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BICKERSTAFF'S

UNBURIED DEAD.

A

MORAL DRAMA.

As Acted at the

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

Perditur hæc inter miseris Lux.— Hor.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. WATTS: And Sold by B. DOD at the
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M DCC XLIII.

[Price 1s.]



P R E F A C E.

T IS a Remark amongst Painters, That when People sit for their Pictures, they generally complain, Sickness, or Business, hath fatigued, and altered them so much, that they look worse then, than any other Time of their Life; which the good-natur'd Artist must consider, and draw them, not as they are, but as they would be. Agreeable to this, I think, are the Apologies of many Authors, when they throw themselves upon the Mercy of the Town. To get Indulgence for their Faults, they declare, how unfit they were for the Subject; That they were never so dull in their Life, as when they wrote, which was in extreme Haste. Such Excuses, I believe, may very often be true; and perhaps the following

P R E F A C E.

following Piece may have its Faults, to be Apologiz'd for; which I am ready to own; But it shall be to none, but those who are able to find them out. For I am persuaded no Man will ever write well, who has a better Opinion of his own Works, than any one else. However, the Town were pleas'd to like it the first Night. But had it been Damn'd, it would be vain to defend it; or, (in my Opinion) the most finish'd Piece, under such Circumstances.

It has been objected, That the Thing was Easy to be done, For Sir *Richard Steele* had given me the Hint in his *Tatler*. I confess, I found it easy to do: And have now a fair Opportunity to tell, in what Time I wrote it: But I have no Inclination to draw another Quarrel on myself, by publishing a Truth, which, it's possible, very few wou'd believe. In short, I think it an ill-natur'd Reflexion; for I never told any Man it was a difficult Task; nor deny'd, from whence I had the Ground-work: The very Title will acquit me of that. Had it been as Easy, as is pretended,
the

P R E F A C E.

the *Tatlers* have been written long enough, for such a Piece to be Publish'd, many Years before I was born. But, it is impossible to argue a Man into Good-humour, who comes with a Resolution to be Displeas'd, because he will be so. I cannot think I have made one Man my Enemy, who was worth keeping as a Friend: Nor do I know any better way of making my Acknowledgments to several Gentlemen, who appear'd in my Behalf, than by Publickly thanking them; some of whom I was so little known to, I cou'd scarce expect the Favour. I leave every Reader to determine as he Pleases, with this Remark; That a Drama, intended as a Rational Entertainment, and which cannot offend the nicest Modesty, has some Title to a favourable Reception.



P R O-



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. WILLIAM GIFFARD.

PYTHAG'RAS wou'd this Maxim introduce,
That all were Dead but Men of real Use.
This did the Censor of the Age revive,
And made such Harvock he left few alive.
Beaus, Fops, and Fools, stale Batchelors and 'Squires,
Old long-liv'd Fathers, and sometimes young Heirs.
Gay airy Ladies, and Mercurial Wits,
Were without number in his Fun'ral Writs.
His gen'ral Characters pleas'd all the Town,
And no Man thought the Picture was his own.
To-night we come upon the same Design,
And the stern Part of Bickerstaff is mine.
If you've Good-nature what have we to fear,
Satire's the Theme, but not on any here.
No Merit is attack'd, no State offended,
No Double Entendre, and no Blush intended.
So cautious were we, not to give Offence,
The Entertainment's at the Dead's Expence.
Tho' I'm a Judge, I must by you be Try'd,
Then copy me, and fav'rably decide.
For I, my greatest Criminals forgive,
On this Condition, that they turn and Live.
But vain's my Mercy, or their own Repentance,
Unless you join to ratify my Sentence.
This once be like Yourselves, we ask no more,
Britons were ever Merciful in Pow'r.

Dramatis

*** * BICKERSTAFF's Unburied Dead, a Moral Drama:** Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Printed for J. Watts: And Sold by B. Dod at the Bible and Key in Ave-Mary-Lane, near Stationers-Hall. (Price 1 s.)

Of whom may be had, Just Publish'd. (Price 1 s.)

Dedicated to Her Highness the LADY AUGUSTA.

*** * The LADY's PRECEPTOR: Or, A Letter to a Young Lady of Distinction upon POLITENESS.** Taken from the French of the Abbé D'Ancoart, and adapted to the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the English Nation. By a Gentleman of Cambridge.

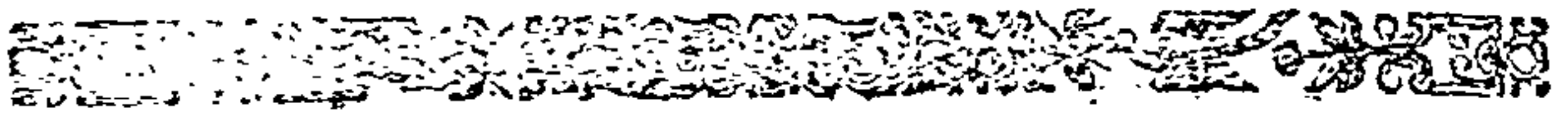
—————Adorn'd

With all that Earth or Heaven could bestow,
To make her amiable: — On she came,
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Gesture Dignity and Love.

MILTON.

The Contents.

Of Politeness in general.	Of Humility. Of Ambition.
Of Politeness in Religion, and against Superstition.	Of Affectation. [tires.
Of Devotion.	Of Going to Court, and Court.
Of Behaviour at Church.	Of Insincerity. Of Friendship.
Of the Duties and Decorums of Civil Life.	Of Doing Good Offices.
Of Behaviour to our Superiors.	Of Rage and Anger.
Of Conversation.	Of Gentleness and Modesty.
Of Complaisance.	Of Keeping Secrets. [others.
Of Flattery and Servility.	Of Placing a Confidence in
Of Appearing Absent in Company.	Of Visiting. Of Egotism.
Of Contradiction.	Of the Imitation of others.
Of Calumny and Detraction.	Of Compliments and Ceremony.
Of Vain-Glory. Of Prejudice.	Of Asking Questions.
Of being too Inquisitive.	Of Behaviour towards rude young Fellows.
Of Whispering and Laughing in Company.	Of Ridicule. [and Reports.
Of Applauding and Censuring People rashly.	Of Trusting to Appearances
Of Mimicking others.	Of Hope and Belief.
Of being Blind to what gives us Offence.	Of Idleness. [Places.
Of Gallantry from the Men.	Of Appearing often in Publick
Of Friendship with Men.	Of Housewifery and Frugality.
Of Love. Of Matrimony.	Of the Learning proper to a young Lady.
Of Duty to Parents.	Of Letter-Writing.
Of Pride and Condescension.	Of the Choice and Entertainment of Books. Of Dress.
Of True and False Nobility.	Of Behaviour at Table. [Plays.
Of Self-Conceit and Love of Vanity.	Of Assemblies, Operas, and Of Play.
	Of Self-Conversation.
	Of Charity.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Mr. Bickerstaff,</i>		<i>Mr. W. Giffard.</i>
<i>Pacolet,</i>		<i>Mr. Mozeen.</i>
<i>A Beau,</i>		<i>Mr. Bulkeley.</i>
<i>A Lover,</i>		<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
<i>A Fop,</i>		<i>Mr. Peterson.</i>
<i>A Lawyer,</i>		<i>Mr. Dighton.</i>
<i>A Virtuoso,</i>		<i>Mr. Bulkeley.</i>
<i>A Cit,</i>		<i>Mr. Clough.</i>
<i>Seizecorpse,</i>	} <i>Undertakers.</i>	{ <i>Mr. Dunstall.</i>
<i>Quicandead,</i>		
<i>Plumehearse,</i>		
<i>Dismal, the Undertakers Man.</i>		<i>Mr. Hemskirk.</i>
		<i>Mr. Dove.</i>
		<i>Mr. Julian.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>A Town Lady, affecting Sicknefs,</i>	<i>Mrs. Bambridge.</i>
<i>A Coquette Lady,</i>	<i>Mrs. Dunstall.</i>

S C E N E, L O N D O N.



BICKER-



BICKERSTAFF'S *Unburied Dead.*

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

Five Undertakers sitting round a Table, with Bottles and Glasses before them.

S E I Z E C O R P S E sings.

MONGST the Learn'd, vain Contests arise
Concerning the State of the Dead;
But we their Opinions despise,
Who Ulyffes' Voyage ne'er read.

*Now Mortals may talk with a Shade,
And Knowledge of Spirits can boast,
Since Men are by Idleness made
Unfit for the World, as a Ghost.*

Seize. Come, Gentlemen; Here's a Health to the Cen-
sor of *Great Britain*. [*Drinks.*] It's my Opinion, this
Man will be a greater Friend to us Undertakers, than an
Epidemical Fever, or the Doctors themselves. He in-
tends we shall bury all the Idle, Useless, People in the
Kingdom: Now considering the Number and Quality of
our Dead, we may soon make Fortunes by our Business,
and step into our Customers Places.

Quic. But it seems, this Squire *Bickerstaff* hath taken
up the Office of Censor of *Great Britain*, without a law-
ful

2 BICKERSTAFF'S *Unburied Dead*.

ful Authority. Now, if we bury these People by virtue of his Warrant only, we are liable to be sued for an illegal Interment; for you know a Man may be Dead to Sense and Reason, and not Dead in Law.

Plume. Look ye, Mr. *Quicandead*, your Scruple's ridiculous; the Law will be as fond of this Affair, as we can be. Did you ever know a Lawyer or a Surgeon value a Man's Life, when he could get by his Death? Where one can anatomize the Body, and the other dissect the Estate, we have their free leave to bury the Incumbent. Now, there are none of our Defunct, but the next Heir would have buried long ago, if he dar'd: or suppose him as Dead as his Predecessor, a Promise to respite his own Interment, stops all Procefs at Law: But if any should be testy enough to prosecute us, where would he find a Lawyer to undertake the Cause? No, Gentlemen, this Multiplicity of Deaths will cause such Administrations, Executings, and Caveats, that every Inn of Court will become a *Doctors-Commons*, and every Attorney a Proctor.

Sieze. Spoken like an Oracle, Mr. *Plumebearse*: I'm sure we shall oblige the Living by this Proceeding; and what the Dead may think of our Behaviour towards them, I'm not very anxious about; for I have learnt, like the rest of the World, to forget Favours, when it's out of the Donor's Power to bestow more. And now we are upon this Subject, I must communicate a Scheme to you.—You are sensible, Gentlemen, we shall have many great and pompous Funerals; I advise then, to make use of open Chariots entirely, not only for the genteel Shew they make, but it will make the Defunct take their Deaths patiently, when they see such extraordinary Honours paid to their Obsequies. As I foresaw we should Bury several great Generals, renown'd Admirals, deep Statesmen, Poets, Divines and Philosophers, I have agreed with the Principals of all the great Parishes in Town, for all we shall Bury this Month. They, taking the Advantage of what they thought my Madness, and believing those to be in Health,
whom

BICKERSTAFF'S *Unburied Dead*. 3

whom I knew to be Dead; accepted a trivial Sum, and sign'd to the Bargain. — I have likewise prevail'd with the Actors of both Houses, to take new Parts, and become Mourners: People of Condition, you know, think it vulgar to follow the Dead; and our common Mourners are unfit for such great Occasions, as these.

Quic. Thus far, Mr. *Seizecorpse*, your Conduct has testify'd your Zeal for the Interest of the Company, and we return you our Thanks; but I apprehend, there may be Danger in seizing our Dead, for they wear Swords.

Seize. As a Corps does a Shroud; not for Use, but Ornament. We have nothing to do with Men of true Valour, Wit, or Learning; only the Appearance of such: Creatures, who never gave one single Instance of their being alive, but in Eating and Drinking, and such like Amusements.

Plume. Then I believe most of our Business will lie amongst the Fashionable Part of the World.

Seize. The Fashionable World will furnish us with a good deal; but I expect Bodies from every Class of Men in the Kingdom.

Quic. But as our Dead walk, and act; how shall we distinguish them from those, who are really living?

Seize. That will be easy. 'Squire *Bickerstaff*, tho' he's a wise, learned Man, and a Conjuror too, does not deal with the Devil for Intelligence; but corresponds with a good familiar Spirit, call'd *Pacolet*, who informs him of all Transactions, publick and private, foreign and domestick; in short, discovers Wonders to him. Now, this *Pacolet* is to be our Guide, whom the Squire has told me, we must follow to all publick Places, as the Court, the *Park*, Assemblies, and so forth; and those whom *Pacolet* shall pronounce *Dead*, we are to seize, and Bury with all convenient Speed.

Quic. The Squire's a wise Man, indeed; I approve of his Design to bury them in haste; the fewer Spices will do to embalm them: And as for those who are fit for the Surgeons, the sooner they have them, the better.

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Seize. Most of them, I believe, are under the Surgeon's Hands already; and they will scarce give us our Price for a Body, when their Practice upon one certain Disease is become so general thro' the whole Nation.

Quic. This fashionable Distemper is a great Loss to us; we can seldom get a Body sound enough for the Surgeons; they object, Rotten Bones will never make good Skeletons.

Plume. If People were sensible, what Care we take of their Bodies after Death, they would endeavour to die better. A common Man, who never did any thing meritorious in his Life, may purchase Fame for half a Century, by dying sound only: I knew a Surgeon, an Acquaintance of mine, whose Custom it was, to place the Name and Age of each Skeleton on the Box which contain'd it; and once a Year shew'd his Collections to the young Practitioners, whereby the compleatest Anatomy was the Subject of three or four Days Discourse after; and the Man, long since nothing, extoll'd for his Personal Qualities.

Seize. What would many a Great Man give, for such a posthumous Applause?

Quic. What signifies a fine Monument, and Epitaph, when a Man's Bones must lie underneath it?

Plume. A Man is never so much look'd upon, as when he stands for his own Monument himself. But what do we wait for?

Seize. The Return of *Dismal*, whom I sent, to know when we shou'd wait of the Squire. In the mean time, let us drink his Health.

Omnes. A Health to Squire *Bickerstaff*. [*They drink.*]

Quic. I am so unus'd to drinking Healths, (except the Doctors) I can scarce finish my Bumper.

Seize. Faith, Gentlemen, the Doctors and we have been Friends too long, they are as exorbitant in their Fees with us, as with their Patients; besides, they are so tedious of late in dispatching; they take a Fortnight, sometimes a Month, to kill a Man.

Plume.

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Plume. They presume upon their Privilege; They and the Lawyers, destroy Folks by Authority.

Seize. As our Confederacy with them began upon Interest, like other great Combinations; let us take example from our Betters, and quit them, now it's our Interest to do so: Brother *Quicandead*, give us a Song upon the Occasion.

Quic. *The Passion, that's Strongest in Man,*
Some foolishly fancy, is Love;
Whilst others, (as simple a Clan)
Ambition his Foible wou'd prove:
Both these are by Int'rest o'ercome;
A Lover half dead,
For the loveliest Maid,
Tho' Cupid's sharp Dart,
Hath tranfixt his Heart,
If Fortune she's none,
'Tis by that he's undone;
And he meets, like a Stoick, his Doom.
The highest will stoop from their Station;
And meek as a Dove,
For Interest prove;
Like Folks i'the State,
Carefs those they hate;
For Interest sways the whole Nation.



S C E N E II.

Enter Dismal.

Seize. Well, *Dismal*, what does the Squire say?

Dism. He says, you must wait on him immediately.

Seize. Very well: Then do you call at the Sexton's Club, and order them to get an additional Number of Grave-diggers; and tell the Draper to send in the black Bays that was countermanded last Week; and d'ye hear? bid the Lacker-makers keep their People to work, we shall have occasion for them.

Dism.

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Dism. Whurra! — The best News I have heard this Month; I suppose, Sir, you have had an *Item* from the College in *Warwick-Lane*.

Seize. No, Sirrah, but we have from better Hands; you'll know by and by. [Exeunt Undertakers.



S C E N E III.

Dismal Solus.

Dism. No matter who sends us the Dead, provided we have them to Bury: This hath been such a damn'd healthy Season, I look meagre enough to follow as next Heir to a Miser. However, as Business is coming in, I'll sing a Song to keep up my Spirits.

*The World like a Virgin is grown,
Who rails at the Thing she likes best;
So our Trade, which in secret all's known
To approve, all in publick detest.*

*Let me see the young Heir that will cry,
When his Father comes into our Hands;
Or a Wife, when her Husband's as nigh,
To breaking the conjugal Bands.*

*'Tis Death, and we mutually join,
To keep Folks from plaguing each other;
And the World's like a Stage, where in fine,
One goes off, to make room for another. [Exit.*



S C E N E IV. *Mr. Bickerstaff's Apartment.*

Bickerstaff in an Easy-Chair, reading with Spectacles.

Bick. When I survey the World, and consider how ineffectual all my Schemes for its Reformation have been, since

since I have taken up the Office of Censor; I cannot but think Men are still sway'd by the same crude, indigested Principles they had, when Children: They relish Admonition as a Child does Physick; and receive the gentlest Rebukes, like scandalous Libels. Whence can this Depravity proceed? 'Tis not confin'd to a Set, or Party of Men; no; for when I expose a Folly that grows amongst the Herd, scarce an Individual, but makes it his own by defending it. Well; for the future, I shall make my Authority my Precepts, and bring Men to a Sense of their Errors, by their Punishments: But here comes *Pacolet*, whose Knowledge of Mankind arises from his being above us.



S C E N E V.

To him Pacolet.

Pac. My Friend, *Isaac*, how do you go on, in your Cure of Mens Minds?

Bick. Cou'd I once persuade them, that they are distemper'd, perhaps they would accept a Medicine.

Pac. Alas! You know nothing of the World. 'Tis now the Art of Men, to appear what they are not; and their Happiness consists in hiding their Follies from themselves. But see this Mirrour,—[*Shewing a Glass.*] It hath such a celestial Quality, whoever looks in it, will see things as they are. Here you may view Man, the greatest Slave of the Creation; Folly dictating to Wisdom, and holding the Reins of Reason. Behold the Man of Pleasure pursuing Pain; and another, exchanging Happiness for Misery. There's a rich Man wallowing in Gold; he is not able to touch a Groat on't: and observe a Beggar spending profusely. See one Lover languishing for Happiness; and another, surfeited with Bliss. But behold that blooming Hero crown'd with Victory, yet he is in silken Chains,
and

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and a Slave rules him.—And there's the Contempt of Human Nature; a Dotard, bowing to *Cupid*.—That's a great Beauty, who prefers the sickly Appearance of Paint and Varnish, to the lovely Complexion of Nature.—Here other Scenes present themselves. There's a Coward starting from his own Shadow; and a Murderer flying from himself. Look at that gay Equipage; the Servant's in the Chariot, and the Master behind. The Man you see next, is a Poet; observe, he contemns Riches and Honours, and pants for Applause, tho' attended with Poverty. And that's a Courtier, cutting Throats with a Feather.—This last is *Fame*, pent up in a Meteor, and a great Body of learned Men following it; but it bursts, and the whole Vision dissolves.

Bick. What a miserable Prospect of Man is this?



S C E N E VI.

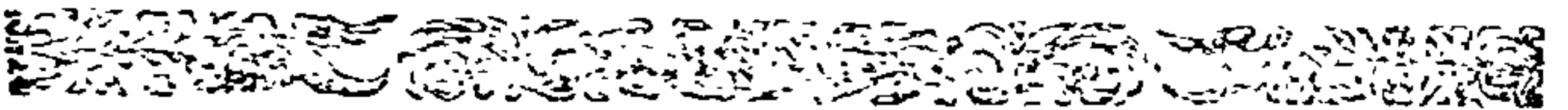
To them a Boy.

Boy. Three Gentlemen in Black desire to speak with your Worship.

Bick. Admit them.

Pac. I'll retire, whilst you give them Instructions.

[*Exit Pacolet.*]



S C E N E VII.

Mr. Bickerstaff, and Seizecorps, Plumehearse, and Quicandead.

Seize. May it please your Worship, we are come with a violent Appetite, to be fed with your Worship's Commands.

Bick. As your Profit is concern'd in this Affair, it will
be

BICKERSTAFF'S *Unburied Dead.* 9

be necessary to give you some Precautions, lest you shou'd act beyond your Commission.

Seize. I hope your Worship don't think us like Great Men, that will do any thing for Interest.

Bick. I will have no Ill spoken of Superiors, there are Great Men exceeding scrupulous ———

Seize. Ay, of refusing a Bribe. [*Aside.*] — I thought your Worship had the same Opinion of 'em, as the rest of the World have; but I promise your Worship, we will bury no Man Living.

Bick. Nor any, but those I shall pronounce Dead.

Seize. We will not.

Bick. In general then; All such as are of no Use to the Commonweal.

Seize. We thank your Worship; we won't trespass on your Patience and Goodness, for any more Instructions.

[*Going.*

Bick. Stay, Gentlemen, I must particularize them to you.

Seize. [*Aside.*] I am plaguily afraid that will sink our Numbers.

Bick. *Imprimis*, All Men of more Wit than Understanding.

Plume. Did you mind? why, he includes one half the Town already. [*Aside.*]

Bick. All such, as have Estates in this Kingdom, and their Inclinations abroad.

Quic. [*Aside.*] Good again; we shall have most that have travell'd.

Seize. [*Aside.*] Ay, we'll bury them, to keep them at home.

Bick. All old Batchelors, and antiquated Virgins, who never increas'd the Number of his Majesty's Subjects.

Plume. [*Aside.*] A confounded Article that!

Seize. Ah Plague! it's Folly to look for them.

Bick. All Cowards in Armour.

Seize. He makes us Amends in this; We shall thin the Army.

Bick. All learned Blockheads; and Politicians who settle the Affairs of *Europe*, and neglect their own.

Quic. [*Aside.*] Thank my Stars, I can neither write nor read.

Seize. [*Aside.*] Peace; he talks so charmingly, I cou'd hear him for ever.

Bick. All Husbands, who are weary of their Wives; and all Wives, who are weary of their Husbands.

Seize. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha! Now, Matrimony, I shall be even with you.

Plume. [*Aside.*] I always said, Death made the best Wives, and now we shall certainly find it so.

Bick. All Railers at Matrimony, who keep Wenches for Conveniency.

Quic. Bless his Worship! he has thought of the Town-Gentlemen at last. [*Aside.*]

Seize. [*Aside.*] 'Tis no matter for them; the Town-Women lend them to us fast enough.

Bick. All prodigal Citizens, and Court-Misers; despairing Lovers that are afraid to die; all old Ladies with young Desires, and young ones with more Vanity than Beauty. *Item*, such as have no other Title to a Lady's Favour, but a lac'd Coat, light Heels, and a lighter Head; with all who boast of more Favours than they receive.

Plume. [*Aside.*] Mark that; his Worship is not, like the World, afraid of a Fool because he's in vogue.

Quic. Ay, ay, he Buries the most fashionable People. [*Aside.*]

Seize. [*Aside.*] They won't be offended at us; it is but bringing up a new Fashion, and every thing that's new must please. The Ladies would walk upon their Heads, if it was the Fashion; and the Gentlemen must follow. So — Mum —

Bick. All peaceable Heroes, who venture their Lives in the immoderate Pursuit of Hares and Foxes.

Seize. [*Aside.*] We shall catch them, when they come up to the Term.

Bick.

BICKERSTAFF'S *Unburied Dead.* II

Bick. All young Students in Law, that only study the Mode; all Fops, Witlings, or Coquetts, whether Male or Female: But you shall not presume to bury any, 'till you have brought them before me to be try'd; the rest of your Orders you know.

Seize. We promise to obey your Worship's Commands faithfully.



S C E N E VIII.

Pacolet and the Undertakers.

Seize. Now, let me see the proudest Company in *London*, refuse to incorporate themselves with the Undertakers.

Pac. Come, Gentlemen, our first Visit shall be to the *Park*.

Seize. And, as good Christians shou'd do, rescue the Dead from the Living, who would ruin them.

*The Living are Cannibals sure ;
'Tis dang'rous I say,
On our Dead to prey,
Tho' they do't on their Fellows secure.* [Ex. Omnes]

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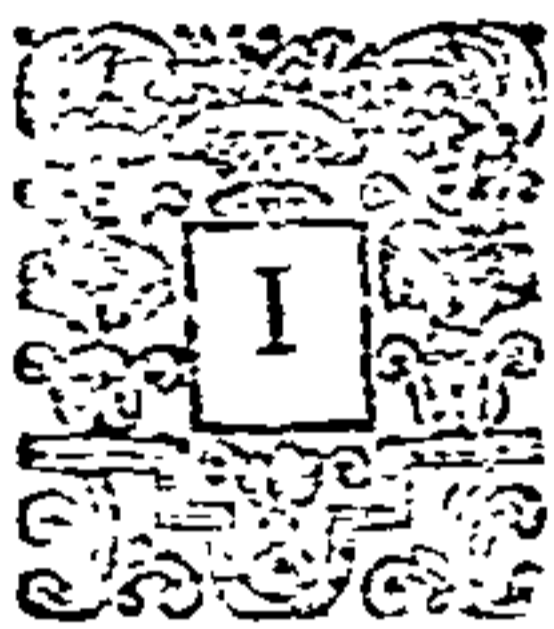




A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Undertakers, and several Persons Prisoners.

S E I Z E C O R P S E.



THINK we have made a very pretty Beginning, and got a considerable Number for the first time: But d'ye hear, *Dismal*? Step you out betwixt the Trials; you may chance to catch a Straggler.

1 *Lady.* Insolent Fellow! what do you mean?

Dism. To give you a Passport for *Elysium*, Madam.

1 *Lady.* Monster! will you force me?

Dism. If that will send you there, how ungrateful must a Woman be, who would send a Man to the Gallows for it?

1 *Lady.* Vile, dirty Wretch, be gone.

Dism. Ah, Madam! Death makes us all equal.

Fair Lady, lay these costly Robes aside. [Sings.

[*Aside.*] What a charming Locket and Tweezer that is! If I but persuade her now. — [*To her.*] Madam, I hope you won't be buried the vulgar way, in a Shroud: In my Opinion, that Suit of Clothes would become a Coffin extremely well. — [*Aside.*] This will be as good Pillage to me, as I once had from a Popish Priest, who was buried with a golden Cross about his Neck, for fear some Fiend shou'd run away with his Body. — [*To her.*] Madam, I say, if I might advise to be buried in that —

1 *Lady.* What, before I am dead?

Seize.

BICKERSTAFF'S *Unburied Dead.* 13

Seize. Gentlemen and Ladies, I hope you will make your Wills, that we may have no occasion to go to Law for the Recovery of your Funeral Charges.

Dis. Ah Lud! Gentlemen, if you leave your Affairs in Confusion, your Relations and we shall be all ruin'd. When the Lawyers have the making a Man's Will, they generally bequeath his Estate to themselves.

Quic. 'Till the Will of the Dead's fulfill'd, some say
Their Shadows must wander here;
Then think what a Number on Earth must stay,
Who can ne'er before Pluto appear:
How will your grim Ghosts be griev'd, to see
The Oaks, you forbore to fall,
Brought up to London, and giv'n for a Fee
To Lawyers in Westminster-Hall.

*This, this is your Fate;
Consider your State;
And appoint your Heirs, before it's too late.*

Chorus. *This, this is your Fate;
Consider your State;
And appoint your Heirs before it's too late.*

I wish the Squire would open the Court, and try the Prisoners. In the mean time, let us set 'em out for the present, and fetch 'em in as we want them.

[Here they put out all but two; the Undertakers, after the Trials, go out severally and bring others in.]

Quic. O, there the Squire is.

S C E N E



S C E N E II.

Scene opens and discovers Mr. Bickerstaff; Seizecorpse and Dismal go up to him.

Seize. Right worshipful Sir; In obedience to your Commands, we have brought these Prisoners before you. The first I desire Judgment against, is a Gentleman, who is weary of his Life. As he has been so honest, as to confess it, I hope your Worship will order him a grand Funeral, as an Encouragement for others to deliver themselves up.

Dism. And I have a Lady under the same unhappy Circumstances; and humbly move, that one Coffin and Grave may contain them both.

Quic. [*Aside.*] How, you Dog! make but one Funeral for them?

Dis. We shall have double Fees; The Church and we never abate any thing for that.

Bick. What have you to alledge against this Gentleman?

Seize. He is a Lover, and hath been Dead these five Years; for 'tis so long, since he fell in Love with a Lady, nam'd *Chloe*. His Mistress proving cruel, he from that time declar'd himself a dead Man in all Companies, forgot his old Acquaintance, neither eat nor drank as usual, miss'd his way in the Day-time; Said the Sun was perpetually eclips'd, but his Mistress's Eyes were Stars to light the World: In short, tho' he gave all these Proofs of his Death, he has remain'd unburied, to the great Grief of his Relations, who are now in hopes your Honour will do them Justice.

Bick. What have you to say in your Defence, Sir?

Lover. If to Love is to be Dead, let me never know Life.

Seize.

Seize. [*Aside.*] That was handsomly said; I'll take care of his Funeral myself.

Lover. But to Love, is to Live: I never liv'd, 'till I saw the divine *Chloe*; but yet the cruel Fair — [*Sighs.*] — *Venus* has steel'd her Heart; she's colder than *Diana*; and yet so form'd for Love! such Flames! such Darts!

Bick. Hold, Sir; you are describing your Mistress: I wou'd give you an Opportunity to defend yourself.

Lover. What else is worth defending, or describing? But her Cruelty has kill'd me —

Seize. A pretty Contradiction, truly! First, she made you live, and then she made you die: Do you think that Confession will win her? No, no; as fond as the Ladies are of a dead Husband, they won't endure a dead Lover.

Lover. I hope, Sir, you will consider the Necessity of a Man's Dying, before he can live with his Mistress. There's not a modish Lover in Town, but pursues the same Method as myself; and surely, when the lovely Charmer thinks of my Sighs and Tears, my Pains and Sufferings, 'twill not be long, before she ends them.

Bick. Do you imagine, Sir, that so great a Goddess as you make your Mistress, will condescend to the Wretch you have made yourself? No, you have rais'd her Vanity too high for your Humility: I see no Relief for you, but by a speedy Burial, which I shall order you, as a Warning to all who treat a Woman they would marry, otherwise than as a respectful Friend and Companion.

Lover. But, Mr. *Censor*, if you bury such as I, what must the Ladies do? why —

Seize. Dear Sir, don't trouble the Court; you have convicted yourself? Did any Man Alive ever talk as you do?

Bick. Set him aside, and bring up that Lady.

[*Seizecorpse sets him aside.*]

Dism.

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Dism. May it please your Worship; This Lady has been so long under the Doctors Hands, that they have made her fit for no body, but us; but as she is rich enough to keep them in Fee, they have not given her over yet. 'Tis true, indeed, her Ladyship is only fashionably sick, and never takes Physick on Visiting-days: But as she has been out of love with Health a great while, and consequently fond of Death, I humbly apprehend your Worship will give her leave to be buried.

Lady. I suppose, Sir, you are better acquainted with the Lives of People of Condition, than to give Credit to this Fellow. I confess myself an Enemy to that robust Health, which is so common amongst the Vulgar; and think it a necessary Distinction for Persons of Quality, to be indispos'd with the Spleen or Vapours, at least two or three Days in a Week. Besides, it is a prudent way to make my Physician acquainted with my Constitution, against I am sick.

Bick. I perceive, Madam, too much Health has been the Cause of your Sicknes; and an indolent Life, of your Death; I shall for the future cure all of their Inclination for Distempers, by treating their imaginary Pains like real ones, and burying them. But, set the Lady aside for the present

Dism. Take Comfort, Madam, your Sicknes is almost at an end; we won't keep you in Torment, as the Doctors have done; for you shall be buried quickly.

Lady. O barbarous! that People must be buried for living politely. I'll appeal to a Jury of Court Ladies, and then I shall cast my Judge; an unfashionable Monster.

[*Dismal sets her by, and Exit.*]

S C E N E



S C E N E III.

Enter Plumehearse with a Virtuoso.

Bick. Who is that Prisoner?

Plume. A Curiosity, Sir.

Bick. His Habit, indeed, declares him something extraordinary; but unfold yourself.

Plume. This Gentleman is very learnedly Ignorant, and profoundly skilful in Trifles. He can tell, what Ground a Flea measures in a Leap, and how deep a Mole can dig in a Minute: He knows the Length of a Bee's Sting, and Height of the Tower of *Babel*. He has the Size of the Pope's Toe, and Number of Hairs on the Grand Signior's Beard. He is also a great Antiquarian, and has several Curiosities; As, the magical Pipe, which *Orpheus* charm'd *Pluto* with, but no body can play upon it; and half the imperial Mantle which *Julius Cæsar* was kill'd in; with the Handle of *Brutus's* Sword; and the Point of *Portia's* Dagger; the other Parts being in the Repository of Curiosities at *Rome*. He is possess'd of a Wand, which was found in the Study of *Socrates*, of sovereign Use for silencing Womens Tongues; but its Virtue is lost. He has too, the Ashes of a *Phœnix*, which he intends to present to a Lady, whose Husband has a very powerful Forehead; he recommends it as a Medicine for Incontinence, but I dare say, very few gay Ladies in Town will accept of his Cure. He has many more such Rarities, and is himself the greatest of all; a Virtuoso.

Virtu. I am indeed an Admirer of Nature, and think it a very innocent, agreeable Study, and —

Plume. I own to your Worship, I think so too; but the Gentleman's wicked with it: He has stood Pimp to a Butterfly, and sat up whole Nights, to see how Spiders engender. I can prove, he bought a Set of Micro-

D

scopes,

scopes, to view a Snail's Nakedness, and invited several of his grave Brethren to overlook a couple in the Act.

Bick. Every Man, Sir, owes a Duty to the Publick; and he who spends a Life of Study, without gaining something for its Benefit, is a Locust to the Commonwealth, and a Drone in Learning; which is your Case. What Profit is it to your Country, that you know a Frog from a Toad? a Snake from —

Virtu. How, how! Is not that Wisdom? Are you so ignorant? Am not I a wise Man? My Knowledge hath procur'd me a Fellowship in the most learned Society in the Kingdom; and let me tell you, Sir, not a Member of our Body, can shew such a Collection of Cockleshells, as myself.

Plume. [*Apart.*] There he has done it; our Criminals need but plead their own Causes, and they'll convict themselves.

Virtu. [*Runs across the Stage, and catches as it were at a Fly; then says*] What an odd-colour'd Fly that was, which went across the Room! It is certainly the Sort, my Brother *Gambrack* has been looking for, these five Years; I am mightily griev'd, at the Loss of it.

Bick. My Sentence is, that this Gentleman be not buried, but put up in Spirits, in the great Hall of his own Society; which will be new Matter to exercise their great Wisdoms, and a Warning to others, how they spend their Time, as frivolously as he has done.

[*Plumehearse takes him off.*]



S C E N E IV.

Enter Dismal, bawling in a Fop.

Dism. Pray Sir, behave decently before the Court; you know, I told you —

Fop. That I am to be buried, Sirrah? but —

Dism.

Dism. 'Twill be time enough to make your Defence, when the Charge is open'd against you; therefore hear the Counsel speak. Worshipful Sir; I went just now to be hired at one of the Play-houses, for a Grave-digger in the Tragedy of *Hamlet*; (being willing to get a Penny in any honest way) and there I saw this Gentleman behind the Scenes, looking thro' this Glass at the Audience: I enquired into his Life and Character, and was inform'd, it was a Method he took to kill Time, which he complain'd, lay too heavy on his Hands; and finding him a little silly withal, thought him an Object worthy your Worship's Consideration: In short, Sir, he's a Fop.

Fop. [*To Dism.*] Demme, Sirrah, you are a Rascal; Demme; Gad's Curse! Mr. *Censor*, if you keep such Villains as this, to abuse Gentlemen——Why, Sirrah, do you think I'll put up the Affront? May I never behold a Lady but with my naked Eye, if I do; smoke me!

Bick. This Behaviour, Sir, is rather an Indication of your Guilt, than Innocence. If there is any secret Quality in that Tube, which may tolerate the Use of it, declare it, and you shall be acquitted.

Fop. Ah Gad, Sir! there are a thousand Qualities in it. First, it's the most easy way of winning a Lady; next, it shews her to the greatest Advantage; and lastly, it is the Fashion; which is the strongest Argument of all; Rot my Teeth!

Bick. As all these Qualities are not obvious to every one, I desire you to explain them.

Fop. That it is the easiest way to win a Lady, is plain; For, by looking at her thro' this, you tacitly confess yourself struck with her Charms, which are so powerful, you cannot behold her otherwise; that is, Sir, she's like *Venus*——a Queen——an Angel——You understand me; which is paying her the greatest Compliment, without the Fatigue of Lying, and Swearing. Secondly, it is a most agreeable Deceit to ourselves; For,

thro' it we can't see an ill Feature, or Pimple, in a Lady's Face.

Bick. Let me see it. [*Dismal gives it, and Bickerstaff looks thro' it.*] It shews every thing to me, rather clearer than my own Eyes.

Fop. Lard, Sir! you see with the Eyes of the Vulgar; I know, they'll never be brought to like it. I thought it a Trifle myself, 'till my Acquaintance taught me how to use it: For instance, In a Church, Thus; (cautiously;) At an Opera, Thus; (all around;) And behind the Scenes of a Playhouse Thus; (by Intervals;) There's a vast deal in the Use of it; Smoke me!

Bick. But I have observ'd, the Ladies blush, to be so stared at.

Fop. Blush, Sir! What of that? Suppose they do blush, it's the Fashion, Sir; and he who follows the Fashion —

Dism. Must be an Ass, if the Fashion can make him one.

Bick. I think the Use of that Glafs may be of dangerous Consequence: First, It's an Offence to all modest Ladies; Next, It may give unjust Suspicion to jealous Husbands; and make 'em dread a Familiarity, when there is none. Besides, you have taken it up, with design to make yourself conspicuous; a Vanity, I shall allow in no Man.

Fop. Blind me! it is as useful an Instrument, as any belongs to a Gentleman: I can no more resign it, than my Snuff-box: Dear Mr. *Bickerstaff*, consider what a Figure would a Man make, in all polite Companies without it: I shou'd not know how to salute any Woman, above a Chambermaid; I must never appear at a Levee more; nor bow to People of Quality from a Coffee-House Window: I can't live without it; Smoke me!

Dism. How can you talk of Living, Sir, when you know, you are a Dead Man?

Bick. I have consider'd your Case, and cannot find you ever yet gave one Instance of Living: Your whole
Existence

Existence has been a State of Impertinence; quite useless. I shall think of a Punishment for you: so, set him aside.

Disin. If your Worship will permit the Gentleman to have a Glass to his Coffin, instead of a Lid; and dispose of him above Ground, as some great Men are; I dare say, he'll not murmur at his Fortune.

Fop. Gad's Curse! what a dreadful Sentence am I to expect, from such an Unpolite Judge, and slovenly Jury! I am ruin'd, Rot my Teeth! Blood! you Dog; If my Man was here, he shou'd kick you.

Disin. Dear Sir, consider your past Life, and don't swear to the last; you have certainly been a great Sinner, you are so unwilling to die; but it's in vain, to struggle with Death: So away, away.



S C E N E V.

Enter Seizecorpse and a Lawyer, seeming in a hot Dispute.

Seize. Look ye, Sir; no more Cavilling; you think you can move your Cause from hence, thro' all the Courts of *Westminster*, and so to the Upper House; but you are mistaken; there's no Appeal from this Court: You must take your Trial, and submit to the Sentence.

Lawyer. I deny the Authority of the Court: It's Illegal; I have *Magna Charta* to confute you; and can prove myself a Living Man, before any Court of Law in the Kingdom.

Seize. But this is no Court of Law; this is a Court of Reason; consider the Difference of that.

Lawyer. It's against the Law, to erect such a Court; I never knew there was such a one in the Land before: I'll not be try'd by it; I won't plead.

Seize. Then I'll plead for you, without a Fee. This Gentleman, an't please your Worship, was in his life-time
Heir

Heir to a good Fortune, and sent from the University to study the Law, that he might know how to keep his Estate from Roguish Hands; or to get another by Practice, if he shou'd spend it: But, poor Gentleman, he was no sooner enter'd, than he died. As a Proof of what I say; we catch'd him learning an Opera Tune in *Westminster-Hall*, the last Day of the Term; which, by the by, is the Busiest of 'em all. He never appears at any Trial, but a Rape, or Cuckoldom; and has read a hundred Acts of Plays, for one Act of Parliament.

Lawyer. Death! that the Life of a Gentleman shou'd come under the Censure of such Rascals! I can hold no longer.—Well, Sir, you have heard your Council; he has given you a little Sketch of my Life; If you have any Objections to it, 'twill be needless to mention them, for I shall Live after my own manner.

Seize. No, Sir; you have Died after your own Manner, and shall be Buried after ours.

Lawyer. Sir, I am in haste; I have Business of Importance: (I'll tell him, to mortify him) [*Aside.*] — I am going to Cuckold an Alderman, who is Banker to our Family: I believe the Old Put cheats us, so I make his Wife refund; that's all: Ha, ha, ha! He has no Coat of Arms but his Horns; Now I intend to get him an Heir, and give him the Use of mine.

Quic. [*Aside.*] He's not sensible of his Death: How wicked he is!

Bick. A very pretty Business, truly! I must have some Proofs of your Living, for this I account none: Have you made any Progress in the Study of the Law?

Lawyer. Sir, I am an Elder Brother, I am above Study: But I can Fence, Sing, make Verses, and court my Mistress out of *Rocheſter*, upon an Inspiring Occasion. [*Repeats.*]

*O what a Night of Pleasure was the last!
A full Reward for all my Torment past.*

I have

I have not been Idle in my Profession, as a Gentleman; I have recruited the Play-Houses with Orange-Wenches; and *Covent-Garden* Coffee-Houses with Country Girls; I have lain with a Woman of Quality, and have all the Accomplishments of a Gentleman to a Tittle.

Bick. Lest other Men of great Fortunes, and shallow Parts, should follow your Example, and mistake false Gallantry for true, as you have done; I shall Bury you, and your Accomplishments, with all Speed. Take him hence.

Lawyer. Now, I'll go to Law, and recover Damages, for baulking my Intrigue.



S C E N E VI.

Enter Quicandead with a Cit.

Quic. This Gentleman, Sir, was formerly an eminent Citizen, and having but a small Fortune to begin the World with, was so Industrious in his Younger Days, that what by the *South-Sea*, Contraband Trade, and the Ruin of two or three young Heirs, by lending them Money at a very little Extortion; he amass'd a very great Fortune, with a very fair Character; which he had no sooner done, than he Died.

Cit. I have indeed got a little beforehand, and am retir'd to Live upon it; and That this Fellow call's a State of Death.

Bick. I approve your Resolution of Retiring from Business; but unless you can prove, you spend your Time like a Rational Creature, I shall pronounce Sentence against you.

Quic. He is so far from doing so, that his whole Employment is, to tell for News, every Day, what he did thirty Years ago; He counts the Journeys he has made to the *Exchange* in his Life-time; reckons how much he

has

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has cheated the King of by False Entries at the *Custom-House*; Boasts how many Dishes *Whittington* had at his Feast, the third time he was Lord-Mayor; and recommends it as a Maxim to his Son, That to be Rich, is to be Wise: His Son and Daughter too, petition for his Interment; and with great Reason; For he declares they shall not come into the World, 'till he goes out on't; and how long he'll choose to be Unbury'd, I can't say, for he's very obstinate.

Bick. I would be resolv'd, from yourself, whether these Accusations are true, or not?

Cit. They are true, Sir; I live after that Manner; and think myself as much Alive, as any Man in the City of *London*: A Fig for your Rational Livers; Every Man Lives Rationally, who consults his own Ease, and takes care of his Money: But my own Children to Petition for my Burial! When I Die, I'll have my Money Buried with me: I won't leave 'em Six-pence.

Quic. I hope your Worship will set aside two Hundred Pounds, for his Funeral Expences.

Cit. O dear! O dear! I always hated Grand Burials; I had rather be Buried Privately.

Dism. [*To Quic.*] Are you Mad? — [*To the Cit.*] Harkye, Sir, we'll Bury you for nothing.— [*To Quic.*] Do you think, I'll let his Money rot with him? — [*To the Cit.*] Ah, dear Sir, you are quite right, to take your Money with you: It's the only way, to be reveng'd of your Undutiful Children: If you have any *India* Bonds, or old Plate you value, 'twou'd be proper to take them too. What! your own Flesh and Blood Petition for your Burial! Monstrous!

Cit. I cou'd almost find in my Heart to take your Advice: As you say, my own Flesh and Blood!

Dism. Do but consider the Impiety of that: If you'll lend me the Key of your Desk, I'll fetch your Money, and Notes here immediately: And another thing, Sir, your Family shall never know, where you are Buried.

Cit.

Cit. No, no; my Mind's chang'd; I'll forgive my Children; I won't be Buried at all: I believe you wou'd not scruple to rob me afterwards, Friend.

Dism. What! accuse me with Thievery! If you were a Living Man, I cou'd take the Law of you; but I scorn to pursue any Course, but Justice; so turn to your Judge, and receive Sentence.

Bick. Since you have behav'd with such little Capacity in a Vacant Life, I shall return you again to Business: My Sentence is, That his Heirs seize upon his Fortune, and leave him no more than he began the World with; which will give him an Opportunity of easing his Conscience, by dealing honestly for the future.

Cit. My Conscience is more troubled at the Loss of my Money, than the Ill-getting it.

Quic. [*Apart.*] What a melancholy Sentence is this? We have lost a Corpse.

[*Quicandead carries him out. Exit Dismal.*]



S C E N E VII.

Enter Plumehearse, with a Second Lady.

Plume. An't please your Worship, Here is a Lady who Breakfasts in Bed at Twelve o'clock at Noon, and her Woman declares she sleeps an Hour after; then rises, and sits at her Toilet 'till Four; from thence to Dinner 'till Six; to the Play-House by Seven, where she acts a curtsyng Part from Side-Box, to Side-Box, for an Hour; and then makes Visits, and plays at Cards, 'till Four, or Five in the Morning, and comes home so fatigu'd with the Jolting of her Chair, that she's not able to say her Prayers, but goes to Bed like a Heathen.

Seize. [*Apart.*] Ay, ay; Insist upon that, like a Heathen: His Worship's the best Christian in the World.

E

2 *Lady.*

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2 Lady. If your Worship Buries me, farewell Gallantry; the Beaus won't have one Woman of true Beauty to Toast, for all the pretty Ladies are far gone in my own Condition.

Bick. Pray, Madam, did you ever see the Sun rise?

2 Lady. Ha, ha, ha! A very pretty Question to ask a Woman of Quality: The Sun rise! that's so comical: Ha, ha, ha! No really, my Life has been a little more *degagé*; you might as well have ask'd me, If I went to sleep when the Sun sets: I warrant, Sir, the Gout, and Old Age, awakes you as early as the Lark, and that you call Living. Good, dirty, slovenly Undertaker, Grave-Digger, what's your nasty Name? Bury the old Gentleman, he looks so ancient, I shall fancy myself so too; I shall begin to think I have liv'd an hundred Years ago, and am a Grandmother; O hideous! a Grandmother! I shall die with the Conceit.

Bick. The only way, Madam, to prevent the Ills you fear from Old Age, is to Bury you, now you are Young.

2 Lady. What! must I lose the Pleasure of shining in Assemblies; of being flatter'd, and wounding Hearts by Thousands? I'll not suffer it. [Sings.

*Your musty old Rules,
Are for thinking Fools,
Who to Wisdom make awkward Pretences:
But the World's so wise,
All Schemes to despise,
Which prohibit th' enjoying free Senses.*

*I'll rove, and I'll range,
My Lovers I'll change,
Since Changing in Females is common;
The dull Life of a Nun,
All we fine Ladies shun;
For Pleasure's the Soul of a Woman.*

Heigh

Heigh ho!

[Sighs.]

Bick. I perceive, Madam — [A Noise without]

Dism. A Ghost, a Ghost.

Bick. What Noise is that? Pray, Mr. Ghost, let the Squire speak with you, he understands all Lingo's.



S C E N E VIII.

Dismal enters with a Beau just arriv'd from Travel.

Dism. [To *Bick.*] Worthy Sir; 'tis now three Years since I help'd to Bury this Gentleman's Father; upon which he went abroad; but happening to die in Foreign Parts, (as I suppose) they have Buried him in their way, and sent his Ghost amongst us: I am sure it cannot be the same Person; he cou'd not be so transform'd; he speaks indeed, but not our Language; so that I am afraid the Priests have turn'd him Papist: If your Worship cou'd get the Secret out of him, that makes him walk, and contrive some way to lay him, it might prevent a great deal of Mischief.

Bick. Your Looks, Sir, discover you to be an *Englishman*, tho' your Dress is Foreign: If there is any thing particular in your Story, or Travels, I shou'd be glad to hear it.

Beau. Monsieur cet Officier me saisit je venois d'arriver de Voyager, & je m'informai du Chemin a un certain endroit de la Ville dont j'avois oublie; —

Bick. If you have not quite forgot your Mother Tongue, I would converse with you in *English*.

Beau. Foreigners do agree, that the Mother-Tongue can never be forgot. Sir, I am just arriv'd from my Travels, and was enquiring my way to a Part of the Town I had forgot, when this Officer of yours seiz'd me. Such Treatment in my own Country surprizes me!

Disin. The Gentleman enquired the way in some Foreign Language, for no body understood him; so I thought it proper to shew him the Way hither.

Bick. I perceive, Sir, you have travell'd for Improvement: Unless you have gain'd some Knowledge, or Qualification, which may be of Use to yourself in Life, or Benefit to the Publick,* (the Design of all wise Men that Travel) your Conduct will come under the Censure of this Court, which considers Superficial Gallantry, and impertinent Gaiety, as Symptoms of Death.

Beau. My Improvements, Sir, are demonstrable; I am much more Mercurial and Lively, than when I went abroad; I can dance as long as a *Frenchman*, and am arriv'd at such Skill in Dress and Fashion, that in *Paris* I was call'd *Plinghis à la mode*. For Compliment I exceed most: Madam, says I, to a fine Lady, If you travel, 'twill be dangerous; for all the Nations you pass thro', your Eyes will subdue 'em. My Conversation too is admir'd; I can talk from Morning 'till Night without Interruption; when before, I was plain *English*; cou'd answer a Question, and that was all. I am much Wittier; for I can break a Jest in *French*, and talk Bawdy in *Italian*, and not put a Lady out of Countenance. Besides, I am increas'd in Knowledge; I know a downright *Englishman* by his Bow, a *Spaniard* by his Cloke, and a *Dutchman* by his Gait. There's not a polite Nation in *Europe*, but I have learnt something from: The *French* taught me Sincerity, the *Italians* Religion, and the *Spaniards* Courage: And these are such Qualifications, as many a Man who Travels comes home without.

2 *Lady.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis he himself, my Lover, and so improv'd too.

Bick. All I can see you have gain'd by your Travel is, that you are eminently Foppish, and can play the Fool, as they do abroad: If your fine Follies are once expos'd in this imitating Nation, there will be a hundred Copies of you before the Evil can be redress'd; to prevent

vent which, I think it necessary to give Orders for your Interment immediately.

Dism. I imagine your Worship will let the Gentleman please himself about his Funeral; you may have it as costly as you think fit, Sir: Will you have any Foreigners to support your Pall? I can pass for a *Frenchman* myself. [*To Seizecorpse.*]

Beau. Since you think me unfit to Live here, I desire Time to sell my Estate, see my Mistress, and I'll go abroad again.

2 Lady. Attendez, attendez, Mr. *Volage*, & rendez vos devoirs a celle ou vous le devez plus.

Beau. Ah ma charmante Belle, mon bel Ange, comment etes vous venu ici. [*Runs and takes her in his Arms.*]

Plume. There are no Symptoms of Death in this; it's Flesh and Blood with a Witness.

2 Lady. He'll order us both to be Buried; we are taken by Force, and must submit.

Beau. Is there no way to sooth him? I have some Interest at the Court of *Versailles*, I'll write over there.

2 Lady. He won't accept a *French* Mediation.

Beau. Have I travell'd to qualify myself for your Husband, and must be robb'd of you at last? It shall not be, we'll never part.

Dism. Then you must be Buried together, for Marriage will separate you for ever.

Beau. Let us kneel, and intreat him. [*They kneel.*] Have Pity, Sir, upon two Lovers. This Lady was mine long ago; we promis'd each other Marriage, on condition I shou'd Travel, and come home the Fool I am: Love was blind, and I have perform'd it; but from no other Motive, than to appear more agreeable to her.

Bick. A Fault which many Wise Men have been Guilty of: Rise, rise; for I acquit you both. To you, Madam, this Gentleman's Faults are owing: The Foppery which you admire in a Gallant, will be Intolerable in a Husband: And had not your Lover been a Man of Sense, his Follies would have taken too deep Root, ever

to be remov'd; and his Love been plac'd upon himself; I see he's convinced, and desire no farther Proof of his returning to Life.

Beau. Nothing but my Passion for this Lady, cou'd have made me what I was: I loath'd such Animals, 'till she approv'd 'em; and 'tis still in your Power to make me what you please. *[Turning to her.*

2 Lady. Be but what you was, before you play'd the Fool for my sake, and I'll shew the World I am convinced as well as you, by giving you my Hand.

Bick. Let me give you Joy; *[Joins their Hands.]* And for your Sakes, I pardon the rest, on condition you promise to take Example by this Pair, and begin to live.

[Turns to the others.

Omnes. We all promise.

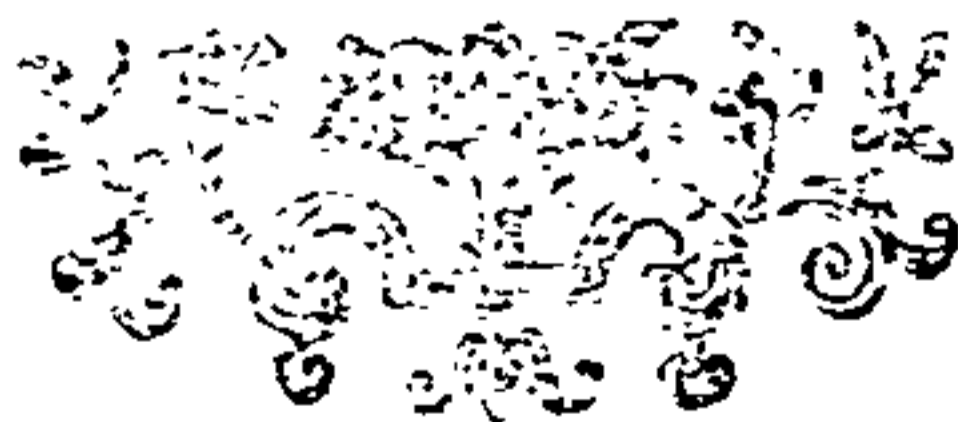
Dism. [Apart.] I never had Occasion to weep before; *[Weeps.]* And now I have nothing to do, I'll go Bury myself.

Seize. And we'll renew our Friendship with the Doctors, and get 'em to Poison him: That will be some Revenge.

Bick. I cannot think my Time ill spent, since I have brought into the World again, Two, who may be the Ornaments of it.

*I wou'd, by this uncommon Method, show
What by your Practice you scarce seem to know;
That, to Eat, Drink, Marry, and so hate your Wives,
Shou'd not be the only Bus'ness of your Lives.*

[Exeunt Omnes.





E P I L O G U E.

Intended to be Spoken by *D I S M A L*.

W E'VE lost the Day: Our mighty Hopes are flown;
And with 'em, half the Bus'ness of the Town:
Yet, you must own, our Purpose was well meant;
We undertook it with a good Intent:
Self-Int'rest mov'd us by its Magic Pow'r,
But that sits easy with the nicest Honour.
Had we succeeded, 'twou'd been well for You:
Posts are soon got, when Candidates are few.
Some Wives indeed, we should have made Sad Widows;
Who'd storm, and weep; then heartily forgive us.
So a calm Sea, succeeds a boist'rous Wreck;
And Merry Faces are the most in Black.
Had we gone on, as well as we begun,
I'm thinking now, how many'd been undone.
Amongst the Great, we shou'd have had a Share;
And really Some of them, you well may spare.
How many Friends wou'd griev'd their Friends in State,
And New Possessions, made Unfortunate:
To shun all Pleasures for a Year, engage;
And shew their Sorrow, in their Equipage.
But now they've Cause to Mourn, as well as we;
They've miss'd Estates, and we a Burial Fee.
This I foresaw, believe me on my Word;
For Faith, the Squire promis'd like a Lord.

Enter

E P I L O G U E.

Enter the Coquette Lady, hastily.

Away.

[To Dismal.]

*Now for our Bayes, who is a Virgin one,
Must be, like other Virgins, be undone?
Were I the Youth, I shou'd be half afraid,
You're all so ready to undo a Maid.
Perhaps you'll Damn him; tho' you like the Satire;
Why, if you are resolv'd upon't — no matter.
You may repent such Rashness to your Cost,
Women, and Wits, sting most when Honour's lost.*

F I N I S.

