

T H E

Walking-Statue :

O R, T H E

Devilin the Wine-Cellar.

A

F A R C E

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

Written by Mr. HILL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. TAYLOR, in *Newgate-Street.*

M.DCC.XXXV.



Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Timothy Tough, an old Knight, } *Mr. Norris.*

Leonora, his Daughter, } *Mrs. Moor.*

Sprightly, a young Gentleman, in Love with *Leonora*, } *Mr. Bickerstaff.*

Toby, *Sprightly's* Man, } *Mr. Pack.*

Corporal Guttum, the Statue, } *Mr. Spiller.*

Servants and Beaters:

The SCENE *London.*



A 2

THE



T H E

Walking-Statue:

OR, T H E

Devil in the Wine Cellar.

S C E N E. *The Street before Sir Timothy's House. Enter Toby, disguis'd like an Exchange Girl, with a Band-Box.*

Toby. **W** E L L, ——— of all the cross-grain'd old Fellows breathing, my Master's Mistresses Father is the most hard to be dealt withal; and therefore 'tis for a Man of my Parts to succeed in an Affair, that has baffled the Wit of all my Fellow-Servants. I persuaded him, before he try'd his own Skill, to make Proof of mine, and I'll warrant I'll get the Letter to the Lady's Hands, if once I come near enough to touch 'em. I have a strange Inclination to Woman-Hunting ever since I clamber'd over the House-Top, and got to Bed to *Moll* at the next Door through the Garret-Window. Stay, this is the House; let me see, I think I

am Woman enough in the lower Parts, and I am sure my Upper won't fail me. I have Brags enough in my Face, and Depth enough in my Conscience to be really what I look to be — an *Exchange Girl*. If akins, I'll knock, come on't what will; I am sure I am safe enough in this Dress; for tho' 'tis no new Thing to find a Knave in Petticoats, 'tis an immodest, and an unlawful Thing to look for him there.

[*He knocks, and Sir Tim. looks out at Window.*

Sir *Tim.* Who's at the Door?

Toby. 'Tis I.

Sir *Tim.* 'Tis I, Who's I? What's your Business?

Toby. I wou'd speak with Madam *Leonora*, Sir *Timothy Tough's* Daughter.

Sir *Tim.* In what Language wou'd you speak with her?

Toby. In what Language? Why in good old *English*.

Sir *Tim.* Good old *English!* I'd have you to know, you must speak good plain *English*, if you talk with my Daughter.

Toby. Is your Worship Sir *Timothy Tough* his own self then?

Sir *Tim.* I am the Man.

Toby. I beg your Worship's Pardon, I come from Mrs. *Stitch* in the *New-Exchange*, so please you Sir, and have brought home a new Head for the young Lady.

Sir *Tim.* Wait, Maiden, you shall have Admittance.

[*He goes from the Window.*

Toby. Rare Fortune ifaith! Well! I must needs say in my own Commendation, 'tis not every Body's Talent to manage a Thing discreetly.

erectly. What will this Master of mine owe me for so great a Service as I shall certainly do him? When a Man has good Luck among Women, they say he was born under *Caper-Corn*, I think they call it; and I shall go near to prove that *Caper-Corn* my Master's best Planet. Adf. me, I hear 'em opening the Door; now for it.

[The Door opens, and enter Sir Timothy with a great Blunderbuss, and two Servants with Guns and Buff-Belts.]

Toby. Bless my Heart, what Figures are here?

Sir Tim. Housewife! I suspect you for a wicked hypocritical designing Person, that has a felonious Intention to corrupt the Obedience of my Daughter, and, lest you shou'd have more Rogues in Ambush, I issue arm'd, to defend the Honour of my Family. What are you? I say, what are you?

Toby. Oh dear Sir! what do you mean? I never did you any Harm in my Life Sir, — oh! oh! Loving Sir, have Mercy upon me, dear Sir, for the sake of my spotless Virginity.

[Runs behind Sir Timothy, who presents his Blunderbuss against one of his own Servants.]

Sir Tim. What are you? Speak or you die.

First Serv. 'Slife Sir, don't shoot me, I am *Robin*.

Sir Tim. Adso, a bad Mistake! I am dim-fighted truly? but where is the Whore, the Bawd? I know not what Sort of a Shop she keeps, by her hanging out the Sign of a Band-box. What do you do behind, Housewife? Your Business is with the Foreparts. *Harry, Robin,* present with me thus; and when I speak the Word, give Fire.

[They all present their Pieces at Toby.]

Toby.

Toby. O dear Gentlemen, spare me ! spare me : good Gentlemen, don't shoot me, and I'll tell you all. [He kneels.]

Sir Tim. In the first Place, as you hope to preserve that abominable Life of yours, answer me the Truth, and nothing but the Truth, whence come you ?

Toby. From the *Exchange*, an't please you.

Sir Tim. What Business had you ?

Toby. The *Exchange* Sir.

Sir Toby. And what are you ? Jilt, speak presently, what are you ?

Toby. The *New-Exchange* in the *Strand* Sir.

Sir Tim. What ! are you the *New-Exchange* ? 'Slife ! speak Sense, or you die. I don't think the Tone of your Voice Treble enough for a Whore, and therefore you must be a Rogue ; Sirrah.

Toby. The *New Exchange* indeed, Sir.

Sir Tim. Sirrah, tell me truly, what Sex are you of, Sirrah ?

Toby. The *Exchange*, upon my Word, Sir :

Sir Tim. Is the *Exchange* your Sex, Rogue ? Are you a Man, or a Whore, Sirrah ?

Toby. About the Middle of the Inner-Walk, Sir.

Sir Tim. Adslife, *Robin*, make ready.

Toby. Oh ! oh ! spare my Life, and take my Band-box, Sir.

Sir Tim. Give it me, you Whore.

Toby. I am no Whore, upon my Honour Sir, I am but 'Squire *Sprightly's* Rogue *Toby*, make the worst of me. Wou'd I were buried six Foot deep in my Master's Dughill. [Aside.]

[*Sir Timothy opens the Band-box, and finds a Letter.*

Sir

Sir *Tim.* Let's see, what's here; a Letter! Oh! Rogue! here *Harry, Robin*, rifle the Ribbons, and see if there's never another Snake in the Fool's Grass. What's here. [*Puts on a Pair of Spectacles.*] To the lovely Hands of the engaging *Leonora*—— Fool! Afs! adzooks this Fellow makes Love, like an *Oxford* Scholar. I'll open the Seal.

He breaks open the Letter, and while the two Fellows are fumbling in the Band-box, Toby steals back.

Toby. *Timor* adds—Wing as. [*He runs off.*

Sir *Tim.* [*Reading.*]— After many vain Endeavours to get a Letter to your Hands, the trusty *Toby* undertook — Oh Rogue! did you so?— I'll — Ha! where is he?

First Serv. An't please your Worship, I believe he got off while we were rummaging the Band-box.

Sir *Tim.* I'll rummage you, you careless Rascals; I'll teach you to plunder before you have secur'd the Enemy, you Dogs you.

[He beats 'em with the Blunderbuss off the Stage.]

S C E N E *changes to Sprightly's House.*
Sprightly and Toby.

Spright. Nay, 'Faith, *Toby*, I pity thee with all my Heart; but thou may'st make a Moral Use of this unlucky Accident, and learn to believe thyself no wiser than other People. Go, lay aside the Woman, and take up the Statue; all Things are now ready for the last Trial, and it shall be put in Execution this very Evening.

Toby.

Toby. Truly, Sir, if your Worship pleases, I had rather be the Carver's Man, than the Statue ; for if the old Knight should chance to find out the Trick, my Disguise wou'd be so heavy, that I cou'd not run away, and he might chance to shoot me thro' the Head with his Blunderbuss.

Spright. Pish ! Fool ! you know he's so purblind he can scarce see.

Toby. Ay, but if he can't see, he can feel tho' ; and, Sir, if he should happen to tickle my Sides, I shou'd burst out a laughing, and discover all.

Spright. It's impossible he shou'd suspect thee. I saw the Statue at the Stone-Cutter's, who told me, the old Gentleman expects it to be brought home every Day. My painted Canvas is exactly copied from the Original, and the Pedestal 'tis to be plac'd on in the Hall is so high, that he won't be able to reach your Sides ; or if he did, the Daub is so hard, and so thick, 'twou'd deceive a nicer Touch than his, I'll warrant thee. But are the Fellows at Hand, who are to be concern'd in the Management.

Toby. They are all drinking at the next Ale-house, and the Gentleman, who is to act the Statue instead of me, Sir, is a Man every Inch of him ! He married a Woman, who had beat six Husbands to Death with the But-ends of their own Muskets, and in three Night's Time made the wild Beast so very tame, Sir, that she fawns upon him, like a Spaniel Bitch, when she's afraid of a Kicking.

Spright.

Spright. Thou hast chose an odd Sort of a Simile, *Toby*; but hark! Somebody knocks! Go, see who it is.

Toby goes out, and re-enters with Cuttum.

Toby. An't please your Worship, this is the Gentleman we were discoursing about.

Spright. May I know your Name, Sir?

Cuttum. I am vulgarly known by the Name of Corporal *Cuttum*; I have been a Soldier from my Cradle, and a Cuckold from my Marriage-Bed, Sir: I have run thro' all the Mazes of Fortune, but cou'd ne'er lay hold of the Gypsie: I believe I'm too *honest* to be *prosperous* in this Age! and if I live much longer, I shall be too old to be *knavish*. I wou'd gladly make some Use of my Time, Sir; for I have lately learn'd to remember, that I come of a Race, so much the Reverse of my Way of Living hitherto, that egad — if I continue honest much longer, I shall be the only Fool of my Family.

Spright. Pray, Mr. *Cuttum*, what Country are you of?

Cuttum. Why, Sir, to tell you the plain Truth; there is no Country will own us, and we own no Country; we shou'd be *French* by our Air, and *Spaniards* by our Steps, Sir; but a Parcel of Scoundrel Rogues about Town will needs have the *Cuttums* to be an *Irish* Family, for no other Reason, egad, than the Reach of their Assurance.

Spright. Have you no Friends in Town to apply to?

Cuttum. Yes, Sir, there's a Relation of mine generally known about Town; he's a Kind of a Wit,

a Wit, and has writ Plays; but he has an odd Humour, that makes him incapable of serving a Kinsman.

Spright. What Humour is that, pray?

Cuttum. Why, Sir, he has been so fond of fathering Stranger's Children, that he scarce knows how to look upon the Son of a poor Relation.

Spright. Well, Mr. *Cuttum*, you are a merry Fellow; you know the 'Task, and the Reward design'd you, I suppose?

Cuttum. My worthy Friend Mr. *Toby* — here, has inform'd me at large; and I am ready to prove with how much Zeal I wou'd undertake an Action of greater Difficulty upon a less Temptation.

Spright. I assure you you have heard the utmost of your Danger; come the Worst to the Worst 'tis but a Beating, and that I presume you cou'd bear with Resolution.

Cuttum. Am I a *Cuttum*, and do you ask that Question? 'Slife, Sir! — bear a Beating? — Why, there's not a Branch of our Family, but has Patience enough that Way for an informing Constable, Bailiff's Follower, Female Tatler, or Marshal of *France*, egad.

Spright. That's well; I think all Things are now in Readiness; we'll go in, and about it presently. But heark'e *Toby*, is your Disguise come home yet?

Toby. Four Hours ago, Sir. — But now you talk of a Disguise, am I to be a Jew, or a Gentile?

Spright. Oh! a Jew by all Means. Come along, Mr. Corporal; while you are getting ready, I'll instruct you what to say to the Lady,
for

for the ill Success of my last Letter forbids me all Thoughts of sending another.

Toby. Well! o'my Conscience, my Master is the first, that ever went about to send a Message by a Stone-Porter.

S C E N E Sir *Timothy's* House; Sir *Timothy* and *Leonora*.

Sir Tim. 'Sbud! don't tell me of my Promise; ask any Statesman in Christendom, if Promises are Chains on a wise Man's Will. 'Tis true, I told the young Fool *Sprightly* he shou'd have you, but that was when nobody of a better Estate was of his Mind, Girl.

Leon. The Ties of Duty, Sir, first led me to encourage Mr. *Sprightly's* Addresses, in Obedience to your Commands; and now the 'Ties of Honour forbid me to wrong a Man, who so sincerely loves me.

Sir Tim. I gave him my Word, that if he cou'd outwit me, he shou'd keep what he got, with my good Will, and a good Fortune; but alas! poor young Fool, his Bird-lime is no better than Chaff, and an old Fowl, is too wise to be taken by it. I have defeated five or six of his Projects already; and, if he comes within the Reach of my Blunderbuss, have at him, by Sir *Jeremy*.

Leon. Oh, Sir! you are the most barbarous of Fathers! and have contriv'd this surest Way to make me miserable!

Sir Tim. Goodnow! Goodnow! pretty Turtle Dove! How naturally it mourns the Loss of its Mate! Come, come, 'tis just your Sex shou'd

B

shaer

share a little of the Sorrow you bestow, Housewife! A Woman's Tears are like Show'rs in *April*, a necessary Ingredient to make up her natural Composition of Change and Inconstancy.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Man without has brought home a great Stone-Thing, that looks like the Great Turk, Sir.

Sir Tim. How! the Statue! bring him in, bring him in, Sirrah! [*Exit Servant.*]

Leon. Sir, you are likely to talk of what I don't understand, and, if you please, I'll retire to my Chamber.

Sir Tim. No, no, pray stay, Daughter; I'll warrant you, if *Sprightly* was coming, instead of the Statue, you would not be in such Haste to be gone; but you Women never care much for a Man of Marble!

Leon. I am all Obedience, Sir. [*She turns her Back upon the Door, and leans pensively against the Hangings.*]

Re-enter the Servant with Toby, disguis'd like a Jew; with great Whiskers, and a short Cloak, follow'd by four Men bearing in a Frame, upon which stands Corporal Cuttum, in the Posture of a Statue.

Toby. Save you, Sir! — have a Care, have a Care, gently, gently, I say. — Sir, Mr. *Chiffel* has sent home your Statue, Sir, and where wou'd you please it shou'd be set? Have a Care, I say, gently, gently.

Sir

Sir *Tim.* Stay! let me put on my Spectacles, and I'll tell you presently—Humph! who are you, Sir?

Toby. I am by Profession a Statuary, by Country a *Portuguese*, but brought up in *England*; by Quality a Foreman, *alias* a Journeyman, and by Religion a Jew, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* A Jew? Adzooks! what have you to do in a Christian Country, Sirrah?

Toby. Ha, ha, you are pleas'd to be merry, Sir! But where must the Statue be plac'd, an't please you?

Sir *Tim.* Plac'd? [*Aside.*] Egad I don't like this Fellow, he says he's a Jew, but he looks like a *Philistin*!

Toby. Set him down there, gently, gently, be careful how you place him, pray, Gentlemen,—So, now he stands right; go—stay without till I come to you.

[*The four Bearers go out.*]

Sir *Tim.* Let me see how this Statue looks.—Ads my Life! a pretty Piece of Workmanship truly! But pray, Friend, why did not Mr. *Chiffel* come himself? Am I so bad a Customer, that he must send Servants to do my Business? Nay, and Heathen Servants too!

Toby. Your Worship, I perceive, is a facetious old Gentleman. But my Master, an't please you, is sick at present.

Sir *Tim.* Old Gentleman! Sirrah! is that your Hebrew Breeding? Get out of my House, you Rogue! that Levitical Face of thine stirs up my Indignation.

Toby. I beg your Pardon heartily, if I have said any Thing that offends you, Sir; but pray

don't be in a Passion for nothing: Is not the Work done as you expected it?

[All the while Sir Timothy is talking with Toby, Cuttum makes whimsical Motions from the Table to Leonora, who leans pensively, and don't observe him.]

Sir Tim. Expected it, Sirrah! I did not expect to have the Figure to be sent home by a Rogue of a Jew, Sirrah! Let me look all round the Piece; egad, 'tis ten to one, but the superstitious Dog has circumcis'd my Statue!

Toby. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Tim. Villain, Rascal, what am I to be laugh'd at to my Face?

Toby. Ha, ha, ha, you must excuse me, Sir, ha, ha, ha, I vow you are the pleasantest Gentleman of your Age, that ever I met with.

Sir Tim. Again at my Age, Sirrah; here, *Robin, Jonathan*, quickly, bring me my Blunderbuss. Sirrah, get out of my House, or I'll break a Limb of the Statue, and knock out your Brains with it.

[He runs to pull off one of the Statue's Legs, and Cuttum kicks him down backward with the other.]

Toby. 'Slife! all's out! I'll make off while I can. *[He runs out.]*

Sir Tim. Rogues! Murder! help! Dogs! Murder! Murder!

Leon. Heav'ns, Sir! what's the Matter?

Sir Tim. Matter! you Baggage? Don't you see what's the Matter? That long-bearded Rogue of a Jew has affronted me to my Face, and beat out my Teeth behind my Back. Rogues! *Robin, Harry, Jonathan!* what must I be murder'd, and nobody come to my Assistance?

[He

[He runs out, calling the Servants.

Cuttum. — I am glad he's gone, for my Heart ak'd plaguily when he came to pull my Leg off. 'Tis a lucky Mistake, that he thinks *Toby* struck him; but I'll take this Opportunity to speak to the Lady. — Madam, — Madam —

[He leaps down, and stalks towards Leonora, who turns, and shrieks at his approaching her.

Leon. Oh! Heav'ns, what's here! Ghosts! Spirits! Devils! Ah! Help! help! help!

Cuttum. Nay, now we are all undone, and egad! if you die a Maid, 'tis no more than you deserve for your damn'd unseasonable squeaking!

[He runs to the Table, and with much ado gets up, and stands in his old Posture; but for Haste mistakes, and puts the wrong Leg forward.

Leon. Ah me! I see too late this is a Trick of *Sprightly's*!

Enter Sir Timothy, and his Servants.

Oh! Sir! I was half frightened, but beg your Pardon for alarming you; being in a melancholy Humour, I had forgot the Statue stood upon the Table, and looking that Way on the sudden, took it for a naked Man.

Sir Tim. Oh! did you so, good Daughter! I see very well what you wou'd be at; this Excess of your Folly betrays the Leudness of your Thoughts. Let's see, that Rascal Jew beat off my Spectacles—oh! here they lie—Well! I vow this is a very curious Piece of Sculpture! No real Flesh and Blood cou'd appear more lively. If that Knave *Chissel* had not sent it by a Jew, I cou'd have been extreamly pleas'd with it.

[He views Cuttum all round, who expresses a great deal of Fear.

But stay, I forgot to look whether I have not

hurt the Leg tho' — Adso! what's here? I am sure this Limb does not stand as it did just now. Daughter! Daughter!

Leon. Sir. (or no.

Sir Tim. Look here, is this the right Posture
Whilst Sir Tim. turns to speak to his Daughter,
Cuttum puts his Leg as 'twas before.

Leon. Right Sir? Yes, pray what ails it?

Sir Tim. Ails it? 'Slife I am bewitch'd — I am sure the Devil's either in me, or my Spectacles; why 'twas but this Moment the Leg stood here, and now —

Cuttum. Death, Sir! stand out of my Way, or you're as dead as a Door-nail. (*Aside.*) 'Slife I'll be gone while I may; if I stay a quarter of an Hour longer, I shall be pounded in a Mortar.

[He leaps down furiously, and runs out.]

Sir Tim. Hey day! is my House become an enchanted Castle? What a Plague! I shall be hooted at as I walk along the Streets, if this Jest passes on me! here! follow me, ye Rascals, I'll Statue the Dog I'll warrant him.

[He runs out with his Servants after Cuttum.]

Leon. What a wretched Condition has my Folly brought me to? If I slip this Opportunity of escaping while the House is in so great Confusion, I shall be miserable for ever. I'll get out the Back-way, and trust Fortune for the Event of my Undertaking. *[She goes out.]*

S·C·E·N·E changes to the Court-yard, with a Well in it. Enter Toby frightened.

Toby. Here have I crawl'd about this quarter of an Hour, and can find no means to reach the Door, without being discover'd by some of the old Fellow's Maidenhead-watchers! and if I stay here

here much longer, the Danger will be equal. A Pox take Petticoats for *Toby*, if this is the Effect of following them! what shall I do? — Let me think a little! — Adsbobs I have it, I have an old black Mask in my Pocket, with Horns upon it; I'll tie it on, and creep down into yonder Well, it looks like a dry one; or if I am drown'd, 'tis a better Death, than being drubb'd to Destruction. — I'll lie quietly all Night, and in the Morning bolt thro' the Door in my Vizor and black Waitcoat, it may happen, that the Rogues will take me for the Devil, who walks in this Neighbourhood, and give me free Passage — But first, down Cloak, that if the Well be deeper than ordinary, I may be sure to fall softly; I'll tie on the Mask, when I'm safe at the Bottom. So, now for it! Neck or nothing, as the old Proverb says.

[He throws down his Cloak, and gets into the Well.]

Re-enter Sir Timothy, and the Servants with Guns, Staves, &c.

Sir Tim. Who wou'd have thought, that the four Rogues, who brought in that Dog of a Statue, shou'd have waited so cunningly to carry him off again upon Occasion? Adzooks but we mau'd them in their Retreat! Go, ye Rogues, get ye into the Cellar, and drink yourselves drunk, as a Reward for your Valour.

[The Servants go out bowing.]

Well! after all! this *Sprightly* is a brave bold Fellow, and deserves the Baggage heartily; for I never cou'd imagine, till now, that any Woman in the World was worth a Man's venturing a Knock on the Pate for! My Daughter is afraid of a Reproof, and is crept silently into her Closet.

set. I'll not disturb her till Morning, but go write an Account of this Night's Works to her good old Grandmother in the Country.

[*He goes out.*

SCENE changes to a Cellar, with a Wicket in the Front Scene, and discovers the Servants sitting round a Black Jack, drinking and merry.

1st, *Serv.* Here, *Thomas*, here's to thee.

2d, *Serv.* Prithee, what Subject shall we be on to Night? Politics are grown musty, Learning is below Men of a genteel Education, and Scandal, you know, is taking upon us the Conversation of our Betters.

3d, *Serv.* Why faith, since we have Leave to be merry, honest *Thomas* had best give us a Song.

2d, *Serv.* A Match Boys — I'll sing you a Song of my own making.

1st, *Serv.* Of thy making? What! a Footman turn Poet?

2d, *Serv.* A Footman turn Poet! ay Sir; why not? Since the Poets have met with Footmen's Encouragement, Footmen have taken up the Poet's Profession.

3d, *Serv.* But how can a Fellow without Learning, Brother *Thomas*, be Master of that feeling, touching Way, that the Poets talk of?

2d, *Serv.* Pugh! Fool! the Art of Poetry is the Gift of Nature, and 'twou'd be no new Thing to tell the World, that there's many a Footman can touch, and move, and feel, and stir up the Passions with the best Poet in *Christendom*. But listen to the Song Boys.

Here a S O N G.

All Serv. Rarely sung 'if faith *Thomas*.

3d, *Serv.* Adzookers, he has pleas'd me so well, that I'll e'en make bold with a Bottle of
the

the fine Wine my Master has set a cooling in the old Well there, and treat ye like Gentlemen.

All. Why, that's kindly done now.

Third Servant rises, and opening the Wicket, takes out a Bottle, and holds it between him and the Light.

3d, Serv. Let's see, I think I have got the right Sort, no, 'tis not ; — this is the Rot-Gut Rhenish. —

While the Fellow turns to look at the Bottle, Toby, having put on the black horn'd Mask, thrusts his Head out of the Wicket, and the Servant, going to change the Bottle, strikes it against his Forehead.

3d. Serv. Ah ! the Devil, the Devil !

[Throws down the Bottle, and runs backwards.

1st, Serv. 'Slife, there's the Devil in good Earnest !

Toby. Rogues, Thieves, I'll be among you suddenly. *[He tumbles forward into Cellar.*

2d, Serv. Oons ! Roger, fly, the Devil's amongst us !

All. Help ! help ! the Devil ! the Devil ! the Devil ! *[They beat one another down, and hurry out head-long, and Toby after them.*

The SCENE changes to the Hall. Enter Sir Timothy with his Blunderbuss.

Sir Tim. Here ! Harry ! Thomas ! Jonathan ! Rogues, Rascals ! where are you ? What's the Matter below ? Hey day ! what's here to do ? —

Enter Servants running.

1st, Ser. Help ! help ! the Devil !

3d, Ser. The Pope ! the Pope ! the Devil !

2d, Ser. Oh ! Sir, the Devil has taken Possession of your Worship's Cellar.

Sir

Sir Tim. The Devil ! you Rogues ! and are ye such pitiful, cowardly, unchristian foul'd Fellows, as to be afraid of the Devil? Adsbobs! wou'd he had been impudent enough to have come into my Prefence! I'd have Devil'd him with a—'Slife Rogues stand out of my Way —Help! help, help.

[In the midst of Sir Timothy's Speech, Toby appears at the Hall Door, and the Knight beats down his Servants, and runs out first ; the Men follow, crying out as before.

Toby. Well, I have better Luck now I am a Devil, than I had when I was a Woman; and some arch Waggs wou'd from thence take Occasion to swear, that the Devil is the least of the two Evils. But I have no Time to be witty at present. I see the Street Door open, and will lay hold on the Opportunity.

Re-enter Sir Timothy, and the Servants, peeping.

Sir Tim. Is he gone?

2d, Ser. I think the Coast is clear at present.

[They come forwards.

Sir Tim. I'll ordain a Yearly Thanksgiving to be kept on this Day throughout my Family, for the wonderful Deliverance.

Loud Knocking at the Door.

Stand close here, for Heav'n's sake stand close; for I'm afraid he's coming again !

[They huddle close together, and stand gazing, as in Expectation ; and enter Sprightly with Leonora in a Mask, attended by Corporal Cuttum, and Toby in his Vigor.

Sir Tim. Deliver me, ye Pow'rs, for yonder's the Devil return'd with his whole Family.

Spright. Ha, ha, poor Sir Timothy, 'tis a Devil
vil

vil of my Breeding. [Pulls off Toby's Mask.

Toby. 'Tis I, my own self, in very Deed Sir.

Sir Tim. Why then in very Deed Sir, I wish the real Devil wou'd run away with the pretended one.

Toby. Adfme! Sir; if you wish your Wishes upon me, I'll snatch off my Friend the Statue's Leg here, and knock your Brains out.

Sir Tim. to Cuttum. Why, were you the Dog, that was turn'd into Stone, Sir?

Cuttum. The very same, at your Service, Sir.

Spright. O, Sir, Love has been Author of stranger Metamorphoses, than any in *Ovid*.

Sir Tim. And pray, Mr. *Sprightly*, what pretty Part are you to act in your 'Turn here?

Spright. A double one Sir, in Conjunction with this Lady. [Takes off Leonora's Mask, and kneels with her to Sir Timothy.

Leon. Our first Request, Sir is for your Pardon, and our next, that you will please to ratifie our Articles of Agreement, according to the Promise you were pleas'd to make us?

Sir Tim. Confusion! Furies! Devils! Witchcraft! Rogues, Tricks! Damnation, Conjuratation! and Destraction!

He raves and stamps, and runs off the Stage.

Spright. Come, lovely *Leonora*, let us follow him, and mollifie his Passion by Submission and Entreaty; and may our Example teach the World this certain Maxim:

Love, like the Palm-Tree, by Oppression grows,
Check'd, like stopp'd Rivers, more impetuous flows
And, like Antæus, gathers Strength from Blows.