

The Busy Body

Susanna Centlivre

*** A Distributed Proofreaders Canada
eBook ***

This eBook is made available at no cost and with very few restrictions. These restrictions apply only if (1) you make a change in the eBook (other than alteration for different display devices), or (2) you are making commercial use of the eBook. If either of these conditions applies, please check with an FP administrator before proceeding.

This work is in the Canadian public domain, but may be under copyright in some countries. If you live outside Canada, check your country's copyright laws. **If the book is under copyright in your country, do not download or redistribute this file.**

Title: The Busy Body

Date of first publication:

Author: Susanna Centlivre (1667-1723)

Date first posted: June 8, 2017

Date last updated: June 8, 2017

Faded Page eBook #20170619

This eBook was produced by: Delphine
Lettau & the online Distributed Proofreaders
Canada team at <http://www.pgdpCanada.net>

The Busy Body

Susanna Centlivre

THE BUSY BODY.

A COMEDY.

BY

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE



*Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso Gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator, sedulus inflat.
Sic Leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit——*

Horat. Epist. Lib. II. Ep. 1.



PROLOGUE.

By the Author of Tunbridge-Walks.

*Tho' modern Prophets were expos'd of late,
The Author cou'd not prophesy his Fate:
If with such Scenes an Audience had been
fir'd,
The Poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy Days
For modern Prophets, and for modern Plays.
Yet since Prophetic Lies please Fools of
Fashion,
And Women are so fond of Agitation;
To Men of Sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wondrous Things that will prove
true:
Undaunted Colonels will to Camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no Skirmishes this Year;
On our own Terms will flow the wish'd-for
Peace,
All Wars, except 'twixt Man and Wife shall
cease.
The grand Monarch may wish his Son a
Throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This Season most Things bear a smiling
Face;*

*But Play'rs in Summer have a dismal
Case,
Since your Appearance only is our Act of }
Grace.*

*Court Ladies will to Country Seats be
gone,*

*My Lord can't all the Year live great in
Town;*

*Where, wanting Opera's, Basset, and a Play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a Gown to pass the
Time away.*

*Gay City-Wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose Husbands long have labour'd for an
Heir;*

*Where many a Courtier may their Wants
relieve;*

But by the Waters only they conceive.

*The Fleet-street Sempstress—Toast of
Temple Sparks,*

*That runs spruce Neckcloths for Attorneys
Clerks;*

*At Cupid's Gardens will her Hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled Ale.*

At all Assemblies Rakes are up and down,

*And Gamesters where they think they are not
known.*

*Shou'd I denounce our Author's Fate to-
day,*

*To cry down Prophecies, you'd damn the
Play;*

*Yet Whims like these have sometimes made
you laugh,*

'Tis Tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.

*Since War and Places claim the Bards
that write,*

Be kind, and bear a Woman's Treat to-night;

Let your Indulgence all her Fears allay,

And none but Women-Haters damn this Play.



EPILOGUE.

In me you see one Busy Body more;

Though you may have enough of one before.

With Epilogues, the Busy Body's Way,

*We strive to help, but sometimes mar a Play.
At this mad Sessions, half condemn'd ere
try'd,
Some, in three Days have been turn'd off,
and died.
In spite of Parties, their Attempts are vain,
For, like false Prophets, they ne'er rise
again.
Too late, when cast, your Favour one
beseeches,
And Epilogues prove Execution-Speeches.
Yet sure I spy no Busy Bodies here,
And one may pass, since they do ev'ry where.
Sour Criticks Time, and Breath and
Censures waste,
And baulk your Pleasure to refine your
Taste,
One busy Don ill-tim'd high Tenets
preaches,
Another yearly shows himself in Speeches.
Some snivelling Cits would have a Peace for
spite,
To starve those Warriors who so bravely
fight;
Still of a Foe upon his Knees afraid,*

*Whose well-bang'd Troops want Money,
Heart and Bread.
Old Beaux, who none, not ev'n themselves
can please,
Are busy still, for nothing—but to teize.
The Young, so busy to engage a Heart,
The Mischief done, are busy most to part.
Ungrateful Wretches, who still cross one's
Will,
When they more kindly might be busy still.
One to a Husband, who ne'er dreamt of
Horns,
Shows how dear Spouse with Friend his
Brows adorns.
Th' officious Tell-tale Fool, (he shou'd
repent it)
Parts three kind Souls that liv'd at Peace
contented.
Some with Law-Quirks set Houses by the
Ears,
With Physick one what he would heal
impairs;
Like that dark mob'd-up Fry, that
Neighbr'ing Curse,
Who to remove Love's Pains bestow a worse.*

*Since then this meddling Tribe infest the
Age,
Bear one awhile expos'd upon the Stage:
Let none but Busy Bodies vent their Spight,
And with good-humour, Pleasure crown the
Night.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

<p><i>Sir George Airy</i>, a Gentleman of Four Thousand a Year, in Love with <i>Miranda</i>,</p>	<p>Mr. <i>Wilks</i>.</p>
<p><i>Sir Francis Gripe</i>, Guardian to <i>Miranda</i> and <i>Marplot</i>, Father to <i>Charles</i>, in Love with <i>Miranda</i>,</p>	<p>Mr. <i>Estcourt</i>.</p>
<p><i>Charles</i>, Friend to <i>Sir George</i>, in Love with <i>Isabinda</i>,</p>	<p>Mr. <i>Mills</i>.</p>
<p><i>Sir Jealous Traffick</i>, a Merchant that had liv'd some Time in <i>Spain</i>, a great Admirer of the <i>Spanish</i> Customs, Father to <i>Isabinda</i>,</p>	<p>Mr. <i>Bullock</i>.</p>
<p><i>Marplot</i>, a sort of a silly Fellow, cowardly, but very inquisitive to know every body's Business, generally spoils all he undertakes, yet without Design,</p>	<p>Mr. <i>Pack</i>.</p>

Whisper, Servant to *Charles*,

Mr. *Bullock*, jun.

WOMEN.

Miranda, an Heiress, worth Thirty
Thousand Pounds, really in Love
with Sir *George*, but pretends to be
so with her Guardian Sir *Francis*,

Mrs. *Cross*.

Isabinda, Daughter to Sir *Jealous*, in
Love with *Charles*, but design'd for
a *Spanish* Merchant by her Father,
and kept up from the Sight of all Men,

Mrs. *Rogers*.

Patch, her Woman,

Mrs. *Saunders*.

Scentwell, Woman to *Miranda*,

Mrs. *Mills*.



THE BUSY BODY.

ACT I. SCENE *the Park.*

Sir George Airy meeting Charles.

Cha. Ha! *Sir George Airy!* A Birding thus early! What forbidden Game rous'd you so soon? For no lawful Occasion cou'd invite a Person of your Figure abroad at such unfashionable Hours.

Sir Geo. There are some Men, *Charles*, whom Fortune has left free from Inquietude, who are diligently studious to find out Ways and Means to make themselves uneasy.

Cha. Is it possible that any thing in Nature can ruffle the Temper of a Man, whom the four Seasons of the Year compliment with as many Thousand Pounds; nay, and a Father at rest

with his Ancestors?

Sir Geo. Why there 'tis now! a Man that wants Money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my Affairs are in such a whimsical Posture, that it will require a Calculation of my Nativity to find if my Gold will relieve me, or not.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! never consult the Stars about that; Gold has a Power beyond them; Gold unlocks the Midnight Councils; Gold outdoes the Wind, becalms the Ship, or fills her Sails; Gold is omnipotent below; it makes whole Armies fight or fly; it buys even Souls, and bribes the Wretches to betray their country: Then what can the Business be, that Gold won't serve thee in?

Sir Geo. Why, I'm in Love.

Cha. In Love!——Ha, ha, ha, ha! in Love, Ha, ha, ha, with what, prithee? a *Cherubim*?

Sir Geo. No; with a Woman.

Cha. A Woman, good; Ha, ha, ha! and Gold not help thee?

Sir Geo. But suppose I'm in Love with two——

Cha. Ay, if thou'rt in Love with two hundred, Gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, Boy. But who are they! who are they! come.

Sir Geo. One is a Lady whose Face I never saw, but witty as an Angel; the other beautiful as *Venus*——

Cha. And a Fool——

Sir Geo. For aught I know, for I never spoke to her, but you can inform me; I am charm'd for the Wit of one, and die for the Beauty of the other.

Cha. And pray which are you in quest of now?

Sir Geo. I prefer the Sensual Pleasure; I'm for her I've seen, who is thy Father's Ward,

Miranda.

Cha. Nay then I pity you; for the Jew my Father, will no more part with her and 30000 Pounds, than he wou'd with a Guinea to keep me from starving.

Sir Geo. Now you see Gold can't do every thing, *Charles.*

Cha. Yes; for 'tis her Gold that bars my Father's Gate against you.

Sir Geo. Why, if he is that avaricious Wretch, how cam'st thou by such a liberal Education?

Cha. Not a Souse out of his Pocket, I assure you: I had an Uncle who defray'd that Charge, but for some little Wildnesses of Youth, tho' he made me his Heir, left Dad my Guardian 'till I came to Years of Discretion, which I presume the old Gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the Estate into his Clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in *Prester-*

John's Dominions.

Sir *Geo.* What, can'st thou find no Stratagem to redeem it?

Cha. I have made many Essays to no Purpose: tho' Want, the Mistress of Invention still tempts me on, yet still the old Fox is too cunning for me—I am upon my last Project, which if it fails, then for my last Refuge, a brown Musquet.

Sir *Geo.* What is't? can I assist thee?

Cha. Not yet; when you can, I have Confidence enough in you to ask it.

Sir *Geo.* I am always ready, but what does he intend to do with *Miranda*? is she to be sold in private? Or will he put her up by Way of Auction, at who bids most? If so, egad I'm for him; my Gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my Pleasure.

Cha. To deal ingenuously with you, Sir *George*, I know very little of her, or Home; for

since my Uncle's Death, and my Return from Travel, I have never been well with my Father; he thinks my Expences too great, and I his Allowance too little; he never sees me, but he quarrels; and to avoid that, I shun his House as much as possible. The Report is, he intends to marry her himself.

Sir *Geo.* Can she consent to it?

Cha. Yes, faith, so they say; but I tell you I am wholly ignorant of the Matter. *Miranda* and I are like two violent Members of a contrary Party; I can scarce allow her Beauty, tho' all the World does; nor she me Civility, for that Contempt: I fancy she plays the Mother-in-law already, and sets the old Gentleman on to do Mischief.

Sir *Geo.* Then I've your free Consent to get her.

Cha. Ay, and my helping Hand if Occasion be.

Sir *Geo.* Pugh, yonder's a Fool coming this Way, let's avoid him.

Cha. What, *Marplot*? no, no, he's my Instrument; there's a thousand Conveniences in him; he'll lend me his Money, when he has any, run of my Errands, and be proud on't; in short, he'll pimp for me, lye for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I trust to my own Arm for.

Sir *Geo.* Nay, then he's to be endur'd; I never knew his Qualifications before.

Enter Marplot with a Patch cross his Face.

Marpl. Dear *Charles*, yours——Ha! Sir *George Airy*, the Man in the world, I have an Ambition to be known to. [*Aside.*] Give me thy Hand dear Boy——

Cha. A good Assurance! But hark ye, how came your beautiful Countenance clouded in the wrong Place?

Marpl. I must confess 'tis a little *mal-a-*

propos, but no matter for that; a Word with you, *Charles*: Prithee, introduce me to Sir *George*——he is a Man of Wit, and I'd give ten Guineas to——

Cha. When you have 'em, you mean.

Marpl. Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, Pox you cut the Thread of my Discourse——I wou'd give ten Guineas, I say, to be rank'd in his Acquaintance: Well, 'tis a vast Addition to a Man's Fortune, according to the Rout of the World, to be seen in the Company of leading Men; for then we are all thought to be Politicians, or Whigs, or Jacks, or High-Flyers, or Low-Flyers, or Levellers——and so forth; for you must know, we all herd in Parties now.

Cha. Then a Fool for Diversion is out of Fashion, I find.

Marpl. Yes, without it be a mimicking Fool, and they are Darlings every where; but prithee, introduce me.

Cha. Well, on Condition you'll give us a true Account how you come by that mourning Nose, I will.

Marpl. I'll do it.

Cha. Sir *George* here's a Gentleman has a passionate Desire to kiss your Hand.

Sir Geo. Oh, I honour Men of the Sword, and I presume this Gentleman is lately come from *Spain* or *Portugal*——by his Scars.

Marpl. No, really, Sir *George*, mine sprung from civil Fury: Happening last Night into the Groom-Porter's——I had a strong Inclination to go ten Guineas with a sort of a, sort of a——Kind of a Milk-Sop as I thought: A Pox of the Dice he flung out, and my Pockets being empty, as *Charles* knows they often are, he prov'd a surly *North-Briton*, and broke my Face for my Deficiency.

Sir Geo. Ha! ha! and did not you draw?

Marpl. Draw, Sir! why I did but lay my

Hand upon my Sword, to make a swift Retreat,
and he roar'd out, Now the Deel a ma Sol, Sir,
gin ye touch yer Steel, Ise whip mine through
yer Wem.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha! safe was the Word, so
you walk'd off, I suppose.

Marpl. Yes; for I avoid fighting, purely to be
serviceable to my Friends, you know——

Sir Geo. Your Friends are much oblig'd to
you, Sir; I hope you'll rank me in that Number.

Marpl. *Sir George*, a Bow from the Side-
Box, or to be seen in your Chariot, binds me
ever yours.

Sir Geo. Trifles; you may command 'em
when you please.

Cha. Provided he may command you——

Marpl. Me! why I live for no other

Purpose——Sir *George*, I have the Honour to
be caress'd by most of the reigning Toasts of
the Town; I'll tell 'em you are the finest
Gentleman——

Sir *Geo*. No, no, prithee let me alone to tell
the Ladies——my Parts——can you convey a
Letter upon Occasion, or deliver a Message
with an Air of Business, ha?

Marpl. With the Assurance of a Page, and the
Gravity of a Statesman.

Sir *Geo*. You know *Miranda*!

Marpl. What, my Sister Ward? Why, her
Guardian is mine, we are Fellow Sufferers:
Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, sanctify'd
Curmudgeon; that Sir *Francis Gripe* is a
damn'd old——

Cha. I suppose, Friend, you forget that he is
my Father——

Marpl. I ask your Pardon, *Charles*; but it is
for your Sake I hate him. Well, I say, the World

is mistaken in him, his Outside Piety makes him every Man's Executor; and his Inside Cunning makes him every Heir's Jaylor. Egad, *Charles*, I'm half persuaded that thou'rt some Ward too, and never of his getting: for thou art as honest a Debauchee as ever cuckolded Man of Quality.

Sir *Geo.* A pleasant Fellow.

Cha. The Dog is diverting sometimes, or there wou'd be no enduring his Impertinence. He is pressing to be employ'd, and willing to execute, but some ill Fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener spoils an Intrigue than helps it——

Marpl. If I miscarry, 'tis none of my Fault, I follow my Instructions.

Cha. Yes; witness the Merchant's Wife.

Marpl. Pish, Pox, that was an Accident.

Sir *Geo.* What was it, prithee?

Cha. Why you must know, I had lent a certain Merchant my hunting Horses, and was to have met his Wife in his Absence: Sending him along with my Groom to make the Compliment, and to deliver a Letter to the Lady at the same Time; what does he do, but gives the Husband the Letter, and offers her the Horses.

Marpl. I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd the Letter to be yours, and swore I had a Design upon her, which my Bones paid for.

Cha. Come, Sir *George*, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd; for I have sent my Man upon a little earnest Business, and I have ordered him to bring me the Answer into the Park.

Marpl. Business, and I not know it! Egad I'll watch him.

Sir *Geo.* I must beg your Pardon, *Charles*, I am to meet your Father.

Cha. My Father!

Sir *Geo.* Ay! And about the oddest Bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart till I know the Success.

Marpl. What can his Business be with Sir *Francis*? Now would I give all the World to know it? why the Devil should not one know every Man's Concern! [*Aside.*]

Cha. Prosperity to't whate'er it be. I have private Affairs too; over a Bottle we'll compare Notes.

Marpl. *Charles* knows I love a Glass as well as any Man, I'll make one: shall it be to-night? And I long to know their Secrets.
[*Aside.*]

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. Sir, Sir, Mrs. *Patch* says *Isabinda's Spanish* Father has quite spoil'd the Plot, and she can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this Afternoon, she says; but I must

step again to know the Hour.

Marpl. What did *Whisper* say now? I shall go stark mad, if I'm not let into the Secret.
[*Aside.*]

Cha. Curst Misfortune! come along with me, my Heart feels Pleasure at her Name. Sir *George*, yours; we'll meet at the old Place the usual Hour.

Sir *Geo.* Agreed; I think I see Sir *Francis* yonder. [*Exit.*]

Cha. *Marplot*, you must excuse me, I am engag'd. [*Exit.*]

Marpl. Engag'd! Egad I'll engage my Life I'll know what your Engagement is.

Miran. [*Coming out of a Chair.*] Let the Chair wait: My Servant that dodg'd Sir *George*, said he was in the Park.

Enter Patch.

Ha! Miss *Patch* alone! Did not you tell me you had contriv'd a Way to bring *Isabinda* to the Park?

Patch. Oh, Madam, your Ladyship can't imagine what a wretched Disappointment we have met with: Just as I had fetch'd a Suit of my Cloaths for a Disguise, comes my old Master into his Closet, which is right against her Chamber-Door; this struck us into a terrible Fright——At length I put on a grave Face, and ask'd him if he was at leisure for his Chocolate, in Hopes to draw him out of his Hole; but he snap'd my Nose off; No, I shall be busy here these two Hours. At which my poor Mistress, seeing no Way of Escape, ordered me to wait on your Ladyship with the sad Relation.

Miran. Unhappy *Isabinda*! Was ever anything so unaccountable as the Humour of Sir *Jealous Traffick*?

Patch. Oh, Madam, its his living so long in *Spain*; he vows he'll spend half his Estate, but

he'll be a Parliament-Man, on Purpose to bring in a Bill for Women to wear Veils, and the other odious *Spanish* Customs——He swears it is the Height of Impudence to have a Woman seen bare-fac'd, even at Church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten Child in the City.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha! how the old Fool torments himself! Suppose he could introduce his rigid Rules——does he think we could not match them in Contrivance? No, no, let the Tyrant Man make what Laws he will, if there's a Woman under the Government, I warrant she finds a Way to break 'em: Is his Mind set upon the *Spaniard* for his Son-in-law still?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next Fleet, which drives his Daughter to Melancholy and Despair: But, Madam, I find you retain the same gay, chearful Spirit you had, when I waited on your Ladyship——My Lady is mighty good-humour'd too: and I have found a Way to make Sir *Jealous* believe I am wholly in his Interest, when my real Design is

to serve her; he makes me her Jaylor, and I set her at Liberty.

Miran. I knew thy prolifick Brain wou'd be of singular Service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her Father.

Patch. But, Madam, the Report is, that you are going to marry your Guardian.

Miran. It is necessary such a Report should be, *Patch.*

Patch. But is it true, Madam?

Miran. That's not absolutely necessary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old Strain, coaxing him still for your own, and railing at all the young Fellows about Town: In my Mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your Guardian, Madam, as my Lady is with her Father.

Miran. No, I have Liberty, Wench, that she wants; what would she give now to be in this

Disabillée, in the——open Air; nay more, in pursuit of the young Fellow she likes; for that's my Case, I assure you.

Patch. As for that, Madam, she's even with you; for tho' she can't come abroad, we have a Way to bring him home in spite of old *Argus*.

Miran. Now, *Patch*, your Opinion of my Choice, for here he comes——Ha! my Guardian with him: What can be the Meaning of this? I'm sure, Sir *Francis* can't know me in this Dress——Let's observe 'em. [*They withdraw.*]

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, and Sir George Airy.

Sir *Fran*. Verily, Sir *George*, thou wilt repent throwing away thy Money so; for I tell thee sincerely, *Miranda*, my Charge, does not love a young Fellow, they are all vicious, and seldom make good Husbands; in sober Sadness she cannot abide 'em.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] In sober Sadness you are

mistaken——what can this mean?

Sir *Geo.* Look ye, Sir *Francis*, whether she can or cannot abide young Fellows, is not the Business; will you take the fifty Guineas?

Sir *Fran.* In good Truth——I will not; for I knew thy Father, he was a hearty wary Man, and I cannot consent that his Son should squander away what he sav'd to no Purpose.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Now, in the Name of Wonder, what Bargain can he be driving about me for fifty Guineas?

Patch. I wish it ben't for the first Night's Lodging, Madam.

Sir *Geo.* Well, Sir *Francis*, since you are so conscientious for my Father's Sake, then permit me the Favour *Gratis*.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] The Favour! O' my Life, I believe 'tis as you said, *Patch*.

Sir *Fran.* No verily, if thou dost not buy thy

Experience, thou wilt never be wise; therefore
give me a Hundred, and try Fortune.

Sir *Geo.* The Scruples arose, I find, from the
scanty Sum——Let me see——a hundred
Guineas—— [*Takes 'em out of a Purse, and
chinks 'em.*] Ha! they have a very pretty
Sound, and a very pleasing Look—But then,
Miranda——But if she should be cruel——

Miran. [*Peeping.*] As Ten to One I shall——

Sir *Fran.* Ay, do consider on't, He he, he, he.

Sir *Geo.* No, I'll do't.

Patch. Do't! what, whether you will or no,
Madam!

Sir *Geo.* Come to the Point, here's the Gold,
sum up the Condition——

Sir *Fran.* [*Pulling out a Paper.*]

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Ay, for Heaven's Sake do,
for my Expectation is on the Rack.

Sir *Fran.* Well, at your Peril be it.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, ay, go on.

Sir *Fran.* *Imprimis*, you are to be admitted into my House, in order to move your Suit to *Miranda*, for the Space of ten Minutes, without Lett or Molestation, provided I remain in the same Room.

Sir *Geo.* But out of Ear-shot.

Sir *Fran.* Well, well; I don't desire to hear what you say: Ha, ha, ha; in Consideration I am to have that Purse and a hundred Guineas.

Sir *Geo.* Take it——

[*Gives him the Purse.*]

Miran. [*Peeping.*] So, 'tis well 'tis no worse; I'll fit you both——

Sir *Geo.* And this Agreement is to be performed to-day.

Sir *Fran*. Ay, ay, the sooner the better. Poor Fool, how *Miranda* and I shall laugh at him——Well, Sir *George*, ha, ha, ha! take the last Sound of your Guineas. Ha, ha, ha!
[*Chinks 'em.*] [*Exit.*]

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Sure he does not know I am *Miranda*.

Sir *Geo*. A very extraordinary Bargain I have made truly, if she should be really in Love with this old Cuff now——Pshah, that's morally impossible,——but then what Hopes have I to succeed, I never spoke to her——

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Say you so? Then I am safe.

Sir *Geo*. What tho' my Tongue never spoke, my Eyes said a thousand Things, and my Hopes flattered me her's answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky——if not, it is but a hundred Guineas thrown away.

Miranda and Patch come forwards.

Miran. Upon what, Sir *George*?

Sir *Geo.* Ha! my *Incognita*——upon a Woman, Madam.

Miran. They are the worst Things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very Breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your Return, Sir *George*, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* Were they more brittle than China, and drop'd to Pieces with a Touch, every Atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but Mistress of my Wit, ballances ten times the Sum——Prithee let me see thy Face.

Miran. By no Means: that may spoil your Opinion of my Sense——

Sir *Geo.* Rather confirm it, Madam.

Patch. So rob the Lady of your Gallantry, Sir.

Sir *Geo.* No, Child, a Dish of Chocolate in the Morning never spoils my Dinner; the other

Lady I design a Set-Meal; so there's no
Danger.—

Miran. Matrimony! Ha, ha, ha! What Crimes
have you committed against the God of Love
that he should revenge 'em so severely to
stamp Husband upon your Forehead?

Sir *Geo.* For my Folly, in having so often met
you here, without pursuing the Laws of Nature,
and exercising her Command—But I resolve,
ere we part now, to know who you are,—
where you live, and what Kind of Flesh and
Blood your Face is; therefore unmask, and
don't put me to the Trouble of doing it for you.

Miran. My Face is the same Flesh and Blood
with my Hand, Sir *George*, which if you'll be
so rude to provoke—

Sir *Geo.* You'll apply it to my Cheek——The
Ladies Favours are always welcome; but I
must have that Cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold
of her.*] Remember you are in the *Park*, Child,
and what a terrible Thing would it be to lose

this pretty white Hand?

Miran. And how will sound in the Chocolate-House, that Sir *George Airy* rudely pull'd off a Lady's Mask, when he had given her his Honour that he never would directly or indirectly endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

Patch. I wish we were safe out.

Sir *Geo.* But if that Lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled Spirit, shall I be blam'd if I enquire into the Reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a Female Shape.

Miran. What shall I do? [*Pauses.*]

Sir *Geo.* Ay, prithee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy Service.

Patch. Suppose, Sir, the Lady should be in Love with you.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! I'll return the Obligation in a

Moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir *Geo.* Ha! ha! ha! that's not the Way to love her, Child.

Miran. If he discovers me, I shall die——Which way shall I escape?——Let me see. [*Pauses.*]

Sir *Geo.* Well, Madam——

Miran. I have it—Sir *George*, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my Face, and turn your Back (if you look upon me, I shall sink, even mask'd as I am) I will confess why I have engaged you so often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir *Geo.* Well, to shew you I'm a Man of Honour, I accept the Conditions. Let me but once know those, and the Face won't be long a Secret to me.

Patch. What mean you, Madam?

Miran. To get off.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis something indecent to turn one's Back upon a Lady: but you command, and I obey. [*Turns his Back.*] Come, Madam, begin——

Miran. First then it was my unhappy Lot to see you at *Paris*, [*Draws back a little while and speaks.*] at a Ball upon a Birth Day; your Shape and Air Charm'd my Eyes; your Wit and Complaisance my Soul; and from that fatal Night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*]

*And when you left the Place, Grief seiz'd me so,
No Rest my Heart, no Sleep my Eyes cou'd know,
Last I resolv'd a hazardous Point to try,
And quit the Place in search of Liberty.
[Exit.]*

Sir *Geo.* Excellent——I hope she's handsome——Well, now, Madam, to the other two Things: Your Name, and where you

live?——I am a Gentleman, and this
Confession will not be lost upon me.—Nay,
prithee don't weep, but go on——for I find my
Heart melts in thy Behalf—speak quickly, or I
shall turn about—Not yet—Poor Lady, she
expects I should comfort her! and to do her
Justice, she has said enough to encourage me.
[Turns about.] Ha! gone! the Devil, jilted!
Why, what a Tale has she invented—of *Paris*,
Balls, and Birth Days.—Egad I'd give ten
Guineas to know who the Gipsie is—A curse
of my Folly—I deserve to lose her: What
Woman can forgive a Man that turns his Back!

*The Bold and Resolute in Love and War,
To conquer take the right and swiftest
Way:
The boldest Lover soonest gains the Fair,
As Courage makes the rudest Force obey.
Take no Denial, and the Dames adore ye,
Closely pursue them, and they fall before
you.*



ACT II.

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh I shall die with laughing—The most romantic Adventure; Ha, ha! What does the odious young Fop mean? A hundred Pieces to talk an Hour with me! Ha, ha!

Sir Fran. And I am to be by too; there's the Jest: Adod, if it had been in private, I should not have car'd to trust the young Dog.

Miran. Indeed and indeed, but you might, *Gardy*—Now methinks there's nobody handsomer than you: So neat, so clean, so good-humour'd and so loving—

Sir Fran. Pretty Rogue, pretty Rogue; and so thou shalt find me, if thou dost prefer thy

Gardy before these Caperers of the Age; thou shalt outshine the Queen's Box on an *Opera* Night; thou shalt be the envy of the Ring (for I will carry thee to *Hyde-Park*) and thy Equipage shall surpass the——what d'ye call 'em, Ambassadors.

Miran. Nay, I am sure the discreet Part of my Sex will envy me more for the inside Furniture, when you are in it, than my outside Equipage.

Sir Fran. A cunning Baggage, i'faith thou art, and a wise one too: and to shew thee thou hast not chose amiss, I'll this Moment disinherit my Son, and settle my whole Estate upon thee.

Miran. There's an old Rogue now: [*Aside.*] No *Gardy*, I would not have your Name be so black in the World—You know my Father's Will runs, that I am not to possess my Estate without your Consent, till I'm five and twenty; you shall only abate the odd seven Years, and make me Mistress of my Estate to-day, and I'll make you Master of my Person to-morrow.

Sir *Fran*. Humph! that may not be safe—No *Chargy*, I'll settle it upon thee for *Pin-money*; and that will be every bit as well, thou know'st.

Miran. Unconscionable old Wretch, bribe me with my own Money—Which Way shall I get it out of his Hands! [*Aside.*]

Sir *Fran*. Well, what are thou thinking on, my Girl, ha? How to banter Sir *George*?

Miran. I must not pretend to banter; he knows my Tongue too well: [*Aside.*] No *Gardy*, I have thought of a Way will confound him more than all I cou'd say if I should talk to him seven Years.

Sir *Fran*. How's that! Oh! I'm transported, I'm ravish'd, I'm mad——

Miran. It would make you mad if you knew all. [*Aside.*] I'll not answer him a Word, but be dumb to all he says——

Sir *Fran*. Dumb! good; Ha, ha, ha! Excellent,

ha, ha! I think I have you now, Sir *George*;
dumb! he'll go distracted—Well, she's the
wittiest Rogue—Ha, ha? dumb! I can but
laugh, ha, ha! to think how damn'd mad he'll be
when he finds he has given his Money away
for a dumb Show. Ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Nay, *Gardy*, if he did but know my
Thoughts of him, it would make him ten times
madder: Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Fran.* Ay, so it wou'd, *Chargy*, to hold
him in such Derision, to scorn to answer him,
to be dumb! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Charles.

Sir *Fran.* How now Sirrah! Who let you in?

Cha. My Necessity, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Sir, your Necessities are very
impertinent, and ought to have sent before they
entered.

Cha. Sir, I knew 'twas a Word wou'd gain

admittance no where.

Sir Fran. Then, Sirrah, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your Father, which nobody else would admit?

Cha. Sure the Name of a Son is a sufficient Plea. I ask this Lady's Pardon if I have intruded.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, ask her Pardon and her Blessing too, if you expect any thing from me.

Miran. I believe yours, *Sir Francis*, in a Purse of Guineas, would be more material. Your Son may have Business with you, I'll retire.

Sir Fran. I guess his Business, but I'll dispatch him; I expect the Knight every Minute: You'll be in Readiness?

Miran. Certainly! My Expectation is more upon the Wing than yours, old Gentleman.
[*Exit.*]

Sir *Fran.* Well Sir!

Cha. Nay, it is very ill, Sir; my Circumstances are, I'm sure.

Sir *Fran.* And what's that to me, Sir; Your Management shou'd have made them better.

Cha. If you please to entrust me with the Management of my Estate, I shall endeavour it, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* What, to set upon a Card, and buy a Lady's Favour at the Price of a thousand Pieces, to rig out an Equipage for a Wench, or by your carelessness enrich your Steward to fine for Sheriff, or put up for Parliament-Man?

Cha. I hope I should not spend it this Way: However, I ask only for what my Uncle left me; yours you may dispose of as you please, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* That I shall, out of your Reach, I assure you, Sir. Adod these young Fellows think old Men get Estates for nothing but them

to squander away, in Dicing, Wenching,
Drinking, Dressing, and so forth.

Cha. I think I was born a Gentleman, Sir! I'm
sure my Uncle bred me like one.

Sir Fran. From which you would infer, Sir,
that Gaming, Whoring, and the Pox, are
Requisites to a Gentleman.

Cha. Monstrous! when I would ask him only
for a Support, he falls into these unmannerly
Reproaches; I must, tho' against my Will,
employ Invention, and by Stratagem relieve
myself. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Sirrah, what is it you mutter Sirrah,
ha? [*Holds up his Cane.*] I say you shan't have
a Groat out of my Hands till I please——and
may be I'll never please, and what's that to
you?

Cha. Nay, to be robb'd, or to have one's
Throat cut, is not much——

Sir Fran. What's that Sirrah? would ye rob

me, or cut my Throat, ye Rogue?

Cha. Heaven forbid, Sir,—I said no such Thing.

Sir *Fran.* Mercy on me! What a Plague it is to have a Son of one and twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's Life to edge himself into the Estate!

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. Egad he's here—I was afraid I had lost him: His Secret could not be with his Father, his Wants are public there—Guardian—your Servant *Charles*, I know by that sorrowful Countenance of thine, the old Man's Fist is as close as his strong Box—But I'll help thee——

Sir *Fran.* So: Here's another extravagant Coxcomb, that will spend his Fortune before he comes to't; but he shall pay swinging Interest, and so let the Fool go on—Well, what! does Necessity bring you too Sir?

Marpl. You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred Pounds.

Sir Fran. For what?

Marpl. Po'gh for a hundred Things: I can't for my Life tell you for what.

Cha. Sir, I suppose I have received all the Answer I am like to have.

Marpl. Oh, the Devil, if he gets out before me, I shall lose him again.

Sir Fran. Ay, Sir, and you may be marching as soon as you please—I must see a Change in your Temper ere you find one in mine.

Marpl. Pray, Sir, dispatch me; the Money, Sir, I'm in mighty Haste.

Sir Fran. Fool, take this and go to the Cashier; I shan't be long plagu'd with thee.

[*Gives him a Note.*]

Marpl. Devil take the Cashier, I shall certainly have Charles gone out before I come back again. [*Runs out.*]

Cha. Well, Sir, I take my Leave—But remember, you expose an only Son to all the Miseries of wretched Poverty, which too often lays the Plan for Scenes of Mischief.

Sir Fran. Stay *Charles*, I have a sudden Thought come into my Head, may prove to thy Advantage.

Cha. Ha, does he relent?

Sir Fran. My Lady *Wrinkle*, worth forty thousand Pounds, sets up for a handsome young Husband; she prais'd thee t'other Day; tho' the Match-makers can get twenty Guineas for a Sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

Cha. My Lady *Wrinkle*, Sir! why she has but one Eye.

Sir Fran. Then she'll see but half your

Extravagance, Sir.

Cha. Condemn me to such a Piece of Deformity! Toothless, Dirty, Wry-neck'd, Hunch-backed Hag.

Sir *Fran.* Hunch-back'd! so much the better, then she has a Rest for her Misfortunes; for thou wilt load her swingingly. Now I warrant you think, this is no Offer of a Father; forty thousand Pounds is nothing with you.

Cha. Yes, Sir, I think it too much; a young beautiful Woman with half the Money wou'd be more agreeable. I thank you, Sir; but you chose better for yourself, I find.

Sir *Fran.* Out of my Doors, you Dog; you pretend to meddle with my Marriage, Sirrah!

Cha. Sir, I obey——

Sir *Fran.* But me no Buts—Be gone, Sir: Dare to ask me for Money again——Refuse forty thousand Pounds! Out of my Doors, I say, without Reply. [*Exit Cha.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. One Sir *George Airy* enquires for you, Sir.

Enter Marplot running.

Marpl. Ha! gone! Is *Charles* gone, Guardian?

Sir Fran. Yes; and I desire your wise Worship to walk after him.

Marpl. Nay, Egad, I shall run, I tell you but that. Ah! Pox of this Cashier for detaining me so long; where the Devil shall I find him now? I shall certainly lose this Secret. [*Exit hastily.*]

Sir Fran. What, is the Fellow distracted?—Desire Sir *George* to walk up—Now for a Trial of Skill that will make me happy, and him a Fool: Ha, ha, ha! in my Mind he looks like an Ass already.

Enter Sir George.

Sir *Fran.* Well, Sir *George*, do ye hold in the same mind, or would you capitulate? Ha, ha, ha! Look, here are the Guineas. [*Chinks 'em.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Not if they were twice the Sum, Sir *Francis*: Therefore be brief, call in the Lady, and take your Post—if she's a Woman, and not seduc'd by Witchcraft to this old Rogue, I'll make his Heart ake; for if she has but one Grain of Inclination about her, I'll vary a thousand Shapes but find it. [*Aside.*]

Enter Miranda.

Sir *Fran.* Agreed——*Miranda*, there's Sir *George*, try your Fortune.

[*Takes out his Watch.*]

Sir *Geo.*
So from the Eastern Chambers breaks the Sun,
Dispels the Clouds, and gilds the Vales
below. [*Salutes her.*]

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, Kissing was not in our

Agreement.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! that's by Way of
Prologue:——Prithee, old Mammon, to thy
Post.

Sir *Fran.* Well, young *Timon*, 'tis now Four
exactly; one Hour, remember, is your utmost
Limit, not a Minute more.

[Retires to the Bottom of the Stage.]

Sir *Geo.* Madam, whether you'll excuse or
blame my Love, the Author of this rash
Proceeding depends upon your Pleasure, as
also the Life of your Admirer! your sparkling
Eyes speak a Heart susceptible of Love; your
Vivacity a Soul too delicate to admit the
Embraces of decay'd Mortality.

Miran. [*Aside.*] Oh! that I durst speak—

Sir *Geo.* Shake off this Tyrant Guardian's
Yoke, assume yourself, and dash his bold
aspiring Hopes; the Deity of his Desires, is
Avarice; a Heretic in Love, and ought to be

banish'd by the Queen of Beauty. See, Madam,
a faithful Servant kneels, and begs to be
admitted in the Number of your Slaves.

[*Miranda gives him her Hand to raise him.*

Sir *Fran.* I wish I cou'd hear what he says
now. [*Running up.*] Hold, hold, hold, no
Palming, that's contrary to Articles——

Sir *Geo.* 'Sdeath, Sir, keep your Distance, or
I'll write another Article in your Guts.

[*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Going back.*] A bloody minded
Fellow!——

Sir *Geo.* Not answer me! perhaps she thinks
my Address too grave: I'll be more free—Can
you be so unconscionable, Madam, to let me
say all these fine things to you without one
single Compliment in Return? View me well,
am I not a proper handsome Fellow, ha? Can
you prefer that old, dry, wither'd sapless Log
of Sixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, sprightly

Love of Twenty-four? With snoring only he'll
awake thee, but I with ravishing Delight would
make thy Senses dance in Consort with the
joyful Minutes—Ha! Not yet? Sure she is
dumb—Thus wou'd I steal and touch thy
beauteous Hand, [*Takes hold of her Hand.*]
till by degrees, I reach'd thy snowy Breasts,
then ravish Kisses thus.

[Embraces her in the Ecstasy.]

Miran. [*Struggles and flings from him.*] O
Heavens! I shall not be able to contain myself.
[*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. [*Running up with his Watch in his
Hand.*] Sure she did not speak to him—
There's three Quarters of an Hour gone, Sir
George—Adod, I don't like those close
Conferences——

Sir Geo. More Interruptions——you will
have it, Sir.

[Lays his Hand to his Sword.]

Sir *Fran.* [*Going back.*] No, no, you shan't have her neither. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Geo.* Dumb still—Sure this old Dog has enjoin'd her Silence; I'll try another Way—I must conclude, Madam, that in Compliance to your Guardian's Humour, you refuse to answer me—Consider the Injustice of his Injunction. This single Hour cost me an hundred Pounds—and would you answer me, I could purchase the Twenty-four so: However, Madam, you must give me Leave to make the best Interpretation I can for my Money, and take the Indication of your Silence for the secret liking of my Person; Therefore, Madam, I will instruct you how to keep your Word inviolate to Sir *Francis*, and yet answer me to every Question: As for Example, when I ask any thing to which you would reply in the Affirmative, gently nod your Head—thus; and when in the Negative, thus; [*Shakes his Head.*] and in the Doubtful, a tender Sigh, thus. [*Sighs.*]

Miran. How every Action charms

me——but I'll fit him for Signs, I warrant him.
[*Aside.*]

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! Poor Sir *George*,
Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*]

Sir *Geo.* Was it by his Desire that you are
dumb, Madam, to all that I can say?

Miran. [*Nods.*]

Sir *Geo.* Very well! she's tractable, I find—
And is it possible that you can love him!
[*Miran. nods.*] Miraculous! Pardon the
Bluntness of my Questions, for my Time is
short; may I not hope to supplant him in your
Esteem? [*Miran. sighs.*] Good, she answers
me as I could wish——You'll not consent to
marry him then? [*Miran. sighs.*] How!
doubtful in that—Undone again—Humph! but
that may proceed from his Power to keep her
out of her Estate 'till Twenty-five; I'll try
that——Come Madam, I cannot think you
hesitate on this Affair out of any Motive but
your Fortune. Let him keep it 'till those few

Years are expired; make me happy with your
Person, let him enjoy your Wealth——
[Miran. *holds up her Hands.*] Why, what Sign
is that now? Nay, nay, Madam, except you
observe my Lesson, I can't understand your
Meaning——

Sir *Fran.* What a Vengeance, are they talking
by Signs? 'ad I may be fool'd here; what do
you mean, Sir *George*?

Sir *Geo.* To cut your Throat, if you dare
mutter another Syllable.

Sir *Fran.* Od! I wish he were fairly out of my
House.

Sir *Geo.* Pray, Madam, will you answer me
to the Purpose? [Miran. *shakes her Head and
points to Sir Francis*] What! does she mean
she won't answer me to the Purpose, or is she
afraid yon' old Cuff should understand her
Signs?——Ay, it must be that; I perceive,
Madam, you are too apprehensive of the
Promise you have made to follow my Rules;

therefore I'll suppose your Mind, and answer for you——First, for myself, Madam, that I am in love with you is an infallible Truth. Now for you: [*Turns on her Side.*] Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it?—As certainly, Madam, as that 'tis Day-light, or that I die if you persist in Silence—Bless me with the Music of your Voice, and raise my Spirits to their proper Heaven: Thus low let me intreat; ere I'm oblig'd to quit this Place, grant me some Token of a favourable Reception to keep my hopes alive. [*Arises hastily, turns on her Side.*] Rise, Sir, and since my Guardian's Presence will not allow me Privilege of Tongue, read that, and rest assured you are not indifferent to me. [*Offers her a Letter.*] Ha! right Woman! But no [*she strikes it down.*] matter, I'll go on.

Sir *Fran.* Ha! what's that, a Letter?—Ha, ha, ha! thou art baulk'd.

Miran. The best Assurance I ever saw——
[*Aside.*]

Sir *Geo.* Ha! a Letter! Oh! let me kiss it with

the same Raptures that I would do the dear
Hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a
quick Fancy, and a long *Extempore*—What's
here? [*Reads.*]

"Dear Sir *George*, this Virgin Muse
I consecrate to you, which when it
has receiv'd the Addition of your
Voice, 'twill charm me into a Desire
of Liberty to love, which you, and
only you can fix."

My Angel! Oh you transport me! [*Kisses the
Letter.*] And see the Power of your Command;
the God of Love has set the Verse already; the
flowing Numbers dance into a Tune: and I'm
inspir'd with a Voice to sing it.

Miran. I'm sure thou art inspir'd with
Impudence enough.

Sir *Geo.* [*Sings.*]

*Great Love inspire him;
Say I admire him.*

*Give me the Lover
That can discover
Secret Devotion
From silent Motion;
Then don't betray me,
But hence convey me.*

Sir Geo. [*Taking hold of Miranda.*] With all my Heart, this Moment let's retire.

[*Sir Francis coming up hastily.*]

Sir Fran. The Hour is expir'd, Sir, and you must take your leave. There, my Girl, there's the hundred Pounds, which thou hast won; go, I'll be with you presently, Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Miranda.*]

Sir Geo. Ads-Heart, Madam, you won't leave me just in the Nick, will you?

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! she has nick'd you, Sir George, I think, ha, ha, ha! Have ye any more hundred Pounds to throw away upon such Courtship? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* He, he, he, he, a Curse of your fleeing Jest—Yet, however ill I succeeded, I'll venture the same Wager, she does not value thee a Spoonful of Snuff:—Nay more, though you enjoin'd her Silence to me, you'll never make her speak to the Purpose with yourself.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! did not I tell thee thou wouldst repent thy Money? Did not I say, she hated young Fellows? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* And I'm positive she's not in Love with Age.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha! no matter for that, ha, ha! she's not taken with your Youth, nor your Rhetoric to boot, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Whate'er her Reasons are for disliking of me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! how he swells with Envy—Poor Man, poor Man—Ha, ha! I must beg your Pardon, Sir *George*; *Miranda* will

be impatient to have her Share of Mirth: Verily we shall laugh at thee most egregiously; Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* With all my Heart, Faith—I shall laugh in my Turn too—For if you dare marry her, old *Belzebub*, you will be cuckolded most egregiously: Remember that and tremble——

*She that to Age her beauteous Self resigns,
Shews witty Management for close Designs.
Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair Miranda's
Bed,
Actæon's Horns she means shall crown thy
Head. [Exit.]*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! he is mad.

*These fluttering Fops imagine they can wind,
Turn, and decoy to Love all Womankind:
But here's a Proof of Wisdom in my Charge,
Old Men are constant, young Men live at
large;
The frugal Hand can Bills at Sight defray,
When he that lavish is, has nought to pay.*

[Exit.]

SCENE *changes to Sir Jealous Traffick's House.*

Enter Sir Jealous, Isabinda, Patch following.

Sir *Jea.* What, in the Balcony again, notwithstanding my positive Commands to the contrary!—Why don't you write a Bill on your Forehead, to show Passengers there's something to be lett——

Isa. What Harm can there be in a little fresh Air, Sir?

Sir *Jea.* Is your Constitution so hot, Mistress, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous *Spanish* Rules, banish your Taste, and Thoughts of Flesh, feed upon Roots, and quench your Thirst with Water.

Isa. That and a close Room wou'd certainly make me die of the Vapours.

Sir *Jea.* No, Mistress, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, rambling, rampant Ladies—that are

troubled with the Vapours: 'tis your Ratafia,
Persico, Cinnamon, Citron, and Spirit of
Clary, cause such Swi—m—ing in the Brain,
that carries many a Guinea full tide to the
Doctor. But you are not to be bred this way; no
galloping abroad, no receiving Visits at home;
for in our loose Country, the Women are as
dangerous as the Men.

Patch. So I told her, Sir; and that it was not
decent to be seen in a Balcony—But she
threatened to slap my Chaps, and told me, I
was her Servant, not her Governess.

Sir *Jea.* Did she so? But I'll make her to
know that you are her *Duenna*: Oh! that
incomparable Custom of *Spain*! Why here's no
depending upon old Women in my Country—
for they are as wanton at Eighty, as a Girl of
Eighteen; and a Man may as safely trust to
Asgil's Translation as to his Great
Grandmother's not marrying again.

Isa. Or to the *Spanish* Ladies Viles and
Duennas, for the Safeguard of their Honour.

Sir *Jea*. Dare to ridicule the cautious
Conduct of that wise Nation, and I'll have you
lock'd up this Fortnight without a peep-hole.

Isa. If we had but the ghostly Helps in
England, which they have in *Spain*, I might
deceive you if you did—Sir, 'tis not the
Restraint, but the innate Principles, secures the
Reputation and Honour of our Sex—Let me
tell you, Sir, Confinement sharpens the
Invention, as Want of Sight strengthens the
other Senses, and is often more pernicious,
than the Recreation innocent Liberty allows.

Sir *Jea*. Say you so, Mistress; who the Devil
taught you the Art of Reasoning? I assure you,
they must have a greater Faith than I pretend
to, that can think any Woman innocent who
requires Liberty. Therefore, *Patch*, to your
Charge I give her; lock her up 'till I come back
from *Change*: I shall have some sauntering
Coxcomb, with nothing but a Red Coat and
Feather, think by leaping into her Arms, to
leap into my Estate—But I'll prevent them; she
shall be only *Babinetto*'s.

Patch. Really, Sir, I wish you wou'd employ any body else in this affair; I lead a Life like a Dog, with obeying your Commands. Come, Madam, will you please to be lock'd up?

Isa. Ay, to enjoy more Freedom than he is aware of. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit with Patch.*]

Sir *Jea.* I believe this Wench is very true to my Interest; I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my Daughter from being blown upon 'till Signior *Babinetto* arrives; who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to *Spain* as soon as he has married her; she has a pregnant Wit, and I'd no more have her an *English* Wife than the Grand Signior's Mistress. [*Exit.*]

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. So, I saw Sir *Jealous* go out; where shall I find Mrs. *Patch* now?

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Mr. *Whisper*! my Lady saw you out at the Window, and order'd me to bid you fly, and let your Master know she's now alone.

Whis. Hush, speak softly; I go, I go: But hark ye, Mrs. *Patch*, shall not you and I have a little Confabulation, when my Master and your Lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay, Farewel.

[Goes in and shuts the Door.]

*Re-enter Sir Jealous Traffick, meeting
Whisper.*

Sir Jea. Sure whilst I was talking with Mr. *Tradewell*, I heard my Door clap. [*Seeing Whisper.*] Ha! a Man lurking about my House; who do you want there, Sir?

Whisp. Want——want, a Pox, Sir *Jealous*! what must I say now?

Sir Jea. Ay, want; have you a Letter or Message for any body there?——O' my

Conscience this is some He Bawd——

Whis. Letter or Message, Sir!

Sir *Jea.* Ay, Letter or Message, Sir.

Whis. No, not I, Sir.

Sir *Jea.* Sirrah, Sirrah, I'll have you set in the Stocks, if you don't tell me your Business immediately.

Whisp. Nay, Sir, my Business—is no great matter of Business neither; and yet 'tis Business of Consequence too.

Sir *Jea.* Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whisp. *Trifle*, Sir! have you found him, Sir?

Sir *Jea.* Found what, you Rascal?

Whisp. Why *Trifle* is the very Lap-Dog my Lady lost, Sir; I fancy'd I saw him run into this House. I'm glad you have him——Sir, my Lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir *Jea*. Who is your Lady, Friend?

Whisp. My Lady *Love-Puppy*, Sir.

Sir *Jea*. My Lady *Love-Puppy*! then prithee carry thyself to her, for I know no other Whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more a Puppy-hunting about my Doors, lest I have you prest into the Service, Sirrah.

Whisp. By no means, Sir—Your humble Servant; I must watch whether he goes, or no, before I can tell my Master. [*Exit.*]

Sir *Jea*. This Fellow has the officious Leer of a Pimp; and I half suspect a Design, but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, Charles's *Lodgings*.
Enter Charles and Marplot.

Cha. Honest *Marplot*, I thank thee for this Supply; I expect my Lawyer with a thousand Pounds I have order'd him to take up, and then you shall be repaid.

Marp. Pho, pho, no more of that: Here comes
Sir *George Airy*.

Enter Sir George.

Cursedly out of humour at his Disappointment;
see how he looks! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Ah, *Charles*, I am so humbled in my
Pretensions to Plots upon Women, that I
believe I shall never have Courage enough to
attempt a Chamber-Maid—I'll tell thee.

Cha. Ha, ha! I'll spare you the Relation, by
telling you—Impatient to know your Business
with my Father, when I saw you enter I slipt
back into the next Room, where I overheard
every Syllable.

Sir *Geo.* That I said—I'll be hang'd if you
heard her answer—But prithee tell me,
Charles, is she a Fool?

Cha. I ne'er suspected her for one; but
Marplot can inform you better, if you'll allow
him a Judge.

Marpl. A Fool! I'll justify she has more Wit than all the rest of her Sex put together; why she'll rally me 'till I han't one Word to say for myself.

Cha. A mighty Proof of her Wit truly——

Marpl. There must be some Trick in't, Sir *George*; Egad I'll find it out, if it cost me the Sum you paid for't.

Sir *Geo.* Do, and command me——

Marp. Enough, let me alone to trace a Secret——

Enter Whisper, and speaks aside to his Master.

The Devil! *Whisper* here again! that Fellow never speaks out. Is this the same, or a new Secret? Sir *George*, won't you ask *Charles* what News *Whisper* brings?

Sir *Geo.* Not I, Sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

Marpl. Lord, Lord, how little Curiosity some People have! Now my chief Pleasure lies in knowing everybody's Business.

Sir *Geo.* I fancy, *Charles*, thou hast some Engagement upon thy Hands: I have a little Business too. *Marplot*, if it fall in your way to bring me any Intelligence from *Miranda*, you'll find me at the Thatch'd House at Six——

Marpl. You do me much Honour.

Cha. You guess right, Sir *George*, wish me Success.

Sir *Geo.* Better than attended me. Adieu.
[*Exit.*]

Cha. *Marplot*, you must excuse me——

Marpl. Nay, nay, what need of any Excuse amongst Friends: I'll go with you.

Cha. Indeed you must not.

Marpl. No! then I suppose 'tis a Duel, and I will go to secure you.

Cha. Well, but it is no Duel, consequently no Danger: Therefore prithee be answer'd.

Marpl. What, is't a Mistress then?—Mum—
You know I can be silent upon Occasion.

Cha. I wish you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither must nor shall go with me.
Farewel. [*Exit.*]

Marpl. Why then—I must and will follow you. [*Exit.*]



ACT III.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Well, here's the House which holds the

lovely Prize quiet and serene: here no noisy
Footmen throng to tell my World, that Beauty
dwells within; no ceremonious Visit makes the
Lover wait; no Rival to give my Heart a Pang:
Who would not scale the Window at Midnight
without Fear of the jealous Father's Pistol,
rather than fill up the Train of a Coquet, where
every Minute he is jostled out of Place?
[*Knocks softly.*] Mrs. Patch, Mrs. Patch!

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, are you come, Sir? All's safe.

Cha. So, in, in then.

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. There he goes: Who the Devil lives
here? Except I can find out that, I am as far
from knowing his Business as ever; Gad I'll
watch, it may be a Bawdy House, and he may
have his Throat cut; if there should be any
Mischief, I can make Oath he went in. Well
Charles, in spite of your Endeavour to keep

me out of the Secret, I may save your Life for aught I know: At that Corner I'll plant myself, there I shall see whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love Discoveries. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *draws*, Charles, Isabinda *and* Patch.

Isab. *Patch*, look out sharp; have a care of Dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

Isab. Well, Sir, if I may judge your Love by your Courage, I ought to believe you sincere; for you venture into the Lion's Den, when you come to see me.

Cha. If you'd consent, whilst the furious Beast is abroad, I'd free you from the Reach of his Paws.

Isab. That would be but to avoid one Danger by running into another; like poor Wretches who fly the burning Ship, and meet their Fate in the Water. Come, come *Charles*, I fear if I consult my Reason, Confinement and Plenty is

better than Liberty and Starving. I know you'd make the Frolic pleasing for a little Time, by saying and doing a world of tender Things; but when our small Substance is exhausted, and a thousand Requisites for Life are wanting, Love, who rarely dwells with Poverty, would also fail us.

Cha. Faith, I fancy not; methinks my Heart has laid up a Stock will last for Life; to back which, I have taken a thousand Pounds upon my Uncle's Estate; that surely will support us till one of our Fathers relent.

Isab. There's no trusting to that, my Friend; I doubt your Father will carry his Humour to the Grave, and mine till he sees me settled in *Spain*.

Cha. And can ye then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd *Don* arrives, and suffer that Youth, Beauty, Fire, and Wit to be sacrific'd to the Arms of a dull *Spaniard*, to be immur'd, and forbid the Sight of any thing that's Human?

Isab. No, when it comes to the Extremity,
and no Stratagem can relieve us, thou shalt list
for a Soldier, and I'll carry thy Knapsack after
thee.

Cha. Bravely resolv'd; the World cannot be
more savage than our Parents, and Fortune
generally assists the Bold; therefore consent
now: Why should we put it to a future Hazard?
Who knows when we shall have another
Opportunity?

Isab. Oh, you have your Ladder of Ropes, I
suppose, and the Closet-Window stands just
where it did, and if you han't forgot to write in
Characters, *Patch* will find a way for our
Assignations. Thus much of the *Spanish*
Contrivance my Father's Severity has taught
me, I thank him; tho' I hate the Nation, I admire
their Management in these Affairs.

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Madam, I see my Master coming
up the Street.

Cha. Oh, the Devil, would I had my Ladder now, I thought you had not expected him till Night; why, why, why, why, what shall I do, Madam?

Isab. Oh! for Heaven's sake! don't go that way, you'll meet him full in the Teeth: Oh, unlucky Moment!——

Cha. Adsheart, can you shut me into no Cupboard, ram me into a Chest, ha?

Patch. Impossible, Sir, he searches every Hole in the House.

Isab. Undone for ever! if he sees you, I shall never see you more.

Patch. I have thought on it: Run to your Chamber, Madam; and, Sir, come you along with me, I'm certain you may easily get down from the Balcony.

Cha. My Life, Adieu——Lead on Guide.
[*Exit.*]

Isab. Heaven preserve him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Sir Jealous, with Marplot behind him.

Sir Jea. I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong Suspicion all is not right within; that Fellow's sauntering about my Door, and his Tale of a Puppy had the Face of a Lye methought. By St. *Iägo*, if I should find a Man in the House, I'd make Mince-Meat of him——

Marpl. Ah, poor *Charles*—ha! Egad he is old——I fancy I might bully him, and make *Charles* have an Opinion of my Courage.

Sir Jea. My own Key shall let me in, I'll give them no Warning.

[*Feeling for his Key.*]

Marpl. What's that you say, Sir?

[*Going up to Sir Jealous.*]

Sir *Jea*. What's that to you, Sir?

[Turns quick upon him.]

Marpl. Yes, 'tis to me, Sir: for the Gentleman you threaten is a very honest Gentleman. Look to't; for if he comes not as safe out of your House as he went in, I have half a dozen *Myrmidons* hard by shall beat it about your Ears.

Sir *Jea*. Went in! What is he in then? Ah! a Combination to undo me—I'll *Myrmidon* you, ye Dog you—Thieves, Thieves!

*Beats Marplot all the while he cries
Thieves!*

Marpl. Murder, Murder; I was not in your House, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir *Jea*. The matter, Rascal! Have you let a

Man into my House! but I'll flea him alive;
follow me, I'll not leave a Mouse-hole
unsearch'd; if I find him, by St. *Iägo* I'll equip
him for the *Opera*.

Marpl. A Duce of his Cane, there's no
trusting to Age—What shall I do to relieve
Charles? Egad, I'll raise the Neighbourhood—
Murder, Murder— [*Charles drops down upon
him from the Balcony.*] *Charles*, faith I'm glad
to see thee safe out with all my Heart.

Cha. A Pox of your Bawling: How the Devil
came you here?

Marpl. Here! 'gad, I have done you a piece
of Service; I told the old Thunderbolt, that the
Gentleman that was gone in, was——

Cha. Was it you that told him, Sir? [*Laying
hold of him.*] 'Sdeath, I could crush thee into
Atoms. [*Exit Charles.*]

Marpl. What, will ye choak me for my
Kindness?——Will my enquiring Soul never

leave searching into other People's Affairs, till it gets squeez'd out of my Body? I dare not follow him now, for my Blood, he's in such a Passion—I'll to *Miranda*; if I can discover aught that may oblige Sir *George*, it may be a means to reconcile me again to *Charles*.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Jealous and Servants.

Sir *Jea.* Are you sure you have search'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the Top of the House to the Bottom.

Sir *Jea.* Under the Beds, and over the Beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too; but found nobody Sir.

Sir *Jea.* Why, what could this Rogue mean?

Enter Isabinda and Patch.

Patch. Take Courage, Madam, I saw him

safe out. [*Aside to Isab.*]

Isab. Bless me! what's the Matter, Sir?

Sir *Jea*. You know best—Pray where's the Man that was here just now?

Isab. What Man, Sir; I saw none!

Patch. Nor I, by the Trust you repose in me; do you think I would let a Man come within these Doors, when you are absent?

Sir *Jea*. Ah, *Patch*, she may be too cunning for thy Honesty: the very Scout that he had set to give Warning, discover'd it to me—and threaten'd me with half a dozen *Myrmidons*——But I think I maul'd the Villain. These Afflictions you draw upon me, Mistress!

Isab. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis your own ridiculous Humour draws you into these Vexations, and gives every Fool pretence to banter you.

Sir *Jea*. No, 'tis your idle Conduct, your coquetish Flirting into the Balcony—Oh, with what Joy shall I resign thee into the Arms of Don *Diego Babinetto*!

Isab. And with what Industry shall I avoid him! [*Aside.*]

Sir *Jea*. Certainly that Rogue had a Message from some body or other; but being baulk'd by my coming, popt that Sham upon me. Come along ye Sots, let's see if we can find the Dog again. *Patch*, lock her up; d'ye hear?

Patch. Yes, Sir—Ay, walk till your Heels ake, you'll find nobody, I'll promise you.

Isab. Who cou'd that Scout be which he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was *Whisper*.

Isab. Well, dear *Patch*, let's employ all our Thoughts how to escape this horrid Don *Diego*, my very Heart sinks at his terrible

Name.

Patch. Fear not, Madam, Don *Carlo* shall be the Man, or I'll lose the Reputation of Contriving; and then what's a Chamber-maid good for?

Isab. Say'st thou so, my Girl? Then——

*Let Dad be jealous, multiply his Cares,
While Love instructs me to avoid the Snares;
I'll, spight of all his Spanish Caution, show
How much for Love a British Maid can do.
[Exit.]*

SCENE *Sir Francis Gripe's House.*
Sir Francis and Miranda meeting.

Miran. Well, *Gardy*, how did I perform the dumb Scene?

Sir Fran. To Admiration—Thou dear little Rogue, let me buss thee for it: Nay, adod, I will, *Chargy*, so muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee, I will, i'faith, I will.

[*Hugging and kissing her.*]

Miran. Nay, *Gardy*, don't be so lavish; who would ride Post, when the Journey lasts for Life?

Sir *Fran.* Ah Wag, ah Wag——I'll buss thee again, for that.

Miran. Faugh! how he stinks of Tobacco! what a delicate Bedfellow I shou'd have!
[*Aside.*]

Sir *Fran.* Oh, I'm transported! When, when, my Dear, wilt thou convince the World of thy happy Day? When shall we marry, ha?

Miran. There's nothing wanting but your Consent, Sir *Francis*.

Sir *Fran.* My Consent! what does my Charmer mean?

Miran. Nay, 'tis only a Whim, but I'll have every thing according to Form——therefore when you sign an authentic Paper, drawn up by

an able Lawyer, that I have your Leave to marry, the next Day makes me yours, *Gardy*.

Sir *Fran*. Ha, ha, ha! a Whim indeed! why is it not Demonstration I give my Leave when I marry thee?

Miran. Not for your Reputation, *Gardy*; the malicious World will be apt to say you trick'd me into a Marriage, and so take the Merit from my Choice. Now I will have the Act my own, to let the idle Fops see how much I prefer a Man loaded with Years and Wisdom.

Sir *Fran*. Humph! Prithee leave out Years, *Chargy*, I'm not so old, as thou shalt find: Adod, I'm young; there's a Caper for ye.
[*Jumps*.]

Miran. Oh, never excuse it; why, I like you the better for being old.—But I shall suspect you don't love me, if you refuse me this Formality.

Sir *Fran*. Not love thee, *Chargy*! Adod, I do

love thee better than, than, than, better than—
what shall I say? Egad, better than Money;
i'faith I do——

Miran. That's false, I'm sure. [*Aside.*] To
prove it, do this then.

Sir *Fran.* Well, I will do it, *Chargy*,
provided I bring a License at the same Time?

Miran. Ay, and a Parson too, if you please:
Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how
all the young Coxcombs about Town will be
mortified when they hear of our Marriage.

Sir *Fran.* So they will, so they will; Ha, ha,
ha!

Miran. Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with
my *Gardy*!

Sir *Fran.* If wearing Pearls and Jewels, or
eating Gold, as the old Saying is, can make
thee happy, thou shalt be so, my sweetest, my
lovely, my charming, my—verily, I know not
what to call thee.

Miran. You must know, *Gardy*, that I am so eager to have this Business concluded, that I have employ'd my Woman's Brother, who is a Lawyer in the *Temple*, to settle Matters just to your liking; you are to give your Consent to my Marriage, which is to yourself, you know: but Mum, you must take no Notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your Leave, put my Writings into his Hands; then to-morrow we come slap upon them with a Wedding that nobody thought on; by which you seize me and my Estate, and, I suppose, make a Bonfire of your own Act and Deed.

Sir *Fran.* Nay, but *Chargy*, if——

Miran. Nay, *Gardy*, no Ifs——Have I refused three Northern Lords, two *British* Peers, and half a score Knights, to have put in your Ifs?——

Sir *Fran.* So thou hast, indeed, and I will trust to thy Management. Od, I'm all of a Fire.

Miran. 'Tis a Wonder the dry Stubble does

not blaze. [*Aside.*]

Enter Marplot.

Sir *Fran.* How now, who sent for you, Sir?
What, is the hundred Pound gone already?

Marpl. No, Sir, I don't want Money now.

Sir *Fran.* No; that's a Miracle! but there's
one thing you want, I'm sure.

Marpl. Ay, what's that, Guardian?

Sir *Fran.* Manners: What, had I no Servants
without?

Marpl. None that could do my Business,
Guardian, which is at present with this Lady.

Miran. With me, Mr. *Marplot*! what is it, I
beseech you?

Sir *Fran.* Ay, Sir, what is it? Any thing that
relates to her may be deliver'd to me.

Marpl. I deny that.

Miran. That's more than I do, Sir.

Marpl. Indeed, Madam! Why then to proceed; Fame says, that you and my most conscionable *Guardian* here design'd, contriv'd, plotted and agreed, to chouse a very civil, honest, honourable Gentleman, out of an hundred Pound.

Miran. That I contriv'd it!

Marpl. Ay you—You said never a Word against it, so far you are guilty.

Sir *Fran.* Pray tell that civil, honest, honourable Gentleman, that if he has any more such Sums to fool away, they shall be received like the last: Ha, ha, ha, ha! chous'd, quotha! But hark ye, let him know at the same Time, that if he dared to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a Lawyer to him shall shew him a Trick for twice as much: D'ye hear? Tell him that.

Marpl. So, and this is the Way you use a Gentleman and my Friend?

Miran. Is the Wretch thy Friend?

Marpl. The Wretch! Look ye, Madam, don't call Names; Egad, I won't take it.

Miran. Why, you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha!

Marpl. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir Fran. Sir, I shall make a Servant shew you out at the Window, if you are saucy.

Marpl. I am your most humble Servant, *Guardian*; I design to go out the same Way I came in. I would only ask this Lady, if she does not think in her Soul Sir *George Airy* is not a fine Gentleman?

Miran. He dresses well.

Sir Fran. Which is chiefly owing to his Taylor and *Valet de Chambre*.

Miran. And if you allow that a Proof of his being a fine Gentleman, he is so.

Marpl. The judicious Part of the World allow him Wit, Courage, Gallantry, and Management; tho' I think he forfeited that Character, when he flung away a hundred Pound upon your dumb Ladyship.

Sir *Fran.* Does that gaul him? ha, ha, ha!

Miran. So, Sir *George* remaining in deep Discontent, has sent you his trusty Squire to utter his Complaint: ha, ha, ha!

Marpl. Yes, Madam; and you like a cruel, hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I wou'd your Ladyship, were I Sir *George*, you, you, you——

Miran. Oh, don't call Names, I know you love to be employ'd, and I'll oblige you, and you shall carry him a Message from me.

Marpl. According as I like it: What is it?

Miran. Nay, a kind one you may be sure——First tell him, I have chose this Gentleman to have and to hold, and so forth.

[*Clapping her Hand into Sir Francis's.*

Sir Fran. Oh, the dear Rogue, how I doat on her! [*Aside.*]

Miran. And advise his Impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer *Sir Francis* for a Husband before all the Fops in the Universe.

Marpl. Oh Lord, Oh Lord! she's bewitch'd, that's certain: Here's a Husband for Eighteen—Here's a Shape—Here's Bones rattling in a leathern Bag. [*Turning Sir Francis about.*] Here's Buckram and Canvas to scrub you to repentance.

Sir Fran. Sirrah, my Cane shall teach you Repentance presently.

Marpl. No faith, I have felt its Twin Brother from just such a wither'd Hand too lately.

Miran. One thing more; advise him to keep from the Garden Gate on the left Hand; for if he dare to saunter there about the Hour of Eight, as he used to do, he shall be saluted with a Pistol or Blunderbuss.

Sir Fran. O monstrous! why *Chargy*, did he use to come to the Garden Gate?

Miran. The Gard'ner describ'd just such another Man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his entrance—Tell him he shall find a warm Reception if he comes this Night.

Marpl. Pistols and Blunderbusses! Egad, a warm Reception indeed; I shall take care to inform him of your Kindness, and advise him to keep farther off.

Miran. I hope he will understand my Meaning better, than to follow your advice.
[*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Thou hast sign'd, seal'd, and ta'en

Possession of my Heart for ever, *Chargy*, ha, ha, ha! and for you, Mr. Sauce-Box, let me have no more of your Messages, if ever you design to inherit your Estate, Gentleman.

Marpl. Why there 'tis now. Sure I shall be out of your Clutches one Day—Well, *Guardian*, I say no more; but if you be not as errant a Cuckold, as e'er drove Bargain upon the Exchange, or paid Attendance to a Court, I am the Son of a Whetstone; and so your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Miran. Don't forget the Message; ha, ha!

Sir Fran. I am so provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

Miran. Oh mind him not, *Gardy*, but let's sign Articles, and then—

Sir Fran. And then—Adod, I believe I am metamorphos'd: my Pulse beats high, and my Blood boils, methinks——

[*Kissing and hugging her.*]

Miran. Oh fie *Gardy*, be not so violent:
Consider the Market lasts all the Year—Well,
I'll in and see if the Lawyer be come, you'll
follow. [*Exit.*]

Sir *Fran.* Ay, to the World's End, my Dear.
Well, Frank, thou art a lucky Fellow in thy old
Age, to have such a delicate Morsell, and
thirty thousand Pound in love with thee; I shall
be the Envy of Batchelors, the Glory of
married Men, and the Wonder of the Town.
Some Guardians wou'd be glad to compound
for Part of the Estate, at dispatching an
Heiress. But I engross the whole: *O! Mihi
præteritos referet si Jupiter Annos.* [*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to a Tavern; discovers Sir
George and
Charles with Wine before them, and Whisper
waiting.*

Sir *Geo.* Nay, prithee don't be grave
Charles: Misfortunes will happen, Ha, ha, ha!
'tis some Comfort to have a Companion in our
Sufferings.

Cha. I am only apprehensive for *Isabinda*; her Father's Humour is implacable; and how far his Jealousy may transport her to her Undoing, shocks my Soul to think.

Sir Geo. But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his Rage will quickly lash into a Calm, never fear it.

Cha. But who knows what that unlucky Dog *Marplot*, told him; nor can I imagine what brought him thither; that Fellow is ever doing Mischief: and yet, to give him his due he never designs it. This is some blundering Adventure, wherein he thought to shew his Friendship, as he calls it; a Curse on him.

Sir Geo. Then you must forgive him; what said he?

Cha. Said? nay I had more mind to cut his Throat, than to hear his Excuses.

Sir Geo. Where is he?

Whisp. Sir, I saw him go into Sir *Francis*

Gripe's just now.

Cha. Oh! then he's upon your Business, Sir *George*, a thousand to one but he makes some Mistake there too.

Sir *Geo.* Impossible, without he huffs the Lady, and makes love to Sir *Francis*.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Marplot's*, below, Gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

Cha. How civil the Rogue is, when he has done a Fault!

Sir *Geo.* Ho! desire him to walk up. Prithee *Charles*, throw off this Chagreen, and be good Company.

Cha. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him: *Whisper*, fetch me Pen, Ink and Paper.

Whisp. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Whisp.*]

Enter Marplot.

Cha. Do but mark his sheepish Look, Sir
George.

Marpl. Dear *Charles*, don't overwhelm a
Man—already under insupportable Affliction.
I'm sure I always intend to serve my Friends;
but if my malicious Stars deny the Happiness,
is the Fault mine?

Sir Geo. Never mind him, Mr. *Marplot*; he is
eat up with Spleen, but what says *Miranda*?

Marpl. Says——nay, we are all undone
there too.

Cha. I told you so, nothing prospers that he
undertakes.

Marpl. Why, can I help her having chose
your Father for better for worse?

Cha. So: There's another of Fortune's
Strokes. I suppose I Shall be edg'd out of my
Estate with Twins every Year, let who will get

'em.

Sir *Geo.* What is the Woman really possest?

Marpl. Yes, with the Spirit of Contradiction, she rail'd at you most prodigiously.

Sir *Geo.* That's no ill Sign.

Enter Whisper, with Pen, Ink and Paper.

Marpl. You'd say it was no good Sign, if you knew all.

Sir *Geo.* Why, prithee?

Marpl. Hark'ye, Sir *George*, let me warn you, pursue your old Haunt no more, it may be dangerous.

Charles sits down to write.

Sir *Geo.* My old Haunt, what d'you mean!

Marpl. Why in short, then since you will have it, *Miranda* vows if you dare approach

the Garden-gate at eight o'Clock, as you us'd,
you shall be saluted with a Blunderbuss, Sir.
These were her Words, nay she bid me tell you
so too.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! the Garden-gate at eight, as I
us'd to do! There must be a Meaning in this. Is
there such a Gate, *Charles*?

Cha. Yes, yes; It opens into the Park; I
suppose her Ladyship has made many a
Scamper through it.

Sir *Geo.* It must be an Assignment then. Ha,
my Heart springs with Joy, 'tis a propitious
Omen. My dear *Marplot*, let me embrace thee,
thou art my Friend, my better Angel—

Marp. What do you mean, Sir *George*?

Sir *Geo.* No matter what I mean. Here, take a
Bumper to the Garden-gate, ye dear Rogue
you.

Marpl. You have Reason to be transported,
Sir *George*; I have sav'd your Life.

Sir *Geo.* My Life! thou hast sav'd my Soul,
Man. *Charles*, if thou dost not pledge this
Health, mayst thou never taste the Joys of
Love.

Cha. *Whisper*, be sure you take care how
you deliver this. [*Gives him the Letter.*] Bring
me the Answer to my Lodgings.

Whisp. I warrant you, Sir.

Marpl. Whither does that Letter
go?—Now I dare not ask for my Blood.

Cha. Now I'm for you.

Sir *Geo.* To the Garden-gate at the Hour of
Eight, *Charles*, along, Huzza!

Cha. I begin to conceive you.

Marpl. That's more than I do, Egad—to the
Garden-gate, Huzza, [*Drinks.*] But I hope you
design to keep far enough off it, Sir *George*.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, ay, never fear that; she shall see

I despise her Frown; let her use her
Blunderbuss against the next Fool, she shan't
reach me with the Smoak, I warrant her; Ha,
ha, ha!

Marpl. Ah, *Charles*, if you cou'd receive a
Disappointment thus *en Cavalier*, one shou'd
have some Comfort in being beat for you.

Cha. The Fool comprehends nothing.

Sir *Geo.* Nor wou'd I have him; prithee take
him along with thee.

Cha. Enough: *Marplot*, you shall go home
with me.

Marpl. I'm glad I'm well with him, however.
Sir *George*, yours. Egad, *Charles*'s asking me
to go home with him, gives me a shrewd
Suspicion there's more in the Garden-gate than
I comprehend. Faith, I'll give him the drop,
and away to *Guardian*'s, and find it out.

Sir *Geo.* I kiss both your Hands—And now
for the Garden-gate.

*It's Beauty gives the Assignment there,
And Love too powerful grows, t'admit of
Fear. [Exit.]*



ACT IV.

SCENE *the Outside of Sir Jealous Traffick's
House,*
Patch peeping out of the Door.
Enter Whisper.

Whisp. Ha, Mrs. *Patch*, this is a lucky Minute, to find you so readily; my Master dies with Impatience.

Patch. My Lady imagin'd so, and by her Orders I have been scouting this Hour in search of you, to inform you that Sir *Jealous* has invited some Friends to Supper with him

to-night, which gives an Opportunity to your Master to make use of his Ladder of Ropes. The Closet Window shall be open, and *Isabinda* ready to receive him; bid him come immediately.

Whisp. Excellent! He'll not disappoint, I warrant him: But hold, I have a Letter here, which I'm to carry an Answer of, I can't think what Language the Direction is.

Patch. Pho, 'tis no Language, but a Character which the Lovers intend to avert Discovery. Ha, I hear my old Master coming down Stairs, it is impossible you shou'd have an Answer; away, and bid him come himself for that—Be gone, we are ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his Care since the last Accident.

Whisp. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

Patch. There, go thou into my Pocket. [*Puts it beside, and it falls down.*] Now I'll up the Back-stairs, lest I meet him. Well, a dextrous Chamber-maid is the Ladies best Utensil, I

say. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Jealous with a Letter in his Hand.

Sir *Jeal*. So, this is some Comfort; this tells me that *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* is safely arriv'd; he shall marry my Daughter the Minute he comes, Ha, ha! What's here? [*Takes up the Letter which Patch drop'd.*] A Letter! I don't know what to make of the Superscription. I'll see what's within side. [*Opens it.*] Humph; 'tis *Hebrew*, I think. What can this mean? there must be some Trick in it; this was certainly design'd for my Daughter, but I don't know that she can speak any Language but her Mother-tongue. No matter for that, this may be one of Love's Hieroglyphicks, and I fancy I saw *Patch's* Tail sweep by. That Wench may be a Slut, and instead of guarding my Honour, betray it; I'll find it out I'm resolv'd: Who's there?

Enter Servant.

What Answer did you bring from the

Gentlemen I sent you to invite?

Serv. That they'll all wait of you, Sir, as I told you before; but I suppose you forgot, Sir.

Sir Jeal. Did I so, Sir? but I shan't forget to break your Head, if any of them come, Sir.

Serv. Come, Sir! why did you not send me to desire their Company, Sir?

Sir Jeal. But I send you now to desire their Absence; say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to Expectation, and ask their Pardon; and d'ye hear, send the Butler to me.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Butler.

Sir Jeal. If this Paper has a Meaning, I'll find it. Lay the Cloth in my Daughter's Chamber, and bid the Cook send Supper thither presently.

Butl. Yes, Sir—Hey-day, what's the Matter now? [*Exit.*]

Sir *Jeal*. He wants the Eyes of *Argus*, that has a young handsome Daughter in this Town; but my Comfort is, I shall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a Girl once in her Teens, had better be at Sea in a Storm, and would be in less Danger;

*For let him do or counsel all he can,
She thinks and dreams of nothing else but
Man.* [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Isabinda's Chamber.*
Isabinda and Patch.

Isab. Are you sure nobody saw you speak to *Whisper*?

Patch. Yes, very sure, Madam; But I heard Sir *Jealous* coming down Stairs, so clapt his Letter into my Pocket.

[*Feels for the Letter.*]

Isab. A Letter? give it me quickly.

Patch. Bless me! what's become on't—I'm sure I put it— [*Searching still.*]

Isab. Is it possible thou could'st be so careless?—Oh! I'm undone for ever, if it be lost.

Patch. I must have dropt it upon the Stairs. But why are you so much alarm'd? If the worst happens, nobody can read it, Madam, nor find out who it was design'd for.

Isab. If it falls into my Father's Hands, the very Figure of a Letter will produce ill Consequences. Run and look for it upon the Stairs this moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm sure it can be no where else—— [*As she's going out of the Door, meets the Butler.*] How now, what do you want?

Butl. My Master ordered me to lay the Cloth here for his Supper.

Isab. Ruin'd, past Redemption—— [*Aside.*]

Patch. You mistake sure: what shall we do?

Isab. I thought he expected Company to-night
—Oh! poor *Charles*! Oh, unfortunate
Isabinda!

Butl. I thought so too, Madam, but I suppose
he has alter'd his Mind.

[*Lays the Cloth, and Exit.*]

Isab. The Letter is the Cause; this heedless
Action has undone me: Fly and fasten the
Closet-window, which will give *Charles*
Notice to retire. Ha! my Father! Oh Confusion!

Enter Sir Jealous.

Sir Jea. Hold, hold, *Patch*, whither are you
going? I'll have no body stir out of the Room
till after Supper.

Patch. Sir, I was going to reach your easy
Chair.——Oh, wretched Accident!

Sir *Jea*. I'll have nobody stir out of the Room. I don't want my Easy Chair.

Isab. What will be the event of this? [*Aside.*]

Sir *Jea*. Hark ye, Daughter; do you know this Hand?

Isab. As I suspected——Hand do you call it, Sir? 'Tis some School-boy's Scraul.

Patch. Oh Invention! Thou Chamber-Maid's best Friend, assist me.

Sir *Jea*. Are you sure you don't understand it?

[*Patch feels in her Bosom, and shakes her Coats.*]

Isab. Do you understand it, Sir?

Sir *Jea*. I wish I did.

Isab. Thank Heaven you do not. [*Aside.*]
Then I know no more of it than you do, indeed,

Sir.

Patch. Oh Lord, Oh Lord, what have you done, Sir? Why the Paper is mine, I drop'd it out of my Bosom.

[Snatching it from him.]

Sir *Jea.* Ha! yours Mistress?

Isab. What does she mean by owning it?

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is.

Sir *Jea.* What is it? speak.

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is a Charm for the Tooth-ach—I have worn it these seven Years; 'twas given me by an Angel for ought I know, when I was raving with the Pain; for nobody knew from whence he came, nor whither he went: He charged me never to open it, lest some dire Vengeance befall me, and Heaven knows what will be the Event. Oh! cruel Misfortune, that I shou'd drop it, and you should open it——If you had not open'd it——

Isab. Excellent Wench! [*Aside.*]

Sir *Jea.* Pox of your Charms and Whims for me; if that be all, 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no Vengeance will follow.

Patch. So, all's right again thus far. [*Aside.*]

Isab. I wou'd not lose *Patch* for the World—I'll take Courage a little. [*Aside.*] Is this Usage for your Daughter, Sir? Must my Virtue and Conduct be suspected for every Trifle? You immure me like some dire Offender here, and deny me all the Recreations which my Sex enjoy, and the Custom of the Country and Modesty allow; yet not content with that, you make my Confinement more intolerable by your Mistrusts and Jealousies; wou'd I were dead, so I were free from this.

Sir *Jea.* To-morrow rids you of this tiresome Load—*Don Diego Babinetto* will be here, and then my Care ends, and his begins.

Isab. Is he come then? Oh how shall I avoid this hated Marriage. [*Aside.*]

Enter Servants with Supper.

Sir *Jea.* Come, will you sit down?

Isab. I can't eat, Sir.

Patch. No, I dare swear he has given her Supper enough. I wish I could get into the Closet—— [*Aside.*]

Sir *Jeal.* Well, if you can't eat, then give me a Song whilst I do.

Isab. I have such a Cold I can scarce speak, Sir, much less sing. How shall I prevent *Charles* coming in? [*Aside.*]

Sir *Jeal.* I hope you have the use of your Fingers, Madam. Play a Tune upon your Spinnet, whilst your Woman sings me a Song.

Patch. I'm as much out of Tune as my Lady, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

Isab. I shall make excellent Music.

[*Sits down to play.*]

Patch. Really Sir, I'm so frightened about your opening this Charm, that I can't remember one Song.

Sir Jeal. Pish, hang your Charm: come, come, sing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to sing truly. [*Aside.*] Humph, humph; bless me I cannot raise my Voice, my Heart pants so.

Sir Jeal. Why, what does your Heart pant so, that you can't play neither? Pray what Key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, wou'd the Key were turn'd of you once. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jeal. Why don't you sing I say?

Patch. When Madam has put her Spinnet in Tune, Sir? humph, humph——

Isab. I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me.
[*Rising.*]

Sir Jeal. Zounds sit down and play me a Tune, or I'll break your Spinnet about your Ears.

Isab. What will become of me?

[*Sits down and plays.*]

Sir Jeal. Come Mistress. [*To Patch*]

Patch. Yes, Sir.

[*Sings but horribly out of Tune.*]

Sir Jeal. Hey, hey, why you are a-top of the House, and you are down in the Cellar. What is the Meaning of this? is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

Patch. Pray, Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that Note——Nor any Note I fear.

Isab. Well, begin—Oh! *Patch*, we shall be discover'd.

Patch. I sing with the Apprehension, Madam
—humph, humph——[*Sings.*]

[*Charles pulls open the Closet-door.*]

Cha. Music and Singing.

*'Tis thus the bright Celestial Court above
Beguiles the Hours with Music and with
Love.*

Death! her Father there! [*The Women shriek*]
then I must fly——

[*Exit into the Closet.*]

[*Sir Jealous rises up hastily,
seeing Charles slip back in the Closet.*]

Sir Jea. Hell and Furies, a Man in the
Closet!——

Patch. Ah! a Ghost, a Ghost——he must not

enter the Closet——

[*Isabinda throws herself down before
the Closet Door, as in a Swoon.*

Sir *Jea*. The Devil! I'll make a Ghost of him I
warrant you.

[*Strives to get by.*

Patch. Oh Hold, Sir, have a care, you'll tread
upon my Lady—Who waits there? Bring some
Water. Oh! this comes of your opening the
Charm: Oh, oh, oh, oh. [*Weeps aloud.*]

Sir *Jea*. I'll charm you, House-wife, here lies
the Charm that conjur'd this Fellow in, I'm sure
on't; come out you Rascal, do so: Zounds take
her from the Door, or I'll spurn her from it, and
break your Neck down Stairs.

Isab. Oh, oh, where am I—He's gone, I heard
him leap down. [*Aside to Patch.*]

Patch. Nay, then let him enter——here, here
Madam, smell to this; come, give me your

Hand: come nearer to the Window, the Air
will do you good.

Sir *Jea*. I wou'd she were in her Grave,
Where are you, Sirrah? Villain, Robber of my
Honour! I'll pull you out of your Nest.

[Goes into the Closet.]

Patch. You'll be mistaken, old Gentleman,
the Bird is flown.

Isab. I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well. I was
almost dead in earnest with the Fright.

Re-enter Sir Jealous out of the Closet.

Sir *Jea*. Whoever the Dog were, he has
escap'd out of the Window, for the Sash is up.
But tho' he has got out of my Reach, you are
not. And first Mrs. *Pander*, with your Charms
for the Tooth-ach, get out of my House, go,
troop; yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of my
Doors myself, but I'll secure your Charge ere I
go.

Isab. What do you mean, Sir? Was she not a Creature of your own providing?

Sir Jea. She was of the Devil's providing for aught I know.

Patch. What have I done, Sir, to merit your Displeasure?

Sir Jea. I don't know which of you have done it; but you shall both suffer for it, till I can discover whose Guilt it is: Go, get in there, I'll move you from this Side of the House [*Pushes Isabinda in at the Door, and locks it: puts the Key into his Pocket*] I'll keep the Key myself; I'll try what Ghost will get into that Room. And now forsooth I'll wait on you down Stairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor Lady——Down Stairs, Sir! but I won't go out, Sir, till I have look'd up my Clothes.

Sir Jea. If thou wer't as naked as thou wer't born, thou should'st not stay to put on a Smock.

Come along, I say? when your Mistress is marry'd, you shall have your Rags, and every thing that belongs to you; but till then——

[Exit, pulling her out.]

Patch. Oh! barbarous Usage for nothing!

Re-enter at the lower end.

Sir Jea. There, go, and come no more within Sight of my Habitation these three Days, I charge you.

[Slaps the Door after her.]

Patch. Did ever any body see such an old Monster?

Enter Charles.

Patch. Oh! Mr. *Charles*, your Affairs and mine are in an ill Posture.

Cha. I am inur'd to the Frowns of Fortune:
But what has befallen thee?

Patch. Sir *Jealous*, whose suspicious Nature's always on the Watch; nay, even while one Eye sleeps, the other keeps Centinel; upon sight of you, flew into such a violent Passion, that I could find no Stratagem to appease him; but in spite of all Arguments, lock'd his Daughter into his own Apartment, and turn'd me out of Doors.

Cha. Ha! oh, *Isabinda*!

Patch. And swears she shall neither see Sun or Moon, till she is *Don Diego Babinetto's* Wife, who arrived last Night, and is expected with Impatience.

Cha. He dies; yes, by all the Wrongs of Love he shall; here will I plant myself, and through my Breast he shall make his Passage, if he enters.

Patch. A most heroic Resolution. There might be Ways found out more to your Advantage. Policy is often preferr'd to open Force.

Cha. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of personating this *Spaniard*, imposing upon the Father, and marrying your Mistress by his own Consent.

Cha. Say'st thou so, my Angel! Oh cou'd that be done, my Life to come wou'd be too short to recompense thee: But how can I do that, when I neither know what Ship he came in, or from what Part of *Spain*; who recommends him, or how attended?

Patch. I can solve all this. He is from *Madrid*, his Father's Name *Don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto*. Here's a Letter of his to Sir *Jealous*, which he dropt one Day! you understand *Spanish*, and the Hand may be counterfeited: You conceive me, Sir.

Cha. My better Genius, thou hast reviv'd my drooping Soul: I'll about it instantly. Come to my Lodgings, and we'll concert Matters.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *a Garden-gate open, Scentwell
waiting within.*

Enter Sir George Airy.

Sir Geo. So, this is the Gate, and most invitingly open: If there should be a Blunderbuss here now, what a dreadful Ditty would my Fall make for Fools! and what a Jest for the Wits! how my Name would be roar'd about Streets! Well, I'll venture all.

Scentw. Hist, hist! *Sir George Airy*——
[*Enters.*]

Sir Geo. A Female Voice! thus far I'm safe, my Dear.

Scentw. No, I'm not your Dear, but I'll conduct you to her; give me your Hand; you must go thro' many a dark Passage and dirty Step before you arrive——

Sir Geo. I know I must before I arrive at Paradise; therefore be quick, my charming Guide.

Scentw. For aught you know; come, come,
your Hand and away.

Sir Geo. Here, here, Child, you can't be half
so swift as my Desires. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the House.*
Enter Miranda.

Miran. Well, let me reason a little with my
mad self. Now don't I transgress all Rules to
venture upon a Man without the Advice of the
grave and wise? But then a rigid knavish
Guardian, who would have marry'd me! To
whom? even to his nauseous self, or nobody.
Sir George is what I have try'd in
Conversation, inquir'd into his Character, am
satisfied in both. Then his Love! Who wou'd
have given a hundred Pounds only to have
seen a Woman he had not infinitely lov'd? So I
find my liking him has furnish'd me with
Arguments enough of his Side; and now the
only Doubt remains, whether he will come or
no.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. That's resolv'd, Madam, for here's the Knight. [*Exit Scentwell.*]

Sir Geo. And do I once more behold that lovely Object, whose Idea fills my Mind, and forms my pleasing Dreams!

Miran. What! beginning again in Heroics!——*Sir George*, don't you remember how little Fruit your last prodigal Oration produc'd? not one bare single Word in Answer.

Sir Geo. Ha? the Voice of my *Incognita*——Why did you take ten thousand Ways to captivate a Heart your Eyes alone had vanquish'd?

Miran. Prithee no more of these Flights; for our Time's but short, and we must fall to Business: Do you think we can agree on that same terrible Bugbear, *Matrimony*, without heartily repenting on both Sides?

Sir *Geo.* It has been my Wish since first my
longing Eyes beheld ye.

Miran. And your happy Ears drank in the
pleasing News, I had thirty thousand Pounds.

Sir *Geo.* Unkind! Did I not offer you in those
purchas'd Minutes to run the Risk of your
Fortune, so you wou'd but secure that lovely
Person to my Arms?

Miran. Well, if you have such Love and
Tenderness, (since our wooing has been short)
pray reserve it for our future Days, to let the
World see we are Lovers after Wedlock; 'twill
be a Novelty——

Sir *Geo.* Haste then, and let us tie the Knot,
and prove the envy'd Pair——

Miran. Hold, not so fast, I have provided
better than to venture on dangerous
Experiments headlong——My Guardian,
trusting to my dissembled Love, has given up
my Fortune to my own Disposal; but with this

Proviso, that he to-morrow Morning weds me.
He is now gone to *Doctor's-Commons* for a
Licence.

Sir *Geo.* Ha, a Licence!

Miran. But I have planted Emissaries that
infallibly take him down to *Epsom*, under
pretence that a Brother Usurer of his is to
make him his Executor; the thing on Earth he
covets.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis his known Character.

Miran. Now my Instruments confirm him this
Man is dying, and he sends me Word he goes
this Minute; it must be to-morrow ere he can
be undeceiv'd. That Time is ours.

Sir *Geo.* Let us improve it then, and settle on
our coming Years, endless, endless Happiness.

Miran. I dare not stir till I hear he's on the
Road——then I, and my Writings, the most
material Point, are soon remov'd.

Sir *Geo.* I have one Favour to ask, if it lies in your Power, you wou'd be a Friend to poor *Charles*, tho' the Son of this tenacious Man: he is as free from all his Vices, as Nature and a good Education can make him; and what now I have Vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the Man on Earth I love.

Miran. I never was his Enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my Designs on his Father. If his Uncle's Estate ought to be in his Possession, which I shrewdly suspect, I may do him a singular Piece of Service.

Sir *Geo.* You are all Goodness.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. Oh, Madam, my Master and Mr. *Marplot* are just coming into the House.

Miran. Undone, undone, if he finds you here in this Crisis, all my Plots are unravell'd.

Sir *Geo.* What shall I do! can't I get back into the Garden?

Scentw. Oh, no! he comes up those Stairs.

Miran. Here, here, here! can you condescend
to stand behind this Chimney-board, Sir
George?

Sir Geo. Any where, any where, dear
Madam, without Ceremony.

Scentw. Come, come, Sir; lie close——

[They put him behind the Chimney-board.]

*Enter Sir Francis and Marplot; Sir Francis
peeling an Orange.*

Sir Fran. I cou'd not go, though 'tis upon Life
and Death, without taking leave of dear
Chargy. Besides, this Fellow buzz'd in my
Ears, that thou might'st be so desperate to
shoot that wild Rake which haunts the Garden-
gate; and that would bring us into Trouble,
Dear——

Miran. So *Marplot* brought you back then; I
am oblig'd to him for that, I'm sure——

[*Frowning at Marplot aside.*

Marpl. By her looks she means she's not oblig'd to me, I have done some Mischief now, but what I can't imagine.

Sir Fran. Well, *Chargy*, I have had three Messengers to come to *Epsom* to my Neighbour *Squeezum's*, who, for all his vast Riches, is departing. [*Sighs.*]

Marpl. Ay, see what all you Usurers must come to.

Sir Fran. Peace ye young Knave! Some forty Years hence I may think on't——But, *Chargy*, I'll be with thee to-morrow, before those pretty Eyes are open; I will, I will, *Chargy*, I'll rouse you, i'faith.——Here Mrs. *Scentwell*, lift up your Lady's Chimney-board, that I may throw my Peel in, and not litter her Chamber.

Miran. Oh my Stars! what will become of us now?

Scentw. Oh, pray Sir, give it me; I love it

above all Things in Nature, indeed I do.

Sir *Fran*. No, no, Hussey; you have the Green-Pip already, I'll have no Apothecary's Bills.

[*Goes towards the Chimney-board.*]

Miran. Hold, hold, hold, dear *Gardy*, I have a, a, a, a, a, Monkey, shut up there; and if you open it before the Man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild 'twill break all my China, or get away, and that would break my Heart; for I'm fond on't to Distraction, next thee, dear *Gardy*. [*In a flattering Tone.*]

Sir *Fran*. Well, well, *Chargy*, I won't open it; she shall have her Monkey, poor Rogue; here, throw this Peel out of the Window. [*Exit Scentwell.*]

Marpl. A Monkey! dear Madam, let me see it; I can tame a Monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh how I love the little Miniatures of Man!

Miran. Be quiet, Mischief, and stand farther from the Chimney——You shall not see my Monkey——why sure——

[*Striving with him.*

Marpl. For Heavn's Sake, dear Madam, let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as my Lady *Fiddle-Faddle's*. Has it got a Chain?

Miran. Not yet, but I design it one shall last its Lifetime: Nay, you shall not see it——Look, *Gardy*, how he teazes me!

Sir Fran. [*Getting between him and the Chimney.*] Sirrah, Sirrah, let my *Chargy's* Monkey alone, or *Bambo* shall fly about your Ears. What, is there no dealing with you?

Marpl. Pugh, pox of this Monkey! here's a Rout: I wish he may rival you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, they put two more Horses to the Coach, as you ordered, and 'tis ready at the

Door.

Sir Fran. Well, I am going to be Executor, better for thee, Jewel. B'ye *Chargy*, one Buss!——I'm glad thou hast got a Monkey to divert thee a little.

Miran. Thank'e dear *Gardy*——Nay, I'll see you to the Coach.

Sir Fran. That's kind, adod.

Miran. Come along, Impertinence. [*To Marplot.*]

Marpl. [*Stepping back.*] Egad, I will see the Monkey now. [*Lifts up the Board, and discovers Sir George.*] Oh Lord, O Lord! Thieves, Thieves, Murder!

Sir Geo. Dam'e, you unlucky Dog! 'tis I; which Way shall I get out! shew me instantly, or I'll cut your Throat.

Marpl. Undone, undone! At that Door there. But hold, hold, break that China, and I'll bring

you off.

*He runs off at the Corner, and throws down
some China.*

Re-enter Sir Francis, Miranda, and Scentwell.

Sir Fran. Mercy on me! What's the matter?

Miran. Oh you Toad! what have you done?

Marpl. No great Harm, I beg of you to
forgive me. Longing to see the Monkey, I did
but just raise up the Board, and it flew over
my Shoulders, scratch'd all my Face, broke
yon China, and whisk'd out of the Window.

Sir Fran. Was ever such an unlucky Rogue!
Sirrah, I forbid you my House. Call the
Servants to get the Monkey again; I wou'd stay
myself to look it, but that you know my earnest
Business.

Scentw. Oh my Lady will be the best to lure
it back; all them Creatures love my Lady
extremely.

Miran. Go, go, dear *Gardy*, I hope I shall recover it.

Sir Fran. B'ye, b'ye, Dear'e. Ah, Mischief, how you look now! B'ye, b'ye. [*Exit.*]

Miran. *Scentwell*, see him in the Coach, and bring me Word.

Scentw. Yes, Madam.

Miran. So, Sir, you have done your Friend a signal Piece of Service, I suppose.

Marpl. Why look you, Madam; if I have committed a Fault, thank yourself; no Man is more serviceable when I am let into a Secret, nor none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your Meaning? when you talk'd of a Blunderbuss, who thought of a Rendezvous? And when you talk'd of a Monkey, who the Devil dream't of Sir *George*?

Miran. A Sign you converse but little with our Sex, when you can't reconcile Contradictions.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. He's gone, Madam, as fast as the Coach and Six can carry him.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Then I may appear.

Marpl. Dear *Sir George*, make my Peace!
On my Soul, I did not think of you.

Sir Geo. I dare swear thou didst not. Madam,
I beg you to forgive him.

Miran. Well, *Sir George*, if he can be secret.

Marpl. Ods heart, Madam, I'm as secret as a Priest when I'm trusted.

Sir Geo. Why 'tis with a Priest our Business is at present.

Scentw. Madam, here's Mrs. *Isabinda's* Woman to wait on you.

Miran. Bring her up.

Enter Patch.

How do'e Mrs. *Patch*? What News from your Lady?

Patch. That's for your private Ear, Madam. Sir George, there's a Friend of yours has an urgent Occasion for your Assistance.

Sir *Geo.* His Name.

Patch. *Charles.*

Marpl. Ha! then there's something a-foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, Sir *George.*

Sir *Geo.* A third Person may not be proper, perhaps; as soon as I have dispatch'd my own Affairs, I am at his Service. I'll send my Servant to tell him I'll wait upon him in half an Hour.

Miran. How come you employ'd in this Message, Mrs. *Patch*?

Patch. Want of Business, Madam; I am discharg'd by my Master, but hope to serve my Lady still.

Miran. How! discharg'd! you must tell me the whole Story within.

Patch. With all my Heart, Madam.

Marpl. Pish! Pox, I wish I were fairly out of the House. I find Marriage is the End of this Secret: And now I am half mad to know what *Charles* wants him for. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Madam, I'm doubly press'd by Love and Friendship: This Exigence admits of no Delay. Shall we make *Marplot* of the Party?

Miran. If you'll run the Hazard, *Sir George*; I believe he means well.

Marpl. Nay, nay, for my Part, I desire to be let into nothing; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't mistrust me. [*Going.*]

Sir Geo. So, now he has a mind to be gone to

Charles: But not knowing what Affairs he may have upon his Hands at present, I'm resolv'd he shan't stir.—No, Mr. *Marplot*, you must not leave us, we want a third Person.

[Takes hold of him.]

Marpl. I never had more Mind to be gone in my Life.

Miran. Come along then; if we fail in the Voyage, thank yourself for taking this ill-starr'd Gentleman on board.

Sir Geo. *That Vessel ne'er can unsuccessful prove,*
Whose Freight is Beauty, and whose Pilot Love.



ACT V.

Enter Miranda, Patch and Scentwell.

Miran. Well, *Patch*, I have done a strange bold Thing; my Fate is determin'd, and Expectation is no more. Now to avoid the Impertinence and Roguery of an old Man, I have thrown myself into the Extravagance of a young one; if he should despise, slight, or use me ill, there's no Remedy from a Husband but the Grave; and that's a terrible Sanctuary to one of my Age and Constitution.

Patch. O fear not, Madam, you'll find your Account in Sir *George Airy*; it is impossible a Man of Sense should use a Woman ill, endued with Beauty, Wit and Fortune. It must be the Lady's Fault, if she does not wear the unfashionable Name of Wife easy, when nothing but Complaisance and Good-humour is requisite on either Side to make them happy.

Miran. I long till I am out of this House, lest any Accident shou'd bring my Guardian back. *Scentwell*, put my best Jewels into the little Casket, slip them into thy Pocket, and let us

march off to Sir *Jealous's*.

Scentw. It shall be done, Madam. [*Exit Scentwell.*]

Patch. Sir *George* will be impatient, Madam; if their Plot succeeds, we shall be received; if not, he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young Lady fares.

Miran. Farewel, old *Mammon*, and thy detested Walls; 'twill be no more sweet Sir *Francis*; I shall be compell'd to the odious Task of dissembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling Names of my *Precious*, my *Dear*, dear *Gardy*. O Heavens!

Enter Sir Francis behind.

Sir Fran. Ah, my sweet *Chargy*, don't be frighted. [*She starts.*] But thy poor *Gardy* has been abus'd, cheated, fool'd, betray'd, but nobody knows by whom.

Miran. Undone! past Redemption. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. What, won't you speak to me,
Chargy?

Miran. I am so surpriz'd with Joy to see you,
I know not what to say.

Sir Fran. Poor dear Girl! but do'e know that
my Son, or some such Rogue, to rob or murder
me, or both, contriv'd this Journey? For upon
the Road I met my Neighbour *Squeezum* well,
and coming to Town.

Miran. Good lack! good lack! what Tricks
are there in this World!

*Enter Scentwell, with a Diamond Necklace in
her Hand;
not seeing Sir Francis.*

Scent. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this
Necklace on, for I can't get into the——

[Seeing Sir Francis.

Miran. The Wench is a Fool, I think! cou'd
you not have carried it to be mended, without

putting it in the Box?

Sir *Fran*. What's the matter?

Miran. Only Dear'e, I bid her, I bid her——Your ill Usage has put every thing out of my Head. But won't you go, *Gardy*, and find out these Fellows, and have them punished? and, and——

Sir *Fran*. Where shou'd I look them, Child? No, I'll sit me down contented with my Safety, nor stir out of my own Doors, till I go with thee to a Parson.

Miran. [*Aside.*] If he goes into his Closet, I am ruin'd. Oh! bless me, in this Fright, I had forgot Mrs. *Patch*.

Patch. Ay, Madam, I stay for your speedy Answer.

Miran. [*Aside.*] I must get him out of the House. Now assist me Fortune.

Sir *Fran*. Mrs. *Patch*! I profess I did not see

you: How dost thou do, Mrs. *Patch*? Well,
don't you repent leaving my *Chargy*.

Patch. Yes, every body must love
her——but I came now——Madam, what did
I come for? My Invention is at the last Ebb.
[*Aside to Miranda.*]

Sir *Fran*. Nay, never whisper, tell me.

Miran. She came, dear *Gardy*, to invite me
to her Lady's Wedding, and you shall go with
me, *Gardy*, 'tis to be done this Moment, to a
Spanish Merchant: Old Sir *Jealous* keeps on
his Humour, the first Minute he sees her, the
next he marries her.

Sir *Fran*. Ha, ha, ha! I'd go if I thought the
sight of Matrimony wou'd tempt *Chargy* to
perform her Promise: There was a Smile,
there was a consenting Look with those pretty
Twinklers, worth a Million. Ods-precious, I
am happier than the Great *Mogul*, the Emperor
of *China*, or all the Potentates that are not in
the Wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out

of my Skin.

Miran. When one has resolv'd, 'tis in vain to stand, shall I shall I; if ever I marry, positively this is my Wedding-day.

Sir Fran. Oh! happy, happy Man——Verily I will beget a Son the first Night, shall disinherit that Dog *Charles*. I have Estate enough to purchase a Barony, and be the immortalizing the whole Family of the *Gripes*.

Miran. Come then, *Gardy*, give me thy Hand, let's to this House of *Hymen*.
My Choice is fixt, let good or ill betide.

Sir Fran. *The joyful Bridegroom I,*
Miran. *And I the happy Bride.* [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Jealous, meeting a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Couple of Gentlemen enquire for you; one of them calls himself *Seignior Diego Babinetto*.

Sir Jeal. Ha! *Seignior Babinetto!* Admit 'em

instantly——Joyful Minute; I'll have my
Daughter marry'd to-night.

*Enter Charles in a Spanish Habit,
with Sir George drest like a Merchant.*

*Sir Jeal. Senior, beso las Menas vuestra
merced es muy bein venido en esta tierra.*

*Cha. Senior, soy muy humilde, y muy
obligado Cryado de vuestra merced: Mi
Padre embia a vuestra merced, los mas
profundos de sus respetos; y a
Commissionada este Mercadel Ingles, de
concluyr un negocio, que me Haze el mas
dichoso hombre del mundo, Haziendo me su
yerno.*

*Sir Jeal. I am glad on't, for I find I have lost
much of my Spanish. Sir, I am your most
humble Servant. Seignior Don Diego
Babinetto has informed me that you are
commissioned by Seignior Don Pedro, &c.
his worthy Father.*

Sir *Geo.* To see an Affair of Marriage consummated between a Daughter of yours and *Signior Diego Babinetto* his Son here. True, Sir, such a Trust is repos'd in me, as that Letter will inform you. I hope 'twill pass upon him. [*Aside.*]

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, 'tis his Hand.

[*Seems to read.*]

Sir *Geo.* Good——you have counterfeited to a Nicety, *Charles.* [*Aside to Charles.*]

Cha. If the whole Plot succeeds as well, I'm happy. [*Aside to Sir George.*]

Sir *Jeal.* Sir, I find by this, that you are a Man of Honour and Probity; I think Sir, he calls you *Meanwell.*

Sir *Geo.* *Meanwell* is my Name, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* A very good Name, and very

significant.

Cha. Yes Faith, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jeal. For to mean well is to be honest,
and to be honest is the Virtue of a Friend, and
a Friend is the Delight and Support of human
Society.

Sir Geo. You shall find that I'll discharge the
Part of a Friend in what I have undertaken, *Sir*
Jealous.

Cha. But little does he think to whom.
[*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Therefore, Sir, I must intreat the
Presence of your Daughter, and the Assistance
of your Chaplain; for *Seignior Don Pedro*
strictly enjoin'd me to see the Marriage Rites
perform'd as soon as we shou'd arrive, to
avoid the accidental Overtures of *Venus!*

Sir Jeal. Overtures of *Venus!*

Sir Geo. Ay, Sir, that is, those little hawking

Females that traverse the Park, and the Play-house, to put off their damag'd Ware——they fasten upon Foreigners like Leeches, and watch their Arrival as carefully as the *Kentish* Men do a Ship-wreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir *Jeal*. Nay, I know this Town swarms with them.

Sir *Geo*. Ay, and then you know the *Spaniards* are naturally amorous, but very constant, the first Faces fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble ere he is tied.

Cha. Well hinted. [*Aside*.]

Sir *Jeal*. Pat to my Purpose——Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

Cha. Pray Heaven that one thing more don't spoil all. [*Aside*.]

Sir *Jeal*. *Don Pedro* writ one Word in his

last but one, that he design'd the Sum of five thousand Crowns by way of Jointure for my Daughter: and that it shou'd be paid into my Hand upon the Day of Marriage.

Cha. Oh! the Devil. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jea. In order to lodge it in some of our Funds in case she should become a Widow, and return for *England*.

Sir Geo. Pox on't, this is an unlucky Turn. What shall I say? [*Aside.*]

Sir Jea. And he does not mention one Word of it in this Letter.

Cha. I don't know how he should. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Humph! True, *Sir Jealous*, he told me such a Thing, but, but, but, but—he, he, he, he—he did not imagine you wou'd insist upon the very Day; for, for, for, for Money you know is dangerous returning by Sea, an, an, an, an——

Cha. Zounds, say we have brought it in
Commodities. [*Aside to Sir George.*]

Sir Geo. And so, Sir, he has sent it in
Merchandize, *Tobacco, Sugars, Spices,*
Lemons, and so forth, which shall be turn'd
into Money with all Expedition: In the mean
time, Sir, if you please to accept of my Bond
for Performance——

Sir Jeal. It is enough, Sir; I am so pleas'd
with the Countenance of *Seignior Diego*, and
the Harmony of your Name, that I'll take your
Word, and will fetch my Daughter this
Moment. Within there! [*Enter Servant.*] desire
Mr. Tackum, my Neighbour's Chaplain, to
walk hither.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Sir Jeal. Gentlemen, I'll return in an Instant.
[*Exit.*]

Cha. Wondrous well, let me embrace thee.

Sir Geo. Egad that five thousand Crowns had

like to have ruin'd the Plot.

Cha. But that's over! And if Fortune throws
no more Rubs in our way——

Sir Geo. Thoul't carry the Prize——But hist,
here he comes.

Enter Sir Jealous, dragging in Isabinda.

Sir Jeal. Come along, you stubborn Baggage
you, come along.

Isab. Oh, hear me, Sir! hear me but speak
one Word;
Do not destroy my everlasting Peace:
My Soul abhors this *Spaniard* you have chose,
Nor can I wed him without being curst.

Sir Jeal. How's that!

Isab. Let this Posture move your tender
Nature. [*Kneels.*]
For ever will I hang upon these Knees:
Nor loose my Hands till you cut off the Hold,
If you refuse to hear me, Sir.

Cha. Oh! that I cou'd discover myself to her!
[*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Have a care what you do. You had better trust to his Obstinacy. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jeal. Did you ever see such a perverse Slut? Off, I say; Mr. *Meanwell*, pray help me a little.

Sir Geo. Rise, Madam, and do not disoblige your Father, who has provided a Husband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his Soul, and one that you will love when once you know him.

Isab. Oh! never, never. Cou'd I suspect that Falshood in my Heart, I wou'd this Moment tear it from my Breast, and straight present him with the treacherous Part.

Cha. Oh! my charming faithful Dear. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jeal. Falshood! why who the Devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, or by St. *Iägo* I shall beat you, Huswife.

Cha. Heaven forbid; for I shall infallibly discover myself if he should.

Sir Geo. Have Patience, Madam! and look at him: Why will ye prepossess yourself against a Man that is Master of all the Charms you wou'd desire in a Husband?

Sir Jeal. Ay, look at him, *Isabinda*; *Senior pase vind adelante.*

Cha. My Heart bleeds to see her grieve, whom I imagin'd wou'd with Joy receive me. *Seniora oblique me vuestra merced de su mano.*

Sir Jeal. [*Pulling up her Head.*] Hold up your Head, hold up your Head, Huswife, and look at him: Is there a properer, handsomer, better-shap'd Fellow in *England*, ye Jade you? Ha! see, see the obstinate Baggage shuts her Eyes; by St. *Iägo*, I have a good mind to beat 'em out. [*Pushes her down.*]

Isab. Do, then, Sir, kill me, kill me instantly.

'Tis much the kinder Action of the Two;
For 'twill be worse than Death to wed him.

Sir *Geo.* Sir *Jealous*, you are too passionate.
Give me leave, I'll try by gentle Words to
work her to your Purpose.

Sir *Jeal.* I pray do, Mr. *Meanwell*, I pray do;
she'll break my Heart. [*Weeps.*] There is in
that, Jewels of the Value of 3000*l.* which were
her Mother's, and a Paper wherein I have
settled one half of my Estate upon her now,
and the whole when I die; but provided she
marries this Gentleman; else by St. *Iägo* I'll
turn her out of Doors to beg or starve. Tell her
this, Mr. *Meanwell*, pray do. [*Walks off.*]

Sir *Geo.* Ha! this is beyond
Expectation——Trust me, Sir, I'll lay the
dangerous Consequence of disobeying you at
this Juncture before her, I warrant you.

Cha. A sudden Joy runs through my Heart
like a propitious Omen. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Geo.* Come, Madam, do not blindly cast your Life away just in the Moment you would wish to save it.

Isab. Pray, cease your Trouble, Sir; I have no Wish but sudden Death to free me from this hated *Spaniard*. If you are his Friend, inform him what I say; my Heart is given to another Youth, whom I love with the same strength of Passion that I hate this *Diego*; with whom, if I am forc'd to wed, my own Hand shall cut the Gordian Knot.

Sir *Geo.* Suppose this *Spaniard*, which you strive to shun, should be the very Man to whom you'd fly?

Isab. Ha!

Sir *Geo.* Would you not blame your rash Resolve, and curse your Eyes that would not look on *Charles*?

Isab. On *Charles*! Oh, you have inspired new Life, and collected every wandering

Sense. Where is he? Oh! let me fly into his Arms. [*Rises.*]

Sir *Geo.* Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath, Madam, you'll ruin all; your Father believes him to be *Seignior Babinetto*: Compose yourself a little pray, Madam.

[*He runs to Sir Jealous.*]

Cha. Her Eyes declare she knows me.
[*Aside.*]

Sir *Geo.* She begins to hear Reason, Sir; the Fear of being turned out of Doors has done it.

[*Runs back to Isabinda.*]

Isab. 'Tis he! Oh, my ravish'd Soul!

Sir *Geo.* Take heed, Madam, you don't betray yourself. Seem with Reluctance to consent, or you are undone; [*Runs to Sir Jealous*] speak gently to her, I'm sure she'll yield, I see it in her Face.

Sir *Jea*. Well, *Isabinda*, can you refuse to bless a Father, whose only Care is to make you happy, as Mr. *Meanwell* has inform'd you? Come, wipe thy Eyes, nay prithee do, or thou wilt break thy Father's Heart: See, thou bring'st the Tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful Carriage to me. [*Weeps.*]

Isab. Oh! do not weep, Sir, your Tears are like a Ponyard to my Soul; do with me what you please, I am all Obedience.

Sir *Jea*. Ha! then thou art my Child again.

Sir *Geo*. 'Tis done, and now, Friend, the Day's thy own.

Cha. The happiest of my Life, if nothing intervene.

Sir *Jea*. And wilt thou love him?

Isab. I will endeavour it, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mr. *Tackum*.

Sir Jea. Shew him into the
Parlour——*Senior tome vind sueipora; cette*
Momento les juntta les Manos.

[*Gives her to Charles.*

Cha. Oh Transport!—*Senior yo la recibo*
Como se devo un Tesero tan Grande. Oh! my
Joy, my Life, my Soul. [*Embrace.*]

Isab. My faithful everlasting Comfort.

Sir Jea. Now, Mr. *Meanwell*, let's to the
Parson.

Who, by his Art, will join this Pair for Life,
Make me the happiest Father, her the
happiest Wife. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *changes to the Street before Sir*
Jealous's Door.

Enter Marplot, Solus.

Marpl. I have hunted all over the Town for

Charles, but can't find him; and by *Whisper's* scouting at the End of the Street, I suspect he must be in the House again. I am inform'd too, that he has borrowed a *Spanish* Habit out of the *Play-house*: What can it mean?

Enter a Servant of Sir Jealous's to him, out of the House.

Hark'e, Sir, do you belong to this House?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Marlp. Pray can you tell me if there be a Gentleman in it in *Spanish* Habit?

Serv. There's a *Spanish* Gentleman within, that is just a going to marry my young Lady, Sir.

Marpl. Are you sure he is a *Spanish* Gentleman?

Serv. I am sure he speaks no *English*, that I hear of.

Marpl. Then that can't be him I want; for 'tis an *English* Gentleman, tho' I suppose he may be dress'd like a *Spaniard*, that I enquire after.

Serv. Ha! who knows but this may be an Impostor? I'll inform my Master; for if he shou'd be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aside.*] Pray, come in, Sir, and see if this be the Person you enquire for.

SCENE *changes to the inside of the House.*
Enter Marplot.

Marpl. So, this was a good Contrivance: If this be *Charles*, now will he wonder how I found him out.

Enter Servant and Sir Jealous.

Sir Jea. What is your earnest Business, Blockhead, that you must speak with me before the Ceremony's past? Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why this Gentleman, Sir, wants another Gentleman in a *Spanish* Habit, he says.

Sir *Jea*. In *Spanish* Habit! 'tis some Friend
of *Seignior Don Diego's*, I warrant. Sir, I
suppose you wou'd speak with *Seignior*
Babinetto——

Marpl. Hey day! what the Devil does he say
now!—Sir, I don't understand you.

Sir *Jea*. Don't you understand *Spanish*, Sir?

Marpl. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir *Jea*. I thought you had known *Seignior*
Babinetto.

Marpl. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Sir *Jea*. What then, you'd speak with his
Friend, the *English* merchant Mr. *Meanwell*?

Marpl. Neither, Sir, not I.

Sir *Jea*. Why, who are you then, Sir? And
what do you want? [*In an angry Tone.*]

Marpl. Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. Pox on

him! I wish I were out, he begins to exalt his Voice, I shall be beaten again.

Sir *Jea*. Nothing at all, Sir! Why, then, what Business have you in my House? ha!

Serv. You said you wanted a Gentleman in *Spanish* Habit.

Marpl. Why, ay, but his Name is neither *Babinetto*, nor *Meanwell*.

Sir *Jea*. What is his Name, then, Sirrah? ha? Now I look at you again, I believe you are the Rogue that threatened me with half a dozen Myrmidons——Speak, Sir, who is it you look for? or, or——

Marpl. A terrible old Dog!——Why, Sir, only an honest young Fellow of my Acquaintance——I thought that here might be a Ball, and that he might have been here in a Masquerade; 'tis *Charles*, Sir *Francis Gripe's* Son, because I know he us'd to come hither sometimes.

Sir *Jea*. Did he so?—Not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray Heaven that this be *Don Diego*——If I shou'd be trick'd now——Ha! my Heart misgives me plaguily—Within there! Stop the Marriage——Run, Sirrah, call all my Servants! I'll be satisfied that this is *Seignior Pedro's* Son, ere he has my Daughter.

Marpl. Ha! Sir *George*! what have I done now?

*Enter Sir George with a drawn Sword
between the Scenes.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! *Marplot* here——Oh the unlucky Dog——What's the matter, Sir *Jealous*?

Sir *Jea.* Nay, I don't know the Matter, Mr. *Meanwell*.

Marpl. Upon my Soul, Sir *George*——

[*Going up to Sir George.*

Sir *Jea.* Nay, then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd,

undone: Thieves, Traytors, Rogues! [*Offers to go in.*] Stop the Marriage, I say——

Sir *Geo.* I say go on, Mr. *Tackum*——Nay, no entering here, I guard this Passage, old Gentleman; the Act and Deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em sign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servants.

Sir *Jea.* A Pox on the Act and Deed!——Fall on, knock him down.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, come on Scoundrels! I'll prick your Jackets for you.

Sir *Jea.* Zounds, Sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you. [*Beats Marplot.*]

Sir *Geo.* Ay, there your Vengeance is due; Ha, ha!

Marpl. Why, what do you beat me for? I han't marry'd your Daughter.

Sir *Jea.* Rascals! why don't you knock him

down?

Serv. We are afraid of his Sword, Sir; if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down presently.

Enter Charles and Isabinda.

Sir Jea. Seize her then.

Cha. Rascals, retire; she's my Wife, touch her if you dare, I'll make Dogs-meat of you.

Sir Jea. Ah! downright *English*:—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, Patch, Scentwell, and Whisper.

Sir Fran. Into the House of Joy we enter without knocking: Ha! I think 'tis the House of Sorrow, *Sir Jealous*.

Sir Jea. Oh *Sir Francis*! are you come? What, was this your Contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me out of my Child!

Sir *Fran.* My Contrivance! what do you mean?

Sir *Jea.* No, you don't know your Son there in *Spanish* Habit?

Sir *Fran.* How! my Son in *Spanish* Habit! Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd; get out of my Sight, ye Dog! get out of my Sight.

Sir *Jea.* Get out of your Sight, Sir! Get out with your Bags? let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my Daughter on.

Sir *Fran.* Give him? he shall never be the better for a Penny of mine——and you might have look'd after your Daughter better, Sir *Jealous.* Trick'd, quotha! Egad, I think you design'd to trick me: But look ye, Gentlemen, I believe I shall trick you both. This Lady is my Wife, do you see; and my Estate shall descend only to the Heirs of her Body.

Sir *Geo.* Lawfully begotten by me——I shall be extremely oblig'd to you, Sir *Francis.*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir *George*!
You see your Project was of no Use. Does not
your hundred Pound stick in your Stomach?
Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* No faith, Sir *Francis*, this Lady has
given me a Cordial for that.

[*Takes her by the Hand.*

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, you have nothing to say
to this Lady.

Sir *Geo.* Nor you nothing to do with my
Wife, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Wife Sir!

Miran. Ay really, *Guardian*, 'tis even so. I
hope you'll forgive my first Offence.

Sir *Fran.* What, have you chous'd me out of
my Consent, and your Writings then, Mistress,
ha?

Miran. Out of nothing but my own, *Guardian*.

Sir *Jea*. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some Comfort at least to see you are over-reach'd as well as myself. Will you settle your Estate upon your Son now?

Sir *Fran*. He shall starve first.

Miran. That I have taken care to prevent. There, Sir, is the Writings of your Uncle's Estate, which has been your due these three Years.

[*Gives Charles Papers*.]

Cha. I shall study to deserve this Favour.

Sir *Fran*. What, have you robb'd me too, Mistress! Egad I'll make you restore 'em——Huswife, I will so.

Sir *Jea*. Take care I don't make you pay the Arrears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worse, since 'tis no better. Come, young Man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and bless thee both.

Cha. I hope, Sir, you'll bestow your Blessing

too, 'tis all I'll ask. [*Kneels.*]

Sir *Fran.* Confound you all! [*Exit.*]

Marpl. Mercy upon us, how he looks!

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha! ne'er mind his Curses,
Charles; thou'lt thrive not one Jot the worse
for 'em. Since this Gentleman is reconcil'd, we
are all made happy.

Sir *Jea.* I always lov'd Precaution, and took
care to avoid Dangers. But when a thing was
past, I ever had Philosophy enough to be easy.

Cha. Which is the true Sign of a great Soul; I
lov'd your Daughter, and she me, and you shall
have no Reason to repent her Choice.

Isab. You'll not blame me, Sir, for loving my
own Country best.

Marpl. So, here's every body happy, I find,
but poor *Pilgarlick*. I wonder what
Satisfaction I shall have, for being cuff'd,
kick'd, and beaten in your Service.

Sir *Jea*. I have been a little too familiar with you, as Things are fallen out; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

Marpl. Egad, I think so——but provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

Sir *Geo*. Thou hast been an unlucky Rogue.

Marpl. But very honest.

Cha. That I'll vouch for; and freely forgive thee.

Sir *Geo*. And I'll do you one Piece of Service more, *Marplot*. I'll take Care that Sir *Francis* makes you Master of your Estate.

Marpl. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Patch. Your humble Servant begs leave to remind you, Madam.

Isab. Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take *Patch* into Favour again.

Sir *Jea*. Nay, let your Husband look to that, I have done with my care.

Cha. Her own Liberty shall always oblige me. Here's nobody but honest *Whisper* and Mrs. *Scentwell* to be provided for now. It shall be left to their Choice to marry, or keep their Services.

Whis. Nay then, I'll stick to my Master.

Scentw. Coxcomb! and I prefer my Lady before a Footman.

Sir *Jea*. Hark, I hear the Music, the Fiddlers smell a Wedding. What say you, young Fellows, will you have a Dance?

Sir *Geo*. With all my Heart; call'em in.

A DANCE.

Sir *Jea*. Now let us in and refresh ourselves

with a chearful Glass, in which we will bury
all Animosities: And

*By my Example let all Parents move,
And never strive to cross their Childrens Love; }
But still submit that Care to Providence above.*



TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

Contemporary spelling has generally been retained; this includes contractions now uncommon, like cou'd and han't and words that may initially be misunderstood, but become clear from the context, such as swinging (for swingeing). However, a small number of obvious errors due to broken or reversed type, or simply human error, have been corrected, specifically "and" (for ad), "Answer" (for Anwser), "with" (for vith) and "quickly" (for qnckly and quckly). Missing punctuation has been added where greater clarity could be achieved as a result.

The abbreviations used for character names are not uniform throughout.

The source for this text is:

**THE WORKS OF THE CELEBRATED Mrs.
CENTLIVRE.**

VOLUME TWO

LONDON:

Printed for J. KNAPTON, C. HITCH and L. HAWES,
J. and R. TONSON, S. CROWDER and Co. W. BATHOE,
T. LOWNDS, T. CASLON, and G. KEARSLY.
M.DCC.LX.

[The end of *The Busy Body* by Susanna
Centlivre]