

6 - Weaver
Atterton

THE
WORKS
OF
MRS. COWLEY.

DRAMAS AND POEMS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DRAMAS.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS'-HALL.

LONDON.

PUBLISHED BY WILKIE AND ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
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1813.

ERRATA.

- Page 24, The last word read *she*.
 28, Line 14, read *Impostor*.
 36, Line 18, For *Sir George* read *Sir Charles*.
 65, Line 3, read *Plusus*.
 79, Line 2, For *Mr D.* read *Mr H.*
 103, Last line but one, read *Witling's*.
 118, Line 18, for *Grang.* read *Grad.*
 142, Line 9, for *Grang.* read *Grad.*
 153, Line 22, for *Eer* read *Ere*.
 166, Line 8, read *between*.
 177, Line 29, read *for ever*.
 214, Line 2 from bottom, for *rault* read *fault*.
 215, Line 7, for *a* read *the*.
 224, Last line but two, for *Brodignag* read *Broddingnag*.
 240, Line 19, for *in* read *and*.
 260, Line 8 from bottom, dele *the* before the word *taste*.
 269, Line 3, *me*, not *Italic*.
 347, Line 10, read *Counterscarps*.
 386, Lines 4, 5, 6, dele the *rules* before *Julio Vincentio and Garcia*.
 410, Line 6, for *Gracia* read *Garcia*.
 438, Line 7, for *bride* read *bribe*.

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This Farce has been constantly before the Public since its first appearance in 1779 at Drury Lane. It suggested itself to the Author's mind on reading a passage in which a sneer at the Inferiority of Women was carried to excess.

As a general Satire on mere Pedantry it is a JEU D'ESPRIT of a high order; in which, whilst the author indulges in a Woman's lively laugh at the mere FLOD of Learning in the Character of GRADUS, she gives, in old DOILEY, quite as vivid a reverse picture of disgusting vulgarity in an upstart citizen, from a total want of it. The piece disclaims the more exact attention to Probability which a regular play demands, and is, what a Farce ought to be, but a relaxation for the mind that seeks it.

PROLOGUE.

In days of yore lived doughty Knights,
Enchanters, Squires, and valiant Wights,
Scamp'ring o'er Mountains, Seas, and Land,
Prompt, at their haughty Fair's Command.
Castles were razed, and Giants killed,
Volcanoes sunk, or Rivers filled.
No Slanderer dared stalk the Earth,
No faithless Lover turned to Mirth
The oaths that fondly once he swore—
Is he inconstant?—he's no more!

Rare times were these! Yet some there were
Who, even then, against the Fair,
Fearless of Conj'rer, Squire, or Knight,
Could show their teeth, and vent their spite.
These were your LEARNED MEN—your Writers,
Whom no Age ever marked for Fighters;
But war with *Women* they could wage,
And fill their bold satiric page
With petty foibles—*Ladies'* faults,
Who still endure their rude Assaults.
For even now it is the way,
In this our *polished* modern day,
On female follies to be witty,
From the Court Beauty to the City.
Those who cant rhyme, in weighty prose
Their whims and vanity expose.
In Epigrams Sir Wilting's Folio
Makes of the Sex a perfect Olio,

PROLOGUE.

Of Noise Caprice and Pride composed,
 To every thing *outré* disposed,
 Whilst Cards, and Dress, and studied airs
 More than good Housewifery or Prayers
 Engross their time, their hearts, their cares.

Thus have they borne, from distant Ages,
 The lash of Wit, the frown of sages;
 Why then 'tis fair One Hour to give,
 'Tis all she asks, a WOMAN leave
 To laugh at those same *learned* men!
 The Gall of whose sarcastic pen
 'Gainst youth and beauty is supplied
 Nor spares the Matron Maid or Bride.

Students! if you from musty Halls,
 And the chill gloom of College walls,
 To bask in pleasure's tempting ray,
 Have, Phaeton like, obtained a day,
 And, throned in yonder circle, sit
 Deciding on the claims of Wit,
 Think not that YOU our author means
 To rally in her farcic Scenes;
 A PEDANT she has dared to scan
 From ALMA MATER spick and span,
 And YOU, for Laughter on the beat,
 Will roasted SQUARE-CAPS deem a treat!

 CHARACTERS.

MEN.

DOILEY.	—	—	—	—	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
GRADUS.	—	—	—	—	<i>Mr. King.</i>
GRANGER.	—	—	—	—	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
SANDFORD.	—	—	—	—	<i>Mr. Aikin.</i>

WOMEN.

MISS DOILEY.	—	—	—	—	<i>Mrs. Brereton.</i>
CHARLOTTE.	—	—	—	—	<i>Mrs. Wrieten.</i>

WHO'S THE DUPE?

A FARCE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. THE PARK.

FLOWER GIRLS, *and several persons, passing.*

First Girl. I vow I ha'n't had a Customer to day! Summer is coming, and we shall be ruined. When flowers come plenty and cheap—nobody will buy 'em.

2d. Girl. Aye, very true—people talks of Summer! for my part, give me Winter. In a hard Frost, or a deep Snow, who's dress'd without Flowers with Furs?—Here's one of the Captains—

Enter SANDFORD.

Flowers Sir?

Sand. I have no Silver.

2d. Girl. Bless your Honor! I'll take Gold.

Sand. Indeed!

2d. *Girl*. Here's Hyacinths, and a sprig of Myrtle.

Sand. I'd rather have Roses. How much will you take for these? (*Pinching her cheek*.) Will you warrant them?

2d. *Girl*. Oh Sir, they must be taken—"for better for worse"—according to Law, if taken at all.

Enter GRANGER.

Sand. Ah! Granger by all that's fortunate! I dispatched a Letter for you last night into Devonshire, to hasten your return.

Grang. Then your letter carriers and I jostled each other, near one this morning, the other side Hounslow. My Postilion—nodding I suppose in his dreams at some *Greasalinda*—ran against the Mail and tore off my hind wheel. I was forced to mount a one-eyed hack, and with such curious equipage arrived at three this morning.

Sand. But, how has the negociation with your Brother ended? Will he put you into a situation to—

Grang. "Yes, to take a Heat with the Gentoos. He'll speak to Sir Jacob Jaghire to get me a Commission in the East Indies—and (*mimicking*) every body grows rich there—and you are a Soldier already—you can fight!"

Sand. Well, what answer did you give?

Grang. "Yes, I can fight, but I can't grow rich there upon the mere smell of Gunpowder. Your true East India Soldier is a Variety of the Genus of those that strewed Minden with Frenchmen.—With Capital to trade with, he must have as great fecundity of Character as a Dutch Burgomaster. Whilst his Sword is in his hand—his Pen must be in his Cockade; he must be as expert at Fractions, as at Assaults. To day cutting down ranks of soft beings just risen from their embroidery—tomorrow casting up pepper and beetle nut; this hour, a Son of Mars

—heaping up the slain; the next, an Auctioneer—knocking down chintz to the best bidder!"

Sand. And thus your negociation ended.

Grang. Oh, I had to listen to a *very* wise dissertation about *running out*, as he calls it,—“Five thousand! (*mimicking*)—enough for any younger son—but the Prodigal.” Really I can't see how I could help it. Jack Spiller to be sure had twelve hundred; the fellow was honest, and would have paid, but he married a Fine Lady—so died Insolvent. It was not the only accident, of the kind, that occurred to me—the purchase of my Captaincy too—the necessary expences in my last Campaign—and the Distresses of my fellow soldiers, have swallowed the rest.

Sand. Poor Granger! So, with a Spirit to do Honour to Five Thousand a Year—thou art not now worth five shillings!

Grang. *C'est vrai*. Should the affair with my dear Miss DOILEY be cross'd—I am the most undone dog on Earth!

Sand. What then, under all circumstances—to a Friend I suppose you will frankly confess—that her Fortune is *nearly* as much your object as Herself.

Grang. Why look ye Sandford—I am not one of those sighing milksops who could live in a Cottage on Love, or sit contentedly under a hedge and help my wife to knit stockings; but, on the word of a Soldier! I would rather marry Elizabeth Doiley with Twenty, than any other woman on earth with a hundred, Thousand.

Sand. And the woman must be very unreasonable who would not be satisfied with such a distinction. But Elizabeth's Father, as my Letter would have informed you, has taken the Liberty to chuse a Son-in-Law—without your Permission!

Grang. Ah! a Lover! That then is the Secret she hinted, and that brought me so hastily to Town;—who—what—is he?

Sand. Why—every thing that you are not!

Grang. Pshaw!—such a mixture of jest and earnest puzzles.

Sand. Why—that he should be your Contrast, and yet not succeed with the Lady, is rather a puzzler to be sure! However, since they became my Neighbours in Surrey, I am in the Secrets of the whole family, and, for your sake, have cultivated an intimacy with Abraham Doiley—CITIZEN AND SLOP-SELLER! In a word, the Father consults me, the Daughter complains to me, and the Cousin romps with me—can my Importance be encreased?

Grang. My dear Sandford—the Lover!

Sand. My dear Granger! the sum total is this: Old Doiley, himself bred in a Public Seminary, but that being unfortunately only a common parish Charity School, is determined to have a man of down-right LARNING for his Son. This Caprice makes him regardless of Fortune; but, Elizabeth's husband must have Latin at his finger's ends, and be able to teach his Grandsons to sputter in Greek. So one Gradus is invited from Oxford, will arrive in Town this Evening, and is to have his first Interview to-morrow.

Grang. Oh! I'll re-study my Greek, or write Odes in Chaldee, if that will content him—but, may I perish if all the Pedants in England, with the Universities to back them, shall rob me of my Elizabeth! See here (*producing a Letter*) an invitation from her own dear hand! This morning, this very hour—in a moment! I shall be at her feet. Go with me down the Park (*they go off, arm in arm*)—oh, quicker, I cry you mercy! we must not walk, but fly! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

AN APARTMENT AT MR. DOILEY'S.

Mr. and Miss DOILEY at Breakfast.

Doil. Here take away—take away. Remember we're not at home to nobody but Mr. Gradus.

Serv. The formal gentleman that was here last night, Sir?

Doil. Yes! (*snappishly.*) the Gentleman that was here last night. (*Exit Servant.*) What, I see you are determined for to have poor Gradus's heart Elizabeth! I never saw you so tricked out in a Morning before. But he isn't none of your Chaps that's to be catch'd with Knots and Gew-gaws—no, no! You must mind your P's and your Q's with him I can tell you. (*Miss Doiley laughs*)—And, pray now, dont laugh when he's with you. Betty, my Love, you've a confounding knack at laughing; and there's nothing so galling, to a man who studies to be wise, as a great Laugher.

Miss D. Oh!—the very Idea of him is as reviving as burnt feathers in hysterics! (*laughs*) I wish I had seen him last night, with the undisturbed rough rust of Oxford upon him! he must have been the greatest provocative to mirth—

Doil. How! What! a provokive to mirth! why, Hussey! he was recommended to me as a most desirable match by an antiquated Doctor of the Royal Society. He has finished his Larning some time—and they wanted him to go and drink, and hunt, in Shropshire—not he—he sticks to Al-Mater; and the College-Heads have been wisely laid together, many a time, to know whether he shall be a great Judge—a larned Physician—or a Civility Doctor—

Miss D. Nay then Sir—after all this, laughing will be irresistible!