



Class PR 3605

Book N4T7  
1677

Office

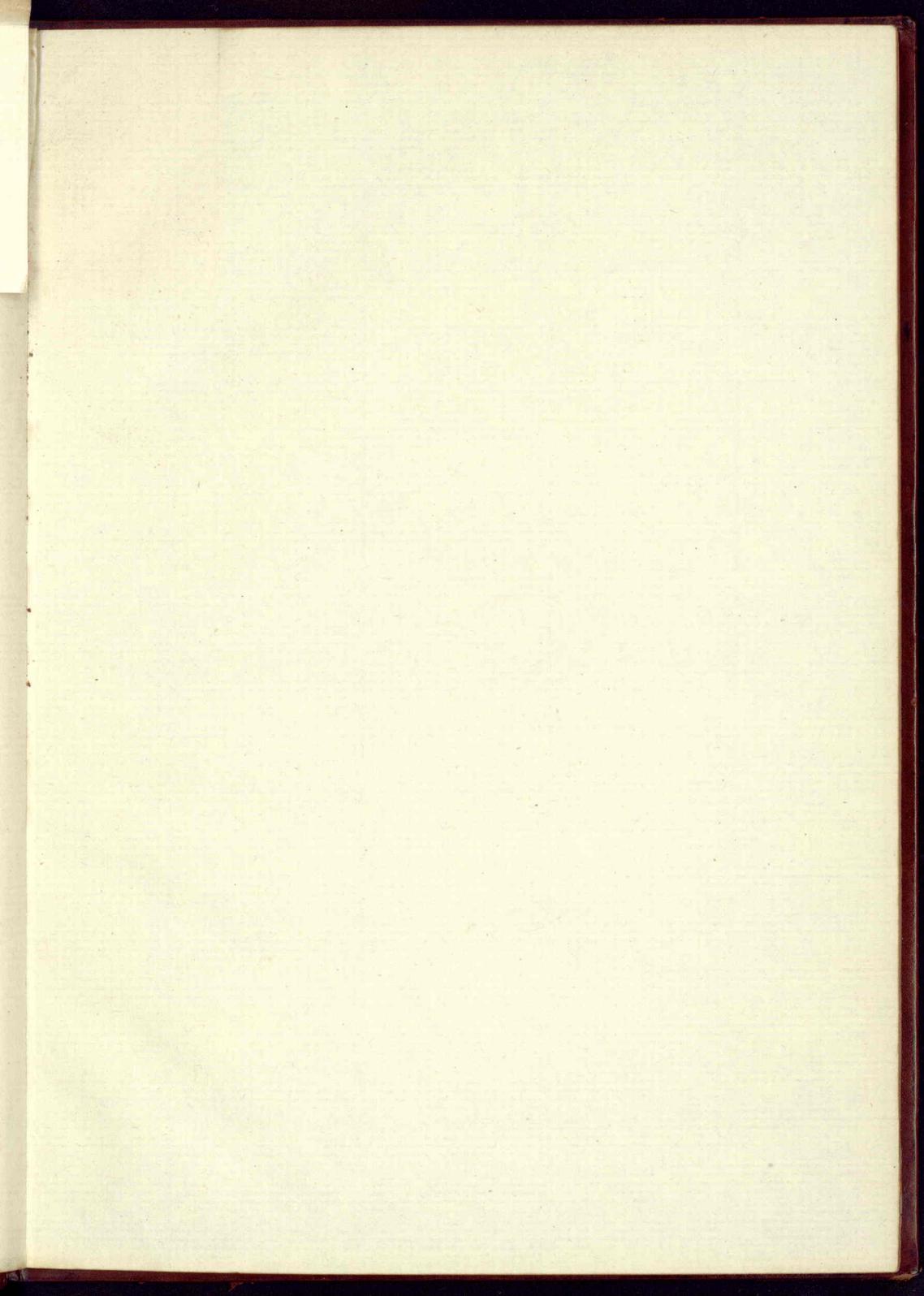
41

5/15/9

Statoplice  
N.S.

Newcastle  
N.S.







Licensed

Nov 27 1876

Roger L. F. H. H. H.

---

Licensed,

Novemb. 27. 1676.

*Roger L'Estrange.*

---

THE  
Triumphant Widow,

OR THE  
MEDLEY of HUMOURS.

A  
COMEDY,

Acted by HIS  
ROYAL HIGHNESS'S  
SERVANTS.

---

Written by

His Grace the DUKE of Newcastle.

Will. Cavendish.

---

THE LONDON,

Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of  
the Blew Anchor in the Lower-Walk of the  
New-Exchange, 1677.

# Dramatis Personæ.

Lady Haughty,	<i>The Triumphant Widow.</i>
Isabella,	<i>Her Kinswoman.</i>
Nan,	<i>Lady Haughty's Woman.</i>
Mall,	<i>The Chamber-maid.</i>
Cicely,	<i>The Dairy-maid.</i>
Margaret,	<i>Another Chamber-maid.</i>
Codhead,	<i>A Coxcomb.</i>
Crambo,	<i>His Friend an Heroick Poet.</i>
Justice Spoilwit,	{ <i>A foolish old Justice much</i>
	{ <i>affected with clinching.</i>
Sir John Noddy,	{ <i>An arch Wag, a Coxcomb full</i>
	{ <i>of Monkey-tricks.</i>
Doctor.	
John,	<i>The Cook.</i>
James,	<i>The Butler.</i>
Gervas,	<i>The Grange-man.</i>
Fidlers.	
Footpad <i>three more,</i>	<i>Rogues.</i>
Constable, Officers.	
Rabble of Men and Women.	

146872 W 1894 PR 3605  
T 27  
T 17  
This Grace the DUKE of Newcastle.

LONDON  
THE

Printed by J. M. for H. Thackeray, at the sign of  
the Blue Anchor in the lower-Walk of the  
New-Exchange 1877

(1)

THE  
Triumphant Widow,  
OR THE  
MEDLEY of HUMORS.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

---

*Enter Footpad with four more Rogues.*

*Footpad.* NATURE never contriv'd so fit a place for the Retreat of Rogues as this, where we have found a Cave the Sun never saw, where we have our Lodging and Tying-room; for your compleat Rogue must shift as often as your Player: I hate a Fool that will set up upon single stealing, any Block-head may do't.

1 *Rogue.* Well said, Noble Captain *Footpad*, you are a brave Rogue Commander both of Courage and Conduct.

2 *Rogue.* And truly we have rob'd as comfortably under you, as ever we did under any man.

3 *Rogue.* We were once sixteen of a Company, but this vile staple Commodity of Hemp has snatch'd away a dozen of the Number.

4 *Rogue.* But, Captain, this place is better than you think, for hard by here lives a wealthy Widow, young and handfom, she keeps a noble House, and has many Suitors, and a vast Refort of Gentry coming daily to her House, there will be prey enough for us.

*Footpad.* I know't, good Sir, I did not chuse this place for nothing: well the Trade of Rogues, a noble Trade, and thrives with many Professions; sometimes Rogue appears like a Gentleman, then Rogue walks like a great Man; but is in-

B

deed

deed very like a Lawyer; sometimes he is like a Scholar, but indeed they are most like Fools.

4 *Rogue*. Oh! but Rogue is very like a Politician Captain.

2 *Rogue*. And like a Courtier too i'faith.

3 *Rogue*. But is indeed the same with a Citizen.

*Footpad*. Indeed it fits all Trades, and Country-men; the Souldier's poor without it; the Gamester cannot live without it.

1 *Rogue*. Seamen may scape it; for I have heard they are very conscientious.

2 *Rogue*. O yes, especially Pirates.

*Footpad*. Oh! but Rogue fits an Attorney admirably, it sticks to him like his green Wax, the Attorney is married to't till death them depart: in short, Mankind is one great, very great Rogue.

*All*. Ah, brave Captain.

2 *Rogue*. Well said, noble Captain.

*Footpad*. But Roguing will not last long in one shape, I must shift like a Cameleon upon every occasion; for my Charter of Rogue allows me the freedom of using of all Trades and Callings.

3 *Rogue*. Truly, Captain, you can appear in any Profession, 'tis a great mercy you were well bred; for none but a man of good Breeding could have made so good a Rogue.

*Footpad*. I am beholden to my Parents for that, truly they did breed me very well, rest their Souls, they were both slain at *Tyburn*, I heard 'em there at *Good people take warning*, but I had more Grace than to take it, but for my first transformation, I mean to turn Pedler, for I have left a Pedler fast asleep under a Hedge, I have stolen his Pack, and bound him, and now I am set up.

1 *Rogue*. How will you dispose of us?

*Footpad*. Be gone to your retreat, when craft is to be used I'll do't my self, when violence you shall assist me.

4 *Rogue*. But, good Captain, let us comfort and confirm our selves with the Catch you made upon our Vocation of Thieving, before we go.

*Footpad*. Come on.

They

They sing.

*Since ev'ry Profession's become a lewd Cheat,  
And the little, like fish, are devour'd by the great ;  
Since all Mankind use to rob one another ;  
Since the Son robs the Father, the Brother the Brother ;  
Since all sorts of men such Villains will be,  
When all the World plays the Rogue, why should not we ?*

*All.* Ah brave Captain.  
Ah noble Captain.  
Ah brave Captain.

*Enter Gervas and Cicely, with another Maid.*

*Footpad.* Let's away, I'll to my Pack, here come Customers, that young Wench will be overjoy'd at the sight of a Pedler.

[*Ex. Footpad with Rogues.*

*Gervas.* Sweet *Cicely*, how long have you intosticated me? I never was good Market man since I had honestly a mind to your body, that's the truth on't.

*Cicely.* How can I help that? I never did any thing to you in my life, not I.

*Gervas.* You look so sweetly upon me, you make my mouth water extremely, therefore if you like me so, if not, tell me; for would I might ne're stir, I'll not be so mudled again for all your Dairy, with all the product of Cream, Custard, and Sullibubs, not I.

*Cicely.* Truly, *Gervas*, I cannot love.

*Gervas.* Love, why thou art a lusty Wench, and that will provoke thee, Love is nothing but being lusty, the rest is twittle twattle: they say Love is a Boy, by the Mass I think Love is a Girl by that: it may be you young Wenches think Love is a Boy, you love Boys too well to the disgrace of Beards. Ah consider, you know not what a man is, I would fain have you know me, there is pith, there is pith in a man, and that thou shalt find to thy cost, if thou'lt but marry me, by the Mass.

*Cicely.* Why, *Gervas*, I must think of it.

*Gervas.* Nay if you think of it, or I either, we shall never do't; let us marry first, and think of it afterwards, as most do: why, *Cicely*, I will give you a white Fustian Waistcoat, and a brave Stamel Petticoat, regarded with black Velvet.

*Cicely.* Guarded sure you mean, *Gervas*.

*Gervas.* Guarded, pish that's but one Guard, and regarded is two, at the least, you have no Language or Expression. You are no Scholar, *Cicely*, one is the Singular Number, and two is the Plural, Oh a Grammarian is a fine thing, I will give you three, that's the Plural Number indeed.

*Cicely.* I thank you, *Gervas*; but what must I give you again?

*Gervas.* A little thing that shall cost thee nothing, *Cicely*, Oh for a blessed Pedler, if it be thy will; for there are more Wenches won, with their Trinkets, than with any we have about us; mas's wifh and have. Look where he is, peace.

*Enter Footpad like a Pedler.*

*Footpad sings.*

*Come, Maids, what is it that you lack?*  
*I have many a fine knack*  
*For you in my Pedler's Pack.*  
*Your Sweet hearts then kindly smack,*  
*If they freely will present you,*  
*And with Trinkets will content you.*

*Cicely.* Oh rare, how rarely he sings!

*[Three or four Maids and Men come running, crying, Oh here's the Pedler, the Pedler.]*

*Footpad sings.*

*Brushes, Combes of Tortoise shell*  
*For your money I will sell,*  
*Cambrick, Lawn as white as milk,*  
*Taffata as soft as silk,*  
*Garters rich, with silver Roses*  
*Rings with moral divine Posses.*

*I. Maid.*

- 1 *Maid*. Oh what brave things he has got!  
 2 *Maid*. Peace, peace, let him troll it away, he sings curiously.

Footpad sings.

*Rainbow-Ribbands of each colour,  
 No walking Shop yet e're was fuller,  
 Various Points and several Laces  
 For your Boddies straight embraces,  
 Silver Bodkins for your hair,  
 Bobs, which Maidens love to wear.*

1 *Man*. Oh this is a rare Fellow, I warrant he's pure Company.

2 *Man*. I warrant you he is very ingenious; peace.

Footpad sings.

*Here are various Pick-tooth Cases,  
 And the finest Flanders Laces,  
 Cabinets for your fine Doxies,  
 Stoppers and Tobacco Boxes,  
 Crystal Cupids Looking-glasses  
 Will enamour all your Lasses.*

*Cicely*. Sure, *Gervas*, this is the Kings Pedler, he has such rare things about him, and he sings like a Nightingal.

*Gervas*. I believe he's the Kings Pedler indeed.

Footpad sings.

*Fine gilt Pray'r Books, Catechisms;  
 What is Orthodox, or Schisms,  
 Or for loyal Faith defendant  
 Presbyter, or Independent;  
 Ballads fresh, all singing new,  
 And all those Ballets too are true.*

*Gervas*. That's rare, come let's see 'em.

1 *Man*. Let me see.

2 *Man*. Stand away, let me come.

*Gervas*.

*Gervas.* You come! stand away, you Puppy, you have no judgment.

*Cicely.* Oh pray let *Gervas* see, he has a notable vein this way.

*1 Maid.* Ay, pray let *Gervas* see.

*Gervas.* Oh Ballets, fine Ballets, Oh I love a Ballet but e'ne too well, Heaven forgive me, for being so given to the love of Poetry. What are the Contents of this, for I scorn to read.

*Footpad.* Marry, Sir, a most lamentable business.

*Gervas.* Oh it's no matter, so it be a fine Ditty.

*Cicely.* Oh I love a melancholy Ditty, I can weep at a Ballet so sweetly—

*Footpad.* Why it is of a Virgin of thirteen or fourteen that dy'd a Maid, that's the truth on'r.

*Gervas.* Nay I'll be hang'd then, thirteen or fourteen, and die a Maid? it cannot be now a days.

*1 Man.* What a scandalous World this is, to abuse a poor Grl so.

*Gervas.* Ay, and after her death too.

*Cicely.* Methinks they should have more conscience, than to speak ill of the dead.

*Gervas.* First and formost, I hope she had more Grace than to die so, I speak like a Christian.

*2 Man.* If she did die so, mercy of her say I, that's charitable I'm sure.

*Gervas.* If she did die so, let it be a warning to you Maids, to shun such abominable ways.

*Cicely.* I hope it will, *Gervas*, be a warning, an' we had but Grace.

*1 Maid.* Yes we should lay it to heart, and take warning.

*2 Man.* Look here, what fine Ballet's this?

*Footpad.* This is a very strange Ballet, of a lusty Widow.

*Gervas.* A lusty Widow is no strange thing.

*Footpad.* Yes a lusty Widow, that lives and dies chafly.

*Gervas.* Is't possible a lusty Widow live and die chaf?

*2 Man.* Lord, Lord, what lying things these Ballets are, and to be in print too!

*Footpad.*

*Footpad.* All the Parish Hands are to the Certificate to confirm it.

*2 Man.* Puh, 'twas plain malice in 'em, to asperse a lusty Widow so.

*Gervas.* The Parish should have had a lusty young Vicar, and he'd have converted her i'faith. Maids have a care; for you hope to be Widows, have a care I say of dying chaste.

*Cicely.* Well, we'll think on't; but pray let's see his Ware.

*Gervas.* How now, *Cicely*, you are a Wag, have patience, and he will shew you all. Oh vile Flesh and Blood! Oh corrupt Nature, to despise the edification of Ballets: but what's this?

*Footpad.* A Ballet of a Courtier that died rich.

*Gervas.* That's a miracle indeed, I warrant he cozen'd many a poor body for't.

*Footpad.* No, Sir, he scorn'd to meddle with the poor.

*Gervas.* That shew'd he had some conscience; but Oh *Cicely*, here's the brave Ballet you and I use to sing, I know it by the Picture.

*Cicely.* Oh pray let's sing it.

They sing.

*Gervas.* To Fairs and Markets I did go,

*Cicely.* And I did follow you, you know.

*Gervas.* As I return'd, I threw you down

*Cicely.* Upon the Grass,

*Gervas.* My sweetest Lass;  
And so did give you a green Gown.

*Cicely.* But if it chance my Belly swell,

*Gervas.* Then will Marriage hide it well.

*Cicely.* Your Son and Heir, or Daughter fair,  
If you'll not stay,

*Gervas.* But run away,  
Is left unto the Parish care.

Enter a Servant in haste.

*Serv.* Oh, Sirs, my Lady wants ye, there are a great sort of strangers that are to come to dine here, and none of ye in the way to receive Orders, come away. *1 Man.*

*1 Man.* Come, honest Pedler, up with your Pack, and follow us, we'll make you welcome i' faith.

*Gervas.* We'll buy all his Trinkets to the last Jet Ring, or inch of Inkle, we'll hamper him i' faith, we'll leave him nothing.

*Footpad.* Bless you, bless you till I complain.

*1 Man.* Nay, *Gervas*, you shall go with us, and these Maids too come along.

*Cicely.* Ay, good *Gervas*, let's follow the Pedler.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## SCENE II. *The Garden.*

*Lady Haughty, Isabella her Kinswoman, Nan her Waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Lady.* Well, *Nan*, have you given order to all the Servants to be ready, and to mind their business?

*Nan.* I have, Madam.

*Lady.* And whom shall I be troubled with to day, what Suitors, what Guests?

*Nan.* Sir *John Noddy*, Madam, has sent word he'll wait on you. Oh he's the finest merry Gentleman.

*Lady.* Oh do you name him first? my Woman is my Rival, Cousin, there, she is a well-wisher to that Knight; therefore we must speak well of that Coxcomb before her: but who else dines here?

*Nan.* Justice *Spailwit*, then Colonel *Bounce*.

*Lady.* Worthy men indeed, we have a Coxcomb that lies in the house too, Mr. *Codshhead*, I think he will not be answered with his Friend and Governor Mr. *Crambo*, a Heroick Poet.

*Isab.* Your Ladiships House I think is the Exchange for Suitors, the Dining-room is always full of Lovers of you, and the Hall always full of eating Parsons, and other Lovers of lusty Dinners; but, Madam, every body wonders, that your Ladiship keeps open House to all Suitors, and yet denies 'em every one their Suit of Love.

*Lady.*

*Lady.* I have answer'd most of the men of sense, but the turbulent Fools will still pester me: how I despise the little follies of Mankind, the little subtilties they think to intrap a Woman with, too cheap to cozen Babies with! I will triumph over all the overweening Fools, and still preserve the freedom of a Widow.

*Isab.* Your Ladiship is in the right; for Marriage now enslaves the Wife, but sets the Husband free.

*Nan.* But methinks solitary Widowhood is but an uncomfortable condition: can no man be fit for your choice?

*Lady.* None.

*Nan.* What says your Ladiship to a Souldier?

*Lady.* Oh he's too boisterous, I shall have no conversation from him, I shall hear of nothing but *Naseby*, *Edgehill* the first, and second *Newbery*, *Marston-Moor*, and the rest, nothing but of roaring Cannon, Battel, Murther, and sudden death; all his Discourse 'disordered and confused like a routed Army, one had as good converse with a Drum: besides they are debauch'd in drink, which is a great enemy to the civility that's due to a Wife.

*Nan.* What says your Ladiship to a Lawyer then?

*Isab.* A Lawyer! there's a Husband, what with his Terms, and his Circuits, a Wife may go hang her self for his company.

*Lady.* Right, Cousin, there's no enduring on't, unless it were lawful to make a Letter of Attorny to a Gallant; what should one do, there are so many Geofails, a Lawyer only makes his Entry to hold his Claim, that's all, I'll none of him.

*Nan.* What says your Ladiship to a Bishop?

*Isab.* A Bishop! why he cannot confer Honour upon his Wife; should I marry a Bishop, it would be your Lordship to him, and to me how do you, Mistres: no, I would draw in an equal yoke, when I do draw.

*Lady.* Besides he'l not be govern'd, he'd not let a Woman be Head of the Church; this makes a Wife show like a Concubine, which shows Marriage is unlawful to the Priesthood; then he entertains his Wife, as if he were teaching a Boy

Greek, as if we had no capacities but accidental.

*Isab.* You had best marry him, *Nan*, and let some Gentleman have good luck to Horse-flesh by you.

*Nan.* But, Madam, a rich Citizen is a brave thing.

*Lady.* I hate to see a Husband walk the length of his Shop as a Fox, or a Civet-Cat does the length of his Chain, backward and forward; backward and forward.

*Isab.* And then his House is so dark, as if he were mad, and put there to recover his Wits.

*Lady.* And a Garden scarce big enough to lye at length, and be buried in.

*Isab.* 'Tis a fine sight to see him strut ten yards before one on a Sunday to Church.

*Lady.* And if he be Sheriff or Lord-Mayor, 'tis a comely sight to see him on a grey Gelding, with golden Trappings, sit in Judgment over penny Loaves and pounds of Butter.

*Isab.* Or to see him sleep over Malefactors at the *Old-Baily*.

*Lady.* Out on 'em, from their Custards, Fox-furrs, gold Chains, seal'd Rings, gold fring'd Gloves, little Cuffs, Chamolet Cloaks, and little plain Bands, Heaven deliver me.

*Nan.* You are very hard to please, but a Country Gentleman is——

*Lady.* Not to be endured, his head's full of nothing but Dogs and Hawks, and the House pester'd with here a Marrow-bone, there the excrement of a Dog, there the muting of a Hawk.

*Isab.* Out on 'em, Country Gentlemen take more delight in Beasts than in Women.

*Lady.* And he's no company, yet talks as confidently, as if he talked well, and as loud always, as if he were at a Horse-Race, a Bowling green, or a Cock-pit: I like him not.

*Nan.* Well, I'm sure a young Heir newly of Age, whose Father died young will fit you.

*Lady.* No, no, they are all Fools, caudled up by their Mothers.

*Nan.* Why there's it, Madam, are not some Wives twenty, nay some thirty years before they can make their Husbands Fools, and you shall have him so the first day, is not that to your advantage?

*Isab.*

*Ifab.* Well said, *Nan*, that was home.

*Lady.* Oh but, *Nan*, your Squire Fool is a stubborn Animal, your dandled Fool made my young Master, by the flattery of old Serving-men and Country Neighbours, a wise man is more easily govern'd.

*Nan.* Ay, Madam, but I do not mean such a young Heir, I mean one that's a Scholar, and has been at the University.

*Ifab.* Nay, *Nan*, there you are out, such a Fool will be so peremptory, because he can conster and perse a little Greek or Latine, to think himself a wise man.

*Lady.* That's true, Cousin, such Fools as value themselves upon Languages, never consider Language is but a Trunk to convey our meanings by; for ought I know Welch is as good as Hebrew; a Dictionary is no wise book, nor a walking Dictionary a wise man.

*Ifab.* Suppose he has three words, Hebrew, Greek, and Latine for that Tree, he understands no more of it, than I do by the word Tree, nor the use of it more.

*Lady.* Right, Cousin, only his head is pester'd with three words more than I have, which is to his disadvantage; for men whose heads are full of words, are always empty of sense.

*Nan.* Madam, your Ladiship is so hasty; I'de have him after he has been at the University, to be bred well at the Inns of Court.

*Lady.* Now you have hit it, one must needs be a dull Fellow, who eats nothing but dry Loins of Mutton, and pores all day upon huge Volumes of Reports, and Year-books, and Presidents, or trots to *Westminster*, and fills his Note-books with the Opinions of old Gentlemen in Coiffs, and when they have got Law, they think they have got the very guts of knowledge; but their Worships are mistaken, Wisdom and Knowledge cannot be lost: but where was their Law in the Rebellion? The Conqueror always makes Law, and alters Divinity as he pleases.

*Ifab.* And upon such an alteration, where would be the wisdom or usefulness of Lawyers and Parsons?

*Nan.* Your Ladiship is very nice, I rather than have

Husband, would have all the ill qualities of all these put into one man, and take him for a Husband, and without so much as a shirt too, or hopes of ever getting one.

*Lady.* Indeed, *Nan*, you are in a very desperate condition.

*Enter* *Codshead* and *Crambo*.

*Isab.* Yonder's *Codshead* and *Crambo*, good Madam, let's in and dress our selves.

*Lady.* Let's avoid 'em.  
Come on.

[*Ex. Lady, Isabella, and Nan.*

*Cramb.* Lord, what ail you, Mr. *Codshead*, this morning? I never saw you in such a dump before.

*Codsb.* Faith I am as dull as a Dog, the Devil take me, and as lazy as a Dog i' faith.

*Cramb.* Why what's the matter, man?

*Codsb.* Why I was drunk as a Dog last night with the Butler i' faith, and I am sleepy as a Dog this morning, and cold as a Dog i' faith; but the Devil take me, I made the Butler spew like a Dog, and when I had done, I e'en left him, for he stunk like a Dog, and I warrant him he is as sick as a Dog; but for all that I am as hungry as a Dog, i' faith, for my stomach never fails me.

*Cramb.* Will you never leave off your Similes of a Dog? I have told you of this, why the Widow is a witty Woman, and will laugh at you extremely, and she'll never marry one she laughs at.

*Codsb.* Faith they lye so readily at one's tongue's end, I cannot avoid them, I hate to pump for a Simile; but the dear Dog serves one upon all occasions, as lean as a Dog, as ill-natur'd as a Dog, as dry as a Dog, as hot as a Dog, as cho-lerick as a Dog, as lame as a Dog, as deaf as a Dog, and a matter of a hundred and fifty more; but since you say the Widow will laugh, I will bite my tongue, but I'll avoid it.

*Cramb.* Practise before hand, and see if you can talk without it.

*Codsb.* Faith I must have some other Phrase then, now don't I know what to say, I am as heavy and as dull as a Devil,

Devil, what a Devil shall I say to this Widow? Gad take me, she is as coy as a Devil, that is, she seems to be, but she'll dissemble like the Devil; Pox on't I am as sick as a Devil, I am in no humour to make Love, and this scurvy Widow is as proud as the Devil, the Devil take her.

*Cramb.* Lord, what a stir is here with the Devil! this is as bad as a Dog.

*Codsb.* No, the Devil's fitter for a Gentleman than a Dog, I hope; but I may use such Similes as these, as brown as a Berry, red as a Rose, black as Jet, soft as Silk, round as a Ball, sweet as Honey, drunk as an Owl, as strong as a Horse, as dull as an Ox, &c. Faith these are fine smart things in discourse, and fill up finely.

*Cramb.* Out on 'em common and dull, fit for Fellows of no sense, the Widow will never endure them, I can assure you, if you mean to get her, leave 'em.

*Codsb.* Pox on her for me, I don't know what I shall do with her, I must have something to fill up the chinks of my discourse. If you forbid me these excellent Similes, I must swear and curse bloodily, the Devil take me.

*Cramb.* And be damn'd will you?

*Codsb.* So one be damn'd like a Gentleman, with a good grace, especially when 'tis the fashion to be damn'd too, I think he's a strange ridiculous Fellow, that will take exceptions at it (for my part) I'm sure no Man of Honour will, they know better what belongs to a Gentleman than so.

*Cramb.* There's not so foolish and impertinent a sin as Swearing, not natural, no pleasure, though the rest of the deadly sins are pleasant, very pleasant.

*Codsb.* I never saw such a man in my life, may not one swear by Heavens?

*Cramb.* Why, that was an Oath in Kings *James* his time, and exploded long since.

*Codsb.* I have heard it was used in those days, when holy *Anchorites* called roaring Boys, dwelt in *Milford-lane*; but what say you to by my truly?

*Cramb.* 'Tis a childish Oath.

*Codsb.* Believe me 'tis pretty methinks.

*Cramb.*

*Orwell's*

*Cramb.* Believe me! why there's another, who will believe one another? now are not these foolish and unnecessary words?

*Codsh.* What say you to Faith and Troth? for I must have some word or other.

*Cramb.* Faith and Troth! why there's no Faith nor Troth amongst men now a days.

*Codsh.* Oh Lord, I have found out the finest, prettiest, innocent word, I'm sure will please you, Adaid, ah adaid, no adad, that's fine, very fine Adad.

*Cramb.* That's a silly word fit only for Fanaticks to cheat with.

*Codsh.* What shall I do? What shall I do? I have found it now I'm sure, as I am an honest man, as I am an honest man, so it be spoke loud and heartily, with your hand at your breast, and repeated often.

*Cramb.* Men may use that Phrase, and never be forsworn in this Age, but I'll not allow you that, nor by this light, they're Milliners Oaths, and Haberdashers of small Wares to cozen with.

*Codsh.* Mercy upon me, what will become of me? but I will use one word in despite of the Devil, as she is deadly handsome, deadly pretty, her complexion is deadly lovely.

*Cramb.* If you do use it, you will lose a friend of me, and I'm sure my Lady will laugh at you immoderately, 'tis ridiculous, deadly lively.

*Codsh.* Will you give me leave then to curse? as a Plague on you, *Jack*, a Pox take you for an arch Rogue, or so?

*Cramb.* By no means, men are apt enough to the Pox, without your cursing, if you mean the great Pox.

*Codsh.* Great Pox! what should I mean, the small Pox? take you; that's not worth the cursing; but to a proud Lady's face 'tis a foolish sniveling curse, I would as soon say the measles take you.

*Cramb.* But none of these will I allow you, they'r foolish affectations not to be endur'd.

*Codsh.* You are very rigid, what will become of me? neither as hungry as a Dog, nor as proud as a Devil, nor as drunk

drunk as an Owl, nor no full-mouth'd Oaths, nor midling Oaths, nor your pretty little, little Oaths, nor Curses neither; why a fashionable Gentleman should not speak at all by these Laws; if these were strictly observed, our Gallants would be dumb, for they cannot speak without them. Would you have a Gentleman to make signs, or say nothing but ah, ah, ah, like a Turkish Mute?

*Cramb.* Better than to talk affectedly or nonsensically; why should men be so foolish to use unnecessary words?

*Codsh.* Oh lamentable! unnecessary do you call 'em? Swearing is very necessary in many cases, as in an Army for an Officer; if he says, Truly I will break your head, or, Truly I will hang you, the Souldier will not believe it; but if he lifts up his Cane, and cry Zounds, I'll pay you, he'll crouch and obey.

*Cramb.* This is a senseless error, no man is thought honest, valianter, or truer of his word for swearing, they swear on purpose to cozen, these foolish by-words are nothing but custom, try and break your self on't, or you will certainly be laugh't at, and lose this Widow.

*Codsh.* Well for your sake I will try, but I shall ne're do'r, at least I shall have no joy in discourse, it will be so dull and heavy.

*Cramb.* You are mistaken, try in private.

*Codsh.* I will; but 'tis very hard, I'll to my Chamber and practise.

*Cramb.* Do so, and let's meet at dinner.

[Exeunt]

ACT

## A C T II.

*Enter Justice Spoilwit, and a Servant of the House.*

*Just.* IS my Lady at home?

*Serv.* She is, Sir, but she's in her Chamber dressing.

*Just.* Prethee Friend call the Butler, that I may have a Cup of Sack before Dinner.

*Serv.* I will, an' please your Worship.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

*Enter Colonel Bounce.*

*Just.* Whom have we here? *Coll. Bounce?* Gad save you.

*Coll.* How do'st thou honest Justice *Spoilwit?*

*Just.* Thank ye *Coll.* but what wind brings you hither?

*Coll.* Why faith there is here a rich, and they say, a merry good humor'd Widow; and if she thinks fit, I'll venture my body with her in lawful Wedlock.

*Just.* But I will forbid the Banes, good *Colonel Bounce.*

[*Aside.*]

*Enter Sir John Noddy.*

*Sir John.* Fa, la, la, la, Oh honest Justice, how is it?

*Just.* *Sir John Noddy!* in good faith I am heartily glad to see you, now we are compleat, we shall be as merry as the Maids; *Coll.* this is a Friend of mine, pray know him.

*Sir John.* Noble *Coll.* I kiss your hands.

*Coll.* Your Servant, Sir: prethee Justice what Butterfly is this?

*Just.* Oh he is a very witty merry Knight, he's of the *Noddy's* of the North, an arch Wag indeed, la.

[*The Justice leans upon his Cane, Sir John Noddy strikes it away, and the Justice is ready to fall upon his Nose.*]

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, brave Justice, ha, ha.

*Just.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, well go thy ways, thou art an arch one, you would make one die with laughing, ha, ha, ha.

*Coll. mocking them.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, i' faith, Sir, you would make

make one die with laughing, Pox on him : is this a merry, witty Knight, with his Monkey tricks ?

*Sir John.* Faith I love to be merry, my Lord, my Neighbour is so pleas'd with me, he'l never be without me.

*Just.* Indeed, Colonel, he's excellent company, he would make one burst with laughing.

*Sir John.* I remember yesterday at my Lords, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Just.* What *Sir John!* ha, ha, ha.

*Sir John.* I laid a hot stone in the Window, and his Man *Tom* came, and ha, ha, ha, did so horribly, ha, ha.

[*The Justice all the while laughs with him.*]

*Col.* What burn him ?

*Sir John.* Ay, ay, and he threw it away, and ran for Sallet-oil, ha, ha, ha, it had like to have kil'd my Lord.

*Just.* Ha, ha, ha, very good, nay you are the best at these things in the world, i'faith he is Colonel.

*Col.* As God save me, but if he should use me so, I would beat him exceedingly.

*Sir John.* Another time one of my Lords Men stood very soberly, I held my finger thus, and called him *Jack* of a sudden, and he turn'd suddenly, and hit his Nose such a bump, ha, ha, ha, I had almost died with laughing, and all that were by laugh'd so it was wonderful : my Lord hearing it ask't what was the matter, which they told him, then says he, I thought it could be no body but my Neighbour *Jack Noddy*; for there is not such a witty Fellow in the whole Country again.

*Just.* No more there is not i'faith, *Sir John.*

*Col.* The Devil take me, if I see any such thing, he is for ought I see a most gross, absurd Coxcomb.

*Sir John.* But says my Lord, these are gifts that Nature bestows on men, on some more, on some less, as she pleases : his Lordship is in the right, they are gifts, that's the truth on't, but ha, ha, ha. I remember another was standing by the fire, I heated the great end of my Riding-rod, and put it in his hand, he flew such a way, ha, ha, ha, from the fire, oh, oh, oh, oh : Men, Women, and Children laugh so horribly, swearing

ing that *Sir John Noddy* was the best company in the Earth, and the wittiest Gentleman.

*Just.* Look you there, Colonel, he is a very merry, brisk, facetious person indeed.

*Col.* He is a very witty person indeed.

*Sir John.* Alas, Sir, no not I, not I by no means, Sir, yet I swear my Lord will seldom be without me, especially at *Christmas*, if I be but away a fortnight at any time, he sends poste for me, he cannot be without me.

*Col.* Does no body ever take you on the pate for these things?

*Sir John.* No, no, sometimes they'll say Leave your fooling, or I'll knock you, I vow I'de teach you better manners, were it not for my Lord, or so; then I laugh and protest I meant 'em no harm, and drink drunk with 'em, and all's well again.

*Just.* Ay, ay, why who can take such pretty innocent mirth ill?

*Sir John.* And then I entertain them well at my house, and my Sister makes much of them, they love me the best of any Gentleman in the Shire of any Quality.

*Col.* I find you have a very good Sister, that will make much of people.

*Sir John.* I, Sir, she's as good a Sister as any man has, I thank God.

*Col.* *Justice*, one word with you, does he come to make Love to the Widow?

*Just.* I believe he does.

[*Sir John gives the Justice a jerk in the Ham, and laughs.*]

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, oh, oh, hum.

*Just.* Ha, ha, ha, oh, oh, 'um, get you gone, you Wag.

*Sir John.* This is a Trick I have made my Lord laugh with, till he has been ready to fall down.

*Col.* For ought I hear he is the merriest Lord in *Europe*.

*Enter the Butler.*

*Just.* Oh how now, *James*, art thou come?

*Butler.*

*Butler.* I am glad to see your Worship well, Sir *John* I am your Worship's humble Servant.

[*Sir John beats the Butler's Hat out of his hand.*]

*Just. & But-<sup>r</sup>* Ha, ha, your Worship will never leave *ler laugh.* These things, ha, ha.

*Just.* Ha, ha, ha, well you are the very't arch one; but dear Sir *John* forbear, you will kill me with laughing, I shall break a vein i' faith.

*Butler.* Come, Gentlemen, will you please to take a cast of my Office, and take a Cup of lusty Canary or *March-Beer*, that will make a Cat speak.

*Sir John.* Well said, *James*; but where's my Lady?

*Butler.* Not drest yet: come, Gentlemen, be pleased to walk in the while, her Ladiship's a dressing.

*Just.* Come, Gentlemen, I am for a Cup of Sack before Dinner clearly.

[*Sir John takes the Justices Cane, and sets it before James, who falls down.*]

*Just.* Ha, ha, oh, oh, forbear, good Sir *John*, or I must leave you, I am not able to endure it, ha, ha, oh, oh, 'um.

*Sir John.* Faith I cannot help it, I love to be merry, ha, ha, ha.

*James.* Nay I know your Worship will never leave, till your mouth be cold, as the saying is, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt omnes laughing.*]

*Enter Codhead, walks musing.*

*Codsh.* Ha, you are all my Rivals, but there's ne're a handsome Fellow amongst them, the Devil take me; I am cursing again like a Devil; look there again, like a Devil, what shall I do to speak? I see the Justice is going with the Butler, he will be as drunk as an Owl—drunk as an Owl, why there 'tis again! I will bite my tongue like a Devil, but that I'll remember it, again like a Devil! I shall be undone, what will become of me? I am in a desperate condition, Gad take me I shall lose the Widow: now am I swearing again, I will bite my

my tongue enough to remember it ; let me see your eyes, Madam, your bright eyes ; ah it was a coming ; your bright eyes have so enslaved me, that the De---- ( ah it was just a coming there ) that I can no longer, as I ho--- there it was again ; that, Madam, I can no longer call my heart my own ; that was pretty well---- You are the pretty Thief that stole it, and go---- O Lord it was e'en out, this is a cruel pain ; but, Madam, think me not rude, if I apprehend your Ladi-ship for this Love-felony : for if you do not restore my heart, or---- give me some comfort, the---- oh I shall be as dull as a---- oh hold, hold, it must be overcome with great labour and industry. Well before I marry her, I will do what I can to abstain ; but when I have her, I am resolved to take my full swing : ha, there was a whole sentence without oaths or curses.

*Enter Crambo.*

*Crambo.* Oh Mr. *Codshhead*, I am glad to see you alone, you have been practising.

*Codsh.* I have a little I'm sure, I sweat for't.

*Crambo.* Come pray let me hear how you have profited.

*Codsh.* I shall never do't ; yet just now when I was a practising, methought I did it pretty well, I see I must take great pains for it.

*Crambo.* Try I'll help you, begin some discourse.

*Codsh.* Just now I met *Blunderbus*, my Neighbour, coming to the house.

*Crambo.* Did you ?

*Codsh.* I vow 'tis true.

*Crambo.* I vow !

*Codsh.* The Devil take me else.

*Crambo.* What swear and curse !

*Codsh.* Oh I beg your pardon with all my heart.

*Crambo.* What said he to you ?

*Codsh.* Why he said he was as lean as a Dog, and fallen away like a Devil.

*Crambo.* Dog and Devil again !

*Codsh.* He said I would not say't for a thousand pound, he said too I look'd as thin as a Shrimp.

*Crambo.*

*Crambo.* Thin as a Shrimp! pish you forget.

*Codsh.* No, I tell you he said, What no difference of persons! take me with such a trick, and hang me.

*Crambo.* Hang ye! that's fine.

*Codsh.* Lord, I never saw such a man in my life, why that was not in my Lesson; but to go on, I am sure if I look lean, this restraint must cause it, for want of due swearing and cursing, and some graceful expressions, I'm very much heart-burnt for want of 'em I'll swear.

*Crambo.* You swear.

*Codsh.* No, I said I would swear, but I did not.

*Crambo.* Why then you did lie.

*Codsh.* Why shall a Gentleman have no liberty, neither swear nor lie, nor any thing? this is to give over being a Cavalier, I had rather be a Cobler, he may swear and lie, and do what he will.

*Crambo.* So this was well, you begin to mend, try once again; what would you say, if you were with my Lady?

*Codsh.* Thus, Madam, I never saw so pretty a white Devil.

*Crambo.* Again at the Devil!

*Codsh.* Ay, a white Devil, why 'twas a black one you forbid; there are Devils of all colours, like Conies, black, blue, white, gray, what d'e lack, but you put me out; I will tell her she's a pretty Thief, and has stoln my heart.

*Crambo.* Ay, that's well, I would make use of that thought my self, shall I borrow it of you for my next work?

*Codsh.* With all my heart, and I am glad I have it to serve you I protest.

*Crambo.* Out on't protest!

*Codsh.* Lord, what shall I do?

*Crambo.* Not swear.

*Codsh.* Faith and Troth I do not swear.

*Crambo.* Are Faith and Troth no Oaths?

*Codsh.* Oh none at all to those Rappers I have.

*Crambo.* But you must not swear at all.

*Codsh.* Then I doubt I must not speak.

*Crambo.* But pray go on.

*Codsh.* I have forgot, you have put me out, I must go again and practise by my self.

*Crambo.*

*Crambo.* Do then, to your Chamber.

*Codsh.* Well adieu then.

[*Exit Codhead.*]

*Crambo.* How splenetick, how dull am I! when I would compose a Sonnet to the fair *Isabella*, I am clouded with fogs and fumes, and such a Theme would inspire any man but me, I fear my days of ballating draw near, I am impotent, bewitched in Poetry, awake my drowsie Fancy, will my Muse show me a Jades trick at last? rowse up.

Hum---- *Thou joy of my heart,*

*Thou wonder of Nature,*

*Thou,* Hum——— I can go no further.

It will not do, I fear I am lost, I-thought to have won her heart by Poetry, and now it fails me.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* Is he here my Rimer?— methinks he is a very dull Fellow, I have heard some of these Heroick men are very foolish; if they be all like him, they are better Subjects of a Play than Authors: 'twould be a great ease to Comical Poets to be supply'd with Heroick Fools.

*Crambo.* Here she is: Madam, I knew you were here before I saw you.

*Isab.* I warrant you heard me.

*Crambo.* No, Madam, the Garden smiled, and put on a fresh Verdure.

*Isab.* It seems the Garden is merrily disposed.

*Crambo.* Your presence would turn a Winter into a Spring, since you arriv'd the Flowers became more fragrant, the blushing Tulips raised their drowsie heads, and started at the sight of your bright Beauty.

*Isab.* You are very Poetical this morning.

*Crambo.* Love, Madam, is the Fountain of all Poetry.

*Isab.* I did not observe the Tulips to do that you speak of.

*Crambo.* Poets and Lovers are quick-sighted, Madam; Lilies look pale to see their white outvy'd in your fair Face, and Roses blush for shame, seeing the fresher Crimson of your Checks.

*Isab.*

*Ifab.* They are too modest of all conscience, I had thought the Lilies and Roses had had more discretion; but, Sir, I am glad to find you so Poetical, for my Cousin my Lady *Haughty* would beg the favour of you to make some pretty rustick entertainment in Poetry, she has Servants enough to study it, and Musick we have within our selves, here will be much Company, and it will much increase our mirth.

*Cramb.* She honours me with her Commands; if you would joyn your's, it would inspire me.

*Ifab.* If that will do you good, I do:  
Any way, so we have it done. [*Aside.*]

*Cramb.* The Honour is infinite, I kiss your fair hands, it shall be done in a moment. [*Exit Crambo.*]

*Enter Mall in haste.*

*Ifab.* How now, *Mall*, whither in such haste?

*Mall.* My Lady has sent me to the Cook, Madam, to bid him make haste with Dinner.

*Ifab.* 'Tis well.

[*Ex. Mall, Isabella.*]

SCENE, *the Kitchen with the Master Cook with three or four Cooks, and three or four under-Servants.*

*Master Cook.* Look to the Boiler there, keep gentle fires, see that the Olio be taken care of.

*1 Cook.* It shall be done, Master.

*Master.* Be very careful and diligent there in the Scalding-house.

*2 Cook.* They shall.

*Master.* You for the Range, look you spend as much Butter as you can for Fees, that we may not want another day.

*1 Cook.* I'll warrant you, let us alone for that.

*Master.* Arm the Roast-meat with Paper, my Lady's Bills, Answers and Depositions in Chancery, with all her Ladiship's Attorney's Letters, these are ordained for the Roast.

*2 Cook.* It shall be done, Master: then for the Pastry *Prins* Works with *Coriats*, *Crudities*, and the long Presbyterian Expositions

Expositions upon the Psalms, with the old Ordinances of both Houses.

*i Cook.* All these we have already.

*Master.* Oh, if we had but some correspondence with the two Play-houses, they would furnish us rarely, they say they have hundreds of Plays brought to them in a year, that are good for nothing else, we might buy 'em at two Shillings a Stone; these are those they refuse, and they might throw us several of those they Act in to the bargain.

*Enter Mall.*

*Mall.* Master Cook, my Lady has sent me to you, to desire you of all loves, that you will take very great care, that the Meat may be well order'd, lest she should be thought an ill House-keeper, and you disgraced.

*Master.* My Sweet-heart, first give me a Kiss, and then I will answer my Lady.

*Mall.* Stand away, you are the strangest man.

*Master.* In a word, we want all things we should have, but I'll do what I can, and a man can do no more; but prethee sit upon my knee, my Dear, here fill some Plum-porridge for this Gentlewoman, bring some of the Tarts and Custards too, and you shall pay nothing, but now and then a Kiss.

*Mall.* Nay pish, Mr. Cook, my Lady will be an angered.

*Master.* Ounds, I love thee Sweet, and have done ever since I came to the House, and so thou shalt find. *James,* prethee sing the Song I made of Mrs. *Mary* to the single Cittern: come bring out the Tarts and Custards.

[*She eats sitting upon his Lap.*

*i Cook.* Come on.

*Sings.*

*Fy, fy, this Love keeps such a coil,*

*So high't does boil.*

*Love's heat does make so great a fire*

*Of hot desire,*

*That all my fancy it does trouble,*

*Love so doth bubble.*

*My loving Pot can hold no more,*

*But does run o're.*

*Master.*

*Master.* How do you like it, my Dear?

*Mall.* I doubt you mean naughtiness, forsooth, or else it is very pretty.

*i Cook.* Thou should'st skim Love upon the top,  
Or with a Sop  
To soak it, or else to dip it,  
Many a Sippet  
Would keep't within Love's circle, then  
Stir it agen;  
And if it rise, 'twill down, you know,  
If that you blow.

*Mall.* This is scurrility, as my Lady's Chaplain says.

*Master.* Nothing but simlizing, as Poets must do; but here's a Cup of Wine, my Heart and Soul to thee, Ounds no man loves you better than I do.

*Mall.* But I cannot stay, forsooth, my Lady will miss me.

*Master.* But a little, go on James.

*i Cook.* Then dish it up unto your wish  
In Love's sweet Dish:  
When Love's sweet morsels we have tasted,  
None shall be wasted;  
What's left we'l set up cold to eat  
For butter'd meat.  
An ill Cook now is he that lingers  
To lick his fingers.

*Mall.* Oh gemini, what Songs you make me here! well I don't mind 'em, I don't understand 'em: come will you let me go, my Lady will chide me grievously.

*Master.* Good Sweet-heart, stay but one Song more, and I have done.

*Mall.* I'll stay no more Songs, not I: if you don't, let me go, I purtest I'll never come again.

*Kisses her.* Look now, now Fiddles, you are the strangest man.

*Master.* But one Copy of Verses, dear Sweet-heart.

*I will invite thee to Love's back-house,  
There bolt our Love; for Love will make us  
Not mealy-mouth'd, but in Love's Oven,  
The heat that's there will make us loving.*

*Mall.* Nay get you gone, I am a young Maiden, and not fit for these kindred things.

*Master.* Nay good Sweet-heart, if thou say'st no,  
Then out, alas! my Cake is down.

Look you there that's extempory, Mrs. *Mary*, how do you like it?

*Mall.* Farewel, I will not stay, that's once.

*Kisses her.*] Nay pish, fy, get you gone.

[*Exit Mall.*]

*Master.* Farewel my Heart and Soul with thee: here where's the Clerk of the Kitchen?

*Enter Clerk.*

*Clerk.* Here, what do you want?

*Master.* Want I quoth he, we want every thing in the World, a Pox on't.

*Clerk.* Be patient, and you shall have all.

*Master.* Patience! Pox on patience, 'Sounds my Lady is dishonoured for ever, you will never be able to repair it.

*Clerk.* Prethee what's the matter man?

*Master.* Blood, there wants a wooden Candlestick in the Pastry. Cook, quoth he! the Devil would not be a Cook at this rate.

*Clerk.* Is that the matter? that will be a great dishonour indeed, come there shall be one.

*Master.* And then we have none but Rush-candles in the Kitchen, when we should have Torchcs, it is so dark.

*Clerk.* Come be patient, and you shall want nothing, Mr. Cook, here is a Friend of mine, pray make him welcome.

*Master.* You're welcome, Sir, cut off a piece of the Chine of Beef presently, some Anchoves, and Westphalia, here's a Boule of Sack to you, here give me the Can that measures Ale by the Yard, *Derby* measure, Sir, here's this Can of Sack

to you, Sir, I cannot stay, Sir, you see I must be gone Sir. Come, where are ye, ye lazy Rogues? fall to your work, open the Oven there, and see how the Pyes colour.

*Clerk.* Master Cook, you do not know the good qualities of this Gentleman.

*Master.* Truly I do believe he is a very civil Person, pray eat heartily, Sir: well, Boys, how are the Pyes?

*2 Cook.* All very well, Master.

*Master.* Look to the Boiler, it does not boil too fast; but what were you saying, Sir? *Mich'y* good dit ye.

*Clerk.* This Gentleman plays rarely on the Musick.

*Master.* Faith, Sir, since I have given you a cast of my Office, pray give me one of yours, and i'faith here's the other Can of Sack to your health.

*Musfc.* With all my heart.

*Master.* Come out you Myrmydons, and shake your heels, i'faith I'll have a Dance, though my Lady has no Dinner.

*2 Cook.* Come out, Boys.

*3 Cook.* Come out, Lads.

[*They all come out and dance, while some dance, others are keeping time with their Chopping-knives.*]

*Clerk.* Very well done, Boys, well danc'd.

*Master.* Thank you, good Sir, here's t'other Can to you, Sir: come, my Boys, take up your Drum-sticks, your Chopping-knives, let the Dresser be your Drum, and upon the Butter-meats and Sallets beat a Call then, sound your Trumpet, your Yard of Can for a Charge, and dish up quickly.

*Musfc.* Why you have Military Terms for all these things.

*Master.* Sir, I have been a General's Cook, after Dinner I'll give a full description of all, but now I cannot stay, farewell, Sir.

*Musfc.* Your Servant, Sir.

[*A great noise of chopping upon the Dresser.*]

*Master.* Come you Rogues, take off your Cans, and be nimble to't, Boys.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Footpad and the Rogues.*

*1 Rogue.* This was a brave business, and well-laid.

*2 Rogue.* We unbound the Pedler, who roared out for help and inquir'd after you.

E 2

*3 Rogue.*

3 *Rogue.* We pitied his condition mightily, and told him we had seen you, and directed him a wrong way, whither he is gone in great haste to pursue you.

*Footpad.* That was bravely done, with my Pedler's Pack I made 'em all cut their Purfes willingly, never Indian King parted with his Gold at easier rates for Hatchets and Knives, than my Coxcombs have parted with their Money for my Trinkets.

4 *Rogue.* What is the Purchase, Captain?

*Footpad.* Fourteen pounds and a Noble.

*All.* Ah, brave Captain.

*Footpad.* They pick't their own Pockets, but now I hope we shall pick 'em for 'em: they love Gypsies mainly, and methinks we look as like the Race of *Protolomy*.

1 *Rogue.* As Hogs greafe, and the Rind of Walnuts can make us.

2 *Rogue.* There are Strangers there, brave Gentry, an we could light o'them.

3 *Rogue.* Luck if it be thy will, that we thrive in our Profession.

*Footpad.* Have at thee Fortune, they say thou art a Whore I will have a bout with, though thou art grown so common, thou favourest every Blockhead.

4 *Rogue.* Would some of the Strangers would come out to us, be sure they're full of Money.

*Footpad.* Come, let's roar out our Song of the Gypsies with laudable voices, and that may train 'em out of the house.

1 *Rogue.* Come on, let's be merry by our selves.

2 *Rogue.* Come----- I love singing mightily.

*Footpad.* So well, that as thou livest singing, thou wilt die singing, a Psalm I mean.

2 *Rogue.* *Oh the brave jolly Gypsie,  
Who often is tipsie,  
And has strong Ale good store  
With a little black Whore.  
When credit does fail  
With fat Hostess for Ale,*

He grows dogged and sullen,  
 Steals her Geese and her Pullen.  
 And Linen that's bleaching,  
 If it be within reaching,  
 'Tis juggled away  
 By night or by day.

Then Fortunes we tell,  
 But stealing does well  
 To help out the Trade,  
 Which is somewhat decay'd.  
 When Maids are a kissing,  
 Their things never missing,  
 Then we take our time,  
 And think it no crime,  
 And then the next morning,  
 Their Hue and Cry scorning,  
 We care not a straw  
 For their Statute Law.

*Rogue.* Here come some of 'em.

*Enter Justice Spoilwit, Colonel Bounce, and Sir John Noddy, and Butler.*

*Just.* We'll take a Turn here before Dinner, bring us word when her Ladiship comes down.

*Butl.* I will, Sir, I must go look after my Mistress *Margery*: here are so many Gentlemen's Men, I shall have one or other snap her up.

*Just.* I'faith was it you that made this Musick? you are brave Gypsies, melodious Gypsies.

*Sir John.* Where are the rest of your Company?

*Footpad.* They are behind, an please your Worship, but I am chief.

*All Rogues.* This is our Captain.

*Just.* What, I warrant you can tell Fortunes, prethee look in my hand, and tell me mine.

*Col.*

Col. Prethee, *Justice*, why wilt thou be such an Ass? dost thou think they can tell?

*Just.* Colonel, I do assure you I have known notable understanding men, men of excellent parts Gypfies.

1 *Rogue.* Sir, I'll warrant you, I'll tell you yours.

Col. I'm sure I'll give you nothing.

1 *Rogue.* 'Tis no matter.

2 *Rogue.* Sir, let me see your hand.

[*The Justice and Sir John give 'em money.*

1 *Rogue*—— *By your Venus Trench*

*You should love a Wench.*

Col. Should? why I do you Puppy, and so does all the World.

*Footpad.* I see plainly that you will be Knighted, and marry a rich Widow.

[*As they tell their Fortunes, they pick their Pockets.*

Col. Ounds yelying Rogues, to flatter him so.

*Just.* Good Sir, have patience, i'faith they are men of skill, I know 'em.

*Footpad.* How Fools will lie, and help to cozen themselves!

*Just.* So God save me, I have known some Gypfies predict as well as *Lilly* or *Gadbury*.

2 *Rogue*----- *Sir, it has been your mishap*

*In your time to get a Clap.*

[*They all laugh.*

Col. What dull Rogues these are! why you Rascals, is there a Gentleman that has not had a Clap?

*Sir John.* Faith and Troth I have had six, little and great, ha, ha, ha.

*Just.* Ha, ha, ha; — but i'faith shall I be Knighted, and marry the Lady, hah?

1 *Rogue.* Pray, Sir, let me see.

*By your hand and this line*

*You love a Glass of Wine.*

Col. Why you abominable dull Rascal, does not every body love Wine and Women? there's a Secret indeed; why thou stupid blockheaded Puppy, I could beat thy brains out,

out, if thou had'st any : come, a Pox on't, let's be gone.

*Just.* Nay, good Colonel, have patience, alas! you do not understand these things, these are gifts.

*Col.* Gifts! I'm sure, I'll give them nothing.

*3 Rogue.* Alas, Sir, I am ingram man, I desire no money, I'll pray for your Worship.

*Col.* Ay, I think you may have wit enough for that.

*Footpad.* By this Line of Honour, Sir, I find you'll be made a Lord before you die.

*Col.* Come away, you blockheaded Justice.

*Just.* Well I come; a Lord! Oh brave, a Lord! well stay here, and I'll get my Lady to send for ye, and pray let her know that she is to marry me.

*Col.* Come away, poor witless Cheats, poor Fools.

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, ha, look you there, Justice.

*[Sir John strikes away one of the Gypsies Sticks.]*

*Just.* Ha, ha, ha, I thought we should have ye i'faith, hah, ha, ho, ho.

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, ha, have I caught you, Justice?

*[Sir John walks with his hand upon the Justice's shoulder, whips off his Hat.]*

*Just.* Ha, ha, ha, you will never leave i'faith, you are the pleafantest man, ha, ha, ha.

*Col.* Come, these are the silliest cheats.

*[Ex. Col. Justice, Sir John.]*

*Footpad.* Go your ways, you'll find your selves Fools by and by.

*'Tis true you are witty, but my judgment's righter,*

*Since my Pocket's full, and your Pocket's lighter.*

Come my brave Rogues, let's be gone, this was a brave booty, let's away, and thift and divide, lest if we should stay, we may be taken and hang'd about this business.

*All.* Come away, noble Captain. *[Ex. Rogues.]*

*Enter Lady Haughty, Isabella, Nan.*

*Lady.* Where are my doughty Lovers? I have stay'd a pair of minutes for 'em at least.

*Isab.*

*Isab.* Some Ladies would be as proud of such a Train of Lovers, as Lawyers are of many Clients, or Divines of heaps of Parishes to follow them.

*Lady.* Some Lady would strut and take upon her, like a new upstart Favourite to a Prince, that flies above the Gentry of his Country, and uses 'em scurvily. Indeed I have not much reason to triumph to day, for I have none but Cox-combs.

*Isab.* But you have every day variety, as a Favourite has.

*Lady.* And I use 'em scurvily too, but yet they come and dissemble, fawn, flatter, worship, and fall down before me, as if they took me for the golden Calf, and I all the while look upon them with the same scorn, that a new-raised Favourite does upon his Betters.

*Nan.* Did your Ladiship find such great affliction in Matrimony, that you are such a violent enemy to it?

*Lady.* So much, as I am resolv'd never to be so constrained again, I'll continue as free as Nature made me; why should we submit to that foolish Animal Man? Let him be head! I'll keep the Fools at a distance, and make them crouch.

*Nan.* But I hear of one Courtier too, that is coming down, that will win you, the finest nice, perfum'd, periwig'd, feather'd Person in the World.

*Lady.* I know who 'tis; what shall I marry an outside of a man, a Fellow put together by a Milliner, Perfumer, Feather-man, and French Taylor?

*Isab.* When Women fall much in love with men for their fine Cloaths, I wonder they are not more in love with the Taylors that made 'em.

*Lady.* A rich Suit out of an old Wardrobe would make as good a Husband, I'll give a Receipt of him: Take fine rich Cloaths, and do not pay for 'em, take a Barber for a Counsellor, rail at all but the present, scorn and endeavour to depress all Arts and Sciences, which he knows nothing of, whisper Proclamations in your ears for Secrets, tell you what the King said to him once upon a time that shall be nameless, when he scarce takes notice of him once a year, perhaps speaks to him neer.

*Nan.*

*Nan.* Oh, but they are rare men for making Love, Madam.

*Lady.* Faith they have but one Receipt of making Love, which is like an Almanack for the Meridian of the Court, and generally serves 'em for all *England*, Quack-salvers, Empiricks in Love, that have but one Receipt for every thing. The common High-way of Love, flatter you, and condemn others, extol your Wit, and yet think to make you a Fool, praise your Vertue, and yet strive to lie with you.

*Isab.* And at such easie rates too, swear he is your Vassal, and lie at your feet, nothing but lie, cog, flatter, and dissemble, which can cozen none but overweening self-Lovers.

*Lady.* Right, Cousin, they can deceive none but those that contribute to deceive themselves.

*Nan.* Lord, should one suspect honest Gentlemen, when they give one so good words too?

*Lady.* They that do not suspect, will be more than suspected.

*Nan.* For what, Madam?

*Lady.* For Fools.

*Nan.* But here come the Gentlemen now, Madam *Isabella* observe Sir *John Noddy*, 'tis the merriest pretty Gentleman.

*Enter Justice, Sir John, Colonel, they salute the Ladies.*

*Lady.* Gentlemen you are welcome, Sir *John* how do all our Friends in your Country? how does my Lord your Neighbour?

*Sir John.* Very well, Madam, I was a hunting with my dear Lord t'other day, and he lighted, and we all lighted, and I sneaked behind one of his Gentlemen, and thrust him into a plash of water, ha, ha, ha.

*Just.* Very good i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir John.* But had you seen my Lord how he laught, the tears ran trickling down his Honour's cheeks, he desired me to forbear, or I should kill him, then charged every body not to speak of it, that he might tell it first when he came home.

*Nan.* Madam, did not I tell you, what a pretty, witty, wild Gentleman Sir *John* was?

*Just.* Madam, yonder are Gypsies without have told us our Fortunes: if your Ladiship please to hear your's, i'faith they are rare men, men of excellent skill,

[*He feels in his Pocket.*

ha, hum, what a Devil, Oh Pox where's my money? O Devil.

*Lady.* What's the matter? have the Gypsies bewitch't you?

*Just.* O Lord, Oh they or some body have pick't my Pocket of five pound in Silver, and forty pound in old Gold.

*Col.* Truly, Justice, they are men of skill, excellent skill.

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, ha, oh, oh, hum, what have your Pocket pick't, Justice? that a man should be such an Ass!

*Col.* Ha oh, Devil, where is it? Ounds, they have done the same for me, I have lost every cross.

*Just.* Oh, have you so, Colonel?

*Sir John.* I am the Son of a Strumpet, if they have not got all mine too.

*Just.* Ha, ha, ha, Knight, your Pocket pick't! that a man should be such an Ass, Knight!

[*The Cook knocks on the Dresser, for Dinner carrying up.*

*Lady.* Come, Gentlemen, let's in, the Cook summons us to Dinner with that knocking; comfort your selves after your losses, here is money in the house, you may make use of it, Gentlemen, if you please; but let's to dinner.

*Just.* Come, Madam, we wait on you, I shall have a hundred pound paid me by a Fellow that lives hard by; you shall have what you will, as far as that goes, Gentlemen.

[*Sir John pulls off his Periwig, and flings it away.*

*Sir John.* Thank you, good Sir, there ha, ha, ha, oh, good Justice, now I am even with you, ha, ha.

*Just.* Ha, ha, oh, oh, well go thy ways, I never saw such a merry man in my life.

*Lady.* What a strange Coxcomb is this Knight! Cousin, come.

*Isab.* He is so, but methinks the other is a handsom Gentleman,

tleman, there is a noble roughness in his countenance, that speaks an honest plainness, and a wise contempt of those Fools he is in company with; his Mine and Air pleases me strangely.

*Lady.* Allons, Gentlemen.

*Col.* We wait on you, Madam.

[*Ex. omnes.*]

## A C T III.

*Lady* Haughty, *Isabella*, *Colonel*, *Justice*, *Sir John* Codthead, and *Crambo*, and *Nan* at the lower end of the Table at Dinner.

*Sir John.* **C**OME, Madam *Isabella*, are you for some Plaice? here is a great Plaice, Ladies love to take place, ha, ha, ha.

*Just.* Very good, ha, ha, ha.

*Isab.* You are the pleasantest company, *Sir John*, where do you learn these things, amongst the Wits?

*Sir John.* No, Madam, Pox the Wits are dull Fellows, they call themselves Wits, but they are dull, very dull; I keep company with the Clinchers, they are the rare company.

*Col.* Did ever man light into the company of such Fools?

*Lady.* What are these Clinchers?

*Sir John.* What are they? why they are the gravest of Divines and Lawyers, Judges will do't upon the Bench at an Arraignment, and sometimes your States-men are good at it, they cannot forget when they were Sophisters.

*Just.* Faith, Madam, these Clinchers are the wittiest people in the World.

*Lady.* Pray, Mr. *Spoilwit*, cut me a piece of that Rabbit.

*Just.* Madam, it is a raw bit, and not a Rabbit, for it is not half roasted, ha, ha.

*Sir John.* Ha, ha.

*Crambo.* Very good, ha, ha, ha.

*Codsh.* 'Tis very good, the Devil take me.

*Crambo.* Again at the Devil!

*Codsh.* Peace, I hope my Lady took no notice on't.

*Col.* } I never knew any great Lady keep above one Fool,  
to *Isab.* } and my Lady has four or five, Madam.

*Isab.* I think she had best put 'em in Livery, Sir.

*Just.* Here is a very good Fowl, will you prove a Goose,  
*Sir John?* ha, ha, ha.

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, no, no, but there's a very good Wood-  
cock, Justice, ha, ha, I love a Woodcock Justice, ha, ha.

*Crambo.* Very good on both sides.

*Col.* That Poet, Madam, is a very dull Fellow.

*Isab.* As dull a Poet as one shall see in a Summers day ;  
this man has sense, and looks like a Gentleman. [Aside.

*Sir John.* What are you for a Gull Justice? ha, ha, ha.

*Just.* No, no, I had as live's eat of an Owl *Sir John*, I love  
not a Gull *Sir John*, ha, ha, ha, there I gave it him i'faith,  
Colonel.

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, ha, very good i'faith; well there is no-  
thing like this Wit at Dinner.

*Just.* Wit is never so good as at Meals, it makes one di-  
gest the meat so rarely.

*Lady.* Wit is indeed a fine thing; but do grave Men, Di-  
vines, and Lawyers, and Men of great business use this kind  
of Wit?

*Sir John.* Oh ever while you live, they are the wittiest  
people, they are so full of jests, and will so laugh, especially  
at Meals.

*Just.* I'faith *Sir John's* in the right, your Wits, your flashy  
Wits are nothing to them, when they please to be merry.

*Sir John.* Oh there was a Judge that use to come our Cir-  
cuit, the purest company: a Gentleman ask't a Lady, whe-  
ther she would have any Custard, says the Judge Cus-turd,  
you may be ashamed to name so uncivil a thing to so fine a  
Gentlewoman, ha, ha, ha.

*Just.* Passing good, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir John.* There was such laughing, the Ladies did so thie  
under their Napkins, and could not eat a bit after it i'faith;  
but

but when they look't most demurely, out went the Tihie again under the Napkin, ha, ha. I am a Villain, if the Tihie did not take a reverend old Gentlewoman when she was a drinking, and she did squirt the Beer out of her Nose, as an Indian does Tobacco, ha, ha. [They laugh.

*Codsh.* This was very good, Gad take me, this would have made one laugh like a Devil.

*Crambo.* Why, are you mad? will you ruine your self?

*Codsh.* Lord bless me, I did quite forget, I was so transported at the Jest.

*Crambo.* A Pox on't, I am so dull, I cannot make a Quibble, and yet all the bawdy Jests in my Plays are nothing else.

*Codsh.* Pray, Sir *John*, give me some of that Custard for all your Jest, I were a Fool, if I should refuse that Custard, ha, ha, ha, that's very good, is not that very good, Ladies, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir John.* Ay faith is it Cousin? ha, ha, ha.

*Just.* Excellent! we are rare company, talk of your Wits, and your Wits, and this and that, i'faith, they are dull Fools to us.

*Col.* Gentlemen, if you have leisure for your immoderate and most incomprehensible Wit, which if you do not leave it, it will kill you, pray drink my Lady's Health. Madam, your Ladiships Health; Justice to you. [He drinks.

*Just.* Tope, as the French say.

*Sir John.* Nay on my conscience, as the Colonel says, Wit will be the death of me, 'twill kill me at last.

*Codsh.* Ay, and me too, the Devil---Oh it was just a coming.

*Sir John.* Come here's my Lady's Health, about with her, I would I could have a bout with her, Justice, ha, ha.

*Just.* Very good, very good.

*Isab.* Are you not cloy'd with these fulsom, nauseous Fools, Madam?

*Lady.* No, your gross Fool is good company enough for variety, I do not mean your Fool of God's making, he is to be pitied; but your Fool of his own making, that pretends to be witty, one that takes great pains to make himself a Fool.

*Isab.*

*Isab.* Not your natural, but artificial Fool.

*Lady.* Right, Cousin: Sir *John*, pray cut me a piece of that *Cheshire* Cheese.

*Sir John.* *Cheshire* Cheese! 'tis *Windsor* Cheese, Madam.

*Lady.* Im' sure it was sent me by a Friend out of *Cheshire*.

*Isab.* What makes you call it *Windsor* Cheese?

*Sir John.* Because it is near *Eaton*, ha, ha, ha.

*Just.* Ha, ha, this is the best that ever was, I shall die with laughing.

[*They laugh.*]

*Codsh.* Admirable, most incomparable.

*Crambo.* I am so dull, I cannot make one for the blood of me.

*Nan.* Sir *John* is the merriest Gentleman, I'll swear he would kill me to keep him company.

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, I'll tell you the best Jest in the World, Madam: a Doctor of Divinity, that shall be nameless, said that his Wife always gave him three Dishes, Bitter, Powt, and Tart; was it not very good, Madam?

*Lady.* Oh very good.

*Just.* Admirable, these Joques are excellent things, this harmless playing upon words, your scurvy Wits they are all upon things, and men full of Satyr, as they call it.

*Butler.* Madam, here's your Grange-man *Gervas*, and your Dairy-maid *Cicely* have committed Matrimony this day, and desire your Ladiship will give 'em joy, and will present you with a Dance.

*Enter Gervas, Cicely, three Country Clowns, and Country Wenches with Ribbands upon their Hats.*

*Lady.* With all my heart, where are they? how now, *Gervas*, are you married?

*Gervas.* Yes, Madam, *Cicely* and I are gone the way of all flesh.

*Cicely.* He has overcome me, Madam, he has such a way with him.

*Lady.* Joy to ye, I'll give you your first piece of Household stuff.

*Isab.* And I the next.

*Gervas.*

*Gervas.* Thank your Worships.

*Lady.* But where's our Dance?

*Gervas.* Strike up, Musicians.

[*They rise, and the Table and Cloth, &c. is taken away.*

*They dance.*

*Lady.* Very well; farewell, much joy to you. Gentlemen, let us retire, and about half an hour hence I'll meet ye all in the Garden.

[*Ex. Gervas, Cicely, and Dancers.*

*Col. to Isabel.* Madam, will you give me leave to wait upon you for a moment?

*Lady.* I hope, Mr. *Crambo*, you are pleased to remember your promise of a little Poetry.

*Crambo.* I do, Madam; Pox on that Colonel, he's going with my *Cloris*: I am troubled with dulness, I have such vapours in my head, I am not able to write, I fear.

[*Sir John pushes one of the Servants with the Service full of Trenchers, Plates, and Dishes upon his Nose, they all go out laughing and hugging Sir John, except the Butler and Servants, who are removing the things. Then Exeunt all but the Butler. To him*

*Enter Margery the Chamber-Maid.*

*Butler.* Ah, *Margery*, have you the face to look on me, after what I saw just now before Dinner?

*Marg.* Why, what did you see, good Mr. Butler and Taylor? for those are your two Titles of Honour.

*Butl.* Did not I see you in a corner laughing and playing with Sir *John Noddy's* Man?

*Marg.* Would not you have one civil to a Stranger? you ill-bred Taylor.

*Butl.* Civil with a Pox d'e call it?

*Marg.* What you are jealous, are you? I defy your Yard and your Spanish Needle, and your middle finger, with your Corset Thimble.

*Butl.* Marry come up, Mrs. Caudle-maker, you Keeper of my

my Lady's secrets! you would hold the door for a need, if my Lady were such a one; 'tis well her Ladiship is not lewdly given, I know what you would be else.

*Marg.* Why what would I be, thou Goofe?

*Butl.* A Bawd, a Bawd, a Bawd *Margery.*

*Marg.* A Thief, a Thief, a Thief *James,* I'm sure one cannot be a Taylor without it.

*Butl.* You scurvy tittle tattle, Tell-tale of the house, that makes lies, and are believ'd, flatters my Lady, and says the Crow's white, if she says so, all this for a little Money and Cloaths, and then you mince and trip and amble to Church, not for Religion, but to show my Lady's old Wardrobe furnished up upon thy scurvy body.

*Marg.* Scurvy body! out you Prick-louse, 'tis as good a body— and that most young Men of the house will say, thou unconscionable Item of searing Candle, Bumbast, and Canvas.

*Butl.* There's stiffening too, good Mrs. Wasp, with a sting in your tail.

*Marg.* Not so much as you should have put in, you cheating Rogue, you cozened me in that too.

*Butl.* Come you are rank, you are rank, every Dog-bolt in the house follows you, with a Pox to you, that will be the end of it, to thy shame, thou lascivious Woman.

*Marg.* Oh you base Taylor and Butler made up of shreds and chippings, ne're a one of the house will say so much of me.

*Butl.* 'Tis their goodness more than your desert.

*Marg.* I am sure never a Fellow of mine, since I came, if they speak truly, but will say I have been ready to do 'em courtesies early and late, I am sure of that.

*Butl.* Her tears do mollifie me, I am tender-hearted.

*Marg. crys.]* And you to lay these things in my dish, that have not deserv'd 'em at your hands.

*Butl.* Well I'll say no more at present then.

*Marg.* But 'tis no matter, I am e'en served well enough, to love such a one; I thought ne're to have said so much, but truth's truth and shame the Devil.

*Butl.*

*Butl.* Come, peace then *Margery*, I believe thou dost love me.

*Marg.* Do I? Ay that I do, even but too well, God knows.

*Butl.* Nay good dear *Margery*, peace, thou wilt break my heart to see thee cry so.

*Marg.* Your unkindness will be the death of me some time or other; but yet, *James*, I would not have you cry, it is not manly for a Taylor to cry, therefore quiet your self, 'tis no matter what becomes of me.

*Butl.* Oh *Margery*, thou hast——

*Marg.* What have I done?

*Butl.* Why thou hast drawn womanish tears from the Flood-gates of my manly Taylors eyes. Prethee forgive me.

*Marg.* Well I do with all my heart.

*Butl.* I know thou art vertuous and religious.

*Marg.* Ay, *James*, I should be sorry else; for every Holy-day when I put on my best Cloaths, I read my Psalter, many a leaf do I turn over with a wet thumb, I have a new Bible too, and when my Lady left her Practice of Piety, she gave it me, and you shall have it; therefore pray think well of me, I am no Papisht I thank God.

*Butl.* Sweet *Margery*, forgive me all my faults, and let's kiss upon that.

*Marg.* With all my heart.

*Butl.*——*The best of Love with quarrels is possess,*  
*Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.*

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Colonel and Isabella.*

*Col.* Look ye, Madam, the case is this, I'll go upon the square with my Lady, I have a thousand pounds a year, but 'tis mortgaged very deep, for I was hatter'd and sequestred, as many brave Fellows were for serving the King; but no more to be said.

*Isab.* I have heard you were a great Sufferer; he looks like a brave Fellow, his roughness and honest bluntness pleases me strangely.

G

*Col.*

*Col.* I say nothing of that; but I had as like to have had the honour of being hang'd for the King as any man, and 'tis true many undeserving persons were brought to the Scaffold, that did not merit the honour like my self; and if I had not had palpable injustice, I'm sure I had had the honour; but no more to be said.

*Isab.* A loyal Man.

*Col.* But Merit was not look'd upon, they prefer'd Fellows to be hang'd, that Gad were no more fit for't, than your Ladies Chamber-maid.

*Isab.* Do not repent, Sir, methinks 'tis well as 'tis.

*Col.* No, Madam, nothing shall trouble me, what cannot be cur'd must be endur'd, but I serv'd in all the War, I say nothing, but the business is, thus was my Estate engaged, and I hearing of this Widow, faith was content to mortgage my body to her to redeem my Land, and so, Madam, I beg you will please to let her know from me. You are her Kinswoman, and I thought the fittest person to break the Ice to her, I see she is pester'd with Fools, I could not do't my self.

*Isab.* Do you love her by hearsay only?

*Col.* I thought it convenient for her and me too, and for Love Widows seldom trouble themselves with that.

*Isab.* Then you are not much in Love.

*Col.* Faith, Madam, I am a Souldier, and hate lying, I am not dangerously.

*Isab.* I know not what's the reason, but methinks I am glad to hear that. [Aside.]

*Col.* Faith, Lady, I could love you a great deal better, if it were as convenient for me.

*Isab.* Say you so?

*Col.* Yes faith; but I like my Lady, and I know what belongs to a Gentleman, and am honest, I'll make a kind Husband to her, and Gad I'll deal like a Gentleman with her, and that she shall find as soon as she pleases, and that's the short and the long on't.

*Isab.* These Souldiers are all a word and a blow; but methinks this honest bluntnefs is better than the fawning flattery of your perfum'd feather'd huftry tuffy Fools: yonder  
comes.

comes my Lady, let us retire, and consult what I shall say to her.

*Col.* Come, I see she's persecuted damnably with Coxcombs, let her but say one word, and I'll beat 'em every one out of the house.

[*Ex. Col. and Isab.*  
*Isab.* Allons.

*Enter Lady Haughty, Codshhead, and Crambo*  
*meeting 'em.*

*Cramb.* Your Servant, Madam, I have been meditating for your Ladiships Service.

*Codsh.* Peace, *Crambo*, do not interrupt me, I am very busie.

*Cramb.* Come let's hear no swearing.

*Lady.* These Fools begin to be troublesome, I can enjoy no privacy for 'em. [*Aside.*

*Codsh.* As I was saying, Madam, you are a pretty Thief, and steal every bodies heart, no man can keep a heart in quiet for you.

*Lady.* Did not you steal that out of the Academy of Complements, Mr. *Codshhead*?

*Codsh.* No, as I hope to be saved.

*Cramb.* How now, Mr. *Codshhead*!

[*Crambo pulls him by the Elbow.*

*Codsh.* Why, would not you have me hope to be saved, when I have left off swearing? I never saw such a man in my life, i'faith, you'll put me quite out. Madam, your Eyes hum--- your bright Eyes hum---- have so enslaved me, that, hum, hum---- I can no longer call my heart my own.

*Lady.* Good lack a day, but are you serious?

*Codsh.* Ay the De---- hum--- could you but see your self, you would not doubt it, hum----

*Cramb.* That was very well.

[*Crambo claps him on the Back.*

*Codsh.* And then that stately and majestic Forehead adorned by, or rather adorning those curls--- hum--- those snares for hearts.

*Lady.* This Fool has been bred up to nothing but Questions and Commands and cross purposes.

*Codsh.* That Arch upon your Brow is *Cupid's Bow*, as I, hum----

*Lady.* These commendations come not from your heart, you hum and pause, and seem to be in pain.

*Codsh.* I am a Son of a Whore, Madam, if they be not from my heart, and that's an excellent word, and no swearing.

[*The Widow smiles.*]

*Cramb.* For shame, don't you see her laugh at you for it?

*Codsh.* Peace, I have a thousand commendations more for you, as that your breath is a heavenly dew, sweeter than Eastern Winds---- hum---- that o're the flowry Gardens blow---- hum, ha--- or than the choicest of Arabian Gums.

*Cramb.* Very fine! I'll set it down, I'll use it. Lord, to see some ordinary men light of things now and then, as good as one of us!

*Codsh.* Your teeth like--- hum--- Oriental Pearls, or Twin Lambs newly shorn.

*Lady.* How came those Lambs and Pearls together? they never met before.

*Cramb.* Pardon me, Madam, 'tis a fine Trope, and I'll steal that too: Lord, to see how Wits are beholding sometimes to Fools!

*Codsh.* Your Eyes, Madam, are two clear resplendent Fountains, two----

*Lady.* Two, what not other things I hope too!

*Codsh.* Two Helicons, when you weep, and your snowy Breasts are----

*Lady.* What I beseech you, Sir?

*Codsh.* Two *Parnassus* Hills covered with Snow--- hum--- ha--- and then your---

*Lady.* Hold, hold, Sir, go no further, you'll be uncivil by and by: do you intend to read a Lecture over me; as they do upon a body at the Physick Schools? I'll have no more on't.

Enter

*Enter Nan.*

*Nan.* I desire a word with your Ladiship in private.

*Lady.* Your Servant, I must leave you.

*Codsh.* Your Servant, Madam. [*Ex. Lady and Nan.*]

*Cramb.* This was well for a beginning; but why did you hum and ha so, and make such long pauses in your Discourse?

*Codsh.* Why, if you will have the truth on't, when I paused I was swearing and cursing to my self, or else I never could have gone through with it.

*Cramb.* What, mental swearing and cursing!

*Codsh.* Ounds I'll be no more of it, the Devil take me, if it had not almost like to have kill'd me, blood, it was such a pain to me, as if I was gyved and fetter'd, I was so sick all the while, God take me, and in such pain, I had no joy in my life; God, now methinks I am so free, so lightsom, Ounds, methinks I could leap over the house, the Devil take me, if ever you shall shackle me again, Sir, nor she neither; if there be no getting of her but upon these hard terms, there's an end on't, I'll go home and swear and curse and lye, and do what I will in my own ground.

*Cramb.* Come, I'll put you in a way to do it without pain.

*Codsh.* Away, 'tis impossible, I'll never think on't.

*Cramb.* I'll make you confess your self in the wrong; I have written a Scene of Love for you, which you shall get by heart.

*Codsh.* Thank you for that, how shall I know her answers?

*Cramb.* Why, I have writ them too.

*Codsh.* Can you know before-hand what she'll answer?

*Cramb.* Ay, ay, she can make no other answers to what I write, I were no Poet else, there's the Art on't, Mam!

*Codsh.* There's the Art on't indeed, I think I could make a shift to get a thing by heart, without putting in my Oaths and wonted Phrases, but the Devil take me, that will be hard.

*Cramb.* I warrant you, try on't.

*Codsh.* But if she should make cross answers, I should be damnably disappointed, God take me.

*Cook*

*Cramb.*

*Cramb.* My life for your's, pray let's into the Chamber, I am much indisposed, and on the sudden taken very ill, methinks.

*Codsh.* Prethee don't be sick before thou givest me the Scene, for shame come on.

*Enter Clerk of the Kitchin, Cook, Musicians, and the under-Cooks.*

*Cramb.* I am very dull and stupid, I am as dull---

*Codsh.* As a Dog, I know you were always so, God take me, for you'll never keep good Company, nor drink a Glass, and a man must be as dull as a Devil that lives so.

*Cramb.* Well, you will have your own way, but I grow worse, let's go. [Ex. Codsh and Crambo.]

*Cook.* Faith, Sir, you play the best upon the Fiddle, and are the finest Musicioner that can be, and such a melodious Pipe you have for singing.

*Musc.* You are pleased to say so.

*Cook.* Come, good Sir, sans Ceremony, let's go in and take off two or three *Derby Cans.*

*Musc.* You have ply'd me so hard, I must take a little fresh air, and breathe a while, for I can swallow no more yet.

*Cook.* Faith you are not so good a Fellow, as I took you for.

*Musc.* By and by, there's no time lost; but now after you drew up your Dinner in Battel array, with all your military words of Command, go on, as you promised me, with the rest.

*Cook.* With all my heart, 'tis very tragical, 'tis a most dismal relation.

*Clerk.* It will bring tears out of your Eyes, though you resolve against it.

*Musc.* Come, Sir, go on, I love Tragedy, especially Heroick, Oh, it does chime, and make the finest noise, 'tis no matter whether it be sense or no, so it be Heroick.

[He speaks it and mouths it in a very tragical tone.]

*Cook.* Well then———

*Cook.*

**Cook.** *Oh, oh, oh, all's lost, we are defeated quite:  
There are no further hopes of a Relief,  
The Battel's gone, the day is lost.*

**Musc.** How, good Mr. Cook?

**Clerk.** You shall hear.

**Cook.** *The powder'd Beef stone dead in Cabbage lay,  
Onslaughts upon the Custards, and the Pyes  
Broke in with fierce assaults upon the crust;  
Then Gravy all upon the board did run,  
The wings of Fowl cut off from all retreat,  
A Leg of Pork lying here slasht and cut,  
The Loins of Veal shot through with Orange stow,  
A Breast of Mutton broken were the bones.*

**Musc.** Passion on me, 'tis wondrous sad.

**Cook.** *Gammons of Bacon shot all full of Cloves,  
Saw Rabbits lying there without their legs.  
A cloven Calves head with the brains dast out,  
A sad Pigs head close from the body cut.*

**Musc.** Oh my heart!

**Cook.** *A Chine of Beef slasht mangled to the bones,  
Shoulders of Venson in their own blood wallowing,  
Our Ordnance Marrow-bones dismounted quite,  
The wriggled Brawn so massacred with wounds,  
Trips hanging out most hideous to see,  
With excrement of Mustard dropping down.  
There Oysters now gaping for their last breath,  
Lobsters and Crevices all bloody red.*

**Cook.** I can hold no longer, my heart melts.

**Cook.** *None made retreats but Crabs, that I could see,  
The Forlorn-hope of Porridge all was spilt,  
And the Reserve of Fruit and Cheese thrown done,  
Some few were rallied, for the fight 'ith' Hall;  
But being charg'd, they could not stand at all.  
So the dead bodies, scatter'd bones, and crusts,  
Were in the Alms Tub buried first, and then  
Rak'd up by ravenous Crows and Kites call'd Beggars,  
Wherewith their hungry maws and scrips they fill'd.  
This is the sad relation of that day,  
The fatal day of our so great defeat.*

**Musc.**

*Musick.* 'Tis the most tragical story e're was heard, the expression forced a tear from me, e're I was aware on't; I see moving passion is a great matter, though in Kitchin Poetry.

*Clerk.* See what number is, so Musick moves with Number.

*Musick.* It does so; but if this had been in Rime! Oh Rime, if it be but spoke violently, and well mouth'd, it touches mightily.

*Enter Footpad and 1 Rogue with Fiddles.*

*Footpad.* By your leave, will it please you to hear a fit of Musick? we are Fiddlers, and we can smell out Feasts and good Company.

*Musick.* Ay, pray let's have 'em.

*Clerk.* Ay, with all my hear'.

*Cook.* Come, Gentlemen, follow me, I'll give you a lusty Derby Can.

*Footpad.* I'faith we'll follow, Sir: come Comerade in danger and in spoil, if we had mist this Habit of Fidler, all had been spoil'd.

*1 Rogue.* Oh Rogue agrees with Fidler extremely, Fidler is a Rogue according to Law.

*Footpad.* Oh yes, one Fidler is one Rogue, two Fiddlers two Rogues, three a noise of Rogues, and five a company of Rogues, fine Statute legal Rogues.

*1 Rogue.* Well, would I had a Monopoly of Roguery, that none might play the Rogue but by my Patent.

*Footpad.* Why, thou would'st have money enough to overcome the Grand Signior, thou unconscionable Fellow.

*1 Rogue.* Faith I love to wish to the purpose, but let's in.

*Footpad.* Come on, but remember still that thieving is a more profitable Roguery than fiddling, and ther'fore be sure to keep thy hand in ure.

*1 Rogue.* Shall I ever live to have it said of me, that my right hand forgot to steal? no, no, never may I live to see that day.

*Footpad.* Nobly spoke, and like a Roman--- Thief I mean; but here come the Ladies, let's in.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Haughty, Isabella, and Nan.*

*Lady.* Ha, Cousin, I am afraid this victorious Colonel has overcome you.

*Isab.* Not so, Madam, but he appears the better for being amongst the Fools here.

*Lady.* That's true; but prethee dissemble not with me, for I find this blustering Souldier has storm'd your heart.

*Isab.* My heart, Madam! why should you imagine it?

*Lady.* 'Tis so; no more: I'll endeavour to mollifie this Dub a Dub, this tempestuous Colonel for you.

*Isab.* I beseech you, Madam, don't believe this of me.

*Aside.]* And yet to say truth, I begin to believe it of my self, I would I had not seen him.

*Lady.* He seems to be a good honest rough Fellow, and may make a good Husband: here's *Nan*, is' such an arrant Lover of *Sir John Noddy*, she's mawdlin for him.

*Nan.* Madam, I neither can nor will dissemble, he's is so fine a witty facetious person, no body needs be ashamed of him, and the handsomest Gentleman upon earth.

*Lady.* Come, I'll endeavour to oblige ye both: come on, Gentlemen, you are come to take the Air.

*Enter Sir John, Justice, and Colonel.*

*Sir John.* No, Madam, I am come to take something else.

*Lady.* What's that, *Sir John*?

*Sir John.* Your heart, Madam, ha, ha, ha, that was well.

*Lady.* You won't rob me, will you?

*Just.* Prethee stand by, you take her heart!

*My buckson Lady, I am come to you,*

*An ancient Justice, that in Love does sue*

*To draw with you in that most happy yoke*

*Of wedlock, and you'l find him heart of Oke.*

H

I know

*I know your humor's pleasant, gay, and merry,  
And so is mine you'l find with a hey down derry.*

*Lady.* You're a very merry Justice, though not in your prime.

*You have been a Spark I warrant you in your time.*

*And, Sir, you're heartily welcome in Rime.*

There's Poetry for your Poetry.

*Just.* Ha, ha, very good, i'faith, was a Spark! I am still so, and as merry a Fellow as any of the Quorum, i'faith.

*Sir John.* If mirth will please you, if I make you not merry, I'll lose my Knighthood, that cost me five hundred pound. Why, I make every body die with laughing, that I keep company withal, ask my Lord my Neighbour; on my conscience and soul, I shall be the death of him for one.

*Lady.* Then 'twill be dangerous venturing upon you, I shall be in fear of my life for you.

*Col. blustering* } Stand by, who is it that dares pretend to  
up to her. } this Lady, while I am present? hah.

*Sir John.* The Colonel's mad, he looks as if he would eat one.

*Just.* Fair Lady, I'll withdraw, my Suit must cease,  
When War appears, no Justice of the Peace.

*Lady.* No, stay, what will you quit me so? what are you, Sir? what would you have?

*Col.* I am a Souldier, and to speak plain English, I am for you which way you will, any way in the world.

*Lady.* As how, good boisterous Sir? you mean to make Love, as they make War, with Fire and Sword.

*Col.* Faith, Madam, I would lie with you, and not marry you, or marry you, and not lie with you, or lie with you and then marry you; or marry you and then lie with you, or neither marry you, nor lie with you: chuse which, and take your course.

*Lady.* Why, you are all Gun-powder, would you blow up a poor Widow at first?

*Isab.* Did not I tell you he was a pleasant man, Madam?

*Lady.* I see you love War, Cousin, and have a mind to follow the Camp,

*Col.*

*Col.* Why look you ? in short, you are a very merry Widow, and I am a merry Souldier, if you like me so, faith, make no more words on't, here's my hand, Lady, and there's an end on't.

*Lady.* But what if I do not like you, Noble Colonel ?

*Col.* Why then so, I hope a man may keep a poor little thing of his own, as the world goes, when the worst comes to the worst, and that will offend no body.

*Lady.* Good Colonel, let me be a little free with you.

*Col.* Take your course.

*Lady.* Have not you been advised by some experienced frail Matron, that a Widow is to be won with huffing and blustering ?

*Col.* I am my own Counsellor, God ye are most of you too cunning to be won by Stratagem, and you must be carried by storm.

*Lady.* You are a mad Colonel, and I like you the better for it, I hate the common Road of Woing in the Dunstable High-way of Matrimony. I love to be woed fantastically ; but let's see what you can do for me now. Do you shew your parts, and these Gentlemen shall shew theirs, that I may chuse discreetly.

*Col.* What a Pox, Madam, do you take me for your Dog, your Spaniel, to fetch and carry, and shew tricks for you ?

*Lady.* Good Mr. *Mars*, be not so passionate.

*Col.* Ounds, Madam, do you think to rank me with Coxcombs ?

*Sir John.* Who the Devil does he call Coxcomb ? a Knight a Coxcomb ! that's impossible.

*Just.* I'faith, if I thought he meant me, I'de bind him to the good Behavior : a Justice a Coxcomb ! that were a good one, i'faith.

*Col.* Death, Madam, I am not to be used thus.

*Lady.* Then, good Sir, leave me to those that will be used so, I will divert my self here ; pray take you a Walk with my Cousin in the mean time, and see if she will use you better.

*Col.* With all my heart, Madam, give me leave to wait upon you, since she's no better company.

[*Ex. Col. and Isabella.*]

*Lady.* Come, let me see what good qualities you have, give me leave to sit, and judge betwixt you, that I may chuse discreetly, a Chair in the first place, he that I marry must sing well, that's certain.

*Sir John.* Oh Pox, if singing will do, I'll fit you to a hair, i'faith.

*Just.* If I ever fail you in that, Madam----

*Lady.* Come on, Justice, and begin.

*Just.* Hem, will you hear how a Spanish Lady wooed an English Man?

*Garments gay, as rich as may be,*

*Deck't with Jewels had she on.*

*Lady.* Good Justice some other, I like not that so well.

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, ha, I thought how he'd please her.

*Just.* Now I shall fit you.

*When as King Henry govern'd the Land,*

*The second of that Name,*

*Besides his Queen he dearly lov'd*

*A fair and Princely Dame.*

*Most parlous was her Beauty found,*

*Her favour and her face;*

*A sweeter Creature in this World*

*Did never Prince embrace.*

*Her crisp'd Locks, like Threads of Gold,*

*Appear to each mans sight:*

*Her comely Eyes, like Orient Pearls,*

*Did cast a heavenly light.*

*Lady.* Well done, Justice, there's enough at once, now, *Sir John*, try you.

*Sir John.* His is a foolish old fashion'd Song, Madam, but mine's of the new cast.

*I dote, I dote, but am a Sot to show it,  
 I was a very Fool to let her know it;  
 For now she doth so cunning grow,  
 She proves a friend worse than a foe.  
 She'l neither hold me fast, nor let me go;  
 She tells me I cannot forsake her.  
 When straight I endeavour to leave her,  
     She to make me stay  
     Throws a kiss in my way:  
 Oh then I could tarry for ever.*

*Lady.* Very well on both sides.

*Sir John.* But you shall hear what he says to her, 'tis fine,  
 fine, very fine.

*But good Madam Fickle be faithful,  
 And leave off your damnable dodging.  
     Either love me, or leave me,  
     And do not deceive me,  
 But let me go home to my Lodging.*

*De' see, Madam, God, that was smart.*

*Just.* That smart! fy, your old Songs are better by half,  
 they are more passionate.

*There was a rich Merchant man  
 That was both grave and wise,  
 He kil'd a man in Athens Town,  
 Great quarrels there did arise.  
 Oh a sweet thing is Love!  
 It rules both heart and mind,  
 There is no comfort in this World  
 To Women that are kind.*

*Just.* I think that was a good Trillo, Madam.

*Lady.* Very good.

*Sir John.* Madam, hear but one Song of mine, and if I do  
 not put him down.

*Oh.*

Ob my dear pretty Soul,  
How thy black Eyes do rowl,  
And rule without controul  
My poor Heart.

How can my dear Jewel  
Be to it so cruel,  
When she can see well  
His great smart?

Nan. Oh Madam, he's the finest Gentleman in the World,  
I shall die with looking on him.

Sir John. 'Tis very passionate and fine, Madam.

Lady. 'Tis very well indeed; but the next thing I must  
make trial of, must be of your Dancing, for I must have a  
Husband courtly and well bred.

Just. If I do not fit you for that, may I never examine  
Malefactor more; why, I was a Reveller at *Graves-Inn* in my  
youth, Madam.

Sir John. Begin, I fear you not.

Just. Here's no Musick, but I'll sing to my Dancing.

[He dances ridiculously.]

Lady. Very well, admirable well.

Sir John. Come, I'll dance the Minoutes, you do not  
know what that is; Justice, ha, ha, ha.

Just. Pox on your French kickshaw Dances, I love your  
true *Derby-shire* Horn-pipe.

[Sir John dances, and sings to it.]

[Codhead and two or three more bring in  
Crambo sick upon a Chair.]

Codsh. Come, bring him hither for fresh Air, this is a  
shrewd Fit, pray Heaven it does not carry him away.

Cramb. Oh, oh, Spleen, I am sick, sick.

Lady. What's the matter?

Codsh.

*Codsh.* Oh Madam, here's the Poet so sick, the Dev—  
Oh--- he was in his Chamber writing, he fell into Raptures,  
Ecstasies, Furies, heated, and swell'd, and big with Muse, and  
cannot be delivered.

*Just.* Fetch a Midwife for him, ha, ha, ha.

*Lady.* Nan, fetch down some Cordial-water: can he not  
speak? *Mr. Crambo!*

*Cramb.* Oh, oh, Fumes, Fumes.

*Sir John.* Death, he'l sound, tweak him by the Nose, box  
him on the Ears, let me come.

*Codsh.* Hold, Cousin, forbear.

*Enter the Colonel and Isabella hastily.*

*Lady.* Oh here's Mr. *Crambo* in a Fit of Poetry, as bad as  
a-Fit of the Mother.

*Nan.* Here's the Cordial, Madam; burn some Partridge-  
feathers under his Nose.

*Col.* Pox, is this all? nothing but a Poet sick?

*Lady.* I see blockheaded Souldiers make nothing of a  
Poet.

*Enter Footpad and a Rogue.*

*Footpad.* Will it please you to have any Musick?

*Codsh.* Ounds, you Rogue, is this a time for Musick?

*Footpad.* Sir, I heard your Poet was sick, and perhaps Mu-  
sick may do him good, I have an excellent Song; how the  
nine Muses invited a Poet to Dinner.

*Codsh.* Death, you Rascal, get you gone.

*Lady.* Hold, Mr. *Codshhead*, it may do him good, and  
please me, prethee Fellow sing it.

*Footpad.* 'Tis to the Tune of Cook Laurel.

*The Nine Lady Muses would make me their Guest,  
And invited me to Parnassus to dine,  
And promised me there a Poetical Feast,  
And vow'd that their Helicon should turn to Wine.*

*The*

The very first Dish was Heroical Verse  
 Bak'd in a Pasty with swelling pufft Paste;  
 No Gravy there was for me to rehearse,  
 'Twas dull to the appetite, dry to the taste.

Love-Sonnets in Lovers tears then were dress'd,  
 Stew'd in Love-sighs, and set by to cool,  
 With excellent Cream and Eggs of the best,  
 And then this Loves Dish all said was a Fool.

Then Epigrams dress'd and cook'd with pains,  
 With Vinegar, Limon, the Sawce full of Art,  
 And added unto it old Martials Brains,  
 So this all the Muses said was their Tart.

Sad Epitaphs, Elegies, if not mistaken,  
 Came to the Board, and so were set down;  
 They look'd like a Westphalia Gammon of Bacon,  
 In his long Cloke or black Mourning-gown.

Then like a Shoulder of Venison in blood,  
 A Tragedy dish't with Mustard, because  
 It drew down a Deluge of Tears like a Floud,  
 With bitter Herbs added to heighten the Sauce.

A Comedy sweet and poignant then came  
 By Natures Cook dress'd so finely and fit  
 With all the sweet Herbs that any can name:  
 For spice, strew'd with Satyr, with Humour and Wit.

A Bisk or an Olio, then one in brings  
 With French Railleries and French Lampons,  
 With Riddles in Rimes, and Posies for Rings: (Spoons.  
 For the Meat they used Knives, for the thin Broth their

Raw Fruit, great Dishes of School-boys Themes,  
 Then sharp and quick Jest, which all were prefer'd;  
 This flow'd like a flood of witty sweet streams,  
 And thus their Desert and Banket was serv'd.

The

The Thespian Spring all the Poets told me,  
 Ravish'd the Palate, it was so divine,  
 Since Water and Wit can never agree,  
 They all concluded it was Spanish Wine.

The Muses then tun'd their Fiddles each string,  
 And vow'd for a while with them I should stay  
 To hear a merry Song, which they would sing :  
 When ended, I kiss'd their hands, and came away.

Lady. 'Tis very well, there's money.

Just. Sir John, give him some money.

Sir John. Pox on you, was not my Pocket pick't ?

Just. I shall have a hundred pound to be paid me, it lies  
 at the Town within half a mile, I'll walk over for it pre-  
 sently.

Footpad. Do you hear that, Sir ?

Rogue. Ay, and am glad to hear it, we'l be with him,  
 i'faith.

Lady. Carry him up to Bed.

[They remove Crambo.

Sir John. Peace, peace.

[Sir John steals behind the Colonel, who  
 stands with his hands behind him, and  
 bites him by the Thumb.

Just. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. kicks } Ounds, you Rascal, I reward you for your  
 him. } Monkey-tricks !

Lady. How now, what's the matter ?

Sir John. Nay I know not, Madam, I n'r saw the like in  
 my life ; he's the strangest choleric person in the whole  
 World, I vow to God, to box and kick a man for a Jest.

Lady. Pray, Sir, be civil.

Col. Madam, I must be civil to my Honour.

Sir John. Honour with a Pox ! I never saw such a chole-  
 rick uncivil man, since I was born, as I hope to be sav'd.

Just. Swear the Peace against him, I'll give you my War-  
 rant.

Codsh.

*Codsh.* Do you hear, Cousin? if you do not fight with him, you are a shame to your Family, the Devil take me.

*Sir John.* Not I, why he's mad, I do not know what mischief he would do, if one should fight with him.

*Lady.* Gentlemen, I must leave you; Justice, do you keep the Peace here. [Ex. *Lady Isab. and Nan.*]

*Codsh.* Do you hear angry Colonel? God take me you shall give satisfaction for this.

*Col.* Why, he'll ne're fight.

*Codsh.* 'Tis no matter, bring your Friend, and if he will not, I and another will, the Devil take me, in the Corn-field by the Gallows an hour hence.

*Col.* 'Tis a dreadful place; but I'll meet you, I'll seek a Friend.

*Just.* Come away.

*Sir John.* Well, I wish I may never stir, if ever I saw such a peevish Fellow. [Exeunt omnes.]

## A C T I V.

Enter *Godsh.*

*Codsh.* I Have at length got my Scene by heart; but if the Colonel should kill me by and by, 'twould quite spoil my Scene.

*To'are like the new-sprung Lilies of the field,  
Whose native colour, hum----*

*Darkning the milkie way, hum----*

Then says she,

*Your Phrases make my modesty to blush.*

Then I again,

*Then you appear like the new-budded Rose,*

*With modest blushes of Vermilion, hum----*

*Vegetables--- hum--- hum--- odoriferous lustre.*

Then says she,

*My ignorance pleads my excuse.*

Then

Then I,

*Lady 'tis love, your heart may feel that flame.*

Then she,

*I never knew yet what it was to love.*

Then I,

*I'll teach you, Virgin.*

Pox, she's a Widow, I shall forget to alter that word; besides I am plaguily afraid of putting Oaths and Curses into the blank Verse.

*Enter Doctor.*

Then says she,

*Oh, if this Love were constant.*

Then I,

*Constant as Rocks, that stand great Neptunes floods, &c.*

Oh, Doctor, you are welcome, here's Poet Crambo is in a desperate condition.

*Doct.* I am come to try my skill upon him.

*Codsh.* I will have him brought out to you.

*Enter Lady and Isabella.*

*Lady.* Come, Doctor, are you come to work a Wonder, and make a dull Poet write?

*Doct.* I cannot do Miracles, but I'll do my best.

*Codsh.* Good Doctor do, and you shall be well rewarded, besides the honour of the Cure. *[They bring in Crambo.]*

Without your skill he is lost, 'tis a shrewd Fit.

*Doct.* Come, Sir speak, he cannot: here, take this Pen, can you write? No, he is far gone, his Muse is weak, he must have some Poetical Remedies. This it is to take impossibilities in hand, to think that Wit can go beyond the limits of Wit, they strain it into fustian and nonsense: well this fustian will be the death of some Heroick Poet or other; if they take not care, the very speaking on't is enough to bring the Actors into consumptions.

*Lady.* 'Tis true, Doctor; besides, that constant noise of Rimming, when every two Verses sound alike, like the Larum of a Clock, disturbs me, it makes my head ake to hear it.

*Codsh.* What say you to him?

*Doct.* Why, I think fit to apply a Cataplasm of *Homer*.

*Codsb.* By no means, Doctor, it would raise such vapours in his head with *Aeacus*, *Minos*, and *Radamanthus*, 'twould make him ten times worse.

*Doct.* What do you think of *Anacreon* or *Pindar* for his Distemper?

*Codsb.* Oh, all Greek Poets, with the strange Characters of Crows feet in his head, would make him worse; besides he has made use of 'em all, and stole from every one of 'em, which he understands already.

*Doct.* Why then some Pills of *Virgil*.

*Lady.* I have heard he did but imitate *Homer*.

*Codsb.* Such lofty Lines are not fit for his weak stomach.

*Lady.* Oh, strong Lines would stick in his Throat, and choak him.

*Codsb.* What think you of a Cordial of *Horace*?

*Doct.* Oh, it will not work upon your Heroicks at all, he has too much sense in him for them: what if I should try *Ovid*?

*Lady.* That will make him metamorphose himself into Trees, and Beasts, and Birds.

*Doct.* Perhaps so, and his false Astronomy may do him harm, and then *Lucan* with his Swords, Darts, and Piles is too strong for him.

*Codsb.* Good Sir, try some English Poets, as *Shakespeare*.

*Doct.* You had as good give him preserv'd Apricocks, he has too much Wit for him, and then *Fletcher* and *Beaumont* have so much of the Spanish Perfume of Romances and Novels.

*Lady.* That's true; besides they may put him into a whining Fit of Love, with Oh and Ah, with folded arms.

*Isab.* You had as good apply Liquorish and Sugar-candy to him, with *Pastor fido*.

*By serpent Rivulets under shady Trees,*

*With Scrip of Cordovant and gandy Hook.*

*Doct.* The last Remedy, like Pigeons to the soles of the feet, must be to apply my dear Friend Mr. *Johnson's Works*, but they must be apply'd to his head.

*Codsb.*

*Codsh.* Oh, have a care, Doctor, he hates *Ben. Johnson*, he has an Antipathy to him.

*Cramb.* Oh, I hate *Johnson*, oh oh, dull dull, oh oh no Wit.

*Doct.* 'Tis you are dull; he speaks now, but I have less hopes of him for this; dull! he was the Honour of his Nation, and the Poet of Poets, if any thing will do't, he will bring your Poet into his Wits again, and make him write Sense and Reason, and purifie his Language, and make him leave his foolish phantastical heroick Fustian.

*Codsh.* Oh, have a care what you do, he hates him mortally.

*Cramb.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Doct.* Well, Sir, he must be forc'd to take *Johnson's Works*, his Disease is desperate, and he must have this Cure: come, remove him in, I'll order him.

*Cramb.* Oh, oh, no *Johnson*.

*Doct.* Come in with him, sick men still nauseate their Remedies. [Ex. Doctor and two carrying Crambo out.]

*Lady.* Cousin, prethee take the Key of my Cabinet, and take the Net-purse with Gold in it, and put it in his Pocket, 'tis a better Cordial than all the Doctor has named.

*Isb.* I will, Madam; if money does not recover his senses, nothing will.

*Lady.* This is a Judgment upon him for stealing so, they say he never writ any thing that was his own.

*Codsh.* He was indeed a little given to filching; but now for my Scene, how shall I bring it in?

*Lady* your look is more victorious than I have ever seen it.

*Lady.* No sure, you're mistaken.

*Codsh.* Now, now.

*Y'are like the new sprung Lily of the field,  
Whose native colour, when it does appear,  
Darkens what's light, it's self the tender flower,  
So innocent it trembles to be toucht. The Devil----*

Oh, oh, I was cursing.

*Fearing a spot from the serener Air,  
Darkning the milkie way of Stars so faire.*

Now

Now answer right, if it be thy will. [Aside.]

Lady. Methinks I do not look so very pale as a Lily, though I confess I am very pale.

Codsh. Pox on't, she should have said,

*Your Phrases make my modesty to blush.*

But I'll go on, come what will, the Devil take me.

*Then you appear like the new budded Rose,*

*With modest blushes of Vermilion die,*

*In your fair sight no Vegetable dare*

*Sprout out, and be so impudent t' appear*

*In the high presence of Apollo's Court*

*Without your sweet and odoriferous lustre.*

Lady. Odoriferous lustre! what's that?

Codsh. 'Sdeath, she should have said,

*My ignorance pleads my excuse.*

'Tis damn'd cross.

*Lady 'tis Love, your heart may feel that flame.*

Lady. This Fellow's mad sure; sure, Sir, you are troubled with Fumes like Poet Crambo.

Codsh. Why, there was another cross answer: she should have said,

*I never yet knew what it was to love.*

I will on.

*I'll teach you, Virgin, Oh I forgot that,*

*I'll teach you, Virgin Widow, what it is,*

*Love is to one, and does possess him all,*

*The rest of Females seem not Womankind - - God take me.*

Ounds, I was swearing and spoiling the Verse.

*Contented sorrow and delightful trouble,*

*His sadness eas'd with sighs, on which he lives,*

*And melancholy thoughts his harmony;*

*Her looks his day, and soft perfum'd speech*

*Is Musick to his Soul, and this is Love.*

Lady. Either this Fellow is running mad, and has nonsense by inspiration, or has got some foolish Fustian of Crambo's by heart, and thinks to palm it upon me. You speak most eloquently.

Codsh.

*Codsh.* Sounds the Devil is in it: she should have said,  
*Oh, if this Love were constant, Sir.*

Oh misfortune!

*Lady.* What troubles you, Mr. *Codshead*, will it not out?

*Codsh.* *Constant as Rocks, that stand great Neptunes floods,  
 Or as the fixed Earth, which never moves,  
 Or like the Gods Decrees, which are unalterable.*

*Lady.* Indeed, Mr. *Codshead*, this was a fine pen'd Scene, and spoken with skill; but I cannot now stay to hear you act any longer---- adieu. [Exit *Lady*.]

*Codsh.* I am undone beyond redemption, a Pox on this Poet *Crambo* and his Scene, what shall I do? But I must now about another business, I must make War instead of Love, and for the honour of our Family, but I must cheat Sir *John* unto it, he'll ne're fight, if he knows it; for my part I am so angry, I shall fight like a Devil.

*Enter Sir John and Nan.*

*Sir John.* But do you think you can bring about a Marriage with my *Lady*?

*Nan.* I warrant you, never doubt it, Sir, do you make good your promise, and I'll perform mine.

*Sir John.* Upon my Honour I will give you 500 Guinies upon the nail.

*Nan.* I'll do't, but *Codshead* observes us, leave me.

*Sir John.* Your humble Servant, sweet Mrs. *Anne*.

*Nan. aside.*] Your humble Servant, sweet Sir *John*; but I intend, good Sir, to supply my *Lady*'s place, if it be possible: he is the finest, pretty, wild, merry Gentleman my eyes e're saw. [Exit *Nan*.]

*Sir John.* With all my heart, Cousin, we'll take a Walk together: which way shall we go?

*Enter James and Margery.*

*Codsh.* Towards the Gallows field!

*Sir John.* Come on, 'tis a fine Walk.

*Codsh.*

*Codsh.* I am sure he shall fight now, or have his Throat cut.  
[*Ex. Sir John and Codhead.*]

*James.* Ay, you will be showing your self, with a Pox to you, where the Gentlemen are still? thou salacious Chambermaid.

*Marg.* Marry come up, go Snuff, take Pepper in the Nose, and have no Box to put it in.

*James.* Oh you Lolpot, you Scanderbag, you Slolop.

*Marg.* You Raggamuffin, you Drawlatch, you Scurff, you Nit.

*James.* Go you Carriers Pack, you Make-bate, you Spittle.

*Marg.* Are you grown so malepert, you Jail bird, you Mungrel, you Widgeon?

*James.* Oh you Face of ill Luck, you Drable-tail, you Drill.

*Marg.* Oh you lick-trencherly Scab, you Weasel, you Hang-panni r.

*James.* Marry Gip with a pestilence, you Jilfert, you Wriggle-tail.

*Marg.* I never wriggled to displease you, you scurvey Stinkard.

*James.* Go you Beggars Brat.

*Marg.* Indeed you are of an ancient Family, that which belongs to your no Heuse, is an old Coat powder'd with Vermine; I had a Brother was a Refactor for a Merchant far beyond the Sea, and so hadst never thou Todpool.

*James.* You are of a Royal stock indeed, have I not seen your Mother with a Petticoat of more patches than one can number, indented at the bottom, and so short, I saw up to her old cruel Garters, with her Stockins of three colours, three stories high, with Incle about her Hat, knitting at the Gate for an Alms?

*Marg.* My Mother was an honest Woman, I thank God, and that's more than you can say of your's.

*James.* She was so ugly, no body would touch her.

*Marg.* That's false, you Nit, there's not a body so ill favour'd, but some good body now and then will have a charity

city

rity for them. You were Son to the Gold-finder of the house, and were advanc'd, forsooth, by the Nursery-woman, because they found you a bold Boy always putting forward : Oh thou Epicrot, thou wouldst dissemble with thy own Father.

*James.* I'm sure thou art an Epigram, a great Epigram, thou eatest more than all the house.

*Marg.* Oh thou art as arrant a Taylor, that is, a whole Thief, and but the ninth part of a man.

*James.* Oh you proud Slattern, you have a fine place with your Vails and Nimming too ; how many ends of Cambrick, Lawn, Holland-lace, Ribbands, Hoods, Scarfes, Gloves, Masks hast thou stolen ?

*Marg.* Oh thou Camelion Rogue, thou never mad'st any thing in the house, but thou stolest something.

*James.* I am sure I am an honest man, and serve my Lady without ends, good Mrs. Tawdry.

*Marg.* You lie you Tyger, you have all the Candles ends.

*James.* That's a clinch, you Quean you.

*Marg.* It is not a lie, it is true ; what do you give me the lie in Greek, which you learnt of our Chaplain ?

*James.* By my Troth, *Margery*, thou hast made me desperate, I will do that which shall make your heart ake.

*Marg.* My heart ake ! why what will you do ?

*James.* What will I do ? why I will marry you.

*Marg.* Do your worst, I am ready to marry you, when e're you dare, I think we shall ne're be quiet till we do.

*James.* Why, we quarrel and live like Man and Wife already, we had as good marry, our quarrelling then will be more Canonical.

*Marg.* 'Tis all one, you shall find me as desperate as you can marry when you durst.

*James.* There's no more to be said, it must be so, I'll marry her to have lawful authority over her body. [*Aside.*]

*If after that the sawcy Quean dares quarrel,  
I'll use strict discipline, and hoop her Barrel.*

*Enter Justice with a hundred pound Bag under his Arm, in the Field.*

*Just.* This hundred pound will do well, all my Rivals will be obliged to me.

*Enter Colonel.*

*Col.* Honest Justice, I am glad I have met you.

*Just.* Why, what's the matter, Colonel?

*Col.* I am to fight a Duel just by with Sir *John Noddy*, and Mr. *Codshead* is his Second, and I wanted one, but now you'll supply the place.

*Just.* Why, I am a Justice of Peace, Sir.

*Col.* But you have Honour, have you not, Sir?

*Just.* Faith yes, a kind of Country-honour, a Pox of this French honour of Duels and Seconds fighting; but they have left it off, and we like Fools must continue it, but I'll not deny it, I was as good a Back-sword man in my time, as any at *Grays-Inn*, I tell you that I have had there many a Venue.

*Col.* You are a Man of Honour, and I am obliged to you.

*Just.* Faith I will mow 'em, I will have a Leg or an Arm of 'em at least; but what shall I do with my hundred pound?

*Enter Footpad in the shape of a poor old Cripple.*

*Col.* Let the Conqueror take it, 'twill be the spoil of the field by right of War.

*Footpad.* Bless you, sweet Masters, one penny to a poor Lazer for charity sake, which will gain you Heaven, thousands of blessed Acres for the cheap Purchase of a poor earthly transitory Penny.

*Just.* Get you gone, one cannot talk together for this Rascal.

*Footpad.* Good Gentlemen if not for charity, to be rid of me; Pox on these lazy Rogues, will they never come? Sweet-fac'd Gentlemen, Right Worshipful, Right Honourable, and well-beloved Gentlemen, spare a penny for the poor, vanquish with your bounty my numerous and horrid enemies,  
hungry,

hunger, thirst, cold, and saving your presence lousiness, that makes me itch and scratch for your money: bless ye, sweet Masters, remember the poor.

*Just.* There, a Pox go with ye, one can never be quiet for those Beggars.

*Footpad.* A thousand blessings fall on you for your curses, when they come thus attended, bless you, Masters, bless you: a plague on those Rogues, will they never come? what an opportunity shall we lose?

*Col.* Yonder I think I see 'em coming.

*Just.* Let 'em come, I fear 'em not, i'faith, I'll slash 'em, have at a Leg or an Arm, I say.

*Col.* Ah brave Justice; but what will you do with your money?

*Just.* There's no body near, I think I had best make this poor Cripple hold it, he looks as if he were honest.

*Col.* If he were not honest, he's alone, and a Snail would out-run him.

*Just.* Come hither, poor Fellow.

*Footpad.* Bless you, sweet Master.

*Just.* You must do me a courtesie.

*Footpad.* I can do nothing, but pray for your sweet Worship.

*Just.* Take this hundred pound, and hold it till I go into the next Close, and dispatch a little business.

*Footpad.* Alas, Sir, I am a poor man, a wretched poor Cripple, that walks on wooden Legs, a Snail pace, with great agony and pain; alas, any body may take it from me.

*Just.* No, I'll trust thee with it.

*Footpad.* 'Tis a sign your Worship is weary of your money for the present, but I'll be faithful to your Worships Bag.

*Aside.*] Now I shall do it without those Rogues.

*Just.* Come take it, man.

*Footpad.* Oh I shall never hold it, wanting my Limbs, both Legs and Arms, Sir.

*Just.* Come try.

[Gives him the Bag.

*Footpad.* Oh, I shall never hold it.

[Falls down with the Bag.

Oh, oh, that ever I was born! Oh the pain I suffer! Oh the heavy burthen of Riches!

*Col.* I never saw such a weak Fellow in my life, help him up, come give him his Crutches, tye it upon his back like a Knapfack. *[They tye it upon him.]*

*Footpad.* Oh, good your Worship, make haste, for I am not able to sustain this heavy burthen long.

*Enter Sir John Noddy and Codsh.*

*Col.* They are come.

*Footpad.* Pray hear me, Gentlemen, though I am a poor man, I will do nothing behind your backs: Oh, oh, I am faint, oh, I am weak, oh, oh, I am ready to depart.

*[He runs away, and leaves his Crutches, the Col. and Justice run after the Rogue.]*

*Just.* Stop Thief, Rogue, Dog.

*Col.* This is a rare Cripple.

*Codsh.* Holloa, what do you run from us? you mighty Colonel, oh Cowards, hey Cowards.

*Sir John.* Ay, ay, they run, they yield, come let's be going, we have the Victory without fighting, prethee let's go, what should we stay for?

*Codsh.* Hold, I think I see them coming back again.

*Sir John.* The Devil you do! a plague on 'em, they do come, let's be going, they ran from us, and that's enough for our honour.

*Codsh.* You are my Cousin German, and you shall not put up a box on the Ear and a Kick; if you do, Sir, I will cut your throat my self, for the honour of my Family.

*Sir John.* Pox on the honour of my Family for me, would I were of another Family.

*Codsh.* Come bear up, and fight well, 'tis nothing; but God take me, if you offer to flinch, or fight scurvily, I will be in the body of you my self.

*Sir John.* Oh, Sir, let me tell you under the Rose, you have done very ill to train a man out, under pretence to walk, and then bring him to fight, that has no disposition to't,

let

let me tell you that I love to live in peace and quietness with all men, well *Beati pacifici* I say: Cousin, you are a bloody-minded man.

*Codsh.* Come bear up, thou shalt get Honour.

*Enter Justice and Colonel.*

*Sir John.* A Pox of Honour, if it cannot be had without venturing ones life for't, I ventured nothing but my money for my Knighthood.

*Just.* I'll send a Hue and Cry after him, there's no overtaking him.

*Col.* Come, Gentlemen, did you think we ran from ye?

*Just.* Run, quoth he! I'll have a Leg or an Arm, I assure you, before I part with you; run! with a washing blow I will cut off his left Ear.

*Sir John.* Oh Lord bless me, Cousin, a Raven flew over my head and croaked, besides the Salt was spilt towards me at dinner to day, what shall I do? Let's put it off till a more lucky day.

*Codsh.* No putting off I tell you.

*Col.* Come, Gentlemen, make ready, you shall find we are no Cowards.

*Just.* Come dispatch, I long to be at it; come, Mr. *Codsh* head, I must wait upon you.

*Sir John.* What a Pox if I must die, I had as good die fighting, a Devil take 'em for provoking me to this, I'll be the death of one of 'em, if I can.

*Enter Footpad and Rogues at a distance.*

*Footpad.* Let's wait here for the spoil of the field, now is the time, run in and plunder.

[*They fight, and close, and tumble down, and struggle upon the ground, the Rogues come in, and take away their Swords.*]

*1 Rogue.* Lye still all of ye, or we will stick you to the ground.

*Col.*

*Col.* How now, Rogues, what's the matter?

*1 Rogue.* Such another word, and I will cut your throat.

*Sir John.* Ha, I see fighting's nothing, but 'tis a scurvy thing to be rob'd after it.

*Footpad.* Come faggot them quickly.

*Just.* Oh Rogues, ha this was the Beggar.

*Footpad.* Your upper Garments we have, but now off with your Breeches, we must ease you of the vanity of fine Cloaths.

*3 Rogue.* These must into our Wardrobe.

*Codsh.* Oh you Rogues, if I were loose——

*Footpad.* Who are the greatest Rogues ye or we? You were committing Murder contrary to Law, and we steal contrary to Law.

*4 Rogue.* Shall we strip off their Shirts too? they are of very good Holland.

*Footpad.* No hang't, we'll leave them decently: farewell, Gentlemen, the next that comes will unloose you.

*1 Rogue.* Your Servant, Gentlemen.

*2 Rogue.* Your Servant, your Servant, ha, ha. [*Ex. Rogues.*]

*Sir John.* This is fine Honour, i'faith, but I see fighting's nothing, any Blockhead may do it.

*Enter an Old Woman.*

*Just.* Oh good Woman help us, help us.

*Woman.* What, are you not well?

*Codsh.* Not very well, that's the truth on't.

*Woman.* For ought I know, you may have the Plague.

*Col.* No, no, nothing, but some sprinklings of the Pox, as Gentlemen should have.

*Woman.* Mercy on me, what a pickle you are in, almost as naked as you were born; who bound you thus?

*Sir John.* Thieves, Thieves, prethee no questions, but unbind us.

*Woman.* Marry, here's Cord enough to hang them all, if you could catch them--- poor hearts, why you have hardly enough left to hide, hum--- your hum, what de' call 'ems?

*Just.*

*Just.* A small matter will do that now.

*Woman.* The more's the pity, I would have 'em hid better, now first undone help his Fellows, pray give me the Lines to hang my Linen on; they shall hang something, till they can light on the right owners.

*Col.* Come on, Gentlemen, we have fought, and since we have satisfied our Honours, let's be friends.

*Codsh.* Come with all our hearts.

*Sir John.* Faith, Cousin, if I had my Sword, I have a great mind to have t'other bout at it.

*Woman.* Come, Sweet-hearts, come to my house, and I'll get you such things as I have to warm ye.

*Just.* Thou art a good Woman; come, Gentlemen, we'll cover our nakedness a little, and then to the Widows where we have Cloaths.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Doctor and Crambo, and a Servant or two waiting.*

*Doct.* Come on, *Johnson* has wrought very well, I shall recover you again.

*Cramb.* Do you think so, Doctor? this Spleen is a cruel thing.

*Doct.* You have a spice of the Pox too, you will never be perfectly well till you flux; but I'll patch you up to write well enough for the present.

*Cramb.* Ha, here's Gold in my Pocket, how came this here? this is the Cordial, this will make me write better, by your favour, than Quick-silver: what good Angel has done this?

*Enter Lady Haughty and Isabella.*

*Lady.* How now, Doctor, how does your Patient?

*Doct.* Your Lad'ship is come to see the last operation, give me the Bottle of *Burgundy-Wine*; drink lustily; give me some more Wine to anoint his Temples; so, so, now for my Charms.

[*He anoints his Head with Wine.*]

Doctor.

Doctor. Ye Gods this Poet now restore,  
 Or else he never will write more;  
 Him with Poetick flames inspire,  
 And give him a Celestial fire,  
 Give him fresh Fancies, new, unknown,  
 Ne're let him write but what's his own.

A Poet is not made, but born,  
 All helps of reading he should scorn,  
 Ne're vexes Authors, but will look  
 On the whole World, that is his Book.  
 Let him not here languishing lye,  
 Restore him now, or let him dye.

[The Poet starts up on a sudden.

Crambo. How's this! I find my self renew'd,  
 And all obstructions that were crude,  
 Quite banisht from my head and heart,  
 My health I find in every part,  
 My blood flows high, and swells each vein,  
 I'm brought to common sense again;  
 All fumes are dissipated clear,  
 My Fancies flame does now appear

To Isab. In it's full lustre. This power lyes  
 I'th' radiant beams of your bright Eyes.

Enter Nan.

Nan. Oh, Madam, we are undone, undone.

Lady. What's the matter?

Nan. Oh your Ladiship's Closet-lock has been pick't, and  
 your little Casket with Jewels is stollen.

Lady. My Jewels stollen! Oh misfortune, whom should  
 we suspect?

Nan. It seems the two Fiddlers that sung and play'd, when  
 Mr. Crambo was sick, stole out of the house of a sudden, and  
 took no leave, besides they were lurking hereabouts.

Lady. Send one immediately for Gervas my Grange-man,  
 he is Constable, let him make speedy search for 'em.

Nan.

*Nan.* I will, Madam.

*Enter Margery.*

*Marg.* Oh, Madam, your gilt Caudle-cup is stollen, what shall I do?

*Enter Butler.*

*Butl.* Madam, I beg upon my knees, you'll pardon me.

*Lady.* For what?

*Butl.* There's forty pounds worth of Plate stollen out of the Buttery.

*Isab.* Unconscionable Rogues to steal so much!

*Lady.* Let's to my Closet, perhaps they have stollen more. Cousin, send out my Servants every way in search for 'em.

[*Ex. all but Doctor and Crambo.*]

*Enter Justice, Colonel, Sir John and Codshead in Ruggs, Mantles, &c.*

*Doct.* Whom have we here?

*Cramb.* What's this, an Interlude? Mr. *Codshead*, what's the matter?

*Codshead.* Oh, are you recover'd?

*Cramb.* Rob'd?

*Sir John.* Ay, rob'd, stript just as you see.

*Cramb.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Doct.* I took you for Highlanders, ha, ha.

*Sir John.* De' you hear? If you laugh I will fight with you both, Gentlemen, let me tell you that.

*Doct.* Be not angry, Sir, the House is rob'd of Plate and Jewels, and Lord knows what: my Lady has sent to search.

*Just.* I have sent a Hue and Cry by *Gervas* the Constable; but I am plaguily cold, let's in to dress us a little, and drink a Bottle to comfort us.

*Col.* I am damnably cold, come let's in.

*Cramb.* Come on. Rob'd, quoth he! ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Footpad solus.*

*Footpad.* So, I have sent my fellow Rogues away to dispose of the Cloaths and some transitory Moveables, and have appointed 'em to meet elsewhere, for this place will be too

L

hot

hot for us. Here has been a brave harvest, but I have sunk and cheated my Comerades of all the Jewels and Plate, *Omnia mea mecum porto*. These Riches make me ambitious; if I live six months longer, I shall do my business, for ought I know be able to buy a place, for any Rogue may have a place that will give money enough; let me see, a place in the Custom-house to take Bribes, and cheat the King there, or an Office in some Court in *Westminster-Hall*, where the formality and noise may hide my Roguery.

[ *A noise within of follow, follow.*

But hark, what noise is that? by Heaven it is a Hue and Cry, my ambition is nipt in the bud. What shall I do for my life?

*Enter a Fisherman.*

*Footpad.* Honest Fellow, what art thou?

*Fish.* A poor Fisher, I came to see if the fish will bite in this part of the Brook.

*Footpad.* Death, what shall I do? Good honest Fisherman change Coats and Hats with me, and give me thy tackling, and here's three pieces for thee quickly.

[ *A great noise of follow, follow.*

*Fish.* With all my heart, and thank you too.

[ *The noise continues.*

*Footpad.* Quick and be gone, say nothing, there's the money.

*Fish.* Thank you, Sir.

[ *Exit Fisher.*

*Footpad.* I will sit unconcern'd, and throw in my Line, I will sing too, fa, la la la, fa la.

*Enter the Constable with Bill-men with Hue and Cry, crying, Follow, follow, follow.*

*Const.* How now, Fisherman, did you see no body here?

*Footpad.* Alas, Sir, how can a body see no body?

*Const.* No Thieves I mean, thou Sot.

*Footpad.* Bless me from Thieves, Sir, I saw no Thieves.

*Const.* What dost thou fish for?

*Footpad.* I am hired for six pence a day, Sir, and meat and drink.

*Const.*

*Const.* But for what fish I mean?

*Footpad.* Why, for Gudgeons, Sir.

*1 Billman.* Fy, Mr. Constable, a man of your beard and Authority neglect your Hue and Cry thus!

*Const.* Cry you mercy, good Sir, Information makes me wiser than my Billmen: fare thee well simple Fellow.

[*Ex. all but Footpad.*

*Footpad.* Are you gone?

[*Noise of follow, follow.*

Counter you Puppies, you hunt Counter: well how did I dwindle before lawful Authority? like *Holland Veal* before the fire: Oh, guilt's a strange thing, and conscience, but nothing troubles my conscience but hanging, that raises many scruples.

*Enter Constable and Billmen.*

Oh Heaven! they return, methinks, I smell Hemp already.

*1 Billman.* Why, will you go back again?

*Const.* You shall instruct me in my Office, shall you! I know what I do, I ne'er saw that Fellow before, apprehend that Fellow.

*2 Billman.* Oh fy, what do you do? he's a poor silly Fellow.

*Const.* Peace, I say; first and foremost, Sir, I ask you, are not you a Rogue?

*Footpad.* I a Rogue, Sir! alas I am a poor man.

*Const.* Poor man! God forbid, but a poor man may be a Rogue sometimes as well as a rich man, Heaven makes no difference of persons. Were not you a Pedler once, a singing Pedler? hah, I have seen that face: besides, Neighbours, I have skill in Physiognomy, I served one Mr. *Matthew Matrical*, that lived at a Town call'd *Euclid*, and taught a petty School of A, B, C, there. Well answer me, were not you a singing Pedler?

*Footpad.* A plague on the Rascal.

[*Aside.*

I, Sir! I have no voice, not so much as for Ballets.

*Const.* I warrant you you'll have singing enough to make a shift to be hang'd with.

*Footpad.* Sir, I cannot read.

*Const.* Nor write? I shall come home to him.

*Footpad.* I can write but one letter for my Name, which is *T.* for *Thomas.*

*Const.* I shall come up to you by and by; Neighbours, this is an equiblicating Rascal, for *T.* stands for Rogue, as well as *Thomas*, or else my Learning fails me.

*1 Billman.* By'r Lady, Mr. Constable, that may be very well.

*Const.* Then, Sir, you were a Gypsie afterwards; I have heard of your tricks.

*Footpad.* A Gypsie! [*aside*] methinks I feel the Noose already. What is a Gypsie?

*Const.* What is a Gypsie? why a Gypsie is, a--- a--- a--- Gypsie. Do you think to stumble Authority? you'll examine me, will you?

*1 Billman.* A Gypsie steals Poultry and Linen, and is born in a far Country, where it rains Bacon and Walnuts upon their faces, which makes 'em so tawny.

*Const.* Filly, fally, will you teach me Geogrecum, Mr. Viccar show'd me the place in the Map, a place with a little green about it, and hard by it the Sea, where, Heaven bless us, a fish spouts out water out of its head; but you hinder the proceedings of Justice.

*2 Billman.* It was *Nilus* and *Crockadils*, bless us all.

*Const.* I know not those foolish words, but do not interrupt Authority; but then, Sir, you were a Beggar, I can hear of your Rogueries.

*Footpad.* Death, I shall shrink to skin and bones before this Fellow. [*Aside*

*Const.* Were not you a Beggar? answer to that.

*Footpad.* I was never a rich man, not I.

*Const.* Ay, how cunningly the Rogue answers! I shall be with you by and by. Then, Sir, you came like a Souldier.

*Footpad.* A Souldier's a very honourable Profession, they say.

*Const.* But I would be loth to be alone with your Honour in a narrow Lane for all that; and now, Sir, last of all, Sir, you are a Fisherman, Sir, and think that will carry it off.

*Footpad.* Why, Sir? there have been very good men Fishermen.

*Const.* I marry, Sir, better than you, or I would pull off all the heads of my Wife's Apostle-Spoons, I tell you that.

2 *Billman.* Pray, Mr. Constable, let him go, he's a poor silly Fellow.

*Const.* Have patience, Neighbours, I will apprehend some body, that's certain, they'll say I am idle else in my Office, therefore I will apprehend him.

*Footpad.* Death, I shall be hang'd, the Assizes too are here now, I shall be hang'd presently. [Aside.]

1 *Billman.* Good Mr. Constable let him go, the next Justice will but laugh at you.

*Const.* Will he? then I'll laugh at the Justice, and so we'll be merry in our Offices, and there's an end on't, search him, I say search him. [The Rogue strives a little.]

1 *Billman.* Hah, here's a little Box, hah, 'tis full of Jewels I think.

*Const.* Oh is it so! you are wise.

2 *Billman.* Here's Plate too in his Trousers, come out with it, out with it. [They pull out several pieces of Plate with a Bag of Money.]

*Footpad.* Well, I'm not a man of this world: Oh murderous Villain that invented Gallows's!

*Const.* Now, Neighbours, who is wise, you or I? I thought I should hamper him: now you see these things are taken about him, *Ipsum factum*, we'll carry him to the Assizes which now sit, this is the last day, he shall be last condemned, and hang'd forthwith: who is wise now, Neighbours?

1 *Billman.* Nay, Mr. Constable, you are even the luckiest at being wise that ever I knew.

*Footpad.* Oh damn'd misfortune! Oh Rogues! I hope you will be hang'd shortly, some of ye at least.

*Const.* Are you angry, Sir? the Hangman will anger you worse: look to the stolen Goods, and carry 'em to my Lady some of you, go and search for his Comarogues, while I with the rest of ye convey him.

*Footpad.* Oh my curst Stars! must this be the end of me?  
Well I have had a merry life, though a short one.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## A C T V.

*Enter Lady, Isabella and Nan.*

*Isab.* **M** Adam, since your Jewels and Plate is all restored,  
'tis pity the poor Rogue should be hang'd.

*Lady.* I hope he will not, for the Court is not far off here  
in the Country this Vacation, and I have sent to my Lord  
my Brother, to get a Reprieve for him of the King.

*Nan.* If it come not soon he will be hang'd, this is Execu-  
tion day.

*Lady.* I gave my Man a strict charge to make haste, he rides  
Post: how now, what would you have?

*Enter James and Margery.*

*James.* Margery and I have a Petition to your Ladiship.

*Lady.* What's that?

*Marg.* I beseech your Ladiship you would please to let  
me have our *James* in lawful Wedlock.

*Lady.* Is that it? are you contented, *James*?

*James.* Yes, Madam, I would fain be at I *James* take thee  
*Margery.*

*Lady.* Why, Marriage is honourable.

*James.* Yes, Madam, right honourable, and please you.

*Lady.* I have heard strange things of you, did you never  
abuse my House?

*Marg.* I'm sure your Ladiships House has often abused us,  
for they speak their pleasures of us.

*Lady.* To you *James* I speak, have you behaved your self  
well and honestly with *Margery*?

*James.*

*James.* I must refer my self to her for that, she knows my Behaviour.

*Marg.* Truly, Madam, he has done what he could, and no man can do more than he can, I must justifie him so far, or else I were no good Christian.

*Lady.* Hold your peace: *James*, I ask you, Did you never naughtily together?

*James.* I swear we did always well together, as I thought, speak *Margery*.

*Marg.* Truly, *James*, I find no fault, neither could my Lady, if she knew all.

*Lady.* You are so full of your prattle; did you use no uncleanness in my house?

*James.* I rub'd every place as clean as I could, Madam.

*Lady.* You Blockhead, I mean was there no fornication betwixt you?

*James.* I'll swear by all the Books in *England*, I know not what fornication is, 'tis too fine a word for us poor folks to understand.

*Marg.* Fornication is fit for your Ladiship, God bless us, what should we meddle with such things? I have heard the Chaplain speak of it, indeed he could instruct one, if he would.

*Lady.* Come Huswife, I hear you are with child by him.

*Marg.* With child, Madam! I'm sure no body can say black's mine eye, and they speak true.

*Lady.* No, your eye's gray; but they say you are with child by him, Huswife.

*Marg.* Well, Heaven forgive my enemies; if I be with child it will come out, that's certain, in spite of all my adversaries.

*Lady.* Well, 'tis time enough to marry these two or three months.

*James.* Oh 'tis not, if your Ladiship knew all.

*Marg.* Pray let it be now, Madam, we have been made fast, Madam, ask *James* else.

*James.* Ay, fast and loose again often, we were betrothed for the honour of your Ladiship's house.

*Marg.*

*Marg.* Good Madam, think of a poor frail Woman by your self.

*Lady.* Go, go together, the sooner the better.

*James.* Thank your Ladiship.

*Enter Cook and Mall.*

*Isab.* What's here another Couple?

*Lady.* How now, *John Cook*, what would you have?

*Cook.* Why, Madam, I have serv'd your Ladiship these seven years honestly, without thinking of Matrimony, or of any kind of concupiscence, to the dishonour of your House.

*Lady.* And what then?

*Cook.* I have a violent inclination, if your Ladiship please, to fall aboard on this young Maiden by the way of Wedlock.

*Lady.* And are you agreed to't, *Mall*?

*Mall.* Yes, Madam, I think so, if your Ladiship will not be an anger'd, he does keep much a coil with one, one can ne're be quiet for him, unless one marries him, I think.

*Cook.* The Chaplain will be here within this hour.

*Lady.* Stay two or three months, and consider.

*Cook.* Not I by the faith of my body, I have held out already as long as I can, the fire makes us cholerick and very amorous, and my passion is so violent, I cannot stay; if you love the honour of your House, let us marry, for we are now roasting in love, and we shall burn else.

*Lady.* Well take your course, hanging and marrying day comes together I see now.

*Cook.* Thank your Ladiship.

*Isab.* 'Tis Execution day here, Madam, now.

*Lady.* If 'twere your Execution-day, you'd not desire a Reprieve; but where are my Guests?

*Nan.* They were rob'd and stript, and are drinking and comforting themselves with the Bottle, and have drunk pretty deep already. Now, Madam, will be my time for Sir *John Noddy*, he has promised me 500 pounds to marry him to your Ladiship, I intend to save him that money, and marry him to my self for nothing.

*Lady.*

*Lady.* This Footpad's a brave Rogue, I would not have him hang'd. But how canst thou bring the Marriage about?

*Nan.* Let me alone for that, if your Ladiship be pleas'd to lend me your Diamond Ring and Bracelets, and one of your Gowns, I do not doubt it.

*Lady.* With all my heart : come, Cousin, be not disconsolate, here's my hand, thou shalt have the Colonel.

*Isab.* I think not of him, Madam.

*Lady.* Allons, let's go. [Ex. Lady, Isabella, and Nan.]

*A drunken SCENE of Sir John, Justice,  
Colonel, Codshead, Crambo, Doctor,  
and Servants waiting.*

*Just.* Come, we have drunk long enough in the Buttery, let's to't here now.

*Col.* Get some Champignons, Caviary, and Potargo.

*Just.* In the Name of Heaven do you conjure? why, they are three Devils Names, are they not?

*Sir John.* And do you hear, bring some *Westphalia* Bacon.

*Just.* There was one Mr. *Francis Bacon*, a very pretty hopeful man of our house, that did write Essays; he would have made a pretty man, if he had liv'd till now.

*Col.* Oh eternal Blockhead, did you never write Essays?

*Just.* I did essay to write Essays, but cannot say I write Essays. Oh this Wit is such a thing, 'twill never leave one.

*All.* Very good, very good.

*Cramb.* How prettily it clinches upon the word!

*Col.* Come, let us sit.

[As the Col. is sitting down, Sir John pulls the Chair from under him, and gives him a Fall.]

*All laugh.*] Ha, ha, very good.

*Just.* Ah, Sir *John*, you are the merriest man, ha, ha, ha.

*Col.* Ounds, I'll reward you.

[They draw.]

*Cramb.* God forgive me, their Swords out, what shall I do? [Crambo runs up and down.]

*Sir John.* Ay, come I am as ready to fight as your Wor-  
ship, and you be for fighting, i'faith I'll fit you.

*Codsh.* Prethee, Cousin, be quiet.

*Sir John.* I'faith, I cannot help it, I do so love to be mer-  
ry, and the Colonel is so peevish.

*Just.* Come i'faith, Colonel, there was no harm meant.

*Col.* Well, fit, I'll endure it for once.

*Just. sings.]* Come, give me some Wine.

*Oh this Wine  
Is most divine,  
Give me the Cup,  
I'll drink't all up,  
Here's every sup.*

*Col.* Justice, tye up your Poetick fury.

*Just.* I have done.

*Col.* Prethee Poet, let's have some conceit of yours.

*Codsh.* Ay, prethee Mr. *Crambo* break a Jest.

*Cramb.* I cannot break a Jest, I am best at Translation, I'll  
tell you one.

*Mittitur in disco mihi piscis ab Archiepisco  
Po non ponatur, quia potus non mihi datur.*

*Just.* Very pretty, *po non ponatur*, alluding to *potus*, be-  
cause he gave him no drink, being part of *Archiepiscopo*, ex-  
cellent.

*Col.* Quiet your Exposition.

*Cramb.* I render'd it thus,

*Here in a Dish  
Is sent me some fish  
By the Archbish,  
Hop was not there,  
Because he sent me no Beer.*

*Col.* A Pox on this Poet, he has stollen this, 'tis old, but  
they make nothing of that.

*Doct.* The most happy Translation in the world, never any  
thing so fine.

*Codsh.* Oh, that I could have made such a one, 'tis a very  
happy one.

*Col.*

*Col.* By your leave, I see no such great happiness, all the happiness is in Hop.

*Just.* Why, Colonel, Hop makes Beer, there's the conceit, and the Hop joyning to Bish, puts down the Original *po* for *potus* most egregiously, i'faith.

*Col.* Again your Explanation.

*Doct.* I profess it is as good as *Damon languebat*, or the Devil was sick: or, *Cum socio mingas, aut saltem mingere fingas.*

*Col.* But, good Mr. *Crambo*, let's hear something of your own.

*Cramb.* I write very little of my own, I borrow most.

*Col.* That's a civil word for stealing, for such borrowers never pay again.

*Cramb.* I'll try if I can remember.

*Where is the Man?-----* Ah hum.

*Where is the Man?-----* Pish.

I protest I have such a treacherous memory, Oh I have it.

*Where is the Man that never heard  
of Dido Carthage Queen.*

*Doct.* *Where is the man, strange!*

*Just.* Admirable! *Where is the man, oh lofty, very lofty.*

*Cramb.* Let me see.

*Where is the Man that never heard  
of Dido Carthage Queen, whose Castle Walls  
Did loudly echo to her amorous sighs.*

*Doct.* Oh admirable, *The Walls echo to her sighs!*

*Just.* Then the loud Echo to a sigh, strong, pithy!

*Codsh.* Fine, fine, very fine, the Devil take me.

*Col.* Why, an Echo to a sigh is nonsense, Gentlemen, a loud Echo is worse.

*Doct.* Oh fy, it is Poetical.

*Just.* Very Poetical.

*Cramb.* Ay, ay, 'tis Poetical.

*Col.* That which you mean by Poetical is nonsensical I find; but come hither, Waiter, did you ever hear of *Dido Carthage Queen*?

*Footman.* No by my Troth, Sir, not I never in my life, I  
hope

hope your Worship does not think so ill of me, for, i'faith, some body has done me some ill office, I never was acquainted with her in my life.

*Just.* Oh 'tis very fine! the Colonel's Genius does not lie this way: Oh very fine! Pray let's hear some more on't.

*Where is the man that never heard*

*Of Dido Carthage Queen.*

*Col. taking* } *Here is the man that never heard*

*James.* } *Of Dido Carthage Queen.*

*Just.* Is't possible?

*Doct.* What an unlucky Fellow's this!

*Just.* Oh Heaven! there's the best line that ever was, spoiled by a Footman.

*[Sir John steals behind the Justice, and pins him to the Chair.]*

*Cramb.* Lord; how ignorance will overthrow Learning sometimes! who would write in this Age?

*Col.* Come, Justice, I find you are very forward, let's hear you recite some of your Works.

*Just.* Come on, Colonel, I'de have you know when I was at the University, I was as arch a Scab, as notable a Wag, as any was in the Colledge.

*Sir John.* Come on, Justice, i'faith; but put about a Glass, I begin to be almost tipsied, i'faith.

*Cramb.* So am I too, a little overjoy'd.

*Just.* Now you shall hear my University Verses, the heat of my Youth, I made an Elegy upon one Mr. *Murrial's* Horse that died there.

*Oh cruel Mors*

*That kill'd the Horse*

*Of Mr. Murial!*

*Oh Scholars all*

*Of Pembroke-Hall*

*Come to his Burial.*

*Sir John.* Very good, i'faith.

*Just.* Nay, when I was a young man, nothing could scape me, nothing, i'faith.

*Col.* Hr, ha, very witty, to't again, Justice.

*Just.*

*Just.* Well then, there was a Man, his Wife, Son, and Daughter that died, I writ this on 'em.

*Here lies John Sanderfon, and here lies his Wife.*

*Here lies his Dagger, and here lies his Knife.*

*Here lies his Daughter, and here lies his Son.*

*And oh, oh, oh, oh, for John Sanderfon.*

Ha, ha, what say you? — hum.

*Col.* Excellent at Epitaphs both of Man and Beast.

*Just.* Then some Rogues stole Sheep from one Mr. Prat, I made these upon good Mr. Prat.

*Your Weathers were fat,*

*We thank you for that.*

*We left the Skins*

*To buy your Wife Pins,*

*Thank her for that.*

*We left the Horns*

*Upon the Thorns,*

*Look you to that.*

Ha, ha, there was not such a Rakehel in the Town again. They saw I could not be a Divine, and so I was sent to the Inns of Court, i'faith.

*Cods.* I will steal away, and go to my Lady.

[*Ex. Codshead.*]

*Just.* Then at London I had such a fancy at Rebuses, Libels, and Lampoons, this whorson riming would not leave me, I made this upon one Rawly.

*What's indigested with the word of disgrace*

*Is the Gentleman's name that hath a bad face.*

Raw is indigested, and by the word of disgrace, Rawly: had I been catcht I had been firkt i'faith. Then upon one Noel.

*The word of denial, and the Letter of fifty*

*Is the Gentleman's name, that will never be thrifty.*

No, the word of denial, and L. the Letter of fifty, Noel. Had I been known I had been paid, i'faith; but Wit will have its fling in spite of the Privy Council, i'faith it will.

*Cramb.* I must beg leave to be gone, I dare not drink more.

[*Ex. Crambo.*]

*Col.* Ay, prethee go, thou art a damn'd dull Fellow.

*Sir*

*Sir John.* What a pox is this, one of your Wits? Go they are dull Fellows, the Clinchers are rare men indeed, give me your harmless Joques. You shall hear a Clincher run from Dioper Napkin, Nipkin to King *Pippin*, i'faith in Wit; I have heard a Dean do it.

*Col.* Did you ever keep company with a Dean?

*Sir John.* Yes, yes, and with Privy Councillors too; but they are too grave for me, they will be asking what navigable Rivers, what Commodities our Country abounds in, what Market-Towns, how they are inclin'd, who governs the Country best; but you little think what manner of man, I think, the wittiest man I ever met with in my life.

*Just.* No, i'faith, *Sir John*: fore God, Colonel, I begin to be as drunk as a Drum.

*Sir John.* Ple tell you now you talk of a Drum, the Devil take me, 'twas a Drummer I spoke of.

*Col.* A Drummer a witty man!

*Sir John.* Ay, the wittiest Rogue, my intimate friend, I call him *Tom*, and he calls me *Jack*, for all I am a Knight; he can break a jest upon his Drum, would make you split your sides.

*Col.* How so?

*Sir John.* He will purr upon the Velum, and then rap upon the wood, makes all the people laugh, and forty other excellent qualities, he is the best company in the world, he will act any thing in the world, he will act a stubble Goose flying over a Gutter, he will act a company of Hogs justling in straw for room, but he was old Dog at a Parret and a Turkeycock.

*Just.* This is a rare man indeed.

*Sir John.* Oh this is nothing, why as well as living Creatures, he would act any thing that had not life in it, as a Pig upon the Spit, nay I have seen him act a Windmil.

*Col.* A Windmil!

*Sir John.* A Windmil, any thing in the world, a Weathercock, a Cart-wheel ungreas'd, a door off the Hinges; but he has the finest Songs in the world, he sings this rarely.

*And then he did as he was wont,*

*For he took her fast by the ha, ha, ha.*

So

So Gentleman-like, so civil it comes off, without any scurrility in the world.

*Col.* Methinks 'tis rude.

*Sir John.* Oh by your favour, Sir, he means nothing; if wicked interpretation wrest it, who can help it?

*Just.* In troth it is very pretty.

*Sir John.* Oh 'tis pity that the Author is forgot, he was certainly the best Lyrick Poet in the world, and deserves a Statue of Brass.

*And then he did as he was wont,*

*For he took her fast by the ha, ha, ha.*

But drink about a brimmer to my friends health: here, Justice, to you.

*Just.* Come on, *Sir John.*

*Col.* Doctor, wake, what's the matter?

*Doct.* Drunk, drunk, double, double drunk.

*Just.* Come let's have one Catch, i'faith, I have the rarest one in the world, the wittiest and the merriest.

*Sir John.* Come on i'faith, Justice.

*Just.* Oh the merry time I have had with this Catch!

*What if I turn this over my Thumb,*

*Then thou art no boon,*

*Then thou art no boon Companion,*

*Companion, Companion,*

*Oh then thou art no boon Companion.*

But now you shall hear.

*But what if I turn this over my Tongue,*

*Oh then thou art a boon,*

*Oh then thou art a boon Companion,*

*Companion, Companion,*

*Oh then thou art a boon Companion.*

*Sir John.* Very fine; but, Colonel, you want the Drummer's health.

*Col.* I'll drink ne're a Drummer's health in Christendom.

*Sir John.* You had not best refuse my friends health, I say do not provoke me.

*Col.* Provoke you! why, what will you do?

*Sir John.* What will I do? why I will beat you as long as I am able to beat you, or as long as you are able to be beaten.

*Col.* Death, you Rascal, beat me! take that. [*Strikes him.*]

*Sir John.* Come, Sir, have at you, I'll tickle your sides.

*Just.* Hold, hold, Colonel: why, *Sir John*, are you mad?

*Doct.* Ay, ah, *Sir John*, are you mad?

[*Justice rises with the Chair hanging to his Breech, two or three hold Sir John.*]

[*The Doctor wakes and runs towards them, and falls down.*]

*Sir John.* Let me go, Oh my Honour, my Honour! I'll cut his throat, Oh let me go, my Honour, my Honour!

*Col.* Ne're trouble your self, I shall find a time to answer you. [*Ex. Colonel.*]

*Enter Nan.*

*Sir John.* Oh but my Honour, my Honour, Gentlemen, that's the thing.

*Nan.* How now, what's the matter here?

*Sir John.* Nothing, but I have been fighting a little for my Honour, nothing else.

*Just.* I will steal out, I am something too drunk, and will repose a while. A pox on this *Sir John* for hanging this Chair at my Breech, it must be he.

[*Ex. Justice, and all but Sir John and Nan.*]

*Nan.* Don't talk of Honour, now this is the time to look after your Love.

*Sir John.* Alas, you cannot blame me, my Honour's dear to me; but what progress have you made in my Love?

*Nan.* So much, that she will marry you presently, and that she says after a while will stop every body's mouth, and free her from all trouble of Suitors that persecute her daily.

*Sir John.* A thousand thanks, good Mrs. *Anne*; but how shall I do to be married? under the Rose I am damnably drunk.

*Nan.* That's nothing, you are sober enough to speak after a Parson.

*Sir John.* I'll make a shift.

*Nan.*

*Nan.* But I must tell you, my Lady will be married privately, and with her Vail on, that it may not be proved, though suspected; for she has some Suits at Law in her name, which are near ended: and if her Marriage be known, or can be proved, they must be begun again in your's.

*Sir John.* My Lady has reason; but how shall I know that it is she? I may marry another instead of her.

*Nan.* You'll know her by her rich Cloaths, her Diamond Ring, and her Bracelet, besides you shall see her face just before.

*Sir John.* That's well, sweet Mrs. Anne, thou shalt have thy 500 Guinies.

*Nan.* Go you, and wait you in your own Chamber, I'll bring her and the Parson to you.

*Sir John.* Adieu, dear Soul, if I should fall asleep, being drunk, prethee dear Rogue, wake me.

*Nan.* I will, but be gone quickly.

*Sir John.* Adieu, dear, dear Love. [Exit *Sir John*.]

*Enter Lady, and Codhead, and Colonel.*

*Codsh.* Dear Madam, believe me, adad, no man can love your Ladiship better, adad, they cannot, no adad.

*Lady.* Adad, Sir, no body loves you less than I do, adad they do not, no adad. I have private business with the Colonel, pray leave us, Sir, a while.

*Codsh.* Well, no more to be said, private business with the Colonel, says she? is it thereabout? I will cut the throat of this Colonel; but I am now as drunk as an Owl: I'll go sleep first, Madam, I leave you to your private business: Farewel.

[Exit *Codhead*.]

*Lady.* Colonel, you are a Gentleman of Quality and Worth, and I will undeceive you, the rest are Coxcombs, and will not be answer'd.

*Col.* What do you mean, Madam?

*Lady.* I will never marry any man, I am resolv'd to live in freedom.

*Col.* Why then it cannot be help'd, there's an end on't.

*Lady.* But if you will marry my Cousin, I will add so much to her Fortune, as shall redeem your Estate.

*Col.* Da God, Madam, and thank you too; this is that I would have chosen, she's a very pretty Gentlewoman.

*Lady.* Go find her, and make your application to her presently.

*Col.* I will, Madam: your Servant. [Exit Colonel.

*Nan.* Oh, Madam, if your Ladiship does not stand my friend I am undone, now is the time.

*Lady.* How so?

*Nan.* I have planted Sir *John Noddy*, be pleased to lend me your Diamond Ring and Bracelet.

*Lady.* There; but what then?

*Nan.* If your Ladiship would be pleased now to step up with me into his Chamber, and only say to him you will come presently, and then go out, and put off that Petticoat, and lend it me, I were sure of him.

*Lady.* With all my heart, and much good may it do you with him. Here comes the Colonel and my Cousin, I'll withdraw. [Ex. Lady and Nan.

*Enter Colonel and Isabella.*

*Col.* Faith, Madam, I think my Lady's proposition is very reasonable, and da God, Madam, if you can like me, let's make as few words as can be about it.

*Isab.* You are the hastiest Colonel that ever was.

*Col.* Faith, Madam, I am in haste, and that's a sign of great Love; I love you ten times better than the Widow; I am an honest blunt Fellow, but da God you shall find me a Man of Honour.

*Isab.* I do not doubt your Honour, but I must be careful of my own.

*Col.* The best way for your Honour is to marry quickly; if marrying be a good thing, why then the sooner the better: I am honest, you shall find I will love you very well, and use you as a Gentleman should do, and that's the short and long on't: never stand, Shall I, Shall I, but take my Lady in the Humour.

*Isab.*

*Isab.* Good Colonel, you'l over-set me, give me leave to retire and consider a while : your Servant. [Ex. *Isab.*

*Col.* Nay I'll not leave her, I am resolv'd on't, till I get her in the humour. [Ex. *Colonel.*

*Enter Footpad with Officers to be hang'd, and a great many people, Men, Women, and Children following him.*

*Officers.* Room for the Prisoner there, room for the Prisoner.

*Footp.* Make room there, 'tis a strange thing, a man cannot get to be hang'd without crowding for it.

*1 Fellow.* Pray, Sir, were not you akin to one *Hinde*?

*Footp.* No, I had run away faster then.

*2 Fellow.* Pray Prisoner before your death clear your conscience, and tell me truly, Had you not a Gingerline Cloth-Cloke of mine with an Olive Plush Cape, bound about with a little Silver Galoon Lace.

*Footp.* I scorn your thread-bare lowsie Cloke, you had best send to *London* to search *Long-Lane*, and hang some Broker for't.

*Woman.* Pray answer me, as you have a Christian Soul, did not you steal all my head-gear once?

*Footp.* Pox on your gear, I never medled with it.

*Marg.* I am sure you had my Lady's gilt Caudle-cup.

*Footp.* Yes, and would have kept it, but she has it again, has she not?

*James.* And the Plate out of my Buttery.

*Footp.* Well, and had she it not again? what a pox would you have? You examine me as if you would hang me, after I am hang'd: pray Officers rid me of these impertinent people, and let me die in quiet.

*1 Woman.* Oh Lord how angry he is! that shews he is a right Reprobate, I'll warrant you.

*Footp.* I believe if all you were to be hang'd (which I hope may be in good time) you'd not be very merry.

*2 Woman.* No, we'll see you hang'd first: Lord, what a down look he has!

*1 Woman.* Ay, and what a Cloud in his Forehead! Goody *Twattle* mark that.

*2 Woman.* Ay, and such frowning wrinkles too, I warrant you, not so much as a smile from him.

*Footp.* Smile, quoth she? though 'tis sport for you, 'tis none for me I assure you.

*1 Woman.* Ay, but 'tis so long before you're hang'd.

*Footp.* I wish it longer, good Woman.

*1 Man.* Prethee Mr. Thief, let this be a warning to you for ever doing the like again.

*Footp.* I promise you it shall.

*2 Woman.* That's well, thank you with all my heart, Law, that was spoken like a precious godly man, now.

*1 Woman.* By my truly, methinks now he is a very proper man, as one shall see in a Summers day.

*Footp.* Ay, so are all that are hang'd, the Gallows adds a great deal of grace to ones person.

*2 Woman.* I vow he is a lovely man, 'tis pity he should be taken away, as they say, in the flower of his age.

*1 Woman.* Happy are we that die in our beds, my Master.

*Footp.* We that are hang'd go a nearer way by twenty or thirty years: pray try, my Masters, and I'll follow, I had rather be Epilogue than Prologue to this Tragi-Comedy; I see you have no mind to go to Heaven yet for all your pretended zeal, you would still live in this vale of misery and transitory peregrinations; but if any be ambitious to be exalted, I'll render him my place.

*2 Man.* No, no, thank you, Sir, 'tis well as 'tis.

*Footp.* To see the villany of man, to joy in one another's miseries more than in their seven deadly sins.

*Officer.* Come dispatch, what a pox shall we stay all day, and neglect our business to hang one Thief?

*2 Offic.* Pray be hang'd quickly, Sir, for I am to go to a Fayr just by.

*1 Offic.* And I am to meet some friends to drink out a stand of Ale by and by, I must have you hang'd quickly, my friends will stay on me.

*1 Wom.* Nay, pray let him speak and die like a Christian.

*2 Wom.*

2 *Wom.* Oh I have heard brave Speeches at this place before.

1 *Man.* Ay, and I have heard 'em sing melodiously here, like Nightingals I vow.

*Footp.* Well, good people, if I may be bold to call you so, this Pulpit was not of my chusing, I shall shortly preach mortality to you without speaking; therefore pray take example by me, and then I know what will become of ye, shortly I will set a Death's head before ye, to put you in mind of your ends, *Memento mori.*

1 *Man.* Oh he speaks rarely.

2 *Man.* Ay, and he's a Scholard, and does Latine it.

*Footp.* I will be, I say, your *memento mori*, hoping you will all follow me: I have been too covetous, and at last taken for't, and am very sorry for't; I have been a great sinner, and condemn'd for it, which grieves me not a little, that I made not my escape, and so I heartily repent it, and so I die with this true Confession.

1 *Wom. weep.*] Mercy on him, for a better man was never hang'd.

2 *Wom.* So true and hearty repentance, and so pious!

2 *Man.* Help him up higher on the Ladder: now you are above us all.

*Footp.* Truly I desire you were all equal with me, I have no pride in this world.

1 *Man.* Will not you sing, Sir, before you're hang'd?

*Footp.* No I thank you, I am not so merrily disposed, Sir.

*Hangman.* Come, are you ready?

*Footp.* Yes, I have been preparing for you these many years.

1 *Wom.* Mercy on him, and save his better part.

2 *Wom.* Oh to stop so sweet a Pipe!

1 *Wom.* You see what we must all come to.

1 *Fell.* I, that's certain.

[*A Post windes his Horn, and comes with a Reprieve.*

*Post.* Hold, hold.

*Offic.* What's the matter?

*Post.* Here's a Reprieve from his Majesty.

*Offic.*

*Offic.* A Reprieve ! how came that ?

*Post.* My Lady *Haughty* procur'd it by her Brothers means, and he shall have his Pardon.

*Footp.* Say you so, Sir ? Thank you with all my heart, it came in the nick, Sir, thank my Lady, for truly, Sir, she has obliged me very much in it.

1 *Man.* Pish, what must he not be hang'd now ?

2 *Man.* What did we come all this way for this ?

1 *Wom.* Take all this pains to see nothing !

*Footp.* Very pious good people, I shall show you no sport to day.

*Post.* My Lady desires he may be brought to her house hard by.

*Footp.* I will always say while I live, that her Ladiship's a civil person.

*Offic.* Come along. [ *Exeunt omnes.* ]

*Enter Lady, Justice, Codshead, and Crambo.*

*Lady.* Come, Mr. *Crambo*, have you thought of any pretty Entertainment for us ?

*Cramb.* I have done the main part of it.

*Lady.* What is that ?

*Cramb.* Why, Madam, the Dance and the Show, that's the first thing we Heroicks think on when we write.

*Lady.* Pray let's have that in the mean time.

*Cramb.* That you shall, Madam, they have been practising now, and are just ready, strike up Musick.

[ *A Mimick Dance of Masqueraders in different odd Habits.* ]

*Lady.* Thank you, Mr. *Crambo*. This Dance is very well written indeed, as fine a pen'd Dance as can be : I'll go see what's become of my Cousin and the Colonel ; I'll wait upon you presently. [ *Exit Lady.* ]

*Enter Sir John and Nan masked.*

*Sir John.* Come faith, Madam, discover your self now you are my Wife, that we may be rid of these Coxcombs, poor sneaking Fools.

*Just.*

*Just.* How now, *Sir John*, what Lady is that?

*Sir John.* You may go home again, you may go, Gentle men.

*Codsb.* Why, what's the matter?

*Sir John.* What's the matter? my Lady has engaged her self to me, we will make them welcome now and then at our house, though, Madam, they are good honest Gentlemen, fa, la, fa, la.

*Codsb.* What do you mean? what Lady do you speak of?

*Sir John.* None but the Lady of the House, Sir, that's all.

*Just.* She the Lady of the House!

*Sir John.* What a Devil! do I see my Lady's Ghost there? I have got my Lady.

*Enter Lady Haughty, Col. Isabella, and the Servants.*

*Nan.* No, Sir, you have not, I will not counterfeit her person any longer.

*Sir John.* Hah, hah, what's this?

*Nan.* Even so, Sir.

*Sir John.* Death and Hell, Furies, Devil, Damnation, Murder.

*Just.* Well, Sir, we will come and visit you at your House.

*Sir John.* Death, I'll cut all your throats, you Rascals.

[*Draws.*

*Lady.* Hold, *Sir John*, let me speak with you, be not so passionate, she whom you have married, is a better Gentlewoman than you are a Gentleman; her Father was a Gentleman, your's an Ironmonger at London; her's was ruin'd by Loyalty, as your's was rais'd by Rebellion.

*Sir John.* Is she such a Gentlewoman?

*Lady.* Besides, to my knowledge she was extremely in Love with you: this, with the consideration that it cannot be undone, may appease your choler.

*Sir John.* Ay, but now I have lost all hopes of your Ladyship.

*Lady.* There's nothing lost, for I will never marry any man, you shall presently hear my solemn resolutions.

*Sir John.* Nay then I am contented, I never had a Woman in love with me before.

*Lady.* Now, Colonel, I wish you Joy with my Cousin, the money shall be paid when you will for the redemption of your Estate.

*Cramb.* Death, have I lost my *Cloris*? I am undone, I shall have my Spleen again.

*Col.* You're a noble Lady, and I have a Sword and Arm at your service; always and Madam *Isabella*, who are my lawful Wife, you shall find I will behave my self like a Gentleman, and like a Man of Honour.

*Isab.* I do not doubt it, I had heard that Character of you, or I had not ventur'd on you.

*Col.* Da God, Madam, I love and honour you, and will do as long as I live, and there's an end on't.

*Lady.* Call all my Servants and the new-married Couples in.

*Enter all Servants, &c.*

*Just.* Now, Madam, since you have disposed of those Gentlemen, I hope you have reserv'd your self for me.

*Lady.* I assure you I have not, nor will I ever marry you; examine your age, and you will find you are not in such great need of a Wife, as you think.

*Just.* *Operam & oleum perdidit*, as the Latines have it.

*Codsh.* I find, Madam, you have disposed of you two, and denied the Justice, which makes me apt to believe you intend me the honour of being your Husband.

*Lady.* Never, Sir, upon my word; since I have refus'd Gentlemen of the best Fortunes, the best bred men, and the wittiest men of *England*, why should you imagine I would marry you?

*Codsh.* Nay, God take me I can't tell, Madam.

*Lady.* Nor I, Sir, I assure you.

*Codsh.* Then there's an end on't, there no more to be said.

*Enter*

*Enter Footpad with Officers.*

*Nan.* Madam, here's the Prisoner that was to be hang'd.

*Lady.* So, Sir, I hope this warning will make you leave off stealing, and live honest.

*Footp.* If it be possible to break an ill habit, I will, Madam, I give your Ladiship a thousand thanks ; for as the case stood, you could not have done me a greater courtesie.

*Col.* Is your Ladiship resolv'd never to marry ?

*Lady.* No, because this Age affords not such a man as I would have.

*Col.* What man would you have ?

*Lady.* I am resolv'd never to marry,

*Till I can find a man of noble blood,  
With Vertues greater than his Pedigree,  
One that fears nothing but to do a wrong,  
Remembring every thing but injuries ;  
Who has courage beyond the Lion in his pride,  
Yet hides that courage in his gentle breast :  
That's just for Justice sake, and one that weighs  
All things in Judgment's balance with clear sight,  
Can hit the mark of men and business :  
That prudently foresees from what is past  
With Wit equal to all the Roman Poets,  
With Fancy quick and sharp, yet not offensive :  
His Discourse clear and short, and what's his own,  
Ease and natural on all occasions :  
Of Nature excellent, a melting Soul,  
Ready still to oblige all Mankind, were it in his power.*

This is the Man I would enjoy.

○

*Col.*

*Col.* When do you think to find such a man? God take me, I'de not be such a man for such a Widow.

*Lady.* Nor I neither, I desire to be a Politician and a States-man, for nothing but that I may have power to do wrong, there is such pleasure in it.

*Till such a man I find I'll sit alone,  
 And triumph in the liberty I owne:  
 I ne're will wear a matrimonial Chain,  
 But safe and quiet in this Throne remain,  
 And absolute Monarch o're my self will raig* }

---

F I N I S.

---

## Epilogue by Footpad.

**W**orthy Spectators, though I was a Rogue,  
I here presume to speak the Epilogue.  
For my offences I was doom'd to day,  
But in the nick found mercy in our Play,  
Now I am clear, no punishment is due  
To me, except fresh Crimes I act anew.  
If you are pleas'd, let me by you be freed,  
Or I shall wish that I were hang'd indeed.

---

## Epilogue by Lady Haughty.

**T**is not the Poet with celestial fire,  
Nor all the Muses that can him inspire  
To write well, 'tis in you the power is had,  
'Tis as you make it either good or bad;  
But he in hopes of your kind Judgment stands,  
Which he would have confirm'd by all your hands.

ml<sup>o</sup>

Epilogue by T. Warton

'Tis not the Poet with celestial  
 Wit all the heights can climb  
 To write well, tis in you the power  
 To do as you would it were good  
 But he in hope of your kind  
 Which he would have I wish  
 Or I shall wish that I were hang'd  
 It was the power of you that  
 To me, except this Crime I had  
 It was I say, the punishment  
 But in the wish found out  
 For my offence I was bound  
 I have pleas'd to do  
 'Tis not the Poet with celestial

Epilogue by Lady H. Boyle

'Tis not the Poet with celestial  
 Wit all the heights can climb  
 To write well, tis in you the power  
 To do as you would it were good  
 But he in hope of your kind  
 Which he would have I wish  
 Or I shall wish that I were hang'd  
 It was the power of you that  
 To me, except this Crime I had  
 It was I say, the punishment  
 But in the wish found out  
 For my offence I was bound  
 I have pleas'd to do  
 'Tis not the Poet with celestial

