



THE

Stage-Coach.

A

FARCE.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE

Written by Mr. FARQUHAR.



L O N D O N :

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against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*.

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S O M E

MEMMOIRS

O F

Mr. George Farquhar.

IT is observ'd, that the World is naturally apt to enquire into the Life and Character of those Men who have made themselves famous for any particular Art or Science: The Satisfaction we receive in the Perusal of an ingenious Author excites in us this Curiosity, and is imperfect till we are satisfied therein. On this Consideration, since few Comic Writers have met with a more favourable Reception among People

of the most polite Taste, than the Author of the following Works, I thought it necessary to prefix these few Memoirs of his Life.

Mr. *George Farquhar* was born in the North of *Ireland*, of Parents that held no mean Rank in the Country, who, having a numerous Issue, cou'd bestow on him no Fortune, farther than a genteel Education. As they who are blest'd with a Poetical Genius always shew some Glimmerings of their Fancy in their Youth, so he, e'er he arriv'd at his Tenth Year, gave several Specimens of a peculiar Turn that way. One of his Juvenile Productions I shall here mention, in which he discover'd a way of Thinking, as well as an Elegancy of Expression, far beyond his Years.

I.

The pliant Soul of erring Youth,

Is like soft Wax, or moisten'd Clay,

Apt to receive all Heavenly Truth;

Or yield to Tyrant Ill the Sway.

II.

II.

Slight Folly in your early Years,

And Manhood may to Virtue rise;

But he, who in his Youth appears

A Fool, in Age will ne'er be wise.

He was educated in the University of Dublin, where, by the Progress he made in his Studies, he acquir'd a considerable Reputation. He began very early to apply himself to the Stage, as an Actor, following the Examples of *Lee* and *Osway*, and with the like Success; who, though excellent Dramatick Poets, made but indifferent Actors: However, Mr. *Farquhar* having the Advantage of a very good Person, tho' with a weak Voice, was never repuls'd by the Audience in his Performances; so resolv'd to continue on the Stage till something better shou'd offer; which Resolution was soon thrown aside by the following Accident. Performing the Part of *Guyomar* in the *Indian Emperor*, who is suppos'd to kill *Vasquez* one of the *Spanish* Generals, and forgetting

getting to exchange his Sword for a Foil, in the Engagement he wounded the Person who represented *Mazquez*, tho' (as it happen'd) not dangerously, nevertheless it put an end to his appearing on the Stage as an Actor. Some time after this, the Earl of *Orrery*, in regard to his particular Merit, gave him a Lieutenancy in his Regiment then in *Ireland*: As a Soldier he behav'd very well, and gave several Proofs of his Courage and Conduct.

He was very young when he wrote his first Comedy, the Success of which far exceeded his Expectation, as indeed did most of his other Pieces. 'Tis remark'd of him, That he was peculiarly happy in the Choice of his Subjects, which he took Care to adorn with Variety of Characters and Incidents; his Style is pure, and unaffected; his Wit natural, and flowing, and his Plots generally well contrived. He lash'd the Vices of the Age, tho' with a merciful Hand; for his Muse was good-natur'd, not abounding over-much with Gall, tho' he has been blam'd for it by the Criticks. It has been objected to him, that he was too hasty in his Productions, but I believe

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR. ix:

believe by such only who are chiefly Admirers of stiff and elaborate Performances, since with a Person of a sprightly Fancy those things are often best, which are struck off in a Heat.

His last Comedy, the *Stratagem*, he began and ended in six Weeks, with a settled Sickness upon him all the time; nay, he even perceiv'd the Approaches of Death, e'er he had finish'd the second Act, and (as he had often foretold) dy'd before the Run of this Play was over. His other Plays were dedicated to Persons of Distinction, and he design'd a Dedication of this last to my Lord *Cadogan*; but his Lordship, for Reasons unknown, evaded it, tho' he made him a handsome Present, with Promises of his future Favour; which, probably, wou'd have been fulfill'd if our Author had surviv'd: Tho' he had but little Reason to rely on the Promises of Great Men; a certain Great Courtier having prevail'd on him to sell his Commission, with solemn Assurances of providing for him better, which he forgot to keep. Mr. *Farquhar* in his Song of a Trifle, seems to paint at the Person in this Stanza.

But if you will go to the Place

Where Trifles abundantly breed,

The Levee will show you his Grace

Makes Promises Trifles indeed.

'Tis suppos'd, that thus failing in his Expectations, together with an unfortunate Marriage, shorten'd his Days ; for his Wife (by whom he had two Daughters only) through the Reputation of a great Fortune, trick'd him into Matrimony. This was chiefly the Fault of her Love, which was so violent for him, that she resolv'd to leave nothing untry'd to gain him. Tho' some Husbands would have prove mere Husbands in such a case, Mr. Farquhar was so much charm'd with her Love, and Understanding, that he intirely forgave her, and liv'd very happily with her ; therefore, when I say an unfortunate Marriage conduc'd, with other Circumstances, to the shortening his Days, I only mean, that his Fortune being too slender to support a Family, led him into a great many Cares and Inconveniences ; for I have often heard him say, *That*

it was more Pain to him in imagining that his Family might want a needful Support, than the most violent Death that cou'd be inflicted on him. But his Wife being long since dead, his good Friend Mr. *Wilks* has been highly instrumental in setting his Children above Want.

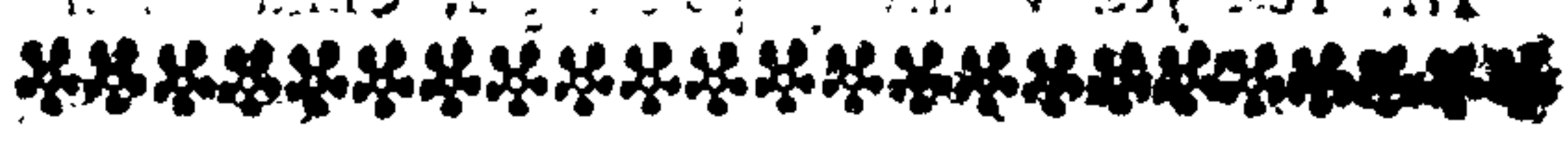
Mr. *Farquhar*, besides these seven Comedies, assisted Mr. *Motteux* in a Farce call'd *The Stage-Coach*. He left no other Papers behind him; for, three Hours before his Death, he flung several Fragments into the Fire, declaring at the same time, that he had no Remains worth saving.





*This is a matter for
Farewell*
T H E

STAGE-COACH



SCENE an Inn.

Enter Fetch, with Cloak-Bag and Pistol.

HERE, Home! where are ye all? Now
we've sapt, I'll see if my Master's Bed
be ready. — Tom, John, Robin, where
a Plague are ye? All dead! No At-
tendance in these Country Inns! This
is worse than the Rose Tavern after
Play, the Sun Tavern after Change, or the Devil Tavern
after Church.

Enter Dolly.

Dol. Dye call, Sir,

Fetch. Call, Sir! What a Plague — Eigh! gad, tis a
pretty Girl. Hark you, Child, do you serve Travellers
upon the Road here?

Dol.

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Dol. Yes, Sir.

Fet. Kiss me, then.

Dol. That's the Chambermaid's Business—D'ye want any thing else? I'm in ~~Haste~~.

Fet. What Room does my ~~Master~~ lye in?

Dol. The Castle.

Fet. And what Room do I lye in?

Dol. The Garret.

Fet. Very well; and what Room do you lye in?

Dol. Under you.

Fet. Say no more. I'll but take a Dram to digest my Supper, lay these Things in my ~~Master's~~ Chamber, then I'll talk with you in yours.

Dol. Are your Pistols charg'd?

Fet. Yes, yes, we always go charg'd, Child: A Brace of Bullets, I assure you. [Exit Dolly.]

Enter Captain Basil.

Bas. What a tedious, tiresome, dull, jolting Vehicle is a Stage-Coach? We that are in it, are more fatigued than the Beasts that draw it. This unlucky Hurt, ~~Fetab~~, that I've got lately, has hindered my riding Post, and thrown me into this confounded Company, a big-bellied Farmer's Daughter, an ~~Old~~ ~~Wit~~, a Canting Quaker, a City Whore, and a County Parson.

Fet. And a dishonoured Captain, Sir; for want of a strolling Lawyer, or a Nurse and a Child, to make up a clever Stage-Coach set.

Bas. Ay, the swell'd Country Puff plagu'd me with her screaming and wry Faces, the profound Teague with his Nonsense, the Quaker with the Spirit, the Whore with the Flesh, and the fat Parson with both.

Fet.

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Fet. Truly, ~~it~~ 'd you; for I do'nt think there was in the ~~the~~ Company a Man of Parts, but you and I.

Bas. Must I be tormented two Days more with this Coach, before I get to *London*?

Fet. Too true, Sir.

Bas. How can you tell?

Fet. Nobody better, Sir; my Father in *London* has an Employment about the Coaches.

Bas. What's his Employment?

Fet. Sir, he's a very worthy Citizen, that attends at *Blasby's* Inn, in the Quality of a Ticket Porter.

Bas. I must get to *London*, sooner, or I shall ruin my Affairs.—Let me talk with the Coachman; if it be possible, I'll make him stretch for me: Call him hither. [*Exit Fet.*] Phaw! here's that *Irish* Booby.

Enter Macahone.

Mac. By my Shoul, 'tis a brave House! Sure the Gentleman of this Tavern must be some Person of very great Quality—Oh, my dear Master Captain, I am your most loving and much honour'd Friend.

Bas. Our Acquaintance, Sir, is a little too short for so much Familiarity.

Mac. Our Acquaintance too short! Dear Joy, it is threescore Miles long; and, by Shaint *Patrick*, I would be very joyful for being your especial Friend, because I am afraid we shall never meet again.

Bas. May I crave your Name, Sir?

Mac. My Name is *Torlough Rauwer Macahone*, of the Parish of *Coroughabegely*, in the County of *Tipperary*, Esquire, where is my Mansion House, for me and my Predecessors after me.

Bas.

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Bas. Very well; and pray, Sir, what Affairs carry you to *London*?

Mac. No Affairs, my dear Joy; for I have transacted my Business in *London* before I came there.

Bas. That's somewhat an odd Way of doing Business.

Mac. By my Shoul, Sir, 'tis the quickest Way tho'. I was going to *London* to make my Fortune.

Bas. How, Sir?

Mac. Why, by the Law, Friend, or Physick, or a Merchant's Wife, or Back-gammon, or any of these Honourable Professions; 'tis all the same to *Macabone*, Faith. But I have made my Fortune already, by my Gosnap's Hand,

Bas. How pray, Sir?

Mac. Because, my dear Joy, you are my intimate Friend and a Stranger, I will communicate that Secret into your Breast——The fine Lady in the Coach, *Madam Sirocuer*, is a rich Merchant's Wife, in *Vinegar-Yard*, by *Drury-Lane*, in *London*, and she is fallen in downright Affections with me, and treats me with mighty Civility, permitting me to pay the Reckoning for her in every Place.

Bas. *Jenny* the Orange-Wench has snapt this Booby; and e'en let her make a Hand of him.——Are you sure she's rich?

Mac. By my Shoul she show'd me a Diamond as big as a Potaroe; and faith it look'd almost as clear as Glass: And she keeps her flying Chariot too, she told me so herself; and, by my Shoul, I am so cunning, that if another had told me so, I had not believ'd him.

Bas. You're plaguy cunning, indeed, Sir.

Mac. O chree, dear Joy, we are all so, upon my Shoul. Let an *Irishman* alone for making his Fortune, he is as cunning as no Man alive——But, my
dea

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dear Joy, I wish I were after going to Bed, to digest my Supper : Here are two Beds in your Chamber ; and pray, my dear Friend, tell me, do you intend to lye in 'em both ?

Bas. 'Tis probable, Sir, I shall use but one.

Mac. Then, Sir, with your Leave and Permission, I shall use the t'other ; but pray let me not incommode your Person, if you intend to lye in both the Beds.

Bas. Not at all, Sir——Booby. [*Afide.*

Mac. Sir, I am your most obliging Servant.

Bas. Coxcomb. [*Afide.*

Mac. I render you many Thanks. [*Exit.*

Enter Jolt, and Fetch.

Bas. Honest *Jolt* ! how is't ? What shall I give thee to drink ?

Jolt. Thank you, Master, what you please. Here's rare *Nants* in the House ; a *Cogue*, or so, wou'd do no Harm.

Bas. Here, *Fetch*, bring us Half a Pint. [*Exit Fetch.*] Well, *Jolt*, canst do a Man a Kindness upon Occasion ?

Jolt. A Kindness ! Ay, Master, an' that be all, we Coachmen are all mighty civil Fellows, you know.

Bas. Are your Horses good ?

Jolt. Good ! Special Cattle, Master ! A *London Doctor* wou'd have set up his Coach with 'em, if we had trusted to the Fall of the Leaf ; and, but t'other Day here, one of your Stockjobbers hir'd 'em for an Election ; ecod, they had almost got him the Place.

Enter

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Enter Fetch, with Brandy.

Bas. Here, *Jolt*, pull it off.

Jolt. Your Health, Master ——— Rare Stuff, after my twelve Eggs and Pound of Bacon.

Bas. Well, *Jolt*, can I be at *London* by To-morrow Night?

Jolt. To-morrow Night! Ay, Master, if you can fly. [*Drinks.*

Bas. See here, *Jolt*——my Business is pressing; a good Share of this Purse is thine, if thou wilt hasten my Journey.

Jolt. If that be all, [*Drinks*] 'tis done—— we are to be in *London* the Day after To-morrow, by Ten o'Clock at Night——Now, Master, to oblige you, I'll be there by Nine.

Bas. Is the Fellow mad? I tell thee I must be there To-morrow.

Jolt. Ay, so you may if you can; 'tis a long Way, Master, the Roads are deep, and I won't spoil my Horses——they are dearer to me, poor Beasts, than my Wife and Children.

Bas. Silly Fool, thou hast no more Sense than thy Horses; why there's enough in that Purse to bribe thy very Master, the Duke of *Mantua*, and two or three *German* Princes.

Jolt. Well, what there's in't, there's in't. [*Peeps in the empty Pot, and throws it down.*] What do you prate for? These Beau Footmen are as Cock-a-Hoop of late, as if they had Places at Court. I'm an honest Man.——Bribes won't pass in the Country now.—— Besides, I must not baulk my Stages, the Innkeepers have brib'd me already. [*Exit.*

Bas. Well, tho' it kills me I must ride Post.

Bas.

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Fet. But pray, Sir, what makes you in such Haste?

Bas. Why this Letter from my Mistress. [Reads.]

YOU'VE heard I've lost my dear Mother. My Uncle, to whose Care I am left, not considering your Pretensions, is resolv'd to marry me to another; but what's worse, the old Gentleman has got my Writings, and I must seem to comply with his Desires. If you would prevent my being made a most unfortunate Creature, fly to my Relief, my dear Basil, with all the Speed, which your Love and my Distress require.

ISABELLA.

I'm afraid I shall come too late: Run to the Post-House, get us Horses, and we'll mount this Moment. But whom have we here?

Fet. Some of the Company that came in the London Coach, that supp'd on t'other Side of the House.

Enter 'Squire Somebody, with a Band-box, a Mask, and Fan, and other Luggage.

'Squi. Come, Mrs. *Isbel*, I've got your Things—— Bless us! What a Parcel of Luggage these Women carry about 'em—— And the poor Lover here must be subject to the Slavery of Bundles and Band-boxes—— Mrs. *Isbel*, why don't you come away, I'm as tir'd as a Scotch Pedlar under his Pack.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ha! [Sees the Captain, and starts.]

'Squi. Ha! What's the Matter, my dear Wife, that is to be?

Isab.

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Iab. I miss my Watch; I fear I've left it in the Room where we sup'd; pray go and see.

Squi. Ay, by all Means ——— Here, look to your Things, there are Strangers about. [Exit.

Baf. Ha! What do I see! Look, *Fetch*, is not that *Iabella*?

Iab. My dear *Baf!* [Meet and embrace.

Baf. My *Iabella!* What Miracle has brought you hither?

Iab. You receiv'd my Letter?

Baf. Here it is, and it has brought me so far in my Journey to you.

Iab. My Uncle, who knows you only by Name, dreading your Return to *London*, has thought fit to hurry me down to the Country-House of that Block-head that I sent just now of a Fool's Errand, under Pretence of losing my Watch. My Uncle is at the Bar, haggling with the Landlady, and is to come up presently into the Room where we lye: Now if you can find a Way to rescue me from the old Knave, and the young Fool ——— But here he comes: He's the Son of Sir *Aminadab Somebody*, in *Lancashire*.

Enter Squire Somebody.

Squi. Gone, gone! No Watch to be found! Ecod, Gentlewoman, see what your Uncle will say to you! You'll make a rare Wife, faith, if you lose your Things so aforehand. ——— I won't lend you mine.

Iab. You need not, Sir, for the Watch is found again; I had only put it in a wrong Pocket.

Squi. ~~Then~~ that's Thirty Pounds in my Pocket.

Baf.

Bas. Sure I shou'd know that Voice, and Face too. Sir, are not you related to the Family of the *Somebody's*?

'Squi. Yes, Sir, my Father is Sir *Aminadab Somebody*, Bart. and I am his Eldest Son by the first Venter, *Nicodemus Somebody*, Esq;

Bas. Sir, I am proud to embrace the Son of my old Friend Sir *Aminadab*.——Pray, Sir, what Lady is that with you?

'Squi. 'Tis my Mistress, at your Service: We want but a Parson, a Wedding Dinner, a Pair of clean Sheets, and a Sack Posset, to send us the Way of all Flesh.

Bas. Then, Sir, upon your Account, I'll presume to pay my Respects to the Lady. . . . [Salutes her.

'Squi. Sir, you're a very respectful Person truly. ——Well; how d'ye like her? Won't she make a rare Tit for *Somebody*? She's a little in the Dumps at present, but we shall dump her out of that.

Bas. What! out of Humour, and so near her Marriage.

'Squi. Ay, there was a certain Captain that lov'd her, and she lov'd that certain Captain: Now I can't tell how the Devil this Fellow whindled himself into the Mother's Favour, and got her Consent; but as good Luck would have it, the old Woman was pleas'd to go where all old Women shou'd go, and so Nuncle *Micher*, being a very honest Man, and mighty fit for a Guardian, but having a deadly Aversion to a Red Coat, struck up a Bargain with Father for me, and we're going down to our House to take Possession of the Premises: So this same Scoundrel of an Officer is like to be disbanded; and she, forsooth, is vex'd because she can't serve under him. Ha, ha, ha, poor Dog, he's broke on all Sides.

Bas.

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Baf. Ha, ha, filly Fellow! he'll hang himself, that's certain. What shou'd Soldiers do else in Time of Peace?

'Squi. Ay, my dear Friend, I shou'd be glad if they were all hang'd; but for the Sake of the *French*.
—— Perhaps you may know this same Captain; 'tis one *Basil*, a poor insignificant Ringleader of fifty Rogues. Ha, ha.

Baf. *Basil*; I know him, bloody Rogues he led, indeed.

'Squi. And he the saddest Rogue of 'em all: Ha, ha,

Baf. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Isab. If you thought this Captain over-heard you, you durst not talk at that Rate.

'Squi. Durst, not say you? Odzookers, I fear neither Man, Woman, or Child. I wou'd tell him so to his Face——when my Friend stands by me here.

Baf. Softly, Madam, my Friend *Nicodemus* is a Person who you ought to regard——in Time you'll have no Cause to complain.

'Squi. Ah, dear Sir, you do me more Honour than I deserve. But don't you think now that I am much more for her Turn than this same Raggamuffin:

Baf. There's no Comparison, Sir; and I think no body can tell better than I; So I can assure the Lady this is like to be the last Trouble you shall give her:

'Squi. Well said, faith. Ecod, I've got a good Friend and I did not think on't.

Isab. Ay, but if *Basil* were here, he wou'd be too hard for you and your Friend both.

Baf. Why, what wou'd you do, if *Basil* were here?

Isab. I wou'd run away with him to the next Parson, and leave *Nicodemus* here in the Lurch.

'Squi. *Nirodemus* thanks you with all his Heart——
Did not I tell you now how she was bewitch'd by this Cap-
tain? The Devil's in these Captains, I believe. But
Iv'e a Mind to be a Captain too——Odzookers, now
I think on't; my dear Friend, Im' a Captain already of
the Militia; and do you think that we that pay them,
are not better Men than they?

Bas. Ay; to be sure

Isab. Well, but we cou'd do it, Sir, and you never
the wiser; for while my Uncle and you were fast
asleep, I cou'd steal out of my Chamber, fly into
Basil's Arms, and he shou'd have a Coach ready to
hurry me to *London*, before you were awake the next
Morning.

'Squi. Odzooks, she's a cunning Jade; for all that
I shall have a rare Wife of her.

Bas. Well, well, Madam, I understand you, we
shall take Care of that Matter.

'Squi. Ay, ay, so we will; my dear Friend, here,
and I, shall watch your Waters, I'll warrant you——
Oh, here's Uncle *Micher*.

Enter Micher, with a Bill.

Mich. Hah! the Cut-throat Dogs: There's a Bill
for you! That fat Jade at the Bar will score her-
self to the Devil, before any Sollicitor, Taylor, Phy-
sick or Tipple Poisoner in *Europe*. [*Gives the 'Squire*
the Bill.

'Squi. [*Reads*] For Bread and Beer, Eight Shil-
lings and Ten Pence. *Here's as much Bread and Drink*
as wou'd serve all the French in Spittle-fields for a
Week. For a Calf's-Head and Bacon, Ten Shillings.
For a boil'd Pig and Colly-Flowers, *that I bespoke,*
Nine Shillings. For a Red Herring, *that was yours,*
Uncle,

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Uncle, One Shilling. For a Bottle of Hartshorn, *that was your Supper, Mistress, Seven Pence* Hey dey! *what's here?* Mull'd Sack, Dumplings, Cheese, Oranges, Toast and Butter, Fruit, Sallad, Wine, Cards, Brandy, Tarts, and Tobacco, in all, Two Pounds, Thirteen Shillings and Three Pence Three Farthings, besides Fire——The Devil fire the House.

Mich. Well, how shall we club this Matter? There's the old Woman that has the King's-Evil, and the t'other that stops the Coach every Minute to go behind a Bush, they won't pay as much as we.

'Squi. Ecod, but they shall; and for you, Mistress, you shall pay but a Crown, because you eat nothing, and that you mayn't think that you're hardly dealt by, I'll sing you the Song that makes it Stage-Coach Law.

The STAGE-COACH SONG.

Let's sing of Stage-Coaches,

And fear no Reproaches,

For riding in one;

But daily be jogging,

While whifling and flogging,

While whifling and flogging,

The Coachman drives on.

With a Hey, geeup, geeup, bey lo;

With a Hey gee Dobbin, bey lo;

Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, bey be,

With a bey gee Dobbin, bey ho.

*In Coaches thus strowling,
 Who wou'd not be rowling,
 With Nymphs on each Side ;
 Still prattling and playing,
 Our Knees interlaying,
 We merrily ride.*

With a Hey, &c.

*Here chance kindly mixes,
 All Sorts and all Sexes,
 More Females than Men ;
 We squeeze them, we ease them,
 The Jolting does please them ;
 Drive jollily then.*

With a Hey, &c.

*The harder you're driving,
 The more 'tis reviving ;
 Nor fear we to fall ;
 For if the Coach tumble,
 We have a rare Jumble ;
 We have a rare Jumble ;
 And then up Tails all.*

*With a Hey, geup, geup, hey ho ;
 With a Hey gee Dobbin, hey ho ;
 Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
 With a hey gee Dobbin, hey ho.*

Mich. Well, now let's go to Bed, that we may
 be the sooner out of this confounded Inn next Morning.

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'Squi. Well, dear Sir, the best Friends must part, tho' it be Man and Wife; but if you can step home with me, 'tis but hard by, about Fourscore and Ten Miles off, and stay there a Week, I'll make you so drunk, you shan't find the Way back again in a Month.

Bas. Sir, you must excuse me, I am otherwise engag'd.

'Squi. Good Night, then. [Exit.

Isab. Good Night, Sir. [Exeunt Micher, Isabella.

Bas. Your Servant, Madam. I hope you'll be in a better Humour To-morrow. Ha! *Fetch*, here's Fortune for you.—Now, my dear Lad, run, and at any Rate get us some Calash, Chariot, Coach, any thing, to hurry us to *London*; fly. In the mean time, I'll run to my Chamber, and get every thing ready. [Exeunt Severally

Enter Jolt.

Hush! Mum's the Word; there's a plaguy Candle stands in my Way; out, Informer, I'll spoil your peeping. The House is full, and Bed's are scarce, therefore I can't lye in my own; So, good Wife at home, by your Leave, we Travellers are forc'd sometimes to lye two in a Bed. 'Tis main dark, rare driving now in a deep Road, and a rough Way——Odsnigs, now if *Dolly* shou'd be skittish, and won't let me; I'll knock at her Chamber Door, however, and if the Door will open, well said Door, I'll enter, and if *Dolly* will do like the rest of her Crew, well said *Dolly*. Pox on't, here's a Light, 'tis not yet right Catterwawling Time, so I'll sheer off till anon. [Exit.

Enter.

Enter Basil with things, Fetch with a Candle.

Bas. Well, Fetch!

Fetch. I've done your Business, Sir — I've found in this very Inn a Calash, with four good Horses, that shou'd have gone empty to London To-morrow Morning; I've agreed with the Coachman to go with you immediately, he'll be ready at a Whistle.

Bas. That was luckily, and I've got my Things; here they shall lye till *Isabella* comes out — I wish she were here.

Fetch. Sir, Sir, I think I hear a Noise.

Bas. Put out the Candle then, and let us step into that Corner, for here we must wait for her

Enter Jolt.

Jolt. Now the Coast is clear — I have had a strange Hankering after this same *Doll*, this great while, and for her Sake I set up here at the *Angel*; now if she won't be civil, dye see, I'll carry my Guests to the *Saracen's-Head*, where I shall have the Ostler to take Care of my Horses, and the Maid to take Care of me — Now for her Door.

Fetch. Ods my Life, Sir; we've forgot one thing; the Gate is lock'd up by this Time, how shall we get out?

Bas. What shall we do?

Jolt. Hush! I hear something; shou'd this be some Rogue now creeping in to *Dolly*, I'll put a Spoke in his Wheel.

Fetch. Stay, I've thought on't; the Maid's a good tractable Wench, she'll do whatever we'll have her.

Jolt. Will she, faith, you Dog? Sirrah, I'll take care of that.

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Fat. I'll knock at the Door ; for a Piece of Money, I'll warrant you she'll do the Job.

Jolt. Perhaps I may do your Job first, you catterwawling Son of a Whore.

Fat. 'Tis well if I 'scape a good Dab on the Nose here——Confound that Post, 'tis deadly hard——
[Jolt strikes him.] Her Door is on this Side, I'm sure.
[Jolt strikes him again.] Ha! what's that? Another Post? 'ware Nose the third time.—— Oh, sure here's the Door, I'll knock. *[Strikes Jolt in the Teeth.]* Dolly, Dolly, Plague on't, she's asleep ; sure I'm right ; where's the Key-hole? Oh! I've found it. *[Puts his Finger in Jolt's Mouth, who bites it.]* Oh, the Devil! the Devil! Help, Sir, Help, I've got my Finger in a Rat-Trap.

Bat. Where art thou?

Jolt. Gee, gee, ho, gee. *[Whips him.]*

Fat. Murder! Murder! Help!

Bat. Hold, you Dog, or I'll kill you.

Jolt. Gee, gee, ho, gee ho.

Fat. Murder, Murder, Help! the Devil lays me on.

Enter Ostler, with a Light.

Ost. What's the Matter? What's the Matter?

Jolt. Come on, gee, gee, ho.

Ost. What a Duce do you mean, Master *Jolt*?

Jolt. *[Yawns]* What's the Matter? What's all this Bustle for?

Ost. What, are you drunk or dreaming?

Jolt. What would you have? Where am I? Oh! Oh! is it you, *Phil.* the Ostler? Odsnigs, I thought I had been in Bed ; I dream'd that my Coach stuck in *Hocky the Hole*, and I was licking my Horses till I made them smoke again——I beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, for taking you for my Beasts.

Enter

Enter Dolly.

Doll. What's the Matter here ; are not you a sham'd to disturb People at this Time of Night ?

Fet. You're come in good Time, Child, to save that Rogue a beating, for now we've other Business ; a Word with you.

Bas. Get thee gone, Sirrah, or I'll cut your Ears off, you Dog ; and you here with your Light, go off, and leave us to our Business. [*Exit Ostler.*

Folt. Odzookers, now they're driving the Bargain ; Ecod I'll over-turn the Coach To-morrow in a Slough, to cool that Dog of a Captain's Courage in a Puddle.

Fet. The Town's our own, Sir ; I've given the Wench a Guinea, she consents, and I've got the Key.

Folt. The Key ! A Plague on her Lock ; now has the Minx granted at once, what she has deny'd me this Twelvemonths ; but that Guinea is the Devil at a Key-hole : I warrant 'twou'd open a thousand Spring Locks in *Covent-Garden*. ——— I'll watch, and see what all this will come to.

Enter Isabella, with a Trunk.

Isab. He shou'd be here ! ——— Captain !

Bas. My Dear !

Folt. My dear ! Ah the damn'd Jade ! She's come out to him now.

Enter Micher, groping.

Mich. Does she walk in her Sleep ? Where can she go at this Time of Night ? I'll watch her.

30 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Isab. Captain, where are you ?

Bas. Here, here.

Mich. Captain ! Sure she can't have her Captain here.

Jelt. Odsnigs, they're going to't ; but I'll spoil their Sport.

Isab. Come, I'm got out at last, and what's more, I've got the Writings.

Mich. Ah, you young Baggage, have I caught you ; Lights here ; Lights.

Isab. Hift ! I hear my Uncle's Voice, let's lose no Time.

Bas. Let's away, my Dear——*Fetch*, take up the Things. [*Exeunt.*

Mich. Lights here, Lights.

[*Fetch takes up the Things, and drops the Key.* Exit.

Enter Ofler with a Light.

Ofl. What's the Matter here, again ?

Mich. Ha ! what a Devil, who are you ?

Jelt. And who are you, an' that be all ?

Mich. Where's my Niece, ah, you Pimp ? you're in the Plot too ; where's that damn'd Rogue the Captain ?

Jelt. Your Niece ! the Captain has other Work in hand ; but this is a rare time to quit Scores with him. If you want the Captain, you'll find him in that Room with his Whore.

Mich. His Whore ! the Dog make my Niece his Whore ! Get a Constable, a Constable.

Enter 'Squire, yawning.

'Squi. Here, what the Devil's the matter ? Can't you let a body sleep among ye ?

Mich.

The **STAGE-COACH.** 31

Mich. Ah, *Nicodemus*, we're all undone; the Captain here has got away your Mistress into that Room; and what they are doing, Heaven knows.

'Squi. Ha! I hear some Noise; I hear some Noise within, why don't you break the Door, Uncle?

Mich. Why don't you?

'Squi. She's your Niece.

Mich. She's your Wife that is to be.

'Squi. I can't tell that now.

Mich. Then let's have a Constable.

Jolt. I'll run and call up my Landlord; he's a Constable. [Exit.

[Several People appear in Night-Caps in both Balconies.

1. A Plague take you all, are you all asleep, that ye make such a Noise. What a De'il's the matter wid you.

'Squi. Nothing, nothing, no Harm, only a Gentleman who's making me a Cuckold before my time.

Enter Landlord, *Jolt* with a Leaver.

Land. Here, where are these People?

'Squi. Here, Sir, in that Room.

Land. Come out here: I charge ye come out: I'm an Officer, won't you come out in the King's Name? why then stay where you are, in the Devil's Name: Break open the Door. [*Jolt* breaks open the Door.

Land. Why don't you go in?

Jolt. Why don't you go in, you're an Officer?

Land. Then I command you to go in before me:

Jolt. Let the 'Squire go in, 'tis his Business.

'Squi. Let my Uncle go in, 'tis more his Business than mine.

Mich. Come, we'll all go in, tho' he be a Captain, he's but one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Dolly at another Door.

Doll. What can they be searching for in my Chamber?

Re-enter all.

'Squ. The devil a Thing is there, but an old Pair of Boddices, a broken-back'd Chair, a Quire of Ballads, a flock Bed, and a green Chamber-Pot: Why, Gentlemen, the People that you want, are gone; they took the Key from me, and went out.

'Squi. Gone! oh ye Skies! *Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

Micb. Here, here. let's follow 'em.

'Squi. Ay, ay, Horses, Coaches, Spurs, Whips, Spatterdashes, Gambadoes, Boots, and Sashoons, away.

Land. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, what's here? the Key of the great Gate, they must be in the House still, if the Maid did not let 'em out.

Doll. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Land. Then they must have drop'd the Key, and are in the House still.

'Squi. Huzza! have at 'em then; Halberts, Quarter-Staffs, Muskets, Pikes, and Pocket-Pistols.

Micb. Find 'em out, find 'em out, then. [*Ex. Land*] Jolt. Why don't you go help 'em, Nephew?

'Squi. Uncle, I stay to keep you Company.

Enter Basil in a Night-Gown.

Bas. What's the Meaning of all this Noise? A Man can't sleep for ye.

'Squi. Ah, my dear Friend, stand by me now. Who should

shou'd be here, but that damn'd Rogue of a Captain that we talk'd of, and has run away with my Mistress.

Bas. The Devil he did; and how will you use him when he's found.

'Squi. Use him! I'll pump him, I'll fouse him, flea him, carbonade him, and eat him alive.

Bas. But, hark ye, Sir, don't make such a Noise, you'll disturb my Wife.

'Squi. What, Sir, are you marry'd?

Bas. Marry'd and bedded since I saw you.

'Squi. To whom?

Enter Isabella, Landlord, Jolt, and Servants.

Bas. To this Lady, Sir.

'Squi. Uncle!

Mich. Nephew!

'Squi. Speak you, 'tis more your Business than mine.

Mich. Marry'd; it can't be: How cou'd you be marry'd so suddenly?

Bas. Very luckily, Sir; we intended to have it done more decently, but my Blockhead drop'd the Key, and being stop'd that Way, we saw a Light in the Minister's Chamber that travel'd with me; we went up, found him smoaking his Pipe, he first gave us his Blessing, then lent us his Bed.

'Squi. He was a very civil Gentleman.

Mich. Sir; this won't pass upon me, what Evidence have you for this?

Enter Macahone.

Mac. By my Shoul, he needs no Evidence, for I am one. I was call'd to be a Witness; his Man did waken me before I was asleep; and if you will believe nobody, you may go up, and ask the Minister.

Bas.

34 *The STAGE-COACH.*

Bas. And in Return, my dear Countryman, I'll take care to do you Service in relation to your pretended Merchant's Wife.

Mich. Then since it is so, much Good may't do you with your No-fortune, her Mother did not leave her a Great.

'Squi. I am glad on't, with all my Heart.

Liab. Sir, it will appear otherwise by my Writings.

Mich. Writings ; what Writings? I've no Writings of yours.

Bas. No more you han't, Sir ; for here they are.

Mich. Confusion ! then I know what I've lost.

'Squi. And so do I too. I've lost my Labour, I've lost my Friend, I've lost my Nuncle, and I've lost my Wife.

*Put since the Coach such Novelties has bred,
The 'Squire unmarr'd, and the Captain wed,
I'll be reveng'd, and gee——I'll go to bed.*

}
}

[Ex. omnes.]

F I N I S.





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