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Otway, Thomas (1652-1685)
***The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)**

Titus and Berenice,

A

Tragedy,

Acted at the DUKE's

THEATRE

With a FARCE called the

Cheats of Scapin.

By Tho. Otway.

Grandis Oration non est Turgida

Sed Naturali pulchritudine exurgit. Pet. Arb.

Licensed Febr. the 19th. 1677-

Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON:

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

Printed for Richard Tonson at his Shop under Gray-Inn-Gate
next Grays-Inn-Lane. 1677.

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Underhill.

GAllants our Author met me here to day,
And beg'd that I'd say something for his Play.
You Waggs that Judge by Roat, and damn by Rule,
Taking your measures from some Neighbour fool,
Who has Impudence a Coxcombs useful Tool;
That always are severe you know not why,
And would be thought great Criticks by the By:
With very much ill Nature, and no Wit,
Just as you are, we humbly beg you'd Sit,
And with your Silly selves divert the Pitt.
You Men of Sence, who heretofore allow'd,
Our Author's Follies; make him once more proud,
But for the Youths, that newl' are come from France,
Who's Heads want Sence, though heels abound with dance:
Our Authour to their Judgment won't submit,
But swears that they who so infest the Pit,
With their own Follies, ne're can Judge of Wit.
'Tis thence he Chiefly favour would Implore, [to the Boxes.
And Fair Ones pray oblige him on my Score.
Confine his Foes, the Fops within their Rules,
For Ladies you know how to manage Fools.

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Persons Represented in the *Farce*. By
Thrifty: Mr. *Sandford* (An old merchant)

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Gripe: Mr. *Nockes* (An old merchant)
Octavian: Mr. *Norris* (*Thrifty*'s son)
Leander: Mr. *Percivall* (*Gripe*'s son)
Scapin: Mr. *Anth. Leigh* (A Cheat)
Shift: Mr. *Richards* (*Scapin*'s instruments)
Sly: Mr. (*Scapin*'s instruments)
Lucia: Mrs. *Barry* (*Thrifty*'s Daughter)
Clara: Mrs. *Gibbs* (*Gripe*'s Daughter)

The SCENE *DOVER*.

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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANIINI

THE

Cheats of Scapin.

Act First. Scene First.

Enter *Octavian* & *Shift*.

Oct. THIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you say he is return'd already

Sh. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this Morning?

Sh. This very Morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a resolution to Marry me?

Sh. Yes, Sir, To Marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.

Sh. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really couldst do me no good. Speak: Has Necessity taught thee no Wit? Hast thou no Shift?

Sh. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busie in Contriving some Trick to save my self; I am first prudent, and then good natur'd.

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Oct. How will my Father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happen'd in his absence? I dread his anger and reproaches.

Sh. Reproaches! Would I could be quit of him so easily; methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Oct. Dis-inheriting is the least I can expect.

Sh. You should have thought of this before, and not have fallen in Love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover-Coach*; she is indeed a good smug Lass, but God knows what she is besides; perhaps some -

Oct. Villain.

Sh. I have done, Sir, I have done.

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Oct. I have no Friend that can appease my Father's anger, and now I shall be betrayed to want and ansery.

Sh. For my part, I know but one Remedy in our misfortunes.

Oct. Prithee what is it?

Sh. You know that Rogue and arch-Cheat *Scapin*.

Oct. Well; What of him?

Sh. There is not a more subtle Fellow breathing; so cunning, he can cheat one newly Cheated; 'tis such a Wheadling Rogue, I'd undertake in two hours he shall make your Father forgive you all, nay, allow you Money for your necessary Debauches: I saw him in three days, make and old cautious Lawyer turn Chymist and Projector.

Oct. He is the fittest person in the World for my Business; the Impudent Varlet can do any thing with the peevish old Man. Prithee go look him out, we'll set him a work immediately.

Sh. See where he comes- Monsieur *Scapin*!

Enter *Scapin*.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

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Sh. I have been giving my Master a brief Account of thy most Noble Qualities: I told him, thou wert as Valiant as a ridden Cuckold, Sincere as Whores, Honest as Pimps in want.

Scap. Alas Sir! I but Copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you scorn the Gibbets, Halters and Prisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

Oct. Oh *Scapin!* I am utterly ruin'd without thy assistance.

Scap. Why? What's the matter good Mr. *Octavian?*

Oct. My Father is this day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe*, with a resolution to Marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Oct. Thou knowest I am already Married; How will my Father resent my Disobedience? I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your father know of your Marriage?

Oct. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all shall be well: I am publick-spirited; I love to help distressed young Gentlemen, and thank Heav'n I have had good success enough.

Oct. Besides, My present want must be considered, I am in rebellion without any Money.

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Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that: I can cheat upon occasion; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet Heav'n be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the great Books and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority, ruin such little Undertraders as I am.

Oct. Well, Get thee straight about thy Bus'ness: Canst thou make no use of my Rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his assistance; the Knave has Cunning, and may be useful.

Sh. Ay Sir; But like other wise Men, I am not over-Valiant: Pray leave me out of this Bus'ness; my Fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll fit at home and advise.

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Scap. I stand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou hast enough of that: Come, come, thou shalt along; What, Man, stand out for a Beating? That's the worst can happen.

Sh. Well, well.

Enter Clara.

Oct. Here comes my dearest *Clara*.

Cl. Ah me *Octavian!* I hear sad News: They say, your Father is return'd.

Oct. Alas! 'Tis true, and I am the most unfortunate person in the World; but 'tis not my own misery that I consider, but yours: How can you bear those wants to which we must be both reduc'd?

Cl. Love shall teach me, that can make all things easie to us, which is a sign it is the chiefest good: But I have other Cares; Will you be ever constant? Shall not your Father's Severity constrain you to be false?

Oct. Never, my dearest, never.

Cl. They that love much, may be allow'd some fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have now no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Cl. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

Scap. You must appear resolute at first: Tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn Souldier; or what will frighten him worse, say, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Composition.

Oct. What would I give 'twere over?

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Scap. Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your Father, very grave and very angry.

Oct. Well.

Scap. Do you look very carelessly, 'like a small Courtier upon his Country Acquaintance; a little more surlily: -Very well: -Now I come full of my Fatherly Authority. - Octavian, Thou makest me weep to see thee; but alas they are not

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tears of joy, but tears of sorrow. Did ever so good a Father beget so lewd a Son? Nay, but for that I think thy Mother Vertuous, I should pronounce thou art not mine; *Newgate*-Bird, Rogue, Villain, what a Trick hast thou play'd me in my absence? Marry'd? Yes: but to whom? Nay that thou knowest not. I'll warrant you some Waiting-Woman corrupted in a Civil Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-Houses, remov'd from thence by some Keeping Coxcomb, or -

Cl. Hold *Scapin*, Hold -

Scap. No offence Lady, I speak but anothers words. Thou abominable Rascal, thou shall not have a groat, not a groat. Besides, I will break all thy bones ten times over; get thee out of my house- Why Sir, you reply not a word, but stand as bashfully, as a Girl that's examin'd by a Bawdy Judge, about a Rape.

Oct. Look yonder comes my Father.

Scap. Stay *Shift*, and get you two gone, let me alone to manage the old fellow.

[*Exit Oct.* and *Clara*.]

Enter Thrifty.

Th. Was there ever such a rash action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the Business, and is now so full of it, that he vents it to himself.

Th. I would fain hear what they can say for themselves.

Scap. We are not unprovided.

[*At a distance.*]

Th. Will they be so impudent to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Th. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scap. That perhaps we may doe.

Th. But all shall be in vain.

Scap. We'l try that.

Th. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son fast.

Scap. That we must prevent.

Th. And for that Tatterdemallion *Shift*, I'll thrash him to death, I will be three Years a Cudgelling him.

Th. I wondred he had forgot me so long.

Th. Oh Oh! Yonder the Rascal is, that brave Governour, he tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoyed at your safe return.

Th. Good mornow *Scapin*, indeed you have followed my Instructions very exactly, my Son has behaved himself very prudently in my absence, has he not Rascal, has he not?

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Th. Very well... Thou sayst not a word Varlet, thou sayst not a word.

Scap. Had you a good Voyage Mr. *Thrifty*?

Th. Lord Sir! A very good Voyage, pray give a Man a little leave to vent his Choler.

Scap. Would you be in Choler Sir?

Th. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Th. With that confounded Rogue there.

Scap. Upon what reason?

Th. Upon what reason? hast thou not heard what hath happened in my absence.

Scap. I have heard a little Idle story.

Th. A little Idle story. Quoth a! why Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried, but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Th. I am not of your opinion, I'll make the whole Town ring of it.

Scap. Lord Sir, I have stormed about this business as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him indeed, Mr. *Octavian*, you do not do well, to wrong so good a Father: I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do, 'till at last, when I had well examined the Business I found you had not so much wrong done you as you Imagine.

Th. How not wrong done me to have my Son married without my consent to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas he was ordained to it.

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Th. That's fine indeed, we shall steal, cheat, murder, and so be hang'd, then say we were ordained to it.

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Scap. Truly I did not think you so subtile a Phylosopher, I mean he was fatally engaged in this affair.

Th. Why did he Engage himself?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but fie upon you now, would you have him as wife as your self, young men will have their follies, witness my charge *Leander*; who has gon and thrown away himself at a stranger rate then your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young your self, yes I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Th. Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, if it cost him nothing.

Scap. Alas he was so in Love with the young wench, that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hang'd himself;

Sh. Must! why he had already done it, But that I came very seasonably and cut the rope.

Th. Didst thou cut the rope, Dog? 'Ile Murther thee for that thou shouldest have let him hang.

Scap. Besides, her Kindred surprized him with her, and forc't him to marry her.

Th. Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the Violence at a Notaries.

Scap. O Lord Sir, he scorn'd that.

Th. Then might I easily have disanulled the Martiage.

Scap. Disanul the marriage.

Th. Yes.

Scap. You shall not break the marriage.

Th. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Th. What shall not I claim the priviledge of a Father, and have the Satisfaction for the violence done to my Son?

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Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never consent you.

Th. He will not consent to!

Scap. No. Would you have him confess he was hector'd into any thing, that is to declare himself a Coward: Oh fie Sir, one that has Honour of being your Son, can never do such a thing.

Th. Pish, tak not to me of Honour, he shall do it or be dis-inherited.

Scap. Who shall dis-inherit him?

Th. That will I Sir.

Scap. You dis-inherit him! very good.

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Th. How very good?

Scap. You shall not dis-inherit him.

Th. Shall not I dis-inherit him?

Scap. No.

Th. No!

Scap. No.

Th. Sir, you are very merry; I shall not disinherit my Son?

Scap. No I tell you.

Th. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas Sir, your own self Sir; your own self.

Th. I my self?

Scap. Yes Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.

Th. You shall find I can Sir.

Scap. Come you deceive your self, Fatherly affection must show it self, it must, it must; do not I know you were ever tender hearted.

Th. Y'are mistaken Sir, Y'are mistaken: -Pish, why do I spend my time in tittle tattle with this Idle fellow?- Hang-dog go find out my rake-hell - [*to Shift.*] whil'st I go to my Brother *Gripe* and Inform him of my misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time if I can do you any service. –

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Th. Oh! I thank you Sir, I thank you.-

[*Exit Thrift.*

Shift. I must confess thou art a brave Fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better posture- but the money, the money- we are abominable poor, and my Master has lean Vigilant dunnings that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when she solicits a maintenance for her discarded Daughter.

Scap. Your money shall be my next care- let me see, I want a fellow to- Canst thou not Counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Alsatia*?- Stalk- look big- very well. Follow me, I have ways to disguise thy voice and countenance.

Sh. Pray take a little care and lay your plot so that I may not act the Bully all ways, I would not be beaten like a Bully.

Scap. We'l share the danger, we'l share the danger.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Thrift* and *Gripe*.

Gr. Sir, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath strangely frustrated our Designs.

Thr. Sir, trouble not your self about my Son, I have undertaken to remove all Obstacles, which is the business I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

Gr. In troth, Sir, I'l tell you what I say to you, The Education of Children after the getting of e'm, ought to be the nearest Concern of a Father: And had you tutored your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his.

Thr. Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence. Those that are so quick to Censure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought first to take Care that all be well at home.

Gr. Why Mr. *Thrift*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

Thr. It may be I have, and it may be worse than of my own.

Gr. What is't I pray? My Son?

Thr. Ev'n your own *Scapin* told it me, and you may hear it from him or some body else: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Messenger of ill news to

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one that I think so to me: Your Servant: I must hasten to my Council to advise what's to be done in this Case. God-bu'y till I see you again.

[*Ex. Thrifty.*

Gr. Worse than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; For a Son to marry impudently without the Consent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd I take it: But yonder he comes.

Enter Leander.

Leand. Oh my Dear Father, how Joyful am I to see you safely return'd. Welcome as the Blessing which I am now craving will be.

Gr. Not so fast Friend'a mine, soft and fair goes far Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ee mean Sir?

Gr. Stand still, and let me look yee in the Face.

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Leand. How must I stand Sir?

Gr. Look upon me with both Eyes.

Leand. Well Sir I do.

Gr. What's the meaning of this Report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gr. Yes Report Sir, I speak English as I take it, What is't that you have done in my absence?

Leand. What is't Sir which you would have had me done?

Gr. I do not ask you what I would have had you done; but what you have done.

Leand. Who I Sir? Why I have done nothing at all, not I Sir.

Gr. Nothing at all! (*Leand.*) No Sir,

Gr. You have no Impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man, and my Innocence.

Gr. Very well, But *Scapin*, d'ye mark me young man, *Scapin* has told me some tales of your Behaviour?

Leand. *Scapin!*

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Gr. Oh have I caught you? That name makes ye blush do's it? 'Tis well you have some Grace left.

Leand. Has he said any thing concerning me?

Gr. That shall be examined anon. In the mean while get you home d'ye hear. And stay till my return; But look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour me, never think to come within my Doors, or see my Face more; but expect to be as miserable as thy folly and poverty can make thee.

[*Exit.* *Gr.*

Leand. Very fine: I am in a hopeful Condition. This Rascal has betrayed my marriage and undone me: Now there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by rapine: and to set my hand in; the first thing shall be to Cut the throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruined me.

Enter Oct. and Scapin.

Oct. Dear *Scapin*, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy Care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoyed to see you good Mr. Dog!

Scap. Sir your most humble Servant, You honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill fools part, But I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir.

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Oct. Hold *Leander*.

Leand. No, *Octavian*, I'll make him confess the Treachery he has committed; yes Varlet Dog, I know the trick you have playd me: you thought perhaps no body would have told me. But i'll make you confess it, or I'll run my Sword in your Guts.

Scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the heart to do such a thing? have I done you any Injury Sir?

Leand. Yes Rascal that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swing it out of your already tan'd thick hide.

[*Beats him*]

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Scap. The Devil's in't, Lord Sir, what d'ye mean? Nay good Mr. *Leander*, pray Mr.

Leander; Squire *Leander*- As I hope to be saved-

Oct. Prithee be quiet: for shame enough:-

[*Interposeth*]

Scap. Well Sir, I confess indeed that-

Leand. What! speak Rogue.

Scap. About two Months agoe you may remember, a Maid Servant dyed in the house.-

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay Sir, if I confess you must not be angry.

Leand. Well go on.

Scap. 'Twas said she dyed for love of me Sir; But let that pass.

Leand. Death, you trifling Buffoon;

Scap. About a week after her death, I drest my self up like her Ghost, and went into Madam *Lucia* your Mistresses Chamber, where she lay half in half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-book,

Leand. And was it your Impudence did that?

Scap. They both believe it was a Ghost to this hour. But it was my self playd the Goblin to fright her from the Scurvy Custome of lying awake at those unseasonable hours, hearing filthy Plays when she had never said her Prayers.

Leand. I shall remember you for all in time, and place; But come to the point, and tell me what thou hast said to my Father.

Scap. To you Father? I have not so much as seen him since his return, and if you'd ask him he'll tell you so himself.

Leand. Yes he has told me himself, and told me all thou hast said to him!

Scap. With your good leave Sir, then he ly'd, I beg your pardon I mean he was mistaken.

[Enter *Sly*]

Sly. Oh Sir, I bring you the most unhappy news.

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Leand. Whats the matter?

Sly. Your Mistress Sir, is yonder arrested in an Action of 200 *l.* They say 'tis a debt she left unpaid at *London*, in the hast of her escape hither to *Dover*, and if you do not raise money within this two hours to discharge her, Shee'l be hurried to prison.

Leand. Within this two hours?

Sly. Yes Sir, within this two hours.

Leand. Ah my poor *Scapin*, I want thy assistance.

[*Scapin walks about Surlslly*]

Scap. Ah my poor *Scapin*! Now I'm your poor *Scapin* now you've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou hast done, and worse if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No no, never pardon me, run your Sword in my Guts, you'l do better to Murder me.

Leand. For Heaven's sake; think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

Oct. You must do something for him.

Scap. Yes to have my bones broken for my pains.

Leand. Would you leave me *Scapin* in this severe extremity!

Scap. To put such an affront upon me as you did;

Leand. I wrong'd thee I confess.

Scap. To use me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Rascal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thy Mercy withall my Heart, and if thou wilt have me throw my self at thy Feet, I'le doo't.

Oct. Faith *Scapin* you must, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then; But d'yee mark me Sir, another time better words and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my business?

Scap. As I see convenient, Care shall be taken,

Leand. But the time you know is short.

Scap. Pray Sir, don't be so troublesome: How much money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds.- (*Scap.*) And you?- (*Oct.*) As much.

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Scap (*To Leander*). No more to be said. It shall be done; For you the Contrivance is laid already; and for your Father though he be covetous to the last degree, Yet thanks be to Heaven hee's but a shallow person,

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his parts are not extraordinary, do not take it ill Sir, for you have no resemblance of him; But that y'are very like him; Begon I see *Octavians* Father coming, I'll begin with him.

[*Exeunt Oct. and Leand.*

[*Enter Thrifty*]

Here he comes mumbling and chewing the Cud to prove himself a clean Beast.

Thr. Oh audacious Boy, to commit so insolent a Crime, and plunge himself into such a mischief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant.

Thr. How do you *Scapin*?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Sons rash Action.

Thr. Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't; But your Philosopher is alwaies prepared I remember an Excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Case.

Thr. What's that?

Scap. Pray mind it, 'twill do ye a World of good.

Thr. What is't I ask you?

Scap. Why; When the Master of a Family shall be absent any considerable time from his home or Mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and Philosophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent Circumstances, that may during the Interval conspire to the Conjunction of those misfortunes, and troublesome accidents, that may intervene upon the said absence, and the interruption of his Oeconomical inspection, into the remissness, negligences, frailties, and huge and perillous Errours, which his Substitutes, Servants, or Trustees, may be capable of, or liable aud obnoxious unto,

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which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated Natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Disposition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and Conversation run consequently defiled, and impure: These things premised, and fore-considered, arm the said prudent Philosophical *Pater Familias*, to find his House laid waste, his Wife murdered, his Daughters deflowred, his Sons hang'd:

Cum multis aliis qua nunc perscribere longum est;

and to thank Heaven 'tis no worse too: D'ye mark, Sir?

Thr. S'death! Is all this a Proverb?

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Scap. Ay, and the best Proverb, and the wisest in the World: Good Sir, get it by heart: T'will do ye the greatest good imaginable; and don't trouble your self: I'll repeat it to you, till you have gotten it by heart.

Thr. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do; you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say- When the Master of a-

Thr. Hold, hold, I have better thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the Marriage.

Scap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your self among Lawyers? Do you not see every day how the Spunges suck poor Clyents, and with a company of foolish, non-sensical terms, and knavish tricks, undo the Nation: No, you shall take another way.

Thr. You have reason, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compassion for your grief; I cannot when I see tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons miscarriages, but have bowels for'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thr. Truly my Case is sad, very sad.

Scap. So it is; tears will burst out; I have a great respect for your person.

[*Counterfeits weeping.*]

Thr. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we should have a fellow-feeling.

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Scap. Ay, so we should; I assure you there is not a person in the World whom I respect more than the Noble Mr. *Thrifty*.

Thr. Thou art honest *Scapin*. Ha' done, ha' done.

Scap. Sir, Your most humble Servant.

Thr. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, In brief I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has Married.

Thr. What is he?

Scap. A most outrageous roaring Fellow, with a down-hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a swell'd red Face enflam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths and bellows out Curses enough in a Day, to serve a Garrison a Week; bred up in blood and rapine, used to slaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conscience of killing a Man, than cracking of a Lowse; he has killed sixteen, four for taking the Wall of him; five for looking too big upon him; two he shot pissing against the Wall: In short, he is the most dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

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Thr. Heav'n! How do I tremble at the Description? But what's this to my Business?

Scap. Why, He (as most Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatning him with all the Courses of Law, all the assistance of your Friends, and your great Purse, (in which I ventur'd my life ten times, for so often he drew and run at me) yet, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a Composition, and to null the Marriage for a sum of Money.

Thr. Thanks, dear *Scapin*; but what sum?

Scap. Faith, He was damnably unreasonable at first, and gad I told him so very roundly.

Thr. A Pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 500 *l*.

Thr. Ouns and Heart, 500 *l*. Five hundred Devils take him,... and fry and frigassee the Dog; does he take me for a mad-Man?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

Scap. Why, so I said; and after much argument *I* brought him to this: Dammee, says he, *I* am going to the Army, and *I* must have Two good Horses for my self, for fear one should die; and those will cost at least Threescore Guinea's.

Thr. Hang him Rogue! Why should he have two Horses? But *I* care not if *I* give Threescore Guinea's to be rid of this Affair.

Scap. Then, says he, my Pistols, Saddle, Hose, Cloth, and all, will cost Twenty more.

Thr. Why, That's Fourscore.

Scap. Well reckoned; faith, this Arithmatick is a fine Art: Then *I* must have One for my Boy, will cost Twenty more.

Thr. Oh the Devil! Confounded Dog! Let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thr. Not a Sous, damn'd Rascal, let him turn Foot-Souldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man besides; Would you have him go a Foot?

Thr. Ay, and his Master too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, You are resolv'd to spend twice as much at *Doctors Commons*, you are, you will stand out for such a Sum as this; do.

Thr. Hah! Oh damn'd unconscionable Rascal! well if i must be so. Let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thr. No I'le have nothing to do in it. Oh a Coveteous Rogue! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so Covetous.

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Scap. Why this is nothing to the Charge at *Doctors Commons*, and though her Brother has no Money, she has an Uncle able to defend her.

Thr. Oh Eternal Rogue! well I must do't, the Divels in him I think!

Scap. Then saies he, I musy carry into *France* money to buy a Mule to carry-

Thr. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, I'le appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay good Sir, think a little.

Thr. No, I'le do nothing.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Cheats of Scapin (1677)

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thr. No not so much as an Ass!

Scap. Consider.

Thr. I will not consider, I'll go to Law.

Scap. I am sure if you go to Law you do not consider the Appeales, Degrees of Jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the Knaveries, the Craving of so many Ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, Villanous Harpies! Promoters, Tipstaves, and the like; None of which but will puff away the clearest right in the World for a Bribe; on the other side the Proctor shall side with your Adversary, And sell your cause for ready Money; Your Advocate shall be gained the same way, And shall not be found when your cause is to be heard: Law is a torment of all torments.

Thr. That's true: Why what does the damn'd Rogue- reckon for his Mule?

Scap. Why for Horses, Furniture, Mule, and to pay some Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands and will have two hundred pounds.

Th. Come, come, let's go to Law.

[*Thr. walks up and down in a great heat.*]

Scap. Do but reflect upon-

Th. I'll go to Law?

Scap. Do not plunge your self.

Thr. To Law I'll tell you?

Scap. Why there's for Procuration, Presentation, Council, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and scribbling vast Volumes of Interrogatories, Depositions, and Articles, Consultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Register, Substitute, Judgments, Signings- Expedition Fees, besides the vast Presents to them and their Wives. Hang't, the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the money, give him it I say.

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Thr. What, two hundred pounds!

Scap. Ay, ay, why you'll gain 150 *l.* by it, I have summ'd it up; I say give it him, I, faith do.

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Thr. What 200 *l.*

Scap. Ay, besides you ne're think how they'l rail at you in pleading, tell all your Fornications, Bastardings, and Commutings in their Courts.

Thr. I defie'em, let'em tell of my whoring, 'tis the fashion.

Scap. Peace. Here's the Brother.

Thr. Oh Heaven! what shall I do.

[*Enter Shift disguised like a Bully.*]

Sh. Damme, where is this confounded Dog, this Father of *Octavian*? Null the Marriage: By all the Honour of my Ancestors I'le chine the Villain.

Thr. Oh, Oh!

[*Hides himself behind Scapin*]

Scap. He cares not Sir, He'l not give the 200 *l.*

Sh. By Heaven, he shall be Worms-meat within those two hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not.

Th. You lye, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

Sh. He! He! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Dishonour my Sister! This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? Hah!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Sh. Nor none of his Friends?

Th. No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Sh. Art thou the Enemy of that Rascal.

Th. Oh! ay, hang him- Oh damn'd Bully.

(*Aside.*)

Sh. Give me thy hand, old Boy, the next Sun shall not see the impudent Rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his Relations against you.

Th. Do not provoke him, *Scapin.*

Sh. Would they were all here: Ha! hah! hah! Here I had one through the Lungs; [*He foyns everyway with his Sword.*] there another into the Heart; Ha! there another into the Guts: Ah Rogues! there I was with you. Hah- hah!

Scap. Hold Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

Sh. No, but I will find the Villains out while my Blood is up; I will destroy the whole Family. Ha, ha,- hah!

(*Ex. Shift.*

Th. Here *Scapin*, I have two hundred Guinea's about me, take'em,

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e'm, No more to be said, Let me never see his face again, take e'm I say, This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give e'm him your self?

Th. No, no! I will never see him more. I shall not recover this these three Months. See the business done, I trust in thee, Honest *Scapin*: I must repose somewhere; I am mightily out of Order- A plague on all Bullies I say.

[*Exit Thrifty.*

Scap. So ther's one dispatcht, I must now find out *Gripe*; He's here, how Heaven brings e'm into my Nets one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Scap. Oh Heaven! Unlookt for misfortune, poor Mr. *Gripe*, what wilt thou do

[*walks about distractedly*

Grip. What's that he says of me?

Scap. Is there no body can tell me News of Mr. *Gripe*?

Grip. Who's there *Scapin*!

Scap. How I run up and down, to find him to no purpose! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. *Gripe*?

Grip. Art thou blind, I have been just under thy Nose this hour.

Scap. Sir, -

Grip. What's the matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir your Son-

Grip. Hah, my Son-

Scap. Is fallen into the strangest misfortune in the World.

Grip. What is't-

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Scap. I met him a while ago, disordered for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of my Name. And seeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier, amongst other things he took particular Notice of a New Caper in her full Trim, the Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest Collation I ever met with.

Grip. Well, and where's the disaster of all this?

Scap. While we were eating he put to Sea; and when we were at a good distance from the Shoar, He discover'd himself to be an *English* Renegade that was entertain'd in the *Dutch* Service; And sent me off in his Long-Boat to tell you, That if you do not forthwith send him two hundred pounds, he'l carry away your Son Prisoner; Nay, for ought I know he may carry him a Slave to *Algier*.

Gr. How in the Devils name? 200 !!

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Sca. Yes Sir, and more then that, he has allowed me but an hours time; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only Son.

Gr. What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard?- Run quickly *Scapin*, and tell the Villain Ile send my Lord Chief Justices Warrant after him.

Sca. Oh law! his Warrant in the open Sea, d'ye think Pyrates are Fooles?

Gr. I'th Devils name what business had he a Shipboard?

Sca. There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries Men to mischief, Sir.

Gr. *Scapin* thou must now act the part of a faithful Servant.

Sca. As how, Sir?

Gr. Thou must go bid the Pyrate send me my Son and stay as a pledge in his room, till I can raise the Money.

Sca. Alas Sir, think you the Captain has so little wit as to accept of such a poor Rascally fellow as I am, instead of your Son?

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Sca. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two hours time.

Gr. Thou say'st he demands.-

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Sca. 200 *l.*

Gr. 200 *l.* Has the fellow no Conscience?

Sca. O law! the Conscience of a Pyrate, why very few lawful Captains have any.

Gr. Has he no reason neither? Do's he know what the Sum of 200 *l.* is.

Sca. Yes Sir, Tarpawlins are a sort of People that understand Money, though they have no great acquaintance with Sence. But for Heav'ns sake dispatch.

Gr. Here take the key of my Compting House.

Sca. So.

Gr. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gr. In the left hand Window lyes the Key of my Garret; go take all the Cloaths that are in the great Cheft, and sell'em to the Brokers, to redeem my Son.

Scap. Sir, Y'are mad; I shan't get Fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am streightned for time.

Gr. But what a Devil did he do a Ship-board?

Scap. Let Ship-board alone, and consider, Sir, your Son. But Heav'n

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Heav'n is my witness, I ha'done for him as much as was possible, and if he be not redeemed, he may thank his Father's kindness.

Gr. Well, Sir, I ll go see if I can raise the Money. Was it not ninescore Pounds you spoke of?

Scap. No, 200 *l.*

Gr. What, 200 *l.* *Dutch*, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean *English* Money, 200 *l.* sterling.

Gr. I'th Devil's Name, what business had he a Ship-board? Confounded Ship-board.

Scap. This Ship-board sticks in his Stomach.

Gr. Hold *Scapin*, I remember I received the very Sum just now in Gold, but did not think I should have parted with it so soon.

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He presents Scapin his Purse, but will not let it go, and in his transportments, pulls his Arm to and fro, whilst Scapin reaches at it.

Scap. Ay, Sir.

Gr. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore.

Scap. Yes, Sir.

Gr. A Dogbolt.

Scap. I shall, Sir.

Gr. A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200 *l.* contrary to all Law or equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gr. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gr. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

Scap. Right, Sir.

[He puts up his Purse, and is going away.]

Gr. Now make hast, and go redeem my Son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Money?

Gr. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocket again.

Gr. Ha- my griefs and fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, Sir, I see it does indeed.

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Ship-board?- Damn'd Pyrate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell pursue thee.

Scap. How easily a Miser swallows a Load, and how difficultly he disgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him so, he's like to pay in other Coyn, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

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Enter Oct. and Leander.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

Scap. Well, Sir, I have succeeded in your Business, there's 200 *l.* which I have squeez'd out of your Father.

[*to Octavian.*

Oct. Triumphant *Scapin.*

Scap. But for you I can do nothing-

[*To Leander.*

Lea. Then may I go hang my self. Friends both adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear; the Devil has no such necessity for you yet, that you need ride Post. With much ado I've got your Business done too.

Lea. Is't possible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge my self on your Father, for the Trick he has served me.

Lea. With all my heart, at thy own discretion, good honest *Scapin.*

Scap. Hold your hand, there's 200 *l.*

Lea. My thanks are too many to pay now; Farewel dear Son of *Mercury*, and be prosperous.

Scap. Gramercy Pupil: Hence we gather,

Give Son the Money, hang up Father.

The End of the Second Act.

Act Third. Scene First.

Enter Lucia and Clara.

Lucia. WAS ever such a Trick play'd, for us to run away from our Governesses, where our careful Fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young Gentlemen, only because they said they lov'd us, I think 'twas a very noble Enterprize? I am afraid the good fortune we shall get by it, will very hardly recompence the reputation we have lost by it.

Clar. Our greatest satisfaction is, that they are Men of fashion and credit, and for my part I long ago resolv'd not to Marry any other, nor such a one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation of his Love; and 'twas an assurance of *Octavian's* that brought me hither.

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Lucia. I must confess, I had no less a sence of the Faith and Honour of *Leander*.

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Clar. But seems it not wonderful, that the Circumstances of our Fortune should be so near ally'd, and our selves so much Strangers. Besides, if I mistake not, I see something in *Leander*, so much resembling a Brother of mine, of the same Name, that did not the time since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so.

Lucia. I have a Brother too, whose Name's *Octavian*, bred in *Italy*, and just as my Father took his Voyage, return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the reason I have not seen him yet: But if I deceive not my self, there is something in your *Octavian*, that extremly refreshes my memory of him.

Clar. I wish we might be so happy, as we are inclin'd to hope; but there's a strange blind side in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe what we most earnestly desire.

Lucia. The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our Fathers; and for my part, I had rather lose an old Father than a young Lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and secure my self against the Imposition of fatherly Authority.

Clar. How insufferable it is to be sacrificed to the Arms of a nauseous Blockhead, that has no other sense than to eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, rise in the morning, and go to Bed at night, and with much ado be perswaded to keep himself clean.

Lucia. A thing of meer Flesh and Blood, and that of the worst sort too, with a squinting meager hang-Dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Physick for the Worms.

Clar. Yet such their silly Parents are generally most indulgent to, like Apes, never so well pleas'd, as when th'are fondling with their ugly Issue.

Lucia. Twenty to one, but to some such charming Creatures, our careful Fathers had design'd us.

Clar. Parents think they do their Daughters the greatest kindness in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill, if they make the right use of them.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Cheats of Scapin (1677)

Lucia. I'de no more be bound to spend my days in Marriage to a Fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an Ass, because the Creature was gentle.

Clar. See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Designs and Affairs, as a Callow Statesman at a Treaty of Peace.

Scap. Ladies!

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Clar. Oh Monsieur *Scapin!* What's the reason you have been such a Stranger of late?

Scap. Why, faith Ladies, Business, Business, has taken up my time, and truly I love an active life, love my Business extreamly.

Lucia. Methinks tho, this should be a difficult place for a Man of your Excellencies to find imployment in?

Scap. Why, faith Madam, I'm never shy to my Friends: My Business is, in short, like that of all other Men of Business, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and Cheat, to get an honest Livelyhood.

Clar. Certainly, Men of Wit and Parts need never be driven to indirect Courses?

Scap. Oh Madam! Wit and Honesty, like Oyl and Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Relish to a good Fortune, and pass well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of themselves. No, give me your Knave, your thorow-pac't Knave; hang his Wit, so he be but Rogue enough.

Lucia. You'r grown very much out of humour with Wit, *Scapin*, I hope, yours has done you no prejudice of late?

Scap. No, Madam, Your Men of Wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, restive Snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

Clar. You are very plain and open in this Proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like most others of the Female Sex, (I speak all this with respect to your Ladiship) is generally most Indulgent to the nimble melted Block-Heads, Men of Wit are not for her turn, even too thoughtful when they should be Active; why who beleives any man of wit to have so much as Courage. No Ladies, if y've any Friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much fools as they can, and they'l

The Salamanca Corpus: The Cheats of Scapin (1677)

near want Patrons: And for honesty, if your Ladships think fit to retire a little further; you shall see me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

Clara. Prithee *Lucia*, let us Retreat a little and take this opportunity of some divertisement: which hath been very scarce here hitherto.

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Enter Shift with a Sack.

Scap. Oh *Shift!*

Shift. Speak not too loud, my Masters coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his Friend, if any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I loose this Nose with the Pox, without the pleasure of getting it:

Sh. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine: to the Indignity of bruises and indecent Bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in Adventures makes them pleasant when accomplisht

Sh. But your Adventures how Comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be Tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter, I hate your pusillanimous Spirit; Revenge and Leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them, begone: here comes my Man.

Enter Gripe.

Oh Sir, Sir, shift for your self, quickly Sir, for Heavens sake.

Gr. What's the matter Man?

Scap. Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? will you be Murdered instantly? I am afraid you'l be killed within these two Minutes.

Gr. Mercy on me! killed for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gr. Who? Who?

Scap. The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd, hee's A Captain of a Privatere, who has all sorts of Rogues, *English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French*, under his command; and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, because you would Null the Marriage; they run up and down, crying where is the Rogue *Gripe*, where is the Dog,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

where is the Slave *Gripe*; they watch for you so narrowly that there's no getting home to your House.

Gr. Oh *Scapin*! what shall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay Heaven knows, but if you come within their reach they'll De-wit you, they'll tear you in pieces: heark.

Gr. Oh Lord!

Scap. Hum 'tis none of them?

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Gr. Canst thou find no way for my Escape, dear *Scapin*?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gr. Good *Scapin*, show thy self a man now.

Scap. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gr. Dear *Scapin*, do; I will Reward thee bounteously: Ile give thee this Suit when I have worn it 8 or 9 Months longer.

Scap. Listen! who are these?

Gr. God forgive me, Lord have Mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's no body; look, if you'll save your life go into this Sack presently.

Gr. Oh! whose there?

Scap. No body: get into the Sack and stir not, what ever happens, I'll carry you as a Bundle of Goods through all your Enemies to the Majors house, or the Castle?

Gr. An Admirable Invention, Oh! Lord quick.

Gets into the Sack.

Scap. Yes, 'tis an Excellent Invention; if you knew all, keep in your Head, Oh here's a Rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin counterfeits a Welshman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's Fathers, look you.

In his own Voice.

How should I know; what would you have with him- [*lie close. Have with him, look you! her has no creat pus'ness, but her woud have satisfactions and reparations, look*

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

you, for Credits and Honours, by St. Tavy he shall not put the Injuries and Affronts upon my Captains, look you now, Sir,

In his own Voyce.

He Affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man.

You lye Sir, look you, and hur will give you beatings and chastisements, for your Contradictions when hur Wells ploods up, look you, and hur will Cudgel your Packs and your Nottles for it, take you that pray you now.

His own Voyce,

Beat the Sack.

Hold, hold, will you Murder me. I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach saucy sacks how they profook Hur Welse ploods and hur Chollers: and for the old Rogue hur will have his Guts and his plood look you Sir, or hur will never wear Leek upon St. Taffyes day more, look you.

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His own Voice.

Oh! He has mawi'd me, a damn'd Welch Rogue.

Gr. You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders: Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the Stick fell on you, the main substantial part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

Gr. Why did you not stand further off?

Scap. Peace- Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancashire Dialect.

Scap. Taw Fellee, wi'th Sack theere, done yaw knaw whear th'awd Rascast Graip is?

Not I; but here is no Rascal.

Taw Leen, yaw Dogue, yaw knawn weel eenuh whear he is, an yawden teel, ond that he is a foo Rascatt as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

By th'Mess, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle th'bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to some tune.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin (1677)*

Me, Sir? I don't understand ye.

Why, Th'awrt his Mon, thaw Hobbler, I ll snite th'Nase o'thee.

Hold, hold, Sir, What would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the first bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap by th'Mess, and after Ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and Ay wot, he'll be a pratty swatley Fellee, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, sayn ye? Ays find him by'r Lady, an he be above grawnt.

So, he's gone, a damn'd Lancashire Rascal.

Gr. Oh good *Scapin!* go on quickly.

Hold, here's another.

[Gr, *pops in his Head.*

In an Irish Tone.

Dost thou hear Sack-man? I pridee fare is de dam Dog Gripe?

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His own Voice.

Why, What's that to you? What know I.

Fat's dat to me Joy? By my soul Joy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and de Devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed or I'l beat upon till thou dost know, by my salvation indeed.

Scap. I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dost not tell fare is Gripe, but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.

What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? By my soul, if I do see him, I will make Murther upon him, for my Captain's sake.

Murther him? He ll not be murther'd.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowels, de Devil take me indeed. Fat hast dow in dat Sack? Joy, by my salvation I will look into it.

But you shall not. What have you to do with it?

By my soul Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.

Gr. Oh! Oh!

Scap. Fatt it does grunt, by my salvation; de Devil take me, I will sce'it indeed.

You shall not see my Sack; I will defend it with my life.

Den I will make beat upon thy Body; take that, Joy, and that, and that, upon my soul, and so I do take my leave Joy.

[Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almost kill'd me.

Gr. Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders.

Scap. You cann't tell me; they fell on mine: Oh my Shoulders!

Gr. Yours? Oh my Shoulders!

Scap. Peace, th'are a coming.

In a hoarse Sea-man's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I ll lay him on fore and aft, swinge him with a Cat o nine tails, Keel-hale, and then hang him at the Main Yard.

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In broken French-English.

If dere be no more Men in England, I vill kille him, I vill put my Rapire in his Body, and I vill give him two tree pushé in de gutté.

Here Scapin Acts a Number of e'm together.

We mun go this way- o'th' right hand, no to th' left hand- lye close- search ev'rywhere- by my salvation, I will kill the dam Dog- and we do catch en, we'll tear'en in pieces, an I do heer he went thick way- no, streight forward. Hold, here is his Man, where's your Master- Dam me, where? in Hell? speak- hold, not so furiously- and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee-

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him soundly.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll nere betray my Master.

Knock'en down, beat'en zoundly, to'en, at'en, at'en, at.

[*As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps out, and Scapin takes to his heels.*

Gr. Oh Dog, Traitor, Villain! Is this your Plot? Would you have murder'd me, Rogue?

Unheard of Impudence. [*Enter Thrifty.*] Oh Brother *Thrifty*! You come to see me loaden with disgrace; the Villain *Scapin* has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of 200 *l.* this beating brings all into my memory.

[*Aside.*

Th. The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the same Sum?

Gr. Nor was he content to take my Money, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate, that I am ashamed to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

Th. But this is not all, Brother, one Misfortune is the forerunner of another: Just now I received Letters from *London*, that both our Daughters have run away from their Governesses, with two wild debauched young Fellows, that they fell in Love with.

Enter Lucia and Clara.

Luc. Was ever so malicious Impudence seen-Hah-Surely, if I mistake not, that should be my Father.

Cl. And the other mine, who *Scapin* has us'd thus.

Luc. Bless us! Return'd, and we not know of it?

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Cl. What will they say to find us here?

Luc. My dearest Father, Welcome to *England*.

Th. My Daughter *Luce*?

Luc. The same, Sir.

Gr. My *Clara* here too?

Cl. Yes, Sir, and happy to see your safe Arrival.

Th. What strange destiny has directed this happiness to us?

Enter Octavian.

Gr. Hey day!

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

Th. Oh Son! *I* have a Wife for you.

Oct. Good Father, All your Propositions are vain; *I* must needs be free, and tell you, *I* am engaged.

Th. Look you now; is not this very fine? Now *I* have a mind to be merry, and be friends with you, you'l not let me now, will you? *I* tell you, Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter here-

Oct. I'll never marry Mr. *Gripe's* daughter, Sir, as long as *I* Live; No, yonder's she that *I* must Love, and can never Entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cla. Yes *Octavian*, *I* have at last met with my Father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thr. Law ye now, you would be wiser than the Father that begot you, would you? did not *I* always say you should marry Mr. *Gripes* daughter? But you do not know your Sister *Luce*?

Oct. Unlook'd for blessing, why she's my friend *Leander's* Wife!

Thr. How *Leander's* Wife!

Gr. What my Son *Leander*?

Oct. Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander*.

Gr. Indeed! well Brother *Thrifty*, 'tis true, the Boy was always a good natur'd Boy. Well now am *I* so overjoyed, that *I* could laugh till *I* shook my shoulders, but that *I* dare not they are so sore. But look here he comes.

Enter Leander.

Lean. Sir, *I* beg your pardon, *I* find my marriage is discovered; nor would *I* indeed, have longer concealed it, this is my Wife, and *I* must own her.

Gr. Brother *Thrifty* did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like? Ha?

Thr. Own her quoth a! why kiss her, kiss her, Man, oddsboddikins, when *I* was a young fellow and was first married, *I* did nothing else for three months. O my conscience *I* got my Boy

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Octi there, the first night before the Curtaines were quite drawn!

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

Gr. Well, 'tis his Fathers nowne Child; Just so Brother was it with me upon my Wedding day, I could not look upon my dear without blushing, but when we were a Bed, Lord ha mercy upon us-but I le say no more.

Lean. Is then my Father Reconcil'd to me.

Gr. Reconcil'd to thee, why *I* love thee at my heart man, at my heart, why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty*'s daughter, Mrs. *Luce*, whom *I* always design'd for thy Wife, and that's thy Sister *Clara* married to Mr. *Octa*. there.

Lean. *Octavian* are we then Brothers? there is nothing that *I* could have rather wisht after the Compleating of my happiness with my charming *Lucia*.

Thr. Come Sir, hang up your complements in the Hall at home, they are old and out of fashion: *Shift* go to the Inn and bespeak a Supper may cost more Money than *I* have ready to pay for't, for *I* am resolved to run in debt to night.

Sh. *I* shall obey your commands Sir.

Thr. Then d'you hear, send out and muster up all the Fidlers, Blind or not Blind, Drunk or Sober) in the Town; let not so (much as the Roaster of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Case, escape ye.

Gr. Well what would I give now for the fellow that sings the Song at my Lord Mayors Feast, I my self would make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he should set a Tune to it, 'twas the pretty'st he had last time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh Gentlemen here is the strangest accident fallen out.

Thr. What's the matter.

Sly. Poor *Scapin*.

Gr. Ha! Rogue let him be hang'd, I'le hang him my self.

Sly. Oh Sir, that trouble you may spare, for passing by a place where they were building, a great stone fell upon his head and broke his Scull so, you may see his Braines.

Thr. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

Enter Scapin between two, his Head wrap'd up in Linnen as if he had been wounded

Scap. Oh me! Oh me! Gèntlemen you see me, you see me in a sad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the prime of my years: But yet I could not dye without the pardon of those that I have wrong'd, yes Gentlemen *I* beseech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done; but more especially, *I* beg of you Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Master Mr. *Gripe*.

Thr. For my part, I pardon thee freely, go, and dye in peace.

Scap. But, 'tis you Sir, I have most offended, by the inhumane Bastinadoes which -

Gr. Prithee speak no more of it, *I* forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked Insolence in me, that I should with Vile Crab-tree Cudgel -

Gr. Pish, no more, I say I am Satisfied.

Scap. And now so near my death 'tis an unspeakable grief that I should dare to lift my hand against -

Gr. Hold thy Peace, or dye quickly, I tell thee I have forgot All -

Scap. Alas! how good a man you are! But Sir, d'you pardon me freely and from the bottom of my Heart, those merciless drubs that -

Gr. Prithee speak no more of it. I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't.

[*Pulls off his Cap.*

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much your Goodness Revives me!

Gr. Hows that! Friend take Notice I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are sure to dye!

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thr. Come, fie Brother, never let Revenge imploy your thoughts now, forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gr. A dewce on't Brother, as I hope to be sav'd he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did; But since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thr. Now then let's to supper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the Lower End of the Table. Where in my Chair of State, I'll sit at ease, And eat and
drink, that I may dye in Peace.

The Salamanca Corpus: The Cheats of Scapin (1677)

A Dance.

The End.

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Epilogue.

Spoken by Mrs. *Mary Lee*,
when she was out of Humour.

HOw little do you guess what I'm to say?
I'm not to ask you how like Farce or Play;
For you must know, I've other bus'ness now:
It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we when in humble guise,
You came with honest Hearts and harmless Eyes:
Sate without Noise and Tumult in the Pit:
Oh what a pretious Jewel then was Wit!
Tho now 'tis grown so common, let me dye,
Gentlemen scorn to keep it company.
Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been,
Your too much Plenty is become your Sin.
Time was ye were as meek as now y'are proud,
Did not in curst Cabals of Criticks croud,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud;
But came to see the Follies you would shun:
Tho now so fondly Antick here y'are grown.
T'invert the Stages purpose, and its Rules:
Make us Spectators, whilst you play the Fools.
Equally witty as some valiant are;
The sad defects of both are expos'd here.
For here you'll Censure, who disdain to write,
As some make Quarrels here, that scorn to fight.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cheats of Scapin* (1677)

*The rugged Souldier that from War returns,
And still wi'th' heat of former Action burns.
Let him but hither come to see a Play,
Proceeds an Errant Courtier in a day.*

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*Shall steal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
There hold impertinent chat with Tawdry Maux:
Till 're aware the Blust rer falls in love;
And Hero grows as harmless as a Dove.
With us the kind remembrance yet remains;
When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes,
Though now alas we must your absence mourn,
Whilst nought but Quality will serve your turn.
Damn'd Quality! that uses poaching Arts,
And (as 'tis said) comes mask'd to prey on hearts.
The proper use of Vizors once was made,
When only worn by such as own'd the Trade:
Though now all mingle with'em so together,
That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
But 'tis no matter, on, pursue your Game,
Till wearied you return at last and tame;
Know then 'twill be our turn to be severe,
For when y've left your Stings behind you there:
You lazy Drones, ye shan't have harbour here.*

FINIS.