  
 So Well-bred had ne'er lodg'd within my house.  
 Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort  
 Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,  
 That any woman should be honest long.  
 Is't like that factious beauty will preserve  
 The public weal of chastity unshaken,  
 When such strong motives muster, and make head  
 Against her single peace? No, no. Beware.  
 When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,  
 And spirits of one kind and quality  
 Come once to parley, in the pride of blood,  
 It is now slow conspiracy that follows.  
 Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time  
 Had answer'd their affections, all the world  
 Should not persuade me, but I were a cuckold!  
 Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;  
 For opportunity hath balk'd them yet,  
 And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears  
 To attend the impositions of my heart.  
 My presence shall be as an iron-bar,  
 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire :  
 Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects,  
 Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,  
 When he forgets the limits of prescription.

*Enter Dame KITELY.*

*Dame.* Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose.

water above in the closet. Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast ?

*Kite.* An' she have overheard me now!

*Dame.* I pray thee, good muss, we stay for you.

*Kite.* By Heav'n, I would not for a thousand angels.

*Dame.* What ails you, sweetheart? are you not well? Speak, good muss.

*Kite.* Troth, my head aches extremely, on a sudden.

*Dame.* Oh, the lord!

*Kite.* How now! what!

*Dame.* Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good troth it is this new disease! there's a number are troubled withal! For love's sake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air.

*Kite.* How simple, and how subtle are her answers! A new disease, and many troubled with it!

Why, true! she heard me, all the world to nothing.

*Dame.* I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm in troth.

*Kite.* I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

*Dame.* Pray Heav'n, it do. [Exit Dame.

*Kite.* A new disease! I know not, new or old,  
But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague:  
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect  
The houses of the brain. First, it begins  
Solely to work upon the phantasy,  
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air

As soon corrupts the judgment, and from thence  
 Sends like contagion to the memory ;  
 Still to each other giving the infection,  
 Which, as a subtle vapour, spreads itself  
 Confusedly through every sensitive part,  
 Till not a thought, or motion in the mind,  
 Be free from the black poison of suspect.  
 Ah, but what misery it is to know this !  
 Or, knowing it, to want the mind's direction  
 In such extremes ! Well, I will once more strive,  
 In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,  
 And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me. [Exit.

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## SCENE II.

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*Moorfields.* Enter BRAIN-WORM, *disguis'd like a Soldier.*

*Brain.* 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus. Now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace ; and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the Fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrow'd shape. Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London this morning : now I, knowing of this hunting match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate

with my young master, for so must we that are blue-waiters, and men of hope and service do, have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscade, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey—*Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with captain Cæsar; I am made for ever, i'faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of those lance-knights, my arm here, and my—Young master! and his cousin, Mr. Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

[*Retires.*]

*Enter ED. KNO'WELL and Master STEPHEN.*

*E. Kno.* So, sir, and how then, coz?

*Step.* S'foot, I have lost my purse, I think.

*E. Kno.* How! lost your purse! Where? When had you it?

*Step.* I cannot tell: stay.

*Brain.* 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me, would I could get by them!

*E. Kno.* What! ha' you it?

*Step.* No, I think I was bewitch'd, I——

*E. Kno.* Nay, do not weep the loss, hang it, let it go.

*Step.* Oh, it's here—No, an' it had been lost, I had not car'd, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

*E. Kno.* A jet ring! oh, the poesy, the poesy!

*Step.* Fine, i'faith! *Though fancy sleep, my love is*

*deep*; meaning that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

*E. Kno.* Most excellent!

*Step.* And then I sent her another, and my poesy was: *The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.*

*E. Kno.* How by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

*Step.* Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

*E. Kno.* Well, there the saint was your good patron; he help'd you at your need: thank him, thank him.

*Brain.* I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns, for a very excellent good blade, here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorn'd so mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be, gentlemen, well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence than live with shame: however, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself. This condition agrees not with my spirit.—

*E. Kno.* Where hast thou served?

*Brain.* May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland; where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time these fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic Gulf; a gentleman-slave in the gal-



leys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance; nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

*Step.* How will you sell this rapier, friend?

*Brain.* Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

*Step.* True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend: but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

*Brain.* I assure you the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

*E. Kno.* Ay, with a velvet scabbard.

*Step.* Nay, and 't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

*Brain.* At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

*Step.* I had rather it were a Spaniard; but tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt—

*E. Kno.* Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold; there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

*Step.* Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like a higgins-bottom, and may have a rapier for money?

*E. Kno.* You may buy one in the city.

*Step.* Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I

have a mind to't because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

*E. Kno.* You shall not buy it, I say.

*Step.* By this money but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

*E. Kno.* Come away, you are a fool.

*Step.* Friend, I am a fool, that's granted: but I'll have it for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

*Brain.* At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter KNO'WELL.*

*Kno.* I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter  
Sent to my son; nor leave to admire the change  
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth  
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.  
When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews  
Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it,  
On a grey head: age was authority  
Against a buffoon; and a man had then  
A certain reverence paid unto his years  
That had none due unto his life.  
But now we are fall'n; youth from their fear,  
And age from that which bred it, good example.  
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,  
That did destroy the hopes in our own children;  
"Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,  
"And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk:  
"Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,  
"We make their palates cunning!" The first words

We form their tongues with, are licentious jests.  
 Can it call whore? cry bastard? O, then kiss it,  
 A witty child! Can't swear? The father's darling!  
 Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't shall learn  
 No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!

But this is in the infancy;

When it puts on the breeches,

It will put off all this. Ay, it is like;

When it is gone into the bone already!

No, no: this die goes deeper than the coat,

Or shirt, or skin; it stains unto the liver

And heart, in some: and rather than it should not,

Note what we fathers do; look how we live;

What mistresses we keep; at what expence;

And teach them all bad ways to buy affliction!

Well, I thank Heav'n, I never yet was he

That travell'd with my son before sixteen,

To shew him the Venetian courtezans,

Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made

To my sharp boy at twelve; repeating still

The rule, get money, still get money, boy,

No matter by what means.

These are the trades of fathers now. However,

My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold

None of these household precedents; which are strong

And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.

But let the house at home be ne'er so clean

Swept, or kept sweet from filth,

If he will live abroad with his companions,

In riot and misrule, 'tis worth a fear.

“Nor is the danger of conversing less  
 “Than all that I have mention’d of example.”

*Enter BRAIN-WORM.*

*Brain.* My master! Nay, faith have at you; I am flesh’d now, I have sped so well; though I must attack you in a different way. Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the state of a poor soldier! I am asham’d of this base course of life, (God’s my comfort) but extremity provokes me to’t: what remedy?

*Kno.* I have not for you now.

*Brain.* By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

*Kno.* Pr’ythee, good friend, be satisfied.

*Brain.* Good sir, by that hand you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the King of Heav’n shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship——

*Kno.* Nay, an’ you be so importunate——

*Brain.* Oh, tender sir, need will have his course: I was not made to this vile use! Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much. [*He weeps.*] It’s hard, when a man hath serv’d in his prince’s cause, and be thus—Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a

poor supper ; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else : sweet honour.

*Kno.* Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,  
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,  
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,  
Be so degenerate and sordid base !

Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg ?  
To practise such a servile kind of life ?

Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,  
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses  
Offer themselves to thy election.

Either the wars might still supply thy wants,

Or service of some virtuous gentleman,

Or honest labour : nay, what can I name,

But would become thee better than to beg ?

But men of thy condition feed on sloth,

As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in,

Not caring how the metal of your minds

Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Now, afore me, whate'er he be that should

Relieve a person of thy quality,

While thou insist in this loose desperate course,

I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

*Brain.* Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so——

*Kno.* Aye, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

*Brain.* Alas! sir, where should a man seek? In the wars there's no ascent by desert in these days, but

—and for service, would it were as soon purchased as wish'd for, (the air's my comfort) I know what I would say——

*Kno.* What's thy name?

*Brain.* Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

*Kno.* Fitz-Sword,

Say that a man should entertain thee now,  
Would'st thou be honest, humble, just and true?

*Brain.* Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier—

*Kno.* Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths!

Speak plainly, man: what think'st thou of my words?

*Brain.* Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my service should be honest.

*Kno.* Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds will carry a proportion to thy words. [Exit.

*Brain.* Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. Oh, that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! Never was a bottle or bag-pipe fuller. S'lid! was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus? Now I shall be possessed of all his counsels! and by that conduct, my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I am resolved to prove his patience. Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably! This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sight of a red coat, or a musquet-rest again. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant. Why, these

is better than to have staid his journey! Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed!

*With change of voice, these scars, and many an oath,  
I'll follow son and sire, and serve 'em both.* [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Stocks-Market.* Enter MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, and BOBADIL.

*Matthew.*

YES, faith, sir! we were at your lodging to seek you, too.

*Well.* Oh, I came not there to-night.

*Bob.* Your brother delivered us as much.

*Well.* Who? My brother, Downright?

*Bob.* He. Mr. Well-bred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation to throw the least beam of regard upon such a——

*Well.* Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

*Bob.* I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part—

*Well.* Good captain, [*faces about.*] to some other discourse.

*Bob.* With your leave, sir, an' there were no more

men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George.

*Mat.* Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion——

*Well.* Oh, Mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, "*quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*"

"*Mat.* I understand you, Sir."

*Enter Young KNO'WELL and STEPHEN.*

*Well.* "No question you do, or you do not, sir?" Ned! By my soul, welcome! How dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo, and the mad Thespian girls, the better while I live, for this, my dear fury. Now I see there's some love in thee! Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of. Nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? Why dost thou not speak?

*E. Kno.* Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

*Well.* Why, was't not rare?

*E. Kno.* Yes, I'll be sworn, I was never guilty of reading the like. Match it in all Pliny's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it was that had the carriage of it, for doubtless he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

*Well.* Why?

*E. Kno.* Why, sayest thou? Why, dost thou think



that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me?

*Well.* 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

*E. Kno.* Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't now; but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, before I saw it.

*Well.* What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith?

*E. Kno.* Nay, I know not what he said: but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

*Well.* What, what?

*E. Kno.* Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I not a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

*Well.* Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-bys here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hearest 'em once go: my wind-instruments. I'll wind 'em up—But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the dumb man.

*E. Kno.* Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an' he please; he has his humour, sir.

*Well.* Oh, what is't, what is't?

*E. Kno.* Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly, that wrong, as to prepare your apprehen-

sion. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him so.

*Well.* Well, Captain Bobadil, Mr. Matthew, I pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

*Step.* My name is Mr. Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir: his father is mine uncle, sir; I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

*Bob.* Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Mr. Well-bred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please) I do communicate with you; and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts. I love few words.

*E. Kno.* And I fewer, sir. I have scarce enow to thank you.

*Mat.* But are you indeed, sir, so given to it?

[*To Mr. Stephen.*]

*Step.* Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

*Mat.* Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds you perfect fine wit, sir: I am melancholy myself divers times, sir; and then do I no more but take a pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

*Step.* Cousin, it is well; am I melancholy enough?

*E. Kno.* Oh, ay, excellent!

*Well.* Captain Bobadil, why muse you so ?

*E. Kno.* He is melancholy too.

*Bob.* Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was perform'd, to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

*E. Kno.* In what place, captain ?

*Bob.* Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure, that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking of——what do you call it, last year, by the Genoese ; but that (of all others) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

*Step.* 'So, I had as lief as an angel, I could swear as well as that gentleman.

*E. Kno.* Then you were a servitor at both it seems ; at Strigonium, and what do you call't ?

*Bob.* Oh, lord, sir ! by St. George, I was the first man that enter'd the breach ; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

*E. Kno.* 'Twas a pity you had not ten ; a cat's, and your own, i'faith. But was it possible ?

*Mat.* Pray you, mark this discourse, sir.

*Step.* So I do.

*Bob.* I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

*E. Kno.* You must bring me to the rack first.

*Bob.* Observe me judicially, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverins, just in the mouth of the breach: now, sir, as we were to give on, their master gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire: I, spying his intendment, discharg'd my petrionel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them all pell-mell to the sword.

*Well.* To the sword! to the rapier, captain!

*E. Kno.* Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir! but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

*Bob.* Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so? Tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em; I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the bolder maintain it.

*Step.* I marvel whether it be a Toledo, or no.

*Bob.* A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

*Step.* I have a countryman of his here.

*Mat.* Pray you, let's see, sir. Yes, faith, it is!

*Bob.* This, a Toledo! pish.

*Step.* Why do you pish, captain?

*Bob.* A Fleming, by Heaven! I'll buy them for a <sup>qu</sup>ilder a piece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

*E. Kno.* How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

*Well.* Where bought you it, Mr. Stephen?

*Step.* Of a scurvy rogue soldier (a hundred of lice go with him) he swore it was a Toledo.

*Bob.* A poor provant rapier, no better.

*Mat.* Mass, I think it be, indeed! now I look on't better.

*E. Kno.* Nay, the longer you look on't the worse. Put it up, put it up!

*Step.* Well, I will put it up, but by——(I ha' forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it) an' e'er I meet him——

*Well.* O, 'tis past help now, sir; you must ha' patience.

*Step.* Whoreson coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

*E. Kno.* A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

*Step.* A stomach! I would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

*Well.* It's better as 'tis. Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

*Enter BRAIN-WORM.*

*E. Kno.* A miracle, cousin! look here! look here!

*Step.* O, god'slid, by your leave, do you know me, sir?

*Brain.* Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

*Step.* You sold me a rapier, did you not?

*Brain.* Yes, marry, did I, sir.

*Step.* You said it was a Toledo, ha?

*Brain.* True, I did so.

*Step.* But it is none!

*Brain.* No, sir, I confess, it is none.

*Step.* Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest it. By God's will, an' you had not confest it——

*E. Kno.* Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear.

*Step.* Nay, I have done, cousin.

*Well.* Why, you have done like a gentleman, he has confest it, what would you more?

*Step.* Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

*E. Kno.* Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour. Pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost like him?

*Well.* Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him. I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

*E. Kno.* No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

*Brain.* Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

*E. Kno.* With me, sir! You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

*Brain.* You are conceited, sir, your name is Mr. Kno'well, as I take it?

*E. Kno.* You are i' the right. You mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

*Brain.* No, sir, I am none of that coat.

*E. Kno.* Of as bare coat, though! Well say, sir?

*Brain.* Faith, sir, I am but a servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches remov'd, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father—Brain-worm.

*E. Kno.* Brain-worm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

*Brain.* The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

*E. Kno.* My father!

*Brain.* Nay, never start; 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

*E. Kno.* Sirrah, Well-bred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

*Well.* Thy father! Where is he?

*Brain.* At justice Clement's house, here, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return; and then——

*Well.* Who's this? Brain-worm?

*Brain.* The same, sir.

*Well.* Why, how, i' the name of wit, comest thou transmuted thus?

*Brain.* Faith, a device! a device! Nay, for the love-of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here, withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

*E. Kno.* Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Warehouse. Enter KITELY and CASH.*

*Kite.* What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

*Cash.* He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

*Kite.* Has he the money ready, can you tell?

*Cash.* Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

*Kite.* O, that's well: fetch me my cloak, my cloak. Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come; Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be An hour before I can dispatch him, Or very near: well, I will say two hours. Two hours! ha! things, never dream't of yet, May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too, In two hours absence. Well, I will not go. Two hours! No, fleeing opportunity, I will not give your subtlety that scope. Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd, That sets his doors wide open to a thief, And shews the felon where his treasure lies? Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree, When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes? I will not go. Business, go by for once. No, beauty, no; you are too, too precious To be left so, without a guard, or open!



You must be then kept up close, and well watch'd!  
 For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand  
 Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends  
 His wife, if she be fair, or time, or place,  
 Compels her to be false. I will not go.  
 The dangers are too many. I am resolv'd for that.  
 Carry in my cloak again. Yet, stay. Yet do, too.  
 I will defer going on all occasions.

*Cash.* Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with  
 the bonds.

*Kite.* That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot  
 it! I must go. What's o'clock?

*Cash.* Exchange time, sir.

*Kite.* 'Heart, then will Well-bred presently be here  
 too,

With one or other of his loose consorts.  
 I am a knave, if I know what to say,  
 What course to take, or which way to resolve.  
 My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,  
 Wherein my imagination runs, like sands,  
 Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd;  
 So that I know not what to stay upon,  
 And less to put in act. It shall be so.  
 Nay, I dare build upon his sécrecy,  
 He knows not to deceive me. Thomas!

*Cash.* Sir.

*Kite.* Yet now, I have bethought too, I will not—  
 Thomas, is Cob within?

*Cash.* I think he be, sir.

*Kite.* But he'll prate too, there's no speech of him.

No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,  
 If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.  
 But should he have a chink in him; I were gone,  
 Lost i' my fame for ever: talk for th' exchange.  
 The manner he hath stood with, 'till this present,  
 Doth promise no such change! What should I fear  
 then?

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.  
 Thomas—you may deceive me, but I hope—  
 Your love to me is more—

*Cash.* Sir, if a servant's  
 Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are  
 More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

*Kite.* I thank you heartily, Thomas; gi' me your  
 hand.

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,  
 A secret to impart to you—but  
 When once you have it, I must seal your lips up.  
 So far I tell you, Thomas.

*Cash.* Sir, for that—

*Kite.* Nay, hear me out. Think, I esteem you,  
 Thomas,

When I will let you in, thus to my private.  
 It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,  
 Than thou art aware of, Thomas. If thou should'st  
 Reveal it, but——

*Cash.* How! I reveal it!

*Kite.* Nay,

I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st,  
 'Twere a great weakness.

*Cash.* A great treachery.

Give it no other name.

*Kite.* Thou wilt not do't then?

*Cash.* Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

*Kite.* He will not swear; he has some reservation,  
some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure,  
Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose,  
But lend an oath to all this protestation?

He's no fanatic, I have heard him swear.

What should I think of it? Urge him again,

And by some other way? I will do so.

Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose;

Yes, you did swear?

*Cash.* Not yet, sir, but I will,

Please you——

*Kite.* No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,

But if thou wilt swear, do, as thou think'st good;

I am resolv'd without it at thy pleasure.

*Cash.* By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest  
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word,  
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

*Kite.* It's too much, these ceremonies need not;

I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.

Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be

Too private in this business. So it is.

(Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture)

I have of late, by divers observations—

But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.

I will bethink me ere I do proceed.

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,

I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

*Cash.* Sir, at your pleasure?

*Kite.* I will think. Give me my cloak. And, Thomas,  
mas,

I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,  
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

*Cash.* I will, sir.

*Kite.* And, hear you, if your mistress's brother,  
Well-bred,

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,  
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.

*Cash.* Very well, sir.

*Kite.* To the Exchange; do you hear?  
Or here in Coleman-Street, to Justice Clement's.  
Forget it not, nor be out of the way.

*Cash.* I will not, sir.

*Kite.* I pray you have a care on't.  
Or whether he come or no, if any other  
Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

*Cash.* I shall not, sir.

*Kite.* Be't your special business  
Now to remember it.

*Cash.* Sir, I warrant you.

*Kite.* But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,  
I told you of.

*Cash.* No, sir, I do suppose it.

*Kite.* Believe me, it is not.

*Cash.* Sir, I do believe you.

*Kite.* By Heaven! it is not; that's enough. But,  
Thomas,

I would not you should utter it, do you see,  
 To any creature living; yet I care not.  
 Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;  
 It was a trial of you, when I meant  
 So deep a secret to you: I mean not this,  
 But that I have to tell you. This is nothing, this.  
 But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you.  
 Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here,  
 No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [Exit.

*Cash.* Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.  
 Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take  
 head? ha!

Best dream no longer of this running humour,  
 For fear I sink! the violence of the stream  
 Already hath transported me so far,  
 That I can feel no ground at all! But soft,  
 Here is company: now must I—— [Exit.

*Enter* WELL-BRED, EDW. KNO'WELL, BRAIN-  
 WORM, BOBADIL, STEPHEN.

*Well.* Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good  
 jest, and exceedingly well carried.

*E. Kno.* Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as  
 well, did it not?

*Well.* Yes, faith! but was't possible thou should'st  
 not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen, for he is stu-  
 pidity itself.

*E. Kno.* 'Fore heav'n, not I. "He had so written  
 "himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry,

“ your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of  
“ the round.”

*Well.* Why, Brain-worm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer ?

*E. Kno.* An artificer ! an architect ! Except a man had studied begging all his life-time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it ! I never saw his rival.

*Well.* Where got'st thou this coat, I marvel ?

*Brain.* Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

*Enter CASH.*

*Cash.* Francis ! Martin ! Ne'er a one to be found now ? What a spite's this ?

*Well.* How now, Thomas, is my brotherly Kately within ?

*Cash.* No, sir ; my master went forth e'en now ; but Master Down-right is within. Cob ! what Cob ! Is he gone too ?

*Well.* Whither went your master, Thomas, can'st thou tell ?

*Cash.* I know not ; to Justice Clement's, I think, sir. Cob !

[*Exit Cash.*]

*E. Kno.* Justice Clement ! What's he ?

*Well.* Why, dost thou not know him ? He is a city magistrate, a justice here ; an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar : but the only mad and merry old fellow in Europe ! I shewed you him the other day.

*E. Know.* Oh, is that he! I remember him now. Good faith! and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men. I have heard many of his jests i' the university. They say, he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

*Well.* Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God. Any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

*Enter CASH.*

*Cash.* Gasper, Martin, Cob! 'Heart! where should they be, trow?

*Bob.* Master Kitely's man, pr'ythee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

*Cash.* Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe! [*Aside.*] Francis! Cob!

*Bob.* Body of me! Here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado! Did you never take any, Master Stephen?

*Step.* No, truly, sir! but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

*Bob.* Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore it can-

not be but 'tis most divine, especially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good too. I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

*E. Know.* This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

*Enter CASH and COB.*

*Cash.* At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-Street.

*Cob.* O, hō!

*Bob.* Where's the match I gave thee? Master Kite-ly's man?

*Cash.* Here it is, sir.

*Cob.* By God's-me! I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! it's good for nothing but to choke a man, and to fill him full of smoke and embers.

[*Bob. beats him with a cudgel, Mat. runs away.*]

*All.* Oh, good captain! hold! hold!

*Bob.* You base scullion, you.

*Cash.* Come, thou must need be talking too; thou'rt well enough serv'd.

*Cob.* Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have justice for this.

*Bob.* Do you prate? Do you murmur?

[*Bob. beats him off.*]

*E. Kno.* Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?



*Bob.* A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth.

*Well.* Marry, the law forbid, sir.

*Bob.* By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

[*Exit.*

*Step.* Oh, he swears admirably! By Pharaoh's foot, body of Cæsar; I shall never do it, sure; upon mine honour, and by St. George; no, I han't the right grace.

*Well.* But soft, where's Mr. Matthew? gone!

*Brain.* No, sir; they went in here.

*Well.* O, let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnish'd. Brain-worm!

*Step.* Brain-worm! Where? Is this Brain-worm?

*E. Kno.* Ay, cousin, no words of it, upon your gentility.

*Step.* Not I, body of me! by this air, St. George, and the foot of Pharaoh!

*Well.* Rare! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

*E. Kno.* 'Tis larded with 'em. A kind of French dressing, if you love it. Come, let's in. Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

*A Hall in Justice CLEMENT'S House. Enter KITELY  
and COB.*

*Kite.* Ha! How many are there, say'st thou?

*Cob.* Marry, sir, your brother, Master Well-bred—

*Kite.* Tut, beside him: what strangers are there,  
man?

*Cob.* Strangers! let me see; one, two; mass, I  
know not well, there are so many.

*Kite.* How, so many?

*Cob.* Ay, there's some five or six of them, at the  
most.

*Kite.* A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil! how they sting my head  
With forked stings, thus wide and large! But Cob,  
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

*Cob.* A little while, sir.

*Kite.* Didst thou come running?

*Cob.* No, sir.

*Kite.* Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!  
Bane to my fortunes. What meant I to marry?

I, that before was rank'd in such content,  
My mind at rest too in so soft a peace,  
Being free master of my own free thoughts,  
'And now become a slave? What, never sigh!  
Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold.

'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,

Plenty itself falls into my wife's lap,  
 The Cornucopia will be mine, I know. But, Cob,  
 What entertainment had they? I am sure  
 My sister and my wife would bid them welcome! Ha!

*Cob.* Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

*Kite.* No; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and  
 the voice,

Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,  
 Had lost her motion, state and faculty.

Cob, which of them was't that first kiss'd my wife?

My sister, I should say, my wife, alas!

I fear not her. Ha! Who was it, say'st thou?

*Cob.* By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

*Kite.* Ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

*Cob.* Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bride-  
 well than your worship's company, if I saw any body  
 to be kiss'd unless they would have kiss'd the post in  
 the middle of the warehouse; for there I left 'em all,  
 at their tobacco, with a pox!

*Kite.* How! were they not gone in then, ere thou  
 cam'st?

*Cob.* O, no, sir!

*Kite.* Spite o' the devil! What do I stay here then?

Cob, follow me.

[*Exit.*

“*Cob.* Nay, soft and fair, I have eggs on the spit.  
 “Now am I for some five and fifty reasons hammer-  
 “ing, hammering revenge! Nay, an' he had not  
 “lain in my house, 'twould never have grieved me  
 “but, being my guest, one that I'll be sworn I loved  
 “and trusted; and he to turn monster of ingratitude;

“ and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise  
 “ up an host of fury for’t. I’ll to Justice Clement  
 “ for a warrant. Strike his lawful host!” [Exit.

*ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*A Room in KITELY’s House. Enter DOWNRIGHT and  
 Dame KITELY.*

*Downright.*

WELL, sister, I tell you true; and you’ll find it so,  
 in the end.

*Dame.* Alas, brother, what would you have me to  
 do? I cannot help it. You see my brother brings  
 ’em in here, they are his friends.

*Dow.* His friends! his friends! ’Slud they do no-  
 thing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of un-  
 lucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of vil-  
 lany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a  
 little thing would make me play the devil with some  
 of ’em. And ’twere not more for your husband’s sake,  
 than any thing else, I’d make the house too hot for  
 the best on ’em. They should say, and swear, hell  
 were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by  
 God’s will, ’tis nobody’s fault but yours; for an’ you  
 had done as you might have done, they should have  
 been parboil’d and bak’d too, every mother’s son,  
 ere they should ha’ come in e’er a one of ’em.

*Dame.* God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world to hear you talk so without any sense or reason!

*Enter Mrs. BRIDGET, Mr. MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, STEPHEN, EDWARD KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, and CASH.*

*Bridget.* Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

*Mat.* You say well, mistress; and I mean as well.

*Dow.* Hey-day, here is stuff!

*Well.* O, now stand close. Pray Heav'n she can get him to read; he should do it of his own natural impudence.

*Bridg.* Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

*Mat.* Marry, an elegy! an elegy! an odd toy—I'll read it, if you please.

*Bridg.* Pray you do, servant.

*Dow.* O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better.

*E. Kno.* What ails thy brother? Can he not bear the reading of a ballad?

*Well.* O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe. But, mark, you lose the protestation.

*Bob.* Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation

of your dear mistress, and her fair sister. Fie, while you live, avoid this prolixity.

*Mat.* I shall, sir.

*Rare creature, let me speak without offence,  
Would Heav'n my rude words had the influence  
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,  
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.*

[Master Stephen answers with shaking his head.]

*E. Kno.* 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

*Well.* Sister, what ha' you here? Verses? Pray you, let's see. Who made these verses? They are excellent good.

*Mat.* O, Master Well-bred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning; I made 'em extempore this morning.

*Well.* How, extempore!

*Mat.* I would I might be hang'd else; ask Captain Bobadil. He saw me write them at the——(pox on it) the Star yonder.

*Step.* Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

*E. Kno.* O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz!

*Step.* Body o' Cæsar! they are admirable! The best that ever I heard, as I am a soldier.

*Dow.* I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still! 'Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

*Well.* Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

*Dow.* Oh, monster! Impudence itself, tricks! Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss. This is no tavern, nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

*Well.* How now! whose cow has calv'd?

*Dow.* Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it; aye, sir, you and your companions; mend yourselves, when I ha' done?

*Well.* My companions!

*Dow.* Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you nor them neither, your hang-bys here. You must have your poets, and your potlings, your soldados and foolados, to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer; and slops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

*Well.* 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do. Cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

*Dow.* Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw, and they of the house make out to part them.*]

*Dame.* O, Jesu! murder! Thomas, Gasper!

*Bridg.* Help, help, Thomas.

*E. Kno.* Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

*Bob.* Well, sirrah! you Holofernes! by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier, for this; I will, by this good Heav'n. Nay, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him. *[They offer to fight again, and are parted.]*

*Cash.* Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

*Dow.* You whoreson, bragging coistrill!

*Enter KITELY.*

*Kite.* Why, how now, what's the matter? What's the stir here?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.  
My wife and sister, they're the cause of this.  
What, Thomas, where is the knave?

*Cash.* Here, sir.

*Well.* Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this. *[Exit.]*

*Step.* I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour. *[Exit.]*

*Kite.* Why, how now, brother, who enforc'd this brawl?

*Dow.* A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and' roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there: he that's all manner of shapes; and songs and sonnets, his fellow. But I'll follow 'em. *[Exit.]*

*Bridg.* Brother, indeed you are too violent,  
Too sudden in your humour.



There was one a civil gentleman,  
And very worthily demean'd himself.

*Kite.* O, that was some love of yours, sister.

*Bridg.* A love of mine? I would it were no worse,  
brother! You'd pay my portion sooner than you  
think for. [Exit.

*Dame.* Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of ex-  
ceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good  
parts. What a coil and stir is here? [Exit,

*Kite.* Her love, by Heav'n! my wife's minion!  
Death, these phrases are intolerable!  
Well, well, well, well, well, well!  
It is too plain, too clear. Thomas, come hither.  
What, are they gone?

*Cash.* Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister——

*Kite.* Are any of the gallants within?

*Cash.* No, sir, they are all gone.

*Kite.* Art thou sure of it?

*Cash.* I can assure you, sir.

*Kite.* What gentleman was it that they prais'd so,  
Thomas?

*Cash.* One, they call him Master Kno'well, a hand-  
some young gentleman, sir.

*Kite.* Ay, I thought so. My mind gave me as much.  
I'll die but they have hid him in the house  
Somewhere; I'll go and search. Go with me, Thomas,  
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Moorfields.* Enter E. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, and BRAIN-WORM.

*E. Kno.* Well, Brain-worm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

*Well.* I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties; but at my hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him out of his house.

*Brain.* I warrant you, sir, fear nothing. I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sy by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have possessed me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question. [Exit.

*Well.* Forth, and prosper, Brain-worm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

*E. Kno.* Troth, well, howsoever: but it will come excellent, if it take.

*Well.* Take, man! Why, it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not. But tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

*E. Kno.* Friend, am I worth belief?

*Well.* Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except

I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

*E. Kno.* Nay, that I am afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her or no.

*Well.* 'Slid thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

*E. Kno.* Nay, do not swear.

*Well.* By this hand thou shalt have her. I'll go fetch her presently. Point but where to meet, and, as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

*E. Kno.* Hold, hold, be temperate.

*Well.* Why, by—— what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am——

*E. Kno.* 'Pray thee be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

*Well.* Thou shalt see, and know I will not. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter FORMAL and KNO'WELL.*

*Form.* Was your man a soldier, sir?

*Kno.* Aye, a knave, I took him begging o' the way, This morning, as I came over Moorfields.

*Enter BRAIN-WORM.*

O, here he is! you have made fair speed, believe me. Where i' the name of sloth could you be thus——

*Brain.* Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

*Kno.* How so?

*Brain.* O, sir! your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son as to yourself.

*Kno.* How should that be! unless that villain,  
Brain-worm

Have told him of the letter, and discovered  
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal! 'Tis so!

*Brain.* I am partly o' that faith, 'tis so indeed.

*Kno.* But how should he know you to be my man?

*Brain.* Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the  
black art! Is not your son a scholar, sir?

*Kno.* Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied  
Unto such hellish practice: if it were,  
I had just cause to weep my part in him,  
And curse the time of his creation.  
But where didst thou find them, Fitz-sword?

*Brain.* You should rather ask, where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) a voice calls, Mr. Kno'well's man; another cries, soldier; and thus, half a dozen of 'em, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'em, and all to tell me, I was a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what, which, when they could not get out of me (as I protest they must have dissected me, and made an ana-

omy of me first, and so I told 'em) they locked me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle, having a light heart, I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you; for I heard it while I was lock'd up; there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens wives with 'em at a feast, and your son, Mr. Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

*Kno.* Nor will I fail to break his match I doubt not.

Go thou along with justice Clement's man,  
And stay there for me. - At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

*Brain.* Aye, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit Kno'well.*] Yes! Invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'sight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air! O, the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more before him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

*Form.* Not a whit, sir.

You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

*Brain.* Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expence of all, almost—

*Form.* Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it——

*Brain.* O, sir——

*Form.* But to hear the manner of your services and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-End.

*Brain.* No, I assure you, sir; why, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse with you all I know; and more too, somewhat.

*Form.* No better time than now, sir. We'll go to the Windmill, there we shall have a cup of neat grist, as we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

*Brain.* I'll follow you, sir, and make grist o' you, if I have good luck. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MATTHEW, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, *and*  
STEPHEN.

*Mat.* Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to day, Mr. Well-bred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this day-light.

*E. Kno.* We are now speaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

*Mat.* O, aye, sir! he threatened me with the bastinado.

*Bob.* Aye, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that——You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

*Mat.* Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

*Bob.* O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning; hey! [*He practises at a post.*]

*Mat.* Rare captain!

*Bob.* Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a—  
punto!

*E. Kno.* Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

*Mat.* O, good sir! yes, I hope he has.

*Bob.* I will tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts o' the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill, a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em; yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

*E. Kno.* Aye, believe me, may you, sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

*Bob.* Alas, no! What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

*E. Kno.* O, but your skill, sir!

*Bob.* Indeed, that might be some loss; but who

respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself: but were I known to his majesty, and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

*E. Kno.* Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

*Bob.* Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Imbroccata, your Passada, your Montonto; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honour, refuse us! Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days,



kill them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

*E. Kno.* Why are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

*Bob.* Tut, never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

*E. Kno.* I would not stand in Downright's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

*Bob.* Why, sir, you mistake! If he were here now, by this welkin I would not draw my weapon on him! Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

*Mat.* Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

*Enter DOWNRIGHT, walking over the Stage.*

*E. Kno.* God's so! look ye where he is; yonder he goes.

*Dow.* What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals!

*Bob.* It's not he, is it?

*E. Kno.* Yes, faith it is he!

*Mat.* I'll be hang'd then, if that were he.

*E. Kno.* I assure you that was he.

*Step.* Upon my reputation, it was he.

*Bob.* Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

*E. Kno.* That I think, sir. But see, he is come again!

*Dow.* O, Pharoah's foot! have I found you? Come, draw; to your tools. Draw, gipsey, or I'll thresh you.

*Bob.* Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me——

*Dow.* Draw your weapon, then.

*Bob.* Tall man, I never thought on't till now; body of me! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. Matthew.

*[He beats him and disarms him. Matthew runs away.]*

*Dow.* 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

*Bob.* Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbear.

*Dow.* Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist, you. You'll control the point, you! Your consort is gone; had he staid, he had shared with you, sir. *[Exit Downright.]*

*E. Kno.* Twenty, and kill 'em; twenty more, kill hem too. Ha, ha!

*Bob.* Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace by this good day.

*E. Kno.* No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself; that will prove but a poor excuse.

*Bob.* I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by Heaven. Sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

*E. Kno.* Aye, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet. Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your passados and your montantos, I'll none of them.

*Bob.* I was planet-struck certainly. [Exit.]

*E. Kno.* O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, coz.

*Step.* Mass, I'll have this cloak.

*E. Kno.* God's will, 'tis Downright's.

*Step.* Nay, it's mine now; another might have ta'en it up as well as I. I'll wear it, so I will.

*E. Kno.* How, an' he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

*Step.* Aye, but he shall not ha't; I'll say I bought it.

*E. Kno.* Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

*A Chamber in KITELY's House. Enter KITELY and CASH.*

*Kite.* Art thou sure, Thomas, we have pry'd into all and every part throughout the house? Is there

no by-place, or dark corner, has escaped our searches?

*Cash.* Indeed, sir, none; there's not a hole or nook unsearched by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

*Kite.* They have convey'd him then away, or hid him in some privacy of their own—Whilst we were searching of the dark closet by my sister's chamber, did'st thou not think thou heard'st a rustling on the other side, and a soft tread of feet?

*Cash.* Upon my truth, I did not, sir; or if you did, it might be only the vermine in the wainscot; the house is old, and over-run with 'em.

*Kite.* It is, indeed, Thomas,—we should bane these rats—Dost thou understand me—we will—they shall not harbour here; I'll cleanse my house from 'em, if fire or poison can effect it—I will not be tormented thus—They gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart—I cannot bear it.

*Cash.* I do not understand you, sir! Good now, what is't disturbs you thus? Pray be composed; these starts of passion have some cause, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

*Kite.* Sorely, sorely, Thomas—it cleaves too close to me—Oh, me—[*Sighs.*] Lend me thy arm—so, good Cash.

*Cash.* You tremble and look pale! Let me call assistance.

*Kite.* Not for ten thousand worlds—Alas! alas! 'tis not in medicine to give me ease—here, here it lies.

*Cash.* What, sir? —

*Kite.* Why,—nothing, nothing—I am not sick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which having, would destroy me.

*Cash.* Believe me, 'tis your fancy's imposition; shut up your generous mind from such intruders—I'll hazard all my growing favour with you; I'll stake my present, my future welfare, that some base whispering knave, nay, pardon me, sir, hath, in the best and richest soil, sown seeds of rank and evil nature! O, my master, should they take root—

[*Laughing within.*]

*Kite.* Hark! hark! dost thou not hear! what think'st thou now? Are they not laughing at me? They are, they are. They have deceived the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy—This aggravation is not to be borne. [*Laughing again.*] Hark, again!—Cash, do thou unseen steal in upon 'em, and listen to their wanton conference.

*Cash.* I shall obey you, though against my will.

[*Exit.*]

*Kite.* Against his will! Ha! it may be so—He's young, and may be bribed for them—they've various means to draw the unwary in; if it be so, I'm lost, deceived, betrayed, and my bosom, my full-fraught bosom is unlock'd and opened to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that viper; sting the hand that raised and cherish'd him! was this stroke added, I should be cursed—But it cannot be—no, it cannot be.

*Enter CASH.*

*Cash.* You are musing, sir?

*Kite.* I ask your pardon, Cash,—ask me not why—  
I have wrong'd you, and am sorry—'tis gone.

*Cash.* If you suspect my faith—

*Kite.* I do not—say no more—and for my sake let  
it die and be forgotten—Have you seen your mis-  
tress, and heard—whence was that noise?

*Cash.* Your brother, Master Well-bred, is with  
'em, and I found 'em throwing out their mirth on a  
very truly ridiculous subject; it is one Formal, as he  
stiles himself, and he appertains, so he phrases it, to  
justice Clement, and wou'd speak with you.

*Kite.* With me! Art thou sure it is the justice's  
clerk? Where is he?

*Enter BRAIN-WORM, as FORMAL.*

Who are you, friend?

*Brain.* An appendix to justice Clement, vulgarly  
called his clerk!

*Kite.* What are your wants with me?

*Brain.* None.

*Kite.* Do you not want to speak with me?

*Brain.* No, but my master does.

*Kite.* What are the justice's commands?

*Brain.* He doth not command, but intreats Master  
Kite to be with him directly, having matters of  
some moment to communicate unto him.

*Kite.* What can it be? Say, I'll be with him in-

stantly, and if your legs, friend, go no faster than your tongue, I shall be there before you.

*Brain.* I will. Vale. [Exit.

*Kite.* 'Tis a precious fool, indeed!—I must go forth—But first, come hither, Thomas—I have admitted thee into the close recesses of my heart, and shewed thee all my frailties, passions, every thing.—

Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch.

Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

*Cash.* As truth's self, sir—

But be assured you're heaping care and trouble

Upon a sandy base; ill-plac'd suspicion

Recoils upon yourself—She's chaste as comely!

Believe 't she is—Let her not note your humour;

Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be

As clear as her unsullied honour.

*Kite.* I will then, Cash—thou comfort'st me—I'll drive these

F'end-like fancies from me, and be myself again.

Think'st thou she has perceived my folly? 'Twere

Happy if she had not—She has not—

They who know no evil, will suspect none.

*Cash.* True, sir! nor has your mind a blemish now.

This change has gladdened me—Here's my mistress,

And the rest, settle your reason to accost 'em.

*Kite.* I will, Cash, I will—

*Enter WELL-BRED, Dame KITELY, and BRIDGET.*

*Well.* What are you plotting, brother Kitley,

That thus of late you muse alone, and bear  
Such weighty care upon your pensive brow?

[*Laughs.*]

*Kite.* My care is all for you, good sneering brother,

And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel,  
And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, brother,

You were to blame to raise commotions here,  
And hurt the peace and order of my house.

*Well.* No harm done, brother, I warrant you,  
Since there is no harm done, anger costs  
A man nothing, and a brave man is never  
His own man 'till he be angry—To keep  
His valour in obscurity, is to keep himself,  
As it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a brave  
Musician unless he play?

What's a brave man unless he fight?

*Dame.* Aye, but what harm might have come of it,  
brother?

*Well.* What, school'd on both sides! Pr'ythee,  
Bridget, save me from the rod and lecture.

[*Bridg. and Well. retire.*]

*Kite.* With what a decent modesty she rates him!  
My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is—  
How art thou, wife? Thou look'st both gay and  
comely,

In troth, thou dost—I'm sent for out, my dear,  
But I shall soon return—Indeed, my life,  
Business that forces me abroad, grows irksome.



I cou'd content me with less gain and 'vantage,  
To have thee more at home, indeed I cou'd.

*Dame.* Your doubts, as well as love, may breed  
these thoughts.

*Kite.* That jar untunes me. [*Aside.*]

What dost thou say? Doubt thee?

I should as soon suspect myself—No, no,  
My confidence is rooted in thy merit,  
So fixt and settled, that, wert thou inclin'd  
To masks, to sports, and balls, where lusty youth  
Leads up the wanton dance, and the rais'd pulse  
Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,  
With heart's ease and security—not but  
I had rather thou should'st prefer thy home,  
And me, to toys and such like vanities.

*Dame.* But sure, my dear,  
A wife may moderately more use these pleasures,  
Which numbers, and the time give sanction to,  
Without the smallest blemish on her name.

*Kite.* And so she may—And I'll go with thee, child,  
I will indeed—I'll lead thee there myself,  
And be the foremost reveller.—I'll silence  
The sneers of envy, stop the tongue of slander;  
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one  
Disturb'd with jealousy—

*Dame.* Why, were you ever so?

*Kite.* What!—Ha! never—ha, ha, ha!  
She stabs me home. [*Aside.*] Jealous of thee!  
No, do not believe it—Speak low, my love,  
Thy brother will overhear us—No, no, my dear,

It cou'd not be, it cou'd not be—for—for—  
 What is the time now?—I shall be too late—  
 No, no, thou may'st be satisfy'd  
 There's not the smallest spark remaining—  
 Remaining! What do I say? There never was,  
 Nor can, nor ever shall be—so be satisfy'd—  
 Is Cob within there? Give me a kiss,  
 My dear; there, there, now we are reconcil'd—  
 I'll be back immediately—Good-bye, good-bye—  
 Ha! ha! jealous, I shall burst my sides with laugh-  
 ing.

Ha, ha! Cob, where are you, Cob? Ha, ha.— [*Exit.*  
 [Well-bred and Bridget come forward.

*Well.* What have you done to make your husband part so merry from you? He has of late been little given to laughter.

*Dame.* He laughed indeed, but seemingly without mirth. His behaviour is new and strange. He is much agitated, and has some whimsy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

*Well.* 'Tis jealousy, good sister, and writ so largely, that the blind may read it; have you not perceived it yet?

*Dame.* If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue should betray my eyes; so far my wisdom tends, good brother, and little more I boast—But what makes him ever calling for Cob so? I wonder how he can employ him.

*Well.* Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you, that are his wife, and

a thing not very easy for you to be satisfy'd in—But this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end I cannot altogether accuse him. Imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

*Dame.* Never said you truer than that, brother; so much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruit of 's jealousy? I thought some game was in the wind, he acted so much tenderness but now, but I'll be quit with him.—Thomas!

*Enter CASH.*

Fetch your hat, and go with me; I'll get my hood, and out the backward-way. I would to fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealousy! [*Exeunt.*]

*Well.* Ha, ha! so e'en let them go; this may make sport anon—What, Brain-worm?

*Enter BRAIN-WORM.*

*Brain.* I saw the merchant turn the corner, and came back to tell you, all goes well; wind and tide, my master.

*Well.* But how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

*Brain.* Marry, sir, my proper fine penman' would needs bestow the grist o' me at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration; and because

too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him 'till my return; which shall be, when I have pawned his apparel, and spent the better part of the money, perhaps.

*Well.* Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brain-worm; his absence will be subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some large prison, say: and then the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away.

[*Exit Brain.*

*Bridg.* What, is this the engine that you told me of? What farther meaning have you in the plot?

*Well.* That you may know, fair sister-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

*Bridg.* That touches not me, brother.

*Well.* That's true; that's even the fault of it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching—Well, there's a dear and well-respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my pro-

mise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, sister.— There's no exception against the party; you are ripe for a husband, and a minute's loss to such an occasion is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul, he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

*Bridg.* Faith, I had very little confidence in my own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man; but this motion of yours savours of an old knight-adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

*Well.* What's that, sister?

*Bridg.* Marry, of the go-between.

*Well.* No matter if it did; I would be such a one for my friend. But see, who is returned to hinder us.

*Enter KITELY.*

*Kite.* What villany is this? Called out on a false message! This was some plot; I was not sent for. Bridget, where's your sister?

*Bridg.* I think she be gone forth, sir.

*Kite.* How! is my wife gone forth? Whither, for Heaven's sake.

*Bridg.* She's gone abroad with Thomas.

*Kite.* Abroad with Thomas! Oh, that villain cheats me!

He hath discover'd all unto my wife;  
Beast that I was to trust him. Whither, I pray  
You, went she?

*Bridg.* I know not, sir.

*Well.* I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.

*Kite.* Whither, good brother?

*Well.* To Cob's house, I believe; but keep my counsel.

*Kite.* I will, I will. To Cob's house! Does she haunt there?

She's gone on purpose now to cuckold me,  
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,  
Hath told her all—Why wou'd you let her go?

*Well.* Because she's not my wife: if she were, I'd keep her to her tether.

*Kite.* So, so; now 'tis plain. I shall go mad  
With my misfortunes; now they pour in torrents.  
I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant,  
Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,

Despis'd by myself.—There is nothing left now  
But to revenge myself first, next hang myself;  
And then—all my cares will be over. [*Exit.*

*Bridg.* He storms most loudly; sure you have gone too far in this,

*Well.* 'Twill all end right, depend upon't.—But let us lose no time; the coast is clear; away, away; the affair is worth it, and cries haste.

*Bridg.* I trust me to your guidance, brother, and so fortune for us. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*Stocks-Market. Enter MATTHEW and BOBADIL.*

*Matthew.*

I WONDER, captain, what they will say of my going away? ha!

*Bob.* Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments, and that's all.

*Mat.* Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

*Bob.* A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, lain on strongly, borne most patiently, and that's all. But wherefore do I wake their remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter! fascinated; but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.

*Mat.* Do you hear? Is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before Justice Clement?

*Bob.* It were not amiss; would we had it!

*Mat.* Why, here comes his man, let's speak to him.

*Bob.* Agreed. Do you speak.

*Enter BRAIN-WORM as FORMAL.*

*Mat.* Save you, sir.

*Brain.* With all my heart, sir!

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*Mat.* Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make ourselves amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him before your master, you shall be well considered of, I assure you, sir.

*Brain.* Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

*Mat.* How is that, sir?

*Brain.* Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account. Yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

*Mat.* How shall we do, captain? He asks a brace of angels; you have no money.

*Bob.* Not a cross, by fortune.

*Mat.* Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two-pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and raddish. Let's find him some pawn.

*Bob.* Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.

*Mat.* O, yes, I can pawn my ring here.

*Bob.* And harkee, he shall have my trusty Toledo too. I believe I shall have no service for it to-day.

*Mat.* Do you hear, sir? We have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, because we would have it dispatched.



*Brain.* I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Downright?

*Mat.* Aye, aye, George Downright.

*Brain.* Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you the warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

*Mat.* That's true, captain, that must be considered.

*Bob.* Body o' mæ, I know not! 'Tis service of danger!

*Brain.* Why, you were best get one of the varlets o' the city, a serjeant; I'll appoint you one, if you please.

*Mat.* Will you, sir? Why we can wish no better.

*Bob.* We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt Bob. and Mat.*]

*Brain.* This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's, at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself, and so get money on all sides. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*The Street before COB's House. Enter KNO'WELL.*

*Kno.* O, here it is; I have found it now—Hoa, who is within here? [Tib appears at the window.]

*Tib.* I am within, sir, what is your pleasure?

*Kno.* To know who is within besides yourself.

*Tib.* Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

*Kno.* O, fear you the constable? Then I doubt

not you have some guests within deserve that fear—  
I'll fetch him straight.

*Tib.* For Heaven's sake, sir—

*Kno.* Go to, come tell me, is not young Kno'well  
here?

*Tib.* Young Kno'well! I know none such, sir, o'  
my honesty.

*Kno.* Your honesty, dame! It flies too lightly from  
you. There is no way but fetch the constable.

*Tib.* The constable; the man is mad, I think.

*Enter CASH and Dame KITELY.*

*Cash.* Hoa! who keeps house here?

*Kno.* O, this is the female copesmate of my son.  
Now shall I meet him straight. [*Aside.*

*Dame.* Knock, Thomas, hard.

*Cash.* Hoa! good wife.

*Tib.* Why, what's the matter with you?

*Dame.* Why, woman, grieves it you to ope the  
door? Belike you get something to keep it shut.

*Tib.* What mean these questions, pray you?

*Dame.* So strange you make it! Is not my husband  
here!

*Kno.* Her husband! [*Aside.*

*Dame.* My tried and faithful husband, Master  
Kitley.

*Tib.* I hope he needs not be tried here.

*Dame.* Come hither, Cash—I see my turtle coming  
to his haunts; let us retire. [*They retire.*

*Kno.* This must be some device to mock me withal.

Soft—who is this!—Oh! 'tis my son disguis'd.  
I'll watch him and surprise him.

*Enter KITELY muffled in a cloak.*

*Kite.* 'Tis truth, I see, there she skulks.  
But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—  
I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the justice  
Her infamy demands.

[*As Kately goes forward, Dame Kately and Kno'-well lay hold of him.*]

*Kno.* Have I trapped you, youth? You cannot  
'scape me now.

*Dame.* O, sir! have I forestall'd your honest mar-  
ket?

Found your close walks! You stand amaz'd  
Now, do you? Ah, hide, hide your face for shame!  
I'faith, I am glad I have found you out at last.  
What is your jewel, trow? In, come let's see her; fetch  
Forth the wanton dame—If she be fairer,  
In any honest judgment, than myself,  
I'll be content with it: but she is change;  
She feeds you fat, she sooths your appetite,  
And you are well. Your wife, an honest woman,  
Is meat twice sod to you, sir. O, you traitor!

*Kno.* What mean you, woman? Let go your hold.  
I see the counterfeit—I am his father, and claim him  
as my own.

*Kite.* [*Discovering himself.*] I am your cuckold, and  
claim my vengeance.

*Dame.* What, do you wrong me, and insult me too?

Thou faithless man!

*Kite.* Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence! Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? And have I taken Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion, This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat, Close at your villany, and would'st thou 'scuse it With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me? O, old incontinent, dost thou not shame, To have a mind so hot; and to entice, And feed the enticement of a lustful woman?

*Dame.* Out, I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch!

*Kite.* Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here, Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

*Kno.* Why, hear you, sir——

*Cash.* Master, 'tis in vain to reason while these passions blind you—I'm griev'd to see you thus.

*Kite.* Tut, tut, never speak, I see thro' ev'ry Veil you cast upon your treachery: but I have Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever. For you, sir, thus I demand my honour's due; Resolv'd to cool your lust, or end my shame. [*Draws.*

*Kno.* What lunacy is this! Put up your sword, and undeceive yourself—No arm that e'er pois'd weapon can affright me. But I pity folly, nor cope with madness.

*Kite.* I will have proofs—I will—so you good wife-bawd, Cob's wife; and you, that make your husband

such a monster; and you, young pander, and old cuckold maker, I'll ha' you every one before the justice—Nay, you shall answer it; I charge you go. Come forth, thou bawd.

[*Goes into the house and brings out Tib.*

*Kno.* Marry, with all my heart, sir; I go willingly.

Tho' I do taste this as a trick put on me,  
To punish my impertinent search; and justly;  
And half forgive my son for the device.

*Kite.* Come, will you go?

*Dame.* Go, to thy shame believe it.

*Kite.* Tho' shame and sorrow both my heart beside,

Come on—I must, and will be satisfy'd. [*Exeunt.*

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### SCENE III.

*Stocks-Market. Enter BRAIN-WORM.*

*Brain.* Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself; being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off!

*Enter BOBADIL and Mr. MATTHEW.*

*Mat.* See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown. 'Save you, friend; are not you hear by appointment of justice Clement's man?

*Brain.* Yes, an't please you, sir, he told me two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Downright.

*Mat.* It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest. Serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware——

*Enter Mr. STEPHEN, in DOWNRIGHT'S Cloak.*

*Bob.* Bear back, Master Matthew.

*Brain.* Master Downright, I arrest you i' the queen's name, and must carry you before a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

*Step.* Me, friend, I am no Downright, I. I am Master Stephen; you do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly. I am in nobody's bonds or books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

*Brain.* Why now you are deceived, gentlemen?

*Bob.* He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us. But see, here he comes indeed! this is he, officer.

*Enter DOWNRIGHT.*

*Dow.* Why, how now, Signor Gull! are you turned filcher of late? Come, deliver up my cloak.

*Step.* Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now in open market.

*Brain.* Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

*Dow.* These gentlemen! these rascals!

*Brain.* Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

*Dow.* I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

*Brain.* Go before master justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir.

*Mat.* Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain—

[*Exit.*

*Bob.* The varlet's a tall man, before Heaven!

[*Exit.*

*Dow.* Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak?

*Step.* Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

*Dow.* You will?

*Step.* Aye, that I will.

*Dow.* Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

*Brain.* Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

*Step.* Arrest me, I scorn it; there, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

*Dow.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn, now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's. Bring him along.

*Step.* Why, is not here your cloak, what would you have?

*Dow.* I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

*Brain.* Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

*Dow.* I'll ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

*Brain.* So, so, I have made a fair mash on't.

*Step.* Must I go?

*Brain.* I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

*Dow.* Come along before me here. I do not love your hanging look behind.

*Step.* Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

*Brain.* I think not, sir. It is but a whipping matter, sure!

*Step.* Why, then let him do his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*A Hall in Justice CLEMENT's House. Enter CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, Dame KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, and Servants.*

*Clem.* Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave. My chair, sirrah. You, Master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your son.

*Kno.* Aye, sir.

*Clem.* But who directed you thither?

*Kno.* That did mine own man, sir.

*Clem.* Where is he?



*Kno.* Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk; and appointed him to stay for me.

*Clem.* My clerk! About what time was this?

*Kno.* Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

*Clem.* And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitley?

*Kite.* After two, sir.

*Clem.* Very good: but, Mrs. Kitley, how chance it that you were at Cob's? Ha!

*Dame.* An' please you, sir, I'll tell you. My brother Well-bred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place—

*Clem.* So it appears, methinks: but on.

*Dame.* And that my husband used thither daily.

*Clem.* No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress.

*Dame.* True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts, oftentimes.

*Clem.* I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitley. But did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

*Kite.* I found her there, sir.

*Clem.* Did you so? That alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

*Kite.* Marry, that did my brother Well-bred.

*Clem.* How, Well-bred first tell her, then tell you after? Where is Well-bred?

*Kite.* Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

*Clem.* Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly, all! Alas, poor wench, wert thou suspected for this?

*Tib.* Yes, an't please you.

*Clem.* I smell mischief here, plot and contrivance, Master Kitley. However, if you will step into the next room with your wife and think coolly of matters, you'll find some trick has been played you—I fear there have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

*Kite.* I begin to feel it—I'll take your counsel—Will you go in, dame?

*Dame.* I will have justice, Mr. Kitley.

[*Exit Kite. and Dame.*]

*Clem.* You will be a woman, Mrs. Kitley, that I see—How now, what's the matter?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

*Clem.* A gentleman! What's he?

*Serv.* A soldier, sir, he says.

*Clem.* A soldier! My sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Stand by, I will end your matters anon—Let the soldier enter. Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

*Enter BOBADIL and MATTHEW.*

*Bob.* By your worship's favour—

*Clem.* Nay, keep out, sir, I know not your pretence; you send me word, sir, you are a soldier. Why, sir, you shall be answered here; here be them have been among soldiers. Sir, your pleasure?

*Bob.* Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow about the town here;

and, for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace; despoiled me of mine honour; disarmed me of my weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open streets; when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

*Clem.* O, God's precious! Is this the soldier? Lie there, my sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

*Mat.* An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

*Clem.* Why, an' he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

*Serv.* There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here, one upon your worship's warrant.

*Clem.* My warrant!

*Serv.* Yes, sir, the officer says, procured by these two.

*Clem.* Bid him come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. Downright! are you brought at Mr. Freshwater's suit here?

*Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAIN-WORM.*

*Dow.* I'faith, sir. And here's another, brought at my suit.

*Clem.* What are you, sir?

*Step.* A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

*Clem.* Uncle! Who, Master Kno'well?

*Kno.* Aye, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

*Step.* God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here

monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

*Dow.* O, did you find it, now? You said you bought it ere-while.

*Step.* And you said I stole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

*Clem.* Well, let this breathe a-while. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension.

*Bob.* Aye, an't please your worship.

*Clem.* Nay, do not speak in passion so. Where had you it?

*Bob.* Of your clerk, sir.

*Clem.* That's well, an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant? officer, have you it?

*Brain.* No, sir, your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

*Clem.* Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice to be served, and never see the warrant!

*Dow.* Sir, he did not serve it on me.

*Clem.* No, how then?

*Dow.* Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

*Clem.* O, God's pity, was it so, sir? He must serve it? Give me a warrant, I must serve one too—you knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, sirrah! Away with him to the goal. I'll teach you a trick for your *must*, sir.

*Brain.* Good sir, I beseech you be good to me.

*Clem.* Tell him, he shall go to the gaol, away with him, I say.

*Brain.* Aye, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this. I will not lose by my travel any grain of my fame certain.

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

*Clem.* How is this!

*Kno.* My man, Brain-worm!

*Step.* O, yes, uncle, Brain-worm has been with my cousin Edward and I, all this day.

*Clem.* I told you all there was some device.

*Brain.* Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me, both with your sword and your balance.

*Clem.* Body o' me, a merry knave! Give me a bowl of sack. If he belongs to you, Master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

*Brain.* That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

*Kno.* Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

*Brain.* Yes, faith, I have, sir; though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself; first, as Brain-worm, after, as Fitz-sword. I was your reformed soldier. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

*Kno.* Is it possible! Or that thou shouldst disguise thyself so as I should not know thee?

*Brain.* O, Sir! this has been the day of my metamorphoses; it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought Master Kately a message too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship; while Master Well-bred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

*Kno.* My son is not married, I hope.

*Brain.* Faith, sir, they are both, as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pounds, which is her portion, can make 'em; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

*Clem.* Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. But I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

*Brain.* Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, but all in kindness, and stripping him to his shirt; I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in; and thus have brought myself, by my activity, to your worship's consideration.

*Clem.* And I will consider thee in a cup of sack. Here's to thee; which having drank off, this is my

sentence, pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit o' the offence. Go into the next room; let Master Kately into this whimsical business, and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth in him than an honest man ought to have. How now, who are these?

*Enter* ED. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, and BRIDGET. O, the young company. Welcome, welcome. Give you joy. Nay, Mrs. Bridget, blush not, you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither before you. Master Bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand. So will I for the rest, ere you forsake my roof.

*All.* We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

*Clem.* Only these two have so little of man in 'em, they are no part of my care.

*Step.* And what shall I do?

*Clem.* O! I had lost a sheep, an' he had not bleated. Why, sir, you shall give Mr. Downright his cloak; and I will entreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will entreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em so.

*Step.* I'll do my best.

*Clem.* Call Master Kately and his wife, there.

*Enter* Mr. KATELY and Dame KATELY.

Did not I tell you there was a plot against you? Did I not smell it out, as a wise magistrate ought? Have not you traced, have you not found it, Eh, Master Kately?

*Kite.* I have—I confess my folly, and own I have deserv'd what I have suffered for it. The trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now, is, that as my folly is cured, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

*Clem.* That will depend upon yourself, Master Kitley; do not you yourself create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not prey upon you. But come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside. You, Mr. Downright, put off your anger. You, Master Kno'well, your cares. And do you, Master Kitley, and your wife, put off your jealousies.

*Kite.* Sir, thus they go from me: kiss me, my wife. See, what a drove of horns fly in the air,  
Wing'd with my cleansed, and my credulous breath;  
Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall,  
See, see, on heads, that think they've none at all.  
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!  
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.

“*Clem.* 'Tis well, 'tis well. This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master  
“Bridegroom, take your bride, and lead, every one  
“a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brain-worm! to  
“whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their  
“reference: whose adventures this day, when our  
“grand-children shall hear to be made a fable, I  
“doubt not but it shall find both spectators and ap-  
“plause.”

[*Exeunt omnes.*]







*D. Wilde pin. et*

*Goussier pin.*

*M. BERNARD as JACK MEGGOT.*

*Bel. Dead pray who was the gentleman?*

*J. Meg. This gentleman was my monkey Sir.*

London. Printed for J. Bell. British Library Strand Nov<sup>r</sup> 22 1792.

THE  
*SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.*

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A  
COMEDY,  
BY DR. HOADLY.

---

ADAPTED FOR  
*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRES-ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,  
*By Permission of the Managers.*

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“The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

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LONDON :

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*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of*  
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,  
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

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M DCC XCI.



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TO THE  
K I N G.

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SIR,

*YOUR Majesty's goodness, in permitting your royal name to stand before the following piece, is an instance of the greatest condescension of a great mind. And this permission, after having honoured the performance of it with your royal presence, the more sensibly touches me, as it will naturally lead every one to this reflection, that so great an honour would not have been allowed it, had it not appeared free from all offence against the rules of good-manners and decency.*

*Thus, while your Majesty sits as a watchful arbiter of the greatest affairs that ever perplexed Europe, you can descend to the innocent amusements of life, and take a pleasure in favouring an attempt to add to their number.*

*We see, with joy, in your Majesty an undeniable proof, that the true greatness and lustre of a prince is founded, not upon the magnificence of pomp, and show, and power, but upon the whole tenor of a conduct formed for securing and confirming the rights*

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*and happiness of his subjects. This being built upon public facts, will always remain plainly legible in the annals of history, when the traces of the most delicate flattery shall be all lost and gone.*

*When the records of our country shall barely tell the world the glorious appearance in this nation, upon a late trying occasion, and say—That upon a violent attack made upon your crown, all orders and degrees, all sects and parties amongst us, rose, up as one man; not contenting themselves to offer their lives and fortunes in the sounds of formal addresses; but actually pouring out their treasures, and hazard- ing their persons—That your whole people did not think themselves safe without your safety; nor their religion, laws, and property secure, but in the security of your royal person and government—When this shall be told—this alone, this voice of the public, expressed in deeds, will be the highest panegyric, greater and truer praise, than all the words which invention and art can put together—But I forgot myself and my duty.*

*I ought not, upon the present occasion, to interrupt your cares for the public any further than to express my deep sense of your royal favour and condescension; and to send up my warmest vows, that your Majesty may long enjoy the fruits of a conduct in government, which is the security to your subjects of*

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*all that is valuable upon earth; that you may live, through a course of many years, the delight of your happy people, the example, to all the princes around you, of political truth and justice, superior to all the little arts of fraud and perfidy; and that the succession to the crown of these realms, in your royal line, may never fail to establish and continue the blessings we enjoy to our latest posterity.*

*I am,*

*May it please your Majesty,*

*Your Majesty's most devoted and*

*Obedient subject and servant,*

*BENJAMIN HOADLY.*

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THE  
*SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.*

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OF this Play, we think the praise has been much too great—Dr. HOADLY has been celebrated for this drama, as though it had abounded with the brilliancy of CONGREVE, or the whimsical situation of FARQUHAR.

The incidents are by no means probable—Men know the figures of their relations, without seeing their faces—and we believe at no time did even the RANGERS of the Temple climb ladders, and enter chambers, at the hazard of being committed, or even shot, for ruffians and housebreakers.

There is not one stroke of wit in the whole play; and it is a matter of concern to see comedies by prescription keeping possession of our stage, triumphing over better modern productions, which are shelved for these their predecessors, simply because our wise ELDERS saw them when they were *young*, and cannot be persuaded to like any thing *new* now they are *old*.

After GOLDSMITH, SHERIDAN, CUMBERLAND, MURPHY, and COWLEY have written, why do we hear of HOADLY's profligate pantomime?

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## PROLOGUE.

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WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

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*WHILE other culprits brave it to the last,  
Nor beg for mercy till the judgment's past ;  
Poets alone, as conscious of their crimes,  
Open their trials with imploring rhymes.  
Thus cramm'd with flattery and low submission,  
Each trite dull prologue is the bard's petition.  
A stale device to calm the critic's fury,  
And bribe at once the judges and the jury.*

*But what avail such poor repeated arts ?  
The whimp'ring scribbler ne'er can touch your hearts ;  
Nor ought an ill-tim'd pity to take place——  
Fast as they rise, destroy th' increasing race :  
The vermin else will run the nation o'er——  
By saving one you breed a million more.*

*Though disappointed authors rail and rage  
At fancy'd parties, and a senseless age,  
Yet still has justice triumph'd on the stage.  
Thus speaks and thinks the author of to-day,  
And, saying this, has little more to say.*

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*He asks no friend his partial zeal to show,  
Nor fears the groundless censures of a foe :  
He knows no friendship can protect the fool,  
Nor will an audience be a party's tool.  
'Tis inconsistent with a free-born spirit,  
To side with folly, or to injure merit.  
By your decision he must fall or stand,  
Nor, though he feels the lash, will blame the hand.*

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Dramatis Personae.

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*DRURY - LANE.*

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				<i>Men.</i>
Mr. STRICTLAND,	-	-	-	Mr. Bensley.
FRANKLY,	-	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
BELLAMY,	-	-	-	Mr. Barrymore.
RANGER,	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
JACK MEGGOT,	-	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
BUCKLE,	-	-	-	Mr. Benson.
TESTER,	-	-	-	Mr. Burton.
Servant to Ranger,	-	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.
SIMON,	-	-	-	Mr. Banks.
				<i>Women.</i>
Mrs. STRICTLAND,	-	-	-	Mrs. Kemble.
CLARINDA,	-	-	-	Miss Farren.
JACINTHA,	-	-	-	Mrs. Goodall.
LUCETTA,	-	-	-	Mrs. Williams.
Landlady,	-	-	-	Mrs. Booth.
Milliner,	-	-	-	Miss Barnes.
Maid,	-	-	-	Miss Heard.

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*COVENT-GARDEN.*

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				<i>Men.</i>
Mr. STRICTLAND,	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
FRANKLY,	-	-	-	Mr. Holman.
BELLAMY,	-	-	-	Mr. Davies.
RANGER,	-	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
JACK MEGGOT,	-	-	-	Mr. Bernard.
BUCKLE,	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
TESTER,	-	-	-	Mr. Blanchard.
Servant to Ranger,	-	-	-	Mr. Farley.
SIMON,	-	-	-	Mr. Evatt.
				<i>Women.</i>
Mrs. STRICTLAND,	-	-	-	Mrs. Merry.
CLARINDA,	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
JACINTHA,	-	-	-	Mrs. Wells.
LUCETTA,	-	-	-	Mrs. Rock.
Landlady,	-	-	-	Mrs. Platt.
Milliner,	-	-	-	Miss Francis.
Maid,	-	-	-	Miss Brangin.

*Chairmen, Footmen, &c.*  
*SCENE, London.*

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THE  
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

RANGER's Chambers in the Temple. *A knocking is heard at the Door for some time; when RANGER enters, having let himself in.*

*Ranger.*

ONCE more I am got safe to the Temple. Let me reflect a little. I have sat up all night: I have my head full of bad wine, and the noise of oaths, dice, and the damn'd tinkling of tavern bells; my spirits jaded, and my eyes sunk in my head; and all this for the conversation of a company of fellows I despise. Their wit lies only in obscenity, their mirth in noise, and their delight in a box and dice. Honest Ranger, take my word for it, thou art a mighty silly fellow.

*Enter a Servant with a wig dressed.*

Where have you been, rascal? If I had not had the

key in my pocket, I must have waited at the door in this dainty dress.

*Serv.* I was only below combing out your honour's wig.

*Ran.* Well, give me my cap.—*[Pulling off his wig.]* Why, how like a raking dog do you look, compared to that spruce, sober gentleman! Go, you batter'd devil, and be made fit to be seen.

*[Throwing his wig to the Servant.]*

*Serv.* Cod, my master's very merry this morning.

*[Exit.]*

*Ran.* And now for the law. *[Sits down and reads.]*

“Tell me no more, I am deceiv'd,  
That Chloe's false and common;  
By Heav'n I all along believ'd,  
She was a very woman.  
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd;  
She still was constant when possess'd:  
She could do more for no man.”

Honest Congreve was a man after my own heart.

*Servants pass over the Stage.*

Have you been for the money this morning, as I ordered you?

*Serv.* No, sir. You bade me go before you was up; I did not know your honour meant before you went to bed.

*Ran.* None of your jokes, I pray; but to business. Go to the coffee-house, and inquire if there has been any letter or message left for me.

*Serv.* I shall, sir.

*Ran.* [*Repeats.*]

“ You think she’s false, I’m sure she’s kind,  
I take her body, you her mind ;  
Which has the better bargain ?”

Oh, that I had such a soft, deceitful fair, to lull my senses to their desired sleep. [*Knocking at the door.*]  
Come in.

*Enter SIMON.*

Oh, Master Simon, is it you ? How long have you been in town ?

*Sim.* Just come, sir, and but for a little time neither ; and yet I have as many messages as if we were to stay the whole year round. Here they are, all of them, [*Pulls out a number of cards.*] and among them one for your honour.

*Ran.* [*Reads.*] “ Clarinda’s compliments to her cousin Ranger, and should be glad to see him for ever so little a time that he can be spared from the more weighty business of the law.” Ha, ha, ha ! the same merry girl I ever knew her.

*Sim.* My lady is never sad, sir. [*Knocking at the door.*]

*Ran.* Pr’ythee, Simon, open the door.

*Enter Milliner.*

Well, child——and who are you ?

*Mil.* Sir, my mistress gives her service to you, and has sent you home the linen you bespoke.

*Ran.* Well, Simon, my service to your lady, and

let her know I will most certainly wait upon her. I am a little busy, Simon——and so——

*Sim.* Ah, you're a wag, Master Ranger, you're a wag——but mum for that. [Exit.]

*Ran.* I swear, my dear, you have the prettiest pair of eyes——the loveliest pouting lips——I never saw you before.

*Mil.* No, sir! I was always in the shop.

*Ran.* Were you so. Well, and what does your mistress say?——The devil fetch me, child, you look'd so prettily, that I could not mind one word you said.

*Mil.* Lard, sir, you are such another gentleman! Why, she says, she is sorry she could not send them sooner. Shall I lay them down?

*Ran.* No, child. Give 'em to me——Dear little smiling angel—— [Catches and kisses her.]

*Mil.* I beg, sir, you would be civil.

*Ran.* Civil! Egad, I think I am very civil.

[Kisses her again.]

*Enter a Servant, and BELLAMY.*

*Serv.* Sir, Mr. Bellamy.

*Ran.* Damn your impertinence——Oh, Mr. Bellamy, your servant.

*Mil.* What shall I say to my mistress?

*Ran.* Bid her make half a dozen more; but be sure you bring them home yourself. [Exit Milliner.] Pshaw! Pox! Mr. Bellamy, how should you like to be serv'd so yourself?

*Bel.* How can you, Ranger, for a minute's pleasure,



give an innocent girl the pain of heart I am confident she felt?—There was a modest blush upon her cheek convinces me she is honest.

*Ran.* May be so. I was resolv'd to try, however, had you not interrupted the experiment.

*Bel.* Fie, Ranger! will you never think?

*Ran.* Yes, but I can't be always a thinking. The law is a damnable dry study, Mr. Bellamy, and without something now and then to amuse and relax, it would be too much for my brain, I promise ye—But I am a mighty sober fellow grown. Here have I been at it these three hours, but the wenches will never let me alone.

*Bel.* Three hours! Why, do you usually study in such shoes and stockings?

*Ran.* Rat your inquisitive eyes. *Ex pede Herculem.* Egad, you have me. The truth is, I am but this moment return'd from the tavern. What, Frankly, here too!

*Enter FRANKLY.*

*Fran.* My boy, Ranger, I am heartily glad to see you; Bellamy, let me embrace you; you are the person I want; I have been at your lodgings, and was directed hither.

*Ran.* It is to him then I am oblig'd for this visit: but with all my heart. He is the only man, to whom I don't care how much I am oblig'd.

*Bel.* Your humble servant, sir.

*Fran.* You know, Ranger, I want no inducement to be with you. But—you look sadly—What—no merciless jade has—has she?

*Ran.* No, no; sound as a roach, my lad. I only got a little too much liquor last night, which I have not slept off yet.

*Bel.* Thus, Frankly, it is every day. All the morning his head aches; at noon he begins to clear up; towards evening he is good company; and all night he is carefully providing for the same course the next day.

*Ran.* Why, I must own, my ghostly father, I did relapse a little last night, just to furnish out a decent confession for the day.

*Fran.* And he is now doing penance for it. Were you his confessor, indeed, you could not well desire more.

*Ran.* Charles, he sets up for a confessor with the worst grace in the world. Here has he been reproving me for being but decently civil to my milliner. Plague! because the coldness of his constitution makes him insensible of a fine woman's charms, every body else must be so too.

*Bel.* I am no less sensible of their charms than you are, though I cannot kiss every woman I meet, or fall in love, as you call it, with every face which has the bloom of youth upon it. I would only have you a little more frugal of your pleasures.

*Fran.* My dear friend, this is very pretty talking! But let me tell you, it is in the power of the very first

glance from a fine woman utterly to disconcert all your philosophy.

*Bel.* It must be from a fine woman then, and not such as are generally reputed so. And it must be a thorough acquaintance with her too, that will ever make an impression on my heart.

*Ran.* Would I could see it once! For when a man has been all his life hoarding up a stock, without allowing himself common necessaries; it tickles me to the soul to see him lay it all out upon a wrong bottom, and become bankrupt at last.

*Bel.* Well, I don't care how soon you see it. For the minute I find a woman capable of friendship, love, and tenderness, with good sense enough to be always easy, and good-nature enough to like me; I will immediately put it to the trial, which of us shall have the 'greatest share of happiness from the sex, you or I.

*Ran.* By marrying her, I suppose! Capable of friendship, love, and tenderness! ha, ha, ha! that a man of your sense should talk so. If she be capable of love, 'tis all I require of my mistress; and as every woman, who is young, is capable of love, I am very reasonably in love with every young woman I meet. My Lord Coke, in a case I read this morning, speaks my sense.

*Both.* My Lord Coke!

*Ran.* Yes, my Lord Coke. What he says of one woman, I say of the whole sex; "I take their bodies, you their minds; which has the better bargain?"

*Fran.* There is no arguing with so great a lawyer. Suppose, therefore, we adjourn the debate to some other time. I have some serious business with Mr. Bellamy, and you want sleep, I am sure.

*Ran.* Sleep! mere loss of time, and hinderance of business——We men of spirit, sir, are above it.

*Bel.* Whither shall we go?

*Fran.* Into the park. My chariot is at the door.

*Bel.* Then if my servant calls, you'll send him after  
us. [Exeunt.]

*Ran.* I will. [Looking on the card.] “Clarinda’s compliments”—A pox of this head of mine; never once to ask where she was to be found. It’s plain she is not one of us, or I should not have been so remiss in my inquiries. No matter; I shall meet her in my walks.

*Servant enters.*

*Serv.* There is no letter nor message, sir.

*Ran.* Then my things, to dress. [Exeunt.]

“I take her body, you her mind; which has the better  
“bargain?”

## SCENE II.

*A Chamber. Enter Mrs. STRICTLAND and JACINTHA, meeting.*

*Mrs. Str.* Good-morrow, my dear Jacintha.

*Jac.* Good-morrow to you, madam. I have brought

my work, and intend to sit with you this morning. I hope you have got the better of your fatigue. Where is Clarinda? I should be glad if she wou'd come and work with us.

*Mrs. Str.* She work! she is too fine a lady to do any thing. She is not stirring yet—we must let her have her rest. People of her waste of spirits require more time to recruit again.

*Jac.* It is pity she should be ever tired with what is so agreeable to every body else, I am prodigiously pleas'd with her company.

*Mrs. Str.* And when you are better acquainted, you will be still more pleas'd with her. You must rally her upon her partner at Bath; for I fancy part of her rest has been disturbed on his account.

*Jac.* Was he really a pretty fellow?

*Mrs. Str.* That I can't tell; I did not dance myself, and so did not much mind him. You must have the whole story from herself.

*Jac.* Oh, I warrant ye, I get it all out. None are so proper to make discoveries in love, as those who are in the secret themselves.

*Enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Madam, Mr. Striçtland is inquiring for you. Here has been Mr. Buckle with a letter from his master, which has made him very angry.

*Jac.* Mr. Bellamy said, indeed, he would try him once more, but I fear it will prove in vain. Tell

your master I am here. [*Exit Lucetta.*] What signifies fortune, when it only makes us slaves to other people?

*Mrs. Str.* Do not be uneasy, my Jacintha. You shall always find a friend in me: but as for Mr. Strickland, I know not what ill temper hangs about him lately. Nothing satisfies him. You saw how he received us when we came off our journey. Though Clarinda was so good company, he was barely civil to her, and downright rude to me.

*Jac.* I cannot help saying, I did observe it.

*Mrs. Str.* I saw you did. Hush! he's here.

*Enter Mr. STRICTLAND.*

*Strick.* Oh, your servant, madam! Here, I have received a letter from Mr. Bellamy, wherein he desires I would once more hear what he has to say. You know my sentiment; nay, so does he.

*Jac.* For Heaven's sake, consider, sir, this is no new affair, no sudden start of passion; we have known each other long. My father valued and loved him, and I am sure, were he alive, I should have his consent.

*Strick.* Don't tell me. Your father would not have you marry against his will; neither will I against mine: I am your father now.

*Jac.* And you take a fatherly care of me.

*Strick.* I wish I had never had any thing to do with you.

*Jac.* You may easily get rid of the trouble.

*Strict.* By listening, I suppose, to the young gentleman's proposals.

*Jac.* Which are very reasonable, in my opinion.

*Strict.* Oh, very modest ones truly; and a very modest gentleman he is that proposes them! A fool, to expect a lady of thirty thousand pounds fortune, should, by the care and prudence of her guardian, be thrown away upon a young fellow not worth three hundred a-year. He thinks being in love is an excuse for this; but I am not in love: what does he think will excuse me?

*Mrs. Str.* Well, but Mr. Strictland, I think the gentleman should be heard.

*Strict.* Well, well, seven o'clock's the time, and if the man has had the good fortune, since I saw him last, to persuade somebody or other to give him a better estate, I give him my consent, not else. His servant waits below: you may tell him I shall be at home. [*Exit Jac.*] But where is your friend, your other half, all this while? I thought you could not have breath'd a minute without your Clarinda.

*Mrs. Str.* Why, the truth is, I was going to see what makes her keep her chamber so long.

*Strict.* Look ye, Mrs. Strictland, you have been asking me for money this morning. In plain terms, not one shilling shall pass through these fingers, till you have cleared my house of this Clarinda.

*Mrs. Str.* How can her innocent gaiety have of-

fended you? she is a woman of honour, and has as many good qualities—

*Strict.* As women of honour generally have. I know it, and therefore am uneasy.

*Mrs. Str.* But, sir—

*Strict.* But, madam—Clarinda, nor e'er a rake of fashion in England, shall live in my family to debauch it.

*Mrs. Str.* Sir, she treated me with so much civility in the country, that I thought I could not do less than invite her to spend as much time with me in town as her engagements would permit. I little imagined you could have been displeas'd at my having so agreeable a companion.

*Strict.* There was a time when I was company enough for leisure hours.

*Mrs. Str.* There was a time when every word of mine was sure of meeting with a smile; but those happy days, I know not why, have long been over.

*Strict.* I cannot bear a rival even of your own sex. I hate the very name of female friends. No two of you can ever be an hour by yourselves, but one or both are the worse for it.

*Mrs. Str.* Dear Mr. Strictland—

*Strict.* This I know, and will not suffer.

*Mrs. Str.* It grieves me, sir, to see you so much in earnest: but to convince you how willing I am to make you easy in every thing, it shall be my request to her to remove immediately.



*Strict.* Do it—hark ye—your request?—Why yours? 'tis mine—my command—tell her so. I will be master of my own family, and I care not who knows it.

*Mrs. Str.* You fright me, sir—But it shall be as you please. [*In tears.*] [*Goes out.*]

*Strict.* Ha! have I gone too far? I am not master of myself. *Mrs. Strictland.* [*She returns.*] Understand me right. I do not mean, by what I have said, that I suspect your innocence, but by crushing this growing friendship all at once, I may prevent a train of mischief which you do not foresee. I was, perhaps, too harsh, therefore do it in your own way: but let me see the house fairly rid of her. [*Exit Strict.*]

*Mrs. Str.* His earnestness in this affair amazes me; I am sorry I made this visit to Clarinda; and yet I'll answer for her honour. What can I say to her? Necessity must plead in my excuse—for at all events Mr. Strictland must be obeyed. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*St. James's Park. Enter BELLAMY and FRANKLY.*

“*Fran.* Now, Bellamy, I may unfold the secret of my heart to you with greater freedom; for though Ranger has honour, I am not in a humour to be laugh'd at. I must have one that will bear with my impertinence, sooth me into hope, and, like a friend indeed, with tenderness advise me.

“*Bel.* I thought you appeared more grave than usual.

“*Fran.* Oh, Bellamy! my soul is full of joy, of pain, hope, despair, and ecstasy, that no word but love is capable of expressing what I feel.”

*Bel.* Is love the secret Ranger is not fit to hear? In my mind, he would prove the more able counsellor. And is all the gay indifference of my friend at last reduced to love?

*Fran.* Even so——Never was a prude more resolute in chastity and ill-nature, than I was fixed in indifference: but love has rais'd me from that inactive state above the being of a man.

*Bel.* Faith, Charles, I begin to think it has: but pray bring this rupture into order a little, and tell me regularly, how, where, and when.

*Fran.* If I was not most unreasonably in love, those horrid questions would stop my mouth at once; but as I am armed against reason—I answer—at Bath, on Tuesday, she danced and caught me.

*Bel.* Danced!——and was that all? But who is she? what is her name? her fortune? where does she live?

*Fran.* Hold! hold! not so many hard questions. Have a little mercy. I know but little of her, that's certain; but all I do know, you shall have. That evening was the first of her appearing at Bath; the moment I saw her, I resolved to ask the favour of her hand; but the easy freedom with which she gave it, and her unaffected good humour during the whole

night, gained such a power over my heart, as none of her sex could ever boast before. I waited on her home, and the next morning, when I went to pay the usual compliments, the bird was flown; she had set out for London two hours before, and in a chariot and six, you rogue!

*Bel.* But was it her own, Charles?

*Fran.* That I don't know; but it looks better than being dragg'd to town in the stage. That day and the next I spent in inquiries. I waited on the ladies who came with her; they knew nothing of her. So without learning either her name or fortune, I e'en call'd for my boots, and rode post after her.

*Bel.* And how do you find yourself after your journey?

*Fran.* Why, as yet, I own, I am but on a cold scent: but a woman of her sprightliness and gentility cannot but frequent all public places; and when once she is found, the pleasure of the chace will over-pay the pains of rousing her. Oh, Bellamy! there was something peculiarly charming in her, that seem'd to claim my further acquaintance; and if in the other more familiar parts of life she shines with that superior lustre, and at last I win her to my arms, how shall I bless my resolution in pursuing her!

*Bel.* But if at last she should prove unworthy——

*Fran.* I would endeavour to forget her.

*Bel.* Promise me that, Charles, [*Takes his hand.*] and I allow——But we are interrupted.

Enter JACK MEGGOT.

*J. Meg.* Whom have we here? My old friend Frankly! thou art grown a mere antique since I saw thee. How hast thou done these five hundred years?

*Fran.* Even as you see me; well, and at your service ever.

*J. Meg.* Ha! whose that?

*Fran.* A friend of mine. Mr. Bellamy, this is Jack Meggot, sir, as honest a fellow as any in life.

*J. Meg.* Pho! pr'ythee! pox! Charles—Don't be silly—Sir, I am your humble: any one who is a friend of my Frankly's, I am proud of embracing.

*Bel.* Sir, I shall endeavour to deserve your civility.

*J. Meg.* Oh, sir!—Well, Charles; what, dumb? Come, come; you may talk, though you have nothing to say, as I do. Let us hear, where have you been?

*Fran.* Why, for this last week, Jack, I have been at Bath.

*J. Meg.* Bath! the most ridiculous place in life! amongst tradesmen's wives that hate their husbands, and people of quality that had rather go to the devil than stay at home. People of no taste; no *goust*; and for *dewertimenti*, if it were not for the puppet-show, *la vertu* would be dead amongst them. But the news, Charles; the ladies—I fear your time hung heavy on your hands, by the small stay you made there.

*Fran.* Faith, and so I did, Jack; the ladies are

grown such idiots in love. The cards have so debauched their five senses, that love, almighty love himself, is utterly neglected.

*J. Meg.* It is the strangest thing in life, but it is just so with us abroad. Faith, Charles, to tell you a secret, which I don't care if all the world knows, I am almost surfeited with the services of the ladies; the modest ones I mean. The vast variety of duties they expect, as dressing up to the fashion, losing fashionably, keeping fashionable hours, drinking fashionable liquors, and fifty other such irregular niceties, so ruin a man's pocket and constitution, that foregad, he must have the estate of a duke, and the strength of a gondolier, who would list himself into their service.

*Fran.* A free confession truly, Jack, for one of your coat.

*Bel.* The ladies are obliged to you.

*Enter BUCKLE, with a Letter to BELLAMY.*

*J. Meg.* Oh, Lard, Charles! I have had the greatest misfortune in life since I saw you; poor Otho, that I brought from Rome with me, is dead.

*Fran.* Well, well, get you another, and all will be well again.

*J. Meg.* No; the rogue broke me so much china, and gnaw'd my Spanish leather shoes so filthily, that when he was dead, I began not to endure him.

*Bel.* Exactly at seven I run back and assure him I

will not fail. [*Exit Buckle.*] Dead! Pray, who was the gentleman?

*J. Meg.* This gentleman was my monkey, sir; an odd sort of a fellow that used to divert me, and pleased every body so at Rome, that he always made one in our *conversationsi*. But, Mr. Bellamy, I saw a servant, I hope no engagement, for you two positively shall dine with me: I have the finest *macaroni* in life. Oblige me so far.

*Bel.* Sir, your servant; what say you, Frankly?

*J. Meg.* Pho! pox! Charles, you shall go. My aunts think you begin to neglect them; and old maids, you know, are the most jealous creatures in life.

*Fran.* Ranger swears they can't be maids, they are so good-natured. Well, I agree, on condition I may eat what I please, and go away just when I will.

*J. Meg.* Ay, ay, you shall do just what you will. But how shall we do? my post-chaise won't carry us all.

*Fran.* My chariot is here; and I will conduct Mr. Bellamy.

*Bel.* Mr. Meggot, I beg pardon; I can't possibly dine out of town; I have an engagement early in the evening.

*J. Meg.* Out of town! No, my dear, I live just by. I see one of the dilettanti I would not miss speaking to for the universe. And so I expect you at three.

[*Exit.*]

*Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! and so you thought you had at least fifty miles to go post for a spoonful of macaroni.

“ *Bel.* I suppose then he is just come out of the  
“ country.

“ *Fran.* Nor that neither. I would venture a wa-  
“ ger, from his own house hither, or to an auction  
“ or two of old dirty pictures, is the utmost of his  
“ travels to-day; or he may have been in pursuit,  
“ perhaps, of a new cargo of Venetian tooth-picks.”

*Bel.* A special acquaintance I have made to-day.

*Fran.* For all this, Bellamy, he has a heart worthy  
your friendship. He spends his estate freely, and you  
cannot oblige him more, than by shewing him how  
he can be of service to you.

*Bel.* Now you say something. It is the heart,  
Frankly, I value in a man.

*Fran.* Right—and there is a heart even in a wo-  
man’s breast that is worth the purchase, or my judg-  
ment has deceived me. Dear Bellamy, I know your  
concern for me; see her first, and then blame me if  
you can.

*Bel.* So far from blaming you, Charles, that if my  
endeavours can be serviceable, I will beat the bushes  
with you.

*Fran.* That I am afraid will not do. For you know  
less of her than I: but if in your walks you meet a  
finer woman than ordinary, let her not escape till I  
have seen her. Wheresoe’er she is, she cannot long  
lie hid.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*St. James's Park. Enter CLARINDA, JACINTHA, and Mrs. STRICTLAND.*

*Jacinta.*

AY, ay; we both stand condemned out of our own mouths.

*Cla.* Why, I cannot but own, I never had a thought of any man that troubled me but him.

*Mrs. Str.* Then I dare swear, by this time, you heartily repent your leaving Bath so soon.

*Cla.* Indeed you are mistaken. I have not had one scruple since.

*Jac.* Why, what one inducement can he have ever to think of you again?

*Cla.* Oh, the greatest of all inducements, curiosity: let me assure you, a woman's surest hold over a man is to keep him in uncertainty. As soon as ever you put him out of doubt, you put him out of your power: but when once a woman has awaked his curiosity, she may lead him a dance of many a troublesome mile, without the least fear of losing him at last.

*Jac.* Now do I heartily wish he may have spirit enough to follow, and use you as you deserve. Such a spirit, with but a little knowledge of our sex, might put that heart of yours into a strange flutter.

*Cla.* I care not how soon. I long to meet with such



a fellow. Our modern beaux are such joint-babies in love, they have no feeling; they are entirely insensible either of pain or pleasure, but from their own dear persons; and according as we flatter, or affront their beauty, they admire or forsake ours: they are not worthy even of our displeasure; and, in short, abusing them is but so much ill-nature merely thrown away. But the man of sense, who values himself upon his high abilities; or the man of wit, who thinks a woman beneath his conversation—to see such the subjects of our power, the slaves of our frowns and smiles, is glorious indeed!

*Mrs. Str.* No man of sense, or wit either, if he be truly so, ever did, or ever can, think a woman of merit beneath his wisdom to converse with.

*Jac.* Nor will such a woman value herself upon making such a lover uneasy.

*Cla.* Amazing! Why, every woman can give ease. You cannot be in earnest.

*Mrs. Str.* I can assure you she is, and has put in practice the doctrine she has been teaching.

*Cla.* Impossible! Who ever heard the name of love mentioned without an idea of torment? But pray let us hear.

*Jac.* Nay, there is nothing to hear that I know of.

*Cla.* So I suspected, indeed. The novel is not likely to be long, when the lady is so well prepared for the *denouement*.

*Jac.* The novel, as you call it, is not so short as you may imagine. I and my spark have been long

acquainted: as he was continually with my father, I soon perceived that he loved me; and the manner of his expressing that love was what pleased and won me most.

*Cla.* Well; and how was it? the old bait, flattery; dear flattery, I warrant ye.

*Jac.* No, indeed; I had not the pleasure of hearing my person, wit, and beauty painted out with forced praises; but I had a more sensible delight, in perceiving the drift of his whole behaviour was to make every hour of my time pass away agreeably.

*Cla.* The rustic! what, did he never say a handsome thing of your person?

*Mrs. Str.* He did, it seems, what pleas'd her better; he flatter'd her good sense, as much as a less cunning lover would have done her beauty.

*Cla.* On my conscience you are well match'd.

*Jac.* So well, that if my guardian denies me happiness (and this evening he is to pass his final sentence), nothing is left but to break my prison, and fly into my lover's arms for safety.

*Cla.* Heyday! O' my conscience thou art a brave girl. Thou art the very first prude that ever had honesty enough to avow her passion for a man.

*Jac.* And thou art the first finish'd coquette who ever had any honesty at all.

*Mrs. Str.* Come, come; you are both too good for either of those characters.

*Cla.* And my dear Mrs. Stricthland here, is the first young married woman of spirit who has an ill-na-

tured fellow for a husband, and never once thinks of using him as he deserves——Good Heaven! If I had such a husband——

*Mrs. Str.* You wou'd be just as unhappy as I am!

*Cl.* But come now, confess——do not you long to be a widow?

*Mrs. Str.* Would I were any thing but what I am!

*Cl.* Then go the nearest way about it. I'd break that stout heart of his in less than a fortnight. I'd make him know——

*Mrs. Str.* Pray be silent. You know my resolution.

*Cl.* I know you have no resolution.

*Mrs. Str.* You are a mad creature, but I forgive you.

*Cl.* It is all meant kindly, I assure you. But since you won't be persuaded to your good; I will think of making you easy in your submission, as soon as ever I can. I dare say, I may have the same lodging I had last year: I can know immediately—I see my chair: and so, ladies both, adieu. [Exit.

*Jac.* Come, Mrs Striçtland, we shall but just have time to get home before Mr. Bellamy comes.

*Mrs. Str.* Let us return then to our common prison. You must forgive my ill-nature, Jacintha, if I almost wish Mr. Striçtland may refuse to join your hand where your heart is given.

*Jac.* Lord, madam, what do you mean?

*Mrs. Str.* Self-interest only, child. Methinks your

company in the country would soften all my sorrows, and I could bear them patiently.

*Re-enter CLARINDA.*

*Cla.* Dear Mrs. Strickland—I am so confus'd, and so out of breath—

*Mrs. Str.* Why, what's the matter?

*Jac.* I protest you fright me.

*Cla.* Oh! I have no time to recover myself, I am so frighten'd, and so pleas'd. In short then, the dear man is here.

*Mrs. Str.* Here—Lord—Where?

*Cla.* I met him this instant; I saw him at a distance, turn'd short, and ran hither directly. Let us go home.—I tell you he follows me.

*Mrs. Str.* Why, had you not better stay, and let him speak to you?

*Cla.* Ay!—But then—he won't know where I live, without my telling him.

*Mrs. Str.* Come then. Ha, ha, ha!

*Jac.* Ay, poor Clarinda!—*Attens donc.* [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter FRANKLY.*

*Fran.* Sure that must be she! her shape and easy air cannot be so exactly copied by another. Now, you young rogue, Cupid, guide me directly to her, as you would the surest arrow in your quiver. [*Exit.*]

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## SCENE II.

*Changes to the Street before Mr. Strickland's door. Re-enter CLARINDA, JACINTHA, and Mrs. STRICTLAND.*

*Cla.* Lord!—Dear Jacintha—for Heaven's sake make haste : he'll overtake us before we get in.

*Jac.* Overtake us! why, he is not in sight.

*Cla.* Is not he? Ha! Sure I have not dropt my twee—I would not have him lose sight of me neither.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. Str.* Here he is——

*Cla.* In——In——In then.

*Jac.* [*Laughing.*] What, without your twee?

*Cla.* Pshah! I have lost nothing——In, in, I'll follow you. [*Exeunt into the house, Clarinda last.*

*Enter FRANKLY.*

*Fran.* It is impossible I shou'd be deceiv'd. My eyes, and the quick pulses at the heart, assure me it is she. Ha! 'tis she, by Heav'n! and the door left open too——A fair invitation, by all the rules of love. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Changes to an Apartment in Mr. Strickland's House. Enter CLARINDA, FRANKLY following her.*

*Fran.* I hope, madam, you will excuse the boldness

of this intrusion, since it is owing to your own behaviour that I am forc'd to it.

*Cla.* To my behaviour, sir.

*Fran.* You cannot but remember me at Bath, madam, where I so lately had the favour of your hand—

*Cla.* I do remember, sir; but I little expected any wrong interpretation of my behaviour from one who had so much the appearance of a gentleman.

*Fran.* What I saw of your behaviour was so just, it would admit of no misrepresentation. I only feared, whatever reason you had to conceal your name from me at Bath, you might have the same to do it now; and though my happiness was so nearly concerned, I rather chose to venture thus abruptly after you, than be impertinently inquisitive.

*Cla.* Sir, there seems to be so much civility in your rudeness, that I can easily forgive it; though I don't see how your happiness is at all concerned.

*Fran.* No, madam! I believe you are the only lady, who could, with the qualifications you are mistress of, be insensible of the power they give you over the happiness of our sex.

*Cla.* How vain should we women be, if you gentlemen were but wise! If you did not all of you say the same things to every woman, we should certainly be foolish enough to believe some of you were in earnest.

*Fran.* Could you have the least sense of what I feel whilst I am speaking, you would know me to be in earnest, and what I say to be the dictates of a heart that admires you; may I not say that—

*Cl.* Sir, this is carrying the——

*Fran.* When I danced with you at Bath, I was charmed with your whole behaviour, and felt the same tender admiration! but my hope of seeing you afterwards, kept in my passion till a more proper time should offer. You cannot therefore blame me now, if, after having lost you once, I do not suffer an inexcusable modesty to prevent my making use of this second opportunity.

*Cl.* This behaviour, sir, is so different from the gaiety of your conversation then, that I am at a loss how to answer you.

*Fran.* There is nothing, madam, which could take off from the gaiety with which your presence inspires every heart, but the fear of losing you. How can I be otherwise than as I am, when I know not but you may leave London as abruptly as you did Bath?

*Enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Madam, the tea is ready, and my mistress waits for you.

*Cl.* Very well, I come—[*Exit Lucetta.*] You see, sir, I am called away: but I hope you will excuse it, when I leave you with an assurance that the business, which brings me to town, will keep me here some time.

*Fran.* How generous it is in you thus to ease the heart, that knew not how to ask for such a favour—I fear to offend—But this house, I suppose, is yours?

*Cl.* You will hear of me, if not find me here.

*Fran.* I then take my leave.

[*Exit.*

*Cl.* I'm undone!—He has me!

*Enter Mrs. STRICTLAND.*

*Mrs. Str.* Well; how do you find yourself?

*Cl.* I do find—that if he goes on as he has begun, I shall certainly have him without giving him the least uneasiness.

*Mrs. Str.* A very terrible prospect, indeed!

*Cl.* But I must tease him a little—Where is *Jacintha*? how will she laugh at me, if I become a pupil of hers, and learn to give ease! No; positively I shall never do it.

*Mrs. Str.* Poor *Jacintha* has met with what I feared from *Mr. Strictland's* temper; an utter denial. I know not why, but he really grows more and more ill-natur'd.

*Cl.* Well; now do I heartily wish my affairs were in his power a little, that I might have a few difficulties to surmount: I love difficulties; and yet, I don't know—it is as well as it is.

*Mrs. Str.* Ha, ha, ha! Come, the tea waits. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mr. STRICTLAND.*

*Strict.* These doings in my house distract me. I met a fine gentleman: when I inquired who he was; why, he came to *Clarinda*. I met a footman too, and he came to *Clarinda*. I shall not be easy till she is decamp'd. My wife had the character of a virtuous woman—and they have not been long acquainted:



but then they were by themselves at Bath——That hurts—that hurts—they must be watch'd, they must; I know them, I know all their wiles, and the best of them are but hypocrites——Ha!——[*Lucetta passes over the stage.*] Suppose I bribe the maid: she is of their council, the manager of their secrets: it shall be so; money will do it, and I shall know all that passes. Lucetta!

*Luc.* Sir.

*Strict.* Lucetta!

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Sir. If he should suspect, and search me now, I'm undone. [*Aside.*]

*Strict.* She is a sly girl, and may be serviceable. [*Aside*] Lucetta, you are a good girl, and have an honest face. I like it. It looks as if it carried no deceit in it——Yet, if she should be false, she can do me most harm. [*Aside.*]

*Luc.* Pray, sir, speak out.

*Strict.* [*Aside.*] No; she is a woman, and it is the highest imprudence to trust her.

*Luc.* I am not able to understand you.

*Strict.* I am glad of it. I would not have you understand me.

*Luc.* Then what did you call me for?—If he should be in love with my face, it would be rare sport.

[*Aside.*]

*Strict.* Tester, ay, Tester is the proper person. [*Aside.*] Lucetta, tell Tester I want him.

D ij

*Luc.* Yes, sir. Mighty odd, this! It gives me time, however, to send Buckle with this letter to his master.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

*Strict.* Could I but be once well satisfied that my wife had really finished me, I believe I should be as quiet as if I were sure to the contrary: but whilst I am in doubt, I am miserable.

*Enter TESTER.*

*Test.* Does your honour please to want me?

*Strict.* Ay, Tester—I need not fear. The honesty of his service, and the goodness of his look, make me secure. I will trust him. [*Aside.*] Tester, I think I have been a tolerable good master to you.

*Test.* Yes, sir,—very tolerable.

*Strict.* I like his simplicity well. It promises honesty. [*Aside.*] I have a secret, Tester, to impart to you; a thing of the greatest importance. Look upon me, and don't stand picking your fingers.

*Test.* Yes, sir.—No, sir.

*Strict.* But will not his simplicity expose him the more to Lucetta's cunning? Yes, yes; she will worm the secret out of him. I had better trust her with it at once.—So—I will. [*Aside.*] Tester, go, send Lucetta hither.

*Test.* Yes, sir——Here she is.

*Re-enter LUCETTA*

Lucetta, my master wants you.

*Strict.* Get you down, Tester.

*Test.* Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* If you want me, sir, I beg you would make haste, for I have a thousand things to do.

*Striët.* Well, well; what I have to say will not take up much timé, could I but persuade you to be honest.

*Luc.* Why, sir, I hope you don't suspect my honesty?

*Striët.* Well, well: I believe you honest.

[*Shuts the door.*

*Luc.* What can be at the bottom of all this? [*Aside.*

*Striët.* So; we cannot be too private. Come hither, hussy; nearer yet.

*Luc.* Lord, sir! You are not going to be rude. I vow I will call out.

*Striët.* Hold your tongue—Does the baggage laugh at me? She does; she mocks me, and will reveal it to my wife; and her insolence upon it will be more insupportable to me than cuckoldom itself. [*Aside.*] I have not leisure now, Lucetta—Some other time—Hush! Did not the bell ring? Yes, yes; my wife wants you. Go, go, go to her. [*Pushes her out.*] There is no hell on earth like being a slave to suspicion. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The Piazza, Covent-Garden. Enter BELLAMY and JACK MEGGOT.*

*Bel.* Nay, nay, I would not put your family into any confusion.

*J. Meg.* None in life, my dear, I assure you. I will go and order every thing this instant for her reception.

*Bel.* You are too obliging, sir; but you need not be in this hurry, for I am in no certainty when I shall trouble you; I only know that my Jacintha has taken such a resolution.

*J. Meg.* Therefore we should be prepared; for when once a lady has such a resolution in her head, she is upon the rack till she executes it. 'Foregad, Mr. Bellamy, this must be a girl of fire.

*Enter FRANKLY.*

*Fran.* "Buxom and lively as the bounding doe—  
"Fair as painting can express, or youthful poets fancy  
"when they love." Tol, de rol, lol!

[*Singing and dancing.*]

*Bel.* Who is this you talk thus rapturously of?

*Fran.* Who should it be, but—I shall know her name to-morrow.

[*Sings and dances.*]

*J. Meg.* What is the matter, ho? Is the man mad?

*Fran.* Even so, gentlemen; as mad as love and joy can make me.

*Bel.* But inform us whence this joy proceeds.

*Fran.* Joy! joy! my lads! She's found! my Perdita! my charmer!

*J. Meg.* Egad! her charms have bewitch'd the man, I think——But who is she?

*Bel.* Come, come, tell us, who is this wonder?

*Fran.* But will you say nothing?

*Bel.* Nothing, as I live.

*Fran.* Nor you?

*J. Meg.* I'll be as silent as the grave——

*Fran.* With a tomb-stone upon it, to tell every one whose dust it carries.

*J. Meg.* I'll be as secret as a debauched prude——

*Fran.* Whose sanctity every one suspects. Jack, Jack, 'tis not in thy nature; keeping a secret is worse to thee than keeping thy accounts. But to leave fooling, listen to me both, that I may whisper it into your ears, that echo may not catch the sinking sound—— I cannot tell who she is, 'faith—Tol de rol, lol——

*J. Meg.* Mad! mad! very mad!

*Fran.* All I know of her is, that she is a charming woman, and has given me liberty to visit her again——Bellamy, 'tis she, the lovely she. [*Aside.*

*Bel.* So I did suppose. [*To Frankly.*

*J. Meg.* Poor Charles! for Heaven's sake, Mr. Bellamy, persuade him to go to his chamber, whilst I prepare every thing for you at home. Adieu. [*Aside to Bellamy.*] B'ye Charles; ha, ha, ha!

*Fran.* Oh, love! thou art a gift worthy of a god, indeed! dear Bellamy, nothing now could add to my pleasure, but to see my friend as deep in love as I am.

*Bel.* I shew my heart is capable of love, by the friendship it bears to you.

*Fran.* The light of friendship looks but dim before the brighter flame of love: love is the spring of cheerfulness and joy. Why, how dull and phlegmatic do you shew to me now? whilst I am all life; light as

feather'd Mercury—You, dull and cold as earth and water; I, light and warm as air and fire.—These are the only elements in love's world! Why, Belamy, for shame! get thee a mistress, and be sociable.

*Bel.* Frankly, I am now going to—

*Fran.* Why that face now? Your humble servant, sir. My flood of joy shall not be stopp'd by your melancholy fits, I assure you. [*Going.*

*Bel.* Stay, Frankly, I beg you stay. What would you say now if I really were in love?

*Fran.* Why, faith, thou hast such romantic notions of sense and honour, that I know not what to say.

*Bel.* To confess the truth then, I am in love.

*Fran.* And do you confess it as if it were a sin? Proclaim it aloud; glory in it; boast of it as your greatest virtue. Swear it with a lover's oath, and I will believe you.

*Bel.* Why then, by the bright eyes of her I love—

*Fran.* Well said!

*Bel.* By all that's tender, amiable, and soft in woman—

*Fran.* Bravo!

*Bel.* I swear, I am as true an enamorado as ever tagg'd rhyme.

*Fran.* And art thou then thoroughly in love? Come to my arms thou dear companion of my joys—

[*They embrace.*

*Enter RANGER.*

*Ran.* Why—Hey!—is there never a wench to be got for love or money?

*Bel.* Pshaw! Ranger here?

*Ran.* Yes, Ranger is here, and perhaps does not come so impertinently as you may imagine. Faith! I think I have the knack of finding out secrets. Nay, never look so queer—Here is a letter, Mr. Bellamy, that seems to promise you better diversion than your hugging one another.

*Bel.* What do you mean?

*Ran.* Do you deal much in these paper tokens?

*Bel.* Oh, the dear kind creature! it is from herself.

[To Frankly.

*Ran.* What, is it a pair of laced shoes she wants? or have the boys broke her windows?

*Bel.* Hold your profane tongue!

*Fran.* Nay, pr'ythee, Bellamy, don't keep it to yourself, as if her whole affections were contain'd in those few lines.

*Ran.* Pr'ythee, let him alone to his silent raptures. But it is as I always said—your grave men ever are the greatest whoremasters.

*Bel.* I cannot be disobligh'd now, say what you will. But how came this into your hands?

*Ran.* Your servant Buckle and I changed commissions; he went on my errand, and I came on his.

*Bel.* 'Sdeath! I want him this very instant.

*Ran.* He will be here presently; but I demand to know what I have brought you.

*Fran.* Ay, ay! out with it! you know we never blab, and may be of service.

*Bel.* Twelve o'clock! oh, the dear hour!

*Ran.* Why, it is a pretty convenient time, indeed.

*Bel.* By all that's happy, she promises in this letter here—to leave her guardian this very night—and run away with me.

*Ran.* How is this?

*Bel.* Nay, I know not how myself—she says at the bottom—“Your servant has full instructions from Lucetta how to equip me for my expedition I will not trust myself home with you to-night, because I know it is inconvenient; therefore I beg you would procure me a lodging, it is no matter how far off my guardian's—

Yours,

JACINTHA.”

*Ran.* Carry her to a bagnio, and there you may lodge with her.

*Fran.* Why, this must be a girl of spirit, faith!

*Bel.* And beauty equal to her sprightliness. I love her, and she loves me. She has thirty thousand pounds to her fortune.

*Ran.* The devil she has!

*Bel.* And never plays at cards.

*Ran.* Nor does any one thing like any other woman, I suppose.

*Fran.* Not so, I hope, neither.

*Bel.* Oh, Frankly, Ranger, I never felt such ease before! the secret's out, and you don't laugh at me.

*Fran.* Laugh at thee, for loving a woman with thirty thousand pounds? thou art a most unaccountable fellow.

*Ran.* How the devil could he work her up to this!



I never could have had the face to have done it. But — I know not how — there is a degree of assurance in you modest gentlemen, which we impudent fellows never can come up to.

*Bel.* Oh! your servant, good sir. You should not abuse me now, Ranger, but do all you can to assist me.

*Ran.* Why, look ye, Bellamy, I am a damnable unlucky fellow, and so will have nothing to do in this affair: I'll take care to be out of the way, so as to do you no harm; that's all I can answer for; and so — success attend you. [*Going.*] I cannot leave you quite to yourself neither; for if this should prove a round-house affair, as I make no doubt it will, I believe I may have more interest there than you; and so, sir, you may hear of me at — [*Whispers.*

*Bel.* For shame, Ranger! the most noted gaming-house in town.

*Ran.* Forgive me this once, my boy. I must go, faith, to pay a debt of honour to some of the greatest rascals in town. [*Exit.*

*Fran.* But where do you design to lodge her?

*Bel.* At Mr. Meggot's — He is already gone to prepare for her reception.

*Fran.* The properest place in the world: his aunts will entertain her with honour.

*Bel.* And the newness of her acquaintance will prevent its being suspected. — Frankly, give me your hand: this is a very critical time.

*Fran.* Pho! none of your musty reflections now!

When a man is in love, to the very brink of matrimony, what the devil has he to do with Plutarch and Seneca? Here is your servant, with a face full of business—I'll leave you together—I shall be at the King's Arms, where, if you want my assistance, you may find me. [Exit.

Enter BUCKLE.

*Bel.* So, Buckle, you seem to have your hands full.

*Buc.* Not fuller than my head, sir, I promise you. You have had your letter, I hope.

*Bel.* Yes, and in it she refers me to you for my instructions.

*Buc.* Why, the affair stands thus.—As Mr. Striſtland sees the door lock'd and barred every night himself, and takes the key up with him, it is impossible for us to escape any way but through the window; for which purpose I have a ladder of ropes.

*Bel.* Good—

*Buc.* And because a hoop, as the ladies wear them now, is not the most decent dress to come down a ladder in, I have, in this other bundle, a suit of boy's clothes, which I believe will fit her; at least, it will serve the time she wants it.—You will soon be for pulling it off, I suppose.

*Bel.* Why, you are in spirits, you rogue.

*Buc.* These I am now to convey to Lucetta—Have you any thing to say, sir?

*Bel.* Nothing, but that I will not fail at the hour appointed. Bring me word to Mr. Meggot's hear

you go on. Succeed in this, and it shall make your fortune. [Exit.]

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ACT III. SCENE I.

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*The Street before Mr. STRICTLAND's House. Enter BELLAMY in a Chairman's coat.*

*Bellamy.*

How tediously have the minutes pass'd these last few hours! and the envious rogues will fly, no lightning quicker, when we would have them stay.—Hold, let me not mistake—this is the house. [*Pulls out his watch.*] By heaven it is not yet the hour!—I hear somebody coming. The moon's so bright—I had better not be here till the happy instant comes. [*Exit.*]

*Enter FRANKLY.*

Wine is no antidote to love, but rather feeds the flame: Now am I such an amorous puppy, that I cannot walk straight home, but must come out of my way to take a view of my queen's palace by moonlight—Ay, here stands the temple where my goddess is adored—the doors open! [*Retires.*]

*Enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* [*Under the window.*] Madam, madam, hist! madam—How shall I make her hear?

JACINTHA in *Boy's clothes at the window.*

*Jac.* Who is there? What's the matter?

*Luc.* It is I, madam: you must not pretend to stir till I give the word; you'll be discovered if you do—

*Fran.* [*Aside.*] What do I see? A man! My heart misgives me.

*Luc.* My master is below, sitting up for Mrs. Clarinda. He raves as if he were mad about her being out so late.

*Fran.* [*Aside*] Here is some intrigue or other. I must see more of this before I give further way to love.

*Luc.* One minute he is in the street; the next he is in the kitchen: now he will lock her out, and then he'll wait himself, and see what figure she makes when she vouchsafes to venture home.

*Jac.* I long to have it over. Get me but once out of his house.

*Fran.* [*Aside.*] Cowardly rascal? would I were in his place!

*Luc.* If I can but fix him any where, I can let you out myself—You have the ladder ready in case of necessity.

*Jac.* Yes, yes. [*Exit Luc.*

*Fran.* [*Aside.*] The ladder! This must lead to some discovery; I shall watch you, my young gentleman, I shall.

*Enter CLARINDA, and Servant..*

*Cla.* This whist is a most enticing devil. I am

afraid I'm too late for Mr. Strickland's sober hours.

*Jac.* Ha! I hear a noise!

*Cla.* No; I see a light in Jacintha's window. You may go home [*Giving the servant money.*] I am safe.

*Jac.* Sure it must be he! Mr. Bellamy—Sir.

*Fran.* [*Aside.*] Does not he call me?

*Cla.* [*Aside.*] Ha! Who's that? I am frightened out of my wits——A man!

*Jac.* Is it you?

*Fran.* Yes, yes; 'tis I, 'tis I.

*Jac.* Listen at the door.

*Fran.* I will; 'tis open——There is no noise: all's quiet.

*Cla.* Sure it is my spark—and talking to Jacintha.

[*Aside.*

*Fran.* You may come down the ladder—quick.

*Jac.* Catch it then, and hold it.

*Fran.* I have it. Now I shall see what sort of mettle my young spark is made of.

[*Aside.*

*Cla.* With a ladder too! I'll assure you. But I must see the end of it.

[*Aside.*

*Jac.* Hark! Did not somebody speak?

*Fran.* No, no; be not fearful—'Sdeath! we are discover'd.

[*Frankly and Clarinda retire.*

*Enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Hist! hist! are you ready?

*Jac.* Yes, may I venture?

*Luc.* Now is your time. He is in high conference with his privy counsellor, Mr. Tester. You may come down the back stairs, and I'll let you out.

[*Exit Lucetta.*

*Jac.* I will, I will, and am heartily glad of it.

[*Exit Jac.*

*Fran.* [*Advancing.*] May be so; but you and I shall have a few words before you get off so cleanly.

*Cla.* [*Advancing.*] How lucky it was I came home at this instant. I shall spoil his sport I believe. Do you know me, sir?

*Fran.* I am amazed! You here! This was unexpected indeed!

*Cla.* Why, I believe, I do come a little unexpectedly, but I shall amaze you more. I know the whole course of your amour: all the process of your mighty passion from its first rise——

*Fran.* What is all this!

*Cla.* To the very conclusion, which you vainly hope to effect this night.

*Fran.* By Heaven, madam, I know not what you mean! I came hither purely to contemplate on your beauties.

*Cla.* Any beauties, sir, I find will serve your turn. Did I not hear you talk to her at the window?

*Fran.* Her!

*Cla.* Blush, blush, for shame; but be assur'd you have seen the last both of Jacintha and me. [*Exit.*

*Fran.* Jacintha! hear me, madam—She is gone. This must certainly be Bellamy's mistress, and I

have fairly ruin'd all his scheme. This it is to be in luck.

*Enter BELLAMY, behind.*

*Bel.* Ha! a man under the window!

*Fran.* No, here she comes, and I may convey her to him.

*Enter JACINTHA, and runs to FRANKLY.*

*Jac.* I have at last got to you. Let's haste away—  
Oh!

*Fran.* Be not frighten'd, lady.

*Jac.* Oh! am I abus'd! betray'd!

*Bel.* Betray'd!—Frankly!

*Fran.* Bellamy!

*Bel.* I can scarce believe it though I see it. Draw—

*Fran.* Hear me, Bellamy—Lady—

*Jac.* Stay—do not fight!

*Fran.* I am innocent; it is all a mistake!

*Jac.* For my sake, be quiet! We shall be discovered! the family is alarm'd!

*Bel.* You are obeyed. Mr. Frankly, there is but one way—

*Fran.* I understand you. Any time but now. You will certainly be discovered! To-morrow at your chambers.

*Bel.* Till then, farewell. [*Exeunt Bel. and Jac.*

*Fran.* Then, when he is cool, I may be heard; and the real, though suspicious, account of this matter may be believed. Yet, amidst all this perplexity, it

pleases me to find my fair incognita is jealous of my love.

*Strict.* [*Within.*] Where's Lucetta? Search every place.

*Fran.* Hark! the cry is up! I must be gone.

[*Exit Fran.*]

*Enter Mr. STRICTLAND, TESTER, and Servants.*

*Strict.* She's gone! she's lost! I am cheated! pursue her! seek her!

*Test.* Sir, all her clothes are in her chamber.

*Ser.* Sir, Mrs. Clarinda said she was in boy's clothes.

*Strict,* Ay, ay, I know it—Bellamy has her—Come along—Pursue her. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter RANGER.*

*Ran.* Hark!——Was not the noise this way——No, there is no game stirring. This same goddess, Diana, shines so bright with her chastity, that egad, I believe the wenches are ashamed to look her in the face. Now I am in an admirable mood for a frolic; have wine in my head, and money in my pocket, and so am furnished out for the cannonading of any countess in Christendom. Ha! what have we here! a ladder!—this cannot be placed here for nothing——and a window open! Is it love or mischief now that is going on within? I care not which—I am in a right cue for either. Up I go, *neck or nothing.* Stay—do I not run a greater chance of spoiling sport than I do of



making any? that I hate as much as I love the other. There can be no harm in seeing how the land lies—I'll up. [*Goes up softly.*] All is hush——Ha! a light, and a woman! by all that's lucky, neither old nor crooked! I'll in——Ha! she is gone again! I will after her. [*Gets in at the window.*] And for fear of the squalls of virtue, and the pursuit of the family, I will make sure of the ladder. Now, Fortune, be my guide!

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SCENE II.

*Mrs. STRICTLAND's Dressing-Room. Enter Mrs. STRICTLAND followed by LUCETTA.*

*Mrs. Str.* Well, I am in great hopes she will escape.

*Luc.* Never fear, madam, the lovers have the start of him, and I warrant they keep it.

*Mrs. Str.* Were Mr. Strictland ever to suspect my being privy to her flight, I know not what might be the consequence.

*Luc.* Then you had better be undressing. He may return immediately.

[*As she is sitting down at the toilet Ranger enters behind.*

*Ran.* Young and beautiful. [*Aside.*

*Luc.* I have watch'd him pretty narrowly of late, and never once suspected till this morning——

*Mrs. Str.* And who gave you authority to watch his actions, or pry into his secrets?

*Luc.* I hope, madam, you are not angry. I thought it might have been of service to you to know my master was jealous.

*Ran.* And her husband jealous! If she does but send away the maid, I am happy.

*Mrs. Str.* [*Angrily.*] Leave me.

*Luc.* This it is to meddle with other people's affairs.  
[*Exit in anger.*]

*Ran.* What a lucky dog I am! I never made a gentleman a cuckold before. Now, impudence, assist me.

*Mrs. Str.* [*Rising.*] Provoking! I am sure I never have deserved it of him.

*Ran.* Oh, cuckold him by all means, madam, I am your man! [*She shrieks.*] Oh, fie, madam! if you squall so cursedly you will be discover'd.

*Mrs. Str.* Discover'd! What mean you, sir! do you come to abuse me?

*Ran.* I'll do my endeavour, madam; you can have no more.

*Mrs. Str.* Whence came you? How got you here?

*Ran.* Dear madam, so long as I'm here, what signifies how I got here, or whence I came? but that I may satisfy your curiosity, first, as to your whence came you? I answer out of the street: and to your how got you here? I say, in at the window; it stood so invitingly open, it was irresistible. But, madam—~~you~~—you were going to undress. I beg I may not incommode you.

*Mrs. Str.* This is the most consummate piece of impudence!——

*Ran.* For Heaven's sake have one drop of pity for a poor young fellow who long has loved you.

*Mrs. Str.* What would the fellow have?

*Ran.* Your husband's usage will excuse you to the world.

*Mrs. Str.* I cannot bear this insolence! Help! help!

*Ran.* Oh, hold that clamorous tongue, madam! Speak one word more, and I am gone, positively gone.

*Mrs. Str.* Gone! so I would have you.

*Ran.* Lord, madam, you are so hasty!

*Mrs. Str.* Shall I not speak, when a thief, robber, breaks into my house at midnight? Help! help!

*Ran.* Ha! no one hears. Now, Cupid, assist me—Look ye, madam, I never could make fine speeches, and cringe, and bow, and fawn, and flatter, and lie; I have said more to you already, than ever I said to a woman in such circumstances in all my life. But since I find you will yield to no persuasion to your good; I will gently force you to be grateful. [*Throws down his hat, and seizes her.*] Come, come, unbend that brow, and look more kindly on me!

*Mrs. Str.* For shame, sir! thus on my knees let me beg for mercy. [*Kneeling.*]

*Ran.* And thus on mine, let me beg the same.

[*He kneels, catches, and kisses her.*]

*Strict.* [*Within.*] Take away her sword! she'll hurt herself!

*Mrs. Str.* Oh, Heavens! that's my husband's voice!

*Ran.* [*Rising.*] The devil it is!

*Strict.* [*Within.*] Take away her sword, I say, and then I can close with her.

*Mrs. Str.* He is upon the stairs, now coming up! I am undone if he sees you.

*Ran.* Pox on him, I must decamp then. Which way?

*Mrs. Str.* Through this passage into the next chamber.

*Ran.* And so into the street. With all my heart. You may be perfectly easy, madam: mum's the word; I never blab. [*Aside.*] I shall not leave off so, but wait till the last moment. [*Exit Ranger.*]

*Mrs. Str.* So, he's gone. What could I have said, if he had been discovered!

*Enter Mr. STRICTLAND driving in JACINTHA, LUCETTA following.*

*Strict.* Once more, my pretty masculine madam, you are welcome home; and I hope to keep you somewhat closer than I have done; for to-morrow morning eight o'clock is the latest hour you shall stay in this lewd town.

*Jac.* Oh, sir; when once a girl is equipp'd with a hearty resolution, it is not your worship's sagacity, nor the great chain at your gate, can hinder her from doing what she has a-mind.

*Strict.* Oh, Lord! Lord! how this love improves a young lady's modesty!

*Jac.* Am I to blame to seek for happiness any

where, when you are resolved to make me miserable here ?

*Striët.* I have this night prevented your making yourself so ; and will endeavour to do it for the future. I have you safe now, and the devil shall not get you out of my clutches again. I have lock'd the doors and barred them, I warrant you. So here, [*Giving her a candle.*] troop to your chamber, and to bed, whilst you are well. Go ! [*He treads on Ranger's hat.*] What's here ? a hat ! a man's hat in my wife's dressing-room ! [*Looking at the hat.*

*Mrs. Str.* What shall I do ? [*Aside.*

*Striët.* [*Taking up the hat and looking at Mrs. Striëtland*] Ha ! by hell, I see 'tis true !

*Mrs. Str.* My fears confound me. I dare not tell the truth, and know not how to frame a lie ! [*Aside.*

*Striët.* Mrs. Striëtland, Mrs. Striëtland, how came this hat into your chamber ?

*Luc.* Are you that way disposed, my fine lady, and will not trust me ? [*Aside.*

*Striët.* Speak, wretch, speak——

*Jac.* I could not have suspected this. [*Aside.*

*Striët.* Why dost thou not speak ?

*Mrs. Str.* Sir——

*Striët.* Guilt—'tis guilt that ties your tongue !

*Luc.* I must bring her off, however. “ No chambermaid can help it.” [*Aside*

*Striët.* My fears are just, and I am miserable——  
Thou worst of women !

*Mrs. Str.* I know my innocence, and can bear this no longer.

*Strict.* I know you are false, and 'tis I who will bear my injuries no longer.

[*Both walk about in a passion.*]

*Luc.* [*To Jacintha aside.*] Is not the hat yours? own it, madam. [*Takes away Jacintha's hat, and exit.*]

*Mrs. Str.* What ground, what cause have you for jealousy, when you yourself can witness, your leaving me was accidental, your return uncertain; and expected even sooner than it happen'd? The abuse is gross and palpable.

*Strict.* Why this is true!

*Mrs. Str.* Indeed, Jacintha, I am innocent.

*Strict.* And yet this hat must belong to somebody.

*Jac.* Dear Mrs. Strictland, be not concerned. When he has diverted himself a little longer with it——

*Strict.* Ha!

*Jac.* I suppose he will give me my hat again.

*Strict.* Your hat!

*Jac.* Yes, my hat. You brush'd it from my side yourself, and then trod upon it; whether on purpose to abuse this lady or no, you best know yourself.

*Strict.* It cannot be—'tis all a lie.

*Jac.* Believe so still, with all my heart; but the hat is mine. *Now, sir, who does it belong to?*

[*Snatches it, and puts it on.*]

*Strict.* Why did she look so?

*Jac.* Your violence of temper is too much for her.

You use her ill, and then suspect her for that confusion which you yourself occasion.

*Strict.* Why did not you set me right at first?

*Jac.* Your hard usage of me, sir, is a sufficient reason why I should not be much concerned to undeceive you at all. 'Tis for your lady's sake I do it now; who deserves much better of you than to be thus exposed for every slight suspicion. See where she sits—Go to her.

*Mrs. Str.* [*Rising.*] Indeed, Mr. Strictland, I have a soul as much above—

*Strict.* Whew! Now you have both found your tongues, and I must bear with their eternal rattle.

*Jac.* For shame, sir, go to her, and—

*Strict.* Well, well, what shall I say? I forgive— all is over. I, I, I forgive.

*Mrs. Str.* Forgive! What do you mean?

*Jac.* Forgive her! is that all? Consider, sir—

*Strict.* Hold, hold your confounded tongues, and I'll do any thing. I'll ask pardon—or forgive—or any thing. Good now, be quiet—I ask your pardon—there—[*Kisses her.*] For you, madam, I am infinitely obliged to you, and I could find in my heart to make you a return in kind, by marrying you to a beggar, but I have more conscience. Come, come, to your chamber. Here, take this candle.

*Enter LUCERTA pertly.*

*Luc.* Sir, if you please, I will light my young lady to bed.

*Strict.* No, no! no such thing, good madam. She shall have nothing but her pillow to consult this night, I assure you. So, in, in. [*The ladies take leave. Exit Jac.*] Good night, kind madam.

*Luc.* Pox of the jealous fool! we might both have escap'd out of the window purely. [*Aside.*]

*Strict.* Go, get you down; and, do you hear, order the coach to be ready in the morning at eight, exactly [*Exit Lucetta.*] So, she is safe till to-morrow, and then for the country; and when she is there I can manage as I think fit.

*Mrs. Str.* Dear Mr. Strictland——

*Strict.* I am not in a humour, Mrs. Strictland, fit to talk with you. Go to bed. I will endeavour to get the better of my temper, if I can; I'll follow you. [*Exit Mrs. Str.*] How despicable have I made myself. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*Another Chamber. Enter RANGER.*

*Ran.* All seems hush'd again, and I may venture out. I may as well sneak off whilst I am in a whole skin. And shall so much love and claret as I am in possession of only lull me to sleep, when it might so much better keep me waking? Forbid it fortune, and forbid it love. This is a chamber, perhaps of some bewitching female, and I may yet be happy. Ha! a light! the door opens. A boy! pox on him.

[*He retires.*]



*Enter JACINTHA with a candle.*

*Jac.* I have been listening at the door, and, from their silence, I conclude they are peaceably gone to bed together.

*Ran.* A pretty boy, faith; he seems uneasy. [*Aside.*

*Jac.* [*Sitting down.*] What an unlucky night has this proved to me! Every circumstance has fallen out unhappily.

*Ran.* He talks aloud. I'll listen. [*Aside.*

*Jac.* But what most amazes me is, that Clarinda should betray me!

*Ran.* Clarinda! she must be a woman. Well, what of her?

*Jac.* My guardian else would never have suspected my disguise.

*Ran.* Disguise! Ha, it must be so! What eyes she has! what a dull rogue was I not to suspect this sooner! [*Aside.*

*Jac.* Ha, I had forgot; the ladder is at the window still, and I will boldly venture by myself. [*Rising briskly sees Ranger.*] Ha! a man, and well drest! Ha, Mrs. Strickland! are you then at last dishonest!

*Ran.* By all my wishes she is a charming woman? lucky rascal! [*Aside.*

*Jac.* But I will, if possible, conceal her shame, and stand the brunt of his impertinence.

*Ran.* What shall I say to her? No matter; any thing soft will do the business. [*Aside.*

*Jac.* Who are you?

*Ran.* A man, young gentleman.

*Jac.* And what would you have?

*Ran.* A woman.

*Jac.* You are very free, sir. Here are none for you.

*Ran.* Ay, but there is one, and a fair one too; the most charming creature nature ever set her hand to; and you are the dear little pilot that must direct me to her heart.

*Jac.* What mean you, sir? It is an office I am not accustomed to.

*Ran.* You won't have far to go, however. I never make my errands tedious. It is to your own heart, dear madam, I would have you whisper in my behalf. Nay, never start. Think you such beauty could ever be concealed from eyes so well acquainted with its charms?

*Jac.* What will become of me! If I cry out, Mrs. Stricthland is undone. This is my last resort. [*Aside.*]

*Ran.* Pardon, dear lady, the boldness of this visit, which your guardian's care has forced me to: but I long have loved you, long have doated on that beautiful face, and followed you from place to place, though perhaps unknown and unregarded.

*Jac.* Here's a special fellow! [*Aside.*]

*Ran.* Turn then an eye of pity on my sufferings; and, by Heaven, one tender look from those piercing eyes, one touch of this soft hand——

[*Going to take her hand.*]

*Jac.* Hold, sir, no nearer.

*Ran.* Would more than repay whole years of pain.

*Jac.* Hear me; but keep your distance, or I raise the family.

*Ran.* Blessings on her tongue, only for prattling to me! [*Aside.*

*Jac.* Oh, for a moment's courage, and I shall shame him from his purpose. [*Aside.*] If I were certain so much gallantry had been shewn on my account only——

*Ran.* You wrong your beauty to think that any other could have power to draw me hither. By all the little loves that play about your lips, I swear——

*Jac.* You came to me, and me alone.

*Ran.* By all the thousand graces that inhabit there, you, and only you, have drawn me hither.

*Jac.* Well said—*Could I but believe you—*

*Ran.* By Heaven she comes! Ah, honest Ranger, I never knew thee fail. [*Aside.*

*Jac.* Pray, sir, where did you leave this hat?

*Ran.* That hat! that hat—'tis my hat—I dropt it in the next chamber as I was looking for yours.

*Jac.* How mean and despicable do you look now!

*Ran.* So, so! I am in a pretty pickle! [*Aside.*

*Jac.* You know by this, that I am acquainted with every thing that has passed within; and how ill it agrees with what you have professed to me. Let me advise you, sir, to begone immediately: through that window you may easily get into the street. One scream of mine, the least noise at that door, will wake the house.

Ran. Say you so ?

[*Aside.*

Jac. Believe me, sir, an injur'd husband is not so easily pleas'd, and a suspected wife that is jealous of her honour——

Ran. Is the devil, and so let's have no more of her. Look ye, madam, [*Getting between the door and her.*] I have but one argument left, and that is a strong one. Look on me well; I am as handsome, a strong, well made fellow as any about town; and, since we are alone, as I take it, we can have no occasion to be more private. [*Going to lay hold of her.*

Jac. I have a reputation, sir, and will maintain it.

Ran. You have a bewitching pair of eyes.

Jac. Consider my virtue. [*Struggling.*

Ran. Consider your beauty and my desires.

Jac. If I were a man, you dar'd not use me thus.

Ran. I should not have the same temptation.

Jac. Hear me, sir, I will be heard. [*Breaks from him.*] There is a man who will make you repent this usage of me. Oh, Bellamy! where art thou now?

Ran. Bellamy!

Jac. Were he here, you durst not thus affront me. [*Bursting into tears.*

Ran. His mistress, on my soul! [*Aside.*] You can love, madam; you can love, I find. Her tears affect me strangely. [*Aside.*

Jac. I am not ashamed to own my passion for a man of virtue and honour. I love and glory in it.

Ran. Oh, brave! and you can write letters, you

can. "I will not trust myself home with you this evening, because I know it is inconvenient."

*Jac.* Ha!

*Ran.* "Therefore I beg you would procure me a lodging; 'tis no matter how far off my guardian's. Yours, Jacintha."

*Jac.* The very words of my letter! I am amaz'd! Do you know Mr. Beilamy?

*Ran.* There is not a man on earth I have so great a value for: and he must have some value for me too, or he would never have shewn me your pretty epistle; think of that, fair lady. The ladder is at the window, and so, madam, I hope delivering you safe into his arms, will, in some measure, expiate the crime I have been guilty of to you.

*Jac.* Good Heaven! How fortunate is this!

*Ran.* I believe I make myself appear more wicked than I really am. For, damn me, if I do not feel more satisfaction in the thoughts of restoring you to my friend, than I could have pleasure in any favour your bounty could have bestowed. *Let any other rake lay his hand upon his heart and say the same.*

*Jac.* Your generosity transports me.

*Ran.* Let us lose no time then; the ladder's ready. Where was you to lodge?

*Jac.* At Mr. Meggot's.

*Ran.* At my friend Jacky's! better and better still.

*Jac.* Are you acquainted with him too?

*Ran.* Ay, ay; why, did I not tell you at first that I was one of your old acquaintance? I know all about

you, you see ; though the devil fetch me if ever I saw you before. Now, madam, give me your hand.

*Jac.* And now, sir, have with you.

*Ran.* Then thou art a girl of spirit. And though I long to hug you for trusting yourself with me, I will not beg a single kiss, till Bellamy himself shall give me leave. He must fight well that takes you from me. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Piazza. Enter BELLAMY and FRANKLY.*

*Bellamy.*

PSHA! what impertinent devil put it into your head to meddle with my affairs?

*Fran.* You know I went thither in pursuit of another.

*Bel.* I know nothing you had to do there at all.

*Fran.* I thought, Mr. Bellamy, you were a lover.

*Bel.* I am so; and therefore should be forgiven this sudden warmth.

*Fran.* And therefore should forgive the fond impertinence of a lover.

*Bel.* Jealousy, you know, is as natural an incident to love——

*Fran.* As curiosity. By one piece of silly curiosity I have gone nigh to ruin both myself and you; let not then your jealousy complete our misfortunes. I

fear I have lost a mistress as well as you. Then let us not quarrel. All may come right again.

*Bel.* It is impossible. She is gone, removed forever from my sight: she is in the country by this time.

*Fran.* How did you lose her after we parted?

*Bel.* By too great confidence. When I got her to my chair, the chairmen were not to be found. And, safe as I thought in our disguise, I actually put her into the chair, when Mr. Strickland and his servants were in sight; which I had no sooner done, than they surrounded us, overpowered me, and carried her away.

*Fran.* Unfortunate indeed! Could you not make a second attempt?

*Bel.* I had designed it; but when I came to the door, I found the ladder removed; and hearing no noise, seeing no lights, nor being able to make anybody answer, I concluded all attempts as impracticable as I now find them.—Ha! I see Lucetta coming. Then they may be still in town.

*Enter LUCETTA.*

Lucetta, welcome! what news of Jacintha?

*Luc.* News, sir! you fright me out of my senses! Why, is she not with you?

*Bel.* What do you mean? With me! I have not seen her since I lost her last night.

*Luc.* Good Heav'n! then she is undone for ever.

*Fran.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bel.* Speak out—I'm all amazement.

*Luc.* She is escap'd, without any of us knowing how. Nobody miss'd her till morning. We all thought she went away with you. But Heaven knows now what may have happened.

*Bel.* Somebody must have accompanied her in her flight.

*Luc.* We know of nobody: we are all in confusion at home. My master swears revenge on you. My mistress says a stranger has her.

*Bel.* A stranger!

*Luc.* But Mrs. Clarinda——

*Bel.* Clarinda! who is she?

*Luc.* [*To Frankly.*] The lady, sir, who you saw at our house last night.

*Fran.* Ha! what of her?

*Luc.* She says, she is sure one Frankly is the man; she saw them together, and knows it to be true.

*Fran.* Damn'd fortune! [*Aside.*]

*Luc.* Sure this is not Mr. Frankly.

*Fran.* Nothing will convince him now. [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* [*Looking at Frankly.*] Ha! 'tis true!—I see it is true. [*Aside.*] Lucetta, run up to Buckle, and take him with you to search wherever you can. [*Puts her out.*] Now, Mr. Frankly, I have found you.—You have used me soo ill, that you force me to forget you are my friend.

*Fran.* What do you mean?

*Bel.* Draw.

*Fran.* Are you mad? By Heavens, I am innocent.



*Bel.* I have heard you, and will no longer be impos'd on—Defend yourself.

*Fran.* Nay, if you are so hot, I draw to defend myself, as I would against a madman.

*Enter RANGER.*

*Ran.* What the devil, swords at noon-day! Have among you, faith! [*Parts them.*] What's here, Bellamy—Yes, egad, you are Bellamy, and you are Frankly, put up, both of you—or else—I am a devilish fellow when once my sword is out.

*Bel.* We shall have a time——

*Ran.* [*Pushing Bellamy one way.*] A time for what?

*Fran.* I shall be always as ready to defend my innocence as now.

*Ran.* [*Pushing Frankly the other way.*] Innocence I ay, to be sure—at your age—a mighty innocent fellow, no doubt. But what, in the name of common sense, is it that ails you both? are you mad? The last time I saw you, you were hugging and kissing; and now you are cutting one another's throats—I never knew any good come of one fellow's beslaving another—But I shall put you into better humour, I warrant you——Bellamy, Frankly, listen both of you—Such fortune—such a scheme——

*Bel.* Pr'ythee, leave fooling. What, art drunk?

*Fran.* He is always so, I think.

*Ran.* And who gave you the privilege of thinking? Drunk! no; I am not drunk.—'Tispy, perhaps, with my good fortune—merry, and in spirits—though I

have not fire enough to run my friend through the body. Not drunk, though Jack Meggot and I have boxed it about—Champaign was the word for two whole hours by Shrewsbury clock.

*Bel.* Jack Meggot!—Why, I left him at one, going to bed.

*Ran.* That may be, but I made shift to rouse him and his family by four this morning. Ounds, I pick'd up a wench, and carried her to his house.

*Bel.* Ha!

*Ran.* Such a variety of adventures—Nay, you shall hear—But, before I begin, Bellamy, you shall promise me half a dozen kisses before hand: for the devil fetch me if that little jade, Jacintha, would give me one, though I pressed hard.

*Bel.* Who, Jacintha? press to kiss Jacintha?

*Ran.* Kiss her! ay; why not? is she not a woman, and made to be kiss'd?

*Bel.* Kiss her—I shall run distracted?

*Ran.* How could I help it, when I had her alone, you rogue, in her bed-chamber at midnight! if I had been to be sacrificed, I should have done it.

*Bel.* Bed-chamber, at midnight! I can hold no longer—Draw.

*Fran.* Be easy, Bellamy. [*Interposing.*

*Bel.* He has been at some of his damn'd tricks with her.

*Fran.* Hear him out.

*Ran.* 'Sdeath, how could I know she was his mistress? But I tell this story most miserably. I should

have told you first, I was in another lady's chamber. By the lord, I got in at the window by a ladder of ropes.

*Fran.* Ha! Another lady?

*Ran.* Another: and stole in upon her whilst she was undressing; beautiful as an angel, blooming and young——

*Fran.* What, in the same house?

*Bel.* What is this to Jacintha? Ease me of my pain.

*Ran.* Ay, ay, in the same house, on the same floor. The sweetest, little angel—But I design to have another touch with her.

*Fran.* 'Sdeath! but you shall have a touch upon me first.

*Bel.* Stay, Frankly.

[*Interposing.*]

*Ran.* Why, what strange madness has possess'd you both, that nobody must kiss a pretty wench but yourselves.

*Bel.* What became of Jacintha?

*Ran.* Ounds! what have you done, that you must monopolize kissing?

*Fran.* Pr'ythee, honest Ranger, ease me of the pain I am in. Was her name Clarinda?

*Bel.* Speak in plain words, where Jacintha is, where to be found. Dear boy, tell me.

*Ran.* Ay, now it is honest Ranger; and, dear boy, tell me—and a minute ago, my throat was to be cut——I could find in my heart not to open my lips. But here comes Jack Meggot, who will let you into all the secret, though he design'd to keep it from you,

in half the time that I can, though I had ever so great a mind to tell it you.

*Enter JACK MEGGOT.*

*J. Meg.* So, save ye, save ye, lads! we have been frighten'd out of our wits for you. Not hearing of Mr. Bellamy, poor Jacintha is ready to sink for fear of any accident.

*Bel.* Is she at your house?

*J. Meg.* Why, did not you know that? We dispatch'd Master Ranger to you three hours ago.

*Ran.* Ay, plague! but I had business of my own, so I could not come—Hark ye, Frankly, is your girl, maid, wife, or widow?

*Fran.* A maid, I hope.

*Ran.* The odds are against you, Charles—But mine is married, you rogue, and her husband jealous—The devil is in it if I do not reap some reward for my last night's service.

*Bel.* He has certainly been at Mrs. Striçtland herself. But, Frankly, I dare not look on you.

*Fran.* This one embrace cancels all thoughts of enmity.

*Bel.* Thou generous man!—But I must haste to ease Jacintha of her fears. *[Exit.]*

*Fran.* And I to make up matters with Clarinda.

*[Exit.]*

*Ran.* And I to some kind wench or other, Jack. But where shall I find her, Heaven knows. And so, my service to your monkey.

*J. Meg.* Adieu, rattlepate.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

*The Hall of Mr. STRICTLAND'S House. Enter Mrs. STRICTLAND and CLARINDA.*

*Mrs. Str.* But, why in such a hurry, my dear; stay till your servants can go along with you.

*Cl.* Oh, no matter; they'll follow with my things. It is but a little way off, and my chair will guard me. After my staying out so late last night, I am sure Mr. Strictland will think every minute an age whilst I am in his house.

*Mrs. Str.* I am as much amaz'd at his suspecting your innocence as my own; and every time I think of it, I blush at my present behaviour to you.

*Cl.* No ceremony, dear child.

*Mrs. Str.* No, Clarinda, I am too well acquainted with your good humour. But I fear, in the eye of a malicious world, it may look like a confirmation of his suspicion.

*Cl.* My dear, if the world will speak ill of me for the little innocent gaiety, which I think the peculiar happiness of my temper, I know no way to prevent it, and am only sorry the world is so ill-natured: but I shall not part with my mirth, I assure them, so long as I know it innocent. I wish, my dear, this may be the greatest uneasiness your husband's jealousy ever gives you.

*Mrs. Str.* I hope he never again may have such occasion as he had last night.

*Cl.* You are so unfashionable a wife.—Why, last night's accident would have made half the wives in London easy for life. Has not his jealousy discover'd itself openly? And are not you innocent? There is nothing but your foolish temper that prevents his being absolutely in your power.

*Mrs. Str.* Clarinda, this is too serious an affair to laugh at. Let me advise you, take care of Mr. Frankly, observe his temper well, and if he has the least taint of jealousy, cast him off, and never trust to keeping him in your power.

*Cl.* You will hear little more of Frankly, I believe. Here is Mr. Stricthland.

*Enter Mr. STRICTLAND and LUCETTA.*

*Strict.* Lucetta says you want me, madam.

*Cl.* I trouble you, sir, only that I might return you thanks for the civilities I have receiv'd in your family, before I took my leave.

*Strict.* Keep them to yourself, dear madam. As it is at my request that you leave my house, your thanks upon that occasion are not very desirable.

*Cl.* Oh, sir, you need not fear. My thanks were only for your civilities. They will not overburden you. But I'll conform to your humour, sir, and part with as little ceremony——

*Strict.* As we met.

*Cl.* The brute! [*Aside.*] My dear, good b'ye, we may meet again. [*To Mrs. Strickland.*

*Strick.* If you dare trust me with your hand.

*Cl.* Lucetta, remember my instructions. Now, sir, have with you. [*Mr. Strickland leads Clarinda out.*

*Mrs. Str.* Are her instructions cruel or kind, Lucetta? For I suppose they relate to Mr. Frankly.

*Luc.* Have you a mind to try if I can keep a secret as well as yourself, madam? But I will shew you I am fit to be trusted by keeping this, though it signifies nothing.

*Mrs. Str.* This answer is not so civil, I think.

*Luc.* I beg pardon, madam, I meant it not to offend.

*Mrs. Str.* Pray let us have no more such. I neither desire, nor want your assistance.

*Re-enter Mr. STRICTLAND.*

*Strick.* She is gone; I feel myself somewhat easier already. Since I have begun the day with gallantry, madam, shall I conduct you up?

*Mrs. Str.* There is something, sir, which gives you secret uneasiness. I wish——

*Strick.* Perhaps so, madam; and perhaps it may soon be no secret at all. [*Leads her out.*

*Luc.* Would I were once well settled with my young lady; for, at present, this is but an odd sort of a queer family. Last night's affair puzzles me. A hat there was that belong'd to none of us, that's certain; madam was in a fright, that is as certain; and

I brought all off. Jacintha escap'd, no one of us knows how. The good man's jealousy was yesterday groundless; yet to-day, in my mind, he is very much in the right. Mighty odd, all this!—Somebody knocks. If this should be Clarinda's spark, I have an odd message for him too. [She opens the door.

*Enter FRANKLY.*

*Fran.* So, my pretty handmaid, meeting with you gives me some hopes. May I speak with Clarinda?

*Luc.* Whom do you want, sir?

*Fran.* Clarinda, child. The young lady I was admitted to yesterday.

*Luc.* Clarinda!—No such person lives here, I assure you.

*Fran.* Where then?

*Luc.* I don't know indeed, sir.

*Fran.* Will you inquire within?

*Luc.* Nobody knows in this house, sir, you will find.

*Fran.* What do you mean? She is a friend of Jacintha's, your lady. I will take my oath she was here last night; and you yourself spoke of her being here this morning—Not know!

*Luc.* No; none of us know. She went away of a sudden—no one of us can imagine whither.

*Fran.* Why, faith, child, thou hast a tolerable face, and hast deliver'd this denial very handsomely: but let me tell you, your impertinence this morning had lik'd to have cost me my life; now, therefore, make me amends. I come from your young mistress; I



come from Mr. Bellamy; I come with my purse full of gold, that persuasive rhetoric, to win you to let me see and speak to this Clarinda once again.

*Luc.* She is not here, sir.

*Fran.* Direct me to her.

*Luc.* No, I can't do that neither.

*Enter Mr STRICTLAND behind.*

*Strict.* I heard a knocking at the door, and a man's voice—Ha! [*Aside.*]

*Fran.* Deliver this letter to her.

*Strict.* By all my fears, a letter! [*Aside.*]

*Luc.* I don't know but I may be tempted to do that.

*Fran.* Take it then—and with it this.

[*Kisses her, and gives her money.*]

*Strict.* Um! there are two bribes in a breath! What a jade she is! [*Aside.*]

*Luc.* Ay; this gentleman understands reason.

*Fran.* And be assured you oblige your mistress while you are serving me.

*Strict.* Her mistress!—Damn'd sex! and damn'd wife, thou art an epitome of that sex! [*Aside.*]

*Fran.* And if you can procure me an answer, your fee shall be enlarg'd. [*Exit.*]

*Luc.* The next step is to get her to read this letter.

*Strict.* [*Snatches the letter.*] No noise—but stand silent there, whilst I read this. [*Breaks it open and drops the case.*] “Madam, the gaiety of a heart happy as mine was yesterday, may, I hope, easily excuse the unseasonable visit I made your house last night.”

—Death and the devil! confusion! I shall run distracted. It is too much!—There was a man then to whom the hat belong'd; and I was gull'd, abused, cheated, impos'd on by a chit, a child—Oh, woman, woman!— But I will be calm, search it to the bottom, and have a full revenge——

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] So, here's fine work! He'll make himself very ridiculous though.

*Strick.* [*Reads on.*] “ I know my innocence will appear so manifestly, that I need only appeal to the lady who accompanied you at Bath.” Your very humble servant, good, innocent, fine Madam Clarinda. “ And I do not doubt but her good-nature,” bawd! bawd! “ will not let you persist in injuring your obedient humble servant, CHARLES FRANKLY.”

Now, who can say my jealousy lack'd foundation, or my suspicion of fine madam's innocent gaiety was unjust?—Gaiety! why ay, 'twas gaiety brought him hither. Gaiety makes her a bawd—My wife may be a whore in gaiety. What a number of things become fashionable under the notion of gaiety—What, you receiv'd this epistle in gaiety too; and were to deliver it to my wife, I suppose, when the gay fit came next upon her?—Why, you impudent young strumpet, do you laugh at me?

*Luc.* I wou'd, if I dar'd, laugh heartily.——Be pleas'd, sir, only to look at that piece of paper that lies there.

*Strick.* Ha!

*Luc.* I have not touched it, sir. It is the case that letter came in, and the direction will inform you whom I was to deliver it to.

*Strict.* This is directed to Clarinda!

*Luc.* Oh, is it so? Now read it over again, and all your foolish doubts will vanish.

*Strict.* I have no doubts at all. I am satisfied that you, Jacintha, Clarinda, my wife, all are——

*Luc.* Lud! Lud! you will make a body mad.

*Strict.* Hold your impertinent tongue.

*Luc.* You'll find the thing to be just as I say, sir.

*Strict.* Begone. [*Exit Lucetta.*] They must be poor at the work, indeed if they did not lend one another their names. 'Tis plain, 'tis evident, and I am miserable. But for my wife, she shall not stay one night longer in my house. Separation, shame, contempt, shall be her portion. I am determined in the thing; and when once it is over, I may, perhaps, be easy.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*The Street.* CLARINDA brought in a Chair, RANGER following.

*Ran.* Harkye, chairman! damn your confounded trot. Go slower.

*Cl.* Here, stop.

*Ran.* By Heavens! the monsters hear reason and obey.

*Cl.* [*Letting down the window.*] What troublesome fellow was that?

*1 Chair.* Some rake, I warrant, that cannot carry himself home, and wants us to do it for him.

*Cl.* There—And pray do you take care I be not troubled with him. [*Goes in.*]

*Ran.* That's as much as to say now, pray follow me. Madam, you are a charming woman, and I will do it—

*1 Chair.* Stand off, sir.

*Ran.* Pr'ythee, honest fellow—what—what writing is that? [*Endeavouring to get in.*]

*2 Chair.* You come not here.

*Ran.* Lodgings to be let: a pretty convenient inscription, and the sign of a good modest family. There may be lodgings for gentlemen as well as ladies. Harkye, rogues; I'll lay you all the silver I have in my pocket, there it is, I get in there in spite of your teeth, ye pimps.

[*Throws down the money, and goes in.*]

[*Within.*] *Chair, chair, chair!*

*Chair.* *Who calls chair?*

“*1 Chair.* What, have you let the gentleman in?”

“*2 Chair.* I'll tell you what, partner, he certainly slipt by whilst we were picking up the money.

“Come, take up.”

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

CLARINDA'S Lodgings. Enter CLARINDA, and Maid following.

Maid. Bless me, madam, you seem disorder'd; what's the matter?

Cla. Some impertinent fellow follow'd the chair, and I am afraid they let him in. [A noise between Ranger and Landlady.] I should certainly know that voice. [Ranger talks with the Landlady.] My madcap cousin Ranger, as I live. I am sure he does not know me.—If I cou'd but hide my face now, what sport I shou'd have! A mask, a mask! Run and see if you can find a mask.

Maid. I believe there is one above.

Cla. Run, run, and fetch it. [Exit Maid.] Here he comes.

Enter RANGER and Landlady.

How unlucky this is! [Turning from them.]

Land. What's your business here, unmannerly sir?

Ran. Well, let's see these lodgings that are to be let. Gad, a very pretty neat tenement—But hark-ye, is it real and natural, all that, or only patch'd up and new-painted this summer-season, against the town fills?

Land. What does the saucy fellow mean with his double tenders here? Get you down—

*Enter Maid with a mask.*

*Maid.* Here is a very dirty one. [*Aside to Clarinda.*

*Cl.* No matter—now we shall see a little what he would be at. [*Aside.*

*Land.* This is an honest house. For all your lac'd waistcoat, I'll have you thrown down neck and heels.

*Ran.* Pho! not in such a hurry, good old lady—A mask! nay, with all my heart. It saves a world of blushing. Have you ne'er a one for me!—I am apt to be asham'd myself on these occasions.

*Land.* Get you down, I say——

*Ran.* Not if I guess right, old lady. Madam, [*To Clarinda, who makes signs to the Landlady to retire*] look ye there now! that a woman should live to your age, and know so little of the matter. Begone. [*Exit Landlady.*] By her forwardness this should be a whore of quality. My boy, Ranger, thou art in luck to-day. She won't speak, I find—then I will. [*Aside.*] Delicate lodgings truly, madam; and very neatly furnish'd—A very convenient room this, I must needs own, to entertain a mix'd company. But, my dear charming creature, does not that door open to a more commodious apartment for the happiness of a private friend, or so? The prettiest brass lock—Fast, um; that won't do. 'Sdeath, you are a beautiful woman; I am sure you are. Pr'ythee let me see your face. It is your interest, child—The longer you delay, the more I shall expect. Therefore, [*Taking her hand.*] my dear, soft, kind, new acquaintance, thus let me

take your hand, and whilst you gently with the other let day-light in upon me, let me softly hold you to me, that with my longing lips I may receive the warmest, best impression. [*She unmask.*] Clarinda!

*Cla.* Ha, ha! your servant, cousin Ranger—Ha, ha, ha!

*Ran.* Oh, your humble servant, madam. You had like to have been beholden to your mask, cousin—I must brazen it out. [*Aside.*]

*Cla.* Ha, ha, ha! You were not so happy in your disguise, sir. The pretty stagger in your gait, that happy disposition of your wig, the genteel negligence of your whole person, and those pretty flowers of modish gallantry, made it impossible to mistake you, my sweet coz. Ha, ha!

*Ran.* Oh, I knew you too, but I fancied you had taken a particular liking to my person, and had a mind to sink the relation under that little piece of black velvet! and, egad, you never find me behind hand in a frolic. But since it is otherwise, my merry, good-humoured cousin, I am as heartily glad to see you in town, as I should be to meet any of my old bottle acquaintance.

*Cla.* And on my side, I am as happy in meeting your worship, as I should be in a rencounter with e'er a petticoat in Christendom.

*Ran.* And if you have any occasion for a dangling gallant to Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or even the poor neglected Park, you are so unlike the rest of your vir-

tuous sisters of the petticoat, that I will venture myself with you.

*Cl.* Take care what you promise; for who knows but this face, you were pleased to say so many pretty things of before you saw it, may raise so many rivals among your kept mistresses, and reps of quality—

*Ran.* Hold, hold! a truce with your satire, sweet coz; or if scandal must be the topic of every virtuous woman's conversation, call for your tea-water, and let it be in its proper element. Come, your tea, your tea.

*Enter Maid.*

*Cl.* With all my heart—Who's there? Get tea—upon condition that you stay till it comes.

*Ran.* That is according as you behave, madam.

*Cl.* Oh, sir, I am very sensible of the favour.

*Ran.* Nay, you may, I assure you; for there is but one woman of virtue, besides yourself, I would stay with ten minutes (and I have not known her above these twelve hours;) the insipidity, or the rancour of their discourse is insufferable—'Sdeath! I had rather take the air with my grandmother.

*Cl.* Ha, ha, ha! the ladies are highly obliged to you, I vow.

*Ran.* I tell you what; the lady I speak of was obliged to me, and the generous girl is ready to own it.

*Cl.* And, pray, when was it you did virtue this considerable service?



*Ran.* But this last night, the devil fetch me! A romantic whim of mine conveyed me into her chamber, where I found her, young and beautiful, alone at midnight, dress'd like a soft Adonis; her lovely hair all loose about her shoulders——

*Cla.* In boy's clothes! this is worth attending to.

[*Aside.*

*Ran.* Gad, I no more suspected her being a woman, than I did your being my cater-cousin.

*Cla.* How did you discover it at last?

*Ran.* Why, faith, she very modestly dropt me a hint of it herself.

*Cla.* Herself! If this should be Jacintha! [*Aside.*

*Ran.* Ay, 'forgad, did she; which I imagined a good sign at midnight, ay, cousin! So I e'en invented a long story of a passion I had for her, though I had never seen her before—you know my old way;—and said so many such tender things——

*Cla.* As you said to me just now.

*Ran.* Pho! quite in another style, I assure you. It was midnight, and I was in a right cue.

*Cla.* Well! And what did she answer to all these protestations?

*Ran.* Why, instead of running into my arms at once, as I expected——

*Cla.* To be sure.

*Ran.* 'Gad, like a free-hearted, honest girl, she frankly told me she liked another better than she liked me; that I had something in my face that shewed I was a gentleman; and she would e'en trust herself

with me, if I would give her my word I would convey her to her spark.

*Cl.* Oh, brave! and how did you bear this?

*Ran.* Why, curse me, if I am ever angry with a woman for not having a passion for me.

*Cl.* No!

*Ran.* *Never.* I only hate your sex's vain pretence of having no passion at all. Gad, I lov'd the good-natured girl for it; took her at her word, stole her out of the window, and this morning made a very honest fellow happy in the possession of her.

*Cl.* And her name is Jacintha.

*Ran.* Ha!

*Cl.* Your amours are no secrets, sir. You see, you might as well have told me all the whole of last night's adventure; for you find I know.

*Ran.* All! Why, what do you know?

*Cl.* Nay, nothing, I only know that a gentleman's hat cannot be dropt in a lady's chamber——

*Ran.* The devil!

*Cl.* But a husband is such an odd, impertinent, awkward creature, that he will be stumbling over it.

*Ran.* Here hath been fine work. [*Aside.*] But how, in the name of wonder, should you know all this?

*Cl.* By being in the same house.

*Ran.* In the same house!

*Cl.* Ay, in the same house, a witness of the confusion you have made.

*Ran.* Frankly's Clarinda, by all that's fortunate!  
It must be so! [*Aside.*]

*Cla.* And let me tell you, sir, that even the dull, low-spirited diversions you ridicule in us tame creatures, are preferable to the romantic exploits that only wine can raise you to.

*Ran.* Yes, cousin : but I'll be even with you.

[*Aside.*

*Cla.* If you reflect, cousin, you will find a great deal of wit in shocking a lady's modesty, disturbing her quiet, tainting her reputation, and ruining the peace of a whole family.

*Ran.* To be sure.

*Cla.* These are the high-mettled pleasures of you men of spirit, that the insipidity of the virtuous can never arrive at. And can you in reality think your Burgundy, and your Bacchus, your Venus, and your Loves, an excuse for all this? Fie, cousin, fie!

*Ran.* No, cousin.

*Cla.* What, dumb! I am glad you have modesty enough left not to go about to excuse yourself.

*Ran.* It is as you say ; when we are sober and reflect but ever so little on the follies we commit, we are ashamed and sorry ; and yet the very next minute we run again into the same absurdities.

*Cla.* What ! moralizing, cousin ! ha, ha, ha !

*Ran.* What you know is not half, not a hundredth part of the mischief of my last night's frolic ; and yet the very next petticoat I saw this morning I must follow it, and be damn'd to me ; though, for aught I know, poor Frankly's life may depend upon it.

*Cl.* Whose life, sir?

*Ran.* And here do I stand prating to you now.

*Cl.* Pray, good cousin, explain yourself.

*Ran.* Good cousin! She has it. [*Aside.*] Why, whilst I was making off with the wench, Bellamy and he were quarrelling about her; and though Jacintha and I made all the haste we could, we did not get to them before——

*Cl.* Before what? I'm frighten'd out of my wits!

*Ran.* Not that Frankly cared three half pence for the girl.

*Cl.* But there was no mischief done, I hope?

*Ran.* Pho! a slight scratch; nothing at all, as the surgeon said: though he was but a queer looking son of a bitch of a surgeon, neither.

*Cl.* Good God! why, he should have the best that can be found in London.

*Ran.* Ay, indeed, so he should; that was what I was going for when I saw you. [*Sits down.*] They are all at Jack Meggot's hard by, and you will keep me here.

*Cl.* I keep you here! For Heaven's sake be gone.

*Ran.* Your tea is a damn'd while a coming.

*Cl.* You shall have no tea now, I assure you.

*Ran.* Nay! one dish.

*Cl.* No, positively you shall not stay.

*Ran.* Your commands are absolute, madam.

[*Going.*]

*Cl.* Then Frankly is true, and I only am to blame.

Ran. [*Returns.*] But I beg ten thousand pardons, cousin, that I should forget——

Cla. *Forget what!*

Ran. *Forget to salute you.*

Cla. Pshaw! how can you trifle at such a time as this?

Ran. A trifle! wrong not your beauty.

Cla. Lord, how teasing you are. There.

Ran. [*Kisses her.*] Poor thing; how uneasy she is. Nay, no ceremony, you shall not stir a step with me.

Cla. I do not intend it. This is downright provoking. [*Exit Ranger.*] Who's there?

*Enter Landlady.*

Land. Madam, did your ladyship call?

Cla. Does one Mr. Meggot live in this neighbourhood?

Land. Yes, madam, a fine gentleman, and keeps a noble house, and a world of company.

Cla. Very well; I don't want his history. I wonder my servants are not come yet.

Land. Lack-a-day, madam, they are all below.

Cla. Send up one then with a card to me. I must know the truth of this immediately. [*Exeunt.*]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

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*A Room in Mr. STRICTLAND's House. Mr. and Mrs. STRICTLAND discovered; she weeping, and he writing.*

*Mrs. Strickland.*

HEIGH ho!

*Strick.* What can possibly be the occasion of that sigh, madam? you have yourself agreed to a maintenance, and a maintenance no dutchess need be ashamed of.

*Mrs. Str.* But the extremities of provocation that drove me to that agreement——

*Strick.* Were the effect of your own follies. Why do you disturb me? [Writes on.

*Mrs. Str.* I would not willingly give you a moment's uneasiness; I but desire a fair and equal hearing: and if I satisfy you not in every point, then abandon me, discard me to the world, and its malicious tongues.

*Strick.* What was it you said? Damn this pen.

*Mrs. Str.* I say, Mr. Strickland, I would only——

*Strick.* You would only——You would only repeat what you have been saying this hour, I am innocent; and when I shewed you the letter I had taken from your maid, what was then your poor evasion, but that it was to Clarinda, and you were innocent.

*Mrs. Str.* Heaven knows, I am innocent.

*Strict.* But I know your Clarinda, your woman of honour, is your blind, your cover, your——But why do I distract myself about a woman I have no longer any concern with? Here, madam, is your fate. A letter to your brother in the country.

*Mrs. Str.* Sir——

*Strict.* I have told him what a sister he has to receive, and how to bid her welcome.

*Mrs. Str.* Then my ruin is complete. My brother!

*Strict.* I must vindicate my own honour, else what will the world say?

*Mrs. Str.* That brother was my only hope, my only ground of patience. In his retirement I hoped my name might have been safe, and slept, till by some happy means you might at length have known me innocent, and pitied me.

*Strict.* Retirement! prettysoul! no, no; that face was never made for retirement; it is another sort of retiring you are fittest for. Ha! hark! What's that? [*A knocking at the door.*] Two gentle taps—and why but two! was that the signal, madam? Stir not, on your life.

*Mrs. Str.* Give me resolution, Heaven, to bear this usage, and keep it secret from the world. [*Aside.*

*Strict.* I will have no signs, no items, no hem to tell him I am here. Ha! another tap. The gentleman is in haste, I find. [*Opens the door, and enters Tester.*] Tester! Why did you not come in, rascal? [*Beats him.*] All vexations meet to cross me.

*Test.* Lard, sir! what do you strike me for? my

mistress ordered me never to come in where she was, without first knocking at the door.

*Strict.* Oh, cunning devil! Tester is too honest to be trusted.

*Mrs. Str.* Unhappy man; will nothing undeceive him? [*Aside.*

*Test.* Sir, here is a letter.

*Strict.* To my wife?

*Test.* No, sir, to you. The servant waits below.

*Strict.* Art sure it is a servant?

*Test.* Sir! [*Staring.*] it is Mr. Buckle, sir.

*Strict.* I am mad: I know not what to say, or do, or think. But let's read: [*Reads to himself.*

“Sir, we cannot bear to reflect that Mrs. Strictland may possibly be ruined in your esteem, and in the voice of the world, only by the confusion which our affairs have made in your family, without offering all within our power to clear the misunderstanding between you. If you will give yourself the trouble but to step to Mr. Meggot's, where all parties will be, we doubt not but we can entirely satisfy your most flagrant suspicions, to the honour of Mrs. Strictland, and the quiet of your lives.

JACINTHA, JOHN BELLAMY.”

Hey! Here is the whole gang witnessing for one another. They think I am an ass, and will be led by the nose to believe every thing. Call me a chair. [*Exit Tester.*] Yes, I will go to this rendezvous of enemies—I will—and find out all her plots, her arti-



fices and contrivances: it will clear my conduct to her brother, and all her friends.

[Exit Mr. Strickland.

*Mrs. Str.* Gone so abruptly! What can that letter be about? no matter; there is no way left to make us easy but by my disgrace, and I must learn to suffer; time and innocence will teach me to bear it patiently.

Enter LUCETTA.

*Luc.* Mrs. Bellamy, madam, (for my young lady is married) begs you would follow Mr. Strickland to Mr. Meggot's; she makes no doubt but she shall be able to make you and my master easy.

*Mrs. Str.* But how came she to know any thing of the matter?

*Luc.* I have been with them, madam; I could not bear to see so good a lady ill-treated.

*Mrs. Str.* I am indeed, Lucetta, ill-treated: but I hope this day will be the last of it.

*Luc.* Madam Clarinda and Mr. Frankly will be there: and the young gentleman, madam, who was with you in this room last night.

*Mrs. Str.* Ha! if he is there, there may be hopes; and it is worth the trying.

*Luc!* Dear lady, let me call a chair.

*Mrs. Str.* I go with you. I cannot be more wretched than I am.

[Exeunt.

---

SCENE II.

*A Room in J. MEGGOT's House. Enter FRANKLY, RANGER, BELLAMY, JACINTHA, and J. MEGGOT.*

*Fran.* Oh, Ranger, this is news indeed! your cousin, and a lady of such fortune!

*Ran.* I have done the business for you: I tell you she's your own. She loves you.

*Fran.* *You make my heart dance with joy.* "Words are too faint to tell the joy I feel."

*Ran.* I have put that heart of hers into such a flutter, that I'll lay a hundred guineas, with the assistance which this lady has promised me, I fix her yours directly.

*Jac.* Ay, ay, Mr. Frankly, we have a design upon her which cannot fail. But you must obey orders.

*Fran.* Most willingly: but remember, dear lady, I have more than life at stake.

*Jac.* Away then into the next room; for she is this instant coming hither.

*Fran.* Hither! you surprise me more and more.

*Jac.* Here is a message from her, by which she desires leave to wait on me this afternoon.

*Ran.* On, for the chance of seeing you here, I assure ye.

*Fran.* Let me hug thee; though I know not how to believe it.

*Ran.* Psha! pr'ythee don't stifle me! It is a busy day, a very busy day.

*J. Meg.* Thou art the most unaccountable creature in life.

*Ran.* But the most lucky one, Jack, if I succeed for Frankly as I have for Bellamy, and my heart whispers me I shall. Come in, most noble Mr. Buckle: and what have you to propose?

*Enter* BUCKLE.

*Buc.* A lady, madam, in a chair, says her name is Clarinda.

*Jac.* Desire her to walk up.

*Bel.* How could you let her wait? [*Exit* Buckle. You must excuse him, madam; Buckle is a true bachelor's servant, and knows no manners.

*Jac.* Away, away, Mr. Frankly, and stay till I call you. A rap with my fan shall be the signal. [*Exit* Frankly.] We make very free with your house, Mr. Meggot.

*J. Meg.* Oh, you could not oblige me more.

*Enter* CLARINDA.

*Cla.* Dear Mrs. Bellamy, pity my confusion. I am to wish you joy and ask you pardon all in a breath. I know not what to say; I am quite asham'd of my last night's behaviour.

*Jac.* Come, come, Clarinda, it is all well; all is over and forgot. Mr. Bellamy—— [*Salute.*

*Cla.* I wish you joy, sir, with all my heart, and should have been very sorry if any folly of mine had prevented it.

*Bel.* Madam, I am oblig'd to you.

*Cla.* I see nothing of Mr. Frankly! my mind mis-gives me. [*Aside.*

*Ran.* And so, you came hither purely out of friendship, good-nature, and humility.

*Cla.* Purely.

*Ran.* To confess your offences, to beg pardon, and to make reparation.

*Cla.* Purely. Is this any thing so extraordinary?

*J. Meg.* The most so of any thing in life, I think.

*Ran.* A very whimsical business for so fine a lady, and an errand you seldom went on before, I fancy, my dear cousin.

*Jac.* Never, I dare swear, if I may judge by the awkward concern she shews in delivering it.

*Cla.* Concern! Lard, well, I protest, you are all exceeding pretty company! Being settled for life, *Jacintha*, gives an ease to the mind that brightens conversation strangely.

*Jac.* I am sorry, with all my heart, you are not in the same condition; for as you are, my dear, you are horridly *chagriné*.

*Ran.* But with a little of our help, madam, the lady may recover, and be very good company.

*Cla.* Hum! What does he mean, Mr. Bellamy?

*Bel.* Ask him, madam.

*Cla.* Indeed I shall not give myself the trouble.

*Jac.* Then you know what he means.

*Cla.* Something impertinent, I suppose, not worth explaining.

*Jac.* It is something you won't let him explain, I find.

*Enter BUCKLE, and whispers MEGGOT.*

*J. Meg.* Very well. Desire him to walk into the parlour. Madam, the gentleman is below.

*Jac.* Then every one to your posts. You know your cues.

*Ran.* I warrant ye. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Cla.* All gone! I am glad of it, for I want to speak to you.

*Jac.* And I, my dear Clarinda, have something which I do not know how to tell you: but it must be known sooner or latter.

*Cla.* What's the matter?

*Jac.* Poor Mr. Frankly——

*Cla.* You fright me out of my senses!

*Jac.* Has no wounds but what you can cure. Ha, ha, ha!

*Cla.* Psha! I am angry.

*Jac.* Psha! You are pleased; and will be more so, when I tell you, this man, whom fortune has thrown in your way, is, in rank and temper, the man in the world who suits you best for a husband.

*Cla.* Husband! I say, husband, indeed! Where will this end? [*Aside.*]

*Jac.* His very soul is yours, and he only waits an opportunity of telling you so. He is in the next room. Shall I call him in?

*Cla.* My dear girl, hold!

*Jac.* How foolish is this coyness now, Clarinda! If the men were here indeed, something might be said—And so, Mr. Frankly—

*Cla.* How can you be so teasing?

*Jac.* Nay, I am in downright earnest: and, to shew how particular I have been in my inquiries, “though  
“ I know you have a spirit above regarding the mo-  
“ dish, paltry way of a Smithfield bargain”—his fortune—

*Cla.* I don't care what his fortune is.

*Jac.* Don't you so? Then you are farther gone than I thought you were.

*Cla.* No, Psha! pr'ythee, I dont mean so neither.

*Jac.* I don't care what you mean: but you won't like him the worse, I hope, for having a fortune superior to your own. Now shall I call him in?

*Cla.* Pho, dear girl—Some other time.

*Jac.* [*Raps with her fan.*] That's the signal, and here he is. You shall not stir: I positively will leave you together. [*Exit Jacintha.*]

*Cla.* I tremble all over.

*Enter FRANKLY.*

*Fran.* Pardon this freedom, madam: but I hope our having so luckily met with a common friend in Mrs. Bellamy—

*Cla.* Sir!

*Fran.* Makes any farther apology for my behaviour last night absolutely unnecessary.

*Cla.* So far, Mr. Frankly, that I think the apology

should be rather on my side, for the impertinent bustle I made about her.

*Fran.* This behaviour gives me hopes, madam: pardon the construction—but from the little bustle you made about the lady, may I not hope you was not quite indifferent about the gentleman?

*Cla.* Have a care of being too sanguine in your hopes: might not a love of power, or the satisfaction of shewing that power, or the dear pleasure of abusing that power; might not these have been foundation enough for more than what I did?

*Fran.* Charming woman! With most of your sex, I grant, they might, but not with you. Whatever power your beauty gives, your good-nature will allow you no other use of it than to oblige.

*Cla.* This is the height of compliment, Mr. Frankly.

*Fran.* Not in my opinion, I assure you, madam; and I am now going to put it to the trial.

*Cla.* What is he going to say now? [*Aside.*]

*Fran.* What is it that ails me, that I cannot speak?  
Psha! he here! [*Aside.*]

*Enter RANGER.*

Interrupted! impertinent!

*Ran.* There is no sight so ridiculous as a pair of your true lovers. Here are you two now, bowing and cringing, and keeping a passion secret from one another, that is no secret to all the house beside. And

if you don't make the matter up immediately, it will be all over the town within these two hours.

*Cla.* What do you mean?

*Fran.* Ranger——

*Ran.* Do you be quiet, can't ye? [*Aside.*] But it is over, I suppose, cousin, and you have given him your consent.

*Cla.* Sir, the liberties you are pleas'd to take with me——

*Ran.* Oh! in your airs still, are you? Why then, Mr. Frankly, there is a certain letter of yours, sir, to this lady.——

*Cla.* A letter to me!

*Ran.* Ay! to you, madam.

*Fran.* Ha! what of that letter?

*Ran.* It is only fallen into Mr. Striçtland's hands, that is all: and he has read it.

*Fran.* Read it!

*Ran.* Ay, read it to all his family at home, and to all the company below: and if some stop be not put to it, it will be read in all the coffee-houses in town.

*Fran.* A stop! this sword shall put a stop to it, or I will perish in the attempt.

*Ran.* But will that sword put a stop to the talk of the town?—Only make it talk the faster, take my word for it.

*Cla.* This is all a trick.

*Ran.* A trick! Is it so? you shall soon see that, my fine cousin.

[*Exit Ranger.*]

*Fran.* It is but too true, I fear. There is such a



letter, which I gave Lucetta. Can you forgive me? Was I much to blame, when I could neither see nor hear of you?

*Cia.* [*Tenderly.*] You give yourself, Mr. Frankly, a thousand more uneasinesses than you need about me.

*Fran.* If this uneasiness but convinces you how much I love you—Interrupted again!

*Cla.* This is downright malice. [*Aside.*]

*Enter RANGER, followed by JACINTHA, Mr. STRICTLAND, BELLAMY, and MEGGOT.*

*Ran.* Enter, enter, gentlemen and lady. Now you shall see whether this is a trick or no.

*Cla.* Mr. Strictland here! What is all this?

*Jac.* Do not be uneasy, my dear; we will explain it to you.

*Fran.* I cannot bear this trifling, Ranger, when my heart is on the rack.

*Ran.* Come this way then, and learn.

[*Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly and Ranger retire.*]

\*[*Mr. Strictland, Bellamy, and Meggot advance.*]

*Stritt.* Why, I know not well what to say. This has a face. This letter may as well agree with Clarinda, as with my wife, as you have told the story; and Lucetta explain'd it so: but she, for a sixpenny piece, would have constru'd it the other way.

*J. Meg.* But, sir, if we produce this Mr. Frankly to you, and he owns himself the author of this letter—

*Bel.* And if Clarinda likewise be brought before

your face to encourage his addresses, there can be no farther room for doubt.

*Strict.* No. Let that appear, and I shall, I think I shall, be satisfied—But yet it cannot be——

*Bel.* Why not? Hear me, sir. [*They talk.*

[*Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger advance.*

*Jac.* In short, Clarinda, unless the affair is made up directly, a separation, with all the obloquy on her side, must be the consequence.

*Cla.* Poor Mrs. Strictland! I pity her: but for him, he deserves all he feels, were it ten times what it is.

*Jac.* It is for her sake only, that we beg of you both to bear his impertinence.

*Cla.* With all my heart. You will do what you please with me.

*Fran.* Generous creature!

*Strict.* Ha! here she is, and with her the very man I saw deliver the letter to Lucetta. I do begin to fear I have made myself a fool. Now for the proof. Here is a letter, sir, which has given me great disturbance, and these gentlemen assure me it was writ by you.

*Fran.* That letter, sir, upon my honour, I left this morning with Lucetta, for this lady.

*Strict.* For that lady! and Frankly, the name at the bottom, is not feign'd, but your real name?

*Fran.* Frankly is my name.

*Strict.* I see, I feel myself ridiculous.

*Jac.* Now, Mr. Strictland, I hope——

*J. Meg.* Ay, ay; a clear case.

*Strict.* I am satisfied, and will go this instant to Mrs. Strictland.

*Ran.* Why then the devil fetch me if this would satisfy me.

*Strict.* What's that?

*Ran.* Nay, nothing; it is no affair of mine.

*Bel.* What do you mean, Ranger?

*Strict.* Ay, what do you mean? I will know before I stir.

*Ran.* With all my heart, sir. Cannot you see that all this may be a concerted matter between them?

*Fran.* Ranger, you know I can resent.

*Strict.* Go on; I will defend you, let who will resent it.

*Ran.* Why then, sir, I declare myself your friend: and were I as you, nothing but their immediate marriage should convince me.

*Strict.* Sir, you're right, and are my friend indeed. Give me your hand.

*Ran.* Nay, were I to hear her say, I, Clarinda, take thee, Charles, I would not believe them, 'till I saw them a-bed together. Now resent it as you will.

*Strict.* Ay, sir, as you will: but nothing less shall convince me; and so, my fine lady, if you are in earnest.—

*Cl.* Sure, Mr. Strictland.—

*Strict.* Nay, no flouncing; you cannot escape.

*Ran.* Why, Frankly, hast no soul?

*Fran.* I pity her confusion.

*Ran.* Pity her confusion!—the man's a fool—Here, take her hand.

*Fran.* Thus, on my knees, then let me ravish, with your hand, your heart.

*Cl.* Ravish it you cannot; for it is with all my heart I give it you.

*Strict.* I am satisfied.

*Cl.* And so am I, now it is once over.

*Ran.* And so am I, my dainty cousin; and I wish you joy of a man your whole sex would go to cuffs for, if they knew him but half so well as I do—Ha! she's here; this is more than I bargain'd for. [*Aside.*]

JACINTHA leads in Mrs. STRICTLAND.

*Strict.* [*Embracing Mrs. Strictland.*] Madam, reproach me not with my folly, and you shall never hear of it again.

*Mrs. Str.* Reproach you! no! if ever you hear the least reflection pass my lips, forsake me in that instant; or, what would yet be worse, suspect again.

*Strict.* It is enough. I am asham'd to talk to thee. This letter, which I wrote to your brother, thus I tear in pieces, and with it part for ever with my jealousy.

*Mrs. Str.* This is a joy indeed! as great as unexpected. Yet there is one thing wanting, to make it lasting.

*Ran.* What the devil is coming now? [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Str.* Be assur'd, every other suspicion of me was as unjust as your last : though, perhaps, you had more foundations for your fears.

*Ran.* She won't tell, sure, for her own sake.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. Str.* All must be clear'd before my heart will be at ease.

*Ran.* It looks plaguy like it, though! [*Aside.*

*Strict.* What mean you? I am all attention.

*Mrs. Str.* There was a man, as you suspected, in my chamber last night.

*Strict.* Ha! take care, I shall relapse.

*Mrs. Str.* That gentleman was he——

*Ran.* Here is a devil for you! [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Str.* Let him explain the rest.

*Ran.* A frolic, a mere frolic, on my life.

*Strict.* A frolic! Zounds! [*They interpose.*

*Ran.* Nay, don't let us quarrel the very moment you declar'd yourself my friend. There was no harm done, I promise you. Nay, never frown. After I have told my story, any satisfaction you are pleas'd to ask, I shall be ready to give.

*Strict.* Be quick then, and ease me of my pain.

*Ran.* Why then, as I was strolling about last night upon the look-out, I must confess chance, and chance only, convey'd me to your house; where I espied a ladder of ropes most invitingly fasten'd to the window——

*Jac.* Which ladder I had fasten'd for my escape.

*Striçt.* Proceed.

*Ran.* Up mounted I, and up I should have gone, if it had been in the garret; *it's all one to Ranger.* I open'd one door, then another, and, to my great surprise, the whole house was silent; at last, I stole into a room where this lady was undressing.

*Striçt.* 'Sdeath and the devil! you did not dare sure——

*Ran.* I don't know whether I had dared, or no, if I had not heard the maid say something of her master's being jealous. Oh, damn me, thought I, then the work is half done to my hands.

*Jac.* Do you mind that, Mr. Striçtland?

*Striçt.* I do——I do most feelingly.

*Ran.* The maid grew saucy, and most conveniently to my wishes, was turn'd out of the room; and if you had not had the best wife in the world——

*Striçt.* 'Ounds, sir, but what right have you——

*Ran.* What right, sir? if you will be jealous of your wife without a cause; if you will be out at that time of night, when you might have been so much better employ'd at home; we young fellows think we have a right——

*Striçt.* No joking, I beseech you; you know not what I feel.

*Ran.* Then seriously, I was mad, or drunk enough, call it which you will, to be vèry rude to this lady, for which I ask both her pardon and yours. I am an odd sort of a fellow, perhaps; but I am

above telling you or any man a lie, damn me, if I am not.

*Strict.* I must, I cannot but believe you; and for the future, madam, you shall find a heart ready to love and trust you. No tears, I beg; I cannot bear them.

*Mrs. Str.* I cannot speak, and yet there is a favour, sir——

*Strict.* I understand you; and, as proof of the sincerity with which I speak, I beg it as a favour, of this lady in particular, [*To Clarinda*] and of all the company in general, to return to my house immediately, where every thing. Mr. Bellamy, shall be settled to your entire satisfaction. No thanks, I have not deserv'd them.

*J. Meg.* I beg your pardon, sir, the fiddles are ready; Mrs. Bellamy has promis'd me her hand, and I won't part with one of you till midnight; and if you are as well satisfied as you pretend to be, let our friend Rattle here begin the ball with Mrs. Strictland; for he seems to be the hero of the day.

*Strict.* As you and the company please.

*Ran.* Why, this is honest; continue but in this humour; and faith, sir, you may trust me to run about your house like a spaniel. I cannot sufficiently admire at the whimsicalness of my good fortune, in being so instrumental to this general happiness. Bellamy, Frankly, I wish you joy with all my heart, though I had rather you should be married than I,

for all that. Never did matrimony appear to me with a smile upon her face till this instant.

*Sure joys for ever wait each happy pair,  
When sense the man, and virtue crowns the fair,  
And kind compliance proves their mutual care.*

A dance. Exit omnes.

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## EPILOGUE.

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WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

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*THOUGH* the young smarts, I see, begin to sneer,  
And the old sinners cast a wicked leer,  
Be not alarm'd, ye fair—You've nought to fear.  
No wanton hint, no loose ambiguous sense,  
Shall flatter vicious taste at your expence.  
Leaving, for once, these shameless arts in vogue,  
We give a fable for the epilogue.

*An ass there was, our author bade me say,  
Who needs must write—He did—And wrote a play.  
The parts were cast to various beasts and fowl;  
Their stage a barn;—the manager an owl.  
The house was cramm'd at six, with friends and foes;  
Rakes, wits, and critics, citizens, and beaux.  
These characters appear'd in different shapes  
Of tigers, foxes, horses, bulls, and apes;  
With others too, of lower rank and station;  
A perfect abstract of the brute creation.  
Each, as he felt, mark'd out the author's faults,  
And thus the connoisseurs express'd their thoughts.  
The critic-curs first snarl'd—the rules are broke,  
Time, place, and action, sacrific'd to joke.*

*The goats cry'd out, 'twas formal, dull, and chaste—  
 Not writ for beasts of gallantry and taste.  
 The horned cattle were in piteous taking,  
 At fornication, rapes, and cuckold-making.  
 The tigers swore, he wanted fire and passion ;  
 The apes condemn'd——because it was the fashion.  
 The generous steeds allow'd him proper merit :  
 Here mark'd his faults, and there approv'd his spirit.  
 While brother bards bray'd forth with usual spleen,  
 And, as they heard, exploded every scene.  
 When Reynard's thoughts were ask'd, the shrugging sage,  
 Fam'd for hypocrisy, and worn with age,  
 Condemn'd the shameless licence of the stage.  
 At which the monkey skipp'd from box to box,  
 And whisper'd round the judgment of the fox ;  
 Abus'd the moderns ; talk'd of Rome and Greece ;  
 Bilk'd ev'ry box-keeper ; and damn'd the piece.*

*Now ev'ry fable has a moral to it——  
 Be churchman, statesman, any thing——but poet.  
 In law, or physic, quack in what you will,  
 Cant and grimace conceal the want of skill ;  
 Secure in these, his gravity may pass——  
 But here no artifice can hide the ass.*

---

THE END.





De Wilde pinxt

Lacey fecit

M<sup>rs</sup> SIDDONS as EUPHRASIA,  
 ——— In a door Father's Cause?  
 A Woman's vengeance towers above her Sex.

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand, May 19 1792.

THE  
GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

A  
TRAGEDY,  
BY ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRES-ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,  
*By Permission of the Managers.*

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“The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

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*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of*  
JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,  
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

M DCC XCII.

*I've treated for this play; can buy it too,  
 If I could learn what you intend to do.  
 If for nine nights you'll bear this tragic stuff;  
 I have a newspaper, and there can puff.*

*A newspaper does wonders! none can be  
 In debt, in love, dependent, or quite free,  
 Ugly or handsome, well, or ill in bed,  
 Single or married, or alive or dead,  
 But we give life, death, virtue, vice with ease;  
 In short a newspaper does what we please.  
 There jealous authors at each other bark;  
 'Till Truth leaves not one glimpse, no, not one spark;  
 But lies meet lies, and jostle in the dark.  
 Our Bard within has often felt the dart  
 Sent from our quiver, levell'd at his heart.  
 I've press'd him, ere he plays this desp'rate game,  
 To answer all, and vindicate his name.  
 But he, convinc'd that all but truth must die,  
 Leaves to its own mortality the lie.  
 Would any know, while parties fight pell-mell,  
 How he employs his pen?—his play will tell.  
 To that he trusts; that he submits to you,  
 Aim'd at your tend' rest feelings, moral, new.  
 The scenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear;  
 Scenes that come home to ev'ry bosom here.*

*If this will do, I'll run and buy it straight;  
 Stay; let me see; I think I'd better wait:  
 Yes; I'll lie snug, till you have fix'd its fate.*



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Dramatis Personae.

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DRURY-LANE.

*Men.*

DIONYSIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
EVANDER,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bensley.
PHILOTAS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Whitfield.
MELANTHON,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Packer.
PHOCION,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barrymore.
ARCAS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Caulfield.
Greek Herald,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Benson.
CALIPPUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bland.
Greek Soldier,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.

*Women.*

EUPHRASIA,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Siddons.
ERIXENE,	-	-	-	-	Miss Tidswell.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

*Men.*

DIONYSIUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
EVANDER,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
PHILOTAS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Holman.
MELANTHON,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hull.
PHOCION,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Macready.
ARCAS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Powel.
Greek Herald,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Davies.
CALIPPUS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
Greek Soldier,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Gardner.
Officer,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Evatt.

*Women.*

EUPHRASIA,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Merry.
ERIXENE,	-	-	-	-	Miss Platt.

SCENE, *Syracuse.*

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THE  
GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter MELANTHON, and PHILOTAS.*

*Melanthon.*

YET, a moment; hear, Philotas, hear me.

*Phil.* No more; it must not be.

*Melan.* Obdurate man;

Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a king distress'd,  
A good, a virtuous, venerable king,  
The father of his people, from a throne,  
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,  
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,  
Groans in captivity? In his own palace  
Lives a sequestered prisoner? Oh! Philotas,  
If thou hast not renounc'd humanity,  
Let me behold my sovereign; once again  
Admit me to his presence; let me see  
My royal master.

*Phil.* Urge thy suit no further ;  
 Thy words are fruitless ; Dionysius' orders  
 Forbid access ; he is our sov'reign now ;  
 'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

*Melan.* Thou canst not mean it : his to give the  
 law !

Detested spoiler !—his ! a vile usurper !  
 Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,  
 Surnam'd the Tyrant ? To Sicilia's throne  
 The monster waded thro' whole seas of blood.  
 Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod,  
 Till rous'd at length Evander came from Greece,  
 Like Freedom's Genius came, and sent the tyrant,  
 Stript of the crown, and to his humble rank  
 Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile subsistence,  
 A wandering sophist thro' the realms of Greece.

*Phil.* Melanthon, yes ; full clearly I remember  
 The splendid day, when all rejoicing Sicily  
 Hail'd her deliverer.

*Melan.* Shall the tyrant's son  
 Deduce a title from the father's guilt ?  
 Philotas, thou wert once the friend of goodness ;  
 Thou art a Greek ; fair Corinth gave thee birth ;  
 I mark'd thy growing youth ; I need not tell,  
 With what an equal sway Evander reign'd,  
 How just, how upright, generous and good !  
 From ev'ry region bards and sages came ;  
 Whate'er of science Egypt stor'd ;  
 All that the East had treasur'd ; all that Greece  
 Of mortal wisdom taught, and Plato's voice,

Was heard in Sicily. Shall Dionysius  
 Extinguish every virtue from the land,  
 Bow to his yoke the necks of freeborn men,  
 And here perpetuate a tyrant's reign?

*Phil.* Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuse  
 All bend the knee; his the supreme dominion,  
 And death and torment wait his sovereign nod.

*Melan.* But soon that pow'r shall cease: behold his  
 walls

Now close encircled by the Grecian bands;  
 Timoleon leads them on; indignant Corinth  
 Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,  
 To hurl ambition from a throne usurp'd,  
 And bid all Sicily resume her rights.

*Phil.* Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon;  
 now,

Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more  
 The deep-laid schemes which Dionysius plans.  
 Know then, a fleet from Carthage even now  
 Stems the rough billow; and, ere yonder sun,  
 That now declining seeks the western wave,  
 Shall to the shades of night resign the world,  
 Thou'lt see the Punic sails in yonder bay,  
 Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse.

*Melan.* Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name?  
 Intent to plan, and circumspect to see  
 All possible events, he rushes on  
 Resistless in his course! Your boasted master  
 Scarce stands at bay; each hour the strong blockade

Hems him in closer, and ere long thou'lt view  
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shiver'd!

The good Evander then——

*Phil.* Alas, Evander

Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!

*Melan.* How! not behold it! Say, Philotas, speak;

Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers——

*Phil.* As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

*Melan.* And yet

Thy dark half-hinted purpose——lead me to him;

If thou hast murder'd him——

*Phil.* By Heav'n, he lives.

*Melan.* Then bless me with one tender interview.

Thrice has the sun gone down, since last these eyes

Have seen the good old king; say, why is this?

Wherefore debar'd his presence? Thee, Philotas,

The troops obey, that guard the royal pris'ner;

Each avenue to thee is open; thou

Canst grant admittance; let me, let me see him.

*Phil.* Entreat no more; the soul of Dionysius

Is ever wakeful; rent with all the pangs

That wait on conscious guilt.

*Melan.* But when dun night——

*Phil.* Alas! it cannot be: but mark my words.

Let Greece urge on her general assault.

Dispatch some friend, who may o'erleap the walls,

And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander

Has liv'd three days, by Dionysius order,

Lock'd up from every sustenance of nature,

And life, now wearied out, almost expires.

*Melan.* If any spark of virtue dwells within thee,  
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.

*Phil.* The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him  
thence.

*Melan.* Ha! mov'd him, say'st thou?

*Phil.* At the midnight hour,  
Silent convey'd him up the steep ascent,  
To where the elder Dionysius form'd,  
On the sharp summit of the pointed rock,  
Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear:  
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,  
Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,  
Unseen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguish,  
And died obscure, unpitied, and unknown.

*Melan.* Clandestine murderer! Yes, there's the  
scene

Of horrid massacre. Full oft I've walk'd,  
When all things lay in sleep and darkness hush'd.  
Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely sullen beach,  
And heard the mournful sound of many a corse  
Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,  
That murmurs on the shore. And means he thus  
To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my pray'r;  
My timely succour may protect his days;  
The guard is yours——

*Phil.* Forbear; thou plead'st in vain;  
And though I feel soft pity throbbing here,  
Though each emotion prompts the gen'rous deed,  
I must not yield; it were assur'd destruction.

Farewell, dispatch a message to the Greeks ;  
I'll to my station ; now thou know'st the worst.

[Exit.

*Melan.* Oh, lost Evander ! Lost Euphrasia too !  
How will her gentle nature bear the shock  
Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs  
A prey to famine, like the verriest wretch  
Whom the hard hand of misery hath grip'd !  
In vain she'll rave with impotence of sorrow ;  
Perhaps provoke her fate : Greece arms in vain ;  
All's lost ; Evander dies !

*Enter CALIPPUS.*

*Cal.* Where is the king ?  
Our troops, that sallied to attack the foe,  
Retire disordered ; to the eastern gate  
The Greeks pursue ; Timoleon rides in blood !  
Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

*Melan.* To the citadel  
Direct thy footsteps ; Dionysius there  
Marshals a chosen band.

*Cal.* Do thou call forth  
Thy hardy veterans ; haste, or all is lost !

[Exit.

[Warlike music.

*Melan.* Now, ye just gods, now look propitious  
down ;  
Now give the Grecian sabre tenfold edge,  
And save a virtuous king !

[Warlike music.

*Enter EUPHRASIA,*

*Euph.* War on, ye heroes,  
Ye great assertors of a monarch's cause!  
Let the wild tempest rage. Melanthon, ha!  
Didst thou not hear the vast tremendous roar?  
Down tumbling from its base the eastern tow'r  
Burst on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain  
Lies an extended ruin.

*Melan.* Still new horrors  
Increase each hour, and gather round our heads.

*Euph.* The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring soul.  
Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father  
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

*Melan.* Alas! that hour  
Would come with joy to ev'ry honest heart,  
Would shed divinest blessings from its wing;  
But no such hour in all the round of time,  
I fear, the fates averse will e'er lead on.

*Euph.* And still, Melanthon, still does pale despair  
Depress thy spirit? Lo! Timoleon comes,  
Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece; the brave, the just,  
God-like Timoleon! ardent to redress,  
He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.  
A little interval shall set the victor  
Within our gates triumphant.

*Melan.* Still my fears  
Forbode for thee. Would thou hadst left this place,  
When hence your husband, the brave Phocion, fled,  
Fled with your infant son!

*Euph.* In duty fix'd,  
 Here I remain'd, while my brave gen'rous Phocion  
 Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms  
 Bore my sweet little one. Full well thou know'st  
 The pangs I suffer'd in that trying moment.  
 Did I not weep? Did I not rave and shriek,  
 And by the roots tear my dishevell'd hair?  
 Did I not follow to the sea-beat shore,  
 Resolv'd with him, and with my blooming boy,  
 To trust the winds and waves?

*Melan.* Deem not, Euphrasia,  
 I e'er can doubt thy constancy and love.

*Euph.* Melanthon, how I loved, the gods who saw  
 Each secret image that my fancy form'd,  
 The gods can witness how I lov'd my Phocion.  
 And yet I went not with him. Could I do it?  
 Could I desert my father? Could I leave  
 The venerable man, who gave me being,  
 A victim here in Syracuse, nor stay  
 To watch his fate, to visit his affliction,  
 To cheer his prison hours, and with the tear  
 Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage smile?

*Melan.* The pious act, whate'er the fates intend,  
 Shall merit heart-felt praise.

*Euph.* Yes, Phocion, go,  
 Go with my child, torn from this matron breast,  
 This breast that still should yield its nurture to him,  
 Fly with my infant to some happier shore.  
 If he be safe, Euphrasia dies content.  
 Till that sad close of all, the task be mine



To tend a father with delighted care,  
 To smooth the pillow of declining age,  
 See him sink gradual into mere decay,  
 On the last verge of life watch ev'ry look,  
 Explore each fond unutterable wish,  
 Catch his last breath, and close his eyes in peace.

*Melan.* I would not add to my afflictions; yet  
 My heart misgives; Evander's fatal period—

*Euph.* Still is far off; the Gods have sent relief,  
 And once again I shall behold him king.

*Melan.* Alas! those glitt'ring hopes but lend a ray  
 To gild the clouds, that hover o'er your head,  
 Soon to rain sorrow down, and plunge you deeper  
 In black despair.

*Euph.* The spirit-stirring virtue,  
 That glows within me, ne'er shall know despair.  
 No, I will trust the Gods. Desponding man!  
 Hast thou not heard with what restless ardour  
 Timoleon drives the tumult of the war?  
 Hast thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates?  
 The tyrant's pent up in his last retreat;  
 Anon thou'lt see his battlements in dust,  
 His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin;  
 Destruction pouring in on ev'ry side,  
 Pride and oppression at their utmost need,  
 And nought to save him in his hopeless hour.

[*A flourish of trumpets.*]

*Melan.* Ha! the fell tyrant comes—Beguile his rage,  
 And o'er your sorrows cast a dawn of gladness.

*Enter* DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, *Officers, &c.*

*Dion.* The vain presumptuous Greek! his hopes of conquest,

Like a gay dream, are vanish'd into air.

Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph

O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse

He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm

Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train

To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

*Euph.* O Dionysius, if distracting fears

Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon

A frail and tender sex. Should ruthless war

Roam through our streets, and riot here in blood,

Where shall the lost Euphrasia find a shelter?

In vain she'll kneel, and clasp the sacred altar.

O let me then, in mercy let me seek

The gloomy mansion, where my father dwells;

I die content, if in his arms I perish.

*Dion.* Thou lovely trembler, hush thy fears to rest.

The Greek recoils; like the impetuous surge

That dashes on the rock, there breaks, and foams,

And backward rolls into the sea again.

All shall be well in Syracuse: a fleet

Appears in view, and brings the chosen sons

Of Carthage. From the hill that fronts the main,

I saw their canvas swelling with the wind,

While on the purple wave the western sun

Glanc'd the remains of day.

*Euph.* Yet till the fury  
 Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval  
 In safety let me sooth to dear delight  
 In a lov'd father's presence: from his sight,  
 For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse  
 Your guards debarr'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,  
 Indulge a daughter's love; worn out with age  
 Soon must he seal his eyes in endless night,  
 And with his converse charm my ear no more.

*Dion.* Why thus anticipate misfortune? Still  
 Evander mocks the injuries of time.  
 Calippus, thou survey the city round;  
 Station the centinels, that no surprise  
 Invade the unguarded works, while drowsy night  
 Weighs down the soldier's eye. Afflicted fair,  
 Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er,  
 Thou'lt see Evander with redoubled joy.  
 Though now unequal to the cares of empire  
 His age sequester him, yet honours high  
 Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.

*Euph.* For this benignity accept my thanks.  
 They gush in tears, and my heart pours its tribute.

*Dion.* Perdiccas, e'er the morn's revolving light  
 Unveil the face of things, do thou dispatch  
 A well-oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet;  
 At the north point of yonder promontory  
 Let some selected officer instruct him  
 To moor his ships, and issue on the land.  
 Then may Timoleon tremble: vengeance then

Shall overwhelm his camp, pursue his bands  
 With fatal havock to the ocean's margin,  
 And cast their limbs to glut the vulture's famine  
 In mangled heaps upon the naked shore.

[Exit Dionysius.]

*Euph.* What do I hear? Melanthon, can it be?  
 If Carthage comes, if her perfidious sons  
 List in his cause, the dawn of freedom's gone.

*Melan.* Wo, bitt'rest wo impends; thou wouldst  
 not think——

*Euph.* How?—Speak! unfold.

*Melan.* My tongue denies its office.

*Euph.* How is my father? Say, Melanthon——

*Melan.* He,

I fear to shock thee with the tale of horror!  
 Perhaps he dies this moment.—Since Timoleon  
 First form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,  
 No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.  
 In the deep caverns of the rock imprison'd  
 He pines in bitterest want.

*Euph.* To that abode  
 Of wo and horror, that last stage of life,  
 Has the fell tyrant mov'd him?

*Melan.* There sequester'd,  
 Alas! he soon must perish.

*Euph.* Well, my heart,  
 Well do your vital drops forget to flow.

*Melan.* Enough his sword has reek'd with public  
 slaughter;  
 Now dark insidious deeds must thin mankind.

*Euph.* Oh! night, that oft hast heard my piercing shrieks

Disturb thy awful silence; oft has heard  
 Each stroke these hands in frantic sorrow gave  
 From this sad breast resounding, now no more  
 I mean to vent complaints; I mean not now  
 With busy mem'ry to retrace the wrongs  
 The tyrant heap'd on our devoted race.  
 I bear it all; with calmest patience bear it:  
 Resign'd and wretched, desperate and lost.

*Melan.* Despair, alas! is all the sad resource  
 Our fate allows us now.

*Euph.* Yet why despair?  
 Is that the tribute to a father due?  
 Blood is his due, Melanthon; yes, the blood,  
 The vile, black blood, that fills the tyrant's veins,  
 Would graceful look upon my dagger's point.  
 Come, vengeance, come, shake off this feeble sex,  
 Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart.  
 And thou, O filial piety, that rul'st  
 My woman's breast, turn to vindictive rage;  
 Assume the port of justice; shew mankind  
 Tyrannic guilt had never dar'd in Syracuse,  
 Beyond the reach of virtue.

*Melan.* Yet beware;  
 Controll this frenzy that bears down your reason.  
 Surrounded by his guards, the tyrant mocks  
 Your utmost fury; moderate your zeal,  
 Nor let him hear these transports of the soul,  
 These wild upbraidings.

*Euph.* Shall Euphrasia's voice  
 Be hush'd to silence, when a father dies ?  
 Shall not the monster hear his deeds accurst ?  
 Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,  
 Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs,  
 Fierce in despair, all nature in her cause  
 Alarm'd and rous'd with horror ? Yes, Melanthon,  
 The man of blood shall hear me ; yes, my voice  
 Shall mount aloft upon the whirlwind's wing,  
 Pierce yon blue vault, and at the throne of Heav'n  
 Call down red vengeance on the murd'rer's head.  
 Melanthon, come ; my wrongs will lend me force ;  
 The weakness of my sex is gone ; this arm  
 Feels tenfold strength ; this arm shall do a deed  
 For heav'n and earth, for men and gods to wonder at !  
 This arm shall vindicate a father's cause. [*Exeunt.*]

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*ACT II. SCENE I.*

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*A wild romantic Scene amidst overhanging Rocks ; a  
 Cavern on one Side.*

ARCAS. [*With a spear in his hand.*]

THE gloom of night sits heavy on the world ;  
 And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reigns,  
 As 'twere a pause of nature ; on the beach  
 No murm'ring billow breaks ; the Grecian tents  
 Lie sunk in sleep ; no gleaming fires are seen ;

All Syracuse is hush'd : no stir abroad,  
 Save ever and anon the dashing oar,  
 That beats the sullen wave. And hark!—Was that  
 The groan of anguish from Evander's cell,  
 Piercing the midnight gloom?—It is the sound  
 Of bustling prows, that cleave the briny deep.  
 Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet  
 Rides in the bay.

*Enter PHILOTAS, from the cavern.*

*Phil.* What ho! brave Arcas! ho!

*Arc.* Why thus desert thy couch?

*Phil.* Methought the sound  
 Of distant uproar chas'd affrighted sleep.

*Arc.* At intervals the oar's resounding stroke  
 Comes echoing from the main. Save that report,  
 A death-like silence through the wide expanse  
 Broods o'er the dreary coast.

*Phil.* Do thou retire,  
 And seek repose; the duty of thy watch  
 Is now perform'd; I take thy post.

*Arc.* How fares  
 Your royal pris'ner?

*Phil.* Arcas, shall I own  
 A secret weakness? My heart inward melts  
 To see that suffering virtue. On the earth,  
 The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;  
 And while pale famine drinks his vital spirit,  
 He welcomes death, and smiles himself to rest.

Oh! would I could relieve him! Thou withdraw;  
Thy wearied nature claims repose; and now  
The watch is mine.

*Arc.* May no alarm disturb thee.

[*Exit.*

*Phil.* Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.  
At close of day the sullen sky held forth  
Unerring signals. With disastrous glare  
The moon's full orb rose crimson'd o'er with blood;  
And lo! athwart the gloom a falling star  
Trails a long tract of fire!—What daring step  
Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand there; what ho!  
Speak, ere thou dar'st advance. Unfold thy purpose:  
Who and what art thou?

*Enter EUPHRASIA, with a lanthorn in her hand.*

*Euph.* Mine no hostile step;  
I bring no valour to alarm thy fears:  
It is a friend approaches.

*Phil.* Ha! what mean  
Those plaintive notes?

*Euph.* Here is no ambush'd Greek,  
No warrior to surprise thee on the watch.  
An humble suppliant comes—Alas my strength  
Exhausted quite forsakes this weary frame.

*Phil.* What voice thus piercing thro' the gleam of  
night—

What art thou? what thy errand? quickly say  
What wretch, with what intent, at this dead hour—  
Wherefore alarm'st thou thus our peaceful watch?

*Euph.* Let no mistrust affright thee—Lo! a wretch,



The veriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish,  
 Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,  
 To tell her sad, sad tale, implore thy aid,  
 For sure the pow'r is thine, thou canst relieve  
 My bleeding heart, and soften all my woes.

*Phil.* Ha! sure those accents—

[*Takes the light from her.*

*Euph.* Deign to listen to me.

*Phil.* Euphrasia!—

*Euph.* Yes; the lost, undone Euphrasia;  
 Supreme in wretchedness; to th' inmost sense,  
 Here in the quickest fibre of the heart,  
 Wounded, transfix'd, and tortur'd to distraction.

*Phil.* Why, princess, thus anticipate the dawn?  
 Still sleep and silence wrap the weary world;  
 The stars in mid career usurp the pole;  
 The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are hush'd;  
 All things are mute around us; all but you  
 Rest in oblivious slumber from their cares.

*Euph.* Yes, all; all rest: the very murd'rer sleeps;  
 Guilt is at rest: I only wake to misery.

*Phil.* How didst thou gain the summit of the rock?

*Euph.* Give me my father; here you hold him fet-  
 ter'd;

Oh! give him to me;—in the fond pursuit  
 All pain and peril vanish; love and duty  
 Inspir'd the thought; despair itself gave courage;  
 I climb'd the hard ascent; with painful toil  
 Surmounted craggy cliffs, and pointed rocks;

What will not misery attempt?—If ever  
 The touch of nature throbb'd within your breast,  
 Admit me to Evander; in these caves  
 I know he pines in want; let me convey  
 Some charitable succour to a father.

*Phil.* Alas! Euphrasia, would I dare comply.

*Euph.* It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,  
 Wert born in Greece:—Oh! by our common parent—  
 Nay, stay; thou shalt not fly; Philotas, stay;  
 You have a father too; think were his lot  
 Hard as Evander's, if by felon hands  
 Chain'd to the earth, with slow consuming pangs.  
 He felt sharp want, and with an asking eye  
 Implor'd relief, yet cruel men deny'd it,  
 Wouldst thou not burst thro' adamantine gates,  
 Thro' walls and rocks to save him? Think, Philotas,  
 Of thy own aged sire, and pity mine.  
 Think of the agonies a daughter feels,  
 When thus a parent wants the common food,  
 The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

*Phil.* 'Twere best withdraw thee, princess; thy  
 assistance

Evander wants not; it is fruitless all;  
 Thy tears, thy wild entreaties, are in vain.

*Euph.* Ha!—thou hast murder'd him; he is no  
 more;—

I understand thee;—butchers, you have shed  
 The precious drops of life; yet, e'en in death,  
 Let me behold him; let a daughter close

With duteous hand a father's beamless eyes;  
Print her last kisses on his honour'd hand,  
And lay him decent in the shroud of death.

*Phil.* Alas! this frantic grief can nought avail.  
Retire, and seek the couch of balmy sleep,  
In this dead hour, this season of repose.

*Euph.* And dost thou then, inhuman that thou art,  
Advise a wretch like me to know repose?  
This is my last abode: these caves, these rocks,  
Shall ring for ever with Euphrasia's wrongs;  
All Sicily shall hear me; yonder deep  
Shall echo back an injur'd daughter's cause;  
Here will I dwell, and rave, and shriek, and give  
These scatter'd locks to all the passing winds;  
Call on Evander lost; and, pouring curses,  
And cruel gods, and cruel stars invoking,  
Stand on the cliff in madness and despair.

*Phil.* Yet calm this violence? reflect, Euphrasia,  
With what severe enforcement Dionysius  
Exacts obedience to his dread command.  
If here thou'rt found——

*Euph.* Here is Euphrasia's mansion,  
[Falls on the ground.  
Her fix'd eternal home;—inhuman savages,  
Here stretch me with a father's murder'd corse;  
Then heap your rocks, your mountains on my head;  
It will be kindness in you; I shall rest  
Entomb'd within a parent's arms.

*Phil.* By heaven,  
My heart in pity bleeds.

*Euph.* Talk'st thou of pity ?  
Yield to the gen'rous instinct ; grant my pray'r ;  
Let my eyes view him, gaze their last upon him,  
And shew you have some sense of human wo.

*Phil.* Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.  
My honest heart condemns the barb'rous deed,  
And if I dare——

*Euph.* And if you dare!—Is that  
The voice of manhood ? Honest, if you dare!  
'Tis the slave's virtue! 'tis the utmost limit  
Of the base coward's honour.—Not a wretch,  
There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,  
But, silence interest, extinguish fear,  
And he will prove benevolent to man.  
The gen'rous heart does more : will dare to all  
That honour prompts.—How dost thou dare to  
murder ?—

Respect the gods, and know no other fear.

*Phil.* No other fear assails this warlike breast.  
I pity your misfortunes ; yes, by Heav'n,  
My heart bleeds for you. Gods ! you've touch'd my  
soul !

The gen'rous impulse is not giv'n in vain.  
I feel thee, Nature, and I dare obey.  
Oh ! thou hast conquer'd.—Go, Euphrasia, go,  
Behold thy father.

*Euph.* Raise me, raise me up ;  
I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous man !

*Phil.* Yet mark my words ; if aught of nourish-  
ment

Thou wouldst convey, my partners of the watch  
Will ne'er consent.

*Euph.* I will observe your orders :  
On any terms, on I let me, let me see him.

*Phil.* Yon lamp will guide thee thro' the cavern'd  
way.

*Euph.* My heart runs o'er in thanks ; the pious act  
Timoleon shall reward ; the bounteous gods,  
And thy own virtue, shall reward the deed.

[*Goes into the cave.*]

*Phil.* Prevailing, pow'rful virtue !—Thou subduest  
The stubborn heart, and mould'st it to thy purpose.  
Would I could save them !—But tho' not for me  
The glorious pow'r to shelter innocence,  
Yet for a moment to assuage its woes,  
Is the best sympathy, the purest joy  
Nature intended for the heart of man,  
When thus she gave the social gen'rous tear. [*Exit.*]

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SCENE II.

*The Inside of the Cavern. Enter ARCAS and EU-  
PHRASIA.*

*Arc.* No ; on my life I dare not.

*Euph.* But a small,

A wretched pittance ; one poor cordial drop  
To renovate exhausted drooping age.

I ask no more.

*Arc.* Not the smallest store  
Of scanty nourishment must pass these walls.  
Our lives were forfeit else : a moment's parley  
Is all I grant ; in yonder cave he lies.

*Evan.* [*Within the cell.*] Oh, struggling nature ! let  
thy conflict end.

Oh ! give me, give me rest.

*Euph.* My father's voice !  
It pierces here ! it cleaves my very heart.  
I shall expire, and never see him more.

*Arc.* Repose thee, princess, here, [*Draws a couch.*]  
here rest thy limbs,  
Till the returning blood shall lend thee firmness.

*Euph.* The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans !  
And is there no relief ?

*Arc.* All I can grant  
You shall command. I will unbar the dungeon,  
Unloose the chain that binds him to the rock,  
And leave your interview without restraint.

[*Opens a cell in the back scene.*]

*Euph.* Hold, hold my heart ! Oh ! how shall I sus-  
tain  
The agonizing scene ? [*Rises.*] I must behold him ;  
Nature that drives me on, will lend me force.  
Is that my father ?

*Arc.* Take your last farewell.  
His vigour seems not yet exhausted quite.

You must be brief, or ruin will ensue. [*Exit.*]

*Evan.* [*Raising himself.*] Oh ! when shall I get free ?  
—These ling'ring pangs—

*Euph.* Behold, ye pow'rs, that spectacle of wo!

*Evan.* Dispatch me, pitying gods, and save my child!

I burn, I burn; alas! no place of rest:

[*Rises and comes out.*]

A little air; once more a breath of air;

Alas! I faint; I die.

*Euph.* Heart-piercing sight!

Let me support you, sir.

*Evan.* Oh! lend your arm.

Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee: that kind breeze

Comes gently o'er my senses—lead me forward:

And is there left one charitable hand

To reach its succours to a wretch like me?

*Euph.* Well may'st thou ask it. Oh, my breaking heart!

The hand of death is on him.

*Evan.* Still a little,

A little onward to the air conduct me;

'Tis well;—I thank thee; thou art kind and good,

And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.

*Euph.* Do thou not know me, sir?

*Evan.* Methinks I know

That voice: art thou—alas! my eyes are dim!

Each object swims before me—No, in truth

I do not know thee.

*Euph.* Not your own Euphrasia?

*Evan.* Art thou my daughter?

*Euph.* Oh, my honour'd sire!

*Evan.* My daughter, my Euphrasia? come to close

A father's eyes! Giv'n to my last embrace!  
 Gods! do I hold her once again? Your mercies  
 Are without number. [Falls on the couch.]

This excess of bliss  
 O'erpow'rs; it kills; Euphrasia—could I hope it?  
 I die content—Art thou indeed my daughter?  
 Thou art; my hand is moisten'd with thy tears:  
 I pray you do not weep—thou art my child:  
 I thank you, gods! in my last dying moments  
 You have not left me—I would pour my praise;  
 But, oh, your goodness overcomes me quite!  
 You read my heart; you see what passes there.

*Euph.* Alas, he faints; the gushing tide of trans-  
 port

Bears down each feeble sense: restore him, Heav'n!

*Evan.* All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well.  
 Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,  
 Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,  
 Will seem a speck in the great void of space.  
 Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age!  
 Nay, dry those tears.

*Euph.* I will, my father.

*Evan.* Where,

I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion?

*Euph.* Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.

*Evan.* And left thee here  
 Expos'd and helpless?

*Euph.* He is all truth and honour:  
 He fled to save my child.

*Evan.* My young Evander!



Your boy is safe, Euphrasia?—Oh, my heart!  
 Alas! quite gone; worn out with misery;  
 Oh, weak, decay'd old man!

*Euph.* Inhuman wretches!  
 Will none relieve his want? A drop of water  
 Might save his life; and ev'n that's deny'd him.

*Evan.* These strong emotions—Oh! that eager air—  
 It is too much—assist me; bear me hence;  
 And lay me down in peace.

*Euph.* His eyes are fix'd!  
 And those pale quiv'ring lips! He clasps my hand:  
 What, no assistance! Monsters, will you thus  
 Let him expire in these weak feeble arms?

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* Those wild, those piercing shrieks will give  
 th' alarm.

*Euph.* Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I ask.

*Evan.* [*As he is carried off.*] O, Death! where art  
 thou? Death, thou dread of guilt.

Thou wish of innocence, affliction's friend,  
 Tir'd Nature calls thee; come, in mercy come,  
 And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.  
 My child—where art thou? give me; reach thy hand,  
 Why dost thou weep?—My eyes are dry—Alas!  
 Quite parch'd, my lips—quite parch'd, they cleave  
 together.

*Euph.* Now judge, ye Pow'rs, in the whole round  
 of time,

If e'er you view'd a scene of wo like this. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ARCAS.

*Arc.* The grey of morn breaks thro' yon eastern clouds.

'Twere time this interview should end : the hour  
Now warns Euphrasia hence : what man could dare,  
I have indulg'd—Philotas!—ha! the cell  
Left void!—Evander gone!—What may this mean?  
Philotas, speak.

*Enter* PHILOTAS.

*Phil.* Oh! vile, detested lot,  
Here to obey the savage tyrant's will,  
And murder virtue, that can thus behold  
Its executioner, and smile upon him.  
That piteous sight!

*Arc.* She must withdraw, Philotas;  
Delay undoes us both. The restless main  
Glow with the blush of day. Timoleon's fleet,  
That pass'd the night in busy preparation,  
Makes from the shore. On the high craggy point  
Of yonder jutting eminence I mark'd  
Their haughty streamers curling to the wind.  
He seeks Hamilcar's fleet. The briny deep  
Shall soon be dy'd with blood. The fierce alarm  
Will rouse our slumb'ring troops. The time re-  
quires,  
Without or further pause, or vain excuse,  
That she depart this moment.

*Phil.* Arcas, yes;

*Enter EUPHRASIA, and EVANDER.*

*Evan.* Euphrasia, oh, my child! returning life  
Glow's here about my heart. Conduct me forward:  
At the last gasp preserv'd! Ha! dawning light!  
Let me behold; in faith I see thee now;  
I do indeed: the father sees his child.

*Euph.* I have reliev'd him—Oh! the joy's too  
great;  
'Tis speechless rapture!

*Evan.* Blessings, blessings on thee!

*Euph.* My father still shall live. Alas! Philotas,  
Could I abandon that white hoary head,  
That venerable form?—Abandon him  
To perish here in misery and famine?

*Phil.* Thy tears, thou miracle of goodness!  
Have triumph'd o'er me; these round gushing drops  
Attest your conquest. Take him, take your father;  
Convey him hence; I do release him to you.

*Evan.* What said Philotas! Do I fondly dream?  
Indeed my senses are imperfect; yet  
Methought I heard him! Did he say release me?

*Phil.* Thou art my king, and now no more my  
pris'ner;  
Go with your daughter, with that wondrous pattern  
Of filial piety to after times.  
Yes, princess, lead him forth; I'll point the path,  
Whose soft declivity will guide your steps  
To the deep vale, which these o'er-hanging rocks  
Encompass round. You may convey him thence

To some safe shelter. Yet a moment's pause ;  
 I must conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.  
 Yes, I will save 'em—Oh, returning virtue !  
 How big with joy one moment in thy service !  
 That wretched pair ! I'll perish in their cause. [*Exit.*]

*Evan.* Whither, oh ! whither shall Evander go ?  
 I'm at the goal of life ; if in the race  
 Honour has follow'd with no ring'ring step,  
 But there sits smiling with her laurel'd wreath  
 To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,  
 And not inglorious lay me down to rest.

*Euph.* And will you then refuse, when thus the  
 gods  
 Afford a refuge to thee ?

*Evan.* Oh ! my child,  
 There is no refuge for me.

*Euph.* Pardon, sir :  
 Euphrasia's care has form'd a safe retreat ;  
 There may'st thou dwell ; it will not long be wanted.  
 Soon shall Timoleon, with resistless force,  
 Burst yon devoted walls.

*Evan.* Timoleon !  
*Euph.* Yes,  
 The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece ;  
 Another day shall make the city his.

*Evan.* Timoleon come to vindicate my rights !  
 Oh ! thou shalt reign in Sicily ! my child  
 Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent Heav'n !  
 Pour down your blessings on this best of daughters ;  
 To her and Phocion give Evander's crown ;

My voice shall warn her of th' approaching danger. [*Exit.*

*Arc.* Would she had ne'er adventur'd to our guard.  
I dread th' event; and hark!—the wind conveys  
In clearer sound the uproar of the main.  
The fates prepare new havock; on th' event  
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus  
Delays Euphrasia?—Ha! what means, Philotas,  
That sudden haste, that pale disorder'd look?

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* O! I can hold no more; at such a sight  
Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt  
To infant softness. Arcas, go, behold  
The pious fraud of charity and love;  
Behold that unexampled goodness;  
See th' expedient sharp necessity has taught her;  
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view  
A child like her.

*Arc.* Ha!—Say what mystery  
Wakes these emotions?

*Phil.* Wonder-working virtue!  
The father foster'd at his daughter's breast!  
O, filial piety!—The milk design'd  
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip  
Allays the parching fever.

*Arc.* That device  
Has she then form'd, eluding all our care,  
To minister relief?

*Phil.* On the bare earth  
 Evander lies; and as his languid pow'rs  
 Imbibe with eager thirst the kind refreshment,  
 And his looks speak unutterable thanks,  
 Euphrasia views him with the tend'rest glance,  
 Ev'n as a mother doating on her child;  
 And, ever and anon, amidst the smiles  
 Of pure delight, of exquisite sensation,  
 A silent tear steals down; the tear of virtue,  
 That sweetens grief to rapture. All her laws  
 Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs still.

*Arc.* The tale unmans my soul.

*Phil.* Ye tyrants hear it,  
 And learn, that, while your cruelty prepares  
 Unheard of torture, virtue can keep pace  
 With your worst efforts, and can try new modes  
 To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

*Arc.* Philotas, for Euphrasia, in her cause  
 I now can hazard all. Let us preserve  
 Her father for her.

*Phil.* Oh! her lovely daring  
 Transcends all praise. By Heav'n he shall not die.

*Arc.* And yet we must be wary; I'll go forth,  
 And first explore each avenue around,  
 Lest the fix'd sentinel obstruct your purpose. [*Exit.*]

*Phil.* I thank thee, Arcas; we will act like men  
 Who feel for others woes—She leads him forth,  
 And tremblingly supports his drooping age.

[*Goes to assist him.*]

Let them, oh! let them both in virtue wear it,  
And in due time transmit it to their boy!

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* All things are apt; the drowsy sentinel  
Lies hush'd in sleep; I'll marshal thee the way  
Down the steep rock.

*Euph.* Oh! let us quickly hence.

*Evan.* The blood but loiters in these frozen veins.  
Do you, whose youthful spirit glows with life,  
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpse.

To me had Heav'n decreed a longer date,  
It ne'er had suffer'd a fell monster's reign,  
Nor let me see the carnage of my people.  
Farewell, Euphrasia; in one lov'd embrace  
To these remains pay the last obsequies,  
And leave me here to sink to silent dust.

*Euph.* And will you then, on self-destruction bent,  
Reject my pray'r, nor trust your fate with me?

*Evan.* Trust thee! Euphrasia? Trust in thee, my  
child?

Though life's a burden I could well lay down,  
Yet I will prize it, since bestow'd by thee.  
Oh! thou art good; thy virtue soars a flight  
For the wide world to wonder at; in thee,  
Hear it all nature, future ages hear it,  
The father finds a parent in his child.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Rampart near the Harbour. Enter MELANTHON  
and PHILOTAS.*

*Melanthon.*

AND lives he still?

*Phil.* He does; and kindly aliment  
Renews the springs of life.

*Melan.* And doth he know  
The glorious work the destinies prepare?

*Phil.* He is inform'd of all.

*Melan.* That Greek Timoleon  
Comes his deliverer, and the fell usurper  
Pants in the last extreme?

*Phil.* The glorious tidings  
Have reach'd his ear.

*Melan.* Lead on, propitious Pow'rs!  
Your great design; second the Grecian arms,  
And whelm the sons of Carthage in the deep.

*Phil.* This hour decides their doom; and lo! Eu-  
phrasia

Stands on the jutting rock, that rock, where oft  
Whole days she sat in pensive sorrow fix'd,  
And swell'd with streaming tears the restless deep.  
There, now with other sentiments elate,  
She views Timoleon with victorious prow  
Glide thro' the waves, and sees the scatter'd navy  
Of Carthage fly before him.



*Melan.* Blest event!

Evander, if thou mock'st me not, shall live  
 Once more to see the justice of the gods.  
 But wilt thou still protect my royal master?  
 Wilt thou admit me to his wish'd-for presence?

*Phil.* Let it suffice that no assassin's aim  
 Can now assault him: I must hence, Melanthon;  
 I now must mingle with the tyrant's train,  
 And, with a semblance of obsequious duty,  
 Delude suspicion's eye: My friend, farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Melan.* If he deceive me not with specious hopes,  
 I shall behold the sov'reign, in whose service  
 These temples felt the iron casque of war,  
 And these white hairs have silver'd o'er my head.

*Enter EUPHRASIA.*

*Euph.* See there; behold 'em; lo! the fierce encounter;

He rushes on; the ocean flames around  
 With the bright flash of arms; the echoing hills  
 Rebellow to the roar.

*Melan.* The gods are with us,  
 And victory is ours.

*Euph.* High on the stern  
 The Grecian leaders stand: they stem the surge;  
 Launch'd from their arm the missive lightnings fly,  
 And the Barbaric fleet is wrapt in fire.  
 And lo! yon bark, down in the roaring gulph;  
 And there, more, more are perishing—Behold!  
 They plunge for ever lost.

*Melan.* So perish all,  
Who from yon continent unfurl their sails,  
To shake the freedom of this sea-girt isle!

*Euph.* Did I not say, Melanthon, did I not  
Presage the glories of Timoleon's triumph!  
Where now are Afric's sons? The vanquish'd tyrant  
Shall look aghast; his heart shall shrink appall'd,  
And dread his malefactions! Worse than famine,  
Despair shall fasten on him!

*Enter* DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, &c.

*Dion.* Base deserters!  
Curse on their Punic faith! Did they once dare  
To grapple with the Greek? Ere yet the main  
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ships averse.  
May storms and tempests follow in their rear,  
And dash their fleet upon the Libyan shore!

*Enter* CALIPPUS.

*Cal.* My liege, Timoleon where the harbour opens  
Has storm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet  
Pursues its course, and steers athwart the bay.

*Dion.* Ruin impends; and yet, if fall it must,  
I bear a mind to meet it, undismay'd,  
Unconquer'd ev'n by fate.

*Cal.* Through ev'ry street  
Despair and terror fly. A panic spreads  
From man to man, and superstition sees  
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the gods against us.

*Dion.* With sacred rites their wrath must be appeas'd.

Let instant victims at the altar bleed ;  
 Let incense roll its fragrant clouds to Heav'n,  
 And pious matrons, and the virgin train,  
 In slow procession to the temple bear  
 The image of their gods.

*Euph.* Ha!—Does the tyrant  
 Dare with unhallow'd step, with crimes and guilt,  
 Approach the sacred fane?—Alas! my father,  
 Where now thy sanctuary? What place shall hide  
 Thy persecuted virtue? [*Aside.*

*Dion.* Thou, Euphrasia,  
 Lead forth the pious band. This very moment  
 Issue our orders.

*Euph.* With consenting heart  
 Euphrasia goes to waft her pray'rs to Heav'n. [*Exit.*

*Dion.* The solemn sacrifice, the virgin throng,  
 Will gain the popular belief, and kindle  
 In the fierce soldiery religious rage.  
 Away, my friends, prepare the sacred rites.

[*Exit Calippus, &c.*

Philotas, thou draw near: how fares your prisoner?  
 Has he yet breath'd his last?

*Phil.* Life ebbs apace ;  
 To-morrow's sun sees him a breathless corse.

*Dion.* Curse on his ling'ring pangs! Sicilia's crown  
 No more shall deck his brow ; and if the sand  
 Still loiter in the glass, thy hand, my friend,  
 May shake it thence.

*Phil.* It shall, dread sir ; that task  
Leave to thy faithful servant.

*Dion.* Oh ! Philotas,  
Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of empire.  
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns  
A conqueror's breast, but serves, my friend, to hide  
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorse.  
Each object round me wakens horrid doubts ;  
The flatt'ring train, the sentinel that guards me,  
The slave that waits, all give some new alarm,  
And from the means of safety dangers rise.  
Ev'n victory itself plants anguish here,  
And round my laurels the fell serpent twines.

*Phil.* Would Dionysius abdicate his crown,  
And sue for terms of peace ?

*Dion.* Detested thought !  
No, though ambition teem with countless ills,  
It still has charms of pow'r to fire the soul.  
Tho' horrors multiply around my head,  
I will oppose them all. The pomp of sacrifice  
But now ordain'd, is mockery to Heav'n.  
'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless ; then let daring guilt  
Be my inspirer, and consummate all.  
Where are those Greeks, the captives of my sword,  
Whose desp'rate valour rush'd within our walls,  
Fought near our person, and the pointed lance  
Aim'd at my breast ?

*Phil.* In chains they wait their doom.

*Dion.* Give me to see 'em ; bring the slaves be-  
fore me.

*Phil.* What, ho! Melanthon, this way lead your prisoners.

*Enter MELANTHON, with Greek Officers and Soldiers.*

*Dion.* Assassins and not warriors! do ye come,  
 When the wide range of battle claims your sword,  
 Thus do you come against a single life  
 To wage the war? Did not our buckler ring  
 With all your darts in one collected volley  
 Shower'd on my head? Did not your swords at once  
 Point at my breast, and thirst for regal blood?

*Greek Offi.* We sought thy life. I am by birth a  
 Greek.

An open foe in arms I meant to slay  
 The foe of human kind. With rival ardour  
 We took the field; one voice, one mind, one heart;  
 All leagu'd, all covenanted: in yon camp  
 Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.  
 Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the Greeks  
 Shall scale your walls, prepare thee to encounter  
 A like assault. By me the youth of Greece  
 Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

*Dion.* Thus then I warn them of my great revenge.  
 Whoe'er in battle shall become our pris'ner,  
 In torment meets his doom.

*Greek Offi.* Then wilt thou see  
 How vile the body to a mind that pants  
 For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks  
 Have sworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks;

Ours the first lot; we've fail'd; on yonder plain  
Appear in arms, the faithful band will meet thee.

*Dion.* Vile slave, no more. Melanthon, drag 'em  
hence

To die in misery. Impal'd alive,  
The winds shall parch them on the craggy cliff.

Selected from the rest let one depart

A messenger to Greece, to tell the fate

Her chosen sons, her first adventurers met. [Exit.

*Melan.* Unhappy men! how shall my care protect  
Your forfeit lives? Philotas, thou conduct them  
To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that recess,  
Midst the wild tumult of eventful war,  
We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell:  
That officer will guide your steps.

[All follow Philotas, except Phocion.

*Pho.* Disguis'd

Thus in a soldier's garb he knows me not.

Melanthon!

*Melan.* Ha!—Those accents!—Phocion here?

*Pho.* Yes, Phocion here! Speak, quickly tell me,  
say

How fares Euphrasia?

*Melan.* Ha! beware;—Philotas,  
Conduct those pris'ners hence; this soldier here  
Shall bear the tidings to Timoleon's camp.

*Pho.* Oh! satisfy my doubts; how fares Euphrasia?

*Melan.* Euphrasia lives, and fills the anxious mo-  
ments

With ev'ry virtue. Wherefore venture hither?  
Why with rash valour penetrate our gates?

*Pho.* Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait  
Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count  
The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuse  
The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?  
For her dear sake, all danger sinks before me;  
For her I burst the barriers of the gate,  
Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a passage.  
A hundred chosen Greeks pursu'd my steps,  
We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard  
Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment  
Down from the walls superior numbers came.  
The tyrant led them on. We rush'd upon him,  
If we could reach his heart, to end the war.  
But Heav'n thought otherwise. Melanthon, say,  
I fear to ask it, lives Evander still?

*Melan.* Alas! he lives imprison'd in the rock.  
Thou must withdraw thee hence; regain once more  
Timoleon's camp; alarm his slumb'ring rage;  
Assail the walls; thou with thy phalanx seek  
The subterraneous path; that way at night  
The Greeks may enter, and let in destruction  
To the great work of vengeance.

*Pho.* Wouldst thou have me  
Basely retreat, while my Euphrasia trembles  
Here on the ridge of peril? She perhaps  
May fall unknown, unpitied, undistinguish'd,  
Amidst the gen'ral carnage. Shall I leave her  
To add that beauty to the purple heap?

Nô; I will seek her in these walls accurst,  
 Ev'n in the tyrant's palace; save that life,  
 My only source of joy, that life, whose loss  
 Would make all Greece complotter in a murder,  
 And damn a righteous cause.

*Melan.* Yet hear the voice  
 Of sober age. Should Dionysius' spies  
 Detect thee here, ruin involves us all:  
 'Twere best retire, and seek Timoleon's tents;  
 Tell him, dismay and terror fill the city;  
 Ev'n now in Syracuse the tyrant's will  
 Ordains with pomp oblations to the gods.  
 His deadly hand still hot with recent blood,  
 The monster dares approach the sacred altar:  
 Thy voice may rouse Timoleon to th' assault,  
 And bid him storm the works.

*Pho.* By Heav'n I will;  
 My breath shall wake his rage; this very night,  
 When sleep sits heavy on the slumb'ring city,  
 Then Greece unsheathes her sword, and great revenge  
 Shall stalk with death and horror o'er the ranks  
 Of slaughter'd troops, a sacrifice to freedom!  
 But first let me behold Euphrasia.

*Melan.* Hush  
 Thy pent-up valour: to a secret haunt  
 I'll guide thy steps: there dwell, and in apt time  
 I'll bring Euphrasia to thy longing arms.

*Pho.* Wilt thou?

*Melan.* By Heav'n I will; another act  
 Of desperate fury might endanger all.



The tyrant's busy guards are posted round ;  
In silence follow ; thou shalt see Euphrasia.

*Pho.* Oh ! lead me to her ; that exalted virtue  
With firmer nerve shall bid me grasp the javelin,  
Shall bid my sword with more than lightning's swift-  
ness

Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage  
With blow repeated in the tyrant's veins. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.

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*A Temple, with a Monument in the Middle. Enter EU-  
PHRASIA, ERIXENE, and other Female Attendants.*

*Euph.* This way, my virgins, this way bend your  
steps.

Lo ! the sad sepulchre where, hears'd in death,  
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.  
There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,  
And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof resounds,  
There let me pay the tribute of a tear,  
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's ashes.

*Erix.* Forbear, Euphrasia, to renew your sorrows.

*Euph.* My tears have dry'd their source ; then let  
me here

Pay this sad visit to the honour'd clay  
That moulders in the tomb. These sacred viands  
I'll burn an off'ring to a parent's shade,  
And sprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.

That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.

[*She goes into the tomb.*]

*Erix.* Look down, propitious pow'rs! behold that  
virtue,

And heal the pangs that desolate her soul.

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your scatter'd garments;

Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.

In vain the tyrant would appease with sacrifice

Th' impending wrath of ill-requited Heav'n.

Ill omens hover o'er us: at the altar

The victim dropt, ere the divining seer

Had gor'd his knife. The brazen statues tremble,

And from the marble, drops of blood distill.

*Erix.* Now, ye just gods, if vengeance you prepare,

Now find the guilty head.

*Phil.* Amidst the throng

A matron labours with th' inspiring god;

She stares, she raves, and with no mortal sound

Proclaims around, "Where Phœbus am I borne?"

"I see their glittering spears; I see them charge;

"Bellona wades in blood; that mangled body,

"Deform'd with wounds and welt'ring in its gore,

"I know it well; Oh! close the dreadful scene;

"Relieve me, Phœbus, I have seen too much."

*Erix.* Alas! I tremble for Evander's fate:  
Avert the omen, gods, and guard his life.

*Enter EUPHRASIA from the Tomb.*

*Euph.* Virgins, I thank you—Oh! more lightly now  
My heart expands; the pious act is done,  
And I have paid my tribute to a parent.  
Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend his way?

*Phil.* He flies the altar; leaves th' unfinished rites.  
No god there smiles propitious on his cause.  
Fate lifts the awful balance; weighs his life,  
The lives of numbers, in the trembling scale.

*Euph.* Despair and horror mark his haggard looks,  
His wild, disorder'd step—He rushes forth;  
Some new alarm demands him!—Ev'n now  
He issues at yon portal!—Lo! see there,  
The suppliant crowd disperses; wild with fear,  
Distraction in each look, the wretched throng  
Pours thro' the brazen gates—Do you retire,  
Retire Philotas; let me here remain,  
And give the moments of suspended fate  
To pious worship and to filial love.

*Phil.* Alas! I fear to yield:—awhile I'll leave thee,  
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming. [*Exit.*

*Euph.* Now then, Euphrasia, now thou mayst  
indulge  
The purest ecstasy of soul. Come forth,  
Thou man of wo, thou man of every virtue.

*Enter EVANDER from the Monument.*

*Evan.* And does the grave thus cast me up again  
With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus  
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

*Euph.* How fares my father now?

*Evan.* Thy aid, Euphrasia,  
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital stream  
Deriv'st thy being; with unheard-of duty  
Thou hast repaid it to thy native source.

*Euph.* Sprung from Evander, if a little portion  
Of all his goodness dwell within my heart,  
Thou wilt not wonder.

*Evan.* Joy and wonder rise  
In mix'd emotions!—Though departing hence,  
After the storms of a tempestuous life,  
Tho' I was entering the wish'd-for port,  
Where all is peace, all bliss, and endless joy,  
Yet here contented I can linger still  
To view thy goodness, and applaud thy deeds,  
Thou author of my life!—Did ever parent  
Thus call his child before?—My heart's too full,  
My old fond heart runs o'er; it aches with joy.

*Euph.* Alas, too much you over-rate your daughter;  
Nature and duty call'd me—Oh! my father,  
How didst thou bear thy long, long suff'rings? How  
Endure their barbarous rage.

*Evan.* My foes but did  
To this old frame, what Nature's hand must do.

In the worst hour of pain, a voice still whisper'd me,  
 ' Rouse thee, Evander; self-acquitting conscience  
 ' Declares thee blameless, and the gods behold  
 thee.'

I was but going hence by mere decay  
 To that futurity which Plato taught,  
 Where the immortal spirit views the planets  
 Roll round the mighty year, and, wrapt in bliss,  
 Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.  
 Thither, oh! thither was Evander going,  
 But thou recall'st me; thou!

*Euph.* Timoleon too  
 Invites thee back to life.

*Evan.* And does he still  
 Urge on the siege?

*Euph.* His active genius comes  
 To scourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet  
 Half lost is swallow'd by the roaring sea.  
 The shatter'd refuse seek the Libyan shore,  
 To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

*Evan.* These are thy wonders, Heaven! Abroad thy  
 spirit  
 Moves o'er the deep; and mighty fleets are vanish'd.

*Euph.* Ha!—hark!—what noise is that! It comes  
 this way.  
 Some busy footstep beats the hallow'd pavement.  
 Oh! sir, retire—Ye pow'rs!—Philotas!—ha!

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* For thee, Euphrasia, Dionysius calls.

Some new suspicion goads him. At yon gate  
 I stopt Calippus, as with eager haste  
 He bent this way to seek thee.—Oh! my sovereign,  
 My king, my injur'd master, will you pardon  
 The wrongs I've done thee? [*Kneels to Evander.*]

*Evan.* Virtue such as thine,  
 From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,  
 Shines forth with added lustre.

*Phil.* Oh! forgive  
 My ardent zeal; there is no time to waste.  
 You must withdraw, trust to your faithful friends.  
 Pass but another day, and Dionysius  
 Falls from a throne usurp'd.

*Evan.* But ere he pays  
 The forfeit of his crimes, what streams of blood  
 Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks I might  
 Prevent this waste of nature—I'll go forth,  
 And to my people shew their rightful king.

*Euph.* Banish that thought; forbear; the rash at-  
 tempt  
 Were fatal to our hopes; oppress'd, dismay'd,  
 The people look aghast, and wan with fear  
 None will espouse your cause.

*Evan.* Yes all will dare  
 To act like men;—their king, I gave myself  
 To a whole people. I made no reserve;  
 My life was theirs; each drop about my heart  
 Pledg'd to the public cause; devoted to it;  
 That was my compact; is the subject's less?  
 If they are all debas'd, and willing slaves,

The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,  
 And the old sinking to ignoble graves,  
 Of such a race no matter who is king.  
 And yet I will not think it; no! my people  
 Are brave and gen'rous; I will trust their valour.

*Euph.* Yet stay; yet be advis'd.

*Phil.* As yet, my liege,  
 No plan is fix'd, and no concerted measure.  
 The fates are busy: wait the vast event.  
 Trust to my truth and honour. Witness, gods,  
 Here in the temple of Olympian Jove  
 Philotas swears——

*Evan.* Forbear: the man like thee,  
 Who feels the best emotions of the heart,  
 Truth, reason, justice, honour's fine excitements,  
 Acts by those laws, and wants no other sanction.

*Euph.* Again, th' alarm approaches; sure destruction  
 To thee, to all will follow:—hark! a sound  
 Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted aisle.  
 It gains upon the ear. Withdraw, my father;  
 All's lost if thou art seen.

*Phil.* And, lo! Calippus  
 Darts with the lightning's speed across the aisle.

*Evan.* Thou at the senate-house convene my friends.  
 Melanthon, Dion, and their brave associates,  
 Will shew that liberty has leaders still.  
 Anon I'll meet 'em there: my child, farewell;  
 Thou shalt direct me now.

*Euph.* Too cruel fate!

The tomb is all the mansion I can give;

My mother's tomb! [Evander enters the tomb.

*Phil.* You must be brief; th' alarm

Each moment nearer comes. In ev'ry sound

Destruction threatens. Ha! by Heaven this way

Calippus comes—Let me retard his speed. [Exit.

*Euph.* [Coming forward.] How my distracted heart  
throbs wild with fear!

What brings Calippus? wherefore? save me Heaven!

*Enter CALIPPUS.*

*Cal.* This sullen musing in these drear abodes  
Alarms suspicion: the king knows thy plottings,  
Thy rooted hatred to the state and him.

His sov'reign will commands thee to repair  
This moment to his presence.

*Euph.* Ha! what means

The tyrant?—I obey [Exit Calippus.] and, oh! ye  
pow'rs,

Ye ministers of Heaven! defend my father;

Support his drooping age; and when anon

Avenging justice shakes her crimson steel,

Oh! be the grave at least a place of rest;

That from his covert in the hour of peace

Forth he may come to bless a willing people,

And be your own just image here on earth. [Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter MELANTHON and PHILOTAS.*

*Melanthon.*

AWAY; no more; pernicious, vile dissembler!

*Phil.* Wherefore this frantic rage?

*Melan.* Thou canst not varnish

With thy perfidious arts a crime like this.

I climb'd the rugged cliff; but, oh! thou traitor,  
Where is Evander? Thro' each dungeon's gloom  
I sought the good old king: the guilt is thine;  
May vengeance wait thee for it.

*Phil.* Still, Melanthon,

Let prudence guide thee.

*Melan.* Thou hast plung'd thee down  
Far as the lowest depth of hell-born crimes;  
Thou hast out-gone all registers of guilt;  
Beyond all fable hast thou sinn'd, Philotas.

*Phil.* By Heav'n thou wrong'st me: didst thou  
know, old man——

*Melan.* Could not his rev'rend age, could not his  
virtue,

His woes unnumber'd, soften thee to pity?  
Thou hast destroy'd my king.

*Phil.* Yet wilt thou hear me?

Your king still lives.

*Melan.* Thou vile deceiver!—Lives!  
But where? Away; no more. I charge thee, leave me.

*Phil.* We have remov'd him to a sure asylum.

*Melan.* Remov'd!—Thou traitor! what dark privacy—

Why move him thence? The vile assassin's stab  
Has clos'd his days—calm unrelenting villain!  
I know it all.

*Phil.* By ev'ry pow'r above  
Evander lives; in safety lives. Last night,  
When in his dark embrace sleep wrapt the world,  
Euphrasia came, a spectacle of wo;  
Dar'd to approach our guard, and with her tears,  
With vehemence of grief, she touch'd my heart.  
I gave her father to her.

*Melan.* How, Philotas!  
If thou dost not deceive me—

*Phil.* No, by Heaven!  
By ev'ry pow'r above—But hark! those notes  
Speak Dionysius near: anon, my friend,  
I'll tell thee each particular; thy king  
Mean while is safe—but lo! the tyrant comes;  
With guilt like his I must equivocate,  
And teach ev'n truth and honour to dissemble.

*Enter* DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, &c.

*Dion.* Away each vain alarm; the sun goes down.  
Nor yet Timoleon issues from his fleet.  
There let him linger on the wave-worn beach;  
Here the vain Greek shall find another Troy,  
A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,  
Ourselves, still Dionysius here remains.

And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace ?  
 By Heav'n, this panting bosom hop'd to meet  
 His bosted phalanx on the embattled plain.  
 And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,  
 Dispatch his herald ?—Let the slave approach.

*Enter the Herald.*

*Dion.* Now speak thy purpose; what doth Greece  
 impart ?

*Her.* Timoleon, sir, whose great renown in arms  
 Is equall'd only by the softer virtues  
 Of mild humanity that sway his heart,  
 Sends me his delegate to offer terms,  
 On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which  
 The fiercest nature, though it spurn at justice,  
 May sympathize with his.

*Dion.* Unfold thy mystery;  
 Thou shalt be heard.

*Her.* The gen'rous leader sees,  
 With pity sees, the wild destructive havock  
 Of ruthless war; he hath survey'd around  
 The heaps of slain that cover yonder field,  
 And, touch'd with gen'rous sense of human wo,  
 Weeps o'er his victories.

*Dion.* Your leader weeps !  
 Then let the author of those ills thou speak'st of,  
 Let the ambitious factor of destruction,  
 Timely retreat, and close the scene of blood.  
 Why doth affrighted peace behold his standard

Uprear'd in Sicily? and wherefore here  
 The iron ranks of war, from which the shepherd  
 Retires appall'd, and leaves the blasted hopes  
 Of half the year, while closer to her breast  
 The mother clasps her infant?

*Her.* 'Tis not mine

To plead Timoleon's cause; not mine the office  
 To justify the strong, the righteous motives  
 That urge him to the war: the only scope  
 My deputation aims at, is to fix  
 An interval of peace, a pause of horror,  
 That they, whose bodies on the naked shore  
 Lie weltering in their blood, from either host  
 May meet the last sad rites to nature due,  
 And decent lie in honourable graves.

*Dion.* Go tell your leader, his pretexts are vain.  
 Let him, with those that live, embark for Greece,  
 And leave our peaceful plains; the mangled limbs  
 Of those he murder'd, from my tender care,  
 Shall meet due obsequies.

*Her.* The hero, sir,

Wages no war with those, who bravely die.  
 'Tis for the dead I supplicate; for them  
 We sue for peace: and to the living too  
 Timoleon would extend it, but the groans  
 Of a whole people have unsheath'd his sword.  
 A single day will pay the funeral rites.  
 To-morrow's sun may see both armies meet  
 Without hostility, and all in honour;  
 You to inter the troops, who bravely fell;

We, on our part, to give an humble sod  
To those, who gain'd a footing on the isle,  
And by their death have conquer'd.

*Dion.* Be it so ;

I grant thy suit : soon as to-morrow's dawn  
Illume the world, the rage of wasting war  
In vain shall thirst for blood : but mark my words ;  
If the next orient sun behold you here,  
That hour shall see me terrible in arms  
Deluge yon plain, and let destruction loose.  
Thou know'st my last resolve, and now farewell.  
Some careful officer conduct him forth.

[*Exit Herald.*]

By Heav'n the Greek hath offer'd to my sword  
An easy prey ; a sacrifice to glut  
My great revenge. Calippus, let each soldier  
This night resign his wearied limbs to rest,  
That ere the dawn, with renovated strength,  
On the unguarded, unsuspecting foe,  
Disarm'd, and bent on superstitious rites,  
From ev'ry quarter we may rush undaunted,  
Give the invaders to the deathful steel,  
And by one carnage bury all in ruin.  
My valiant friends haste to your several posts,  
And let this night a calm unruffled spirit  
Lie hush'd in sleep : away, my friends, disperse.  
Philotas, waits Euphrasia as we order'd ?

*Phil.* She's here at hand.

*Dion.* Admit her to our presence.

Rage and despair, a thousand warring passions,  
 All rise by turns, and piecemeal rend my heart.  
 Yet ev'ry means, all measures must be tried,  
 To sweep the Grecian spoiler from the land,  
 And fix the crown unshaken on my brow.

*Enter EUPHRASIA.*

*Euph.* What sudden cause requires Euphrasia's presence?

*Dion.* Approach, fair mourner, and dispel thy fears.  
 Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,  
 Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat,  
 Respect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care  
 To sooth affliction, and extend his life,  
 Evander has commanded.

*Euph.* Vile dissembler!  
 Detested homicide! [*Aside.*]—And has thy heart  
 Felt for the wretched?

*Dion.* Urgencies of state  
 Abridg'd his liberty; but to his person  
 All honour hath been paid.

*Euph.* The righteous gods  
 Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay  
 Just retribution.

*Dion.* If to see your father,  
 If here to meet him in a fond embrace,  
 Will calm thy breast, and dry those beauteous tears,  
 A moment more shall bring him to your presence.

*Euph.* Ha! lead him hither! Sir, to move him now,

Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years—  
 No, let me seek him rather—If soft pity  
 Has touch'd your heart, oh! send me, send me to him.

*Dion.* Controul this wild alarm; with prudent care  
 Philotas shall conduct him; here I grant  
 The tender interview.

*Euph.* Disastrous fate!  
 Ruin impends!—This will discover all;  
 I'll perish first; provoke his utmost rage. [*Aside.*  
 Tho' much I languish to behold my father,  
 Yet now it were not fit—the sun goes down;  
 Night falls apace; soon as returning day—

*Dion.* This night, this very hour, you both must  
 meet.

Together you may serve the state and me.  
 Thou see'st the havock of wide wasting war;  
 And more, full well you know, are still to bleed.  
 Thou may'st prevent their fate.

*Euph.* Oh! give the means,  
 And I will bless thee for it.

*Dion.* From a Greek,  
 Torments have wrung the truth. Thy husband,  
 Phocion—

*Euph.* Oh! say, speak of my Phocion.

*Dion.* He; 'tis he  
 Hath kindled up this war; with treacherous arts  
 Inflamm'd the states of Greece, and now the traitor  
 Comes with a foreign aid to wrest my crown.

*Euph.* And does my Phocion share Timoleon's  
 glory?

*Dion.* With him invests our walls, and bids rebellion

Erect her standard here.

*Euph.* Oh! bless him, Gods!

Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,  
List on his side; against the hostile javelin  
Uprear his mighty buckler; to his sword  
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come  
With wreaths of triumph, and with conquest crown'd,  
And his Euphrasia spring with rapture to him,  
Melt in his arms, and a whole nation's voice  
Applaud my hero with a love like mine!

*Dion.* Ungrateful fair! Has not our sovereign will  
On thy descendants fix'd Sicilia's crown?  
Have I not vow'd protection to your boy?

*Euph.* From thee the crown! From thee! Euphrasia's children  
Shall on a nobler basis found their rights,  
On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

*Dion.* Misguided woman!

*Euph.* Ask of thee protection!  
The father's valour shall protect his boy.

*Dion.* Rush not on sure destruction; ere too late  
Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are these:  
Instant send forth a message to your husband;  
Bid him draw off his Greeks, unmoor his fleet,  
And measure back his way. Full well he knows  
You and your father are my hostages;  
And for his treason both may answer.

*Euph.* Think'st thou then



So meanly of my Phocion?—Dost thou deem him  
 Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,  
 To melt away in a weak woman's tear?  
 Oh! thou dost little know him; know'st but little  
 Of his exalted soul. With gen'rous ardour  
 Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,  
 And gain the ever honour'd, bright reward  
 Which fame intwines around the patriot's brow,  
 And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,  
 For nations free'd and tyrants laid in dust.

*Dion.* By Heav'n, this night Evander breathes his  
 last.

*Euph.* Better for him to sink at once to rest,  
 Than linger thus beneath the gripe of famine,  
 In a vile dungeon scoop'd with barb'rous skill  
 Deep in the flinty rock; a monument  
 Of that fell malice and that black suspicion  
 That mark'd your father's reign; a dungeon drear  
 Prepar'd for innocence!—Vice liv'd secure,  
 It flourish'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart;  
 'Twas virtue only could give umbrage; then,  
 In that black period, to be great and good  
 Was a state crime; the pow'rs of genius then  
 Were a constructive treason.

*Dion.* Ha! beware,  
 Nor with vile calumny provoke my rage.

*Euph.* Whate'er was laudable, whate'er was wor-  
 thy,  
 Sunk under foul oppression; freeborn men  
 Were torn in private from their household gods,

Shut from the light of Heaven in cavern'd cells,  
 Chain'd to the grunsel edge, and left to pine  
 In bitterness of soul ; while in the vaulted roof  
 The tyrant sat, and through a secret channel  
 Collected ev'ry sound ; heard each complaint  
 Of martyr'd virtue ; kept a register  
 Of sighs and groans by cruelty extorted ;  
 Noted the honest language of the heart ;  
 Then on the victims wreak'd his murd'rous rage,  
 For yielding to the feelings of their nature.

*Dion.* Obdurate woman ! obstinate in ill !  
 Here ends all parley. Now your father's doom  
 Is fix'd ; irrevocably fix'd.

*Euph.* Thy doom, perhaps,  
 May first be fix'd : the doom that ever waits  
 The fell oppressor, from a throne usurp'd  
 Hurl'd headlong down. Think of thy father's fate  
 At Corinth, Dionysius !

*Dion.* Ha ! this night  
 Evander dies ; and thou, detested fair !  
 Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty  
 Pursues his wearied life through every nerve.  
 I scorn all dull delay. This very night  
 Shall sate my great revenge.

[*Exit.*

*Euph.* This night perhaps  
 Shall whelm thee down, no more to blast creation.  
 My father, who inhabit'st with the dead,  
 Now let me seek thee in the lonely tomb,  
 And tremble there with anxious hope and fear.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*The Inside of the Temple. Enter PHOCION and MELANTHON.*

*Pho.* Each step I move, a grateful terror shakes  
My frame to dissolution.

*Melan.* Summon all

Thy wonted firmness; in that dreary vault  
A living king is number'd with the dead.  
I'll take my post, near where the pillar'd aisle  
Supports the central dome, that no alarm  
Surprise you in the pious act.

[*Exit.*

*Pho.* If here

They both are found; if in Evander's arms  
Euphrasia meets my search, the fates atone  
For all my suff'rings, all afflictions past.  
Yes, I will seek them—ha!—the gaping tomb  
Invites my steps—now be propitious, Heaven!

[*He enters the tomb.*

*Enter EUPHRASIA.*

*Euph.* All hail ye caves of horror!—In this gloom  
Divine content can dwell, the heartfelt tear,  
Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand  
Will catch, and wipe the sorrows from my eye.  
Thou Pow'r supreme, whose all-pervading mind

Guides this great frame of things ; who now behold'st  
me,

Who in that cave of death art full as perfect  
As in the gorgeous palace, now, while night  
Broods o'er the world, I'll to thy sacred shrine,  
And supplicate thy mercies to my father.

Who's there?—Evander?—Answer—tell me—  
speak—

*Enter PHOCION, from the Tomb.*

*Pho.* What voice is that?—Melanthon!

*Euph.* Ha! those sounds—

Speak of Evander ; tell me that he lives,  
Or lost Euphrasia dies.

*Pho.* Heart-swelling transport!

Art thou Euphrasia? 'tis thy Phocion, love ;  
Thy husband comes.

*Euph.* Support me ; reach thy hand.

*Pho.* Once more I clasp her in this fond embrace!

*Euph.* What miracle has brought thee to me?

*Pho.* Love

Inspir'd my heart, and guided all my ways.

*Euph.* Oh! thou dear wanderer! But wherefore  
here?

Why in this place of wo? my tender little one,  
Say, is he safe? oh! satisfy a mother ;  
Speak of my child, or I grow wild at once.  
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own.

*Pho.* Your boy is safe, Euphrasia ; lives to reign  
In Sicily ; Timoleon's gen'rous care

Protects him in his camp ; dispel thy fears ;  
The gods once more will give him to thy arms.

*Euph.* My father lives sepulchred ere his time  
Here in Eudocia's tomb ; let me conduct thee.

*Pho.* I came this moment thence.

*Euph.* And saw Evander ?

*Pho.* Alas ! I found him not.

*Euph.* Not found him there ?

And have they then—have the fell murderers—Oh !

[*Faints away.*]

*Pho.* I've been too rash ; revive, my love, revive ;  
Thy Phocion calls ; the gods will guard Evander,  
And save him to reward thy matchless virtue.

*Enter EVANDER and MELANTHON.*

*Evan.* Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged steps ;  
Where is he ? Let me see him.

*Pho.* My Euphrasia ;  
Thy father lives ;—thou venerable man !  
Behold—I cannot fly to thy embrace.

*Euph.* These agonies must end me ; ah, my father !  
Again I have him ; gracious Pow'rs ! again  
I clasp his hand, and bathe it with my tears.

*Evan.* Euphrasia ! Phocion too ! Yes, both are  
here ;

Oh ! let me thus, thus strain you to my heart.

*Pho.* Protected by a daughter's tender care,  
By my Euphrasia sav'd ! That sweet reflection  
Exalts the bliss to rapture.

*Euph.* Why, my father,  
Why thus adventure forth? The strong alarm  
O'erwhelm'd my spirits.

*Evan.* I went forth, my child,  
When all was dark, and awful silence round,  
To throw me prostrate at the altar's foot,  
And crave the care of Heav'n for thee and thine.  
Melanthon there——

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Euph.* Philotas! ha! what means——

*Phil.* Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:  
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze;  
Unsated yet with blood, he calls aloud  
For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath ordered  
This moment to his presence.

*Evan.* Lead me to him:  
His presence hath no terror for Evander.

*Euph.* Horror! it must not be.

*Phil.* No; never, never:  
I'll perish rather. But the time demands  
Our utmost vigour; with the lightning's speed  
Decisive, rapid. With the scorpion stings  
Of conscience lash'd, despair and horror seize him,  
And guilt but serves to goad his tortur'd mind  
To blacker crimes. His policy has granted  
A day's suspense from arms; yet even now  
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,  
With base surprise, to storm Timoleon's camp.

*Evan.* And doth he grant a false insidious truce,  
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror ?

*Euph.* I know the monster well : when specious  
seeming

Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within  
Teems with destruction. Like our own mount *Ætna*,  
When the deep snows invest his hoary head,  
And a whole winter gathers on his brow,  
Looking tranquillity ; ev'n then beneath  
The fuel'd entrails summon all their rage,  
Till the affrighted shepherd round him sees  
The sudden ruin, the vulcano's burst,  
Mountains hurl'd up in air, and moulten rocks,  
And all the land with desolation cover'd.

*Melan.* Now, Phocion, now, on thee our hope de-  
pends.

Fly to Timoleon ; I can grant a passport :  
Rouze him to vengeance ; on the tyrant turn  
His own insidious arts, or all is lost.

*Pho.* Evander thou, and thou, my best *Euphrasia*,  
Both shall attend my flight.

*Melan.* It were in vain ;  
Th' attempt would hazard all.

*Euph.* Together here  
We will remain, safe in the cave of death ;  
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

*Evan.* Oh ! would the gods roll back the stream of  
time,  
And give this arm the sinew that it boasted  
At *Tauromenium*, when its force resistless

Mow'd down the ranks of war ; I then might guide  
The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,  
Add still another laurel to my brow.

*Euph.* Enough of laurell'd victory your sword  
Hath reap'd in earlier days.

*Evan.* And shall my sword,  
When the great cause of liberty invites,  
Remain inactive, unperforming quite ?  
Youth, second youth rekindles in my veins :  
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know its office ;  
Will shew that victory has not forgot  
Acquaintance with this hand.—And yet—O shame !  
It will not be : the momentary blaze  
Sinks, and expires : I have surviv'd it all ;  
Surviv'd my reign, my people, and myself.

*Euph.* Fly, Phocion, fly ; Melanthon will conduct  
thee.

*Melan.* And when th' assault begins, my faithful  
cohorts  
Shall form their ranks around this sacred dome.

*Pho.* And my poor captive friends, my brave com-  
panions  
Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives ?

*Melan.* Trust to my care : no danger shall assail  
them.

*Pho.* By Heav'n, the glorious expectation swells  
This panting bosom ! Yes, Euphrasia, yes ;  
Awhile I leave you to the care of Heaven.  
Fell Dionysius tremble ; ere the dawn  
Timoleon thunders at your gates ; the rage,



The pent-up rage of twenty thousand Greeks,  
Shall burst at once; and the tumultuous roar  
Alarm th' astonish'd world. The brazen gates  
Asunder shall be rent; the tow'rs, the ramparts,  
Shall yield to Grecian valour; death and rage  
Thro' the wide city's round shall wade in gore,  
And guilty men awake to gasp their last.  
Melanthon, come.

*Evan.* Yet, ere thou go'st, young man,  
Attend my words: tho' guilt may oft provoke,  
As now it does, just vengeance on its head,  
In mercy punish it. The rage of slaughter  
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph;  
Bid him not shed unnecessary blood.  
Conquest is proud, inexorable, fierce;  
It is humanity ennobles all.  
So thinks Evander, and so tell Timoleon.

*Pho.* Farewell; the midnight hour shall give you  
freedom. [*Exit with Melanthon and Phil.*

*Euph.* Ye guardian deities, watch all his ways.

*Evan.* Come, my Euphrasia, in this interval  
Together we will seek the sacred altar,  
And thank the God, whose presence fills the dome,  
For the best gift his bounty could bestow,  
The virtue he has giv'n thee; there we'll pour  
Our hearts in praise, in tears of adoration,  
For all the wondrous goodness lavish'd on us.

[*Exeunt.*

---

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS.*

*Dionysius.*

ERE the day clos'd, while yet the busy eye  
Might view their camp, their stations, and their  
guards,

Their preparations for approaching night,  
Didst thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

*Cal.* From the watch-tow'r I saw them: all things  
spoke

A foe secure, and discipline relax'd.

Their arms thrown idly by, the soldiers stray'd  
To one another's tents; their steeds no more  
Stood near at hand caparison'd for war;

And from the lines numbers pour'd out, to see  
The spot where the besieg'd had sallied forth,  
And the fierce battle rag'd; to view the slain  
That lie in heaps upon the crimson beach.

There the fond brother, the afflicted father,  
And the friend, sought some vestige of the face  
Of him who dy'd in battle; night came on;  
Some slowly gain'd their tents: dispers'd around  
Whole parties loiter'd, touch'd with deep regret;  
War, and its train of duties, all forgot.

*Dion.* Their folly gives them to my sword: are all  
My orders issued?

*Cal.* All.

*Dion.* The troops retir'd  
To gain recruited vigour from repose ?

*Cal.* The city round lies hush'd in sleep.

*Dion.* Anon

Let each brave officer, of chosen valour,  
Forsake his couch, and with delib'rate spirit,  
Meet at the citadel. An hour at farthest  
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to storm their camp ;  
And whelm their men, their arms, and steeds and  
tents,

In one prodigious ruin. Haste, Calippus,  
Fly to thy post, and bid Euphrasia enter.

[*Exit* Calippus.]

Evander dies this night : Euphrasia too  
Shall be dispos'd of. Curse on Phocion's fraud,  
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy.  
In him the seed of future kings were crush'd,  
And the whole hated line at once extinguish'd.

*Enter* EUPHRASIA.

*Dion.* Once more approach and hear me ; 'tis not  
now

A time to waste in the vain war of words.  
A crisis big with horror is at hand.  
I meant to spare the stream of blood, that soon  
Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair proposals  
Thy haughty spirit has with scorn rejected.  
And now, by Heav'n, here in thy very sight,  
Evander breathes his last.

*Euph.* The truce you've granted

Suspends the rage of war: mean time send forth  
 The orators of peace with olive crown'd.  
 Timoleon, good and just, and ever willing  
 To conquer rather by persuasive truth,  
 Than by devouring slaughter, will agree  
 In friendly parley to assert his rights,  
 And compromise the war.

*Dion.* And must I sue  
 For terms of peace?—To an invader sue?  
 Since you, the fiend of Syracuse and Greece,  
 Since you thus urge me on to desp'rate daring,  
 Your father first—of him I'll be assur'd—  
 Your father meets his fate.

*Euph.* If yet there's wanting  
 A crime to fill the measure of thy guilt,  
 Add that black murder to the dreadful list;  
 With that complete the horrors of thy reign.

*Dion.* Woman, beware: Philotas is at hand,  
 And to our presence leads Evander. All  
 Thy dark complottings, and thy treach'rous arts,  
 Have prov'd abortive.

*Euph.* Ha!—What new event?  
 And is Philotas false?—Has he betray'd him? [*Aside.*

*Dion.* Evander's doom is seal'd—What, ho! Phi-  
 lotas;  
 Now shalt thou see him die in pangs before thee.

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Euph.* How my heart sinks within me!

*Dion.* Where's your pris'ner?

*Phil.* Evander is no more.

*Dion.* Ha!—Death has robb'd me  
Of half my great revenge.

*Phil.* Worn out with anguish,  
I saw life ebb apace. With studied art  
We gave each cordial drop, alas! in vain;  
He heav'd a sigh; invok'd his daughter's name,  
Smil'd and expir'd.

*Dion.* Bring me his hoary head.

*Phil.* You'll pardon, sir, my over-hasty zeal.  
I gave the body to the foaming surge  
Down the steep rock despis'd.

*Dion.* Now rave and shriek,  
And rend your scatter'd hair. No more Evander  
Shall sway Sicilia's sceptre.

*Euph.* Mighty gods!

The harden'd heart, the man elate with pride  
View with compassion! To the bad extend  
Some portion of your mercy; crimes and blood  
Have made their souls a seat of desolation,  
Of wo, despair, and horror! Turn to them  
An eye of pity: whom your bounty form'd  
To truth, to goodness, and to gen'rous deeds,  
On them no more from your bright stores of bliss  
You need dispense: their virtue will support them.

*Dion.* Now then thou feel'st my vengeance.

*Euph.* Glory in it;

Exult and triumph. Thy worst shaft is sped.  
Yet still th' unconquer'd mind with scorn can view  
thee;

With the calm sunshine of the breast can see  
 Thy pow'r unequal to subdue the soul,  
 Which virtue form'd, and which the gods protect.

*Dion.* Philotas, bear her hence ; she shall not live ;  
 This moment bear her hence ; you know the rest ;  
 Go, see our will obey'd ; that done, with all  
 A warrior's speed attend me at the citadel ;  
 There meet the heroes, whom this night shall lead  
 To freedom, victory, to glorious havoc,  
 And the destruction of the Grecian name. [Exit.

*Euph.* Accept my thanks, Philotas ; generous man !  
 These tears attest th' emotions of my heart.  
 But oh ! should Greece defer——

*Phil.* Dispel thy fears ;  
 Phocion will bring relief ; or should the tyrant  
 Assault their camp, he'll meet a marshall'd foe.  
 Let me conduct thee to the silent tomb.

*Euph.* Ah ! there Evander, naked and disarm'd,  
 Defenceless quite, may meet some ruffian stroke.

*Phil.* Lo ! here a weapon ; bear this dagger to him.  
 In the drear monument should hostile steps  
 Dare to approach him, they must enter singly ;  
 This guards the passage ; man by man they die.  
 There may'st thou dwell amidst the wild commotion.

*Euph.* Ye pitying gods, protect my father there !

[Exit.

---

SCENE II.

*The Citadel. CALIPPUS and several Officers.*

*1st Off.* What new event thus summons us together?

*Cal.* 'Tis great occasion calls; Timoleon's ardour  
Comes rushing on; his works rise high in air,  
Advance each day, and tow'r above our walls.  
One brave exploit may free us—Lo! the king.

*Enter DIONYSIUS.*

*Dion.* Ye brave associates, who so oft have shar'd  
Our toil and danger in the field of glory,  
My fellow-warriors, what no god could promise,  
Fortune hath giv'n us. In his dark embrace  
Lo! sleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.  
Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,  
Freebooters roving in pursuit of prey,  
Success by war, or covert stratagem,  
Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,  
What need of words? The gen'rous call of freedom,  
Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,  
All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,  
Expands and rouses in the swelling heart.  
Follow th' impulsive ardour; follow me,  
Your king, your leader; in the friendly gloom  
Of night assault their camp; your country's love,  
And fame eternal, shall attend the men  
Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem  
From the invader's pow'r their native land.

*Cal.* Lead to the onset; Greece shall find we bear  
Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls,  
Resolv'd to conquer or to die in freedom.

*Dion.* Thus I've resolv'd: when the declining  
moon

Hath veil'd her orb, our silent march begins.  
The order thus:—Calippus, thou lead forth  
Iberia's sons with the Numidian bands,  
And line the shore.—Perdiccas, be it thine  
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,  
Where the wood skirts the valley; there make halt  
Till brave Amyntor stretch along the vale.  
Ourselves, with the embodied cavalry  
Clad in their mail'd cuirass, will circle round  
To where their camp extends its furthest line;  
Unnumber'd torches there shall blaze at once,  
The signal of the charge; then, oh! my friends,  
On every side let the wild uproar loose,  
Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,  
Unsparring, unrelenting; drench your swords  
In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

*Enter an Officer.*

Ha! speak; unfold thy purpose.

*Offi.* Instant arm;  
To arms, my liege; the foe breaks in upon us;  
The subterraneous path is theirs; that way  
Their band invades the city sunk in sleep.

*Dion.* Treason's at work; detested, treach'rous  
villains!



Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends,  
Rouse all the war; fly to your sev'ral posts,  
And instant bring all Syracuse in arms.

[*Exeunt. Warlike music.*]

*Enter MELANTHON.*

*Cal.* Melanthon, now collect your faithful bands.

*Melan.* Do thou pursue the king; attend his steps:  
Timoleon lords it in the captive city. [*Exit Calippus.*]

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Melan.* Philotas, vengeance has begun its work.

*Phil.* The gods have sent relief; dismay, and terror,  
And wild amaze, and death in ev'ry shape,  
Fill the affrighted city.

*Melan.* Tyrant, now  
Th' inevitable hour of fate is come.  
Philotas, round the dome that holds Evander  
We will arrange our men; there fix our post,  
And guard that spot, till, like some god, Timoleon  
Still the wild uproar, and bid slaughter cease. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter DIONYSIUS.*

*Dion.* Why sleep the coward slaves? All things  
conspire;  
The gods are leagu'd; I see them raze my tow'rs;  
My walls and bulwarks fall, and Neptune's trident  
From its foundation heaves the solid rock.  
Pallas directs the storm; her gorgon shield  
Glares in my view, and from the fleet she calls

Her Greeks enrag'd.—In arms I'll meet 'em all.  
 What, ho! my guards; arise, or wake no more.

*Enter CALIPPUS.*

*Cal.* This way, my liege; our friends, a valiant  
 band,  
 Assemble here.

*Dion.* Give me to meet the Greek.  
 Our only safety lies in brave despair. [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE III.

*The Inside of the Temple. A Monument in the Middle.*

*Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, and Female Attendants.*

*Euph.* Which way, Erixene, which way, my virgins,  
 Shall we direct our steps? What sacred altar  
 Clasp on our knees?

*Erix.* Alas! the horrid tumult  
 Spreads the destruction wide. On ev'ry side  
 The victor's shouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,  
 In wild confusion rise. Once more descend  
 Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'st find a shelter.

*Euph.* Anon, Erixene, I mean to visit,  
 Perhaps for the last time, a mother's urn.  
 This dagger there, this instrument of death,  
 Should fortune prosper the fell tyrant's arms,  
 This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,  
 And that drear vault intomb us all in peace.

[*Puts up the dagger.*]

Hark! how the uproar swells! Alas! what numbers  
 In Dionysius' cause shall yield their throats  
 To the destructive sword!—Aloft I climb'd  
 The temple's vaulted roof; the scene beneath  
 Is horrible to sight; the domes and palaces  
 Blaze to the sky; and where the flames forbear,  
 The Greeks enrag'd brandish the gleaming sword.  
 From the high roofs, to shun the raging fire,  
 Wretches precipitate their fall. But oh!  
 No pause, no mercy; to the edge o' th' sword  
 They give their bodies; butcher'd, gash'd with  
 wounds

They die in mangled heaps, and with their limbs  
 Cover the sanguine pavement.

*Erix.* Hark!

*Euph.* The din

Of arms with clearer sound advances. Hark!  
 That sudden burst! Again! They rush upon us!  
 The portal opens; lo! see there; behold!  
 War, horrid war invades the sacred fane;  
 No altar gives a sanctuary now. [*Warlike music.*]

*Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS, with several Soldiers.*

*Dion.* Here will I mock their siege; here stand at  
 bay,  
 And brave 'em to the last.

*Cal.* Our weary foes  
 Desist from the pursuit.

*Dion.* Tho' all betray me,  
 Tho' ev'ry god conspire, I will not yield.

If I must fall, the temple's pond'rous roof,  
 The mansion of the gods combin'd against me  
 Shall first be crush'd, and lie in ruin with me.  
 Euphrasia here! Detested, treach'rous woman!  
 For my revenge preserv'd! By Heav'n 'tis well;  
 Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good sword  
 Thus sends thee to atone the bleeding victims  
 This night has massacred.

*Cal.* [ *Holding Dionysius's arm.*] My liege, forbear;  
 Her life preserv'd may plead your cause with Greece,  
 And mitigate your fate.

*Dion.* Presumptuous slave!  
 My rage is up in arms; by Heav'n she dies.

*Enter EVANDER from the Tomb.*

*Evan.* Horror! forbear! Thou murd'rer hold thy  
 hand!

The gods behold thee, horrible assassin!  
 Restrain the blow; it were a stab to Heav'n;  
 All nature shudders at it! Will no friend  
 Arm in a cause like this a father's hand?  
 Strike at this bosom rather. Lo! Evander  
 Prostrate and groveling on the earth before thee;  
 He begs to die; exhaust the scanty drops  
 That lag about his heart; but spare my child.

*Dion.* Evander!—Do my eyes once more behold  
 him?

May the fiends seize Philotas! Treach'rous slave!  
 'Tis well thou liv'st; thy death were poor revenge  
 From any hand but mine.

[*Offers to strike.*]

*Euph.* No, tyrant, no; [*Rushing before Evander.*  
 I have provok'd your vengeance; through this bosom  
 Open a passage; first on me, on me  
 Exhaust your fury; ev'ry Pow'r above  
 Commands thee to respect that aged head;  
 His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage;  
 Strike here; these veins are full; here's blood  
 enough;  
 The purple tide will gush to glad thy sight.

*Dion.* Amazement blasts and freezes ev'ry pow'r!  
 They shall not live. Ha! the fierce tide of war  
 [*A flourish of trumpets.*

This way comes rushing on. [*Goes to the top of the stage.*

*Euph.* [*Embracing Evander.*] Oh! thus, my father,  
 We'll perish thus together.

*Dion.* Bar the gates;  
 Close ev'ry passage, and repel their force.

*Evan.* And must I see thee bleed? Oh! for a  
 sword!

Bring, bring me daggers!

*Euph.* Ha!

*Dion.* [*Advancing.*] Guards, seize the slave,  
 And give him to my rage.

*Evan.* [*Seiz'd by the guards.*] Oh! spare her, spare  
 her.

Inhuman villains!

*Euph.* Now, one glorious effort!

*Dion.* Let me dispatch; thou traitor, thus my  
 arm——

*Euph.* A daughter's arm, fell monster, strikes the blow.

Yes, first she strikes; an injur'd daughter's arm  
Sends thee devoted to th' infernal gods. [*He falls.*]

*Dion.* Detested fiend! Thus by a woman's hand!

*Euph.* Yes, tyrant, yes; in a dear father's cause,  
A woman's vengeance tow'rs above her sex.

*Dion.* May curses blast thy arm! May Ætna's fires  
Convulse the land; to its foundation shake  
The groaning isle! May civil discord bear  
Her flaming brand through all the realms of Greece;  
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine. [*Dies.*]

*Euph.* Behold, all Sicily behold!—The point  
Glows with the tyrant's blood. Ye slaves, [*to the  
guards.*] look there;

Kneel to your rightful king: the blow for freedom  
Gives you the rights of men! And, oh! my father,  
My ever honour'd sire, it gives thee life.

*Evan.* My child; my daughter; sav'd again by  
thee! [*Embraces her.*]

*A flourish of Trumpets. Enter PHOCION, MELANTHON, PHILOTAS, &c.*

*Pho.* Now let the monster yield. My best Euphrasia!

*Euph.* My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my heart.  
Lo! there the wonders of Euphrasia's arm!

*Pho.* And is the proud one fall'n! The dawn shall  
see him

A spectacle for public view. Euphrasia!  
Evander too! Thus to behold you both——

*Evan.* To her direct thy looks; there fix thy praise,  
And gaze with wonder there. The life I gave her,  
Oh, she has us'd it for the noblest ends!  
To fill each duty; make her father feel  
The purest joy, the heart-dissolving bliss  
To have a grateful child. But has the rage  
Of slaughter ceas'd?

*Pho.* It has.

*Evan.* Where is Timoleon?

*Pho.* He guards the citadel; there gives his orders  
To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage  
His conqu'ring troops.

*Euph.* Oh! once again, my father,  
Thy sway shall bless the land. Not for himself  
Timoleon conquers; to redress the wrongs  
Of bleeding Sicily the hero comes.  
Thee, good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man,  
His justice shall reward. Thee too, Philotas,  
Whose sympathizing heart could fell the touch  
Of soft humanity, the hero's bounty,  
His brightest honours, shall be lavish'd on thee.  
Evander too will place thee near his throne;  
And shew mankind, ev'n on this shore of being,  
That virtue still shall meet its sure reward.

*Phil.* I am rewarded: feelings such as mine  
Are worth all dignities; my heart repays me.

*Evan.* Come, let us seek Timoleon; to his care  
I will commend ye both: for now, alas!

Thrones and dominions now no more for me.  
To thee I give my crown : yes, thou, Euphrasia,  
Shalt reign in Sicily. And, oh ! ye Pow'rs,  
In that bright eminence of care and peril,  
Watch over all her ways ; conduct and guide  
The goodness you inspir'd ; that she may prove,  
If e'er distress like mine invade the land,  
A parent to her people ; stretch the ray  
Of filial piety to times unborn,  
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,  
And learn to emulate THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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## EPILOGUE.

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WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Spoken by Miss YOUNGE.

**T**HE GRECIAN DAUGHTER's compliments to *all*;  
Begs that for Epilogue you will not call;  
For leering, giggling, would be out of season,  
And hopes by me you'll hear a little reason.

A father rais'd from death! a nation sav'd!  
A tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd!  
That tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,  
While Virtue's spell surrounding guards could charm!  
Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,  
Turn Father, Freedom, Virtue, all to jest?  
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,  
As wanton zephyrs wake the sleeping rose?  
Dispel those clouds, which o'er your eye-lids crept,  
Which our wise bard mistook, and swore you wept?  
Shall she to MACCARONIES life restore,  
Who yawn'd, half dead, and curs'd the tragic BORE?  
Dismiss 'em smirking to their nightly haunt,  
Where dice and cards their moon-struck minds enchant?  
Some muffled like the witches in Macbeth,  
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!  
Others the caldron go about—about!  
And RUIN enters, as the FATES run out.

*Bubble, bubble,  
Toil and trouble,  
Passions burn,  
And bets are double!  
Double, double!  
Toil and trouble,  
Passions burn,  
And all is bubble.*

*But jest apart, for scandal forms these tales;  
Falsehood be mute; let justice hold the scales.  
Britons were ne'er enslav'd by evil pow'rs:  
To peace and wedded love they give the midnight hours.  
From slumbers pure no rattling dice can wake 'em:  
Who make the laws, were never known to break 'em.*

*'Tis false, ye fair, whatever spleen may say,  
That you down folly's tide are borne away.  
You never wish at deep distress to sneer;  
For eyes, tho' BRIGHT, are BRIGHTER through a TEAR.*

*Should it e'er be this nation's wretched fate,  
To laugh at all that's good, and wise, and great:  
Let Genius rouse, the friend of humankind,  
To break those spells which charm, and sink the mind:  
Let Comedy, with pointed ridicule,  
Pierce to the quick each knave, and vicious fool:  
Let Tragedy—a warning to the times,  
Lift high her dagger at exalted crimes;  
Drive from the heart each base, unmanly passion,  
Till Virtue triumph in despite of Fashion.*





*DeWilde pins!*

*Corner, sculp*

*M. FAWCET as JACK NIGHTSHADE.  
 Humph! in all twenty and five Guineas—  
 — what was you saying last, brother?*

THE  
*CHOLERIC MAN.*

---

A  
COMEDY,  
By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

---

ADAPTED FOR  
*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRES-ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,  
*By Permission of the Managers.*

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The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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LONDON :

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MDCXCIII.



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TO

*DETRACTION.*

---

HIGH AND MIGHTY SIR,

THE attention, with which you have been pleased to distinguish this inconsiderable production, makes it a duty with me to lay it at your feet. The applauses of the Theatre gave me assurance of its success; but it was your testimony alone, which could inspire me with any opinion of its merit: Nor is it on this occasion only I am to thank you: in whatever proportion I have been happy enough to attract the regards of the public, in the same degree, I have never failed being honoured with yours.

How I have merited these marks of your partiality I am not able to guess. I can take my conscience to witness I have paid you no sacrifice—devoted no time or study to your service; nor am a man in any respect qualified to repay your favours. Give me credit, therefore, when I tell you, that your liberality oppresses me. Was I apt to rate my pretensions highly, and presume upon the indulgence of the public, I might have some claim to your favour; but 'till you hear me complain that my reward is not equal to my merit, I pray you let me enjoy my content and my obscurity.

At the same time that I would gladly withdraw myself from your notice, I have no one in my eye whom I would wish to recommend to it. It is my desire to put you at your ease—worn out as you must needs be with the toils of your employment; and I seriously protest to you, that if your silence will be the consequence of mine, I am ready to enter with you into articles whenever you think fit; convinced that I can never benefit mankind so much as by procuring you a lasting repose; nor would you be long to seek for a retreat—there are many market-towns in the country where you may drink your tea in quiet with a reputable set of elderly maidens at a distance from the capital. Above all things I should humbly recommend it to you, to relieve yourself from your labours in the dramatic walk: Consider, sir, the campaign is now opening; I understand it will be an active one; new competitors

will be pressing forward in the field of fame; I could wish you to keep out of their way; enervated as you are by past excesses, you will be ill able to struggle with these young and maiden spirits; but if you must engage, let it, I pray you, be with some of your intimates, if you find any on the ground; and do not pursue those ministerial politics, hitherto adopted by you, of bestowing all your favours on your opposers, and letting your friends go without their reward.

Whilst I am consulting your future repose, do not think I am unmindful of your past renown: It is to you alone, *most mighty sir*, we owe the great increase of *news papers* (not to mention *magazines, reviews, &c.*) in this metropolis. In former times, the world was contented with a stale recital of *foreign and domestic occurrences*—which never came to pass, and a lame account of *casualties*—where no mischief was ever done: now the reader is conveyed under your auspices to the foot of the throne; you have the key that admits him into the cabinets of all the princes in Europe; nay, you can carry him a dance through the air, as familiarly as the lame devil did the scholar of Salamanca, and uncover the roofs of our closets and chambers to his view: The world is not only supplied with a faithful history of the times in our public prints; but every private family, through your means, may meet its own secret *Atalantes*. These are advantages, which some people of confined notions have not clearly understood, and have rashly proceeded to oppose the tyranny of the law against the freedom of the press—pains and penalties have been inflicted—mults and imprisonments have been put in force against the conductors of your undertaking; but, thanks to our excellent constitution, you still enjoy your full liberty, though many of your partisans are abridged of theirs.

The personal, political, and literary characters of men are the three great branches of your study. Eminent have been your researches in each; but it is not within the compass of this dedication to follow you through any but the latter—and that in the dramatic division only; and here I observe your ordinary practice hath been as follows:—

When any play, like this now submitted to the public, meets a favourable reception on its first appearance—the very next morning by break of day out comes your manifesto; unravels the whole plot and contrivance of the drama, dissects the characters, detects the plagiarisms, and kindly tells the town what it is to expect; and all this is the dark operation of one midnight hour; while the poor romantic author lies wrapt



perhaps in golden dreams of happiness and success. The consequence of this manifesto is, the clearing up of many mistakes which the public would else be apt to make: They who have been pleased, being told they ought not to have been pleased, go no more and avoid an error in judgment; they who would have gone, stay at home and save their money; the performers, whom success might have made giddy, are now prevented from over-acting their several parts, and seasonably kept down; the author, whom the plaudits of a theatre might have intoxicated to that phrenzy of sensibility, in which we are told that *Philippides the comic poet* \* expired, is kept in due regimen, and under no danger of losing the moderate share of senses you allow him: Thus you stand, like the admonishing slave in the triumph, to remind the conqueror that *he is a man*; if therefore the shouts of the people are loud, you halloo in his ear, so as to be heard above the cry—if they are moderate, you whisper; but where the people are silent, the admonition is unnecessary; and whenever your own friends mount the car, your delicacy in their instance is conspicuous, by the profound taciturnity you observe.

In the instance of the present imperfect performance (thus laid at your feet) I have had opportunity to experience your concern for me in a peculiar manner: Ill health, and other melancholy attentions, which I need not explain to you, kept me at a distance from the scene of its decision; on this occasion you redoubled your admonitions—apprehensive, no doubt, that I should give way to the flattering report of my friends; and fearful that I should yield to that weakness, of which the mind, when under the visitation of affliction, is evidently most susceptible.

Nor is this the only error I might have fallen into: I must confess to you I had vainly flattered myself with the design of addressing this comedy—not to you, *high and mighty sir*; but to an amiable and elegant friend; to a lady whose criticisms under favour differ as widely from yours, as *Shakspeare* does from the author of the *Choleric Man*. This lady, sir, (whose name I forbear to mention, as it is unknown to you) was called upon in defence of a countryman to enter the lists, though the mildest

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\* *Philippides quoque Comædiarum poeta haud ignobilis quam in certamine poetarum, præter spem vicisset, et lætissimè gauderet inter illud gaudium repente mortuus est.*

of human beings, with the renowned *Voltaire* (I do not disguise his name from you; because I think on certain subjects—especially where Christianity is concerned, you have sometimes taken part with him.) The spectators of the combat gave the victory to the lady—the action is recorded in pure English; but if you please to turn to the particulars of the attack, which was on her side, you will find it conducted upon principles so opposite to your own, that you will probably differ in opinion from the rest of mankind and give your palm to her antagonist. You I know would have proceeded according to all the rules of modern finesse; sapping, undermining and blowing up; working like a mole out of sight, and over-turning all things in confusion and ruin;—she, in the spirit of ancient times, carried on her approaches in open day-light and above ground, combating with such weapons only, as *Greece* and *Rome* had put into her hands under the plain guidance and direction of her own wit and judgment. To this lady, in pure affection and esteem, I had purposed to have inscribed this comedy; but when you told me it was not worthy even of my poor genius, how could I suppose it a fit tribute to hers? She will therefore in the simple phrase, accept the will for the deed; and if she should chance upon refusal to dissent from the opinion you have given in the case, I must beseech her to distrust herself, and to believe there is one quality, very apt to mislead and be misled, which she possesses in a greater degree (if possible) than either wit or judgment: and that is called—pardon my introducing it into your presence—*Benevolence*.

How ridiculous should I have made myself, if, following the false lights of popular applause, I had presented this *heterogeneous* piece (as you are pleased to call it) to one whose genius might have merited the original from whence it pretends to be derived; not the *Squire of Alsatia* I mean, but the *Adelphi of Terence*: With respect to the above-mentioned *Squire*, which I understand is the offspring of Mr. *Shadwell*; if I have ignorantly robbed him of any part of his patrimony, I hope it will not be imputed to me; for I do seriously declare, that to my knowledge I never saw him, or ever had any commerce or acquaintance with him—or knew, till you informed me, that he had so respectable a father: it is to you, therefore, *ingenious sir*, I am indebted for the discovery that I have lost sight of an original which I pretended to have copied; and copied one which I really never saw.

But I would beg leave humbly to observe, that the plot of *Terence* was never in my contemplation. It requires the genius

of Mr. *Mason* to make the Grecian simplicity live on our stage.—I dare not attempt it, even at your command: but if you wish to have it tried, go to your *Terence*, you will find it ingeniously and ably translated, and bring his *Brothers* on the theatre;—I fear even my illegitimate race, if tried by a jury of English freeholders, will oust the representative of the heir apparent, nay the very heir himself, if he was to come in his own person to assert his right.

*Athens* and *London*, most mighty sir, cannot, as I conceive, be easily compared: In your department, I am apprised how much advantage dwells with the latter—in mine we are grievously worsted. I have ventured to hint to you, in the dull prologue I have prefixed, that there were at least fifty comic poets flourishing at one period in *Athens*; and most of these lived to write more plays than all our fraternity now alive put together—tho' you, I believe, may think some of us have already written more than enough: *Menander* \*, learned sir, you well know, is said to have written eighty; or, according to some, 180 comedies, and that they were all translated by *Terence*: but if we take the testimony of *Apollodorus* †, the number will amount, according to his computation, to 105—and the same authority tells us, that out of these 105 comedies, *Menander* carried away but eight prizes; while *Euripides* ‡, as *Varro* informs us on the other hand, out of 75 tragedies, was victorious only in five.—These instances will suffice to give us some idea of the comparative state of genius in the two places and periods.

Amongst all these plays, and all those poets, which the Athenian stage can boast, I should doubt if you could have found half the employment which our scanty fraternity at home affords you. Be pleased, learned sir, to try your skill upon any one of *Aristophanes's* comedies—take his *Clouds* §, for instance;

\* *Sc. ipsit* (sc. *Menander*) *Suidâ teste 80 Comœdais, vel secundum alios 180, qui etiam a Terentio conversas esse omnesq. intercidisse asserunt.*

† *Ex istis tamen centum et quinque omnibus, solis eum* (sc. *Menandrum*) *octo vicisse idem Apollodorus eodem in libro scripsit.* A. GELL. xvii. iv.

‡ *Euripidem quoq. M. Varro ait quam quinque et septuaginta tragœdias scripserot in quinque solis vicisse.*

§ *Νεφέλαι.*

if you was literally in the clouds, you could not be more to seek; and unless Dr. *Johnson*, or Mrs. *Carter* will take you by the hand (and how that should be I don't know) you will never get through the fog.—Turn over a fragment of *Philemon* \*; what do you think of it? Write a column in the news-papers upon it—is it not as *heterogeneous* a thing as the *Choleric Man*? Cast your eye over those passages of *Diphilus* †—do you see no resemblance to the *Squire of Alsatia*?—It was as well known to *Diphilus* as it is to me.

But there remains a word to be said on some learned animadversions of yours, entitled *An Essay on the Theatre*—in which you profess to draw a *Comparison between Laughing and Sentimental Comedy*; and in which you are pleased evidently to point some observations at my comedy of the *Fashionable Lover*; You insinuate, that every blockhead can write *Sentimental* or *pathetic Comedy*—that *Terence* appears to have made the *nearest approaches*; though without confounding the different provinces—and yet that he is reproached by *Cæsar* for wanting the *vis comica*; but *that all the other comic writers of antiquity* take the walk of ridicule, and cautiously avoid encroaching on the confines of tragedy; nay, that *Terence* himself judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright ‡ *pathetic*.

By this specimen of your acquaintance with the *comic writers of antiquity*, most learned sir, I suspect that from the great attention you have bestowed upon the moderns, you have had little to spare to their predecessors; for if it is your opinion that *Terence*, of all the ancient comic poets, made the *nearest ap-*

\* *Philemon* lived in the time of *Alexander the Great*—he was a writer of the *New Comedy*, and is said by *Suidas* to have written ninety plays.

† *Diphilus* was also a writer of the *New Comedy*—he wrote 100 plays, and some of these, it is said, were copied by *Plautus*.

‡ *Terence* seems to have made the *nearest approaches*, yet always judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright *pathetic*; and yet he is even reproached by *Cæsar* for wanting the *vis comica*. All the other comic writers of antiquity aim only at rendering folly or vice ridiculous; but never exalt their characters into *bustin'd pomp*, or make what *Voltaire* humorously calls “a tradesman's tragedy.”

ANONY.

*proaches* to the *pathetic*, I fear you will have an host of authorities to combat. *Varro*\* decrees the province of the *Manners* to *Titinnius* and *Terence*; but that of the *pathetic* to *Trabea*, *Attilius*, and *Cæcilius*: You have here three comic poets of the Roman stage—all of which, according to the testimony of *Varro*, the most learned of the Romans, *approached* nearer to the *pathetic* than *Terence*. But let us hear the opinion of *C. Cæsar* in this question, to whom you refer us, and tell us that he *reproached* *Terence* for being deficient in the *vis comica*; and this no doubt because he had such leanings—such *approaches* to the *pathetic*—The lines which convey this *reproach* will be found below in the note †. They appear to me to be expressive of a most tender affection and respect to the memory of a favourite author; and I wish, *illustrious sir*, you would think so well of them as to convey your *reproaches* in the like terms—my brethren would not complain; and I should be a great gainer. But let us consider these expressions of *Cæsar*'s; I do not discover any allusion to the *pathetic*: He calls him *puri sermonis amator*—and this indeed accords with *Cicero*'s ‡ description; but I am apt to think that neither in this expression, nor in that of *Lenibus Scriptis* any reference is made to the *pathetic*, and I am strengthened in this opinion by an observation of *Tanaquillus Faber* on this very passage: *Cæsar* § *thought* (says the commentator) *that Terence, in moving the passions, was inferior to some others—which indeed is the case; and Cæsar's opinion is confirmed by the decree of Varro, the most learned of the Romans.* This truly is to the point, if we

\* To *ethos nulli alii servare convenit quam Titinnio et Terentio; Pathe vero Trabea et Attilius et Cæcilius facillè moverant.* (Varr. de Lat. Sermone.)

† *Tu quoque tu in summis, O dimidiata Menander,  
Poneris, et meritò, puri sermonis amator;  
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis  
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore  
Cum Græcis, neque in hâc despectus parte jaceres,  
Unum hoc maceror et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.*

‡ *Quidquid come loquens ac omnia dulcia dicens.*

§ *Nempe hoc sentiebat Terentium in movendis pathesin inferiorem quibusdam poetis esse, quod profecto verum est, et judicium Cæsariæ sententiæ Varronis, qui Romanorum doctissimus fuit, confirmatur.*

are to credit the authority above-mentioned: and he proceeds to say,—\* *Thus you see, that nothing is left to Terence but the manners; the pathetic, which requires force and energy, especially in the comic province, is ascribed to others.* By this reference you see we have not only gained an authority for my interpretation of *Cæsar's* words; but we have found a learned critic, who is hardy enough to assert, that the *pathetic* is the very essence of the *vis comica*, or in other words, *requires force and energy, especially in the comic province*; the very opposite doctrine to what you, *most learned sir*, have maintained.

So much for *Terence*;—as for all the other comic writers of antiquity, I am at a loss to know whether you refer to the whole bulk of them in general—meaning all such of whose writings we have any fragments or descriptions: or whether you mean all the others, whose plays have come down to us entire; or in other words, all the two, viz. *Aristophanes* and *Plautus*—but we will take a short examination of the case.

If you mean to refer generally to the bulk of Greek and Roman writers of comedy, the question is in part answered by *Varro*, (as above quoted) who declares that *Trabea*, *Attilius* and *Cæcilius* excelled in sentimental or pathetic comedy: this will satisfy us as to the Roman stage; the Greek theatre, being original, was more various—comedy took different characters at different periods: *The Ancient Comedy* † was personal and licentious, for then the government of *Athens* was democratical; *Aristophanes*, *Cratinus*, *Eupolis*, *Pberocrates*, and many others rank under this department—they lashed the vices of mankind with singular severity; the generals, judges, treasurers, the people themselves, nay, the most illustrious and most virtuous citizens were not exempt from their satire. Their invectives however were frequently resented; *Eupolis* in particular was cast into the sea and drowned, either because he had satyriized the *Baptæ*—in his comedy so called; or at the command of *Alcibiades*, whom he had lampooned. This circumstance and the transition of power from the people to the nobles introduced that species of comedy called *The Middle* ‡—of this sort we are told was the *Æolosicon* of *Aristo-*

\* *Vides to ethos Terentio relictum, nil aliud: To pathos, quod vim et impetum postulat, præsertim in genere comico, aliis concedi.*

† *Vetus Comœdia.*

‡ *Mediæ.*

*phanes*, the *Ulysses* of *Cratinus*, and many others, which contain no personal invective, but have for the object of their ridicule certain passages in, or allusions to, the ancient poets, or parodies and travesties upon the eminent *tragedies*: thus *Cratinus* in the comedy above-mentioned ridicules the *Odyssey*, and thus the transition was made from person to performance, much to the advantage of society; your transitions, *learned sir*, on the contrary, are often from performance to person. This however is certain, that the writers of the *ancient* or *middle comedy* made few, if any, *approaches* towards the *pathetic*; and so far your assertion is well-founded.

But in the *new comedy* \*, of which *Menander* is at the head, the case is widely different: the wits of *Athens* became exceedingly cautious how they indulged their vein for satire, lest by any means their invective might be applied to any of the *Macedonian* princes—late *Alexander's* generals, of whose power they stood in extreme awe. *Comedy* now assumed an aspect entirely different; the fragments of *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Diphilus*, *Posidippus*, *Apollodorus Gelous* †, and others, consist of moral sententious passages, elegant in their phrase, but grave, and many of them, especially those of *Diphilus*, of a religious cast, as may be seen by referring to them.

Numberless quotations might be adduced to prove this to have been the character and complexion of the *new comedy* under *Menander* and his fraternity. *Quintilian* says of *Menander* that he is *omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus accommodatus*. *Dion Chrysostom* ‡ speaking of his stile, says it is *imitatio omnium morum et gratiarum*—and if we may credit *Clemens Alexandrinus* §, many passages in *Menander* are copied from the *Hebrew prophets*: and it is remarkable that such were the elegance and

\* *Novæ—Novæ Comædiæ Menander fuit facilè princeps.*

† *The Hecyra and Phormio of Terence are said, by Donatus, to be taken from Apollodorus.*

‡ *Namq. Menandri imitatio omnium morum et gratiarum omnem superavit veterum comicorum vehementiam.*

§ *Menander novæ comædiæ princeps unanimiter omnium ore proclamatur, et proinde justare sibi nomine locum vindicare visus est; quoniam ipsius sententiæ pleræq. ab Hebræorum vatibus desumptæ, quasi paraphrases quorundam prophetarum dictorum sunt. Testis est Clemens Alexandrinus, lib. 5. σημματα. Jac. Hertel. præfatio.*

urbanity of the *Athenian comic poets* under this class—at least such it appeared to *Cicero*, that he groups them with the *Socratic philosophers*. It will appear therefore that *sentiment* or the *pathetic* in comedy was not neglected by the ancients—that *Terence* so far from having made the *nearest approaches* to the *pathetic*; was accused of being deficient in it, and others for that very reason preferred before him: that with respect to *all the other comic writers of antiquity*, it cannot be asserted that *ridicule* was their sole aim; for though it may in general be so pronounced of the *ancient and middle comedy*, yet the writers of the *new comedy*, (who are by far the most numerous and most celebrated) come by no means under that description. As to the position that *they never exalt their characters into buskined pomp*, &c. the † prologue to the very first play in *Plautus*, *learned sir*, will set you right in that particular; wherein *Mercury* announces—not a ‘*tradesman’s tragedy*’ indeed; but a *tragi-comedy*.

And now, sir, having addressed you under your general title; do not believe that I mean to mark you out by any particular one: your correspondence with me, you well know, has always been *anonymous*—except in the case of one unhappy gentleman, and he has fled his country. As for you, sir, wherever you inhabit, and whatever is your fortune, I bear you no ill-will; my character I will keep out of your reach; and for my writings I shall not much differ in opinion from you about them: if you pursue the same studies with me, good luck attend you—give your own works a good word, and be silent about mine: for if it shall please the Giver of my life to spare it; I hope soon to present to my countrymen something more worthy of their approbation—and less dependent upon yours.

I am, &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR.

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† *Quid contraxistis frontem? quia tragædiam  
Dixi futuram banc?*

PLAUT. AMPH.

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## PROLOGUE.

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SPOKEN BY MR. SMITH.

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*IN Athens once, as classic story runs,  
Thalia number'd fifty living sons ;  
But mark the waste of time's destructive hand !  
One bard survives of all this numerous band ;  
Yet human genius seem'd as 'twould defy  
Time's utmost rage by its variety.  
For 'twas no wondrous harvest, in those days,  
From one rich stock to reap a hundred plays.  
Ah ! could we bring but one of these to light,  
We'd give a hundred such as this to-night.  
Rome from her captive took the law she gave,  
And was at once her mistress and her slave ;  
Greece from her fall immortal triumphs drew,  
And prov'd her tutelar Minerva true :  
She, goddess like, confiding in her charms,  
To Mars resign'd the barren toil of arms—  
Full well assur'd, when these vain toils were past,  
That wit must triumph over strength at last :  
Then smiling saw her Athens meet its doom,  
And crown'd her in the theatres of Rome ;  
Nor murmur'd Rome to see her Terence shod  
With the same sock in which Menander trod—*

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*Nor Lælius scorn'd, nor Scipio blush'd to sit,  
And join their plaudits to Athenian wit.  
Micio's mild virtue, and mad Demea's rage,  
With burst alternate shook the echoing stage;  
And from these models 'tis your poet draws  
His best, his only hope of your applause.  
A tale it is to chace that angry spleen,  
Which forms the mirth and moral of his scene;  
A tale for noble and ignoble ear,  
Something for fathers and for sons to hear:  
And should you on your humbler bard bestow,  
That grace which Rome to her's was pleas'd to shew;  
Advantage with the modern fairly lies,  
Who, less deserving, gains as great a prize.*

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Dramatis Personae.

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DRURY-LANE.

*Men.*

ANDREW NIGHTSHADE, - - -	Mr. King.
MANLOVE, - - - - -	Mr. Aickin.
STAPLETON, - - - - -	Mr. Packer.
CHARLES MANLOVE, - - -	Mr. Reddish.
JACK NIGHTSHADE, - - -	Mr. Weston.
DIEBLE, - - - - -	Mr. Baddeley.
GREGORY, - - - - -	Mr. Moody.
FRAMPTON, - - - - -	Mr. Waldron.
FREDERICK, - - - - -	Mr. Wright.

*Women.*

Mrs. STAPLETON, - - - -	Mrs. Hopkins.
LETITIA, - - - - -	Mrs. Abington.
LUCY, - - - - -	Miss Pope.

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## THE CHOLERIC MAN.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

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MANLOVE'S Chambers. FRAMPTON at his Desk.—  
*Enter MANLOVE as from his Walk—FRAMPTON rises, and meets him with some Papers.*

*Frampton.*

YOU have lengthened your walk this morning.

*Man.* Very likely:—The gardens were pleasant, and I believe I have rather exceeded my usual stint.

*Fram.* —By just one turn upon the terrace.

*Man.* You measur'd me, I see.—We men of business, Frampton, contract strange habits of regularity.

*Fram.* —And bachelors too, sir.

*Man.* Very true, very true:—A wife now and then does put a man a little out of method, I have heard. Is any body waiting?

*Fram.* No body.

*Man.* Any cases?

*Fram.* Several.

[*Gives him papers.*]

*Man.* Bless me! was the world of my mind, they would patch up their differences over a bottle, and let the grass grow in our inns of court.—Let me see—what have we got here?—[*Reads.*]—‘A detects B ‘plucking turnips out of his field, &c.’—Here’s a fellow for you!—he’ll go to law with the crows for picking worms out of his dunghill:—Prosecute a fellow-creature for a turnip!—A turnip be his damages.

*Fram.* And his food too—at least till he’s a better man.

*Man.* [*Reading.*] ‘Nicholas Swanskin, taylor, in ‘Threadneedle-street, would be glad to know how to ‘proceed in a legal way against his wife, in a case of ‘cohabitancy.’—Had you any fee with this case?

*Fram.* A light guinea, sir.

*Man.* ’Tis more than a light woman deserves: Give the taylor his guinea again; bid him proceed to his work, and leave a good-for-nothing wife to go on with hers;—and hark’e, Frampton, you seem to want a new coat—suppose you let him take your measure;—the fellow, you see, would fain be cutting out work for the lawyers.—Send Mr. Dibble hither—Oh, he is come. [Fram. retires to his desk.]

*Enter* DIBBLE *with Papers.*

Mr. Dibble, have you got Miss Fairfax’s papers?

*Dib.* They are in my hand, sir.

*Man.* Have you copied my opinion upon the will?

*Dib.* It is ready for signing.

[*Dib. gives him a pen, and Man. signs a paper.*

*Man.* There, sir. You've compar'd it, no doubt.—Put the papers under one enclosure, and carry them to Miss Fairfax's; make my respects, and say I will have the honour of waiting on her this forenoon, and stating some particulars in my opinion that may want explaining.

*Dib.* I shall, sir.

[*Goes to the table and puts up the papers.*

*Man.* Are you ready, Frampton? You and I must step to the hall.—How we appear to that spruce gentleman! His father wore a livery;—his sister is waiting-woman to Miss Fairfax, the very lady he is going to in that monkey habit:—Is there no persuading him to suit his dress to his condition?—Believe me, Frampton, there is much good sense in old distinctions: When the law lays down its full-bottom'd perriwig, you will find less wisdom in bald pates than you are aware of. [*Exit Man. and Fram.*

*Dib.* What a damn'd queer figure old Frampton makes of himself? I must never shew him at our Sunday's club—never. The counsellor's little better:—It does well enough for chamber practice, but he couldn't walk the hall in that wig:—It's nothing now unless a good club of hair peeps under the tye. I hope shortly to see the day when Westminster-hall shall be able to count queus with the parade. [*He sits down. A knocking at the door.*—Who's at the door? Come in:—You expect now I should rise and

open it : not I, in faith, do that office for yourself, or stay where you are.—Ah, Gregory, is it you! what wind blew you hither? what witch brought you at her back?

*Enter GREGORY.*

*Greg.* No witch, but an old bone-setting mare, with a heavy cloak-bag at her crupper, that has play'd a bitter tune upon my ribs. Where's his honour, Master Dibble?

*Dib.* Out.—Give me hold of thy hand, old boy. What's the best news in your parts? Hav'n't earth'd old Surly-Boots yet?

*Greg.* Earth'd him! no such luck; he's a tough morsel. He's above ground, as my head can testify.

*[Shows his scull.]*

*Dib.* Why that's action and battery with a vengeance.

*Greg.* Battery!—he knows the strength of my scull, as well as a sand man knows the back of his ass, and cudgels it as often: but he's hard at hand—When will his honour, Manlove, be at home?

*Dib.* Presently, presently.. What brings your old blade hither?

*Greg.* The old errand: a little bit of law; a small jig to the tune of John Doe and Richard Roe; that's all.

*Dib.* Plaintiff, I bet five to one. But how does my playmate, Jack? how fares it with young Hopeful?



*Greg.* Gads-my-life, well remember'd! here's a writing for you: 'tis a merciless scrawl to be sure: he's not at all come on in his running-hand, not at all; no, tho' I talk to him, and talk to him, and tell him what a fine young man his brother Charles is here, Mr. Manlove I must call him now; for his honour, I am told, since his return from travel, has nominated him afresh after himself, hasn't he, Master Dibble?

*Dib.* Ay, ay; 'twas done last sessions; he's no longer Charles Nightshade, but Charles Manlove, Esq. and a brave estate he's got by the exchange.

*Greg.* All these things I ding into the ears of our young scape-grace, Jack; but I might as well whistle the birds from the sky, as talk him out of his tricks; mobbing with the carter-fellows, and scampering after the maids: all the while too the arch knave contrives to blind the eyes of old Choleric, his father, sitting as demure as a cat, 'till he is fairly in for his evening's nap, then away goes he, like hey-go-mad, all the parish over. Well, have you made out his letter?

*Dib.* I'll attempt to read it to you.

' Dear Pickle,

' Old Choleric is setting off for London, and thinks  
' to leave me in the country, but it won't do: must  
' have another brush with the lads at the Bear: in-  
' tend to be at brother Charles's on Wednesday at

‘ noon, where you’ll meet me. Old Trusty carries  
 ‘ this, and understands trap : mum’s the word.

‘ Thine,

‘ JOHN NIGHTSHADE.’

So you are privy to this trip, Gregory.

*Greg.* To be sure, Master Dibble ; we are all of  
 his side : there is not a servant would peach, if he  
 was to commit murder amongst ’em.

*Dib.* Indeed ! But hold, here is more over the leaf.  
 ‘ Gregory says I was of age last Lammas, if you know  
 ‘ of ever a clean tight wench, that will take me out  
 ‘ of old Choleric’s clutches, I don’t care if I buckle  
 ‘ too for life. N. B. She must have the Spanish, or  
 ‘ the bait won’t take.’

So, so ! he’s for a wife you see : has he ever talk’d  
 to you in this strain ?

*Greg.* Now and then ; but I always tell him ’tis  
 time to think of marrying when the old badger is in  
 the earth.

*Dib.* Pooh ! you’re to blame : we’ll make a man of  
 him ; we’ll set him up with a wife. I have a girl in  
 my eye ! a friend of my own—provided you will bear  
 a hand in the business.

*Greg.* Bear a hand, Master Dibble ! You are a  
 lawyer and can take care of yourself ; I’m a poor ser-  
 vant and have a character to lose.

*Dib.* Well, well ; but if I pay you for your cha-  
 racter, and your service into the bargain—every thing  
 has its price you know.

*Greg.* To be sure, there's no denying that: but, hark! here comes his honour Manlove.

*Dib.* Enough—Where are you lodg'd?

*Greg.* At Mr. Stapleton's, in New Broad-Street: I'm going thither after I've seen the Counsellor.

*Dib.* Better and better still: I'm going thither too, and will wait for you below in the square: we can discuss my scheme by the way. [Exit.

*Greg.* What a sharp bitten vermin it is! Ah! these lawyers have all their wits about 'em.

*Enter MANLOVE.*

*Man.* What, Gregory! and without thy master? Where's my brother Nightshade? Thou and he are seldom parted, I believe.

*Greg.* Troth, sir, I hope heaven will take some consideration of that, and set off the sins of my youth against the suffering of my old age. The 'squire is at hand.

*Man.* Well, and what business calls him up to town?

*Greg.* Please your honour he is fallen out with our parson.

*Man.* About tythes?

*Greg.* Lack-a-day! he has been non-suited upon that score over and over—'Tis about game.

*Man.* Game, quotha! if he comes to talk to me about hares and partridges, Gregory, I won't hear of it: such laws, and such law-suits are the disgrace of the country—I won't hear a word upon the subject.

*Greg.* It's quite a breach; he has totally left off going to church himself, and forbade all his family; nay, what's more, he has broke his back-gammon tables, only because the parson taught him the game. Mercy o' me, that ever your honour and my old master should be born of the same mother.

*Man.* Of the same mother, but very different fathers, Gregory: doom'd from early youth to a life merely mercantile, his days have been pass'd between a compting-house at Rotterdam, and the cabbin of a Dutch dogger; precious universities! One son, indeed, he allowed me to rescue from his hands, and to him I have given a public education; the other poor lad has been a bird of his own breeding.

*Greg.* And a precious bird he is! such another lapping! skitting here, and skitting there; sometimes above, sometimes below: no wonder he's so wild when his schooling has been under the hedges; but I hear my old master on the stairs. Good morning to your honour—I must budge onwards to Mr. Stapleton's. [Exit.]

*Man.* Gregory, good morning.

*Enter* ANDREW NIGHTSHADE.

*A. Night.* [*Speaks as he enters.*] I tell you, fellow, there's your fare: I'll not give you a farthing over. A hard shilling indeed!—a hard coach if you please!—Brother Manlove, your servant! This town grows worse and worse; no conscience, no police—if I was not the most patient man alive, such things would

turn my brain—Brother Manlove, I say your servant.

*Man.* Brother Andrew, you are welcome. You seem'd a little ruffled, so that I waited for its subsiding, and now give me your hand: I am glad to see you in town, provided the occasion be agreeable.

*A. Night.* I think the law has a proviso for every thing: your compliment sets off, like the preamble of a statute, and your conclusion limps after like the clause at the tail of it. So you keep your old apartments, and as slovenly as ever—Lincoln's-Inn and the law—so runs your life. A turn upon the Terrace after breakfast, a mutton chop for dinner at the Rolls, and the evening paper at the Mount, wind up your day.

*Man.* A narrow scale, I own; but whether it be that I was made too small for grandeur, or grandeur be too small for happiness, I never could entertain both guests together; so I took the humblest of the two, and left the other for my betters.

*A. Night.* Ay, 'tis too late to alter; 'twou'd be a vain endeavour to correct your temper at these years—By the way, brother, your stair-case is the dirtiest I ever set my foot upon.

*Man.* So long as we have clean dealings within, our clients will make no complaint—Your's, I warrant, was neater at Rotterdam?

*A. Night.* Neater! 'tis a matter of astonishment to me, how you that have a plentiful estate, can make

yourself a slave to business, and drudge away your life in such a hole as this!

*Man.* True, Andrew, 'twas unreasonable; but as I have now made over the best part of my estate to your son, so I think I have answered the best part of your objection.

*A. Night.* You shall excuse me—all the world cries out upon your folly; you are apt to be a little hasty, else I should be free to tell you, you have made yourself ridiculous; and what is worse—brother Charles, I speak to you as a father, you have undone my son.

*Man.* How so? have I confin'd him in his education?

*A. Night.* No, faith; the scale on which you've finish'd him is wide enough to take in vice and folly at full size: his principles won't cramp their growth. At school he was grounded in impudence, the University confirm'd him in ignorance, and the grand tour stock'd him with infidelity and bad pictures—such has been his education.

*Man.* But you, in your wisdom, pursued a different course with your younger son.

*A. Night.* I bred him as a rational creature should be bred, under the rod of discipline, under the lash of my own arm; I gave him a sober, frugal, godly training; and mark the difference between them—Your fellow lives here in this great city, in a round of pleasures, in the front of the fashion, squandering and revelling;—Mine abides patiently in the country, toiling and travailing; early at his duty, sparing at

his meals, patient of fatigue; he hears no music as Charles does, purchases no fine pictures, lolls in no fine chariot, befools himself with no fine women; no, thank my stars, I've rescued one of my boys; Jack at least walks in the steps of his father.

*Man.* I hope he will; better principles I cannot wish him; but methinks, Andrew, a little more knowledge of the world—

*A. Night.* Knowledge of the world, Brother Charles! who knows so much? Belike you never heard then I had made three trips to Shetland, in a herring-buss, before you was born! have been three time charter'd to Statia for muscovadoes; twice to Zante for currants, and made one voyage to Bencoolen for pepper.

*Man.* Yes, and that pepper-voyage runs in your blood still.

*A. Night.* So much the better; it will preserve my wits, it will season my understanding from such fly-blown folly as your's. Zooks! you to talk of knowledge of the world! where should you come by it? upon Clapham-Common? upon Bansted-Downs? Did you ever see the pike of Teneriffe, the rock of Gibraltar, or even the bishop and his clerks? I know 'em all, your charts, and your coasting-pilots; I have been two nights and a day upon a sandbank in the Grecian Islands; and do you talk to me of knowledge of the world?

*Man.* Let us change the subject then—you have not told me what brings you out of the country.

*A. Night.* Because there's no abiding in it; what with refractory tenants, poaching parsons, enclosing 'squires, navigation schemes, and turnpike meetings, there's no keeping peace about me; no, tho' I've commenc'd fourteen suits at law, besides bye-battles at quarter-sessions, courts leet, and courts baron, innumerable.

*Man.* Indeed!

*A. Night.* No sooner do I put my head out of doors, but instantly some fellow meets me with a fowling-piece on his shoulder, or a fishing-rod in his hand, or a grey-hound at his horse's heels, and all to disturb and destroy my property.

*Man.* I say property! let your game look after themselves. Do you call a creature property, that lights upon my lands to day, upon your's to-morrow, and the next perhaps in Norway? I reprobate all quarrels about guns, and dogs, and game; for my part I am pleas'd to see an Englishman with arms, whether he bears 'em for his own amusement, or for my defence.

*A. Night.* 'Tis mighty well! I am a fool to waste my time with you; I shall look after my own game, in my own way; you may watch your's, the sparrows here in the garden, or the old duck in the fountain in the square; your science goes no farther, so your servant; if you want me, I shall be found at Mr. Stapleton's in New Broad-street.

*Man.* Hold, hold, I'm going there; I've business



at Mr. Stapleton's; my chariot's at the door—I'll carry you. Who waits?

*Enter Servant.*

Here, take this note to Mr. Manlove.

*A. Night.* Ay, that's your puppy; my name wasn't good enough it seems; but positively I'll not see him; if you bring him to me 'tis all in vain; I positively will not bear him in my presence. [*Exit.*]

*Man.* That ever such a monster should exist, as an unnatural father! [*Exit.*]

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## SCENE II.

*An Apartment in CHARLES MANLOVE'S House. Enter CHARLES MANLOVE, and FREDERICK.*

*Ch. Man.* Mr. Manlove dines with me to-day; lay two covers in the little parlour, and bid the cook be punctual to his hour.

*Fred.* To a minute, sir. If Mr. Manlove dines here, dinner will be serv'd precisely as the clock is striking.

*Ch. Man.* Set out the dumb waiter, and tell the men they need not attend.

*Fred.* [*Goes to the door and speaks.*] Sir, you cannot come in; my master is not to be spoken with: where are you pushing?

*Ch. Man.* What's the matter, Frederick?

*Fred.* A country-like fellow says he must be ad-

mitted to speak with you in private; he will not be kept out ——— [Pulls the door to, and enters.

*Ch. Man.* And why should he?

*Fred.* I don't know; I cannot say I like his looks; I never saw a more suspicious person.

*Ch. Man.* Well, let him in, however.

[*Fred. opens the door.*

*Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE.*

*Fred.* He has the Tyburn marks about him. [*Aside.*

*Ch. Man.* Brother!

*Fred.* Gad so, I'm wrong; I'll e'en make off. [*Exit.*

*J. Night.* Hush! hush! don't blow me! snug's the word; close, close, and under the wind.

*Ch. Man.* I protest I scarce knew you, Jack; what brings you to town?

*J. Night.* Six hours, and as bright a gelding as ever was lapt in leather.

*Ch. Man.* But what's your business? did your father send you up?

*J. Night.* He send me up! where have you liv'd to ask the question? No, he has brought himself hither, and I stole a march after him: a freak; a frolick, that's all. Didlikins! what a flaming house you live in! Oh, I give you joy, brother; Uncle Manlove has clapt a new name upon you. Old Surly knows nothing of this trip. I had much ado to get to the speech of you: you've a mortal parcel of fine fellows below in your hall. But you are not angry at my coming? you'll not peach, I hope?

*Ch. Man.* Honour forbid! Thy lot, my dear boy, has been severe enough.

*J. Night.* Severe! there's been no scarcity of that, I warrant you; there's not a crab-stock in the neighbourhood, but what my shoulders have had a taste of its fruit. Oh, you've a rare lot, Charles! a happy rogue! Look at me—Who wou'd think you and I were whelps of the same breed? You are as my lady's lap-dog; I am rough as a water-spaniel; be-daggled and be-mir'd, as if I had come out of the fens with wild fowl: why I have brought off as much soil upon my boots only, as wou'd set up a Norfolk farmer.

*Ch. Man.* Well, well, Jack, we'll soon get thee into better trim.

*J. Night.* Then you must thrust me into a case of your own, for I've no more coats than skins: father, to be sure, keeps it well dusted; but methinks I shou'd be strangely glad to see myself a gentleman for one hour or two.

*Ch. Man.* What can I do for you? your father you say is in town; a discovery wou'd be fatal: do you know where he is lodg'd?

*J. Night.* Not I truly; but my amusements lead to places, where I shou'd be sure not to meet him: only one night, dear Charles, and I'll be back again in the country; think what a life mine is; compare it with your own, and I'm sure you won't grudge me one day's frolick and away.

*Ch. Man.* I grudge you! no—I wish you cou'd

enjoy a brother's share in all my happiness, in all my fortune: submit, however, to the necessity of your affairs with a good grace; humour the peculiarities of your father, and command me upon all worthy occasions.

*J. Night.* Why that's hearty, that's friendly now. Give me hold of your hand. Boddikins, I was afraid you would have turned your back on me, now you have jumped into such a fortune; but I see you are as honest a lad as ever:—By the way, father was in a damned hue at your changing your name—fierce as a panther; no man dare enter his den.—But you say you'll rig me out for a day; give me a good launch, Charles, and I warrant I'll find a harbour.

*Ch. Man.* There's my purse, Jack, it contains enough to spend, and some to throw away: Frederick commands the wardrobe; if you find any thing to your mind, take it; if not, convene my taylor, he'll equip you in an instant:—Follow your propensities, but take a little discretion to your aid; your nature has not had much pruning, and till experience, shall have cleared the path of life, pleasure may be apt to spread some snares in your way, that may cost you sorrow to escape from.

*J. Night.* Humph! in all twenty and five guineas! —What was you saying last, brother?

*Ch. Man.* Only throwing away a little good advice upon you, Jack—that's all.

*J. Night.* I thank you; I have a pretty considerable stock of that upon my hands already; one good

thing at a time. [*Looking at the money.*] How much of this money must you take back again?

*Ch. Man.* 'Tis all at your service, and more, if your occasions require it.

*J. Night.* Are you serious! Is it possible! 'Sbud I don't know, I can't tell what I should do in your case, but I'm afraid I could never have the heart to give you as much.—Drown it! what pity 'tis that old Crusty hadn't some of your spirit. May I spend it all, and won't you require an account of it?

*Ch. Man.* Not unless you choose to give it me.

*J. Night.* Give me a kiss, give me a kiss, my dear, dear brother! enjoy your good fortune and welcome, I perceive a man hasn't half so much envy in his heart when his pocket's full of money. Come, I'll go change my dress. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

STAPLETON'S *House.* MRS. STAPLETON and LÆTITIA at Breakfast;—Enter MR. STAPLETON.

*Mr. Stapleton.*

A MERCHANT'S wife, and not breakfasted before this! fie upon you, Dolly; these are new fashions, these are courtly customs; let us stick to the city, and the old city hours. And this idle jade, Lætitia, loves her pillow better than she does her prayers — Come,

come, away with your crockery:—Old Andrew Nightshade will be with you before you are aware.

*Mrs. Stap.* There is another room ready for his reception. I am afraid my dear husband will find this old man's peevishness more than even his good nature can put up with.

*Mr. Stap.* Why haven't you kept my patience then in better exercise?—but never fear.—Lætitia, you are to have a visit from Counsellor Manlove this morning: Have you perused the papers he sent you?

*Læt.* I have.

*Mr. Stap.* And what do they tell you?

*Læt.* What I can truly testify, that Mr. Stapleton has been the best of guardians.

*Mr. Stap.* I say the best!—half the trading world would call me a very bad one; when you come to sum up the accounts of your education, hussy, I expect you will file a bill against me for waste and embezzlement.

*Læt.* For misapplication perhaps; the only objectionable part of your accounts will be the subject of them.

*Mrs. Stap.* For shame, Lætitia Fairfax, you well know you've been the pride and pleasure of our lives.

*Mr. Stap.* When she was my ward, she dare not make so free with herself; now she is her own mistress, she must do as she will: My authority is expired.

*Læt.* Rather revived in so much fuller force, by

how much more I'm bound to you by love than law.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Nightshade is below, sir:—Counsellor Manlove to wait upon Miss Fairfax.

*Læt.* Where have you shown him?

*Serv.* He is in the drawing-room.

*Læt.* I'll wait on him directly. [*Exit Serv.*]

*Mr. Stap.* A word before we part. Mr. Manlove will inform you of certain restrictions you are under, by your good father's will, in the article of marriage: If the subject should lead him, as possibly it may, to name his nephew Charles to you, in truth, my dear Lætitia, I do not know, in all this town, a young man of whom report speaks so advantageously.

*Læt.* Mr. Manlove's business with me is of a very different sort.

*Mr. Stap.* Perhaps not; therefore remember what I say.

*Læt.* I never can forget the respect that is due to your opinion. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Stap.* Have you any reason to think Mr. Manlove means to propose for his nephew?

*Mr. Stap.* I'll tell you more of that hereafter; we must now welcome old Nightshade with as good a grace as we can: He is an honest man, though a humoursome one, and was, for many years, a very steady correspondent of mine at Rotterdam.—We

merchants must not overlook our friends, whatever our betters may think fit to do. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE II.

CHARLES MANLOVE'S House. Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE, *finely appareled*, followed by DIBBLE.

*J. Night.* Come along, Dibble, come along.—Dear lovely and delicious lady fortune, who has put clothes upon my back, and cash into my pocket! thou know'st I never slander'st thee, never called thee jilt or gipsy, when I've seen thee perched upon thy wheel, and feeding thy fools by handfuls;—give me now the rest of thy blessing, love, pleasure, and good fellowship! May the lads I am to meet be frolicksome, and lasses free!—and never let my poor little defenceless wherry come athwart that old Dutch dogger, my father, till 'tis safe in harbour, and all hands ashore.

*Dib.* Well said, 'squire;—where, in the name of wonder, did you find this rhapsody?

*J. Night.* Why, did you never see the picture of fortune, mounted on a wheel, with a bandage over her eyes, tossing money to the mob, like a parliament man?—Gregory has the print in his pantry—you may buy the whole moral for a penny.

*Dib.* I protest, Jack, you are not only grown a beau in your brother's fine clothes; but a wit into the bargain.



*J. Night.* Pshaw! I am merry enough when my belly's full, and father asleep; but what signifies a poor fellow's being witty, when there's nobody to laugh at his jokes? 'Tis the money in my pocket, Dibble, not the clothes on my back, makes me a wit; and when the wine mounts into my noddle, I shall be wittier still.

*Dib.* Time will shew.—But hark'e, 'squire Jack, before you pass yourself off for a man of fashion, shouldn't you practise the carriage and conceits of one?

*J. Night.* I shall be glad to learn.

*Dib.* Be ruled by me; I will give you a few lessons shall set you up for a fine gentleman in a minute.—Look at me—that's well: Stare me full in the face—ay, that will do—you've impudence enough for the character—that's a main point gain'd: Now walk across the room.

*J. Night.* Walk I—why, that's easy enough I hope.

*Dib.* Hold—not so fast;—there you are out:—walk trippingly, thus, d'ye see, with a lazy loitering air,—not a league at a stride, with your head playing like the pole of a coach, so. [*Mimicking.*]—When you enter a room, take no notice of any body in it—make your way strait to the chunney, turn your back to the fire, pull away the flaps of your clothes, and display your person to the ladies who are sitting round; when their teeth begin to chatter with the cold, throw yourself carelesly into a chair, tuck your hands into your muff, and never open your lips for the rest of

the afternoon—'twill gain respect in every house you enter.

*J. Night.* Well, well, Dibble, this is all easy enough: I shall be most at a loss for the lingo—what would your worship have me say when I'm amongst my betters?

*Dib.* Nothing, I tell you.

*J. Night.* Nothing!—how the deuce then shall I shew my wit?

*Dib.* By holding your tongue:—never to speak yourself, nor smile at any thing spoken by another; reserve your wit for your creditors, they'll keep it in exercise:—not but what there are other occasions for a man of fashion, to shew his parts; as for instance, with a woman of modesty you may be witty at the expence of her blushes; or with a parson at the expence of his profession:—These are cheap methods—be at no pains in the account, decency and religion will pay all costs, and you'll be clear of the courts.

*J. Night.* You need not tell me that; why I 'play'd a thousand tricks upon our vicar, and as for modest women as you call them, I don't know much of them; but I know my tongue runs fast enough when I am amongst the maids, I can set the whole kitchen in a roar—But come, let's sally: Now do you mind. Dibble, don't you be calling me 'squire, and 'squire Jack, and Jack Nightshade; but let it be sir, and your honour, and all that.

*Dib.* Trust to me for setting you off in those fine clothes—let me see—what shall we say you are?

*J. Night.* Say I'm a young West Indian just come from my canes.

*Dib.* Ay, or a young nobleman just succeeded to your honours—'twill account for your want of education.

*J. Night.* No, hang it, a better thought strikes me—call me Mr. Manlove.

*Dib.* Mr. Manlove! why do you take your brother's name?

*J. Night.* For the same reason that I take his clothes—because it fits me: If I leave him the estate that came with it, why mayn't I change names as well as he?

*Dib.* Because he changed by act of parliament, and you by act of your own.

*J. Night.* Act of parliament! 'egad they'll change people's sexes by-and-by; why they'll turn a wife into a maid by act of parliament as readily as a common into an enclosure.

*Dib.* Yes, but it generally remains common for the life of the proprietor.

*J. Night.* Nan!—How must I carry my hat, Dibble? thus, under my arm? this damn'd barber has thrust his black skewers through my ears.—Look out and tell me if the man has called a coach.

*Dib.* 'Tis waiting, sir.

*J. Night.* A plague upon this spit! 'tis as heavy as a fowling pouch, and jingles like a pair of dog-couples; an oak-stick is worth two of it. Have you cautioned the servants about my name?

*Dib.* 'Tis done, your honour.

*J. Night.* 'Tis done, your honour—your honour is obeyed: Come along, Dibble, let your honour go before, and law follow after.

*Dib.* Ay, but when law is at your heels, have a care it does not overtake you. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*An Apartment. Enter MANLOVE and CHARLES.*

*Man.* Her mother was a Sedley, of a respectable family, and an accomplished lady; her father was a trader of fair character and principal, in the house now conducted with such credit by her guardian Stapleton; her fortune is considerable; I mention that to you, as I think any great disproportion on either side in that particular is to be avoided.

*Ch. Man.* Equal alliances to be sure are best.

*Man.* And this would be of all most equal, for I verily think you have not a virtue, of which Miss Fairfax does not possess the counterpart: By the way, Charles, you will not like her the worse for being no inconsiderable proficient in your favourite art, painting.

*Ch. Man.* I have heard her performance very highly commended: Your report makes me ambitious of being known to her; and so, my dear sir, I promise you, in the words of your favourite poet,

*I'll look to like, if looking likeing move.*

I'll take my heart to counsel, for I know you ask no sacrifice.

*Man.* No, Charles, 'twas to make you free, not to rob you of your freedom, that I gave you a fortune; if I throw your inclination into fetters, 'twill be poor satisfaction that I gilt them over afterwards.

*Ch. Man.* In that assurance I will proceed in this affair after my own humour; for as I wish to have an opportunity of seeing this fair paintress in her natural colours, I must devise some method of conversing with her at my ease.

*Man.* At your ease? what prevents you?

*Ch. Man.* The declaration you made to her this morning; I dread the artificial graces which young women are too apt to put on, when they act under observation; so quiet, so chastised, so infinitely obliging: We think them meek as lambs; marry them, and they change to mountain cats. Such women remind me of decayed ships newly painted; the outside is inviting; embark, and they conduct you to the grave.

*Man.* Well, Charles, if you embark your hopes upon this venture, I think I may insure you happiness, though the voyage is for life.

*Ch. Man.* Where can I find a better policy? However if I could meet her without her knowing me—in the way of her art now—can you tell me, is she visited by our best masters?

*Man.* By all foreigners as well as natives; there is no fame without her approbation; not a grace is stamp'd without her fiat.

*Ch. Man.* Under favour, are not these extraordinary accomplishments to acquire in the family of a trader.

*Man.* Not at all; beware how you apply French ideas to English Merchants: Where nature bestows genius education will give accomplishments; but where the disposition is wanting, the blood of a duchess cannot make a gentlewoman.

*Ch. Man.* Was she ever out of England?

*Man.* I have been told she was near two years in Italy with a family of distinction.

*Ch. Man.* It is enough; I have my cue: I think I shall fall upon a method of introducing myself to her acquaintance without a discovery. I can pass examination in the art of painting very tolerably.

*Man.* Take your own course; I have no right to advise; I am poor authority in affairs of love. Good afternoon to you. Nay, Charles, no ceremony; I thought we had agreed upon that. Your servant.

[*Exit.*

*Ch. Man.* Your most obedient—Here, who waits?

*Enter* FREDERICK.

Frederick, look out my travelling frock—you know which I mean.

*Fred.* The suit you had made at Lyons.

*Ch. Man.* No, 'twas at Milan: The green camblet: Bring it to me in the dressing-room. Make haste.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*An Apartment. Enter MR. ANDREW NIGHTSHADE, followed by FRAMPTON.*

*A. Night.* Come along, Mr. What's-your-name: Enter without more ceremony, I beseech you—An old formal blockhead!

*Fram.* I attend you, sir, by order of Mr. Manlove, touching a case wherein you have consulted him.

*A. Night.* That's true, that's true; it is the pigeon-house case—I gave it him this morning: It is usual for you lawyers to be so nimble with your answers?

*Fram.* It is not unusual with Mr. Manlove.

*A. Night.* Well, and what thinks he of the case?

*Fram.* The case is a clear case.

*A. Night.* I am glad to hear it heartily.

*Fram.* In other words, it is a case clear to be apprehended: it hath reference to a pigeon-house, built and erected in a certain field, commonly known by the name of the Vicar's Homeshade. *Quære:* 'Standeth not the said pigeon-house within the manorial rights of Calves-Town, and in that case may not you, Andrew Nightshade, Esq. lord of said manor, remove, or cause to be removed, said vicar's pigeon-house.'

*A. Night.* Pull down, erase, destroy, and level with the ground; these are my words. Now give me the opinion.

*Fram.* He has given no opinion.

*A. Night.* No opinion! what the plague is this your errand? Am I to be made a fool of?

*Fram.* To his clients Mr. Manlove gives opinions; to his friends advice. He wishes you to let the pigeon-house stand where it does.

*A. Night.* A fig for what he wishes.

*Fram.* However, if you're so determined, he does not deny but you may pull it down.

*A. Night.* Why that's enough. Then down it goes: I'll sow the land with salt.

*Fram.* Nevertheless, he wills me to tell you, that this must be done *tuo periculo*, as the saying is; for if your conscience does not prevent you from pulling it down; the law will make you build it up again.

*A. Night.* The law has made a fool of you, methinks: Why, what the deuce do you blow hot and cold in the same breath? Is this the way you treat your clients? Am I to be fobb'd off thus by an old methodical piece of clock-work, by a stiff starcht limb of the law, a cutter of goose quills, and a scraper of parchments? No: Evacuate my chamber. Tell your principal I'll none of his advice; I value his opinion not a rush: Shall I be taught and tutored at these years? I'm sure I am an older man, and I believe a wiser than himself—so tell him, Master Frampton.

*Fram.* Have you no other commands for me than these?

*A. Night.* Pooh!



*Fram.* I am your obedient—Good evening to your honour.

[*Exit.*

*A. Night.* Now why the devil won't that fellow be in a passion? he'll no more be put out of temper, than a German postillion will out of his pace—So, Gregory! what news? have you found out the attorney.

*Enter GREGORY.*

*Greg.* Your honour shall hear the whole proceeding: At Thavies Inn I first got scent of him, threw off, and took the drag as far as Shoe-Lane; there he hung cover; I had a warm burst to the Fleet; hunted him through Turn-again-Lane to the Old Bailey; got an entapis, and run into him in Labour-in-vain-Court, Old Fish-Street-Hill—

*A. Night.* Well, and what says he to the prosecution?

*Greg.* For some time he said nothing; for when I first arriv'd he was on a visit to a friend under sentence of death in Newgate: however, after a while he came home, and then—

*A. Night.* What said he then? to the point, dunce.

*Greg.* Why he said, an please your honour, he would have nothing to do with the business: There's no credit to be got by such prosecutions; if it had been on a criminal indictment indeed—but he won't be concerned in any vexatious suit about the game; humanity won't suffer him.

*A. Night.* Humanity indeed! was ever the like

heard? But, sirrah, this is all a lie of your own inventing, and your bones shall answer for it.

[*Threatning to cane him.*]

*Enter STAPLETON.*

*Stap.* Keep the peace, in the king's name! what's the matter now, friend Andrew?

*A. Night.* Why this sot would fain have me believe that a Newgate solicitor will refuse a suit upon motives of humanity: A likely tale indeed! He comes home from the society of a condemn'd melafactor, and scruples levying the penalty against a poaching parson. What would the noblemen and gentlemen, associated for the preservation of our game, say to that?

*Stap.* Who cares what they would say! What have men of businets to do with such disputes?

*A. Night.* Men of business! I have no business: I left off trade, thank Heaven, in time: You'll stay till it has left off you.

*Stap.* Why so? Our warehouses are as full, our commissions as many, our credit as good as ever: What do you see about us makes you prophecy so ill?

*A. Night.* I tell you, sir, your trade is ebbing fast away in every quarter of the globe. Look out and satisfy yourself; but I have done, 'tis no concern of mine—What are your treaties with the Portuguese? waste paper; linings for old trunks to carry home refuse goods, that they return upon your hands. Another man would flatter you; but I'm your friend; I let you know these things in time.

*Stap.* A most considerate precaution, truly.

*A. Night.* I have now no leisure for conversations of this nature, but I would ask a thinking man, what must be the fate of our Turkey trade?—Undone. You've burn't their ships, it seems,—now you may burn your own; you'll have no further call for them, unless you send them to your colonies, to air your goods and exercise your sailors—but I've something else to think of.—Gregory, my hat!—I'm staying here too long.—Your servant Mr. Stapleton—remember I have told you now, I've let you know your danger.——

*Stap.* And in the tenderest manner; you are the kindest friend! If we are ruin'd, you'll have nothing to regret.—Your servant—we shall meet again at supper.——

*A. Night.* I just stept back to tell you that your weavers are all rising: I fell in with a large party of them in the streets:—Your people migrating by thousands:—What! men must not starve.—I hint this to you gently, and in pure good will;—I have no interest to serve—and so your servant for an hour or two—I'll tell you more when I return.—Oh, if I was a man to turn the gloomy side of things upon you, I could draw a melancholy picture truly! [*Exit.*

*Stap.* The man who tells me a distasteful lye, in some sort may be said to recommend the truth; but he who, like old Nightshade, makes the truth offensive, recommends a lye. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

*An Apartment. Enter LÆTITIA and LUCY.*

*Læt.* Lucy, come hither—you have a brother, I think, who is one of counsellor Manlove's clerks.

*Lucy.* I have madam; and though I say it, as promising, genteel, well-spoken a young man as you would wish to set your eyes on;—he's my only brother, ma'am.

*Læt.* Let that be an excuse for your forwardness.—I am not enquiring into his character.

*Lucy.* If you did, ma'am, I assure you it will stand the strictest enquiry;—my papa gave us both an education.—

*Læt.* Your papa!—let it be father in your mouth, if I might advise you.

*Lucy.* Humph!—There's a person wants to speak with you.

*Læt.* What person?

*Lucy.* A person from abroad—a painting man, I believe; he says he has a recommendation to you—there are many such call here.

*Læt.* If he has any letter of recommendation, desire he will be pleased to send it in. [*Exit Lucy.*] I cannot reconcile myself to this methodical course of proceeding; in the name of all that's happy, let our inclinations get the start of our proposals; if I could meet this Mr. Manlove naturally, and without form;

if we were then to single out each other by the guidance of no other monitor than the heart, and if a thousand ifs besides were all to prove realities, a happy alliance might succeed; but to be turn'd into a room to undergo the profest survey of a man, who comes upon a visit of liking, is insupportably humiliating. It may well be said of some fathers, that they drive a Smithfield bargain for their daughters, when with butcherlike insensibility they shew 'em out for sale like cattle in a market. [*Lucy returns.*]

*Lucy.* The gentleman presents his respects to you, and desires you to peruse this letter; I think he is altogether as personable a young man as I would wish to see. [*Gives the letter.*]

*Lat.* Sure you forget yourself!—let me see—from Counsellor Manlove!—what is this?

‘ Madam,

‘ The bearer of this letter, is a young man in  
 ‘ whose prosperity I am warmly interested. He is  
 ‘ lately return'd from Italy, where he has made some  
 ‘ proficiency in the art of which you are a mistress;  
 ‘ and as I flatter myself you will find him not un-  
 ‘ worthy, I beg leave to recommend him to your  
 ‘ protection and esteem. When my nephew has the  
 ‘ honour of being known to you, he can give you  
 ‘ fuller satisfaction in this young man's particular  
 ‘ than I can; in the mean time I venture to add,  
 ‘ that Mr. Manlove will consider every favour you

‘ bestow in this instance, as conferr’d upon himself.

‘ I have the honour to be, madam,

‘ Your most obedient,

‘ And most humble servant,

‘ CHARLES MANLOVE.’

Where is the gentleman? introduce him directly.

[Exit Lucy.

*Re-enter LUCY with CHARLES.*

*Læt.* Your humble servant, sir: you are the gentleman refer’d to in this letter—

*Ch. Man.* I am the person, madam. What a lovely young woman! [Aside.

*Læt.* You are lately from Italy: where did you principally pursue your studies?

*Ch. Man.* At Rome: I visited Florence, Bologna, Venice, and other places; but I regard Rome as the grand repository of the antique, and for that reason I made my principal residence there.

*Læt.* To what branch of the art did you chiefly direct your attention?

*Ch. Man.* To the study of beauty, madam; and that in its simplest forms: a Laocoon, a Hercules, or a Caracalla may astonish; but it is a Faustina, a Venus, an Apollo that delights, that ravishes—But I am speaking to you on a subject of which you are both by art a mistress, and an example by nature.

*Læt.* Upon my word! [Aside.] Come, sir; we are here in the way of the family: allow me to shew

you into another apartment. [*She stops.*] Was young Mr. Manlove at Rome when you was?

*Ch. Man.* He was.

*Lat.* I understand he has a very great regard for you.

*Ch. Man.* I hope I shall not forfeit his good opinion.

*Lat.* It does you much honour: all the world speaks highly of Mr. Manlove. I'll shew you the way.

*Ch. Man.* Charming girl! I am in love with her at first sight.

*Lucy.* So, so! a very promising beginning. As sure as can be there's something in the wind about this Manlove: I suspect the letter to be a fetch; and as for this painter, I am mistaken, if he is not some how or other in the secret—'tis a mighty pretty fellow.—Ah, brother Dibble, I am glad to see you. How goes the world with you?

*Enter* DIBBLE.

*Dib.* Busily, my girl, busily. I have borrowed a moment's time from company to run to you: I have luckily found you alone: utter not a word; be all attention: Jack Nightshade, the country boy I made acquaintance with last year, is now in town; but not a word of that—he is at a tavern hard by, with some lads of mettle, who push about the glass. What say you, hussy, to a bold stroke for a husband?

*Lucy.* For a husband! You are joking.

*Dib.* Serious, upon my honour! Oh, when the

blood begins to boil, and the brain begins to turn, every thing may be attempted. He has signified to me that he is in want of a wife; you, I suppose, have no objection to a husband; so far you are both of a mind. He says the lady must be rich; the condition is a reasonable one, and you must provide a fortune for the purpose. What say you to your mistress's? He visits you in the name of Mr. Manlové; why may not you receive him in that of Miss Fairfax.

*Lucy.* Impossible! Don't you know his father lodges in this very house?

*Dib.* Scare boys with bug-bears: I have provided against danger; and with a promise of a good round sum, upon the wedding night, have made old Gregory my own: He will aid our project, and keep watch upon old Surly-boots, I warrant you.

*Lucy.* But what is gained, if we should compass our ends? the young man is a minor, and his father would disinherit him.

*Dib.* Fear nothing—he's of age—Gregory confirms it: And as for his father's disinheriting him, I'll tell you a secret; it is not in his power: When the counsellor settled an estate on Charles, old Nightshade cut him off with a shilling, and gave his fortune to Jack: I drew the deed myself; it is as tight as the law can tye it.

*Lucy.* I don't know what to say; a settlement to be sure is something; Mrs. Nightshade and an equipage, is better than plain Lucy and a pair of pattins: But



then my heart misgives me—and the boy, they say, is such a cub——

*Dib.* Fine airs in truth! Nay, if you are so exceptious, please yourself; 'tis no affair of mine; I've done with it.

*Lucy.* Hold, hold; you are so touchy if one speaks——My madam must be monstrous angry, but no matter. Yesterday was married John Nightshade, Esq. to Miss——. O Gemini, 'twill make a flaming dash!

*Dib.* Ay, ay, leave me to draw the marriage deed; I'll jointure you I warrant. Come, decide; time's precious, and the moment serves: Old Nightshade's out; the ladies too, I understand, are on the wing—When shall we come?

*Lucy.* When? I don't know—I vow I'm half afraid—Is there no law against me, if I'm caught, and the scheme fails?

*Dib.* Pshaw! you are so irresolute; even be a servant-maid all the days of your life; I care not.

*Lucy.* No brother; I've as much ambition as my betters, so here's my hand—I'm with you—give me half an hour's time to con my lesson and I'll be ready for you.

*Dib.* That's my brave girl! Courage! the day's our own. If every thing's in train, and the coast clear, let Gregory meet us at the corner of the street, exactly in half an hour's time. But, hark'ee, Lucy, Jack is incog, and takes his brother Manlove's name,

remember that: By the way I suspect something's in the wind between your madam and Mr. Charles.

*Lucy.* Why so?

*Dib.* Because I saw him turn into her room just now, in an undress; he pass'd me on the stairs, and whispered me in the ear, not to open my lips concerning his being here to a single soul, for my life; therefore make no mischief—Farewell, I must be gone. [Exit.

*Lucy.* Your humble servant, virtuous Miss Lætittia Fairfax; your painter then, as I suspected, turns out a lover in disguise; and you, it seems, have your intrigues as well as other folks. Who would be nice about character in these times, when all the world conspires to put virtue out of countenance, and keep vice in?

*ACT III. SCENE I.*

*A Room in STAPLETON'S House. Enter MR. ANDREW NIGHTSHADE and STAPLETON.*

*Mr. Andrew Nightshade.*

AND so you'll positively ship those bales of Norwich Crape for Holland?

*Stap.* I purpose so to do.

*A. Night.* You purpose so to do! and the Kersies and Callimancoes, and Perpetuanos too I warrant?

*Stap.* I do.

*A. Night.* The devil you do ! I tell you what then, Master Stapleton, they will not have their name for nothing ; you will find them Perpetuanoes on your hands : I'd send tea to America as soon. Why sure I understand the Dutch market ; sure I think I do ; you've found I understand them.

*Stap.* But times are altered, brother Andrew.

*A. Night.* With the devil to them. Times are altered truly, and trade is altered, and merchants are altered, and grown obstinate blockheads, deaf to good counsel, ignorant of their business ; a frivolous, gossiping, pleasure-hunting crew ; forsaking their counters for their country-houses, Change for Change Alley.-- What sort of a season at Newfoundland ? have you ship'd your fish yet for the Mediterranean markets ? But what is it all to me ? I have wound up my bottom : 'Twas a noble hit, Master Stapleton, that speculation of mine in saltpetre.

*Stap.* I believe it turn'd to tolerable account.

*A. Night.* I believe it did ; I may venture to assure you it did, to tolerable account, as you say, though you predicted otherwise ; it made my pillow for me ; yes, yes, thank Heaven, I'm easy : I've laid down my cares.

*Stap.* And taken up content. What a happy fellow are you, friend Andrew !

*A. Night.* But I tell you, you're mistaken, I am not a happy fellow ; I would not be thought happy ; the world's too wicked for an honest man to be happy or contented in it.

*Stap.* But you are out of the world ; you are settled in peaceful retreat, in rural tranquility, cultivating your own acres, enjoying your own produce.

*A. Night.* Blood and fire, I tell you other people are enjoying my produce ; my servants are embezzeling my property, my neighbours are destroying my game, the vermin are laying waste my granaries, and the rot is making havock with my sheep ; and how the vengeance then can I be happy ?

*Stap.* By bearing every thing with a patient mind.

*A. Night.* Patient ! I am patient to a fault.

*Stap.* By reflecting, when your servants or neighbours molest you, what an exemplary young man you are blest with for a son.

*A. Night.* Yes, yes, the boy's as good as his neighbours.

*Stap.* I never heard so universal a good character.

*A. Night.* 'Tis a sober, frugal lad, that's the truth on't.

*Stap.* So accomplished a genius—so distinguished a taste for the fine arts.

*A. Night.* For the fine arts ! that's rather too much, I know no art Jack has but setting trimmers, worming puppies, and making fowling nets. [*Aside.*]

*Stap.* Your son, friend Andrew, is not like the present frippery race of young men ; he is a man of sound principle and good morals ; no libertine, no free-thinker, no gamester.

*A. Night.* Gamester indeed ! I'd game him, with the devil to him.

*Stap.* He has more elegant resources: The woman must be happy who can engage his affections.

*A. Night.* I wish your ward, Miss Fairfax, was of your opinion.

*Stap.* Are you sincere?

*A. Night.* Why to be sure I am. Don't I know she'll have a very considerable fortune?

*Stap.* A fig for her fortune—here's my hand—so the young folks can like each other, and Mr. Manlove is consenting——

*A. Night.* Who? who is consenting? Mr. Manlove?

*Stap.* Ay surely; I'm afraid we do not rightly understand each other: Which of your sons are you speaking of?

*A. Night.* Which of my sons am I speaking of? the only one I ever do speak of; the only one which I acknowledge—Jack. You couldn't think me such a fool to recommend that puppy, pig-tail'd ape, with his essences and pulvilios; that monkey, whom my silly brother sent to see the world, with his grand tour, and his pictures, and his impertinences? No—I tell you once for all, I've done with him; he has dropt my name and I my nature; let him that christened him anew, keep him—I have done with him.

*Stap.* You shock me to hear you say so!

*A. Night.* What, shan't I speak of my own son as I think fit?

*Stap.* Yes, if you speak as a father should.

*A. Night.* And who's the judge of that? Have you a son? Are you a father? No, you are a guardian: Heaven help the poor young woman that is your ward. Marry her to Charles Manlove! Marry her to her garters sooner, and tie her up upon the curtain rod. 'twere a better deed. And what know you of the fine arts? Are you a painter as well as your ward here? I see no tokens of it: the London 'prentice, and the March to Finchly, seem to be the sum total of your collection—His taste, it seems, has captivated you; his taste for what? for Camblets, for Casoys, for Manchester and Norwich commodities? There lies your learning; those are your universities.

*Stap.* Andrew Nightshade, Andrew Nightshade, recollect yourself: We'll converse when you are cool: I talk to no man in a passion.

*A. Night.* I in a passion! 'Tis the first time I was ever told so, and shall be the last, from you at least—Here, Gregory, where are you?—I'll be gone this instant; I'll have my things pack'd up; I'll rid your house, at least, of one passionate man. I in a passion! I that never lost my temper—But your servant, sir; your servant, Mr. Stapleton: Perhaps you'll say I'm in a passion now. Here, Gregory! why, Gregory! [Exit.]

*Stap.* [Alone.] Ha, ha ha; of a certain Andrew thou'rt a ridiculous old fellow. If I had an acquaintance with the poets, I would get them to ex-

hibit thy humours on the stage; 'twould be a diverting scene, and no bad moral.

*Enter Mrs. STAPLETON and LÆTITIA.*

*Mrs. Stap.* Here's a fine storm! he's calling for his servant to pack up his things; he vows he'll quit the house immediately.

*Læt.* A happy resolution. What a snapdragon it is! No Yorkshire housewife in her washing week can be more peevish.

*Mrs. Stap.* I wish he was out of the house; I cannot bear to have your peace annoy'd.

*Stap.* My peace! You have had a visitor, Lætitia?

*Læt.* A brother artist, and a friend of Mr. Manlove's.—I declare I've lost my heart to him.

*Stap.* Then I deny that he's a friend of Mr. Manlove's.

*Læt.* Oh, sir, he is the prettiest man! so candid, so intelligent; full of his art, and glowing warm with all that taste for the antique, which true genius is sure to gain by travel.

*Stap.* Ay, ay, I understand you; he been praising your performances.

*Læt.* I own it; but what flatters me above all, he commends your portrait exceedingly; I shall proceed in it with twice the spirit I began.

*Mrs. Stap.* He has turned her head with flattery; the grace of Raphael, the design of Michael Angelo, Titian's warmth, and Corregio's beauty, centre all in her unrivall'd compositions!

*Stap.* Hey day! where learnt you all this gabble? here's a pack of names for a citizen's wife to get by neart.

*Mrs. Stap.* Do you think I've clean'd her pallet then for nothing? The doctor's Merry-Andrew knows the name of his drugs, or he's not fit for his place. We are going this instant upon a visit of virtũ to Mr. Manlove's: This young painter speaks in raptures of his collection: He has some pictures which' are said to be inimitable.

*Læt.* Dear sir, I hope you've no objection. He has talk'd to me so much of a Lucretia by Guido, that I am dying to visit her.

*Stap.* I should doubt if Lucretia would do as much for you. I hardly think that this visit is in rule.

*Læt.* It is done every day; half the town has been there: I go there as a student—besides, Mrs. Stapleton goes with me.

*Stap.* Well, well, I am no critic in these matters, entertain yourselves and you have my free leave. Much pleasure to you both—your servant. [*Exit.*]

*Læt.* Come, my dear madam, the light still serves us; let us lose no time. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Painting Room. Enter LUCY.*

*Lucy.* Now the deuce fetch this madcap brother of mine, what a twitter has he thrown me into! I can



settle to nothing: Madam and her sham painter have made a fine disorder in this room. I don't know any use these geniuses are of, but to put every thing out of its place. Ah! is it you?

*Enter* DIBBLE.

*Dib.* Hush, hush! compose yourself; you had like to have ruin'd all: Why didn't you send Gregory to the street's end, as you agreed?

*Lucy.* Lud, I'm in such a flutter—I don't know, I'm frighted. Is he here?

*Dib.* Ready: Prim'd high with brisk Champaigne: The train is laid; you have the fire; touch it, and off it goes.

*Lucy.* Fire! I've no fire about me. Did the servants see you?

*Dib.* No; Gregory let us in, and has the young squire now in keeping: There never was so fortunate a moment. Hark? he's at the door.

*Jack.* [*From without.*] Hist! Lawyer—Pickle—Bully Jack!—shall I come in?

*Dib.* He must come in; slip out a moment 'till I prepare him, and then—remember Lucy, he is Mr. Manlove here, and yourself Lætitia. Go your ways. [*Exit Lucy.*] Now, my lad of glory, I shall show you a phænomenon, a star of the first water.

*Enter* JACK NIGHTSHADE.

*J. Night.* Water! I scorn it: Give me wine: There's honesty in that, and wit, and love—I'm monstrously in love—but where's the lady?

*Dib.* Oh, she's at hand, and half your own already. I've been preaching to her—Miss, says I——

*J. Night.* Rot your *says*!! who cares for what you say: Shew me the girl: I want no lawyer in this case; Champaigne's my counsellor. You are a blockhead, Dibb'e, and a flincher: I'm for all the game; fee'd on both sides, boy; a bottle in my right hand, and a bottle in my left; double charged at heart and head: one for courage and t'other for invention.—Pooh! my brother's a fool to me: his coat was never in such company before. Where is the lady, I say? I must see the lady.

*Dib.* Well, well, be patient; you shall see the lady.

[*Exit.*]

*J. Night.* Ay, this puts every thing in motion: Now the world goes round: It has found its legs at last, and dances like Plough-Monday. Drown it, 'twas asleep before. What's all this lumber for? [*stumbling over the easel.*] The devil! who are you? [*speaking to the layman.*] what's your profession? An easy, slender, dangling figure, and as much of a gentleman as most you shall meet.—Toe piggins! now I smoke the jest: She paints. O damn it! she's an artist—That won't do; there's no standing that; I must overturn all this trumpey: I shall soon tumble you out of the room, my dear—your reign's a short one, take my word.—Ay, here she comes.

*Enter DIBB'E with LUCY.*

*Lucy.* My dear brother, this is Miss Fairfax. Miss,  
[*to Mr. Night.*]

*J. Night.* Madam, behold the fondest of your slaves. My friend here, Lawyer Dibble, has informed you that my name is Manlove, and he tells me you are called Miss Fairfax. Be it so; if he tells a lie, he is not the first of his profession who has so done. If you should think that I am rather elevated and in the air, I won't deny it; Champaigne, you know, is a searching liquor, and my scull is none of the deepest; but if you suppose that I am so blind as to overlook your beauties or my own perfections, you are not the the person I take you for.—Dibble, come hither, make the lady acquainted with some of my good qualities.—Discuss.

*Lucy.* Oh, sir, what need? the good qualities of Mr. Manlove are in every body's mouth.

*J. Night.* Deuce take me now, if that is any flattery to me.

*Dib.* I told you, madam, what a modest young gentleman he is.

*J. Night.* Oh, you're a precious devil. Be pleased to tell the lady likewise what a brave estate I have got; such things come naturally enough from a lawyer's mouth; tell her what it is, and where it lies: Drown me, if I know where to find an acre of it.

*Lucy.* Oh, never name estate when Mr. Manlove is in the case: Your person, air, address——

*J. Night.* Madam, you do me honour. 'Egad, I shall have no occasion for courtship. [*Aside.*

*Lucy.* Your genius, taste, accomplishments—I myself have some small turn for painting—

*J. Night.* Yes, and I should like you as well without it. [Aside.

*Lucy.* But you, I dare say, are a master hand; and poetry, no doubt, is full as much your own.

*J. Night.* Faith, there's not much to choose between them.

*Lucy.* But then your education—one may see that you have travel'd.

*Dib* Oh, yes, that's very visible.

*J. Night.* Well said, lawyer—She has a damnable clack.

*Lucy.* I should be delighted to hear an account of your travels: I dare say you have met many singular adventures.

*J. Night.* A thousand; but I have taken an oath never to speak of them.

*Lucy.* Oh, you must conquer such scruples. What advantages has your uncle's bounty given you, Mr. Manlove, over that poor lad in the country!

*J. Night.* And yet I'd rather hear one kind word said of that poor lad in the country, than a whole volume of Mr. Manlove's praises. I'm hipp'd whenever I hear the subject mentioned.

*Dib:* Make up to him, Lucy, or he's lost. Jack Nightshade, what are you about? one bold attack and she's your own.

*J. Night.* It may be so; but you must know I have

a kind of partiality for that same country lubber, Jack Nightshade; and 'till I can find a lady, who will prefer him to his brother, I will remain as I am; so there's an end of the matter, d'ye see, and no harm done.—Madam, your servant. [*Exit.*]

*Lucy.* So finishes the chapter of husbands.—I thank you for your scheme.

*Dib.* Thank yourself for your folly. What possesst you with the thought of touching upon the lad in the country? how could you be so flippant?

*Lucy.* What does it signify? He is too cunning to be caught with chaff; e'en drop your project.

*Dib.* No, let despair go hang. I am not easily repuls'd: Take courage and commit yourself to me; I have resources yet you know not of. Come, Lucy, you shall see my genius rises on defeat. [*Exeunt.*]

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### SCENE III.

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MANLOVE'S House. Enter CHARLES MANLOVE.

*Ch. Man.* It is time to throw off the mask; I have seen and heard enough: she who can captivate both eyes and ears at once, is irresistible: Miss Fairfax is so compos'd, that she has beauty enough to blind our understandings, if she wanted wit; and wit enough to blind our eyes, if she wanted beauty. I will go to her in this habit once again, and solicit an interview for Mr. Manlove: If she readily grants it, I will avail myself of her compliance, and instantly disclose myself—if not—But what in the name of wonder have we got here: Ha, ha, ha! my Paris suit, by all

that brilliant; the very *chef d'œuvre* of the superlative Mons. Le Duc: That coat was made for grand occasions; it escorted me to the nuptials of the great Count d'Artois; it has now the honour to attend the revels of the illustrious Jack Nightshade.

*Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE.*

*J. Night.* Ay, and had I been willing, it might have assisted at another wedding: 'Egad, it might have carried off a fine girl, and one of the first fortunes in the city.

*Ch. Man.* I should have thought your scenes had rather laid amongst the girls of freedom than of fortune.

*J. Night.* This lady, sir, had both. Swear to me you'll be secret, and I'll tell where I've been.

*Ch. Man.* Nay, Jack, you'll trust me sure without an oath; you know I am no tell-tale. Where have you been?

*J. Night.* You'll scarce believe it; where on all this earth but to the very house where old Surly-boots sets up his rest!

*Ch. Man.* To Mr. Stapleton's?

*J. Night.* To the enemy's head quarters. A high stroke!

*Ch. Man.* And what carried you thither?

*J. Night.* A girl: The wench I told you of.

*Ch. Man.* But what sort of a wench? I don't understand how any girl could carry you to Mr. Stapleton's.

*J. Night.* No! she'd have carried me any where; all the world over: she is ready to set out on her travels.

*Ch. Man.* And her name is——

*J. Night.* Fairfax.

*Ch. Man.* How!

*J. Night.* Lætitia Fairfax.

*Ch. Man.* What is it you have been doing? I am much interested in this lady's good opinion, and if you have done or said any thing to offend her——

*J. Night.* Offend her! Zooks, if you had heard how mere a country whelp she made of me, you would own I had most reason to be offended of the two.

*Ch. Man.* Still I don't understand you; you tell your story confusedly, I can make out nothing from it.

*J. Night.* Tell it yourself then, brother.

*Ch. Man.* But this precaution I must give you, Jack, not to go upon that ground again; keep your sallies within proper bounds, and direct them to proper objects; Miss Fairfax is a lady for whom I have the tenderest esteem; have a care therefore, young man, how you affront her as you value my resentment.

*J. Night.* Whuh!

*Enter* FREDERICK.

*Fred.* Sir, Mr. Manlove requests your company at his chambers immediately.

*Ch. Man.* I attend him—Brother, I am serious—Hitherto I hope no mischief has been done; but I

expect that you observe what I have told you, and be more prudent for the future. *[Exit.]*

*J. Night.* And be a prig like you.—Oh, you shall smart for this; I'll curry your fine hide. Now would I give both ears from off this head, if I could make the girl but fairly jilt this puppy, and revenge myself upon him.

*Enter DIBBLE.*

*Dib.* Squire!

*J. Night.* Ah, Dibble, I have made myself a precious blockhead.

*Dib.* What, in the penitentials! Is the champagne cloudy?

*J. Night.* Vexation sobers me like a wet napkin. Oh, if I cou'd see the girl again!

*Dib.* Do you wish it?

*J. Night.* Wish it! I'd crawl to Scotland on my knees; nay more, I'd live there all my days, so I could bilk this elder brother with Miss Fairfax.

*Dib.* Say you so, 'squire? This betters my best hopes. Follow me once more to Mr. Stapleton's: take courage, and my life upon't the lady is your own.

*J. Night.* Have with you then; I'm ready; come along.

*Dib.* Hold, not so fast—the old lion may be in his den. Give me one quarter of an hour's law, and then if we miscarry, crop these ears and nail them up like vermin to your walls.

*J. Night.* Agreed! I take you at your word.—



[Exit Dib.] Now, my fine brother, if I catch you on the hip I'll give your pride a fall; I'll shew you that a clown may have a courtier's cunning. Hey-day! who comes here?

*Enter Mrs. STAPLETON, and LÆTITIA, ushered in by FREDERICK.*

*Fred.* I beg pardon, sir, I thought you was gone out: these ladies are desirous of seeing the pictures, and I was conducting them to the room.

*J. Night.* I will take that honour on myself. Go before and open the windows.—[Exit Fred.] You are fond of paintings, ladies; I am glad it is in my power to entertain you.

*Mrs. Stap.* You are the owner, sir, of this admirable collection. Your name is Manlove.

*J. Night.* At the service of the ladies always. I'll pass a few of lawyer Dibble's airs upon them—I'm in a rare cue. [Aside.]

*Læt.* What do you mean by talking up this young man? He has a miserable address: I see very little of the man of fashion about him.

*Mrs. Stap.* I cannot say much for his person to be sure.

*J. Night.* She has fixt her eyes upon me; she is taken with my person and address—Don't you find it rather cold, ladies?—I wish there was a fire in the room, that I might give her a taste of my breeding.

[Aside.]

*Læt.* The public is much bound to you for giving them access to your collection.

*J. Night.* If the public found no more amusement in them than I do, they might hang in the dark 'till doom's-day.

*Læt.* You jest, I believe: is it possible, after such pains in procuring them, you can have no enjoyment in the possession of them?

*J. Night.* Even so, madam; they resemble matrimony in that respect; the pursuit is the pleasure. But come, ladies, the room is ready, and I'll shew you the way.—What the devil does that old duenna come for? [Goes out.]

*Læt.* Is this the accomplish'd Mr. Manlove? He seems in a strange humour: are you sure he is perfectly sober? I declare I scarce like to follow him.

*J. Night.* [Returns.] Ladies, this is the way: indulge me with the honour of your hand.

[Leads out Læt.] [Exeunt.]

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### SCENE III.

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*An Apartment magnificently furnished with pictures.*

*Enter JACK, introducing Mrs. STAPLETON and LÆTITIA.*

*J. Night.* There, ladies; there they hang: a jolly crew of 'em. Old ladies in furs and furbelows up to their throats, and young ones without a rag to

cover 'em : these painters are but scurvy taylors ; they'll send a goddess into the world without a cloud to cover her : there are some pretty conceits go with their histories, but they will speak for themselves ; I am but little in their secrets.

*Læt.* What a blaze of beauty ! there's the Titian Venus ; Heavens ! what a form ! what brilliant hues ! But look, dear madam, here is grace and dignity ; Guido's Lucretia : the dagger in her breast, and in the act of heroic self-destruction : what resolution ! what a spirit has the great artist thrown into those eyes !

*J. Night.* Yes, she had a devil of a spirit : she stabb'd herself in a pique upon being cross'd in love.

*Mrs. Stap.* You presume on our ignorance ; history, I believe, assigns more elevated motives for Lucretia's death.

*J. Night.* Very likely ; there were great pains taken to smother the story ; but 'tis as I tell you—I had it from a near relation of the family.

*Læt.* Ridiculous ! Do you observe that picture, madam ; 'tis a melancholy story, very finely told by Poussin : it is a view of Marseilles at the time of the plague, with a capital figure of the good bishop in the midst of the groupe.

*J. Night.* Bishop, madam ! that person which you look upon is a physician, and the people round about him are his patients ; they are in a desperate way it must be confest. Do you see that angry figure in the corner ; he is a gamester : he is picking lead out of

loaded dice to run into bullets, to fire through his own head: 'tis no bad moral.

*Læt.* You are infinitely kind to favour us with these anecdotes: if you are thus gracious to all strangers, the world will edify abundantly. But we won't put you to the trouble of explanation—we are not entirely ignorant—tho' your collection may be the best we have seen, it is not absolutely the first.

*J. Night.* Belike then you are a painter, as well as the lady I visited just now.

*Læt.* In the presence of such masters as are here assembled, I cannot call myself a painter; in my own chamber I sometimes persuade myself I am.

*J. Night.* Yes, I am told it is an art which ladies mostly practice in their own chambers—What say you to that picture over the door? 'tis a merry conceit.

*Læt.* It is the colouring of the Venetian school: I should guess it to be Tintoret.

*J. Night.* Oh, you are quite out of the story.

*Mrs. Stap.* She is speaking of the master: the story is plainly that of Actæon, and no bad moral; he was turn'd into a stag, by the goddess of chastity, for his impertinent curiosity.

*J. Night.* Excuse me, madam, you mistake the moral—That gentleman with the antlers on his head, is a city husband, the principal lady in the show is his wife; she wears a crescent on her forehead to signify she is a dealer in horns; her companions are a group of city madams: the painter drew them bathing to shew the warmth of their constitutions.

*Læt.* Upon my word you have a great deal of wit, and you have a fine collection of paintings; but one capital piece is wanting.

*J. Night.* And what is that, pray?

*Læt.* Modesty: it will be an excellent companion to your Lucretia.

*J. Night.* But who shall I get to sit for the likeness?

*Læt.* You will find it admirably painted by the same master. Come, madam, it is time for us to be gone.

*J. Night.* You are not for the city-end of the town, I conclude?

*Mrs. Stap.* Our home is in the city.

*J. Night.* Permit me to conduct you thither; I have a coach in waiting, and am bound to New Broad-Street, if you know such a place.

*Mrs. Stap.* Intimately; but we have a carriage of our own.

*Læt.* Can there be any attractions in the city to engage Mr. Manlove's regard?

*J. Night.* Oh, yes; an assignation, madam: I am loth to disappoint a fond girl.

*Læt.* 'Tis charitably consider'd!

*J. Night.* Nay, I don't know but I shou'd be inclin'd to take her for better for worse, if it was not for one circumstance in her disfavour.

*Læt.* May I ask what that may be?

*J. Night.* She has a devilish itch for painting: I shou'd expect to have all my gods and goddesses taken down to make room for her vulgar friends and relations.

*Mrs. Stap.* Ay, that wou'd be a sorrowful exchange to my knowledge.

*Lat.* Yes, have a care of that same painting girl; my life upon it she will slip through your hands.

*J. Night.* Why I have my eye upon that honest gentleman in the picture, with the stag's-horns, I must own—Who shall I tell her gave me the caution?

*Lat.* No matter; when you see Miss Fairfax you'll remember me.

*J. Night.* Fairfax! the vengeance: how came you to guess her name?

*Lat.* Oh, sir, there is but one painter in the street, and she, I believe, will remain there; your collection is safe; she will trouble you with none of her performances, none of her daubings, take my word. Your most obedient—Let us make haste home, and be ready to receive him: vain, senseless coxcomb! how I shall enjoy his confusion!

[*Exit with Mrs. Stap.*]

*J. Night.* A good lively wench, but the devil of a tongue! I'll run and hand her to her coach. [*Exit.*]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*An Apartment. Enter DIBBLE and LUCY.*

*Lucy.*

STILL I protest against your project; we shall reap nothing from it, take my word, but shame and disappointment; however, to convince you, that my fears

are not for myself, I am prepared and shall go thro' with it, as you desire.

*Dib.* My life upon't, he takes the bait this time.

*Lucy.* I doubt it, but no matter : sure it's time that he was come. Hark ! who is that ? look out.

*Dib.* 'Sdeath ! Mrs. Stapleton and Miss Lætitia.

*Lucy.* What's to be done now ?

*Dib.* We've nothing for it, but a desperate sally ; slip the back-way down with me, and let us both go out and stop young Nightshade : we can take him to my lodgings and prevent an interview that must be fatal.

*Lucy.* It is too late to deliberate : come on. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mrs. STAPLETON and LÆTITIA.*

*Mrs. Stap.* Come, my dear Lætitia, you think of this affair too seriously : you cannot much regret a man you never saw before.

*Læt.* 'Tis true ; and yet, with shame I own it to you, I am mortified severely. Was there ever such a disappointment ?

*Mrs. Stap.* Either he treated us with inexcusable contempt, or is profoundly ignorant. Did you remark the ridiculous observations he made on some of the pictures ?

*Læt.* Yes ; but I set that down for mistaken wit ; in short, his manners are of the vulgarest cast. Are these the fruits of public education ? Is this the finish'd gentleman ? the scholar ? traveller ?—His boorish brother in the country cannot outgo this : and the

world to be so blinded! Oftentimes it speaks worse of a man than he deserves; it is seldom guilty of telling so many untruths in his favour.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* A gentleman desires to speak with Miss Fairfax.

*Læt.* 'Tis he—Conduct him into the drawing-room; I'll wait on him immediately. [*Exit Ser.*]

*Mrs. Stap.* Well, Lætitia, I need not recommend to you to treat him as he deserves.

*Læt.* I must be more, or less, than a woman, if I spar'd him. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE, introduced by a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please to walk in here, sir; Miss Fairfax will wait on you immediately. [*Exit.*]

*J. Night.* Ay, ay; I dare say she will: Egad, there's no time to be lost—Drown it, where's Dibble? I expected he would meet me at the gate: If I should stumble on old Crusty—I don't like the looks of the land so well as I did: Here's such a solitude, and such a ceremony—Why the plague do they make me kick my heels here? What, the vengeance! is she come again?

*Enter LÆTITIA.*

*Læt.* Your humble servant, Mr. Manlove: You scarce expected, I believe, to meet your visitor again so soon.



*J. Night.* No, indeed: it is vastly beyond my hopes.

*Læt.* You are punctual to your assignation, I perceive.

*J. Night.* Oh yes, ma'am: to be sure, ma'am—How the plague shall I get rid of her?

*Læt.* You did well to consider the poor fond girl that is dying for you.

*J. Night.* She has the devil of an assurance—What are these London ladies made of?

*Læt.* He is thoroughly confounded: I'll give him a chance, however.—Have you any commands for me, sir?

*J. Night.* Commands! Oh, none in life, I thank you; no commands. What, won't that serve? No; She will have her talk out at least. I hope you lik'd the pictures? Sure, Miss Fairfax will come presently.

*Læt.* I admire your collection greatly; my expectations in that particular were not disappointed.

*J. Night.* I understand your insinuation, madam; but ladies' expectations, I am told, are not always to be satisfied.

*Læt.* In Mr. Manlove's instance, perhaps not easily.

*J. Night.* Really, madam, I should wish to do justice to a lady's good opinion: but your visit, I must say, was rather unseasonable, and that elderly lady was so vexatically in the way—

*Læt.* I am sorry for it, sir: I am afraid our visit was rather out of rule.

*J. Night.* That's honest now; and since you own

it, I must fairly say, the present is none of the most welcome.

*Lat.* I readily believe it—and therefore, sir, though it is not altogether in character for me to promote a conversation of such a sort as you hinted at when we met at your own house; yet, I must observe to you, if you have any such proposal in design, it will be for both our ease that you should come to the point directly.

*J. Night.* To the point, madam! Upon my soul I don't know what to say to that—To be sure I did come here with a full and fix'd design of offering myself to Miss Fairfax upon the marrying lay, and that, you know, at best is but a hanging kind of job, so that if I appear rather dull of apprehension, I hope you will recollect that a man cannot be very merry when he's on his road to his execution.

*Lat.* Oh, sir, be under no concern on that account; assure yourself, I have to the full as little disposition towards that state as you can have.

*J. Night.* Well said again! but it won't take.—You are in the right; you are for enjoying your freedom.

*Lat.* Since we are both agreed in that respect, what occasion is there for more words? I believe we may break up the conference.

*J. Night.* As soon as ever you please; I am by no means for delaying you.

*Lat.* I wait your motions, Mr. Manlove, I'm here at home.

*J. Night.* You cannot be more so than I am.

*Lat.* Indeed! this conduct, Mr. Manlove, is so opposite to all that I expected from you, that I'm cast into astonishment. Upon what reasons, or from what caprice you've chose to take it up I know not; natural it cannot be to any man. However, sir, I'll take you at your word, and, for a moment, will suppose you more welcome in this house than you really are, and leave you in possession of it.

*J. Night.* Come, come, well off! I've bolted her at last. 'Fore George, I begin to be tired of my plumes: Every man's best in his own coat and his own character: Plain Jack, and the country, would have suited me better: There are so many demands upon a fine gentleman, that nobody but a fine gentleman can tell how to avoid them.

*Enter GREGORY.*

*Greg.* Ah! Master Jacky, keep close. Yonder's your old dad at the street door in a notable primmury.

*J. Night.* Death and the devil! how shall I break pasture without his seeing me?

*Greg.* Never fear it; he has a job upon his hands will tether him for one while. Egad, I hope they'll treat him with a ducking.

*J. Night.* What is the matter?

*Greg.* Nay, nothing out of course; he has crack'd the newsman's noddle for winding his horn in his ear; he pretends to have delicate nerves, you know; and

so the fellow rais'd a mob upon him, that has drove him into cover, and they are now baying the old buck at the door. Ay, yonder he is; you must keep close till he's off his stand.

*J. Night.* Have an eye upon the door—I hope they will scare him soundly; it may save your scull and nine many a hard pelt. But, Gregory, who is this fine madam I've been talking to? Lawyer Dibble, sure, has not put me on a wrong scent: They introduced her to me as Miss Fairfax; are there two Miss Fairfaxes, as well as two Mr. Manlove's?—a false one, and a true one?

*Greg.* What shall I say now?—Oh, yes, there are two ladies of that name; but this is only a cousin of the other; a kind of hanger-on in the family.

*J. Night.* A hanger-on, do you say?—Keep your eye upon the door—Why, she's better dress'd, and a finer woman than her I'm in pursuit of.

*Greg.* Ay, ay, but yours has the fortune; Dibble's Miss Fairfax is the girl for your purpose.

*J. Night.* But where is Dibble and his Miss Fairfax? I have danc'd attendance here a pretty while; what am I to think of all this?

*Greg.* What are you to think of it? why, I'll tell you; this young lady, d'ye see—Now don't you go about, Master Jacky, and say that I told you, but this young lady here, that you have been to, is—Hark, sure your father's coming.

*J. Night.* I hear his foot upon the stairs; my bones ach at the sound of it.

*Greg.* Quick, quick, down the back stairs, and away for your life; so, so; that's well.

[*Exit J. Night.*

*Enter Mr. ANDREW NIGHTSHADE.*

*A. Night.* Why, Gregory, rascal, hangdog! what's become of you? run quickly down, and drive those bawling fellows from the gate.

*Greg.* A herd of wolves as soon; they'll eat me up alive. O lack-a-day, sir, you know little of a London mob.

*A. Night.* Go down I tell you, sirrah, and disperse them.

*Greg.* Why, sir, 'tis more than my Lord Mayor can do: There's a man knock'd o' the head they say; and till there's another or two to keep him company, they'll never be at rest—Leave them to fight it out.

*A. Night.* Leave them! why, blockhead, it is me they follow: Nothing else should have driven me into this house again.

*Greg.* O Gemini, have you been knock'd o' the head?

*A. Night.* Why no, you fool, 'tis I have done the mischief; but the most patient man alive could not do less.

*Greg.* Nay, sir, if you have been playing the same tune upon their noddles, as you do upon mine, these London sculls won't bear it; they are as brittle as a Shrewsbury cake.

*Enter STAPLETON.*

*Stap.* Hey-day! friend Andrew, what is all this noise and outcry?

*A. Night.* I think the devil's in the people, you shall hear—As I was coming down the street, in meditation on the parson's pidgeon-house; a rascally scaramouch, in a short jerkin, with a cap and feather on his noddle, winds me a damn'd blast on his horn, point blank into my ear, flourishing his newspapers full in my face at the same time: Now as there are no two things on earth I hate like newspapers and noises; so I could not well avoid giving him a gentle remembrance with my cane upon his crown: The casket gave a cursed crack, and down tumbled the politician: Instantly the raggamuffins collected, and I took refuge here in your court-yard.

*Stap.* Nay, if you have silenc'd the Morning Post, you had better have dragg'd the speaker out of his coach, and beat his brains out with the mace. Do you consider how many enemies you make by stopping the circulation of abuse? 'tis as necessary to the city as the circulation of cash.

*A. Night.* Go down I tell you, fellow, and make up the matter with a dram; 'tis as much as any newspaper head is worth in the kingdom; bid him not talk of damages; if my cane has split his scull, 'tis no more than his plaguy post-horn did by mine; He was the aggressor.

*Stap.* Hark'e, you'll find the matter settled, but it

will not be amiss to frighten him a little; you know how to manage it. [*Aside to Greg.*]

*Greg.* Most daintily I warrant you. [*Exit Greg.*]

*Enter Mrs. STAPLETON and LÆTITIA.*

*Læt.* O, Mr. Nightshade, here's a piece of work!—this comes of being in a passion.

*Mrs. Stap.* A sober citizen, a pains-taking industrious soul—

*Læt.* A father of a family—eight helpless babes—I fear you've given him his last blow—Dear sir, assist us! [*Aside.*]

*A. Night.* Last blow! what matters that, when he gave me the first!

*Mrs. Stap.* Well, well, Heaven knows, but anger is a frightful thing; it turns a man into a fury. Defend me, I say, from a passionate man!

*A. Night.* And yet, madam, give me leave to tell you, you are enough to make one: Is it nothing to have our nerves lacerated, our whole fabrick shook to atoms by these horrid noises! The law should provide against such nuisances.

*Stap.* The law regards breaking of heads as the greater nuisance of the two—But here comes Gregory—Well, what has become of the postman?

*Enter GREGORY.*

*Greg.* He has sounded his last horn! You may sleep in quiet for the future. I tendered him the

dram your honour was so good to offer ; but his teeth are closed, he can't accept your favour.

*Mrs. Stap.* O horril le, you've kill'd the man !

*Stap.* What say the standers-by on the occacion ?

*Greg.* They give him an extraordinary character ; they say he delivered a hand bill, and sounded a post horn better than any man in all the bills of mortality.

*Lat.* Thanks to Mr. Nightshade, he is likely to make a figure in the bills of mortality still—did you see the wound ?

*Greg.* A perilous gash ! I'd not have such a star in my forehead to be the richest alderman in the city of London.

*A. Night.* 'Tis a pity but he had been one, for then his horns might have warded off the blow.

*Greg.* If I was your honour I would be looking out for the crowner ; it will be well done to touch him pretty handsomely before he calls a quest upon the body.

*Stap.* Has the gentleman thought of any witnesses ?

*Greg.* You must have a steady set to prevent accidents, unprejudic'd, impartial men, that were not present at the affair, these people will never do. For my part, if you think of subpænying me, you are a lost man ; if I was once to shew this head of mine in open court, you would be condemned on the face of it.

*A. Night.* Hold your tongue, rascal, I don't believe a word you say : I'll go down and be satisfied with my own eyes.



*Stap.* Hold, hold, friend Andrew, I'll not suffer it; they'll tear you piecemeal: stay where you are, and let me see if I can't quiet them; they know me and will credit what I tell them. If it is as Gregory says I'll send him to the hospital; we'll save him, if it's possible.

*A. Night.* Thank you, Master Stapleton, thank you heartily. That's friendly howsoever. [*Exit Stap.*]

*Lat.* [*To Mrs. Stap.*] Dear madam, follow Mr. Stapleton, and persuade him not to let him off; he must be made to feel.

*Mrs. Stap.* I think he should, and will leave him in your hands. [*Exit.*]

*Lat.* Ah, Mr. Nightshade, will you never be brought off from this unhappy temper? You see the dismal effects of it; you feel them; I perceive you do. Your compunction is severe; I pity you—your situation brings the tears into my eyes.

*A. Night.* It's more than it does into mine; I tell you it is all a collusion to extort money? and this rogue of mine falls in with the plot. Stapleton will tell another story.

*Lat.* I am afraid not; prepare yourself for the worst, and consider what atonement you can make to a disconsolate widow.

*A. Night.* Spare your pity, young madam, you don't yet know how easy most widows are to be comforted.

*Greg.* To be sure, madam, his honour is in the right to bear up as they say, but it will be a trepan at least. The china riveter at next door is a knowing man in

fractures, and he says his scull will never ring well again so long as it is a scull. Oh, sir, what will poor dear Master Jacky think of this? He's in the country, lord love him, and little dreams of this mishap; I fear 'twill break his heart.

*A. Night.* Hold your tongue, you blockhead. Well, Mr. Stapleton, you've seen the man.

*Re-enter STAPLETON.*

*Stap.* I've seen the man, and pacified the mob.

*A. Night.* That's well; and it all proves a false alarm?

*Stap.* I wish I could say so—but we must hope the best.

*A. Night.* How! what! sure he is not in danger? This fellow's report I did not regard; your's alarms me.

*Stap.* Compose yourself, however; the symptoms indeed, are unpromising, but I have put him into good hands; he is convey'd to the London Hospital.—Be a man; I am sorry to see you so uneasy

*Læt.* Dear sir, 'tis natural; the worst of men have moments of compunction; it is not to be supposed that Mr. Nightshade, though fatally addicted to passion, is totally devoid of human feelings.

*A. Night.* I beg you'll be so kind as to leave me; I should wish to have a minute's recollection. Gregory, you may stay. *[He retires to the back scene.]*

*Stap.* Lætitia, I begin to pity him.

*Læt.* Have patience: let him chew the cud of re-

fection. Remorse, sometimes, like an advertising quack, will make great commotion in a man's constitution; but repentance is the regular physician, which by slow but steady means, conducts the patient to his cure.

[*Exeunt Stapleton and Lætitia.*]

*A. Night.* Gregory!

*Greg.* Your honour—How sanctified he looks! as who should say, Gregory, give me a good word on my trial.

*A. Night.* I'm thinking, Gregory, of this accident.

*Greg.* Well, sir, and how do you like it?

*A. Night.* Why, I'm in hopes it will blow over; I think they'll hardly prosecute, and if the worst should happen, they can make nothing of it, but chance-medley or manslaughter; nothing else, Gregory: so there's little to fear from the law. But as I am a man, who have always enforced the law against other people, d'ye observe me, and consequently made enemies amongst the wicked; I should think, honest Gregory, you might stand in my place, and I'd be sure to bring you off, and reward you into the bargain.

*Greg.* Lord, sir, a trifle! I shou'd be proud of being hang'd in the service of so good a master; but I'm afraid there were too many people present, and 'twould be gross presumption to suppose any body cou'd mistake me for your honour.

*A. Night.* Why certainly that is a hard pill to swallow; but what is to be done?

*Greg.* Make over your estate to Master Jacky, and fly your country: what if I run to the French walk,

and take you a passage in the Boulogne packet ? I may be in time to secure the cabin before any other malefactor has taken a birth in it.

*A. Night.* Malefactor ! pr'ythee let me hear no more of your advice, it is but wasting time ; I must have better counsel ; and tho' brother Manlove has not pleased me in the matter of the pigeon-house, yet he's a good man in the main, and understands his business ; run to him, d'ye hear, and desire him to repair here directly, upon a pressing concern ; I know he'll not refuse assistance when I really want him.

*Greg.* I'll go directly—This is lucky. [*Aside.*]

*A. Night.* And d'ye mind, leave me to open the affair to him ; say nothing of the accident.

*Greg.* No to be sure ; a likely matter, truly. [*Exit.*]

*A. Night.* I wish I had not smote him quite so hard ; and yet I shou'd have thought no mischief cou'd have follow'd ; I've struck that clod-pate twice as hard, a hundred and a hundred times ; 'tis that hath spoilt my hand : it is surprising what some heads will bear ; I would I was with my poor boy in the country ; what evil genius brought me up to this curst scene of mischief and mischance : Dear fortune, rescue me from this one scrape, and let me scramble out of the next as I can. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* LÆTITIA, followed by CHARLES MANLOVE.

*Lat.* Now, sir, be pleas'd to favour me with your commands.

*Ch. Man.* I am to solicit you in the behalf of Mr. Manlove, that he may be allow'd the honour of making himself known to you.

*Læt.* This is done already: I am no stranger to Mr. Manlove, believe me.

*Ch. Man.* So, so: she has discovered me—[*Aside.*] Well, madam, if Mr. Manlove is already known to you in his assumed character, may he not hope to improve that acquaintance in his real one?

*Læt.* The character he has assumed, I must fairly own to you, gives me no favourable opinion of his real one: the shallow devices he made use of to impose on my understanding, when he thought himself secure from a discovery, betray a disingenuous mind; and I must believe, that no man would descend from the character of a gentleman, who was not wanting in the requisites that go to the support of it.

*Ch. Man.* I've made myself a precious blockhead: This mummery of the painter has disgusted her.

[*Aside.*]

*Læt.* As to his pretended taste for painting, I will not affect more skill than I possess, but I will venture to say, that either he is ignorant of the art, or presumes upon my being so.

*Ch. Man.* I'm fairly trapp'd: I must be prating of what I did not understand—[*Aside* ]—I will not offer much in Mr. Manlove's behalf, madam; but as to his skill in painting, you will be pleas'd to consider him not as a professor, but a lover only of the art.

*Læt.* A lover, sir! that is the last character I shou'd wish to consider Mr. Manlove in.

*Ch. Man.* I perfectly understand you, Miss Fairfax: you have said enough: Mr. Manlove understands you: I believe I need not explain myself any farther.

*Læt.* No, the case is perfectly clear; and I flatter myself you think I have been explicit on my part.

*Ch. Man.* There can be no complaint on that score. Nothing now remains for Mr. Manlove, but to lay aside, as soon as he is able, every thought, each hope that had Miss Fairfax for its object.

*Læt.* 'Twill be much for my repose.

*Ch. Man.* Rely upon it, then, your repose shall never be disturb'd by Mr. Manlove; never—Adieu.

[*Goes out.*]

*Læt.* Your servant—He's piqued, and it becomes him.

*Ch. Man* [*Returns.*] If ever you see him here again, say I have deceiv'd you—let me bear the blame: your most obedient:

*Læt.* Good day—I shall depend upon you.

*Ch. Man.* Set you mind at rest; I'll die before I break my word: your servant. [*Exit.*]

*Læt.* [*Alone.*] How wou'd this man plead in his own cause! Ah, why wou'd fortune not concert with nature, and either give the wealth of Manlove to his merits; or purchase out his merits to bestow on Manlove's wealth?

*Enter LUCY hastily.*

*Lucy.* Where can this provoking cloak be laid?

Every thing is in train, and there is not a moment to be lost—Ah!

[Screams.

*Læt.* Lucy! whither away so fast?

*Lucy.* I declare I did not see you, madam; I thought you was in your own room.

*Læt.* But where are you running to, child?

*Lucy.* Only stepping out a little way.

*Læt.* Stepping out! whither?

*Lucy.* To my brother Dibble's.

*Læt.* For what?

*Lucy.* Upon a little family business, that's all. I cou'd have sworn you had been with your gentleman in the painting-room.

*Læt.* My gentleman! who is it you call my gentleman?

*Lucy.* Humph—I'll show her that I am in her secrets; it will keep her out of mine. [*Aside.* I thought you was with Mr. Manlove; I left you together.

*Læt.* Mr. Manlove! what is this you tell me?

*Lucy.* Nay, madam, don't be alarm'd, I am no tell-tale; and though I knew Mr. Manlove in his painter's character, nobody shall be the wiser for me, I assure you.

*Læt.* As sure as can be it is so! what a discovery! [*aside*] Well, Lucy, I find you are in the secret; you know the real Mr. Manlove, but pray tell me who is the pretended one? I have been deceived at Mr. Manlove's house, and visited there, by a young man who calls himself Manlove: Who is he?

*Lucy.* Oh, dear ma'am, don't you know him?—I wish I don't get into a scrape; but there is no going

back—[*Aside.*]—It is young Mr. Nightshade out of the country, ma'am; he is come up incog, and is afraid his father shall discover him, that's all.

*Læt.* Is that all? I sha'n't take your word for that. I suspect there is more in the plot than you have related. If this young man is afraid of being seen by his father, what brings him hither? Answer me that.

*Lucy.* Madam, I—I—I can't tell what brings him hither.

*Læt.* Lucy, don't equivocate; for I will know. I saw him leave the house just now with your brother; you are following in great haste, upon family business you pretend; but I suspect upon no fair errand. Confess to me, for you shall not stir to your brother's 'till you do.

*Lucy.* As you will for that, madam, but I cannot endure to be suspected, and I will confess to you when I have done crying [*Weeps.*]

*Læt.* Do so, you had best.

*Lucy.* Why then you must know, that Mr. Manlove—that is—I mean Mr. Nightshade, that calls himself Mr. Manlove, is fallen monstrously in love with—

*Læt.* With whom?

*Lucy.* Me, madam.—Vain creature! I know she thought it was herself. [*Aside.*]

*Læt.* And you believed him, did you?

*Lucy.* Yes, madam, I believed him.

*Læt.* Well, and what did he do then?

*Lucy.* Nay, nothing, madam, that's all.

*Læt.* Come, come, Lucy, but I know it is not all:



You have given him your company, as you call it, have you not? and you are now going to meet him at your brother's, are you not?

*Lucy.* No—yes—but if I am, it's all in fair and honest way of courtship: Oh, if he was to go for to offer any thing unhandsome to me, I should tear his eyes out. Nobody can say I have the least speck or flaw, no not so big as the point of a pin, on my reputation. It would be the death of me—I would sooner part from my life than my virtue; he has promised—

*Lat.* What has he promised?

*Lucy.* To marry me.

*Lat.* Marry you! ridiculous.

*Lucy.* Ay, I knew the jealous thing could not bear that; she will burst with envy. [*Aside.*]

*Lat.* Hark'e, Lucy; I commend you for the honesty of your confession, run into my chamber; Mr. Stapleton is coming this way, and will interrupt us: Compose yourself, and we will talk over the affair at leisure. [*Exit Lucy.*] Happy, happy-revolution! What a ridiculous *malentendu* had I fallen into! O how deliciously I will torture this fine gentleman-painter for his contrivances. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE and DIBBLE.*

*Dibble.*

COME along, 'squire, the lady is expecting you at my apartment. Every thing is in train, and 'twill be

your own fault now if you are not the happiest man in England.

*J. Night.* Hold a moment, Dibble, hold! My brother's coming, and I can't resist the pleasure of a little natural exultation.

*Dib.* Perverse, vexatious! Are you mad? By heavens you'll lose the lady—and what is worse, by heavens she'll lose the gentleman! [*Aside.*]

*Enter CHARLES MANLOVE.*

*Ch. Man.* So, Jack, I hope your frolic is at an end: you've been disorderly in your cups I find.

*J. Night.* Where did you hear that?

*Ch. Man.* Where I least wish'd to hear it; at Mr. Stapleton's; Miss Fairfax told me.

*J. Night.* Miss Fairfax told you, did she so? Miss Fairfax was not very angry when she told you, I should guess: You did not find me greatly out of favour, did you?

*Ch. Man.* In truth I had so little occasion to boast of my own reception, Jack, that I did not give much attention to what she said of you.

*J. Night.* That is honestly confessed however: So your reception was but cold, and you have dropp'd all thoughts of a connexion, I suppose?

*Ch. Man.* Entirely: I've received my peremptory dismissal.

*J. Night.* Poor Charles! you are dismissed? Your person, genius, equipage, estate, all stand you in no stead? Another is preferred before you—perhaps

some country booby like myself; and don't you wish you knew the happy man?

*Ch. Man.* Not I.

*Dib.* What are you at? you'll ruin all.

*J. Night.* I shall burst if I don't tell him—Brother, I believe I could direct you to the man that has done all the mischief,

*Ch. Man.* I give you credit, Jack, for that: I do believe you've done me all the mischief in your power.

*J. Night.* Who, I? Oh dear, you flatter me; a country whelp supplant a travel'd gentleman like you? impossible—and yet—

*Ch. Man.* What yet?

*J. Night.* This witness on my finger here would stagger some folks; I am apt to think Miss Fairfax means to wear it in good time.

*Ch. Man.* A wedding ring! you must excuse me, Jack; I want credulity for that.

*J. Night.* Just as you please; I bought it for her wearing, and measured her finger for that purpose, and did intend, with the parson's help, to put it on with that design.

*Dib.* Will nothing stop your mouth? By heavens I'll throw the matter up. [*Aside to J. Night.*

*Ch. Man.* You! you marry Miss Lætitia Fairfax!

*Dib.* Dear 'squire be persuaded, and come away.

[*Aside to J. Night.*

*J. Night.* Hold your tongue, I tell you—I, I, and not the ingenious, learned, travel'd Mr. Manlove;

here's a witness that will vouch for what I say. [*Dib. offers to go.*] Where are you running?—come back. Tell my brother what you know of Miss Fairfax's partiality for a certain, insignificant, ignorant fellow, called Jack Nightshade.

*Dib.* For shame, sir, you should not talk of lady's favours.

*Ch. Man.* Your friend is cautious you perceive.

*J. Night.* Hang him, he's so by habit; he's a lawyer—but speak out: You are come to fetch me to Miss Fairfax, and Miss Fairfax is at your lodgings, and I am to be the lady's husband, and the bill is a true bill, is it not?

*Dib.* It is.

*Ch. Man.* Errors excepted—You forgot your caution. This can never be. Hark'e, sir; a little cross-examination if you please.

*J. Night.* As much of that as you think proper. He's used to that sport; he'll dodge like a rabbit in a warren.

*Ch. Man.* You say the lady is at your lodgings: Answer me, what lady?

*Dib.* Sir, I believe—what lady?—that's your question—what lady is at my lodgings?

*Ch. Man.* Ay, sir, without equivocation.

*Dib.* Well, sir, I am not upon oath in this business; nor am I obliged to ascertain the identity of people's persons; but the lady at my lodgings I take to be Miss Fairfax.

*J. Night.* Does that satisfy you? Brother, I

thank you for your coat; it has made an impression you perceive.

*Ch. Man.* Have a little patience—You take her to be Miss Fairfax? describe her person.

*Dib.* I never meddled with her person, sir; that's not for me to do.

*Ch. Man.* Is she fair complexioned?

*Dib.* I think so.

*J. Night.* I can't say I do.

*Ch. Man.* Light hair, or dark?

*Dib.* My eyes are none of the best, but I think Miss Fairfax's hair is white.

*J. Night.* Black as a crow, by Jupiter.

*Ch. Man.* Tall, or short?

*Dib.* I never measured her, but I take her to be tall.

*J. Night.* Death and the devil, why you're drunk! Fair, tall, light-hair'd! why she is a little, dapper, dusky damsel, with a poll as black as——

*Ch. Man.* Hark'ee, sir, a word in your ear. [*To Dib.*

*Dib.* Blown, as I hope to be a judge! [*Aside.*

*Ch. Man.* You have a sister answers this description: You're discovered and a villain. [*Aside to Dib.*

*J. Night.* Hold, hold, no closseting of witnesses.

*Dib.* Good sir be not offended. Mr. Nightshade first borrowed your name, and my sister to keep up the jest, made free with that of Miss Fairfax—nothing but a frolic.

*Ch. Man.* What do you tell me? did my brother take my name in any interview with Miss Fairfax.

*Dib.* Certainly, sir; she calls him Mr. Manlove at this moment.

*Ch. Man.* Away; your news has saved your ears; away,

*Dib.* 'Egad we are all blown up: I must go and tell Lucy to make her peace. [Exit.

*J. Night.* How now; what's this? Hallo! where's Dibble running?

*Ch. Man.* Your humble servant, Mr. Manlove—— Take my name, my credit from me, Jack? It is too much. You must be saved however.

*J. Night.* I must be satisfied. Is this fair dealing? where is Dibble gone?

*Ch. Man.* Let him go where he will, he has made a fool of you.

*J. Night.* Yes, but I'm not a fool to take your word for that; so let me pass.

*Ch. Man.* Nay, Jack, but hear reason——

*J. Man.* Yes, and while you are reasoning, I shall lose the lady.

*Ch. Man.* I say the lady; have a care she does not prove the lady's maid.

*J. Night.* The maid! ah, brother, I'm too cunning to take that upon trust. You have raised my curiosity however, and I will know the truth—So let me go, for go I will, and that's enough. [Exit.

*Ch. Man.* A match, we'll start together. My happiness is sure as much concern'd in this discovery as you's.

## SCENE II.

STAPLETON'S House. Enter Mr. ANDREW NIGHTSHADE and Mr. MANLOVE.

*A. Knight.* I should think, brother, there's no danger but a jury will see the action in this light.

*Man.* 'Tis hard to say if juries are ticklish things; the law will look to the motives. If it shall appear that it was done not from the wickedness of the heart, but from the sudden heat of the passions, a jury will bring it in manslaughter.

*A. Night.* Well, and don't all the world know there's not a more passionate man living than myself?

*Man.* You have sometimes told me I was passionate; I never heard you say as much for yourself.

*A. Night.* But if there was no malice in the deed, how can it ever be deem'd murder?

*Man.* Malice is threefold: first, malice express; secondly, malice implied; thirdly, malice prepense: of each in their order——

*A. Night.* Pshal pr'ythee, what avails describing any, when I've none of all the three?

*Man.* Had you no quarrel then before the act?

*A. Night.* Quarrel I why no—or if I had, 'twas only a few words.

*Man.* Is that the cane you struck him with?

*A. Night.* This is the twig; I call it nothing more.

*Man.* I doubt the law will construe it a weapon of offence.

*A. Night.* And pray now was his not a weapon of offence? I believe the whole town thinks it such, of great offence: sick or well, there is no repose for those horns. What I did was in self-defence.

*Man.* I fear 'twill not be thought so. If indeed you had any wound to show, whereby the violence of the battery might be proved——

*A. Night.* Wound! why I have a wound and as bad an one as his; only mine lies within side of my head, and his without: he has broke the drum of my ears.

*Man.* What do you talk of ears? if you had been happy enough now to have lost a finger, an eye, or a fore-tooth, it would have been the loss of a defensive member, and a mayhem at common law.

*A. Night.* Well, brother, be so kind to tell me what I am to do.

*Man.* Repent.

*A. Night.* Why, so I will, provided you say nothing about the matter, and my country acquits me upon the trial; but if I am to be punished for my faults, what signifies repenting of 'em into the bargain?

*Man.* Well, Andrew, I must tell you there is yet a way of getting honourably out of this affair, provided you will bind yourself to me, never to lift your hand in wrath against a fellow-creature.

*A. Night.* Why, no, to be sure I sha'n't; I thought all skulls were as hard as Gregory's.

*Man.* Come, you must have done with Gregory's; nay, I would not alone exempt man from your fury, but beast likewise: Cruelty must not be practised in



any shape: Nature must not be wounded in any of her works. Promise me this upon the faith of an honest man, and I'll redeem you from this scrape.

*A. Night.* Look'e, brother, I am sensible of the folly of it; but as it's impossible to say where temptation may lead, there lies the fatal weapon; use it who will: I'll never take another stick in hand, till I'm obliged to go upon crutches. [*Throws down his cane.*]

*Man.* Say you so, then I'll cure your broken head in an instant. Come with me, and you shall see what dispatch I can make upon occasion.

### SCENE III.

*The Painting Room.* LÆTITIA is discovered painting; LUCY attending; a Layman placed at some distance.

*Læt.* These touches come off well; this last sitting was a good one: methinks I never was in better luck. Lucy, what say you? is it like?

*Lucy.* Like, madam! 'tis alive; 'tis Mr. Stapleton himself.

*Læt.* Is the servant gone for his clothes to dress the layman? I'll positively rub in the drapery now I'm about it. Well, child, I've turn'd this matter in my head, and I believe I must forgive you; there's no holding out against contrition: I believe your brother was to blame—So this painter then is Mr. Manlove?

*Lucy.* Yes, madam, and a lovely man he is; if you please to remember, I told you so the first moment I

saw him; so genteel, so well-bred, so perfectly the gentleman. Oh, here comes Thomas with the cloths—shall I help to put 'em on?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Læt.* So, so! that's right—let the arm fall naturally—it's very well as it is—Now turn the layman with its side to me—no, t' other way—a little more. Stay, let me do it myself. Now stand away—that's it.

*Serv.* Have you any further commands, madam?

*Læt.* No—yes. If the young gentleman who was with me this morning should call again, shew him up hither.

*Serv.* The painter?

*Læt.* Yes, the painter, as you call him.

*Serv.* Madam, he is this moment come into the court-yard.

*Læt.* Indeed! then do as I bid you. [*Exit Ser.*] So, so, he has found out the mistake as well as myself.

*Lucy.* Pray, madam, give me leave to go and show Mr. Manlove hither.

*Læt.* Do so, Lucy, do so—What a flutter am I in!—but, hark'ee, don't give him any intimation that I know him. [*Exit Lucy.*] This is happy! I am such a gainer by this revolution, that I cannot find in my heart to be angry with the girl—That ever I should be the bubble of so gross an imposition! Hark; he's coming. I'll pretend to be at work! though I am so confused I don't know one colour from another. O heavens, how charmingly he looks!

*Enter CHARLES MANLOVE.*

*Ch. Man.* I ask a thousand pardons: I intreat I mayn't disturb you.

*Læt.* Oh, sir, don't mention it. You see I use no ceremony.

*Ch. Man.* You're infinitely obliging. I have ventur'd once again, Miss Fairfax, to intrude upon your patience.

*Læt.* As often as you please? you're always welcome here. Come hither—I must have your judgment. How do you like what I have done?

*Ch. Man.* All that you do is well; but you'll forgive me, I am full of other thoughts, and wish to lose no moment of this happy opportunity.

*Læt.* Pish! I must have you flatter me: Sit down—This drapery puzzles me—Sit down, I say: Your modern habits are so stiff. How shall I manage it? Come, take the chalk—nay, no excuse. Though you are so smartly drest, you absolutely must assist me.

*Ch. Man.* I beg to be excus'd: my happiness is staked upon this crisis: my heart is full and must have vent.

*Læt.* How can you be so tiresome? Now you are going upon the old topic, Mr. Manlove.

*Ch. Man.* I must confess it is of him that I would speak.

*Læt.* Fye, fye upon you! call to mind your promise. Hold—suppose I throw aside this ugly brown and gold, and put him in a fancy dress: What say you?

*Ch. Man.* Nothing : for I am nothing : I have no art, no faculty of painting ; I am an impostor. On my knees I do beseech you, forgive and hear me.

*Læt.* Pray be composed, nor let your zeal for Mr. Manlove agitate you thus. I'll save you all this trouble, by confessing freely to you, I have chang'd my mind since last we parted.

*Ch. Man.* Chang'd ! as how ?

*Læt.* As you'll be pleas'd to hear. I think of Mr. Manlove now as favourably as you yourself could wish.

*Ch. Man.* Madam——

*Læt.* I think the woman must be blest, whom such a man shall honour with his choice.

*Ch. Man.* Indeed ! I may presume then you would condescend to countenance his addresses ?

*Læt.* That's a home question ; but I think it is not easy to deny him any thing.

*Ch. Man.* I'm thunderstruck ! The boy has told me the truth ; she likes him, and I am undone.

*Læt.* What is the matter now ? You seem quite disconcerted. Is not this the very point you aim'd at ? Hav'n't I confest all that you wish'd ?

*Ch. Man.* Oh, no ! You torture me.

*Læt.* Man, restless man ! whom nothing I can do will satisfy : offended when I refuse your friend ; when I accept him, tortur'd.

*Ch. Man.* And tortur'd I must be : for know, most wretched as I am, it is not for a friend I plead, but for myself.

*Lat.* Well, sir, I'm free to say, I still abide by my confession. What you tell me shakes not my esteem for Mr. Manlove.

*Ch. Man.* Then I have lost you; for that Manlove is my younger brother, and has won you under a fictitious name: I that really own it, am discarded.

*Lat.* How purblind you long-sighted wits sometimes can be! You tell me you are Mr. Manlove; have I revok'd my opinion? You say your brother took your name; have I express'd myself in favour of Mr. Nightshade?

*Ch. Man.* O, heavens! I do begin to hope——

*Lat.* You should not puzzle me with such cross purposes. Will you be Mr. Manlove, and believe what I now say of him, or give that name to your brother, and hear me repeat what I lately said of him?

*Ch. Man.* Oh, let me be what you approve; I ask no higher blessing.

*Lat.* We are interrupted. See, your formidable rival! Oh, you have made a fine confusion——Come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE.*

*J. Night.* Hist! hark'e! brother Charles!—He won't turn back, and I dare not follow him, for fear I run into old Crusty's jaws. I am fain to go as warily in this house as if I was riding over a warren. Didli-kins! here comes the girl at last—Oh, fye upon you, miss, oh fye——

*Enter LUCY hastily.*

*Lucy.* Hush! hush! A truce to your reproaches—  
Hide yourself; your father's at my heels.

*J. Night.* My father! Drown it! what shall I do  
now?

*Lucy.* Here, get behind this laymen; stoop: stand  
close: I'll put the shutters to; I owe you that good  
turn, at least, to bring you off. Stand close!

*Enter ANDREW NIGHTSHADE.*

*A. Night.* So, so! What's doing here? Dark-  
ness at mid-day! Your servant, Mr. Stapleton; I  
see you notwithstanding; there you are: fine goings-  
on at your age. Smuggling your chambermaids in  
corners—Call you this fair trading? Oh, if your  
wife saw this!

*J. Night.* [*From behind.*] For pity's sake keep him  
off. He's coming!

*Lucy.* Where are you coming, sir? Pray leave the  
room; your company disturbs him; don't you see how  
ill he is?

*A. Night.* Poor gentleman! and so you shut out the  
light to make him better? Ay, let him lean upon you,  
comfort him; I dare be sworn he has need of it—  
Shame upon you, Master Stapleton! What, you'll  
not speak, not you. Here comes one will make you  
speak, and stir too, to some tune. Here, madam,  
here's our virtuous husband; here's a picture of mo-  
dern conjugal fidelity.

*Enter Mrs. STAPLETON.*

*Mrs. Stap.* A picture truly, for I think you're talking to nothing else. Why don't the girl open the shutters? What do you stand there for? O, ho!

[*Sees Jack.*

*Enter Mr. STAPLETON and MANLOVE.*

*Mr. Stap.* What, my old friend, conferring with the layman! Break his head, Andrew, if you please; no manslaughter can lie there. [*The window is opened.*

*A. Night.* How's this! why I protest I took it for yourself; and I was scandaliz'd to see a sober citizen in such close conference with a damsel of so great temptations.

*Man.* Come, brother, you have had one warning against anger; let this be a memento to guard against suspicion.

*A. Night.* Brother, you know I can't endure advice; I see my error; that's enough.

*Mrs. Stap.* Yes, but you don't see all; there's more behind the scenes; your greatest error, Mr. Nightshade, is not yet found out.

*A. Night.* Why, what the vengeance have we here? Come out—let's see your face. Son Jack! Furies and flames! My boy as I'm alive.

*Man.* This is judgment upon judgment.

*A. Night.* Which of you all have conjur'd up this plot? Oh, thou unutterably vile and sorry puppy! Hound, that I have bred to tear my heart out—Jack,

Jack, Jack ! for you to use me thus ; you whom I've made my boast, the staff of my old age — I would I had a staff, I'd beat your brains out with it, blockhead, so I would.

*Man.* Hold, hold, no more of that ; remember promises.

*A. Night.* And in that jacket too ! the substance of a farm laid out upon your back : sirrah, whence came that conjuror's coat, that scoundrel's livery ? Answer me.

*J. Night.* Father, 'tis none of mine ; 'tis brother Charles's.

*A. Night.* There, Mr. Manlove ! there's your pretty gentleman ! a fine account ! the corrupter of his brother.

*Stap.* Be more patient, friend Andrew.

*A. Night.* I won't be patient ; I've a father's privilege to justify my passion. Hark'e, sir, what brought you up to town ? Who seduced you hither ? I suppose the fashionable scoundrel who lent you that fool's coat.

*J. Night.* Lord love you, father, 'twas a frolic of my own ; Charles would have had me travell'd home again.

*Man.* What that like a seducer ?

*J. Night.* And so I should afore now, but that I fell into a kind of a love-suit here, with the young lady of this house.

*Mrs. Stap.* What do you say ? a love-suit !

*Stap.* With my ward, Miss Fairfax ! impossible.



*Lucy.* Ay, now comes my examination: I had best escape. [*Aside.*

*J. Night.* Hold, hold; my whole defence turns upon your testimony—Stay where you are. [*To Lucy.*

*A. Night.* Ay, let us hear; there's something in this plea: Let us hear more of the love-suit.

*J. Night.* Nay, 'twas not much of a suit neither; it was very soon over; miss was coming, Dibble got a licence, and I bought a ring.

*Stap.* Why you're beside yourself, young man!

*A. Night.* Go on! the boy speaks well, and shan't be brow-beat: hear him out.

*J. Night.* And so, as I was telling you, I should have married her out-right, if brother Charles had not thrown a spoke in my wheel.

*A. Night.* See there, see there! What say you for your favourite now? Prove what you say, my lad, and I will do you justice to the extent of my estate.

*J. Night.* Say you so, father? then it shall out: why brother Charles, you must know, had a month's mind for the lady himself; so he pretended to persuade me that I was made a fool of, and that the girl I was going to marry was not Miss Fairfax.

*A. Night.* There, there!—you hear it now from the tongue of truth and innocence: you're satisfied, I hope. I beg the lady may be sent for in.

*J. Night.* Sent for! a pretty joke; why there she stands.

*Mr. and Mrs. Stap.* Ha, ha, ha!

*A. Night.* I'm thunderstruck.

*J. Night.* And so am I ; for if it had not been for brother Charles, as sure as you are here alive, we had both been happy before now.

*A. Night.* This, this the lady ?

*J. Night.* Ay, father, that's she : I hope you like her ?

*Stap.* Lucy ! Lucy Dibble !

*Man.* The sister of my clerk !

*A. Night.* Death and the devil ! a chambermaid !

*Mrs. Stap.* Oh, you insidious hussy ! what can you say for yourself ?

*Lucy.* I am not here upon my trial, madam ; that is past, and Miss Fairfax has sign'd my pardon. As for this gentleman, if I did put a little trick upon him under my mistress's name, he paid me in my own coin, by passing himself off under his brother's. The parties represented are not present ; but let me stand at Miss Fairfax's side, and place him by Mr. Manlove, and I leave the world to decide which is the greatest impostor of the two.

*J. Night.* Oh, you abominable little vixen !

*Man.* Keep your peace, Jack, would you prove your valour on a woman ?

*A. Night.* Then by Jupiter, I'll break every bone in lawyer Dibble's skin, before this day's at an end.

*Stap.* Understand yourself, child ; the daughter of a footman is no mate for the son of a gentleman.

*A. Night.* To be sure : well said, Master Stapleton !

*Lucy.* True, sir, but the footman bred his daughter as a gentleman should, and the gentleman gave his son the education of a footman.

[*Exit.*

*Man.* Brother Andrew——

*A. Night.* Pooh!

*J. Night.* Father, that last wipe was at you.

*A. Night.* Hold your tongue, blockhead; get you home into the country, till the soil, and be a beast of burden; 'tis what nature meant you for.

*Man.* Nay, brother, blame not nature, she has done her part: 'tis you that should have till'd the soil. O Charles, you come upon a wish; your father is impatient to embrace you.

*Enter CHARLES MANLOVE.*

*Ch. Man.* Let but my father add his approbation, and my happiness shall be complete.

*Man.* He can't withhold it. Come, throw prejudice aside; let wrath and jealousy be cast far from you: look upon this youth; he is your son; you are the principle, but do you substitute the justice to confess my system has succeeded; it is possible you see to gain a knowledge of this world, and not be tainted with its wickedness.

*A. Night.* 'Tis mighty well; but for this cub of mine I'll disinherit him to the devil; I could find in my heart, to die to-morrow, for the pleasure of cutting him off with a shilling.

*J. Night.* Lord, father, in that case a little matter would content me.

*Man.* Come, come, the law has made provision against that: Jack must inherit your estate die when you will.

*A. Night.* Then I'll not die at all; I'll live for ever on purpose to plague him; I'll starve the whelp; he shall have nothing to live upon, but rain-water and pig-nuts.

*Man.* Then, Andrew, I will keep him; he shall live with me.

*A. Night.* Say you so, brother? then I'll forgive him and keep him to myself; and since you talk of knowledge of the world, I'll show him what it is: come hither, Jack; I'll go with him as far as there is water to carry us; I'll travel him to the world's end: zounds, I'll take him out of it, rather than be out-gone.

*J. Night.* Take the last stage by yourself, dear father. Farewell, uncle, good-bye, Charles!

[*Exeunt A. and J. Night.*]

*Man.* Incorrigible humourist! Come my son, and come my worthy friends: where is your amiable ward? I still have hopes this day of rancour and confusion will conclude with joy.

*Stap.* And so it shall, if my persuasion can have weight.

*Mrs. Stap.* Persuasion never fails, when inclination aids it. Look, she comes.

*Ch. Man.* And comes like hope, like spring and sunshine to the longing year, with smiles of soft complacency and love.

*Enter LÆTITIA.*

*Læt.* Ay, now your rival's gone, you think the field

your own ; but every hour will raise fresh rivals, for every hour will draw forth fresh perfections from a character like your's, and each demand the preference in our admiration and applause.

*Stap.* Well said, my girl, then there's a bargain made : What need of further words ?

*Mrs. Stap.* Fye upon you, Mr. Stapleton, you distress her ; you are too much in haste about these matters :

*Mr. Stap.* Why, Dolly, you and I concluded our matter within the week.

*Mrs. Stap.* Longer, 'twas longer : don't believe him, Lætitia.

*Læt.* Excuse me, I can readily believe that hearts so fitted for each other might unite at once by mutual attraction.

*Man.* Dost thou believe it, fair one ? then away with all delay ! not even the law, its own parent, shall be privileg'd in this case ; we'll work like shipwrights at an armament, and Dibble, as a punishment for his intrigues, shall labour double tides. If marriage ever shall regain its dignity in this degenerate age, it must be by the union of such hearts as these.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## EPILOGUE.

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WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

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*AS I'm an artist, can my skill do better,  
Than paint your pictures? for I'm much your debtor:  
I'll draw the out lines—finish at my leisure,  
A groupe like you would be a charming treasure!  
Here is my pencil, here my sketching book,  
Where for this work, I memorandums took;  
I will in full, three quarters, and profile,  
Take your sweet faces, nay, your thoughts I'll steal;  
From my good friends above, their wives and doxies,  
Down to Madame and Monsieur in the boxes;  
Now for it, sirs!—I beg from top to bottom,  
You'll keep your features fix'd 'till I have got 'em.  
First for Fine Gentlemen my fancy stretches—  
They'll be more like, the slighter are the sketches:  
Such unembodied forms invention racks;  
Pale cheeks, dead eyes, thin bodies, and long backs;  
They would be best in shades, or virgin wax.  
To make Fine Ladies like, the toil is vain,  
Unless I paint 'em o'er and o'er again:  
In frost, tho' not a flower, its charms discloses,  
They can, like hot-houses, produce their roses.  
At you, Coquettes, my pencil now takes aim!  
In love's Change-Alley playing all the game;  
I'll paint you ducklings waddling out quite lame.  
The Prude's most virtuous spite, I'll next pourtray;  
Railing at gaming—leaving private play.*

Quitting the gay bon ton, and would be witty,  
 I come to you, my Patrons in the city;  
 I like your honest, open, English looks;  
 They show too—that you well employ your cooks!  
 Have at you now—Nay, Mister—pray don't stir,  
 Hold up your head, your fat becomes you, sir;  
 Leer with your eyes—as thus—now smirk—well done!  
 You're ogling, sir—a haunch of venison.  
 Some of your fickle Patriots I shall pass,  
 Such brittle beings, will be best on glass.  
 Courtiers, with looks that's meant your thoughts to  
     smother;  
 Hands fixt on one thing—eyes upon another;  
 For politicians, I have no dark tints,  
 Such clouded brows are fine for wooden prints.  
 To distant climes if modern Jasons roam,  
 And bring the Golden Fleece with curses home,  
 I'll blacken them with Indian ink—but then  
 My hands, like theirs, will ne'er be clean again.  
 Though last, not least in love, I come to \* you!  
 And 'tis with raptures, nature's sons I view;  
 With warmest tints shall glow your jolly faces,  
 Joy, love, and laughter, there have fix'd their places,  
 Free from weak nerves, bon-ton, ennui, and foreign  
     graces.  
 I'll tire you now no more with pencil strictures;  
 I'll copy these—next week send home your pictures.

\* To the galleries.

THE END.













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