

THE
JUROR.
A
FARCE.

By W. B. formerly of St. John's College Camb.

*Here you may see what Hypocrites will do,
What various Villanies such Men run through ;
What mighty Ills from Perjury proceed,
What Orphans ruin'd, and what Nations bleed :
What Treaties broke, what Monarchs been betray'd,
How States-men rise, and Tradesmens Fortune made :
Whate'er Non-jurors teach, we sadly know,
That 'tis the Juror strikes the surest Blow.*

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(1)



THE
JUROR.



SCENE I.

Enter Mr. Janus and Harry Heartgood.

Mr. JANUS.

*WELL, Nephew, Have
you thought of what I
told you?*

Har.

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Har. Yes, Sir, but——

Jan. What at your butts agen;
I thought I had brought Argu-
ments enough to confound those
butts.——

Har. To confound one's Senses
rather; I tell you I cannot make
any such Will, for suppose it should
be call'd in question by the Daugh-
ter, who all the World will be-
lieve was left Heir to her own Mo-
ther's Estate, having never diso-
bey'd her in the whole Course of
her Life.

Jan. How do you know that?

Har. I believe she has not. For
oh! Silvia is all Goodness and Virtue.
(*Aside*)

Jan.

Jan. Believe she has not, that's no Proof.

Har. Well, whether she has or not, Sir, my Conscience won't let me do't.

Jan. Conscience! Hearkye, Sir, did not I breed you an Attorney?

Har. What then, Sir?

Jan. Then what have you to do with Conscience, Sir?

Har. I hope the Law does not destroy a Man's Principle, Sir?

Jan. What has the Law to do with Principle? Principle quotha; why, Sirrah, was not your Father a Poet, and writ for every Faction that was uppermost, one that liv'd
by

by Flattery and Lies, and do you talk of Principle ; hearkye, Sir, will Principle buy you a new Suit, or Conscience pay your Taylor ; no, he'll tell you, Conscience will Starve his whole Family.

Har. Virtue must be very degenerate indeed, when the Honesty of a Man Starves him.

Jan. Honesty, ha, ha, there's a Word now ; I'll warrant that Word Honesty has left more Children and Widows upon the Parish than the Gallows :

Har. More is the pity, Sir :

Jan. More's the Folly, Sir, Honesty ! Do you take Honesty to the Change, and see who'll Trade with you ; the Merchant will tell you 'tis a failing Commodity not vendable abroad ; the *Hollander* won't give a *Herring* for't ; --- go to

a Statesman's Levy, and offer him Honesty for a Place at Court, he'll tell you, 'tis a Coin he does not understand; see if your Honesty will purchase you a Post in the *French Army*, No--- you'll find six Drams of Courage and ten of Assurance out-weighs a Pound of Honesty there--- I have bred my Son at *Oxford*, do you try if Conscience and Honesty will get him a Living.

Har. You talk, Sir, as if there were no such thing as Conscience and Honesty in the World:

Fan. There may be such things in the World, but he that would rise in the World must never be seen in their Companies; --- Why is one Man born wiser than another, but that he may be greater than another; --- none but Fools are Poor; ever whilst you live use Conscience,

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Principle and Honesty, as the Politician does; he opens like a Bull-dog, and worries himself into Preferment, and while he holds it, laughs at thread-bare Honesty: If I had had your Scruples, you might have starv'd, Sirrah.

Har. I don't know that; for I have been told my Grandfather left me his Heir, tho' this old Knave won't own it. (*Afide.*)

Jan. I have seen at least Twenty Changes of Government.

Har. You did not Swear to them all sure?

Jan. But I did sure, and I'd fain see any Change that I would not Swear to.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. Hoardup has sent again, and says, she finds her self much worse, and prays you to bring the
the

the Lawyer you promis'd to make her Will.

Jan. Give my Service to her, and tell her I will wait on her presently.

(Exit Servant.)

Come, prithee *Harry*, don't be so silly as to stand in thy own Light; come, I'll make a Man of thee, Boy: I'll tell thee what I'll do, thou shalt set down 200 *l.* a Year to thy self.

Har. I scorn it, Sir.

Jan. Well, then I'll give the 200 *l.* a Year out of my own Estate.

Har. Which may be as ill got for ought I know. *(Aside:*

Jan. You don't know what good may proceed from this Action; I assure you, I intend to employ a great deal of it to Charitable Uses.

Har. Like Sir *Crispin*, Steal the Leather, and then give away the Shoes; excellent Works of Cha-

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rity truly, but who has more Right to the Estate, than Mrs. *Silvia*, or what greater Charity can there be, than in doing her Justice.

Jan. Pish, she's a young, proud Slut, and would spend it in Vanity, Luxury, and Folly; I intend to leave her Twenty Pounds a Year, 'twill keep her in the Country, and so prevent a multitude of Sins, or if she'll Marry my Son, she shall have a larger Part of her Fortune; I must provide for him, for he is but a Dolt, as one may say; for tho' I bred him Two Years at *Westminster*, and Three at *Oxford*, he scarce has Latin enough to puzzle the Congregation of a Country Village. (*Aside.*

Come, prithee *Hal*, oblige thy nown Uncle now, do, dear Boy do.

Har.

Har. If *I* may make the Will according to the Lady's Directions, I'll go; not else, Uncle.

Jan. you won't, you Dog; Sirrah, have not *I* bred you this Four and Twenty Years.

Har. Yes, *I* thank you, Sir.

Jan. And do you think *I* expect no more than thank ye Sir; Zounds, I'd have seen you hang'd, you Rogue, e're *I* would have given a Hundred Pounds with you to learn the Law, if *I* had not hop'd to have found my Account in't, but I'll fit you, Sirrah; within there.

Enter Servant.

Run to *Lyons-Inn*, and bid Mr. *Scruple-Nothing*, the Lawyer, meet me at Mrs. *Hoardup's* immediately, —go, troop, — take *Honesty*, *Principle*, and *Conscience*, along with you,

you, and see if they'll raise you to the Bar, ye Dog, go, see my Face no more. (*Exit.*)

Har. Was there ever more pernicious Principles in a Jesuit ---- the Bar; I am sure yours will one Day bring you to the Bar, at the *Old Bailey*, if you meet with your Deserts; this Man passes in the World for a fair Dealer, and a very good Christian, because he's constantly at Church; of all Villains, the Hypocrite's the worst, for there is no Fence against him.--- Poor *Silvia*, how shall I prevent thy Ruin; for my Part, whilst there is a Ship at Sea, or a Souldier by Land, I'll shift; yet e'er I go, something must be done for *Silvia*; his Son! No, if I am not to be the Happy Man, he never shall, nor must she be cheated, no, *Silvia*, no.

What-

*Whatever Fortune has in Store for me,
I'll try if possible to rescue thee.*

Ex.

SCENE Changes to Mrs. Hoard-
up's House; She Sick upon a Couch,
her Maid Weeping by her.

*Mrs. Ho. Prithee Betty don't
weep, you disturb me:*

*Betty, I can't help it, Madam, I
never lov'd a Mistress so much in
my Life, if you do but Recover——*

*Mrs. Ho. If I do not, I will
leave thee something.*

*Betty, I thank you, Madam,——
pray let it be in Cloaths then:*

Mrs. Ho. Well, Well.

*Betty, If She does but leave
me her fine Gown and Petticoat,
her new Holland Shifts, and Meck-
lin Laces, let her Die as soon as
she pleases.*

*(Aside.
Enter*

Enter Janus, and Lawyer.

Jan. How do you do, Mrs. Hoardup.

Mrs. Ho. Drawing near my End, Mr. *Janus*, and I was afraid I should not live till you came, 'tis time to settle my Affairs now, I can use them no longer.

Jan. It is indeed, for we are all gone in a Moment; how will you please to have your Estate dispos'd of, Madam.

Betty. She will give me some of her Cloaths she says.

Jan. Very well, — do you withdraw till I call you. (*Exit Betty.*
Have you sent for your Daughter, from the Boarding-School, Madam.

Re-enter Betty.

Betty. One Word with you, Sir; pray, Sir, set me down the Hood, Coat, and brocade Gown and Petticoat,

ticoat, for I love some Cloaths above all Things. (*Exit Betty.*

Jan. Well, Well,——thy Honesty won't starve thee, I dare swear.

Mrs. Ho. The sight of my Child, would but disturb me and grieve her, so that I have resolv'd not to see her, but leave her to your entire Management and Care, Mr. *Janus*, and I hope you'll prove a Father to her:

Jan. I'll do my best, I promise you, Madam.

Mrs Ho. I doubt it not, I have Six Hundred a Year in Houses, in *Grace-Church-street*, and *Mincin-lane*, which I leave to my Daughter.

Jan. Observe, Mr. *Scruple-Nothing*, Set down my Son *Nibbletext*, for that. (*Aside to the Lawyer.*

Mrs. Ho. Five Hundred Pounds in the *South-Sea*, which I leave to my Daughter also.

G

Jan.

Jan. Set down the Interest of it to her Daughter for a Maintenance for her Life, and the Principal to my Son and his Heirs.

Mrs Ho. A Thousand Pounds in the *Bank*, which I leave also to my Daughter.

Jan. Set for that my Name down.

Mrs. Ho. Four Hundred in the *Ninety Nine Years Lottery*, which I give my Niece *Mary Hoardup*.

Jan. Put down my Sister *Anne Janus* instead of her, d'ye hear.

Law. Yes, Sir.

Mrs. Ho. A Hundred Pounds in *Bank Bills* in my Drawers, which I desire may be given to the *Poor of the Parish*.

Jan. Put them down to me too--
the *Poor of the Parish* quotha,
every Body maintains them

Mrs:

Mrs. Ho. my Estate in Hampshire, I leave my Nephew who is in the *Indies*; but if he never lives to return, it shall descend to my Daughter.

Jan. Put down my Daughter's Name for that, I had like to have forgot her, poor Girl, she let my Lord what d'ye call Him, take Possession of her Virgin Estate before he had paid the Purchase, and he soon grew weary of the Tenement, and flung up his Bargain—and defies a Bill in Chancery to reach him. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. H. My Plate, Coach and Horses, I leave my Daughter, and my wearing Apparel do you divide amongst my Servants.

Jan. Put down your own Name for the Plate, as for the Coach and Horses, give them to your Son, you've bred him a Physician,
C 2 they'll

they'll serve him to set up with, and leave the Cloaths to my disposal without any Name; *Betty* and *I* must talk a little about them.

Mrs. Ho. And for your great Care and Trouble, I leave you the House you live in.

Jan. By no means, Madam.

Mrs. Ho. I will have it so, there is no Reason to give you trouble for nothing.

Jan. Well, if you will then, set it down to me, *Mr. Scruple-Naught---* tho' I should use the same Conscience towards your Daughter, if you had left me never a Farthing.

Mrs. Ho. Let me be buried decently, and that is all--- if you have done, give me the Pen that I may Sign it

Jan. Yes, Madam, 'tis done; there is the Pen,

(*She Signs it.*)

Mrs.

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Mrs. Ho. I am very faint with talking--- pray leave me.

Jan We will, all I can do for you now is to pray for you; may Heaven, if it pleases, restore you--- take her out of the World, I beseech thee, for when People once have given their Wealth away, they do but vex their Heirs the time they stay. (Ex,

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Harry and Silvia:

Har. So, here's the House; in my Conscience--- I believe the Fellow has kill'd his Horses with driving so fast.

Sil. If I am come time enough to see my dear Mother alive, I care not. (Knocks.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Mrs. Silvia.

Sil.

Sil. How does my Mother,
Betty.

Betty. Well, I hope, Madam.

Har. She is not Dead.

Betty. Yes indeed, but she is, Sir.

Sil. Oh Miserable me!

Har. Unfortunate.

Betty. For you perhaps--- but
lucky for me, I shall be as fine as
a Lady,----- od, I'll be call'd plain
Betty no more. (*Aside.*

Har. Ha, help your Mistress,
Betty, she faints.

Betty, Methinks it might have
been Mrs. *Betty.* (*Aside.*) Madam,
why, Madam, pray speak to us.
[*Rubs her Temples.*

Har. She revives, I thank Hea-
ven; how do you, Madam.

Sil. Oh unfortunate wretched
Woman, not to see her e're she
died. [*Weeps.*] Perhaps I am left a
Beggar too.

Har.

Har. Made she any Will, Mrs. Betty?

Betty, Mrs. Betty, ay, that's right now; Yes, Sir, your Uncle *Janus* brought a Lawyer that made it.

Har. And where is it?

Betty, He took it with him.

Har. Nay then, he has infallibly engross'd all to himself.

Sil. Then what will become of me.

Har. Take Comfort, Madam; I have a Stratagem yet to try, which may recover the Will; but if it fail, thou shalt never want a Friend in me; so much I love you, your Comfort shall be my only Study.

*Whate' re for me, the partial Stars design,
---Still half my Fortune shall, my Fair,
be thine.*

(*Ex.*)

[*Ex. into the House Silvia and Maid.*]

D'ye hear, you, Porter.

Enter Porter

Run you to Mr. *Catchim*, the King's Messenger, and bid him bring a File of Captain *Thunder's* Grana-diers to Mr *Janus's* House, I'll meet him there immediately, my Name is *Harry Heartgood*, tell him.

Por. Yes, Sir, [Exit.

Har. Desperate Diseases must have desperate Medicines apply'd. [Exit.

SCENE changes to Old *Janus's* House.

Enter Mr. Janus Solus.

Jan. Well, 'tis a rare thing to get the better of ones Conscience, for that always stands in the way to Wealth and Grandeur; a Man never digests the Principle of Prefer-
ment

ment, as long as that lies thumping in his Breast. [*Enter Messenger, and Granadiers*] Who would you speak with Gentlemen.

Mess. I arrest you, Sir, for Treason against the Government.

Jan. Treason against the Government; you have mistaken your Man, Sir, I have sworn to the Government.

Mess. You may be a Rogue for all that, come, come, the Key of the Closet, let's see your Papers.

Jan. I am certain you'll find no Treason there.

Enter Harry.

Har. That will be seen, Sir.

Jan. Are you there, Sirrah, have you the Conscience to swear Treason against your Uncle, ha.

Har. Conscience, Sir, pray remember your own Lesson; I had no Mind to starve, Sir, so kick'd

D Conscience

Conscience out of Doors, that I might be welcome to your Table, Uncle, give me the Keys Mr. *Catchim*; come I'll show you the way to his Closet. *Exit:*

Jan. Oh! The Devil, this Rogue will undo me. (*Going after them.*

Sold. Where a Pox are you running, Sir, stir one Foot farther and I'll knock you down.

(*Lifting up his Firelock.*

Jan. Oh! The bloody-minded Rogue, I shall go distracted if I loose the Will and some other Things of the same Nature.

Enter Harry and Messenger:

Har. I have got what I wanted, now do as we agreed. (*Exit.*

Jan. Your flinking off boads me no good I doubt---now, Sir, have you found any Treason?

Mess. No really, Sir, I can't say
I

I have, but I assure you your Nephew accus'd you of holding Correspondence with some Person at *Urbina*.

Jan. Oh Monstrous!

Mess. Did you ever take the Abjuration Oath, Sir?

Jan. Sir, I have taken all Oaths that has been Sworn in *England* ever since before the Restoration,---if there were any defect in the Form, 'twas their Fault that compos'd the Oath, for my part I Swore it heartily.

Mess. Say you so, Sir; well, if you'll go before the next Justice and take the Oath which he shall Administer, you shall have your Liberty.

Jan. With all my Heart;---harkye, Sir, are there any new Oaths that will come out hereafter think you?

Mess. That I can't tell, why do you ask?

Jan. Because I am an old Man, and very infirm,--- and don't care for Trouble ; therefore I wish you could invent some Form that may comprehend all the Oaths between this and Dooms-day, and I'll take it once for all

Mess. Ha, ha, why you are a very honest Man.

Jan. As ever you met with, I assure you.

Mess. The greatest Rogue I am sure. (*Aside*) Well, Sir, I'll venture to set you at Liberty : I shall represent you as a Person highly abus'd. (*Ex.*)

Jan. I thank you kindly, Sir,--- my Rogue of a Nephew would have hang'd me, but I'll fit him, he shall Rot in a Jail, I'll swear he has rob'd me, I'll to my Closet, and see if all my Writings are safe.

[*Exit.*
S C E N E

SCENE *changes to Silvia's Apartment* Silvia and Harry.

Har. Now Madam, you are Mistress of your Fortune, as well as of the Heart of your admiring Slave.

Sil. Generous *Heartgood*, how shall I reward thee since nothing but my Mother's Life could make me happier than what thou hast done.

Har. That Hand given with your Heart would over-recompence me:

Sil. I should be ungrateful to refuse you that, take it, (*Gives her Hand.*) my Mother shall confirm it.

Har. Thy Mother.

Sil. Yes, thank Heaven, she was only in a Trance, and not dead, nor will, I hope.

Har. I am overjoy'd to hear it.

Enter

Enter Betty.

Betty, Here is Mr. *Janus* coming up Sir.

Enter Janus.

Jan. Sirrah, give me the Papers you have rob'd me off, you had best--- or I'll make the Town too hot to hold you.

Har. Ask this Lady, if she has any thing that belong'd to you.

Sil. I would advise you to be silent, lest I make the Town too hot to hold you--- how durst you make such a Will.

Jan. I made it according to your Mother's Direction, as the Maid can witness, do you vouch it, or not a rag of her Cloaths, d'ye hear. *(Aside to Betty,)*

Betty, Pish she's alive agen, and I shan't

shan't be Sixpence the better for the Will, I'll vouch nothing.

Jan. Ha! Alive: *(Aside.*

Har. Look ye, Sir, here is a Will of my Grandfather's, which I found among your Papers, wherein I find he left me Heir to 700 *l. per Annum*, which you have feloniously possess'd these Five and Twenty Years--- you had best let Matters drop, lest I call you to Account for the Arrears:

Jan. Got that too, nay then 'tis best for me to sneak off, Zounds, was ever Man so bit before, may the Devil do him good with it.

[Exit:

Sil. The Wretch is gone:

Har: 'Twas high time he thought, but since thou hast bless'd me, I forgive him, may Heaven do so:

Thus,

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 will do,
 What various Villanies such Men run
 through;
 What mighty Ills from Perjury proceed,
 What Orphans ruin'd and what Na-
 tions bleed!
 What Treaties broke, what Monarchs
 been betray'd;
 How Statesmen rise, and Tradesmen's
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 What're Non-Jurors teach we sadly
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 That 'tis the Juror strikes the surest
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F I N I S.

