



THE

PER-JUOR.



T H E
P E R - J U R O R .

As it is Acted at the THEATRE
in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.



L O N D O N :

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T H E
P R E F A C E .

I Find my self under a Necessity of troubling my Readers with a Preface, by Reason of a Report which has gone through the Town, very much to my Disadvantage, to wit, that I had calculated this F A R C E purely to affront and expose a particular Gentleman, which is so far from my Intention, that I ever thought there was nothing more disingenuous in Dramatic Writings, than Reflections on particular Persons: 'Tis an Indiscretion I would not be thought guilty of; especially to affront the Gentleman, whom some ill-natur'd Persons have unjustly fix'd the Satyr upon, and for whom I always had a very great Respect.

No doubt there have been, and may be Persons, whom, like the Justice in the F A R C E, abuse their Commissions, and it has ever been a Privilege peculiar to the Stage, to detect Vice in every Shape, and I think the most effectual Way of suppressing it, is to make it ridiculous.

Satyr

The PREFACE.

Satyr is undoubtedly a very useful Wit, and particularly in the Drama, for that the principal End of it is to instruct the People by discrediting Vice, and may therefore be of great Advantage to a State, when taught to keep within its Bounds; but if Satyr once throw off the Mask, and reprehends Vice too openly, as by reflecting on Persons, I own it is not to be allow'd of.

When Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher, rul'd
the Stage;
They took so bold a Freedom with the
Age,
That there was scarce a Knave or Fool
in Town,
Of any Note, but had his Picture shown;
And (without doubt) tho' some it may
offend,
— Nothing helps more than Satyr to
amend
Ill Manners, or is trulier Virtue's Friend,
Princes may Laws ordain, Priests grave-
ly Preach,
But Poets most successfully will Teach.

ROCHESTER.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. SPILLER.

So! how do you do, good People?



WELL, I'm glad that any thing will
bring you,
Tho' Faith we've nothing but a
Name to win you.

All you that come, expecting Party-Wit,
As sure as you're alive now, you are all bit.
No doubt your Expectations all were big,
That this Per-juror was a furious Whig,
A Wolf disguis'd, some sham Religious Preacher,
A Yea-and-Nay Friend, or Anabaptist Teacher:
No; Politicks we cautiously disclaim;
Who'd with fresh Fuel feed a dying Flame?
We scorn a Shelter from that stale Pretence,
To screen with Party-Rage our Want of Sense;
Our Author lashes not a Whig or Tory,
But common Vices in a fictitious Story;
And I my self am thought a Subject fit
For Farce, (You know that needs but little Wit)
In these short Scenes my Character is shown,
Tho' that, you'll say, already's too well known:
But for our Farce, yet hold, I will not say't,
It wou'd be Rashness to anticipate;
No, let it rather wait, and stand the Test,
Think on the Title, and you'll find the Jest.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Justice Bind-over,</i> a Country Justice.	}	<i>Mr. C. Bullock.</i>
<i>Thorough-pace,</i> a Constable, and a Creature of the Justice's.		
<i>Bellmour,</i> a Country Gentleman.	}	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Spoilem,</i>		
<i>Merry-Andrew,</i>	} Actors.	<i>Mr. Spiller.</i>
<i>Joseph Idle,</i>		<i>Mr. Scot.</i>
Clerk.		<i>Mr. Egleton.</i>
		<i>Mr. Griffin.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Isabella.</i>	<i>Mrs. Robertson.</i>
Actress.	<i>Mrs. Finch.</i>

Barns, Servant to the Justice.

S C E N E

A Mob, a Country Market-Town.



THE
PER-JUROR.



SCENE I.

Enter Bellmour and Thorough-pace.

B E L L M O U R.

WELL, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, thus far you have managed Matters like a Statesman; and on the Success of this Project my future Happiness depends: For what is Life without my *Isabella*?

B

Thor.

Thor. And what is Life, say I, without Money? That's the *Axis* on which the whole World turns, the Deity to which all Men sacrifice; some their Honours, Reputation, Families, Relations, nay, Wives and Daughters, Countries, and Religions: In short Sir, I am wise, and know there is no Crime like Poverty. — You love *Isabella*; I like five hundred Guineas better, which you have promis'd me, if I carry my Point; and what signifies a little Perjury? — there's many an honest Man keeps a Wife and Family by it.

Bell. But did the Justice readily grant you a Warrant?

Thor. At the first Word, Sir; why 'tis bringing Grist to his own Mill: — Ay, you don't know what a good Trade a Justice o'th' Peace is, at least as this old Fellow makes it.

Bell. A cunning Knave this!

Thor.

Thor. If you please, I will in a short Digression lay open to you the whole Mystery of Iniquity ; it won't interrupt our Business.

Bell. With all my Heart, Mr. *Thorough-*
pace.

Thor. You must know, here is an old Fellow, qualified with Ill-Nature and Avarice, by the help of a little Money, and some Interest, gets into the Commis- sion: He entertains a Clerk, some broken Attorney, (for they make the best Clerks;) he consequently has more Sense than the Justice, at least more Law ; and for their Honesty they are generally upon a Par. The Fees are divided into four Parts ; the Justice has two, the Clerk one, and the Favourite Constable the other.

Bell. Very well.

Thor. Besides which, the Justice, out of his own Dividend, allows twenty Shillings

B 2

a Week

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a Week to a Couple of *Finders*, (which are vulgarly called *Informers*) and a handsome Treat now and then to the Watchmen, for knocking Gentlemen down in the Streets, and swearing Riots against 'em the next Morning.

Bell. But this is a most Villainous Way of getting Money.

Thor. I don't know, Master, but every Man is willing to make the best of his Place; we inferior Magistrates can plead both great and ancient Examples; every Man must have his Share of Profit; the Commonwealth is a great Machine, composed of many great and small Wheels, — and every one must be greased. Why Sir, here is this old Justice *Bind-over*, if he had fifty in Family, it would not cost him Two-pence all the Year for Bread and Meat.

Bell. No! how is that possible?

Thor:

Thor. Why, *Sunday* Morning is his Market-day, when he never fails to take from Butchers, Bakers, and Poulterers, who venture to sell to poor Workmen that can't buy on a *Saturday* Night, Beef, Bread, and Fowl enough to maintain his House the ensuing Week.

Bell. What a wicked Caitiff must this be! I suppose he'll be very severe upon these poor Actors.

Thor. Oh! he always had an Aversion to *Players*, and is glad of any Opportunity to express his Resentment. — But 'tis time now to put my Warrant in Execution against them.

Bell. Well, I have my License in my Pocket, and the Habits are prepared for the Parson and my self; we'll put 'em on immediately, and then get among the *Actors*; but be sure don't you fail to seize us among the rest.

Thor.

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Thor. I warrant you, and swear against you too among the rest.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



SCENE Changes : Enter Justice Bindover, and Isabella.

Just. Look ye, Sweetheart, I wou'd advise you not to reject my Love; Consider your Father left you to my Care, and your Fortune is at my Disposal.

Isab. But my Heart is at my own, and I'm resolv'd never to part with my Hand without it.

Just. And I am resolv'd never to part with your Fortune, unless you give both Heart and Hand to me.

Isab. Come, come, old Guardian, 'tis in my Power to deceive you; Necessity may perhaps oblige me to give you my
Hand,

Hand, but depend on't you'll never have my Heart : Tho' perhaps I may flatter you into a Belief that you have : Nay, upon Consideration, I don't know but I may consent to Marry you ; for then I am sure 'twill be in my Power to break your Heart in a Month ; and then my Person and my Fortune will both be in my disposal.

Just. This is talking at Random ; I am sure you are not the Person you wou'd have me take you to be.

Isab. Indeed I am ; tho' I am sure you are not the Person you wou'd have me take you to be.

Just. We shou'd make a very happy Couple.

Isab. Good Guardian, have the fear of Cuckoldom before your Eyes, and think no more of Matrimony ; — 'tis ridiculous in you to think of taking a great House, when you have not wherewithal
to

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to furnish it—and a fine Tenement won't stand empty very long in this popular City : In short, Guardian, I have set my Heart upon a young Man, and will make use of the first Opportunity to run away with him, and so, your humble Servant. [Exit.

Just. Oh! your Servant *Mrs. Wagtail.* Od! these Girls have strange Notions in their Heads ; *Culpepper's* Midwifery, and *Aristotle's* Problems, have spoil'd half the young Women in Town ; they are skill'd in the *Theory* at Twelve Years old, and then run mad for the *Practical* Part : —Oh! here comes *Mittimus* my Clerk.

Enter the Clerk.

So, *Mittimus*, did you tell *Thorough-pace* to bring the Players directly away to me ?

Clerk. I did, an't shall please your Worship, and he'll obey your Worship's Commands to a Tittle.

Just. And so he ought, for he owes all he's worth to me ; I rais'd him first from
a com-

a common *Evidence*, and ordinary *Per-juror*, and paltry *Informer*, to a petty *Constable*; and finding him well qualify'd, have given him due *Encouragement*:—
Now, *Mittimus*, lay before me the *Statutes* against *Vagabonds*, that I may read 'em over before these *Players* come: I'll *Play* 'em, I'll see what *Power* they have to *Act* in my *Jurisdiction*; I'll rout 'em out of this *Town*, I'm resolv'd.

Clerk. The *Statutes* are upon the *Table*, *Sir*.

Just. Now; tell the *Cook* to boil the *Leg of Mutton* I took from the *Butcher* last *Sunday Morning*, and to put the *Beef in Salt* against next *Week*; and let the *Cabbages* be boil'd that I took from the *Herb-Woman* over the way; and the two *Loaves* that were taken from *Brand* the *Baker*, (that's a sad *Rogue*, I have a *Spight* against him, and *Thorough-pace*! shall swear a *Riot* against him the next *Bonfire Night*) let them be made into a *Pudding*.

C

Clerk!

Clerk. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Just. I'll teach them to sell Things on a Sunday, I will, a pack of prophane Wretches, that have no Respect to the Sabbath; and yet I hope they won't have the Grace to leave it off.

Enter the Clerk.

Clerk. Sir, there's one Goodman *Conscience* desires to speak with your Worship.

Just. Pho! I'm not at leasure now--hold — stay, — Goodman *Conscience* — let me see — I have heard of such a one — Goodman *Conscience* — he can't live in the City, — and I am sure I know no such one at the other End of the Town.

Clerk. No, Sir, he looks as if he liv'd in the Country; he's very Poor and Shabby.

Just. Goodman *Conscience* — he can't be an Attorney, — is he a Parson?

Clerk.

Clerk. I don't know but he may——
but he does not wear a Gown.

Just. Odsso! now I call it to mind, I had such an Acquaintance formerly,——but it's a great while ago;——Goodman Conscience——Ay, ay,——but I have had no Acquaintance with him since I was sworn into the Commission; nor, to tell you the Truth, don't desire it;——he's a troublesome Fellow, that same Conscience is, and I must put him off.

Clerk. Won't your Worship speak with him then?

Just. No, Sirrah, I won't have any Thing to say to him;——Go Sirrah, go tell this Fellow, this same Conscience, I am not at leasure to speak with him, I am buſie about State Affairs,——I am reading the Statutes:——And, do you hear? if ever Conscience comes again, tell him I am not at Home——Hold, Sirrah, you

are going away with half your Errand,—
be sure you never send him after me to
Change-Alley.

Clerk. No, no, Sir, I believe he does
not know the way thither.

Just. Hark ye, *Mittimus*, you may tell
Goodman Conscience I have no Business for
him my self ; but I would have him go
to *Westminster* next Term, for there will
be some Lawyers there, whom I know
will want him very much.

Enter *Thorough-pace*, with several Players
in their Habits ; *Bellmour* drest like a
Player, with him a Parson in a Frier's
Habit.

Thor. Make way, make way there—
May it please your Worship, according
to your Worship's Commands I have
serv'd your Warrant upon these Players,
whom I took in the very Breach of the
Law, acting prophane Interludes.

Just.

Just. 'Tis very well; you have done your Duty, Mr. *Thorough-pace*. Hark you, — a Word in your Ear. [*They whisper.*

Enter Isabella.

Bell. Now, my Dear *Isabella*, this is the Crisis of my Fate; I have made use of this Stratagem to obtain thee: This Gentleman is in Orders, whom I have brought hither to do us the good Office; let us take this Opportunity of retiring out of the Crowd into another Room, and put it out of Fortune's Power ever to cross us more.

Isab. Follow me this Moment.

[*Exit Isab. Bell. and Frier.*

Thor. Yes, yes, and please you, I'll swear as much as your Worship thinks fit against them: You know, Sir, I was never backward of serving Your Worship upon any Occasion. — But what would you be pleased to have me swear?

Just. Oh, you need no Instruction, Mr. *Thorough-pace*; — swear as you do upon common Occasions, — what comes uppermost: I only desire to bind 'em over; I shall be satisfied with my Fees, and five Pieces afterwards to stifle the Indictment. Come, set the Prisoners before me. — Well, Gentlefolks, how comes it, that notwithstanding the late Act against Vagrancy and Actors of Interludes, you dare, in Contempt of the Law, exhibit your prophane Drolls, ha?

Spoil. May it please your Worship, it has been a Custom for many Years to Act in this Place, at this time o'th' Year.

Just. I don't value the Custom; *Malus usus abolendus erit*, and the Actors punish'd: I am for a thorough Reformation, and with the Zeal of an upright Magistrate will pursue it: I lock up my own Cat every Saturday Night, lest she shou'd break the Law, and catch Mice on a Sunday: I will scourge Vice out of my Jurisdiction;

Jurisdiction ; I have ferrited every Hole, Crack and Cranny in the Parish, that Vice could but put its Head into.

Thor. Ay, his Worship is a notable Man at a Bawdy-House.

Just. Right, Mr. *Thorough-pace* ; there is not a Bawdy-House in the Parish, that I am not acquainted with ; I visit 'em twice or thrice a Week at least : Let me alone for Lewdness : if there be a Whore more than ordinary in the Parish, I presently scent her out, I warrant you.

Thor. Ay, his Worship has a special Nose that Way.

Just. Ay, ay, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, let me alone with the lewd Women ; I love to have the handling of them my self ; I never fail to tickle 'em off — But come, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, bring that Fellow in the patch'd Coat before me. — Well, what is your Name ?

Spoil.

Spoil. *James Spoilem*; I am Master of the Company, and all these are my Servants.

Just. What do you act in this Play?

Spoil. A Fool, and like your Worship.

Just. A Fool? Well, but what do you say in this Play?

Spoil. Say? — Why, I say abundance of silly things, and like your Worship, and make People laugh at me.

Just. Well, and what are you?

Spoil. What am I? Why, I am a Gentleman, and a comical Dog, if you did but know me.

Just. What Religion are you of?

Spoil. Religion? — Hum! — Why truly I have not fix'd upon any yet, nor
I believe

I believe shan't, till the Times are settled.

Just. Where do you live?

Spoil. Live? I don't live any where, not I.

Just. What Parish are you of?

Spoil. No Parish at all. — Looke, I desire your Worship would not ask me many Questions about my self, for I don't know any Man in the World that I know so little of. I have been very unaccountable a great while: The best Account I can give of my self is this; I love every Body but my self and a Bailiff, and I hate him for his *Actions*. I never lie three times in one Bed, unless I am lock'd in the Room, and have no constant Lodging but the *Round-house*.

Just. Mr. *Thorough-pace*, have an Eye to this Man, I don't care to trust him.

Spoil. No, nor no body else that knows me.

D

Just.

Just. A very pretty Relation, truly! — Well, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, what have you to swear against this Person?

Thor. Why, an't please your Worship, I saw this Man flie away with the Devil.

Spoil. You lie, the Devil flew away with me, — as he will with you, if you don't learn to speak Truth: But I don't believe he'll be so civil to you, as he was to me, for he brought me back again.

Just. Do you know, Mr. *Spoilem*, that there is a Popish Canon which says, *Excommunicatio Theatrica*?

Spoil. This Justice is certainly a Fool for speaking *Latin* to me, and I believe he knows as little of it as I do: Egad I'll speak to him again. — Your Worship says right, there is such a Canon; but then you are to consider it is a *Popish Canon*, and that signifies no more in this Case than a Pot-Gun; besides, the Statute Law says, *Non est Iusticius Excommunicatio Actorus Domine*.

Just.

Just. You say right, Mr. Spoilem, I understand you.

Spoil. Egad, it's more than any body else does: Faith, I thought this Justice was an old Woman.

Just. I remember, Mr. Spoilem, a parallel Case diametrically opposite to this, touching one *touching* a Fellow, who was observ'd to write a Paper called the *Observer*: — But, now I think of it, I have forgot it.

Thor. But, may it please your Worship, this Man swore as I brought him along.

Just. How! did you swear, Sir?

Spoil. Hum — swear? — Why truly I don't know any Man in the Company was likelier to swear than my self.

Thor. Indeed he swore, I'll take my Oath of it: Give me the Book.

Spoil. Ay, ay, give him the Book; he's an honest Fellow, I perceive, and will swear any thing.

Just. Well, Sir, you must pay a Shilling.

Spoil. But one Shilling? Why, Sir, I am a Gentleman.

Just. Then you must pay two.

Spoil. There they are; and now I am a clear Man.

Just. Clerk, write down *James Spoilem* two Shillings for an Oath.

Spoil. Hold, Mr. *Goose-quill*, pray write *James Spoilem, Gent.—Gent.—*d'you see,—*James Spoilem, Gent.—*I have paid a Shilling extraordinary for that.

Just. Stand you by. Now, Sir, what are you?

Merr. I am a *Merry-Andrew*, and like your Worship.

Just. Where do you live?

Merr. In *Duke's Place*.

Just. Where is that?

Merr. Just by a Street.

Just. Just by a Street? But in what Parish do you live?

Merr.

Merr. In Duke's Place.

Just. Why, what Church do you go to?

Merr. I never go to Church, Sir.

Just. O terrible! he's a *Papist*, I warrant.

Merr. No, I am a *Few*, and like your —
Worship.

Just. A *Few*? Oh, that's well! — A
Few? — Truly, I was afraid he had been
a *Papist*. A *Few*, — Well, and what is
your Christian Name, Friend?

Merr. Sir, I have no Christian Name;
I am called *Mordecai*.

Just. Stand you by. Now, Woman,
what is your Name?

Player. *Foseph Idle*, and please your
Worship.

Just. How! *Foseph*? Why, Woman,
that's a Man's Name.

Thor. May it please your Worship, this
is a Man drest in Womens Cloaths.

Just. O prophane! prophane! A Man
in Woman's Cloaths? Why, how shall
we

we know the Men from the Women at this rate? This is very prophane!— Well, set the other before me. — Well, good Woman, are you a Man too?

Actress. Do I look like a Man, an't please your Worship?

Just. Nay marry, there is no finding you out by the Looks at this rate: Let me see my Spectacles.— Hum! I profess, a pretty Woman, a very pretty Woman. Stoop a little — a fine Breast! — ah! ah! — Let me feel of your Hand — ah! ah!

Actr. Your Worship squeezes me too hard.

Just. Her Hand is none of the softest; I believe she has been a Clear-Starcher. Why, what pity 'tis you should be among such a Set of People: I profess, my Bowels yearn for thee, to think of thy wicked Profession.— Looke now, if she does not blush! — Well, 'tis pity to expose her before the Crowd; she has some Modesty, and I will endeavour to convert her.

Mr:

Mr. *Thorough-pace*, conduct the Gentlewoman into my Drawing-Room, I will examine her by my self.

[*Exit Thor. and Actr.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. May it please your Worship, Mr. *Catch'em* the Constable has brought a lewd Woman to be examined before your Worship.

Just. Is she a young Woman?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Just. Then I will go and examine her in my Closet. [Exit.]

[*Spoil. Gets into the Justice's Chair, and speaks three Lines of Cato.*]

“ Fathers, we once again are met in
“ Council ;

“ *Cæsar's* Approach has summon'd us
“ together,

“ And *Rome* attends her Fate from our
“ Resolves.

Clerk. Ah, Mr. *Spoilem*, you are a comical Man ; I know you very well.

Spoil.

Spoil. Do you indeed? Well — and ha—what are you, a Man, or a shotten Herring?

Clerk. I am one of the Justice's Clerks, as simple as I stand here: Lord! I had once a great Mind to be an Actor my self; I could speak Speeches very well.

Spoil. Could you really? Why, we want handsome young Players, and I'll help you into the House.

Clerk. Can you indeed? — Well! I vow and swear I'd give any thing to be a Player.—But can you help me into the House?

Spoil. Yes, yes; Why I teach all the young Actors my self: Have you a mind to be in the House?

Clerk. Yes, indeed have I, if you'll get me in.

Spoil. That I will; but you must give me Ten Shillings Entrance.

Clerk.

Clerk. Ay, that I will with all my Heart :
There is the Money.

Spoil. Well, what are you for, *Tragedy*
or *Comedy* ?

Clerk. O! Genteel *Comedy*! a soft *Lo-*
ver! or a *Hero* now! such as *Alexander*,
Oroonoko, or *Hannibal*!

Spoil. Nay, you are too handsome to
play low *Comedy*.—Well, now I must
hear you speak a *Speech* in *Tragedy*.

Clerk “ Conquest with Laurels did my
“ Arms adorn.

Spoil. Hold, get o’ top o’ the *Tables*
and speak it there, then every body will
see you. [*Instructs him how to speak.*]

Very well! now you shall hear me
speak. [*Speaks some Lines out of Alexander*
Burlesqu’d.]

“ Thus *Newgate*, when in *Prospect*,
“ bars the *Eye*,
“ Which, pleas’d and free, wou’d
“ over *Snow-Hill* lie,
“ To *Holbourn-Hill*, or any *Hill* as
“ high.

E

“ Farewell

“ Farewell then Wenching, and the
 “ Jokes of Love,
 “ By all the Gods, I’ll to the Tavern
 “ move,
 “ Call for the best, and pay my
 “ Money down,
 “ And quite forget that er’e I scor’d a
 “ Crown.

Enter Justice and Thorough-pace.

Just. Well, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, let me have your Deposition, and I’ll bind ’em all over together. [*Reads.*]

The Depositions of *John Fig*, Grocer, in the Parish of *Gotham*, and *Nehemiah Thorough-pace*, Constable, in the said Parish, depose before the Worshipful Justice *Bind-over*, that hearing of prophane and unlawful Practices committed in the abovesaid Parish of *Gotham*, by acting of Drolls and Interludes; they were moved by the Love they bear to Virtue and Piety, to go and suppress the Acting thereof: And these Deponents swear, that going into the Stable where they acted, they saw *James Spoilens*

Spoilem flie away with the Devil—O sad!
Josepb Idie sing in Womens Apparel, *Mary Greensick* play a Virtuous Maid—I think she ought to be sent to the Workhouse—
John Martin make Love in a violent Manner—Here's wicked Doings—And *Judith Hojden* wish she might never be married:—O sad! O sad!—And further, these Deponents say not.

'Tis very well! Gentlemen, you must go into the next Room, and send for your Bail, for I am oblig'd to bind you all over. [Exeunt.

Now will I go visit the Player-Woman, for I profess I find my Inclination stirring. [Exit.

Enter Justice and Actress.

Actr. This is surprising; I did not expect to have heard such Discourse from a Person of Gravity, and a Magistrate too! O fie upon it!

Just. A Magistrate? What then, do you think I don't love a pretty Woman? Verily but I do: Ay, and I—! Who can look upon those Bubbies, and not wish to— Ah, ah, give me one Kiss.

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Actr. Oh! I swear I'll call out.

Just. If you do, adod I'll bind you
over — One Kifs more — Ah Rogue!

Enter Bellm. Isab. and Thor. listening.

Bell. Here's an old wanton Goat!

Thor. This is not the first private Examination of his.

Actr. Well, I never met with any thing so wicked.

Just. Nor I with any thing so tempting — Had not you better fling off this prophane Apparel, leave your scandalous Profession, be a Justice's House-keeper, go to Church once a Week, and live in good Reputation?

Actr. How can you be so wicked!

Just. Psha! you are a Fool; there's nothing Wicked, but what is Publick:
— 'Tis not the Sin, but the Knowledge of it, which distinguishes the Thief from the
—— But if every one were to wear his Conscience upon his Sleeve, I know what I know; marry, every Man would
keep

keep his Hands in his own Pockets, and cry, Stand clear Brother.

Actr. This Opinion of every body's Wickedness is only a Proof of your own; — for your Eyes being distemper'd, every Person seems Yellow to you, which is not the Fault of the Object, but the foul Perspective you look thro': You judge of Mankind from your own corrupt Mind, and draw Conclusions from base and rotten Principles.

Just. Psha! this is talking of nothing at all: What signifies a Pint of cool Reason, when a Man is sous'd over Head and Ears in a Hoghead of scalding-hot Love? or chopping of Logick, when he's stark mad to be kissing of Lips? I tell thee, thou hast the worst Notions to thrive by that are: The World is all a Cheat, and Virtue but a Disguise, which, 'tis true, should never be thrown off, but where a Man knows his Company: Do but devoutly cast your Eyes upwards, and 'tis no matter where your Hands are, in Pocket or Placket.

Actr.

Act. If I should tell this!

Just. I would forswear it, and then, from our Characters the World would believe it Malice. Od, you don't know me, I am a wicked old Dog——

Act. So I perceive.

Just. Why, I have sent one Whore to the Work-House, when I have had another in my Closet at the same Time; but we must punish some for Examples, or else in a little Time the poor People wou'd be as wicked as their Betters.

Bel. Your humble Servant, Mr. Justice.—Nay, don't be startled, your Worship is a wicked old Dog.

Just. O the Devil! Have they over-heard all? Which way got you into my House?

Bel. By the help of Disguise, and this honest Gentleman, I was brought in among the Players, and now come to demand my Wife's Fortune.

Just.

Just. What! Have you married the Jade then?

Bel. I have.

Just. The Devil do you good with her then.

Bel. A very charitable Expression; but, Sir, to make short with you, I expect my Wife's Fortune to be paid down immediately, or I shall expose your Amours.

Just. I don't value your Spight, and since you have over-heard me, you know what you have to trust to: I can forswear it.

Thor. I know you are pretty hard Mouth'd upon Occasion, but here are four Witnesses, of which I am one, a Child of your own Teaching, a notable *Per-juror*, and I believe a Match for your Worship, swear as fast as you will.

Just. Ah Rogue, *Thoroughpace*, are you in the Confederacy too?

Thor. Diamonds cut Diamonds, that's all; I only serve my Client; Interest is my Fundamental Principle, as well as your Worships, and
for

for that, I can swear as fast against you as ever I did for you.

Just. Oh how wicked the World is grown! What is become of Honesty, when Rogues can't be true to one another! Well, there is no Help — and I will be honest, — since 'tis not in my Power to be otherwise. — You shall have her Fortune.

Bel. That's all I ask; and for the future, I would have you less Zealous against publick Follies, and begin a Reformation in your own Family: Forbear to persecute your Neighbours, and correct your self.

*No Wonder if the Sheep do miss the Way,
When those who ought to guide 'em run astray:
If Vice you would correct, this Maxim know,
Your self should first a good Example shew.*

ACT 4 AP 54

FINIS.

