

Author: Thomas D'Urfey (?1653-1723)

Text type: Drama

Date of print: 1693, 1718, 1987

Editions:

Source text:

Anonymous. 1693. *The Richmond Heiress: Or, a Woman once in the Right*. London: Printed for Samuel Briscoe. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

e-text:

Access and transcription: May 2013

Number of words: 32,720

Dialect represented: South West, Welsh, Broken English (French)

Produced by Alba Yus Cabeza

Supervised by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

[# has been used for an illegible passage, word or spelling]

——
D'Urfey, Thomas (?1653-1723)

The Richmond Heiress: Or, a Woman once in the Right (1693)

[Page]

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Dogget, with a Fools Cap with Bells on his Head

*Fools are the Chief Support of the Stage Affairs;
Were there no Fools, there then would be no Players.
From the Country Caf, the Citt, the Man of Law,
The Courtier, and the Coffe house Jackdaw,
To th' Clergymanm that Vice so flowly quells,
All have strong Titles to the Cap with Bells:
And I (Curse on 't,) am fix'd here like a Glass,
For every John Nokes to see his Face.
Had my kind Stars design'd me for a Shop,*

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

*Made me some young, pert, lucky, thriving Fop,
 I might with Credit all the Town deceive,
 And cheat so long till I could fine for Shrieve:
 At least in Furrs, the City Livery wear,
 And come to eat a Custard with the Mayor.
 Or had my Fate, but that's too fine a Thing,
 Defign'd me fame Court Pest to cheat the King,
 Conscience would stretch as I had chang'd condition,
 I should have made a swinging Politician.
 Or had I been some Canting Babe of Grace,
 As for the Pulpit I've a lovely Face,
 How could I thump the Cushion! With what Zeal
 Have trimm'd between a Crown and Commonweal?
 I could have drawn the Sistens in by Shoals,
 Smugled My Gossips, soak'd the Christning Bowls.
 Caress'd their Bodies, and refresh'd their Souls.
 In every several Station and Affair
 I had been happy: But being a Player,
 I'm now oblig'd t' expose your Faults in vain,
 Uncertain my Applause, uncertain too my Gain.
 Sometimes, 't is true, you laugh, and then I'm fam'd,
 But oftner some young Spark, whose Vice is sham'd,
 Cries, Rot the mimick Rogue, would he were damn'd.
 Diseases by ill Appetites are nurs'd,
 The Physick gripes, and the Physician's curs'd,
 And Players, like Bayliffs, are esteem'd by you,
 Rogues for Arresting, tho' the Debt be due.
 Some of this Hot-brain'd Tribe, I'm told to Day,
 Have led a Potent Power against this Play:
 Arm'd with Resolve, in Spite of Justice, throng
 To Storm the Muses Fortress right or wrong.
 What Pity'tis, waving that mean Intent,
 That so much Wit and Conduct was not bent
 Against our Eoes, to farther the Descent.*

[Page]

*Such Hands, such Hearts, may, and such Heads beside,
 'Oons we had Conquer'd France by Whitfontide.
 The Author therefore, thus besiig'd does sue
 For timely Succour to the Generous few,
 To his old Friends, that always carrie in Season,
 And never fail'd to laugh when they had Reason,
 I'll promise some Diversion in my way,*

*I am to Act a Madman in the Play,
A Part well tim'd, Sirs, at this time of day,
All are craz'd now- Beaus, Warriours, Citts, Projectors;
The World's the Stage, and all Mankind are Actors.*

[Page]

SONG, by way of Dialogue between a *Mad-man* and a *Mad-woman*. In Act II.

He. Behold the Man that with Gigancick might

Dares combat Heaven again;
Scorn Jove's bright Palace, put the Gods to flight,
Chaos renew, and make perpetual Night.
Come on ye fighting Fools, that petty Jars maintain
I've all the War of *Europe* in my Brain.

She. Who's he that talks of War,

When Charming Beauty comes:
Within whose Face divinely fair,
Eternal Pleasure blooms
When I appear the Marcial God,
A Conquer'd Victim lies,
Obeys each Glance, each awful Nod,
And fears the Lightning of my killing Eyes,
More than the fiercest Thunder in the Skies.

He. Now, now, we mount up high,

The Sun's bright God and I,
Charge on the Azure downs of ample Sky.
See, see, how the Immortal Cowards run:
Pursue, pursue, drive o' en the Burning Zone;
From thence come rowling down,
Main, And search the Globe below with all the guplhy
To find my lost, my wandering Sense again.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Second Movement.

I

She. By this sis-joynted matter
That crowds thy Pericranion,
I nicely have found, that thy Brain is not sound,
And thou shalt be my Companion.

II

He. Come let us plague the World then,
I embrace the blest occasion;
For by Instinct, I find, thou art one of the kind.
That first brought in Damnation.

III

She. My Face has Heaven Incharnted,
With all the Sky-born Fellows.
Jove pres'd to my Ereast, and my Bosom he kiss'd,
Which made old Juno jealous.

IV

He. I challeng'd Grisly Pluto,
But the God of Fire did shun me.
Witty Hermes I drub'd, round the Pole with my Club,
For breaking Jokes upon me.

Chorus of both.

*Then Mad, very Mad, every Mad, let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all things in Nature are Mad too as we.*

V

She. I found Apollo Singing,
The Tone my Rage Increases;
I made him so blind, with a look that was kind,

That he broke his Lyre to pieces.

VI

He. I drank a Health to *Venus*,
And the Mole on her white Shoulder.
Mars flinch'd at he Glass, and I threw't in his Face,
Was ever Heroe bolder?

VII

She. 'Tis true, my dear *Alcides*,
Things tend to dissolution,
The Charms of a Crown, and the Crafts of the Gown,
Have brought all to Confusion.

VIII

He. The haughty French begun it,
The English Wits pursue it.
She. The German and Turk still go on with the Work,
He. And all in time will rue it.

Chorus.

Then Mad, very Mad, &c.

[Page]

SHINKEN'S Song to the Harp. In the Fourth ACT.

Of Noble Race Shinken, trum tery, tery, tery;
The Line of Owen Tydor, trum, trum, trum; trum trum,
But her Renown was fled and gone,
Since cruel Love pursu'd hur; trum, trum, &c.

II.

Fair Winny's Eyes bright shining, trum, &c.
And Lily Breasts alluring, trum, &c.
Poor Shinkin's heart, with fatal Dart,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Have Wounded past all Curing: trum, &c.

III

Hur was the prettiest Fellows, trum, trum, &c.

At Bandy once and Cricket, trum, &c.

At Hunting-Chace, or High-foot Race,

Gadsplut, how hur could Prick it: trum, &c.

IV

But now all Joys defying, trum, &c.

All pale and wan hur Cheeks too, trum, &c.

Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes

Hur Herrings and hur Leeks too: trum, &c.

V.

No more must dear Meth[egins], trums, &c.

be top'd goot Mountgomery, trum, &c.

And if Loves sore, smart one Week more,

Adieu Creen Sheese and Flummery: trum, &c.

SONG. In the Last Act.

All Europe is now in Confusion,

Then Friends, let's think it no Crime,

(Since all things do bode Dissolution)

To make the best use of short time.

II

Tho' Nations do rise against Nations,

And Peace is frighted from home;

The Planers remove from their stations,

And seem to portend our sad doom.

III

Strange Earth-quakes make War against Nature,

And Ruin circles us round;

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

There is something in the matter
Than e'er yet Philosophers found.

IV.

Sound Reason no longer convinces,
So potent Discord is grown;
For some of the Brave fight for Princes,
And crop-eat'd Prigs fight for none.

V.

The Church, that should teach us true Morals,
And prove Devotion great gain,
Foment in the Pulpit odd Quarrels,
And then leave'em us to maintain.

VI.

Then fill up the Glass a Health Royal,
No stars nor Omens we'll fear;
A Health to the Fair and the Loyal,
Tho' Dooms-day be never so near.

[1]

The
Richmond Heiress, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Richmond Hill.

Enter Cunnington *disguis'd*, meeting Quickwit *dress'd fantastically in gay* Clothes.

Cunning. Bless my Eyes from an Apparition! What art thou? Thou canst not be
Tom Quickwit!

Quick. As sure as thou art Ned *Cumington* the Ungodly, my Brother in Iniquity,
and Fellow- Collegian.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Cunning. Thou seem'st my Brother-Collegian indeed by thy Voice and Grimace; but then agen thou may'st be Brother to some Prince by thy Habit. Prithee let me look on thee and wonder!

Quick. Do, do, *Ned*, wonder on, whilst I slouch my Hat, and practice the Air of Country-Booby of Quality to improve thy Admiration.

Cunning. Harkee; prithee let me ask thee a civil Question: Hast no made some Nokes of Quality here about *Richmond* drunk, and stole his Clothes, hah?

Quick. No, ye Rogue; tho' I am your Brother in Wit, I am no kin to ye in Mischief. I love to give occasion for Men's Wonders; and there's a Mystery in this Habit, *Ned*, surpasses all your Cunning to find out. But come, to examine now in my turn: Prithee, what Project hast thou now a foot here at *Richmond*? For by this comical Disguise, there must be something more than ordinary. What stanch Fool hast thou to Cuily out of his Money? Or, what half-Fool out of Meat, Drink, and Lodging, hah?

Cunning. Why to tell thee the Truth, I am intrigu'd here with a Son of a Whore, who is also the Son of a Knight, and have (thus equipp'd as I am) been with him to Night upon a Frolick.

Quick. Intrigu'd was an admirable Word there; for thy Bubbles are all us'd like common Whores; when thou hast had thy Pleasure of 'em they are

[2]

left to their Fortune. Well, and this Compound makes up one substantial Fool; hah?

Cunning. Yea, verily; Fools, half Fools, and such like, are *Cunnington's* Real Estate; and sometimes I've the luck to have a Wit to provide my Personal. I am a true *Terrae Filius*, and flourish by the Abuse of Mankind wanting seldom or never Matter to work upon: But if some malignant Planet should reign, whenever you hear that I am out of Fool, you may reasonably conclude too that I am out at Elbows.

Quick. A little Hardship is a good Whetstone to make Wit sharp; and we poor Fellows, *Ned*, that live by'em, like Black birds, thrive best in hard Weather: For not being born to Estates for our selves, Fortune has dispos'd' em to others with weaker

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Brains for us to manage. Now I improve my Talent by Love, Compliance, Insinuation, &c. I love every body, and every body loves me: I oblige all People; I mimick this or that Sot in Company, to humour perhaps one that's a worse himself. I flatter and sing to the Women, to get their Tongues on my side too: And now and then when I am desir'd by some rich Booby that's worth the managing, I can turn my Face into a Changling Grimace, and act like *Solon* in the Play; when, as I hope to be sav'd, I'm all the while bant' ring him, and thinking him the more comical *Solon* of the two, as a Man may say.

Cunning. Why this is an artful Method, I confess; but, for my part, if I should practice it, I should starve: For to tell the truth, I love no body; nay, what's worse, can hardly counterfeit common Courtesie to the World. The reason is, I hate all People that I think happier than my self: If that Man has a fine Coach, I wish his Horses may sounder; if this has a pretty Wife, I wish him a plaguy fit of the Stone, and my self a bed with her: If a third has a rich Cargo in a Ship, or a fourth a delicate House, I wish one may be sunk to the bottom, and t'other burnt to the ground.

Quick. Ha, ha, ha; and incomparable Humour 'faith.

Enter Marmalet, and *whispers* Quickwit, and *Exit.*

Well, *Ned*, I see thou art now about some new Project, and 'twould do thee and injury to keep thee longer from thy Vocation, therefore I'll leave thee.

Cunning. Ah, Brother, I smell your drift; my Grannum there must be Harbinger to some notable Intrigue. Come 'faith, impart, I'll assist thee; I'm good at it thou know'st.

Quick. Ay, but this is a secret only proper for my Sphere of Activity; besides, I have had this Advice formerly, keep Cunnington from thy Secret and thy Mistress, or he'll certainly endeavour to betray the one, and debauch the other; and so no more wheedling, good Brother. Ha, ha, [Exit] farewell, farewell.

Cunning. This Rogue has some profitable Design on foot, that's most certain; and now I think on't, it may be as profitable to me to over reach him in it. 'Gad, I'm a strange odd sort of a Fellow, I do not only envy

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

a Man that's richer than I am, but that's wittier too; and would by my Good will engross all the Money in the World, and all the Sense too. Now is my Head as full of mischievous Contrivance, as a young Thief that is just going to do his Probation Exploit; and from my Brain I have present information, That the Old Woman that was here just now, is wove in *Quickwit's* Design: I'll after, and dog her; these old Runts are as leaky as Sieves: And if I can, by speaking *French* giberish pretending to be a *German* Astrologer, get o tell her her Fortune, all the rest of her Secrets shall quickly be laid open. Humph, this may turn to good advantage of my side too, and be more valu'd, as flowing from the Fountain of my own Wit: I hate the poor Satisfaction of being oblig'd to Fortune for a Benefit. That still appears to me the sweetest Gain, That Springs from the rich Soil of my own Brain. [Exit]

Enter Frederick with Quickwit.

Fred. My Noble Lord de la *Fool*, your Lordship's most Obedient- Ha, ha, ha! Why 'faith, *Tom*, I think we have equipp'd thee with as decent a Garb as any Whimsical Peer of 'em all need to wear. Prithee cock thy Hat, and strut a little more.

Quick. Oh, Pox, I can do that well enough: But how to act the Madman right, and bubble the Doctor, there will be the difficulty.

Fred. Oh, prithee, affront not thy own Abilities: Thou wert a rare Mimicker at the University, I remember, and I'm sure canst not lose thy Talent so soon: Besides, this is a Doctor for the purpose; Positive, Ignorant, and casie to be impos'd on; one that having a long Worm in his own Pate, solidly believes he can cure it in other Men's. He was first Apothecary of a Physick Garden; but happing to cure the Son of a great Statesman that had crack'd his Braings with studying to out do his Father, in out witting the French Councils, got himself into Money and Reputation, and is now, forsooth, President of the Insanery.

Quick. And are you sure the young Lady will help me out a pinch, and that the only counterseits her self mad for your fake?

Fred. Most certainly. I have told thee nothing but Truth, upon my Honour. Oh, she's the Soul, the Miracle of her Sex:

Young, yet discreet, without Ill-nature witty,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Rich without Pride, and without Art is pretty.

Besides, I have often, as a Lesson, told thee, That Sir Charles, her Father –in-Law and Guardian, being always and inveterate Enemy to our Family; and designing her for his own Son, has forc'd me this Artifice of thy Assistance, and that sweet Angel to frustrate all other Pretensions, to act a witty Scene of Lunacy.

Quick. Your Brother Sir *Quibble Quere*, you tell me, is to be bubbled too; so that I find I'm to divide my Brains into three several projects: First, to disappoint the Guardian: Secondly, to banter the Doctor: And, thirdly, to make a meer Ass of your Brother, to pay a friendly Tribute to your Wit. As I take it, Sir, this is my Charge.

Fred. Thou hast hit it, dear Tom 'tis so. He's but my half-Brother

[4]

thou know'st, and can claim but little Obligation upon the score of Affinity. Besides, he's a Block-head, and I have only hedg'd him into his Business to stand buff with his Purse upon occasion, and pay the Expence of it. My Mother did me manifest wrong by crossing the strain. Her last Husband, old Sir *Quibble Quere*, was, for above thirty Years together, an old Court Follower; but of to harmless a Character, that tho' he never better'd himself, he hindred no one else, being always like a Turn stile, standing in every body's way, and hindering no body. He was also called here, *The Teizer* of Richmond, and would ask you more foolish Questions in a quarter of an Hour, than a hundred wise Men could answer in a Year: And this Brother of mine is his own, by this Light. See, yonder he comes. I have told him I've employ'd thee, and prepar'd him aptly for the Business — Now if thou can'st but answer silly Questions briskly, thou win'st him for ever.

Enter Sir Quibble.

Sir Quib. Brother, good Morrow t'ee.

Fred. Oh Brother, your humble Servant, y'are well met, we have been contriving here for ye; this is the honest Gentleman I told ye of.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Sir Quib. I this Mr. *Quickwit*, Brother, that I saw when I was at London, he that mimick'd the Madman so comically.

Fred. This is that very ingenious Person, Brother. [Salute here.]

Sir Quib. Oh dear! Well, I'll say't, he did it purely. Sir, your humble Servant.

Quick. Sir, I am yours extreamly.

Sir Quib. Ha, ha, ha, you have dress'd him to a T, I see Brother.

Fred. As the Noble Family of the *De-la-Fools* ought, Brother.

Sir Quib. Ha, ha, ha: And pray, Sir, when did you come to Town? Who was your Bedfellow last Night? Which is your Inn? And what have you for Dinner to Day, Sir?

Fred. Four as pretty pertinent Questions as a Man could wish to answer.

Quick. Why, Sir, I came to Town yesterday, half an Hour, half a Quarter, and seven Seconds past Five in the Afternoon: I lodge at Boddycotts, at the Red Lyon: I have a good Rump of Beef and Carrots for my Dinner: I lay with one *Nick Fiernface*, and honest Attorney of Spale-Inn, and had like to have lain with a pretty Blackey'd Cook maid, belonging to the House: And there's an Answer over plus for once to oblige ye, Sir.

Sir Quib. Why merry be thy Heart, thou'rt a pure Fellow, I'll sayt. And prithee who hast left behind thee in London now?

Fred. There's another very pretty Question.

Quick. Why faith, about three or four Millions I believe, Sir; I could not well spare time enough to take all their Particulars.

Sir Quib. And prithee how does the Play- House? How does Mr. Betterton and my old Firend, Mr. Nokes? Prithee when did he play Sir Martin last, hah? Does Mr. *Sandford* Act the Villain frill, prithee? And jolly *Cave Un Ierbill in Epsom Wells*? How does my Comical Justice do, hah?

Quick. Hold, hold, Sir, you're to fast upon me; be pleased to couple

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

your Questions, and I'm at your Service; but for so many of em together, 'Gad I ha'n't half Memory enough, Sir.

Fred. Ds' life, thou flagg' st already; hold out briskly, Mari. [Aside]

Quick. Damm him, I begin to be in a Sweat. [Aside to Fred]

Sir *Quib.* And how does Mrs. Barry Act now, hah?

Quick. Oh to a Miracle Sir – There he was pretty reasonable [Aside]

Sir *Quib.* She plays the Queen in the *Spanish Fryar* better than any Woman in *England*: I'll say't, I had rather see her wag after the Fidlers in the Procession there, than see another Coronation ad'sdiggers. And Mr. Powel, what's he doing prithee, hah?

Quick. Hah; the Devil hah ye — 'Sdeath, here will be no end of this doing: Why how the Devil should I know, unless I cou'd conjure.

Sir *Quib.* I mean, what new Part is the studying? Ad'snigs, that Powel's a very pretty Fellow. Where lies the Scene I wonder? what's the Humour on't? and how does the contrive?

Quick. Hey day, Where? What? and How? nay faith, Sir, if you don't stand to your Article of coupling your Questions, I can be no longer your Interpreter; and so your Servant. Oh – [Fans himself.]

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha, there's one Bowen too, a notable Joker, hah?

Sir *Quib.* Prithee excuse me now, 'tis so long since I was in Town, that I even long to hear of all the new things.

Quick. Not all at a time, I beseech ye, Sir; the rest will be a new Diversion for you to morrow.

Sir *Quib.* No, faith, I must have 'em now. And Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, prithee where is the now?

Fred. Ay, ay, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*: Come, Tom, your Answer quickly.

Quick. So he has set me a conjuring agen.

Sir *Quib.* Well, I'll say't she Acts Statira curiously. From every Pore of him a Perfume falls. [Speaks this affectedly]

He kisses softer than a Southern Wind: Curles like a Vine; and touches like a God. When I was last at the Play, and she was saying of this, my Mouth I'll say't, went to and

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

agen, to and agen, as fast as hers, and repeated it after her so loud, that all the People in the Pit thought I was bewitch'd.

Quick. Ay, and the Devil take me if I don't think thee bewitch'd now.

Sir *Quib.* Then there's Mr. *Dogget*, that Acted Solon so purely, O Lord, what's become of him, prithee? And then, I'll say't, there's Mr. Bowman, and Mr. Bright, and Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Hains; and tho last, not least in Love, the only remaining Branch of the old Stock, honest Mr. Kinaston. So Men in Thunder quit the open Air, Because the angry Gods are then abroad. Oh, he has a rare way with him, I'll say't, and a numer besides these, that I have forgor; Prithee, How, and Which, and What, and Where, and Why, and When, -

Quick. Whiew! Nay then your Servant I' faith.

[6]

Fred. S'death, come away immediately, here's Sir *Charles* and the Doctor coming down the Hill; away Tom, I have some more Instructions to give you yet.

Quick. Ay, with all my Heart, I shall be blunderbuss's with Wheres, and Whats, and Whensense — A Plague of his Epileptick Visage, he's gaping for another Queere I see. [Exeunt Fred and Quick.]

Sir *Quib.* Pox take him, I had above Twenty Questions more ready, but especially about *Hains*, and his Fortune-telling; 'gad I will know something about that I'm resolv'd, for that's a Material Point. [Exit]

Enter Sir Charles, Guiacum, and Christopher.

Sir *Char.* Therefore, as I was saying, Doctor, look well to your Patient, she is not only my Daughter-in-Law and Ward, but the Darling Jewel of my Life, the Treasury of my Son's Hopes too, an Heiress worth Fifty thousand Pounds, who, had not this delirious Accident hapned, should have been this Hour happy in his Embraces by Marriage.

Guia. Fear not, Sir, my Care and Medicines will work the desired Effect.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Sir Char. Madness, Doctor, is but a more extravagant sort of Wit, caused by the excessive Heat in the Brain: I studied the very Point many Years ago, in the Colledge at *Barcelona*; 'tis but the Skill of cooling the Part, and the Patient presently recovers.

Guiac. Ay, but, Sir, this is a new Case, and I must do it specifically; for she is very obstinate, and will take no Medicines; nor do I resolve to make her Blood serment, by putting her into a Rage about it, she has Fire enough already; for about the Age of Eighteen the Heat predominates extreamly in her Sex; and then, if ever they are inflected, they become strongly delirious.

Sir Char. Your Reason, Doctor?

Guiac. Why, Sir, at the Age the warm Quality of their Blood, fermented by the force and vigour of the Animal Spirits, naturally make'em half mad: To remedy which there are bnut Two ways, which are either to get them Husbands just in the Nick, or for want of such Provision to send 'em to me.

Sir Char. Why, God a mercy Doctor, this old Fellow is too Lepid to be a Whoremaster sure: If this hoary Elder should be a Rogue now, and make use of a natural Recipe to cure my Daughters Madness, my Son and I were finely serv'd.

Guiac. Farewel, Sir, I'll make as quick a Cure of your Daughter as I can, because I very suddenly expect a Noble Lord under my Custody. Adieu.

Sir Char. This jealous Humour of mine is a great Fault: Here's a poor old Fellow, that is so much a Cripple, he can scarce drag his Legs after him, and yet I must suspect him for a Whoremaster. Well, I must go after and humour him, least when he has cur'd my Daughter, he should, in revenge, Introduce new Suitors to her, and so baffle my Son's Designs; who I, think, I see coming down the Hill yonder, - Ay, 'tis he, and two more with him; they seem in hot Dispute; I'll stay a little while longer to observe. [Stands aside].

[7]

Enter Tom Romance, Hotspur, Rice ap Shinken, and Boy.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

T. Rom. But prithee, a Pox on thee Will, what a Devil ails thee that thou art so averse to my way of intriguing when I tell thee, Women, dear Women, are the only Comforts of my Life, I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep well without 'em? And my *Welch Cousin Rice ap Shinken* here is of my own Humour to Hair; he chuckles at a White Petticoat like a Turkeycock at a Red one; he's the very Devil at a Wench; *Cat after kind*, as the Proverb has it, the Britains were all Whoremaster from the beginning.

Rice. The *Shinkins* was peare as create Lovers to the pretty Omans, that is fery true; the plack Eyes, with the plack Eyebrows, was goot; and when her sees the Red Lip, the White Skin, and the soft Pubby, then Shinkin's Heart was peat, peat, peat, like a Drum, by Cadwallader.

Hotsp. Peat, peat, peat! What a Plague can any one above the Degree of a Kitchin, love a Fellow that makes Fritters of English, as Falstaffe says? A Welsh Beau, with a Head as barren as the Mountains in his own Country. Ha, ha, ha, I'll ne'er believe it, I'm resolv'd to abuse these Puppeys for dear *Frederick's sake*, whom I know they hate. [Aside]

Rice. The Muntains in her Country was fery goot Mountains, and breed fery goot Sheep and Coats, look you, and if Williams is Cholericks, that is not much, her will laugh and be merry, look you, if *Williams* is Cholerick, he, he, he, ha.

T. Rom. Ay, ay, Will, you must not think to beat us out of conceit with our selves with drolling: 'Gad I know a Lord's Wife near St. *James's* that's ready to die for me; she says, of all charming things in the Universe she admires my Nose.

Hotsp. Ridiculous! I'll neer believe such a Satyr upon the Sex: Why there's not a Negro in Town but can fit her with a better.

Sir Char. Oh, I know him now, this is Hotspur, one of Frederick's Fiends and the Enemy of our Family. [Aside]

Rice. There is likewise, look you, Williams, the young sweet, sharming, pretty Daughter to a crete Shudge yonder, that is in love with Shinkin for his Leg, look you; here is the Symetry, here is the Shape, here is the Calf, look you, and here is the Small, sery goot.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Hosp. Leg! 'Oons, I have seen a handsomer upon a Gate for High Treason, after it has stuck parching in the Sun above a Twelvemonth.

Sir Char. Why does not that Welch Runt give him three or four Kicks now with that Leg the Lady is so in Love with? Sure this will come to something anon; now I shall see what Mettle the Boy has. [Aside].

Rice. Now *William* is *Cholerick's* agen, ha, ha, ha. Harkee, do you know me, *Williams*?

Hosp. Know thee? oh yes, thou art his Ape, both things so contemptible with the Women, that——

Rice. Look you, *Williams* if Apes be Signals of Affronts and Disparagements, splut her shall not find Shinkin so tame.

T. Rom. Phoo, prithee don't mind whay he says, Cousin *Rice*: Come here's that shall undeceive him presently — Look Will, to prove to thee

[8]

what a Favourite I am with that dear, dear *Sex*, I will shew thee some Favours from 'em; for, to say Truth, I never took any true Pleasure in and Intrigue with a Woman, it I had not the Satisfaction of Exposing her to my Friend.

Hosp. Well said, trusty Knight, the Woman has blest her self with a true Friend of thee in the mean time.

T. Rom. Why, I enjoy n'em to secresie, Man, so that she's secure enough in Conscience, as I will thee now; therefore be sure you don't tell any Body; D'ye hear?

Hosp. Faith, but I will, Sir, if you tell me any thing.

Sir Char. S'death, not draw yet! What a Plague do's he mean? [Aside].

T. Rom. Pshaw, pshaw, that's all one, I'll trust thee for all that, Faith; why, I've a thousand things to divert thee with, Man; and, 'Gad take me, have the greatest Pleasure in the World in telling 'em: First then here's a Billet Deux, from my Lord *Awekings's* Daughter, a great Man at Court, and a swinging Politician, who, having more Business in his Head than to mind his Daughters, gave me opportunity at the Musick-meeting at London, to make an Intrigue; and the Creature is now grown so fond, that my Father

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

was fain to design a Wife for me, here at Richmond, to divert me. Thou shalt hear what she writes: *Sweet, Sweet, sweet Tomme, canst thou find in thy Heart to be so long away from thy dear, deare, deare Betty? Ah, sweet Creature! – ‘Gad, I believe I shall wear the Paper to a Cobweb with kissing it. [Reads the letter]*

Hots. S’ death, can there be so simple a Creature in Nature?

T. Rom. Prithee mind me. *I swear I never go to Bed but I dream of thee, nor ever rise without crying: My dear, sweet, heavenly Tomme is always in my Thoughts: And if his poor Betty were half so much in his, I’m sure he would come this Night through the Boards of the little House in the Garden to see her as he us’d to do.* That was our way of meeting, you must know; and, ‘Gad, I have been plaguely incommoded sometimes to get cleanly to her. But didst ever hear any thing so Soft and Tender? hah!

Hots. Never any thing so Silly before, the Devil take me.

Sir Char. Agen and Affront! Now where’s the first Pass, now *Tom?* [Aside]

Rice. There is crete deale of Doubts, and Jealousies, and Pribbles, and Prabbles, which shew Loves and Affections, look you.

T. Rom. Then, in the second place, here is a Garter of *Sir Thomas Wittal’s* Lady’s, here at Cue, taken from above her Knee with my own Hand I’ll swear; a Locket, from pretty Peggy, Daughter to one *Quicksilver* a Goldsmith, at the Cawdle Cup in *Lombard-street;* a Picture, from dear Jenny Flippant, a rich Widows Niece in the old Pall-Mall; a Roman Glove, from sweet Lady *Susanna Simple,* in Sr. James’s Square. And more to shew ye that I deal with all degrees of Females, come hither, Sirrah, there’s a piece of delicate Point, from *Moll* a Sempstress in the *New- Exchange,* to make me a Crevat; and a Head of curious bright Hair, from my Lady Freckles Chamber-Maid, to make me a Peruke.

Sir Char. This is so like these young Rogues, to brag of their Mistresses Favours.

[9]

Hots. Red and rank as a Fox by Jove: Pox on thee, Bright, dost call it.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Rice. And, to shew ye that the Prittains are admir'd too, look you here was delicate green Leeks, sent by young Widows of her Cousin *Tomas ap Evan*, ap *Rice*, ap *Shones*, ap *Davy*, ap *Shinken*, as a Token of her Love, and to wear in her Cap upon St. Davy's Day. [Pulls out a great Leek].

Hots. Death, ye brace of Buffons, what d'ye te teize me with all this Stuff for?

Sir *Char.* How, Boffoon, 'Sdeath, and near a hole in his Guts yet? Oh, cowardly Villain!

T. Rom. Say, stay, I have two things more in my Fob here better than all; first here's a Bracelet of witty *Sophronia*'s; and, above all, a Seal, with a wounded Heart engrav'd upon Coral, of my deare, deare *Fulvia*'s.

Hots. Nay, then I'll no longer have Patience, therefore draw, for ye Lye.

Sir *Char.* The Lye; so, 'Gad I'll whip him through the Midriff my self, if he takes that.

Hots. For, first, *Sophronia* is a Woman of too much Sence to give a Bracelet to such an Insect: And, secondly, *Fulvia* is my Friends mistress, and has no Heart but for him. Come on, Pox, come both of ye.

Rice. Stand to her, Cousin; splut, her will shew her a *Welsh* Thrust. [T. Rom loyters back]

T. Rom. The Truth is, that last was a Lye; but since the Welsh- man's Blood's up. I'm resolv'd to vindicate it: Come, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Hold, hold Tom, and Cousin come you back, tho, his Insolence deserves Chastisement, he shall not have it to the dishonor of our Family; I'll take it upon my self: Come on Sir, you that were so hot. [Offers to Fight]

Hots. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart.

Rice. Pray Unkle let hur go, hur has kill'd no Rascals since hur came from Wales.

T. Rom. Prithee, old Gentleman, get you o'th way, I'm in the humour of killing him.

Sir *Char.* Son *Tom*, it must not be: What's your Name, Sir? you are like to scape this time.

Hots. Why then a Pox on ye all, my Name's *Hotspur*, and you may see me at the Wells every Morning; and more, to provoke ye to take Satisfaction, know that I am

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Friend to *Frederick*, and will espouse his Interest in the Heiress to the last; and so adieu.
[Exit.]

Sir *Char.* Ay, 'tis so, 'tis this rick Heiress is the cause of all these Brawls; but come Son, since thou hast me of thy side, be confident, Policy as well as the Sword shall secure her to thee: For above all the World's great benefits, a Wife is best in her good Circumstances.

*To follow Wars abroad may Honour bring,
'Tis brave Preferment there, to serve the King.*

T. *Rom.* But a rich Heiress here's, a Heavenly thing.

[10]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, Hotspur, Quickwit, and Numps.

[*Sophronia discover'd at a distance, reading.*]

Fred. A true Friend is the most solid Good a Man can possess in this World: And tho', dear Will, I ought extreamly to thank thee for abusing those two Fools for my sake, yet I could wish Sir *Charles* had been absent, least this new occasion of distaste may cause him to be more vigilant, and so hinder our Plot upon the Heiress.

Hotsp. Faith, dear *Fred*, I beg thy Pardon with all my Heart if I did amiss, but the Devil take me if I could contain my self after hearing such a Preposterous deal of Impudence and Folly: I could have beaten them with a better Will than a Turk would a Christian Slave that he found had and Intrigue with his Wife or Daughter.

Quick. Well, well, let's to the Proof, I long, methinks, to be acting my Madman: And as for Numps here, he'll do his part to a Miracle, I have taught him his Lesson perfectly.

Fred. What, my Lord de la Fool's old Serving man, he has hit the Family Beard to a Hair I see, and 'tis impossible he should miscarry; for I am privately inform'd the Doctor knows neither of them by sight, and has only heard of a Son of the Countesses that was mad, and suddenly to be brought to him as a Patient.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Quick. The Letter I have given him there expresses all that. But be sure to remember your Canting West Country Tone, *Numps*, and your by-word, ‘Odsworkers.

Numps. Well, well, Why thou canst no think, mun, che can forget as zoon as chave learn’d it: Why zure chant a bin a Schollard zo long but that che can con my Lesson, ‘Odsworkers: What, does the Mon take me for a Vool? Umph.

Fred. Admirably well, *Numps*, and there’s a Guinea to encourage thee.

Hosp. The Rogue mouths it as if he had been bred at Taunton-Dean indeed.

Fred. Well then, away both to your Tasks: Oh, I long to have the Event answer the Expectation; get her but off, *Tom*, and the promis’d Five hundred Pounds shall be as ready as the joyful Minute.

Quick. I us’d to be successful in these Matters: But if I should return now, like a maim’d Tarpawling from a Sea-Fight, with a Leg or an Arm lost in your Service, you can’t do less than procure me a Place in the Hospital.

Fred. Ah, never fear, there’s no such danger.

Hosp. No, no, the worst on’t can be but a dozen or two of Kicks, a Cudget, a Rib or two broke, or so, that’s all.

[11]

Quick. Ay, ay, that’s a small Matter, you know. Well, what ere comes on’t, I’m resolv’d to venture; and so Fortune for us: Come along *Numps*.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha: Now shall I be as impatient till I have an Account of this Rogue’s Proceedings, as a young Heir that hears his niggardly Father is sick, is, till he hears he’s dead.

Hosp. If my Eyes dazzle not, yonder’s a Subject very proper to improve your Patience, a Lady, Fred, a reading.

Fred. *Sophronia*, as I live; ay, Will, this is a Lady indeed, the Wonder of her time: Dost know her?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Hotsp. Not to Intimacy, and yet enough to hear of your Worship's former Intrigue with her. What a strange Fellow wert thou to desert so fine a Lady? I've heard there was a Contract between ye.

Fred. Some slight Papers, I think, which I know her Pride is too great ever to expose, or call me to an account for. Besides, what's a Promise, when put in Competition with Fifty thousand Pounds, Will? No, no, she was too wife for me, her Wit was always too Satyrical; a quality I could never suffer in a Woman: She'd conjure me with Morals out of *Seneca*; and run me down an hour or two together in Argument on the Towns Common Vices; nay, and whay I hated worse than all the rest, tho'all her Friends knew well enough she lov'd me, her Pride, that was too great to let her own it, would make her always use me ill before 'em.

Hotsp. They call her here in *Richmond*, *The Female Plain Dealer*.

Fred. They do so, and justly too, for she takes as much Pride in speaking blunt Truths, as the rest of her Sex do in studying quaint Lyes. But see, the Walk begins to sill, here's more of the Tribe coming.

Enter Squemish, and Mrs. Stockjobb with a Lampoon.

And if I am not mistaken, Will, there's one of your Acquain tance, if you ha'n't forgot your little French Pinnacle you us'd to brag of so, Mrs. *Stockjobb*.

Hotsp. Forget her! 'D'sdeath, I should as soon forget my Sex; why she's my All, Man, my Estate Real and Personal: She came hither first as a Protestan Refugee, and full of seeming Sancity, but betwixt thee and I, Fred, a very Cheat: She's Dick Stockjobb's Wife, 'tis true, but a Meet-help to me alone, *Fred*.

Fred. I have heard of that City-Fool, they say he got all his Estate by drawing in worse Fools than himself to lay Wagers, this Siege, or that Battle, this Fight at Sea, or that on Shore; and for the late City Crimp of *Stockjobbing*, a very Dragon, tho in other Matters poor, sneaking, and uxorious; and the French Woman, I hear, manages him rarely. But, prithee, who is t'other, by her fantastical Behaviour that must be some extraordinary Creature too?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Hotsp. Oh, she's a Rarity of another kind, one Madam *Squeamish*, she's a Native of *Richmond* here, very fantastic and impertinent, as thou sayst; for which she has every Summer a new Lampon made of her, that does so teize her, that she grows lean upon't, and can't forbear expressing her Resentments in all Companies.

Fred. Well, Sir, I'll leave you to their Management, and the rather, because I see yonder Philosophical Lady is turning this way, and I am not at present armed for a Rencounter. Farewell; we'll meet at Night at the *Red Lyon*. [Exit Frederick.]

Hotsp. What Paper's that they are so busie upon? I'll stand aside and listen.

Squeam. Was there ever so barbarous a Disappointment, Cousin! Expecting a Letter this Morning from the dear, dear Man I admire beyond all earthly Joy, my Maid brings me this, with the sold and visage of a Billet *deux*; but, oh horrid! I had no sooner open'd it, and prepar'd to feast my longing Eyes with what they expected, but, fogh! what does it prove to be, but an odious Lampon, and the most nauseous filthy thing that ever was heard, as I'm a Virgin!

Mrs. *Stock.* Dis is now de Barbarity of your Nation: In France we have no Scandal, no Affront, noting *mal à propos*: You may sing, you may dance, you may keep de bon Companee, vid dis great Lord, or toder Gentleman; and yet dere is no dam Lampon. *Diable!* if de Autor had dare abuse me so, by dis Hand I vould find him out, and murder him.

Squeam. Why then you must find him out, and murder him, Cousin; for hear you are for your Comfort, and swingingly.

Mrs. *Stock.* By my Faitede Fellow dat did say dis, is de very dam Rascal in the whole Varle; I vill poison him, I vill hang, I vill have his Trote cut, by dis Hand.

Squeam. But pritheee, Cousin, who is this Hotspur that they slander you with?

Hotsp. 'D'sdeath, I can forbear no longer! Why, Madam, this Hotspur is forth coming, if your Ladiship has any use for him. By your leave, good Madam: Pray let me inspect his Paper a little. [Rushes out, and snatches the Paper.] Damme, if any Rascal has abus'd us, I'll maul him.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Mrs. *Stock*. He here; vat fall me do now! Us! vat your mean, Sir? I know you not; you are de Stranger to me.

Squeam. Oh fie, Cousin; pray don't let my Company cause a breach of Acquaintance. Come, you must own him a little.

Hosp. Pox! prithee don't stand upon Punctilio's now, Fubbs, but help me to find out this damn'd Poet. I'll teach him to Lampon me: I'll slaughter him, by Heaven.

Squeam. Why really, Sir, 'tis a horrid brutal Trick these Fellows have got: A Woman can't enjoy her Youth in a degree a little above the Vulgar, but, oh horrid! she's presently popp'd into a Lampon. I did but innocently regale my self t'other day, amongst other choice Female Friends, at my Lady Goodfellow's, with a Glass or two of Hockamore, and if

[13]

the beastly Poet, in his next Paper, did not say I was drunk there, I'm no Christian! O filthy!

Here Sophronia comes between 'em.

Soph. Your Servant, Mrs. *Squeamish*, nay, I have heard all, and as a Friend to Justice and Morality, although unask'd, must give you my Opinion too.

Squoam. She hear! oh horrid! nay, then we shall be teiz'd to death. She has more Tongue than twenty Lawyers, and rails with more Malice than a at *Oxford*, that has been just expell'd the University.

Mrs. *Stock*. Dis is ver Devil of a Woman: I must wheedle her, dere is no oder way. Your most humble and obedient Slave, dear Madam.

Sophr. Oh no Ceremony, good Mrs. *Stockjobb*: But, Mrs. *Squeamish*, prithee why art thou so mortally offended at this Lampon? Methinks the Poet speaks very honestly.

Squeam. Honestly, madam! What, to say I was drunk? Oh filthy!

Sophr. Drunk indeed was a little too uncourtly: Mellow had been a good Word there; for to my knowledge there were six Quarts drunk in two hours time between four of ye, besides my Lady's farewell-Bottel of *Aqua mirabilis*. Her fat Ladiship I hear set a

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

great while before the Sun; and for the rest of ye, your Tongues were all as glib as a Consort of Midwives at a City-Christ ning.

Mrs. *Stock*. Vell, dis I must say of de French, Dey are de most temperate People in the whole Varld; l'Homme du Cour delights in noting but de cool Mead, de Tizzan, or de Sherbet vid Ice.

Sophr. Yes, the comfortable Usquebagh, the refreshing Spirit of Clary, or sometime the cool Brandy and Burrage, good Mrs. *Stockjobb*.

Mrs. *Stock*. Oh fie, fie, fie, Madam; de Brandy is de Regale for de Dutch, not de French: Here is de strange difference, De Brandy vill make de French-man as dull as de Dog, and de Dutch man to fight like de Deevil: Beside, our Native are given to make Love mush, vich is great Enemy to Drink. De English-man vill come drunk to his Metress, break her Window, tear her Commode, and kick her Lap-Dog, vhen de French man dare no coush one Hair of his Tail, but look like de Fool, and sigh. Dere is de difference agen, all is Cringe, all Obeisance; dere is no Huff, no mal Visage, no Pesantry in France, may For.

Squeam. But will you vindicate a Lampoo, Madam? oh horrid!

Mrs. *Stock*. A filthy Libel dat sall sawzily affront le Femme du Qualité, and have de impudence to expose -.

Sophr. To expoe the good Man your Husband's Cuckoldom, and your close Intrigue with this *Hotspur* that is mention'd there; that indeed is very fawcy, Mrs. *Stockjobb*.

Hotsp. So there's a Bob for me again. Nay, nay, good Madam, turn the Tide of your satirical Vein another way, I don't like this kind of Railery.

[14]

Sophr. Oh, cry ye mercy, Sir, your need not tell me your Sentiments; I know and honest Reflection must needs be Rhubarb to a Man of your Kidney and Character.

Hotsp. My Character! why what's my Character, Madam?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Sophr. Why troth, Sir, no very good one; and since you'll have it told 'tis — let me see, A lewd, vain, noisie, impertinent, drunken, roaring, de bauch'd Character.

Hotsp. So, so, she has fitted me for asking Questions.

Sophr. Come, Sir, for once I'll be a little satirical, and venture to describe the course of life of all you Men of the Town: In the Morning the first thing you do is, to reflect on the debauch of the Day before; and instead of saying your Prayers as you ought, relate the lewd Folly to some other young rakehelly Fellow, that happens to come to your Leve: The next thing is to dine, where instead of using some witty of moral Discourse that should tend to improvement, you finish your Desert with a Jargon of fenceless Oaths, a relish of ridiculous Bawdy, and strive o get drunk before ye come to the Play.

Hotsp. The Devil's in her; she has nick'd us to a Hair.

Sophr. Then at the Play-House ye ogle the Boxes, and dop and bow to those you do not know, as well as those you do. Lord! what a world of sheer Wit too is wasted upon the Vizard-Masks! who return it likewise back in as wonderful a manner. You nuzzle your Noses into their Hoods and Commodoes, just for all the world like the Picture of *Mahomet's* Pigeon, when he gave the false Prophet his ghostly Instructions. Fogh! how many fine things are said there, perfum'd with the Air of four Claret! which the well-bred Nymph as odoriferously returns in the scent of *Lambeth-Ale* and *Aqua vitae*.

Hotsp. 'D's heart, what shall I do! I shall ne'er have patience to hear this.

Sophr. Then at Night ye graze with the hard-driven Cattel you have made a purchase of at the Play, and strut and hum up and down the Tavern with a swashy Mien, and a terrible hoarse Voice, which the Lady (to engage your liking) returns with some awkward Frisks, instead of Dancing, and a Song in a squeaking Voice, as untenable as a broken Bagpipe. Then supper coming in, the Glasses go about briskly. The Fools think the Wenches heavenly Company, and they tell them they are extream fine Gentlemen; 'till at last few Words are best, the Bargain's made, the Pox is cheaply purchas'd at the price of a Guinea, and no repentance on neither side. What think ye, Sir, am I not a rare Picture drawer?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Hosp. 'Faith yes, Madam, and must sure have been a Practiser you self, you have done it so exactly. 'D' s death! no Help yet! Oh, here comes *Stockjobb*; this was lucky: I shall be reliev'd now, sure.

[15]

Enter *Stockjobb* and *Sir Quibble*.

Stock. Hoh, honest Will, good morrow to thee; good morrow, Cousin, Siss, and Madam your Servant, and so forth What, and *Pegry* here too! Why how now, little *Pogr*! how does my *Deery*! how does my *Fawn*, my *Pricket*, my *Duck*, my *Dove*, and so forth. Well, does *Richmond-Air* agree with thee? Does little *Hans-in kelder* kick yet? Hah, *Pogry*? *Prithee* how dost like the Prospect? Is 't not a sweet Place, and so forth.

Mrs. Stock. Ony, *par ma* Foy is it de ver fine Place. Dicky, we have valk dis morning as far as de Mount; dere is de Grove just by de River *tout charmant*, vere is de most rare place to lie and sleep in, *Dicky*.

Sophr. And to make ye a Cuckold in, *Dicky*. [Mimicking her.]

Stockj. Ha, ha, ha! Oh your Servant, Madam, *Sophronia*, are you so brisk already with yout Jokes, and so forth? D'ye hear, *Pogry*? Madam *Sophronia* is at her Jokes slapdash this morning.

Squeam. Ay, Cousin, she has been breathing her self upon us.

Hosp. Her Ladiship's out of danger of a Tiffick for this Season, I'll warsant her.

Sir Quib. They talk as if she had been beating 'em all, I'll say't. Pray, Madam, why do they talk at this rate? Where lies the Jest on't? What is the meaning of your high Discourse? And when will you Raffle at the Wells again, Madam?

Sophr. Fool —.

Sir Quib. Fool! that's nonsense. I'll say't. And why Fool, pray, Madam? What, and which, and where, and when, and —

Stock. Hold, hold, *prithree*, *Sir Quibble*, let me attack her, she call'd me Cuckold you know. Come, Madam, I'll stand ye fair, 'faith: Your Reason, your Reason; come slapdash away with it, and so forth.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Sophr. Why I have skill in Physiognomy, and see't in thy Face: All Humanes are allotted to some Fate or other, and thine is to be a Cuckold. The dimpled Slit there upon the Tip of thy Nose, and shaggy meeting of thy Pent-house Eye-brows, shew it plain. To be brief, a Lampon upon ye all were a meritorious Work: First you, Mrs. *Squeamish*, for always railing at it; and yet by your ridiculous Behaviour perpetually giving cause. Secondly, thee Knight, for being Friends with Fortune, that allots thee to be bubbled by thy younger Brother. Next you, Sir, for the intolerable Town-Vices of Drinking, Wenching, Gaming, *cum maltis aliis*, as I told you before Then you, good Protestant Refugee, for wheedling and cornuting your Dicky there; And last poor Dicky for running about the Town Wagering and Sockjobbing, when [Pogry] has a more proper Job for him to look afters and so fare wel t'ye.

[16]

Look Sharp, if thou' dst be free from future Scorns; [Pats him on the Pate, and Exit.]
The less thy Heed; the larger still thy Horns.

Stock. Hey, Slap dash, why she's as sharp as Vinegar this Morning, and so forth.

Sir Quib. Zooks, so she is, I'll say't: But why the Devil does she rail so: And where the Devil has she all her Wit I wonder?

Mrs. Stock. Dis Railery is too morose, she wants de French breeding extreamly.

Squeam. To vindicate a Lampon? O filthy!

Hotsp. Faith, *Dick*, Thour't a Fool if thou mind'st what she says, she uses her Father, Brothers and Sisters in this manner.

Stock. Not, I, slap dash, she may talk what she will, and so forth, I believe nothing against Pogry. Come Cousin, *Siss*, and Gentlemen, I invite ye all to Dinner to day, for little Pogry and I here, intend to have the Fiddles, and be merry. Hey, slap dash, I wow my Heart's as light as a Feather, for I have laid a World of good Wagers this Morning, I shall get five hundred Pounds by 'em I'm sure; besides Stock rises to a Miracle: And I've invented two such rare Projects for the improvement of Tabby Cats Skins for Ladies Muffs, and Spirit of Acorns to cure Agues, that the whole Exchange rings of it.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Come, there you shall know my Wagers too, and say of me, as that Eminent Common Council-man, some Years since, did to the then Lord Mayor, Oh how great a Grace from Heaven is a Wife Citizen! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Cunnington and Marmalet.

Marm. Well, as I'm a Christian, Sir, if what you have promis'd me prove to be true, you have made me the happiest Woman in the whole World.

Cun. Hold a your Tongue, and take care you no cross your Star: Come vere fall we be private?

Marm. Have but Patience a Minute, Sir, I'll only go and see what the Doctor is doing, and come and conduct ye immediately.

Cun. Make haste; vat you tink de Star vill stay for you.

Marm. I go, Sir, I go. [Exit Marm]

Cuning. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I find this is some old Waiting-woman belonging to this place, whom I have already turn'd the wrong side outward, with promising her a Husband: I have engaged to tell her Fortune, upon Condition she discovers all her Secrets to me: The first of which shall be, the Discovery of *Quickwit's* Design, which I am resolv'd to ruin, only for the dear sake of the Mischief that will come of it: I have frighted her damnably already;

[17]

I have made her believe I am the Son of the Devil upon a Lapland- Witch; and that if she obeys me, she shall live to be a Countess; but if not, she shall be brought to sell Save-alls and Card-matches, old Rags, and Small coal in her old Age, and, at last, die upon a Dunghill near Fleet-ditch. Here she comes, now to my Grimace agen.

Re-enter Marmalet.

Marm. Come, Sir, the Coast is clear now: Softly for Heaven's sake; for the Doctor is just coming up.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Cun. If he dare come in my presence, I will conjure him –

Marm Bless me!

Cun. Vat you pray! Zoon, Let me no hear you pray – go, get you gone. [Exeunt.]

Enter Guiacum with a Letter, Sir Charles, T. Romance, Shinken, and Numps.

Guiac. Well, Friend, the Countess has done me the Honour to inform me in her Letter here, that she relies upon my Skill and Experience to cure her Son, nor shall my diligence be wanting; but she writes me no Word here, whence the *Delirium* sprung: Prithoe how came his Brain distemper' d first; what Accident, what Cause, hah?

Numps. Odsworkers, and't like your Worship, all that I know is, they zay Maister *Toomas* was hugely in Love with one of his Lady Countesses Dairy Maids; and because they cross'd him, he dissolv'd with himself to vall stark mad upon't: Her Name was *Mopsee*, and't like ye, yow was parlous Jade, yow had a Skin an 'twere any Milk-pan, and a Vace as bright as a Pewter-dish; yow was vengenable handsome, Odswokers –

T. Rom. Odswoker, ha, ha, ha, damn him, What silly Clownish Booby have we got here?

Shink. He was come of the ancient Stock of the Pritains, I believe by his Peard: And look you, Cousin, if he is Pritains, he is Shentleman a course, and Shinken will syndicate his Honour.

T. Rom. His Honour, ha, ha, ha, why, hark'e, Cousin, the Beggars have lonb Beard are they all Gentlemen too?

Shink. Look you, Cousin, if they are Pritains, they are.

Sir *Char.* A Man of Quality! supposed to be well bred too, and run mad for a Dunghil-Drab, a Dairy-Wench! This is very odd. The Name of this unhappy Gentleman, good Doctor?

Guiac. Why, Sir, his Name is De la Fool, he's of the ancient Family of the De la Fool's of the South; their great Ancestor was a famous Officer under King Harold, who being routed by *William* the Conqueror, sell mad, and the Disease has more or less run in the Blood ever since: There is near them another Family of the *De la Wit's* too, that are craz'd at one time of the Moon; and indeed, it may be properly said, they divide her between 'em, one being mad in the Wax, and t'other in the Wane.

[18]

Sir *Char.* Nay, nay, 'tis a mad Age here too as well as in the South, and therefore I the less wonder at it, but my Daughter, Doctor, my Daughter, how does she recover?

Guia. More of that, Sir, presently — Go, Friend, and try if you can decoy my Lord hither: And go you, Christopher, and bid *Marmalet* bring her Lady too; there is no better Cure of Lunacy than by reflection, Sir Charles your Daughter's Distemper proceeding from disordered Love, makes her still vent the Effects upon the imaginary Persons; particularly I have observed four, of different Qualities, which are a Courtier, and Alderman, a Politician, and a Divine.

Sir *Char.* There were four that did formerly teize her for her Estate indeed; but proceed, good Doctor.

Guia. To footh her Malady therefore, and that I may the better time my Medicines, I have ordered four Persons always to stand ready to represent' em, which you and this Gentleman may now as naturally supply, for she distinguishes very little as yet. Pray stand in order; and, by the Life of Galen, 'twill make ye laugh heartily to see what Freaks she'll perform. Well, *Christopher*, is she coming? [Enter Christopher.]
Christ. Yes, Sir.

T. Rom. Why then may I never make a good Intrigue more, if this plaguy Doctor instead of a Cure upon me, would not make me run mad in a Week's time, if I were with him.

Shink. By his Prabbles and his Pratings, I think his Prains in as pad Conditions as his Patients, by St. Davy.

Guia. This new Madman, now being possessed with a Frenzy somewhat near his own, will very much assist her; therefore I resolve they shall be much together; for I have some reason to hope the worst is past, because she inclines to Musick, and will often sing very sensibly. Oh, here she comes, pray observe now.

Enter Fulvia madly dress'd, and Marmalet.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Fulv. Give me fresh Air, the Place is hot an soultry; the Rooms are warn'd with Lovers scorching Sighs that glow and breath upon me. Is there no remedy? Must I be crowded thus – Hah! Who's here? My cringing, complementing, comical, coxcomby Courtier agen, my perpetual Teizer, Sir *Thomas Spindle*: What Impudence is this? He has nothing but a silly Place at Court, 250 l. a Year, it won't buy me Pins: he can't settle four Groats upon me, and yet plagues me Four thousand times in an hour. Lord I how he looks too like a Death's – head in an Apothecaries Shop, his Lips pale, his Eyes sunk, and his Checks as thin as an Anatomy: A Cordial, a Cordial, Doctor, the Man's dying; did ye ever see a thing look so?

Guia. Lean, lean, Madam, as Lovers generally use to be: I'll advise him to get a pair of Plumpers against he comes next. She takes your Welsh Cousin for the Courtier, Sir *Charles*.

[19]

Marm. So now she's sake, I'll back agen to my Fortune- Teller. I was born to be a Countess, as I'm a Christian. [Aside and Exit.]

Sir *Char.* She has been horribly mad I find.

Shink. As March Hairs; look you, Uncle, that is the sery plain truth of Matters.

T. Rom. Pox on't, would she would get her Senses quickly, or give me leave to make Love to some body else: I am like a Fish out of the Water all this while, I can't live nor breath without intriguing; I've above forty Billet deux now ready seal'd that all stick upon my hands, 'Gad take me.

Fulv. Hah! Sure my Eyes dazzle, who comes next here, what the honourable and famous Politician, Mr. *Votewell*?

Guia. Pray observe, Sir, she takes your Son for a Politician.

Fulv. Indeed, Sir, you wrong your self and the Nation, to leave the Affairs of State for my sake, the French will certainly outwit us in your absence; nay, you shan't stay a minute longer, indeed you shan't. Go, go, [changing tone.] Sir, you must go, the Committee wants you – Fie! Fie! A Senator waste his Time in teizing one single

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Woman, when he may have the Opportunity of plaguing a whole Nation! Faith it shall never be said – Doctor, pray help me, we'll trust him out.

T. Rom. Ay, Gad, would ye would, I shall lose a rare Intrigue else. [Aside]

Guiac. Not so, good Madam, he's troubled with the Gout, and too quick a Motion may injure him; we'll send for a Chair: Hey, within there, fetch Mr. *Votewell* a Chair. [pushes him away.]

Fulv. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Oh! the intolerable Machinations of a conceited Statesman; but stay, what more solid Mischief is this approaches me, Hah! Sure 'tis impossible; what, Mr. *Alderman Niggle*? Nay, then I'm surprized indeed.

Guiac. Good! you are taken for the Alderman, Sir *Charles*, look grave and feed the Humour [To Sir Charles.]

Fulv. See how he has powder'd his Peruke, and smugg'd his old Face up with a pernicious Design to ruine me. Look how he frisks and hops about to shew me what heat and vigour remains in Sixty five: Ah! [Shrieks] Hands off, I'm resolv'd you shan't touch me; Fie, Fie, Fie, and old Fellow, and thus rampant: Ah – Ah- help, help, Doctor quickly, this Devil of an Alderman will ravish me.

Guiac. Oh! Fie, Fie, Madam, by the Life of *Galen*, there's no danger, the Alderman's too old.

Fulv. Look, he frisks, he dances, he jumps; hark'e d'ye hear him too, he says he stews his Gold-Chain in Harts horn Jelly, and drinks it every morning to make him lusty – Ah – he comes upon me agen, he will ravish me. He can ravish me, help, help.

Guiac. Oons, 'tis impossible, Madam, when did you ever hear of an Alderman that ravish'd any Body – If she were in her right Wits now, I should think she meant this as a Satyr upon the City, by the Life of *Galen*.

Sir Char. This is, indeed, the most fantastical Phrensie that ever I read or heard of: How long does it usually hold her.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Guia. Forty minutes together, sometimes more; I have weakned it to forty minutes by my skill, it formerly held her an hour.

T. Rom. To the dear, soft, white, pretty hand of that super-excellent Lady Mrs. *Gilliam* Gingerbread; ah, 'gad take me this billet should have been dispaatch'd away this very minute, and here am I playing the fool in a Mad-house.

Shink. Nay, pray you Cousins, have patience, she is engaged now with the Fellow in the Placks, look you, pray you let's hear.

Fulv. Oh, - Mr. *Tickletext* – [Groans and weeps.]

Guia. Observe now how the humour turns, now she is come to her Melancholy fir, and takes Christopher for a Parson.

Fulvia. Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, Wife Mr. *Tickletext*, that ever I should live to see you this overtaken, to leave your Flock in the Wilderness, to follow me upon the Mountains, to fall from your zealous and instructive Principles, carnally to fall in Love, and change the strong motions of the Spirit for those of the Flesh – O, Mr. *Tickletext* – [weeps!] What will become of your poor Soul?

Guia. I've observ'd she's always extremely troubled about the Parsons Soul, 'tis a thing worthy observation.

Fulv. Doctor – [mournfully.]

Guia. What say you, Madam?

Fulv. Does Mr. *Tickletext* drink hard think you?

Guia. No, sure Madam; not hard.

Fulv. Nor Swear, nor Game, Doctor?

Guia. Neither Madam, unless it be a Game at put now and then, for a Bowl of Lambswool.

Fulv. For a Bowl of Punch rather, I fear Doctor; ay, 'tis so, I know it by the red tip of his Nose; the Parson hates Lambswoold, he loves the Bowl, the Bowl, the lusty Bowl; and there alas his poor Soul will be drown'd.

Guia. His Soul again, pray observe.

Fulv. Yet, what care I, I'm Mrs. of my own fate, let 'em drink, let 'em roar, let 'em sing, what is't to me I'll do the same.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Sings. How *vile are the sordid Intrigues of the Town,*
Cheating and lying, perpetually sway
From Bully and Punk to the Politick Gown,
In plotting and sotting they wast the whole day.

Let me have Musick, and bring in Orpheus there, O, my hard fortune!

Guiac. So now the Fit's almost spent, let 'em come in there, [she sits down,] there are Lunaticks by me appointed on purpose to indulge the Humour, the one was a Young hot blooded Officer that being balk'd in a Battel, against the French in Flanders, sell mad upon't, the Woman crack'd her Brain with Pride and Malice, hearing her Lover say, another was handsomer and better dress'd at a Court Ball.

There's a Song in parts, between a mad Man, and a mad Woman, then two other mad Men, who sit down, then enter Numps and Quickwit, like a mad Man with a Paper.

[21]

Guiac. You may perceive by this, Sir Charles, the Frenzy will wear off by degrees, - but see, here comes my Lord.

Quicks. Though Cerberus bark, the Cat-a-mountain howl,
Though Winds do roar, and Waves do rowl,
Mopsa's my Life, and *Mopsa's* my Soul. [grins]

Numps. Worse and worse, ah, lack-a-day, ah, lack-a-day, O my poor Maister!

Guiac. His Distemper vents it self much in scraps of Poetry, which shews it to be the more violent and dangerous.

Sir Char. Why so, good Doctor.

Guiac. Why Sir, Poetry is a kind of Madness in it self, and must consequently make a very ill addition to the Patients Distemper. I'll speak to him, what you there, my Lord?

Quick. Treason, in black and white, - Though Cerberus bark, the Cat-a-mountain howl, I'll conjure for her, I'll go down below into the Devils dairy, there I shall find her

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

licking the Cream bowls, or pressing Curds to make Beel zebub a Cheese, - Hark, ye Patron, are you the Devil?

Guia. The Devil! not I my Lord, bless me, what a question's there.

Quick. Nor yet his Dam?

Guia. Nor his Dam neither, I'm your Doctor, my Lord.

Quick. Bring Mopsa then, I'll drown my self in Tears else, [falls down]

Numps. O, worse and worse! O that chave liv'd to zee this day, odswokers, he had as notable a Pate, a Vortnight ago as e'er a one in our Shire; our Minister at home was a Bottlehead toun, and now to zee the Case zo chang'd, and hear un talk zo like a Vool, odswoker che can't fotbear weeping vor the heart o'me. [howls out]

T. Rom. O prethee, Pox take thee for a Bumpkin, what a howling dost thou make; ah, my dear sweet Miss Ginger – bread, 'gad take me, I shall grow as mad as they, if I am kept here much longer [kisses the Letter]

Shink. There is fery goot moralities and observations to be made in this place, look you Cousins, therefore pray you have patience.

Quick. Hast brought her? that's my Boy, ay there she is, I know her now. [Starting up.]

Sings. *By those Pignies, that Stars do seem,
Those Breasts as white as Curds and Cream,
Those Cherry Lips and dimpled Chin,
'Tis Mopsathat shall be my Queen.*

Guia. She makes up to him now, the Distemper works now, they are curing one another, the two mad Men rise and dance with 'em. [Dance]

Fulvia. *Sings.* *Art thou the Crack – brain'd Fool thou seem'st to be?*

Quick. *Art thou a white-fac'd Ape as mad as he?*

*A foolish Female nice and shy,
That never yet trod shooe awry,
Nor suffer'd youngster by the by,*

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Fulvia. To have a singer in the Pye?
In spite of Rings and Bracelets gay,
Sweet Junkers on a Holyday,
Or all that silly Men can say
I'm still of Vesta's Train a Maid.

Quick. 'Tis hen for want of Humane Aid.

Fulv. No, no.

Quick. Ay, ay.

Fulv. No, no.

Quick. Ay, ay.

Fulv. I'm still a Maid.

Quick. O fye, O fye!

Fulv. In thought and deed, and so will die.

Quick. You are a Fool, or else you lye, - but if thou art, go to the Queen and beg me, for I must hang to Morrow for a Rape, committed upon fifteen Richmond Virgins, thirty years old and upwards, that have stood the shock of Mankind most miraculously, there's my Petition, read it an away. [gives her a Letter]

Fulv. By Heaven 'tis Frederick's Hand, and I find now, this is all seign'd madness, and a Plot of his to bring me off, O ye dear witty Creature, [aside.]

Quick. Cry ye mercy Sir, by that shaggy Eyebrow, and that [pulls Guiac away] grizzled Phiz, I know ye now, you are the Recorder.

Guiac. Variety of Madness, he said I was the Devil just now, and now he takes me for the Recorder.

Quick. There, there's your Fee, and pray defer my Sentence, I must not come to th' Gallows, I have Money, let friendless Fellons, Fools, and Beggars dangle; I'll bribe thee wel, I must not hang I've Money.

Sir Char. The mad Fool speaks now methodically, Money indeed will do any thing.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Quick. What do I see, a guard to bear me off, and before Sentence, nay then have at ye, avaunt ye Slaves, ye Pultroons, scoure ye Vipers, a rescue, a rescue, fall on my Friends, down with 'em. [snatches a Sword from T. Romance and beats 'em.]

Sir *Char.* Ah, Plague of our heedless folly to come Arm'd amongst mad Men, there's no contending with him. [Quickwit drives 'em about the Stage.]

T. Rom. My Lord, my Lord, 'odsdeath what d'ye mean?

Shink. Mean to a mad Man, that is fery simple by St. *Davy*, goot her Lord have patience, Shinken was her friend and sery humble Servant look you.

Guiac. My Lord, my Lord, I am the Recorder you know. [Quick. beats 'em.]

Quick. The Devil thou art, down with 'em there, a rescue, a rescue.

Guiac. Am I a Devil again, nay then there's no sence against a flail, I must give way too. [Exit Guiacum and Quickwit locks the Door.]

Quick. Ha, ha, ha, so, if this was not well play'd, I'll n'er Act part again.

Fulv. Thou art the best of Actors, and shalt be rewarded accordingly, nor shall honest *Numps* be forgotten neither.

[23]

Numps. Odswookers, che can make a Vool of vorty such Doctors as this is.

Quick. Your Ladyship would make and admirable Actress, faith Madam, to out – wit the Doctor so artificially – 'tis a Masterpiece.

Fulv. Ha, ha, ha, and before the grave Knight and young Fool's face too.

Quick. Ha, ha, ha, ha, and but reasonable Madam, what should a Fool do with so fine a Lady.

Fulv. O, Sir your Complement some other time, come whilst we have this opportunity let's into my Closet, and consult about the manner of my escape.

Quick. Which is contriv'd methodically in that Letter there, by your Lover, who I hope suddenly shall be happy in his reward too.

Fulv. If faithful Love, and an obedient Wife can make him happy, he may assure himself of me, I know his Merit, and have a Sould to prize it.
Nor shall the wretched Customs of the World,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

That change the sweets of Love t' a sordid Bargain,
Ever corrupt my Nature, wealth is a good addition,
And shall be given by me a Slave to virtue,
And wait upon the kind brave Man I love,
Who Weds a Fool, affronts her humane Nature;
Who can be kind to such a Brutal Creature,
'Tis Wit with Love improves the Marriage Charms,
And such a Man is welcome to my Arms. [Exeunt]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Cunnington and Marmalet.

Cunn. Vel now, as you hope to be de Countess, and keep your fix Foot men and your Page, dis is all true vat you tell me.

Marm. Every syllable in troth Sir, O fye, upon my Integrity I would not tell ye a Lye for the versal World.

Cunn. Ver good, vel den I will tell you the rest of your fortune, but first fesh me de Almanack, dat I may tell de good day from de bad, dat is material point.

Marm. Yes Sir, I'll bring it presently—a Countess, why, well fare thy heart old Jenny, six Footmen and a Page, odsme I'm overjoy'd. [Exit].

[24]

Cunn. So, I have squeez'd her as dry as a sponge already, the Heiress in this House, that Sir *Charles* Romance designs for his Son, only feigns her self mad, and Quickwit is by a Trick to get her away for young Frederick, ha, ha, ha, ha, I warrant he thinks himself as secure of her now, as a Cat is of a Mouse that he has between his Paw, ha, ha, ha, alas poor Fool, but if I aim right, he shall find himself damnably mistaken,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

for what will I do now, but privately go and discover all to Sir *Charles*, so get my self a swinging Reward, and Quickwit a Plaguy beating, that shall stick by him this Month, ha, ha, ha, ‘gad I love such a mischief with all my heart, how it tickles me, I grow even fat at the conceit on’t. O here comes my Countess, I must dispatch this old Fool first, and then away — Mum, now for fortune-telling.

Re-enter Marmalet with an Almanack.

Marm. Here’s an Almanack and ‘t please ye.

Cunn. O let me see, June, June, June, July. Vere be de [changing his voice] Dog-day, dat be de ver good time to make de Intrigue, let me see, you say you ver born in July.

Marm. The fourteenth and shall please ye.

Cunn. Oh, Ver good, ver good, now shake your left Arm and your right Leg both together, vich we call in Astrology de simple motion.

Marm. Is that right, pray Sir. [Shakes her Arm and Leg awkwardly.]

Cunn. Yes, yes, dat vill do ver well, dat I must needs say is de ver simple motion indeed.

Marm. But Sir, you tell me nothing all this while, pray Sir, what good fortune shall I have? and particularly, I beseech ye Sir, to give me leave to ask that question, that we Maids most desire to know, which is, when shall I be married, and please ye?

Cunn. Cry, Hymien vid a sigh, one, two, tre time so, now sit cross-legg’d and turn de Gnomon of your face, dat is your nose; [pulls her Nose] to the North East, dat’s right, now smile a little, smile foolishly like, right, now let me feel your pulse; aw ver well, I see now you shall have for your Husband de ver Gentleman dat vas to steal away your Lady. [She makes silly grimaces]

Marm. What Mr. *Quickwit*, and shall I be no Countess after all this.

Cunn. Zoon Metresse have de patience and understand your good Fortune, he shall live to be, let me see, Baron of Barn-elms, and if de Planet, dat I see dere say right, he shall be Duke of Twitman, Mortlack, and Brainford, go, go, presently, find him out, and make de Love to him, for I see by my Art, dat dis is de Critical minute, and ver sit for your purpose — go.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Marm. Well, I vow Sir, you have ravished me with your Words Dutchess of Twitnam, Mortlack, and Brainford; why, this is prodigious, Lord to see! how preferment will puff up a body, methinks a Countess is too small a title now.

Cunn. Hark you, one word more, if he refuse you, take two, tre more of your Female Friend vid good Cudgel, and beat him, vor de Star do appoint

[25]

dat way to make soft his Heart and Inclination, fear nothing, beat him but soundly, and he shall love you for ever after — Adieu. I must get out and laugh somewhere, or I shall burst. [Aside, Exit.]

Marm. Dutchess of Twitnam, Mortlack, and Brainford, — O Lord, methinks I don't feel the ground I go on! Well, this if a most admirable Person, as I'm a Christian, and of most profound skill, for he told me some marks about me, as right, as if he had been by when I was brought into the World. Well, if Cudgelling my Lover will make me noble, I'll get them that shall lay it on with a good will In troth, for methinks, I long to be call'd your Grace, your Grace. Lord, how it tickles me, pray Heaven my Brain stand firm, for I've heard these new honours are very intoxicating. [Exit.]

Enter Quickwit, Fulvia, *and* Numps.

Quick. You'll be sure to be ready, Madam, against twelve at Night.

Fulv. As punctual as the Minute, get you but the door open that can let us into the Garden, and for the rest let me alone.

Quick. For that, let me alone, an do'e hear, *Numps*, be sure you take your opportunity to slip out and acquaint Mr. Frederick, that the Coach may be ready at that time, 'dsheart if we should fail in our business to Night, I should be poyson'd before noon to Morrow, with Pills, Powders, and confounded Potions, which I see are preparing for me yonder: for Heavens sake, how came you to 'scape, Madam.

Fulv. Why, my being obstinate at first, has made the Fool take and opinion, that he can cure me with specificks. 'Tis such a positive Coxcomb, that if he once gets a

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

notion into his Head, there's no removing it, tho never so absurd or ridiculous. Come, *Numps*, come you along with me, you must carry a Letter for me.

Numps. A letter for ye, ah, would you were to be fonded up into a Letter you self, and I were to carry ye to Mr. *Frederick*, I'd trudge for ye heartily — I would odswokers, there's my word still.

Fulv. Well, *Numps*, he shall know the good service you would do him, but for the present let's part, for fear the Doctor should be prying about my *Lord de la Fool* — your Lordship most humble — ha, ha. [Exit.]

Numps. Oh, my poor Maister, O, O! odswokers the job goes on rarely. [Exit]
Quickwit Solus.

Quick. So, I think I'm in as pretty a way now to get five hundred pound, as heart can wish, nothing but the very Devir or my Friend Cunnington can hinder the happy conclusion now, and I think I have been cunning enough to keep it out of his reach, I know the Rogue will envy my good fortune, but that will breed occasion for more mirth hereafter, and when the Guineas are in my hand once, I shall have the better gust to rally and laugh at him — O Mrs. *Marmalet*, your humble Servant.

Enter *Marmalet*, who curtsies to him and smiles affectedly.

Marm. Yours, sweet Mr. *Quickwit*, or rather, sweet my Lord, I mean not as in the former counterfeit strain, but in very good truth an reality, I give you your title as it is to be.

Quick. Say ye so, Mrs. *Marmalet*, I would I were to give you a new Gown upon that condition.

[26]

Marm. Ah my Lord, your Grace must give me more than a new Gown before that comes to pass, — yet it shall happen. [Curtsies still.]

Quick. My Grace, what a Plague does she mean, why hark'es good mouldy conserve of Quinces, I thought you had been more busie in packing up your Ladies things, than to stand bant' ring here my Grace, what a Devil art thou Mad?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Marm. No, no, my Lord, I am not Mad my Lord, you should find me perfect in every part, if your Grace would please to try me.

Quick. Zoons my Grace agen.

Marm. In brief, great Duke it is your Love I seek, on which depends your fortune, on which depends, my making or my marring, behold I stand here suing for your liking, a spotless Maid, a Virgin Cabinet, that fifty years has kept its treasure close, from Spiders, Moths, and from all other Vermin, till now kind fate has given a key to you.

Quick. Crack'd downright Craz'd as I live, this comes of living to be an old Maid.

Marm. Ah, dear my Lord, do not deceive your self, I have my senses right and all things else thank Heaven.

Quick. Why, what a Plague dost Lord me at this rate then? and talk to me of Treasures, and Cabinets, and Spiders, and Moths, and making, and marring; why ye Queen *Elizabeth's* Old Fardingale, ye dirty wrinkled worm- eaten Rulf without Starch, ye tornish'd old fashion'd Picture of mad Hecuba in the Hangings, what dost cant of Love to me for?

Marm. Does not my Person nor my Merits move ye, know then, the Stars appoint ye honours, if you Marry me, you shall become a Duke.

Quick. Become a Dog, Pox on ye for an old Carrion, is this a time for whimsies.

Marm. It is the time my Lord, the only time, I am told by Art, that if we Marry, we shall both be Noble, I do beseech your Grace believe my Tears, there are great Honours budding.

Quick. Honours and budding, what a Devil can this plaguy Hag mean by all this?

Marm. Good my Lord, Marry me I do beseech your Grace, relent.

Quick. I wont ye old Fool, pox take ye, I wont tell ye, and get ye gone, and play your Oafs tricks somewhere else, or I'll kick ye. Marry her, I'd asson Marry a Lancashire Witch, that was sick of the Plague.

Marm. How, nay then since my hard fate, since no fair means will do, the Stars must have their way. [Exit, and enter presently with two other female Servants arm'd with Cudgels]

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Quick. My Grace and my Lordship, and Marry, ha, ha, ha, ‘gad I believe the old Sibil has been regaling her self, with a gill or two of Brandy after Dinner, and her frigid veins having gotten a little warmth, provoke her to think of Marriage, Marriage with a Pox to her. [He turns his back, and she strikes him over the Shoulders.]

Marm. Dear Sir excuse me.

Quick. Excuse ye, what a Plague’s the matter now.

Serv. ‘Tis all for your good, indeed my Lord. [Strikes him]

Quick. ‘Dsheart ye damm’d Jezabel, be quiet you had best.

[27]

Marm. ‘Tis much against my good nature, but [Strikes him agen]

Quick. But, what, ye Devil, but what — are ye bewitch’d [rubs himself]

Servg. The Stars will have it so. [strikes him.]

Quick. —Oons the Stars.

Marm. Do but consent to Marry me, and be a Duke.

Quick. Ye Crackbrain’d Idiot.

Serv. Of — Twitnians. [strikes him.]

Quick. Very well, Witch.

Serv. Mortlack. [strikes him]

Quick. Friends and Furies.

Marm. And Brainford upon my Honour, ‘tis pity Love puts on so rough a visage, but ‘tis the fates decree; and I must, [beats him still]

Quick. The Devil brain ye, ‘dsdeath, stand off, for if I gen into ye, I will so rattle your bones, ye mouldy, mischievous, wither’d, worm-eaten —

Enter Fulvia and Numps in bast.

Fulv. Lost, lost, ruin’d undown, we are all betray’d and discover’d — how now, what’s the matter here. [Maid Servants run out]

Quick. A Sibil, a Succubus. ‘Gad ‘tis well you came in Madam, I would have tried what power that Witch would have, when I had drawn blood of her.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Fulv. What Witch, what does he talk of, the witchcraft is within yonder —I tell ye, y'are all betray'd, Sir *Charles* has discover'd us.

Quick. A Hag, a Nightmare, — What's that you say Madam, discover'd, what's discover'd. [changing his tone.]

Fulv. We, we, all of us, some Devil or other has betray'd us, and discover'd all our design to Sir *Charles*, and the Doctor whom I overheard just now, threatening such unmerciful punishments to you and poor *Numps* there, that is almost distracted me to hear 'em.

Numps. *Ralph*, *Tom*, and *Christopher*, and all the Servants of the House are call'd up for no good I fear, odswokers, look, look, see if that plaguy word will leave me now, — would I had never learn'd it.

Quick. So, I find that I have had yet, only a sample of Cudgelling, the main payment is behind hand, I'm in a very pretty condition faith, but how could this be Madam, 'dsdeath who is this Devil of a discoverer, what's his name.

Fulv. That, Sir *Charles* would not inform the Doctor, being as it seems enjoyn'd him as a secret, yet thus far told him, that it was an old Comrade of yours and one of your own society.

Quick. *Cunnington*, as I live I find it now, it can be no Devil else —O, Son of a Whore! O, malicious Dog!

Fulv. But how he came to know it, that's Witchcraft agen.

Marm. Odsbodikins, my heart misgives me, that I can best tell that, my [Censurers] # was *Cunnington*, who promis'd me a Dukedom for the secret,

##

[28]

Quick. They do; nay, ten to one, or some worse punishment. *Numps*, prithee coutrive something to help at a Pinch; what shall we do, hah?

Numps. Why, truly my Lord *de la Fool*, if I might advise your good Lordship.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Quick. Nay, nay, Pox on't, no jokes now, thou know'st 'tis honourbale enough to assist Lovers, *Numps*.

Numps. *Numps, Numps, Numps*, what *Numps*, I'll be *Numps* no more not I, my Name's *Gregory Golding* an Ale-house-keeper here at *Twitnam*, 'oons, I shall have my Bones broke here aboouth yout *Numps*, and your honourable Lovers, would I were well out on't, 'odswokers plague take that word too, would twere hang'd.

Fulv. I find *Numps* would hardly undertake me now solded up in a Letter.

Quick. 'Sdeath here they come, all contrivance is in vain too, I find I must hear it.

Fulv. Nay, I am almost in as bad a Case, for I shall be tiez'd out of my Life, by Sir *Charles* and the young Blockhead now; but come, let's Act it to the last, my Lord, let's play our parts well however.

Numps. A vengeance on't, I shall make a hopeful part of mine I believe.

Enter Sir *Charles*, *Guiacum*, and *Christopher*.

Guiac. Manage you your Daughter Sir *Charles*, whilst I confront this Rascal. Your Servant, my noble Lord. [to Quickwit]

Quick. [Staring madly] Is *Mopsa* come from the Black Stigian Fields, where yearly range the Cows of *Proserpine*, *Tib*, *Whitehorn*, *Colly*, *Redrose*, *Sumut*, and *Blincko*; see where she sits stroking the swelling Teats, and takes Infernal Cream in Pails of Agate.

Guiac. Rare counterfeiting Rascal. [Aside]

Sir *Char.* How does my Daughter, do the Lovers tieze her still, where's the Reve end Mr. *Tickletext*, and the Worshipful Mr. *Alderman Niggle*, ha?

Falv. [Staring too] There, there he is, he shakes his Gold Chain at me, and pulls out his hair purse with fifty pieces, thinking to bribe my vertue, ah I'll have none on't, ah* y'are an old Fellow, avaunt, avaunt, ah * ah* [Shrieks out]

Sir *Charl.* Oh strange! why Doctor, she grows worse and worse.

Guiac. Extremely ill Sir, I have been very much deceiv'd in her, I see now I must be forc'd to tye her in her Bed, and give her a Purge or two of Sand and Snow water to abate this heat, — she shall take it to Night.

Fulv. The Devil shall have you first. [Aside]

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Guiac. And as for my Lord there, I see his sit Increases too, and I must be severe with him. Go *Christopher*, get the Gives and Fetters ready, and call the rest of your Fellows as I order'd, tell the Surgeon too, I'll have the Sking of my Lords Head stead off, and rubb'd with Salt and Vinegar.

Quick. Oh, Lord — [Aside]

Guiac. His Lordship has a wonderous hot Pate; I'll cool it with a Vengeance. You, Friend, [to Numps] I think are somewhat craz'd too; but 'tis but slight. A good sound whipping three times round the Orchard will set you right, *Numps*.

[29]

Quick. Whythen, Faith, Doctor, I thank ye, I'm as well as ever I was in all my Life. [Briskly]

Numps. And I too, Odswokers — agen — would the Devil had that word —

Sir Char. But *Fulvia* there says nothing, her Distemper reigns still.

Fulv. No, Faith, now I think on't, I'm perfectly our'd too; [in a brish Tone] Come, *Sir Charles* and Doctor, 'tis but a Frolick, a Trial of Wit you see; hang't, pass it by for once and give 'em their Liberty.

Guiac. Not too salt good Madam. Within there ho, [Enter Servants] See these two well heaten, pump'd, and tos'd in a Blanket, for fear of a Relapse, and then discharge 'em.

Sir Char. Let 'em be swing'd to purpose — go get you in, I'll speak with you anon. [Exit *Fulvia*]

Quick. Nay, nay, *Sir Charles*, what for a Trick of Wit? 'Twas but a Trick of Wit, faith, Doctor.

Guiac. Oh, *Sir*, your Wit is out of its Sphere now; and to set it right, I am obliged to cudgel ye by my Profession. Away with 'em.

Numps. This comes of Acting *Numps*, a Plague o' your Acting [They are puli'd don't.]

Sir Char. Keep her close up till you hear further from me: Take heed of Visitants, and more mad Lords, Doctor; I'll go and prepare her once more for my Son, and put the

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Case home to her, and her Ingratitude; it may be the Discovery of this Plot; and her small hopes of serving her own Humour, may make her yield to mine: But is she be stubborn.

She shall have Cause to curse each tedious hour,
And know too late by me a Guardian's Power. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Quibble, Stockjobb, *and* Cunnington.

Stock. Come, come, 'twas but a Joke, 'twas no more, Faith. Squire Thomas seems to be a very honest Gentleman, and a Lover of Business. Prethee Sir Quibble come in agen, and take t'other Glass, and so forth.

Sir Quib. A scandalous Fellow to say I was an Hermaphrodite, to make a Monster, a Devil, I can't tell what of me, to disgrace me before the Ladies: But this shan't get the Heiress from me; I know his drist well enough, it shan't do I'll say't.

Stock. Come, come, prethee, come in agen.

Sir Quib. Pray excuse me, Sir, I promis'd my Mother to come home to Supper; and I know her heart goes a pit a pat, if I'm never so little out of her fight, for fear I should bestolcor come to any harm; besides I must tell ye plainly I don't like the Company. I'll drink a Glass here with this honest Gentleman, if you please, but I would not come in agen for a 1000 l.

Stock. Well, my Comical Friend, do you entertain the Knight then, I must go mind my Guests within: Hey, bring some Wine there — [Exit Stockjobb.]

Cunn. This is one of the silly Heiress stealers of t'other side I'll bander the Fool.

Sir Quib. Your Servant, Sir, by your Discourse within, Sir, I perceive that you are a great Traveller.

[30]

Cunn. I have seen I tink dis Globe, I mean *Europe, Asie, Africk, Americk*, or so; dat is all.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Sir *Quib*. That is all indeed, Sir, you must ride upon the Dogs-star, as the mad Song says, if you would see more.

Cunn. Sire, I have seen much more, I have observe too de Globe Celestial, I have been so igh as to hang my Hat upon one Horn of the Moon, and have touth de North-Pole vid min Finer.

Sir *Quib*. With your Finger, Sir, your Servant agen, Sir: Why that's very strange I'll say't.

Cunn. Sir, I have live in de Moon-world some time, de Emperour is de ver proud Monarch and keep de subject in great awe; de people dere are like de Pigmy de man's and woman's not half yard high, but generally wise and ver great Politicians.

Sir *Quib*. Ods diggers, this is a most excellent Fellow; and pray, Sir, don't those Politicians of the Moon take us *English*-Politicians for mad Fellows, hah?

Cunn. Yes, truly, dey do tink dat you be all mad indeed.

Sir *Quib*. Prathee what Women are there? Do they dress their Heads as our Cocking Ladies do here, I wonder.

Cunn. No, no, de woman's dere have no head at all, de face stand vere de Drest should, and de Mouth is de Navel.

Sir *Quib*. Oh, Lord, there must be strange kissing I'll say't.

Cunn. De Creation was ver wise in dat, no womans is suffer to have head dere, for fear she should plot Mischief.

Sir *Quib*. Ha, ha, ha, I'll say't and admirable Reason too. But pray, Sir, now lets get down from the Moon little; and since you have observed all the People and Cities in the World, pray, Sir, when was you last at *London*?

Cunn. Ven de Sun came last Post from de Autipodi dis morning, dis morning.

Sir *Quib*. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty agen, I'll say't: Why then, ten to one, but you have all the passages of the Town at your Finger's -ends; and, I'll say't, I long to hear 'em. Prethee what do they do at Court now, hah?

Cunn. Why do come, scrape, and look ber sharp, den whisper de friend in de corner, and talk politick one half hour, den oagle *Repas de Roy*, and make ver low Bow den comb de Peruke, take Snuff, and scrape out agen; dat is all.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha — that's very like a Courtier I'll say't, Come, come, now for the City, what are our Men of Gravity doing?

Cunn. Why saith dey follow still dere old Custom — dat is, contrive to sheate one anoder; dey dat have no stock for Trade, make use of de stock of Impudence, and sign Policy to lay Wager, so make four, five, sheating Bargain over night, and ver fairly break, and run away next morning.

Sir *Quib.* Well said agen i' sackins; 'gad this is a plaguy sharp Fellow: But come now, for our Places of Diversion; Prethee how go Humours at the Musick-Meeting and Play-House?

Cunn. As for de humour amongst all de rest, I only observe tre sort, dat is, de Beau de Coquer, and de Fidler de Beau dere make de fine Son to shew his ##, she admire de Beau, but laugh behind his back; de Fidler ## take de Money, and begar laugh at dem both.

[31]

Sir *Q* — Ha, ha, ha, — Well I'll say't I'll give my Mother the slip some time or other, and go and see the Humours there I'm resolv'd; but come now, for the Play-House.

Cun. Noting, noting; dere is noting dere por Railery, but de Whore and de Critick, and two tre dozen of old musty Orange Wench dat ride upon your Back while de Musick play.

Sir *Q* — Odsdiggers, so they us'd to serve me, I'll say't: Well, but hark'e now, let's be a little serious; — I must know one thing more; heark'e, Do you ever go to Church — pray Friend?

Cun. Umph, Church!

Sir *Q* — Ay, ay, Do's Devotion thrive? — I know you must observe something of that too.

Cun. No fait, dere you pose me; for to speak truth, like good Christian, I have not see de inside of one Shurch dis — sixteen year, and beggar I find de Town ver mush of my humour; de People de Priest make de grand difference; he can say ver little or

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

nothing dat dey believe, and dey, Begar, vill do noting vat he advise; so I never trouble de Shurch at all.

Sir Q —. I'll say't, an Admirable Persontoo! Well, dear Signior, you have so much oblig'dme, that if you please to come to my House, you shall find every day a Welcome that —

Enter Tom Romance, hastily.

T. Rom. Why *Cunnington*, *Cunnington*, what a Devilart [Speaks entering.] thou doing?

Sir *Quib.* Is your Name *Cunnington*, Sir?

Cun. Yes 'faith, Sir; But I know I shall be welcome to your House for all that Hah, ha, ha.

T. Rom. Hah, ha, ha! What has the Hermaphrodite been banter'd agen? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Quib.* 'Slid there's some Trick in this; Odsdiggers, come near my house, and I'll set my Dogs at ye: A plague, here comes more of 'em; I shall be laugh'd to Death if I stay. I'll say, oons *Cunnington*, I should have been robb'd or ravish'd in a weeks time. [Exit Sir Quibble.]

Enter Stockjob.

Cun. You came a little too soon; for I was just going to pump him about the Heiress.

T. Rom. Phoo, Pox, she's secure enough Boy, but I have some fresh play in my head; now *Stockjob's* Wife, ye, Rogue.

T. Rom. Here she comes, 'gad take me I'll give her my Billet *deux* presently.

Enter Squeamish and Hotspur, and Mrs. Stockjob.

Squeam. Oh horrid! Cousin, why d'e bring me into all this Company, especially where that Fellows is, for I am certainly inform'd, twas that horrid Fellow that writ the last Lampon upon the Wells.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Mrs. *Stock*. Have de patience Cousin, me shall find out dat presently, hark'e Sir, you dam *English* Pultroon, dare you abuse de Lady, dare you make de damm Lampoon ha?

Cunn. Not I madam, you are the most mistaken in the World.

Squeam. Not that I value the little malice, but to see the bestiality of the Fellow; I kept my self so reserv'd, Cousin, all this Summer to avoid censure, that I refus'd to receive visits from any Man under the Age of sixty nine, nor ever went any whither but to Church, and if they did not Lampoon me for that too, I'm no Christian.

T. Rom. I must get the Rogue off, — 'Gad take me, Madam, I have [to Mrs. Stockjob] such a value for your Wit and Beauty, that upon my Honour, I would not deceive you in any thing, and I assure you he is innocent of the matter, therefore let me desire you to turn the discourse, I'll inform you more hereafter.

Mrs. *Stock*. Ah Monsieur, 'tis impossible for me to doubt a Person of such merit, and so well accomplish'd as your self. Cousin, I am [too Squeamish] inform, by dis Gentleman, dat we are under de grand mistake.

Hotsp. She inform'd by that Puppy, then they 'refamiliar I find [Aside.]

Mrs. *Stock*. Sir, I beg your pardon vid all mine heart, I understand you are de ver ingenious Person, and understand de Ladies affair.

Squeam. Nay, I can't positively affirm he was the Person I confess; I only grounded my suspicion the more solidly, because of his Satyrical Phiz; O horrid! methinks his Face is a meer Lampoon it self.

Stock. Come, come, slapdash, and so forth, let's reconcile all mistakes with a Glass of Wine and a Song, I've a Bowl of Punch ready within too.

T. Rom. There spoke the Soul of the City and so forth, That was done now like a Man of intrigue. [Puts a Note into Mrs. Stockjob's bosom]

T. Rom. My dear, dear Charmer, 'gad take me I've had a passion for ye above this fix Months, and if you don't answer my Billet deux there, I shall dye that's certain.

Mrs. *Stock*. Dis is de ver agreeable Fellow, but I must show de cunning, and not yield too soon, [Aside.] — O, fye, fye, Monsieur, I am sure you mistake me I am not de Person, 'tis impossible dat I —

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

T. Rom. Not the Person, by this dear hand, there's no Person in the World but you, has the power to charm my heart, your Eyes have made me a very. —

Hotsp. A very sop, Rascal, Dogbolt, — come, draw, draw, Buffon, I'll teach you to be fawcy with Women in my Company.

Stock. Hey, slapdash, what a Plague's the matter now? keep the Peace there, hey day, is the Devil in ye all, and so forth. [Exit]

[Fight here, and Tom Romance, and Shinken are beaten off, the Women shrick and run out.]

[33]

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Quibble, Frederick *and* Quickwitt.

Fred. Death, and Confusion, *Cunnington*, discover the Plot: Why how was it possible he should come to know it?

Quick. Nay that piece of Witchcraft I am yet to Conjure for, but I can assure you the beating wsa substantial, and so had the Blanket been too, if some of Sir *Quibbles* Gold, had not bribed off two of the Grooms: but come Sir, take Heart, for though my Braings have taken occasion hitheno to disoblige my Bones a little: I have another Plot left yet, not only to make my revenge perfect upon *Cunnington* not; but to secure you the Lady, for since I have undertaken it, you shall have her, though the great Devil and all his little Imps conspired against me.

Fred. Pox, what vexes me most is, 'tis grown the Common Town talk already, they have it at the Coffe-House as familiar as the *Gizette*.

Sir Quib. Prethee how didst do to Act the Madman? He say't, I'd have given a hundred Guineas to have seen thee a little; Prethee how didst look? and what didst say, I wonder? and when did the Lady come in with her Story? and which way, and upon what accompt? and wherefore?

Quick. And wherefore good Sir come away quickly, and fetch the Guineas you promis'd, for I shall have occasion for a Bribe or too, to carryon the Affair: Farwell Sir, I see Company coming, stay. [Exit Sir Quib. and Dog.]

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Enter Sophronia with a Book.

Fred. Hah, am I fallen into this Satyrical Devils Clutches too, then I'm like to have a rare Breathing, for I perceive by that malicious Smile with which she mocks her self, that she has heard of late business; and is as pleas'd I warrant, as prosperous Malice can make a Woman, when she has an opportunity of being reveng'd: Well, I am resolv'd to stand the brunt now, come what will on't, I see she's prepar'd for the Assault, and to beat her out of her Guard, Ile begin first. What always reading, Madam, still affronting Mankind, by Invading their Province of To Her knowledge, fye, this is unnatural; a Lady should no more pretend to a Book, than a Sword, neither of 'em are proper for het Sphere of Activity.

Soph. This, only excepted Sir, this is a Treatise proper for all degrees of People, 'tis call'd, Sir, an Hospital for Fools, whre he most distempet'd of that sort shall be Cur'd, or at least put into a good way. What think ye Sir, shall I send it ye, you may chance to have some apish humour in your Brain, or some foolish act in your Body, that may want a good remedy.

[34]

Fred. Oh I thank ye, Madam, but must beg your Excuse, to take a Recipe from a Female Physician, to cure a defect in the Brain, that's a good one Faith: Why that's the way to make a Man stark Mad indeed: And as for my Body, I had as lieve take an old Purbblind Country Nurse, if I had a mortal Bruise, or Plasie, and I were certain to have the scandal of a Cripple upon me all the days of my life after.

Sophr. I don't know what you mean by your Bruise, or Palsie; but considering your general distemper of Body, 'would be a greater scandal to the Nurse, to take ye in hand.

Fred. Very fine, well certainly there is not another so vain a thing in Nature, as a Woman that supposes her self a Wit; she fancies all the World must truckle as a Witch, and often as Ugly.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Soph. That might be a fault indeed in the last Age, but in this I never met with any of your Town Crew, that have Wit enough to cause Envy.

Fred. If there's any one, Fool enough to Love her, she'll make him a meer Changing, and like a little sullen Chit, of five ycats old, deny herself the Morsel she Loves; only to Teize and Vex another, when at the same time her mouth waters, and she's ready to starve for Hunger; this I think touches your Ladyships Copy hold a little; but much good may't do ye with your fullen fit, I know you'l get a Husband, and a vast fortune by't.

Soph. Well Sir, not to be behind hand with ye, in your Frumps, much good may do you with your Rich Heriess, you'l get a Wife, and a prodigious fortune by her, I hear too.

Fred. Ah Curse on her, I find she knows all. [Aside]

Soph. For my part, it were unreasonable for me, to expect you to be constant to my small merit, when you had such a tempting Lump as Fifty thousand Pounds to cherish your hopes withal; Fifty thousand Pounds, d'slife, there's ne're a Beau from Covent Garden Church to the Tower of London, but shall give his little Corps to the Devil, every hour of the Day for't.

Fred. Nor ne're a Lady that frequents the Park, Play-House or the Musick-meeting; but shall marry a thing one degree remov'd from a Baboon for half as much.

Soph. By which I find Sir, you are not out of hopes, I dare swar you think you self above one degree remov'd, tho your last Mad Plot upon the Heiress has given the world some strange suspicions to the Contraty: on my Conscience you'l return to me again Sir, you'l have some qualm or other come over ye shortly; then yet drunk, and with a kind of maudlin Repentance, come to beg my pardon.

Fred. So sat from it, that I rather fear I shall have ye at my Levce every morning shortly, with a pitiful Petition, imploring my Charity, to beslow on ve the remains of Matrimony.

Sophr. The remains, Sir, I have Arithmerick enough to know, that' take nothing from nothing, and there remains nothing: Besides a Married Town

[35]

Beau keeps always a Misers Table, there is so little for his own Family, that he'l never get thanks, or a blessing from any one that shall except his remains, take that from me Sir.

Fred. Very well Madam, sally on, talky on, and enjoy your Wit. You have my free leave, whilst I Enjoy *Fulvia*, and fifty thousand Pounds, and so farewell, and d'sdeath, such another full thrust and I were gone to all Intents and Purposes. [Exit Fred.]

Soph. He's gone, and tears my Heart-strings as he goes.

Whilst I have only the poor Consolation
Of a seign'd Mirth, to hide my real Sorrow,
For still I love his base ingrateful Wretch,
False as he is, and full of all the Mischiefs of his Sex.
I love him still, and have no Peace without Him;
But can I Love a Man that scorns my Love;
That poorly offers up Wit, Beauty, Merit,
A Trophy to the sordid Idol, Money;
Can I Love such a Man, and own it too;
No, I will rather Poyson, Stab, or Drown;
Revenge my self, on my unlucky self:
Do a thing Barbarous beyond my Sex.
Rather than this base Man shall know I love him.

*Eyes dry, dry your Tears, and keep the Secret in,
Whatever gried I feel, let none be seen,
Tho the strong Passion ne're so powerful grow,
Ile Choak with Love, rather than let him know.* [Exit]

End of the Third Act

[36]

ACT IV. Scene 1st.

Enter Mrs. Sockjobb and Squeamish.

Squeam. Come, Come, Cousin, you must give me leave to tell ye, I young Hectorly Fellow, shew he ha so much command over ye, as to dare to quearrel, and expose ye in Company. Oh silthy, it shews a familiarity too sawcy for Civil Conversation; I hope Cousin you have not been particular with the Fellow.

Mrs. Stock. Vat you mean by dar Cousin, vat is particular.

Squeam. Oh horrid, I hope you wont put me to the Fatigue of a Blush, by telling me the Nauseous meaning, that were to deserve to be Lampon'd indeed; when a Man is particular with a Woman, I think there is no great nead of a *Sophister* to explain the meaning.

Mrs. Stock. Vel, Vel, Pox take the particular, dat is all one, I assure you I have don vid him now, and vill encourage that fine young Gentleman, dat talk and how, and rally so vel en Francois; me no endure de Huff de Bounce, de brutal way of Love no longer. Dear Monsieur Romance, is all French, all Talk, all Air, all Galantry, and de order Gentleman dat speak de Welch is vet fine person too, who I presume Cousin has de extream inclination to have de Intreague vid you.

Squeam. An Intreague with me, Oh filthy Fellow, that's a worser abuse than any has been yet put upon me, for he's the veriest Fop in Nature.

Mrs. Stock. Fop. Oh *Mon deu!* vat and worth twenty thousand Pounds, dats impossible! Oh, he is de ver fine Person, and has the greatest tender for your Cousin.

Squeam. Oh sogh, I shall be Lampon'd about him in a Weeks time, ile lay my Life on't: Oh horrid, ile go and lock my self up; But are you sure he's worth twenty thousand Pounds Cousin. [Changing Tone.]

Mrs. Stock. Assurement and vill make good seulement, vich is ver much as times go.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Squeam. See here dey come vid Mosieur *Stockjobb*, who I hae wheedle so, and make such great Fool, that he vill believe nothing against me vich my oder cast of Coxcomb say.

Enter *Stockjobb*, *Holspurr*, *T. Romance*, *Shinkin*, and *Singers with a Bowl of Punch*.

Stock. Come, Come, Let's have no brawling nor quarrelling, but sit down lovingly together, and help off with the Bowl, and so forth; what *Pogry*

[37]

my Dear, my Fawn, my Pricket, — and my Cousin *Sisse* too; Hey, slapdash, we'll sit down too't Faith.

Mrs. Stock.— Vit you please *Dicky*, ven de Husband Command de Wise must always be Obedient, dat is but Reason.

Hosp. Ah subtle Witch.

Stock. — Come Squire *Thomas*, and my Welsh Friend, Pray sit round. Here's some Honest Friends of mine will give us a Catch in three Parts; Cousin *Sisse*, Prithee sit down, and so forth.

Squeam. Oh horrid! Cousin, would you have me give such occasion to be Lampon'd, as to sit drimking filthy Brandy amongst Men?

Stock. Filthy Brandy; Twelve Shillings a Gallon, by this Hand, and will certainly be the best Commodity in the whole Kingdom shortly, — Harkee, *Sisse*, such another Word, and if there be a Lampon to be got in Chistendom, and so forth, I'll get one for thee.

Shink. According to Shinkins Observations, this is not Prandy, look you, but Punch, which is fery goot to raise Ploods, and cause Plushes, and Pewtys in fait Ladies, look you, therefore pray you sit down.

Squeam. Nay, Pray Sir, — Oh Lord, — Nay, if you will force me, What shall I do? I am so ashamed, well if I do, I'll swear I'll drink in my own Cup then, — Go, *Pomade*, and fetch it, it holds three quarters of a Spoonful just.

T. Rom. Dear Madam, Let me be happy with your sweet Hand (To Mrs. *Stcok*)

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Hotsp. You, —, Pourhome, [Takes her from him]

Mrs. Stock. Vat aile de Russian, — (To Holspurr.) — Monsieur, I am your most devoted. (To T. Romance)

Hotsp. His most devoted, Oh rare Jilt, dee fleer Dog bold, I shall have your Nose anon. (*Enter Ponade, with a very little Cup.*)

Stock. Come, Come, Slap-dash, No more grumbling Will, but take your Cup, and then let's have the Catch, and so forth. [They sit down.] Why, Cousin Sisse, What hast got there, an Acorn Cup? why a Flea may drink off that, prethee take one of ours, and so forth. [Strikes the Cup out of her Hand]

Squeam. Oh horrid, not for the World, the quantity of this is enough to suffocate my Spirits, as I am Virgin,

Hear a Catch, in three parts, in praise of Punch.

Stock. By the Lord Mayor, very well perform'd Boys, T holl, Loll, Loll, all dickens take it, it won't do now, yet I could have Sung my Sol, Fa, when I was a Batchelour purely Faith, — but these Wives, these Wives, spoil all our Parts; Come, Here's Prosperity to the City and Trade. [*Holspur rises up, and goes behind Mrs. Stockjobs.*]

T. Rom. And as I was saying Madam. [To Mrs. Stockjobb]

Hotsp. And as I was saying before Madam [Pulling her from him.]

Mrs. Stook. Sir, I have nothing to say to you, you are strangely troublesom,

[38]

Dat last agen, I beseech you Monsieur. [To T. Romance]

Stock. Who leaves his Place there, Will. *Hosphor*, What a Plague dost stand brooding upon my Wife there for, prithee come and take thy Cup, and let the Squire alone, he has business with her, and so forth.

Hotsp. Business with her, Here's a damn'd Cuckoldly Son of a Whore, and so forth. [To Squeamish]

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Shink. When her is in *Wales*, look you, her could drink very good Metheglins with her Cousin *Cadwallader*, at the Three Red Herrings and *Green Leeks* in *Monimouth*; but now since her saw you, her Heart has done nothing but thump, thump, and then her does sigh so sadly, Hey hoh, (sighs so that if her is obdurate and cruels, and will not love *Shinkin*, why then, alas, there is now way for her, look you, but Hey ho! [Hotspur teizes Mrs. Stockjobb, she rises, and call out her Husband]

Squeam. Love, Oh horrid! the very word is enough to fright me into an Apoplexy, would he would marry me, tho — as I'm a Virgin. [Aside]

Mrs. *Stock.* By this Hand, I believe I could make Monsieur lay forty Wager, and buy Stock every hour, if it were not for dat rude Fellow dat come and disturb us.

Stock. Sayst thou so, Slapdash, Gad if I had known that, he should have found this way to the Door before now, and uncivil Person to come to a Citizens Table and be well entertain'd, and yet ungratefully endeavour to hinder Business, — An idle Scoundrel, to stop the Sourse, the Life-blood of the City Trade, — Gad I'll complain to my Lord Mayor immediately.

Hotsp. Now has that *French* Devil told some Lye or other of me, I'll lay my Life, Harkee Dick, art thou so very blind, as not to see thy self abused.

Stock. Yes, Yes, Sir, I do see my self abused, — and so forth, — Squire Thomas, prithee come hither, Lookee, Pogry has inform'd me, ye are a very ingenious Person, and love Business, Lookee, what she does I'll stand to, therefore pray go and Discourse her, she's at your Service.

Hotsp. Oh Witall Coxcomb, what does he mean. [Hotspur goes to hinder and Stockjob interposes]

Stock. Pray, Sir, no interruption.

Hotsp. 'Dsdeath, to say publickly thy Wise's at his Service.

Stock. Upon the Score of Trade Sir, and so forth, I know what I do, I warrant you.

Hotsp. The Devils grin at me, I have no Patience, Scoundrel, hands off. [Hinders him agen]

Stock. Slapdash, hold her fast Squire Thomas, I give my Authority, why this is a breach both of our Charter and Customs; that a Citizen of London shan't have the

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Priviledge to dispose of his own Wise, for a Hectorly Fellow of t'other end of Town; Gad I'll complain to my Lord Mayor, the first thing I do.

Shink. To take the Wise from the Husband, before his Face, is more than you can justifie, *Williams*, that is very true.

Hotsp. Thou art a fery Ass, Pon on thee for a crack'd Welch Harp, Hold your jarring, or —.

[39]

Stock. No, No, I'll take a Course for this hereafter; In the mean time *Pegry*, since this rude Masterless Companion disturbs us here my Chamber within is private, there you may settle Affairs, and so forth, Go, go in with her Squire Thomas, and because no body shall disturb ye, I'll lock ye up de see, and keep the Key my self.

Hotsp. 'Dsheart, I shall run mad, why dolt, Madman, wilt thou lock her up with him too. [Stock locks' em in]

Stock. Upon the Score of Trade, and so forth, I'll show for once the Husbands Priviledge, without your leave Sir.

Hotsp. Trade, Ay there is a rare Trade going forward; Oh intolerable Cuckold!

Stock. Come Sir, you are a Scandalous t'other end of Town Fellow, and my Lord Mayor shall know it; you shall know that a Citizen of *London* understands what's proper for Business: Cousin *Sisse*, take you your Gentleman into another Room; nay, nay, no Squeamish trick now, but go, since ye are molested here, I will have Business go forward in a place that's proper. Go, go you after Sir, I'll be with ye anon. [Pushes 'em in]

Hotsp. Ay, ay, There's the Trade going forward too, this is Stockjobbing with a Vengeance.

Stock. Pogry will draw her Fool into some devise or other, I am sure, and now I have finished this Affair so discreetly, I'll leave this Hector to chew the Cud by himself, and go and drink a Dish of Coffe with a good Neighbour, a Common Council-man, and Brother Stockjobber. [Exit looking scornfully on Hotsp]

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Hotsp. Solus. A Curse on your City Understanding, and Destruction seize that Jilt, that tortures me with Love, tho I resolve to hate her, — damn'd infamous Creature, that Yesterday, as common as a Hireling, would have met my Appetite half way, and cherish'd it, now taken with a young pert noisie Coxcomb, deserts me without Blushing; but this senseless Wittall, her Husband, shall know, what a Snake he Fosters, before I have done with him.

And whilst his Ciry Jobbing he's pursuing.

I'll shew him where's another Jobb a doing

Enter Quickwitt dressed like a Quaker, and Marmalet after him.

Quick. So, I think there's none of the Quaking Fraternity but will own I have mimick'd their Dress well, and play bit thy part right Child, that we may revenge our selves upon this *Cunnington* that has so abused us, and tho I may chance to be no Duke, I'll be a King to thee in my good will, my Love Child shall be beyond all Titles and Preferment.

Marm. Ah sweet Mr. *Quickwit*, the Rascal has asked my Pardon since, but I shall never forgive him for it, for, will you believe me, I have cryed about that business till I have been as wet as if I had been dipp'd in a Pail of Water, to think that I should lift up my Hand against —

[40]

Quick. Well, well, 'tis all forgot.

Marm. To dare Cudgel the Man that — [Weeps]

Quick. Well, well, 'twas all Accident, prethee no Tears.

Marm. The Man I love so tenderly — [weeps]

Quick. Enough, prithee enough, — I believe thee.

Marm. Son tenderly, so very tendeady — [howling out]

Quick. A Por o'your Tenderness, There is no Plague under Heaven so tormenting as one of these old Cats, when she pretends to make Love; come, prithee no more of this

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Foolery Child, but let us go on with our Plot upon *Cunnington*; Let me see what's the Quakers Name that I'm to Act.

Marm. Zechiel, And't please ye Sir, my old Lord Fullworths Steward, my Mistresses Father.

Quick. Zechiel, very good, and one that you say has been trusted with all the Writings of her Estate.

Marm. He has indeed, at whose House, Sir *Charles* (having found her as he thinks a little more pliant to his Sons Address) intends to meet her this Afternoon; to discourse about the Marriage, and to that purpose has given that Letter you have there to *Cunnington* to show the Doctor, who upon sight of it is to deliver my Lady to him, and a Note for filthy Guineas, which Sir *Charles* has ordered him.

Quick. Then you are sure *Cunnington* has seen this Letter.

Marm. Yes, An't please ye, and is merry beyond measure about his success of our witting you, he left it with me only whilst he is gone to disguise himself like a Quaker, for in no other Habit will *Zechiel* admit any one into his House, I expect him every Minute.

Quick. Ay, ay Child, Let him come now as soon as he pleases, we are prepared for him; and I think I am as much a Quaker as himself, or the Devil's in Iron Gray, the rest remains in thee to follow my Instructions, do but this Business neatly, and as for the other Business, thou worst of.

Marm. Ah Dear Sir, I swear you bring my Heart up to my very Mouth, I vow you do now, and I warrant ye Sir, for my part I've my Cue perfectly.

Quick. First then, instead of this Letter of Sir *Charles*, give him this of mine Child, to carry to the Doctor, 'tis sealed with a Waser like it, and the Hand is Counterfeited, I'm sure, so exactly, 'tis impossible for him to discover that, then for the Contents let them operate at leisure.

Marm. With all my Heart Sir, and I rejoice from my very Soul that I can do any thing so pleasure you, and be revenged of him; Hark, here he comes, away Sir to your Closet, and when we go, be pleased to follow us, and you shall find me punctual to the least particular.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Quick. Do it but Cunningly, and if thou art a Maid by to Morrow Night, why then say, —.

Marm. Ah sweet Sir, I understand ye to a Scruple, and Heaven bless ye; well I swear, — now my Hearts at my Mouth agen. [Exit Dogget and Marm]

[41]

Quick. Hah, hah, ha, ha. I have been laughing at my self above this half hour, to see what a Figure I am; I have been Agent in a great many Intreagues in my life time, but never had any yet like this; this is a Masterpiece, a piece of Wit like *Haims*; for here have I insinuated my self so far into this grave Fool, Sr. Charles, by my subtle discovery of the late Affair; that he has trusted me in this Habit, to prepare the Old Quaker about the Writings, and afterwards to bring the Heiress her self to him — to him! Ha ha ha ha, there's the Jest now; and to receive as a Reward fifty Guinea's, ha ha ha! Alas poor shallow Knight! little does he think what's hatching in this Braing of mine: for, what will I do now? but instead of carrying her to him, keep her my self, and make her Marry me, or Compound swingeingly, which is all one; there's Wit now! ha ha ha, there's Mischief! Gad I love Mischief dearly: And when I have had her three or four Nights, let her hang me afterwards if she can, or any one else for me. [Call Quickwit]

Enter Marmalett.

Marm. Come Sir, are ye ready? the Doctor's just gone home, — bless me, to see how Clothers will disguise one! Why? you look like a meet *Ananias*.

Cunning. Ha, ha, ha, don't I? Methinks I am filled with the out-goings of the overflowings, of the Bowel yernings, and for the humh, and hah! [in a Cant] Let me alone. Come give me the Letter, and be assur'd, tho' I Jok'd a litte the last time, yet I'll not fail to bring a better Business about, e're long for thee.

Marm. Well, well Sir; go and dispatch your own first.

Cunning. An Heiress, and fifty thousand Pounds! Gad I'm a lucky Dog, ha, ha, ha.
[Exeunt]

Reenter Quickwit.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Quick. Here's a rare Rogue for ye; had not I discovered the Plott, he had betrayed his Trust, and got the Heiress forhimself; but as things go, will miss of his aim damnably: Now for my Quaking Faculty I must make one amongst 'em. [Exit]

SCENE 2.

Enter Fulvia and Christopher.

Fulvia. Oh Love! How many strange, and different ways
Dost thou disturb the Quiet of our Minds?
If amongst all the Race of Male Deceivers,
With Curious search we chance to find out one,
That we can fancy Honest; some cross Doubt
Straight fill us, with a fear he may prove Haggard,
And then, Alas we split against a Rock.
That ruins us for ever: I dreamt last Night,
Frederick was False, Sordid and Mercenary:
And that he only lov'd me for my Fortune;
I give no credit to sleeps Idle Whimseys:
But yet it strangely troubles me—now Christopher.
What Noise is that within?

[42]

Christo. And't please ye, some new Lunaticks last Night brought hither.

Fulvia. Prithce what are they.

Christo. A spindle-legg'd French Taylor; That ever since the Wars, being at a loss hoe to get New Fashions for his whimsical Customers, Fatigu'd his Brain so much, that he grew craz'd upon it.

Fulv. What, others?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Christo. A supernnated Maid of threescore and three; who being promised Marriage by a young Fellow of one and twenty, at the very Concept on't ran Mad for Joy.

Fulvia. Alas for her well who else?

Christo. A *Covent-Garden* Beau, who being obliged to make a Song upon his Mistresses *Paraquite*, and sitting up three Days and three Nights, not being able to produce one tolerable Thought at the Concept of losing her Favour, lost the small remainder of his own Senses.

Fulvia. So, what more?

Christo. A kept Miss, who being discarded by her resenting Lord, fell distracted, not for the loss of my Lord, but for her five poun a Week.

Fulvia. Go on. —

Christo. A Vintner whom his Customers had posionned with making him taste his own Wine — besides a Quaker who is now coming in here with my Master, of whom he'll give a better account himself.

Enter *Guiacum*, with a Letter, *Cunnington* and *Marmalett*.

Cun. I hope Dr. you need no further satisfaction in the truth of my Comission; be pleas'd therefore to let the Lady get ready with all possible speed, and the Note too for the fifty Guinea's; I shall have present occasion for.

Guiac. Very well, Sir, I understand ye — *Christopher* — [Whispers.]

Cunning. *Christopher!* what has *Christopher* to do in the Business? This is a strange, Old Formal Coxcomb: He cannot blow his Nose without his Man — Doctor, I, must desire you to be as speedy as you can; for I've another part to act, as you may perceive by my Habit: And what a Character Sir *Charles* gives me, I suppose you find in the Letter.

Guiac. Yes, Sir; yes; he has given ye a notable Character: here indeed, *Christopher*, go presently, and bid the Barber come hither to shave his Head.

Cunning. Your Servant Doctor; no Faith; that will be a Courtesy a little unseasonaable at present, by reason on my haste.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Guiac. Alas, Poor Fellow! yet stay a little *Chistopher*, where is his Master? Let him be call'd in First.

Cunning. My Master —

Marm. He is at the door an't please you; I'll go and fetch him; alas! I'll run Ten Miles on my bare Feet, to do the poor fellow any good.

Cun. Hey day! is she bewitched too? what a Plague do they mean? come, come Doctor, the Note quickly; and Madam Pray dispatch, I've a world of business to do, before Night yet.

Fulv. 'Dslise! this is the most comical fellow, I ever saw.

Guiac. Oh! the delirium is very strong unpon him; d'e hear *Christopher*? bid your fellows make haste to strip him, and get ready the Canvass Shape, that he may have nothing to tear; and a pair the strongest Fetters for his Leggs;

[43]

d'e hear? For Sir Charles informs the here, he is by fits very outrageous.

Cun. Fits, and outrageous? the Devil's in 'em all, sure: I know what's in the Letter well enough — come, come, this is no time for Jokes; Sir *Charles* will be impatient till the Lady comes, ye trisle, ye trisle, 'dsdeath! I should have bin with him by this time.

Guiac. This is a very Rogue, but Ile manage him presently. [Aside]

Fulv. Here's like to be good sport if it holds.

Guiac. The Letter says too, he will be very Mischievous towards the Change o'the' Moon, which is this Evening, but that's no great matter, I can disable him from that by a good Whipping: He shall have 300 lashes upon the Belly.

Cunning. The Devil, I shall, — 'dheart how I tremble — nay, nay, if you pursue the Banter, and intend to affront Sir *Charles*, there's no more to be said, says otherwise: I'm sure I read it this Morning, the most sweet, Civil Complementary thing on my side that ever was penn'd.

Guiac. No doubt on't, Sir, no doubt on't: Can you read? [gives him the Letter]

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Cunning. Read; Ha, ha, ha! what a Pox does he take me for one of the Black-guard? This Coxcomby Doctor's craz'd himself, Ile be hang'd else — read! yes, yes, you shall find I can read,

Guiac. Proceed then.

Cunning. Doctor, 'tis proper that I let you know, I have made another discovery of a Plott, to carry off the Lady you have in Custody. This Rogue, that I send here with this Letter. [Reads the Letter aloud]

Guiac. Go on, Sir, go on: I perceive you can read admirably (being one of the Principal Contrivers, — this is Witchcraft.) I cannot believe my owns Eyes.

Fulvia. Really as you say, Doctor; for a Crazed Person, the Man reads to a miracle.

Cunning. What Craz'd Person, Madam? 'dsdeath! I shall run Mad indeed, if this trade hold.

Guiac. Come Sir, to the next Paragraph.

Cunning. He was formerly a Sharper, an dwhither he be mad or no; I desire you to use him as such, for he's one of the greatest Rascalls in the whole World, — as his Master will better inform thee: — 'co# my Mr. agen.

Guiac. Sir Charles gives ye 'a notable Character, you see Sir.

Cunning. 'Ds heart Doctor! 'tis all Villany, Witchcraft, Conjuraction; I'm abus'd.

Guiac. The Fetters quickly, *Christopher*, he begins to Rave, oh! here's his Master.

Enter Quickquit Mimicking, a Quaker and Marmalett.

Cunning. Death, and Hell! what Son of a Whore's this — I'm at my Witts end.

Guiac. Come Friend, you must inform the Nature of his Madness, that I may Minister accordingly.

Quick. Plainly, since that ungodly season, that I first perceived that the Spirit of truth was departed form him, I relinquish'd him, often seriously pondering upon his State of Reprobation, which plainly I find is worthy be Comisers ted by all the Brethren and Sisters of the faithful.

Cunning. Oh! Rogue, I know him now, — Doctor y'are abus'd Imposed

[44]

upon, trick'd, this is no more a Quaker then I am. This is an Arch Cheat this is —

Quick. Aw Satan, Satan! great, great, is thy power. [Bawls in a loud Canting Tone.]

Guiac. He Raves again, take hold of him, and stop his mouth there.

Quick. The Tempter is very powerful in him, he turneth and windeth him which way he listeth, he goeth into his mouth like a Ratt, with a great Head and along Tayle, and exalteth his voice within, in Curses and Exclamations hum! give me the Engine Woman with which we used to resist the Tempter.

Marm. Here 'tis an't please ye; put this into his mouth — and Satan can have no Power. [They gag him here.]

Quick. Plainly, I have bin informed he hath bin trained up in the School of Sin vulgarly called the Play House, where the Devil Adorneth himself with toyes and trappings, where the Ears are misinformed and the Eyes misled, where the srail Son of Man carelseth the Woman inordinately, where he tempteth her to Midnight Gluttony; and whispereth into her unhallowed things. [Marmalett whispers Fulvia]

Fulvia. My Heart is ready to leap out thee for Joy, for he do's it so Naturally 'tis impossible he should be discovered, — how the Fool the Doctor looks too? [Aside]

Quick. Moreover, observe, how outrageously the Old Dragon teareth him. [Struggles.]

Guiac. Ay, ay, tis time to begin, — away with him, and give him the Lashes I ordered.

Quick. Plainly it behooveth thee Well, that the Spirit of Truth may once more return; and the old Man be rooted our, — now Rogue I think I'm even with thee — [Aside to — whi kicks and strives to speak]

Quick. Aw — Satan, Satan, great is thy Power. [Bawls out aloud and is hurried out] But now, to the remaining part of my Charge; I am to Conduct a Woman from hence, a sinful Woman as it appeareth to me, who causeth with her transitory Wealth and Beauty, strange Appetites, Boylings and Fermentings in the Heart of Man.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Guic. Well Friend, no more enlarging upon that Subject; here is Sir Charles's Order in this Letter, who it seems is at a Garden-House here hard by; therefore Madam — you had best make haste; you need no disguise but your Masque, for he says there is a private back way to't which this honest Man has only knowledge of.

Quick. Plainly, thou sayest it.

Fulvia. Was there ever so admirable a Fellow? I'm scarce able to contain my self from laughing out. [Aside]

Quick. Come young Woman, and let thy steps be guided soberly: Give me thy Carnal hand; hah! verily it is exceeding white, and hath and assuringness in the Palm thereof, which is, as it were, provoking: Hah! this is it now, which stroaketh the Forehead of Transgression till it become Masterless and girdeth us into the Labyrinth of Misconstruction, from whence we seldom or never come forth our selves. [Exit leading Fulvia]

Guic. What an odd fort of a Canting Rascall's this? and what a do's here with one Woman that has Mony? gad I've a Daughter of my own at home has fat pricking upon a clout at home this Seven Years, and no one has come to

[45]

her, but an Attorney's Clark, and City Groser; when this here is beset with all degrees, Ages and Religions — well, 'twill be always so; and where the Honny is, there will the Gnattts, Hyes, and Insects be buzzing together, — Christopher — my Cloak, — I'll take a little Air, and then see how — the Wedding goes forward. [Exit]

SCENE 2.

Enter T. Romance and Shinkin.

T. Rom. Gad take me, this was the most Comical adventure that ever the City was famous for, to lock us up with his Wife, and Neice upon the score of Trade: why? 'tis an Action ought to be known to Posterity and worthy to be Chronicled in the City Annals.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Shink. Her Cousin Siss, was fery familliar too when her was alone; there was no pish, nor fye, nor pray be quiet, look you — only some little frowns and repukes, put fery kind looks for all that St. Davy.

T. Rom. If I had not bin obliged to meet my Father here, I would not have left my little French woman this two hours, but he is so hot upon't to make me Marry this Heiress, that he spoyles my humour of Intreaguing quite, gad take me.

Shink. Pray you see, where he comes yonder with the Lady that they call the crete Witt of Richmond, she that talks, and discourses, and Jeeres, and laughs, and makes Fools of all the Town by Cadwallader.

Enter Sir. Charles and Sophronia.

T. Rom. By this Light, she's rare Creature: 'dsheart I'm in Love with her up to the Ears already; why? she's finer than my little French Woman by half: ay Gad or my Lords Daughter either, or my Wife that is to be; or my Knights Lady at Cue; or Jenny in *Lumbard Street*; or my Widdows Duaghter or my Semstress, my Chambermaid or any of 'em: I'll write her a Bilet deux immediately, Gad take me.

Shink. Hey Gadsplutt! her will have more Women than the crete Turk has at this Rate, look you.

Sr. Char. Yonder's my Son, Madam; and I am very glad to find you so well dispos'd, to the Marriage between him and your Kinswoman; for tho she has lately entertain'd some volatile Humours, which Youth mamy very well Excuse; Yet the Principall Verbs, her Wit and Vertue, so far counterpoise that.

Soph. Her State you mean, Sir Charles does so far Counterpoise that —

S. Char. That the Candor of my Nature obliges me to dislike, all other offers for him that are not possessed with her —

Soph. With her — Land and Houses.

Sr. Char. Good Qualities, Madam, having bin since my Noble Lords Death, her Father, a true honourer of her for her Extraction, merit and —

Soph. And Money; is not that a Principall Verb too, Sir Charles?

T. Rom. A delicate Rogue; what an Air and Shape she has? Cousin, Rise prithee turn about a little [takes our Pen, Ink and Paper, and writes on thinkin's Back]

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Sir *Char.* Money, Madam! What the dirty Slave of our Conveniency? She hasd hit it to a hair, gad for all that; [aside] can any Morall Man that has his Reason, build his Content on such a Trisle.

Soph. Oh Sir, take this from me, since the Golden Age, the World has lost those Moral Men you speak of: Money is now the Soul o'th Universe: The

[46]

States-man, Commoner, and Country-man, Phisitian, Lawyer, Cittizen, Priest, greedily dam their own for't every day; the man that's Rich must be accomplished too, his Apish Tricks are Gentleman like Carriage, his silly Speeches called refind and Witty, if he be Prodigal they stile him generous, if Covetous, a close, wise wary fellow, if he detracts or Lyes, he's a fine Courtier, if Blasphemous, a Witt, in sinnical a Beau, if drunk, he's then a merry Jolly Fellow, or if unmanly Lewd, a Rare Companion.

T. Rom. Ah that dear Sweet little Honey prating Tongue, — would I hats it a little here, and if a stranger may have priviledge to affirm his passion; very good, gad take me. [Read's his Paper, and writes again]

Shink. I pray you now Cousins make haste, for her has in Intreague too, look you, her has promised to meet her Cousin Siss, at seven Precisely.

Sir *Char.* If Mony has these flourishing attributes Madam, what then must virtue have the chiefest good.

Soph. Faith, just, quite contrary, for virtue Sir is generally poor, and Poverty can give no Bribe for Praise, the virtuous Man that's poor, must be a Fool, a wretched sort of an uncurrant Coyn, that few or none will deal with; Tho he be wise, his best opinion is thought ignorance, his talk ridiculous, his Person hated, he still sares worst, yet pays the dearest for it, has he a cause at Law? it shall be lost, has he a Claim in Love? he shall be Jilted, his Ingenuity is worse than Witchcrast, and every venial Error past forgiveness. [reads]

T. Rom. And if I Love ye not better than both my Eyes, may I be poisoned like a Ratt at your Chamber door and be accompted the varriest Son of Whore in the World,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

instead of your most passionately devoted most humble, and most obsequious Slave,
Thomas Romance gad take me, there I came off like an Angel.

Sir Char. What a Devil is he making mouths at yonder, how now Tom what are you doing there?

T. Rom. ‘Dslife if he sees it I’m ruined; nothing Sr. I’M only casting up a Taylors Bill a little, that the Rogue mayn’t cheat me. [aside]

Sir Char. A Taylor’s Bill, prithee leave of those trifles and prepare to entertain your Mistress whom I expect here instantly; with all you ought to thank this Lady too, her kinswoman, who gives ye her good liking.

T. Rom. Her good linking, gad, would I had it upon her own score; now what would I give that it were sealed? this were A Rare time to clap it into her hand. — — [aside]

Soph. That he has Sir. Charles, he may assure himself, or any one else so that Traitor Frederick be disappointed, — let me but frustrate his design and let the rest fall ou’t, as fortune pleases. [aside]

Enter Guiacum.

Guiac. Sir Charles here? they have dispatched their business very quickly I see.

Sir Char. Oh Doctor! welcome; y’are come in Admirable time, but where’s my Daughter?

Guiac. I hope she’s not far of Sir, you are a better guardian than so trust her in ill hands.

Sir Char. Therefore, I recommended her to yours — where, where, is she?

Guiac. Ha, ha, ha, this is fine merriment, why Sir? I desire to know, and whether she seems pleased fine I sent — her to ye?

Sir Char. Sent her to me! ‘dsdeath, what do’s he mean.

[47]

Guiac. Nay, what do you mean then? sye, sye, Sir Charles; amd I subject sit to make a Jest on?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Sir *Char.* Thou makest me Mad, to hear thy Ridling; I sent for her by Cunnington, dressed like a Quaker, who was to bring her to Old Zechiell, her Fathers Steward, where we have waited long, but no one came.

Guia. Why Sir? I gave her to that Quaker, and obeyed the orders in your Letter here, for Punishing the Impostor, that had contrived to Steal her. [gives him the Letter]

Sir *Char.* Impostor, what Impostor? here's some Trick by Heaven.

Soph. Read, Read the Letter, oh Confusion! how my Heart beats?

Sir *Char.* Trick'd Ruin'd, Cheated, abus'd; this is none of my Letter, nor any of my orders; some subtil Devil has Counter-seited Cunnington, and on my life carried her off to Frederick.

Soph. Destruction steize the World; to Frederick did ye say, to Frederick?

Sir *Char.* It must be so, he has doubtless given her to that other Cunning Rogue, and punished him; I sent for a feigned mischief.

Guia. What e're has chanc'd is Fortunates fault not mine; that Quickwit is the Devil, and can Act in such variety of Shapes, Hell cannot balk his Cunning.

T.Rom. Very fine; so I perceive I am like to lose my Heiress again; but tis no great matter, for I've another new Intreague, and that's all one to me, gad take me.

Shink. Here is such Cousining, and Cheats, and Tricks, that *Shinkin* knows not what to make on't by St. *Davy*.

Soph. Torture and Death; this is the greatest Plague, the seinds could e're Invent to vex my Soul: he has her now and without doubt laughs at me.

T. Rom. Hey, mettle to the back too, — gad take me, Ile warrant her.

Guia. The Fifty Guineas too, no doubt are paid by this time: this was a damn'd subtil Rogue.

Soph. Nay never hide thy self, take one good wish first; may thy dull refty Age increase diseases, the Palsy, Gout, Snattica, and Stone, and have no better Doctor than thy self, as for the Attributes of Fool and Cuckold, I need not grace thee with 'em; those thou halt already, but mayst thou have none but Staylers Wives for Patients, and those so Raving Mad that in their Fits each one may long to have a piece of thee, and Tear

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

thee as the Thracians, once did *Orphens*, or I could now, thou Paralitick insect. [to *Guiacum*, shakes him by the Collar.]

Enter Cunnington with a Quarterstaff, his Face all smutly, and he dressed in Canvass.

Cunning. O Villain! Dog, Doctor, are you there? I'll knock his Head oof.

Guiac. More Mischief yet! I shall be murder'd now, that's certain.

Sir Char. How, this! is't possible? What, my Friend *Cunnington*? nay if he were not an old Coxcomb, thou shouldest have thy penny-worths out of him; that's certain, for we perceive he deserves it richly; but prithee how gott'st thou off; I was just sending to thee.

Cunning. Why, as good luck would have it, just before they had time to Chain me, I made shift to climb up the Chimney; what kicks and Buffets I've endur'd for — you shall know at more leisure: I have only now Breath and

[48]

time to tell ye, that if you follow me quickly, you may recover the Heiress agen. [speaks as one of Breath]

Sir Char. Hah, — what say'st thou?

Soph. Oh thou blest Angel of a Fellow, go on.

Cunning. From the top of the Chimney, as I was trying to get down, casting my Eyes to a little Garden house, not far off, who should I see? but that Rogue in a Quakers habit, with *Sir Quibble* and *Frederick* leading your Daughter cross a Gravel Walk into an Arbor.

Soph. And hast thou marked the place, thou Charming Creature?

Cun. Most carefully.

Soph. Hah! and shall we get her? speak, speak, thou pretious.

Cunning. I tell ye, ye shall.

Soph. What from *Frederick*? hah! what sayst thou? speak quickly thou Cherubin.

Cunning. Oons from *Frederick*? from all 'em: ye little Brisk pretty Black-ey'd — what a pox, will she Ravish me?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Sir *Char.* Thanks Fortune, that was unexpected.

Cunn. Which you should never have known if I could have carried her off my self. [aside]

Sir *Char.* Let's away instantly and setch the Constable and Watch; come, Tom, and Cousin.

Soph. Oh Heaven! this is the happiest turn.

Guiaac. For me it is upon a double Score,
I else had lost one Member, if no more. [exit]

SCENE 4.

Enter Sir Quibble, Fulvia, Dogget and Marmalett.

Fred. This is the happiest moment of my life. [embracing Fulvia]

Sir *Quib.* And mine too, I'll say't. [embracing her too.]

Fulvia. That was a very close hug; the Knight out does ye Sir Extreamly in his Carresses. [to Fred]

Fred. Is not the Parson come yet? dull heavy fellow, how can he loyter so.

Sir *Quib.* Ay, what's his Name, pray Brother when is he to come, and what is he doing all this while.

Fred. Ridiculous questions! what shall I do with him Tom?

Quick. I don't know the Fool begins to smell the Trick and grows Impertinent upon't.

Fulvia. You must discover the truth to him, for he's so brisk upon me, theres no enduring him.

Sir *Quib.* Why then, Madam? I'll say't, I believe you mistake your Man, this Gentleman is my Brother; Madam, 'tis I am your Knight; Madam, 'tis, I am he that is to do the favour.

Fulvia. My Knight, ha, ha, ha.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha — her Knight! Oh sye Brother, you know your self and the Lady better sure.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Marm. Sir Quibble expresses himself very Comical in troth, ha, ha, ha, ha. I'll say't I can find none: Why, am not I to marry the Lady Mrs. Quickwit? and must not I be then her Knight?

Quick. No, no, Sir *Quibble* there was another Design in't from the begining.

[49]

Fulvia. Alas Sir, what should you do with a Wife? when d'e think you should get her to be of your side? where would you find an Humour that would be suitable to ye? and why would you prove the Fatal Consequence of disagreeable Marriage, Sir; there's four questions, now answer me quickly.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha — [Sir Charles: T. Romance, Shink. Guiac. *Constable.*] han't O layd out a hundred and fifty Pounds about this business?

Fred. Within a small matter, I think; why sure you don't grutch to do a small kindness for your Brother?

Sir *Quibb.* No, but to part with ones Mistress to ones Brother, is a little too much, tho' I'll sya't; therefore I must tell ye plainly, Brother, I won't do't.

Quick. You see the Lady is uneasie, Sir *Quibble.*

Sir *Quibb.* Ay, 'tis all one for that, keep you your distance too, or I'll say't I shall so tan your Quakers hide, I shall make ye act your Play but ill when you come to't agen else; why sure? tho' I have bin led by the Nose a little, and laid out my Money, I can't tell how, I won't lose my Mrs. — ye *Lobrocks* what a Plague I am not such a Fool neither?

Quick. If this blunt Fool should beat us both now, 'twould be a pretty jest?

Fred. Nay then, there's no time for delays; let go her hand and presently, or I'll run my Sword into your Heart.

Sir *Quibb.* Why then, I'le run mine into your guts; let go my Mistress: No I an't such a Fool neither I tell ye: Odzooks I'le keep her in spite of ye, hoh hoh.

He prepares to fight awkerdly, then Enter Sir Charles, T. Romance, Shinkin Guiacum
— Sophronia with *Constable and Watch.*

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Sir *Char.* Will ye so, Sir? that's more than you can promise long, and so have at ye.

Sir *Quibb.* Nay then, stand to't Brother; I'me of thy side agen now, I'll say't.
[Fight here, and Fredericks Party is beaten off then, Reenter Sir Charles, T. Rom.]
Shinkin with his Head broke; Guiac. Cunnington, Sophronia, Constable and Watch with Fulvia retaken.

Sir *Charles.* So, you are ours once agen, in spite of Fortune. How now Cousin, what Wounded?

Shink. A Plague take your Confounded English Customs, look you, that you cannot get your Wives and your Marriages, but a Shentleman must have his Pate and his Prains peaten out about it? well fare her own Countrey I say, the Pritains have not such Pribbles and Prables, and broken Pates by Cadwallader.

When any Prittain pargains for his Spouse;

He prings so many Seep, so many Cows:

The Pridegroom tells the Pride his Loves intent.

And she kinf Fool as quickly gives Consent,

No Swords, Cads plutt, nor Cudgells there prevails;

But kiss and Couple, that's the Way in Wales.

[50]

ACT V. Scene I.

Enter Frederick, Quickwit, *and* Marmalet.

Fred. Had ever Man such Cause to Curse his Fortune? to be so neer the long'd for happiness, and then to lose o lose it, doubles the vezation: Oh I could outrail now a losing Gamester; a Cashier'd Captain; or a Grumbler double Tax'd.

Quick. And I, a Suburb Bawd just come from Garting; A Plague of my Quakers shape here; if I had not look'd so like a Rogue, on my Conscience I had thriven better.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Marm. I'm sure my loss is irrecoverable, for I must nevre hope to come into Favour with Sir Charles agen, but then the Consolation I have in your sweet promise, Sir, does I confess allay — [to Doggets]

Quick. O prithee good Spouse that must be; no more Love now, my Bones smart a little too much at present, to let me entertain any Amorous Motions — Ah Plague of their Rusty Bills; that Rogue *Cunnington* took care they should all fall on me still; but what's most Comical? As I was running off after your, he comes up to me and with a grave Face, as if he had known nothing of the matter, invites me to drink a stand of Ale with him this Evening at Numpses.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha — and wilt thou go?

Quick. Ay by this Light will I; and if I can mould that dull headed Fellow once more rightly, my Witty Antagonist shall have but Little cause to bast his late success — come Courage, Sir; they shall make Paste of my Bones with their Battoons e're I give up a Cause I've undertaken, whilst my Brains lye in their right place: This Evening will prove all, till then farewell — If I get the Dice once my side — the Golds my own yet; I've enough to manage them I'm sure. [exit]

Marm. I must follow him and put him once more in mind.

Fred. If Fulvia were Heiress apparent to the Universe, there could not be more Wit nor diligence us'd about her. This is the third time our Consederate Forces have been repuls'd: And Faith were I not sensible the Castle were stor'd with the best sort of Ammunition, tempting Gold? I think I should have long since raised the Siege: I must confess my self to be of that Pagan Opinion, that there is no one Quality belonging to a Woman, unless it be her Money that can countervail a Man's playing the Fool in Courting her a Month for: This was my Plea with Sophronia once, who has some simple passionate Papers of mine sill, that I wish I had out of her hands; my deserting was not so very just its true, but then 'twas very profitable, and this damn'd Money has power to make a Rogue of a Man, often times Confiancy, that's most certain? [exit]

SCENE 2.

Enter Sophronia and Fulvia.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Soph. Nay, if you'r in a Passion, I'll desist, but f you'll hear, I'll prove it?

Fulvia. What, that Frederick's salse! Oh 'tis ridiculous Mallice, and I'll not believe it: I know she lov'd him her self once, and this is now the product of her Envy.
[Aside]

[51]

Soph. False as Briseno to Olimpia in the Story, hase, Mercenary, the worst degree of Falsehood.

Fulvia. Ha, ha, ha, ha! your rave, you rave, Cousin; I pittie ye; pray go home and let blood, you are dangerously distemper'd take my word.

Soph. Not with thy Disease, Child, I'm sure; I swear I would not have it for the World.

Fulvia. You talk as if I had the Gout or Palsie, or a long Family Rhumatism, that distinguish'd the Blood of my Relations for ten Ages: What Disease is't you mean — take heed of Scandel Cousin?

Soph. Nay, do you take heed on't Cousin? for the Disease that I mean, has generally some Infection that way, 'tis called a Masculine Calenture, or the Plague of Man-loving; it often seizes upon Creatures of thy Age, and if of that strange Nature, that it dulls and Numbs the Brains as if they were froze, which must be chas'd and warmed a long time by Reason and Arguments, or else the Patient will never return to her right Senses.

Fulvia. Lord, that's a terrible Disease indeed, but yet for all its violence, I have Brains enough left to see a distemper in you too, Cousin; 'tis the Plague of Creediness, and you use me as the great Sister in a Country Cottage does the lesser; you would pack me to Bed without any Supper, because you have a mind to my Bread and Butter.

Soph. No, no, Child, the Case differs between us extreamly, some may feast with a Rasher upon the Goals, whilst other keck at the very smell: And I must have thy Stomach before I can be greedy of thy Dyet.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Fulvia. Come, come, Cousin, you have stomach enough, nay indeed so much that you grow fullen with it, and like a little Child, won't eat your Meal till you see the Plate ready to be given away to another; for as homely a bit as you make of that Rasher, if I am not mistaken in the Morsel, you would be glad of tartly think it a Gnstt or a Wheat Ear.

Soph. If *Frederick* be the Wheat Ear you mean? I had rather have an Old Capon at the latter end of *July*.

Fulvia. Ah, you shall never banter me with that — you'd think him a young Pheasant at the latter end of October, if you had him, to my knowledge?

Soph. I think him, prithe if his Spesies were changed, and he were turned into a Cormorant, a Buzzard, or an Owl, 'twere all one to me.

Fulvia. Any thing but the Capon, Cousin, you were speaking of, I dare swear for all your Anger, your have too much Charity, to wish him turned into that.

Sophr. It does so little concern my Charity, that I should like my Hen with Eggs very well without any trouble, to know they should never come to be Chickens, and consequently Cocks of the Game. Besides there is so much ill Blood begot now a days, and so many Strains Crossed, that if, for the Future, the Sex were all Capons, I question whether the King would lose e're a good Subject by 't.

Fulvia. This is your Satyricall Vein now. Oh! how you Fatten your self with this humour just like a Nuncon, that rails at Episcopacy, not or any just reason, but through self will'd Opinion, and rediculous Envy; else why is *Frederick* still the Theam of Railing?

Soph. Oh! thou ungrateful Creature, have I not told thee? 'tis through kindness to thee.

[52]

Fulvia. To me, rather say through Hatred to him, because he Loves me.

Soph. He Loves thee now, his baseness does deceave thee; Mercenary Soul Covets thy Fortune: thy person is the least of all his wishes.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Fulvia. Just so I dream't indeed [aside] but 'tis Barbarity to doubt a Lover for an Idle dream; I'll not be so unjust, come, come, 'tis all Envy; and to deal freely with ye, I now must tell ye, I take it as an affront, not as a kindness.

Soph. That's always a Fools humour, when they have not Brains enough to know the Courtesy, they term it an Affront.

Fulvia. Well, for all your mighty Wit, this shall not get your Ends; I see your Hatred and your Envy to him, and consequently judge his Love to me: I'll Marry him in spite of all the World.

Soph. Thou shalt not Marry him, tho all the World assist thee.

Fulvia. How poor is this, and mean, because my merit appears above those in his deserving Eyes; thy Heart breeds venom, and thy Slaundrous Tongue, dissention between Lovers.

Soph. Lovers! Damnation, how She Tortures me? I tell thee once more thou deceived poor Creature; he does not Love thee; nor cannot Marry thee if he would, which is a secret; nothing but sweet revenge could e're draw from me.

Fulvia. What, will your Conjure? shall your plain dealing Faculty Convert it self to Magick? or d'ce carry a little Familiar under your Girdle, to Enchant us upon occasion; which way will you do this?

Soph. That e're the Clock sound Midnight thou shalt know; in the mean time, let thy Young Hotbrain'd wild unthinking Head remember this from me.

Love may seem great, that in its self is small;

Looks cover thoughts and interest governs all:

When Damon to an Heiress speaks kind things,

'Tis not for what she is, but what she brings. [exit]

Fulvia. She has so much moved the passion in my Soul, my Eyes can scarce contain it? what discovery she can make, I know not, but long to be resolved; tis ture, we have had so many lets and troubles in this business; as if Providence it self dislik'd the proceedings; but still this is no proof; besides he has Sworn his faithful Love so often, 'twere infamous and dishonourable to doubt it.

Enter Sir Charles and Stockjobb.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Sir Charles. Madam, I need to tell you my resentments, nor how I relish your ungenerous dealings; you have reason enough to guess, and after guessing, have wit enough to make me satisfaction.

Fulvia. Well, Sir Charles, consideration you know, ne're comes to late.

Sir Charles. Right, Madam, and to shew you that I practice it my self, I will forget your late Discoveries, and once more address my self, an humble Suitor on my Sons behalf.

Fulvia. I will consider of it, mean time, believe this fairness of your Temper wins memore, then all your plots and Stratagems before.

Stock. Come, come; Slapdash, twill be a Match faith, and so forth; gad I'll say this for Squire Thomas, he's a Notable person, as my wise informs me; she says the pushes forward into business mightly well; he'll be a great encourager of Trade, and so forth.

Sir Charles. I hope my Cander and my Love at last, will force ye to be gratefull, and to shew how much I prize a Reconcilement; this Night we will have

[53]

Revells, and a Ball, and I my self will drink one Glass the more, in honour of the Marriage.

Fulvia. Marriage, Sir, is a thing of weight; but as I told ye, Sir, I will consider of it, and to that purpose begg the favour to retire a little. [Exit]

Sir Charles. Do so, and rest your self against the Evening for Tom intends to lead ye a brisk measure I'faith — so I hope all will be right now, she seems considerative, which is one great step to Sentiment and knowledge. [exit Sir Charles]

Stock. Pugh! Slapdash, the woman has it in her head; now Sir Charles, all will go well I see't.

Enter Hotspur in haste.

Hotsp. Now Sir, if you have any regard to your Honour, or the Reputation of a Citizen of London, as you have formerly flourished upon, come along with me, and you

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

shall see what a Snake you have foster'd up; or to speak in plainer Terms, you shall see what a Cuckold you are.

Stock. Come, y'are a rude Hectorly to'ther end of Town fellow, I tell ye pray keep from my House: I a Cuckold because I promote business, and Manage my Wise wisely for the honour of the City; Sir, I scorn your words, for Gadzookers, I had rather be an Elephant.

Hotsp. But in the mean time, you are a Breast of another kind, which come but along with me, shall appear; I will shew thee such business an dso forth, she knows what she does I warrant her.

Hotsp. Ay, but you don't know what she does to my knowledg; come, come, you shall go, I have lodged 'em all yonder, the Welsh Fop, and his Skittish Devil too; your Rooms are all taken up and managed for the honour of the City, and so forth.

Stock. Why then they are managed according to my desire, and so forth. I defy any Citizens Wise within the Walls, to have a better head for business than her self; for I'll hod a Hundred Pounds, she has drawn one of 'em into some lucky wager or other; nay, nay, prithe hold thy tongue; gad, if thou wer't one of the Apostles, I'de believe nothing against Pogry and Squire Thomas, not I.

Hotsp. Why then like an unbelieving Sot as thou art, come and use thy Eyes; nay, nay, no drawing back — by Heaven thou shalt go.

Stock. To laugh at thee, which I know I shall do an Dambaly too, I a Cuckold, — as I said before I shall soon be an Elephant I'm sure. [Exeunt]

SCENE 3.

Enter T. Romance and Shinkin.

T. Rom. Well, I believe I am an Orginal about Intreague; I don't think there's the fellow of me in Europe; gad take me, for now is my Father thumping his Brains, and plotting to get this Heress for me, and here am I hunting about

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

for *Sophronia*, upon another Intreague: I conveyed a Letter to her just now, by putting it into the Service Book at Church, then dogg'd her home hither, — I must find her out, for I long to know the success on't.

Shink. Well, *Shinkins* was not much behind her in Intreagues, neither look you, for her Cousin Siss, was hide her self hereabouts too, who I find loves Corners and by places extreamly, where gadsplut if Shinkin can find her, her will put her toot, there shall be no Marriages in the Case by St. Davy, there her will peg her Pardon.

T. Rom. Why, that's spoke like a Man of Intreague, gad take me, would I had my dear Angel here, that I am looking for in a Corner.

Enter Hotspurr and Stocjobb listning.

Hotsp. Softly, softly, take care they don't see ye, shees gon I find at present, but I know will soon return; in the mean time, pray observe the Dialogue between these two Coxcombs.

Stock. I shall observe to laugh at you Egregiously, that I shall and so forth.

T. Rom. Pogry stays so long that I see I must leave her, and go and seek out my new Charmer.

Hotsp. Pogry — de'e hear, Sir, he begins already. [a part to Stock]

Stock. Well Tom Fool, what o' that?

Shink. Fye, fye, to desert your intreague so soon, was to shew falsehoods and inconstancies, which is not like Man of honours, look you.

Hotsp. 'Tis intreague, pray mind that Hint too, Sir.

Stock. Jackanapes, what hint, ye Ass you, what Hint?

T. Rom. Pox on't, her over soundness every day tries me more then a Match at Tennis, here's a Locket she gave me this Morning, which it seems the Fool her Husband gave her Yesterday.

Stock. Humph, — humph.

T. Rom. A trifle worth about Fifty Pounds I believe, she teizes me with such Follies as these every minute almost.

Hotsp. Lookee, Sir, so much for the incouragement of Trade, and so forth.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Stock. By the Lord Major, the very Lockett that I had of Sir Paul *Poundage*, she Goldsmith, to let him have share in my Project of the Catskin, oh! I am confounded, I cannot believe my Eyes.

Hotsp. Nay, pray Sir don't laugh too extravagantly, Squire Tomas is but opening the Jest yet.

T. Rom. But the jest best is, the Cuckold admits me into his Wives Chamber every day, in hopes she will draw me into the lay wagers; when gad take me, the only one that ever laid or intend to lay, was a Brass Shilling against a good one, that her next Kid will be a Boy.

Hotsp. There Sir, what think, e of that wager too, has she not drawn him in rarely?

Stock. Oh Villian! tother End of Town Bully to ruin business too, that's worse then all; gad I'll speak to my Cousin Touchhole, a Captain of the Trainbands, to lend me a File of Musquetteers to Shoot the Rampant Dog through the Belly.

Hotsp. Nay, nay, have patience Dick, and don't hinder Trade I say.

Stock. Trade, gadzooks, this is the Devil of a Trade.

[55]

T. Rom. Theres a light in the next Room, and ten to one Sophronia's there alone, gad I'll go and see, Cloak and Hat lye you there; if Pogry comes in the mean time, let her stay, I have her so much at command, she cares not be angry with me.

Shinkin. Flimms and Flams, and put her toot, — hey Slapdash, why, this is Bawdy-house fashion right, the Welshman's gon to tickle my Cousin Siss in the next Room too.

Hotsp. Ay that's all one, 'tis all to promote Trade you know, and for the honour of the City.

Stock. Oh Confusion to the City and all Trade, if this be the Fruits of wagering and stockjobbing, I have no Patience: I'll go to my Cousin Touch-hole, immediately: I'll have a dozen Musquets at least.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Hosp. Nay Faith, stay and see all now, for here's the good Wise coming through the Garden, and here's the Eopps Cloak and Hat left as opportunely to disguise thee, as if we had contrived it; here, here, on with it quickly and Practice his affected Gate, I warrant, you make some strange Discovery. [stock. puts on his Cloak and Hat]

Stock. Na, like enough, but gad I'll send her home agen; if I do, she shall ship for *Piccardy* with the Next Wind — A Cuckold, Oons I had rather be an Elephant by half; but this comes of succouring French Refugees, with a Pox to 'em.

Enter Mrs. Stockjobb with Jewels.

Mrs. Stock. Ah dear Monsieur, I beg you Pardon vid all min Heart, dat I stay so long, but know I speak of mine Heart dat has bin vid you all dis while, and I only stay to take de Convenience of de Fool my Husbands being out of de way, to bring off some small trifles of Gold and Jewels, which are dedicate to de Joy of my Soul, my Hearts Blood, my Treasure.

Stock. Slap, dash, here's a French Devil for ye and so forth.

Mr. Stock. I am so fatigu'd vid dat Brute, dat I can have patience no longer, and derefore come to trow my self upon you, vid whom I will henceforth live and dye, and whom I will follow all de World over.

Stock. Why? well said Pogry, rarely done, Pogry, go and be hang'd Pogry, good Protestan Refugee, to *Piccardy* go, but the Gold and Jewels shall stay in England, ye Jade. [unlocks]

Mrs. Stock. Oh Diable, vat dam misfortune is this?

Hosp. Nothing, nothing, Madam, I know your Interest with Dicky, will turn the Scale immediatly; this is all upon the score of Trade.

Stock. Oh Confound all Trade, Burn the Exchange, hang up all Wagerers and Stockjobbers, and the Devil take all business out my doors, ye Whore; you are a Protestan, are ye?

Reenter T. Romance.

T. Rom. Gad take me, I hast like to have made a damn'n mistake yonder, for instead of *Sophronia*, who should I meet within there, but my Father and the Heiress,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

whom he has just carried to his own House, and Commanded me to follow — Hah, Dicky! how dost thou?

Stock. Why *Dicky* does wondrous well, Sir, as well as a Cuckold can Sir, that had rather be an Elephant there; there's *Pogry* too, go, go manage your Trade

[56]

together, lay another brass Shilling to a Copper one; *Stockjob* lay Wagers and be damn'd together, honest Squire *Thomas*, and I'll go to my Cousin *Touchhole* and get you mawl'd, *Dogbolt*, if I can, for all that, and so farewell t'e. [exit]

Hotsp. So now you may launch to *Piccardy* agen, and follow your old Trade of Basketmaking, *Jilt*; I think I have spoyl'd your Market pretty well here; for your part *Coxcomb*, I'll go and inform your Father of your design upon *Sophronia*, that I think will do your business too.

T. Rom. 'Dsdeath if he does that, I'm undone for ever, I must after and prevent it. [exit]

Mrs. Stock. Was ever hopeful Intreague so spoyl'd — diable must me go [weeps] to France agen too, by dis hand me vill deny dat, me vill Rob, me vill Pick de Pocket, me vill drown, me vill hang before ever me leave Sweet England, to go into France agen, dat is certain. [exit weeping]

SCENE 4th.

Cunningman and Quickwit Smoaking at a Table, with a Stand of Ale.

Cunning. Come all malice apart, prithee lets be grave no longer, but drown Animosities in the bottom of the Pitcher; thou'rt an Ingenious Fellow, and I've a mind to be reconciled to thee, and therefore contrived to meet at this Little Cottage out of the way, where we may speak out minds freely, — Come give me thy hand, shall we be friends?

Quick. Prithee, thou canst not be a friend to any Body.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Cunning. Ha, ha, ha, I know thou'rt angry, but faith Tom I could not help it, thou knowest tis naturall to me to Love Mischief.

Quick. Come pull away then.

Cunning. Come Faith the Heiress health, let's remember her that we have had all this busle about; ye witty Rogue you, I 'm damn bly afraid you'l get her from us agen, for all her Guardian has her so salt.

Quick. Very well Sir, insult, isult; you have the Dice, you may do what you please, ha, ha, ha, gad I should lose another Brace of Fifties if thou shouldst, but I think I may venture her this once.

Quick. Ay, Pox on ye for a Witty Rogue, you have the better of me clearly, my Brains are quite dull'd.

Cunn. Then not to banter any longer, the Match betwixt young Romance is made up, and we are to have a Ball at Sir Charles's House immediately: I wait here for some Masquerading Habits, that I have sent a Messenger to borrow at Twickenham; there's to be a little Ataque too of Pluto, Orphens, and Euridice, of my Composing, and the Musick of Mr. Purcels — here's the Design, I'll shew it thee.

Quickwitt. Ay hang ye, you us'd to be Ingenious enough at these things.

[57]

Enter Numps,

Numps. There's a Man without, with a Bundle, desires to Speak with ye, and 't shall please ye — [to Cunnington]

Cun. Oh! that's well, 'tis the Fellow with the Habits, I must go and take 'em. [exit]

Numps. Ah Master Quickwit, Numps was a damn'd sower part for me, it was adswowkers, but d'e hear, when am I to be paid for't, I was only thrash'd confoundedly for acting so well, — that's all I have got yet.

Quick. Why now the happy Minute's come to make ample satisfaction to us both, and do but as I advise thee, thou shals get thy Twenty Pounds presently, and Mr. Frederick shall have the Heiress into the bargain.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Numps. Odsowokers, how can that be, Master Quickwit?

Quick. Do'st know this Fellow that went cut?

Numps. Not I, I never saw him in thy life.

Quick. This is that very Rogue that betray'd us to Sir Charles, and the Doctor, that procur'd thy beating, and has ever since frustratred our Plots upon the Heiress.

Numps. 'Sbud, my Bones ake at the very thought on't; oh Dog Villain, is this he?

Quick. This is the very Rascal, who is now gone out for some disguises to make some Dancing Entertainment there this Evening; now if thouy can'st but get two or three of thy honest Neighbours to seize him, I'll contrive the Heiress for Frederick, and he shall have the Guinneys ready for thee.

Numps. 'Odzookes Master Quickwit, I'll do it immediately, for it never could happen in a better time, for I have three or four Neighbours here drinking in the next Room, that will do't for Mr. *Frederick* at a words speaking —

Quick. Away then dear Numps, and call 'em instantly, — now Fortune favour this once, and be my Guiddess for ever after. [exit Numps]

Re-enter Cunnington with a bundle.

Cun. Well, prithee tell me now, how do'st like the contrivance you must know I am to do *Pluto* there my self.

Quick. Nay, thou art the fittest Person to act the Devil, of any one I know, that I'll say for thee.

Cun. Ha, ha, ha, prithee leave off thy srumps, thou can'st not forgive me heartly yet, I see, come faith, give me thy Hand, I'll contract a Friendship with thee.

Quick. Ay, that's likely to prove well, why, thou never yet could'st be a Friends to thy self, much less to any one else.

Cun. Faith, the Heiress and I will drink thy health presently, but you shall promise me, you won't get her from me agen, you witty Rascal — you shall faith, ha, ha, ha —

[58]

Enter Numps, and 3 or 4 Countrymen.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Quick. W'are Catchpol'd Joe — I'll promise nothing.

Cun. How now, what a Devil's the matter now? [they seize him]

Numps. Come, Sir, you must go along with us?

Cun. With you, wither, forwhat — 'Oons are the Men mad?

Quick. Alas, good Sir, why de'ye pull and haul the Gentleman so, 'Dshart, what's the matter I say, what have I done?

I Count. What has he done Brother? By the Maskins I can't tell.

Quick. Tell him he has spoke Treasonable words against Government.

Numps. Secure him as a Traytor, he has spoke some vengenable words —against the Government.

Cun. Who I, 'dsdeath, I?

Omn. Oh, Rogue, Villain, has he so, we'll hamper ye.

Quick. A Traytor, nay then there may be Treason in this bundle for ought I know, I'll secure that. [takes away the bundle]

Cun. 'Sbud I have said nothing, ye are all mad sure, I tell ye you masfake your Man, — Brother, pritheer put in a word for me.

Quick. No, Brother, no, Treason's a dangerous thing, I dare not meddle in't.

Numps. Come, come, away with him to Mr. Sakes the Constables and then let him deal with him.

2 Count. Ay, ay, away with him, away with him.

Quick. Pray remember to drink my Health with the Heiress, good Brother.

3 Count. Away with him, Gentlemen, away with him, ha, ha, ha —

Cun. Ah, plague upon ye, help, help, Murder, Murder. [they haul him out]

Quick. So, now I'll to Frederick immediately — the Dice are now on my side — and if I don't thrive now by my Hand, I shall despair here-after. [exit]

SCENE Ultima.

Enter Sir Charles and Guiasum, Hotspurr, and T. Romance.

Hotsp. You'll be sure to keep your promise.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Rom. Punctually, keep but my Counsel, and Five Hundred Pounds are thine at the day of Marriage.

Hotsp. Well, Sir, upon that condition my Mouth is seal'd up, and your Father shall know nothing, but if you abuse my trust, Bilbo's the word, you know what I mean.

[59]

T. Rom. Well, well, not a word more, this plaguy not headed Fellow, — may to me mischief now, but when I'me once Married, I'll manage him as I see occasion —

Hotsp. Since Fredericks ill fortune has made him lose the Heiress, 'tis some part of Revenge, to make this Fool pay soundly for it.

Sir Char. Come, where are the Musick and the Dancers, — Son Tom, why methinks thou art lazi in the business.

T. Rom. Mr. Cunnington is not come yet, Sir, with the Habits, but we expect him every Minute; gad take me, my Head runs so much upon Sophronia, that I can nothing else into't for the heart o'me.

Guias. Well, I am glad to see things in so good a posture at last, by the life of Gallen, all great advantages are acquired with great trouble — she's an Heiress and Rich, the more difficult still to be obtain'd, but — Patience and Industry make all things easie; I forgive her trick upon me with all my Heart, and shall be well pleas'd to Tope a Bumper at her Wedding.

Sir Char. Oh, Mr. Hotspur, y' are welcome, I see my Son and you are reconcil'd, and honourably I make no question, therefore shall be glad to appear your Friend.

Hotsp. Friend, ay, just as the Friendship, of the World is, he cares not Threepence if I were Strapado'd; nor I three Fathings if he were Hang'd — [apart]

Enter Shinkin, and Squeamish with a Paper.

Squeam. Oh horrid! to infringe your Word and Honour, is a baseness not proper for a Gentleman, and I'll discover it to your Uncle, as I'me a Virgin. —

Shink. And Gadsplut, to Marry Wildcats, and Harridans, and her knows not what, is like Fools by St. Davy, and her will discover that too.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Sir *Char.* How now, what's the matter Cousin Rice, what is't occasions the Lady's tears.

Squeam. I'll tell you, Sir Charles, tho' I condess the odious story ought to be conceal'd but since my Honour is concern'd it must out.

T. Rom. For now we shall ehar a Welsh Intrigue, gad taks me, I shall bring a new method on't by degrees, in all the Countrys about England.

Squeam. You all know my detestation of Lampoons, and the care I have always taken, to prevent 'em, but you must know, this Gentleman, having long made an honourable Address of Love to me, upon condition that he defended me against scandal by Marriage, —at last I consented.

Shink. Gadsplut her only talk'd of Marriages, look you to keep her from squeaking and squawling, her intentions were quite other thins by Cadway. *T. Rom.* Ay, ay, — Madam, to my knowledge, my Cousin Rice hates Marriage, as much as you do a Lampon, you are mistaken in your Man —gad take me.

[60]

Squeam. The more reprobate Person he, for Heaven knows, Sir Charles, how loth I was to Intreague with any Man, and to that purpose, have often ran up into my Chamber, got into dark Closets, Cellars, Larders, and such by places, where I thought the mischief of Man, could not overtake me, as I'me a Virgin.

T. Rom. Where you thought the mischief of Man would soonest overtake ye, as I'me a Virgin. Sir *Char.* Son Tom, Tace, proceed Madam.

Squeam. But in spite of all my industry, this wild Welsh Creature has still found me out, and has publish'd himself and me, in so particular a manner, that here I am in a Lampon again, and in so filthy a stile that I vow I'm asham'd to read it.

Shink. What sifnifies running into Closets and Cellars, and Larders, was not all her Doors left open, can her deny that?

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Squeam. Alas, I had not presence of mind enough, to that the Door upon him, this is my deplorable case, Sir *Charles*, and if he does not Marry me, I must never shew my Face in the World again, I am utterly undone, as I'm a Virgin.

Shink. Her has been as much undone; look you in Cellars and Closets, very often before Shinkin's found her there, as report goes, and to be pries, her shan't marry Harridans and Wildcats, and there's, there's the resolution of a true Prittain, look you.
[exit Shinkin]

Squeam. Never particular with any Person, since I was born before, as I'm a Virgin.

Sir Char. Well, well, go after and teize him, this business must be debated at a more convenient hour, for I see the Entertainment is going forward, here comes my Daughter, — now Tom mind your business. [exit Squeam]

Enter Fulvia, and Sophronia.

Fulvia. Cousin, no more, the proofs are clear and manifest, and as you relish my proceedings, second me.

Soph. Against the World, in such a generous action.
Enter Mummings and Sir Quibble, disguis'd amongst'em.

Guiac. Pray, what are these, Sir Charles?

Sir Char. Oh, these are Mummings, some of the young fry of the Neighbour hood that having a frolick this Evening, desire to give us a share on't, the Subject is the stealing an Heiress, and the Figures are Love, Desire, Youth, and Avarice, that all Courts the Lady Pecunia, the design is pretty enough, come let'em begin.

[61]

SONG here:

Then enter Frederick and Quickwit disguis'd like Pluto and Orpheus, Marmalet following.

Guiac. Here's more, what are these?

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

Sir Char. Oh, this is Cunnington's contrivance, a little masque of Pluto, Orpheus, and Euridice, pray let's observe.

Marm. They desire to practice with Euridice a little in the next room, and then you shall see 'em do it perfectly. Come, Madam, this is the rarest contrivance to escape that ever you had. [aside to Fulvia]

[Fred takes one of Fulvia's hands, Quickwit the other, and as they are leading her off she twins back]

Fulvia. Hold, hold, are ye mad? why, Sir Charles, and you Squire Small-brains, you will not suffer me to be carried off thus before your faces, will ye?

Sir Char. But into the next room to practice a little, Madam.

T. Rom. You are to act Euridice, you know, Madam, and they will only see if you are perfect in your cue; Mr. *Cunnington* there, has shewn me the whole design.

Fulvia. And Mr. Quickwit, the witty Player here, has shewn it me, Sir. Come, Pluto, you must unmask. [unmasks Quickwit]

Quick. 'Dsdeath, Madam, what d'ye mean, you wont discover us, and undoe all?

Fulvia. Yes faith, Sir, I've a fancy in my head that 'tis not lucky to be stole to day; therefore you Orpheus, otherwise call'd *Frederick* the constant, you must uncover too, your singing will hardly get ye a Mistress to night, I can assure ye.

Fred. She discovers us — Death and Confusion! what new turn's this?

Soph. Methinks, Mr. Heiress-stealer, you look very blank o'th' sudden.

Fred. Ay, 'tis so — this is the Female Devil that hs done me this admirable good turn, I find it now, and my disgrace approaching: Oh! damn'd! damn'd Fortune!

Fulvia. What think ye now, Sir Charles? am I not very just to my Guardian?

Sir Char. This is such an affront, as nothing but my Sword can do me justice in. [draws]

T. Rom. Gad take me, the Devil's in 'em for plotting I think; will they never let us alone?

Guia. That Devil Quickwit in the Plot agen! I hope you'll give him one good thrust for my fake.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Fulvia. Nay, no fighting, good Gentlemen: [Sir Quibble endeavours to pull her aside, and she refuses] Well, well, Sir, I understand ye, but you are so hasty — [to Sir Quibble] Looke, Sir Charles, here's another part of the Jest remains still, which this Gentleman # is wittly concerned in too, who having no ill opinion of himself, and consequently

[62]

believing I had a very good one of him, sent me word he was bail'd and his present of mumming, bribing of this Tenants to act it, and help carry me off, and is really, and in spite, the very numerical and amorous Knight, Sir Quibble Quere.

Guia. Sir Quibble Quere too? why, here are all the Fools in the Nation sure, concern'd in this Plot.

Sir Quib. 'Dsheart, why will you discover me now, Madam? I'll say't 'twas the purest design that ever was laid, but I hope you'll marry me for all this, for you know I have laid out a pour of Money upon't and have now a Coach and six Horses ready at the Garden gate for ye, I'll say't you ought to consider now, Madam; what a dickens, Conscience is Conscience all the World over.

Fulvia. Learnedly arqued, Sir Quibble, and you shall see what Justice I'll do you all presently; first you, Sir, that through the baseness of your sordid nature and mercenary thirst of gain, abus'd me, take that as a reward for your Ingratitude and my Eternal hatred for the future. [gives him his promise of Marriage to Sophornia]

Fred. My contract of Marriage to Sophornia! — this is the Thunderbolt I always dreaded, and 'tis fall'n with a vengeance.

Fulvia. Read there a base Deceiver's Character, and for thy sake may never generous Maid, trust thy salse Sex to be again betray'd.

Soph. Instead of Heiresses and blooming Brides with fifty thousand Pounds, Stick to your old Doll Commons of the Town. And cater as you us'd for half a crown.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Fred. Peace, Witch, Futy, now could I eat that Satyrical Devil without Salt for my Breakfast! Torture and Death! to stay here too, and be baited, is worse than breaking upon the Wheel! — Hell take al Heiresses and all the Sex besides. [exit Fred]

Sir Quib. Ha, ha, ha, alas poor Brother, I see now I am to be the happy Man.

Fulvia. Troth no, Sir, I must beg your pardon too — your Estate is wasted with disturbing Sums to go a Fortune-hunting; nor have you Brains enough to get another, and to marry a Ninny, a Bankrupt, no, as you us'd to say, Sir, I a'n't such a Fool neither.

T. Rom. You may send home your Coach, *Sir Quibble*, you will have no use of it here, Gad take me.

Sir Quib. Why then a Plague of all intrigues: I'll go and get drunk, and despise all Womankind, for I'll say't, I'll ne're hang my self about the matter, but I'll have my Money again if there be Law in England, let the Women go to the Devil, I'll not be chous'd out of that: what a Pox, I a'n't such a Fool netiher. [exit Sir Quibble]

Fulvia. Ha, ha, ha, — this far, Sir Charles, you see how far I have discharg'd your Trust, do ye resolve therefore to deliver up your Guardianship freely, that I may have generous liberty to pursue my inclinations.

Sir Char. Madam, with all my heart, before this Company I declare you free to chuse a new Guardian where you please, and to confirm it,

[63]

take there the Keys where all your Writings are, and the Power left me by your Father, — I see she intends to give her self generously to my Son, and therefore to confine her, were ungenerous. [aside to he Doctor]

Guiac. There stands the Gentleman, Madam, if yu design him happy, the quiker work the better.

Fulvia. That might have been done, indeed, Doctor, to oblige Sir Charles, but she Gentleman you speak of, has made a better choice, as this can witness. [gives Sir Charles a Letter]

Sir Char. How's this! a Letter of Courthisp to Sophronia!

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Fulvia. Oh! and so full of Passion, Flame and Darts, that it almost seorch'd me when I read it.

Sir Char. Oh Villain! Dols! Fown- Fop! have I been racking my Brains all this while to get an Heiress to thy purpose! what's the menaing of this, Sirrah?

T. Rom. Why the meaning is, that I love all the Sex, gad take me, and can no more confine my self to one Woman, than to one Suit of Cloaths; if you don't like the humour you might have got me a better, that's all I know of the matter.

Sir Char. Insupportable Coxcomb! I'll disinherit thee immediately.

Guiac. More turns and Plots, this is a very Comedy, by the life of Gallant.

Hotsp. Six, I find I am like to Cudgen my five hundred Pounds out of my Spark, for the Devil a pently he's like to get by the Heiress —but stay, who the Devil will she chuse, — if I should be the Man at jast.

Fulvia. Since such a general defect of honesty corrupts the Age, I'll no more trust Mankind, but lay my Fortune out upon my self, and flourish in contempt of humarie Falshood: as for thy part that hast been a main Acter: in this business, and with contriving wit well manag'd it, to let thee see th' Ingenious still gets Friends, I will with Gold reward thy Industry for shall honest Nump, nay, nor your Comnade, be either of them forgotten — but he instantly brought hither, and share a part of Bounty [to Quickwitt]

Quick. 'Tis my Glory, Madam, to be outwitted by you, and if my Brain did any thing uncommon, it was by you inspir'd.

Marm. Well, since Fortune has contriv'd the business, so I hope, Sir, you think it time to remember me.

Quick. Oh, prithee, dear venerability, have patience a little, thou seest all the Marriages are frustrated at present, and 'tis not sit we should be singular, my dear Antique.

Marm. Alas, sweet Sir, but delays you know are dangerous, and if I should be balk'd in my Expectation, my heart is so set upon't that I should annihilate that very moment, I should dye, as I'm a Christian.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

Fulvia. Well, Cousin, what think we now of my Resolution, have I not done Justice?

Soph. Most generous Maid, thou art a dear Example, for all thy Sex to copy out thy Virtue, for that a kind and tender heart like these,

[64]

moulded for Love, and softened with Endearments, should generously on the account of honour, resist a Traytor, that with strong Endearments of Vows and Oats, had long time made Impression, is a performance heightned to a wonder, and will be reverenc'd in succeeding ages.

Fulvia. My eyes in contradiction to the World, have ever (scorning Interest) fix'd on Merit, and led by Love and Generous inclination, have strove to make that Sentiment appear by a free present of my Heart and Fortune to one I thought as nobly had deserv'd 'em. But, oh! the Race of Men are all Deceivers, and my relief, is my resolve to shun 'em; 'tis my dear Fried, as thou hast lately told me, which for instruction I will still repeat.

Love may seem great that in it self is small
Looks cover thoughts, and Interest governs all
When *Damon* to an Heiress speaks kind things,
'Tis not for what she is, but what she brings. [exeunt]

EPILOGUE

Of All the Criticks met to judge this Play,
the Fortune-Hunter must are fear'd to day;
who must be next that they've a Brother found
so oddly balk'd of fifty thousand Pound:
And I confess they have some cause to rage;
The spark has lost a tempting Equipage,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Richmond Heiress (1693)

A coach, a set of Barbs, such dazling things,
Nay six lac'd Footmen finer than the King's;
Besides a fine bred Miss embroider'd round
With a Rump Crosher worth five hundred Pound.
These Gems to lose of deep concern must be;
But yet considering the equality.
How oft ye chouce poor Women, is't not fit
Once in an age the Biter should be bit,
To be so often fool'd I think is civil,
But to be Changelings always is the Devil,
Besides, the truth is we find out your Arts
Love guilds your Tongues, but aloney guides your Hearts;
In Songs you termour Faces Charming fair;
But 'tis the gilt Charming face our Gold does hear,
That treats us with you Poetry and Air.
If (she's a swinging Fortune be the cry)
Then gad there's no such Angel in the Skie:
but should Small Pox, or Poverty invade,
Thew who would visit such a Polecat Jude,
And Plague upon her is your Serenade.
Of moderate Worth, on Wealth you'll ne're allow;
she must be still the Eagle or the Crow;
This Theam occasions our new Scenes to Night,
To shew a Woman once was in the right.
The Satyr's gentle, and I think 'tis #.
And only meant to teach ye to be true.
You should with patience hear the healing smart,
Kiss the kind Rod, and take it in good part;
But if you swell, and shew a stubborn Heart,
If in your Breasts ungrateful Passions sway,



The Salamanca Corpus: *The Richmond Heiress* (1693)

And you should walk me and at the Play,
May then this dire Revenge, pursue ye round;
May each one that has such an Heiress sound;
Lose her at last, and fifty thousand Pound.

FINIS.

