

9 Newburgh Hamilton



J. Cole del. et sculp.

T H E

Petticoat-Plotter;

A

F A R C E

Of Two Acts:

As it was acted at the THEATRE
ROYAL in *Drury-Lane,*

A N D T H E

New THEATRE in *Lincoln's-Inn-
Fields.*

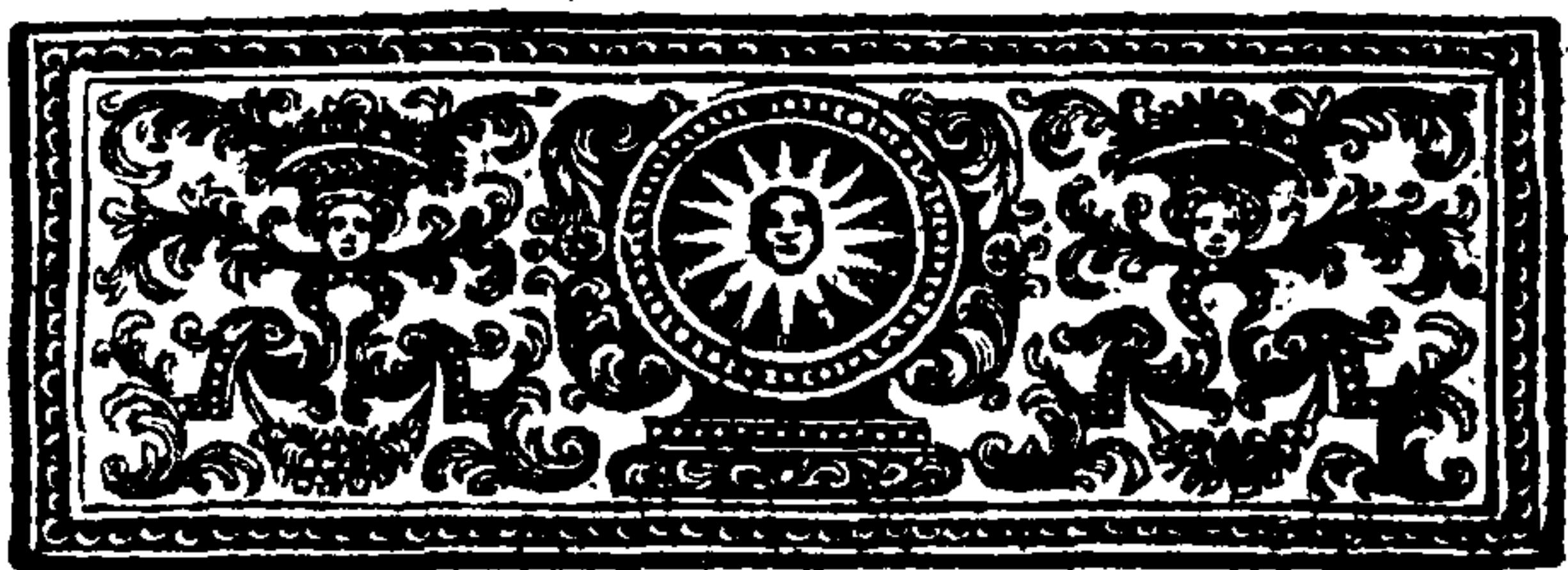
Arte regendus Amor. Ovid.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Bez. Creake,* at the *Bible* in
Fernyn-Street, against *St. James's Church,*
and *J. Sackfield* in *Lincoln's-Inn-Square.*

M D C C X X.

(Price One Shilling.)



PREFACE.

THE following Farce
having never been
printed before, tho' it
has appear'd upon the
Stage several Years ago, and
since it's first Appearance has
been

PREFACE.

been often acted at both Theaters; I thought it necessary to inform the Reader, that the Reason of its lying so long dormant, only proceeded from my own Negligence. As for the publishing it now, it is owing to the Importunity of some who were pleas'd with the Performance upon the Stage, and were of Opinion, that it might prove as entertaining to all unprejudic'd Readers in Print, as it did to all impartial Spectators in the Representation. To divert inoffensively being the only Aim I had either in the Action or Publication, I
wist

PREFACE.

*wish it as good Success in the
latter as it had in the former.*

Newburgh Hamilton,



Dra.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir *Simon Scrape-all.*

Mr. *Thrifty.*

True-love.

Plotwell.

Nicompoop.

Ananias.

Cabbage the Taylor.

Mr. *Norris.*

Mr. *Bullock.*

Mr. *Elrington.*

Mr. *Pack.*

Mr. *Leigh.*

Mr. *Spiller.*

Mr. *Burkhead.*

W O M E N.

Isabella.

Mopsa.

Miss *Sherborn.*

Miss *Willis.*

A Chaplain and the Taylor's Man.

SCENE *London.*

THE



T H E
Petticoat-Plotter.

A C T. I.

SCENE, *a Dining-Room.*

Enter Sir Simon Scrape-all, and Mr. Thrifty.

Thrif. **W**H Y Sir *Simon Scrape-all*, I say fear not, my Child shall be yours, it is sufficient you have my Word in the Matter; since I say it shall be so, you may conclude it done.

Sir Sim. Mr. *Thrift*y, I am bounden to you, your Consent was what I chiefly desir'd; I am overjoy'd to think I have obtain'd it; had I the least Part of *Isabella's* Favour, I'd soon be happy.

B

Thrif.

Thrif. Doubt not her good Will, she has, tho' I say it, ever prov'd an obedient Child; but think you I'll ask her Leave to wed her? I am the best Judge of what Husband is fit for her, and she shall marry as I think fit.

Sir Sim. It is true *Mr. Thrifty*, the Old shou'd command, and the Young obey; but the Madcaps of this Age, without any Respect to the grey Experience, and dear-bought Wisdom of us of the last, think they alone are wise, and with a young flashy Coxcomb that scarcely knows what's what, a grey Beard is a certain Sign of a Fool.

Thrif. Let those Mushrooms that sprung up but last Night, think as they please, I shall not be rul'd by their green Judgments, they look with the wrong End of the Perspective——ods my Life! I'd have them to know, that a Man of threescore and ten, sees clearer than any young Fellow of twenty.

Sir Sim. Keep to our Prerogative *Mr. Thrifty*, 'tis but just.

Thrif. My Daughter is my Daughter; who can claim any Power over what is mine? By me she came into the World, and I shall send her out again, shou'd she disobey.

Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. There's one Doubt sticks yet in my Stomach, I cannot digest it.

Thrif. At your Doubts agen *Sir Simon*, still harping on that String:

Sir Sim. Patience, good Mr. *Thrift*, till I shew the Cause of my Fears——There's that prodigal young *True-love*, who has long courted your Daughter.

Thrif. I shall find Means to manage that Spark——I have often discharg'd him my House, but the brazen young Dog won't be satisfy'd with a Denial; such an impudent Fellow I never knew.

Sir Sim. 'Tis that which now-a-days gains a Woman's Heart; if a Lover has Impudence, he wants no Qualification to recommend him to his Mistress——storm them, and the Forts surrender immediately; but go to sapping and mining, they'll hold you out a seven Years Siege——a whining Lover is seldom rewarded but with a ten Years Courtship, which throws the poor Fellow into a Consumption, and if he lives to be marry'd, a Month's Matrimony sends him packing.

Thrif. Here comes the Gentleman himself, as opportunely as may be; the Treatment he receives shall soon ease your Fears, and my Resolution put an End to his importunate Sollicitations.

Enter True-love.

True. Mr. *Thrifty*, good morrow, Sir *Simon*, I am your very humble Servant.

Thrif. Mr. *True-love*, your'e welcome, I just now wish'd for you.

True. Sir, I count my self happy, in being thought of by you Mr. *Thrifty*; (I fain wou'd call you Father,) you are sensible of the pure Affection I bear your Daughter; I have often acquainted you with my honourable Passions, you as often have deny'd me; my Business now is to know your final Resolution.

If by this I can't gain her, I must go another way to work, and cheat the old Fellow, when he thinks he's most secure. (*Aside.*)

Thrif. Upon the same Account I desir'd to see you, while Sir *Simon* is here to be a Witness to our Agreement.

True. From you then as from an Oracle, I receive my Doom; consider well, before you pass Sentence, for if you deny me *Isabella*, you deny me Life.

My Fears are strong, but my Hopes overcome them. (*aside*)

Thrif. What I've determin'd, I'll stand to.
Sir

Sir Sim. I am tickl'd to think how sneakingly the poor Fellow will look, he will be as much out of Countenance as a Dog that has lost his Tail. (*Aside.*

Thrif. Mr. *True-love*, I having thoroughly consider'd the many Qualifications of your Mind, external, as well as internal; and also weighing with my fatherly Affection, the Necessity of providing a careful Husband for my Daughter; I do here solemnly protest and vow, that I think *Thomas True-love* the fittest Person in the World——not to be *Isabella Thrifty's* Husband.

True. How Sir! sure you do but jest, all this is a Riddle to me.

Thrif. Then Sir, to unriddle this Riddle without being thought a Conjuror, my Daughter shall never be your Wife.

True. You do but try my Patience, to fathom the Depth of my Love.

Thrif. I am in sad, sober Earnest, I can assure you; you came here as I take it, Sir, to know my last Resolution; so, Sir, in as few Words as possible, you have it Sir, and so your humble Servant Sir.

True. Hold Mr. *Thrifty* —— *Sir Simon*; sure I sleep, this must be a Dream.

Sir Sim. Verily, Mr. *True-love*, when you were just now in your Raptures, I thought

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you had been dreaming, and now I find the Dream is out, you talk'd so loud in your Sleep of *Isabella*, that the Noise of your own Tongue waken'd you.

True. Or rather, I am not yet awake; I must be satisfy'd I am; are you sure that you are *Sir Simon Scrape-all*, and this *Mr. Thrifty*? If I am asleep, thunder in my Ears, and rouse me from this Dream.

Sir Sim. Bless me, he has lost his Senses, but I will not be banter'd out of mine too. *(Aside.*

Sir, I am *Sir Simon Scrape-all* Knight, what have you to say to me eh? I can answer you, as for *Mr. Thrifty*, he is of Age, let him speak for himself.

Thrif. Come, Come, *Mr. True-love*, think not to rhodomontadoe us out of our Wits, what I have said I will say over again ———if you be not awake now, you may go Home, and sleep your Sleep out.

True. You are obstinately resolv'd then.

Thrif. I am not to be mov'd.

True. Why then——

Thrif. What then Sir?

True. Why then your're a doating old Fool, and this accursed Usurer, whose sole Delight is fifty in the Hundred, who has these threescore and ten Years, walk'd about the World dead——

Sir

Sir Sim. Dead Sir?

True. Yes, dead Sir, your're now always poring on the Earth as you were to dig your Grave with your Eyes, or peirce to the Center to search for more Gold——but *Mr. Thrifty*, fatisfy me in this one Request, pray give me a Reason why I am not good enough for *Isabella*?

Thrif. My Reason Sir! humph! and what if I am cross, and won't give my Reason Sir, eh? What then Sir, eh? but if I may be so bold as to ask, what Pretensions have you to my Daughter, Sir?

True. The chief of all Pretensions, Love, sincere Love.

Thrif. Love, Love! ha, ha, ha,—is that all? a Fig for your Love without Means, will Love get a Dinner or a Suit of Clothes? Cou'd it but cure Hunger or Nakedness, I shou'd be fatisfy'd.

True. Sir, I have Love, and you can give Riches, both are best.

Thrif. And so I must make a Match between your beggarly Love, and my wealthy Daughter? Go, get one of your one Sort, one that has Love without Money; my Daughter shall have one that has as much Love as you, and more
Gold

Gold than you have Brass; this worshipful Knight here, with my Consent, intends to make her his Lady, which I, doing all for my Child's Good, have freely given him——so preferring his grave Years, and full Bags, to your vain Youth, and empty Purse, you may go whistle for a Wife, somewhere else Sir.

True. And will you then for a little insignificant Dross, that Parent of Cares, and Disturber of Joys, sacrifice your Daughter's Happiness? Tying her to an old wither'd Crabtree, an useless Drone, that's a Nuisance to his Neighbours, and an Eye-sore to the World——is this a fit Bridegroom for *Isabella*? foh, foh! he flinks so of Mortality, that I can't look at him but I think of my Grave.

Sir Sim. You may speak your Will of me; but she shall be my Bride.

True. Your Bride! go get a Winding Sheet ready; go, dye and oblige the World, you *Memento mori*, you Skeleton before Death, your Avarice has starv'd you in this World, in the Grave you'll disappoint the Worms of an expected Banquet from your lean Carcass, and so starve them too.

Sir Sim. Alackaday! poor Lad, he is craz'd——*Bedlam* will be his Fate.

Thrif.

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Thrif. 'Tis likelier *Tyburn* may——let him rail, mind him not.

True. I see the old Man is resolute, I must now use all Means that cunning Plots can inspire to break this intended Marriage——it stings me to the Soul to think what Misery she must undergo, not in losing me, but in being join'd to this old Fox. *(Aside.*

My free and gen'rous Mans I've try'd in
(vain.

Now I must trust to Plotwell's working Brain.
(Exit.

Sir Sim. Neighbour *Thrift*, a bloody-minded young Fellow this; adod we have need to be careful, adod we have.

Thrif. Fear not the Threatnings of his vain Anger, when this hot Fit of Love is over, he will be very cool, he will cringe like a beaten Spaniel——*Sir Simon*, you know what you have to trust to; I'll call my Daughter, I don't doubt but you can court, eh! you have been a Wag I'll warrant, eh! *Sir Simon.*

Sir Sim. Ay Mr. *Thrift*, there was a time——

Thrif. Hang time, *Sir Simon*, there is a time, and there shall be a time——here, Daughter *Isabella*, Daughter *Isabella*.

Sir

Sir *Sim.* Leave us not together, if you do, I am struck dumb.

Thrif. I warrant you Man; bear up briskly to her, follow your own Rule, storm the Fort, batter down the Gates, throw Bombs fill'd with the Wildfire of Love, and the Town's your own.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Did you call Sir?

Thrif. Yes Child, be civil to this Gentleman, my fatherly Care has intended him for your Husband, my Presence is not necessary. *(Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* I am confounded with her Beauty, how shall I begin? *(aside)* bright Paragon of Beauty, accept the Offering of a Virgin Heart, who's proud to be made a Sacrifice to your bright Eyes.—Adod, I did not think it had been in me—a good Beginning. *(aside)*

Isab. Unfortunate *True-love!* unfortunate *Isabella,* what shall I do to shun this fatal Love?

Sir *Sim.* Take not away the Lustre of those Eyes, or you take away my Life, and then I'll dye—she's modest and bashful.

Isab.

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Isab. Sir, have you any Business with me?

Sir Sim. Yes Angel, the Business of Life, the Business for which we are all born, Love and Matrimony.

Isab. I must seemingly comply with this unnatural Match, that my *True-love* may gain an Opportunity to rescue me from this Danger. (*Aside.*)

Sir Sim. Thou Honey-suckle of the fragrant Fields, sweeter than Roses in the Month of *May*, allow me thus to kiss this lily white Hand; adod I cou'd eat it, adod I cou'd, 'tis very sweet.

Isab. O bless me Sir, you hurt my Hand, you kiss very hard.

Sir Sim. And will you then marry me, speak my Goddeffs, speak——it must be so, Silence in modest Virgins gives Consent.

Isab. Sir, in all things I shall prove obedient to my Father's Will.

Sir Sim. My Life, my sweet Duck, adod I love and will love you; you shall always have your Will, adod you shall wear the Breeches, but say, when shall I be made happy, when shall it be, eh?

Isab. Sir, I conjure you not to be too hasty, but as my Father thinks fit,

as

as he commands I shall be sure to obey.
(*Exit.*)

Sir Sim. A most wonderful young Virgin, a most curious Girl. (*Walks up and down.*)

Enter Thrifty.

Thrif. *Sir Simon, Sir Simon.*

Sir Sim. A modest Virgin; a Virgin of very few Words, which will be an unexpressible Blessing in a Wife.

Thrif. But *Sir Simon*——

Sir Sim. She's a Miracle of Goodness,——prodigious! I did not think it had been in any Woman living.

Thrif. He's ravish'd! *Sir Simon*——

Sir Sim. How happy shall I be in that vertuous Creature?

Thrif. But *Sir Simon*, do you hear?

Sir Sim. O *Mr. Thrifty!* Most honour'd Father, I beg ten thousand Pardons; the Greatness of my Joys blinded my Eyesight.

Thrif. Well, is she not a rare Girl——did I not tell you so?

Sir Sim. You are blest with an obedient Daughter, and I shall be happy in an obedient, vertuous Wife.

Thrif.

The Petticoat Plotter. 13

Thrif. Now, Sir *Simon*, we want but the finishing Stroke. — A Parson and a Wedding-dinner, to compleat your Happiness.

Sir Sim. In the mean time, let us watch *True-love* narrowly; he's a dangerous young Fellow; and I'm more afraid of him than of a mad Dog. — Come, Father, lead me to my Love.

(Exeunt.)



C

SCENE



SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter True-love.

True. Where the Devil is this *Plotwell* now? He's always out of the Way when I stand most in need of his Help.—O here he comes, spread out below like a Peacock's Tail.

Enter Plotwell like a Spanish Woman.

O, *Plotwell*, come to the Rescue of your dying Master; help me out of this intricate Labyrinth, and you shall be counted the *Machiavel* of the Age; while alive you shall be courted by all, and when dead, you shall be honour'd with a brazen Monument in *Westminster-Abbey*.

Plot. Without these Bribes, Sir, I'll do my Part; I will spin my Brain into
Plots,

Plots, tho' they be no thicker than a Spider's-web, I'll have enough to tire the two old Dotards, before they can get thro' them all; I won't be out-witted, if Plots can do it.

True. Without your Help, she's lost for ever. — *Sir Simon Scrape-all* —

Plot. I know is to be marry'd to your Mistress. — I know all, Sir, — As I was going to *Tom. Cabbage* the Taylor's, who procur'd me this Disguise; passing by *Mr. Thrifty's* Door, *Isabella* spy'd me, and in this Paper acquainted me with all Secrets; she had before sufficiently acquainted me how to manage her Father, as to the *Spanish* Affair. — How do Petticoats become me, Sir?

True. Admirably well. — But this Paper says, *Sir Simon* is this Afternoon to go to his House in *Chelsea*, and to return in the Evening.

Plot. True, Sir, upon which (knowing *Tom. Cabbage* to be wholly in your Interest) I have perswaded him, and one of his Journey-men, disguis'd in Masks and long black Cloaks, to lie in wait in the Fields, and frighten him as he returns. There will be only that Booby *Nicompoop* with him, who's as great a Coward as his Master.

True. But of what Advantage will that be to us?

Plot. Why, this, Sir; he being a superstitious, timorous old Fool, it may make him delay the Wedding; but I don't build my Hopes upon that, Sir, thanks be to the Fruits of this fertile Noddle, which has ever prov'd your faithful Rogue, Sir. I have surer Pillars to rely upon.—— Be gone, Sir, lest we be discover'd, and meet me here within half an Hour.

True. This is the last Time I shall trouble you, —— gain me but *Isabella*, and your Labour is at an End. (*Exit.*

Plot. Well, this is the Fate of all Lovers, and of Consequence of all Lovers Servants, thus to be metamorphos'd into various Shapes, and to run thro' the greatest Dangers in Disguises. When *Jupiter* was turn'd into *Amphitrion*, *Mercury* was turn'd into *Sofia*; and what can Mortals expect when the Gods were forc'd to these Changes for a Mistress? —— I hope this Letter will do the Business, as far as a Face of Brass, and a Brain full of Cunning will carry me; I am safe——this is the Door. (*Knocks.*

Thrif. within.] Who's there?

Plot. A Friend, an't please ye, Sir.

Enter

Enter Thrifty.

Thrift. Ods my Life, some foreign Lady!

Plot. Your Name Mr. *Thrift*, Sir?

Thrift. Yes, Madam, ——— your Business, pray?

Plot. Sir, this Letter informs you.

Thrift.

Mr. Thrifty,

“ **I** Am this Day arriv'd in the River,
“ on board the **Tyger** from Barce-
“ lona, with all your Brother's Riches; I
“ have sent **Donna Theodosia** before
“ to acquaint you with my Arrival; I
“ must stay aboard till I have sent all the
“ Goods ashore, two Chests of which will
“ come up this Evening by the Tide, the
“ Money and Jewels I'll bring my self.

JAMES TRUSTY.

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Ods my Life, very good News, very good News, very welcome News.——
Mistress, I suppose you are the Woman Mr. *Trusty* inform'd me of in his first Letter, upon my Brother's Death, whom my Brother left to my Care?

Plot. Yes, an't please ye, Sir; I went over about ten Years ago with your Brother; my Name was *Doll* the Buxom; an't please ye, Sir; but upon our Arrival at *Barcelona*, he chang'd it to *Donna Theodofia*.

Thrif. And pray Madam *Donna Theodofia*, —— I'll swear 'tis a very pretty Name, you can speak *Spanish*, I warrant, faster than *English*?

Plot. O the Devil! I'm catch'd, I must face him down.—— O yes, Sir, it is as natural to me as my Mother Tongue, Sir.

Thrif. Let us have a Smattering of this same *Spanish*, you shall teach my Daughter; Languages of all sorts I love, tho' I can speak but one.

Plot. There's Hopes yet then, he may be impos'd on, he shall have some *English Spanish*.

Imedio, yourdro, humbledro Servantdro.

Thrif

Thrif. *Antdro!* I'll swear 'tis a very noble Language; and pray what may be the Meaning of what you said.

Plot. I am your humble Servant.

Thrif. Ods my Life, it comes very near the *English*. — *Servantdro*, that is as much as to say, Servant. I think I'll learn it my self.

Plot. Nothing more easy, Sir, I was not a Week at *Barcelona*, when I cou'd have spoke any Thing almost, that was common or necessary.

Thrif. I remember since you went over with my Brother, but I think your Face is mightily alter'd.

Plot. Alter'd, Sir! alas, Sir, living so long in so hot a Country, and then grieving for your Brother's Death, wou'd have alter'd an Angel, Sir, — the best of Masters he was to me.

Thrif. Weep not, in losing him you have found another, you shall live with me, and teach me and my Daughter to talk *Antdro*, then I shall talk with the *Spanish* Merchants on the *Change*, as well as the best of 'em.

Ods my Life, she's a pretty, plump, round Wench, and a warm Bed-fellow, I
warrant

warrant her ; how my Lips itch to be at her, but I must not be too sudden.

I'll call my Daughter. — *Isabella,*
 Daughter *Isabella.*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Did you call me, Sir ?

Thrif. Yes : This Gentlewoman was your Uncle *Thrift*'s Servant, and since his Death left to my Care ; be civil to her, she'll deserve it. *(Exit.*

Plot. Now, Madam, obey your Father, and be civil to me.

Isab. *Plotwell*, I see our Design takes rarely, I hope you remember'd all I told you.

Plot. I did not fail in one Point, Madam.

Isab. Well, what's to be done now must be done quickly ; our Time is short, the Writings are to be drawn this Night.

Plot. Fear not, Madam, we'll defeat your old Lover, we have Countermines for all their Projects, and Mines to blow them up too.

Isab.

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Isab. I'll join with you in any Plot that will rid me of that hateful Monster. — I leave all to you, find you the Means, I'll put in Execution.

Plot. Let us in and contrive.

Isab. I am content. (Exeunt.)

Enter True-love.

True. Here *Plotwell* was to have met me, and inform me of his Success; I expect no favourable News, Fortune has plaid me so many Jades Tricks, that I'll trust her no longer.

Enter Plotwell.

Plot. Oh Sir, such News! expect Sir to hear such News; be prepar'd to listen with Attention, I can tell—

True. S'death, what can you tell? What News? If it be good, keep me no longer in painful Suspense, if it be bad, I know too much already, therefore speak quickly

Plot.

Plot. Nay Sir, if you're angry, I am silent, 'tis but an ill Reward for one that has almost wasted himself into a Consumption to do you Service.

True. Nay, good *Plotwell*, be not angry; I own I am passionate, it is a Failing, but at such a Time you can pardon it.

Plot. Sir, your Commands shall be always obey'd——then know Sir, I am admitted into Mr. *Thrifty's* House, the whole Cheat is carry'd on with an Air of Truth; I have gain'd the old Man's Heart, and lull'd his mistrustful Temper asleep with the Thoughts of the vast Riches that are coming home; yet the Dragon watches the golden Fruit closely? He is a meer *Cerberus*, and stands Porter at his own Gate; there's but one Way to gain Admittance.

True. Speak it dear *Plotwell*, and if I do not attempt it, may I be gibbeted, or what is worse, doom'd to live without my *Isabella*.

Plot. Thus then Sir —— you must immediately change your Habit; for this wicked and unseemly Garment, you must be cloth'd with a sanctify'd Cloak lin'd with Hypocrisy; a large Band stiffen'd with the Starch of Zeal; and a broad-brimm'd

brimm'd Hat to cover your Eyes from beholding the Vanities of this World.

True. But to what End this fantastical Drefs.

Plot. You must by this Disguise be admitted for *Ananias Scribe* the Scrivener, who is this Evening to come and draw the Writings.

True. Sure *Mr. Thrifty* will discover the Cheat.

Plot. He is not intimately acquainted with him——a black Patch will help that——then hold down your Head, counterfeit the Tone of the Zealous, and set your gay Looks into the formal and precise ones of an old Philosopher——once admitted, you must escape with the Lady by the Garden-Door——the rest I leave to you.

True. Put her once into my Hands, and you've plaid your Part.

*If I lose her then, may I be ever curst,
Let her be mine, and Fortune do your worst.*

(Exeunt.)

SCENE,



SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Tailor and Man.

Tail. Dick, we shall have rare Sport with Sir *Simon*; the Coverous old Hunks, tho' he be my Landlord, I'll play him a Trick.

Sir Sim. Within.] Why, *Nicompoop*; where are you Sirrah?

Tail. Stand close, there he is, remember your Part. *(they retire.*

Enter Nicompoop.

Nic. Oh my poor decay'd Paunch! O my most unmerciful Master. What a great Foe he is to my poor Guts, he
anals

makes me keep *Lent* all the Year round —
O roast Beef! roast Beef! when shall my
Nostrils be fed with thy fragrant Smell, and
my Belly fill'd with thy delicious Fat and
Lean ——— I smell a Wedding-Dinner,
which revives my Heart, I'll lay about
me then, and stuff as much Provision in
this Carcass, as will serve me for a Twelve-
month; many an *Ash-Wednesday* and
Good-Friday Night's Suppers have I
made, and I'm so lean, I scarce weigh
Threescore on each Side, besides Head,
Feet, and Garbage.

Enter Sir Simon and Nicompoop:

Sir Sim. You Rascal, how dare you to
leave me alone, where were you, eh!

Nic. I only went to make Water and
please ye Sir.

Sir Sim. Let us make Haste, there may
be Rogues in the Fields.

Nic. O Master! Master! did you see
that great Flash of Lightning ——— O'tis
a dreadful stormy Night.

Sir Sim. Why sure you dream, it is as
D plea-

pleasant an Evening as ever I saw, and as calm.

Nic. Saw you that! O blefs us!

Sir Sim. That indeed was a dreadful Flash, what can be the Meaning of Lightning so sweet an Evening.

Nic. O! I am strangely afraid! I tremble every Joint of me!

Tail. Give o're Old Man the Thoughts of *Isabella*, mark what I say, for 'tis the Devil speaks, obey, or I'll tear you Limb from Limb.

Sir Sim. O blefs me! *Nicompoop*, what shall we do? oh defend us! heard you not those dreadful Words? O the Devil! the Devil!

Nic. Oh! dear Master! if he comes, do you speak to him, you are a Scholard, speak civilly dear Master.

Man. Expect the first Night in your Bed to be torn to Pieces.

Tail. For she is my Mistrefs.

Man. And she is mine. (*Appearing.*)

Sir Sim. Oh blefs me! what shall I say? I never spoke to the Devil in all my Life ——— O good, lovely, sweet, dear Devils, take her to you, and I wish you Joy of her with all my Heart, I freely resign her, let me but go home ——— O
dear

dear Devils spare my Body and take all the rest; and I'll never meddle with Woman kind again.

Tail. Rise then, and be gone.

Nic. O Sir! let them go first, yield to all their Articles, give them all the Women in the World rather than be carry'd to Hell.

Tail. Remember your Promise.

Nic. O dear Mr. Devil, I'll be bound for him.

Tail. Or we'll pay you a second Visit.

Exeunt.

Sir Sim. I thank you very kindly good Devils, I'd rather your Worships wou'd stay at home, I love none of your Visits or Complements I can assure you ——— Visit Quotha! *Nicompoop* rise.

Nic. O dear Devil, I'm not to be marry'd, take my Master, and spare me.

Sir Sim. 'Tis thy Master calls.

Nic. Is it you Sir? are they gone? the Devil go with 'em ——— let us be a jogging too pray Sir.

Sir Sim. Well, it was a happy Thing that I met these same Devils; Mercy on me, what a danger have I escap'd; had I marry'd this Devil's Miltress, what a fine Family I shou'd have had of young ones.

Nic. Really Sir you'd have had a lovely

Crew of 'em, running skipping and playing about you like so many young Goats.

Sir *Sim.* My House wou'd have been Hell upon Earth, to be cuckolded by a Man is bad, and by the Devil worse and worse, every one of my Children wou'd have had a cloven Foot, and a Pair of Horns——*Nicompoop*, I'll straight to Mr. *Thrifty's*, and bid him keep his Daughter, or marry her to the Devil if he likes him for a Son in Law. *(Exeunt.*

End of the first Act.



SCENE,



ACT II.

SCENE, a Dining-room.

Enter Plotwell.

Plot. There is an old Saying, it is not Breeches make the Man, and I am sure Petticoats don't make the Woman, for I never had more manly Inclinations in my Life ; than since I put 'em on : I cannot for my Soul forbear tumbling the Maids, nay I can't see my self in the Glafs, but I run and kiss my Shadow.

Enter Thrifty.

Thrif. Well Doll, how does my Daughter, is she not longing for the Wedding Night, Hussy, ha, ha, ha, docs she not long I say, you buxom young Jade, ha, ha, ha.

D 3

Plot.

Plot. If she does Sir, she may lose her Longing for Sir *Simon*.

Thrif. And don't you long too, Hussy, he, he, he, don't you? you wanton Jade, don't you love to be tickl'd? he, he.

Plot. Sir, you can no more satisfy my Longing than Sir *Simon* hers.

Thrif. Why what do you take me for Hussy — ods bud I am strong and lusty, sound, sound my Girl, and I'm sure sound Threescore is better than rotten Five and Twenty — ods my Life I have as hale a Constitution, and as warm Blood in me, as when I was Five and Thirty.

Plot. I don't doubt it, Sir, but I assure you, you're not for my Purpose.

Thrif. Ods bud, you do look like an *Amazonian* Sort of a *Virago*, ods my Life! I believe a Man must struggle to master you, but I believe you are good natur'd and willing, but I'll try *Doll* who's strongest, and I will kiss you *Doll*, and tickle you *Doll*; I, Faith I must, come, that's my good Girl, be easy now, I must tickle you, and mowzle you, and towzel you.

Plot. Lord Sir, why will you do so? you don't consider my Modesty, Sir, and my Reputation — if you ruin my Reputation, I'm undone Sir. *(pushes him down.)*

Thrif.

Thrif. Damn your Modesty and Reputation, I'm sure I feel it on my Backside; that's a Jest, I'faith, your Modesty and Reputation, and have cross'd the salt Seas twice ——— such a rampant Jade I never knew in my Life; she's a Gyantess, a Mistress for *Goliath*. I'll try her again. (*Exit.*

Plot. If ever I plot in Petticoats again, may I be chain'd to a Galley Oar for my Life ——— tis more laborious than beating Hemp in *Bridewell*.

Enter Mopla.

Mop. Madam *Theodosia*, my Lady wants you.

Plot. Come here Child, I must kiss you first Child, you love to be kiss'd.

Mop. Foh, foh, not by a Woman I can assure you, and then you have such a Beard, that prickles one so, 'tis as rough as *John* the Coachman's.

Plot. That's with living so long in so hot a Country Child, all the Women in *Spain* have such Beards, they're shav'd every Day.

Mop.

Mop. Then you know a Man from a Woman only by their Clothes.

Plot. True Child, tho' we maybe deceiv'd in that too sometimes — I must stop her Mouth with Kisses, or she'll run me a Ground with Questions — Come Child, I always love to kiss Women; I hate nasty Men, come, let us kiss.

Mop. Why do you stop my Breath so, you ugly Toad.

Isab. within.] Why *Mopsa*, why *Mopsa*.

Mop. The Devil take you, let me go, my Mistress calls, I shall be kill'd for staying. *Exit.*

Plot. I wish my Master and *Isabella* were once surely join'd, for if the Business be not quickly done, I shall betray all, old *Thrifty* well certainly find out I am no Woman, or the Maids that I am a Man. *Exit.*

Enter *Thrifty*, *Sir Simon*, and *Nicompoop*.

Thrif. Truly, *Sir Simon*, You tell me Wonders, if they are true; but I want the Faith to believe 'em.

Sir

Sir Sim. True! *Mr. Thrifty!* do I see, do I hear, am I alive, every Bush in the Fields had a thousand Fairies in't, we saw above twenty Devils.

Nic. Ay *Mr. Thrifty*, but there were two great staring Devils with Eyes as big as full Moons, and Horns like Stags-Horns; then their Mouths vomited Fire and Smoke like a Furnace, or a Chimney on Fire.

Thrif. All Fancy, meer Fancy, I've walk'd thro' those Fields at twelve a Clock at Night, and Heaven be thank'd, ne'er saw any Thing worse than myself, without it were a Beast —— perhaps you've heard a Bull-bellow, or seen a Will with the Wisp.

Nic. Tell him what they said Sir, Bulls can't speak.

Sir Sim. Adod that's true, then they said *Mr. Thrifty*, those two great staring Devils, they said, they said —— adod I'm afraid to tell.

Thrif. Fear not, they dare not come here.

Sir Sim. I hope not, I do not desire they shou'd overhear me; they said, but since the Devil is the Father of Lies, we are not bound to believe him, but they said *Isabella* was their Mistress, and if I
mar-

marry'd her, they'd tear me Limb from Limb.

Nic. And carry him Post to Hell, to be spatch-cock'd for Satan's Supper.

Thrif. It is all a Trick, a poor Trick, meer Cheat and Contrivance I smoke it, don't you smell the matter Sir *Simon*.

Sir *Sim.* Truly I thought they smelt plaguily of Fire and Brimstone.

Thrif. I tell you Sir *Simon*, you're impos'd upon, I plainly see it, what do you think might be this same Devil's Name.

Sir *Sim.* Bless us, Mr. *Thrift*, Marry and Amen ——— do you think I ask'd his Name ——— *Beelzebub*, or *Lucifer*, or some such hellish Name.

Thrif. What think you of *True-love*, he has been the Devil that frighted you from your Mistress to get her to himself.

Sir *Sim.* Adod, that has a Colour, adod it has, he's a bold cunning Rogue.

Thrif. What! resign your Mistress to a Man, because he says he's the Devil.

Sir *Sim.* Now I think on't, it must be him, and shall be him, and adod were it the Devil himself, he shou'd not have her, I'd tell him so to his Teeth were he here.

Knock here.

Nic. O Sir! it is him Sir!

Thrif. Who Sir?

Nic.

Nic. The Devil Sir.

Sir Sim. Oh, oh, I'm undone, O dear *Mr. Thrifty*, do you speak to him, I have not the Heart ——— but I will part with her, he shall have her.

Enter Truelove like Ananias.

True. I say unto you, Peace be here.

Thrif. Is not a Man of your Years ashamed to be impos'd on?

Sir Sim. Is there nothing? then my Courage returns again.

Thrif. None but my Friend *Ananias Scribe* come to draw the Writings.

Sir Sim. O good *Mr. Ananias*, I beg your Pardon, but I took you for the Devil, I shall hate the Sight of Black as long as I live.

True. *Sir Simon*, I say unto you, I defy the Devil and all his Works ——— think not I say that I am as one of the Wicked ——— Friend *Thrifty*, if that thy Business requireth the Help of *Ananias Scribe*, let us be speedy.

Thrif. Come, let us go in ——— and do you hear *Sirrah*, let not a living Soul enter without my Knowledge.

Exunt.

SCENE



SCENE, *the* Street.

Enter Ananias and knocks, Nicompoop above.

Nic. Who makes such a Noise there, rap, rap, rap, as if they'd drive the Door down, who are you I say, speak eh!

Anan. Friend be not so furious, and I will acquaint thee with my Business in Peace—— tell thy Master *Ananias Scribe* is at the Door.

Nic. Are you sure of that?

Anan. Sure Friend! I dare not swear, but verily I am the Person known to the World by that Name.

Nic. Then you are sure.

Anan. I am sure.

Nic. Then I am sure you lye.

Anan.

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Anan. Lye! thou abominable Varlet, thy Lie I return unto thee; and verily the Father of Lies inhabiteth in thee.

Nic. Sir, Sir, come here Sir.

Enter Thrifty above.

Thrif. Who makes this Noise here?

Nic. A Fellow an't please you Sir, that says he's *Ananias Scribe*.

Thrif. O, does he so, I'll *Ananias* him, I'll teach him to take other People's Names ———some Trick of *Trulove's*———*Nicompoop*, run down, catch the Rogue, and toss him in a Blanket ——— Sir, I'll be with you immediately. *Exeunt from above.*

Enter Nicompoop and Servants, with a Blanket.

Anan. Friend, I say, where is your Master?

Nic. He will wait of you anon, in the mean Time he sends you this for a present.
(They seize him.)

Anan. Know ye who I am that ye use this Violence.

Nic. We guess at your Design, In with
E him,

him, In with him.

Anan. Murder, Murder.

Enter Thrifty with a Candle.

Thrif. Where is the Rascal that says he is *Ananias Scribe*?

Anan. Mr. *Thrift*, order your Servants to let me down, I'll tell you all.

Thrif. Let the Rogue down, he will confess ——— who set you on?

Anan. Verily there came unto me a Servant of thine, and said unto me, that thou requiredst my Presence to draw some Writings.

Thrif. What! my Friend *Ananias*?

Anan. I must not swear, but before this Night, I did never doubt of my own Name.

Thrif. It is certainly him, and I am cheated, trick'd, out-witted ——— run *Nicompoop*, make all the Servants take Arms, stop all Doors, Windows, and Holes, that we may catch the Rogue that has abus'd us ——— the true *Ananias* is here, and the Pretender within ——— Friend *Scribe*, I have not time to beg your Pardon, let us in and punish the Impostor.

Exeunt.

SCENE,



SCENE, a Dining-room.

Enter Truelove, and Isabella.

True. My dearest *Isabella*, When thus I have Thee folded in my Arms, I can't but think then all my Joys compleat. — Yet when I consider how that Tye is wanting, which shou'd ever make us one, a sudden Damp crushes my pleasing Hopes.

Isab. *Truelove*, take my Hand, you long have had my Heart, and shou'd not our Plots succeed, yet assure your self I will not marry *Sir Simon*.

True. Then thus is the Contract seal'd.
(*Kisses her Hand.*)

And may careful Heaven ever keep you in that Mind.

Isab. I seemingly consented to my Father's Commands, but to defer the intended

Marriage; for had I deny'd, my Father out of that Obstinacy incident to most old Men, wou'd have done it out of Hand.

True. Why shou'd we then delay, but snatch the offer'd Moment, and put our selves out of Fortune's Power.

Enter Plotwell.

Plot. O Sir, all is ruin'd, we are all undone.

True. How! I hope I am not discover'd.

Plot. The Cheat is found out I wish the Devil had *Ananias* ——— wha, a rare Plot has he ruin'd? Sir, you must stty now, and brazen it out, I have a Plot. ain Storeyet: ——— Madam, you, and I, must up to your Chamber, and not be seen.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Sir Simon, Thrifty, Ananias, Nicompoop, and Servants.

Thrif. Now Lads shew your Courage, we have catch'd the Rogue in a Net, he is here

Sir Sim. O, Is he so? We'll get him a Wife.

Anan. Verily, the Spirit of Impurity dwelleth in him, how can'st thou to defile
that

that sanctify'd Garment with thy abominable Carcass.

True. Peace, thou canting Coxcomb, you take so much Pains in adorning your Body with a holy Garment, that you neglect your Soul.

Thrif. What brought you here Sir?

True. My Feet Sir.

Thrif. But to what End Sir?

True. To run away with your Daughter Sir.

Sir Sim. Oh! abominable Impudence of the young Fellows of this Age.

Thrif. *Sir Simon*, what shall we do with him ——— we'll equip him for the Opera ——— *Nicompoop*, fetch the Kitchen Knife, we'll spoil his Sport, but we will make him a Singer, here Boys take him alive.

True. Blockheads, stand off, the first Man that lays Hands on me, I'll shoot him dead; Whoever is weary of his Life, let him approach. *presents a Pistol, Exit.*

Thrif. What, is he gone? ye Rogues, ye Rascals, ye Cowards, why did ye not seize him ——— afraid of a Pistol ye Sots!

Beats off the Servants.

Come *Sir Simon*, let us once get the Writings drawn, and we shall soon put it out of this Fellow's Power to play any more Tricks.

Exeunt.



SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter True-love.

True. Fortune has shew'd her Spite to the utmost ——— damn the Bitch, how often has she baulk'd my Designs ——— I may go hang my self now, for it is impossible to retrieve lost *Isabella*.

Enter Plotwell.

Plot. Well Sir; what's to be done? Can't you think of no Plot now?

True. I think! my Brain is so confus'd I have not a featl'd Thought.

Plot. Despair not yet Sir, I will bring all about again, but I am really brought to my last Plot; all my Wits are at Stake;
if

if I fail in this, I am broke for ever, all must be ventur'd on this Bottom, which must come safe to Shore, or I shall be a Bankrupt.

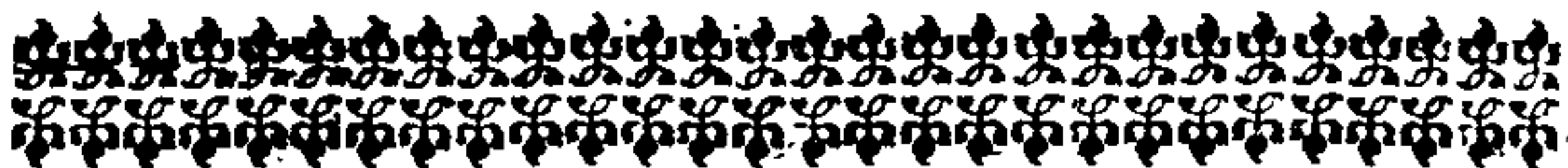
True. Let me know it dear *Plotwell* —
speak Comfort to my Soul.

Plot. Go immediately to my Lady *Zea-*
lous, get her Chaplain *Mr. Short-grace*, go
to *Tom Cabbage* the Tailor's, he knows all
the rest, I have already told him how to
manage Matters, you and *Mr. Short-grace*
must endure a short Penance; this is all,
be quick and resolute, I wish it were past,
for it tires my Body and Brain.

Plotwell hold out, till you have run this Race;
And then I'll Crown your toils with Wealth
and Ease. Exeunt severally.



SCENE,



SCENE, a Dining-room,

*Enter Sir Simon, Thrifty, Plotwell,
and Nicompoop.*

Thrif. Ods buds Sir *Simon*, I think *Theodosia* has advis'd well, for it is but getting a Parson, and all things are done privately.

Sir Sim. Truly she is no Fool, all her Words are utter'd with Wisdom, and she gives a substantial Reason for what she says.

Plot. Sir it must be the safest Course, for if they were to be marry'd publickly, *True-love* wou'd hire some desperate Ruffians like himself, who wou'd murder all that shou'd oppose them, and carry off the Bride.

Thrif. Get my Daughter ready, *Theodosia*, it shall be done this Night.

Plot. I have inform'd her of your Reso-
lution

lution Sir, she is very well pleas'd and is ready for you Sir *Simon*.

Sir Sim. And adod I am as ready for her.

Thrif. Ods my Life Sir *Simon*, you look so airy——how brisk, how gay, how youthful he looks——*Theodosia*, is he not wondrous youthful for a Man of his Age——hold up your Head my Boy, and you'll look like an Angel.

Sir Sim. I hope they won't discover that I am painted.

Plot. Really Sir *Simon* looks charmingly, he's a Bridegroom indeed, I never in my Life saw Threescore and Ten look liker Five and Twenty.

Sir Sim. Adod, the Thoughts of Marriage have reviv'd me, I am not the same Man I was a Month ago, I am grown young again.

Plot. You know the Proverb Sir *Simon*? An old Man is twice a Child.

Knock here.

Nic. A Sailor Sir. *Opening the Door.*

Plot. On my Life some News from Mr. *Trusty*.

Thrif. Admit him.

Enter

Enter Tailor, like a Sailor.

Tail. Your Name Mr. *Thrifty*?

Thrif. Yes Friend.

Tail. Two Chests of Goods are without, I brought from on Board the *Tyger* at *Deptford*, sent by Mr. *Trusty*.

Thrif. Tis very well, let 'em be brought in, and set down here.

Enter Men with two Chests, in which are True-love and Short-grace.

Tail. Mr. *Trusty*, says and please you Sir, to morrow he'll be here, and bring the Keys with him. *Exeunt.*

Thrif. Sir *Simon*, I leave you to take Care of my Daughter in my Absence, and do you *Nicompoop*, guard the Door, I'll but go for the Parson and the Licence, and then Sir *Simon* ———

Sir *Sim.* And then Mr. *Thrifty*, I shall be a happy Man. *(Exeunt Thrifty and Nicompoop.*

Plot.

Plot. No hungry Fish cou'd have swallow'd a Bait more greedily, than the old Man has our Plot. (*Aside.*)

Sir Simon. Where is my Bride, lead me to my Bride, I never was so brisk and nimble in all my Life, I can jump and caper, and frisk, like a School-boy of Fifteen.

(*Jumps about.*)

Plot. You shou'd not caper so *Sir Simon*, you'll tire your self, before this time to-morrow Night you'll be sufficiently wearied.

Sir Simon. Adod I wish Bed-time were come ; I never long'd so to go to Bed before.

Plot. You won't fall to without the Parson's Blessing, I Hope.

Sir Simon. Adod he must make Haste, for I am all on Fire.

Plot. That's a small Blaze, which can soon be put out.

Sir Sim. Adod I'll begin with you, let me kiss you Hussy.

Plot. O fye *Sir Simon*! be not so profuse of your Vigour ; you'd be for spending your Gunpowder all at once, and when the Day of Battle comes you'll not have enough left for one Shot.

Sir Sim. You are an idle Baggage, a very Wag, and so I'll tell my Bride. (*Exit.*)

True. Plotwell, is the Coast clear?

Short

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Short. O dear Mr. *Plotwell*, as you love my Life, free me from my Prison, I am wasted to nothing.

Plot. Gentlemen you are at Liberty.

Short. I am glad of it with all my Heart, I'd rather say Grace to ten Tables, without eating a Bit my self, than endure so much again.

True. How shall we secure Sir *Simon* and *Nicompoop*.

Plot. Let me alone to manage them ——— good Mr. Chaplain I beg your Assistance in this Case, we have Occasion for your Hands as well as your Tongue.

Short. No Violence, I Hope; that is against my Conscience?

Plot. Only catch the Booby's Hands, and hold them fast till I tye them. Stand aside ——— here *Nicompoop*.

Enter Nicompoop.

Nic. Did you call Forsooth?

Plot. Yes, come here. (Short-grace catches his Hands.)

Nic. Murder, Murder! ———

Plot. Not a Word but gape wide, or I'll spoil your squeaking: Gape I say, or I'll run

run my Sword down your Throat.

Gags him.

Now make his Hands secure.

Tye his Hands.

True. But here comes the Knight.

Enter Sir Simon.

Plot. Then he has sav'd us the Labour,
of going for him.

Sir Sim. What Noise is this—— O
bless me Heaven! I hope I'm Blind, *True-*
love here, Murder, Thieves, Rogues,
Fire.

True. Hark ye *Sir Simon*, be silent, or
I'll make you so for ever.

Nic. Aw, aw, oh, aw!

Sir Sim. They have cut my Man's
Tongue out, and will murder me——
good Gentlemen, spare my Life, and take
all I have.

True. *Sir Simon*, we have no Spite to
your Person, we shall only take Care your
Man shall not lose you. (*They tye his Hands*
behind his Back to the Rope that ties Nicom-
poop.

Plot. So, Back to Back, turn them out
to seek their Fortunes—— but stay lest

F

they

they shou'd break their Noses against a Post, I'll give them a Light. *Hangs a Candle and Lanthorn on Nicompoop's Neck.*

Sir Sim. Some pity good Gentlemen.

Plot. Shall your Bride go with you *Sir Simon?*

Sir Sim. O you damn'd Jadr, if ever I get free, I'll, I'll, I'll ——— (*Exeunt.*)

Plot. So, all is safe now.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What Uproar is this?

Plot. All upon your Account, good Madam.

Isab. My *Truelove!* then I will ask no more.

True. My *Isabella!* how shall I express my Love, it is beyond the Reach of Words, my Thoughts can but conceive it.

Plot. She can be sensible of your Love without Words ——— get to your Chamber Madam, let *Mr. Shortgrace* give you his Blessing, and then Master do your Part, let all be finish'd before the old Man comes Home ——— go, get you in.

Exeunt.

SCENE,



SCENE, *the* Street.

Enter Nicompoop, *drawing in* Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Why *Nicompoop*, I say, you Rascal, whither will you draw me? Cou'd I once get loose, if ever I go a wooing again, may I be hang'd in my own Cravat: I hope these People will be so kind as to set me at Liberty, good Christian People. —

Enter two Men talking.

Nic. Yaw, yaw!

1 Man. O Neighbour! the Devil, the Devil, let us run.

(Exeunt.

F 2

Sir

Sir Simon. What shall I do? All the People run from us, as we were the Plague; why *Nicompoop*; I say.

Nic. Yaw, yaw!

Sir Sim. Hold your Tongue you Rascal, your yawing frighten'd the People.

Two Men return.

Both. The Devil, the Devil.

(Runs cross the Stage.

Sir Sim. Where, where — O blefs me, the Devil's a coming, and now can't I run away for rhe Blood of me! — The Devil, the Devil, Murder and the Devil. *(Kicks Nicompoop, then falls down and Nicompoop draws him out.*

Enter Thrifty.

Thrif. Now that I have got the License, the Parson of the Parish is not to be found, I will not go Home without one, I'll run to my Lady *Zealous*, and borrow her Chaplain *Mr. Short-grace*, he can do it for a Guinea, as well as the best of 'em.

Enter

Enter Nicompoop and Sir Simon.

What have we here! eh! what do I see, *Nicompoop* here, you Rascal, how came you *Sirrah* to leave the Door, contrary to my Orders, unguarded.

Nic. Yaw, yaw, yaw!

Thrif. You Villain, do you mock me, and make Mouths at me.

Nic. Yaw, yaw.

Thrif. I'll yaw ye with a Vengeance.

(Offers to beat him, and sees Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Oh! Mr. *Thrift*, relieve me, I faint, I dye. I shall not have Time to say my Prayers, I'm at the last Gasp.

Thrif. *Sir Simon* here too! then there has been foul Play.

Sir Sim. Before you ask one Question, pray unbind me.

Nic. Yaw! yaw!

Thrif. What the Devil has this Fellow got in his Mouth. *(unbinds him.*

Nic. The hardest Bone ever I chaw'd in my Life *Sir*, and the wholsomest, it has made a Quart of Water run from my Gums.

Sir Sim. This Rascal has led me the damnablest Dance I ever danc'd in my Life.

Thrif. Now *Sir Simon* you are free; how came this about, where is my Daughter? Who ty'd you thus? What made you leave the House?

Sir Sim. Mr. *Thrifty*, without putting your self to the unnecessary Expence of superfluous Words, knock at that Door, and they'll satisfy all your Questions at once.

(knocks.)

Enter True-love above.

True. Who dares knock at this Door with such Authority?

Thrif. Look down you Rascal, and let your Eyes satisfy that impertient Question.

True. Mr. *Thrifty*, you're welcome, but I must ask my Wife's Leave to let you in.

Thrif. Who's your Wife, Sirrah?

True. Your Daughter, Sir.

Thrif. Am I then outwitted at last? O you old Fool, and you overgrown Oaf, that cou'd not keep the Door shut! a Master and a Man, both not worth a Groat

— I

— I cou'd Fist ye both, till I'd beat your Bones into Gristles, and your Flesh into Jelly, I'm angrier at this old Sot than at *True-love*.

True. Rail not at them Mr. *Thrifty*, I'll assure you they're not to blame.

Thrif. Open the Door Sirrah, or I'll set the House on Fire.

True. You may Fire the House if you will Sir, but I'll not surrender but upon very secure Articles.

Thrif. Bubbl'd, cheated! jilted, I shall be laugh'd at by the World ——— you old Afs, you deserve a Wife, and cou'd not Watch her for an Hour.

Sir *Sim.* Good Words, Mr. *Thrifty*, I wish I had never seen you nor your Daughter, if ever I go a Courting again, may I break my Neck as I step over the Threshold; and *True-love*, I wish you Joy.

Thrif. I'm glad you've miss'd my Daughter, you wou'd have prov'd a kind Husband, since you can bear the Loss so easily; ods my Life, I cou'd be reconcil'd to *True-love*, to spite you, you old Fox.

Sir *Sim.* Spite me, Mr. *Thrifty*! I scorn your Words, this Adventure has both open'd my Eyes and my Heart; and for the Kindness that *True-love* has done me, in curing me of this unnatural Folly,
which

which has expos'd me so much, and might have done more, had I been marry'd;) that to morrow Morning I'll freely give him three thousand Pound, and thank him into the Bargain.

Thrif. Says he so, that's Right. (*Aside.* And are you really Marry'd? (to *True-love True.* Wedded and Bedded Sir!

Thrif. Then it is needless to stand out, I must be Friends ——— Sir *Simon*, once more I embrace, not as a Father, but a Brother, a Friend ——— *True-love*, open the Door, stand not to capitulate, you have *Isabella* and my Pardon, without asking either.

True. May I rely on what you say.

Thrif. Upon the Word of an Honest Man.

True. Sir, I never doubted yours when given. (*Open the Door there.*



SCENE,



SCENE, a Dining-room.

*Enter Sir Simon, Thrifty, True-love
Isabella, Plotwell, and Shortgrace.*

True. Sir on our Knees we ask Forgiveness ——— if I have committed any Crime contrary to Law or Justice, impute it, Sir, to my excessive Love for your Daughter, and strive to forget it.

Isab. Sir, I join in my Husband's Request ——— it is true I have disobey'd your Will, but I did it, to avoid the Misery I knew wou'd be the Consequence of matching with one I cou'd not love.

Thrif. I, from my Soul forgive ye heartily, bless ye both ——— Mr. *Short-grace*, I thought to have troubl'd you for a Cast of your Office, but I see you have been too quick for me.

True.

True. Sir *Simon*, now I must pay my Duty to you, for you have proved a Father, in being the chief Cause of my Reconciliation with Mr. *Thrifty*.

Sir Sim. I am glad it lay in my Power, you have been at some Pains to win her, and adod no Body else shou'd wear her.

Plot. Sir, I hope I shall not be excluded the general Indemnity.

Thrif. O Madam *Theodosia*! were you in the Plot too?

Plot. No more *Theodosia*, but *Nick Plotwell* at your Service.

Thrif. How! *Plotwell*! then I am doubly cheated, and I find my Brother's Death is all a Sham.

Plot. Only my Part, Sir, your Riches may be a coming Sir — I only brought them here a little before their Time, and these are rich Goods that fill'd your two Chests, one was very well loaded, I assure you.

Thrif. Since all was contriv'd for the carrying on the Match, I pardon all Faults in one.

Plot. I hope you won't towzle and tickle *Doll* the buxom again, Sir.

Thrif. Mum! bury that in Silence, and you shall not repent it.

Enter

Enter Nicompoop.

Nic. Sir, there is *Tom. Cabbage* the Tailor below, and some of your Neighbours, that hearing of a Wedding to be, are come to give you a Dance.

True. Sir, I beg they may be admitted, I am oblig'd to 'em ——— but Sir *Simon*, I hope you'll forgive the Devils that frighten'd you in the Fields.

Sir Sim. Are them the Rogues? well, let 'em come in.

Thrif. Admit 'em.

DANCE.

Now Son *True-love*, may you prove happy in your Wife, I own your small Fortune was the only Objection I ever had to you; were you now unmarried, and not worth a Groat, you shou'd have her, you have toil'd for her, and deserve her.

True. Sir, next to *Isabella's* Love, which above the World I prize, it shall be my Study to deserve yours, her Fortune put in the Balance with that, is but light, and of small Value.

Parents

*Parents shou'd think, before their Children
wed,*

And not by Int'rest be too blindly led :

They that are wise, in that the most do err,

For all shou'd Happiness to Wealth prefer.

*Let those then chuse (who wou'd their Cares
prevent)*

Not the most Money, but the most Content.



FINIS.