

THE
SMUGGLERS.

A
FARCE
OF
THREE ACTS.

As it is Acted

BY THE
Company of Comedians

AT THE
New Theatre in the *Hay-Market*.

By Mr. *ODELL*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN CLARKE at the *Bible* under
the *Royal-Exchange Cornhill*. MDCCLXXIX.

Price 1s.



T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

George Doddington, *Esq;*

One of the Lords Commissioners of
His Majesty's Treasury.

S I R,



Am truly sensible that to dedicate a Performance of so mean a Character, as Farce, to a Person of Your Rank, elegant Taste, and even of such admir'd Skill in the sublimer Species of Poetry, Is a Liberty too liable to Censure: However, when I reflect that it was meant for Publick Benefit, and that under Your Patronage it may indeed have its intended Usefulness, I am encouraged to hope that a Gen-

DEDICATION.

tleman of Your known Candour will pardon me this Freedom.

The unhappy Occasions there have been to charge with high Duties the several Articles of Trade, would have been less burthensome, had those Duties been equally paid; but whilst the fair Trader has the Mortification to see himself underfold in all Markets, Trade must consequently Decay, and the Revenue be diminished.

The *Hampshire* Smugglers detected about two Years ago, gave me the occasion of writing the following Farce, in order to expose, as far as I was able, Practices so very pernicious to the Publick.

Those Smugglers had contracted to pay to the Custom-House Officers in a certain Port, in that County, a certain Rate *per Cent.* for the Liberty of running their Goods; they had Juries always at their Devotion on certain Conditions, and an Attorney likewise, who undertook to conceal their Estates under

der

DEDICATION.

der sham Conveyances from the Inquisition of the Law: But the Removal of those corrupt Officers, an Extent secretly sent down, and an Inquisition held suddenly upon it, unravelled the whole Mystery of Iniquity, and brought those Offenders to Justice.

Sir, The good Ends proposed in writing this Farce, (being I fear all the Merit it has to plead) will yet I hope insure me your Honour's Forgiveness, at a Time when such strict Measures are taken by the Commissioners of the Customs, directed by your Lordships of the Treasury, to prevent those very Evils I have endeavoured to expose. I beg leave with greatest Devotion to profess my self,

S I R,

Your Honour's

most Dutiful,

and most Obedient,

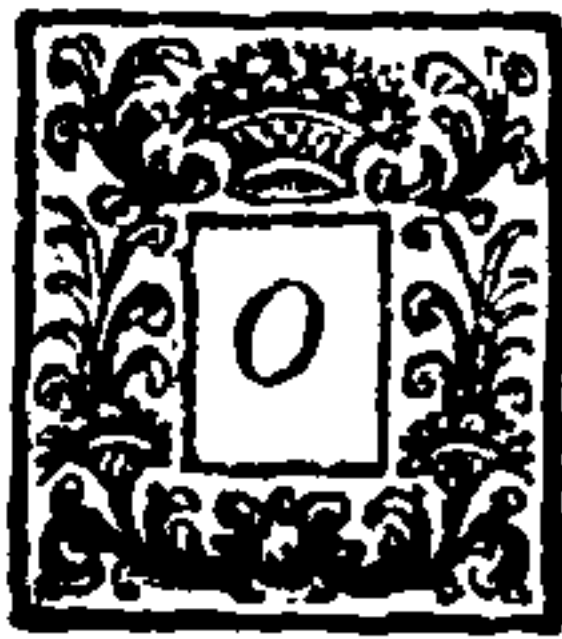
Humble Servant,

THOMAS ODELL.



THE
PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. G I L L O W.



*FT has the Muse exerted all her Rage,
To raise to Greatness each degenerate
Age;
Drawn Virtue fair, with each at-
tracting Grace,
And Vice expos'd, with its forbidding Face,
And whilst by various Ways secur'd of Fame,
Some perfect Moral was her constant Aim.
Who sees a tragick Scene, the Wrongs disclose
Of real Worth, but swells with real Woes,
Or joins not comick Wit at their Expence,
To laugh the vicious Coxcombs into Sense.
Our Author bids me say the Scenes to Night
Contain Instruction, and he hopes Delight;
That Farce with Opera Ingredients join'd,
Compose a Med'cine for the sickly Mind,
To throw off vicious Humours, and restore
A conscious Habit to relapse no more.*

Fair

PROLOGUE.

*Fair Traders here may laugh, tho times are hard,
To see the Smugglers meet their just Reward;
And hence the guilty Smuggler may reform,
And from Examples seek to shun the Storm.
Here may Attendants who to Levcc's run,
And wait Preferment, see the Business done
By Craft, or Chance, for Pleasure, or Expence,
And not for Merit, or superior Sense.
Cou'd Statesmen too be false or play the fool,
You see they'd bear the lash of Ridicule:
But they, good Men, all Honest are by Place,
Priests all are pious, ev'ry Duke has Grace,
And ev'ry Lady wears a most bewitching Face.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Vulcan</i> , once a Blacksmith, now a Smuggler, a noisy illiterate Fellow, Partner with <i>Bung</i> and <i>Crabb</i> .	} by Mr. <i>Hulet</i> .
<i>Bung</i> , once a Brewer's Servant, now a Smuggler, a sly cunning Fellow, Partner with <i>Vulcan</i> and <i>Crabb</i> .	
<i>Crabb</i> , once a Crab-Catcher, now a Smuggler, a noisy impudent Fellow, Partner with <i>Vulcan</i> and <i>Bung</i> .	
<i>Conscience</i> , a Lawyer.	Mr. <i>Gillow</i> .
<i>Oats</i> , Book-Keeper to the Smugglers.	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Pigg</i> , <i>Couch</i> and <i>Alspike</i> , Masters of three Smuggling Vessels, turned Informers, not being paid.	} Mr. <i>Watben</i> . Mr. <i>Hill</i> . Mr. <i>Downs</i> .
<i>Snack</i> , a Custom-House Officer, in League with the Smugglers, a Pretender to Mrs. <i>Susan</i> .	
<i>Trusty</i> , an honest Custom-House Officer, in Love with Mrs. <i>Susan Vulcan</i> .	
<i>Rapp</i> and <i>Hearsay</i> , Servants to the Smugglers.	} Mr. <i>Machen</i> . Mr. <i>Hicks</i> .
<i>Bluet</i> , A Farmer.	
<i>Verdiſt</i> , Foreman of the Jury.	Mr. <i>Dove</i> . Mr. <i>Taylor</i> .

W O M E N.

Mrs. <i>Vulcan</i> , a Virago Wise to <i>Vulcan</i> .	} by Mrs. <i>Thomas</i> . Mrs. <i>Purden</i> .
Mrs. <i>Susan</i> , Daughter to <i>Vulcan</i> , in Love with <i>Trusty</i> .	
<i>Peg Ambler</i> , Mistress to <i>Vulcan</i> .	Mrs. <i>Carter</i> .
<i>Bess Blouse</i> , Mistress to <i>Bung</i> .	Mrs. <i>Palmer</i> .
<i>Moll Titup</i> , Mistress to <i>Crab</i> .	Mrs. <i>Jones</i> .

With Jury-Men, Constable, Drawer, and other Attendants.



THE
SMUGGLERS, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Stokes-bay,*

Discovers a vessel lying off at Sea, and Rap and Hearsay rolling some Casks over the Stage.

Enter Oats and Alspike, with each a Gun.

Oats.  RE these all, Master *Alspike*?

Alspike. Aal, aal, Zur, except vaur ha'f Anchors in the Boat; Mefs, we ha' made haft, Maester

Oats.

Oats. Yes, faith, I wish they were as hasty to pay us; but they'll be slow enough there, I must tell you.

B

Alspike.

Alspike. Slow, zay' ee? aye, pox rat 'm, I ha' vound it zooa, I'm shoure; not that I'll be put off zooa any longer: for tho' ff they cheat the King, nooa matter, he can avord it; they shan't think to defraud me o' my Wages.

Oats. No, faith, no reason they shou'd.

Alspike. Mefs, I wish I had n't let 'm run zooa var i' my Debt; vor vair Words an' voine Promises are aal I've got these zix Vaiages.

Oats. I'm worse off yet, but we must worry 'em, Master *Alspike*; for they ne'er think o' paying Folks: they call us their Slaves, and expect to find us such, but that shan't serve their turns; shall they get their Hundreds every Week, an' not pay their Servants? Here's *Vulcan*, t'other day a Blacksmith, an' now a Merchant with a pox, builds a fine House, an' keeps a Wench; she won't trust, let him see if *Peg Ambler* will trust him. *Bung* too, lately a Brewer's Servant, a sly cunning Villain, now thinks to cheat all the World, he keeps his Wench too; and so does *Crabb*, the *quondam* Crab-catcher, that's gone to *Pool* to stand for Parliament-man, with a pox.

Alspike. Mefs, he zaiies, an' he gets it too, he'l maak a new Laa to burn aal the old ones.

Oats. Faith, he need not trouble himself; there's *Conscience* the Lawyer can find ways to creep thro' em fast enough. Hark! (*a Gun fires off at a distance*) there's a Warning-piece gone off.

Enter Vulcan and Mrs. Vulcan, with each a Gun.

Vulcan. So, Lads, how cheer? Is all loaded an' sent off.

Oats. All, all, Sir.

Mrs. Vulcan. Come, Boys, stand to your Arms then; an' they miss the Goods, I don't matter 'm, we'l pepper the Rogues.

Vulcan.

Vulcan. Aye, Wench, we'l maul 'em ; this is that Dog *Trusty*, I warrant : *Alspike*, get you o' Board, that the Ship be not condemn'd ; an' they see nothing, they can scize nothing. [*Exit Alspike.*] Mark ! (*another Gun fires nearer*) They're at hand ; come Back to Back, (*they stand triangular*) So, now we're prepar'd for 'em.

Mrs. Vulcan. Aye, Dear, so we are, (*as they stand, Oats and Mrs. Vulcan kiss.*)

Vulcan. Wife, be sure you don't flinch now ; I'l answer for the rest.

Mrs. Vulcan. Oh, ne'er fear me, (*kissing*) only take care, Husband, to look out sharp, that we be not surpriz'd, (*kissing Oats again*) I thought I heard something then, (*kissing.*)

Vulcan. So I thought too, Wife. What's that rustles now ? (*half turning, whilst Oats and she continue kissing.*)

Mrs. Vulcan. Oh, nothing o' this side, Husband ; look strait afore ye, that's your Post, Dear, (*kissing.*)

Enter Snack.

Snack. So ! have I catch'd you at it ? You're smuggling, I'm sure.

Mrs. Vulcan. Advance your Firelocks ! stand, who be ye ?

Snack. One you did n't look for, I'll be sworn : but who are you, pray ?

Mrs. Vulcan. This shall satisfy ye, (*presenting.*)

Snack. Oh, Friends I see ; hold, Madam, you won't shoot a Friend, I hope.

Mrs. Vulcan. No, but 'twas well ye spoke, (*setting down her Gun*) I had shot ye else. Yes, *Snack*, we're your best Friends, I believe ; for we ha' been hard at work for ye.

Snack. I don't question't, Madam ; I'm beholden t'ye.

Vulcan. Aye, *Snack*, so I think ; but what's the reason you can't keep your Bed o' Nights ? So well as you're paid for sleeping, I shou'd think you've no occasion to crawl about at such an Hour as this, I must tell ye.

Mrs. Vulcan. No, *Snack*, your Business is to sleep in a whole Skin, an' not overlook your Friends thus, an' make 'em suspect ye ; you shall ha' four Pounds o' Hoghead to interrupt one, an' be hang'd t'ye, (*winking at Snack.*)

Snack. I beg pardon, Madam, I had no design to interrupt you, I'm sure, (*to Mrs. Vulcan*) and for the Merchant an' his Partners, they're compris'd i' the Treaty ; but I might look out for Interlopers, I hope ?

Vulcan. Aye sure ; Had ye any Information, Mr. *Snack* ?

Snack. *Trusty* had, Sir, an' was coming hither ; but I pretending to an Information of Goods to be run at *Hellhead*, sent him thither, where I'm satisfied he'll meet nothing, an' came hither myself, lest he should ; that had been a Surprize, Madam.

Mrs. Vulcan. An' so was this too, I must tell ye, (*aside to Snack*) but I'm glad its no worse.

Vulcan. Aye, Wench, so am I too : Rot that Son of a Devil ; is there no way o' bringing him into Contract, Mr. *Snack* ?

Snack. No, Sir, you'll ne'er corrupt him ; if he does not some time or other detect us, 'twill be well.

Vulcan. Dam' him, he shall die first ; there never was a Sett of such honest Officers in this Port as now ; an' rather than any of 'em shall suffer by such a Toad as he is, I'll butcher him myself, tho' I'm hang'd for him. What ! he is n't the first Officer we ha' remov'd.

Snack.

Snack. Sir, we're much oblig'd t'ye, but hope there will not be occasion to give us such a bloody Proof o' your Friendship.

Vulcan. No, Sir, I hope not; but hark ye, *(whispering)* if things shou'd grow desperate, why — *(whispering again)* we have a desperate Cure for 'em. Mind that——

Snack. I do, Sir; but should regret his Destruction, notwithstanding he's my Rival.

Vulcan. He your Rival, *Snack!* no, no, I know better things than to marry my Daughter to him; a Scoundrel, who makes it his whole Study to interrupt our Trade, and has no other Views of rising than by the Ruin of the Merchants in this Port. No, I'd sooner follow my Wench to the Gallows than wed her to him. She's thine, *Snack*, I assure thee, or none o' mine, she shall find.

Snack. She's your's, Sir, by all the Ties of Nature an' Obedience, but by Inclination my Rival's; for she certainly loves *Trusty*.

Vulcan. She loves! Ha! ha! ha! we shan't mind that; one good Whipping-bout will set her right there; her Mother shall chastise her.

Mrs. Vulcan. Aye, aye, let me alone; I'll take her down, I will so; not but my young Mistress begins to take upon her, I must tell ye: Why, t'other day, she was so saucy to say, that poor Peoples Children, honestly educated, were better provided for than those that inherited large Fortunes dishonestly gotten; for such wou'd never prosper: Gad, I lent her such a Spat, she'll remember it one while, I warrant her.

Snack. 'Twas pity you struck her, Madam; *Mrs. Susan* is now too big to be corrected in such a manner.

Vulcan. Not at all, Sir, an' she's so childish; shew me any great Estate that was honestly gotten: She knows nothing o' the World, poor foolish
Wench.

Wench. Will ye dine wi' me to-day, Mr. *Snack*?

Snack. No, Sir, I thank 'ee, perhaps I may just steal to see Mrs. *Susan*, else my Attendance on *Trusty*: will be necessary to keep him from making you a Visit.

Vulcan. Oh, no matter; we have the Permits ready to cover the Goods. We shall be merry, Sir.

Snack. I had rather be excus'd, being your Guest, Sir, may make *Trusty* suspect me, an' then I shan't be able to serve you with him. Your Servant. [*Exit Snack.*]

Vulcan. An honest considerate Fellow this, I shall be happy in such a Son i' Law. *Oats*, get you away, an' see the Goods put i' the Storehouse, (*Oats going.*) An' hark ye! Tell Brother *Bung* we come. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E changes to *Vulcan's* House.

Enter Pigg and Couch.

Pigg. Bad Weather, say 'ee? Aye, Mefs, we had bad Weather. I thought last Sunday 'twou'd ha' blow'd the Devil's Head off; an' we'd been o' the Leeihore, we'd ne'er swung in a Hammock agen. When d'ye sail, Brother?

Couch. To-day an' they give me the Cokets, an' pay me; but, Mefs, I'll not budge without Money.

Pigg. No, you're to blame if you do; Mefs, I'll not truit 'em any more I can tell ye; they pay no body, I find.

Couch. No, rot 'em, they think damning a Man i'n't enough, except they starve him too; there's *Buck* turn'd off an' abus'd, only because he ask'd for his own.

Pigg.

Pigg. Mef, but they pay'd him first, I hope?

Couch. Yes, with a good Stick an' ye will; but the Devil a Penny they gave him. But mum.

Enter Bung.

Both. Master *Bung*, your Servant.

Bung. How is't, Lads.

Both. Heart-whole, thank'ee, Sir.

Bung. Is Brother *Vulcan* come home yet?

Pigg. No, Sir; but they expect him soon, they say.

Bung. That's well; *Couch*, we ha' given the Hovering-bonds for ye to the Custom-house; *Oats* will give you your Cokets: so get out to Sea wi' this Tyde, and be sure to reach *Brown-down* this Evening; we shall expect ye there by nine.

Couch. Master, ne'er fear but I'll meet ye; but I must desire you to let a body have a little Money wi' ye, for I can't sail else; I shall be 'rested to-day for sixteen Pounds an' I don't pay it.

Bung. Ha! ha! ha! arrested, Man! what in fear of the Law that live by breaking it. No, no, Slave, get out to Sea; you're safe enough there.

Couch. I know that, Merchant; but the thing is how to get out? for I tell ye again, I shall be 'rested an' I don't pay the Money.

Bung. And I tell ye again, I'll not pay you this time; an' if you're at a loss how to get out, I'll teach ye; I'll drive ye out, Slave, (*shaking his Cane*) Dog, d'ye mutter? [*Exit Couch muttering*] Saucy Scoundrel. (*Turning to Pigg*) Well, *Pigg*, I'm glad you're come in safe, however: You had bad Weather?

Pigg. Aye, Master *Bung*, bad enough of all Conscience; had some Fo'ks been wi' us, they'd ha' been sadly frightened, the Sea run Mountains high, as the saying is, and the Wind sung an' whistled

whistled mainly i' the Shrouds; but what then, we drunk an' roar'd between Decks. we rid it out, and got in safe, you see.

Bung. I'm glad on't. Well——did ye land the Gentlemen safe at *Cherburg* in *Normandy*, Brother *Crabb* put o' Board ye?

Pigg. Yes, Sir, that I did.

Bung. That's well: Here's a Present of ten Guineas, which Lord *Frightful* left for ye. Brother *Crabb* order'd me to give it ye (*giving him Money*) being gone to *Pool*.

Pigg. I thank his Lordship, they're 'orave merry Fo'ks; we were main jolly o' Board.

Bung. They're going on a good Design; they're for our (*whispers*)——King; they'll bring him in too, I hope.

Pigg. Aye, Mefs, I hope so; we drank's Health o' Board, till we scarce knew Stem from Stern; they'll stick at nothing to bring him in, I find.

Bung. No, the Cause requires it; an' those that are undone will stick at nothing to make 'emselves whole again: But we Smugglers are his best Friends, we don't ruin ourselves by running a'ter one that can hardly maintain himself; but stay at home and defraud the Publick of that Revenue which wou'd otherwise be employ'd to his disadvantage; and as by such means we get Estates that in a lucky moment may be useful to him; so, however that may happen, they'll in time put us above the Fear o' the Law, the Trouble of keeping our Words, and paying our Debts, an' yet secure us a good Chance o' dying in our Beds too.

Pigg. Mefs, Sir, you say all in three Words; but pray, before you climb so high, let one have a little Money wi' ye; for I can't trust any longer.

I

Bung.

Bung. Faith but you must, *Pigg*; I'm plaguely out o' Cash at present: We ha' just paid the Officers their Contract Money. They won't trust.

Pigg. Mefs, then they go Snacks, do they?

Bung. Four Pounds in a Hoghead they have on Claret, and the same in proportion for other Commodities; a great Load on us fair Traders! But we must sacrifice to *Mammon*, the Dogs wou'd be troublesome else.

Pigg. It's well I think, Sir, that ye can muzzle 'em at any rate.

Bung. I think so too, *Pigg*; but there's that Dog *Trusty* won't come to Collar; the Hound hunts close too: but his Brethren, to do 'em justice, always give him a wrong Scent. Let *Oats* make up your Account, an' once in a Fortnight we'll help you to some Money, or at least give you a Bill on Merchant ——— in *London*: Tho' I think we ha' pretty well drain'd all our Friends there a'ready. (*Aside.*)

Pigg. I thank 'ee; Master *Bung*, your Servant. (*Going.*)

Bung. I'll go with ye, and see if *Oats* has given *Couch* his Cokets, an' order him to take up the Hovering-bond given for you. [*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE continues.

Enter Vulcan, Mrs. Vulcan, an' Mrs. Susan.

Vulcan. Why ho' now, Wench? I hear a sad Charrecter of ye.

Mrs. Susan. Sir, I'm sorry I'm misrepresented t' ye; I an't conscious of having disoblig'd you.

Vulcan. No? Why you're in love wi' my greatest Enemy it seems, wi' *Trusty*.

Mrs. Susan. Sir, one's Inclinations are involuntary; not that ever I made any such Discovery.—

Mrs. Vulcan. D'ye hear the Slut? She's at her Replicates agen; you wou'd have her learn to read, and see what's come on't now: Lard ha' mercy, I wonder where she picks up all this Stuff, she ne'er learnt it from us I'm sure. I'll pull your Head off, Hussy, an' ye prate so nonsensically.

Mrs. Susan. Good Madam, pray how have I offended ye?

Mrs. Vulcan. D'ye hear the Saucebox? I'll teach ye, Hussy. (*Going to strike.*)

Vulcan. (*Going between 'em*) Hold, Wife, leave us, an' see all things provided for our Friends against they come; I'll take my Wench to task, you're too hot, I find.

Mrs. Vulcan. Too hot, a Brazen! You'll find it high time to be hot; she must be taken down, or—— [*Exit Mrs. Vulcan.*]

Mrs. Susan. Sir, I'm sorry my Mother is so angry; I'll never disoblige either of you by any Inclinations of mine: Tho' I cou'd be glad, if ever I should marry, it might be with such an honest Man as *Trusty*.

Vulcan. An honest Man! Fool! silly Wretch! she'd have an honest Man for her Husband, of all things. You have a sweet Notion of Mankind, truly. Show me an honest Man, as Times go, that can maintain a Woman: No, no, the Expences of Life an't so easily acquir'd.

Mrs. Susan. Then pardon me, Sir, if I chuse to live single; I wou'd n't marry with a dishonest Man, if I knew it.

Vulcan. Degenerate Ass! Had I been o' your Opinion, you had n't shone i' your Silks thus, an' had the Plenty an' Attendance you have. An' wou'd ye have a Fellow that's bound Hand and Foot with Honour, and Honesty, and such like Nonsense? that can't step out o' the common Way to support ye, but must reduce ye in the Pleasures I now afford ye. Mrs.

Mrs. Susan. Honesty, Sir, is contented with little.

Vulcan. Honesty's a Fool, an' so are you, an' don't know what ye want.

Mrs. Susan. Then, Sir, I'm happy in my Innocence, an' shan't regret the Loss of any thing I don't know the Want of.

Vulcan. Egregious Fool! But hark ye: How came ye to think *Trusty* honest? because he seeks to ruin your Father? Ha!

Mrs. Susan. No; pardon me, Sir: but his Enemies will allow him to be incorruptibly honest; and shou'd even my Father offend, he wou'd, I dare say, execute the Duties of his Office, tho' in regard to me it wou'd be with reluctance.

Vulcan. Out, ye Goose; he wou'd needs have a plaguey regard to you, that could on any Consideration ruin your Father.

Mrs. Susan. I wou'd n't willingly believe my Father cou'd offend; but you know, Sir, he's sworn to the Duties of his Post.

Vulcan. Ha! ha! ha! sworn, ye Maukin! what the Fellow has taken a Custom-house Oath, I warrant; ha! ha! ha! An' has n't the Fool Sense enough to know what a Custom-house Oath is yet?

Mrs. Susan. Why 'tis an Oath, Sir; an' as he has taken it, he's bound to keep it.

Vulcan. Aye: Then he'll ne'er be able to keep you, I'm sure, nor himself neither. No, no, he's bound to break it, or starve. A Custom-house Oath, Child, is like a Nutshel, no coming at the Kernel without breaking it. In short, you've made the Fellow out such an Ideot, that if I had n't some regard to your Welfare, I'd say, 'twas fit ye shou'd go together.

Mrs. Susan. Sir, from other Reasons I should say so, but will never indulge a Thought of it without your Consent.

Vulcan. Forget it then, you'll ne'er ha' my Consent, - I promise you : A poor sorry Dog ! a Beggar ! a Wretch of such narrow Principles, that it is not in the Power of Fortune to make him rich. No, no, *Snack* has my Promise ; an' therefore I command ye to think of him for your Husband.

Mrs. Susan. (*Kneeling*) Pray forgive me, Sir, if I beg you'll recal that harsh Command ; *Snack* is of all Men my Aversion : Have some regard, I beseech you, to the Happiness of a Child that wou'd sooner die than disoblige ye.

Vulcan. Yes, yes, you can talk o' Duty very fluently, but pray see and reduce it to practice ; obey me in this, or look to't ; I'll never give you a Groat, no, nor my Blessing neither.

Mrs. Susan. Then, Sir, only wave this severe Command, an' suffer me to live single : I'll never marry any body else.

Vulcan. (*Spurning her*) Away, ye Fool, and obey, or look to't. (*Thrusts her out.*)

Enter Bung

Brother *Bung*, your Servant ; welcome to my new House.

Bung. Good morrow, Brother *Vulcan* ; much Joy t' ye ; *Chip* has built ye a brave Seat here. What Room call ye this ? a Hall.

Vulcan. Yes, so *Chip* tells me ; 'Squire *Freeman* has such a Hall. Here must be a long Table wi' Benches, and the Walls set out with Guns, Swords, Pikes, and Leather Buckets ; and in there (*pointing*) is a Parlour, a place to dine in, and drink and smoke, and so forth.

Bung.

Bung. I'ts too fine for that, Brother.

Vulcan. Is it? Then it shall be for the Women-folk; and that (*pointing*) is a 'Drawing-room, to retire to with a Friend; there must be a Cup-board and a Couch, Brother.

Bung. Ha! ha! ha! you're a Wag, Brother, I find. (*The Scene changes to a Study.*) But what Room call ye this?

Vulcan. O this is my Study, *Chip* has fill'd it full o' Tacks you see, (*pointing to the Shelves*) and I design to fill 'em wi' Books like our Parson's, Parson *Droll's*.

Bung. Brother, I can read, ye know; I may be helpful to you in Choice of a Library.

Vulcan. (*Falls to measuring the Shelves with his Cane*) Thank'ee, Brother, I won't trouble ye, 'tis n't so difficult to know how to finish one's Study.

Enter Conscience.

Both. Servant, Mr. *Conscience*.

Conscience. Gentlemen, your Servant: Much Joy t'ye, Mr. *Vulcan*.

Vulcan. Thank'ee, Lawyer: Have ye brought my Conveyance wi' ye?

Conscience. Here's your's, Sir; Mr. *Bung* had his last Week; and 'Squire *Crabb's* is ready for him.

Vulcan. (*Taking it*) That's well: Is it made sure, Sir?

Conscience. Yes, Merchant, as sure as Fate; an' harder to be discover'd than a lost Maidenhead.

Vulcan. Ha! ha! ha! Faith, Lawyer, that's not easily found, I must tell ye.

Conscience. (*Opening the Writing*) It runs in Trust to *John o' Nokes*, in Trust to *Tom o' Stiles*, an' so on to *Simon Gates*, to *William Post*, &c. to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding. In short,

short, it's so Trusted about, that the Devil, on Inquiry, wou'd ne'er suspect the right Owner to have any manner o' Claim to't.

Vulcan. That's right, (*taking and putting up the Writing*) Now shall I be 'Squire *Vulcan* o' *Berry-pond*, in spite o' the Devil.

Bung. Aye, Brother, we that get Estates contrary to the Law, are beholden to our Lawyer for making the Law a means to skreen us from the Clutches o' the Law.

Conscience. Aye, my dear Clients, let me draw your Conveyances, an' I care not o' this! (*snapping his Fingers*) who makes the Laws, I'll smell a Penalty as far as e'er a Rook i' the Kingdom shall Gunpowder.

Bung. I dare say you can, Lawyer; and this way o' concealing our Estates is but necessary to us.

Conscience. Oh, absolutely necessary to one's Birthright; a Man can't be said to ha' Liberty an' Property without it: any Part of his Fortune liable to Penalties, will always lay a Restraint on his Actions. Who but a Madman will think himself at liberty to defraud, or dethrone any King, unless his Property be secur'd? But such Concealments put ye on a foot with the Men o' *Kent*, where, if the Father's doom'd to the Bough, still the Son inherits the Plough.

Bung. True, Sir, there wou'd be no living for Smugglers and Conspirators without it: Why *Trusty* t'other day, a Son of a Dog seiz'd three thousand Gallons o' Brandy, tho' we had Permits to show for 'em, under pretence that *Wormtub* the Distiller run the Goods specified in them to a private Storehouse in *London*, an' sent only the Permits hither to cover the like Quantity we had run.

Vulcan. Aye faith, I know not how we shall come off there; I fear it is not in the Power of our Jury to save us: How say ye, Lawyer?

Conscience. Why, Sir, (*scratching his Head*) the Jury will do their part; had you any body to swear they brought the Goods, your own Servants will witness the receiving of 'em; and then we might cast the King.

Vulcan. Let me see, I believe Farmer *Bluet* wou'd do such a Job; he's i' the House, I'll send him t' ye, an' *Rap* an' *Hearsay* too. [*Exit Vulcan.*]

Conscience. *Bluet*'s a likely Man; but the Jury too must be made sensible o' their Interests in't.

Bung. Let 'm, Mr. *Conscience*, we leave 'em to you, make as good Terms as ye can, and we'll make good any thing you promise.

Enter Bluet, Rap, and Hearsay.

Bung. *Hearsay*, Have ye carried the Farmer the ha'f Anchor o' Brandy I order'd him?

Hearsay. What ha'f Anchor, Zur? I ne'er heard on't avore.

Bung. (*winking at Hearsay*) No, sure you did? I order'd you to carry him the ha'f Anchor that stands at the Stair-foot.

Hearsay. Oh, now I remember; I'll carry't him.

Bung. See ye do. What! I love all my Friends shou'd share i' my good Fortune.

Bluet. Thank'e, Zur, I voids yow dooa.

Conscience. Why that's right, an' then they'll readily serve you when you've occasion.

Bluet. Eaze thoure I wish it lay i' my Power to zarve the Merchant.

Conscience. (*aside to Bluet*) Why under the Rose, Farmer, it does; you might do the Merchant an' his Partners a great piece o' Service; but they're
fo

so plaguëy modest they don't care to trouble their Friends.

Bluet. What is't, Maester *Conscience*? I'll dooa't, *Bluet* will dooa't.

Conscience. (*aloud*) Why they have a Tryal coming on this Morning about three thousand Gallons o' Brandy seiz'd by *Trusty*; he pretends they receiv'd only the Permits (they show) from *London* without the Goods, with intent to cover the like Quantity they had run here: Now it's only to swear you brought those very Goods from *London*; that's all, Farmer.

Bluet. Is that aall? I'll dooa't; I'll swear I brought 'em. What! we must one stond by another, there will be nooa living else: I'll swear.

Bung. That's kind, (*shaking Hands*) I thank'ce, Farmer; I'll do as much for thee.

Bluet. I daen't question't, Zur; but somebody must swear to the receiving 'em.

Conscience. Aye, aye, here's *Rap* an' *Hearsay* will do that for their Masters, won't ye, Lads?

Both. Eaze, eaze, with aal our Zouls an' that be aal.

Conscience. Well said, I told ye so, Merchant; these are none o' your straitlac'a Fellows, (*stroking their Stomachs*) Here are good open Chests for ye, Liberty for *Conscience* to turn an' wind, an' serve a Friend too on occasion.

Bung. There is so, Lawyer; I find you understand Folks.

Conscience. Aye, let me alone; I ne'er chose a Friend that hasn't a happy Make; for *Conscience* as well as Courage depends on Constitution.

Bung. I believe so, you'll all get away to the Tryal to make good your Engagements?

All. We'll all be shoure to be there.

Conscience. I'll go too an' call upon *Ferdiet* the Foreman o' the Jury.

Bung. Look'ee, he has sav'd ye the Trouble; make as good Terms as ye can, an' we'll perform 'em. Come away, Lads, we'll leave 'em together.
 [Exeunt Bung, Bluet, Rap, and Hearsay.]

Enter Verdict.

Conscience. Ha! my old Friend, I was just coming to speak wi' ye (*Shaking Hands.*)

Verdict. Maester *Conscience*, upon the old Stoary, I zuppauses.

Conscience. Yes, indeed; you'll remember my Clients, I hope.

Verdict. Nooa, Zur, it's in vain to prefs me varther, or ony o' Bretheren; we're aal zooa zurfeitted wi' Parjury we can swallow nooa moor on't, it sticks by the Way, Zur.

Conscience. Phoo, is that all? We'll wash it down; it shan't stick by the Way.

Verdict. Nooa, Zur, we're aal sworn to dooa Justice; an' Right shall take place this toime, whatever come on't.

Conscience. Yes, an' fit a-dry, I warrant; consider, Friend, what a dreadful thing it is to be choak'd with Thirst.

Verdict. Oh, a dreadful thing, be shoure.

Conscience. Well, an' what's a little Perjury to a Deluge o' Wine? We'll give you large Draughts, my Friend.

Verdict. Eaze, eaze, you'll maak us aal drunk, an' zooa laay our Consciencees asleep while you carry an unjust Caese: but what then? why the next Morning the Heead aikes, the Conscience pricks, an' all one has vor it is cold Waeter, an' that chills the Blood, an' geeves one a Zurfeit.

Conscience. Well, but hear me: This is really a Case o' Conscience; you shall each of you have a Hogthead o' Wine sent you home, to drink

when ye please ; so that for an aking Head, I'll prescribe ye a Hair of the same Dog, and for a pricking Conscience a third Bottle ; they us'd to be Specificks : We'll take care too that cold Water shan't hurt ye.

Verdict. Well, but still my Conscience zaays I ought to dooa Justice.

Conscience. What still ? a'ter the Promise of a Hogshhead o' Wine ? a whole Hogshhead ? Let me tell ye, Sir, a Hogshhead's enough to drown a hundred Consciences ; yours too shall be better inform'd : I find it not enlighten'd enough to discern your own Interest. But pardon me, Friend, that I forget your Importance all this time as Foreman, you shall have a double Portion, a whole Pipe o' Wine ; so pray direct your Bretheren, tell 'em *Conscience* moves ye to it.

Verdict. Well, Zur, yow ha' a winning Waay wi' ye, that I must vallow your Councel an' I'm dam'd vor't. I'll gooa an' direct my Bretheren.

Conscience. Dear Friend, you'll oblige me. [*Exit Verdict.*]

Enter Bung and Vulcan.

Well, Clients, I've secur'd the Cause ; the Foreman speaks for the Jury, and the Witnesses I'm sure are stanch.

Both. We're glad o' that.

Bung. But what are the Terms, Mr. *Conscience* ?

Conscience. Why too high I faith, too high in all reason ; but rot me if I cou'd do it under : each Juryman's to have a Hogshhead o' Wine, an' the Foreman a Pipe.

Both. Oh, rot 'em, unconscionable Toads !

Vulcan. Aye, Brother, I knew the Time a Gallon wou'd ha' done. Damn'd Spunges ! they'll drink up the Ocean soon.

Bung.

Bung. Brother, we'll be up with them for't; when—the Job's done, it can't be undone again. Mind that pray.

Conscience. What then, Merchant?

Bung. Why then we'll not pay 'em; that's all, Sir.

Conscience. Not pay 'em! Did'nt I promise for ye? You may live to want 'em again too.

Vulcan. No faith, e'er we'll want such Rascals again, we'll pay Custom for the future.

Conscience. But consider, Gentlemen.

Both. We do, an' find it can't be afforded.

Conscience. Phoo, pox, don't tell me so; I know what your Wine costs ye; a meer Trifle.

Bung. A Trifle, Sir? It stands us in above sixteen Pounds a Hoghead.

Conscience. Suppose it does, is n't it worth your while to give two hundred Pounds, to save upwards of a thousand? But I know it does n't stand ye in above ha'f the Money.

Vulcan. No! but I say it stands us in all the Money: Why there's eight Pounds a Hoghead prime Cost, and four Pounds more the Officers, that's twelve Pounds; and one Pound Freight, and as much the Charge o' running; there's fourteen Pounds, and Perjury I'm sure never stood us in less than forty Shillings a Hoghead in this World: so that I tell ye it stands us in above sixteen Pounds a Hoghead; an' therefore we can't afford to stand to your Agreement.

Conscience. No, but faith ye shall, Sirs; or I'll blow ye: Shall I lose my Credit for such Scoundrels, and have the Bribes I promise question'd, in Subornation o' Perjury? No, no, I'll not hazard the Loss o' my Practice for none of ye, or have my Honour disputed.

Vulcan. Disputed! no that's a Point given up long ago; show me an honest Cause you was ever concern'd in, an' I'll give you my Ears.

Conscience. Ears, ye Brute! ye wou'd ha' said Horns. Durst ye dispose o' your Wife's Favours! I know ye, Sirrah.

Vulcan. Cuckold, I know you too, an' for such a Rogue, that it is n't in the Power o' your Wife to send ye to Heaven, not that she's wanting in her kind Endeavours neither: Scoundrel, an' it was n't for the Law, I'd break every Bone i' your Hide (*shaking his Cane.*)

Conscience. Dog, d'ye bully me? I'll punch more Holes i' your Skin than e'er you did in a Horseshoe (*laying's Hand to's Sword*)

Bung. Hold, I say, (*running betwixt 'em*) Will ye fall out, and let *Trusty* know o' the Goods we run, and the false Conveyances you make? Ha' done, I say, you that are brave enough to reflect on your Wives behind their Backs, or I'll send for 'em to part ye, with a Vengeance.

Conscience. Wives, said he? Did ye hear that, Merchant?

Vulcan. Yes faith, Brother *Bung* has reason too.

Conscience. Come, let's be Friends then? (*shaking Hands*) we shall get nothing by falling out.

Bung. Peace then, and the Conditions shall be thus; the Jury shall ha' the Wine as soon as we have it for 'em; but for the present we have it not.

Conscience. Nay, then you'll spoil all; we shall ha' the Foreman here soon to tell ye they ha' swallow'd the Bait, and went to drink after it. But who comes here?

Vulcan. Oh, it is *Snack* and my Daughter *Susan*; let's retire, Friends, I wou'd n't interrupt 'em.

Both. We'll follow ye. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Snack and Mrs. Susan.

Snack. Desist! *Mrs. Susan*, no, never: How is that consistent with my Love? You wou'd n't ask such unreasonable Terms o' my Rival; had he your Father's Consent, pray wherein are my Pretensions less than his?

Mrs. Susan. Less, Sir? No, believe me, they're much greater than *Trusty's*. You boast my Father's Promise, an' that's an Advantage he has no Hopes of.

Snack. (aside) Nor wou'd she be worth any body's having without her Father's Consent.

Mrs. Susan. I have his Commands too to forget *Trusty*, and think of you for my Husband, he'd be glad o' such Pretensions.

Snack. (aside) She us'd to be obedient; there's Hopes, I find. *(Aloud)* The Commands of a Parent, Madam, are sacred, an' your Obedience was always uniform: I hope you'll comply.

Mrs. Susan. If to be miserable wou'd please an incens'd Father, I wou'd chuse any Condition of being so alone, e'er I'd dishonour a State design'd for social Happiness, that will last, too, as long as one lives; but you shall find I'll suffer any thing rather than comply.

Snack. No, Madam? not with the Commands of a Father?

Mrs. Susan. No, Sir; since they are unreasonable, I'm not bound to obey: I shall pursue the Dictates of my own Reason, and leave the Issue to Providence. My Father may disown me for a Child: He tells me he will too; but that does not terrify me.

Snack. (aside) Ha! has he told her so? Then I'm easy, notwithstanding all these fine Flourishes; she'll comply, rather than be disinherited.
(Aloud)

(*Aloud*) I wou'd wave, Madam, the Commands of your Father, an' strive to merit your Affections.

Mrs. *Susan*. Wou'd ye, Mr. *Snack*? That's generous; then only drop your Suit too, an' I shall always esteem you my best Benefactor.

Snack. (*Aside*) But softly——I've got too fast hold of her to quit it. (*Aloud*) No, pardon me, Madam; I can't do that.

Mrs. *Susan*. Why not? I never can comply with it; and why will ye pursue me then with Misery? Will ye provoke my Father to turn me out o' Doors? Pray desist.

Snack. Mine then shall receive you. (*Aside*) Provided she brings his Blessing along with her.

Mrs. *Susan*. No, Sir, they never shall. Pray desist.

Snack. No, tho' hopeless, I'll still pursue ye. (*Aside*) Not that I shall despair neither. The old Fellow won't give her a Groat, unless she complies; and she's not Fool enough to troop without her Fortune.

Mrs. *Susan* (*kneeling*) On my Knees, Sir, I beg you'll desist.

Snack. An' on my Knees I beg too you'll not ask me. (*Kneeling*) Was you weary with standing, Madam?

Mrs. *Susan*. Monster, d'ye sport wi' my Misery? I'd sooner marry a Mountain Tyger than you. [*Exit.*]

Snack, solus. So wou'd n't I; those Mountaineers have n't the Wealth my Mistress will have. Poor Girl! she must comply, or be disinherited; an' as it is on my account, perhaps the Father may fancy me, and make me his Heir. But I'll pursue. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE continues.

(Bung and Conscience.)

Enter to them Verdict.

Conscience. Well, my dear Friend, how goes it?

Verdict. Aaal right, Zur, we've overdro'd the King.

Bung. That's well; a short Tryal, Sir?

Verdict. Eaze vaith, an' a clear Case too, a Stranger wou'd ha' thought; *Bluet, Rap,* an' *Hearsay* did Wonders; they swear'd zooa hard, we'd nothing to dooa but voind vor the 'Fendant.

Conscience. I said they'd honour the Cause. They shou'd each be remember'd with a Piece or two, (To Bung.)

Verdict. Aye shoure, they deserve it.

Bung. We that give are the best Judges of that; Mr. *Conscience* is too free, I must tell him.

Verdict. Is he zooa? May be the Woine he promis'd the Jury too, was too mich?

Bung. Why no, not absolutely so neither; but I'm sorry to say they must trust a little for't: we have n't so much by us at present.

Conscience. No, but you'll be sure to have it, Mr. *Verdict.*

Verdict. I don't believe it, Maester *Conscience*; they're never without zooa mich by 'em. I wish it was to dooa again; not that I matter it vor my own part; but it vexes me to think I shou'd persuade my innocent Brethren to parjure themselves vor 'm. They won't kear to trust, I must tell ye.

Bung. Good faith, but they must till we have it to give 'em: What! we can't make Wine for any body.

Verdict.

Verdict. Steal it then, an' be damn'd; ye maay as well steal the Woine as the Duty: I'm Voreman, and I'll speak vor the Jury; let us ha' the Woine, or look to't. Shall we be cram'd with valse Oaths, an' want Woine to wash 'em down? Nooa, nooa, you maay vall into our Hands ag'en; an' rot ye an' ever ye dooa, we'll gripe you vor't.

Bung. Do, do your worst, Puppy; we'll pay Custom for the future, an' it be but to have no more occasion for ye.

Verdict. You paay Custom! That will be a voine Joak indeed; nooa, nooa, you're zich Raugues, that if you cou'd zave Money by paaying Custom, you cou'd n't help running yower Goods. But we shall live to mind ye vor't. [*Exit Verdict.*]

Conscience. So, so, you've made a sweet Business o' this: Who the plague think ye will drudge on i' your dirty Work, without a Reward? But you're such Ideots, tho' the Wealth ye have rak'd together depends on the good Will o' your Friends to secure it t' ye, yet you're for insulting all Mankind, I see.

Bung. No, Lawyer, not so neither; but so much Wine's the Devil, 'tis too much of all Conscience, Sir.

Conscience. Your's that give may be *truly scrupulous*; but the Receiver's you'll find will readily *conform* to it. In short, every Man expects to enjoy the Temptation that seduc'd him: it is n't enough to hear o' Wine, but to drink it. No Man goes willingly to the Devil, without Hire: You're wrong, I must tell ye.

Bung. It may be so, Lawyer.

Conscience. Nay, it is so; there's more Mischief brewing too; an' at such a time to disgust your Friends!

Bung. Come, dear Lawyer; forgive me (*shaking Hands*) an' try to make it up with the Jury. Here's somewhat to do it withal, (*giving Money*) and the Wine shall be sent to-morrow morning without fail.

Conscience. Well, this is somewhat; all may chance to be mended yet: Won't you be with us?

Bung. No, Sir, I dine with Brother *Vulcan*.

Conscience. Nor i' the Evening? 'They'll fit the Money out.

Bung. I'm to meet the *Mary* at *Brown-down* this Evening; besides, you'll do't better without me.

Conscience. Nay, ne'er fear but I'll do it: I know my Men.

*Furies of old might listen to the Laws;
Coopt up like Capons, brooding o'er a Cause;
Be doom'd to fast, till they determin'd right;
Tho' Groats were all th' Advantage they had by't:
Now, grown more wise, their own Importance see,
And for the Side that pays 'em best, agree:
Good Wine, good Eating, Money too in Hand,
Are Bribes a modern Jury will command.*


[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Conscience solus.

 E L L, Honesty! what art thou? a Jewel, they say, o' great Price; the Reason, perhaps, so few are able to purchase it. But why a Jewel! because ornamental only, neither affording Warmth or Nourishment

to the Body ; a meer Sign, I find : Gad, I'll hang it up at my Door ; but then People will mistake the House ; an' to bring it in, wou'd ruin my Practice. Then hey ! pals, an' be gone, thou Bane o' Business. Faith, I think it's happy that Honesty is'nt reduc'd to Practice at this time ; for such an Innovation wou'd strangely impoverish Mankind. Now am I going to wheedle an' corrupt a Jury, for the best reason i' the World too, because I get by't. So that, talk of Honesty as they will, its reverse will be found the means o' most Peoples Subsistence. (*Knocks.*)

The SCENE opens and discovers the Jury standing and smoking.

Gentlemen, your Servant ; what all standing ?

All. Yower Zarvant, Maester Conscience.

Conscience. Come, sit down, we'll drink together ; you ha' Pipes an' Tobacco, I see. (*Rings.*)

Verdict. Eaze, Zur, we maade bold to smoak a dry Pipe ; vor we cou'd n't tell whither we might drink or nooa.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Did ye caal ?

Conscience. Ayc, if ye can tell Noses, bring every Man his Bottle o' Claret in a Minute ; and d'ye hear, bring me ha'f a Pint o' Sack and a Toast. [*Exit Drawer.*]

Verdict. Good Master Conscience, why a dizzen Bottle at a toime ? it looks too kind vor Vo'ks that ha' been slighted zooa.

Conscience. Oh, every Man his Bottle, an' every Man his Bird too before we part. What ! I'll have all my Friends employ'd, I warrant. (*The Drawer hauls without, Twelve Bottle o' French Claret.*)

Claret for the Jury. Score at the Bar.) A good Hearing that, let me tell ye.

All. Eaze vaith, it zounds well.

Enter Drawer.

Conscience. Set down the Wine, an' leave us, Drawer. [*Exit Drawer.*] Come, Gentlemen, drink about, (*they drink*) the Wine's good, I hope.

Verdict. Eaze, Zur, they never give the Jury bad : But pray, Maester *Conscience*, what maade the Merchant vly out zooa i' now? We ha' done them good Zarvice

Conscience. So I think ; nay, and so does he too, I must tell ye : but other Matters run cross, which sower'd him a little.

Verdict. But what then? to bid the Jury trust! a thing never hir'd of! Trust is aalways out o' the Cate wi' zich as zel themselves to the Devil; vor as we're aall mortal, zooa a Man may chance to vaal empty-handed ; an' he's a Vool that pops off unpaay'd.

Conscience. Faith, I think so ; I always chuse to pay upon the nail ; but you'll be sure o' the Wine to morrow morning, I'll see it sent ye ; an' in the mean time ye shan't want, I promise ye.

All. That's main honest.

Verdict. Naay, Bretheren, I'll taak the Laayer's Word vor't ; he ne'er bau'ks his Vrinds o' their Bibles, I'll zaay that vor'n.

All. Come, the Laayer's Health, (*they drink*) without'n we'd zat a-dry.

Conscience. I thank'ee, Friends ; I'll drink your Healths. (*drinks*) Come, we're old Friends, an' therefore let me intreat ye, Gentlemen, not to take it ill the Wine is n't sent you, for they have a not by 'em ; and that it was put Mr. *Burg* out

o' Temper, good Man! he's the most uneasy Wretch living, when he has n't the means o' requiting his Friends; that was all, Gentlemen.

Verdict. Naay, Bretheren, like enough; I thought 'twas somewhat moor than ordinary vex'n, and maade'n vly out zooa.

Conscience. That was the thing, Gentlemen; he begs your pardon, and goes to *Brown-down* this Evening on purpose to import the Wine, that he may keep his Word wi' ye to-morrow morning.

All. That's hugeous well.

Verdict. Aye, Bretheren, he's honest i' the main.

Conscience. Oh, to a Fault, Gentlemen; 'tis even troublesome to him: Now do I know he'll ha' no rest, till he has done this thing; an' rather than be later than his time, I question whether he may slay to pay Custom: But no matter, ye know, amongst Friends.

All. Nooa, nooa, the Woine's ne'er the worse.

Conscience. True; but then, ye know, as some hazard may be run on your account, it will be but just in case any Misfortune attend him in't to stand by him an' it comes before ye.

Verdict. Faze shoure, we shall ne'er void vor the King that wou'd undoe us aal at wonce. Who'll venture to smuggle, except the Juries will stand by 'em.

Conscience. You're right, Mr. *Verdict.* (*Rings.*)

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Did ye caal?

Conscience. More Wine here. [*Exit Drawer.*] Gentlemen, I'm glad to find ye understand Matters so well; your Business will always be to find for the Defendant: for, let who will be King, we're always sure to be Subjects; and therefore are bound in Honour to stand one by another.

Verdict.

Verdict. It's dooing as wone wou'd be done by; an' that they us'd to caal honest.

Conscience. Oh, strictly honest; it's the Golden Rule, I'm sure. (*The Drawer bauls without—Twelves Bottles o' Claret more vor the Jury. Score at the Bar there.*)

Verdict. Hire! there's Musick vor ye; I aal-ways thought the Draawers maade the sweetest Mellody; an' it was n't vor that plaguey Tang at the last—*Score at the Bar*, I cou'd zit all day to hire 'm; but that zounds plaguey harsh.

Conscience. Well, Sir, but here's somewhat to soften it, (*flinging down Money*) There's ten Pieces for ye; so sit ye merry, an' let me find ye together, in case I want ye.

Verdict. Eaze, ne'er veer but we'll staay by't; we're all good Men an' true. [*Exit Conscience.*]

Enter Drawer with Wine.

Gentlemen, shan't we ha' zomewhat to eat?

All. Nooa, not out o' theese Money; we'll ha' 't aal in Woine.

Drawer. Gentlemen, there's Bacon an' Caele an' a Dish o' Vouls order'd vor ye; the Cloth is laay'd too in the Doining-room, an' please ye to walk in.

All. D'ye hear? This is somewhat like naw.

Verdict. Eaze vaith the Drawer speaks like an Angel; he speaks for the Jury: vaith he shall be Voreman. March on, my Boy, wi' the Woine, we'll vallow thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E changes to *Vulcan's House.*

Enter Trusty and Mrs. Susan.

Trusty. Come, lovely Charmer, dismiss those Fears; my Mind persuades me, we shall still be happy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Susan. I can't see how, Sir; my Father's so inflexible, an' your Diligence in your Office makes you every day more obnoxious to him.

Trusty. I must do my Duty, Madam, or be unworthy of you, let who will be the Offender; an' for the rest, I trust Providence. However, Lady, in the mean time sooth my Passion with a Promise of Marriage.

Mrs Susan. Don't ask a Promise, Sir; which (without my Father's Consent) I can't perform; I'll never marry any body else: Is n't that sufficient?

Trusty. Sufficient! yes, to bless the happiest Man. Such Worth, such Beauty is not given in vain; and as my lovely Fair-one will not be another's, so Love and Fortune both insure ye mine. Come to my Arms, my Heart! an' let us seal a mutual Contract, (*kissing*) nor I, my Love, will never marry but with thee, (*kissing again.*)

Enter Vulcan and Bung.

Vulcan. Ah! pox blister your Chops for ye; what kissing an' be damn'd? I warrant, Strum, that Fellow has a sweeter Breath than *Snack*: How say ye?

Mrs. Susan. Sir, I disown the Name.

Vulcan. Why how now, Mallepert? did n't ye hang about the Scoundrel? I saw ye.

Trusty. Sir, keep better Words i' your Mouth; I shou'd n't take that Name from any body but this Lady's Father: I've not deserv'd it from you neither.

Vulcan. So, so, I'm finely brought o' Bed here; my Lady Daughter disowns her Name then, an' for her sake only 'tis her Bully does n't beat her Father. I'll be even wi' ye for't.

Bung.

Bung. (*aside to Vulcan*) Brother, be advis'd ; I'd give *Trusty* hopes : you may bring him over by't. He loves your Daughter.

Vulcan. (*aside*) But *Snack* has my Promise.

Bung. Phoo, he's ours a'ready ; he'll not fly off.

Vulcan. Well, *Trusty*, Brother *Bung* has been a Advocate for ye ; what wou'd you do, to have my Consent to marry my Daughter ?

Trusty. Name any thing, Sir, consistent with Honesty, an' I'll do't.

Vulcan. (*shaking his Head*) Honesty ! This Fellow will be a Fool still, I find. (*Aloud*) Why come into a Contract with us Traders, sleep well o' Nights, sit still o' Days, hear nothing to our Disadvantage, nor see any thing we do ; an' we'll give you a certain Rate *per Cent.*—You understand me ?

Trusty. Yes, Sir, too well ; but hope those are n't your only Terms.

Vulcan. Yes they are, Sir ; what fault pray can you find wi' those Terms ? They'll raise your Fortune ; you'll get Money enough by 'em.

Trusty. At the Expence o' my Virtue, I find ; no, Sir, I reject your Terms.

Vulcan. Then, Sir, be pleas'd to take notice, I reject you ; an' the next time I see ye with my Daughter, I'll use you like a Scoundrel.

Trusty. You must ha' good help then ; but I'll not stay to exasperate ye. Mrs. *Susan*, farewell.
[*Exit Trusty.*]

Vulcan. For ever, ye Dog ! for ever ! Hussy, get you gone, an' study to obey me, or turn out o' Doors. No Reply : I can't stay to hear ye.
[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE continues.

A shrieking is heard behind the Scenes, and the Noise of Chairs overturn'd.

Enter Oats running, and Ambler following and beating him.

Ambler. Ye odious Devil! d'ye caal this Zing-ing to ravish me?

Oats. Hush, *Pegg*, dear *Ambler* be quiet; I'm i' most danger now, I think.

Ambler. Poison Tooad! to wheadle me into your Canting-house to learn a Zong, and—

Oats. What? prethec be quiet; what have I done t' ye?

Ambler. What! Impudence! daen't yow knaw what you've done?

Oats. Nothing new t' ye; my Master does the same thing every day.

Ambler. Well, an' he dooa, he has my Consent, I'm shoure.

Oats. Well, Child, now only suppose you'd consented to me, an' then tell me the defference.

Ambler. Is there nooa defference then betwixt yower Master an' yow? I thought I'd been Meat vor yower Master.

Oats. Yes, an' for me too, I must tell ye; my Master's a good Provider, an' expects we shou'd all fare alike.

Ambler. (*walking angrily*) To put one to the Squeak zooa.

Oats. (*following*) Only to try your Voice, Love. Open your Pipes a little; you sung too low before.

Enter Vulcan.

Vulcan. Hey! what's to be done here, you cry'd out so? (*to Ambler.*)

Ambler

Ambler. Did you hire me then, Zur?

Vulcan. Hear ye! I'd been deaf else.

Ambler. Why *Oats*, an odious Curr, zet the Tune zooa high, I was vorc't to squall out to reach it; that was aal, Zur.

Vulcan. Was that all? I thought he'd been rude t' ye.

Ambler. Nooa, hang him, he only put me to the Squeak, as I zaay'd.

Vulcan. *Oats*, you shou'd pitch it lower; you know her Compass well enough: but 'tis like your fooling, to skrew up her Pipes thus, and alarm the whole House.

Oats. Sir, 'twas her own fault; I didn't want her to squall out; she knows I pitch'd it low enough.

Ambler. Aye zooa he did, Zur; I need n't ha' cry'd out zooa: 'twas my own vau't indeed.

Vulcan. Can ye sing the Song, *Pegg*?

Ambler. Eaze, all, Zur.

Vulcan. An' the Tune too?

Oats. Oh, Sir, perfectly; she keeps time to a miracle.

Vulcan. Come into the Parlour then, and sing it us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Parlour in *Vulcan's* House,
Discovers the Smuglers, &c. dancing to a Pipe and Tabor; the Tune, Gillion o' Croydon: at the end o' which they kiss round, and then sit down.

Enter to them Vulcan and Ambler.

Vulcan. So, you've done dancing, I see: *Pegg* will sing us the Song that *Oats* ' Here's 'tis a Touch o' the Times, I can ' learnt her; *All.* Let's have it then, ' all ye.

F

Ambler.

Ambler. (sings)

I.

*The World's all a Cheat, and Business Deceit,
And Money now governs the Prince and the Slave;
Without it who's wise, without it who's great?
The Man that wants Money's a Fool and a Knave.
In Wealth lies our Worth, no matter for Birth,
All the Virtue, or Breeding, or Sense upon Earth;
Our Wealth makes us great, all Trade is Deceit,
And all, except Fools, have a hand i' the Cheat.*

II.

*What P—f—n wou'd read, or Barrister plead,
Or Doct'or profound e'er write Recipe,
Had not the good Sci—ces wisely agreed,
Their Meaning was Money, their Learning was Fee:
The P—f—n unpaid, wou'd leave off the Trade,
The Lawyer a Cause, as its Truth, wou'd evade;
The College a Member that visits unfeed,
Wou'd Bedlam prescribe him to clear up his Head.*

III.

*The Men that are just, the Girls that are true,
The Wives that are chaste, when depriv'd o' their
Duc,
Are Creatures, I own, I never was shown,
And shou'd be surpris'd to see Objects so new;
Who'd sooner be chaste than kindly embrac't,
Must either want Vigor or Passion to taste:
And who wou'd be just, when mourn it they must?
The World keeps 'em poor, and the Poor have no Trust.*

*All. Thank'ee, Pegg; a Touch o' the Times
truly.*

*Vulcan. Come, Brother Bung, Peggy's Health
i' ye. (drinks) Pray drink about, the Wine's good.*

*Bung. Aye, Brother, an' so is the Brandy;
's no Adultery i' the Liquor, whatever was
there committed on the Cask.*

Vulcan. Ha! ha! ha! for the Cask let the Women alone, they'll see the Duty paid there; but the Liquor's as good as ever was run.

Bung. True, no Liquor's perfectly neat that is n't run; the Duty makes it drink maukish.

Vulcan. Maukish! aye faith; I'd as soon kiss a Mouth full o' rotten Teeth as drink any Liquor that pays Custom.

Enter Oats with a Letter.

What's the News wi' you, *Oats*?

Oats. Sir, I've just receiv'd this Letter from your Correspondent at *Dartmouth*, Merchant *Bloodshed*.

(Mrs. Susan appears listening.)

Vulcan. What are the Contents?

Oats. It brings Advice, Sir, that the Traders in that Port have lately kill'd four Custom-house Officers.

All. Hurray! that's well: But how was't?

Mrs. Susan. *(aside)* Oh horrid!

Oats. They were fool-hardy, it seems, an' interrupted 'em in landing some Tea.

All. Were they so! audacious Villains! they're serv'd right.

Oats. It gives Advice too of a general Resolution taken by all the Smugglers in *Britain* to murder all Opposers.

All. That's highly necessary.

Oats. It exhorts you, if any are bold enough to molest you on this Coast, to follow so laudable an Example.

All. Aye sure, we'll not be wanting.

Mrs. Susan. *(aside)* Hideous Monsters!

Vulcan. This is good Advice; 'tis like my Friend *Bloodshed*: Here's one Son of a Dog shou'd be serv'd so. How say'ee, Brother?

Bung. Aye, *Trusty* you mean ; this wou'd be a fine Coast for Business an' that Dog was dispatch'd. But who'll do such a Job for us ?

Rap. Come, Maesters, I'll kill him ; I'll taake kear to do that vor ye.

Vulcan. Wou't thee, *Rap* ! Here's Earnest for thee, (*giving him Money*) when the Trick's done, expect more. Drink *Rap's* Health, Brother ; an honest Fellow, faith.

Bung. Yes faith, so I find. Here's thy Health, honest *Rap*, an' good Success to thee. (*drinks.*)

Mrs. Susan. (*aside*) I'll disappoint ye there, Villain !

Rap. Thank'ee, Maester ; I'll pledge ye an' 'twas in *Trusty's* Blood.

Vulcan. That's good, honest *Rap*——Here's Metal for ye, (*clapping his Back*) Now my Heart's at ease. Bus me, *Pegg.* (*kisses her.*)

Mrs. Susan. (*aside*) Oh, Heaven ! what a Father have I ! but I'll prevent the Murther. [*Exit.*]

Bung. Faith an' so's mine ; I'll pledge ye here, Brother, (*kissing Bloufe*) *Bess*, you kifs as sweet as a sucking Pig : Where d' ye hang out to-night ?

Vulcan. Where ! why at the Sign o' the *Red Rose* ; where d' ye think ? She has a brave fiery Face.

Bloufe. Well, Merchant, yow need n't taa'k ; vor yower Woife an' Wench be n't var behoind, thay look virey enow, let me tell ye.

Mrs. Vulcan. Why sure, Brazen ; there's some defference betwixt Wife an' Wench.

Bloufe. Acks yower Husband that ; he has try'd it.

Mrs. Vulcan. D' ye hear, *Vulcan* ? What say you ? Is there no defference ?

Vulcan. Yes faith, above twenty Years, I think.

Mrs. Vulcan. What then, you Villain ! I'm your Wife ; I'll teach you the defference.

Vulcan.

Vulcan. Faith you have, Wife! Aye, that's the defference; that thing call'd Wife spoils all: I lov'd you dearly before you was my Wife; you was a luscious Wench then, an' a luscious Wench is as sweet as a Sack-posslet; but, the Marriage-Grace said, is like stirring it with a Farding Candle, turns one's Stomack.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Vulcan. (to *Ambler*) I'll spoil your Sport, Strumpet; I'll show you the defference however; I'll claw your brazen Face for ye, (*beats her an' pulls off her Cap.*)

Ambler. (*pulls off Mrs. Vulcan's Cap, Vulcan parts 'em*) The Merchant told ye the defference, I thou't; an' I'd rather be his Wench only an' love him, than be his Woife an' vex'n as yow dooa.

Mrs. Vulcan. Oh ye Impudence! do you pretend to love him better than I do? I'll spoil your Love-Fit, I warrant. (*beats her again, Vulcan holds her Hands, and Ambler beats her*) Oh, you Devil! do you help her too! (*breaking from 'em*) I'll be reveng'd, ye Rogue, I will so. [*Exit Mrs. Vulcan, Oats follows.*]

Vulcan. Follow her, *Oats*, an' bring her into 'Temper, if possible; 'tis a cursed Shrew.

All. Yes, yes, *Oats* knows how to pacify her.

Vulcan. I hope so; she's a Devil: Well, Marriage is Damnation, besure. Who the plague in his seven Senses wou'd e'er be married?

Bung. No body; Marriage is design'd to bring People to their Senses.

Vulcan. Aye pox, an' to put 'em out o' their Senses too: In short, it's all Church-Conjuration, with this defference, that as other Conjuring has a Circle to keep the Devil out, so this has a Ring to hoop him in.

Bung. Come, Brother, don't rail thus at Marriage; I'm a married Man myself, thee know'st; an'

an' shou'd my old Woman pop off, may be *Bess* an' I shou'd have a mind to be one Flesh.

Vulcan. Aye pox, an' the Way to be so, is to be married; for I feel no defference now betwixt my Wife's Flesh an' my own.

Bung. Nor I neither wi' my Wife, tho' I can here. (*taking Blouse by the Hand*) Marriage, in short, like Mittins, is a strange Impediment to one's feeling.

Vulcan. I have my feeling here, Brother; come, *Peg*, I'll give thee a Plaister however, (*giving Money*) an' at Night I'll come an' lay it on too.

Ambler. Thank'ee, Zur; yow knaws how to maake me amends as well as *Oats* dooas yower Woife; vor I zuzpect thay have a vellow-feeling too.

Vulcan. No, hang her, I don't think so neither.

Enter Trusty.

What's the News wi' you? I thought I'd forbid you my House.

Trusty. Yes, Sir; but I have an Order from the Board to make you another Visit; the Commifioners are inform'd that you receive Feints only with your Permits, which you destroy when arriv'd, an' cover with those Permits the Brandy's you run. I've reason to suspect those Farmer *Henchman* brought last, an' am come to taste 'em.

Vulcan. You're damn'd suspicious, Sir; but come and taste 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Storehouse,

Discovers Oats taking Mrs. Vulcan off a Cask.

Mrs. Vulcan. A cursed Dog, to help his Wench to beat me; but I'll mind him for't.

Oats.

Oats. (*kissing her*) Come, be easy, Madam, you've had your Revenge.

Mrs. Vulcan. Revenge, a Dog! not ha'f enough. (*kissing*) Revenge is sweet, thee know'st, (*kissing again*) an' he is such a Rogue, I shall ne'er think I'm reveng'd ha'f enough. (*kissing again.*)

Oats. So, I'm like to have a fine Task on't here, (*aside.*)

(*a knocking at the Door.*)

D'ye ye hear? We're all took; what shall we do now?

Mrs. Vulcan. Who is't, I wonder? Rot 'em for coming at such a time, when——

(*knocking louder——Vulcan calls without——
Open the Door there.*)

Oats. Zounds, 'tis the Cuckold himself; what shall we do?

Mrs. Vulcan. Hang the Brute for coming so unluckily, to hinder my full Revenge; but I shall find a Time for't, I shall so.

Oats. Lord, Madam, don't ta'k o' more Revenge; how shall we hide what has been done a'ready? To find us lockt up together thus!

Mrs. Vulcan. (*looking about sees a Pipe lying with one of its Heads out*) Here, Oats, I'll creep into this Cask, and do you turn the Head up against the Wall, an' we shall do well enough.

(*knocking again*)

Oats. Do so. (*she creeps in, and he turns the Head to the Wall*) So now I ha' barrell'd up my Spirit o' Revenge, I'll let 'em in.

(*opens the Door.*)

Enter Vulcan, Bung, and Trusty.

Vulcan. Why ho' now! why was the Door lockt? I thought we must n't ha' come in at all.

Oats.

Oats. (*scratching his Head and yawning*) Sir, I was set down to sleep a little; I did n't hear at first knocking.

Vulcan. No, I'll be sworn. Where's my Wife? I thought she had been here.

Oats. No, Sir, she's up Stairs, I believe.

Vulcan. Have ye brought her into Temper yet?

Oats. No faith, Sir, I despair on't; she was piping hot when I parted from her, she talks o' nothing but Revenge: all I cou'd do wou'd n't satisfy her.

Vulcan. No! but 'tis an unreasonable Jade: But pray, *Trusty*, be you satisfied, we ha' no Feints, I assure you.

Trusty. (*sounding the Casks*) Are they all full?

Oats. All, Sir, but that one (*pointing to the Cask Mrs. Vulcan's in.*)

Trusty (*sounding it*) Why this sounds as if it was n't empty.

Oats. Take my Word for't that's empty.

Trusty. I shan't take any Man's Word, when I can make the Tryal. (*taking out his Rule, and opening the Bung*) I'm sure this is an Ullage, I'll take the dry inches. (*goes to gage.*)

Oats. (*aside*) If he means to take 'em all, he shou'd ha' brought a longer Instrument with him.

Trusty. (*running his Rule against Mrs. Vulcan*) Hey! what have we here?—Dry Goods o' my Conscience.—I doubt, Master *Vulcan*, you have some Tea here, or—some *Flanders Lace*, or—

Vulcan. No, Sir, I utterly deny it; there's nothing there belonging to me, I'm sure.

Oats. (*aside*) I wish there was n't, I'm sure; he'll change his Note by and by.

Trusty. Here, who lends me a Hand? I'll set the Cask up an end, that I may take out the Head. (*they set the Cask upright, Trusty with a Cooper's Hammer*

Hammer takes out the Head and looks in). So, here's Linens I'm sure, and what else I know not.

Vulcan. No, nor I neither; 'tis none o' mine.

Trusty. Then 'tis his Majesty's, and for his Use I seize it (*putting the broad Arrow on the Cask with Chalk; still rummaging*.)

Oats. (*to Trusty*) I wish 'twas safe at the Custom-House Warehouse; 'tis smuggled Goods, I'm sure. (*aside*.)

Vulcan. Aye, an' condemn'd i' the *Exchequer* too, so't had n't been found here——*Treble Value*. (*shaking his Head*.)

Oats. In *Doctors Commons*. (*aside*.)

Enter Hearsay.

Bung. (*aside to Hearsay*) Where's the Box o' *Flanders Lace* that was imported last Night? not i' the Cask there, is it! (*pointing to Trusty*.)

Hearsay. Nooa, Zur, it's at the varther end there, (*pointing*) under the Straw.

Bung. Take it up sily, an' get off wi't. I'll pretend to be angry wi' ye; be sure to run. (*Hearsay goes and takes a Box under his Coat*) *Sirrah, Hearsay*, (*aloud*) have you run any Goods unknown to us, an' put 'em i' the Cask there?

Hearsay. Nooa, Zur, I scorn your Words; I'm as honest as you are.

Bung. Dog, d'ye answer me so? I'll break your Bones. (*running after Hearsay, who runs off*.)

Trusty. (*starting back*) Mercy on's! Here's something alive.

All. Alive, say 'ee?

Vulcan. (*peeping in*) Oh, Hell and Furies! my Devil of a Wife! the Toad you left up Stairs, ye Dog, (*to Oats*) I'll butcher the Strumpet, I will so. (*tumbling down the Cask, and pulling her out*) You ha' been reveng'd, ye Whore, I find, (*beat-*

ing her) an' so will I too in my Turn. (*Oats holding him, he falls upon Oats.*)

Bung. (*parting 'em*) Come, Brother, don't expose yourself for such a Whore, (*aside*) let *Oats* alone too, he may ruin us else.

Vulcan. Dam' him, Brother; wou'd n't it make any Man horn-mad, to find a Slave so free with one's Wife, to barrel her up, an' peg her when he thinks fitting?

Bung. Why 'tis a dam'd Case sure enough; but this was *Trusty's* Information, I suppose.

Trusty. No, hang me if 'twas; I shou'd ne'er ha' troubled myself to search for his Wife, nor be fond o' seizing her an' 'twas i' my power: I expected other Booty.

Vulcan. Well, *Trusty*, but you have seiz'd her, an' gad I'll make ye take her; I'll bribe a Jury to find for the King.

Trusty. Not I faith, I'll not take her.

Vulcan. Faith but you shall, to the Warehouse, (*setting the broad Arrow on her Back with Chalk*) she's fairly seiz'd for his Majesty's Use; I ha' nothing to lay to her now.

Trusty. Nor I neither, I assure ye, Sir. [*Exit Trusty.*]

Vulcan. What gone! Here, *Trusty*, (*calling after him*) Take your Seizure wi' ye.

All. Ha! ha! ha! (*Mrs. Vulcan runs off.*)

Vulcan. (*to Oats*) Villain! do you laugh too! I'll spoil your Mirth with a pox t'ye. (*beats him.*)

Bung. Hold, I say, (*winking on him*) you may chance to take things wrong: *Oats*, tell us how 'twas.

Oats. Indeed, Sir, I did n't know o' my Mistress's being here.

Both. We don't believe ye, tell us the Truth.

Oats. Why then, Sirs, as I was sitting here alone, thinking no harm, in comes my Mistress with

with a Pistol cockt, and bids me assist her in a Piece o' Revenge on my Master : I beg'd to be excus'd ; at which she presented ; an' I being but a naked Man, what cou'd I do ? In short, she prevail'd ; an' your coming i' the nick forc't us to think of the Cask to conceal the Affair ; and the Discovery was owing to *Trusty*. This, upon my Life, Sirs, is all I know of the Matter.

Vulcan. Is it, Dog ? Pox rot ye for knowing so much ; your Knowledge is my Burthen, I'm sure ; I feel it here, (*pointing to's Head*) I have it with a Murrain t'ye.

Oats. Sir, I'm heartily sorry for't ; an' because I shall expect but a Dog's Life under ye for the future, be pleas'd to pay me, and let me go elsewhere.

Vulcan. Pay 'ee, Villain ! Yes, I'll pay ye, (*shaking his Cane*) with a pox t'ye ; but may I rot in a Jail if ever you have a Penny o' my Money.

Bung. Peace, Brother, he must be paid ; I'll pay ye, *Oats*.

Vulcan. Will ye ? It shall be in your own Wrong then ; I'll not allow it.

Oats. Well, Sir, there's a Way to make ye, however.

Vulcan. Yes, Sirrah, an' a Way to make you pay too, as far as you're are able, for debauching my Wife ; an' for the rest a Prison : D'ye hear that ?

Oats, Lord, Sir, 'tis I am debauch an' ye go to that, an' by Violence too ; I can swear a Rape against my Mistress : I was a Maiden before.

Vulcan. A Rape, Villain !

Oats. Yes, a Rape, Sir ; for by Force of Arms she compell'd me to do what I'd no Stomach to : an' so your Servant, I shall do myself Justice. [*Exit Oats*.]

Vulcan. A Dog! d'ye hear? Gad, I'll follow an' beat him to a Mummy. (*going.*)

Bung. (*Laying hold of him*) Stay, you've done too much already; I'll go an' try to reconcile him: he's a dangerous Enemy, Brother.

Vulcan. Do as you will, so I don't see him; for I've Resentment that you know nothing of.

*Marriage, Love's Funeral! Grave of fond Desire!
Where full Possession Urn's th' extinguisht Fire;
Whence, Phoenix like, from its dead Ashes rise
Disgust, Disdain, and Strife that never dies:
Jealous of those we slight, we rage to find
Such false, that had been true, had we been kind.*
[Exeunt.]


The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE the Street.

Enter Oats and Trusty.

Trusty.  RETHREE, *Oats*, be honest; I'll make it worth your while to be so: You see, tho' you've done their dirty Work these two Years, they have n't paid ye; and now it's in vain to expect it, considering the Abuse o' your Mistress. Come, don't prevaricate.

Oats.

Oats. (to *Trusty*) Is the Extent come down, say ye? (to *himself*) A Dog, not to pay me! (to *Trusty*) And upon *Buck's* Information? (to *himself*) I'll fit him as well for't.

Trusty. Yes, an' in two Hours there will be an Inquisition on't. Come, you're a principal Evidence; you was a Witness to their sham Conveyances made to screen their Estates from the Law. Prethee be hearty in this Affair.

Oats. I will so; *Buck* an' I shall unravel all that Roguery: But how will ye get a Jury to find for the King?

Trusty. By keeping the thing a Secret till its Execution, that so they mayn't have time to corrupt 'em. I'll give you and your Friends ten *per Cent.* of all that's condemn'd; so that the more ye discover, the greater is your Profit.

Oats. That's right; but does *Snack* or the rest o' your Officers know of this Extent.

Trusty. Not a Syllable.

Oats. Then it may be a Secret, otherwise they'd soon inform 'em on't.

Trusty. *Oats*, get your Friends together to my House, an' let me know the most that can be made o' this Affair before the Tryal.

Oats. I will so, and promise ye all the Service i' my Power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Bookseller's Shop.

Titlepage changing o' Books.

Titlepage. So! now I ha' done: Faith I think I was i' th' right on't to wheedle the Merchant to smoke a Pipe wi' my Wife whilst I chang'd all the Books o' this side my Shop; he'd have nothing but Bibles an' Common-Prayer-Books else, by which he can't lose much, an' I shall get as
little.

little. But now I'm ready for him, come when he will; and really these will fit a Man as well that can't read, and ease my Shelves too o' the Lumber they ha' been loaded with a long time, which, e'er I had 'em, were but, as the Poet says,

Refuse o' Shops and Gleanings o' Duck-lane.

Enter Vulcan.

Is your Pipe out, Sir?

Vulcan. Yes, Sir; an' let me tell ye your Wine's very good. Well, now let's view these Books again: Folks that can read, say, they're very entertaining, and good to divert the Troubles o' the Mind. My Wench can read.

Titlepage. I don't question't, Sir; Men o' Fortune shou'd buy Books; it's an Encouragement to Learning.

Vulcan. May be so; I don't propose any great Advantage to myself in't; but I think a Study looks well.

Titlepage. Oh, very well, Sir; and those Books will fit ye to a Hair, (*pointing*) they're all pickt Books, Sir, fine Sorts.

Vulcan. As for the Sorts, no matter; I'll soon measure what I want. (*falls to measuring the Shelves with his Cane*) Come, *Titlepage*, what d'ye ask for these Books?

Titlepage. (*aside*) Better than I expected. Will you please to buy 'em all, Sir?

Vulcan. Aye, all, Sir, an' ye make such an all of 'em: I ha' Stowage for 'em, I find; I ha' measured 'em.

Titlepage. Sir, I beg your pardon; I'll soon tell ye the Price. (*casting it up.*)

Vulcan. All, I warrant! as tho' I cou'd not pay for 'em; why shou'd n't I have as fine a Library as our Parson, Parson *Droll* has? I've a finer Study, I'm sure.

Titlepage.

Titlepage. Sir, you'll have a much finer ; the Parson has n't ha'f so many Books.

Vulcan. He! no I faith, what shou'd he do wi' 'em? What do they come to?

Titlepage. Two hundred and twenty Pounds, Sir.

Vulcan. Is that your felling Price?

Titlepage. In one Word, Sir, the Price is two hundred Pounds, if I fell 'em.

Vulcan. (*giving Bills.*) Well, pack 'em up, an' send 'em to my House, an' a Receipt, an' they'll be taken care of. Sir, good by t'ye. [*Exit Vulcan.*]

Titlepage. Sir, your Servant.—A good Chap I faith ; 'tis well I did n't sell 'em last Year to the Grocer for waste Paper. (*the Scene shuts in the Shop.*)

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Oats, Pigg, an' Couch.

Oats. So, *Couch*, I thought you'd been at Sea ; but you've taken *Buck's* Advice I find.

Couch. Yes faith they wou'd n't pay me, an', Mefs, I did n't care to budge without Money. Merchant *Bung* said they'd pay me next Voiage ; but *Buck* bid me not trust, and said they'd be pull'd in pieces before I came in again.

Pigg. Aye, Mefs, so he told me ; Merchant *Bung* order'd my Accounts to be made up by you, Mr. *Oats*, with Promise o' paying me in a Fort-night : but *Buck* said I'd better think o' some way o' paying myself ; for, before they were willing, they wou'd n't be able to pay me.

Oats. Well, Friends and Fellow-Servants, I'm glad we're all agreed to four the Rogues ; for they ne'er intended to pay any body : They're a long way

way i' my Debt, for I ne'er had any Money of 'em.

Both. No! How did ye subsist then?

Oats. My Mistrefs, good Woman, came down a little now and then for Socket-Money; but that was hardly earn'd.

Pigg. Yes, Mefs, the Mine's deep, and the little Ore dug thence is by the Sweat o' the Brow.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Oats. Yes faith, I found it so: But we'll to *Trusty's*, an' there consult our Affairs; an' there too you'll meet *Alspike* on the same account.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Vulcan's* House.

Enter Vulcan, Bung, and Crabb.

Vulcan. Well, Brother *Crabb*, what News from *Pool*? Have ye carried your Election?

Crabb. No faith, I made the Swabbs so drunk they forgot my Name, and so voted for the other Candidate: I'm plaguely out o' Pocket by't.

Bung. What might it cost ye, Brother?

Crabb. Above six hundred Pounds; an' I'd carried the Day I had n't matter'd it.

Bung. No, faith I think it's a plaguey Sum.

Crabb. Aye, Sir; but had I carried it, I'd soon ha' fetcht it up again: 'tis a rare thing, Brothers, to ha' the making o' Laws.

Bung. Faith I can't see how Law-making can be so profitable; according to my Way of thinking, there's more got by breaking 'em.

Enter Oats with Papers.

Oats. Masters, I have brought you my Accounts fairly stated, an' a Bill for Wages an' Money laid out i' your Service, which in all amounts to the
Sum
?

Sum of one hundred and twenty Pounds and five Shillings. (*Offering the Papers 'round.*)

All. What d'ye mean? we won't take 'em.

Oats. To leave ye, Sirs, an' therefore want my Money: Pray take 'em, Mr. *Bung*, you can read.

Bung. Not I; I'll talk t'ye another time, an' in another manner.

Vulcan. Unconscionable Dog! we'll not pay you.

Oats. Sir, I ask but for my own.

Bung. (*Offering a Bill.*) Take this in part; you an' I'll be on better Terms.

Oats. This is protested, Sir; I'll not take it.

Vulcan. Then ye shall ha' none, ye Dog. (*Shakes his Cane.*)

Oats. I'll see that before Night, I must tell ye.

Vulcan. See how he threatens us. [*Exit Oats.*]

Bung. I'm sorry to see him thus.

Crabb. Aye, aye, 'tis a sad thing to lie open to the Law; he'll sue us now I warrant. Had I carried my Election tho', he shou'd ha' trusted till Doomsday i' th' A'ternoon, I'd ha' stood upon Privilege, an' protected you as my Servants.

Both. Aye, rot it; that had made us all easy.

Enter Conscience.

Conscience. Well, 'Squire *Crabb*, you've lost your Election, I hear.

Crabb. Aye, rot it; an' now I find the Loss on't with a Vengeance: Here has been *Oats* with his Accounts, an' a Bill for Wages, an' please ye; he's going to leave us, a sorry Dog, an' expects to be paid too.

Conscience. You paid him then, I hope, or made him easy with a Promise on't?

All. No, neither.

Conscience. I'm sorry for't; ye shou'd ha' paid him; I hear a sad Complaint of ye, for not paying your Servants.

All. Let the Dogs deal, as they us'd to do.

Conscience. But you ha' taken 'em out o' their Bread, an' therefore ought to pay 'em for their Time.

All. Aye, they expect it too, we find; *Oats* threatens us.

Crabb. Now cou'd I curse myself for losing my Election; otherwise I'd ha' stood on my Privilege, an' protected my Partners as my Servants.

Conscience. But you have lost it; and had n't you, as Dealers you'd been liable to the Statute.

All. But we cou'd ha' made over our Effects, ye know; to some Friend.

Conscience. That's practis'd indeed; but let me tell ye, you must either pay your Servants, or expect to be torn in pieces by 'em; they're in all your Secrets, an' so is *Trusty* too, I fear: I'm told of an Extent come to Town, an' that all your Servants, except *Rap* an' *Hearsay*, are to be Evidences against ye.

All. Oh curie the Vipers! you don't say so?

Conscience. Yes, I do; I've just had notice from the Sheriff, that an Inquisition is to be held on the Extent; there's none but *Oats* an' *Buck* can hurt ye in your Conveyances; but they, ye know, were Witnesses.

All. They were so; what must we do?

Conscience. Why, if ye can disqualify either o' them for Witnesses, you may still be safe; I have a Jury vonder in a right Cue to serve ye.

Crabb. (Scratching his Head.) Hold, let me see. (Rap peeping.) Come hither, *Rap*, Did n't you say you was robb'd lately?

Enter

Enter Rap.

Rap. Robb'd zay'ee! Let me see, (*Rubbing his Forehead.*) I'll see if I can mind it—Eaze, Zur, I was robb'd—as yow zaay.

Bung. Well, *Rap*, but whereabouts? Remember that too.

Rap. Whereabouts zaay'ee! Let me see, I'll try to mind that too. Oh——now I ha't; why——on *Zalisbury-plain*, Zur.

Vulcan. When was it, *Rap*?

Rap. Staay, whon whas I vrom whoam, Maefter?

Bung. Why, on *Sunday* the 14th o' this Month.

Rap. Eaze, right, Zur, zooa I was; but——staay, it sha'n't be on *Zalisbury-plain* thon, it shall be 'twixt *Hounslow* and *Stains*, that's better, on *Zunday* the 14th of this Month.

Crabb. Was n't *Oats* the Man that robb'd you?

Rap. Eaze vaith, I beleeves 'twas; it was mich like'n.

Conscience. Like i'n't the same an' believe won't do; you must be sure, *Rap*, or you do nothing. (*Oats appears listening.*)

Rap. I am shoure 'twas *Oats* robb'd me; I lost a Guinea and Half a Crown.

Conscience. (*Giving him Money*) An' I can swear you told me so, an' that I gave you ten Shillings towards your Lofs.

Oats. (*Aside.*) Damn'd Villains!

Conscience. Go, *Rap*, to Justice *Freeman's*, get a Warrant an' apprehend him, an' then we're saie. [*Exit Rap.*] I'll go an' see my Jury; but I must promise 'em lustily, and you must pay 'em chearfully too.

Crabb. Right, Lawyer! bribe 'em well, there's nothing like it.

Conscience. I think not; I don't love those I engage shou'd take the Lord's Name in vain; I always pay 'em well.

Crabb. They'll deserve it; an' pray spare no pains yourself, Lawyer; we'll richly reward your Diligence.

Conscience. Ne'er fear, Sir; I'll not neglect my Business: Men o' Fortune may take their Ease, and swim with the Stream; but Men o' Business, like Fish, ha' their Feed by stemming it. I'll to my Jury. [Exit.]

SCENE Trusty's House.

Enter Trusty, reading a Letter.

SIR,

THE Interest I have in your Preservation obliges me to inform you of a Design against your Life: Take care of Rap, Sir; that's the Villain has undertaken to kill you. Pray expose this Secret no farther than is absolutely necessary to your own Safety; because the Discovery will shew some People guilty that I cou'd wish had never been born. Destroy this Advertisement as soon as it comes to hand, and you'll oblige

Your's to command,

SUSAN VULCAN.

P. S. Oats can let you into the whole Conspiracy.

Dear Guardian Angel, I'll obey you. (Tearing the Letter.)

Enter

Enter Oats.

Oats. Lord, Sir, there's such a Conspiracy against me, will surprize ye.

Trusty. It must be a horrid one then: What is't?

Oats. Why, at the Instigation o' my old Masters and *Conscience* the Lawyer, *Rap* has undertook to swear a Robbery against me, in order to disqualify me for an Evidence.

Trusty. How came ye to know this?

Oats. I listen'd, Sir, an' heard it, an' saw *Rap* go to Justice *Freeman's* to get a Warrant to apprehend me.

Trusty. Execrable Villains! But can ye think o' no Way to prevent 'em? Cou'd n't *Rap* be taken up on some Pretence?

Oats. Yes faith, *Pigg* an' I both heard him undertake to kill you; an' as Justice *Truman's* now at home, let's get a Warrant an' secure him first.

Trusty. That will do it; we'll lose no time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Tavern,

Discovers the Fury drunk dancing awkwardly without Musick.

Enter Conscience.

All. Hoor-ray, Maester *Conscience!* is the Woinc sent us?

Verdict. Zee, we're aal main jolly: Come, Boys, one Caper moor vor the 'Fendant. Hoor-ray, vor the 'Fendant, vor the 'Fendant. (*Capering.*)

Conscience. Phoo——Pox rot ye; you're all drunk, ye Swabs: I had more Business for ye.——

All.

All. Hoor-ray ! that's brave. Vor the 'Fendant, the 'Fendant ! Hoor-ray. (*Capering.*)

Verdict. Come, Boys, one Caper moor for *Conscience.* (*they caper*) Now vor the 'Fendant, the 'Fendant ; Hoor-ray ? (*The Jury continues capering.*) Zec, Laayer, we're all vor the 'Fendant.

Conscience. (*Aside.*) Oh, burst the Dogs ! what shall I do ! These are n't fit to bring into Court, they're so plaguey drunk.

All. Well, Master *Conscience*, what's the Business ? we're all vor the 'Fendant yow hire. (*Getting round him.*)

Conscience. Get off, ye Sots ; you're all drunk. (*Breaking from 'em.*)

All. (*Getting round him*) Naay, Gad, we'll aall stond by ye. (*Reeling.*)

Conscience. You stand, Swabs ! sit down, you're safe there. (*They sit*) I had Business wou'd ha' made you all, had ye been *Compos.*

All. We're aall Go--Go--Go--mpos, Maester *Conscience.*

Conscience. Now must I go an' corrupt another Jury. (*Going, they follow.*) These must n't go along wi' me neither ; they'll expose me. (*Aloud.*) Stay you all here, I'll be with you presently.

[*Exit Conscience.*

(*They return and sing.*)

All. Whose three Hogs are these ?

An' whose three Hogs are these ?

Oh they're John Cook's,

I know by their Looks ;

For I found 'em in my Peas.

Verdict. Come, drink about Boys. (*They all drink and sing.*)

All.

All. Oh pound 'em, Oh pound 'em ;
 I dare not on my Life :
 For if I shou'd pound John Cook's Hogs ;
 I must n't kiss his Wife.

But as for John Cook's Hogs,
I'll say no more ; but mum :
Then here's to thee, the first Hog,
Until the second come. (They all drink.)
(The Scenes shut in the Fury.)

SCENE, *Vulcan's House.*

Enter Vulcan, Bung, and Crabb.

Vulcan. I'm plaguey sick o' this Business ; I wish 'twas over.

Bung. Aye faith, so do I ; 'tis an ugly Job like to be.

Crabb. Come, bear a good Heart, Brothers ; *Conscience* has a Jury fit for our Purpose, and here's *Rap* come to tell us he has a Warrant for *Oats*.

Enter Rap.

Well, *Rap*, you've got the Warrant ?

Rap. Nooa vaith, Justice *Vreman* i'n't at whoam, an' I daen't knaw Justice *Truman* : I must desire zom o' ye to gooa wi' me to'n.

Crabb. Phoo, pox, this is losing time ; I'll go wi' ye to Justice *Truman*.

Enter Constable.

Constable. I'll save ye the trouble, 'Squire ; I have a Warrant to carry him before Justice *Truman*.

All. A Warrant ! Show it, he shan't go else.
Constable.

Constable. Here 'tis, (*Showing the Warrant.*) 'tis for undertaking to kill *Trusty*; *Oats* and *Pigg* ha' sworn it against him.

All. Oh, rot the Rogues. (*Drawing together.*)

Bung. What must we do?

Crabb. We must bail him, be sure.

Vulcan. Unless you'll take our Words for his Appearance.

Constable. Not your's, be sure; that put him upon't.

All. We'll go and bail him then.

[*Exit Constable an' Rap.*]

All. We'll follow.

Enter Conscience.

Conscience. Whither away, Gentlemen?

All. To give Bail for *Rap*; the Constable has carried him before Justice *Truman*.

Conscience. For what?

Bung. *Oats* an' *Pigg* have sworn that he undertook to kill *Trusty*.

Conscience. Why then you're undone.

All. D'ye tell us so?

Conscience. Indeed I fear it; for you must know the Inquisition is come on, an' a Jury impannel'd that I've no Interest in.

All. Where's the old Jury?

Conscience. They're all drunk as Devils; Non-compos.

All. Oh, choak the Swabs! they shall ha' Wine an' be poxt.

Crabb. But shan't we bail *Rap*?

Conscience. For what? let the Dog alone, he can't serve you now; *Oats* heard all the Plot against him, *Snack* tells me, an' is already in Court: so that Judgment an' Execution must follow, un-
less

less I can some how or other get acquainted with the Jury: I'll go and try.

Bung. (Giving him a Purse.) Pray run an' see what can be done, Lawyer: There's a hundred Pieces, an' whatever more ye find necessary, we'll gladly pay it.

Conscience. I'll run an' see if 'tis possible to save ye. These are damn'd Defeats,

All. Do so, for Heaven's sake, Mr. *Conscience.*
[Exit *Conscience.*

Enter Mrs. Vulcan, Blouse, and Titup.

(Blouse goes to Bung and
Titup to Crabb.)

Vulcan. (To's Wife) So, ye Whore! here's fine Work towards your Friend; *Oats* has ruin'd us all.

Mrs. Vulcan. My Friend! ye Sot! How can he be my Friend an' he ruins my Husband? (Crying) Oh! what must I do?

Vulcan. Do! why get into your Barrel again, an' let *Oats* show you about Country for a Sight, for the Whore that cuckoled her Husband.

Mrs. Vulcan. No, ye Fool, that wou'd be no Sight at all in any Country; your Drab *Pegg Ambler* is fittest to go wi' *Oats*; for she has helpt to ruin ye too.

Vulcan. She! no faith; *Pegg's* an honest Wench; a true Friend as any I have. *Pegg* loves me dearly, (Putting his Wife from him.) stand away.

Enter Ambler.

Come, *Pegg*, come an' bus me.

Ambler. Dear Sir, wi' aal my Heart. (Kissing.)
How is't like to gooa?

I

Vulcan.

Vulcan. Alas, Pegg, but sorrily I fear; Conscience is gone to feel the Jury.

Titup. Well, 'Squire Crabb, I must vaal out wi' ye; not to zee a body zince yow came vrom *Pool*, 'tis main hard.

Crabb. Poor *Moll!* (*Kissing.*) I haven't had time, this plaguey Business has hinder'd me.

Titup. I ha' been main dull ever zince yow went, I'm shoure.

Crabb. I believe thee, *Turtle*; you'll go to Jail with me, *Moll*, an' it shou'd so happen?

Titup. Aye shoure; I'll ne'er vorfAKE thee.

Bung. An' so woot thee, *Bess*, an' it come to that.

Blouse. Aye, my Dear; I'il stick as close as thy Shirt to thy Back. (*Kissing.*)

Vulcan. Here's Pegg too will go to Jail with me; woot'n't, Pegg?

Ambler. Yow'll ha' yower Estate, Zur, an' yow dooa go to Jail, I zuppause?

Vulcan. No, Pegg, I doubt not.

Ambler. Nooa, Zur! who then I marl!

Vulcan. If we're cast, the King will ha' one Moiety, and the other amongst a Pack of ugly Dogs, *Trusty*, *Oats*, and I don't know who yet.

Ambler. *Oats* is not ugly, Zur. (*Aside.*) He's a zingle Mon, an' zaays he loves me.

Mrs. Vulcan. Mind that, ye Brute! her Love was to your Estate; she'll not go to Jail wi' ye.

Vulcan. Yes; but she will, Slanderer; won't ye, Pegg?

Ambler. Zur, upon second thou'ts, I voind its best yower Woife shou'd go wi' ye; she has been barrel'd up, they zaay, an' us'd to Confinement.

Mrs. Vulcan. What then, ye Drab! his Unkindness put me upon't; but I'll go to Jail with him however; I'll show the defference now betwixt Wife an' Wench.

Vulcan.

Vulcan. D'ye hear that, *Pegg*? I didn't think you'd ha prov'd false.

Ambler. Valse, Zur! not zooa neither; but *Oats* has told me he loves me; an' as he's a zingle Mon, my Conscience tells me there's the less Crime; that's aal.

Vulcan. All, ye Viper! aye an' enough too; beat her, Wife; Gad, I'll help ye now.

Mrs. Vulcan. Not I; beat her yourself: I'll not foul my Fingers with her.

Vulcan. Faith an' so I will. (*Kicks her.*)

Enter Trusty, Oats, Pigg, Couch, Alspike,

Trusty. Seize your Prisoners there. (*Pointing to Vulcan, Bung, and Crabb; they seize 'em*) So! I think I ha' met wi' ye, now; ye won't be at liberty in haste to murther an Officer for taking care o' the Revenue.

Vulcan. Devil, do thy worst! I'm 'Squire *Vulcan* o' *Berry-pond* still.

Trusty. Of *Winchester* Jail you mean; your Estates are all condemn'd, an' the Officers by this time in Possession of 'em.

Vulcan, Bung, and Crabb. Curse ye all, for a Pack o' Vipers, Toads and Serpents!

Oats. You may thank yourselves; you wou'n't pay your poor Servants, an' can ye blame 'em for seeking to pay themselves.

Mrs. Vulcan. (*Flying at Oats.*) Oh, ye ungrateful Toad! this is all your Doings.

Oats. Hold off, Madam; going to ravish me again!

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Ambler. Master *Oats*, they say yow'll ha' an Estate now; yow us'd to say yow lov'd me.

Oats. Poor *Pegg*, what going to leave your old Friend?

Ambler. Hang him, he's poor; I shall be glad to serve you now.

Oats. I'll ha' nothing to say to such a false-hearted Whore as you are.

Ambler. May you ne'er meet a true one.

Oats. I don't expect it.

Enter Conscience.

Bung. (*Aside to Conscience.*) So, Sir, you see what's befall'n us; you cou'dn't do any thing wi' the Jury, I find.

Conscience. (*Aside.*) No faith I try'd em all round, but none of 'em wou'd touch.

Bung. (*Aside.*) Give me the Money again then, it will be useful where I'm going.

Conscience. (*Aside.*) Lord, Sir, I can't part wi't; Didn't you give it me to lay out i' your Service?

Bung. (*Aside.*) What then? the Jury wou'dn't take it, you say.

Conscience. (*Aside.*) No, Sir, but some body else may; I've still an Inclination to serve ye.

Bung. (*Aside.*) Some body else, Sir! Who else I wonder?

Conscience. (*Aside.*) Oh, Sir, ne'er trouble yourself for that; I'll find some body will take it I warrant; if not, I'll keep it myself: I deserve it I'm sure.

Bung. (*Aside.*) You deserve to be hang'd I'm sure; but I'll sue ye for't.

Conscience. (*Aside.*) Oh, Sir, I'll strive hard but I'll make you a Bill shall amount to the Money. (*Aloud.*) In short, I found you playing the fool so egregiously, that your Business wou'dn't be worth having; so that I wisely chang'd Sides: I'm for the King now, and have had no small hand in bringing these Matters about. Gentlemen, I wish ye all a good Journey. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit Conscience.*

All.

All. What's *Conscience* gone! The *Rogue* that has ruin'd us gone!

Bung. Yes, Brothers, he has deserted us. *Trusty*, *Conscience* is the Villain that advis'd as well as drew those sham Conveyances you have detected; I hope he'll be taken care of too in his turn.

Trusty. No question, Sir, but he'll have his Deserts.

All. Aye, trusting to his Skill in the roguish Part o' the Law, we thought we shou'd always be safe.

Trusty. 'Twas more than you cou'd expect from the Pettifogger.

Bung. He has chang'd Sides, and so will I; 'tis better to become an Evidence for the King, an' make my Peace, than be lurch't thus, an' suffer alone.

Crabb. If ever I get my Liberty, I can go abroad an' be provided for, if it's only for the Service I've done in carrying off some Friends to the Cause.

Vulcan. An' I must suffer alone, I find, without Hopes of ever seeing good Days, I have been so obnoxious.

Enter Mrs. Susan.

Poor Girl! I can't see her. (*She kneels to him.*) I have nothing to give thee now.

Trusty. Yes, Sir, you can still give your Consent to make us happy in each other; an' as your Loss will be my Gain, so I'll administer the Duties of a Son t'ye, and help your Affairs in the best manner I'm able. (*Kneels by Mrs. Susan.*)

Mrs. Vulcan. Come, Husband, consent; Mr. *Trusty's* honest, he'll be as good as his Word: I like him better than ever I did *Snack*, I can tell ye.

Vulcan. Rise then, an' be happy; your Virtue will make ye so, I don't question; and in that is all my present Hopes; for Heaven knows my Dishonesty has undone me. (*Mrs. Susan continues crying.*)

Trusty. (*Taking Mrs. Susan's Hand.*) Sir, I thank'ed, and you too, Madam, you've made me happy, an' I'll retaliate as far as I'm able. Officers, take care o' your Prisoners; an' till we meet at the *Exchequer-Court*, farewel.

*Let Traders hence these fair Instructions draw,
Tho' Smugglers may a Time evade the Law,
Tho' Gains dishonest promise an Estate,
And Perjuries a while conceal the Cheat;
Yet swift the Moments pass which intervene,
E'er Fate or Justice, sure to shift the Scene,
With rapid Vengeance blasts their guilty Store,
Who mourn unpity'd, fall to rise no more.*

[*Exeunt omnes*]

F I N I S.

