

---

*Monfieur de Pourceaugnac,*

OR,

**Squire Trelooby.**

A

**COMEDY.**

---

11  
841. e. 7  
18. 7

Monfieur *de Pourceaugnac*,

O R,

Squire Trelooby.

Acted at the

*Subscription Musick at the Theatre Royal*

I N

*Lincoln's-Inn-Fields., March 30. 1704.*

By Select COMEDIANS from both Houses.

---

Done into English from a Comedy of *Molieres's*, which was made and perform'd at *Chambord* for the Diversion of the *French King*, in the Year 1679.

*By D. ell.*

---

*Lector fastidiosus sibi molestus.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *William Davis*, at the *Black Bull* against the *Royal Exchange*, and *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Middle-Temple Gate* in *Fleetstreet*. 1704.

Price 1s. 6d.

---

---

T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Author of the following Sheets has to acquaint the Reader that they contain an entire Translation, *mutatis mutandis*, of *Monf. de Pourceaugnac*, one of *Molieré's* best Pieces, and design'd for the English Stage, had he not been prevented by a Translation of the same Play, done by other Hands, and presented at the New Play-house the 30th. of last Month. When I was told the great Names concern'd in the exhibiting of it to so glorious an Assembly, and saw what Choice was made of the Comedians, I was so far from thinking my Time ill spent upon studying this Play, that I presently resolv'd upon the Publication of it. I call this an entire Translation because the other that was play'd was not so; there being  
omitted,

## *The Preface.*

omitted the long Debate of the two Doctors in the eighth Scene of the first Act; entirely and also the eleventh Scene of the second Act, between *Trelooby* and the Lawyers; which being noted, I think I have justify'd the Title Page of this Play, wherein I say, acted at the Playhouse in *Lincoln's-Inn* Fields, &c. unless it can be shewn me that the other was any thing else but a Translation, which no body can say that ever read *Pourceaugnac* before they saw *Trelooby*; nor do those Gentlemen themselves assume any thing of it but the English, as is apparent from two Lines I remember in their Prologue, *viz.*

*But if to Day some Scandal shou'd appear.  
Let those precise Tartuff's bind o're Moliere.*

Which being so, and every Man having an equal Right (at this time particularly) to take all he can from the French, I believe I shall not (for what I have done) incur the Pique of the other Gentlemen, especially when I was assured (after due Inquiry made) that their Translation was not likely to be printed, tho' there have been great Demands made for it, by the whole Town, who have taken up with wrong Conceptions of it as it was acted; some thinking it was a Party-Play made  
on

## *The Preface.*

on purpose to ridicule the whole Body of *West-Country* Gentlemen, others averring that it was wrote to expose some eminent Doctors of Physick in this Town. Now by this Translation it will be seen there was no such thing as any particular Character in this Kingdom aim'd at, tho' I will not say the Cap may not fit some among us.

Squire *Trelooby* of *Penzance* in the County of *Cornwall*, is proper English enough for Monsieur *Pourceaugnac* of *Limoges* in the Province of *Gascony*, &c.

There remains one thing more to inform the Reader, which is, that at the end of the last Act, where *Tradewell* is wondring how his Daughter comes to be so fond of *Trelooby*; in the Original he says, *C'est un Sortilege qu'il lui donné*, Sure he has giv'n her a Philtre or Love-Potion; whereas in that Translation which was play'd on our Stage, *Tradewell* is made to say, *On my Conscience I believe he has whipt her*; alluding to a certain whipping Story now in every Body's Mouth, whether true or no I sha'n't examine, nor what the Resentments of the Audience were upon it, but the Expression mov'd 'em sufficiently. I sha'n't detain the Reader any longer, but leave this Translation to stand or fall

## *The Preface.*

fall by its own Merit, begging to be try'd  
by the Original before I'm condemn'd; and  
if the English prove as entertaining to him as  
the French did to me, I have my Ends. *Grand  
bien luy fasse.*

*April 19. 1704.*

---

PRO-

---

---

---

# PROLOGUE.

By Doctor Garth.

**W**HO dares not Plot in this good natur'd Age,  
Each place is privileg'd except the Stage;  
There the dread Phalanx of Reformers come,  
Sworn Foes to Wit, as Carthage was to Rome;  
Their Ear so sanctify'd no Scenes can please,  
But heavy Hymns, or Pensive Homilies:  
Truths plainly told their tender Nature wound,  
Young Rakes must like old Patriarchs expound;  
The painted Punk the Profelyte must play,  
And Bawds like Filles Devotes procure and pray.  
How Nature is inverted! soon you'll see  
Senates unanimous, and Sects agree,  
Jews at Extortion rail, and Monks at Mystery. }  
Let Characters be represented true,  
An airy Sinner makes an awkward Prue.  
With Force and fitting Freedom Vice arraign;  
Tho' Pulpits flatter, let the Stage speak plain.  
If Verres gripes the Poor, or Nænius write,  
Call that the Robber, this the Parasite.  
Ne'er aim to make an Eagle of an Owl,  
Cinna's a Statesman, Sydrophil a Tool.  
Our Censurers with want of Thought dispence,  
But tremble at the hideous Sin of Sense.  
Who wou'd not such hard Fate as ours bemoan?  
Indicted for some Wit, and damn'd for none.

*But if to Day some Scandal shou'd appear,  
Let those precise Tartuff's bind o'er Moliere.  
Poet, and Papist too, they'll surely mawl,  
There's no Indulgences at Hicks's Hall.  
Gold only can their pious Spite allay,  
They call none Criminal that can but pay:  
The heedless Shrines, with Victims they Invoke,  
They take the Fat and give the Gods the Smoke.*

---

EPI-

---

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

**H**ASTY as Plants in China, was this Play,  
Which set at Night, are at full growth next Day;  
The World by this important Project sees,  
Confederates can dispatch if once they please;  
They shew you here what ills attend on Life,  
And all for that vexations Whim a Wife.  
What World of Woes a wretched Wight surround,  
By Bantlings baited, and by Duns dragoon'd;  
By Bullies bastinado'd; teaz'd by Cracks;  
Wheadled by Rooks, and masacred by Quacks:  
Such Myriads of new Mischiefs still in Store  
That his successful Rival scarce has more.  
Beauty it seems in those blest Days con'd warm;  
At least an Heiress never fails to charm.  
Lay-men make Love, as Church-men Zeal commend,  
Heaven's their Pretence, but Bishopricks their End;  
Thus you our Persons study to purloin,  
And worship not the Image but the Coin.  
But know, vain Men, your Passion we return,  
Not for large Wigs, but large Estates we burn.  
Your ways we find, but ours you'll ne'r foresee,  
Decypher if you can, we keep the Key.  
Let Asian Wives their blind Obedience own,  
And twenty share what's scarce enough for one.  
In different Climes, we different Customs see,  
Incest with us is Indian Charity.  
Grace at Geneva Hereisie at Rome;  
And Plots in France fine Politicks at home.  
Our English Beauties shall their Right maintain,  
No Salick Laws in Love's Dominions Reign;  
In vain to Sovereignty you aim to rise,  
You'll ne'er depose the Tyrants in our Eyes.

# Actors Names,

*According to Moliere's  
Original.*

*According to the English  
Performance.*

*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac.*

*Squire Trelooby, Mr. Dogget.*

*Oronte.*

*Tradewell, a Merchant. } Mr. Johnson.*

*Julia, his Daughter.*

*Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

*Nerina, a Woman of In-  
trigue.*

*Mrs. Prince.*

*Erafte in love with, and  
lov'd by Julia.*

*Mr. Betterton, nam'd Lovewell.*

*Sbrigani, a Neapolitan;  
a Man of Intrigue.*

*Mr. Cibber, nam'd Wimble.*

*Physician.*

*Mr. Pinkeman.*

*Apothecary.*

*Mr. Pack, nam'd Rhubarb.*

*Country-men and Women, Lawyers. &c.*

**SCENE, LONDON.**

---



---

Monſieur *de Pourceaugnac*,

O R,

Squire *TRELOOBY*.

---

A C T I . S C E N E I .

---

Julia, Lovewell, Nerina.

*Jul.* **P**RAY, *Lovewell*, Let us take care we ar'n't surpriz'd,—Bless me! how I tremble, for fear we shou'd be seen together!—and then——all wou'd be ruin'd after I've been so severely forbid——

*Lov.* I tell thee, I've lookt in every corner; there is not a Mouse stirring——

*Jul.* Prithee *Nerina*, have an eye upon the Watchmen, and take care no Body comes——

*Ner.* Depend upon me ——and spare not to speak your Minds.

*Jul.* Well, *Lovewell*, have you thought of any thing to favour our Design? and do ye believe we shall be able to set aside this hideous Match my Father's Head's so bent upon?——

B

*Lov.* At

2 *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

*Lov.* At least we'll have one tugg for't — and I already have prepar'd a good number of Batteries to overturn this ridiculous Design —

*Ner.* Undone! — here's your Father —

*Jul.* You that way — and I this — quick, quick —

*Ner.* No, no, stay, stay; I was mistaken.

*Jul.* What a Fool you are, *Nerina*, to frighten a Body so!

*Lov.* Yes, my charming *Julia*, we have rais'd for the purpose several Machines, and shall not fail to work 'em all, with your Leave. Do not you enquire into the several springs we shall cause to play — yours be the Diversion of it, — and as in Comedys, 'tis good to defer the Pleasure of a Surprize, and not to anticipate what will be afterwards seen, so 'tis enough to let you know that we have in hand several Stratagems all ready to produce upon occasion, and that the ingenious *Nerina* and the dextrous *Wimble* are concern'd in th' Affair.

*Ner.* Certainly, I can't but laugh to think how the old — Gentleman, your Father wraps himself up with Conceits of his Son-in-law, that-is-to-be — the Cornish Attorney — Squire *Trelooby*, one that he never saw in all his Life — and comes by the Coach to carry you off in spite of our Teeth. What shall four or five hundred dirty Acres be put in the Scale with a Man that loves you and is belov'd? and is a Woman of your Person made for a Cornish Hug? If they must marry, e'en let 'em take some of their own Blowfabels, and not come among us Christians! — The very name of *Trelooby* has giv'n me the Spleen — and I hate him mortally, — it shall cost me a Fall, or I'll break off the Match, if it were only for the name, — Madam *Trelooby*! — Foh! there's a Name indeed — 'tis n't to be born. — *Trelooby* is such thing that I cannot bear — Well — I'll say no more — but

— but — I'll twirl my Apronstrings to pieces, but I'll send him to the Land's end again, — or the Devil's Arse i'th' Peak — *Squire Trelooby!*

*Love.* But — here comes my subtil Neapolitan — and he'll tell us News. —

SCENE II.

*To them, Wim.]* Sir — your Man's come — just come — I saw him at the Inn — I observ'd him a good half hour, and have him by heart; as for his Figure, I shall say nothing of it — you'll see him *in puris naturalibus* — and I think the Fancy of his Dress is every way answerable — But for his Wit, I must tell you before hand, there's no coming near it, his Scull's so thick — And — he's made of a matter so malleable, and so ductile, that we shall have but very little trouble to make him believe e'en what we please.

*Low.* Say'st thou so?

*Wimb.* If I have any Skill in Men.

*Ner.* [*Pointing to Wimb.*] Madam, — A most excellent Man this! Your Business cou'd not be put into better Hands. He's the Hero of the Age for Exploits of this Nature. A Man, who twenty times in's Life, to serve his Friends, has generously affronted *Bridewell*; who with peril of his Arms and Shoulders, knows soverely well how to put an end to Adventures the most difficult; and for all he looks so, was banisht from his Country, for I know not how many honourable Actions.

*Wimb.* O dear Madam, I'm confounded at the Praises with which you honour me, but I cou'd with more Justice enlarge upon the Miracles of your Life, and principally upon the Glory you acquir'd, when with so much Honour you put the Dice upon a young foreign Lord that

was lodg'd at your House, and won 5000 Crowns of him,—when with so much Gallantry you trump up a false contract, and ruin'd a whole Family,—when with so much Grandeur of Soul, you cou'd deny a certain Depoſite that was entrusted with you; and how generously ready you were to lend your Evidence to hang a couple of innocent ———

*Ner.* Pshaw ——— These are trifles, not worth the speaking of. ——— And your Commendations make me blush.

*Wimb.* Well, I shall spare your Modesty, ——— and talk no more of that ——— But to the Business in hand. ——— Away go I, and find our Countryman, while you make it your Business to get all the rest of the Actors ready.

*Lov.* And, good Madam, remember your part ——— and the better to cover the Game, you'll feign your self well pleas'd with your Father's resolutions.

*Jul.* If that were all, Matters would go well enough.

*Lov.* But, my *Julia*, ——— put the case, if all our endeavours should fail, which God forbid ———

*Jul.* Why, then ——— I'll declare my real sentiments to my Father.

*Lov.* But if after that ——— he should be obstinate?

*Jul.* I wou'd threat'n to throw my self into a Nunnery.

*Lov.* Yet for all that ——— if he shou'd force you to this Match?

*Jul.* What shall I say to you?

*Lov.* What shall you say to me?

*Jul.* Ay ———

*Lov.* What one wou'd say, that really loves ———

*Jul.* As how?

*Lov.* Why that nothing shall constrain you, and that in spite of all your Father's efforts, you promise to be mine.

*Jul.* Why

*Jul.* Why are you thus pressing, and tempt the future resolutions of my Heart? Teaze not my Duty with proposals of a terrible extremity, which perhaps we shall have no occasion for? And if it comes to that ——— suffer at least that I be carry'd away by the consequence of things.

*Lov.* Well ———

*Wimb.* Faith, here comes my Chap ——— now look to thy hits, *Wimble.*

*Ner.* What a Comical cut he's of!

### SCENE III.

*Squire Trelooby coming forward, turns himself back to some People who seem to follow him and laugh at him, and among 'em Wimble.*

*Trel.* Why what's here to do? ——— What's the matter? a murrain take the foolish Town, and all the Fools that are in it! Why what a dickens can't a Man pass along but he must have a parcel of *Tom-ladles* staring and gigling at him? Pray Master Cockny, mind your own Business, and let other Folk go along without laughing in their Face ——— What again! The first Man that I see laugh ——— Devel take me if don't hit'n a Douse o'th' Chops.

*To him, Wimb.]* Why, pray Gentlemen ——— what d'ye mean by this? what, what wou'd you be at? ——— what strange usage this is, to use Strangers at this rate? fie, fie, I'm asham'd on't.

*Trel.* A very considerate Person this!

*Wimb.* Fore God I'm amaz'd. ——— Why what is it you can find to laugh at in this Gentleman?

*Trel.* Why ay, What can you laugh at?

*Wimb.* Is there any thing ridiculous in him?

*Trel.* Right. ———

*Wimb.* Isn't

6 *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

*Wimb.* Isn't he like other Men?

*Trel.* Am I crooked? Am I hump-back'd?

*Wimb.* Indeed indeed, you shou'd learn better Manners.

*Trel.* Well said.

*Wimb.* The Gentleman has a Mien to be respected.

*Trel.* Why true.

*Wimb.* A Man of Condition.

*Trel.* And a Gentleman of *Cornwall.*

*Wimb.* A Man of Wit.

*Trel.* That has study'd the *Laa*——

*Wimb.* He does ye too much Honour to come into your City.

*Trel.* No doubt on't.

*Wimb.* The Gentleman is no such Person to cause Laughter.

*Trel.* No indeed.

*Wimb.* The next Man that shews his Teeth, I'll dash 'em down's Throat——that I will—— I won't see the Gentleman abus'd.

*Trel.* Sir, I'm mightily oblig'd to ye.

*Wimb.* I'm not a little troubled, Sir, to see a Person of your Appearance no better received; and, Sir, I beg your Pardon on behalf of the Town.

*Trel.* Sir, I'm your Servant—— You're the Recorder then, I judge.

*Wimb.* No, Sir, But I seeing you this Morning, with the Coach,——and observing with how much Grace you eat your Breakfast, I immediately propos'd to my self a great Happiness in your Friendship. And as you're but new come into these Parts and a Stranger, I was very desirous to wait on you and to offer you my Service upon your arrival, and to be assisting to you among a People who sometimes have not all the consideration they ought to have for Men of worth.

*Trel.* In-

or, *Squire Trelooby.*

7

*Trel.* Introth, Sir, you do me too great a Favour—

*Wimb.* Sir, as I said before, — from the Moment I saw you I felt an Inclination——

*Trel.* I'm oblig'd to ye——

*Wimb.* Your Phyz pleas'd me.

*Trel.* These are great Honours.

*Wimb.* I saw something of Ingenuity——

*Trel.* Your servant.

*Wimb.* Something lovely——

*Trel.* Oh! Sir,

*Wimb.* Gracious.

*Trel.* Good now!

*Wimb.* Sweet.

*Trel.* Away,——

*Wimb.* Majestick.

*Trel.* Something manly, as one may say——

*Wimb.* Frank!

*Trel.* And Cordial.

*Wimb.* Sir, I do assure you —— I'm your's entirely.

*Trel.* I have a great many Obligations to you ——

*Wimb.* 'Tis from my Heart's bottom I speak——

*Trel.* I believe it.

*Wimb.* If I had but the Honour to be known to ye, you'd find me to all intents and purposes sincere, and——

*Trel.* I don't doubt it.

*Wimb.* An Enemy to Fraud.

*Trel.* I'm persuaded of it.

*Wimb.* And one that cannot disguise his Thoughts——

*Trel.* I dare say it.

*Wimb.* You see indeed, Sir, the Cut of my Cloaths is not of this Country-Mode —— for, Sir, I'm originally of *Naples*, at your Service; and tho' in a Foreign Kingdom, I was willing to preserve the sincerity of my Country, by adhering to the Plainness of it's Habit.

*Trel.* You're

8 *Monseur de Pourceaugnac,*

*Trel.* You're in the right on't truly — for my part, I was resolv'd for the Honour of my Country to put my self into the Mode of the Court ———

*Wimb.* Faith, Sir, you out do all the Courtiers—

*Trel.* So my Tailor tells me; the Suit, to say Truth, is neat and rich, and will make a great Show here.

*Wimb.* Without doubt, you'll go to *St. James's*.—

*Trel.* Ay, what else?

*Wimb.* The Queen will be ravisht to see you.

*Trel.* I believe it.

*Wimb.* Have you pitcht upon a Lodging?—

*Trel.* No, I was looking out for one.

*Wimb.* I shall rejoyce to wait on you for that purpose, — and I know the whole Town.

S C E N E IV.

*To them Lovewell pretending to know Trelooby.*

*Lov.* Hah! what's this — who do I see! lucky Rencontre! Squire *Trelooby*! How glad am I to see you! What! not remember me!

*Trel.* Sir, I'm your Servant.

*Lov.* Is it possible that five or six Years shou'd thus wipe me out of your Memory? thus to forget one of the best Friends to the Family of the *Treloobys*?

*Trel.* Pardon me. Faith, I don't know him. [*to Wimb.*

*Lov.* There isn't a *Trelooby* at *Pensanze* in the Hundred of *Penwith* in the County of *Cornwall*, but I know 'em from the first to the last; I kept company with no Body else all the time I was there, and had the Honour to see you almost every Day.

*Trel.* Sir, the Honour was mine ———

*Lov.* Do not you recollect my Face?

*Trel.* Oh! oh! — God I don't know him. [*to Wimb.*

*Lov.* Don't

or, *Squire Trelooby.*

9

*Lov.* Don't you remember how we us'd to dust it about when we drunk ———

*Trel.* Excuse me. — I know nothing of it. [*To Wimb.*

*Lov.* How d'ye call that jolly Fellow's Name, mine Host there at the — *Golden* —

*Trel.* What! Little *John* by the Windmil, at the Sign of the *Globe* —

*Lov.* The same, the *Golden Cabbage* I took it for. Well, we have been very merry there; I forget the Name of the fine long *Walk in Pensanze* ———

*Trel.* I believe you mean *Church-lane*.

*Lov.* Right, where I have past many a pleasant hour in your agreeable Conversation. Don't you remember it?

*Trel.* Sir, my Memory is weak, very weak. ——— Devil take me if I remember a tittle on't. [*To Wimb.*

*Wimb.* Alas, Sir, a thousand such things as these slip out of one's Mind ———

*Lov.* Let me embrace you, dear Friend, let me embrace you, and renew the Knots of our ancient Friendship!

*Wimb.* This Gentleman loves you mightily. [*To Trel.*

*Lov.* Dear Friend, tell me some News of all the good Family. How does the good Gentleman ——— your — the best humour'd ——— best spoken Man ———

*Trel.* What, my Brother *Gervase*, the Counsellor?

*Lov.* Right.

*Trel.* Oh! he's mighty well ———

*Lov.* I joy to hear it. And likewise that good humour'd worthy Man ——— there ——— your ——— well, he's never out o'humour.

*Trel.* Oh! my Cousin *Baily*.

*Lov.* The same.

*Trel.* As full of his Jokes as ever; let him alone.

*Lov.* In truth I'm very glad to hear it. And Mr. — your Uncle ——— The —

C

*Trel.* I

10 *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

*Trel.* I have no Uncle.

*Lov.* But you had then.——I'm sure you call'd him so.

*Trel.* No, I have nothing but an Aunt.

*Lov.* Oh! Dear,——how does she do?——As good a Lady as lives ——

*Trel.* She has been dead this long while.

*Lov.* Poor Gentlewoman! so pious, and devout ——

*Trel.* We had like to ha' lost my Nephew the Curate by th' Small-pox ——

*Lov.* Oh! that's a great pity.

*Trel.* Why do ye know him too?

*Lov.* We were Hand and Glove. A handsom, jolly, lusty ——

*Trel.* None of the biggest.

*Lov.* No, but very well made.

*Trel.* Why ay ——

*Lov.* He's your Nephew ——

*Trel.* Right.

*Lov.* Your Sister and Brother's Son.

*Trel.* True.

*Lov.* Curate of —— I shall think on't presently ——

*Trel.* St. Stevens.

*Lov.* The same, I know no other ——

*Trel.* He names all the whole Family ——

*Wimb.* He knows you better than you think for ——

*Trel.* By what I see, you liv'd a long time in our Town.

*Lov.* Two Years entire.

*Trel.* Then you was there when my Cozen Recorder's Child was christn'd.

*Lov.* I was one of the first invited ——

*Trel.* 'Twas a gallant Bout ——

*Lov.* As ever I saw ——

*Trel.* Then you remember the Quarrel I had there with a Sawcy Londoner ——

*Lov.* Par-

*Lov.* Particularly well —

*Trel.* But he met with his Match — ha!

*Lov.* Hah, hah, hah, — 'twas a foolish Fellow. —

But, Sir, I hope you have no thoughts of being any where else but with me while you remain in Town —

*Trel.* Indeed Sir, but I shan't trouble you —

*Lov.* Pray, Sir, nothing of that. ——— Sure I shan't suffer my best Friend to make any other House his own —

*Trel.* But, Sir —

*Lov.* Nay, as I hope to be fav'd, you shall —

*Wimb.* [To *Trel.*] Since the Gentleman is so obstinately bent upon it, I advise you to accept of his Offer —

*Lov.* Pray, Sir, where are your things?

*Trel.* I left 'em with my Servant where I was set down.

*Lov.* We'll send some body for 'em.

*Trel.* No, no, I forbid him, unless I went my self, for fear of some Mistake —

*Wimb.* 'Twas well caution'd.

*Trel.* This Town needs it —

*Lov.* Where Men of Wit abound —

*Wimb.* [To *Lov.*] I shall wait on the Gentleman, where you shall please —

*Lov.* I shall only give a few Orders, and then expect you at that House — there —

*Wimb.* We shall trouble you presently —

*Lov.* I expect you with Impatience —

*Trel.* Why this is an acquaintance I didn't dream of —

*Wimb.* He looks like a very honest Gentleman. [Exit.]

*Lov.* In good faith Squire, *Trelooby*, — We shall not be wanting in our Respects to you — Matters are ready, and we want only to give the Word.

## S C E N E V.

*Apothecary, Lovemel.*

*Lov.* I believe, Sir, you're the Doctor I sent to speak with —

*Apoth.* No, Sir, I'm no Doctor, that Honour do's n't belong to me. I'm only an Apothecary, an unworthy Apothecary, at your Service.

*Lov.* Pray then, — Is the Doctor within?

*Apoth.* Sir, he's something busy in dispatching a few Patients, — but I shall tell him that you are here —

*Lov.* By no means, Sir, I shall wait till he's at leisure: It is to put into his Hands a certain Relation we have, that you have heard speak of, — who is a little distemper'd in his Head — Foolish — and we wou'd fain have him cured, if it might be, before he's marry'd, Sir —

*Apoth.* Oh! I remember — I remember — I was with the Doctor when he was spoke to about this Matter. — Take my Word for't, Sir, you cou'd not have apply'd to a more able Man — he's a Man that understands Physick fundamentally, the very Chriss-cross-row of it, Sir; and tho' it were to save a Man's Life, wou'd not bate an Ace of the ancient Rules. Ah, Sir, he always follows the high Road, the great Tract, and never looks for high Noon at two a Clock; and for the World, — I'm sure he wou'd n't cure any Body with other Physick than what the Faculty prescribes.

*Lov.* He's certainly in the right. A Patient ought not to desire to be cur'd any otherwise.

*Apoth.* It is not because there's a Friendship between us that I speak it, — I hope you don't think so:

But

But ——— there's a Pleasure, there's a Pleasure in being his Patient; and I'd rather chuse to dye of his Physick, than to recover by any other Man's: for, come what will come, you're sure his things are always in order; and if you shou'd dye under his Hand, your Heirs wou'd not find any fault with you —

*Lov.* That's a very great Consolation to be sure for a dead Man —

*Apoth.* Certainly. One wou'd be glad to dye methodically. ——— Nor is he one of those Physicians who husband their Patients Diseases; for he's an expeditious Man, a very expeditious Man, and loves to dispatch his Patients, and when they are to dye, 'tis done with a Jirk.

*Lov.* Why, faith, as you say, there's nothing like dispatch in every thing —

*Apoth.* True, for what signifies hagling, and beating about the Bush? ——— what signifies it? 'tis good to know the long or the short on't.

*Lov.* You say right —

*Apoth.* Why ——— three of my Children, whom he did me the Honour to take in hand, dy'd in less than four Days, and I'm sure in any other Mans Hands, they wou'd ha' languish'd three or four Months ———

*Lov.* It's a rare thing to have such a Friend in a Corner ———

*Apoth.* No doubt on't. I have but two Child ~~left~~ left now, and he takes as much care of 'em as if they were his own. He handles 'em and governs 'em as he thinks fit, without any Advice of mine, ——— and I never come near 'em, but I find 'em either Bleeding or Purging every Day ———

*Lov.* A most obliging, careful Man!

*Apoth.* Here he is, here he is ——— here he comes.

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

*Physician, Countryman and Woman.* — *Lovewell, Apothecary* —

*Countrym.* Sir, I tell you it all signifies nothing, he complains of his Head ——— the most grievouſest Pains ———

*Physic.* Why the Patient's a Sot and a Fool ——— ſo much the more for that, his Diſtemper lies not in's Head, according to *Galen*, but his Spleen. ——— His Head's ſafe enough I'll warrant you ———

*Countrym.* However it be, Sir, ——— he has had a looſeneſs theſe ſix Months ———

*Physic.* Good, that's a ſign his Body's open. I'll come and ſee him in two or three Days; but if he ſhould die before, don't fail to give me notice on't, for a Phyſician ought not to viſit the Dead.

*Countryw.* What ſhall I do, Sir, my Father grows worſe and worſe?

*Physic.* That's none of my fault, Woman, I give him Remedies. ——— Why won't he be cured? ——— Why won't he be cured? How many times has he been blooded? ———

*Countryw.* Fifteen times, Sir, ——— within this fortnight.

*Physic.* Fifteen times blooded within this fortnight!

*Countryw.* Yes. ———

*Physic.* And doesn't he mend?

*Countryw.* No, Sir. ———

*Physic.* That's a ſign his Diſtemper isn't in his Blood ——— We ſhall purge him as many times, to ſee if it do'sn't lie in's Humours; and if that won't do, we'll ſend him to the Bath.

*Apoth.* That's

*Apoth.* That's the Craft, the very Craft of Physick.

*Lov.* [*To the Dr.*] Sir, I sent to speak with you some time ago touching a Relation of mine, a little troubl'd in Mind, whom I wou'd fain have you to undertake, and to be at your own House, that he might be cured the more conveniently, and be seen by as few People as possible.

*Physic.* Ay, Sir,——I have already dispos'd all things, and promise you to take all imaginable care of him.

*Lov.* Here he is.

*Physic.* It happens very well, for I have an ancient Friend within, with whom I shall gladly advise upon his Distemper.

## SCENE VII.

*To them, Trelooby.*

*Lov.* A small Concern has fall'n out, which obliges me to leave you; but I put you into the Hands of a Person, who, for my sake, will take care to use you after the best manner that's possible——

*Physic.* The Duty of my Profession obliges me to that,——and 'tis enough for you to commit the care of him to me.——

*Trel.* This is his Steward to be sure; he must be some Man of Quality.

*Physic.* Sir, I do assure you——I shall treat the Gentleman Methodically, and with all the Regularities of our Art.

*Trel.* Dear Sir, there's no occasion for all these Ceremonies——I wou'dn't come here to incommode you.

*Physic.* I rejoyce at nothing so much as to be so employ'd.

*Lov.* Have

16 *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

*Lov.* Here are six Pistoles by way of Advance, in part of my Promise.

*Trel.* Nay, Sir, if you please, I don't understand that you shou'd put your self to any Expence ——— to send to buy any thing for me ———

*Lov.* Pray, Sir, give me leave to do as I think fit.

*Trel.* I hope, Sir, you'll use me as a Friend, and make no Stranger of me.

*Lov.* That's my intent, Sir, and no other. [*To the Physic. whispering*] I recommend to you above all things not to let him get out of your hands, for at times he'll be endeavouring to make his Escape.

*Physic.* Do you take no care for that.

*Lov.* [*To Trel.*] I beg you'll pardon my Incivility.

*Trel.* You do me too great a Favour. [*Exit Lov.*]

SCENE VIII.

*Two Physicians, Trelooby, Apothecary.*

*1. Physic.* It is a very great Honour for me, Sir, to be made choice of to serve you.

*Trel.* I'm your Servant.

*1. Physic.* Here's one of my Fraternity, a very able Man, with whom I'm going to consult after what manner we shall treat you ———

*Trel.* Pray, Gentlemen, don't give your selves all this Trouble; I tell you, I'm one that can take up with any thing.

*1. Physic.* Chairs there —

*Trel.* These are sorrowful sort of Domesticks for a young Gentleman — [*Looking upon the Apothecary, &c.*]

*1. Physic.* Come, Sir, take your Seat — There —

*When*

*When they are sate, the two Physicians take each of 'em one of his hands, to feel his Pulse.*

*Trel. Giving his Hands.]* Gentlemen, your very humble Servant——I suppose this is the Fashion here——

*I. Physic.* Do ye eat well, Sir?

*Trel.* Yes—and drink much better.

*I. Physic.* So much the worse; that great appetite of frigid and humid, is an indication of Heat and Aridity within. Do ye sleep well?

*Trel.* Yes; after a good Supper.

*I. Physic.* Do ye Dream?

*Trel.* Sometimes.

*I. Physic.* Of what nature are your Dreams?

*Trel.* Why, of the Nature of Dreams. I Dream now I think! What a Devil's here to do?——

*I. Physic.* Your Dejections, pray how are they?

*Trel.* Hoop, hoop, why sure the Men are betwattl'd. Give me something to drink, will ye?

*I. Physic.* Patience a little.——We are going to reason together upon your Matter, and to be the better understood by you, we shall do't in English——

*Trel.* I wonder what great matter of reasoning is requir'd to eat a bit——

*I. Physic.* Since therefore so it is, that there's no curing any Distemper without knowing it perfectly; since also there's no perfect knowing of it, without well establishing the particular Idea of it, and true Species, — by Signs Diagnostick, and Prognostick; you, my ancient Friend, will permit me, to enter upon the consideration of the Distemper now under hand, before that we touch upon the Therapeutic part, and the Remedies necessary to be applied for the perfect curation thereof. I say therefore, Sir, with your permission, that our Patient here present, is unhappily attack'd, affected, possess'd, agitated:

D

with

with that sort of Folly, which we very well term, Melancholy Hypochondriac, a Species of a very dreadful Folly, and which requires no less than an *Æsculapius*, as you are, consummate in our Art; you I say, who are grown as it were, grey in it; and thro' whose Hands so much Practice has pass'd! I call it Melancholy Hypochondriac to distinguish it from the two others; For the celebrated *Galen*, hath establish'd very learnedly (as he's wont) three Species of this Distemper, which we call Melancholy, so call'd not only by the *Latins*, but also by the *Greeks*; which by the way is very material for us to observe in the present Case: The first, proceeding from the proper vitiosity of the Brain; the second, proceeding from the whole Mass of Blood, made and become atrabilious; the third, call'd Hypochondriac, which is ours: the which arises from a Fault of some part in the lower ventricle and from the inferior Region, but particularly from the Spleen, whereof the heat and inflammation sends up to the Brain of our Patient abundance of fuliginous particles of a crass Nature; whereof the vapour being black and malignant, causes a depravation in the Functions of the Prime Faculty, and—constitutes the Distemper where-with (by our ratiocination) he is manifestly tainted and convicted. And for an incontestable Diagnostic thereof, you may only observe that great seriosity of Countenance with which he views us; that sorrowfulness of Face attended with Fear and Distrust, Signs pathognomic and individual of this malady, so well mark'd by the Divine old Man *Hippocrates*; that Physiognomy, those Eyes red and haggard, that Beard over-grown, that plight of Body wasted, washy, black, and hairy, the which Symptoms denote him very much touch'd with this Distemper arising from an Error in the Hypochondria; the which Malady by lapse of time being naturaliz'd, antiquated, habituated, enrol'd and made free of his Body, might well degenerate either into Madness, or Ptisic or Apoplexy,

plexy, or in fine, into Phrenzy and Distraction. All this being premis'd and suppos'd, and since a Malady well known is half cur'd, for *ignoti nulla est curatio morbi*, it will not be difficult for you to concur upon Remedies applicable to the Case in hand. First, To remove the Obthurant Plethory of his Body, and that Luxuriant Cacochimie of his Humours, I advise that he be liberally phlebotomiz'd; that is to say, that his Bleedings be frequent and plentiful; and first, in the *Vena basilica*, next in the *Vena cephalica*, and if the Disease prove obstinate, to open him a Vein in the Forehead, and that the Orifice be large, in order for the gross blood to issue forth; and at the same time to purge him, disopliate, and evacuate by Catharticks proper and convenient; that is to say, by Cholagogues, Melanogogues, &c. and as the true Source of every Distemper, is either a gross and feculent Humour, or a black and crass Vapour, which obscurifies, muddifies and infects the Animal Spirits; it is necessary that he afterwards use a Bath of pure and clean Water, with a great quantity of fine Whey, to purifie by the Water the Feculence of the dreggy Humour, and to clarify by the Whey the Nigridity of the black Vapour; but before all things, I hold it good to exhilarate him by agreeable Conversations, Songs and Instruments of Musick, whereunto it will not be improper to adjoin Dancers, to the end that their Movements, Disposition, and Agility may excite, stir up, and awaken the Laziness of his supine Spirits, which occasions the Thickness of his Blood, from whence proceeds his Distemper. This is what I propose, whereunto may be added a great deal more, and much better, by you, Sir, our Master and ancient Friend, according to the Experience, Judgment, Lights and Sufficiency which you have acquir'd in our Art. *Dixi.*

2. *Physic.* God forbid, Sir, that it shou'd enter into my Thoughts to add any thing of mine to what you ha' been arguing. You have so well discours'd upon all the Signs, Symptoms, and Causes of the Patient's Distemper; the Ratiocination which you have made thereupon is so learned and elegant, that it is impossible it shou'd be otherwise with him than as you say; foolish and hypochondriacally melancholy; and tho' he were not so, he must needs become so, for the Beauty of the things which you have utter'd, and the Justness of the Argument which you made. Yes, Sir, you have most graphically describ'd, *graphice depinxisti*, every thing that appertains to this Distemper; nothing can be more learnedly, sagely, ingeniously conceiv'd, excogitated, imagin'd, than what you have pronounc'd with relation to this Distemper, whether as to the diagnostic, prognostic, or therapeutic; and nothing remains for me to do here, but to felicitate the Squire upon being fall'n into your hands, and to acquaint him, 'tis his great Happiness that he is distemper'd, thereby to have an Opportunity of experiencing the Efficacy and Sweetness of the Remedies which you have so judiciously propounded. I approve 'em all, *manibus & pedibus descendendo in tuam sententiam*. All that I would have is, that his Bleedings and Purgations be of an odd Number, *numero Deus impari gaudet*: to use Whey before the Bath; to have a Forehead Cloth, or a Headstall made him, with Salt in it: Salt is a Symbol of Sageness: To cause his Chamber-walls to be whiten'd, *Album est disgregativum visus*, and to give him presently a small Glyster, to serve by way of Prelude and Introduction to these judicious Remedies, from which (if he will be cur'd) he cannot but receive great Comfort. God grant that these Prescriptions, Sir (which are yours) do succeed according to our Intention upon the Patient.

*Trel. Gen-*

*Trel.* Gentlemen, 'tis an Hour since you began, and so long I've heard you. — Pray satisfy me, whether or no you aren't playing a Comedy here?

*1. Physic.* Not i'th' least, Sir, we're in earnest.

*Trel.* What a Devil wou'd ye be at, with your Gallymaufry and Blockheadisms?

*1. Physic.* So, so, injurious Language! This is a diagnostic which we wanted for a confirmation of his Distemper; this may turn to Distraction.

*Trel.* For God's sake, in what Company am I got?

[*He spits two or three times.*]

*1. Physic.* Another Diagnostic. Frequent Spatation.

*Trel.* Come, enough, enough; pray let us be gone.

*1. Physic.* There's another! Inquietude, to shift place.

*Trel.* What is the meaning of all this? what wou'd you have?

*1. Physic.* Have you cur'd, Sir, according to our Orders.

*Trel.* Cure me!

*1. Physic.* Ay. ———

*Trel.* 'Sblood, I a'n't sick.

*1. Physic.* Bad Symptom! — a sick Man not to be sensible of his Illness!

*Trel.* I tell you that I'm as well as any Man in *England*.

*1. Physic.* Sir, we know better than your self how it is with you. We are Physicians, and see clear thro' your Constitution.

*Trel.* If you're Physicians, avant! I have nothing to do with you, I laugh at Physick.

*1. Physic.* Humph, — the Man's more mad than we thought for ———

*Trel.* My Father, nor Mother never wou'd take Physick, and they dy'd both of 'em without the Assistance of the Doctor.

*1. Physic.* I

*Physic.* I don't wonder then they got such a Fool to their son. Go to, proceed we now to the Curation, and by the exhilarating Sweetness of Harmony let us dulcify, lenify, and obtund the Eagerness of his Spirits, which I see ready to be inflam'd.

## SCENE IX.

Squire Trelooby.

*Trel.* What in the Devil's Name can all this mean? Are the People of this Country all stark mad? I never saw the like in my Life. I can't imagine —

---

SCENE

---

S C E N E X.

Mr. Gellier and another Musician (habited like Physicians à la crotelque, follow'd by eight Buffoon-Dancers) sing the following words in Italian, with Instrumental Musick.

The 2 Musicians sitting down on Chairs on each side the Squire.

2. Musicians.

**B**ON di, Bon di, Bon di, [They rise and  
 Non vi lasciate uccidere, [bow to him.  
 Dal Dolor Melanconico,  
 Noi vi faremo ridere,  
 Col nostro Canto harmonico,  
 Sol' per guarirvi  
 Siamo venuti qui,  
 Bon di, Bon di, Bon di. [They rise and bow to him.

1. Musician.

Altro non è la pazzia  
 Che Malinconia.  
 Il malato  
 Non è desperato,  
 Se vol pigliar un poco d'allegria  
 Altro non è la pazzia  
 Che Malinconia.

2. Musi-

*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

2. Musician.

*Su, cantate, ballate, ridete  
 Et se far meglio volete,  
 Quando sentite il deliro vicino,  
 Pigliate del vino,  
 Equalche volta un poco di tabac  
 Ale gramente Monsu Pourceaugnac.*

*Which (being only jocular) we have put into English, lest  
 some People shou'd think there's more matter in't than real-  
 ly there is.*

2 Musicians.

*Good Morrow, Sir, good Morrow,  
 Good Morrow, Sir, good Morrow, [They rise and  
 Kill not your self, kill not your self with Grief, [bow.  
 Nor be cast down with Sorrow.  
 Kill not your self with Grief,  
 We're come to your Relief,  
 With Bagpipe and with Fief,  
 Good Morrow, Sir, good Morrow, &c. [They  
 [rise and bow.*

1. Musician.

*Melancholy,  
 Sir's a Folly  
 No wise Man can endure.  
 Cast away Care,  
 And you needn't despair  
 Of a Cure.  
 Melancholy,  
 Sir's a meer Folly,  
 A fruitless idle Folly.*

2. Musi-

2. *Musician.*

To cure the Spleen  
 You must laugh and sing,  
 And dance and kiss ———  
 And if after this  
 You find the Devil in ye,  
 Drive him out,  
 Like the Gout,  
 With a good drunken bout,  
 And a Pipe of pure *Virginie.*

SCENE XI.

*Apothecary and Trelooby.*

*Apoth.* Here's a small Remedy, Sir, — a small Remedy,  
 — which you must take, Sir, if you please, if you please —

*Trel.* Sir! I have no occasion, Sir, ———

*Apoth.* 'Tis order'd, Sir, 'tis order'd ———

*Trel.* Is the Devil in the People? ———

*Apoth.* Take it, Sir, take it; it will d'ye no harm, it  
 will d'ye no harm ———

*Trel.* Sir, you talk like an Apothecary, and your Con-  
 versation's a meer Drug.

*Apoth.* 'Tis a small Glyster, a small Glyster, benign,  
 benign; it is benign, benign; there, take it, take it,  
 take it, Sir, ——— 'tis absterfive, absterfive, Cathar-  
 tic ———

The 2 Musicians, with the Buffoon-Dancers and Instruments, dance round about *Trelooby*, and then stop just before him, singing and making at him with their Glyster-Pipes.

*Piglia-lo-su*, &c. is nothing more than *Take it — Sir, — Take it —* us'd by these Apothecaries when they made at him with their Glyster.

*Piglia-lo-su*  
*Signor Monsu,*  
*Piglia-lo, Piglia-lo, Piglia-lo-su,*  
*Che non ti farà male*  
*Piglia-lo-su questo servitiale,*  
*Piglia-lo-su,*  
*Signor Monsu,*  
*Piglia-lo, Piglia-lo, Piglia-lo-su.*

*Trel.* The Devil take ye all? — [*Trelooby taking up the Chair he sits upon, runs off with it, to defend his Posteriors —*

*The Apothecary, 2 Musicians, and the Buffoon-Dancers follow him, with each of 'em a Glyster-pipe in his hand.*

---

*The End of the First Act.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Wimble, 1. Physician.

1. *Physic.* He has forc'd his way thro' all the Obstacles I had plac'd, — and has withdrawn himself from the Remedies I was going to administer to him.

*Wimb.* Why, he's his own Murtherer, to avoid Remedies so salutiferous as yours —

1. *Physic.* Mark of a Brain that's overset, and Reason dismounted, not to be willing to be cur'd.

*Wimb.* You shou'd have forc'd him to't.

1. *Physic.* Right, tho' there were a Complication of Distempers, thirteen to the dozen.

*Wimb.* Humph, — he has lost ye fifty Pistoles ready cut and dry'd —

1. *Physic.* Excuse me, I don't mean to lose 'em, — I'll cure him in spite of his Teeth. He's ty'd and bound my Patient, and I'll have him seiz'd where ever I find him, as a Deserter and Infringer of my Prescriptions —

*Wimb.* Why ay, your Physick is Money at any time, so that he has stole your Cash —

1. *Physic.* Where can I hear of him? —

*Wimb.* At Mr. Tradewell's, to be sure, whose Daughter he's going to marry; and he, poor man, knowing nothing of these Infirmities of his Son-in-Law-that-is-to-be, is hastning the Marriage all he can.

1. *Physic.* I'll go talk with him this Minute.

*Wimb.* You can't do a better thing.

1. *Physic.* His Body is mortgaged to my Management, and it shall never be said, a Patient has got the better of his Physician —

*Wimb.* Well said, — And were I in your place,

wou'd not suffer him to be marry'd, before I had physick'd him my Belly full —

*1. Physic.* Let me alone — [Exit.

*Wimb.* Away go I and play another Battery; the Father-in-Law is as great a Cully as the Son-in-Law — [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Tradewell and 1. Physician.*

*1. Physic.* There's a certain Gentleman, one Squire *Trelooby*, who is to marry your Daughter. —

*Trad.* Yes, I expect him hourly, he comes out of *Cornwall* —

*1. Physic.* The same, — He has elop'd and run away from my House, after I had taken him in hand; but I forbid you, on the behalf of the Faculty, to proceed in this Marriage, until that I have duly prepar'd him for it, and set him in a Capacity of procreating Children of a good Complexion both in Mind and Body.

*Trad.* How's this!

*1. Physic.* Your intended Son-in-Law is constituted and inducted my Patient; his Distemper which was given me to cure, is a Chattel that appertains to me, and which I reckon part of my personal Estate; and I do hereby declare unto you, that I will not have him marry'd till such time as he shall have made ample Satisfaction to the Faculty of Physick, and undergone the Prescriptions I shall make.

*Trad.* Do's he ail any thing, say you?

*1. Physic.* Yes. —

*Trad.* Pray, what sort of Distemper?

*1. Physic.* Don't you trouble your self about that —

*Trad.* Is it a —

*1. Physic.* Physicians are oblig'd to Secresie. Let it suffice that I enjoin both you and your Daughter, not to celebrate

celebrate (without my consent) your Nuptials with him, upon pain of incurring the displeasure of the Faculty, and suffering the worst diseases we can inflict.

*Trad.* Nay, if it be so with him, I sha'n't break my Neck for hast to marry 'em.

*1. Physic.* He was put into my Hands, and he's oblig'd to be my Patient.

*Trad.* With all my Heart.

*1. Physic.* He may run away, as much as he pleases—I'll have a Decree against him, to oblige him to be cured by me. ———

*Trad.* All in good time. —

*1. Physic.* Yes, I'll either cure him, or be the Death of him.

*Trad.* You have my consent.

*1. Physic.* And if I don't find him, I'll come upon you, you shall take the Physick for him.

*Trad.* I've no need on't.

*1. Physic.* No matter for that, Sir, I must have a Patient, and I'll take him where I can find him, ——— the Physick is prepar'd and won't keep. ———

*Trad.* E'en take whom you can, ——— I'm sure I won't be your Fool ——— a pretty sort of an Argument!

### SCENE III.

*Enter Wimble, drest like a Foreign Merchant.*

*Wimb.* [To *Trad.*] Sire, vit your permisseong, I am one littel peece of a Fransch Marshand, and you'd be glaud to demaund one small News.

*Trad.* What's that, Sir?

*Wimb.* Sire, you pleeze, be couvart, poot on your Haut, you pleeze ———

*Trad.* Pray Sir, let me know your Business.

*Wimb.* Me

30 *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

*Wimb.* Me say noting, Montsir, if you no poot your Haut.

*Trad.* Well then. [Putting on his Hat.

*Wimb.* You know one certain Shantelman in dis Toone, vat you call him? Maitre Tradwell ———

*Trad.* Yes, I do know him.

*Wimb.* Eh bien, vat Man is he, Sire, vat soort of Maun you pleeze?

*Trad.* Why, he's a Man like other Men I think.

*Wimb.* I you demaund, Sire, is he reesh, has he L'argent?

*Trad.* Yes.

*Wimb.* Has he beaucou L'argent, is he ver reesh?

*Trad.* Yes.

*Wimb.* Ah, ah, [Flings up his Hat for Joy.

*Trad.* Why do you ask, Sir?

*Wimb.* Far one litel raizoon of Stat, pour moi.

*Trad.* But pray, ———

*Wimb.* It be dis ——— Dey say de Marshand Tradwell is resolv to give his Doter in maurriage to Squeer Trelloby. —

*Trad.* Well —

*Wimb.* Vish Squeer Trelloby, is one Man dat ow great deal ver mush to too tree four Fransh Marshands, dat be coom hidder.

*Trad.* Do's Squire Trelcoby owe three ar four Merchants? —

*Wimb.* Ouy, Montsir; and vittin dis eight Mont we have obtin'd one liteel sentance aggainst him, ver'pon he assign'd to his Creditours all de Fortune vish Montsir Tradwell give his Shild.

*Trad.* How, how, has he assign'd there, to pay his Creditors?

*Wimb.* Yes, Sire, and vit graund Devotion we expec dis Marriage.

*Trad.* This

*Trad.* This Advice is well tim'd. Good morrow to you, Sir.

*Wimb.* Me tank you, Sir, for de graund fauver —

*Trad.* Your very humble Servant. [Exit.

*Wimb.* I aum, Sire, more den verymush oblisk'd tor de good News — This dosn't go ill at all; now we shall lay by this Habit to think of something else, and endeavour to sprinkle the seed of discord and suspicion between the Father, and Son-in-law, to break off the Match. They're both Gudgeons enough to swallow any bait; and among us Sharpers of the first form, 'tis but whistling to such sort of Game, and they fly to your Cage.

S C E N E IV.

*Squire Trelooby and Wimble.*

*Trel. Muttering.]* Pillia—lo—su,—piglia—lo—su; Signor Monfu. What a Devil's that? Hah!

*Wimb.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Trel.* Every thing I see, methinks is a Glyster.

*Wimb.* How!

*Trel.* You don't know (it may be) what has happen'd to me in that Lodging where you left me.

*Wimb.* No truly, what was it?

*Trel.* I expected to be regaled—for my part —

*Wimb.* Well —

*Trel. [Telling how he was used at Lovewell's]* Now I leave you in such a Gentleman's Hands ——— Physicians cloath'd in black. In a great Chair feel your Pulse. So be it, the Man's mad. Two great bloted Faced Fellows, flapping Hats: Bon di, Bon di. Six Pantaloons, Ta, ra, ta, ta, Ta, ra, ta, ta; Alegramente Monfu *Trelooby*, an Apothecary, a Glyster. Take it, Sir, take it, take it — 'Tis benign. benign, benign; Absterfive, Absterfive; Piglia—lo—su, Signor Monfu, Piglia—lo, Piglia—lo  
Piglia

*Piglia—lo—sal* Never was Man so impertinently pun-  
nilt, sure.

*Wimb.* Pray, Sir, what's the meaning of all this?

*Trel.* The meaning of it is, that this pretended Friend  
of ours, with all his fine Protestations, is a rascally little  
naasty Dog, and carrys me to a House on purpose to abuse  
me.

*Wimb.* Is it possible?

*Trad.* I'm sure there was a dozen of Devils after me,  
and I had all the difficulty in the World, to get out of  
their Claws.

*Wimb.* Bless me! How deceitful are Mens looks! I  
shou'd ha' thought him the most Affectionate Friend.—  
'Tis my amazement, that 'tis possible there shou'd be such  
Cheats in the World!

*Trad.* Don't I favour something of a Glyster? pray  
tell me.

*Wimb.* Eh, something very like it.

*Trad.* My Imagination, my Smelling, and all my  
Senses are full of it; and methinks I still see a dozen of  
Glyster Pipes aiming at me.

*Wimb.* Why this was such a piece of Villany, that  
Men should be such false, traitorous ———

*Trel.* Pray be so kind as to shew me Mr. *Tradewell's*—I  
shall be glad to be there as soon as possible ———

*Wimb.* Ah, ah, You're of an amorous Complexion I  
see, and you have heard talk of Mr. *Tradewell's* Daughter.

*Trel.* Why ay, I'm come to marry her.

*Wimb.* Humph ——— marry her say ye!

*Trel.* Yes.

*Wimb.* In Marriage?

*Trel.* How otherwise?

*Wimb.* I was thinking ——— but I beg your pardon —

*Trel.* What's the meaning of your speaking so bro-  
kenly.

*Wimb.* No.

*Wimb.* Nothing, nothing.

*Trel.* But pray? —

*Wimb.* Nothing, I tell ye, I only spoke a little too fast —

*Trel.* I beg you'll tell me something of this matter —

*Wimb.* No, it is not necessary.

*Trel.* Good now!

*Wimb.* No I desire you'll excuse me —

*Trel.* She was n't concern'd in the *Piglia-lo* sure —

*Wimb.* No matter —

*Trel.* Are not you my Friend?

*Wimb.* I defy any Man to be more so.

*Trel.* Then you ought not to hide any thing from me.

*Wimb.* But 'tis a thing wherein the interest of our Neighbour is concern'd —

*Trel.* I find I must open a Passage to his Heart, [*Aside*] some other way — Pray, Sir, give me your Hand — so now turn your Head another way, — I wou'd not for the World put you to the Uneasiness of a Blush — [*Trel. takes Wimble's Hand under his Arm and*

[*puts a Diamond Ring upon's finger.*

Sir, I desire, you'll keep it for my sake. — Nay, upo' my Word, Sir, I won't touch it again — I'll lose my Life first —

*Wimb.* Sir, I rather choose to be rude and take it, than troublesome in refusing it. Humph, let me see, — let me see. — Here's Conscience pulls one way, and Friendship another, — I'll hear 'em both argue fairly, before I'll determine — Says Conscience, — here's a Man seeking his own Intèrest, endeavouring to provide his Daughter as advantagiously as he can, — a Man ought to be injur'd. These are things which in truth are known, but shall I discover 'em to a

34 *Monsieur de Pourceangnac,*

knows 'em not? Is it not forbid to scandalize one's Neighbour? That's true; so much to Conscience —

*Trel.* Now let's hear what little Friendship says —

*Wimb.* On the other side here's a Gentleman comes a great way —

*Trel.* From the *Land's End*.

*Wimb.* That is like to be surpriz'd —

*Trel.* And has been abus'd already —

*Wimb.* Who comes thro' thick and thin —

*Trel.* All in the Stage Coach.

*Wimb.* With an honest Intention to marry this Woman.

*Trel.* Whom he never saw.

*Wimb.* A Man full of Courtesy —

*Trel.* And a Justice of Peace in's own Country —

*Wimb.* For whom I feel an Inclination —

*Trel.* Which shan't go unanswered —

*Wimb.* Who does me the Honour to place me among his Friends, to put a confidence in me, and give me a Ring to keep for his sake —

*Trel.* Which cost thirty Pound.

*Wimb.* Well, I find I can speak things without wounding Conscience: But then let us endeavour to express 'em in as soft Terms as possible, and to spare People all we can. To tell you, this Lady leads a dishonourable Life, wou'd be a little too hard; seek we therefore to explain our selves in terms less harsh. The Word Gallante comes not up to't. — That of compleat Coquette, seems to me to be the properest, and I may make use of it, to tell you honourably what she is.

*Trel.* A Cocket, a Cocket! — what's a Cocket —

*Wimb.* Your Coquetts, Sir, are great Company-keepers who are perpetually either complaining of the Hippos, or venting of Scandal — and are generally as free of their Tails as they are of their Tongues —

*Trel.* Whoop,

*Trel.* Whoop, whoop, marry a Cocket, quotha, sure they don't take me for such a Cocks-comb—

*Wimb.* Perhaps tho' at bottom there is n't all that harm in it the World believes; and there are some People after all who set themselves above these sort of things, and don't think their Reputation depends ———

*Trel.* I'm your servant; I have no mind to put such a Cap as that upon my Head. ——— The Family of the *Treloobys* arn't to be made Stalking Horses of ———

*Wimb.* Here's the Father!

*Trel.* That old Fellow!

*Wimb.* Ay, I'll retire ———

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

*To him, Tradewell.*

*Trel.* 'Morrow, Sir, 'Morrow.

*Trad.* Servant, Sir; Servant.

*Trel.* You're Name's *Tradewell*, 'en't it?

*Trad.* Yes ———

*Trel.* And mine's *Trelooby*.

*Trad.* Then we know one another ———

*Trel.* Hark ye me, do's your Worship really believe the *West-country-men* such arrant Calfs ———

*Trad.* And do's your Squireship in good earnest take us Londoners to be such Codsheads ———

*Trel.* Do you imagine, Sir, a Man of my Condition so sharp set for a Wife?

*Trad.* Do you imagine, Sir, a Woman of my Daughter's Qualifications so hard put to't for a Husband?

*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

S C È N E. VI.

*To them, Julia,]* Father, Father, I heard just now that Squire Trelooby was arrived. Ah! this is he without doubt, my Heart tells me so. How handsome he is! what an Air he has! how happy am I to have such a Husband! let me embrace him, and testify to him——

*Trad.* Not so fast, good Daughter, not so fast——

*Trel.* Deuce take me, this is a Gallant—how soon she took fire!

*Trad.* I wou'd willingly know, Squire Trelooby, for what reason you comes——

*Jul.* How happy am I to see you! and how I burn with Impatience!

*Trad.* Daughter, I say, be gone, hah!

*Trel.* Ho, ho! a coming Girl! truly—It's time to set in when the Oven comes to the Dough.

*[Julia comes near Trel. looking on him languishing and is for taking him by the Hand.*

*Trad.* I say, I wou'd gladly know for what reason, if you please, you had the boldness to——

*Trel.* Oh rare! oh rare!

*Trad.* Again! what's the meaning of this?——

*[To Julia.*

*Jul.* Wou'dn't ye have me love the Man you have chosen for my Husband?

*Trad.* No, get ye in.

*Jul.* Let me look at him.

*Trad.* Get ye in, I say, ye Baggage!

*Jul.* I wou'd fain stay here, if you please——

*Trad.* I wo'not; if you don't go this Minute I shall——

*Jul.* Well,—— I go——

*Trad.* My Daughter's a Fool—— I think——

*Trel.* How our Person takes her!

*Trad.* Won't ye be gone?

*Jul.* Then

*Jul.* Then, tell me when I shall be marry'd to the Gentleman?

*Trad.* Never —— you ar'n't for him ——

*Jul.* I will have him, that I will, since you promis'd me him.

*Trad.* If I did promise it, I unpromise it ——

*Trel.* She'd fain have me ——

*Jul.* You may do as ye will —— we will be marry'd together in spite of all the World.

*Trad.* I shall take care to prevent you both, I assure ye. —— Bless me what a strange sort of Vertigo has seiz'd her!

*Trel.* Dear Father-in-law that was-to-be, don't heat your self at this rate; here's no Body so fond of running away with your Daughter; so you may spare your Grimaces.

*Trad.* Lord help your silly Head.

*Trel.* You fancy'd, I warrant you that *Leonard Trelooby Esq;* was a fit Man to buy a Pig in a Poke! that he had no Guts in's Brains, to inform himself how the World went, and to see his Honour well secured, before he ventur'd on a Wife ——

*Trad.* I don't know that —— but what cou'd put it into your silly Pate to think that a Man turn'd of threescore shou'd have so few Brains, so little to consider his Daughter, as to marry her to a Man who has —— you know what —— and is now under the Surgeon's Hands for it?

*Trel.* 'Tis all a Trick that was play'd me —— I ail nothing.

*Trad.* The Doctor told me it himself.

*Trel.* He ly'd in's Throat —— I'm a Gentleman, and will seek him out, Sword in hand.

*Trad.* Well I know what I know —— you shan't deceive me in this, —— no more than in the Business.

ness of your Debts, which you have assign'd upon the Marriage of my Daughter.

*Trel.* What Debts?

*Trad.* Pshaw, Pshaw, what signifies shifting and shamming? I have seen the French Merchant, who with your other Creditors, got a Decree against you eight Months ago.

*Trel.* What French Merchant? What Creditors? What Decree against me?

*Trad.* You know well enough.

## SCENE VII.

*To them A Woman with 2 Children, falling upon Trelooby.*

*Wom.* So, are ye there? have I found ye at last, ye Villain? how can ye look me i'th' Face ———

*Trel.* What wou'd this Woman have?

*Wom.* What wou'd I have! Your Heart's Blood, ——— ye Rogue ——— What! now ye pretend you don't know me! How can ye have that Impudence! not to blush when ye see me! I have heard of your intended Marriage, but here I declare I am his lawful Wife, his unfortunate Wife these 7 years. ———

*Trad.* Oh rare! ———

*Trel.* What in the Devil's Name is here to do?

*Wom.* The Traitor left me under pretence of some extraordinary Business, which occasion'd his going from home, and since that I've had no News of him; but now (when I the least expected it) was I told he was in this Town, about marrying a young Woman his Friends had provided, without any regard to his former Marriage. But I was resolv'd to prevent him, and came to Town on purpose to oppose this criminal Match, and to confound thee, thou worst of men, in the Eyes of the whole World ———

*Trel.* Pro-

*Trel.* Prodigious Impudence!

*Wom.* Did ye ever hear the like! why are not you ashamed, to use me thus? are you not prick'd with the secret Reproaches of your Conscience?

*Trel.* I your Husband!

*Wom.* Infamous Wretch! dar'st thou say to the contrary? Thou know'st, to my sorrow, thou know'st it is too true. Wou'd to God it wa'n't, wou'd to God thou hadst left me in that State of Innocence, that Peace of Mind my Soul enjoy'd which your deluding Charms so unfortunately robb'd me of. [*Weeps.*] I shou'd not ha' been reduc'd to make this sorrowful Figure as I do now, nor to see a cruel Husband despise the Love I bore him, and to leave me without the least Pity, abandon'd to the mortal Grievs I suffer for his perfidious Actions.

*Trad.* O my Conscience, I can't hold from weeping. Go, you're an unworthy Man!

*Trel.* I don't know one tittle of all this ———

## S C E N E VIII.

*To them, A North-Country-Woman, with two Children, falling upon Trelooby.*

*N. C. Wom.* Wellaneerin, I'se lick to swoon — ah — thoo reefy Dog; thou's gar me hoof mony a weabit, have I foon'd thee? I'se do thee reeght, I'se do thee reet ——— Birlady, I'se have thee hong, thoo'rt my Hofe-band, and I'se ho' thee hong ———

*Trel.* Again!

*Trad.* What a Devil for a Man is this!

*1. Wom.* Pray what do you mean, with your Hofe-band, — and your honging? Is this Man your Husband?

*2. Wom.* Birlady, I'se his Weef ———

*1. Wom.* 'Tis

1. *Wom.* 'Tis false, I'm his Wife; and if he is to be hang'd, it is I that must hang him.

2. *Wom.* I know nought what too seayst.

1. *Wom.* I tell ye, I'm his Wife.

2. *Wom.* His Weef, ——— say'st ta? ———

1. *Wom.* Yes ———

2. *Wom.* Thou lees, thou lees, thou grisely brassen Face.

1. *Wom.* You lye like a Carrion.

2. *Wom.* We ha' bin teed together these twealve Month.

1. *Wom.* And I have been his Wife these seven Years—

2. *Wom.* Aw the Toon kens it well.

1. *Wom.* And all my Country knows it ———

2. *Wom.* Aw the Noorth roong of it Neeght and Deay. ———

1. *Wom.* All the South assisted at my Wedding. ———

2. *Wom.* 'Tis as trew as the Gosepell ———

1. *Wom.* Nothing is more certain ———

2. *Wom.* Canst ta gainseay it — thou faw Theef.

[To Trel.

1. *Wom.* Canst thou deny it? Sirrah!

Trel. Why I think one's as true t'other ———

1. *Wom.* How, Impudence! Dost thou forget these Fruits of our Marriage, little *Toby* and *Nancy*?

[Shewing her Children.

2. *Wom.* Caunst thoo seay ought for thy fell when thou kens these poor Bairn. [Shewing her Children.

Trel. A couple of impudent Sows.

1. *Wom.* Come hither little *Toby*, come hither *Nanny*, come and see your unnatural Father ———

2. *Wom.* Coom here, *Tib*, come here, *Geay*, *Geay*, clawt out his neen.

[The Children pulling him, Papa, Papa, &c.

Trel. Devil take the little Whore's-birds!

1. *Wom.* Art thou not asham'd, thou Traitor, to shut up thy Bowels against thy Children. Thou shalt not escape me,

me, I'll follow thee every where till I'm reveng'd, till I've hang'd thee, thou Villain——

*Trel.* Bitches! ——

2. *Wom.* What prates ta still? wad ta have nea care of thy Bearne. [*Trel. is for running away.*] Neay, run nut, thou's nut feay leet of feaut I'se git thee, an the Devil git thee nut. Nay Rogue, I'se gitten haud, I'se coul the doon. ——

[*The two Women and Children all fall upon him.*

*Trel.* Help, help, Murther Murther ——

*Trad.* Have him punish'd, have him punish'd, —— he deserves hanging.

## SCENE IX.

Wimble.

So far, so good; I've lookt out sharp to all things yet, we shall so fatigue our Country-Squire, he'll make more haste back again, than ever he did to come, I dare say.

## SCENE X.

*Squire Trelooby, Wimble.*

*Trel.* I'm quite knockt o'th' Head! What Troubles! Curst Town! Murther'd on all sides!

*Wimb.* What's the matter now, Sir, more mischief still?

*Trel.* Ah it Rains in this Country, Glysters and Women.

*Wimb.* What now?

*Trel.* A couple of foul-mouth'd Carrions came and accused me of being marry'd to 'em both, and threaten me with Justice.

G

*Wimb.* An

42 *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

*Wimb.* An ugly Business, very ugly Business! And Justice in this Country, is as rigorous as the Devil against that sort of Crime.

*Trel.* Ay, — But, put the Case an information be exhibited, Subpœna granted, Decree and Judgment obtain'd by surprize, default and contumacy, there's a way open by bringing a writ of Error, or demurring, to null the proceedings —

*Wimb.* Why you talk in all the terms; 'tis plain, Sir, you're a Brother o'th' Quill.

*Trel.* I, not at all, I'm a Gentleman.

*Wimb.* Nay but to talk after that manner, you must ha' study'd the practical part.

*Trel.* No, it's common sense which tells me that I shall be still *Rectus in Curia*, and not be condemn'd upon a simple accusation, without a re-examination of Witnesses.

*Wimb.* Again! the very quintessence of Law!

*Trel.* These words come into my Head, whether I will or no.

*Wimb.* I'll grant you, the common sense of a Gentleman may go so far as to conceive what is Right, and the order of Justice, but not to be Master of the very terms of Petty-fogging.

*Trel.* These are some words which I have retain'd in reading Romances.

*Wimb.* Very good that!—

*Trel.* To shew you that I know nothing at all of Chicanery, I desire you wou'd carry me to some Lawyer to advise with upon my Case.

*Wimb.* I will carry you to two very eminent Men; but I must tell you before hand not to be surpriz'd at their manner of speaking; they have contracted from the Bar a certain habitude of declaration, which wou'd make one think they sung their Words, and you'll take for Musick every thing they say.

*Trel.* What

*Trel.* What matter is't how they speak, so they tell me what I want to know.

SCENE XI.

*Wimble, Trelooby, Two Councillors Musicians, one whercof speaks slow, and the other very fast, attended by two Attorneys and two Apparitors.*

1. Councillor drawling his Words, sings.

*La Polygamie est un cas,  
Est un cas pendable.  
La Poly-gamie-est-u-n cas  
E-s-t un c-a-s pen-da-ble.*

2. Councillor precipating his Words, sings.

*Vostre fait  
Est clair & net  
Et tout de droit  
Sur cet endroit  
Conclut tout droit.  
Si vous consultez nos Autheurs,  
Legislateurs, & Glossateurs,  
Si vous consultez nos Autheurs,  
Legislateurs, & Glossateurs,  
Justinian, Papinian,  
Ulpian & Tribonian,  
Fernand, Rebuffe, Jean Imole,  
Paul, Castre, Julian, Barthole,  
Jason, Alciat, & Cujas  
Ce grand home si capable;  
La Polygamie est un cas  
Est un cas pendable.*

*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

*Tous les peuples polices ;  
 Et bien sensez ;  
 Les François, Anglois, Hollandois,  
 Danois, Suedois, Polonois,  
 Portugais, Espagnols, Flamans,  
 Italiens, Allemans,  
 Sur ce fait tiennent loy semblable,  
 Et l'affaire est sans embarras ;  
 La Polygamie est un cas,  
 Est un cas pendable.*

*In English.*

*1. Councillor drawing his Words, sings.*

**Poly—gamy is a Crime, a—Crime of Death Ca—pable  
 Poly—gamy is a Crime, a—Crime that is Hang—able.**

*2. Councillor precipitating his Words, sings,*

**The Case is plain,  
 And you in vain,  
 The Fact maintain !  
 Search all Reports,  
 And Rules of Courts,  
 Commentators,  
 Legislators,  
 And Glossators.**

*[Staring on Trel.*

**Ulpian, and Papinian,  
 Tribonian, and Justinian,  
 John Imolus,  
 And Bartholus,  
 Cook, Plowden, and Keeble,  
 Who in Law are not feeble ———**

**Search all their Common-places ———**

**Polygamy's a Tyburn—Case, a Case to make wry Faces —**

*[He mimicks a Man hanging to Trel.*

**All**

All Nations that are civiliz'd,  
And well advis'd,  
French, English, Dutch,  
Dane, Irish, Scotch,  
The Swede, and Pole,  
The Hispaniole,  
The Flemings, Italian and German.  
Tho' they divide  
In most things beside  
This Law they all declare Man,  
Polygamy's a hanging Case, a Case will make ye stare Man.  
[He again mimicks a Man banging.]  
*Trelooby beats the Councillors off. — The two Attorneys  
and Apparitors Dance an Entry, which concludes the se-  
cond Act.*

---

*The end of the second Act.*

---

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Lovewel and Wimble.*

*Wimb.* THINGS go swimmingly! and as the Farthing-candle of his understanding burns very dim, and the Emptiful-ness of his Head very exorbitant, I have put him into such a fright about the severity of Justice in these Parts, and the great preparations that are already making for his Death, that he's resolv'd to fly for't; and to conceal him the better from the Officers, which I told him were set at all the Gates o'th' City, he is to disguise himself in Woman's Cloaths —

*Lov.* I'd fain see him in that Equipage —

*Wimb.* Let it be your task to contrive the winding up of the Face; and while I play my Scenes with him; go you — you understand?

*Lov.* Ay, ay.

*Wimb.* And as soon as I have planted him as I wou'd —

*Lov.* Very well —

*Wimb.* And when the Father shall have had Notice from me —

*Lov.* That will do — the best of any thing i'th' World. — Here's our Lady, get ye gone quick, we must n't be seen together —

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Trelooby, drest like a Woman.*

*Wimb.* For my part, I don't believe 'tis possible ever to know ye in that Equipage, — Why you have perfectly the Air of a Woman of Quality. —

*Trel.* Why, this amazes me, that the Forms of Justice shou'd not be observ'd in this Country!

*Wimb.* Hang a Man first and try him afterwards; *Lidford* Law you know!

*Trel.* But is n't that wrong?

*Wimb.* O! as severe as the Devil, especially against these sorts of Crimes.

*Trel.* But when a Man's innocent?

*Wimb.* No matter, they don't trouble themselves about that — and then in this Town they have a mortal Hatred for all your Comntry-men, and are never better pleas'd than to see a Cornish Man hang'd!

*Trel.* Why what have the Cornish Men done to 'em?

*Wimb.* Pho ——— What do ye talk of them for? meer Brutes, Enemies to the Gentility and Merit of other places. For my part I own to you I'm in a most terrible Concern for you, and shall never have any Comfort of my Life, if you shou'd come to be — hang'd.

*Trel.* 'Tis not so much the Fear of Death makes me shun it, as that 'twill be a Vexatious thing for a Gentleman to be hang'd, 'twou'd be such a Blot in one's Scutcheon!

*Wimb.* Right, I don't know whether you wou'd lose your Title of Squire by't. But, pray, mind, when I lead ye by th' Hand, ——— walk like a Woman, and

and talk, — and give your self all the Airs of a Person of Quality —

*Trel.* Let me alone, I'll warrant ye — I have seen People of Fashion — all the matter is, I have something of a Beard —

*Wimb.* Pho — your Beard's nothing — I know a great many Women have as much — so, let's see a little — Good! [*Trel. mimicks the ways of a Woman of Quality.*]

*Trel.* My Cauch, my Cauch, there! where's my Cauch? good God! how unhappy it is, to have such People about one? what! must one stay all Day upon the Pavement! and won't my Cauch come to me!

*Wimb.* Very well —

*Trel.* What no Cauchman to be found! No Page! Well I'll break the Neck of this Trade! or I'll — Page, Page, where's the little Fool? Isn't the little Fool to be found? will no Body send my Page? have I no Page i'th' World?

*Wimb.* Wonderful well! but — your Hood's a little of the thinnest, I'll go fetch ye one that's something thicker, the better to conceal your Face, for fear of a mishap —

*Trel.* What will become of me in the mean time?

*Wimb.* Never fear — I'll be with you in a Minute you may keep Walking about here —

### S C E N E III.

*Two Soldiers. Trelooby.*

1. *Sold.* Allon, allon, Camerade! We must make haste, we shall be too late else, to see the Squire hang'd!

2. *Sold.* We must hire a Window to see the Execution!

1. *Sold.*

1. *Sold.* I there's a fine painted Gallows made on purpose —

2. *Sold.* I shall be mightily well pleas'd, methinks, to see this Cornish Rascal hang'd —

1. *Sold.* Ay, to see him make a wry Mouth, and swing his Legs —

2. *Sol.* A blessed Rogue! this — they say, he's married to three Women —

1. *Sold.* Oh! the Devil! three Woman quotha, to one Man! I always thought one too much —

2. *Sold.* *seeing Trel.*] — Good Morrow, Madam!

1. *Sold.* What are you doing here all alone?

*Trel.* I only stay for my Servants —

2. *Sold.* Faith a pretty Woman!

*Trel.* Pray, Gentlemen! —

1. *Sold.* Will ye go along with us, Madam, and be merry? We'll show ye a very pleasant hanging-bout.

*Trel.* Thank ye —

2. *Sold.* 'Tis a Cornish Gentleman, who is to be exalted —

*Trel.* I have no curiosity at present —

1. *Sold.* A pretty little Fubs, this!

*Trel.* Pray, Gentlemen, be Civil —

1. *Sold.* 'God, Madam, I'm damnably smitten —

*Trel.* I assure ye, Gentlemen, I'm none of those Women —

2. *Sold.* Pray let her alone, I have a mind for a Stroke —

1. *Sold.* Sir, you shan't —

2. *Sold.* But, Sir, I will [*They pull her and haul her.*]

1. *Sold.* Sir, I'll protect her —

2. *Sold.* Sir, you lye —

1. *Sold.* Sir, you lye —

*Trel.* Help, help, a Rape, a Rape!

## SCENE IV.

*Enter a Constable, Watchmen.*

*Const.* What's here to do? what Violence is this? What are you doing there to the Gentlewoman? Hands off, and be gone, or I'll send ye to the Round-house —

1. *Sold.* 'Fore God, Sir, you shan't have her —

2. *Sold.* Nor you neither, 'fore God, Sir.

*Trel.* Sir, I am oblig'd to ye, for my Deliverance —

*Const.* Hah! her Face resembles that which was describ'd to me —

*Trel.* It is not me, I'll assure ye —

*Const.* How's this? Madam, What was't I said?

*Trel.* I don't know —

*Const.* What made you answer then?

*Trel.* Nothing —

*Const.* This is very Suspicious, — and I seize you Prisoner —

*Trel.* Nay, Good Mr. Constable!

*Const.* No, no, — by your Behaviour and Discourse — you must needs be Squire *Trelooby*, whom we are in quest of, and has disguis'd himself — away with him to Prison —

*Trel.* Alas, alas —

SCENE

SCENE V.

*To them Wimble.*

*Wimb.* Ah Heavens! what's the meaning of this?

*Trel.* They have discover'd me —

*Const.* I'm very glad on't.

*Wimb. to Const.]* Good, Sir, for my sake — We have known one another this long while, you know — I conjure ye not to carry him to Prison —

*Const.* It's impossible, Sir.

*Wimb.* Come, I know you're a Man of a peaceable Disposition, is there no way of making up this Matter—with a few Guineas—or so—

*Const. speaking to his Myrmidons —]* Keep back there —

*Wimb. to Trel.]* You must e'en give him some Money — quick, quick —

*Trel.* Cursed Town!

*[He pulls up his Pettycoats to get at his Breecher.*

*Wimb.* Hold your Hand, Sir.

*Const.* How many?

*Wimb.* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, — 10. —

*Const.* No, I can't do't — my Orders are positive —

*Wimb.* Stay, stay — quick, quick, give him as many more — *[To Trel.*

*Trel.* But —

*Wimb.* Be quick, I tell ye, and don't lose time; sure you have a mind to be hang'd —

*Trel.* Ah!

*Wimb.* There, Sir.

*[To the Const.*

52 *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,*

*Const.* Egad! then I must run away with him, for I daren't shew my-self — Let me convey him away, and don't you stir —

*Wimb.* I beseech ye, take great Care of him —

*Const.* I promise ye not to leave him, till I see him out of Danger —

*Tre!* Adieu [*Kissing Wimble.*] The only honest Man I have met with in the whole Town!

*Wimb.* Don't lose time — I love you so well, I wou'd you were far enough off from hence — Heav'ns conduct ye! an Original, faith. But hold —

S C E N E VI.

Tradewell, Wimble.

*Wimb.* What a strange Accident is this? what afflicting Tidings for a Father! Poor *Tradewell*, how I pity thee! what wilt say? and how wilt thou bear this mortal Grief?

*Trad.* What's this? what misfortune is it thou presagest to me?

*Wimb.* Ah, Sir! — This perfidious Cornish Traitor *Trelooby* is running away with your Daughter —

*Trad.* Running away with my Daughter! —

*Wimb.* Why yes, she's so fond of him grown, she leaves you, to follow him; and they say he has a Spell to enchant all the Women that look on him.

*Trad.* Justice, Justice, quick — a Hue and Cry — a Hue and Cry!

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

*To them Lovewell and Julia. — Lovewell as it were forcing her in.*

*Lov.* Nay, nay, but you shall come in spite of your Teeth. I'm resolv'd to restore you again to your Father. There, Sir, take her, take your Daughter, whom I by force have taken from the Man with whom she was running away; — not for the love of her, but upon your sole consideration; for after such an action, I ought to despise her, and to cure my self absolutely of the love I had for her. —

*Trad.* Infamous Wretch!

*Lov.* Thus to use me! after all those marks of Friendship I gave you. I don't blame you at all for submitting to your Father's Will; he is sage and judicious in every thing he does, and I don't at all complain of him for rejecting me, for another. If he has been worse than his word to me, he had his reasons — He was made to believe the other Man had a better Estate by 2 or 300 *l.* and 2 or 300 *l.* is a considerable Sum, and is worth a Man's while to break his word for — But, to forget in a moment all that Ardour of Passion I shew'd towards you, to suffer your self to be inflam'd at first sight of a new Comer, and to follow him shamefully, without your Father's consent, and after such things are laid to his charge, is, what all the World must condemn, and which my Tongue wants words to reproach ye with. [*Seemingly angry with Jul.*]

*Jul.* What then! I took a fancy to him and wou'd go with him, since my Father had chosen him for my Husband; you may say what you please, he's a very honest Man, and the Crimes you accuse him of, are false as Hell.

*Trad.* Hold

*Trad.* Hold your peace—You're a Fool—I know better than you.—

*Jul.* 'Tis all a Trick to abuse him; and for ought I know, *Lovewell's* invention to put you out of conceit—

*Lov.* I, am I capable of any such thing?

*Jul.* Yes, you—

*Trad.* Peace I say—you're a Fool—

*Lov.* No, no,—Don't think I had any desire to set aside this Match; or that it was Love which forced me to run after you. I told you before, and tell you again, 'twas the sole consideration I had for your Father which mov'd me to't; I cou'dn't endure a Man of his Character shou'd be expos'd to the scandal of the Censorious World—upon such a subject.

*Trad.* Mr. *Lovewell*, I'm infinitely oblig'd to ye.

*Love.* Adieu to you, Sir, I had once all the Passion in in the World to enter into your Alliance; I did all that in me lay to obtain such an Honour, but—I have been unfortunate, and you have not judg'd me worthy of that Favour. However, that shall not lessen the sentiments of Esteem and Veneration which I think due to your Person. And, since I cou'd not be your Son-in-law, shall be at least your Servant eternally.

*Trad.* Stay, Sir, your Behaviour touches my Soul, and I give you my Daughter in Marriage.

*Jul.* I'll have no other Husband but Squire *Trelooby*.

*Trad.* I lay my commands upon you this minute to receive Mr. *Lovewell*—your Hand!

*Jul.* I—will—not—

*Trad.* I shall be about your Ears—

*Lov.* No Violence, I beseech you, Sir.

*Trad.* 'Tis her Duty to obey me—and I know how to govern—

*Lov.* Don't ye see plainly the Love she has for that other Man?—And wou'd you have me possess the Body, while another enjoys the Heart?

*Trad.* This

*Trad.* This is some Witchcraft—he has given her a Philtre ——— *O my Conscience I believe he has whipt her;* you'll see it won't be long e'er she changes her Mind — Give me your Hand ——— Come ———

*Jul.* I won't.

*Trad.* How now! So then, your Hand ——— Ah, ah, ah, [Pleas'd.

*Low.* Don't believe it is for Love of you I give ye my Hand; it is only your Father that I'm in Love with, and him that I marry.

*Trad.* I'm much oblig'd to ye, and will add 2000 *l.* to her Portion.—Who waits there, fetch a Lawyer presently to draw the Writings.

*Low.* In the mean time, we may use the opportunity, and enjoy those Diversions which the Town has prepar'd upon the report of *Squire Trelooby's* Marriage.

*Several Masks, &c.*

---

**FINIS.**

*Plays printed for, and sold by William Davis and  
Bernard Lintott.*

- L**oves last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion, a Comedy: Written by Mr. Cibber.
- The Jew of Venice, a Comedy: Written by the Honourable George Granville, Esq;
- The Inconstant, or the Way to win him.
- The Twin Rivals.  
Both by Mr. Farquhar.
- The Humours of the Age.
- Tunbridge Walks, or the Yeoman of Kent.
- The Modish Husband.
- The Czar of Muscovy, a Tragedy.
- The Double Distress, a Tragedy.
- Hypermetra, or Love in Tears, a Tragedy.
- Love's Contrivance, or le Medecin Malgre Lui.
- The Old Mode and the New, or Country Miss with her Furbeloe: By Mr. Tho. D'Urfey.
- Vice reclaim'd, or the Passionate Mistress: Written by Mr. Wilkinjon.
- All for Love, or the World well lost.
- State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man.
- Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr.
- The Indian Emperour or the Conquest of Maxico.
- Love in a Wood.
- Tamerlane.
- Lucius Junius Brutus.
- Way of the World.
- False Friend.
- Massaniello.
- Grief Alamode.
- Fate of Capua.
- Mourning Bride.
- Fatal Marriage; or, Innocent Adultery.
- Prophetess; or, History of Dioclesian.
- Heroick Love.
- Phyrrhus King of Epirus.
- Amphitricion.
- Henry the Second.
- Perjur'd Husband.
- Atheist.
- Husband his own Cuckold.
- Rinaldo and Armida: By Mr. Dennis.
- Anthony and Cleopatra.
- Ibrahim 13. Emp. of the Turks.
- Abdelazer; or, the Moors Revenge.
- Ibrahim the Illustrious Bassa.
- Richard the Second.
- Scornful Lady.
- Amboyna.
- Sullen Lovers.
- Boadicea Queen of Brittain.
- Secret Love; or the Maiden Queen.
- Brutus of Alba.
- Bellamira.
- King Arthur.
- Scowrers.
- Kind Keeper, or Limberham.
- Squire of Alsatia.
- Love's Victim; or the Queen of Wales.
- Constantine.
- London Cuckolds.
- Troilus and Creissida.
- Love for Money.
- Titus and Berenice.
- Love in a Tub.
- Titus Andronicus.
- Theodosius.
- Marriage-hater match'd.
- Mock-Marriage.
- Libertine.
- Tempest.
- Dryden's Essay on Dramatick Poesie.
- Triumphant Widdow.
- Married Beau.
- Duke of Guise.
- Maids last Prayer.
- Victorious Love.
- Mithridates.
- Very good Wife.
- Eunuch.
- Neglected Virtue.
- Love Triumphant.
- Villain.
- False Count.
- Old Troop.
- Win her and take her.
- Fairy Queen.
- Oroonoko.
- Woman Conquest.
- Fools Preferment.
- Wild Gallant.
- Friendship Improv'd.
- Pastor Fido.
- Sir Harry Wild-air.
- Pilgrim.
- Intrigues of Versailles.
- Dryden's Works in 4 Vol.
- Sir Robert Howard's Plays, &c.
- Liberty Asserted.
- Lying Lover: By Capt. Steel.
- An Act at Oxford: By the Author of the Yeoman of Kent.
- Different Widdows.
- Faithful Bride of Grenada.
- Timon of Athens.

And all the new Plays.