

**The anatomist: or, the sham doctor .... With The loves of Mars and Venus  
.... / Written by Mr. Motteux.**

**Contributors**

Ravenscroft, Edward, 1654?-1707.  
Motteux, Peter Anthony, 1660-1718.

**Publication/Creation**

London : R. Baldwin, 1697]

**Persistent URL**

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/p8urvuhy>

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Wellcome Collection  
183 Euston Road  
London NW1 2BE UK  
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722  
E [library@wellcomecollection.org](mailto:library@wellcomecollection.org)  
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(p)

RAVENSCROFT, E.

The anatomist.

London: R. Baldwin. 1697.

Wanting T.p., dedication, 'The loves of  
Mars and Venus' by Motteux (4 ll., pp. 30)



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## Prologue to Her Royal Highness.

Spoken by Mrs. Barry. Written by Mr. Motteux.

**M**ore blest than Day, be this auspicious Night!  
When with Your Presence we indulge our Sight.  
Our solitary Stage no longer grieves:  
The Sight of Princes still from Fate reprieves.  
So, when the glorious Ev'ning-Star does rise,  
Her glitt'ring Train attends, and fills the circling Skies.  
Thus we at need on Heav'n and You depend:  
Our Wishes rise, and the kind Beams descend.  
Oh! that we here cou'd oft'ner thus be blest!  
But mighty Joys too seldom are possess'd.  
With gloomy Looks we did your Absence mourn,  
And only liv'd in hopes of your Return.  
In pity grant our Sports one kindly Ray!  
We by your Presence live, and by your Smiles the Play.  
This fears no Censure; for, while you're in View,  
What can Spectators see or like but You?  
Seem but to like, and their Applause we'll boast,  
For sure to see You pleas'd is what will please them most.

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Pro





# Prologue spoken by Mr. Betterton.

Written by Mr Motteux.

**T**o day expect no Pageant Decoration,  
This Lord May's Show began the Reformation:  
Yet is our Entertainment odd and new;  
We've in our Show the First of Cuckolds too:  
And what we call a Masque some will allow  
To be an Op'ra, as the World goes now.  
So is your poisoning Quack miscall'd a Doctor,  
And your worst Mimick calls himself an Actor.  
So your dull Scribbler (to our Cost we know it)  
Writes a damn'd Play, and is misnam'd a Poet.  
Once Song and Dance cou'd buoy up want of Thinking,  
But now those Bladders can't prevent its Sinking:  
Plays grow so heavy, that those helps are vain;  
Three times they sink, and never rise again.  
Well, if our Neighbours the Precedence claim,  
For good dull Stuff we'll not dispute with them.  
Our Medley is perhaps as much too light,  
But let it pass——We don't take Money yet by weight.  
By Sympathy, 't shou'd please the Beaux, I know,  
For in all things an Op'ra's like a Beau.  
Both Beau and Op'ra on the Stage are seen;  
Both odd in Dress, and shifting still the Scene;  
Each dances, sings, and moves like a Machine.  
To be admir'd, 'tis at a vast Expence;  
It loves soft words, but cares not much for sence;  
For by its Nature 'twas design'd for show;  
Why, 'tis an Op'ra but to dress a Beau.  
But one unlucky difference stands between;  
Op'ra's are paid, but Beaux pay to be seen,  
(Those who don't come to sharp an Act I mean.)  
For your own sakes, we beg Applause of you;  
Since 'twill revenge you on the Scribbling Crew.  
For, if this takes, strait crys each senceless Elf,  
Dem-me, I'd write as well as this my self.  
With that, he writes a thing, which we refuse,  
Then, wondring how we durst affront his Muse,  
Strait in a huff he gives it t' other House;  
Who either slight it, or 'twill be its Lot  
To get as much as their last Op'ra got,



# Epilogue spoken by Mr. Bowen.

Written by Mr Motteux.

**G**ood People ! save the Body of our Play,  
From those who to dissect it Yonder stay,  
Like Surgeons on an Execution day.  
Ev'n ere it dyes they'll maul it, I'm afraid ;  
And you'd think t' hard, like me, in such a dread,  
To be dissected, ere you're hang'd, and dead.  
The fear of this our trembling Scribbler's kills ;  
I dare say they've no need to take my Pills.  
Pray spare 'em : Learn of Vulcan to forgive ;  
Or else, egad, few Plays or Wives will live.  
Ev'n he, methinks, too late his wrath did smother,  
Here, Wives and Husbands keep not such a pother,  
But fairly strive t' out-Cuckold one another.  
Why, shou'd all dye that follow th' Occupation,  
Oonds ! 'twere the way to cut off half the Nation.  
Besides, Horns are not seen ; shou'd they appear,  
Gadooks, yon Place wou'd ev'n outborn Horn-Fair.  
You'd see your Surly Dons tofs their Bull's Feathers,  
And your tame poor Contented bleat like Weathers.  
Lewd rakish Husbands butt with Goatish Horns,  
And half-made Cuckolds with an Unicorn's.  
Now as all have to Cuckoldry a Call,  
So will the Curse of scribbling on you fall ;  
'E gad these Times make Poets of us all.  
Then do not damn your Brothers of the quill ;  
To be reveng'd, there's hope you'll write as ill.  
For nere were seen more Scribes, yet less good writing,  
As there nere were more Soldiers, yet less Fighting.  
Both can do nothing if they want supplies.  
Then aid us ; and our League its neighbouring Foes defies ;  
Tho they brib'd lately one of our Allies.  
Sure you d not have us, for want of due pittance,  
Like Nicompoops sneak to them for admittance.  
No ; propt by you our fears and dangers cease,  
Here firm, tho Wealth decay, and Foes increase,  
We'll bravely tug for Liberty and Peace.

The



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# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Old Mr Gerald,	Mr Bright
Young Mr Gerald,	Mr Hodgson
The Doctor,	Mr Underhill
Wife to the Doctor,	Mrs Leigh
Mrs Angelica, their Daughter,	Mrs Bowman
Beatrice, the Maid,	Mrs Lawson
Martin, Servant to Old Gerald,	Mr T. Harris
Crispin, the Sham Doctor, Servant to } Young Gerald,	Mr Bowen
Symon, a Country fellow,	Mr Trout
Waiting-woman,	Mrs Robinson

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# ACT I. SCENE I.

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*Enter before the Curtain, Angelica, Beatrice.*

*Ang.* **I**S my Mother ready, is she coming to hear the Musick?

*Beat.* Yes Madam, and is extreamly pleas'd; she loves Musick wonderfully.

*Ang.* So do I *Beatrice*; we are much beholden to my singing Master.

*Beat.* Yes Madam! But you are more beholden to your Lover, young Mr. *Gerald*.

*Ang.* How so!

*Beat.* You know he has left the University for your sake, and has been this month in Town, waiting opportunities to see you: He brought with him some words of his own composing to entertain you, they are set by your own Master: By this means he hopes to get admittance to discourse you, and breath his Love Ejaculations in your Ear.

*Ang.* How can that be? He is known both by my Father and Mother.

*Beat.* No matter for that; he is in disguise, and sits amongst the Instrumental Musick as one of them.

*Ang.* How shall I know him?

*Beat.* By his Eye, as you do a Pheasant, he'll be looking on you all the while.

*Ang.* But how will he come to speak to me?

*Beat.* Trust that to chance, at least it will be a pleasure to see one another: It is a delight to Lovers to steal looks, tho it be at Church.

*Ang.* Sure Love and Devotion are near a kin, they are each bred in the Soul, and Musick is the food of both.

*Beat.* Here comes your Father and Mother.

*Enter Doctor and Wife.*

*Wife.* Come Husband, stay and hear the Musick, my Daughter's Master will take it ill else, it was provided for



the Play-house, and he has brought 'em all here to practice it over in form: You'll have time enough to visit your Patients.

*Doct.* Let 'em begin presently then, for time is precious to men of business.

*Wife.* The Musick strikes up already. Sit down, Husband, Daughter, and *Beatrice*, take you your places over against us.

*They all sit down, and the first Musical Entertainment begins.  
After that they rise and speak.*

*Doct.* Well, now my time is out, I must be gone.

*Wife.* This is not all: This is but the Prologue to what follows; you must hear the rest.

*Doct.* I must go visit a Nobleman that is my Patient just now, but I'll return anon: In the mean time take all the performers in to Breakfast, and treat 'em with some bottles of Wine.

*Wife.* By that time you'll come again.

*Doct.* Ay, my dear Wife, farewell.

*Doct. Exit.*

*Wife.* Gentlemen, pray all walk into the next Room, and take part of a small Entertainment. Come Daughter.

*Exeunt Wife, Ang. and Performers.*

*Enter Crispin.*

*Crisp.* *Beatrice*, tell Mrs. *Angelica* my Master would fain come too, but dares not, for fear he should be known to be in Town, Besides, he and I have some business, but we'll be here again anon.

*Beat.* Well, well, get you gone *Crispin*. I am call'd.

*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Old Gerald, and Martin.*

*Mar.* You are resolv'd Sir, to Marry you say?

*O. Ger.* I am; and to that end, I have sent my Son to the University, to mind his Study, and be out of the way.

*Mar.* May I, Sir, be so bold, to ask the Ladies name, you intend to make your Wife?

*O. Ger.* Madam *Angelica* the Doctor's Daughter.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Sure, Sir, you're not in earnest, she's not above fifteen; that Match Sir, would be fitter for your Son

*O. Ger.* My Son? I don't intend that he shall Marry yet, these seven years.

*Mar.* But Sir, consider well before you Marry.

*O. Ger.* I have thought enough, she's handsome, young, and sprightly.

*Mar.* But these are qualities will not agree with an old mans constitution.

*O. Ger.* Old 'Coxcomb: I an't so old.

*Mar.* No Sir, if you had been contemporary with the Patriarchs, you had been counted now a very youth, but in this short-liv'd age we live in, Sir, you are, as one may say, worn to the stumps.

*O. Ger.* Hold your prating; Threescore is mans ripe Age.

*Mar.* Yes, and his rotten Age too; but you, if I mistake not, are threescore and ten.

*O. Ger.* No more of Age: 'Tis a thing never to be inquired into, but when you are buying Horses.

*Mar.* How? Not in Marriage Sir.

*O. Ger.* Not if a man be very rich.

*Mar.* Can you believe Sir, the old Doctor her Father, and the Gentlewoman her Mother, who is a notable wife governing Woman, will bestow their Daughter, and their only Heir, upon a man so old, where there's no hopes of Grand Children to inherit what they have, without an Act of Parliament to enable him.

*O. Ger.* Hold your tongue I say; you are my Servant, not my Councillor: I take it Sir; this is my own concern; when I am Married, I doubt not but I shall behave my self, as a married man ought.

*Mar.* But if the Doctor won't consent to it.

*O. Ger.* That I am sure of, he has promis'd me, and he's a man of his word.

*Mar.* That indeed is something: but Sir, you know the Wife there wears the Breeches; and if the grey Mare be the better Horse, you'll find it difficult to bestride the Filly.

*O. Ger.* I know she is a little domineering; and I know too that Mr. Doctor is a Wife Man; his gravity and prudence, will manage her well enough; he who can cur mad folks, scorns to be Wife-ridden.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Many have try'd in vain ; a man sometimes may sooner break his own heart, than his Wife's will. But see Sir, here's the Doctor.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* Mr. *Gerald*, good morrow to you Sir.

*O. Ger.* Mr. Doctor, I was coming to speak to you.

*Doct.* Come; let me feel your pulse.

*O. Ger.* It needs not Sir.

*Doct.* T'other hand.

*O. Ger.* That's not my business.

*Doct.* No, but 'tis mine, your Pulse Sir is disordered.

*O. Ger.* You mistake me, my —

*Doct.* Put out your tongue, your tongue.

*O. Ger.* No matter for my tongue.

*Doct.* Do you sleep well?

*O. Ger.* Yes, very well. But Sir —

*Doct.* How is your Stomach? have you a good Appetite.

*O. Ger.* Yes Mr. Doctor, but I come —

*Doct.* And do you digest well what you eat?

*O. Ger.* Yes very well, but will you hear me Sir?

*Doct.* And all those other benefits of nature.

*O. Ger.* I have 'em regularly. But Mr. Doctor —

*Doct.* Nay if you eat well, drink well, sleep well, digest well, and after all this should not be well, it would be wonderful. But I lose time, I must visit my other Patients. Your Servant Sir.

*O. Ger.* Stay, good Sir, stay, I have had patience to hear you talk, and to no purpose neither ; now 'tis my turn to speak, and to some purpose.

*Doct.* Dispatch then ; I'm in haste.

*O. Ger.* 'Tis not about my health I came to you, no 'tis another affair.

*Doct.* What affair?

*O. Ger.* That, that you know of.

*Doct.* What I say?

*O. Ger.* The business that I spoke of.

*Doct.* When?

*O. Ger.* When? more than once.

*Doct.* Where?

*O. Ger.* At several places ; at your house and mine.

*Doct.* What was it then?



O. Ger. About your Daughter.

Doct. What about my Daughter?

O. Ger. About my marrying her.

Doct. O, was it nothing else? I thought 't had been something of consequence. As to that matter I have given my promise; chuse your own time, Marry her when you please.

O. Ger. And have you broke it to your Wife?

Doct. No, but my will is hers, she submits to what I think fit. I am and will be master. I thank Heaven, I have discretion, and can rule a Wife, as a wise Husband ought.

O. Ger. I doubt it not.

Doct. If once my Wife should contradict my will, she should soon find what metal I am made of. I thank my Stars we have no domestick broyls, my Wife submits to me in all things.

O. Ger. If you think fit then, let's acquaint her with it, 'tis a formality all Mothers may expect.

Doct. You say well; stay here, I'll call her! Ex. Dr.

O. Ger. Well *Martin*, what say you now?

Mar. I see the Doctor is your friend; so far all's well; but mark the end I say still.

*Re-enter Doctor and Wife.*

Doct. My dearest, here's our good friend Mr. *Gerald* come purposely to see you.

Wife. Sir, you Servant. Tho my Husband's a Physitian, I am glad to see you're in good health.

O. Ger. Speak to her Mr. Doctor, tell her the business.

Doct. Do you speak first.

O. Ger. 'Tis properer for you.

Doct. No, no, you'll explain your self much better. Lovers are eloquent.

O. Ger. But you have the Authority of a Husband, and may without ceremony open the matter to her.

Doct. No, you must break the Ice, you shall see my power if she resists.

Wife. Pray Gentlemen, what's this contest about, and why was I call'd hither?

O. Ger. A foolish punctilio of honor; and something Mr. Doctor has to acquaint you with.



*Doct.* Our kind friend, Mr. *Gerald* here, has a mind to marry our Daughter, Love.

*O. Ger.* Yes Madam ; and upon such terms as few Parents are displeas'd with. You may scruple my age, but when you know, I will take her without a Portion, and mean to settle a good joynture on her, allow her handsomely for Pin-Money, keep her a Coach, a Chariot, and two Footmen ; and give her every New-years-day, a hundred Guineas in an Embroidered Purse, to fool away ; I hope, that scruple will be remov'd. Besides, Mr. Doctor has given his consent already, and I doubt not, but yours will come as easily.

*Wife.* Hold there, good Mr. *Gerald* ; these things require consideration ; your Ages are most unfutable. Many young Women have been ruin'd by such unequal Matches. Youth and Age cannot agree : An old Man may be fond of a young Woman, but a young Woman of an old Man never. But to avoid all inconveniencies, and fatal accidents, that may happen to our Family, by such a disproportion'd Marriage, I must tell you plainly, you shan't have my consent ; and I hope you will not take it ill of me.

*O. G.* But your Husband, Madam, has given me his word.

*Wife.* What if he has ? He gave it then without consideration. When he comes to weigh all circumstances as he ought, he must, and will be of my mind too.

*O. G.* Speak Mr Doctor, did not you absolutely promise me ?

*Wife.* He who indiscreetly promises, may with good reason call it back. He did it without my knowledge or consent ; therefore 'twas but a half promise, Sir.

*O. Ger.* But, Mr Dr, a Man of Honour ought to keep his word, and stand to what he says. Speak then, have you not promised me your Daughter ?

*Dr.* 'Tis true, I cannot deny it.

*Wife.* How ! can you not ? we'll talk of that hereafter. Well Mr *Gerald*, promise, or not promise, all's one for that, I deny my consent, and that's enough.

*Dr.* But Wife, dear Wife—

*Wife.* Wife me no Wife's, but hold your foolish prating ; sure I know better than you what's fitting for our Daughter.

*Dr.*



*Dr.* But my dear, we ought —

*Wife.* I know we ought to be wiser than to make foolish promises; or if you were so childish not to keep 'em. Come Mr *Gerald*, set your Heart at rest, you shall never marry my Daughter; there's my resolution. I will not be the jest of the whole Town. Who would not split their sides to hear a couple of old fools call one another, Father and Son? away, away for shame. [Ex. *Wife*.

*Mar.* Sir, Sir, Mr *Dr.*

*Dr.* Well, what say you?

*Mar.* If once my Wife should contradict my will! She should soon find what metal I am made of. I thank my Stars we have no domestick broyls, my Wife submits to me in all things.

*O. Ger. Martin* says true; this lesson you read to us, before you call'd your Wife, good Mr Doctor.

*Dr.* 'Tis very true; and 'tis as true, this was no proper place to shew my authority; our Passion must be govern'd by our Reason; my Moderation must cool her Intemperance: Had I presently flown to the top o'th' house, we had made fine work on't: I'll take a more convenient opportunity to discourse this matter with her; in the mean time, leave it to me: I have given my word, and I will—I will—come trust to me: I warrant you.

*Mar.* Yes Sir, leave it to Mr. Doctor, he'll do wonders; he is a Lyon in private, but you saw he was a Lamb in publick: But I fear you had better take the Wife's word, than the Husband's, 'tis plain she rules the Roast.

*Dr.* You are a fool, and know not what you say.

*Mar.* But I know, Sir, you had a furious repulse at the Half-Moon, you were beaten out of your Trenches too; you'll have no better luck at the Conterfcarp: If you dare venture to storm, I fear you will be beaten off, with such a shameful loss, you will be forc'd to raise the Siege, and glad you scape unwounded.

*Dr.* Hold your tongue, you are a sawcy Knave.

*Mar.* I have done; I won't dispute Titles with Mr Doctor.

*Dr.* Well Mr *Gerald*, once more leave all to me: I tell you I will do it; that's sufficient. Exit *Dr.*

*Mar.* Now, Sir, have you the same hopes you had of Marrying Mrs. *Angelica*? You see her Mother's an imperious Woman, and will never give her consent to it: The Doctor



Doctor I confess is an able Physician, an excellent man in his way, but yet he has the fortune to be Hen-peck'd, and must submit, as many wise and learned men have done; therefore you must not build upon his promises: Besides, I do not find you have got the Daughter's consent yet; and that's the main point of all.

O. Ger. You say true, *Martin*; I must think of that. Stay, is not that *Crispin* yonder?

*Enter Crispin.*

*Crisp.* O Sir, your Servant: I am glad I have found you. Good morrow *Martin*.

*Mar.* Good morrow *Crispin*.

O. Ger. What cause brings you to Town?

*Crisp.* Your Son, my Master, sent me in all haste.

O. Ger. For what?

*Crisp.* That Letter will inform you.

O. Ger. reads. Honoured Father, Hoping you are in good health, as I am, thanks be to God, at the present writing hereof: This is to let you understand that all my Money's gone, and my Cloaths worn so bare, that you may, as the saying is, see my Breech thro my Pocket-holes.

*Mar.* A fine Epistle.

O. Ger. This is not my Sons stile, nor is't his hand: This is some Roguery of yours Sirrah.

*Crisp.* To tell you the plain truth, Sir, I lost I know not how, my Masters Letter on the Road; and baiting at a little Village, it hapned to be the Sextons house, who sold a Cup of notable good Ale: There I got him to write this Letter for me. I know my Master sent for Money, and Cloaths, pray read the rest.

O. Ger. No, I have read enough.

*Mar.* You dictated this Letter to the Sexton, *Crispin*.

*Crisp.* I did so? what of that?

*Mar.* Nothing, but that the stile is very eloquent.

*Crisp.* I think so: I have not been at the University with my Master 4 months, for nothing.

O. G. Has my Son spent all his Money in so short a time? he has been prodigal.

*Crisp.* He could not help it, he was forc'd to treat at his first coming, Sir: I shall be his Steward for the future, and manage matters better.



O. Ger. Look you do. I have some business now, about an hour hence come home to me. Follow me *Martin*.

[Ex. O. Ger. and Mar.]

*Crisp*. So far all's well: If I can screw a good sum out of him, I do my Masters business; the old Gentleman must not know he is in Town, nor must my Master know I lost his Letter. O, here he comes.

*Enter Young Gerald.*

Y. Ger. I sent you with my Letter to my Father; why are you loytering here?

*Crisp*. 'Tis done, Sir.

Y. Ger. What is done, Sir?

*Crisp*. Your business, Sir, is done effectually: I met your Father here, just in this place; gave him your Letter; he read it o're and o're, and said the stile was admirable; was overjoy'd to see how the University had improv'd you; then I made him an eloquent Oration, to let him see how I had profited: This melted his hard heart, made his old Eyes twinkle like flames in the bottom of two Sockets: At last he bid me come home to him some half an hour hence; by that time, Sir, the Money will be ready.

Y. Ger. Did he ask no questions? how I had spent my Money? what company I kept? or how I behav'd myself in the University?

*Crisp*. He had no time for that; when I come home to him, perhaps he may.

Y. Ger. Be careful *Crispin*; should he suspect——

*Crisp*. He shall pump nothing out of me, I warrant you.

Y. Ger. But *Martin* is a notable fly youth.

*Crisp*. You think, because I cannot write and read as he can, that I have less wit than *Martin*; I warrant you I'll be upon my Guard, I'll deal well enough with him. But now, Sir, let me question you a little; how durst you venture abroad by day light? Should your Father——

Y. Ger. I know it *Crispin*, but as soon as you were gone, *Angelica* sent her Maid to me, bid me meet her here; something of consequence has hapned to her, and I'm in pain to know the meaning of it. See, she is here.

*Enter Angelica.*

Y. Ger. My dear *Angelica*!

Ang. Mr *Gerald*! I am glad my Maid found you, you have made haste.



*Y. Ger.* Can you blame me for that? My love was too impatient to wait; I have a thousand doubts and fears: why did you send for me? what has happen'd, Madam? tell me my *Angelica*, and ease my loaded heart.

*Ang.* I could not prevail upon my self to stay till you came. O *Gerald*! 'twill surprize you when I tell you, your Father is in love.

*Y. Ger.* You mock me Madam.

*Ang.* No, 'tis too true; he has askt me of my Father and my Mother, offers to settle a large Joynture on me, and Marry me without a Portion too. These are proposals few Parents will refuse.

*Y. Ger.* The Laws of Nature, tho' not of Nations, forbid such unequal Matches.

*Ang.* But Money, *Gerald*! what will not Money do?

*Y. Ger.* 'Tis true; for Money Mothers sell their Daughters?

*Ang.* Yes, and for Money, most Daughters sell themselves.

*Y. Ger.* A Beau for money, will Marry an old wither'd Witch, with rotten Lungs, no Teeth, one Eye, and half a Nose.

*Ang.* For Money, Soldiers sell their lives.

*Y. Ger.* And Priests their consciences.

—— But my *Angelica*; your Father is a wise and learned Man, he is not mercenary, he won't sell you.

*Ang.* You are mistaken, Sir, he has given his promise to your Father.

*Y. Ger.* Then all my hope is vanish'd.

*Ang.* Not so; you have no reason to despair. You say my Father's wife, and learned too; now I say, my Mother has no learning, but more wisdom, for she has positively refused to give him her consent.

*Y. Ger.* O you revive me! my drooping Soul drinks up your words, as the parch'd Earth does a refreshing shower! what's to be done, *Crispin*?

*Ang.* I told you my Mother lov'd Musick most immoderately: She is much pleas'd with it. I will let her know that it was your contrivance, and acquaint her with our love, and try to make her of our party. Stay hereabouts, if I succeed, *Beatrice* shall give you notice.



*Y. Ger.* Do, my dear Lov'd, *Angelica* : Good luck attend you? [*Ex. Ang.*]

*Cris.* Has the Devil Lechery got possession of my old Master's head? I am sure he left his Breeches long ago. Let me see; he has to my knowledge, been bewitch'd about some 15 years.

*Y. Ger.* This was the cause I was remov'd, and sent to the University.

*Cris.* He shall quickly find we lost no time there; we have studied hard, studied Fortification, we can Entrench; if he can Mine, Sir, we can Countermine.

*Y. Ger.* Now go, fetch the money from my Father instantly, you shall find me hereabouts at your return [*Ex.*]

*Cris.* Well, of all your Father's follies, this is the worst. When old men fall in Love, they're surely curst.

## S C E N E II.

*A Hall in the Doctors House.*

*Enter the Doctor's Wife, Angelica, and Beatrice.*

*Wife.* Is the Room in order, *Beatrice*, for the Musick to go on with the entertainment?

*Bea.* Yes, Madam.

*Wife.* 'Tis very well. Go see how long it will be to dinner. Come, my *Angelica*, be free and merry, Trust to thy Mother's conduct, and her kindness; Thy Father shall not sell thee while I live. While you remain obedient and discreet, It shall be all the study of my life, To make you happy, Child.

*Ang.* Oh my dear Mother! Let me receive this blessing on my Knees. If ever I am disobedient to you? Or e're abuse this mighty goodness to you, May I become the out-cast of your Family; Disown'd by you, dispis'd by all good Women, And hated by young *Gerald*.

*Enter Young Gerald.*

*Wife.* Here he comes. You're welcome, Sir; if mine is not sufficient, You shall have her welcome too,

And



And that , I hope will please you.

*T. G.* Please me ! I more  
Than wealth to Misers, freedom to a Slave,  
Or a Reprieve to one condemn'd to die.

*Ang.* Oh, Mr *Gerald* !  
I have the most indulgent Mother living.  
Your Father's liberal offers to the Doctor  
Cannot prevail on her.

*T. Ger.* How shall I thank you , Madam, as I ought ?  
How pay the mighty debt due to you both ?  
Due to your wisdom , and her matchless love ?  
If all the duty, the profound respect  
That ever pious Son paid his own Mother  
Can merit so much Happiness, if deserve it,  
The business of my life shall be to please her.  
My truth, my constancy, and perfect love,  
No time shall alter, nor no chance remove.

*Wife.* Do this, my Son, and Heaven will bless you both.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beat.* My Master, Madam, has sent word, he can't be  
at home till dinner-time, but wou'd have you go on with  
the Musick.

*Wife.* Then we'll loose no more time ; come let us seat  
our selves ; I long to hear more.

*Here comes in the second Musical Entertainment : After which  
they rise and speak.*

*Wife.* We'll hear the rest after Dinner.

*Beat.* Desire the Gentlemen all to walk in.

*T. Ger.* I must not be seen by your Husband ; therefore  
I'll take my leave.

*Wife.* I know it, Mr *Gerald*. Your Servant Sir.

*Ang.* Sir your Servant.

*T. G.* Adieu my Life, my Déar, *Angelica*. [Ex

*Wife.* Two things, and only two, *Angelica* ; I always lov'd,  
and lov'd em passionately.

*Ang.* What were those, Madam?

*Wife.* My Husband, and good Musick.

*Ang.* And in that Madam, I follow your Example?

*Wife.* Yes Child, but take this rule along with you ;  
Discretion is a Womans safest guard.

She shuns Vain Glory, Malice, Strife, and Pride,  
When Reason and good Nature is her Guide.

*End of the First Act.*



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# ACT II. SCENE I.

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*Enter Doctor.*

*Dr.* **B**eatrice, I say ; where are you ?

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beat.* Here, Sir, here.

*Dr.* See all things are in order here in my Laboratory. Many Virtuosi will be here, to see my curious Dissection, and hear the lecture I intend to read on a dead Body, which every moment I expect to be sent in from the place of Execution.

*Beat.* Why do you choose this back Apartment at the end of the Garden ? You us'd to do it in the Great Hall formerly.

*Dr.* My Wife will have it so, and that's enough ; the body may be brought in privately, at that back door, for so I order'd it : Besides, the wrangling disputations of self-conceited, obstinate Physicians, who come to see my operation, will at this distance less disturb the Neighbourhood : they will maintain their notions with more noise, than Betters in a Cock-pit.

*Beat.* 'Tis observ'd you Doctors rarely agree in your opinions, Sir, which makes some affirm, Physick itself is a very uncertain Science.

*Dr.* That's true ; but yet the fault's not in the Art.

*Bea.* It must be in the Professors then.

*Dr.* And so it is ; but this is not your business.

*Bea.* I only speak my simple judgment Sir.

*Dr.* The Body will be here immediately : let 'em carry it into the Vault, 'tis cooler there : in the mean time I'll make some visits to my Patients who are near. Ha ! *Beatrice*, let me see, what have you there ?

*Bea.* Where, Sir, What do you mean ?

*Dr.* There, Sirrah, there. Let's see those pretty Bubbies.

*Bea.* Fye Sir, you make me blush.

*Dr.* Faith I will see 'em ; I and feel 'em too.

E \*

*Bea.*



*Bea.* You old men have such odd fancies in you.

*Dr.* I am a Cock o'th' Game, you little Rogue.

*Bea.* You strut, and crow, and clap your Wings indeed, but all to little purpose.

*Dr.* Ah you unlucky Chitt! I cou'd, I cou'd —

*Bea.* But you forget your Patients Sir.

*Dr.* That's true indeed: well when I come again. *Ex. Dr.*

*Bea.* I find all Husbands, old; and young, are still for variety; which is a certain sign of an ill stomach: well, if ever it be my fortune to Marry one who serves me so, I'll say no more, but that which is sauce for a Goose, shall be sauce for a Gander too. *Enter Crispin.*

*Crispin!* What brings you hither now?

*Cris.* I have been almost half an hour hankering about the back door: I saw the Doctor come forth just now, and then I ventur'd to slip in.

*Bea.* Secure that door then, while I fasten this; we will not be surpriz'd: now what's the business?

*Cris.* My Master, poor man's at his wits end, he walks and starts, then stops and muses, then he walks again: What Madam *Angelica* told him about his Father has distracted him. I have a Letter for her.

*Bea.* Give it me.

*Cris.* Stay *Beatrice*, let me look on you a little: what hast thou been doing to thy self? I never saw thee so handsome in my life.

*Bea.* Indeed?

*Cris.* No indeed: thou hast stoln some of thy Lady's Wash; it can't be natural; come, let me try.

*Bea.* Stand off, you fool.

*Cris.* Now I think on't, I have not had one kiss since I came from the University.

*Bea.* Keep your distance, you had best: I will not make you so familiar with me.

*Cris.* Say you so: Harkee, Gentlewoman, what made you here alone with Mr Doctor? This place is very private, at a convenient distance from the house too.

*Bea.* One who was hang'd this morning is to be Dissected here: I must set every thing in order for it; the Body will be sent in presently.

*Cris.* We have prepar'd another Entertainment for your Lady. Here, let me out quickly. *Knocking.*

*Dr.*



*Dr. within.* Open the door.

*Bea.* What shall I do ? it is my Master.

*Cris.* Let me out I say.

*Bea.* Here, come to the other door. *Knocking at the other door.*

*Wife within.* Where are you ? *Beatrice ?*

*Bea.* O Heaven ! 'tis my Mistress, she's at the other door.

*Cris.* The Devil she is.

*Bea.* If she were not there, I would let you down into the Vault.

*Dr. within.* Ho *Beatrice* ! open the door I say.

*Cris.* What will become of me ?

*Bea.* Here, here, lay your self at length upon this Table : I'll say you are the dead Body sent from the Gallows.

*Cris.* Oh *Beatrice* ———

*Bea.* No more ; do as I bid you.

*Crispin lies at his full length on the Table. Beatrice opens the door. Enter Doctor.*

*Dr.* You made me wait sufficiently. I had forgot some Medicines I prepar'd ; I must go up and fetch 'em. *Exit Dr.*

*Bea.* Now I'll let in my Mistress.

*Enter Wife.*

*Wife.* How were you employ'd, you could open the door no sooner ?

*Bea.* I was busie in taking in this Executed Body, I made all the haste I could. *Re-enter Doctor.*

*Dr.* How now, my dearest Love, what make you here ?

*Wife.* I came to see if all things were in order as they should be.

*Dr.* 'Tis very well. Adieu, I am in haste. *Exit Dr.*

*Wife.* *Beatrice*, set all his Instruments in order : my Daughter and I will make a visit : I do not love such sights, they make me melancholy.

*Bea.* I'll be careful in your absence. *Exit Wife.*

Now, *Crispins*, is my invention good ? *Crispin rises.*

*Cris.* You've brought me bravely off ; but I'll be gone for fear of an after-clap.

*Dr. within.* *Beatrice*, *Beatrice*, open the door again. *Knocks.*

*Bea.* 'Tis my Master, to the same posture quickly.

*Cris.* The Devil take him. *Enter Doctor.*

*Dr.* I think I am bewicht to day ; I have taken the wrong Medicines. What's that there ?

*Bea.* The Body from the Gallows, Sir ; the fellows that brought it would not carry it into the Vault. *Dr.*



*Dr.* How came they to send him with his Cloaths on ?

*Bea.* They'll call for 'em to morrow.

*Dr.* 'Tis very well. Ha ! the Body's warm : I have a mind to make an experiment immediately. Go, *Beatrice*, fetch me my Incision Knives, Amputation Knife, Dis-membring Saw, with the Threads, Pins, and all the other Instruments I laid ready in my Closet.

*Bea.* But Sir, your Patients expect you now.

*Dr.* An hour or two hence will serve.

*Bea.* Should any of 'em dye in the mean time ?

*Dr.* That's not my fault ; if any of 'em are in so much danger, my visit will do 'em no good now.

*Bea.* I have heard you say, Sir, a proper dose given at a lucky time — —

*Dr.* Go, bring me only my Incision Knife; for while the natural heat remains, I shall more easily come at the Lacteal Veins, which convey the Chyle to the Heart, for Sanguification, or encrease of Blood.

*Bea.* But, Sir, you won't begin the Anatomy before the Doctors come.

*Dr.* Fetch it, I say.

*Bea.* Well Sir, since I must.

*Exit Bea.*

*Dr.* He's not ill shap'd, nor is he very ill featur'd ; and yet his visage still retains much discontent and trouble. Well, all the Rules of Metoposcopy and Physiognomy are false; if this was not a Rogue that very well deserv'd hanging. This Incision pleases me extremely ; I'll open his Belly from the *Xiphoid Cartilage*, quite along to the *Os Pubis*. I feel his Heart pant yet : If any of my fellow Physicians were here now, especially those who doubt the *Harveyan Doctrine*, I'd let 'em plainly see the Circulation of the Blood thro the *Systole* and *Diastole*.

*Enter Surgeon.*

*Sur.* O Doctor ! I am glad I have found you : My Lord is much worse since yesterday ; you must visit him immediately.

*Dr.* I'll come anon ; I am very busie now.

*Sur.* My Lord's so very ill, you must go with all speed to him.

*Dr.* Go you before I say, and let him bleed, I'll be with him in an hour.

*Sur.* Sure Bleeding can't be proper in his circumstances.

*Dr.*



*Dr.* I say let him blood : Sure I know what I do.

*Sur.* His case is alter'd much, Sir, since you saw him.

*Dr.* Once more, I say, go bleed him.

*Sur.* But Sir—

*Dr.* Bleed him, I say : 'Tis fine indeed when Surgeons shall teach Physicians.

*Sur.* I will not Bleed him, I am sure it will be his death : Let who will do it for me; and so farewell. *Exit Sur.*

*Dr.* Farewel, Sir, if you won't, another shall.

*Enter Beatrice, who was listning.*

*Bea.* I have been looking all about Sir, and cannot find your Incision Knife : Besides, Sir, a fine Lady call'd at the door just now, in a great Gilt Coach, and charg'd me to send you to my Lord's immediately.

*Dr.* Ha!

*Bea.* In haste Sir, in all haste.

*Dr.* Sayst thou—

*Bea.* He's dying Sir, he's dying.

*Dr.* What shou'd I go for then?—

*Bea.* You must go Sir, you shall go—you are sent for.

*Dr.* The Devil's in the Wench— *She turns him round.*

*Bea.* They are in haste, in haste Sir.

*Dr.* Well I go then : Let the Body be carry'd into the Vault.

*Bea.* It shall, Sir ; but lose no more time : be gone. So, joy go with you. *She turns him out.*

*Cris.* And I, without more words, will be gone presently.

*Bea.* Whither in such haste?

*Cris.* Whither, with a vengeance ! Let me out I say : you must fetch the Incision Knife, with a pox t'ye, and all the other damnable Instruments, to rip me up alive, and make minc'd meat of me ! A curse on his *Systol* and *Dystole*.

*Bea.* You are mistaken, *Crispin* : when I went out I did not go to fetch the Instruments, I went to hide 'em, where I was sure he cou'd never find 'em.

*Cris.* I thought indeed, you could not have the heart to see a man who loves you as I do, so barbarously dismembred ; and therefore I lay still.

*Bea.* Well, stay here a while ; I'll run and give *Angelica* the Letter, and return instantly.



*Cris.* I beg your pardon, I'll stay no longer in this room.

*Beat.* Why so?

*Cris.* The very thought of that damn'd Incision Knife puts me into a cold sweat? I'll stay for you in the street.

*Beat.* Away, you sot.

*Cris.* I had rather be a Sot than an Anatomy, I will not have my Flesh scrap'd from my Bones. I will not be hung up for a Skeleton in Barber-Surgeons-Hall.

*Beat.* Stay but a little.

*Cris.* Yes in the street. There I shall not be in danger of your damn'd Amputation Knife, and your Dismembring Saw, with a pox to him.

*Beat.* Alas! poor *Crispin*.

*Cris.* Fear makes me think every thing I see an Instrument to rip me up, from the Systole to the Dyastole.

*Beat.* He had a mind to be acquainted with your inside, *Crispin*.

*Cris.* The Devil pick his Bones for't. I shall never recover my self till I get out of this cursed place. [*Knocking again*] Ah! The Spirit's come again! Open the door, I'll rush out like a Lyon.

*Bea.* Have a care, or you'll spoil all.

*Cris.* If the Dr catches me here, he will spoil all. Amputation and Incision will spoil all.

*Bea.* Come, lay your self upon the Table quickly; he has no Instruments.

*Cris.* Not I; for ought I know, he may have some about him, his Pockets may be fill'd with Knives, Pins, Threads, Saws, and the Devil and all.

*Bea.* Well thought on: Here hangs my Master's Gown and Cap, you shall strait put 'em on, and tell him you are a Physician, just come from the University, and understanding a dead Body was to be dissected by him, came to hear his Lecture.

*Cris.* Where is the dead Body, fool?

*Bea.* I'll tell him, 'tis carried into the Vault, as he commanded.

*Cris.* Give me the Robes then: I'd rather act the Dr than the dead Body. So, now I hope I need not fear his peeping into my Os Pubis, with a pox to him. *Puts on the Gown.*

*Bea.* But if he should find out your ignorance!

*Crisp.* I'll venture that; the World bely's 'em, or there are



are many great Physicians, as great Fools as my self. I have good natural Parts, *Beatrice*, if they scape but Incision and Amputation.

*Bea.* So; now I'll let him in.

*Enter a Waiting Woman.*

*Wait.* Is Mr Dr within?

*Bea.* No.

*Wait.* Why do you deny him to me? There he is.

*Cris.* Well, what's your business with me, Mistress! Speak.

*Wait.* My Lady has lost her little Lap-dog, which she lov'd better than any Relation in the World. She lays the fault on me, and grieves and takes on as if 'twere her only Child. I fear she'll grow Distracted if we find it not. Now, Sir, knowing that you are not only a learned Physician, but that you understand Astrology and the like —

*Cris.* Ay, ay, I understand one, as well as the other.

*Wait.* Therefore, Sir, I bring you a Fee, and desire you to tell me some tidings of him.

*Cris.* Have you brought the Dogs Water with you?

*Wait.* His Water? the Dog's lost, Sir.

*Cris.* Lost — why — ay, what then?

*Bea.* The Rascal stumbles confoundedly — You do not mind, Sir, the Dog is not sick, he is lost.

*Cris.* O ho — lost? how long since was he lost?

*Wait.* Two days ago.

*Cris.* At what hour?

*Wait.* At eleven in the morning.

*Cris.* What colour?

*Wait.* Black and White.

*Cris.* Enough, enough.

*Wait.* Well, he's a rare Man, if he can tell me where to find the Dog.

*Bea.* Never doubt him; he will do it certainly.

*Cris.* You say 'tis two days since?

*Wait.* Yes, Sir.

*Cris.* About eleven a clock?

*Wait.* Yes.

*Cris.* Black and White?

*Wait.* Very right, Sir.

*Crisp.* *Beatrice*, what's in that Box there in your hand?

*Bea.* Some Pills my Master gave me to lay up.

*Cris.*



*Cris.* O ho! Some Pills? Give me the Box.

*Bea.* To what purpose?

*Cris.* Hold your peace; here, take these Pill.

*Wait.* For what, an't please your Worship?

*Cris.* Your Lady's Dog is lost.

*Wait.* Yes, Sir.

*Cris.* And you would find him again?

*Wait.* With all my heart.

*Cris.* Take these Pills then.

*Wait.* Will these Pills make me find the Dog again?

*Cris.* Yes, they will make you find him; for they're of a very searching nature. There I was witty, *Beatrice.*

*Wait.* But, Sir——

*Cris.* Go, do as I bid you.

*Wait.* Here are just five, Sir, must I take 'em all?

*Cris.* Yes, all five, and all at once.

*Wait.* There is your Fee, Sir, if these Pills help us to the Dog again, you'll have my Lady, and the whole Family for your Patients: and so your Servant, Sir. *Ex.Wait.*

*Bea.* Ha *Crispin!* Is not this better than being a dead Body. You no sooner Commenc'd Doctor, but you got a Doctor's Fee. *[She shuts the Door.]*

*Cris.* Two new Crown-pieces; 'tis a brave Trade indeed: Here a man gets his Money easily.

*Beat.* I could not chuse but smile to hear your ignorance O silly! The Dog's Water? And what would you have done, but for my Box of Pills? Give Pills to find a Dog? Ha, Ha!

*Cris.* What would you have a man do, who can neither write nor read? Come let me disrobe my self; I'll wait for you in the street. *[Knocking.]*

*Bea.* Hark, some body knocks again.

*Cris.* O Lord! If this should be the Dr?

*Bea.* There's no remedy? You must brazen it out.

*Enter Simon.*

*Sim.* Is Mr Doctor within?

*Bea.* What's your business?

*Sim.* I'de speak with him!

*Bea.* From whom?

*Sim.* Why from my self.

*Bea.* Why do you know him, friend?

*Sim.* I come to ask him one Question, and you ask me a score.

*Bea.*



*Bea.* He's not at home to every Body; therefore I must know.

*Sim.* Then I neither know him, nor he me. I pray is he at home to receive Money? I bring a Fee.

*Cris.* Who are you Friend?

*Sim.* Why they call me at our Town, *Simon* the infant; but my name is *Simon Burly*.

*Cris.* Well, what's your business? quick.

*Sim.* I am told you're an Astrologer, as well as Dr.

*Cris.* What then?

*Sim.* Why then, I question you, an't please ye, whether *Ailce Draper*, a young Maid in our Town, that I love, has that love for me again as she pretends to have. Because there is an arch Attorney's Clerk, that is often in her Company, and I don't know —

*Cris.* Hold, what kind of Woman is she?

*Sim.* Why, she is a sprightly, cleaver, well built Wench, with a fine featly Face, brown Hair, and a ruddy Complexion; a good crummy Lafs, and treads well on her Pastons.

*Cris.* Sprightly, proper, well built, featly Face, brown Hair, ruddy Complexion'd; a crummy Lafs, and treads well on her Pastons.

*Sim.* Ay marry does she.

*Cris.* Here, take these Pills.

*Sim.* Pills?

*Cris.* Yes, take 'em.

*Sim.* How, Pills?

*Cris.* Yes of Pills. You must take the number Ten, because of your great Bulk..

*Sim.* I have taken Pills to purge with-all; but, Wounds can they —

*Cris.* Go to I say; they'll purge the Head, and clear the understanding wonderfully. Ours is a Science you know nothing of.

*Bea.* Tell him they are Cephalick Pills. *Bea. whispers him.*

*Cris.* Ay, ay; These are Cephalick Pills. But that is Heathen Greek to you: If you understood *Latin*, I could talk to the purpose to ye.

*Sim.* I am a piece of a Scollard I must tell you:

*Intelligo, Domine, Linguam Latinam.*



*Cris.* Poh, poh, I know that; but that's Out-Landish *Latin*. There's several sorts of *Latin*: There's Law-*Latin*, Priests *Latin*, and Doctor's-*Latin*; as for example: *Olo Purgatum, Physicum, Vomit — um — guts — out — um —* and so forth: Our *Latin* is quite another thing from School *Latin*.

*Sim.* I think it may be so?

*Cris.* Go, do as I bid ye.

*Sim.* I had best give you your Fee first.

*Cris.* I, I, that's well consider'd.

*Sim.* Pills ———

*Cris.* Ay, Pills.

*Sim.* Ten Pills.

*Cris.* Just ten: Dispatch ——— away,

*Sim.* If these should do the business ———

*Cris.* I understand you; I shall have more of your custom then; go, go, farewell ———

*Sim.* These knowing Men, your Lawyers, and Physicians, when they have once finger'd the Money, are so hasty to be rid of a man, they'll not give one word into the bargain: Good day to ye, Sir.

*Cris.* The like to to you, Friend. [Ex. *Sim.*  
Two Crowns and half a Guinea got already; this is a gainful and no painful Trade.

*Bea.* Learned Mr Dr, I must have snacks.

*Cris.* And so thou shalt; there's my last Fee for thee. you cannot say but I deal nobly by you.

*Bea.* ——— Thank you; this will buy Pins.

*Cris.* ——— Hark! [Knocking.

*Bea.* There's more Fees coming.

*Cris.* My heart misgives me. Ah, what will become of me! it is the Devil himself.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Dr.* Have you done every thing as I order'd, *Beatrice*?

*Bea.* Yes, Sir, the Body's carried into the Vault. Just before you came in this Gentleman, some Dr, I suppose of your acquaintance; I presume he intends to be present at your Anatomy Lecture.

*Dr.* Sir, tho I have not the honour yet to know you, you are very welcom, Sir. I shall not begin my dissection till to morrow morning; then if you please to honour me with your presence, you may, perhaps, hear something that is curious, and out of the common Road.

*Cris.*



*Cris.* I have heard much, Sir, of your great Abilities, and shall not fail you ; for your reputation, Mr Dr, is a reputation---that-- as I may say---or as---in fine, Sir, I will not fail to wait on you-----

*Bea.* Sir, if you please to retire out of this Room -----

*Dr.* By and by ---I have not done with the Dr yet.

*Dr.* Pray, Sir, let me consult with you a little, about the case of a sick person, who is my Patient now.

*Cris.* Do me the honour to excuse me now ; I have business of mighty consequence, that requires my departure instantly,---but to morrow, Mr Dr -----

*Dr.* Stay a little, I'll give you his Case in two words. You must know, my Patient, Sir, has labour'd many months first under a Tertian, then under a Quartan, and now 'tis turn'd to a Quotidian : The Fever we have pretty well abated, yet after all,--besides a great disposition he has to sleep, which very much fatigues him,---that which he spits from him, is very white---now, Sir, in my judgment that's an ill symptom, for a *Pituita alba aqua inter cutem supervenit*, says *Hipocrates*, and this you know well enough, the Greeks call *Leucophelgmateia*---so then according to *Hipocrates*, this white spitting, or *Pituita alba* is an evident sign, that the Hydroptic, or Dropsie will succeed. Now, Sir, what say you is the most sovereign Remedy to be given in this Case to hinder this evil consequence?

*Cris.* Why, Sir, I must tell you-----but to what purpose? you have no need of my opinion, you are a man famous for understanding-----so that-----and as it were-----in fine, I will not speak one word more to this purpose.

*Dr.* Pray, Sir, speak freely ; I shall be proud to have your opinion of this case.

*Cris.* No matter, Sir, for my opinion ; for tho I know enough--and all that--yet I had rather -----

*Dr.* I act openly, Sir, I am not like some Physicians that I know, so fond of my own opinion, Sir, that rather than consult with other Doctors, they'll let a Patient dye under their hands ; therefore speak freely, I am prepar'd to give you my attention.

*Cris.* Why then, Sir, in this sort of Malady, I do not know but that ---or when ---or as it may be very near this Case ---or so, Sir ---



Dr. Humh ———

Cris. What think you of---a--dose of Pills?

Dr. How! Pills, Sir? that would ruin all we have done.

Cris. O you mistake me, Sir, I don't advise you, Sir, to give him Pills. I only mention'd, Sir, a dose of Pills which I had took my self this morning, Sir, which have not yet done working, and force me to leave you something abruptly, Sir.

Dr. Pray let me know your Lodging e're you go. I shall be glad of the honour of your acquaintance--and ———

Cris. I am grip'd most damnably ———

*Enter Wife, Angelica, and Beatrice.*

Beat. Quickly, Madam, or he'll be discover'd.

Wife. Enough ——— O Husband ——— Husband, come away, have a care ——— have a care ———

Dr. Of what Wife? ———

Wife. Turn that ill look'd fellow out of Doors ——— away with him ——— let him not speak a word.

Cris. Madam ———

Wife. Away with him ———

Cris. Madam ——— Madam ———

Wife. Away with him, away with him, away with him ———

Cris. Madam ——— Madam ——— Madam ——— Madam ——— Madam ———

*Beatrice and Angelica thrust out Crispin. He turning round is forced quite to the Door.* [Exit.

Wife. Ah, dear Husband, you must excuse me for intruding so hastily ———

Dr. What was the matter, Wife?

Wife. Did you know this Gentleman.

Dr. I suppose him to be some young Callow Dr just wander'd from his Nest, the University.

Wife. No, no, he's a High German Doctor ——— a Great Negromancer, a Conjuror, one that deals in the black Art, and raises Spirits ———

Dr. How do you know? ———

Wife. Some of our Neighbours that saw him come in at the back Door ——— came privately and told me so ——— and bid me have a care of him. ——— I was frighted almost out of my Wits ——— and shan't come to my self agood while ———



*Dr.* Oh Wife, fear nothing, 'tis but silly peoples talk.

*Wife.* Indeed I am much frighted——

*Dr.* Come, come, divert your self, and think no more on't.

*Wife.* Ay, well thought on——— *Beatrice* are the performers ready to go on with their Musical Entertainment.

*Beat.* Yes, Madam, they stay but for your coming.

*W.* Come then we'll go in; Husband you shall stay and sit with me—— Musick has a strange influence o're me, that will bring me to my self agen.

*Dr.* I will Wife?—— [ *Dr. Wife. Ang. Exeunt.* ]

*Wife.* Daughter, come you along with us.

*Enter Crispin peeping in.*

*Crisp.* *Beatrice* are they gone ——

*Beat.* What makes you here —— I thought I had thrust you out of doors.

*Crisp.* You did so —— but wondering what you all meant, I slip in agen —— to listen ——

*Beat.* It was my contrivance to bring you off, you Blockhead, you had been discovered else ——

*Crisp.* This was better however, than Incision, Dissection, and Amputation. Therefore now I'll be gone in earnest. I fairly have escap'd all these disasters,

And wou'd not run the Risque again for twenty Masters,

*Beat.* Faint hearted, *Crispin*!

In spite of all ill luck in Love's Hist'ries,

I'd venture Limb and Life to serve my Mistress.

*Here comes in the third Musical Entertainment.*



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# ACT III. SCENE I.

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*Enter Old Gerald.*

**I** Am resolv'd to bribe *Beatrice*, and make her of my party ; she is a notable young witty Wench, and governs her young Mistress as she pleases ; the Devil's in her if she's Money proof. I see her coming forth.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beatrice, Beatrice*, a word with you.

*Beat.* To me, Sir, do you speak?

*O. Ger.* Yes, yes, to you, my pretty, little, witty, smiling Rogue ; hold up your head, here's Money for you ; ha!

*Beat.* Two pieces of Broad Gold ? What is this for, Sir?

*O. G.* One for thy good Will, and one for thy good Word.

*Bea.* As how, Sir, I beseech you?

*O. G.* Promise me one thing, I will make 'em ten, make 'em ten presently ; and if you succeed afterward, a hundred.

*Bea.* I marry, Sir, you speak now to the purpose?

*O. G.* You know I have obtain'd the Doctor's promise, to marry his Daughter, fair *Angelica*.

*Bea.* You have, Sir.

*O. G.* Her Mother refuses her consent to it.

*Bea.* She does so.

*O. G.* Now Child, if you could get for me the young Lady's consent——

*Bea.* To marry, Sir?

*O. G.* Ay, ay ; to marry her.

*Bea.* Is that all ? Come, Sir, she may look further, and fare worse——

*O. G.* That's well said ; there's another piece for that.

*Bea.* I thank you, Sir.

**T** *O. G.* I know you rule her as you please.

*Bea.* Some times she hearkens to me.

*O. G.* Now if you will commend me to her often——

*Bea.*



*Bea.* As how, Sir?

*O. G.* As thus. By telling her how rich I am, and that I love her so, I can deny her nothing. 'Tis true, I have a Son, an only Son, but him I have remov'd, on purpose to make way for her.

*Bea.* That was wisely done, Sir.

*O. G.* Ay, was it not? Tell her all Happiness consists in wealth, that she may make me settle almost all I have on her, and the Children I shall have by her.

*Bea.* And do you think you shall have Children by her?

*O. G.* Why not? I am hale, and very lusty, *Beatrice*. Well, if thou dost this for me, besides a hundred pounds I'll give thee on the day I Marry her, I'll get thee with Child too, give thee a good Portion, and Marry thee to an honest Shop-keeper.

*Bea.* Fye, fye; you offer me too much in conscience, Sir; but for my young Mistress, Sir——

*O. G.* Ay; am I sure of thy assistance there?

*Bea.* Yes, Sir, I'll do my weak endeavour for you; I'll begin presently; I'll set you forth with commendations, Sir.

*O. G.* How, how my pretty Rogue?

*Bea.* Why thus, Sir — if I may be so bold to advise you, Madam, take Mr *Gerald*, let him be your Husband—— says she presently, which Mr *Gerald* meanest thou? O Madam, say I, the Father certainly; the Son's a young extravagant, idle fellow; his Father means to disinherit him, unless he mends his manners.

*O. G.* And so I do; that of my Son was well put in. Go on.

*Bea.* O but he's old, she cries—true Madam, say I, but then he's rich too, very rich; when e're he dies, he'll leave you wealth enough to make you a Lady.

*O. G.* That she may be before, if she pleases me.

*Bea.* I'll tell her so. But she may say, old men are cross and peevish—no, say I, he's mild, and humble, a fine, sweet temper'd Gentleman, he'll doat upon you, he'll never make you jealous, he will not run after other Women, as all young fellows do.

*O. G.* That was well thought on.

*Bea.* O Madam, you know not what a fine thing it is to be an old Man's darling.

*O. G.*



O. G. Good agen.

*Beat.* Says she, his Teeth are naught — O but his Breath is sweet — his Eyes, says she, are sunk — O but, say I, he sees without Spectacles — says she — he's an old musty fusty stinking —

O. G. Enough, enough. When shall I see her, *Beatrice*?

*Bea.* This very afternoon, you cannot have a fitter opportunity, you know the Dr. is much abroad, my old Mistress will be absent too. If you'll be walking about four a clock, near our back Door, I'll let you privately into the Anatomy Room, there she shall meet you, Sir.

O. G. Hold up thy hand, I'll make the three broad pieces ten. There, will these incourage thee?

*Bea.* You are a wise Client, Sir, you will not starve a good Cause, I see.

O. G. I scorn it, *Beatrice*.

*Bea.* One thing I must advise you, Sir; be vigorous, press your suit home to her: for I must tell you, there's a young, debauch'd lew'd fellow, just such another as your own Son is, who haunts her every where, makes violent love to her, watches all opportunities to speak to her, is always making Presents, sending Letters to her: I'll watch him narrowly, I'll spoil his sport; I'll manage Mr Gerald's Cause so well, if I get not my young Mistress for him, I'll forfeit my Maidenhead.

O. G. Come hither; I must kiss thee; I will kiss thee, thou art a pretty, witty, merry Rogue, and I'll — provide for thee.

*Bea.* Farewel, Sir, remember four a clock, if you brought some Jewels, with you, Necklaces, Rings, and Bracelets. only to shew her, Sir, young Girls, you know are mightily taken with such fine things.

O. G. I'll do't, my Girl; I'll do't. I'll home and pick out of my Cabinet the best of all my Pawns, and bring 'em to her. But first I'll be spruc'd up; I will be shav'd and wash'd, and perfum'd too; put on a clean Band, and my best Bob-wig, my new Hat, and put a clean Handkerchief in my Pocket, and then — at four a clock — ay that's the hour. [Ex. O. G.]

*Bea.* Madam, come forth — he's gone.

*Enter Angelica.*

Now, Madam, let us laugh while our sides ache. What would



would this old, stinking, fumbling fool, do with a sweet young Wife? When once love gets into an old man's head, it reaches him as many tricks, as a dancing Dog.

*Ang.* They say he's very covetous: How did you get that money out of him?

*Bea.* I tickled the old Trout in the right place; see, Madam, here are the merry Spankers, I'll warrant you, I'll do his business for him.

*Ang.* You have engag'd me, *Beatrice*; instruct me how I shall come off with him.

*Bea.* Trouble not your self about it, leave that to my management: I must go and find young *Mr. Gerald* out, and *Crispin* too, they must help to carry on the work. You shall have nothing to do, but to laugh at his folly, and applaud our contrivance.

*Ang.* I'll in, and expect th' event.

*Ex. Severally*

*Enter Young Gerald, and Crispin.*

*Cris.* Well, Sir, what think you now of my Adventures?

*Y. G.* Why truly, they were extraordinary.

*Cris.* A dead man—a Doctor—an Astrologer.

*Y. Ger.* You made your way thro many difficulties, but for my sake, you must once more go to the Doctor's House.

*Cris.* Who, I, Sir?

*Y. Ger.* Yes.

*Cris.* I beg your pardon. What to be dissected, carv'd artificially Limb after Limb. No, Sir, I'll have no more Dissection, Amputation, nor Incision. You may go, and venture your self, Sir, if you please.

*Y. G.* Should I go, and be seen there by the Doctor, I ruin our design, and lose my Mistress; he'll tell my Father that I am in Town. You run no hazard, for he knows not you.

*Cris.* No hazard! call you it, I hazard my Legs, Arms, Veins, Arteries, and Muscles; and in the Doctor's gibberish, I hazard Incision, Dissection, Amputation, and Circulation, thro the Systole and Diastole. Why, Sir, in such a case, a Physician cuts up a man with as little remorse, as a Hangman carves a Traytor.

*Y. G.* For all that, you must venture your pretious self once more. When I get my Mistress, I'll make thee ample satisfaction.



*Cris.* Well, if I must, I must. I saw a Physicians Gown and Cap, hang up at a Broakers Shop, hard by, to be sold. Buy 'em, or hire 'em for me : I had rather appear before him, in the shape of a Doctor, than a dead Man. That habit, Pills, and impudence brought me off then, I'll think of some other remedy now.

*T. G.* While I secure the Habit, step to my Father's and secure the Money.

*Cris.* I will, but first, Sir, tell me what is *Latin*, for I am a Doctor.

*T. G.* *Medicus Sum.*

*Cris.* *Medicus sum, Medicus sum.*

*T. G.* You have it right.

*Cris.* Very well, *Medicus sum.* Go about your business, I'll about mine. *Medicus sum, Medicus sum.* *Ex. T. G.*  
Well, 'tis a fine thing to understand *Latin* ; I must be sure not to forget *Medicus sum.* Now I'll to the old man : Ho ! talk of the Devil and his Horns appear.

*Enter old Gerald, and Martin.*

*O. T. O Crispin !* where's your Master ? tell me true.

*Cris.* Where should he be ? at the University.

*O. G.* Ay, he should be at the University — but where is he, ha ?

*Cris.* I warrant in his Chamber, hard at study : or else in the Schools chopping Logick. Please you to give me the Money, Sir, that I may return to him with speed.

*Mar.* Give you the Money ? ha, ha, ha.

*Cris.* What do you sneer at ? ha.

*Mar.* Money ! who's the fool then ?

*Cris.* Meddle with your own business, Sirrah, or I'll give you a dounce o' the chaps —

*O. G.* Be quiet, Knave.

*Cris.* A Jack — an — Apes — to interrupt me —

*O. G.* Have done, I say — how does you Master spend his time there ?

*Cris.* He studies all the morning. After dinner studies again, after Supper, he walks out and talks with the Students, and then they jabber *Latin* like the Devil. The best on't Sir, they'll dispute and wrangle so long, till they are almost choak'd with hard words. Then they go very lovingly together, and drink a chirping Cup, or two, and then to their Chambers in good time.



O. G. 'Tis very well : But several of my acquaintance tell me, they have seen him here, here in this Town.

*Cris.* O abominable !

O. G. Sirrah, confess the truth, is he in Town ?

*Cris. Medicus sum* — he is not here indeed, Sir.

O. G. Deny it not, I know it.

*Cris.* He is not here indeed, Sir.

*Mar.* He equivocates — here ? No, he is not here.

O. G. But, Slave, he is Town.

*Cris.* No.

O. G. I lye then, do I ?

*Cris. Medicus sum.*

O. G. What's that you mutter, Rascal ?

*Cris.* A word I learn'd at the University. *Medicus sum* ; that is, I am a Doctor.

*Mar.* Yes, of the lying faculty.

*Cris.* Sirrah, if I had you in another place, I would —

*Mar.* What would you do ?

*Cris.* I would dissect you, Rascal, run my Fist thro your Sy<sup>s</sup>tole, and Dia<sup>s</sup>tole.

O. G. What gibberish is this ?

*Mar.* You Thin-Gut.

*Cris.* Yes, impudence, If I had you under my clutches, I would make you feel Dissection, Incision, Amputation, ay and Circulation too.

*Mar.* Come and you dare, let's see what you can do.

O. G. Sawcy Knaves, forbear.

*They offer to fight, O. G. holds his Cane betwixt 'em.*

*Cris.* Sirrah, I'll rip up your Belly, from the Cartilage Ziphode, to the Os pubis, you dog.

O. G. The fellow's mad — be quiet or I'll cudgel both of you. Well, *Crispin*, since your Master's not in Town, return you to the University, tell him, next week I'll send the Money to him by the Carrier.

*Cris.* But, Sir —

O. G. One word more, and my Cane shall fly about your Ears.

*Cris.* Well, I know what I know.

O. G. What do you know ?

*Cris.* That I'll be reveng'd of that audacious Villain.

O. G. For what you, Rascal ?

*Cris.* Pray, Sir, what will you beat me for ?



O. G. For a lying Rogue.

Cris. And I would maul him because he's a *Fac-totum*, and sets you against my young Master and me.

O. G. Sirrah, Sirrah, I could find in my heart —

Cris. Ay, strike if you think good.

O. G. Say you so ; there's for you then.

*Ger. strikes at Cris. he ducks : Ger. misses his blow, and falls. Cris. gives Mar. a Cuff and a Trip, throws him down, and runs off saying, Medicus sum.*

Mar. Son of a Whore, he has lam'd me.

O. Ger. Help me up, good Martin.

Mar. Oh ! oh ! I want help my self, Sir. The Rogue has broke my Crupper.

O. Ger. The Villain has rumbled my clean Band too.

Mar. If ever I light on him —

O. Ger. Be patient, Martin.

Mar. I must, whether I will or no.

O. Ger. Go home, Martin ; I have business another way. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Young Gerald and Crispin: Ger. helping Cris, to put on his Gown.*

Y. Ger. So, now your Worship's fitted.

Cris. Then you met, Beatrice, Sir.

Y. Ger. I did ; there's work enough cut out for you, rub up your memory, you'll have occasion to make use of all the Jargon you can think on.

Cris. Those damn'd heathenish names will never out of my memory.

Y. Ger. I see my Father coming ; he's running like a Wood-cock into the snare.

Cris. I care not if he meet me now ; I'll outface him. *Medicus sum, non sum Dogus, non sum Rogus, Medicus sum.*

Y. G. Come this way, that I may inform you fully of our design ; the time is short.

Cris. Hold, Sir, degrade me not, the Gown must have precedency, and take the upper hand too. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Old Gerald.*

O. G. This is the hour, 'tis just 4 by my Watch ; if Beatrice prevails, I am made for ever.

*Enter Beatrice.*

Bea. O, Sir, are you come ? I have been peeping for you at the Window, a whole half hour.

O. G.



O. G. Is the Coast clear? Where's my *Angelica*.

*Bea.* No questions, but come in.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Young Gerald, and Crispin.*

Y. G. So, so, he's caught, run to the fore dore, when you hear me Thunder at this ———

*Crisp.* I'll beat an alarm at that ——— I have my cue. *Ex.*

*Enter Old Gerald, and Beatrice.*

*Bea.* I chose this Room on purpose for your meeting. Here are two doors you see; if my Master or Mistress come to one, I can slip you out at the other.

O. G. 'Twas wisely done.

*Bea.* I see her coming; make good use of your time.

O. G. I warrant you. I have brought something to shew her, will sparkle like her Eyes.

*Enter Angelica. The Door claps after her.*

*Ang.* O *Beatrice*! What shall we do? The Door unluckily is lock'd, the Key is on the other side too.

*Beat.* That's the mischief of all Spring Locks: There's no remedy now. Look here, Madam, here's Mr *Gerald* come to kiss your hands.

O. Ger. With your favour, Madam ——— *Salutes her.*

*Ang.* I vow I am asham'd to see you, Sir.

O. G. Young Maids, I know are bashful; but when you are married, a loving Husband will teach you confidence.

*Ang.* O *Beatrice*! if my Mother should find me here ———

*Beat.* Fear nothing, Madam; this door is fast; I'll lock the fore dore presently.

*Ang.* Well, Mr *Gerald*, you see my Maid has prevail'd with me: She gives you great commendations too.

O. G. Ay, my sweet; I'll make 'em all good, I warrant you.

*Ang.* I am young, and some say I am handsom too; I doubt not you'll love me: But, Mr *Gerald*, what reason is there for me to love a man in years, as you are?

O. G. I have many reasons for your Ear, more for your Eyes. Look here, my Queen, look here, my *Cleopatra*? Here's a Necklace of Pearl worth above 500 pounds; it will become that soft white Neck most rarely. Then here's a set of Bodkins for your hair, cost fourscore pounds: Ah how they sparkle like your pretty Eyes: Then here's a Croceat of Diamonds cost 300, an Ambrosie, worth above 400 more. How like an Angel you will look, when this is set under those white panting Bubbies!

*Ang.* Indeed they're very fine, and very large.



O. G. Here are two Diamond Rings, one with 2 Stones besides the Sparks ; and this has 5, one cost 50 pounds, the other above fourscore. Then here are Diamond Bracelets for your Arms. But here, my Jewel, here's the rarity, the Phoenix of 'em all. This Ring here with one Stone, 'tis a Diamond of the old first Water. I have refus'd, my Child, above four hundred pounds for this one single Stone.

*Ang.* 'Tis beautiful indeed!

*Bea.* Did not I tell you, Madam —

O. G. And then for Plate, old, and new fashion'd too, plain, gilt, and wrought ; I have a Cedar Chest full.

*Bea.* What young man could make you such fine Presents ?

O. G. All, all shall be yours, my little Mouse, my Pigeon.

*Ang.* O Heaven! some body knocks.

*Bea.* I'll peep thro the Key-hole : O Madam, 'tis my Master and my Mistress.

O. G. Let me out at this door quickly.

*Bea.* Ah, the Key's broke in the Lock ! undone, undone for ever.

*Ang.* I am ruin'd if my Mother finds me here.

*Bea.* Ah, Madam ! What will become of me.

*Ang.* For Heaven's sake hide your self, do Mr Gerald, I'll love you dearly for it.

O. G. How ? Where ? I'll do any thing my dear will have me.

*Bea.* Here's the Coffin the dead body was sent in from the Gallows, you may hide your self in that.

*Ang.* Ay do, Mr Gerald, do.

O. G. How ! Coffin me before I am dead, I beg your pardon ; I can't endure the thought on't.

*Bea.* Then strip your self to your Waistcoat, and your Drawers, and lye at your length, here on this Table, I'll tell my Master you're the dead body, sent in to be dissected.

*Ang.* Quickly, Mr Gerald ; if you love me deny me not

*Knocking all this while.*

O. G. Come then, I'll do any thing my Dear Commands me.

*Ang.* Hark how they knock ; I fear they'll break the door down.

*Within.* Ho ! Beatrice, Beatrice.

*Bea.* Make haste, or we're undone.

*They strip him.  
Within.*



*Wirhin.* Open the door! Why *Beatrice*, where are you?

*Bea.* So, so; what e're they say or do, be sure you stir not for your life.

*O. G.* Where will you hide my Cloaths?

*Bea.* Here, here, I'll put them and my young Mistress into the Coffin. *Knock again.* I am coming presently.

*O. G.* So, so; I am dead as a Herring.

*Bea.* What ever happens, Sir, be not afraid. Come in.

*Enter Crispin like a Doctor. Young Ger disguis'd like his man.*

I thought I heard my Master and my Mistress.

*Crisp.* They come here presently; but where, where be the dead Carcasses for dissection?

*Bea.* Here, Sir.

*Crisp.* Ver — good — Mr Doctor, send me to begin *manuel operation* upon *de exterior*, an den he will come hear me read upon *de interior* —

*Bea.* Are you the German Doctor, that wase her this morning with my Master?

*Crisp.* Yes, *de-ver--same*, me am *de German Doctor, de Medicine, de Physicien, de Operateur, de Anatomist, de Chymist, de--*

*Bea.* Very well, Sir, have you any service for me?

*Crisp.* Stay one little time. Dis be *de Body*, let me make *de observation* of the Visage — here be *de ver ill aspect* — dis was one person of *de fair Speech*, but *de fals Heart*; covetous, designing, lecherous; a Robber, a Thief, a Cut-throat — Sacrament, hanging was too good for him, a Rogue, a Villain — ah vat pleasure will dis be to make *de Dissection, de Incision, and de Amputation*, upon dis Body, and rip open his Belly from *de Cartilage Ziphode*, quite along to his Os-pubis. Ah! vat be dis? his Heart pant still — dis was the stubborn old Thief, was but Mr Doctor here, just a now, I would shew him *de Circulation* of *de Blood*, thro *de Systole*, and *Dia stole*. Come I'll begin *de Dissection* while *de body* be warm.

*Bea.* What before my Master comes?

*Crisp.* Yes indeed, dis be only *de Manuel Operation*, me vil read *de Lecture* ven he be here: vare be my man, vare be *de Instruments*?

*T. G.* Here, Sir, here.

*Bea.* Bless me! what's that great Knife for?

*Crisp.* Dis be to cut *de Troat*, from *Jugular* to *Jugular*; as thus.

*Bea.* Hold Sir, I beseech you. Fear nothing, Mr Gerald. [*aside*  
*Crisp.*



*Cris.* You shall see presently.

*Bea.* 'Tis just like one of our Butchers Knives: and then what is that Ax for?

*Cris.* Dis be de decolation Ax, to cut off de head at one Chop; as thus ———

*Bea.* Not yet Sir: What's that there like a Wimble?

*Cris.* Dat be to bore a hole in de Scull; when any part of de Scull be broke, and deprefs'd upon de Brain, with dis we bore hole hardby de fracture, as you shall see just-a-now.

*Bea.* No Sir, not now; I'll see't anon.

*Cris.* Den we put in de proper Instrument, and raise de depressoire up to de proper place, and so make de cure.

*Bea.* But what is this terrible Saw for?

*Cris.* Dat be de dismembring Saw, to Saw off de Leg, or de Arm: You see me presentale Saw off de Bone of dis Leg, and ———

*Bea.* Stay Sir; What's that sharp crooked Knife for?

*Cris.* Dis be de Amputation Knife, to cut off de Leg or de Hand, just-a-in de Joynt. Ha! where be de Leg and de Arm? ———

*Crispin draws one Leg from the other, and one Arm from his Body, and Gerald draws 'em close to him again.*

*Cris.* De Devil! me lay one Arm here, and one Leg here, to Saw off just in the middle, and cut off just in de Joynt, for define experiment; and de Arm, and de Leg, be gone home to de Body.

*Enter 2 men.*

*1 Man.* Mr Dr. we come for the Coffin we brought the dead Body in.

*Cris.* Dere be de Coffin; be gone, and give me no interruption; now I open all de Breast. [*Cris. tears open his Waistcoat.* So, now with dis Instrument, dis [*The men carry off the Coffin.* Knife, I will in one moment cut de Breast-bone, from de Ribs, and lay all open, dat you shall see how de Heart, de Lungs, de Liver, lie in dair place proper, and order natural. O de Devil, agen! de Body shrink! de Leg move; and de Arm too: vat strange Carcass have you in dis Country?

*Bea.* Oh! Sir, I have seen whole Bodies, after they have lain here a day or two, get up, and run away.

*O. Ger.* And so will I! I'll not stay to be butcher'd here.

*He leaps off the Table.*

*Cris, & Bea.* Ah, ah, ah.

*O. Ger.*



O. Ger. Lose my Cloaths, my Life, and Jewels all at once! — Your Servant, Mr Doctor.

*Cris.* Stop Thief, stop Thief.

*As Old Gerald is running out, and Crispin after him, the Doctor and his Wife enter. O. Gerald runs against the Doctor, beats the Doctor and his Wife down, and Exit.*

Dr. O murder, murder!

Wife. Ay, murder, murder!

*Enter Simon, and Waiting Woman.*

Sim. Wounds! Where's this Dog of a Doctor? I'll knock the old Cheat's Brains out.

Wait. And if I can reach him, I'll claw his Eyes out.

Dr. O am bruised all over!

Wife. And I am lamed too.

Wait. O are you there?

Sim. Wounds, Doctor, you have scotched my Guts out, with a murrain to ye —

Wait. And I can hardly draw my Legs after me, for your Physick. But I'll claw you for t.

Wife. Hold, Mistress, or I shall pluck a Crow with you.

Dr. Be patient Wife — you are both mad. I never saw either of you before.

Sim. O damned lying Doctor! did you not give me Pills? and I gave you a whole half Guinea?

Wait. And had not I some of your Rot-gut Pills too, and gave you 2 new Crown-pieces?

Dr. You rave both, and must be sent to Bedlam.

Sim. 'Sbud I'll have my money again —

Wait. And so will I, — or tear his Eyes out —

Cris. Hold friends! pray moderate your angers, and don't affront a person of our faculty.

Sim. Ah, ha! I was mistaken, this is the Doctor —

Wait. I this is he gave us the Pills. I beg your pardon, Sir.

Cris. Beatrice, you must refund.

Bea. There —

Cris. Look you friends, 'twas a mistake. There's your Half Guinea, and your Crown-pieces too.

Sim. O pox! this is something. *Ex. Sim. & Wait.*

Dr. What is the meaning of all this?

Wife. Beatrice, what is the matter here?

Dr. What strange out-cry was that we heard?

Wife. I, and who threw us down?

Dr. And what strange thing was that ran over us?

Bea. Why, Sir, as I was shewing Mr Doctor here the



dead Body that was sent you from the Gallows, he felt his pulse, and laying his hand on his Breast, he found his Heart panted; then he took his Incision Knife, and before he could touch his naked skin, up started the dead Body, and ran away, just as you saw —

*Cris.* All this is true, Sir, as I am a Member of the learned Faculty.

*Dr.* I am amaz'd!

*Wife.* Nay Husband, I have heard of such strange things: I warrant the poor man was hang'd wrongfully.

*Enter Old Gerald hastily.*

*O. Ger.* O undone! undone!

*Wife & Bea.* Ah, ah, ah!

*Wife.* He's come again, Husband, ha!

*Dr.* In the name of goodness! What art thou?

*O. G.* Undone I say, undone.

*Dr.* Art thou a Spirit? or Flesh and Blood? answer.

*O. G.* Give me my Cloaths, my Jewels, Hufwife —

*Bea.* Avant, avant!

*O. G.* Where are they? Gipsy, speak.

*Bea.* In the Coffin, in the Coffin.

*O. G.* I overtook the Coffin, and there's none of 'em. Where are they, and the Jilt too your young Mistress?

*Dr.* Sure 'tis our Neighbour, Mr Gerald.

*O. G.* I am the same.

*Wife.* You tell me wonders, *Crispin.*

*Cris.* Step to your Daughter's Chamber, Madam; there the Riddle will easily be unfolded: *Exit. Wife.*

*Dr.* What is the matter, Sir? why in this posture? and why this out-cry too?

*O. O.* That Baggage there, and the young Witch your Daughter, have contriv'd to abuse and cheat me, of two thousand pounds worth of Jewels, that were pawnd to me.

*Dr.* Here they come then, who must give you satisfaction.

*Enter Wife and Young Gerald, leading in Angelica, dress'd in the Jewels.*

*O. G.* How! my Son here!

*Y. G.* Yes, Sir, and my Wife.

*Wife.* I found 'em shut up together in my Daughter's Chamber.



Dr. Married say you?

T. G. Yes, Sir, contracted long since ; and now confirm'd in private, as far as modesty would permit.

O. G. And Married too ; then all is at an end.

T. G. Here are your Cloaths, Sir, Doctor *Crispin* can tell you how I came by 'em.

Dr. *Crispin* !

O. G. My Rogue.

*Crisp.* *Non Rogus; Medicus sum* ; that is, I am a German, or a Polish Doctor.

T. G. The The Jewels, Sir, so well become my Wife, I think you cannot in conscience demand 'em back.

*Ang.* They were his own free gift ; he scorns to take what he has given me.

*Wife.* Well. I am glad the Son has married my Daughter, and wish Joy to you both.

Dr. Bless you together. Come Brother *Gerald*, 'tis your Son's Wedding Night ; you must forgive 'em and be sociable : Let me prevail with you to give order for a good Supper, and we'll be very merry, Brother.

O. G. I had as good, I shall be laught at else. Sirrah, here has been fine practice, and my Son's marriage was your contrivance.

*Crisp.* I do confess it, Sir, and glory in the success.

*Crisp.* Come then, sit down, and listen to the Musick, and after Supper we'll hear at large the adventures of Doctor *Crispin* in this Affair.

*Crisp.* *Beatrice* and I will tell you the whole Story, And as we snack'd the Fees, we'll share the Glory.

*The Fourth and last Musical Entertainment. After that,  
the Curtain falls.*

---

FINIS.



...I am glad to hear of your success, and I am sure you will continue to prosper. I am sure you will continue to prosper. I am sure you will continue to prosper.

...I am glad to hear of your success, and I am sure you will continue to prosper. I am sure you will continue to prosper. I am sure you will continue to prosper.

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FINIS