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M<sup>r</sup> Griffin

N<sup>o</sup> 2. A.



THE

*Humours of Purgatory.*

A

F A R C E.



T H E

*Humours of Purgatory.*

A

F A R C E,

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE in *Lin-*  
*colns-Inn-Fields.*

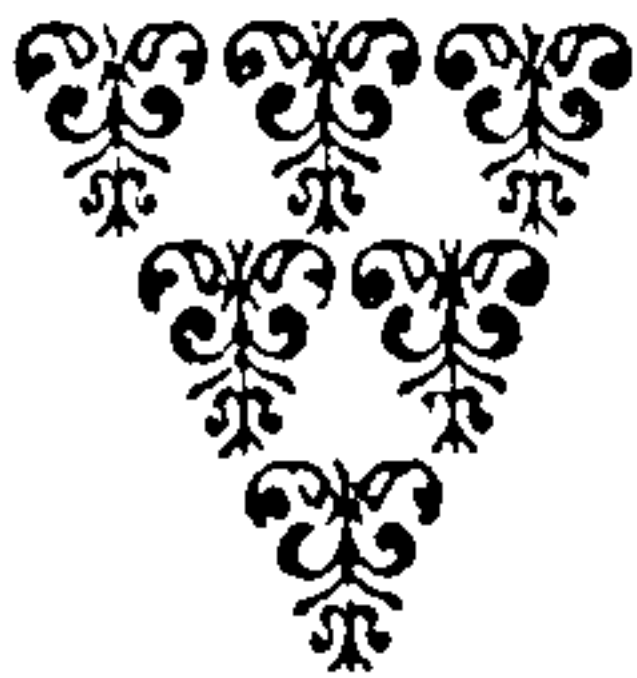
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By Mr. GRIFFIN.

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—*Et Mortis præripit Horam.*

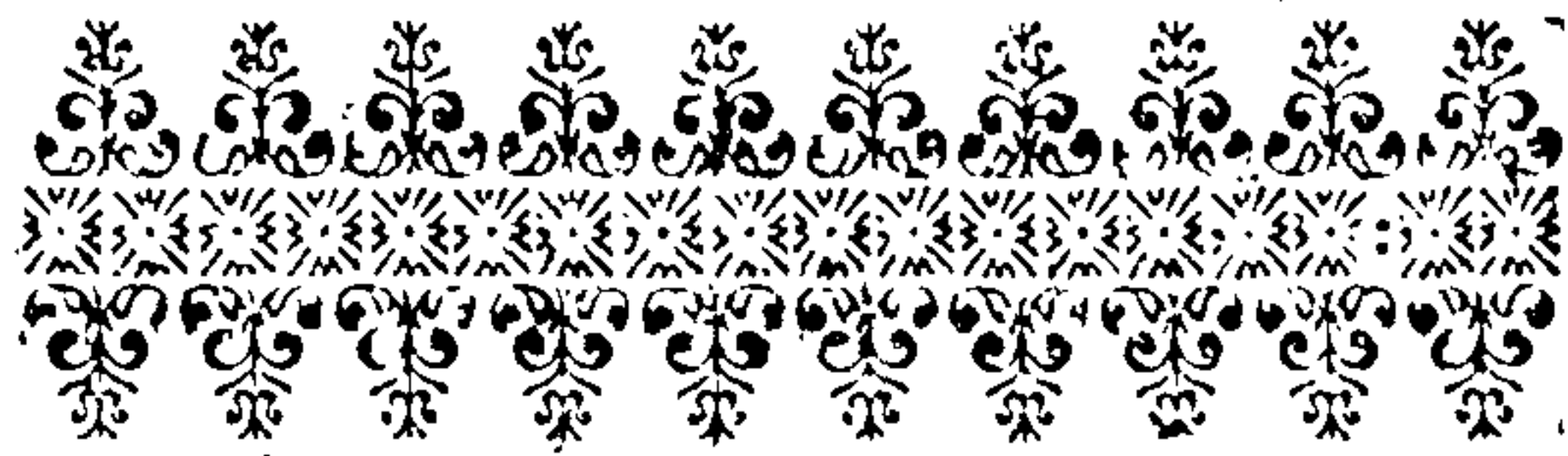
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T O

AARON HILL, *Esq;*

S I R,



YOU have so often condescended to express your self my Friend, that 'twould be a piece of the highest Ingratitude, if I let pass any Opportunity of making an Acknowledgment. I shall ever own 'tis from that Encouragement and Approbation you were pleas'd to honour me with, that I de-

A 3

rive

## DEDICATION.

rive all the Success I have hitherto had on the Stage: And if I may any Way judge of it by the Smiles of an Audience, in some of those Parts I have attempted, (though an Actor of but one Year's Experience) I have had the good Fortune to please; yet I must own I have met with Opposers too: But so long as I can boast of your Favour and Protection, among the rest of those worthy Patrons of the Stage, whose Diversion is my sole Aim in all I attempt, I shall never have Occasion either to fear or regard them. I am sensible this Trifle I prefix your Name to, is far unworthy the Honour:

But

## DEDICATION.

But that good Nature which is so inseparable from you, will, I hope, pardon what your Judgment must disapprove. I never design'd it as a Present; all I propose, is Gratitude, to discharge, as far as I have Power, those Obligations you have laid me under; and let the World know I have no Wish beyond that of subscribing myself,

*Your oblig'd,*

*Humble Servant,*

BEN. GRIFFIN.

Dramatis



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

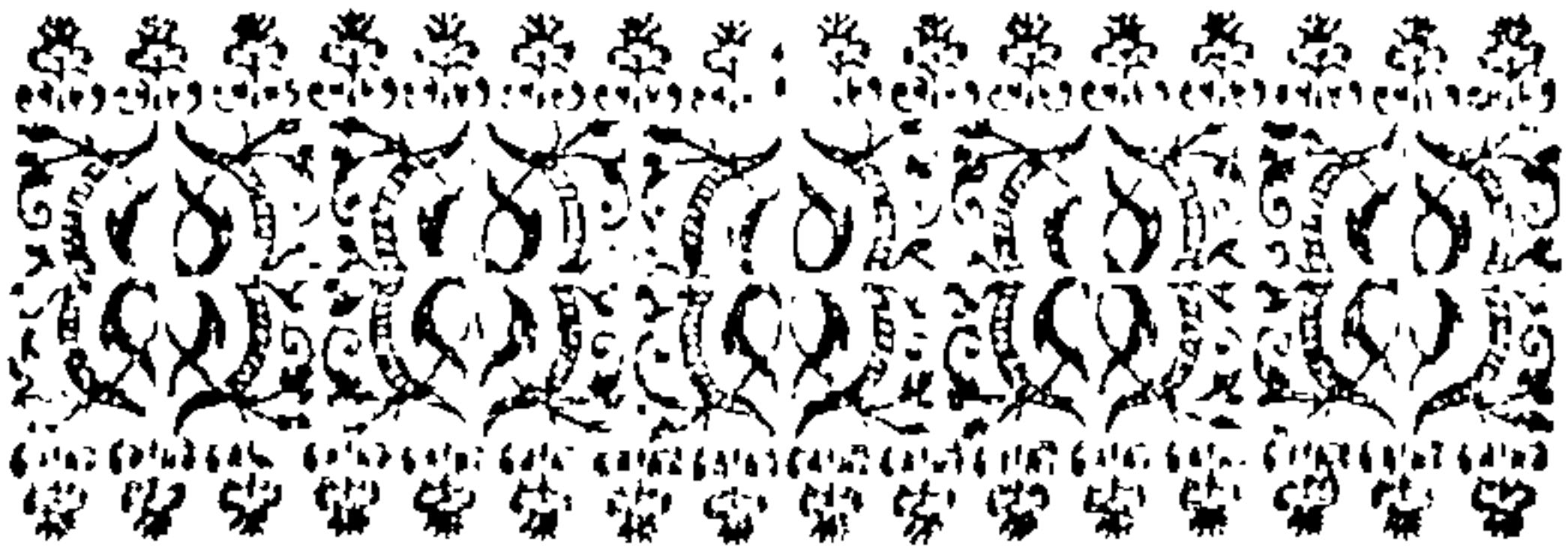
<b>D</b> ON Lopez Di Porto Vitranto,	}	Mr. Griffin.
the Hypochondriack,		
Don Silvio, in Love with Constantia,		Mr. Ogden.
Guzman, Physician to Lopez,		Mr. Schoolding.
Cardus, an Apothecary,		Mr. Knapp.
Diego	} Servants to Don Lopez,	{ Mr. H. Bullock.
Faccomo		
1 Mob,		Mr. Gadard.
2 Mob,		Mr. Rogers.
3 Mob,		Mr. Sect.
Bearers, Servants, &c.		

## W O M E N.

Julia, Wife to Don Lopez,		Mrs. Moore.
Constantia his Daughter, in Love	}	Mrs. Robertson
with Silvio,		

Scene the House of Don Lopez, and Street adjoining.

Time, an Evening.



THE  
HUMOURS  
OF  
PURGATORY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

*Don Lopez's House.*

*Enter Julia, Constantia, and Silvio.*

*Julia.*



HERE are no Hopes,  
*Don Silvio*; my Husband  
is resolv'd, and has just  
now made his Will; so  
that whene'er *Constantia*  
marries, and he dies, all

his Estate devolves upon the Church.

*Silv.*

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*Silv.* 'Tis strange *Don Lopez* is so deaf to Reason and Humanity; will he, without any Provocation, disinherit, and endeavour to make his only Child miserable?

*Ful.* Nay, what's more unaccountable, is his Melancholy; 'tis come to that Height, he won't be perswaded but he shall die to Night; we have us'd all the Means we can invent to drive him out of it, but all to no Purpose: He's in the sixty third (which he calls the Grand Climacterical) Year of his Age; and, he says, cannot survive it, because none of his Ancestors ever did.

*Silv.* Is he affected with any Distemper that gives Cause to this Fancy?

*Ful.* None at all. His Frenzy is the only Malady we can perceive. Indeed he has, for a Day or two past, talk'd of Ptisick, Consumption, Apoplectick Fits, and I don't know what; but 'till Yesterday, he has eat, drank, follow'd his Business, or Diversion, as well as ever.

*Silv.* And now supposes himself a dying?

*Ful.*

*The Humours of Purgatory.* 3

*Ful.* He does; and all we can say won't raise in him a Belief of the contrary.

*Silv.* I never heard any thing so ridiculous.

*Ful.* He has order'd me to send for a Father-Confessor to him; but I know if any comes, he'll never bear his Admonition, but abuse him as he does his Physician. In short, we are all ignorant what Course to take with him, or what to do.

*Const.* I wish, *Don Silvio*, you would take the Office upon you, and perswade him to alter the Will he has made to disinherit me; the Cloth is of some Authority with him, tho' he's not over religious.

*Silv.* I wish we could change his Mind.

*Const.* Will you endeavour it?

*Silv.* With all my Heart; but we must be very secret.

*Const.* It shall never be discover'd for me.

*Ful.* Or me.

*Silv.* Procure me the Habit, and I'll about it instantly.

*Ful.*

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*Jul.* We have an old Fryar's Gown in the Wardrobe: Go you, *Constantia*, and bring it hither. You must be very serious with him. [*Exit Constantia.*

*Silv.* Ay, let me alone for a religious Hypocrite; I have been in *England*, where Hypocrisy in Religion is a very thriving Trade, and what a numerous Party live by; a Man can't be there without learning some of it.

*Constantia enters with the Gown.*

*Const.* Here, *Silvio*, put on the Gown.

*Jul.* And visit him this Moment; he has been in Expectation of his Confessor above this Hour.

*Silv.* Madam, I'll wait on him this Instant. [*Exeunt.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Scene changes to another Room.*

*Enter Don Lopez, and Silvio in the Gown.*

*Lop.* Oh! my Chair! my Chair! my Chair! my great Chair! Oh! oh! oh! I die! Oh! Oh! Oh! this is my Bane! this Cough is my Bane. Ah! some Advice!

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Advice! Some spiritual Assistance, before I go! O dear Father, I am glad you are come! Oh! oh!

*Silv.* Have Patience, Son; I will repose my self upon this Chair by you, and hear your Confession.

*Lop.* Ah! Father! ah! with—— is the Door shut? Is no Body near us?

*Silv.* It is shut, my Son.

*Lop.* With Shame I speak it, when I was young, I was—— huh! huh!

[*Weeps.*

*Silv.* Weep not, Son.

*Lop.* Huh! huh! huh! I have been a wicked Sinner, a very wicked Sinner all my Life long: Oh! oh! oh! my younger Days were most notoriously wicked; they were Days of Filthineſs and Abomination! I was a Student of the Law here in *Valadolid*; but, like the rest of my Fellow-Students, I study'd Knavery and Mischief more than Law; made Fornication and Adultery all my Practice! The Day I spent in cuckolding my honest trading Neighbours, and all Night I lay with either my Laundress or my Bed-maker—huh! huh!

[*Weeps.*

B

*Silv.*

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*Silv.* Compose your Mind, Son; Contrition will alleviate the Heinousness of the Crime: I once committed Fornication my self.

*Lop.* Ah! Father! I fear you do but flatter me in my Frailties. Do Men of your Profession ever drive that Trade, that wicked Trade?

*Silv.* Men of our Profession, are Men, and are but Men; the Crime's a venial Crime; Men by Necessity commit that Crime.

*Lop.* Nay, then there are Hopes for me. The Laity can be in no Danger sure, so long as they only follow their Teachers Example: This is excellent Doctrine indeed for Fornication.

*Silv.* But I have chastis'd my self for it, and repented.

*Lop.* Aye, so will I now: I am old; my dancing Days are over; I must repent of those Sort of Sins whether I will or no.

*Silv.* But proceed, Son.

*Lop.* Ch! Ch! Ch! Ah this Cough! After I had been expell'd the College for these Misdemeanors, I got into the Excise and Custom Offices, in both which I cheated the Government and  
the

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the Subject, and put the Bread of the Poor in my own Pocket: Nay, when there was any Difference between the Merchant and my self, I never fear'd the Guilt of a little Perjury, so I could carry the Cause by Dint of Swearing.

*Silv.* It is the common Practice of those Sort of People; therefore since Custom allows it, and our Superiors wink at it, the Crime is not so heinous, but my Authority will pardon it.

*Lop.* Thence I went into the Army, and was in the Service against *France* seven Years, in which Time, ——— I ——— I ——— was ——— I did ——— I cheated the ——— I put the Money ——— I dare not say what I did to my poor Fellow-Soldiers ——— huh! huh!

*Silv.* Weep not, Son, but proceed.

*Lop.* Getting a Wound on the Head at the Siege of *Barcelona*, I was render'd unserviceable, and return'd Home; where buying me a Place in the Hospital of *Invalids*, those poor, old, maim'd Soldiers, who had ventur'd their Lives, and lost their Limbs bravely in the Service of their Country, did I, wicked, confounded I, abuse, defraud, and use — worse than the Devil would have

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done: Cheating them of their Pensions was the least of my Crimes.

*Silv.* You must make Restitution, Son; you must do some Work of Charity; it will be a great Atonement, and lessen the Magnitude of the Offence.

*Lop.* After this, I was preferr'd to be a Corrigidor, in which Place I was most scandalously busy; I sent out Spies to observe honest Mens Actions, and encourag'd wicked Informers that would bring them into Trouble. False Witnesses were my only Delight. I took Bribes, sold Justice, and perverted the Sense of the Law, as I had Occasion to serve my self or my Party: I weep to think of it; but I often condemn'd the Innocent, and acquitted the Guilty: It was my certain Maxim, that he who had most Money, or was best back'd by the Interest of the Great Ones, had the best Cause. Huh! huh! huh!

*Silv.* By my Sacerdotal Office, lamentable Crimes! repent, Son, repent.

*Lop.* By these Courses, Father, I've gain'd me a considerable Estate, and the Title of a *Don.*

*Silv.*

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*Silv.* That is not so great a Crime; any Man that has Money, and some few necessary Qualities to recommend him, may be a Lord now-a-days; 'tis not a Farthing Matter how he comes by his Estate, so Promotion follow: But of the former Sins, repent, Son, repent.

*Lop.* I do! I do! and to conclude, Father, my whole Life since I have employ'd as an Usurer and a Stock-Jobber, and have cheated and abus'd every Body.

*Silv.* Did you never defraud the Church?

*Lop.* Yes, yes, often; when I was a Boy, I made nothing of robbing the Orchard or the Dove-House of the *Benedictine* Fryars.

*Silv.* You must make Restitution, Son.

*Lop.* I will give all I have to the Church.

*Silv.* No; you have Children.

*Lop.* One Daughter.

*Silv.* She must be your sole Heiress.

*Lop.* And not the Church, Father?

*Silv.* No.

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*Lop.* Ah, Lord help you, you are but a Novice in the Function; you don't know the Bottom of your Business, I find; I never heard one of your Brotherhood of this Opinion before.

*Silv.* It is fit you should make Restitution; but it is a grievous Sin to disinheret an only Child, and give your Wealth where it is not wanted: The Brotherhood of the *Benedictines* are rich, very rich; and Superfluity is Luxury, and Luxury is a Sin; and by encouraging Luxury, you do encourage Sin.

*Lop.* Pho; you are the greatest Fool for a Fryar, that e'er I met with.

*Silv.* Your Child is a dutiful Child.

*Lop.* No, no, she's disobedient! She's the Devil!

*Silv.* Nay, but Son——

*Lop.* Pho! But me no Buts! Ch! ch! ch! quite spent! I tell you I'll do what I please with my own; and she shall die a Nun, or a Beggar, I am resolv'd. Swim a——Jerk——swim——my Head turns round: I am going! I faint! I die! oh! ch! ch! ch!

*Silv.* Help there! Bid the Physician come in.

*Enter*

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*Enter* Guzman, Julia, Constantia.

*Jul.* He faints!

*Lop.* Ah, Wife, I am going: I told you I should die.

*Guz.* Some cold Water there.

*Lop.* Cold Water, with a Pox to you, can you find nothing for a dying Man, but cold Water; you are the Devil of a Doctor! Ch! ch! ch! Hold my Head, Wife, Daughter, hold my Head! Oh! Sick! sick! sick!

*Guz.* Truly this is a Case of so extraordinary a Nature, I know not in what Manner to proceed.

*Lop.* Who says you do! But where's the extraordinary Nature of the Case? I am dying, am I not? And must not every Body die?

*Silv.* Certainly.

*Lop.* Then what can this Fool of a Physician find to wonder at?

*Guz.* Nay, but, *Don Lopez*, you do not rightly apprehend me.

*Lop.* Pho! Get you out of my Sight, and let me die in Peace; you know no more of Physick than you do of Honesty; your Practice is a Cheat; your  
Faculty

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Faculty are Knaves; and I'll have nothing to do with any of you. Ch! ch!

*Ful.* Pray, my Lord, endeavour to compose your self.

*Lop.* Sure a Man had better have the Devil at his Elbow, when he's dying, than a Wife, a Fryar, and a Doctor of Physick, all at once. Hold your Peace all of you, and don't trouble me in my last Moments. How can you be so uncharitable, as not to let a Man die in Quiet? Here you all stand gaping about me, like so many Vultures, to see my last Gasp, and then devour my Substance among you. ♣ If I were poor, you wou'd all be hang'd before you would trouble me thus.

*Guz.* It is my Office to administer—

*Lop.* Aye, it is your Office to attend the Sick, and administer Things necessary; but, as I said, if I were poor, I might die in a Ditch, and be damn'd, if I would, for all your Physick or your Prayers; I know you both! Oh! I am dead! Now! now! now! but that I don't know it.

*Silv.* You are uncharitable, and judge amiss.

*Lop.*

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*Lop.* Ch! Ch! Ch! I am going! I am going! I shall swing into Purgatory in the turning of a Bed-staff! Ch! Ch! close my Eyes, Wife; *Constantia*, close my Eyes.

*Const.* Dear Father, you are not so near Death as you fancy.

*Lop.* You lie, you Baggage, I am dead already. Don't you see I am stiff—stiff—and cold as any Stone? Feel on me; I am cold—cold—cold—dead—quite dead.

*Guz.* Fancy, all Fancy; your Pulse indeed does beat somewhat disorderly.

*Lop.* How can any Man be so ignorant? Do any Pulses beat about me?

*Guz.* Indeed they do.

*Lop.* 'Tis false; I am as dead as a Herring. I am speechless, motionless, and insensible of any Thing. Oh! Oh! Twitch—— there I felt it—— Oh—— Twitch—twitch—Close my Eyes.

*Guz.* I never saw the like.

*Lop.* Oh! Oh! I'll ding you cross the Chops, if you touch me. Whese—whese—— Now! now! now! my last  
Gasp.

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*Gasp.* There, so—— now I am dead, now I am dead. [*Falls in his Chair as dead.*

*Silv.* This is wonderful!

*Guz.* Father, you are a Man of Letters, and, I may suppose, not unacquainted with our Art of Physick.

*Silv.* I must confess I have some little Knowledge of the Science. I may have as much Knowledge of Physick as I have of Divinity, for ought I know. [*Aside.*

*Guz.* It is most proper to have a perfect Knowledge of this Distemper, before one proceed to the Cure of it.

*Silv.* Certainly.

*Guz.* Therefore I should be glad to talk with you about it.

*Silv.* Yes. How shall I come off with the Doctor now? [*Aside.*

*Guz.* You have seen the diagnostic, gnostick, and prognostick Symptoms of this Distemper.

*Silv.* So I have.

*Guz.* *Don Lopez* is unhappily attack'd, affected, agitated, possess'd, &c. with that Sort of Folly we call Hypochondriack, or Melancholy: A Frenzy of a very dreadful Species, and which requires

requires a Person consummate in the Art of Physick to remove.

*Silv.* True; very true.

*Ful.* You do well, always to answer in the Affirmative.

*Silv.* Aye, let me alone; I'll say something, though 'tis nothing to the Purpose, as he does. [To *Julia*.

*Guz.* Pray, Lady, how long has *Don Lopez* been troubled with this Distemper?

*Ful.* Several Years. When he was in the Wars, he receiv'd a Wound in the Head, which I believe might be some Cause of it; for he has been thus between whiles ever since.

*Lop.* Zounds! was I ever dead in my Life before? What Fools you make of your selves?

*Ful.* But never arriv'd to that Degree of Frenzy you now see him in.

*Guz.* Never before.

*Lop.* How can you stand gabbling here, and see a Man lie dead before you, without closing his Eyes? Have you no Christianity in you? Are you all such Wretches as Fryer  
*Paul*

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*Paul Skullcap* rails at, Athiests and Papists both?

*Guz.* What has he fed on of late?

*Ful.* His usual Dyet; 'till within these two Days his Frenzy has been so high, we could not get him to eat or drink any Thing.

*Guz.* Did he use to eat often, or much at a Time?

*Ful.* Yes, he was a very hearty Man always.

*Guz.* So much the worse: That great Appetition of frigid and humid, is an Indication of Heat and Aridity within—— Did he sleep well?

*Ful.* Very well.

*Guz.* His Sleep not interrupted with Dreams.

*Ful.* Yes, sometimes in the Night he would get up and be stirring; but it was soon over, and he fell asleep again.

*Guz.* Too much given to Drowsiness.

*Ful.* Yes, I should have lik'd him much better, had he been less inclin'd to Drowsiness: But to say the Truth, he was a Man all his Life-time well enough as to that Particular, take him altogether,

altogether, up and down, as the Proverb says.

*Guz.* I must proceed to the Therapeutick Part of this.

*Silv.* The Therapeutick; yes, so you must.

*Guz.* It is by *Galen*.

*Silv.* The celebrated *Galen*.

*Guz.* True; the celebrated *Galen* — it is by him.

*Silv.* And *Hippocrates*.

*Guz.* Aye, learned Father, and by *Hippocrates*, learnedly distinguish'd from two others.

*Silv.* Right; but what they are, the Devil take me if I know.

*Guz.* The first proceeds from the Vitiosity of the Brain.

*Silv.* Yes, I know it does; it does indeed.

*Guz.* The second, from the whole Mass of Blood being obstructed.

*Silv.* So it does.

*Guz.* The third is our present Case, and is call'd Hypochondriack; it arises from a Defect in the lower Venter; the Heat and Inflammation of  
C which,

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which, sends fuliginous Particles of a crass Nature to the Brain.

*Silv.* It is impossible to have it found otherwise.

*Lop.* Good Lord! must I close my Eyes my self.

*Guz.* All this being premis'd;—

*Silv.* *Ignoti nulla est Curatio Morbi.*

*Guz.* True; it will not be difficult to concur in Remedies applicable to the Distemper.

*Lop.* Here are Physicians for you, with a Plague to 'em; they are preparing Remedies after the Patient is dead.

*Guz.* First, the Obthurant Plethory of the Body must be remov'd; he must be liberally phlebotomiz'd, his Bleedings frequent and plentiful.

*Lop.* He'll see you damn'd first, I can tell you that.

*Guz.* He must bleed in *Vena Basilica*, next in *Vena Cephalica*; and if the Disease proves obstinate, we must open a Vein in his Forehead; he must also purge, disopulate, and evacuate by Catharticks proper. *Τὸς δὲ μελαγχολικὸς ἀ-  
δελφῆρος τοῖς καίτω φαρμακείων* says the fore-  
nam'd

*The Humours of Purgatory.* 19.

nam'd *Hippocrates*, in the 9th Aphorism of his 4th Section.

*Lop.* Why, are not you a damn'd Rascal now? You can't, like other Doctors, be satisfy'd with killing a Man once, but you must plague him with Purgations afterwards, and kill him again; you may prescribe what Potions you please, but if I take any of them, the Devil take me. You Physicians think dead Men tell no Tales; but I, that am a dead Man, can tell you we are too wise to be kill'd twice over.

*Guz.* Pray let him be remov'd to his Bed.

*Lop.* Zounds! I shall stink presently; put me into a Coffin and a Shrowd, and let me be bury'd out of the Way.

*Guz.* Call your Servants, and let him be put to Bed.

*Lop.* What, shan't I have Christian Burial amongst you, you inhumane Monsters? I don't know but you may have contracted for my Body, to make an Anatomy; or mean to dry me up, send me to the Catacombs, and make an *Ægyptian* Mummy of me.

*Guz.* Mad, mad, mad; call your Servants.

*Enter* Diego, Jaccomo.

*Ful.* Here, *Diego!* *Jaccomo!* convey your Master to his Bed.

*Dieg.* Yes, Madam.

*Lop.* Did the Bell toll before I dy'd, *Diego?*

*Dieg.* Dy'd!

*Lop.* Dy'd, Saucebox, aye, dy'd; don't you see I'm dead.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lop.* Here are precious Rascals for you, they rejoyce at my Death: I'll go to no Bed but my Grave. You Dogs, where will you carry me?

[*Carry him out in a Chair.*

*Guz.* I will go and prescribe what I think most proper to begin the Operati-  
on, and wait on you again. [*Exit.*

*Ful.* Your Servant, Doctor.

*Silv.* *Don Lopez* is one of the most unaccountable Men I ever saw.

*Ful.* It must wholly be attributed to his Frenzy.

*Silv.* Besides, he's so obstinate, 'tis impossible he should subsist, much less  
be

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be cur'd. He has resolv'd against every Thing the Doctor shall order him.

*Const.* And will not be perswaded so much as to taste any Thing that may support Life.

*Silv.* In short, 'tis my Opinion you had better humour him, and endeavour to work upon him by fair Means; let us pretend to bury him, and see if that won't alter his Resolution; perswade him that he's in Purgatory, and that he must eat and drink there.

*Ful.* If we could get him to that once, I should think his Frenzy would wear of.

*Silv.* In all Probability it would.

*Ful.* I'll leave it wholly to you, *Don Silvio*; I have set my Invention on the Rack already to no Purpose.

*Silv.* Let us convey him into some dark Room: My self and the whole Family will perswade him that we are Ghosts, and he must do as we do, eat, drink, and be merry.

*Const.* If this fails of Success, I shan't believe any Thing will recover him.

*Silv.* Let's about it this Moment.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE continues.*

*Don Lopez dragging in his Chair with one Hand, his Sword in the other, with which he drives in Diego and Jaccomo.*

*Lop.* I must go to Bed! And I shall go to Bed! Why, you impudent Scoundrels you, as I am a dead Man, he that first touches me, with a Design to force me, I'll send his Soul, with mine, into Purgatory.

*Dieg.* It was my Lady's Order, Sir.

*Lop.* She's more inhuman than a Tygress; and if I were alive again, I'd fit her for it, I'd warrant her.

*Jac.* Nay, Sir, it was the Doctor's Order.

*Lop.* But I order you to go forthwith to my Neighbour *Sacrilege*, the Sexton, bid him dig me a Grave nine Foot deep, and let him toll the Bell, that good Christians may pray for me: What a Pox, if no Body will bury me, I'll bury my self.

*Jac.*

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*Fac.* Your Honour may do as you please; but——

*Lop.* Go, I say.

*Exit, and returns with Cardus.*

*Fac.* My Lord, here's your Apothecary.

*Lop.* Good Lord! more Plagues!

*Car.* My Lord, your Lordship's humble Servant; I am order'd by Doctor *Guzman Curse-Gruel*, to let you Blood in *Vena Basilica*; but first here's a small Prescription you are to take.

*Lop.* Thank you heartily; but I know better.

*Car.* Indeed, my Lord, you must take it.

*Lop.* Take it! Why, don't you see I am dead; are you mad or bewitch'd?

*Car.* Ha! ha! I know it is your Lordship's Distemper, and if you wou'd please to take it——

*Lop.* Let me see it.

*Car.* Here, get a Glafs, a Drinking-Glafs—— My Lord, it is an inoffensive Cathartick, a Sort of an easy Evacuator, or Preludium to other Prescriptions.

*Lop.*

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*Lop.* Hah!

*Car.* You need not fear any malign Influence; it will do you no Harm in the World.

*Lop.* Won't it?

*Car.* No, Sir; 'tis order'd, Sir, 'tis order'd by the Doctor; and being order'd, as I said, it was — a — will you be pleas'd to take it? — 'tis benign, benign, Sir; abstersive, abstersive.

[*Gives him the Glass.*

*Lop.* Abstersive, ha; abstersive! here, your Blockhead, take your Abstersive your self, and let it be benign, benign to you, with a Pox to you.

[*Throws it in his Face.*

*Car.* Ah—my Lord,— ah! fye,— this is all wrong; but that 'tis owing to your Distemper, or 'twere insufferable Usage: Will you please to bare your Arm.

*Lop.* For what?

*Car.* To be let Blood.

*Lop.* Blood— ha!

*Car.* Yes, my Lord.

*Lop.* Blood!

*Car.* Yes.

*Lop.* Why, have not you the Sense to know that a dead Man's Blood is cold?  
— stag-

—stagnated—and congeal'd? Were you to cut open every Vein in my Body, I should bleed no more than a Post; and would you have Blood out of a Post? Out, you Nizey Toad! I never heard of such a Blockhead in all the Days of my Life, never since I was born. [Going to him.

*Car.* Ah—no—but if you——

*Lop.* Zounds, if you touch me, I'll be the Death of you!

*Car.* Pray, Gentlemen, do me the Favour to assist me.

*Lop.* You had best leave the Room, or I'll——

*Car.* I will dispatch as soon as you please; I love to be expeditious in dispatching a Patient according to the Doctor's Orders; I'll do it with a Jirk.

*Lop.* A Jirk, ha! a Jirk! I tell you I am dispatch'd already; and if you had the Sense of a Gander, you would see it. Leave me presently, or, a Plague confound you, I'll jerk you to the Devil! Jerk, quotha, Jerk!

*Car.* O fye——

*Lop.* Blood and Destruction, I'll bear it no longer! Sure no Ghost, no poor  
Ghost

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Ghost was ever [*Beats 'em off the Stage.*]  
so tormented as mine! [*Sits down.*]

*Enter Julia and Constantia.*

*Jul.* O my poor Lord! little did I think of such a Change as this; little did I suspect his Death would have been so sudden.—Come, bring in the Shroud and Coffin; since 'tis so, we must endeavour to bear it with Patience: Take off his Gown, *Faccorno*, and put this Shroud upon him; he always declar'd against Washing and Laying-out.

*Lop.* Aye, now you behave yourselves like Christians.

*Const.* Ah; my poor, dear, dead Father! oh! oh! [*Weeps.*]

*Lop.* Poor Child! poor Child! poor Child. [*They put him in the Coffin.*]

*Enter Silvio.*

*Silv.* Madam, every Thing is ready for the Funeral; the People wait without that have brought the Bier; the Grave is made, and I have order'd the Bell to toll as we go.

*Jul.*

*The Humours of Purgatory.* 27

*Ful.* I am not willing to bury him so soon; I have heard of those that have been thought dead, and yet have been only in a Trance; perhaps he's so.

*Silv.* Ah, Madam, he's in no Trance; he's dead for certain, really dead.

*Lop.* Aye, so I am, to be sure! A Trance! no, no, I'm in no Trance; I am dead in earnest.

*Silv.* He was no Friend to me, but yet I lov'd him for *Constantia's* Sake, and must shed one Tear at his Funeral.

*Ful.* Let the Bearers come in, and take him up.

*Enter Bearers, who lay Don Lopez on the Bier.*

*Const.* Ah! my poor Father!

*Silv.* Ah! rest his Soul!

*Fac.* *Diego*, why don't you weep?

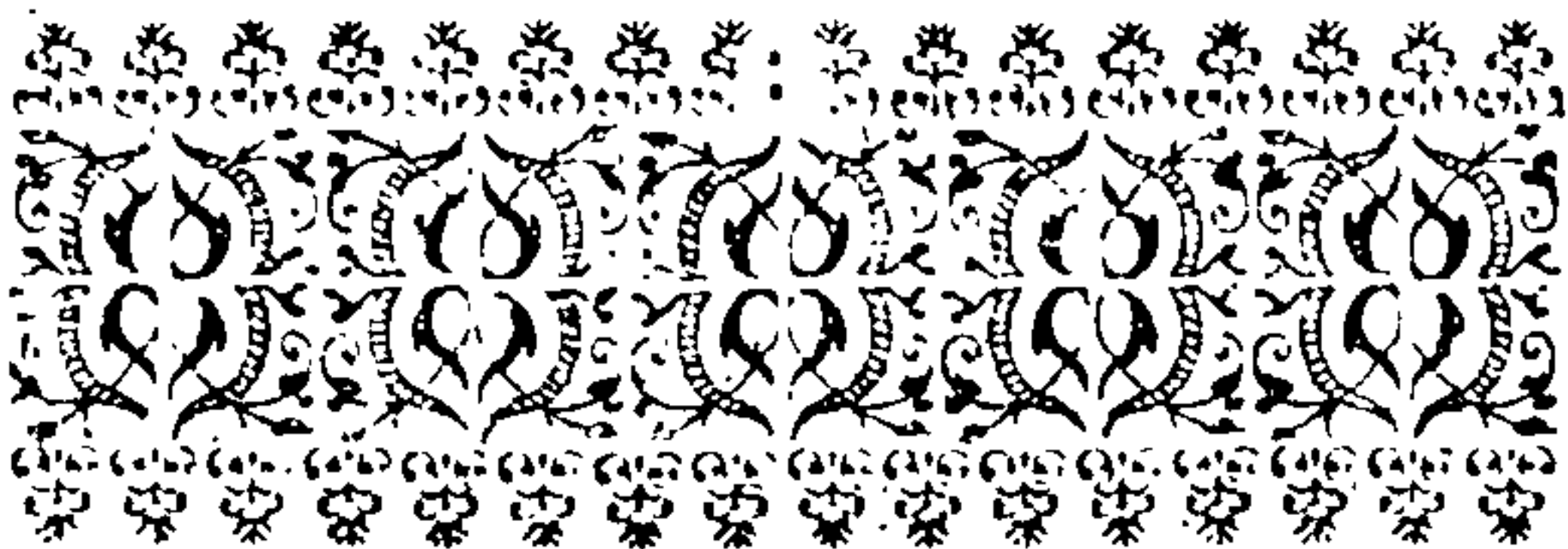
*Dieg.* Huh! huh! huh! Oh! oh! oh! my poor Master!

*Fac.* Oh! oh! oh! huh! huh!

*Bell tolls. They carry him off.*

*[Exeunt.]*

A C T



A C T II.

*SCENE* changes to the Street.

*Enter the Funeral Procession.*

*Julia, Silvio, Constantia, Diego, Faccone,*  
and the Mob.

*1 Mob.*



*HOSE* Funeral is this?

*2 Mob.* Who is to be burry'd?

*3 Mob.* It is old *Don Lopez di Porto Vitranto.*

*1 Mob.* That old Rogue!

*2 Mob.* He was a cursed Villain!

*3 Mob.* He wrong'd the Poor.

*2 Mob.*

2 *Mob.* He was an Ufurer.

3 *Mob.* A Stock-Jobber.

1 *Mob.* A Thief.

2 *Mob.* He murder'd a Man once.

3 *Mob.* The World is well rid of him.

2 *Mob.* We'll see where he's bury'd, Neighbours.

3 *Mob.* That we may drive a Stake through his Carcass, as they do thro' those that fore-do themselves, and go headlong to the Devil.

2 *Mob.* An old Wretch.

[*Starts up in his Coffin:*

*Lop.* Do if you dare! you abominable slandering Villains! Are not you afraid of a Judgment upon you, for belying the Dead thus?

2 *Mob.* Ah! ah! the old Knave is not dead.

*Lop.* Did I ever commit Murder, or Theft? Did I? you lying Rascals! Zounds, if I were not dead, I'd—— I'd——go to Law with you; I'd fouse you with a Vengeance, Rascals!

2 *Mob.* He's not dead, Neighbours.

*Lop.* You lie! I am dead! and 'tis well for you that I am. A Slanderer of the Dead, is worse than a Parricide:

D

If

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If I were alive, I'd deal with you, you Villains.

*Silv.* Leave 'em to me, *Don Lopez*; I'll use 'em according to their Deserts, I'll warrant 'em.

*Lop.* Sue 'em, arrest 'em all.

*Silv.* So I will.

*Lop.* I think poor old *Don Lopez*, that is dead and gone, was acquainted with thee once. Art thou not *Don Silvio*?

*Silv.* I am.

*Lop.* Good lack! this is kind of thee. I did not think thou hadst been so honest a Fellow; if I had, thou shouldst have marry'd my Daughter: But now I'm dead, and can't alter my Will.

*Silv.* No, I am sorry for it.

*Lop.* Well, thou wilt see me bury'd?

*Silv.* Yes, I will.

*Lop.* And go to Law with those Villains, those Traytors?

*Silv.* You may depend upon it.

*Lop.* Farewel, *Silvio*; if I can do thee any Service in the other World, depend upon it I will. [*Lies down.*

[*Exeunt all but the Mob.*

1 *Mob.*

*The Humours of Purgatory* 31.

1 *Mob.* Well, but Neighbours, what's left is all this? I thought *Don Lopez* had been dead.

3 *Mob.* No, no, he's but dead in jest, and has a Mind to be bury'd in jest, I suppose.

1 *Mob.* And so go to the Devil in Earnest, has he?

3 *Mob.* Poh! no, no, let him alone for that; he won't go to the Devil so long as he can help it. Those Sort of Usurers, and Stop-Jobbers, and Lawyers, and Corrigidors, and such, do all they can to cheat the Devil.

1 *Mob.* Ho! ho! and this was only to cheat the Devil, was it?

3 *Mob.* Nothing in the World else: *Don Silvio* hir'd us to do it, Man: Here's Money, d'ye see? Come, let's go and be merry with it.

*All.* Aye, let us, let us.

3 *Mob.* Hold, hold, it is good to be merry and wise, as the World runs.

2 *Mob.* Aye, and 'tis good to have Wit in our Anger too.

3 *Mob.* So 'tis; and we must have a Care, whatever we think—— that we talk no Treason—— against my Lord Mayor's Horse; tho' there's no great

32 *The Humours of Purgatory.*

Matter of Crime in it, yet for fear of being drawn into Preliminaries.

2 *Mob.* You say right, and so MUM — for that.

3 *Mob.* But we'll —

*Drink, and drive Care away,  
Drink, and be merry ;  
We shall nere go the sooner to the Stygian  
Ferry.*

Come, Neighbours, come. [Exit.



*Scene changes to Don Lopez's House.*

*Stage made dark.*

*Enter with the Coffin, Silvio, Julia, Constantia, &c.*

*Silv.* Here rest in Peace, *Don Lopez* ; once I did hope to call you Father, but now those Hopes are lost : Now I can only wish it had been so, and say I was your Friend.

*Jul*

*Ful.* Huh! huh! Ah poor *Don Lopez!* I am become a Widow by this Loss; no Friend, no Happiness of Life to come. Would I could rest with thee, then never more should Care or Sorrow reach me.

*Const.* I am an Orphan, left to the unhospitable World a weak and helpless Prey.

*Silv.* Madam, be comforted; his Name shall still survive, though his cold Corpse within this silent Tomb moulders to Dust, and in Oblivion's lost.

*Ful.* O my Heart!

*Silv.* Enough by all means. Now let us entertain him with the Musick.

*Fac.* O Lord! Let us weep a little first, if it be only as Great Mens Heirs do, or younger Brothers for the Death of the Eldest, for Fashion: Huh! huh! huh! my dear, dear Master! [*Aside.*

*Dieg.* And mine too; ah cruel Death, to rob me of so good a Master!

*Fac.* So just.

*Dieg.* So bountiful.

*Fac.* So charitable.

*Dieg.* So honest, huh! huh!

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*Fac.* I can but weep for him : Huh !  
huh !

*Lop.* Poor Fellows, I pity 'em ;  
they will want me, that's the Truth  
on't. [*In the Coffin.*

*Silv.* Come, let's retire, and to his  
Rest commend him ; and Peace be with  
his Soul. [*Exeunt.*

*Lop.* Amen, Amen, with all my  
Heart.

*Here the Musick.* Don Lopez ri-  
ses, and looks about him. En-  
ter the Dancers, Lopez obser-  
ving 'em all the while. The  
Dance ended, enter Diego and  
Jaccomo like Ghosts, with a  
Table, Chairs, Wine ; Lopez  
observes 'em, they go off.

[*Exeunt.*

*Lop.* What a Plague can be the  
Meaning of all this ? Where am I ?  
And who are all these ? I never was  
so amaz'd in my Life.

Enter

*Enter* Silvio, Julia, Constantia, and one  
to sing, all dress'd like Ghosts.

*Silv.* Sir I thank you; there can't be  
better Entertainment in the other  
World.

*Lop.* Other World! what World is  
this, I trow?

*Silv.* Sir, my Service to you.

*Lop.* To me; thank you heartily—  
But pray, Sirs, what Place is this I  
am in?

*Silv.* You are in Purgatory.

*Lop.* In Purgatory! Good Lack! And  
pray who are all those I have seen  
dance and caper about thus?

*Silv.* They are Ghosts—— dead Peo-  
ple that have been bury'd.

*Lop.* Good Lord! and they dance and  
sing in Purgatory?

*Silv.* Most certain.

*Lop.* And are jovial and merry?

*Silv.* Always.

*Lop.* Our Ghostly Fathers tell us of  
fiery Purgations, heavy Penance, and  
I don't know what; for my Part, I ex-  
pected to be roasted, sing'd—— or to  
come off with a Flaughing at best.

*Silv.*

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*Silv.* No such Thing.

*Lop.* I am glad on't, faith! glad at my Heart! Sure People are bewitch'd in that World I come from, to believe all these Things.

*Silv.* Aye, you are often told Things there by your Betters, that they themselves don't believe.

*Lop.* But pray what Country-men are you?

*Silv.* Citizens of *Brandipolis*.

*Lop.* But I mean what Country-men were you in the other World?

*Silv.* *Spaniards* of *Valadolid*.

*Lop.* My own Country-men! And pray is this same Place, this Purgatory, peopled with none but *Spaniards*?

*Silv.* O yes, here are Ghosts from all Parts of the World.

*Lop.* Indeed!

*Silv.* Of all Nations, and of all Ages.

*Lop.* Wonderful!

*Silv.* Wou'd you believe it?

*Lop.* What!

*Silv.* We have *Alexander the Great* among us still.

*Lop.* And, pray, is he the same hot-headed, fighting Fellow here, as Goodman

man

man *Plutarch* would make us believe he was in the other World?

*Silv.* No—— *Darius* and he go Partners here.

*Lop.* Partners! in what?

*Silv.* Both are nothing here but Rat-Catchers.

*Lop.* Good Lack! *Alexander* the Great but a Rat-Catcher! Their Courage is finely cool'd, that they dare encounter no other Enemies than Rats. Dwindled into Rat-Catchers!

*Silv.* What do you think *Julius Cæsar* is now?

*Lop.* I know not, truly.

*Silv.* Why he and *Pompey* are but two *Bear-Garden* Prize-Fighters.

*Lop.* Such as make Sport in our World for Holiday-Fools?

*Silv.* The same. And the handsome *Mark Anthony* is a Corn-Cutter, and goes about the Streets. ——

*Lop.* Have you any Corns to cut, Feet or Toes?

*Silv.* Yes.

*Lop.* I am amaz'd! May I drink with you?

*Silv.* If you please. [*They give him Wine.*]

*Lop.*

*Lop.* And have you any Popes among you?

*Silv.* Yes, several.

*Lop.* And how are they employ'd?

*Silv.* Generally to bake Gingerbread, and sell *Aqua Mirabilis*.

*Lop.* Another Glas— You have very good Wine here.

*Silv.* Yes.

*Lop.* Of what Growth?

*Silv.* *Acheron's* fertile Banks.

*Lop.* I am amaz'd again! And pray have you any Women amongst you here in Purgatory?

*Silv.* No, we are told very few of them have any Souls.

*Lop.* But those that have, what becomes of them?

*Silv.* They are generally dispos'd of in a lower Region.

*Lop.* And do you drive distinct Trades here, as in the other World?

*Silv.* The very same; here are Ghosts of all Occupations.

*Lop.* A Pox take it! I wish I had brought my Money along with me, I would have follow'd one of my old Trades.

*Silv.*

*Silv.* What were they?

*Lop.* The Law, or Usury, or Stock-Jobbing, or Physick, or a Vintner.

*Silv.* No, you could not; they are all so scandalous in the other World, *Pluto* will suffer none of 'em here, except Vintners; them we can't be without.

*Lop.* Then *Pluto* is his High and Mightiness here, and will not suffer any of those Trades, but Vintners only?

*Silv.* Here they dare as well be burnt, as use Cyder and Turnip-Juice; and they have got such a damn'd Trick of it in the other World, that if the Devil fetch 'em, they won't leave it off.

*Lop.* Some more Wine then—— but how—— fill the Glafs. But how does *Pluto* dispose of so many several Degrees of People, as there are in the other World: You know there's Nobles, Gentlemen, Mechanicks, &c.

*Silv.* He makes no Distinction here; all are dispos'd of, at his Pleasure, only Fops, Beaus, Gamesters, Cuckolds, Dancing-Masters, Fiddlers, and such.

*Lop.* And what comes of them?

*Silv.*

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*Silv.* They are generally sent into the Limbo of Fools, and set to spin.

*Lop.* Spin — Beaus — Cuckolds — Fops — and Fiddlers set to spin! Gad's Curse! Nay, to say the Truth on't, they are good for little else in the other World.

*Silv.* Come, get out of your Coffin, sit down, and take a Bottle with us.

*Lop.* Shall I — ? I han't a Farthing to pay my Reckoning.

*Silv.* No Matter, we are in *Pluto's* Court, and all we eat or drink, is Free-Cost.

*Lop.* Nay, if it be so, I can be as free as any of you: I never car'd how often I could eat and drink on Free-Cost. But I hope you have no Players here in Purgatory; for they will make plaguy free with your Commons, where there is nothing to pay.

[*Gets out.*]

*Silv.* O let not that trouble you, we never fear Provisions falling short. But come, Sir, my humble Service.

*Lop.* To me again? With all my Heart.

*Silv.* Two in a Hand.

*Lop.*

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*Lop.* Aye, ten, if you please. Oh! this delicious Free-cost! A Plague for ever confound those Words, *What's to pay?*— that the old World I come from makes so common an Use of; a Man can't be merry there, but a scurvy Rogue of a Drawer comes with a *to pay* at his Arse, and choaks all ones Mirth in the very Heighth of it. Faith this is good Wine: Oh, those damn'd poysoning Dogs the Vintners in our World.

*Enter Diego and Jaccomo.*

*Silv.* Here, Waiters, serve in Supper.

*Lop.* Supper— better and better: I am to sup here, am I?

*Silv.* If you like a Fowl.

*Lop.* A Fowl! Aye marry do I, 'tis fine Eating! and I have a delicate Stomach. I should in the other World have been a Fryar or a Cardinal by right; for I love dearly to fill my Belly, and live on the Fat of the Land.

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*Supper brought in.*

*Lop.* A little more Wine. Oh this Heavenly Free-cost!— this Nothing to pay is better than all! What do you call it——a ——

*Silv.* *Acheron.*

*Lop.* Aye, *Acheron* Wine.

*Silv.* Fall too; no Ceremony.

*Lop.* No, I hate Ceremonies at Table: I am as much an Enemy to 'em there, as some Men are at Church. I never was for long Graces, to make the Meat cold; when the Stomach's eager, and the Food ready, Delays are dangerous ——

*Musick plays.*

Musick again! Lord! what a Life I shall lead in Purgatory?

*Silv.* Sir, you are extreainly welcome.

*Lop.* Aye, so it seems ——Excellent Food, Faith, and Wine! Oh this heavenly Free-cost!— Another Glass of it. —A Bumper, Sirrah, it's Free-cost. Sir, my Service.

*Silv.*

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*Silv.* Your Servant.

*Lop.* Well, but am I always to live thus?

*Silv.* As long as you please.

*Lop.* I swear, I was never so merry in all my Life, as I have been here since I dy'd. I will get drunk twice every Day with this Free-cost *Aberon*.  
—— Come, another Glas ——— Hey ho ——— I begin to be sleepy, my-thinks.

*Silv.* You may take a Nap in your Chair, if you please.

*Lop.* So I will then; but some more of this Heavenly Free-cost first — You won't leave me alone here: I suppose I shall find you here when I wake.

*Silv.* Aye, aye, we are no Flinchers in this World.

*Lop.* Hey ho ——— in half an Hour a Jogg, d'ye hear.

*Silv.* Aye, aye.

*Lop.* Hey ho, hey ho! [*Sleeps.*

*Silv.* He's fast already, I think; this Eating and Drinking after his late Abstinence has quite oppress'd him.

*Const.* This Sleep was lucky.

*Silv.* *Faccomo*, convey all these Things away.

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*Ful.* And now let's prepare to answer when he calls.

*Const.* Throw off our Disguises, and be again in the Land of the Living.

[*Carry off the Table.*]

*Silv.* *Faccomo.*

*Fac.* Sir.

*Silv.* Now let there be Lights here.

*Fac.* Yes, Sir.

*Siv.* Come, Ladies, let us watch his Slumbers at a small Distance, and expect the Consequences. If he has but Reason enough left to make Reflection on his own Absurdities, it may prove an absolute Cure for his Melancholy, and reconcile him once again to Life and his Family. [Exit.]

*Lopez alone ; the Stage lighted.*

*Lop.* Another Glass of Free-cost? Countrymen! Ghosts! What the Pox made 'em leave me! Where are they all gone! Now if I should have to pay for all this Heavenly Free-cost at last, what a fine Pickle should I be in, without the Devil a Grig in my Pocket. So ho! So ho! Ghosts! Where are you all!

*Enter*

*Enter* Jaccomo.

*Jac.* Did you call, Sir?

*Lop.* Zounds! How came you here, Jaccomo?

*Jac.* Came here, Sir! Did you not call me?

*Lop.* Call you! Why, where am I, Sirrah!

*Jac.* In Madam *Constantia's* Chamber?

*Lop.* The Devil lie you, sure! In Madam *Constantia's* Chamber! Why, I am in Purgatory.

*Jac.* No, Lord, in Purgatory! no, Sir: You went to sleep two Hours ago.

*Lop.* To sleep! Who was it eat and drank with me just now?

*Jac.* No Body, Sir; here has not been any Body.

*Lop.* Pho! You lie, Sirrah!

*Enter* Silvio, Julia, *Constantia.*

*Silv.* How does my Lord *Don Lopez*?

*Lop.* Faith, I can't tell you—— I know nothing of the Matter—— Who are you all?

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*Silv.* Does not your Lordship know your humble Servant *Silvio*?

*Lop.* *Silvio*! Where have I been? Have I not been dead and bury'd, and in Purgatory; at Supper too, and drinking of free-coft *Acheron*; and seeing Ghosts dance and sing, and the Devil knows what?

*Ful.* It was but the Roving of your Fancy in a Dream; you have been asleep, *Don Lopez*, in that Chair.

*Lop.* Asleep! How long can I have been asleep?

*Ful.* Better than two Hours. You said your Head ach'd a little, and you would try to sleep: So we did not awake you; tho' *Don Silvio* has been here above an Hour, to know your final Resolution as to his Marriage with *Constantia*.

*Lop.* But are you sure that I am alive?

*Ful.* Yes.

*Lop.* I'll burn my Will then; for I have seen a Vision, which informs me *Don Silvio* is an honest Man, and my Friend. Therefore, to Morrow Morning, he shall marry my Child, and be my sole Heir; but for to Night, I feel my

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my self out of Order, and will go to Bed; after a Night's Rest I shall be better perhaps, and may join with you in your Mirth. But do you hear, *Silvio*, you must promise to prosecute those People who defam'd me when I was dead; and thereupon I give you my Daughter.

*Silv.* A Gift so valuable, will make me look on your Pleasure in every Thing as my Duty.

*Lop.* Well, *Julia*, give me hold on thy Arm; for even yet I cannot be positive whether I am dead or alive: I fear my Indisposition has made me uneasy to thee; but I shall endeavour to be a more reasonable Husband for the future, and let you so far enjoy your self, that you shall not have Cause to

*Repent, my fancy'd Burial was a Story,  
And wish me really gone to Purgatory.*

[*Exeunt.*]

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