

# **THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE**

Aphra Behn



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# **THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE.**

# THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**Aphra Behn**

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**ACT the First.**

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**SCENE the First.**

*A Street.*

*Enter Sam with Torch, Dashit raving, followed by Mrs. Dashit.*

*Mr. Dash.*

**Run**, you Rogue, run, raise the Street, you Son of a careless Whore: Cry, Stop Thief, stop Thief!

*Sam.*

Which way, Sir?

*Mr. Dash.*

A Pox of ways: Sirrah, cry, Stop Thief, I say.

*Sam.*

So we may stop honest men, Sir.

*Mr. Dash.*

There's no such thing within the Walls of *London*, ye Rogue; there's nothing but Knaves, Cheats, Cuckolds and Traytors, Thieves and Pickpockets, tho I be one of the Livery. A Pox of Honesty, my Plate's gone, the Reckoning unpaid, I'm cheated and undone! therefore run, ye Dog, run.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Good sweet Husband, have patience.

*Mr. Dash.*

Patience! yes, so you advis'd when I found the Alderman and your Ladyship in a civil posture on the red Couch in the *Swan*. Patience quotha! Pox of your Remedies. Get ye in, here's Company.

*Enter Footman with Flambeau, follow'd by Friendly and Wellman.*

*Well.*

Whe! how now, Mr. *Dashit*, what inrag'd in Rancor, and the Beauty of the *London*—bars, your Lady too, in Tears! What's amiss? unfold thy dismal story.

*Mr. Dash.*

Onely cheated, robb'd, abus'd, and undone, Sir: that's all, that's all.

*[Weeps.]*

*Well.*

As how, man! Come, advance thy comely Countenance, and do not let thy sorrowful Snout bedew thy reverend Jerkin. The reason, my hardly honest *Dashit*.

*Mrs. Dash.*

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Oh Si, Mr. *Trickwell* that Knave is this night run away with our great Gallon–Tankard, six silver Boats, a great Salt, besides Spoons and Forks.

*Mr. Dash.*

Oh, for some wise man that wou'd but finde 'em out presently!

*Well.*

Yes, if a wise man cou'd be found out presently.

*Friend.*

How was this Plate lost? how escap'd he unseen with it?

*Mr. Dash.*

Why, an't like ye, Sir, thus: As I understand, that man, man, quoth I? no, rather Monster, that t'other–end–of–the–Town–Villain, nay, I believe that Jesuit in disguise, sent from beyond Sea to ruine honest Citizens; I say, this Heathen *Trickwell* comes me into my house this evening with a great two–handed Gentlewoman, or some Priest in Petticoats; they call for a Room, pretend to send a Porter for some Ladies of delight, bespeak a Supper, but no Ladies came.

*Mrs. Dash.*

My Cockie forgets to tell your Worships, that our house being full, we had no Room emptie but the great Parlor below stairs.

*Mr. Dash.*

Hold your peace, hold your peace, I say. Am I a Common–Council–man like to be of the Citie of *London*, and cannot tell my Tale my self? Get ye in, I say, and look to what's left.

*Well.*

Well, Sir, on with your Relation.

*Mr. Dash.*

Well, Sir, a noble Supper they had of the best in season; I came in, cri'd, Your servant, Gentlemen; ask'd 'em how they lik'd their Wine, and departed civilly: Then enter'd a blinde Harper, cries, Do ye lack any Musick, Sir? He cries, Play: The Harper uncases, the Drawer is nodded out, who obeys, believing he wou'd be private with the Gentlewoman; and 'tis *Sam's* part, you know, Sir, to wink at things.

*Well.*

Right and civil.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Aye, aye, but he shall answer for that winking at the last day, I'll warrant him.

*Mr. Dash.*

Well Sir, having eat the Supper, and *Trickwell* perceiving none in the room but the blinde Harper, whose Eyes Heaven had shut up from beholding wickedness, opens the Casement to the street, very patiently packs and pockets up my Plate, unnaturally thrusts the woman out of the window, and himself most preposterously with his heels forwards follows. The Harper plays on, bids the empty Dishes much good may do 'em, and plays on still. The Drawer returns, cries, What d'ye lack, Gentlemen? but out, alas, the Birds were flown, Sir, flown. Laments are rais'd.

*Well.*

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Which did not pierce the Heavens.

*Mr. Dash.*

*Sam* cries out; my Wife in the Bar hears the noise, and she bawl'd out; I heard her, and thunder'd; the Boys flew like Lightning, and all was in confusion.

*Well.*

Well, this must be for some great sins committed; the sins of the Bar and Sellar, unmerciful Bills, and suffisticated Wine, my honest damn'd Vintner:—Repent, oh repent and mend, and be sound.

*Mr. Dash.*

Well, I will hang that Rogue *Trickwell*, and there's an end on't: I'll do't; and so Good night to you, Gallants.  
*Exit Dashit and his Wife, as into their house.*

*Well.*

Well, dear *Jack*, Good night: I have a Visit to make before I sleep, and will take my leave o'thee. A sound Wench, soft Sleep, and pleasant Dreams, bless thee, my dear *Friendly*.

*Friend.*

Not so, I'll see thee safe at home; I dare not leave ye to your self so late; you are warm with Youth and Wine, which may direct you to the undoing of that body of yours which shortly must be blest with chast embraces. These common women will ruine thee, *Frank*; Faith leave 'em in good time: come, you shall not to a Bawdy-house, I hate 'em.

*Well.*

I pray for their continuance and increase ere since I thought of Marriage.

*Friend.*

Prithee why?

*Well.*

A married man ought to love a Bawdy-house, as English-men love *Flanders*; wish war shou'd be maintain'd there, lest it shou'd be brought home to their own doors.

*Friend.*

Thou art a worthy Lad, and brave; but this damn'd Lust has been thy constant daily vice, the onely one thou'rt given to.

*Well.*

Prithee call it a nightly one: But not to trifle with thee, Faith I am going the way of all flesh.

*Friend.*

To a Whore?

*Well.*

One thou callest so, a very Publican and sinner.

*Friend.*

And canst thou, having such an Object before thy eyes as the fair, the chast *Mirinda*, whom thou'rt to marry, give thy self up to the loose, the common arms of one who loves thee not but for her interest? Damn her, thou

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shalt not go. I hate, I nauseate a common Prostitute, who trades with all for gain; one that sells humane flesh, a Mangonist.

*Well.*

Poor Devils, what wou'd you have 'em do? wou'dst thou have 'em get their living by the Curse of man, the Sweat of their Brows? Egad they dearly earn what we give 'em. Is Charitie grown a sin, or relieving the Poor and Impotent, an offence? And Faith, *Franck*, where can we bestow our Money better? In Land the Title may be crackt, in Houses they may be burnt, in fine Cloaths they'll wear out, in Wine, alas, our Throats are but short, and our heads weak; but woman, oh dear lovely woman's the lasting true pleasure! Lay it out upon woman, I say, and a thousand to one, some one of them will bestow that on you that shall stick by you as long as you live: They are no ungrateful persons, they'll give Love for Love; do you protest, they'll swear; do you vow, they'll lye; do you sigh, they'll weep; do you give them English Coin, they'll repay you with the French—And they onely sell their Bodies: Do not some of our Sex sell their Souls? nay, since all things have been sold, Honour, Justice, Faith, even Religion, pray where's the dishonour of selling the Pleasures of a womans Bed? Who is't wou'd live and toil, but for a woman? who fights, lies cold and hard in open field, but to gain Wreaths to lay at a womans feet?

And 'tis a truth can be denied of no man:

All things were made for man, and man for woman.

—Give me my Fee.

*Friend.*

Well, Sir, I see you are resolv'd, and I can onely boast I love *Diana* better than you do her Sister *Marinda*.

*Well.*

Come, wilt thou go with me?

*Friend.*

Whither?

*Well.*

To this house of Salvation.

*Friend.*

Salvation!

*Well.*

Yes, 'twill make thee repent. Prithee go to the Family of Love, I'll shew thee my Creature, my Natural, my Mistriss, my pretty blue-ey'd Wanton, my honest fond self-hearted Flatterer, my fair-fac'd, sweet lip'd Rogue, that has Beauty enough for her Vertue, Vertue enough for a Woman, and Woman enough for any reasonable man, in my knowledge.

*Friend.*

What to a Bawdy-house, to visit an impudent Prostitute? Pox on't, 'twill make me hate the Sex. The worst Object the world can shew me, is an immodest vulgar woman.

*Well.*

No matter, thou shalt go; go as thou lovest me.

*Friend.*

Well, Sir, I'll go to bring you safely back.

*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

SCENE draws to a House.

*Enter Mrs. Dunwell, and Trickwell drunk.*

*Trick.*

Nay, *Moll*, unreasonable *Mary*! whe, the whole Prize was not above fortie pound; and hast thou the conscience to snack ten onely for a good word speaking, a little holding the door, and bawding? The device was my own too, the hazard mine, and the hanging may be mine, whilst thou securely filchest under my conduct. Come, the nest of Cups is fair, you Bitch, be contented; you were drunk too into the bargain, *Moll*. Come, bear a Conscience, *Moll*, and Heaven will bless our endeavours: besides, *Moll*, thou hast an honest Calling of Bawding, which brings thee in a pretty Livelihood, *Moll*; when God knows I trust to nothing but my own indurious slight of hand. Come, give me back the Salt.

*[Snatches the silver Salt.*

*Dun.*

By Yea and by Nay, *Trickwell*, I am afraid thou wilt play the Knave, and restore 'em.

*Trick.*

No, by the Lord, Aunt, Restitution is Catholick; and you know Oracles are ceas'd. *Tempus præteritum*.—Dost hear, my necessary Evil?—Thou ungodly Fire that burnt *Diana's* Temple, dost hear? make *Corina* civil, or by the Lord, Bawd—

*Dun.*

Fire! Gad you are the foulest mouth'd son of a Whore, the profanest railing Raskal, call a woman the most ungodly names! I must confess we all eat of the forbidden Fruit; and for my own part, though I am, as they say, a Bawd that covers a multitude of sins, yet I trust I am none of the wicked that go to Steeple-houses with profane Organs in 'em, ye scurvy sawcie Jack.

*Trick.*

Who, I rail at thee, my industrious *Moll*, my subtle Procurer? I rail at thee, my necessarie Damnation? I'll make an Oration in praise of thy Modestie, thou flower of thy Function.

*Dun.*

And I think I have deserv'd it at your hands, Mr. *Trickwell*; for I have assisted you early and late, up-rising, and down-lying.

*Trick.*

Thou hast; therefore listen: A Bawd for her Profession is the most honourable of all the 12 Companies; for as that Trade is most worshipful that sells the best Commodities, what must the Bawd be then, my little *Moll*? For where others sell silk Cloaths, Gold and Silver, Pearls and Diamonds, thou sellest divine Vertue, Virginitie, Modestie, Maiden-heads, Youth and Beautie: And who are her Customers? not Cits, Grooms, Mechanicks, and disbanded Souldiers; but Gentlemen of the best Rank, Knights, Lords, Dukes, and Squires. Thus she lives, keeps the best Company, eats and drinks of the best, and domineers when she's drunk, reigns Queen, *Moll*, over her adoring Subjects. But hold, here's *Wellman* and *Friendly*! what a Pox does his Gravitie in a Bawdie-house?

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*Enter Wellman and Friendly.*

*Well.*

Come along, yonders the Preface to my Mistriss, her Matron, or Bawd, or what you please. Mrs. *Dunwell*, your servant.

*Dun.*

Your servant, sweet Sir: Ah, you're a prettie man, to neglect a Creature that loves you thus; introth you are—But well, I'll fetch her to you, Sir.—

*Exit Dun.*

*Well.*

Do so, sweet Mrs. *Dunwell*.—What, Mr. *Trickwell*, does your Knaveship dare walk the street? Look to't, Mr. *Dashit* lies in wait for you.

*Trick.*

The more fool he; I can lie for my self: A Pox of the rich Raskal, 'tis no deceit in me to cheat him; he has cozen'd me of an Estate of some two hundred a year, with his damn'd Reckonings, and then who but honourable Mr. *Trickwell*, the noble Squire, and soforth, till he had got all my Land in Mortgage; then took the forfeiture, and turn'd me out of doors. I'll plague him for't. But I interrupt your diversion, and will kiss your hands, my noble Patrons.

*Exit Trick. with the Plate.*

*Enter Dunwell and Corina, she kicking her.*

*Well.*

See, Sir, this the ugly thing you so despise!

*Friend.*

This!

*Well.*

This very thing: 'tis but a Dowdie—but she serves.—

*Friend.*

A Whore this! Vertue defend me, what a lovely woman 'tis!

*Well.*

Salute her, man, salute her.

*Friend.*

Salute her! yes, and leave my heart upon her lips.

*Well.*

Go, salute my friend; this is my friend *Corina*.

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*Cor.*

I care not for you nor your friends; I'm sure you use me scurvily, because you know I love you: but I shall learn those Arts you men are practis'd in; and scorn, and hate, and hide it, when it serves my turn, as you can do.—I shall—but yet I'm true, true as my Vertue when you first seduc'd it, false as you are, —and yet I love you strangely.—

*Well.*

Salute my friend, I say—go, you fond fool, clasp his neck round, and press his cheeks to yours; kiss him as you do me, as soft and meltingly: go, you coy tit, I say you shall.

*[Kisses him.]*

*Friend.*

She'as fir'd me with that touch:—there's Witchcraft in't.

*Well.*

Come, kiss her again; by Heaven thou shalt, I'll not be jealous on't: kiss her more ardently—So, thou wilt learn in time. Go fetch your Lute, and let him hear ye sing to't.

*Cor.*

I'm all obedience, Sir, when you command; but I have something heavie at my heart that makes me wish you wou'd excuse me now.

*Well.*

Go too, I say—what can sit heavie there? I love thee, love thee infinitely, in faith I do, *Corina*. Here, here's Gold for thee; the Summer's coming on, and thou perhaps wants Toys, as Gowns and Points, and Petticoats. I'll have thee show, *Corina*, with the best, splendid and gay, my Girl, as is thy Beauty.

*Cor.*

I'll take this Gold, but 'tis not that I want: methinks of late there is a strange decay of Passion in you; you're not so dearly fond as you were wont, supplying still your want of Love with Gold; your Mirth is forc'd, your Visits cold and short, as Winterdays; and when you speak of Love, you do't with caution. There's some reserve hid in that generous breast, which I wou'd be acquainted with, yet tremble lest you shou'd betray't too soon.

*Well.*

*Corina*, you mistake my heart, 'tis thine, intirely thine; but when a Lover's sure, as I am of thy heart, those little assiduities are neglected which onely hoping Lovers use to pay. I am happie now, and have no need of Vows but those of Constancie. Go to your Lute.

*Cor.*

And have ye none you do designe to marry?

*Well.*

Fie, you're a fool to think I be so weak; Marry! I scorn that slaverie, whilst I possess all the delights of it with thee, without its plagues and care.—Go to your Lute. *[Exit Cor.]* Well, *Frank*, and how dost thou like my Mistriss? is she not charming? do you blame me now? Introth I lov'd her dearly once, till my Soul shew'd me the imperfections of my bodie, and plac'd my love on a more worthy object, my fair *Marinda*; which if this Baggage knew, there were no being for me, she wou'd so rave: But faith I think I'm not so criminals as you imagin'd, hah?

*Friend.*

Yet she's a Whore!

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*Well.*

A Whore! Oh call her a Miss, a Ladie of the Town, a Beautie of delight, or any thing. Whore! 'tis a nauseous name, and out of fashion now to call things by their right names. Is a Citizen a Cuckold? no, he's one of the Liverie: Is a great man a Fool? no, he's weak, or led away: Is a Person of Qualitie pockie? no, but is not well, has got a Surfeit, or so. Come, she is a Mistriss,—but heark, she sings!

*A Song within to a Lute, after which, enters Corina.*

*Friend.*

She's all a perfect Heaven! Oh I adore her!

*Cor.*

To obey your commands, I sung, my Love, but I had rather you had pardon'd me.

*Well.*

You are a simple Chit; go, get you gone, and let me go; 'tis late, and I am sleepe.

*Cor.*

This Language was not wont to come from thee; take heed, and do not cheat my easie Faith: for if you do, perhaps 'twill make me mad; and in my wildness some strange things may do, may ruine both our lives. Take heed; for now I love ye much above 'em both. Come, you shall stay with me to night.

*Well.*

By no means, my Dear; this Gentleman has vow'd to see me chastly laid.

*Cor.*

And so ye shall: the Play of Infants shall not be more chast. I have no wish to make him break his Vow, and he shall have a Bed.

*Well.*

Peace! that offer will offend him; he's a modest man, one of a profest abstinence. Good night.

*Cor.*

And must you go?

*Well.*

I must.

*Cor.*

And will you come to morrow? But oh I did not use to ask such Questions. Will you be sure?

*Well.*

I will: when did I fail? Good night. Boy, your Flambeau. Good night, *Corina.*

*He goes out, Friendly stays.*

*Cor.*

Why stay you, Sir? you see your friend is gone.

*Friend.*

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Madam, if he knows not how to prize Heaven, I do; and cannot leave the pleasure so soon, at least if you wou'd give me leave to gaze, I dare not say possess, that were a blessing fit onely for the Gods; nor knows man how to calm it.—That you shou'd throw away such wonderous beautie on the remiss, cold, and insensible!

*Cor.*

Who is it, Sir, that's so insensible?

*Friend.*

Death, whither does my passion hurry me? I shall betray friendship of many years, for a flame which a new lust has kindled in a moment.

*Cor.*

Heavens! are you silent, Sir? what made ye talk of one remiss and cold? who mean ye? *Wellman*? Oh, if you did—

*Friend.*

I meant mankind; for none can merit you.—Is she unchast? can such an one be damn'd? Oh Love and Beautie, you two eldest seeds of the vast Chaos, what strong right ye have even in things divine, our very Souls!

*Cor.*

Why do you stifle what was so well begun? Unfold; I know you have some meaning, Sir, in what you have to say: Concerns it *Wellman*?

*Friend.*

No. Answer me one thing, Madam.

*Cor.*

I will: for you have something to relate, which I must hear. Demand; I listen.

*Friend.*

The Question is but rude.

*Cor.*

I care not.—What means he?  
*[Aside.*

*Friend.*

Are you—You pardon me?

*Cor.*

I do. There's something in his heart that I must flatter thence. Be confident.

*Friend.*

And are you then—a—Whore? You said you wou'd forgive.  
*[Bows.*

*Cor.*

I did: and though that question, yet 'cause I know thou hast some reason for't, I'll answer thee directly, That I am.

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*Friend.*

Are Prostitutes such things, so delicate? Can custom spoil what Nature made so good? I never saw a sweet face vitious: it might be proud, inconstant, wanton, vain.

*Cor.*

Oh leave, Sir, to philosophize on Beautie, and tell me why you do so.

*Friend.*

Heavens! why cou'dst not thou be constant?

*Cor.*

Constant! to what? to whom?

*Friend.*

To *Wellman*: he has all the Charms of Nature; and to be false to him, was such a sin—

*Cor.*

Oh Heavens! what base flatterer has traduc'd me? tell me; who dares report I am not true, not true to *Wellman*? I have been false to Vertue, false to Honour, false to my Name and Friends; but was to *Wellman* what Heaven is to the Just and Penitent, all soft, all mercie, all complying sweetness.

*Friend.*

By Heaven, I do believe it; and nere heard a breath that cou'd prophanely say thou wert not: But oh, I thought with reason, if 'twere so, I cou'd not slightly part with such a Jewel, or, Indian-like, barter this real Gold for shining gingling Bawbles. *Marinda*! Heaven, thou'rt an Angel to her!

*Cor.*

Enough: I know my doom; that word's enough; and I'm betray'd to ruine! [*aside.*] I will: My heart, thou shalt dissemble this—Go, base false man, that with the name of Friend has play'd the Traytor to the best of men. I know thou injur'st *Wellman*; or if true, 'twas not thy part to tell it: hadst thou license for such a cruel Tale, thou shou'dst have spar'd it to her that lov'd thy friend. Be gone, I hate thee, and whatsoere thou means by such a Lye, I scorn thee for't, and think thee much unfit for any gallant friendship: I know 'tis truth, and with the fatal knowledge instruct my heart to break.

[*Aside. Goes out.*]

*Friendly musing alone, enter peeping Wellman.*

*Well.*

Tho I do not care for this woman now, yet some dregs of the old haunt of Jealousie remain about me still; and I must see what use my friend and quondam Mistriss makes of this kinde opportunitie.—Hah! alone, and musing!

[*Listens.*]

*Friend.*

'Twas not well done, indeed, to tell her; but Love was raging in me, and I believ'd I shou'd insinuate with that secret.

*Well.*

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By Heaven, he's caught! Eternal Laughter seize me.

*Friend.*

'Twas Love! the very first effects of Love were treacherous and ill: Heaven guard me from the rest. Yet I must on:

Let Winter'd Age dully pretend to prove  
That Love is Lust; I know no life but Love.

*Well.*

Is it so, Sweet-heart? how is't? what, is the worst sight the world can produce, a common woman now?

*Friend.*

Hah! will you go home, Sir? 'tis high bed-time.

*Well.*

With all my heart, Sir; onely do not chide me. I must confess.—

*Friend.*

A wanton Lover you have been.  
*[Shaming.]*

*Well.*

When Love was raging in me.  
*[Shaming agen.]*

*Friend.*

Oh leave your rallying; will you be gone?

*Well.*

Let Winter'd Age dully pretend to prove  
That Love is Lust; I know no life but Love.

Go thy ways for an Apostate; I believe my last Garment must be let out in the seams for you: Is't not so? But come, I must go serenade *Marinda*; but take this certain rule along with thee:

Of all the Fools that Ignorance ere nurst,  
He that 'gainst Nature wou'd be wise, is worst.

*Exeunt.*

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**ACT the Second.**

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**SCENE the First.**

*A Street.*

*Enter Wellman and Friendly, with Footmen with Lights, and men with Musick; as under Marinda's Window.*

*Well.*

**Well**, Gentlemen, here's the Window of my dear *Marinda* : 'tis here, my friends, resides that lovely Maid, whose beautie chaces away those lesser fires that did infest my heart. Come, gently touch your strings, and call her forth to bless me ere I go to rest: I'm not half sanctifi'd without a sight.

*They play a little, then a Song.*

*Enter Marinda above, in Night-dress, and Diana.*

*Mar.*

Who's there, my dear lov'd *Wellman*? This was kinde.

*Well.*

My generous *Marinda*! when did I ere approach thee but with kindness, the fondest tenderest part of kindness too? and when I cease to do so, Heaven neglect me.

*Mar.*

And me, when I but fear the contrary. Wou'd I cou'd let thee in; but oh I dare not: my Father nicely careful, tho thou'rt mine, mine by a solemn Contract, yet forbids me to entertain thee with that freedom yet.

*Well.*

But, my *Marinda*, 'tis a heavenly night, such as was made for Lovers, still and calm; and I have such soft things to whisper to thee, as pains me to conceal. I long to touch thy hand, to catch thy sighs, and lean my head upon thy rising bosome. A freedom now methinks you might allow me: 'tis very hard.

*Mar.*

'Tis so; but yet a little suffering, and we may meet with lawful freedom: till when, continue to be true and kinde.

*Well.*

By Heaven, by all the Stars that shine above, and by thy brighter Eyes, I will be ever true.

*Mar.*

I must give faith to what you say; and prithee since, easie Maid, I do believe so soon, in pitie do not cheat me. Here, wear this little Ring; a dying Brother gave it, and bad me never part with it but to him that Love had made my Husband: Wear it thou; for thou'rt my Souls best choice.

*Takes it in his hand, and kisses it.*

*Well.*

Which when I part from, Hope, the best comfort of my life, forsake me.

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*Dian.*

Heavens! what a long tedious Tale of Faith and Troth's here! Cou'd I once see the man I lik'd, I'd have done a thousand fine and more material things by this time.

*Well.*

Madam, here is a Man, whom if you cou'd but pity—

*Dian.*

What, my grave Lover Mr. *Friendly*, who hates a Wencher! no by my Troth, I'm for no such dull Ingredience in a Lover: I love a man that knows the way to a womans bed without instructions. Besides, what shou'd we two do together, get Fools? no, I hate 'em.

*Well.*

You may be mistaken in your man.

*Dian.*

I wish I were: Let him but bring it under the hand of any woman who has been kinde to him, and I'll believe him fit to be belov'd by me; till then, I am obdurate.

*Friend.*

Well, Madam, I'll endeavour to obey you.

*Dian.*

Let it be quickly then, I hate delays, you know I'm stor'd with Lovers, Sir *John Empty* will be before-hand with you else; you know he's a spruce Spark, and cannot long lay siege before a heart, but he will force an entrance: he's of my humour too, gay, loves Fiddles, Wine and Women; a fool and rich, oh heavenly Quality! Be wise, Sir, and consider 'em, and learn to whore betimes; you know not what you may come to. Farewel, the day begins to break, and the old man will wake. Good morrow, modest Mr. *Friendly*.

*Exeunt from the window.*

*Well.*

Good morrow, mad-cap: Come, shall's go to bed?

*Friend.*

No, I cannot sleep; I'll walk a little.

*Well.*

And meditate? Farewel, Sir, I'm for rest.

*Exeunt all but Friendly.*

*Friend.*

This woman yesterday was charming to me, and now all that she said, seem'd dull and tedious. What a strange change is here! The light comes on; heark how the free-born Birds chant forth their untaught Passions, and in those pretty Notes express their love. They have no Bawds, no mercenary Beds, no politick Restraints, no artful Heats, no faint Dissemblings; Custom makes them not blush, nor Sham afflicts their name. Oh happy Birds, in whom an inborn heat is held no sin! how vastly you transcend poor wretched man, whom national custom, tyrannous respect of slavish order fetters, calling that sin in us, which in all else is Nature's highest Vertue. But a Whore! now shame forsake me, whither am I fallen, one that my friend has had, to live to be a shameful talk to

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

men!

*Wellman returns.*

*Well.*

I have a mind to know whether *Friendly* goes to *Corina*; when I am absent, 'tis with some regret I think he shou'd; but present, it so pleases me to see his modesty in love, I'm ready to resigne her.—He's here still! Good morrow, Friend, I cannot leave thee thus dissatisfi'd; what art thou studying on?

*Friend.*

Love; but it likes me not.

*Well.*

Why?

*Friend.*

She is not honest.

*Well.*

What then? shou'd we hate all that are so, some men wou'd hate their Mothers and their Sisters; a sin against kind.

*Friend.*

Is it a wise man's part to be in love?

*Well.*

Let wise men alone; 'twill beseem thee and me well enough.

*Friend.*

And shall I not commit a sin against friendship?

*Well.*

What to love where I do? By Heaven, I resigne her freely to thee: the creature and I must grow strangers; and by this time she has heard of my designe to marry, and swears and rails, and cries, and curses me. Come, faith I will resigne her, and you see *Diana* will like thee nere the worse for't.

*Friend.*

I'll but embrace her, hear her speak, and at the most but kiss her.

*Well.*

Oh heark, he that cou'd live upon the scent of Meat, wou'd live cheaply.

*Friend.*

I shall never become heartily a man o'th' Town, a kind of flat ungracious Debauchee; an insufficient dulness reigns about me.

*Well.*

This *Italian* breeding has spoil'd thee, and stiffen'd thy behaviour. Come, come, thou shalt to her, and she shall like thee.

SCENE the First.

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*Friend.*

But if she shou'd not, Friend!

*Well.*

Fear her not, 'tis her Trade, and what she'as practis'd long with many Lovers.

*Friend.*

Was she not true to thee?

*Well.*

I do believe she was, whilst she was mine.

*Friend.*

Was she a sinner ere you saw her then?

*Well.*

Oh a very Strumpet! Pardon me truth. Come, have a good heart, and thou shalt possess her, since thou'rt so in love.

*Friend.*

Death, man, 'tis Destiny, I cannot help it.

*Well.*

Nay, I hope so. Come, come, she sells but flesh; so that even in the enjoying thou't regain again thy freedom. Go thy ways. [*Exit Friend. Enter Trickwell.*] How now, Raskal! what make you up so early?

*Trick.*

He that will thrive, must be early stirring, Sir: I am going to get the Peny, Sir; Aye, Heaven has endow'd me with industry, I thank it.

*Well.*

And what good Acquaintance have you, Sirrah? no handsome women?

*Trick.*

Faith, Sir, yes, some do start up now and then; but a Pox on't, when they have run through all the Trades and Degrees of the Citie, they pass at the other side of the Town for new Faces, and are caught up by your Courtiers for innocent and honest, though the Citie-Surgeon have had good Customers of 'um; and by my Troth, Sir, I hate to cheat a Gentleman with false Ware. But last night—

*VWell.*

What last night?

*Trick.*

I was horrid drunk at Supper with one Sir *John Empty*, a brave young fool for my purpose; I brought him a Wench, one *Betty Cogit*; a Pox on her, a pretty drunken Whore 'tis, and handsome: if she can serve you, I can bed my Knight with any other.

*VWell.*

Away, you're a Rogue; I'll talk about it another time. Farewel: Have a care of Mr. *Dashit*, Sirrah.

*Exit Well.*

SCENE the First.

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*Trick.*

Let Mr. *Dashit* have a care of me; I'll take care he shall be cozen'd most plentifully. Now for some new device! what shall it be?

*Enter Jack, a boy with Barbers things.*

*Jack.*

Pray, Sir, which is the way to *Cheapside*, to the Sun-Tavern?

*Trick.*

Sun-Tavern, Childe! what wou'dst thou do there?

*Jack.*

Whe, Sir, I am sent for to trim Mr. *Dashit*; and tho he be my God-father, I know not the way to his house.

*Trick.*

Why, art thou a Barber?

*Jack.*

A Barber-Surgeon, Sir.

*Trick.*

To what Bawdy-house does your Master belong? and what's your name?

*Jack.*

*John Scowre*, an't like your Worship.

*Trick.*

*John Scowre!* Good Mr. *John Scowre*, I desire your farther acquaintance. Nay, be cover'd, my dainty boy. Is thy Master at home?

*Jack.*

My Father, forsooth, you mean; but he's dead.

*Trick.*

And laid in's Grave, good boy?

*Jack.*

Yes, Sir, and my Mother keeps shop.

*Trick.*

A good witty boy; thou't live to read a Chapter to the Family, and write Sermons, *John*, in time, wo't thou not?

*Jack.*

In grace a God, Sir.

*Trick.*

And whither art thou going now, *John*?

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*Jack.*

Marry, forsooth, to trim Mr. *Dashit* the Vintner, He's my Godfather, I told you, forsooth.

*Trick.*

Good boy, hold up thy head. Prithee do one thing for me; my name's *Hazard*.

*Jack.*

He! good Mr. *Hazard*!

*[Bows.*

*Trick.*

Lend me thy Barbers Implements.

*Jack.*

Oh Lord, Sir!

*Trick.*

Well spoken, a fine boy! What are they worth, childe?

*Jack.*

Oh Lord, Sir, worth I know not.

*Trick.*

A witty childe! Here's a shilling for thee. Where dost live, *John* ?

*Jack.*

At the three Washballs, forsooth, in *Mincing-lane*.

*Trick.*

Aye, I know't; a delicate boy! I have an odde Jest in my head, childe, to trim Mr. *Dashit*: 'Tis for a wager, boy, a humour; I'll return thy things presently. Hold, let's see—

*Takes off his Apron, and takes his things.*

*Jack.*

What mean ye, Mr. *Hazard*?

*Trick.*

Nothing, child, but a Jest. Go drink a flaggon, and I'll return presently.

*Jack.*

Pray, Sir, do not stay.

*Trick.*

As I'm an honest man—The three Washbals, *John*?

*Jack.*

Aye, Sir.

*Trick.*

SCENE the First.

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Good: And if I do not shave Mr. *Dashit*, my ingenuity wants an edge. Let me see, a Barber! My villanous tongue will betray me; I must step in and disguise a little. For my speech, what if it be broken French, or a Northern or a Welch Barber? Good, the Widow *Scowres* man: good, newly hir'd a Journeyman; very well: I have my Cue, and will proceed, happy be luck—

*Exit. Trick.*

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SCENE II.

SCENE changes to *Corina's* house.

*Enter Corina with her Hair loose, raving, and Mr. Dunwell.*

*Dun.*

Nay, dear sweet childe, do not torment thy self thus violently: say *Wellman* be to be marri'd, are there no more young Gentlemen, no more both handsome and rich? Come, come, you cou'd not expect to build Tabernacles with him.

*Cor.*

Damn your sententious Nonsense, let me go loose as the winds when mad, when raging mad. 'Twas you, Heaven curse ye for't, that first seduc'd me, swore that he lov'd me, wou'd eternally; and when my Vertue had resolv'd me good, damn'd Witch, whose trade is Lying and Confusion, you hard besieg'd it round with tales of *Wellman*, repeated all his Charms so often o're, my Heart began to yield, and Vertue fade like flowers with too much heat; which when you saw; a Curse upon your Tongue, you told him where the part was feeblest here—told him my strength, and how he best might conquer: and he, oh lovely Tyrant, found it true, and never ceas'd till he had vanquisht all. Leave me, thou Witch, that hast reduc'd this soul, this body too, to nothing but a Grave.

*Dun.*

To nothing! Marry and that's not my fault; I have made as many proffers of your Virginity since he ruin'd it, as if you had been my own Daughter a thousand times, so I have; but you were so peevish, you ever stood in your own light; nothing wou'd down with you but *Wellman*.

*Cor.*

Hell take thy tongue, or blast it.

*Dun.*

Aye, for God forgive me, it has been a thousand times forsworn for you, and yet I've brought you to nothing. Have I not brought you English and French Merchants of the best Rank, Jews of the richest Tribes, Irish Lords, Scottish Earls, and lastly, the Dutch Agent, who offer'd ye a Tun of money? and is all this nothing? Come, come, had you had grace, you had made something of all these; but nothing but *Wellman* was regarded.

*Cor.*

Oh that hated Name, like some black Charm it curdles up my bloud.

*Dun.*

And yet, a my conscience the Gentleman's an honest Gentleman, and one you have got fairly by; I hope him to you, and have I this for my labour? Well, *Mary Dunwell*, [*weeps*] go thy ways; *Mary Dunwell*, thy kinde heart will bring thee to the Hospital.

*Cor.*

I'll be reveng'd; nothing but dire Revenge shall satiate my Rage. Methinks I am inspir'd with manly strength, a bloody courage swells my rising heart, and I shall act some wonderous dismal mischief. And yet to see him bleed, he that has sworn so many tender things, and breath'd 'em all in kisses on my bosome; but now all those, and thousands new invented, he pays another Mistriss more beloved. I die, I die, and cannot bear that thought, by

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which I finde I'm feeble woman still. Why didst thou? tell me, for I'll here begin, why didst thou praise this Monster?—To my soul.

*Draws a Dagger and takes hold of her.*

*Dun.*

Heavens, Madam, hold and hear me: I did praise him, I confess; I said he was a fool, a lavish fool, one that lov'd women more than his Religion, that he kept high, and lov'd most ardently: but what of this? the wind you see is turn'd.

*Cor.*

Turn all then to confusion; turn, thou Witch, 'tis I will play the Devil. Heart, resolve, and set down this decree, never to rest till thou hast made him equal to me, wretched.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.*

Madam, Mr. *Wellman* and Mr. *Friendly* are below, and desire leave to kiss your hand.

*Cor.*

Oh he's grown ceremonious in his Visits. No more, I will be calm, as if my fortune knew no change; I will dissemble, smile;

I'll shew my self all woman in my Art,

*Puts the Dagger and Pistol in her two Pockets.*

But be a very Devil in my heart.

*Enter Wellman and Friendly.*

*Well.*

How now *Corina*, what disorder's this?

*Cor.*

Oh my dear life! this woman has displeas'd me; but one kinde look from thee chases all other thoughts out of my soul.

*Well.*

But what's the matter? do not dissemble with me.

*Cor.*

With thee! far be such art from thy *Corina's* tongue; you've taught her truth with love. What else shou'd such a Master teach a Mistriss? Come, I forgive her now: Alas, she'as lost the little Dog you gave me. Wou'd it not grieve one to loose ought of thine?

*Well.*

Fie, fie, cry for a Dog! what wou'dst thou do for me that pay'st such tributes to a poor worthless Animal?

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*Cor.*

For thee, weep tears of blood; but 'tis impossible I cou'd be robb'd of thee by ought but death. I know thy noble heart—to be a Traytor.

*[Aside.*

*Well.*

Thou art so fond, thou mind'st nothing but me; sees thou not my friend?

*Cor.*

Yes, and love him too, next to thy self, by Heaven; for he's as great a Villain, being he's man. Come, Sir, you must not be so sad; I'll sing and dance, do any thing to make you gay and smile: for trust me, Sir, I hate sad Company. Heavens, what ails you, Sir? have you the Tooth-ach, Sir? I've many remedies for that.

*Friend.*

No, my pain is at my heart; have you a Cure for that?

*Cor.*

A thousand. Kinde Eyes, soft Sighs and Kisses well appli'd.

*Friend.*

'Twill but increase the pain: 'twas so I caught it.

*Cor.*

Alas, I'll sing then; I have a thousand Songs, so pretty and so loving.—

*Friend.*

Still that but hurts me more.

*Cor.*

Then I've no Remedies. *[sighs.]* Hah, what Ring is that? I like it, and must have it.

*Well.*

No you must not, Love.

*Cor.*

Fie, you call me Love, and cry I must not! I say I will. How now, who is't commands where I am?

*Well.*

You intirely; but this Ring I cannot part with.

*Cor.*

'Tis my Rivals: Rot with his finger, how it fires my blood, and the red flame kindles about my face, and will betray my heart! Come, 'tis a trifle.

*Well.*

I care not for the value.

*Cor.*

Has it a worth besides its own intrinsick one?

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*Well.*

Nay, you're of late so peevish and so jealous, that you grow troublesome.

*Cor.*

Jealous! by this dear mouth not I. [*Kisses him.*] Come, give me the Ring; by all that's kinde, you shall: By all our Loves, and by all those soft Embraces when in my Arms you swore eternal Love, eternal Faith, I do conjure ye give it me: I never us'd to beg such Toys in vain.

*Well.*

Thou art uncivilly importunate. Go, fool, thou sha't not ha't; I care not for thee nor thy Jealousie.

*Cor.*

He speaks his soul in that, which from his mouth destroys all my dissembling. I know that Ring, thou falser than the Devil; I know it is *Marinda's*, your new Mistriss: take her, but take her far from me be sure; keep her as thou wou'dst secrets that wou'd damn thee; for if she take but Air, she is no more; it will be all infected with my Sighs and Curses, and 'twill be catching, Sir: look to't, it will.

*Well.*

Thou'rt grown a hectoring Whore!

*Cor.*

Leave me, or such another word from thee will put thee into danger. Dar'st thou upbraid the faults thou hast created? Furies possess me, that I may incounter the like Fate or killing Blasts! Oh I cou'd rave to think I want that power that might destroy thee!

*Well.*

Do not turn Witch before thy time, *Corina*.

*Cor.*

I wou'd I were, that I might be an age in damning thee: But words are Air that blow above thy head, and cannot wound nor blast.

[*Sighing.*]

*Well.*

Nay, if you rave, I'll leave ye; fare ye well.—You will not go.

[*She catches him.*]

*Cor.*

And is it true, hast thou abandon'd me? Canst thou forget our numerous Blissess past, the hours we've wasted out in Tales of Love, and curst all interruption but of Kisses, which 'twixt thy charming words I ever gave thee; when the whole live-long day we thought too short, yet blest the coming night? Hast thou forgot, false are thy Vows, all perjurd, and thy Faith broken as my poor lost forsaken heart? and wou'dst thou wish me live to see this Change! Cou'dst thou believe, if thou hadst hid it from the talking world, my heart cou'd not have found it out by sympathie! A foolish unconsidering faithless man!

*Well.*

This is as troublesome as Rage to me.

[*Breaks from her.*]

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*Cor.*

Some comfort that thou dost confess thou'rt base; and this last blaze of my departing Love, has but a minutes light, and now 'tis gone.

*Well.*

It went in fume, and leaves a scent behinde it which does offend my sense: Farewel.

*[Goes out.]*

*Cor.*

Farewel. And dost thou think I'll part with thee thus tamely! Faithless unthinking fool, by Heaven, no other woman shall possess thee; the perjurd heart you gave, thus I demand:

*[Takes a Pistol out of her pocket, fires it at his breast; it onely flashes in the pan:*

*Friendly runs to her; she throws it away.]*

Oh damn this treacherous instrument, false as the heart 'twas aim'd at: But since, like Coward States, I wanted courage to attack the Foe, I'll turn my Fury into civil Broyls, and hurl all to confusion here within.

*[Offers to stab her self; Friendly runs to her, prevents her, and she seems fainted a little while in his arms.]*

*Friend.*

Pray leave her, Sir, your presence but inflames her.

*Well.*

I will: look to her, prithee. I was too rash, and mist from too much violence and rage—I might have more securely done the business. *[aside.]* Pray leave me, Sir, I cannot go, a fire in my blood confines me here: 'Tis not a vertuous flame!

No, raging Lust my wilful fate does move;

The Gods themselves cannot be wise and love.

*Cor.*

This man whom I abhor because his Friend, through all my rage, I see has passion for me, raise it, ye Powers, till it become so high to be employ'd to any use, I'll put it to a fatal instrument of my Revenge.

*[Aside.]*

*Friend.*

Loveliest of all your injur'd Sex.—

*Cor.*

You're charitable to the forsaken, Sir, but 'tis alas all thrown away on me; for I can never more believe there can be honesty in man, since *Wellman* is all Vice.

*Friend.*

What Devil, envious of his glorious Choice, contriv'd to make him faithless to such Beauty! Had I that Blessing, which I dare not name, hardly dare wish, 'tis so above my merit, I shou'd dispise, as useless and unnecessary, all the vast Joys besides Heaven has in store, and at thy feet lay all my Fortunes down, and set up my eternal rest with thee.

*Cor.*

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Just so he spoke, and I fond fool believ'd, and tir'd him out with love; but you're all false, inconstant, faithless Tyrants, and betrayers even in that very minute that you gain us; we forfeit all our hopes in you for ever. I can believe no more.

*Friend.*

Silence and Modestie were wont to be my two accustom'd Vertues; but my Love grows high and rages in me like a storm: Wou'd you'd believe my Vows; but you have been deceiv'd that way alreadie: therefore, thou dear, thou lovely injur'd fair one, credit my plain Sinceritie. I love, and to be short, wou'd have thee pay my flame, I will be grateful in what way you please. Take me to your Embraces, to your Bed. I am not us'd to ask such Questions, Madam, and want terms fit to dress 'em in.

*Cor.*

And do you take me then for such a Creature, that have no sense but Appetite, the Brutal part of Love? Forbear to name it to me, you offend me.

*Friend.*

Forgive me; I wou'd have you love me too: and if I have too hastily run o're what ought to have been said of my vast Passion, and came too rudely on the wisht—for part, 'tis the effects of youthful ignorance, of hot desire, and eager to be happy.

*Cor.*

How shall I fain to yield! [*aside.*] There's such a seeming honest plainness, Sir, in what you say, in spite of all my grief, I listen to your Language. Cou'd you be true, cou'd you convince me throughly that you lov'd!

*Friend. [kneeling.]*

What Art will do't? what Vows, what Protestations, what Proofs, what Gifts, besides a faithful Heart?

*Cor.*

Shall I, or can I trust again? Oh fool, how natural 'tis for women to believe! But when you've gain'd the utmost that you ask, will you not then grow cold?

*Friend.*

As soon the Sun shall lose its native heat, denying warmth to Flowers.

*Cor.*

I must have more than this: Can you believe this heart that has been us'd so ill already, can you trust on feeble Vows? Can you be bravely kinde, resolve a Deed wou'd shake a Soul that is not fixt in Love?

*Friend.*

Is it a Deed that I may do with honour?

*Cor.*

I did not studie that; but if there be any thing that stands in competition with your Love, it is not worth my owning.

*Friend.*

Be it what it will, 'tis for so rich a Prize, without demanding what, I'll vow it done.

*Cor.*

I hate this *Wellman*: You may guess the rest. Good day to you.

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*Friend.*

Leaving me! by Heaven we must not part: Love and Desire are madly raving in me; my impatient Heat admits of no resistance: I cannot live, without you grant me instantly that which I dare not ask.

*Follows on his knees.*

*Cor.*

As long as *Wellman* lives, I've made a Vow never to love again; yet am I understood.

*Friend.*

Will you be mine when *Wellman* is no more?

*Cor.*

By all my hopes, by my last best of wishes.

*Friend.*

Be mine, and onely mine, for ever mine?

*Cor.*

Inviolably yours.

*Friend.*

Then hear me, on my knees I make this Vow: *Wellman* shall die before to morrows light. Now may I hope my Bliss?

*Cor.*

Yes, when the Deed is done. And for a Token that you have dispatcht him, bring me that Diamond that he wears, and which he did refuse me.—Do you pawse—

*Friend.*

Onely the manner, Sweet—

*Cor.*

Oh you may pick a sudden Quarrel with him, word it to blows, and then take all advantages.

*Friend.*

And will my Vows to kill him, merit nothing?

*Cor.*

No, I have vow'd, and if you love, you'l yield to't.

*Friend.*

Enough: Farewel.

*She goes out.*

Delays in Love's the Lovers onely Hell.

*Going out hastily stops.*

Hah! whither wou'd my hastie steps misguide me! was I not rushing on to kill a Friend? to kill a Friend, oh 'tis to kill my self! Passion, how hellish art thou? oh how vile, to kill a Friend to gain a sinful woman for Appetite, for sensual end, and momentarie pleasure;

SCENE II.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

And Vices like to swelling Rivers flow,  
The further that they run they bigger grow.

Heaven! how neer was I to being undone! I'll flie, lest the temptation overtake me.

*Exit.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

SCENE III.

SCENE changes to *Dashit's* house.

*Enter Mrs. Dashit with a bag of money, Mr. Dashit following.*

*Mr. Dash.*

Well, is the money right?

*Mrs. Dash.*

Just fiftie pound, Honey, in good hard Half-crowns.

*Mr. Dash.*

Well, Mr. *Trickwell*, 'tis your confounded Worship puts me to this Charge; but an I catch thee, an I do not charge thee with as many Irons, mayst thou cozen me again, Knave, mayst thou cozen me again. Well, Wife, is the Barber come? I'll be trim'd, and then to my Neighbour *Glistens* the Goldsmith to new furnish my self with Plate.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Truely Husband, surely Heaven is not pleas'd with our Vocation; we wink at the sins of our Customers, our Wines are meerly Protestant, and I now speak it with grief of heart, we frie Fish with salt Butter, to the burthen of my Conscience, calling our Wines by fortie heathenish names to disguise truth.

*Mr. Dash.*

Hold your prating; a Pox of your Conscience, go minde your business in the Bar, score double, and mend the matter with a vengeance.

*[Exit Mrs. Dash. lays the money on the Table.]*

*Enter Trickwell drest like a Barber.*

How now, Friend, what are you?

*Trick.*

A Barber, Sir, the Widow *Scowres* man, an't like your Worship; my name's *Timothy Hazard*, Sir.

*Mr. Dash.*

Very well, very well; and how does my Godson, *Timothy*?

*[Dash. sits down in a Chair, he puts the things about him.]*

*Trick.*

Very well, an't like your Worship; he's gone to trim Parson *Cuffett*.

*Mr. Dash.*

And how long have you been a Barber, *Timothy*?

*Trick.*

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A Year, an't like your Worship, come *Christmas*.

*Mr. Dash.*

What, what, and a good Workman, *Timothy*? And may I trust my self in thy hands, *Timothy*?

*Trick.*

Oh doubt me not, Sir, I'll shave your Worship as cleverly, as your Worship shall confess, by that time I've done.— Hah, 'tis Cash!

*Feels the Money-bag. Whilst he is washing him they talk.*

*Mr. Dash.*

Well, *Timothy*, and what's the News, *Timothy*? You Barbers are notable News-mongers, good Commonwealthsmen: You—

*Trick.*

Marrie, Sir, I know none but of the Speaking Childe and the Monster.

*Mr. Dash.*

How, the Monsters! what Monster, good *Timothy*?

*Trick.*

Has not your Worship heard of the Monster, the *Gravesend* –Monster?

*Mr. Dash.*

By my Troth not I.

*Trick.*

Why, Sir, there came ashore last night four and twentie huge horrible monstrous devouring—

*Mr. Dash.*

Bless us! what?

*Trick.*

Whales, Sir; which no sooner came ashore, but they turn'd into fearful Elephants that roar'd, then into Cockatrices that crow'd and frighted all the Judges out of *Westminster* hall.

*Dash.*

Good Lord!

*Trick.*

And in a moment these Cockatrices were turn'd into so many huge Giants in Scarlet, with Triple Crowns on their heads, and forked Tongues that hiss so loud, the noise is heard to the Royal Exchange; which has put the Citizens into such a Consternation, that 'tis thought the world's at an end.

*Dash.*

Good Lord! And what may this portend, *Timothy*?

*Trick.*

Portend, Sir, Poperie, Sir, Poperie; and these Monsters are call'd the four and twentie Whores of *Babylon*.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Dash.*

Oh monstrous! Four and twentie Whores! the Nation will be over-run with Poperie indeed, *Timothy.*: Bless us, what monstrous things are these Popish Monsters! Well, in grace of God my Wife and I will go see these four and twentie Whores. Nay, nay, God bless little *England*; this must portend rightdown Poperie, that's certain. Well, and hast thou no merrie News, *Timothy*?

*Trick.*

Faith, Sir, they say that there's five and twentie couple of Bears are to dance a Dance in *Paris*-Garden before the King; and four and twentie couple of French Apes play to 'em upon Flute doux.

*Dash.*

Oh Pox, *Timothy*, this must be a lye, *Timothy*; and this be not a lye, I am an Ass efaith: Four and twentie Bears dance to Flutes douces! Ha, ha, ha.

*Trick.*

'Tis credible reported, Sir.—Shut your Eyes close, Sir, closer yet, Sir, this Ball will make 'em smart.

*Dash.*

Aye, aye, *Timothy*, I do wink.

*Trick.*

Hold, Sir, your head will take cold;

*[Puts on a fools cap.*

I'll put on your good Worships Night-cap. So, now I'll shave you, Sir. This must along with me, this Beaver too, and now adieu, worshipful Mr. *Dashit*.

*Leaves him in the Suds, the Bason in's hand, and runs away with the money. Exit.*

*Dash.*

Ha, ha, ha! Four and twentie couple of English Bears dance to the Musick of French Apes! Ha, ha, ha! in faith, good *Timothy*, thou makest my Worship smile,—But heark ye, *Timothy*, dost know one *Trickwell*? a villanous Rogue, *Timothy*, cheated me last night of Fiftie pound in Plate; but I'll Plate him, with a Pox, an I catch him. Come, haste, good *Timothy*. Art thou free, *Timothy*? I am one of the Common Council, *Timothy*, and may do thee good shortly. Why *Timothy!* *Timothy!* dost leave me in the Suds? Why *Timothy!* I shall be blinde with winking. *[wipes his Eyes.] Timothy!* Hah, you—Wife, my money, Wife!

*Enter Mrs. Dashit.*

*Mrs. Dash.*

What's the noise here? you are always bawling.

*Mr. Dash.*

'Owens, ye Whore, where's *Timothy*?

*Mrs. Dash.*

What *Timothy*?

*Mr. Dash.*

Why the Barber, Jade, the Barber.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Mrs. Dash.*

The Barber! I saw him go half a quarter of an hour since. Why, are you not trim'd?

*Mr. Dash.*

Trim'd, a Pox trim ye; where's the money, the money, the money, ye Jade? I am trim'd with a vengeance!

*Mrs. Dash.*

What's the money gone! the whole Fiftie pound in the bag!

*Mr. Dash.*

I have wink'd fair, in the Devils name.

*Enter Jack. Kneels.*

*Jack.*

Pray, Godfather, give me your Blessing.

*Mr. Dash.*

A Pox of Blessing, I am Cursing, Rogue: where's *Timothy*, thy Mothers man *Timothy*?

*Jack.*

My Mother has no such, forsooth.

*Mr. Dash.*

My money! my fiftie pound! A Plague of all *Timothies*; who was't trim'd me?

*Jack.*

I know not, Godfather; onely one met me and borrow'd my Furniture, for a Jest, he said.

*Mr. Dash.*

What kind of Fellow was't? Oh—

*Jack.*

A little slender nimble well-spoken fellow, Sir.

*Mr. Dash.*

Oh 'tis *Trickwell*, that Rogue *Trickwell*! a black Hair and Eye-brows, and grey Eyes?

*Jack.*

Yes, Godfather.

*Mr. Dash.*

Aye, aye, 'tis he. Raise the street upon him; I'll hang him if there be Law for money. Oh I shall faint! Wife, wife, fetch me the Rosa solus.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Good Husband, take comfort in the Lord, I'll play the Devil but I'll recover it; have a good heart, 'tis but a weeks false scoring in the Parliament-time.

SCENE III.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*[Fetches the bottle, he drinks.*

*Mr. Dash.*

So, some comfort: Wife, whe Wife, I say, is there any Musick in the house?

*Mrs. Dash.*

Yes, Sweet-heart, Mr. *Squeeks Noyse*.

*Mr. Dash.*

Bid 'em play then: And *John* come kiss me now, now, now, and *John* come kiss me now. *[sings.]* Bid 'em play; laugh thou and be merrie, for I'll go dance, cast up my Accounts, and hang my self presently. I will not curse, but a Pox on *Trickwell*, he has shav'd me, he has trim'd me! I will go hang my self; but first let's have a Dance.

*Exeunt dancing with the bottle in's hand, and sings, John come kiss me, &c.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**ACT the Third.**

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**SCENE the First.**

*Enter Marinda, Diana, Ample.*

*Mar.*

**Come**, prithee *Ample*, sing the Song *Wellman* made upon the Kiss I gave him.

*Dian.*

No, prithee don't, my stomach turns against kissing extreamly.

*Mar.*

Why, *Diana*?

*Dian.*

By the faith I have in this Beautie, 'tis the most unsavorie Ceremonie, the most sawcie Custom to Ladies; every Fellow now—a—daies with greasie sweatie Faces, stinking Breath, and nastie Teeth, must take a bodie over the Lips with such familiaritie; nay they think 'tis grateful to us too. Lord, there was an old Judge laid me over the face last night, and did so squeeze his grizly Brissles through my Lips, I'd as live a kist a row of Pins with the points to me; and yet I was forc'd to take it, take it with a Curtsie too: for my part I had as lieve they should belch in my face.

*Mar.*

Fie, what a Comparison's there!

*Dian.*

Sutable to the beastly Complement; and yet I love kissing too, if I may chuse my man and place.

*Mar.*

Fie, if any one shou'd hear ye!

*Dian.*

Let a thousand, I'd not be asham'd; 'tis not those that talk roguishly, that are to be suspected: you shall have a hypocritical holy Sister mince that publickly, that she'll receive with open arms privately: For my own part, I consider Nature without Apparel, without disguising; I give thoughts, words, and truth, a modest boldness; I love no prohibited things, and I wou'd have nothing prohibited but by Vertue.

*Mar.*

But we must consider the world, who thinks severe modestie a womans Vertue.

*Dian.*

Fie, fie, Vertue is freedom, handsome, cheerful mirth; I hate a severe, froward, ignorant, ill—bred behaviour in a woman; 'tis uncivil, hang't, I'll have none on't. *Ample*, what think you?

*Amp.*

Faith, Madam, I can onely stand up for Kissing; I never ventur'd farther, tho I wou'd fain.

*Dian.*

Thou art not of my minde; for I'll nere marrie.

## THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Amp.*

Marrie God forbid! what will you do then?

*Dian.*

Ene strive against the flesh: Marrie! no, faith, Husbands are like Lots in a book, one may prick a hundred times and finde all blanks. A Husband! a Hangman: a careless domineering insolent thing, that grows like Corral, whilst under water, soft and tender; but married, and above the waves, hard, stubborn, not to be bow'd nor manag'd: whilst your humble servant, Oh how assiduous, troublesomely officious and busie; but wed, the worstbred Tyrant and Sloven in nature. No, no, I'll live my own woman, I—and let the worst come to the worst, I had rather be call'd Wanton than a Fool.

*Mar.*

Oh but a vertuous Marriage!

*Dian.*

Vertuous Marriage! there's no more affinitie between Vertue and Marriage, than a man and his Horse: Wedlock may manage Vertue in the right way, but 'tis oftner loose and unbridled. I hate restraint upon my Vertue, or to owe it to the honour of a Husband; yet I like thy match well enough, a handsome man, good humour, wittie, and wilde; but my Sir *John* is such a tool, fit to make nothing but a Cuckold of. See if they be not here.

*Enter Sir John Emptie and Wellman.*

*Well.*

My sweet *Marinda*!

*Sir John.*

Good morrow, my little Sooterkin; how is't, my prettie Life?—Nay, I call all my Mistrisses so.

*Dian.*

Indeed! How many Mistrisses have you had?

*Sir John.*

Some Nine, or thereabouts.

*Dian.*

Then you have had nine lives, like a Cat.

*Sir John.*

Mew—you wou'd be kist for that.

*Dian.*

Yes, if I lik'd the mouth that offer'd it.

*Sir John.*

By my troth, that must not be mine; I do not love to endanger my back with stooping so low: if you wou'd wear Chipeeners, much might be done.—Nay, let me alone to finde a *Rowland* for your *Oliver* .

*Dian.*

SCENE the First.

## THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

Your pestilent wit will never make me asham'd of my shortness: the faults I can mend my self, I blush at; but those which Nature made, let her bear the shame for me, I have nothing to do with it; but you never forget to be wittie on my Beautie, Sir Knight, I shall be even with you.

*Sir John.*

Nor remember, by my troth, but as I do Religion, for Controversie sake onely, no hurt.

*Dian.*

But, Brother, for I'll now call you so, since my Father this night resolves to contract you—Shall we not have Fiddles and dance? Sir *John* I'm sure will make one, and my Citie Lover the Aldermans son, Mr. *Shatter*, he's a most spruce Dancer of the first bench in the School, I'll promise ye.

*Sir John.*

Fore Gad, and well remember'd, he borrow'd a Diamond—Ring of me last night to make a Visit in to a Ladie; and was't you? The Devil take me, an I had thought that, he shou'd nere a had it. Adsbud he's here!

*Enter Mr. Shatter.*

*Shat.*

Good day to my fair Mistriss.

*Dian.*

Good morrow, sweet Mr. *Shatter*.

*Sir John.*

Sweet Mr. *Shatter*! Pox on him, is he a Rival now?

*Dian.*

You're fine to day, rich in Jems, Mr. *Shatter*.

*Shat.*

A Toy, Madam, I bought to please my finger.

*Dian.*

I am more pretious to you than your finger; why not to oblige me? Come, I'm no profess'd beggar, you know.

*Shat.*

Faith and troth, Madam, as I hope to be sav'd—Oh Lord, as the saying is—I protest upon my honour.

*Dian.*

Do not pawn it for such a trifle.

*Shat.*

As I'm a Gentleman, as God shall fa'me, I'll give a—

*Dian.*

Is this yours to give?

*Shat.*

SCENE the First.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

Oh Lord, Madam, that's such a thing now, why shou'd your Ladyship—you're the strangest Joker, I protest.—

*Dian.*

Hum! now I remember, I think I have seen this on a persons hand, an humble servant of mine, one *Sir John Empty*.

*Shat.*

Pox of her memorie! a such another Madam. Whe, what a Devil's he to her now?

*Dian.*

Nay, I'm sure this is it.

*Shat.*

Troth, 'tis, Madam: the poor fellow wanted a little money to treat some women last night, and so he pawn'd it to me. 'Tis a Pawn, good faith, or else you shou'd have it.

*Sir John.*

Heark ye, thou base lying son of a cheating Cit, how dares thy impudence hope to prosper? Were it not for the respect I bear this noble Companie, I wou'd so bang thee!—

*[Pulls him aside.*

*Dian.*

How now, what's the matter here?

*Shat.*

Nothing, Madam, nothing. He was a little uncivil with me last night; for which, because I shou'd not call him to an account, he desir'd to make me any satisfaction. The Coward trembles at my very presence; but I have him on the hip, I'll take the forfeit of his Ring.

*Sir John.*

Heark ye, Sir, what's that you whisper to her?

*Pulls him aside.*

*Shat.*

Nothing, Sir, but to satisfie her that the Ring was yours, not pawn'd to me, but lent to grace my finger; and so I told her I begg'd your pardon for being a little too familiar with your Reputation.

*Dian.*

Yes indeed, he did; and said you wou'd make him any satisfaction for a rudeness you did him last night, but he wou'd take the forfeit of the Ring for't.

*Sir John.*

How now, ye base Scoundrel!

*Takes him roughly.*

*Shat.*

Hold, hold, my Mistriss does but rally, faith.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Dian.*

Thy Mistriss! I disown thee; thou'rt a childe, I'll give thee to my woman. Come, Sister, let's make us ready for the Ball anon. Come, you shall be friends.

*Sir John.*

He shall renounce you then, and restore my Ring; Adsbud he shall.

*Shat.*

With all my heart, to do you service, Sir.  
*Gives him the Ring.*

*Sir John.*

And here I make an offer of it.

*Dian.*

Well, I'll take it, Sir, to make me thine to night. Farewel, Brother, till anon.  
*Exit Mar. Dian. Sir John, & Amp.*

*Well.*

To be huft thus by a Coward, a beaten Coward, what madness has possest thee?

*Shat.*

Aye, but how the Devil did I know he was a Coward? cou'd not you have whisper'd me that?

*Well.*

Well, Sir, I'll try to make your peace with *Diana*. Leave me, I've business now. [*Exit Shat. Enter Friend.*] How now, my friend! what news from Love? is the Ladie of sin kinde? prithee say how; in faith I'll not be angrie.

*Friend.*

Oh, *Wellman*! no Age did ere produce so damn'd a Creature so fair, and yet so false: had I been vicious, what a desperate wretched thing I'd been!

*Well.*

Prithee what's the matter?

*Friend.*

Heaven! I have been tempted to thy death.

*Well.*

What is the Furie mad?

*Friend.*

Most damnable!

*Well.*

Hearing I'm to be marri'd.

*Friend.*

She rav'd at first like winds let loose to ruine,

SCENE the First.

## THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

But fixt on this resolve, she calm'd again,

And listen'd to my love, my eager love; which when it urg'd her to create me happie, she prest me to this Murder, as the way, the onely means to gain her heart for ever. Mad with my flame, I cou'd deny her nothing, and then my lawless lust, not I, protested, confirm'd it with a thousand Oaths to kill ye, and bring this Ring to witness you were dead; and then her lovely bodie was my hire.

*Well.*

Horrid! nothing's defam'd but by its proper self: Physicians abuse Remedies, Lawyers spoil Law, and woman onely is a shame to woman. You've vow'd to kill me?

*Friend.*

Most solemnly; for, friend, I must enjoy her. Oh that a man of sense shou'd fancie pleasure in one whose soul's so black and infamous; but 'tis my fate, and I must bow before it.

*Well.*

Thou shalt; I will contrive the means to satisfie thee. Come, I give a Ball to night to my *Marinda*; thou shalt be there: and by the way, I'll tell thee what we will do to make a seeming Quarrel, that all the world, as well as this *Corina*, may think I'm kill'd indeed, whilst I, lodg'd in some place obscure, may give thee time to cool this feavourish blood. Shew her this Ring, protest me surely dead; and when thou'rt satiated, we'll laugh at follie. Come, let us go.

*Exeunt.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

SCENE II.

SCENE changes to the street, a shop-door.

*Enter Mr. Glisten and Dashit, with a great silver Bason or Punchbowl. Enter Trickwell in the habit of a Pedler with a box with Trinkets before him. Jervice.*

*Dash.*

Well, Neighbour *Glisten*, I am beholden to you for this credit till next week, and I am pleased in my choice of this piece of Flate; a Punch-bowl is a most fashionable thing, now French Wines are prohibited: I know 'twill please my Wife. Well, I am fortie pound indebted to you for't, honest Mr. *Glisten*.

*Glist.*

Your word's sufficient, Sir, an 'twere for a thousand pound.

*Dash.*

A Pox of the Rogue that robb'd me! Well, I shall catch him; and if I do, he shall half rot in Fetters in the Dungeon till he despair; then I'll hire a Parson on purpose that shall perswade him he is damn'd; then after see him with my own eyes hang'd without singing any Psalm: Lord, Lord, that he shou'd have but one neck!

*Glist.*

Oh, Neighbour, you must use a Conscience in all things; but do your will. You'll command me no farther?

*Dash.*

No, onely lend me your servant to carrie this Bowl home to my *Peg* ; I am to step into *Leaden-hall*.

*Glist.*

Willingly, Sir: Here, *Jervice*, carrie home this Plate.

*Dash.*

To my Wives own hands deliver it, good *Jervice*.

*Jer.*

I'll warrant you, Sir.

*Dash.*

To her own hand, honest *Jervice*.

*Jer.*

I have deliver'd better things than this to a womans own hand, Sir, before now.

*Exit Jer. with the Bowl, and Glisten in.*

*Trick.*

Monsieur, please you to buy a very fine delicate Ball, a sweet Ball, a Camphere-ball.

*Dash.*

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Prithee away.

*Trick.*

One a Ball to shave, one a Ball to scowre.

*Dash.*

Name 'em not to me, talk not of shaving; a Pox of the Rogue, I have been shav'd, I have.

*Exit Dashit.*

*Trick.*

I'll shave ye smoother yet: That Bowl, that delicious Bowl, I must be drunk out of; I have a fancie for't, it is too good for cheating Vintners: I say it must be mine; therefore, my worshipful *Dashit*, look to't: What tho there be rounds in a Ladder, and knots in a Halter? hang the Devil, I'll do't; I must draw a Lot for the great Punch-bowl.

*Goes out.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

SCENE III.

SCENE changes to Mr. *Dashit's* house.

*Enter Mrs. Dashit and Jervice with the Bowl.*

*Mrs. Dash.*

Nay, *Jervice*, stay and drink, good *Jervice*; and how does Mrs. *Glisten*? I knew her well, she was a very good patient Creature, efaith; she has born, and born, and bore again, good woman, as well as I, with a bad Husband; yet I can finde no fault in Mr. *Glisten*: Here's to him, *Jervice*, he knew me before I was married; an honest man he is, [*drinks*] and a thriftie, I'll warrant him; and his Wife's a proper woman as any in *Cheapside*.

*Jer.*

Yes, indeed forsooth, so she is.

*Mrs. Dash.*

She paints now, and yet she keeps her Husband's Customers still. Introth, *Jervice*, a handsome Wife in a fine carv'd seat, is the best Ware in a mans shop.

*Jer.*

Yes, indeed forsooth, so 'tis.

*Mrs. Dash.*

But well, *Jervice*, remember me to your Master and Mistriss, and tell 'em I acknowledge the receipt of this, acknowledge the receipt.—This 'tis to have good Education, and to be brought up in a Tavern; and though my Husband be a Citizen, all *London* knows I keep as good Companie as any she within the Walls. Good day, honest *Jervice*.

*Exit Jervice.*

*Enter Trickwell drest like a Prentise, with a Jole of Salmon.*

*Trick.*

Fair hour to you, Mistriss.

*Mrs. Dash.*

A prettie Complement! I'll write it down: A beautiful thought to you, Sir.

*Trick.*

Your Husband and my Master Mr. *Glisten* has sent you a Jole of fresh Salmon, and they intend to come both to Dinner presently to season your new Bowl, forsooth, which your Husband intreats you wou'd send back by me, that his Arms may be engraven on it, which he forgot before.

*Mrs. Dashit.*

Are you sent by no Token? Nay, I have a wit.

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*Trick.*

Yes forsooth, by the same Token he was dry shav'd this morning.

*Mrs. Dash.*

A sad Token, but true: here, pray commend me to your Master and Mistriss, and tell 'em I expect 'em impatiently.

*Gives him the Bowl, takes the Salmon. Exit Trick.*

Impatient was well again! *Sam!* why *Sam*, I say!

*Sam.*

Anon, anon, forsooth.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Come quickly, spread the Table, lay Napkins, and do ye hear? perfume the Room a little; it does so smell of this prophane Tobacco! I could never endure this ungodly Tobacco, since our Doctor told me 'twas a bane to Propagation.—So spread handsomly: Lord, these Boys do things so arsie—versie! You shew your breeding. Well, I am a Gentlewoman by my Sisters side, I can tell you: so—methodically. Hum! I wonder where I got that word! Oh 'twas Sir *John Empty* bid me kiss him methodically; 'tis a sweet man!

*Enter Mr. Dashit.*

*Mr. Dash.*

Well, *Tony Dashit*, be not discourag'd, be not disheartned, thou wilt recover all.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Oh are you come, Husband? where are they?

*Dash.*

How now! how now! how now! what, a Feast towards! and in my private Parlour! Who treats, who treats, *Peg?*

*Mrs. Dash.*

Prithee leave fooling; are they come?

*Dash.*

Come! who come?

*Mrs. Dash.*

Lord, How strange you make it!

*Dash.*

Strange! what's strange? is the woman mad!

*Mrs. Dash.*

Aye strange: You know of none that sent me a Jole of Salmon, you—and said they wou'd come dine with me!

*Dash.*

Hah, fresh Salmon! peace, not I; peace, the Messenger has mistaken the house: let's eat it up quickly, before it be inquir'd for. Come, come, Vineger quickly, *Sam*.—Some good luck yet, efaith; I never tasted Salmon that

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relish't better in my life. Well, 'tis a rare thing to feed at other mens cost.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Other mens cost! prithee did not you send this Salmon?

*Dash.*

No, I say, no.

*Mrs. Dash.*

By Mr. *Glisten's* man?

*Dash.*

I say no.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Who sent word that he and his Wife wou'd come to dinner with me?

*Dash.*

No, no.

*He eats like mad all this while.*

*Mrs. Dash.*

And hancel my new Bowl.

*He lays down his knife and starts.*

*Dash.*

Hah, Bowl!

*Mrs. Dash.*

And withal, commanded me to send the Bowl back.

*Dash.*

Hah, back!

*Mrs. Dash.*

That your Arms might be put on't.

*Dash.*

Oh!

*Mrs. Dash.*

By the same token that you were dry shaven this morning.

*Dash.*

Oh!

*Mrs. Dash.*

And thereupon I sent back the Bowl: nay and I bear not a brain—

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*Dash.*

And is the Bowl gone? is it deliver'd? departed? defunct? hah!

*Mrs. Dash.*

Delivered? yes sure, 'tis delivered.

*Dash.*

I will never more say my Prayers; and is the Bowl gone?

*Mrs. Dash.*

Gone: God is my witness I deliver'd it with no more designe to be cozen'd on't, than the childe unborn.

*Dash.*

Look to my house, I am haunted with Evil Spirits: hear me, thou Plague to man, thou Wife thou, if I have not my Bowl again, I will go to the Devil; I'll to a Conjuror: look to my house, I'll raise all the Wise men in *London*.

*Exit in rage.*

*Mrs. Dash.*

Bless me, what fearful words are these! I trust in God he is but drunk sure.

*Enter Trick. as before.*

*Trick.*

I must have my Salmon, I cannot afford the old Rogue so good a bit; I must have it to season my Punch. Now for a Master-piece: Fair Mistriss—

*Mrs. Dash.*

Oh have I caught ye! *Sam*, shut up the doors, *Sam*.

*Trick.*

Peace, good Mistriss, I'll tell you all: A Jest, a meer Jest; your Husband did it onely to fright ye: the Bowl's at my Masters, and thither your Husband's gone, and has sent me in all haste, lest you shou'd be over-frighted, to invite you to come to dinner to him.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Praise Heaven 'tis no worse!

*Trick.*

And bad me desire you to send the Salmon before, and your self to follow: My Mistriss will be very glad to see you.

*Mrs. Dash.*

I pray take it. Well, I was never so out of my wits in my life: Pray thank your Mistriss. [*Exit Trick. with the Salmon.* How my heart beats still, beshrew him! *Sam*, my Hood, *Sam*, and Gloves, and Scarf, quickly.

*Enter Dashit.*

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*Dash.*

How now, whither are you janting, hah?

*Mrs. Dash.*

Come, play the fool no longer, will you go?

*Dash.*

Whither, in the name of Madness, whither?

*Mrs. Dash.*

Whither! why to Mr. *Glisten's* to eat the Salmon. How strange you make it!

*Dash.*

Your meaning, Jade, your meaning.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Lord bless me, did not you send for me and for the Salmon, by the self-same fellow that came for the Bowl?

*Dash.*

'Tis well, 'tis wonderous well! and are you in your fight wits, Jade, are you?

*Mrs. Dash.*

An you make an Ass of me, I'll make an Ox of you, I tell ye that.

*Dash.*

Nay, Jade, be patient; for look ye, I may be mad, or drunk, or so; tho you can bear more than I, I do well: I will not curse; but Heaven knows my minde. Come, let's go hear some Musick. I will never pray again, that's certain: Let's go hear some doleful Musick. Nay, if Heaven forget to prosper Knaves, the Citie's like to thrive: I'll go hang my self out of the way.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**ACT the Fourth.**

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**SCENE the First.**

*Enter Sir Lyonell, Mr. Wellman, Friendly, Sir John Emptie, Mr. Shatter, Marinda, Diana, Petronella, and other women and men; with Musick.*

*Sir Ly.*

**More** Lights there, Boy, more Wine and Lights.— Come, come, son *Wellman*, for so I must call you now; introth you are not merrie, Sir, not heartily merrie: Come, we'll have tother Dance, efact we will, Mr. *Wellman*. *Diana*, whe Girl, I say! Adsmе you're all out of sorts; I thought thy Tongue and heels cou'd never have been idle: Come, come, hands, hands, for shame.

*Sir John.*

Come, Mrs. *Diana*, I'm your man at this sport; I never stand out at these businesses: Your hand, fair Mistriss.  
*[Snatches her hand.]*

*Friend.*

You lie, Sir.

*Sir John.*

Do I, Sir? I vow to God, I ask your pardon, Sir; I durst to have sworn I'd been in the right.

*Dian.*

What, quarrelling about the Spoil before the Victorie!

*Sir John.*

Nay, Madam, as for that matter, I'm a man of Reason, and *Frank Friendly*'s an honest fellow, and my friend.

*Friend.*

You lie again, Sir.

*Sir John.*

Well, well, Sir, you are dispos'd to be merrie, or so, but there be more Ladies—Whe, what the Devil ails he, tro?

*Shat.*

Pox on't, how rarely he huffs now! Well, it's a most admirable thing this same Courage, if a man had but the knack on't!

*Sir Ly.*

Come, Zouks, you're tardie, villanous: Young Men and Maids, to't, to't, I say, and do not idle time. Come, Minstrels, play away, efaith my dancing—days are not done yet.

*Musick plays, they dance, at the end of which Well. speaks.*

*Well.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Friendly*, you're out.

*Friend*.

Death, you lie!

*Strikes him, he draws, they pass, the Company puts in all but Shat. & Sir John, who run in corners.*

*Sir Ly*.

The Quarrel, Gentlemen, the Quarrel! efaith, here's fine doings!

*Friend*.

Oh, Sir, you have the advantage of the place.

*Well*.

I do believe I have; and you're not safe here: I'll meet you, Sir, anon.

*Whispers.*

*Friend*.

Do so. Farewel.

*Mar*.

For Heavens sake, Sir, come back—what wou'd you do? if there be ought that you take ill from *Wellman*, declare it here, and let us end the Quarrel. I know 'tis some mistake; I know he loves you: let not a trifle set such friends at odds. Speak to him, Sister.

*Dian*.

Why how now, Sir, is this the proof you give me of your Love! Oh you have shew'd your self a gallant Spark! I thought it Jealousie, and took it kindly your rudeness to our Knight here; but to a friend, at least the man you call so, gives me some cause to fear you're angrie at his Contract with my Sister. Be friends, or I'll believe so.

*Friend*.

Do so, I care not.

*Dian*.

Hah! do you not love me? Do not make me serious, I shall be out of humour if you do; and Heaven knows what a strange thing I may prove then; I never tri'd it yet.

*Friend*.

I care not; pray unhand me.

*Dian*.

I will, in spite of all that wou'd detain thee. I never found my self thus much concern'd.

*Sir Ly*.

What sudden flaw is this?

*Well*.

By Heaven, I know not, Sir, unless some hidden flame for thee—

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Mar.*

It cannot be, I never saw a glance, a look, or smile, cou'd be suspected Love: 'tis some old Grudge. Dear, do not follow him, my heart presages something that is fatal. [*weeps.*] Good Sir perswade him.

*To Sir Lyon.*

*Sir Ly.*

Away, ye fool, perswade him not to fight! away, a Coward! hang't, he were not worth thy love then.

*Well.*

Honour, my Deer, obliges me to go. Wou'dst have the man that has thy heart in keeping, be pointed out for Cowardize? Away, thou needst not fear, we shall at most onely exchange a Wound. Thy sacred Image guards my heart entire, and keeps it safe from danger. Go to the Banquet, entertain the Ladies, and be merrie.

*Sir Ly.*

By Cocks bones shall she, and be very merrie, to think she's like to have so brisk a Spark to her Bed-fellow. Go thy ways, *William*, and God's blessing go with thee, Boy: if thou wants a second, I can push yet, I'm not so old efaith.

*Well.*

I humbly thank ye, Sir; we shall think better on't perhaps before we fight.

*Dian.*

Or shall *Sir John* go? he's a man of mettle, I assure you, Brother.

*Sir John.*

What the Devil do ye mean! I have mind to take this opportunitie to be with thee, thou little wanton—

*Friend.*

Fear not, Sir, I'll excuse ye.

*Goes out bowing to Mar.*

*Sir John.*

You little amiable mischievous Ape you, what a scurvie malicious Jest did you break upon me, to make the Proverb good, You had rather lose your Friend than your Jest?

*Dian.*

A Jest! it was a parlous true one then: I said you were all Mettle; A brazen face, a leaden brain, and a copper nose and beard.

*Sir John.*

Wit, Lightning, and Quick-silver, thou little more than Dwarf, and something less than woman.

*Dian.*

A Wasp, a Wasp! Your Wit stings, Sir.

*Sir John.*

Thou'rt plagueie sharp; pray God thou be'st not too far gone in Love; if thou shou'dst, I must be forc'd in honour to marrie thee, tho introth 'twou'd be hardly brought about.

## THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Dian.*

No matter, Sir; things got by struggling, bring the greater pleasure, when dull Consent but palls the Appetite. Then thou'rt a fool too, the most admirable necessary for a Husband in the whole Creation, and the best Block to carve a Cuckold in.

*Sir John.*

Whe, what a tart Monkey's this! By my troth if thou hadst not so much wit, I cou'd finde in my heart to take thee for better for worse; for I finde thou con'dst bear me with all my faults.

*Dian.*

Bear with thee! I wonder how thy Mother bore thee nine whole months about her, when I'll be sworn I can scarce endure thee in my sight an hour.

*Sir John.*

Alas for you, sweet Soul, good lack! A pox of your Wit: By the Lord *Harry*, you are the proudest, scoffing, scurvie, idle, fantastical, whimsical—Ads nigs, because you have read *St. George for England, Amades de Gall*, and the Legend of Lyes, you are licens'd, forsooth, to abuse all the world: Egad, *Sir Lyonell*, your Father shall know't.

*Offers to go out.*

*Dian.*

He must not tho—Nay, do not go in Rancor, good dear Knight; for I must confess a secret to you; which if you knew my heart, you wou'd believe there were nothing so cruel there as you imagine. I speak very kinde things of you between my Maid and I anight as I am going to bed, and next my Prayers too, Heaven forgive me! I spoke things of you that I wou'd not wish you shou'd know.

*Sir John.*

Nay, look ye, for my part, if I have not most religiously vow'd my heart yours, been drunk twice a day to your health, swallow'd Fire and inches of your Cuff—strings, eat Candles, pledg'd your health in Chamber—lie, run Pins into my Arms, and done all manner of gallant and heroick actions, I'm the veriest son of a Whore breathing; and yet to tell me after all this, I have a brazen face, a leaden brain, and a copper nose, [*weeps.*] 'tis most intolerable, insupportable, and prodigious, I'll be sworn.

*Dian.*

And de ye love me so indeed?

*Sir John.*

Love you! 'Sbud, whosoever says I do not, and honour you too, Egad; nay, and if you wou'd, wou'd marrie you, is a son of a Whore, and a Scoundrel, by the Lord.

*Dian.*

And let me tell you in return, that—Heaven forgive me! And my Sister knows I have took drink and slept upon't, that if ever I marrie, it shall be you; and I will marrie, and yet I hope I do not say it shall be you neither. Come, let's to the Banquet.

*Sir John.*

Oh, dear Creature, I do not say you do: Lord, how was I mistaken in thy heart! But will you hereafter cast a kinde look at me, to put me in countenance before Companie? That I wou'd be at now.

*Dian.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

Much may be done. Come, let's to the Banquet.

*Sir John.*

And will you, my prettie little Darling of mine eyes, marrie me? As I hope to breath, my Purse, Bodie, Soul and all, shall be thine.

*Dian.*

Most affectionately spoken! Well, get my Fathers consent, and as for mine—the Devil take me if ever thou gets it.

*[Aside.*

*Sir John.*

A Kiss, and 'tis a Match. Thus *Hymen* shou'd begin; A falling out, sometimes proves falling in.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Wellman and Friendly, as in the street.*

*Well.*

Well, my dear friend, tell me with open heart, hath not my Reasoning reclaim'd thy Folly, preserv'd thy falling Vertue, and secur'd it?

*Friend.*

There is no Vertue in Blood, no Reasoning in Desire: But shall I not in this fond act of Love, do that which will to thee render my name abhorr'd, and make thee hate me?

*Well.*

By Heaven, no.

*Friend.*

And shall I then? may I enjoy *Corina*?

*Well.*

Thou shalt, by all our Friendships. Here, take this Ring, shew it to that fair Devil, it will confirm me dead; which rumour, with my absence, will make good—Possess thy Love, grow wearie in her Arms, then be thy self again.

*Friend.*

But if Report grows strong, and I am seiz'd, where shall I finde thee?

*Well.*

At *Glistens* my Goldsmith in *Cheapside*, to whom I'll tell our business and designe.

*Friend.*

Thither I'll come and tell thee how I thrive. Till when, farewell.

*Goes out.*

*Well.*

SCENE the First.

## THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

When woman's in the heart, the soul's all hell. Now Repentance, the after-clap of Fools, light on thee; I have an Art left that may reclaim thee yet. I'll make thee fall into the vilest dangers, even worse than womans Lust. No Goldsmith will I see, or tell my storie to, but in some fit disguise I'll hide my self impossible to be discover'd, and leave thee to two friends, a Whore and Law, that will be plague sufficient for one man; but is this friendship in me? [*pawses.*] No matter:

No man is purely vertuous, no Vertue purely kind;  
The end being good, the way is well design'd.

*Goes out.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

SCENE II.

SCENE changes to *Corina's* house.

*Enter Corina in anger, followed by Trickwell with Plate, and Mrs. Dunwell.*

*Cor.*

Oh, impudence, am I then fallen so low to be sollicitated by Pimps and Panders! Hell take the trade, if this be the effects on't.

*Trick.*

Madam, whatever you may think of me, my Present has the shew of Qualitie; here's Plate, a Present that a Lord might make ye; and I was once a Gentleman, tho I am fallen so low by faithless Vice, yet tho undone, poor and depriv'd of all, I have a heart and will, that still remains, and fain wou'd venture on when Beautie calls. And if I have a stock, which Heaven and my own industrie has lent, I must employ it still to that dear use. Take first this little Tribute of my conquer'd heart; I may in time increase it: were it Crowns, here they shou'd all be offer'd.

*Cor.*

And thus I'd spurn away: Base servile Villain, who livest by Noise and Riot, spunging upon the drops that fall from Gentlemen, canst thou believe that after *Wellman's* love, I cou'd receive a Raskal to my Arms?

*Trick.*

If I were there, you'd finde but little difference; and possibly the next they entertain may fail to pay this price I offer ye. This Raskal and that beautious haughtie thing, bating the Sex, differ but very little. I live by Brauls, by rapine, and by Spoils, in Fears, Vexations, Dangers, so do you; I eat when I can get a fool to treat me, and you can do no more: Pox of your pride, methinks we two might understand each other; you've no Gallant to take your Quarrels up; you raign'd when time was, and I'll do so now, for you have known my love, shall finde my power, tho yet I nere durst tell you so.

*Cor.*

Nor shall not yet; for tho that Lover's gone, who but to look on wou'd have made thee tremble, I've Beautie still that may command another Beautie whose very glance shou'd make thee bow: Gods! and has it lost its awe?

*Trick.*

It has, and I'm resolv'd upon a Conquest.

*Cor.*

Death, Sirra! stand off, and view my fatal hand, it carries death to the bold Ravisher, that dares approach unreverendly. A Whore! what tho to her that bears it 'tis a shame, an infamie that cannot be supported? to all the world besides it bears a mightie sound, petition'd, su'd to, worshipp'd as a God, presented, flatter'd, follow'd, sacrific'd to, Monarch of Monarchs, Tyrant of the world, what does that charming word not signifie! And darest thou raise thy hated eyes so high to gaze on such a Constellation! No, be gone, with all thy base-got worthless Trifles, quickly pack up, and hence, or I will kill thee.

*Goes out.*

*Dun.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

So, Sir, you had better have lookt no higher than Mrs. *Mary Dunwell*, who can down with you when money's low; but when once a little in Pocket, you are for high feeding, forsooth. Go get you gone, I may chance take pitie on you when her passion's over, and do you some service.

*Trick.*

No, by Heaven, I'll try my chance this very minute, throw my last Cast, for the great Stake is set, and will enjoy her now.

*Goes in and knocks.*

*Dun.*

Hah! here's somebodie I hope will interrupt you.

*Opens the door.*

*Enter Wellman disguised.*

What wou'd you, Sir? wou'd you have ought with me? A proper handsome fellow, but ill drest.

*Aside.*

*Well.*

Madam, I am a Gentleman grown poor, decay'd by fortune, and wou'd gladly serve: I can obey, cou'd you direct me where.

*Dun.*

This fellow wou'd serve my turn most admirably! but if I cou'd—you wou'd grow proud with feeding well and clean Linnen.

*Well.*

I am not bred so ill, but I can tell how to be grateful to you.

*Dun.*

Introth he apprehends most discreetly—but you're too big to wear a Liverie.

*Well.*

Not at all; 'tis the fashion now for Ladies to keep tall men in Liveries: your Page is out of fashion, and your stripling Footman.

*Cor. [within]*

Help! help! undone! Oh help!

*Well.*

Hah, what noise is that!

*Draws, and runs in.*

*Dun.*

Heavens! the Rogue sure was ravishing her.

*Enter Wellman dragging in Trickwell, Corina follows disordered.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Well.*

Damn'd sawcie Villain, what was thy pretence?

*Trick.*

What's that to thee, bold interrupting Slave, sent by the Devil to hinder my delight?

*Well.*

Dog—

*Going to kill him.*

*Cor.*

Hold, do not kill the Raskal; 'tis enough you've sav'd me from his mischiefs: pray let him go.

*Well.*

'Tis pitie, but I will obey. Take that, and that, that, ye Mungrel Cur; Dogs shou'd be us'd so. [*Kicks him out.*] Death! what a very wretched thing's a Whore, that every Raskal dares approach with Love!

*Aside.*

*Cor.*

Who are ye, pray, to whom I'm so oblig'd?

*Well.*

One that wou'd gladly serve in any qualitie.

*Cor.*

I'll do thee good; take that. [*Gives him money.*] I will prefer thee to some man of Qualitie: Mean time make this your home.

*Well.*

I wonder whether *Friendly* has been here!

*Aside.*

*Dun.*

Madam, one knocks; shall any have admittance?

*Cor.*

Onely false *Wellman's* Friend. You may retire, and wait my farther pleasure.

*Exit Dun.*

*Well.*

I'll over—hear ye too.

*Exit Well.*

*Enter Dunwell and Friendly.*

## THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Friend.*

Now, my dear Mistriss, Soul of my desires, I come with all the Spoils of conquering Love, to lay 'em at thy feet. My Stop is dead, the Stop of all my ravishing Happiness; and here's the witness of my Victorie.

*[Kneeling presents her the Ring.]*

*Cor.*

Dead! *Wellman* dead! Oh thou inhumane friend, that borest that title onely to betray him! Dead! and by thee! Heaven, can you let him live! Support me, or I fall to earth with this sad killing news.

*Seems to faint.*

*Friend.*

Heavens, Madam, what d'ye mean? or shall I vow to you he is not dead?

*Cor.*

Hah! not dead!

*Friend.*

What wou'd you have me do? When I confirm him dead, you grow inrag'd; and when I say he lives, you kill with frowns.

*Cor.*

Traytor, and hast thou then deceiv'd my hopes? and is not *Wellman* dead? Hell, what is man! how didst thou swear, how didst thou prostrate lie, and beg'd to give me any proof of thy false Passion? I ask'd thee this; and is it thus you give it! Oh for a quick revenging Power to kill thee!

*Friend.*

Calm that dear angrie face, and tell my Love which way it best shall please.

*Cor.*

Is't in thy choice, perjurd, forsworn, and false, to tell me either? Damn thy double Tongue, and all this Beautie that mis-led thy truth, if thou hadst ever any in thy soul.

*Friend.*

Then since it is my destinie to offend, which way soere I take I'll follow truth, and tell you, Madam, all your strict Commands I did obey, and *Wellman* is no more.

*Cor.*

No more! why what hadst thou to do with my Commands? Oh thou hast kill'd all that my soul cou'd love! Tho I commanded, yet he was thy friend, and that in generositie shou'd have sav'd him. Go from my eyes, far from my thoughts remain.

*Friend.*

Is this then the reward of all my Love? What have I done, but been obedient? Had I priz'd my Friendship above that Love, wou'd you have took it well? Yes, I will be gone, and to the judging world Prove who's the greater Criminal you or I:  
I kill'd a Friend, you make a Lover die.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Cor.*

I must not let him go, till I'm reveng'd. Stay, I relent; Oh stay, and give my heart a little time to take leave of its old acquaintance, ere it go to make a new and unknown choice agen. Alas, I lov'd this *Wellman*, lov'd him dearly, more than my life.

*Weeps.*

*Friend.*

Why did you kill him then?

*Cor.*

Why, in my own defence; he gave the first, I fear the mortal wound.

*Friend.*

Then think it just, and think of him no more, but of the dear reward you are to give for all my service. Come, will you not?

*Cor.*

I will; but you'll receive it decently, and not with hands distain'd i'th' blood of him that lately was so dear to me?

*Friend.*

Still on that subject? do not put me off; I've left the business of my life undone, and had not power to go about my Pardon, so hastie for the dear reward I was; and is it thus you treat me?

*Cor.*

You'll finde me all you wish, give me an hours time to compose my self; and all this upon my brow is but a modest decencie; one hour of joy will chase it all away.

*Friend.*

Do not you dally with me?

*Cor.*

No by Heaven, when you return I'll give ye your reward, and what you most deserve—a Halter 'tis, [*Aside.*] false and perfidious wretch.

*Friend.*

Here, keep this Ring, and think each minutes absence is a long year in love. Farewel.

*Exit.*

*Cor.*

Farewel, vain credulous treacherous fool, farewel. Mischief inspire me now with all your Arts; methinks the sight of this instructs my Soul in a most noble piece of Villanie: I will to fair *Marinda* with this Ring, and frame a storie of so cunning mischief, shall stab her through the ear into the heart. By Heaven, 'tis greatly brave, and I'll begin it: Then when this false believer does return, I'll be prepar'd for him—What, Hoe, who waits?

*Enter Dunwell and Wellman.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Well.*

Now what a Devil is this woman grown!

*Aside.*

*Cor.*

My Hoods and Fan, and call a Coach immediately: [*Exit Dun.*] and you, Sir, I must beg to wait on me.

*Well.*

Where ever you command.—This was happie!

*[Ex. all.]*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**SCENE III.**

SCENE changes to Sir *Lyonell's* house.

*Enter Sir Lyonell, Marinda, Diana and Maid, and Sir John.*

*Mar.*

Nay, good Sir, be not angrie that I sent; I was afraid some harm wou'd come of it, and so I fear there is.

*Sir Ly.*

And did no one hear of him?

*Mar.*

None; pray Heaven he be well; my heart misgives me.

*Sir Ly.*

Well, if he be lost, there's a brave fellow gone, and in a time the King had need of Souldiers; there's idle Husbands enough for you, Baggages.

*Dian.*

I have a little kind of a scurvie pain too, which I do not use to feel about my heart, for *Friendly*—but none shall see it in my troubled looks: not that I care who knew the loving secret, but I'll not be laught at.

*Sir Ly.*

Leave your whimpering, do: Wou'd thou hadst a heart like thy Sister here. When wou'd she cry for a man thus?

*Dian.*

Faith, Sir, when I have as much need of a man as she, that is, when I want one, I cannot dissemble.

*Sir John.*

Look ye, Sir, she has need enough, and thanks to fortune she's provided for, with your good liking, noble Sir *Lyonell*.

*Sir Ly.*

Come, Sir, let's have one Marriage well over, before we think of another. Wou'd we cou'd hear of these Sparks too; 'tis almost midnight: they might have staid till day—light, and have kill'd one another like Christians decently, not by dark, as Cats and Dogs worrie each other. I know not what to think on't.

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.*

Here's a Ladie in a Coach below desires to speak with you.

*Sir Ly.*

A Ladie at this hour! she shall be welcome; old as I am, I'll not deny a Ladie.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Exit Boy.*

*Enter Corina and Wellman disguised.*

*Sir Ly.*

I hope your business is with me, fair Ladie.

*Dian.*

'Twou'd be but ill dispatch'd then.

*Cor.*

I know not, Sir; first let me crave your name, or are you Father to the fair *Marinda*?

*Sir Ly.*

I am, fair Mistriss, for want of a better. By the Mass she's very handsome! [*aside.*] This is the Maid you name.

*Cor.*

My time's but short, and what I have to say I must dispatch. Madam, you had a Lover once, Young *Wellman*!

*Mar.*

Had! (good Heavens!) I hope and have.

*Cor.*

No, *Friendly* has basely kill'd him.

*Mar.*

Oh wretched lost *Marinda*!

*Swoons.*

*Sir Ly.*

Look to my Daughter!

*Cor.*

Madam, look up; this great concern he merits not: 'twas pitie brought me here to undeceive ye; his Vows and Soul were mine, intirely mine.

*Mar.*

Why didst thou call me back to life again, or say in pitie that you undeceiv'd me? If you knew *Wellman* false, why did you stay me? You shou'd have let me di'd, 't had been more charitable; but if, as you affirm, he lov'd you best, which I believe from that fair form of yours, whilst I remain I needs must love you too.

*Dian.*

This must be malice sure!

*Cor.*

Madam, do ye know this Ring? he gave it me, and told me such things of your tiresome Passion, as gave us cause of laughter all the evening.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Mar.*

I cannot blame him that he lov'd me not, when so much Beautie as appears in you, gave him permission to adore it: but methinks 'twas ungentile to make a sport of me; he shou'd have pitied follies he created: he lov'd me first; alas, I sought him not. [*weeps.*] Help me, *Diana*, for I feeble grow! To morrow shou'd have been my Wedding-day, now I invite you to my Funeral; bring Flowers and strow the way to my cold Grave, and lay me down in peace.

*Sir Ly.*

Lead her in, and be careful of her; but, Madam—

*Talks aside.*

*Well.*

I cannot hold, I must reveal my self; [*going stops*] Yet stay, Heavens, shall I suffer her to die! so good, so gentle, and so sweet a Mistriss? Were there but three such women in the world, two might be sav'd.—Yes, I'll have patience yet to see the utmost that this Devil aims at.

*Sir Ly.*

Confest it, said ye, Madam? and to you? on what Acquaintance, pray?

*Cor.*

He was in love with me; and seeing no hope of gaining me whilst *Wellman* was alive, he pick'd a Quarrel with him, and dispatch'd him, and vaunted of the Villanie to me. Please you to go where I'll direct you, Sir, he shall confess the Murder.

*Sir Ly.*

Madam, I'll go; and you, Sir *John* must bear me companie.

*Sir John.*

With all my heart, Sir.

*Sir Ly.*

Madam, your hand. *Roger*, go you to Mr. Constable, bid him be readie if I have occasion, and careful who passes the streets to night.

*Exeunt all.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

SCENE IV.

*Enter Dashit and Sam.*

*Dash.*

Sayst thou, *Sam*, at one Mrs. *Dunwell*'s house? whe, she's a Bawd.

*Sam.*

Yes, Sir, or my intelligence is false. There lies a Ladie, Sir, with whom he's desperately in love; and having no purchase—money, 'tis thought, hires the Bawd at the price of's own bodie, to get the young Ladie, Sir: They call her *Corina*.

*Dash.*

Lord, Lord, what will this wicked world come to! And there thou sayest I may be sure to finde this villanous *Trickwell*.

*Sam.*

He never lies from thence all day, Sir, as I am inform'd; 'tis now about his hour of departure, and this way he must come.

*Dash.*

Get ye home, *Sam*; I'll ene take Mr. Constable and a Watchman or two, and fall to searching. Get ye home, *Sam*, thou shalt have a new Sute for this, honest *Sam*.

*[Exit Sam.*

Well, if I catch the Rogue, he shall be hang'd in lousie linnen: I'll hire a Priest to make a Papist of him before Execution; and when he's dead, I'll piss on's Grave.—

*Enter Trickwell in a Cloke.*

But stay, who comes here? this may be he.

*Trick.*

Damn this *Corina*, this proud scornful Beautie, whom I must humble and enjoy. I know I am a Rogue not worthie of her love, a Raskal that have no one Good about me, but that I love: And this damn'd Bawd, to keep me to her self, disgraces me to *Corina*.

*Dash.*

Aye, aye, this must be he—Ware shaving, Sir: What ho, the Watch! the Watch!

*Takes hold of Trickwell's Cloak.*

*Trick.*

Death! 'tis *Dashit*'s voice!

*[Gets from him, and runs out, leaving his Cloak behinde with Dashit.*

Thieves! Thieves! stop Thieves!

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Runs out, Dashit after.*

*Enter the Watch after, met by Trickwell.*

*Const.*

Who goes there? come before the Constable.

*Trick.*

Death, you are a prettie fellow of a Constable, to represent the King's Person indeed! here's a Watch for the Devil! honest men are robb'd under your Noses. A Raskal in the habit of a Vintner set upon me, cri'd stand and deliver, in the Kings Highway; he wou'd have had my Purse, but that my heels sav'd it: Yet he got my Cloak of rich Camlet, I'll be sworn, new and fair this morning. If you light on him, seize him, and keep him in the Stocks till the Cloak will hang him.

*Const.*

Doubt not our diligence, Master, these dangerous times.

*I Watch.*

Something to drink, Master, we that take pains for the good of the Nation.

*Trick.*

Honest men, watch and sleep not. Good night.

*Goes out.*

*I Watch.*

Well, Master, we must watch better indeed. Is't not strange that Knaves, Rogues, and Thieves, shou'd be abroad, and yet we of the Watch, Scrivenors, Exchange-men, and Taylors, never stir a foot!

*Enter Dashit running with the Cloak.*

*Const.*

Who goes there?

*Dash.*

An honest man and a Citizen.

*I Watch.*

The Knave's drunk, and speaks Riddles.

*Const.*

Come afore the Constable; what art thou?

*Dash.*

A Vintner.

*Const.*

SCENE IV.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

Bring him neer: Hah, what's here, the Cloak?

*I Watch.*

Oh, Mr. Vintner! is't you? Hold, a rich Camlet–Cloak; 'tis the same.

*Const.*

Oh thou Varlet, does not thou know the Wicked cannot scape the eyes of the Constable?

*Dash.*

What means all this? as I'm an honest man and a Citizen, I took the Cloak—

*Const.*

As you're a Knave, you took the Cloak; we are your witnesses for that.

*Dash.*

But, Neighbours, hear me, hear who I am.

*I Watch.*

A Thief you are, we know.

*Dash.*

My name is *Dashit*.

*Const.*

I, I, we'll dash ye: in with him to the Stocks there, and lock him fast till morning, that Justice *Lackbrain* may examine him.

*Dash.*

Whe, but heark ye—

*Const.*

Away with him.

*Dash.*

Mr. Constable—

*Const.*

In, I say.

*Locks him in the Stocks.*

*Dash.*

Am I not stark mad yet, not quite an Ass?

*I Watch.*

You may be in good time, in grace a God, Sir. Well, what wou'd this Citie do, if 'twere not for such necessarie Tyrants as our selves to ride the free–born Jades, and humble 'em?

*2 Watch.*

Prithee hold thy prating, minde our duties, and let's go sleep in the fear of the Lord.

*[Ex. all but Dash. in the Stocks.]*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Enter Trickwell.*

*Dash.*

Who's there? So ho! so ho!

*[to him Trick. like a Bell-man.*

I shall be mad, lose my wits, and then be hang'd. Who goes there I say? thou mayst approach without fear, I'm fast by the heels.

*Trick.*

'Tis *Dashit!*

*Rings his Bell.*

Maids in your Night-rails,  
Look to your light Tails,  
Keep close your Locks,  
And down your Smocks;  
Keep a broad Eye,  
And a close Thigh.

Good morrow, my Masters all, good morrow.

*Dash.*

A Pox of Eyes and Thighs! Whe, Bell-man. *[Trick. comes to him, holds his Lanthorn.*

*Trick. [Through the Nose.]*

Good lack, good lack, Mr. *Dashit!* whe, what does your Worship in the Stocks? pray come out, Sir.

*Dash.*

Out, Sir! whe, I tell thee I am lockt.

*Trick.*

Lockt! Oh Men, Oh Manners! Oh Times, Oh Night! that canst not discern gravitie and wisdom, in one of the Common-Council too! Whe, what's your Worship in for?

*Dash.*

For? a Plague on't, suspition of Felonie.

*Trick.*

Nay, an't be such a trifle, Lord, I cou'd weep to see your good Worship in this taking: Your Worship has been a good friend to me; and tho you have forgot me, I have found your Worship's doors open, and I have knockt, and God knows what I have sav'd; and do I live to see your Worship stockt?

*Dash.*

Hah! alas, honest man, thou knows me then: Prithee call the Watch, and let the Constable know who I am, prithee do; and here, I have some money about me.

*Trick.*

'Tis more than I deserve, Sir; let me alone for your deliverie.

*Dash.*

SCENE IV.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

Do so, honest Bell–man, and then let me alone with that Knave *Trickwell*.

*Trick.*

Maids in your Night–rails, &c.  
*Crying and ringing.*

*Going out, enter Constable and Watch.*

Mr. Constable, who's in the Stocks?

*Const.*

One *Dashit*, for a Robberie. *Dashit* he calls himself: dost know him?

*Trick.*

Know him!—Well, Mr. Constable, what good have you done the Citie! Know him! a most notorious Thief; his house has been suspected for a Bawdie–house many a year; a harbourer of Cut–purses and Night–walkers; he has been a long time in the black blook, and is he taken now?

*I Watch.*

How? Burladie, Neighbour, we'll not trust the Stocks with him; we'll to Newgate with him to rights.

*Const.*

Well mov'd, *Simon*. Come, Sir, come, Sir, out with him.

*Dash.*

Oh, does your Raskalships know me now? I thought you wou'd know me in the end.

*Const.*

Yes, the end of your worship we know.

*Dash.*

Aye, here's an honest fellow can inform ye.

*Const.*

Yes, we thank him, he has inform'd us you are a Pimp and a Thief. Binde him fast, and to Newgate with him.

*Dash.*

To Newgate! why Bell–man, Rogue, Raskal? To Newgate, amongst the prophane Jesuits too? oh, oh!

*Exit the Watch with Dashit.*

*Trick.*

So, thou art like to thrive in thy Knaverie: Roguerie prospers with thee. To morrow is the Sessions at the *Old–baily*; I'll make him shrink with fear, ere I have done. Cou'd I but be reveng'd on this *Corina*, I shou'd be prosperous indeed;  
Some little Devil help me at a pinch at need.

*Exit.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**ACT the Fifth.**

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

**SCENE the First.**

*Corina's House.*

*Table and Lights.*

*Enter Sir Lyonel, Sir John, Corina and Wellman, disguis'd.*

*Cor.*

**This** is my Lodging, Gentlemen; where, if you'l please to wait a little, you shall both see and hear the truth of what I've told you.

*Sir Lyon.*

But, Madam, Did he tell you he had kill'd his Friend? tell you himself, 'tis strange!

*Cor.*

Sir, If you find I wrong him, let me dye. He came all breathless, panting to my Chamber, his Sword all bloody, pray'd me to conceal him, for he had murder'd *Wellman*.

*Sir Joh.*

Under favour, Madam, what quarrel had they, said he, 'tis a most rare Creature, I'm half in Love already.

*Cor.*

Innocently was the unhappy cause; they lov'd me, both were Rivals in my Favour, nor knew I which my heart inclin'd to most; *Wellman* had Wit, Youth, Gaity and good Humour, lovely, well made, fit to engage a heart; and *Friendly* too was handsom, very discreet, very Amorous, soft in his Language, modest in his Actions; and tho' their Charms were different, yet 'twas hard to say who was the greater Conquerour; so I by favouring both, made either jealous.

*Sir Joh.*

S'bud, wou'd I had shar'd of that without the danger?

*[aside.*

*Sir Ly.*

But *Wellman* was to have married my Daughter *Marinda*; to morrow was the day.

*Cor.*

To please his Father, Sir, he made you think so, he has oft with sighs to me confess'd he could not love *Marinda*, I hope she will believe, and dye in rage, and then I shou'd lye contented in my Grave.

*[aside.*

*Sir Ly.*

I pity thee, in troth now; but he was such a Villain, that but for his Fathers sake I'd let him dye unreveng'd—but Sir *Jeffery Wellman*'s my Friend, and therefore I'l be dispos'd by you.

*Enter Dunwell.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Dunw.*

Madam, here's the Villainous man come—as gay as a young Bridegroom.

*Cor.*

Pray Sir retire with these Gentlemen into my Closet, and you shall hear he will confess the murder, and having witness, you may apprehend him, and do you the while prepare the Watch, and let 'em wait below.

*Well.*

With what a Fury is a Whore inrag'd?

*[Puts Sir Lyonel and Sir John into the Closet, and Wellman and Dunwell go out.]*

*Cor.*

So now my Revenge grows high, cou'd I but hang this *Friendly*, which I wou'd because 'twas *Wellman's* Friend, and make *Marinda* mad,  
Oh! with what Joy I'd follow—for 'tis I  
Must end the last Act of the Tragedy.

*Enter to her Friendly fine.*

*Friend.*

Now, my *Corina*, now, my Heavenly Fair,  
I come to take that Joy which from thy Eyes  
I find thou wilt allow my panting heart—  
And here upon my knees receive my Vow;  
If ever I prove false to so much Beauty  
May I be ever scorn'd by Men and Heaven!  
Oh! the excessive Joy that fills my Soul  
With thought of my approaching happiness.  
Come, lets draw nearer to our bliss, thy Chamber—

*Cor.*

But stay—

*[Draws him near the Closet.]*

*Fri.*

Oh! do not kill me with that fatal stay.

*Cor.*

You have not told me yet how you kill'd *Wellman*.

*Fri.*

Oh! name him not, some fit of Love or Rage will seize thy Soul at naming him, and ruin me. My dear *Corina*, Mistris of my Life, name him no more.

*Cor.*

SCENE the First.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

Now, on thy Life, by all I hold most dear, now *Wellman* is no more, the repetition will be wondrous grateful. Prethee, how fell the perjurd faithless man? tell it me o're agen, and I'll resign my self for ever to thy Arms.

*Fri.*

Tell thee and take thee! Were each word Blasphemy, wou'd every Syllable betray my Life, I'de hast to utter it for that Reward: though I can tell no more than what I've done already—that we met at a Ball, prepar'd for the contracting of *Wellman* to *Marinda* ; where I being out in a Dance, or I at least pretending so, I struck him, we drew, but being parted there, I challeng'd him out, and it being late, we fought i'th street, where I had th' Advantage of him and kill'd him.

*Cor.*

What did you with the Body?

*Fri.*

Drag'd it into *Fleet Ditch*, with the next Tide to flote where Fortune pleas'd, and slew my dear *Corina*—

*Cor.*

You shall dye for't, fond easie Fool—

*Enter Sir Lyonel, Sir John, and lay hold of him: Wellman from below with Officers.*

*Sir Ly.*

Seize the Murderer, Oh wicked Villain, base and treacherous!

*Fri.*

Base and perfidious Woman! hold off your hands, and let me ask this Devil, why she does thus.

*Cor.*

Ah fool! that cou'dst believe my Love so slight to let thee, live, that murder'd him I liv'd for.

*Fri.*

Well ye Gods! you have reclaim'd my Wildness, and brought me back to man,—and now I see the Strong Deformity of sinful Passion.

*Sir Ly.*

Come, Come, Sir, we came not here to talk, 'tis Morning already, carry him directly to the Old Baily, the Sessions is now, and let him be hang'd out of the way.

*Fri.*

You've Reason Sir, and deserve this Usage, but yet unhand me—thus I'de been serv'd had I indeed kill'd *Wellman*! but Sir he lives, lives at his Goldsmiths, one *Glister* in *Cheapside*.

*Cor.*

Heavens! Lives! Lives to be married! Oh—

*Sir Ly.*

We are not to believe that Sir, to Prison with him till. he can prove this true.

*Fri.*

SCENE the First.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

No rudeness Sir, I'll go unguarded—Death! what a vile, poor, degenerate thing, a Mercenary Woman is—

*Sir Joh.*

How, a Mercenary Woman? Where the Devil have I liv'd, and how past my time, I knew her not before—this is her Man—I must get acquainted with him,—Friend— a Word I pray.

*Sir Ly.*

How Sir, this Woman set you on! nay then Mr. Constable, pray lay hold of her, and see her forth coming.

*Cor.*

With Joy, since *Wellman* lives, and lives to be perjur'd, no matter what becomes of poor lost me.  
*[weeping.]*

*Fri.*

No Sir, let me instruct you, take my Word I am a Gentleman, and known to you, she shall be forth coming if there be an Occasion, tho' she be false she is a Woman still, a beauteous lovely Woman—come Sir I'll follow you.  
*[Dunwel leads in Corina.]*

*Well.*

I've yet a little Pity on my Heart, and that forsaken Beauty I have ruin'd.  
*[and looking on.]*

*Sir Joh.*

But Sir you do not mind me.

*Well.*

Said you Sir?

*Sir Joh.*

I ask'd you Sir, who this Lady was, to whom I perceive you belong; whether a man may be welcome for his Money—you conceive me.

*Well.*

Sir?

*[Angryly.]*

*Sir Joh.*

Nay Sir, I ask your Pardon Sir, no Offence I hope; I'am a Knight by Birth Sir, and have Sir, some sixteen hundred a year Sir, no contemptable Fortune for a Gallant.

*Well.*

A Gallant Sir?

*Sir Joh.*

Whe yes Sir, a Gallant Sir, whe what a Devil, I speak no Treason I hope in the Lord.

*Well.*

SCENE the First.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

But Sir you do as bad, this Lady is of Quality, and has a Fortune too, or if she had not, she has Beauty sufficient to intitle her to be a wife.

*Sir Joh.*

Say you so Friend, I must confess I am very much taken with her Beauty, but that I have a sort of an Engagement upon my Person, to Mrs. *Diana* now, but I like this better by much Sir; and if she can but clear her self of the Business of this Murder, and has but any reasonable Fortune—and I get my self off this *Diana*—

*Well.*

Who is she Sir?

*Sir Joh.*

Sir *Lyonel Worthy's* Daughter Sir, a little learing Titt as any's in *England*.

*Well.*

Sir to serve you, cou'd you help me to the Speech of her, I wou'd do much, and have some artful Cunning.

*Sir Joh.*

Help thee, whe I'll carry thee immediately man, but do't so, as she may be very willing to part with me—or else, poor thing, twill grieve me to disappoint her.

*Well.*

I'll warrant you for doing that; and clearing this Lady, and securing you a Portion.

*Sir Joh.*

E Gad, and I'm a Man made then—come along thou shalt have a handsom Reward for thy Pains too.

*[Exeunt.]*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

SCENE II.

SCENE *Sir Lyonel's House*

*Two Chairs, a Table.*

*Enter Marinda, and Diana, and Maid.*

*Mar.*

But Sister is't a Sin to hang one's self?  
Is it a Crime to dye when Life's a Torment?  
Methinks Heaven shou'd forgive it.

*Dia.*

Prethee leave these Disputes, ye make me sad,  
A Humour that I hate, and yet for *Friendly*,  
I've try'd to weep and sigh, and have attain'd to't  
With very much adoe.

*Mar.*

Oh thou art happy, wou'd I were unconcern'd,  
An even brutal Temper that no Miseries  
Cou'd touch, nor Mirth cou'd elevate.

*Dia.*

Call you that brutal, give me that solid one;  
I hate your thin and unsubstantial Soul  
That every ject or small Assault of Grief,  
Breaks through and makes ridiculous Mirth and Rage,  
For every petty accident: Give me a Soul,  
A Humour that's in Grain, not one that  
Fades like Colours in the Sun, and changes like  
Your Cheeks now pale, now red, and tells the World  
The Secrets of your Heart; and yet I must confess I'm  
Griev'd for *Friendly*, for you know I lov'd him,  
Yet not so much to whine or dye for him.

*Mar.*

'Tis true, when I consider he was false, methinks I should not dye.

*Dia.*

Nay, as for that I think you are mistaken, I believe him true enough, and that was some insensed Mistris, some of his Family of Love, that envyed your Happiness only, and came to put you in Despair, and I believe *Wellman* is not dead, nor can I think *Friendly* cou'd be so base upon any account to kill him; he's virtuous, has some Religion in him, and much honesty, prethee be pacified; come sit, you have not slept to night, sit and lets sing to you, and I dare hold you my Diamond Pendants to fifty Guinneys *Wellman* is alive. Come *Ample*, sing a Song.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Enter Wellman and Sir John at the door.*

*Sir Joh.*

Look ye, Sir, I have brought you in, now lay your lyes as close together as you please, do you my bus'ness, and no matter how: I must to the Sessions house this morning to give my Evidence against *Friendly*.

[*Ex. Sir Joh.*]

*Ample* sings a Song.

*Mar.*

Away! I'll hear no more! I cannot sleep! Alas, there is no Musick like my sighs and grones; leave me, and let me go— to rest, and *Wellman*!

*Dia.*

*Ample*, she swoons, help, help—

*Well.*

By your leave, sweet Creatures.

*Dia.*

Uncivil Sir, what are you?

*Well.*

One that brings comfort: hah! the Lady dying! stand off, I have a Cordial in my Voice—oh! she's gone, curs'd be my Trial! See, 'tis *Wellman* calls.

*Dia.*

*Wellman*! ha, ha, ha! Sister, look up, he's here.

*Well.*

She stirs, give her more Air.

*Mar.*

How have I slip'd off Life! where am I, hah! in Heaven sure, and this is *Wellman* kneeling: Art thou an Angel there?

*Well.*

I would not wish it yet, no; we have an Age to come in love e're we arrive to that.

*Mar.*

You live then! [*softly*] I shall dy with Joy else.

*Well.*

Call back the Blood into thy paled Cheeks, thou Miracle of Women! I made this tryal only to secure my Faith, and I believe you love, and I am happy; by all that's good, I never was unjust; that Woman, that beauteous Sinner whom you saw, I've been to blame with, but you must forgive the Errours of my Youth.

*Mar.*

## THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

I do! and her! and must love whom you've lov'd.

*Well.*

I thank thy goodness, but it shall not need, hereafter I'll tell thee all my Life, but now my time is short, and I must yet remain in this Disguise 'till *Friendly's* Tryal's past; for he shall suffer to the last degree, for leaving thee, *Diana*, for another.

*Dia.*

And has he been so wicked?

*Well.*

Yes, but is now reclaim'd, but 'twas but in obedience to your Commands, you'd have him try to lose his Maidenhead, and he forsooth fell desperately in love, but I'll return the Penitent into your Arms again.

*Di.*

Faith Brother, I do love the Fugitive, that's flat: and if my Father please, will marry him; but he's for Sir *John Empty*.

*Well.*

But Sir *John Empty* is not for you, his heart's engag'd to this *Corina*, my quondam Mistris, she strikes all dead that look on her, and I'm to get your consent he may leave you.

*Dia.*

Alas! pray tell him tho' 'twill break my very heart; yet what must be, must be, Marriages are made in Heaven, and so forth.

[Enter Sir *John* running.]

*Well.*

Let me alone: but see where he comes breathless.

Sir *Joh.*

News, news, news, news!

*Dia.*

Mackerel, Mackerel, Mackerel, fresh come ashore.

Sir *Joh.*

Whe, how now, Mrs. *Marinda*! whe, you look blith and brisk upon't.

*Dia.*

Whe ay, is not that better than louring, and pouting, and puling, which is troublesom to the living and vain to the Dead? for my own part, let my Husband laugh at me when I'm dead, so he smile upon me whilst I live: I love a chearful countenance in all conditions.

Sir *Joh.*

Ay, but to see a Woman whine, and yet the Devil a tear falls; mourn, and yet keep her cheeks full.

*Dia.*

Ay, there's the Devil.

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

Sir Joh.

And yet I was heartily afraid y faith that I shou'd a seen a Garland on that Beauty's Herse; but Time, Truth, Experience and variety, have great power over Woman-kind.

Dia.

Well Sir, but to the business, the News you were so big with?

Sir Jo.

Why, 'tis this: the Publick Sessions this day holden at the *Old Baily* has condemn'd poor *Frank Friendly*.

Well.

Hah! Whe Sir, he offered to produce Mr. *Wellman* at one Mr. *Glisters* a Goldsmiths.

Sir Joh.

That's all one, when it came to the test *Glister* deny'd he ever saw or heard of him, and his own Confession hangs him without more witness, and with him *Dashit* the Vintner is condemn'd for Robbery, and several others.

Well.

How? *Dashit* for Robbery? and was it prov'd against him?

Sir Joh.

Only shrewd suspicions, 'tis thought he'l have a Pardon: a Cloak was stolen, that Cloak he had. The Justice was in Drink that committed him, the Judges severe and in haste, the Jury hungry, and so the Knave was cast; but hang him, he has cheated me with many an unmerciful Bill: but, Lord, to hear his mone, his wishes, his curses, his prayers, and his ill-tim'd Zeal, by my troth, they wou'd have made a Comedy. But, Sir, the Lady, the poor Lady you serve, and who betrayed *Friendly*, is sent to *Newgate*; Well, I'll take my Oath 'tis a lovely Gentlewoman, 'tis a thousand pities; they say she must be try'd the next Sessions.

[*Wellman* jogs *Diana*, and whispers.

[*aside*.

Dia.

Let me alone for a neat and seasonable lye; —how Sir, a Lady, pray, who mean ye?

Well.

She that was here, Madam, and gave an account how *Wellman* was kill'd.

Dia.

Heav'ns, his Sister! Mean you *Wellman's* Sister Sir?

[*to Sir John*.

Sir Joh.

How, *Wellman's* Sister?

[*aside*.

Well.

*Wellman's* Sister, Madam?

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*Dian.*

Can you do less for an abandon'd Mistris than tell a handsom lye to get her a good Husband? Say 'tis so, or I'll make mischief.

*[aside.*

*Well.*

The Gentleman knows 'tis so: I told him she was of Quality.

*Dia.*

A very virtuous Maid; Heav'ns! that I had but a Brother that wou'd marry her, and take her part in defiance of the World! Nay Sister, we must in Honour visit her: poor Innocence!

*Sir Joh.*

Hah! *Wellman's* Sister? Whe, look ye Madam, tho' you have not a Brother, I wou'd have you to know you have a Lover, that will do as much to serve you as any Lover in *Christendom*, and as for marrying her, for your sake, Madam, and to do the Lady good, I'de venture as far as *Hercules*, de ye see, or *Alexander* the Great, that I wou'd.

*Dia.*

Most Heroically spoken, the Contents do almost break my heart, yet, Sir, to let you see I scorn to be out-done in Bravery, I'le—give you leave—to marry her; and I think that's a bold word.

*Sir Joh.*

Egad and so 'tis.

*Mar.*

Nay if you are so resolv'd, and keep that Resolution, 'twill not be hard to bring the Lady off, so many Friends joyning to her party.

*Dia.*

For my part I'll dye to serve her.

*Sir Joh.*

And so will I in blood, now I'm set on't,

*Dia.*

Come then, without Delay let's visit her,

*Mar.*

Where? At *New-gate* Sister?

*Dia.*

At *New-gate*: Oh let not that Word fright you, because so many have gone to the Gallows from thence! martyr'd Innocence does often dye where Thieves and Robbers do; a Gallows may be sanctify'd, why not a Prison? Come Sir *John* your hand.

*Mar.*

And Sir I must beg yours.

*To Wellman, Exeunt.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

SCENE III.

*Great-gate.* SCENE changes to the Front of *New-gate* at the Grate two or three Prisoners, one a beging, a Box hangs out.

*[To them Shamock*

*[Begs in a low Voice, and crys the while.*

*I Pris.*

*Pray remember the poor Prisoners, the poor Prisoners, pray remember the poor Prisoners. ho, ho, ho!*

*Sham.*

*Dam ye for a Son of a Whore, how sneakingly do you beg— Remember the Poor—ye meeching Bitch, is that a Voice to dive to the Bottom of a Usurers Pocket, and fetch out Money in despite of his harden'd heart?—Remember the Poor? Pox of your snivelling , stand by ye Dog, and let me come to the Grate.*

*I Pris.*

*Alas, Mr. Shamock, me thinks we should have little Stomach to beg, I hear our Reprieves are out of Doors, and they talk of a Warrant for Execution, so that we may be hang'd to Morrow.*

*Sham.*

*Why you whining Cur, be hang'd to Morrow? whe then we have the more need to beg hard to day, that we may drink at parting; Sirrah beg me heartily and with a good impudent Grace, I'll beat out your Brains with your own Fetters.*

*I Pris.*

*Oh! hold, hold, spare my Life good Mr. Shamock.*

*Sham.*

*So, I see thou bear'st a Conscience, and wo't not cheat the Gallows of it's due.*

*I Pris.*

*Oh no Sir, I have too much Repentance to wish to dye so wickedly, as I have liv'd; I wou'd go out of the World like a good Christian however.*

*[Crying.*

*Sham.*

*Was there ever such a chicken-hearted Son of a Whore? thou wert ever a lazy Rascal, and I remember when we were getting a painful Living on the Kings High-way, wou'dst sleep the while, yet wake to share the snack, and to be drunk for Joy of the Prize: Stand away and observe me now, with what a laudable Voice I'll move Compassion:*

*[Pulls off his Periwig, turns his Cravate behind, thrusts out his Head and begs in a canting Tone.*

*Christians pittty the poor Prisoners of this loathsome and dismal Dungeon, and 'twill be restored unto you in tenfold; drop your Bounty into this little Box, the only Support, Relief, and Comfort of twenty wretched Souls.*

THE REVENGE: OR, A MATCH IN NEWGATE

*[Enter Sir Lyonel.]*

Noble Sir, Remember the poor Prisoners:

*[Enter Parson.]*

*[He pulls out a long Purse and puts in a two-pence.]*

The Lord reward your noble Charity, and restore it to you forty and forty fold.

*[Pulling up the Box.]*

'tis an old *Oliverian* two-pence, a damn'd Commonwealths pair of Breeches, confound the mark and your good Worships Bounty, was this all the large Lethern Purse and your more large Conscience cou'd produce, wou'd I were worthy to have a Dive or two at your reverend Pockets, I wou'd ease 'em for you with a Pox.

Hah! Ladies alighted—

*[begs again.]*

Most beautiful Ladies, dispense your noble Charity amongst twenty miserable Wretches, opprest with Hunger and Cold: Merciful and fair—pity the Miseries of unfortunate young men; whose few short hours of Life they've left, shall be employ'd in Prayers for you our noble Benefactors: Oh remember the Poor!

*[They give 'em Money.]*

Sweet Lady, Heaven reward your Beauty with eternal Bloom and numberless Adorers.

*[Pulls up the Box, they go in.]*

Hah Gold! 'tis Gold by *Jove*.

Nay, now a short Life and a merry, we'l have it all in drink Boys, and when the Hour comes, dye like Hero's, sing the Psalm merrily, and then—be hang'd till we're sober.

*1 Pris.*

Ah! Mr. *Shamock* 'tis a long Nap we shall take e're we wake again.

*Sham.*

No matter, then we shall *not be dry next Morning*.

*1 Pris.*

Oh this is sad jesting—Oh, Oh, Oh!

*Sham.*

Here's a cowardly Rogue, now Plague on him, he's a shame to the noble Function of Padding: Sirrah, you shall have no Drink, 'tis thrown away upon the Rascal.

*3 Pr.*

Drink? rot him, let him lap salt Water from his Eyes, like a mangy Dog as he is.

*Sham.*

Come, come, lets in and drink.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.*

Mr. *Shamock*, you must come down to your Devotion, here's a Parson come; Mr. *Ordinary's* sick; come away.

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*Sham.*

Pox o' your Ceremonies, a man cannot be hang'd in Peace for your Parson, and your paultry praying—but come, hang't since we must obey silly Customs, let's down, and then— to drink, my hearts—go, get ye down.

*[sings.*

*[Exeunt.*

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**SCENE IV.**

*SCENE the inside of the Prison.*

*Enter Friendly in Irons, with Sir Lyonel, Mr. Dashet in Irons, Mrs. Dashet weeping by him, Nan and others: Trickwell disguis'd like a Parson, seeming exhorting 'em: Corina and Mrs. Dunwel snivelling.*

*Friend.*

No Sir, I do not blush, nor are my cheeks grown, pale, tho' I'm condemn'd to dye a shameful death.

*Sir Ly.*

No kind of Death is shameful but the Cause.

*Friend.*

Which I well know is none, Heaven is my witness, none.

*Trick.*

Ah! you are happy Sir!—happy to quit the World in Innocence, for Innocence—is a most heavenly thing—for Sir, Innocence is all in all; Innocence is—

*[picks both their pockets.]*

*Friend.*

Very impertinent in your mouth, Sir,—you ought to have the manners to believe a dying man has other bus'ness—than to give ear to what you say; go preach to the Rabble, Sir, I'm not at leisure.

*Trick.*

Ah!—what is sinful man—speak to him, Sir, to think upon his Soul, his precious Soul; ah, his too precious Soul—

*Friend.*

Perhaps I'm not of your perswasion, Sir.

*Trick.*

Hah! Heaven forbid—I hope you'r not a Papist Sir.

*Friend.*

If I am, Sir, what then?

*Trick.*

What then? whe then Sir, guilty or not guilty, you deserve to dye, and I'll prove it, and stand to't.

*Friend.*

Prethee leave us, we are serious.

*Trick.*

Leave yee, yes faith, 'tis time: you are not worth a Groat.

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*Friend.*

But is there Sir no hopes of a Reprieve?

*Sir Ly.*

I'll warrant you Sir, I've Interest enough for that.

*Friend.*

Upon my Honour, Sir, *Wellman* is but mislodg'd, and I've already satisfied yee how I came to say what I did of his Death to that fair false one,—sure some Lethargy has seiz'd him, that he appears not, or else he's mad, it cannot be unkindness, and it wou'd grieve you, Sir, to see me dye, and after find me innocent.

*Sir Ly.*

By th' Mass, and so it wou'd, Sir; therefore I'll to Court about your Reprieve immediately; nor need you doubt my Diligence or Success;—but why, thou beauteous Hypocrite, didst thou betray him thus?

*[to Corina, who stands sullenly by.]*

*Cor.*

I will not answer thee: I own my guilt, and am asham'd and angry at my Destiny: Were *Wellman* dead, I could endure the rest, but would not live to see him live another's.

*Sir Ly.*

Well Sir, fare ye well till anon.

*[go's out.]*

*Friend.*

Oh! how I hate what once I so ador'd!  
He that's born well, and Nobly Educated,  
Blest with an honest Fame, and worthy Friend,  
And wou'd with desperate over-sight love all.  
And land himself upon this fatal shore,  
Let him ne're kill, or steal, but love a Whore.

*Enter Wellman, Marinda, Sir John, Ample and Shatter, Diana.*

—hah!—what do I see?

Now everlasting Darkness cover me  
From that dear injur'd killing sight, *Diana*.

*Dian.*

Nay, do not hide your Face, or turn away—I'm wondrous glad to know where a Maid may find ye when she has need of you; and tho' these Chains are something easier than those of Matrimony, yet, like a malicious Woman, I am for proposing a change; faith, what d'ye think on't? dare ye venture? methinks 'twere no ungrateful Leap from the Gallows into a fair young Ladies Arms?—wou'd you not rather cry, Drive away Carman?

*Fri.*

Oh! do not mock my miseries, *Diana*!

*Dia.*

By this hand, not I; You may remember, I swore never to marry, till the man I lik'd cou'd give me proofs he was a man; you bow'd, and blush'd, and talk'd of Maidenheads, and modestly protested your Virginity; oh, filthy

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in a man! a man of sense too!—but you'r improv'd, I hear, grown wise of late, and given me proofs you are no Block-head; and I, to keep my word, am come to challenge you;—and to put you out of all these hanging apprehensions, know *Wellman's* alive.

*[Wellman discovers himself, they embrace.]*

*Sir Joh.*

How! *Wellman* alive?

*Friend.*

My dear, unkind, have you dealt well with me?

*Well.*

I was resolv'd I wou'd be quits with you for getting my Mistress from me; which by the way I beg you wou'd forgive. I've a Design to marry her to *Empty*.

*Fri.*

She is a Woman, and I scorn to injure her.

—And can you, Madam, except this Criminal in Chains?

*Dia.*

The sooner for that reason, with my Father's leave, I have a good hank upon you when you're insolent, to upbraid ye with the place from whence I had ye.

*Mar.*

He cannot but commend your Passion for him.

*Fri.*

I am asham'd to be so much oblig'd.

*Mar.*

Nay, leave the shame to her.

*Dian.*

Shame, I laugh at it, and wou'd have believ'd none to have marry'd *Friendly* under the Gallows—therefore take my hand, and bind the bargain.

*Fri.*

Thou art a Noble Creature, and I am thine for ever.

*Well.*

By Heaven, *Corina*, it was not want of Love, my Fortune did depend upon my Marriage, but when I saw the Woman destin'd for me, I must confess I felt new flames possess me, without extinguishing the old, and I resolv'd to love her virtuously, and hold an honest Friendship still with thee—to raise thee up above the Worlds contempt, the fickle favours of unconstant man, and love thee as my Sister.

*Cor.*

What pow'rful Charms dwell in thy tender language! thou melt'st my rage with every softening look, and lead'st me a tame Captive to thy will;—I am still all thine, dispose me as thou pleasest.

*Well.*

SCENE IV.

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This Knight, *Corina*, then resolve to marry, I'll make thy Fortune equal to his Quality, the man is honest, young, and Master of himself. He thinks thou art my Sister—nor will I ever undeceive him.

*Cor.*

Well—since I must lose you, and am by your Commands obliged to Life, no matter how forlorn and wretched 'tis—

*Dun.*

By my troth, Sir, you have left her like a man of Honour.

*Well.*

Sir *John*, you are my Friend, and this my onely Sister, for whom I know you have a Passion; and since Mrs. *Diana* is dispos'd of, I am resolv'd you shall not be disappointed of a Lady. Take her, and trust my Friendship for her Fortune, 'twill not be inconsiderable.

*Sir Joh.*

Fortune Sir! I scorn she shou'd owe her Ladiship to any Fortune but what my single Honour can give. —therefore Madam, I am your Knight, your Champion, your most humble Husband and obedient Servant, *John Empty*, Baronet: but good Brother, let us make haste out of this scandalous place, it puts me so damnably in mind of mortality, it will spoil my Wedding—night.

*Well.*

Ay Sir, as soon as *Friendly's* discharg'd.

*Marin.*

You must give me leave to call

*This while Trickwell is seeming exhorting the Prisoners, and picking their pockets, Sir John. and Wellm. looking at Trick. & the Pris'ners.*  
your Sister too, for I must love and serve all that love *Wellman*.

*Cor.*

Madam, the Generous Pattern that you have set me, I shall be proud to follow.

*Well.*

Hah, Sure that Wench I know,—'tis she—whe how how now, *Nan*, what brought thee hither?

*Nan.*

'Fore Gad e'en my kind heart, Mr. *Wellman*, Love, villanous Love!

*Sir Joh.*

Hah, Love! whe, what a pox, is that become a hanging matter in our Age?

*Nan.*

If 'twere, your Neck's in no great danger.

*Sir Joh.*

Good Lord, what I warrant you think I was never in love then? yes faith have I, and have felt your Flames and Fires, and Inclinations, and Wamblings, as often as any He that wears a head.

*Nan.*

Then you are the first Fool I ever knew inspir'd.

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*Well.*

spare him *Nan*, he's my Brother, but prethee say how came Love to bring thee to this fatal end?

*Nan.*

Fatal! 'tis my Glory—and egad my Statue and History ought to be added to the Gallery of Heroick Women—why you have hear'd I suppose, that my Husband was condemn'd last Sessions, Mr *Shamock*.

*Well.*

What the famous Padder? is he thy Husband?

*Nan.*

Yes Faith, he had a Reprieve, but now the Warrant's sign'd for Execution, and he is to be hang'd to morrow.

*Well.*

Well what's that to thee?

*Nan.*

Whe faith, we have liv'd lovingly hitherto together, and we'll e'ne dye as lovingly, for I am resolv'd to be hang'd honestly with him.

*Sir Joh.*

Honestly hang'd—how so?

*Nan.*

Whe I'll tell you Sir, when the Tidings came to me of poor *Jack* 's being apprehended, I soon knew which way the World wou'd go with him; I ne're snivel'd and nouted like a feeble Woman for the matter, but e'ne resolv'd bravely to take a Turn at *Tyburn* with him.

*Sir Joh.*

Lord have Mercy upon us.

*Nan.*

In order thereunto, what does me I, but hearing of a Fellow that had lost a parcel of Goods of value, but goes my ways to him, accuses my self for the Thief, was sent to *Newgate*, and to my great Joy and Satisfaction, was condemn'd with honest *Jack* e'faith: On my Soul, *Mr. Wellman*, I trembled for Fear I shou'd have been acquitted, but the honest Jury took Pity on me, and brought me in Guilty. When the Devil wou'd any of your Wives of Quality have show'd this conjugal Constancy?

*Sir Joh.*

Lord deliver me, what a wicked World is this, that People shou'd have the face to confess their Villainies! she confesses all now, and some are hang'd and confess nothing.

*Well.*

And wo't thou be so good natur'd to take a Turn with him at the Gallows?

*Nan.*

With as much Joy as e're I kiss'd him.

*Well.*

Whe this is the most admirable Proof of Love, I ever heard off.

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Sir Joh.

Proof of Love, proof of the Devil, Man, what to be slain at *Tyburn* for Love? whe 'tis most damnable and as nonsensical as to be hang'd for *Religion*.

Nan.

I find by your Principles that you'll keep out of Harms way.

Sir Joh.

Nay o' my Conscience, I shall ne're increase the Number of *the noble Army of the Martyrs*.

*Enter Shamock chain'd.*

Sham.

Nan, where are you, here's the Fellow has brought home our Coffin.

Nan.

Let him bring't in my dear, you shall see Mr. *Wellman*, what a Device I have found out, never to part with dear  
*Jack*: I have bespoke a Coffin to hold us both.

Sir John.

How a Coffin? Lord have Mercy upon's, how great the Devil is with this Woman! but what care have you taken of your Soul all this while?

Nan.

That's the Business of Mr. *Ordinary*, he has so much a year allow'd him for managing that Affair, and has undertaken mine: Come bring in the Coffin.

*Enter Fellow with a Coffin, They look on't.*

Sham.

Whe, what a Coffin's here? Is this a Coffin fit for Christians?—D'ye see, and all pitch't within too, ye Dog, we shall stick to't, a pox on ye for a nasty Son of a Whore.

Sir Joh.

Bless me, sure these Reprobates never think of going to Heaven.  
*[To Wellman.*

Nan.

Ay! I gave him two broad pieces in hand too, and two more I have in my Pocket to give him—

Trick.

Which I must be acquainted with.  
*[aside.*

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*Nan.*

But he shall be damn'd e're he be so well paid.

*Sham.*

Besides, Sirrah, you might have had the Manners to have lin'd it with a little Bays this cold Weather, but you have neither Conscience nor fore-cast.

*Sir Joh.*

Lord! Brother *Wellman*, I believe some Priests have been tampering with 'em, they are so wicked.

*Well.*

Ha, Ha, Ha! a notable Observation.

*Sham.*

I'de forgot too, I'll lay my Head to a Halter, this Coffin will not hold us both.

*Sir Joh.*

Hark ye Friend, don't lay with him, for he's oth' surer side.

*Nan.*

Yes my Dear, as for that I believe we may make Shift, 'tis but my laying my Arm under thy Head, and thou thine over my Breast, and we shall lye as snug these cold nights—

*Sir Joh.*

Whe the Devil's in these People.

*Nan.*

But I have a cursed Misfortune befallen me.

*Sham.*

What's that, my dear *Betty*?

*Betty.*

The Whore the Laundress, who had all the Linnen I was to be buried in, like an ungrateful Baggage, knowing I was to be hang'd, and she to have no more of my Custom, has pawn'd all, my lac'd Linnen too; so that, dear *Jack*, I shall come to thy Arms but scurvily equipt to morrow.

*Sham.*

Lets arrest her. Lord, Lord, that People shou'd have no Conscience nor Honesty in 'em: what will this wicked World come to.

*Sir Joh.*

Ay! and to rob the Gallows too, unmerciful Tyrant.

*Trick. comes up to her.*

*Trick.*

Young Woman, young Woman, this is no time to think of Trifles, and gew gaws; the best dress is that of Repentance, let your Conscience be clean and neat within, and no matter for Lace and Tawdrums; dress up your

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Soul I say.

*[Picks her Pocket.*

*Betty.*

Whe what a Pox have we here?

*Trick.*

One who has preacht better Doctrine to your Ladyship e're now, [and] one who am appointed to put you in mind of your long home.

*Betty.*

Whe ye Fool you, have I been taking such pains to prepare my self for this Journey, and need your Advice in the Devils name? get ye gone ye canting Rascal, here's honest *Jack* can teach me how to dye worth a Legion of you formal Gown—men.

*Sham.*

Gad thou'rt a noble Lass.

*Sir John.*

In Troth and so she is, 'tis Pity she shou'd be damn'd.

*Trick. goes to Dashed, Betty to the Joyner.*

*Betty.*

Well Sirrah, here is your two pieces more, because I scorn to be worse than my word—

*[Feels in her Pocket.*

hah! my money's gone—what's the meaning of this? I had 'em and the two pieces for *Jack Catch* too in my Pocket when I came down.

*Sham.*

Whe what a Pox have we Thieves amongst our selves? this is fine doings efaith.

*Betty.*

Hang't let it go, they are some poor Devils that wanted it: go out and wait till I go up, and I'll pay you.

*[Exit. Joyner.*

*Sir Joh.*

Or let him call again to Morrow in the Evening.—

*Trick. talking this while to Dashed, he making Grimaces to Wo, and crying and wringing his hands, Mrs. Dashed crying by him.*

*Mrs. Dashed.*

Well Husband, this is a very comfortable man.

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*Dash.*

He is so. But, good Mr. Parson, leave my Soul a little while to it self, I pray, and let us have a little of your counsel concerning my Body. I owe Mr. *Glist* the Goldsmith 40 *l.* and suppose, Mr. Parson, when I am going to Execution he shou'd be so unneighbourly as to set a Serjeant upon my back—'twas for a Bowl—

*[bursts out into loud crying.]*

*Trick.*

Ah! trouble not thy self, my Christian Brother with transitory matters, but have an Eye—an Eye I say to the main chance—

*[picking his pocket.]*

I'll warrant your shoulders; but as for your neck—*Plinius Secundus*, or *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, or some body says, that a threefold Cord is hardly broken.

*Dash.*

A very Learned man this—well, I am not the first honest man that has been hang'd, and I hope shall not be the last.

*[crying still.]*

*Trick.*

True Sir, therefore have a righteous Stomach: for you perhaps may sup in Heaven to morrow.

*Dash.*

Alas, Sin! I have no stomach to it at all Sir,—please you to take my Trencher, I never eat at night.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Ah, Husband, I little thought you shou'd have had need to have thought of Heaven so soon: oh!—had you been hang'd deservedly 'twou'd ne're have troubled me: for there's many an innocent man has been hang'd deserv'dly,—but to be cast away for nothing—oh,— oh.—

*[bawls.]*

*Trick.*

Comfort your self, good Mistris, moderate Grief is decent, you'l shortly be a Widow, and I'm a Batchelor; I'll come and visit ye, and give you Christian consolation.

*Mrs. Dash.*

Ah, Sir! you shall be heartily welcome, and pray make haste.—oh—oh—

*[crying still.]*

*Dash.*

Well,—I do here make my Confession before all good Christian People, and do declare—that if I owe any man any thing, I do heartily forgive him.

*Sir Joh.*

In truth, Religiously spoken. Whe, this is something.

*Da.*

But—but, if any man owes me any thing, let him pay my Wife.

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Sir *Joh.*

A good reason too y faith.

*Da.*

There—are—the Writings of that Rogue's Estate who has brought me to this untimely End—dear Writings to me, God knows.

Mrs. *Dash.*

Where had you these?

*Dash.*

I took 'em out yesterday, thinking to have carry'd 'em to my Lawyers, in order to taking the forfeiture of 'em: now thou may'st do't.

Mrs. *Da.*

Ay, ay, Husband, I'll warrant ye, I shall be diligent.

*Dash.*

And now, good Yoke-fellow, take leave of thy honest and true *Dashet*.  
[weeping.]

Mrs. *Dash.*

No, Husband, an't please the Lord I'll not leave you now,—I'll see you hang'd first—  
[cries.]

*Trick.*

Hah, my writings! now for a trick of dexterity to retrieve those, and I'm a man again—[aside] but Brother, you must remember your sins too, and iniquities; you must consider you have been a Broacher of prophane Vessels, you have made us drunk with the juice of the Whore of *Babylon*: for whereas good Ale, Perry, Syder, and Metheglin, were the true Ancient *British* and *Trojan* Drinks, you have brought in Popery, meer Popery—*French* and *Spanish* Wines, to the subversion, staggering, and overthrowing of many a good Protestant Christian;—oh! remember the Sins of the Cellar, beloved, the Mid-night sins that have been unsavoury to the tasts of your Customers, when you put the change upon 'em: remember your double scorings and long Bills, ah, remember your long Bills.

[this while he picks Mrs. *Dashets* pocket of the Writings.]

*Well.*

This is that Rogue *Trickwell*.  
[aside.]

*Dash.*

Ah! I confess, I confess, and forgive.  
[cries.]

—has any heard of one *Trickwell*?

*Trick.*

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*Trickwell*; yes, I know him well: a very honest Religious man, and an unright Dealer with his Neighbours, and their Wives speak well of him.

*Dash*.

I'll take it upon my Death he's the cause of my hanging, but I heartily forgive him; and if he wou'd but yet come forth and save me, I wou'd set him free from the Law, and discharge him for injuring me.

*Well*.

And wou'd you from the bottom of your Soul forgive him all his cheats and Rogueries?

*Dash*.

I wou'd, and be bound in a thousand pound Bond to save him from the Law: ah! but 'tis impossible—  
[*cryes*.

*Well*.

Why look ye, Sir,—behold, your worshipful Friend and humble Servant *Thomas Trickwell*.

*Trick*.

Hah! discovered by Mr. *Wellman*.

*Dash*.

*Trickwell!*

*Well*.

Now bawling Mr. *Dashet*.

*Dash*.

Who wou'd have look't for a Wolf in Sheeps cloathing? or a Knave in a Parson's Gown?

*Trick*.

No railing *Dashet*, if you do, I'll swear against you yet.

*Dash*.

Ay do, and damn your Soul.

*Trick*.

What with a little Perjury? the Lord have Mercy on our Age then: No, no Sir, I'll retrieve you from the Gallows, but as for your Goods and Moneys it must go towards the use of my two hundred pound a year, which you have kept me from this two years, and of which now, thanks to my Dexterity, I stand again possest.  
[*shows the Writings*.

*Dash*.

How my Writings gone?

*Trick*.

Thank God you're so rid of them, for I had been an eternal Rent charge upon you else, if I had not hang'd you: you know you had 'em for a little damn'd ballderdash Wine—

*Dash*.

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Well, I'de better loose my Writings than my Life.

*Well.*

Hold *Trickwell*;—yonder Woman I have been oblig'd to, and you have had Relief from—no Writings nor Pardon under marrying Mrs. *Mary* here—

*[pointing to Dunwel.*

*Trick.*

Lord, Sir, what a Bawd?

*Well.*

The better Sirrah, she has a good Calling then, when all fails.

*Dun.*

Gods Blessing of your heart, Sir.

*Well.*

No grumbling, do't or I'll deliver:—remember Sirrah how you used my Mistress last night, and had the Impudence to rival me—

*[aside to him.*

*Trick.*

Well Sir of two Evils I'll chuse this—give me thy hand *Moll*, thou'st been a loving Soul I must confess.

*Dash.*

So there's some Revenge, I cou'd even cry for Joy now,

*Mrs. Dash.*

And so cou'd I top, if I knew for what.

*[Enter Sir Lyonel.*

*Sir Ly.*

Here, where's Mr. *Friendly*—here's your Reprieve Sir, Hah! *Marinda* and *Diana*!

*Dia.*

Yet with their Husbands Sir.

*Sir Ly.*

How, How?—hah! Mr. *Wellman* alive? and with Mr. *Friendly* — God bless ye, God bless ye all, I'm glad on't.

*Sir Joh.*

Ay Sir, and I am maryed to this Lady.

*Sir Ly.*

I'm glad of that too.

*[Enter Keeper with a Reprieve.*

Here Mrs. *Betty*, where are you? Here's a Reprieve come for you:

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*Betty.*

Hah a Reprieve! What Devil ow'd me this malicious Spight, a Reprieve—dam thee, thou ill, thou ominous looking Dog, ever the Messenger of Hellish Tidings: Oh! I cou'd tear thy hated Tongue out—Rogue—

*[beats him.*

*Sham.*

Nay, dear, better be patient, and if we must part.—

*Betty.*

Art thou turn'd cruel too, and preachest Patience?

Patience with Life—no, I defie my Fate—

Scorning to live without thee thou shalt see,

I'll find a thousand ways to dye with thee.—

*[Led weeping with Sham. out.*

*Sir Ly.*

By 'th Mass a hearty Wench I'll warrant her, but come let's away: good Boys let's home and Dance, but first give Money to these poor Wretches.

*[Throws his long Purse amongst 'em.*

From this dire place many to Death have gone,

But to be marry'd, very rarely one.