

THE  
Force of Friendship.  
A  
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at

The QUEEN'S THEATRE in the  
*HAY-MARKET.*

By Her MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

To which is Added,

A FARC E call'd  
LOVE in a CHEST.

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*His Amor unus erat  
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.*

Virg.

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*Written by Mr. JOHNSON.*

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T O

Her Grace the Dutcheſs

O F

SHREWSBURY.

*MADAM,*

**P** O E M S of this Sort as they ought to be Representations of the moſt exalted Worth and the moſt ſhining Images in Human Life, ſo they ſeem to claim the Protection only of the truly Great and Virtuous, where indeed can expiring Tragedy hope for Countenance and Patronage but from thoſe few, very few elegant Spirits who are pleas'd with the Diſtreſs  
A 2 of

## The DEDICATION.

of a well wrought Scene, who with the utmost Indulgence to their Reason, behold the Conduct of our Passions on the Stage, and with a generous Sympathy feel alternate Joy and Pain, when Virtue either conquers, or is contending with adverse Fate.

'Tis therefore, *Madam*, the Tragic Muse throws herself at your Grace's Feet and implores your Aid; Your Illustrious Name alone is sufficient to defend her from the Malice of her unthinking Adversaries; tho' she were Criminal what impious Hand wou'd dare to tear her from so illustrious, so noble a Sanctuary.

Honour, Love, Friendship, and Fidelity, the lasting Ornaments both of Your Person House, as they can receive no Addition from the Brightest, ought not to be pass'd in Silence by the humblest Pen. The Poet only copies from the greatest Examples of true Nobility his Persons in the *Dramma*; his Tribute then of Praise is but a natural Return.

Now

## *The DEDICATION.*

Now the Muse has chosen Love and Friendship for her Theme, and shown 'em in the last Distress she was capable of Painting; but if we wou'd behold the most flourishing and living Examples in real-Life of the strictest Amity and the most tender Affection, we must turn our Eyes on Your Grace and Your most Noble Lord.

That Affability in Your Deportment to the Lowest, which charms all who have the Honour to serve you, which is so essential to real Worth, and so sure a Token of true Nobility, embolden'd me, who at a Distance beheld the beautiful easie Ascent to offer up my humble Mite, and certainly nothing captivates the Heart in such a Manner, and as it were, runs away with our Obedience, as a generous Condescension from our Superiors, it falls like Heavenly Dew, for which nothing can be repaid but Thanks.

Poetry and Musick are Sister Arts; they always join in Consort, and are the most proper

## *The DEDICATION.*

per Relief to the weary'd Mind; they fire the Soul to Virtue, or looth it on to Peace and Love with sweetest, softest Blandishments, yet are they seldom found but with the Brave and Fair; 'tis they alone whose Souls are capable of Harmony, who form'd of better Earth are sensible of Love and Honour, the two great Fountains of Heroic Virtue.

To You then, *Madam*, to You whose Soul is all Harmonious-----the Muse devotes her Labours, accept 'em from the lowliest of the Inspir'd Train, from him whose utmost Ambition is to subscribe himself

*Your Grace's*

*Most Humble, Obedient,*

*And Devoted Servant,*

Charles Johnson.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

**T**H E two wisest as well as the greatest Commonwealths; that ever were, Athens and Rome, condescended to make their Poets their Pensioners; and the publick Money paid for the publick Diversions; the Name of Poet was held sacred; while he taught nothing that contradicted the Constitution he liv'd under, or the Religion of his Country, and those knowing People found their Morals improv'd, their Manners polish'd, and their Judgment strengthen'd by the reasonable and noble Entertainment of the Theater; in the Declension of those two Empires Poetry too fell into Licence and help'd to debauch and vitiate those Morals it had before improved; Tragedy degenerated into Farce and the Mimic Droll shoulder'd off the Buskin; if this can be any Proof of the Licentiousness of the Age we live in, it may be urg'd with some Force, when we see no Audience now can bear the Fatigue of two Hours good Sense tho' Shakspear or Oatway endeavour to keep 'em awake, with-  
out

## The Preface.

out the promis'd Relief of the Stage-Coach, or some such solid Afterlude, a few Lines indeed are now and then forced down their Throats by the Help of this Grogan, 'tis tack'd to the Tragedy or rather the Tragedy to that, for 'tis the Money Bill; the Actors may design it as a Desert, but they generally find the Palates of their Guests so vitiated that they make a Meal of Whipt Cream, and neglect the more substantial Food which was design'd for their Nourishment; methinks those Gentlemen who have the Management of the Theatres shou'd agree to banish every thing that cou'd be thought the least below the Dignity of the Stage, but this I fear we can hardly hope to see while there are two Houses open—since as the General Taste now is, that which does not outmonster the other must starve; here are no publick Stipends for the Player or Poet, they must submit to the Taste of the Town, nay they are both oblig'd (while they are divided) servilely to emulate one another in that Submission, nor can we think of seeing any thing hereafter but Bombast and Farce in the Room of Nervous Sense and Sterling Wit; this Age has certainly been as productive of great and noble Spirits in Poetry as well as Arms, as any that ever went before it, yet we see how shy, how fearful they are of treading the Stage, how few dare to appear there, they are and well may be asham'd to roll with some Company they have seen there, the Actors too being by this Division of the Houses separated; that Company which before was able to furnish out Performers for the best Tragedy have now by this Division so weaken'd the Body that the Town seems to have lost the Relish of that most worthy Entertainment of the Reason, Roscius indeed is no more, and Tragedy mourns with real Tears his Loss; that mighty Genius (let me call him so) for to become so perfect an Actor, a Man must have almost all the Qualifications of the greatest Author; he must have  
the

## The Preface.

*the most Exalted Soul, the Deepest Judgment, and the most lively Fancy; and Nature too must be liberal in her outward Endowments, She must adorn him with a Graceful Person, and an easie Utterance; to all these Accomplishments the utmost Art and Industry must be join'd: Nature had indeed been very bountiful to Mr. Betterton, and yet Art and Labour had improv'd him wonderfully, and he confessed but very lately, He was yet learning to be an Actor. If then an Actor is not to be made like an Artificer, by Seven Years Apprenticeship, and hardly two good ones arise in an Age, we ought to keep those few that are so together; there is no other way to Banish Posture-Masters, Foreign Monsters, Tub Scenes, &c from the Theatre, to preserve the Reputation the Stage yet maintains with the most Learned and Polite, and to make it become, as it certainly may be, both Ornamental and Useful to the Government. If Poets are capable of teaching Morality, as if we believe Horace, they are,*

Quicquid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Plenius & Melius Chryssippo & Crantore dicit.

# PROLOGUE

Design'd for Mr. Betterton, Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

**M**elpomene no more erects her Head,  
Without her Comic Sister's chearful aid,  
To Night th' Amphibious Author Laughs and Mourns,  
And hopes you to will Sigh and Smile by turns :  
Apollo thus, the Poets radiant God,  
Now Shines, now Veils his Lustre in a Cloud.

He aims to follow moving OATWAY'S Muse,  
But with unequal Steps the Glorious Bard pursues ;  
Yet if that Painter merits some success  
Who strives from TITIAN or VANDYKE to please,  
Our Author hopes his Pardon may be had,

A Copy from that Master faintly made,  
Proves not his Judgment, but his Genius bad. }

For OATWAY'S sake his Young Disciple spare,  
Indulge the tender Plant with Friendly Care,  
Give him but kindly Soil, and let him spread,  
He'll live to pay you with a grateful Shade ;  
Guard him from Critic Winds, One Hissing blast  
Blights and lays all his budding Verses waste.

But if no Prayers your rigid Censures move,  
He flies for Refuge to the Court of Love ;  
Yes, to that brilliant Circle he appeals,  
Where Heavenly Mercy with bright Beauty dwells :

When you approve, they dare not disobey ;  
The Victors here confess your Magic sway :

Each Hero tears the Laurel from his Brows,

And at his Charmers feet the bleeding Trophy throws :

The hardy Soldier feels new Pains arise,

Not from the Wounds of Swords.—but pointed Eyes.

# EPILOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. BICKNELL.

**T**Hese Tragic Writers do so fill their Plays  
With Virtue, and what was in former Days;  
The World is chang'd, and now the Lover throws  
To each belic'ing Fair his common Vows:  
Troth 'twill be very hard, if civil Words  
That fly in Gallantry, are made Records  
Of Perjury; and punish'd thus with Swords:  
How many pretty Fellows here wou'd Dye!  
Dye for an Oath, a Senseless Perjury!

Ab! that unthinking Virgin much deceives  
Her self; who in this Bankrupt Age believes;  
She ought to know all Vows are Words of course,  
Except that One, For Better and for Worse:  
By this Advice no Fair one e'er Miscarry'd,  
Or was forsaken; 'till she first was Marry'd.  
'Tis a mistake Messieurs, for broken Vows,  
The Lover is not punish'd, but the Spouse,  
A Husband once, He doubly pays his Wife,  
For all the Errors of a single Life.

[ Is going off but Returns.

But hold, I promis'd Bays I'd something say,  
To moderate your Censure of his Play:

Heroically } You Gentlemen Impannell'd in the Pit,  
& You Sovereign Judges both of Sense and Wit,

Hang it, this serious Speech I cannot bear,  
I was not made for Tragedy I'll Swear:

Do as you Please, or Save, or Damn the Man;  
For so ye will ——— let me say what I can.

Drama-

1841

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Love in a Chest,

A

FARCE.

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# Dramatis Personæ.

Cardinal Cantelmi,	Mr. Cross.
Faschinetti, an old Fellow in Love with Theresa,	Mr. Pinkethman.
Carpegna in Love with Cassata,	Mr. Bullock.
Dona Theresa, the Cardinal's Niece,	Mrs. Bicknell.
Louisa, Carpegna's Wife,	Mrs. Baker.
Cassata, Wife to Faschinetti,	Mrs. Saunders.
Fantasio, Theresa's Page, &c.	

SCENE

SCENE I. ACT I.

SCENE Draws, and discovers Dona Theresa on a Couch, Fantasio waiting.

Ther. **F**antasio!

Fant. Madam?

Ther. The Tablets;

And then, then only when we Love; we Live:

Life without Love wou'd be a perfect Winters Journey, dull and dirty, 'tis the Serum of the Blood, the Vehicle that Circulates the Spirits; Love Burnishes our Wit, Polishes our Manners, Relishes our Converse, Sweetens our Cares, and Regulates our other Passions; 'tis the Parent of our Honour, and Nurse of our Pride.—Ah *Sebastian* how insipid wou'd Life be without thee! *Fantasio*, where's the Cardinal?

Fant. Just now I saw him walking toward the Orange Grove with *Lovisa*. [Exit. Fant.]

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. Once more I've snatch'd a happy Moment to tell my *Theresa* I am only hers.

Ther. 'Tis hard that we are forc'd to steel a meeting thus, but Difficulty and Danger increase the Worth of the Prize; Love and Laurels are not to be Purchas'd without Blood and Danger.

Seb. Nor Merited.

Ther. How did you avoid my Uncle, I wonder you will hazard All ———!

Seb. I saw your Scarlet Sin make towards the Orange Grove, I suppose he intends to Confess *Carpegna's* Wife, he

he seem'd warm in his Argument with her, and his Face outblush'd his Robes: I catch'd the welcome Minute, and flew to my *Theresa*.

*Ther.* My Uncle, to give him his due, I believe would have all women Chast, but those whom he likes, and were it so I can tell you we shou'd have some Courtezans: And yet how Jealous is he of me, he watches me with the Zealous Industry of a fancyful Husband: As suspicious of my Virtue as my old Lover *Faschinetti*, that Goat; I hate him, he thinks his Age and Wealth give him the Privilege of a *Spanish Duena*. What shall we do? I know he will interrupt us in these few Minutes thou hast Ravish'd.

*Seb.* This impertinent Assiduity is certainly the Child of Jealousy.

*Ther.* He loves me like his Money; for he wou'd never trust me out of his sight.

*Seb.* Nor can he use thee when thou art in it; If he had thee in his Possession *Theresa*, He cou'd only lock thee up in the securest place of the House and look at thee.

*Ther.* He winds the Muscles of his Apish Phyz into Fifty differing turns, and stirs up the two humid lamps that lye sunk in their Sockets, to attempt a feeble blaze; but alas they twinkle only, give a faithless light.

*Seb.* He comes — a true Lover — as Constant as thy shadow.

*Enter Faschinetti.*

*Faschi.* I have been hunting your Ladyship all about; *Fantasio* told me you had not been within since *Matins* — but I know Pages will Lye — Od I was sending a Hue and Cry after you for Felony upon my Heart.

*Ther.* Petty Larceny, *Sir*, 'tis not to the value of Ten-pence.

*Exit. Ah*

*Faf.* Ah Rogue, well I love your Jokes, Od I love your Jibes ; but tell me now, dear *Terry* tell me, Are not you the most beautiful Woman in *Italy* ?

*Seb.* ( *Clapping him on the Shoulder* )

—'Tis granted Sir ; And are not you the most Impudent Old Scoundrel in the World —

*Faf.* Oh ho——are you there Bully Rock, —— Why so tho' Prythee ?

*Seb.* To make Love to the finest Woman : Are you qualified to bear Arms under *Venus* now —— Get thee thy Cradle ready thou Old Infant ; thy second Childhood's coming, buy a Nurse thou Baby.

*Faf.* Why what a furious hot young Dog this is ? (*aside.*) But pray Sir, if I am so old or so young as you say, Why are you, who do me the Honour to be my Rival, uneasie ? Am I not then to be trusted with a fair Lady ? Ah Rogue.

*Seb.* Tho' my Mistress is as safe with thee as with her Parrot, yet thou hast the Birds quality of catching Words, talking after Folks, —— Hearkee ye old Polecat, If ever I find you again in this place, I'll strip your shrivel'd Parchment over your Ears, and Gibbet you in a Warren.

*Faf.* For a destroyer of the Game, —— Od I don't like his looks tho' ; the Fellow has Mischief in his Heart.

*Seb.* What injury has this Lady done you Sir, to merit your impudent Addresses, thou Impotent Fribler ?

*Faf.* Impotent ! Look here, here are Muscles, here are Sinews, here's a Leg as firm as Brawn, here's a Chine broad and sappy, here's an Eye —— bright and wanton ; here's a Complexion florid and full ; Impotent : Ah, ah, take a little Steel Boy, —— Od thou art very spleenatic.

*Seb.* Thy Insolence ought to be cur'd with Steel indeed, and I don't care if I am your Doctor.

*Ther.* For Heav'n sake *Sebastian* be gone, this will produce I know not what : Let me see you again quickly, but no more in this shape, till I find means to lull that shaggy

*Argus* ; Or the Cardinal will surprize us, and we shall be both undone. [ *Exit Seb.*

*Fas.* Is he gone——'tis well, I cou'd not have endur'd this much longer; the Fellow grew troublefom.

*Ther.* The Philosopher got the better of the Lover, or you had been Angry.

*Fas.* Angry —— Od, Madam I am angry; and I will be very angry: I'll meet him where he dares Sword and Pistol. —— Od I'll Complain to the Cardinal.

*Ther.* If you are for doing your self Justice by Complaints to my Uncie, I'll complain too, I've some Intereit there, I'll know why I am fo continually persecuted with your ridiculous Passion; I'll acquaint your Wife too with your sawcy Pretensions, she shall know what a Vigorous old Fellow you're become; I fancy you may find in that Account business enough at home, without running Riot on your Neighbours.

*Fas.* Forgive me, Dear *Terry* now forgive me: Mum's the Word: I'll say nothing, no not a syllable; but if you cou'd look upon a faithful Servant.

*Ther.* I Vow *Faschinetti* I know not which becomes thee worst, thy Love or thy Anger; but both together make miserable work with thy old Carcass.

*Fas.* Ah, if I had but crept into your Heart like that young happy Dog *Sebastian*; Od I believe *Theresa* thou art one of the Nine Mules, Looke here, nay I'll read it. (*pulls out a Paper*) I protest you have a lucky manner in Poetry, these Verses are under your own hand; let me see *To the agreeable Strephon*; You cou'd not mean me sure, Aye it was *Sebastian*: Come I'll read 'em.

[ *Theresa snatches the Paper.*

*Ther.* What! have you had the Assurance to Rob my Toilet? I must tell you Sir, this is not to be born, and if any thing like this ever happens again, be assur'd thou shalt suffer for thy insolence.

*Fas.*

*Fas.* Suffer, od I suffer already All the Pains of a Despairing Lover: If your Heart is not all Crusted round with cold hard Marble Pity me---Your Eyes have wounded, they alone can cure; Take all my Fortune, Run away from this old Rogue of a Cardinal, but run away with me, not with *Sebastian*---Ah! *Terry, Terry*, how can you be so obdurate and so cold?

*Ther.* Thou art a pretty old Fellow, I'll tell my Uncle every Word, and have you turn'd out of the Pallace.

*Fas.* I'll forswear it every Word if you do; besides I have a secret or two of his in keeping, which obliges him not to hear ill of me.

*Ther.* Ah, 'tis too true----What shall I do, thou art the Plague of my Life. ---

*Fas.* Put me to a better Use then, take me to your Arms, and let me be the Joy of it.

*Ther.* By this very forward Manner thou shou'dst be sprung originally from a Foggy Island North-west of *England*.

*Fas.* Od I'll be Divorced from *Cassata*, and Marry thee.

*Ther.* That indeed wou'd be the only Method I cou'd take to be compleatly reveng'd on thee.

*Fas.* Let me kiss that dear pretty soft, sweet, smooth, White Pudsey; Do *Terry*, do ---

*Ther.* Thou abominable, shrivell'd, Ugly, old Paralitical Monster, begon, or I'll stab thee; I'll Bath a Dagger in thy Blood, and let out this unnatural heat that works you up into a Lover ---

*Fas.* Hey, in your Altitudes *Terry*? Thou hast a Passion for me I see, I move your Anger I find, tho' not your Love: Ah, I have made the warm Rogu'y Blood Circulate, how it rises in her Face!---I ha' done *Terry*, I ha done. (*Exit Ther.*) Well I must take a happyer Moment, *The Falling out of Lovers is the Renewing of Love.* (*Exit.*)

S C E N E *The Grove.**Enter Cardinal and Lovisa.*

*Card.* Thou sha't Drefs in Oriental Pearl, and Jewels of the first Water, thou sha't eat in Gold, breath the richest Perfumes, thy Feet shall tread on Silk and Arras, thou sha't be gently lull'd to Rest with sweetest softest Harmony, thy Eyes shall be Feasted with the best strokes of *Titian, Angelo* or *Rubens*, and for Variety, with Grotto's and Cascades; thy Servants shall be as Silent and Obedient as the Grand Seignior's Mutes; in short thou sha't be *Alcmena* and I *Jupiter*——

*Lov.* But will *Carpegna*, my Lord, take it well to be *Amphitrion*?

*Card.* His Horns, thou sweetest Daughter of *Venus*, shall sit easie on him, they shall be Gilt all over.

*Lov.* My Lord, he loves me to that Degree, he'll ne'er bear it with the least patience.

*Card.* Then when he next Levys me I'll Poison him in a Dish of Chocolet.

*Lov.* So; there's Murder and Adultery swallow'd at one Gulp. (*aside.*)

Oh! my Lord, never think, I shou'd after such an Act be for ever miserable——

*Card.* Then let him live——Live my illustrious Cuckold: But when, when shall I be circled in those snowy Arms, when taste the sweets that I so long have Courted?

*Lov.* To morrow *Carpegna* takes his Journey for *Rome*, then my Lord——But my dearer Honour——*Eleanora* yesterday I saw at Mass, had the brightest Crucifix set with little Diamond Stars, and in the midst the finest Ruby.

*Card.* What do they say's the value?

*Lov.*

*Lov.* — Four Hundred Ducats.

*Card.* Were I the Monarch of the *East*, thou shoud'st be Studded o'er with large and pointed Diamonds, thy Robes shou'd Beam upon the Gazing Mob, and Emulate thy Eyes; the Ladies shou'd run Mad with Envy, the Men with Love, while I in full possession of this Treasure wou'd Give and Receive Joys from thee, that alone shou'd be beyond that; *Inestimable*.

*Lov.* But as to this Crucifix, *Lopez* the Jeweller shew'd me one I thought as fine, and very near the Value of *Eleanora's*.

*Card.* Then purchase it, the bright *Lovisa* shall outshine her, there are 500 Ducats: Adieu my Goddes, my *Alcmena*, to morrow Night shall give the World a second *Hercules*,—

(*aside.*)

*Lov.* This Priest is a Composition of all the Evils that Satan ever yet infus'd into one Bosom: Pride, Revenge, Lust, and Hypocrisie. Pride, indeed, is his predominant Vice, and 'tis with some difficulty he makes his pleasure buckle to it: He is a hopeful hinge of the Church in troth.

*Enter Carpegna.*

*Carp.* Ah ha *Lovisa*, well, I met your Holy Lover; Am I to be a Cuckold, or how?

*Lov.* Not with that Lump of iniquity I promise thee *Carpegna*; He lies so open to be Jilted 'twou'd be pity a Woman shou'd make any other use of him; he has promis'd himself vast Happiness to morrow: I told him you were to go to *Rome* — Look'ee I have taken earnest, this is to purchase a few Jewels. [*Shows the Purse, and he takes it.*]

*Carp.* --- A very pretty Choir of Church Musick truly: Hark! (*He shakes the Purse*) why he bids high, one wou'd think he were Bribing to be Pope.

*Lov.*

*Lov.* Oh! he talks of nothing but treading of Silk, breathing Perfumes, I know not what, I am to be *Alcmiana* and he *Jupiter*.

*Carp.* With all my Heart in good Faith, if he always descends in Show'rs of Gold.

*Lov.* And yet he's such a Villain, shou'd a Woman consent to his Embraces, he'd soon find her to be Mortal, and Poison her that she might tell no Tales.

*Carp.* A Pox of the Pillars of the Popedom, if they are all made of such stuff as this, I'll turn Heretic.

*Lov.* While I keep him at his due distance, I can twine him with a Hair, and lead his Divinity by the Nose at pleasure; I'll bleed him to the last Ducat, and thou shalt Rise *Carpegna*, as many a Great Man has, by thy Wife's Industry.

*Carp.* Then I'll Pocket up my Horns and my Sences, be Deaf, Dumb and Blind, and Resign my self into my Wife's keeping, as a Great Man shou'd do.--

[ *Exeunt*.

## ACT II, SCENE I.

*Enter Theresa.*

**T**Hink a little *Theresa* whither will this Passion hurry thee, thy Uncle the moment he hears *Sebastian* has been within these Walls turns thee out of 'em, or shuts thee up in a Nunnery for Life: And *Sebastian*, to ballance this Account, has a Sword and a Heart intirely at my Service: But his Fortune as well as his Mistress must depend upon his Sword; and heaven knows both his Heart and his Sword may prove a brittle Security.

*Enter*

*Enter Fant. Conducting in Sebastian in the Habit of a  
Perfume Woman.*

*Fant.* Here's a Woman wou'd sell your Ladyship some  
Perfumes or Essence ——— [ *Exit Fant.*

*Seb.* My Angel; my *Theresa*, Behold what Shapes Love  
makes us put on; but Gods ( or Poets feign ) taught us  
poor Mortals first to intrigue in Counterfeited shapes.

*Ther.* They taught you too to Deceive, can you be  
false ; I knew 'tis more difficult to retain one Heart than  
to Conquer a Thousand, will you be Constant?

*Seb.* Make your own Conditions, let the Priest secure  
us.

*Ther.* He can only tye a knot which shall hold when  
your Inclinations are broke, that I don't desire, let the  
Husband I say dye with the Lover ———

*Seb.* Be assur'd, my *Theresa*, I will be both for Life.  
Heark! what Noise is that?

*Ther.* 'Tis *Faschinetti's* Cough, shall I never be rid of  
this *quotidian* Ague? Let us retire into this Closet, there  
we shall be undisturb'd ; 'tis my Uncles Study, and he  
does not knot know I have a Key to it. [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter Faschinetti.*

Where can she be!----where has she hid her self! ———  
why shou'd she hide her self!----that strong young Dog  
will carry her off----Od I sweat at the thought----Oh you  
*Silvan* Deities and Murmuring Streams, and Groves, and  
Brooks, and Woods, and Floods, and Gods, take pity on  
the poor despairing *Faschinetti in-amorato*----I have search'd  
every Creck, and Hole, and Corner, this is the last Room,  
sure she is not got into the Cardinal's Study----I'll peep  
however----Od there she is and an old Woman with her----  
that

that must be some Bawd they seem so busie---As I live they Kifs and Hug as if they wou'd grow together---By his Holinesses Toe---she has pull'd off his Headcloaths and 'tis a Fellow, a brisk young Fellow; Od I think 'tis *Sebastian*---very well---very well---*O Tempora, o Mores*---I'll make a Merit of a Secret however as a Polititian shou'd---but I dare trust 'em together no longer.

[ *He treads hard, and knocks at the Door.*

*Enter Theresa and Sebastian in Disguise.*

*Ther.* Well Sir, am I always to be disturb'd?

*Fasch.* No---No Disturbance *Terry*: What have you been purchasing some Essence?---let me see Woman, let me see.

*Ther.* Let the Woman go, you'll not buy any thing I know.

*Fas.* (*Surveying him*) Od but I will---a clever sort of a well made, Airy, Genteel sort of a Creature---What shall I give for this Bottle of Orange Flower? (*He endeavours to peep in Sebastian's Face, and he hides it.*) Give? Od I'll give thee a Kifs. [ *Pulls open his Hoods and Kisses him, and Sebastian trips up his Heels and runs out.*

*Ther.* If he has discover'd him I am undone.

*Fas.* ---She Wrestles well---a Murrain on her for a broad back'd Jade---Od this Perfume Woman of yours is a termagant: What only for a Kifs an impudent Sow;---She wou'd not have deny'd you such a Favour.

*Ther.* What do you mean Sir?

*Fas.* Mean? Why I mean I am not so old, my sight is not so bad but I know a Hawk from a Handfaw, and a young Cavalier from an old Perfume Woman.

*Ther.* Well, I declare I knew nothing of it, he came in that Habit without my Consent or Privity; but I have forbid him my sight for ever for his rudeness. *Fas.*

*Fas.* You knew nothing of his coming, and went by Chance into the most *private* part of the House ——— And having no particular business with a Perfume Woman, you Lock'd your self and her carefully up together, ——— And being very Angry with him for his Rudeness, you Kiss'd him as if your Lips were Glew'd to his: I saw 'em join'd three Minutes at least ——— Ah *Terry, Terry*, thou art a false Angel ———

*Ther.* Well Sir, you have me in your Power, my Reputation is in your hands and I must submit.

*Fas.* — Nay ——— if thou wou't love me a little Tiny bit *Terry*, I will be as secret and as diligent as the most experienc'd Baud in *Italy*.

*Ther.* But if my Uncle knows I give you encouragement, I'm undone that way too.

*Fas.* No, no; He shall never know it Give me those five soft, white, pretty little Playfellows ——— let me Kiss 'em ———

*Ther.* An Ugly Grey Badger, I loath him. (*aside.*)

*Fas.* I am hardly turn'd of Fifty, and Fifty is a very hail Age; I find my Blood Circulate as freely, and is as florid now as when I was but Twenty five: And as to the business of Love, the older I am, the more Constant I shall prove ———

*For when crept into Aged Veins,  
It slowly burns, and long remains.* } *Sings.*

*Ther.* Well then, since you are so obliging *Faschinetti* to save, when 'tis in your Power to destroy, I will admit you my Servant; but carry all things with Prudence: Let me see you in my Apartment this Evening; but you must not appear there as *Faschinetti*: Contrive some way not so open nor dangerous to appear in as now you do ——— You see Lovers borrow Forms and Opportunities: Adieu.

I

(*aside*)

(*aside*) I hope I shall find some way or other to Revenge my self, and Punish his Insolence. [Exit.

*Fas.* Consider a little *Faschinetti*, let me see, To make sure work, I will first discover this *Sebastian* and his intrigue with *Theresa* to the Cardinal, so I shall increase my Credit with him for a good Spy, and get my Rival bolted out; besides, my Person is not safe while that interloping Rascal appears — — — — — Od I am a happy Dog — — — — — But how shall I appear, in what shape — — — — — Od I'll be a Perfume Woman too, that's a shape I know she likes — — — — — I'll endeavour to be as Jolly, as frolic, and as young as *Sebastian*. [Exit.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

### SCENE *Theresa's Apartment.*

*Enter Theresa.*

*Ther.* **T**His old Baboon of mine *Faschinetti*, may be properly said to suffer Love; He is indeed Possess'd, he shou'd be Dieted and Blooded; but since I have undertaken to be his Doctress, I'll use a method as certain, tho' not so regular; I'll make him forswear Caterwawling — — — — —

*Enter Faschinetti as a Perfume Woman.*

*Fas.* Please your Ladyship to buy any Perfumes, Essences, Cream Washes, Powder, Complexion, White, or Red, Pomatums, Rosa solis, May Dew, Ratifia, Saffron, Citron, Cinamon, Lemon Waters, or cold Tea, Paste for your Hands, or Pencils for your Brows. *Ther.*

*Ther.* (*Aside.*) This dry-headed old Fool cou'd think of nothing but the Perfume Woman.

*Fas.* Od this looks likes buliness, this is Intrigueing, Come Dear pretty Rogue, let me Ravish one little Kifs.

*Ther.* This violent Love *Faschinetti* is too furious to hold; this Habit too methinks makes you look a little odd.

*Fas.* Aye I am in Masquerade — Shall I Poison my Blouse, hah — Wou't thou be my Wife — Od my Blood is on Fire; Come *Terry*, come, nay you promis'd so you did; Smile upon me — look a little Roguish now with those lovely Black wanton sparkling Eyes, — *Put on a little dimpling Smile* (*Sings*) Gad I'll Ravish, 'tis impossible to hold any longer.

*Enter Fantasio.*

*Ent.* Madam, the Cardinal is coming up the Back Stairs, and three Servants with him with Cudgels in their Hands, I heard him call the Perfume Woman Baud: He seem'd to be in a very great Rage.

*Ther.* I am Ruin'd, Lost, Undone; What can I do with you, whither will you run, where shall I hide you?

*Fas.* Pox on him for an unseasonable Visitor as he is; Where will you put me, where can you stow me? Have you never a Clock Case, I cou'd creep into a China Jarr.

*Ther.* Here, here is very luckily an old Chest, creep into it, in, in, in a minute [ *She Claps him into the Chest and Locks it.* ]

So there's *Reynard* in a Trap. *Fantasio* — Call the Chairmen, I have him safe now, I'll send his Lady such a Present — Here, take this Chest and carry it to *Faschinetti's* House, tell his Wife you were order'd by her Husband to leave that Chest of Goods there, that he is engag'd this Evening, and 'twill be late e're he comes home.

[ *Exit. Chairmen.* ]

I am sorry I did not order the Fellows to dip it in the Horse-pond as they went along; but I believe he may have lost his Fever by this time without Water.

[ *She runs towards the Door.*

O! my Life, my Uncle is coming in good earnest; What can be the meaning of his Visit at this time! To my Toilet and my Prayer Book, I must face it with Religion a little as well as his Eminence ———

*Enter Cardinal.*

*Card.* Thou young Hipocrite, how demure and innocent she looks!

*Ther.* My Lord ———

*Card.* Thou Stain of my Blood, Scandal of my House; thou Traitress to abuse my Indulgence in this manner.

*Ther.* I am so much a Stranger to any Guilt, that, that,

*Card.* Was not *Sebastian* here with you at your own Apartment in the habit of a Perfume Woman — Answer me ———

*Ther.* Has that old Villain betray'd me? *(aside.)*

*Card.* If your Guilt has not stopt your Utterance, Tongue-tide you, speak.

*Ther.* Sir, I own that there was a, a,

*Card.* Abandon'd Wretch have I not forbid you thinking of that Beggar *Sebastian*? Did I not lay my Sacred Commands upon you? But I'll wipe thee from my Blood, fling thee off as a rotten Branch to Despair and Infamy.

*Ther.* I own there was a Gentleman in the Habit of a Perfume Woman.

*Card.* I will this minute get *Sebastian's* Throat cut, and have you Lock'd up in a Monastery.

*Ther.* My Lord, that Gentleman that came here disguis'd in that Habit, since your Lordship forces me by this hard Accusation to acquit myself, was *Fischinetti*; he  
has

has Infamously solicited me for some time; I bore it at first with Temper, believing it was only the Gaiety of his humour, till it broke out into all the license of an un-govern'd Appetite: And I was forc'd —

*Card. Faschinetti:* This is a weak and ill tim'd Excuse, 'twas *Faschinetti* made this Discovery to me; because you have found him cautious of your Conduct, you wou'd asperse him: This but Inflames your Charge; adds Fuel to the Fire.

*Ther.* If your Lordship wou'd with Patience hear me, The moment e'er you enter'd he was here in that very Habit; when as he was renewing his Suit, I pretended a suddain Fright in apprehension of your coming, and lock'd him up in the long Chest that used to hold your Robes, and sent him home to his Wife, who I thought ought to be made acquainted with the secret: If you please to let me wait on you thither, I believe we may find him e'er he has Uncas'd.

*Card.* This has indeed an appearance, the face of Truth; If I do Convict him, I'll punish him to the extent of my Power.

*Ther. (Aside.)* I have turn'd the Tables on him hitherto pretty successfully, and I am resolv'd to stick close to my Text: If I escape now, my Conduct shall be my Guide for the future. [ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E *Faschinetti's House.*

*Enter Carpegna and Callata.*

*Cass.* Love in old Age is like Fire in wet Straw, it smothers and stinks, without giving either Light or Heat.

*Carp.* Madam, I Disclaim all title to Antiquity this Twenty Years, my Food Digests, my Blood Circulates freely, and I have the use of *All* my Limbs perfectly well, and I  
can

can pay my Duty to a Fair Lady as briskly as the youngest of 'em : Put me upon my Tryal Madam.

*Cass.* I'm afraid you've a sick Appetite *Carpegna*, you talk very voraciously, but if Meat were set before you, perhaps you wou'd not be able to touch a bit ; a true Bully, brave in the Tavern, and bashful in the Field.

*Carp* Lift me, Madam, Lift me.

*Cass.* I tell you you're too old for the Service.

*Carp.* Not like your old *Faschinetti*: Let me, let me Do a little Duty for him.

*Cass.* If you're an old Soldier secure your Retreat, somebody Knocks.

*Enter Chairman with the Chest, and Faschinetti in it.*

*Chairman.* Madam, we were order'd by Seignior *Faschinetti* — to leave this Chest of Goods here, and he bad me tell you 'twill be late e'er he comes home this Evening.

*Cass.* So Sir, heres a Message from my Husband, he will not be here some time ; the Devil finds you wickedly inclin'd, and he will not be wanting on his part.

*Carp.* My Blood dances for Joy ; thou sha't feel it alive in my Lips my Dear (*Kisses her*) Ah those Velvet Twins are as soft and warm as ———

*Cass.* As what ?

*Carp.* As the Breath that divides 'em. Come my Dear *Cassata* let us sit here, and like two Turtles Coo and Bill.--

[*They sit on the Chest.*

*Fas.* (*Out of the Chest*) Hah ! where am I — at home, that's plain ; Od I will see where this can end.

*Cass.* I have been sick *Carpegna* these Ten Years.

*Carp.* What illness ?

*Cass.* A Chronic Distemper, the Husband.

*Carp.* Here's the Remedy — a Lover.

*Cass.*

*Cass.* That gives one only a little Ease for the present ; I am Married to a Dead Palfey — Well, I own I hate him, He is as disagreeable as a Foggy Day in June.

*Carp.* As ugly as a Death's Head.

*Cass.* Always Cold, Moist and Musty.

*Carp.* Like an old Wall against Wet Weather.

*Fas.* (So, so, Drawing Pictures — Let 'em go on.)

*Cass.* Then as to his inside, He is as mischievous and revengeful as an old Monkey.

*Carp.* He is a Treacherous, Dissembling, Paralytical,

*Cass.* — Impotent Fumbling,

*Carp.* — Cuckold.

*Fas.* (Am I so, I wish my Horns were in your Guts)

*Cass.* Truth is he merits the Name extremely.

*Carp.* Gad and we'll use him according to his Deserts : Come my little Dear, sweet, soft, blushing Peach.

[ Kisses her, and Smacks.

*Carp.* That unlucky Dog of a Priest who Tack'd you together,

*Cass.* If he does not Repent,

*Carp.* Ought to be Hang'd for his unnatural Mixture ; 'twas ingrafting a sweet, soft, mellow Plumb, on a Dry, Sapless, Wither'd, Sour Crab.

[ They Kiss again.

*Fas.* Flesh and Blood can hold no longer, I'll, I'll, separate you with a Vengeance.

[ He bursts open the Chest and comes out.

*Corp.* The Devil! }

[ They run to several Corners of the Stage.

*Cass.* Ah! }

*Fas.* Why, what, could you find no other Feather-bed but me? — Must I be your Pillow with a Pox? You seem surpris'd my Virtuous Jezebel! — Why what an impudent Age do we live in! — My Antient Friend Carpegna, how have I deserv'd so worthy a Character from you? — Both Dumb : Really but that I know you very well, I shou'd be apt to imagine you were asham'd of this matter.

*Carp.*

*Carp.* You take this Business then to be just as it has appear'd to you, and that I was really making Love to your Wife?

*Fas.* Positively so——or I misapprehended you both damnably.

*Carp.* And you are ignorant likewise, that when we abus'd you, it was only done as a punishment for your Jealousy.

*Fas.* No, that was out of your abundant Goodness, Sauce to your intended Cuckoldom.

*Carp.* And you will persuade us too, I suppose, that we knew nothing of your design in coming hither in this Chest.

*Fas.* Nay, now you do go beyond me my dear Friend— My Design in coming hither—very good— Sir, you are a profligate Person, and I shall deal with you as far as the Law will carry it. As for you Minx, I will instantly, with this Penknife, spoil those few tempting Features that are left; I'll Phylic and Diet you ye Pamper'd Jule: I'll teach you to meditate Horns again for my Front.

[ *He wou'd lay hold on her, Carp. interposes.*

*Carp.* Hold Sir, my Honour is concern'd to Vindicate that Lady; and since you are pleas'd to turn an innocent Frolic into rigid Earnest, I'll take her into my Protection: You shall Recover her by Law too.

*Fas.* Innocent Frolic: You were very frolicksom truly. Nay, if you have a mind for the Lady, I'll give you a Bill of Sale of her for a Ducat; but I'll have no returns hereafter: I'll not take my Apple again when you have scoop'd it.

*Carp.* If you're Uneasie Sir, 'tis below Gentlemen to Bandy Words.

*Fas.* So, according to Custom, to make me amends, you invite me to have my Throat Cut; Sir, I will Parry you with a Judge.

*Cass.*

*Cass.* Methinks Husband that Dress of yours looks a little suspicious too———What occasion was there for that?

*Fas.* Od in my Passion I quite forgot it, (*aside.*)  
Why, I was willing to be Disguis'd, and so put on these Cloaths: I had information of your wicked Designs, and laid Twenty Plots to catch you.

*Enter* Theresa, the Cardinal and Lovisa.

*Ther.* Behold Sir, this Seducer of Youth, this Betrayer of Virgins, this false Accuser, see him in the very Habit, which he pretended I Entertain'd a Gentleman to dishonour my Family.

*Fas.* Ah!—Dead———Undone———Ruin'd———

*Card.* This is Demonstration: Why thou wicked old Varlet!

*Ther.* I pity your Condition Madam, being so good a Woman to have so bad a Husband——He solicted me in a Lustful manner for some time, till this Evening I sent him in this Chest to you, and have by this means acquitted my self to my Uncle——

*Fas.* You are a Vile Jilt; Od I don't think you Handsom now: I have no more inclination to you than to my Wife.

*Ther.* Vile Wretch to abuse her as you do.

*Fas.* Nay, nay, she has not been wanting on her part neither.

*Card.* Come, Sir, what can you say to this Villainous Design you have had of dishonouring my Family, not on-ly by your false Accusation of my Niece, but for attempt-  
ing her Person too? If you had had an opportunity, I believe you had Ravish'd her.

*Cass.* I'll acquit him of the last part of the Indictment: Ravish! No, no,

*Faf.* Say, Why what I can find by this matter is, that we are wicked all alike: And that Scarlet of yours I know hides as warm a piece of Flesh as e'er a Buckskin in Rutting time. Witness *Lovisa* there, my Planter's Wife, my Cuckold-maker, that's some Comfort however.

*Card.* Sirrah, I'll have you in the Inquisition, you're a Heretic.

*Faf.* Why Heretic? If you had said I was a Cully, and a Cuckold.

*Card.* He that speaks ill of any Pillar of the Church, speaks ill of the Church; he that speaks ill of the Church is an Enemy to her Discipline; He that is an Enemy to her Discipline, cannot be reconciled to her Doctrine; and whoever disputes her Doctrine is an Heretic——therefore you are *quasi Hereticus, Hereticus in Potestate*.

*Faf.* You're a Blockhead in *Esse* I'm sure: Pox take ye all my Senses are confounded between Jealousy, Love, Anger and Despair.

*Ther.* What, not one Word for poor *Terry* now: Put on a little *Dimpling Smile*.

*Faf.* Crocodile; Hyæna.

*Card.* Come your Wife tells me you have had some difference, be reconcil'd to her, and I forgive you; for I'm made up of Charity.

*Faf.* Od I won't forgive her, a Cockatrice, to go about to Dishonour my Family; there has not been a Cuckold of our House since *Adam*. Not that I care this for her Person, for I can make Affidavit I have known no difference between her Flesh and my own these Ten Years.

*Carp.* Well, a Jealous Husband is a perfect Dog in a Manger. Are not you ashamed to lye every Night by so Fine a Woman, and talk so?

*Faf.* We must lye in the same Bed together: She is like my Swanskin Waistcoat, I shall catch Cold if I leave her off.

*Card.*

*Card.* If you don't forgive all that is pass'd between *Carpegna* and your Wife, I'll Excommunicate you, and injoin a Penance for your Punishment.

*Faf.* I care not if you do, I believe I shall Hang my self: But 'tis very hard, that when you fat Priests are privileged to be Wicked within the Pale of the Church, you shou'd Bellow over your Anathema's on us Secular Cuckolds —

*Card.* Come in my Friends with me, He is untractable at present, but I shall find a way to bend him. [*Exeunt.*

*Faf.* My Friend *Terry*, thou hast heartily convinc'd me, that 'tis the most impertinent thing in the World for an old Fellow to make Love: 'Tis sending a Challenge when a Man has lost the use of his Limbs; 'tis the Green-sickness of our second Childhood; for as the old Bard luckily says,

*Love in Old Age no Use can have;  
'Tis like a Sun-dial in a Grave.*

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