



# L O V E

I N A

S A C K.

As it is now Acted at the

## NEW-THEATRE

I N

*Lincolns-Inn Fields.*

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*If there were no nonsensical Flights,  
The Women would want what to say,  
The Poets want something to write,  
And the Actors want Farces to play.*

*Since Nonsense is grown such a Charm,  
With the Ladies the Beau's and the Poet;  
Let each one his Reason Alarm,  
And he that has Wit, let him shew it.*

Savage. Charms of Nonsense.

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By *BENJAMINE GRIFFIN.*

L O N D O N:

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# PROLOGUE.

**G**ALLANTS, to gain your Favour I am come,  
And beg our Farce a favourable Doom;  
As a young Boy that fain wou'd learn to swim,  
Stands hov'ring long upon the Water's Brim;  
Crowded with Fear dares scarcely venture in:  
At last he tryes his utmost Strength and Speed,  
Plunges at once, and hopes he shall succeed,  
Yet's cautious lest his Fear should make him sink indeed:

Thus is it with our Author here to Night,  
He has ventur'd both at once to play and write:  
'Twas bold but Courage's th' Cardinal Virtue now,  
And Bays but flourish on the daring Brow;  
Let him go on, and merit by Degrees,  
If now he fails, grows older, he may please,  
For Actors seldom rise but by Degrees;  
Even Nokes and Underhill, with dull acting teas'd ye,  
And play'd some Years, e'er they advanc'd to please ye.  
Let Veteran Actors their just Praises wear,  
In him it is an Honour even to dare.  
The hardy Boy who once durst drive the Sun;  
At least this small recorded Honour won.  
Th' Attempt was brave, tho' sure to be undone:

# PROLOGUE.

*This said, he to the Generous bids me say,  
He begs for once you'd favour his Essay.  
Ladies, to you, his trembling Muse does bend,  
You ever were to Innocence a Friend.  
Shou'd you espouse his Cause Criticks won't dare  
To censure what's approv'd of by the Fair.  
But to all in general, I'm bid to bow,  
Since more than e'er he wants Protection now.  
Let not one fatal Blow, (this is his Pray'r.)  
Crush all at once the Poet, and the Player:  
But let your Smiles their worsted Charms display,  
And drive his Fears and Jealousies away.*



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# EPILOGUE.

**G**REAT Jove, they say, Descending from above,  
To enjoy the Pleasures of Almighty Love,  
Did condescend to lay aside his Rod,  
Forget his Glory, and Eclipse the God,  
Thought no Disguise too safe no Toil too great  
To please the Fair, and favour his Retreat;  
Sometimes appear'd to her, like Bull, or Swan,  
But oftner in the lordly Shape of Man;  
Finding that Sex to Manhood more inclin'd,  
The Pleasure doubled, and the Sense refin'd.

Since then, the mighty Thunderer was seen,  
To appear below in Shapes so base and mean;  
We can't suppose any will think it Strange,  
From plodding Gravity old Cit shou'd change,  
To fool, in dark Disguise, and thro' the City range.  
The Event we hope has pleas'd; the Plot miscarry'd,  
The Knight was fool'd and the young Lovers marry'd.  
Our Author, to avoid Offence, took Care  
The Jest shou'd not be carried on too far.  
Besides, he doubts a Precedent as yet,  
Of Captain Cuckold, and of Cully Cit;  
Unless some Bunhill Officer or so,  
At City Muster or a Lord Mayor's Show,  
Whose Wife a trading Brother thinks a Beauty,  
Dubs him, kind Neighbour like, while he's on Duty.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

**S**IR *Arthur Aldle-*  
*pare*, an old hu- } *Mr. Griffin.*  
morous Citizen; }  
Father to *Olivia*. }  
*Mr. Courtly*, in love } *Mr. Corey.*  
with *Olivia*. }  
*Captain Debonair* his } *Mr. Spiller.*  
Friend. }  
*Phillip*, Sir *Arthur's* } *Mr. H. Bullock*  
Footman. }

## W O M E N.

*Olivia*, in Love with } *Mrs. Vincent.*  
*Courtly*. }  
*Aurelia*, the Captain's } *Mrs. Finch.*  
Lady. }  
*Fenny*, her Woman. *Mrs. Hunt.*

: *Servants, Footmen, &c.*

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

LOVE



# LOVE *in a* SACK.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Sir *Arthur's* House.

*Enter Sir Arthur and Philip.*

PHILIP.

**R**

EALLY Sir, I think you had better pursue this Adventure no further.

Sir *Arth.* What an Impudent Rascal art thou, to think that a Man of my Age and Experience should want the Advice of his Impertinent  
nent

gent Servant; be quiet, Saucebox, Silence will become you much better than prating. Though I condescend to accept your honest Intention to serve me, and trust you with the Secret of my Love; yet I'll not permit you to advise, nor will I hear a Word shall contradict my Will.

*Phil.* I have done, Sir, I have done.

*Sir Arth.* It is meet you should, Sir, especially when you talk not to the Purpose; but pray where are those huge Defects you wou'd pretend to find? they are not in my Person, I am hail! vigorous! sprightly! young! as sound as a Roach, and as nimble as a Cock-Sparrow. I can dance a Minuit, or cut a Caper with the best *French* Dancing-Master of 'em all, *Lal, la, ra,* [*sings.*] Look ye there, am I old you Whelp you? Cha-hem.

*Phil.* Yet, Sir, you must confess, Age has changed both your Complexion, and your Hair; you have been grey some time.

*Sir Arth.* You lye, you lye, I say! I  
have

have not; 'tis true, Cares of Life have a little wrinkled my Brow; but what of that, I am as strong as *Hercules*, my Blood boils and circulates as warm as ever it did: In short I am in Love, and will indulge my self most immoderately in amorous Delights: Have I not an Estate able to support me in 'em?

*Phil.* I don't dispute that, Sir; but you——

*Sir Arth.* But you do dispute that, though to no Purpose; what a Pox take you, I See, Hear, Smell, Taste as well as ever I did, and E'gad I can find no Cause to believe I have lost any Part of my Sense of Feeling.

*Phil.* Well, Sir, you know I am always ready to serve you to the utmost of my Power; but were my young Lady to know I was employ'd in an Affair of this Nature, she would lead me an uneasy Life, and perhaps discard me your Family and Service.

*Sir Arth.* Hark'yc, *Philip.*

*Phil.* Sir.

*Sir Arth.* Come hither, I say; come nearer

nearer me, Sirrah! Here's my Hand, and with it my Promise, that she shan't use thee ill, nor discard thee neither, if thou art true to my Interest, and secret in this Afair I have intrusted thee with. Discard thee, quotha! fiddle, faddle, fum—a young Jackanapefly Jade; I'll discard her tell her, should she pretend to command me! But I know the Secret of all this; Forsooth is in Love, yes truly, has got the Itch of Matrimony, and must be cur'd by a Husband. A Husband must claw the Baggage, and who shou'd that be but one *Courtly*, a cursed Rakehelly Rogue, not worth a Groat; that has liv'd by his Wits, and deserved hanging this seven Years, has nothing to recommend him but his damn'd heathenish Assurance, and his loose Town Education; but because sing, dance, drink, game, whore and rake, is Madam in Love with him——Lord——What an Age it is we live in, that Debaucheries and Extravagances shou'd pass for fine Qualifications and genteel Breeding.

*Phil.* Has he no Estate, Sir?

Sir

*Sir Arth.* No, no, 'tis all mortgaged, made over, sold, and gone; he lives upon tick; gets into every Body's Debt, (that will trust him) pays no Body; intreats with his Creditors Wives, instead of discharging their Bills; his Barber, Taylor, Hosier, Semstrefs, Milliner, Mercer, Draper, are all paid in the same Coin of Cuckoldom.

*Phil.* And does my young Lady love this Man, say you, Sir?

*Sir Arth.* Ay, I tell you, most damnable, a perverse Baggage, but I'll disinheric her, or cudgel her to Destruction, if she should marry him without my Consent.

*Phil.* I think, Sir, that's a hard Case.

*Sir Arth.* No, ——— I think not ——— But come, let's talk to the Purpose — ha, how ——— Who's that there?

*Phil.* There's no Body, Sir, that I see.

*Sir Arth.* I wou'd not be over-heard, ——— hark'ye ——— you have often said Mrs. Jenny, Captain *Debonair's* Lady's-Woman, loves you.

B

*Phil*

*Phil.* I have own'd it, Sir, and do again.

*Sir Arth.* Good—be it so—and thou lov'st her too, ha.

*Phil.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* Better—Best of all—now this is the case Boy, if thou canst by her Means gain me an Admittance into the Captain's House, so as in his Absence to talk an Hour with his Lady.

*Phil.* With his Wife, Sir?

*Sir Arth.* Wife, Sir? ay, why not? what a mouthful thou makest of a Wife! since she's the Object of my Adoration.

*Phil.* Consider what you do, the Captain is a Man of Honour, and his Lady being a young Woman perhaps he's jealous of her; but what is worse, as furious as a Lyon if put into a Passion, and never to be reconcil'd for an Injury or Affront but by the Death of the Aggressor; the very Sight of his Sword, when he is in a Passion, would fright me out of my Wits. Were I once to come into his House in the Office of a Pimp, I should find  
work

worse than a Fox or a Polccat, and be discovered by the Scent I left behind me.

*Sir Arth.* Ah, Puppy, the older you grow, still the more Fool you. Look you here, Sirrah, here's Mony. [*Pulls out a Purse*] Gold it is, is not this a Temptation now, adod it is, and a great one too. Had the Disbanded Officers about Town, and the Lawyers Clerks in the *Temple* and Inns of Courts, as much Gold to command as I could furnish 'em with, they'd make Monsters of half the Shop-Keepers in *London*; there would not be a Male Child born within the City and Liberties, but would cry for Per, Ink and Paper, before he got out of his Cradle, call upon *Cook* and *Littleton*, as naturally as other Children do for Dadda or Mam; or else throw away his Play-Things before he's in Breeches for Pistols, Muskets, Buff-Belts and Blunderbusses.

*Phil.* I must close with him, I find; nay there may be something made of this Frenzy of his for ought I know, that may help my young Lady, do Mr.

B 2

*Courtly*

*Courtly* a Service, and myself a Benefit, at least no Injury. [*Aside.*

*Sir Arth.* Well, what art thou considering on, ha?

*Phil.* Only the dangerous Consequences of a Discovery.

*Sir Arth.* Poh, pox o'the Danger, Consequence or Discovery either; I am ravish'd with the Person of my Love, and the Possession alone can make me happy. What an Eye she has! A Brow! A Lip! A Cheek so like the Lilly and the Rose! A Skin so soft! so smooth! so fair! and then her heaving Breasts so plump! so round! So, so, so — Lord — in what an Extasie of Love I'm lost.

*Phil.* Did ever Mortal see such an extravagant old Man?

*Sir Arth.* Hark'ye, Sirrah, this Purse of Gold will I give to Mrs. *Fenny* and thee.

*Phil.* With all my Heart, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* Upon these Conditions.

*Phil.* Pray name 'em, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* That she will upon all Occasions

cations commend me to her Lady, and be faithful in the Conveyance of a Letter; together with a Present of this Diamond-Ring, which was my Wife's; for my Daughter shall never be deck'd with the least Spark of her Mother's Jewels, for her Disobedience to me.

*Phil.* Disobedience, Sir?

*Sir Arth.* Ay, the young Flirt has thrown away her Baby, and won't rest 'till she has a Husband, she's bewitch'd, and right or wrong will be married.

*Phil.* But the other Conditions, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* That she will, in the Captain's Absence, convey me privately into the House.

*Phil.* If this be all, you may conclude it done.

*Sir Arth.* Ha! How! What! and ha! Shall I, shall I conclude it done, say you? Take my Mony; take it all, you cursed Dog you! — and I'll, I'll! Odd, I'm out of my Wits for Joy! I'll send thee with a Letter this Moment; come, go, run, stay I say, follow me, you Son of a — Come.

[*Exit.*

B 3

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*The Street.**Courtly alone.*

*Court.* Curse o'the Folly and Avarice of Age, especially the Avarice of Parents; who wou'd to Laws confine our Inclinations, placing the sole and only Joy of Life, in the dull Pleasure of uncounted Wealth, not having generous Souls enough to taste it. But soft, lest a Discovery should prevent my Hopes of meeting here the Object of my Love.

*Enter Philip.**Phil.* Mr. *Courtly*!*Court.* *Philip.**Phil.* O, Sir! Happy News!*Court.* What is it, prishce?*Phil.* The only thing you could wish to make you happy:*Court.* Out with it then.*Phil.*

*Phil.* My old Master is over Head and Ears in Love.

*Court.* In Love! old Dotard! who is this Beauty that has fir'd his Tinder?

*Phil.* Your old Friend, Captain *Debnair's* Lady; and nothing but making the Captain a Cuckold can satisfy him.

*Court.* Monstrous! But what Service can this be to me?

*Phil.* I'll tell you, Sir: He has given me Money, a Letter and this Ring, for Mrs. *Jenny*, in order, when Occasion serves, to deliver into the Hands of her Lady, with Commendations of the Person and Estate of Sir *Arthur Addlepate*; now, Sir, as the Captain's Lady is a Person of known Reputation and Virtue, my old Master is not very likely to succeed in his Address; therefore I would have you deliver the Letter to her your self, and together with the Captain, lay a Plot to bring the old Man disguis'd into the House, there surprize him in the Height of his Expectation, and threaten him with Blood, Death and Destruction, for

the Injury intended, unless he presently complies, and gives his Consent to your Marriage with my young Lady.

*Court.* I like the Design well; nay faith! I can't see how it will fail us, if my Friend the Captain consents to the putting it in Execution, and I could hope he will, I know so much of his facetious Temper, that I am sure 'twill add to his Diversion. I am to Night to sup with him, 'tis now about the time; come, you shall go along with me.

*Phil.* With all my Heart, Sir.

*Court.* But first, here's something for thee to drink to our Success; come, 'tis no new thing to take Fees on both Sides.

*Phil.* O Lord, Sir, you know I am no Lawyer, I am a Footman.

*Court.* Nay 'tis come to that pass now, the one does it as well as the other; but come, let's lose no time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

• S C E N E III.

• *The Captain's House.*

• *Enter Debonair, Aurelia, and Jenny.*

• *Aur.* My Dear, shall we sit and hear  
• the Boy sing? you us'd to like him.

• *Deb* With all my Heart.

• *Aur.* *Jenny*, go send him here im-  
• mediately.

• *Jen.* I shall, Madam.

• *Deb.* And d'hear, if Mr. *Courtly*  
• comes conduct him up.

• *Jen.* Yes, Sir. [*Exit Jen.*

*A Song by the Boy.*

*Enter Jenny and Courtly.*

• *Jen.* Sir, Mr. *Courtly*.

• *Court.* Ever pleasant Captain, I ad-  
• mire your way of living; Musick, Sing-  
• ing, Mirth, and good Humour have their  
• Center here. But I must beg of you

‘ a Moment’s Interruption; I have a  
 ‘ Business to impart, that may perhaps  
 ‘ add to your Diversion; and though ’tis  
 ‘ pleasant in it self, yet ’tis of greater  
 ‘ Consequence to me, then you may at  
 ‘ first imagine.

‘ *Deb.* Well, Sir, proceed.

‘ *Court.* The Injury should not with me  
 ‘ meet an easie Pardon; in brief, your  
 ‘ old Neighbour, Sir *Arthur Addlepate*—

‘ *Aur.* Your Mistrefs *Olivia*’s Father.

‘ *Court.* The same, Madam, has sent  
 ‘ this Letter with a Ring to be deliver’d  
 ‘ into your Hands, by your Woman.

‘ *Aur.* Pray, Sir, let’s read it.

‘ *Court.* There it is Madam.

[*Gives her the Letter.*]

‘ *Aur.* Most dear Madam,

[*Reads.*]

*The abounding Charms of your most  
 beautiful Person has caused—What,  
 is it Love?*

*Court.* It seems so, Madam.

‘ *Aur.* Pray my Dear do you read the  
 ‘ rest of it, I have enough of it already.

*Deb.*

*Deb.* Most dear Madam,  
The abounding Charms of your most beautiful Person, have caused such an irresistible Motion in my adoring Soul, that unless you look upon me with the condescending Eyes of Pity and Compassion, I must inevitably Perish.  
Your most Passionate Lover,

Arthur Addlepate.

• *Om.* Ha, ha, ha.

• *Aur.* Monstrous! what an old Wretch it is.

• *Om.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

• *Aur.* Pray Mr. Courtly, give us further Information, if you can.

• *Court.* He has bribed his Man Philip and your Woman to be of his Party; but the Fellow, having more Honesty than the Knight has Discretion, discover'd it to me with all the Circumstances attending, and would you consent to our Design, 'twould amply revenge this Affront to you both, and  
• give

‘ give me an Opportunity to force from  
 ‘ him his Consent to my Marriage with  
 ‘ *Olivia*.

‘ *Deb.* With all my Heart, I swear  
 ‘ we shall have Sport enough.

‘ *Aur.* You shall have my Consent,  
 ‘ upon my Word.

‘ *Court.* If you would write an An-  
 ‘ swer to his Letter, not absolutely a  
 ‘ Denial, but to leave him some hopes  
 ‘ of succeeding; his Servant is below  
 ‘ and shall carry it; where we’ll fix on  
 ‘ a Disguise and time to bring him hither,  
 ‘ when my self, you, and the Servants  
 ‘ shall discover him, and in the height  
 ‘ of his Fear force him to a Compliance  
 ‘ with our Demands.

‘ *Deb.* Agreed, agreed.

‘ *Aur.* Upon my Word I’ll write, if it  
 ‘ is but to be revenged of him; but it  
 ‘ puzzles me to know what.

‘ *Court.* Something like an Invitation,  
 ‘ Madam.

‘ *Deb.* Ay, and forget not the Dis-  
 ‘ guise.

‘ *Aur.* I’ll do it.

[*Sits to write.*

‘ *Deb.*

‘ *Deb.* What a ridiculous Humour  
‘ this is in Sir *Arthur*; I could not have  
‘ believed it, had I not seen so undenia-  
‘ ble a Proof as his own Hand.

‘ *Court.* Upon my Word I am of your  
‘ Opinion, I bless my self with the hopes  
‘ of Success. We shall be doubly obliged  
‘ to you Captain, and I hope ’twill put  
‘ us into a Condition to return the Ob-  
‘ ligation.

‘ *Deb.* You may depend on whatever  
‘ I can serve you in; besides ’tis really  
‘ so pleasant, I should be loath to lose  
‘ my share in the Mirth.

‘ *Court.* And I my Hopes of succeed-  
‘ ing.

‘ *Deb.* Nay, there’s no Prospect of  
‘ the contrary.

‘ *Aur.* There it is, read it if you  
‘ please, and then I’ll Direct it; ha, ha,  
‘ ha.

‘ *Deb.* No matter, we won’t lose  
‘ that time.

‘ *Court.* No, send it immediately.

‘ *Aur.* I will.

‘ *Court.* His Man is below Stairs with  
‘ *Fenny,*

‘ *Fenny*, I’ll resolve with him on the  
 ‘ Disguise, the Time, and what else is  
 ‘ material, and then inform you.

‘ *Ann*. There it is, *To the Worship-*  
 ‘ *ful Sir Arthur Addlepate these.*

‘ *D. b.* Make haste, Supper will be  
 ‘ ready in a Moment, where we shall ex-  
 ‘ pect you.

‘ *Court*. I shall attend you there.

[*Exit.*]

‘ *D. b.* Come my Dear. [*Exe.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Sir Arthur’s House.*

*Enter Sir Arthur and Olivia.*

*Sir Arth.* S’bud don’t follow me you  
 cursed Jade you, I hate the sight of you,  
 the Devil has bewitch’d you I believe, and  
 ’tis not in my Power to drive him out of  
 you; but you shall be Obedient to my  
 Will or you shall die a Beggar. What a  
 Murrain, is there no dealing with you!  
 Mercy on me, what a plague it is to have  
 Daugh-

Daughters fit for Marriage, they are always Whimpering, Whining, Wishing, Sighing, Crying, not quiet when asleep, but must be dreaming and prating of Husband there in Bed; get you out of my Sight I say, I'll! I'll! I'll! Odd I don't know what to do with her; would she were dead, would she were cold in her Grave, so I were rid of her.

*Oliv.* Wou'd I were any where so I were Happy; but you'll not hear me, Sir; if 'tis the sight of me that troubles you, banish me from your House, and in some lonely Country Cottage let Labour be my Daily Exercise, and low Content my Portion, so you but bless me with the Man I love.

*Sir Arth.* The untoward Slut brings Tears into my Eyes. She makes me weep, tho' I know her Grief is nothing but Perverseness. I cannot refrain. ———  
Lord, I believe the whole Sex is made up of nothing else. Get out of my Sight you snivelling Baggage you, go troop; and if you are so much in Love with Contempt, Shame and Poverty, e'en possess

sefs it. Live a Wretch, die a Beggar, and be buried in a Ditch; I care not; 'tis a just Reward for your Disobedience; go, be gone.

*Oliv.* I shall, Sir. But confider, I'm your Child; and when I'm dead, as shortly I shall be, if you continue your barbarous and cruel Usage to me, think I was once your Child, the Joy and Pleasure of your virtuous Love, and Comfort of your Age; think you are Childless by your own Severity, and I am in the cold Arms of Death no more to see or know you. [*Exit.*

*Sir Arth.* What shall I do with her! I love her dearly, she's my only Child, and should she come to Shame, or die through Grief, I certainly should follow her. Shall she marry this *Courtly* then! no, he's such a Dog I hate him; but then she pines to Death with Discontent. So either way I lose her; besides, I cannot bear to see her miserable, and that she surely is if *Courtly* has her; in a Twelvemonth home again she comes, her Portion spent, her Husband in Goal,  
her

her Eyes full of Tears, her Tongue full of Lamentation and Complaint, and her Belly up to her Chin: I shall run out of my Wits with the thoughts of it.

*Enter Philip.*

*Phil.* Sir! Sir!

*Sir Arth.* Ha.

*Phil.* I have News for you.

*Sir Arth.* Good?

*Phil.* Extream good. ——— If you knew all. [*Aide.*

*Sir Arth.* It comes seasonably, I was very Melancholy indeed.

*Phil.* Here's a Letter for you, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* From whom is it?

*Phil.* From *Aurelia*, Sir, the Captain's Lady.

*Sir Arth.* Od's so, that's good indeed; come, give it me.

*Phil.* Here, here, I, I, I, here.

[*Feels in his Pocket's.*

*Sir Arth.* What a while you are a fumbling, quickly, you damnable Demon of *Tedworth*, or I——

*Phil.*

*Phil.* I have it here. I am sure I put it in this Pocket though.

*Sir Arth.* You should have put it in your Mouth, your Nose, your Ears, your Ar—any where but your Pocket you care-  
less Whelp you Odd I love thee tho' for this Honesty of thine. How did you go to work to get it of her so soon? Why do you bamboozle me so, with horse-pox to ye?

*Phil.* Here it is. Lord, you are besides your Senses, I believe. [*Gives it him.*]

*Sir Arth.* So I am, so I am, and so I must be, and so I will be, if I please.

[*Reads.*]

*To the Worshipful Sir Arthur Addlepate, these. This Joy is as ill as Grief, it makes me weep, I'm sure.*

[*Reads.*]

*Sir Arthur,*

*I receiv'd from my Woman not only a Letter, but other Assurances of your great Respect for me——I would not for the World——*

*Stand further off, Saucebox.*

*Phil.*

*Phil.* I don't hear a word, Sir, not I.

[*Reads.*]

*Sir Arth.* I would not for the World have you expect any Favour beyond what Honour and Virtue permits, yet should be willing to see you at our House. Could you think of a Disguise that would introduce you unexpected? My Woman and your Servant are honest, and both of a Party, they will give you further Information of ——— your ——— Aurelia.

Well; and shall I go? Shall I? here, I have a little Mony left, take it, you honest dear Dog, Rogue you, I am so overjoy'd, I must beat you, I cannot forbear it.

[*Beats him.*

*Phil* Pray Sir, forbear; you have but till the Morning to prepare yourself. [And you old Men are not always so well provided for a Love Encounter, as to enter upon it on the sudden.

[*Aside.*

Sir

*Sir Arth.* How ! the Morning, say you ? I'll rise before the Sun ; nay, I'll not go to Bed, for certain, if I do, I shall never sleep one wink for thinking of it. But tell me how, and what, and where, and when, and why, and which way : Tell me every thing you know.

*Phil.* Did you ever solicit your Love before ?

*Sir Arth.* No, truly ; only by an Ogle at Church, a Squeeze by the Hand as I have led her to her Coach, and perhaps a Sigh or so, at her going away ; no otherways, upon my Worship.

*Phil.* Upon my Life 'tis a strange thing ; I durst have sworn she had been a *Hellem*, and no less than a ten Years Siege could have reduced the Fortress of her Chastity.

*Sir Arth.* Ay, but an experienced Soldier knows the weakest part of the Place he attacks, and when, and how, and where to come, to see, and overcome.

*Phil.* But tho' she do's comply, 'tis upon terms of Honour ; she tenders her Reputation beyond her Life ; has a jealous  
lous

lous Husband, watchful Servants, envious Neighbours, and will dye a thousands Deaths rather than any Friend's open Access to her should blast her Reputation, and expose her to the malicious Scandal of her Neighbours.

*Sir Arth.* There's Beauty even in her Imperfections! but go on.

*Phil.* Therefore, to avoid Suspicion, she has thought of a Disguise; besides, 'twill be a Security to your own Person as well as hers; you know the Character you have about Town of a grave, sober, discreet Magistrate, an unwearied Opposer of Lewdness and Debauchery; and then you, Sir, that have so often scoured the whole Parish of *Covent-garden* to clear it of Whores, and whipt all from the Velvet-Scarf to the three-penny Flat-Cap, to be catch'd at last in a Petticoat-Plot yourself, would ruin your Credit for ever.

*Sir Arth.* But a Disguise is a — I don't know what to think of a Disguise.

*Phil.* She says, if there's the least resemblance of your Person seen to enter her

her House, your whole substantial Self will be call'd in Question; and another Man might safer venture with the least Thing chang'd about him, than you with every Thing.

*Sir Arth.* Well! Lord forgive these Frailties of my youthful Blood! What Disguise do's she think will do, will serve the turn?

*Phil.* She talks of a Midwife, a Doctor of Physick, Porter, or Chairman, or a Chimney-sweeper; the last most proper, because his Work lies to be done generally at that time of the Morning.

*Sir Arth.* Out upon't! would she have me undergo the Shame and Penance of such a rascally Shape? yet for her sake I would do much Now, I should like better to be a——ay, that same Midwife, or Doctor of Physick.

*Phil.* O, by no means Sir! If you show your Face in its natural Colour, it's known by every one: Would you wear the Rags of a Chimney-sweeper,

per, your Face dawb'd accordingly; the Devil himself would not know you from *Old Smut* that sweeps your Worship's Chimney.

*Sir Arth.* What, the little thin-gutted old Fellow that stammers in his Speech?

*Phil.* The same, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* He's of my Age and Stature too.

*Phil.* So exactly like you, that should he see you himself, he'd take you for his Ghost, or Goblin.

*Sir Arth.* But—ah—*Philip!* that is not a Dress fit for a Lover to meet his Mistress in her Chamber.

*Phil.* O, Sir, for that she's provided; you shall no sooner enter, but off goes your rusty Scabbard, perfum'd Water for your Face, a Bath for your Body, a Night-cap, Gown, and Shirt of her Husband's, a Down-bed, and a—ah, how you will revel in Delight!

*Sir Arth.* Hold your Tongue, you wanton Rogue you. Adod, I love you for this Care of me, tho'— Here, here's

here's one Guinea I found in my Fob, and I fobb'd it up to some purpose, and you shall run with it for a Disguise to that same old Fellow, your fruitful Invention will frame an Excuse.

*Phil.* Ay, ay, Sir, I'll warrant you for Invention.

*Sir Arth.* Well, thou'rt a rare Fellow, faith and troth thou art. *Tom Jones*, the famous Footman at t'other end o'the Town, was an Ass to thee; here, take it, and run for the Disguise as if the Devil were in thee.

*Phil.* But can you cry Sweep, Sweep, as old *Smut* does, Sir?

*Sir Arth.* Sweep, Sweep, Sweep.

*Phil.* Ay, that will do: And can you stammer as he do's, if by the way, or by any unlucky Accident, you should be interrupted?

*Sir Arth.* I'll wa, a, wa, wa, wa warrant you.

*Phil.* Most exactly, I'll swear; I'll run for the Disguise, and then

Sir

Sir *Arth.* Ay then. let me alone for Chimney-sweeping, I'll scour it I'll warrant 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

*The End of the First Act.*

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C

ACT



## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

*Enter* Courtly, *and* Olivia.

*Court.* **W**HAT has past in this comical Adventure you have heard already, the Event of it shall be as faithfully related; meantime prepare your self for the worst; if we can't oblige him to give us his Consent, we'll marry without it. Time and Entreaty, I'll warrant you, will reconcile him.

*Oliv.* If it shou'd not?

*Court.*

*Court.* That we will not suppose: He may be Obstinate, and for a time hold off, but must at last relent. Come, don't raise imaginary Mischiefs to perplex us, there are so many real ones to encounter, that Life it self would be a burthen, did not the Sweets of Love moderate their Effects. Banish your Fears, and to Morrow's Sun shall end all our Despair, and bless us in each others Arms for ever.

*Oliv.* Then let us part 'till that kind Hour arrives, for should my Father suspect we were together and so near him, he would not rest thus calmly—Hark——somebody comes this way, pray Heav'n it is not he.

*Enter Philip, with the 'Disguise.'*

*Phil.* Mr. *Courtly*! I have done the Business, Faith; here's the Disguise, and I am now going to dress my old  
C 2 Master

Master for his Love-Adventure, he's mad to be gone; you and the Captain may meet him in the Street, and bait him a little to perplex him, pretending to take him for old *Smut* the Chimney-Sweeper.

*Court.* So I will, 'twill make us Sport.

*Oliv.* How like a Knave you treat your old Master.

*Phil.* No matter, Madam, 'tis to serve you; and but reasonable, when my Master turns Dotard, I should turn Knave: But I hear him a coming; away to your Post, and call the Captain.

*Court.* This Kiss, and then Farewel.

*Oliv.* Adieu.

[*Ex. severally.*]

*Philip alone.*

*Phil.* Now for my old Master. Sir, Sir, Sir.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Arthur, a Candle and Looking-glass in his Hand.*

*Sir Arth. Philip.*

*Phil. Come, Sir.*

*Sir Arth. Have you the Disguise?*

*Phil. Yes, yes, Sir, yes.*

*Sir Arth. Does no Body hear us, is my Daughter asleep?*

*Phil. Three Hours ago, Sir.*

*Sir Arth. Come then, you Dog you, make haste.*

*Phil. Pull off your Gown; have you your Drawers on, Sir?*

*Sir Arth. Ay, ay, my Boy, ay.*

*Phil. Come, sit down, that I may pull off your Shoes.*

*Sir Arth. Shoes!*

*Phil. Ay. you must wear these.*

*[Dresses him all this while.*

*Sir Arth. There, so, so.*

*Phil. Now your Breeches, get up your Feet.*

*Sir Arth.* So, so, so, so.

*Phil.* The Jacket, quick, quick.

*Sir Arth.* So, so, so, so.

*Phil.* The Cap, the Cap.

*Sir Arth.* So, so, so, so, there, there.

*Phil.* The Sack.

*Sir Arth.* Ay, the Sack.

*Phil.* Now the Poles on your Shoulder.

*Sir Arth.* Thou art a wonderful Fellow; now for my Face.

*Phil.* Here's the Daub, look towards me, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* Phoh, you choak me, Sir-tah.

[*Blacks his Face.*

*Phil.* Look in the Glafs, what think you?

*Sir Arth.* A little more here, good Philip.

*Phil.* You shall have enough every where.

*Sir Arth.* It will be the most perfect Disguise that ever was invented.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* So it will, Sir, how is it now?

*Sir Arth.* Ha, ay, oh, a little streak of Black cross my Nose, here, and under my left Eye there, so, so, enough!

*Phil.* Be sure you Stammer, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* Ay, ay, let me alone.

*Phil.* And cry Sweep, Sweep.

*Sir Arth.* Well, ay, Sweep—Sweep, ha, how.

*Phil.* Wonderful!

*Sir Arth.* Away, and see if the Coast is clear.

*Phil.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* Take good heed, look at the Doors and Windows.

*Phil.* So I will, Sir. [Exit.

*Re-enter Philip.*

*Sir Arth.* Well.

*Phil.* Not a Dog to be seen.

*Sir Arth.* Sweep, Sweep; will it do, Sirrah?

*Phil.* Exactly.

*Sir Arth.* Odd, I hope my Heart won't fail me, sure I shall come to no Ill, I heard the Ravens last Night cry Pork, Pork, Pork.

*Phil.* Never fear, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* Does the Dress become me?

*Phil.* I would, Madam would in-join you to wear it always.

*Sir Arth.* I'll forth then, Faith, with me good Luck, *Philip*, wou'd thou hadst an old Shoe to throw after me for Luck sake: Farewel, Boy. Sweep, Sweep, Sweep. [*Exit.*

*Philip alone.*

*Phil.* Go your ways you old Put, and now for my Lady, and her Business. [*Exit.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

S C E N E *the Street.*

*Within.*

*Sir Arth.* Sweep, Sweep.

*Enter Courtly and Deboniar, Sir Arthur meeting 'em.*

*Sir Arth.* Ads-zookers, yonder's the Captain, now or never help me my Disguise. Sweep, Sweep.

*Court.* How now *Smut*, how dost do old Boy?

*Sir Arth.* Th—th—th——Thank your Worship. Sweep, Sweep.

*Deb. Smut*, your Voice grows stronger than it us'd to be, you grow young again.

*Sir Arth.* A merry Heart, prolongs Life, Masters; Sweep.

[*Going.*

C 5

*Deb.*

*Deb.* Nay, good *Smut* stay and let's talk a little.

*Cour.* Ay, they say you love a Wench you old Dog you.

*Sir Arth.* N---n---no not I, I am old, I hate Whoring.

*Cour.* You lov'd it once tho'.

*Sir Arth.* Once indeed I was a Wa--  
Wa--Wag, but now—Sweep, sweep.  
[*Going.*]

*Cour.* But some talk of you for following *Sir Arthur Addlepate's* Maid *Rose*.

*Sir Arth.* No, not I.

*Cour.* No, tho' the World reports it of you, I rather think the fumbling old Prig keeps her for himself.

*Deb.* What, old *Sir Arthur*?

*Cour.* Ay, he's a cursed old Toad for a Wench.

*Deb.* One would have thought 'twere over with him.

*Cour.* Hang him an old Thief, over with him? no. Would he were Dead.

*Sir Arth.* Yes, you shall Marry my  
Daughter

Daughter with a Pox te'e.

[*Aside.*

*Deb.* What's that you say, *Smut*?

*Sir Arth.* You are merry Masters.  
Sweep, sweep. By your leave.

[*Going:*

*Deb.* No, we are going to the *Rummer*, you shall take one Bottle with us, *Smut*.

*Sir Arth.* No, no, I am somewhat in haste now, and must Cry you mercy.  
Sweep, sweep.

[*Going.*

*Cour.* Only one Bottle to *Rose's* Health, old *Addlepate's* Maid *Rose*, he's a damn'd old Rascal, is n't he *Smut*, and as errant a Knave as ever stock-jobb'd at *Jonathan's*.

*Sir Arth.* Here's a Rogue. Sweep, sweep. Pray you Masters.

[*Going.*

*Court.* I'll be hang'd, if *Smut* han't a Wench to meet somewhere, he's in such haste to be gone.

*Sir Arth.* No, no Masters.

*Deb.*

*Deb.* Ah, you Cunning old Fox you, you are for a Wench now.

*Court.* Gad I'll watch you, *Smut*.

*Sir Arth.* Pox take you for your pains. [Aside.

*Court.* Look me full in the Face. Ah you old Whoring Dog, will you never leave off?

*Deb.* He looks very smug to Night faith.

*Court.* Shall we let him go?

*Cap.* Ay, come let's to the *Rummer*.

*Court.* Give me your hand first *Smut*, I love dearly to shake hands with a Whoremaster.

*Sir Arth.* Ah Master you are a Wag, once I was so.

*Court.* Farewel Boy. [Exit.

*Sir Arthur alone.*

*Sir Arth.* Ay, go, and the Devil go with ye, for me; you are a fine Rogue to be my Son-in-Law. Odd, my Heart  
ached

ached consumedly, I am glad they are gone.

Let me see, this is the House.

Now for my Signal. Sweep, sweep.

*Enter Jenny.*

*Jen.* Sir Arthur.

*Sir Arth.* Here! here!

*Jen.* How does your Worship? you walk as if Invisible. Come, lose no time, give me your hand, and follow me.

*Sir Arth.* Ay, come, come. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Courtly and Debonair.*

*Deb.* The Old Fox is caught, now for the Sport.

*Cour.* Now or never, faith we shall be with him, before we are welcome.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*The Captain's House.**Enter Jenny, Leading Sir Arthur.**Jen.* Come, Sir, this is the Chamber.*Sir Arth.* Thanks! my propitious Stars!*Jen.* No Poetick Raptures now I beseech you. Undress, quick, quick; hold up your Head, and let me wash your Face with this wet Towel.*[Undress him.**Sir Arth.* There, Pho, Pho, enough.*Jen.* Now I'll fetch you my Master's Gown, Cap, and Slippers.*[Exit, and**Re-enter*

*Re-enter with 'em.*

There, put 'em on, there, so.

*Sir Arth.* Thou art a kind Rogue adod, and I'll reward thee too; one Bus, one Bus Huzzy; ah that pretty Eye of thine, ah 'tis a pretty Rogue.

*Jen.* Enough, enough, how he stinks; where is your Sack, and the rest of your dark Disguise? I'll drag 'em into this Room, my Lady will be with you in a Moment.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Arth.* Very good, I'll swear I think long to storm this Chimney.— Oh! here comes the Lady, now for my Court and Complements.

*Enter Aurelia.*

*Aur.* Sir *Arthur*, the World would talk very oddly of this Visit of yours, should

should it once come to the Ears of the Publick.

*Sir Arth.* It never can, nor ever shall be publick,

No Madam,

I vow, and swear, promise, and protest,

I Love you even to Despair and Death,

And shall be secret as the gloom of Night.

Ah, Madam! the Superabundant, and

Abounding Beauty, and OEconomy of

your Face, have transported my Soul

to an excess of Passion, and to a passio-

nate Excess of Love!

*Aur.* Monstrous!

[*Aside.*

*Sir Arth.* And Madam! as I hope to

be enfolded in those tender Arms!

prest to that pretty heaving Snowy

Breast; I must descend, and dye beneath

your Feet, unless your Pity rescue me

from Death.

*Aur.* Was ever seen such an old doa-

ting Idiot! Your intolerable Folly

[*Aside.*

I do pity indeed, *Sir Arthur.*

*Sir*



*Sir Arth.* O Lord! nay 'tis I have most reason to cry O Lord! What shall I do, which way shall I run?

*Aur.* What will become of me?

*Sir Arth.* I shall be cut to pieces, made minced Meat of.

*Fen.* Some envious Devil has betray'd you to the Captain, up Stairs he comes yonder with a Thousand Followers on Horse-back, I think. Guns, Swords, Muskets, Pistols, Blunderbuffes and Carbines. He storms like a Mad-man, and cries, Revenge! Revenge!

*Sir Arth.* Ah Lord help me! now would I willingly part with my Nose, or my Ears, nay, a Leg or an Arm he should freely have, so he would spare my Life.

[*Noise within.*

*Deb.* Blood! Blood! I'll have his Blood!

*Sir Arth.* I told you so!

*Deb.* His Blood!

*Sir Arth.* My Blood, nothing but my Blood!

*Fen.*

*Jen.* Come into this Room, I'll hide you if I can.

*Sir Arth.* Thou art too kind!

[*Exit.*

*Enter Debonair, Courtly, Henry and Servants with Swords and Muskets.*

*Deb.* His Blood! his traiterous Blood!

*Court.* Where is he!

*Deb.* Ay, that curfed Dog that dares attempt my Honour, I'll find him if he lives upon the Earth; I'll have his Heart! his Blood! his very Soul!

*Enter Jenny.*

*Jen.* Who do you look for, Sir?

*Deb.* The Traytor that would rob me of my Honour.

*Aur.* How dare you suspect my Virtue?

*Deb.*

*Deb.* Have I not Reason! but I'll know the Villain. O Blood and Death! you will assist me, Friend?

*Court.* Sir, we dare strike, if it were a *Hercules* had injured you.

*Deb.* I know you dare, come this way then and search for him; not all his Strength, nor Prayers, nor Tears shall save him, till he weeps Tears of Blood.

*Court.* Go on, we'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

SCENE changes to another Room.

*Enter Sir Arthur Naked.*

*Sir Arth.* Where shall I hide, or which way shall I run?

[*Puts on the Swoot-Sack.*]

*They*

*They all Re-enter.*

*Deb.* Search every where! pull down the Wainscot Hangings, any thing; Sirrah be ready to discharge your Musket.

*Har.* Yes, Sir, I'll shoot him through the Head at once.

*Sir Arth.* The Head! Oh, ho, ho!

*Deb.* What Sack is that stands there?

*Har.* I'll shoot the Sack, Sir.

*Sir Arth.* O Lord! Oh, oh, oh!

*Deb.* I say, what is in that Sack?

*Fen.* Swoot, Sir, only Swoot; old *Smut* has been sweeping your Chimney, and left the Sack for his Man to carry away.

*Deb.* The Chimney! Sirrah open the Chimney-Board; I'll unkennel him, I'll warrant ye; give me the Musket.

*Sir Arth.* Forgive me my Sins——  
and——

*Deb.* Have at you.

[*Discharges the Musket, Sir Anthony falls down in the Sack.*

Sir

*Sir Arth.* I am a dead Man!

*Wom.* Ah, ah, ah!

*Deb.* What, is the Swoot alive? Open the Sack.

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*[Pulls him out of the Sack.]*

*Deb.* Who are you, I say?

*Sir Arth.* I am, I——a dead Man!

*Deb.* Who are you!

*Sir Arth.* I! I! I! O Lord! Oh!

*Deb.* Knock him down.

*Sir Arth.* Oh! All I have for my Life!

*Deb.* Bring him before me.

*Sir Arth.* Oh! save my Life!

*Deb.* Who are you?

*Sir Arth.* I am——Sir *Arthur Addle-*  
*pate!*

*Deb.* And dare you thus attempt to wound my Honour?

*Sir Arth.* I do repent me.

*Deb.* My Wife! My Reputation!

*Sir Arth.* Indeed I was to blame.

*Deb.* Your Life wou'd be a Recompence too small, but I despise it in so  
base

base a Way as Murder. Stand up and bravely meet me as a Man; give him a Sword.

*Sir Arth.* No, no, any thing but fight, I can't fight.

*Deb.* This one Thing then; but if you dare deny me!

*Sir Arth.* No, no, no, I dare not.

*Deb.* I have a Friend, whom I wou'd serve to Death, you have a Daughter too.

*Sir Arth.* I have indeed.

*Deb.* He long has loved her.

*Sir Arth.* With all my Heart.

*Deb.* Why? let him wed her then, by your Consent.

*Sir Arth.* Ay, let him, let him.

*Deb.* Go and conduct her hither.

[*Exit Courtly.*

On this Condition you have your Life. Sign first this Obligation, which puts your Daughter and Mr. *Courtly* joyntly into Possession of half your Estate at their Day of Marriage, and the other half at your Decease.

Sir

*Sir Arth.* I'll Sign it in a Moment,  
with all my Soul.

*Deb.* Do then, to the use aforesaid.

*Sir Arth.* Ay, ay, the Pen and Ink.  
[*Writes.*

*Deb.* Come, witness it, and then let's  
all be Friends.

*Sir Arth.* Ay, the sooner the better.

*Courtly Enters, and Olivia, Philip  
with the old Man's Cloaths.*

*Phil.* Sir, I have brought your  
Cloaths, I heard you were discover'd,  
and would not have you go home naked.

*Sir Arth.* Ah, Boy, put 'em on, help  
me on with 'em, and a plague of Dis-  
guises for me.

*Deb.* Come, my Friend, the first  
Present is your Estate, the next,  
your Wife you will have from *Sir Ar-  
thur*. And now let's celebrate in Mirth  
the happy Day that gives to constant  
Lovers all they can wish to make 'em  
happy.

*Phil.*

*Love in a Sack.*

*Phil.* Now, Sir, I hope you will not forget how much I have been your humble Servant.

*Court.* No, *Philip*, take Mrs. *Fenny* for better for worse, since you have both been instrumental alike, and I'll make her Fortune able, with Industry, to make you as happy as my self.

*Phil.* and *Fenny*. We both beg leave to thank you, Sir.

*Court.* and *Oliv.* And we your Blessing, Sir.

[*Kneel on each side Sir Arthur.*

*Sir Arth.* Ay, you shall have it; but this I must desire you, for your own sakes as well as mine, to forget and conceal this Night's Extravagance in me; for I see by sad Experience,

*When Age and Avarice is to Love inclin'd,  
In all they attempt, they Disappointments find:*

D.

*Unable*

*Love in a Sack.*

*Unable to possess, they toil in vain,  
 Losing the essential Pleasures in the  
 Pain;  
 But to the Extream of Bliss they tasted  
 are,  
 When thus united in the Young and  
 Fair.*

[Joyning their Hands.

[Exeunt omnes.]

F I N I S.