

# **An Old Man Taught Wisdom**

Henry Fielding



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# **An Old Man Taught Wisdom**

An Old Man Taught Wisdom

**Henry Fielding**

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AN Old Man *taught* Wisdom;  
OR, THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.  
A FARCE

As it is Perform'd By His MAJESTY's Company of Comedians at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.  
Dramatis Personæ.

Goodwill, *Mr. Shepard*.  
*Lucy, his Daughter*, Mrs. Clive.  
*Blister, an Apothecary*, Mr. Harper.  
*Coupee, a Dancing-Master*, Mr. Laguerre.  
*Bookish, a Student*, Mr. Berry.  
*Quaver, a Singing-Master*, Mr. Salway.  
*Wormwood, a Lawyer*, Mr. Macklin.  
*Mr. Thomas, a Footman*, Mr. Este.

*SCENE, A Hall in Goodwill's House in the Country.*

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

### Scene

*SCENE, A Hall in Mr. Goodwill's House.*

*Goodwill solus.*

Well! it is to me surprising, that out of the Multitudes who feel a Pleasure in getting an Estate, few or none shou'd taste a Satisfaction in bestowing it. Doubtless a good Man must have vast Delight in rewarding Merit, nor will I believe it so difficult to be found. I am at present, I thank Heav'n, and my own Industry, worth a good 10000 *l.* and an only Daughter; both which I have determin'd to give to the most worthy of my poor Relations. The Transport I feel from the Hope of making some honest Man happy, makes me amends for the many weary Days, and sleepless Nights my Riches have cost me. The Girl I have bred up under my own Eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has consequently no Will but mine. I have no Reason to doubt her Consent to whatever Choice I shall make.—How happily must my Old Age slide away, between the Affection of an innocent and dutiful Child, and the grateful Return I may expect from a so much obliged Son—in-law! I am certainly the happiest Man on Earth.

*Enter Lucy.*

*Lucy.*

Did you send for me, Papa?

*Good.*

Yes, come hither, Child. I have sent for you to mention an Affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of

*Lucy.*

I hope it is not to send me to a Boarding-School, Papa.

*Good.*

I hope my Indulgence to you has been such, that you have Reason to regard me as the best of Fathers. I am sure I have never deny'd you any thing, but for your own Good: Indeed I have consulted nothing else. It is that for which I have been toiling these many Years; for which I have deny'd my self ev'ry Comfort in Life; and from which I have, from renting a Farm of 500 a Year, amassed the Sum of 10000*l.*

*Lucy.*

I am afraid you are angry with me, Papa.

*Good.*

Be not frighten'd, my dear Child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one Question—What does my little Dear think of a Husband?

*Lucy.*

A Husband, Papa! Ola!

*Good.*

Come, it is a Question a Girl in her Sixteenth Year may answer. Shou'd you like to have a Husband, *Lucy*?

*Lucy.*

And am I to have a Coach?

*Good.*

No, no: What has that to do with a Husband?

*Lucy.*

Why you know, Papa, Sir *John Wealthy's* Daughter was carry'd away in a Coach by her Husband; and I have been told by several of our Neighbours, that I was to have a Coach when I was marry'd. Indeed, I have dreamt of it a hundred hundred times. I never dreamt of a Husband in my whole Life, that I did not dream of a Coach. I have rid

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about in one all Night in my Sleep, and methought it was the purest thing!—

*Good.*

Lock up a Girl as you will, I find, you cannot keep her from evil Counsellors. [*Aside.*] I tell you, Child, you must have no Coach with a Husband.

*Lucy.*

Then let me have one without a Husband.

*Good.*

What, had you rather have a Coach than a Husband?

*Lucy.*

Hum—I don't know that.—But, if you'll get me a Coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a Husband.

AIR I.

*Thomas*, I cannot.

Do you, Papa, but find a Coach,

And leave the other to me, Sir;

For that will make the Lover approach,

And I warrant we shan't disagree, Sir.

No Sparks will talk

To Girls that walk,

I've heard it, and I confide in't:

Do you then fix

My Coach and Six,

I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't,

I warrant, &c. *Good.*

The Girl is out of her Wits, sure. Hussy! who put these Thoughts into your Head? You shall have a good sober Husband, that will teach you better things.

*Lucy.*

Ay, but I won't tho', if I can help it; for Miss *Jenny Flant*—it says, a sober Husband is the worst sort of Husband in the World.

*Good.*

I have a Mind to sound the Girl's Inclinations. Come hither, *Lucy*; tell me now, of all the Men you ever saw, whom shou'd you like best for a Husband?

*Lucy.*

O fy, Papa, I must not tell.

*Good.*

Yes, you may your Father.

*Lucy.*

No, Miss *Jenny* says I must not tell my Mind to any Man whatever. She never tells a Word of Truth to her Father.

*Good.*

Miss *Jenny* is a wicked Girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the Truth, or I shall be angry.

*Lucy.*

Why then, of all the Men I ever saw in my whole Life—time, I like Mr. *Thomas*, my Lord *Bounce*'s Footman the best, a hundred thousand times.

*Good.*

Oh, fy upon you! like a Footman?

*Lucy.*

A Footman! he looks a thousand times more like a Gentleman than either Squire *Foxchase* or Squire *Tankard*, and talks more like one, ay, and smells more like one too. His Head is so prettily drest, done all down upon the top with Sugar, like a frosted Cake, with three little Curls of each side, that you may see his Ears as plain! and then, his Hair is done up behind just like a fine Lady's, with a little little Hat, and a Pair of charming white Stockings, as neat and as fine as any white—legg'd Fowl; and he always carries a great swinging Stick in his Hand, as big as

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himself, that he wou'd knock any Dog down with who was to offer to bite me. A Footman indeed! why Miss *Jenny* likes him as well as I do, and she says all the fine young Gentlemen that the Ladies in *London* are so fond of, are just such Persons as he is.—Icod, I shou'd have had him before now, but that Folks told me I shou'd have a Man with a Coach, and that methinks I had rather have a great and a great deal.

*Good.*

I am amaz'd! But I abhor the mercenary Temper in the Girl, worse than all.—What, Child, wou'd you have any one with a Coach? Wou'd you have Mr. *Achum*?

*Lucy.*

Yes indeed, wou'd I, for a Coach.

*Good.*

Why, he is a Cripple, and can scarce walk across the Room.

*Lucy.*

What signifies that?

AIR II.

*Wully Honey.*

When he in a Coach can be carry'd,

What need has a Man to go?

That Women for Coaches are marry'd,

I'm not such a Child but I know.

But if the poor crippled Elf

In Coach be not able to roam,

Why then I can go by my self,

And he may e'en stay at home.

*Enter Blister.*

*Blist.*

Mr. *Goodwill*, your humble Servant. I have rid twelve long Miles in little more than an Hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid by your Message—

*Good.*

That I had wanted your Advice, I suppose; but truly, Coz, I sent for you on a better Account.—*Lucy*, this is a Relation of yours, you have not seen a great while, my Cousin *Blister*, the Apothecary.

*Lucy.*

O la! I hope that great huge Man is not to be my Husband.

*Blist.*

My Cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What Apothecary do you employ? He deals in good Drugs, I warrant him.

*Good.*

Plain wholesome Food and Exercise are what she deals in.

*Blist.*

Plain wholesome Food is very proper at some time of the Year, with gentle Physick between whiles.

*Good.*

Leave us a little, my dear *Lucy*, I must talk with your Cousin.

*Lucy.*

Yes, Papa, with all my Heart—I hope I shall never see that great Thing again.

[*Exit.*

*Good.*

I believe you begin to wonder at my Message, and will perhaps more, when you know the Occasion of it. In short, without more Preface, I begin to find my self going out of the World, and my Daughter very eager to come into it.



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I have therefore resolv'd to see her settled without farther Delay. I am far from thinking vast Wealth necessary to Happiness: Wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient Competency. I have determined to marry her to one of my own Relations. It will please me, that the Fruits of my Labour shou'd not go out of the Family. I have sent to several of my Kinsmen, of whom she shall take her Choice; and as you are the first here, if you like my Proposal, you shall make the first Application.

*Blist.*

With all my Heart, Cousin; and I am very much oblig'd to you. Your Daughter seems an agreeable young Woman, and I have no Aversion to Marriage. But pray, why do you think your self going out of the World? Proper Care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your Pulse.

*Good.*

To oblige you; tho' I am in very good Health.

*Blist.*

A little feverish.—I wou'd advise you to lose a little Blood, and take an Emulsion, with a gentle Emetick and Cathartick.

*Good.*

No, no, I will send my Daughter to you; but pray keep your Physick to your self, dear Cousin.

*[Exit.*

*Blist.*

This Man is near Seventy, and, I have heard, never took any Physick in his Life, and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the Doctor's Hands all his Life—time. 'Tis strange; but if I marry his Daughter, the sooner he dies, the better. It is an odd Whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better.—What a strange Dowdy 'tis! no Matter, her Fortune is never the worse.

AIR III.

Round, round the Mill.

In Women we Beauty or Wit may admire;

Sing Trol, lerol.

But sure as we have them, as surely they'll tire;

Oh ho, will they so?

Abroad for these Dainties the Wise therefore roam,

Sing Trol lerol.

And frugally keep but a plain Dish at home;

Oh ho, do they so?

Who marries a Beauty, must hate her when old;

Sing Trol lerol.

But the older it grows, the more precious the Gold.

Oh ho, is it so?

*Enter Lucy.*

Oh, here comes my Mistress: What a Pox shall I say to her? I never made Love in my Life.

*Lucy.*

Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a Boarding—School, I am sure I wou'd not have come; but they say I shall be whipt there, and a Husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

*Blist.*

Won't you please to sit down, Cousin?

*Lucy.*

Yes, thank you, Sir.—Since I must stay with you I may as well sit down as not.

*[Aside.*

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Blist.

Pray, Cousin, how do you find your self?

*Lucy.*

Find my self?

*Blist.*

Yes, how do you do? Let me feel your Pulse. How do you sleep o' Nights?

*Lucy.*

How? why upon my back, generally.

*Blist.*

But I mean, do you sleep without Interruption? are you not restless?

*Lucy.*

I tumble and toss a good deal, sometimes.

*Blist.*

Hum! Pray how long do you usually sleep?

*Lucy.*

About ten or eleven Hours.

*Blist.*

Is your Stomach good? Do you eat with an Appetite? How often do you find in a Day any Inclination to eat?

*Lucy.*

Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unless it be at Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper, and Afternoon's Nunchion.

*Blist.*

Hum! I find you have at present no absolute need of an Apothecary.

*Lucy.*

I am glad to hear that, I wish he was gone with all my Heart.

*Blist.*

I suppose, Cousin, your Father has mentioned to you the Affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happiest Man upon Earth?

*Lucy.*

You need not ask me, you know I must do what he bids me.

*Blist.*

May I then hope you will make me your Husband? *Lucy.*

I must do what he'll have me. *Blist.*

What makes you cry, Miss?

Pray tell me what is the matter. *Lucy.*

No, you will be angry with me, if I tell you *Blist.*

I Angry! It is not in my Pow'r, I can't be angry with you, I am to be afraid of your Anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you, whatever you do.

*Lucy.*

What must not you be angry, let me do what I will?

*Blist.*

No, my Dear.

*Lucy.*

Why then, by Godes! I will tell you—I hate you, and I can't abide you.

*Blist.*

What have I done to deserve your Hate?

*Lucy.*

You have done nothing; but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my Papa was to lock me up for a Twelve-month, I shou'd hate you still.

*Blist.*

Did you not tell me just now, you wou'd make me your Husband?

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*Lucy.*

Yes, so I will for all that.

AIR IV.

Now ponder well &c.

Ah be not angry, good dear Sir,

Nor do not tell Papa;

For tho' I can't abide you, Sir,

I'll marry you—O la.— *Blist.*

Well, my Dear, if you can't abide me, I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your Father, I assure you I will not; besides my Dear, as for liking me, do not give your self any trouble about that, it is the very best reason for marrying me; no Lady now marries any one but whom she hates, hating one another is the chief end of Matrimony. It is what most Couples do before they are Marry'd, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right Notion of a marry'd Life. I suppose you imagine we are to be fond, and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

*Lucy.*

Why, an't we?

*Blist.*

Ha, ha, ha! an't we! no! How Ignorant it is! [*Aside.*] Marrying is nothing but living in the same House together, and going by the same Name; while I am following my Business, you will be following your Pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet but at Meals, and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the Table, and make Faces at each other.

*Lucy.*

I shall like that prodigiously—ah, but there is one thing tho'—an't we to lie together?

*Blist.*

A Fortnight, no longer.

*Lucy.*

A Fortnight! that's a long time: but it will be over.

*Blist.*

Ay, and then you may have any one else.

*Lucy.*

May I? then I'll have Mr. *Thomas*, by Godes! why this is pure, la! they told me other Stories. I thought when I had been marry'd, I must have never liked any one but my Husband, and that if I shou'd, he wou'd kill me; bu I thought one thing tho' with my self, that I cou'd like another Man without letting him know it, and then a fig for him.

*Blist.*

Ay, ay, they tell Children strange Stories; I warrant they have told you, you must be govern'd by your Husband.

*Lucy.*

My Papa tells me so.

*Blist.*

But all the married Women in *England* will tell you another Story.

*Lucy.*

So they have already, for they say I must not be govern'd by a Husband, and they say another thing too, that you will tell me one Story before Marriage, and another afterwards, for that Marriage alters a Man prodigiously.

*Blist.*

No, Child, I shall be just the same Creature I am now, unless in one Circumstance; I shall have a huge pair of Horns upon my Head.

*Lucy.*

Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a Comical figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

*Blist.*

It is you that will make 'em grow.

*Lucy.*

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Shall I? By Goles! then I'll do't as soon as ever I can; for I long to see 'em! do tell me how I shall do it.

*Blist.*

Ev'ry other Man you kiss, I shall have a pair of Horns grow.

*Lucy.*

By Goles, then, you shall have Horns enough; but I fancy you are Jeering me.

*AIR V.*

*Buff—Coat.*

*Ah Sir! I guess*

*You are a fibbing Creature. Blist.*

*Because, dear Miss,*

*You know not human Nature. Lucy.*

*Marry'd Men, I'll be sworn,*

*I have seen without Horn, Blist.*

*Ah Child! you want art to unlock it:*

*The Secret here lies,*

*Men now are so wise,*

*To carry their Horns in their Pocket.*

*Lucy.*

But you shall wear yours on your Head, for I shall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

*Blist.*

This Girl's Ignorance will make it easy to discover her; and if I can recover a good round Sum of her Gallant, I shall not be uneasy under my Cuckoldom.

*AIR VI.*

*Bartholomew Fair.*

*The Jokers have said, that Men of my Trade*

*Sell Drugs so dear.*

*That by their Bills five hundred per Cent*

*They often clear:*

*But when the Gallant, takes what I don't want,*

*And pays for his Pains,*

*I'm sure ev'ry Man must own, that it's all clear Gains.*

*But when, &c.*

Well then, Miss, I may depend upon you.

*Lucy.*

And may I depend upon you?

*Blist.*

Yes, my Dear.

*Lucy.*

Ah, but don't call me so; I hate you should call me so.

*Blist.*

Oh Child, all marry'd People call one another, my Dear, let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

*Lucy.*

Do they? well then my Dear—hum, I think there is not any great matter in the Word neither.

*Blist.*

Why, amongst your fine Gentry, there is scarce any meaning in any thing they say.

*AIR VII.*

*When our Wives deny*

*With all reason to Comply,*

*'Tis still with I can't, my dearest.*

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*When, to seek another Mate,  
We leave a Wife we hate,  
'Tis still good—by my fairest.  
The Courtier who intends  
Ne'er to be among your Friends,*

*Cries, I'll serve you, honest Adam;  
When we find our Wives are Whores,  
Still we turn 'em out o'Doors,  
With your humble Servant Madam.*

Well, I'll go to your Papa, and tell him we have agreed upon Matters, and have the Wedding instantly.

*Lucy.*

The sooner the better.

*Blist.*

Your Servant, my pretty Dear.

*[Exit.*

*Lucy.*

Your Servant, my Dear. Nasty, greasy, ugly Fellow. Well, Marriage is a Charming thing tho', I long to be marry'd more than ever I did for any thing in my life; since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By Godes, I'll make him know who is at Home—let me see, I'll practise a little. Suppose that Chair was my Husband; and ecod by all I can find, a Chair is as proper for a Husband as any thing else; now says my Husband to me, how do you do, my Dear? Lard I my Dear, I don't know how I I do! not the better for you; pray, my Dear, let us Dine early to day. Indeed, my Dear, I can't—do you intend to go abroad to day! No, my Dear: then you will stay at home; no my Dear; shall we ride out? No, my Dear! shall we go a Visiting? No, my Dear.—I will never do any thing I am bid, that I am resolv'd; and then Mr. *Thomas*, oh good! I am out of my Wits.

AIR VIII.

Bessy Bell.

Lo, what swinging Lyes some People will tell!  
I thought when another I'd wedded,  
I must have bid poor Mr. *Thomas* farewell,  
And none but my Husband have bedded.  
But I find I'm deceiv'd, for as Michaelmas Day  
Is still the fore—runner of Lammas,  
So Wedding another is but the right way  
To come at my dear Mr. *Thomas*.

*Enter Coupee.*

Heyday! What fine Gentleman is this?

*Coup.*

Cousin, your most obedient, and devoted humble Servant.

*Lucy.*

I find this is one of your fine Gentry, by his not having any meaning in his Words.

*Coup.*

I have not the Honour to be known to you, Cousin; but your Father has been so kind to give me Admission to your fair Hands.

*Lucy.*

G Gemini Cancer! what a fine Charming Man this is!

*Coup.*

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My Name, Madam, is *Coupee*, and I have the Honour to be a Dancing–Master.

Lucy.

And are you come to teach me to Dance?

*Coup.*

Yes, my Dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty Dance, did you never learn to Dance?

Lucy.

No Sir, not I, only Mr. *Thomas* taught me, one, two, three.

*Coup.*

That is a very great Fault in your Education, and it will be a great Happiness for you to amend it, by having a Dancing–Master for your Husband.

Lucy.

Yes Sir, but I am not to have a Dancing–Master; my Papa says, I am to have a nasty stinking Apothecary.

*Coup.*

Your Papa says! what signifies what your Papa says?

Lucy.

What must I not mind what my Papa says?

*Coup.*

No, no, you are to follow your own Inclinations—I think if she has any Eyes, I may venture to trust 'em—your Father is a very Comical, queer old Fellow, a very odd kind of a silly Fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I ask Pardon tho' for my Freedom.

Lucy.

You need not ask my Pardon, for I am not at all angry, for between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a Fellow, as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

*Coup.*

I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous Usage of you, to lock up a young Lady of Beauty, Wit and Spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to Dance? why Madam, not learning to Dance, is absolute ruin to a young Lady. I suppose he took care enough you shou'd learn to read.

Lucy.

Yes, I can read very well.

*Coup.*

Ay, there it is; all Parents take care to instruct their Children in low mechanical things, while the genteel Sciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at least, if I throw my self at your Feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevating fire of your Smiles.

Lucy.

Lard Sir, I don't know what to say to these fine things—he's a pure Man. [*Aside.*]

*Coup.*

Might I hope to obtain the least spark of your Love, the least spark, Madam, wou'd blow up a Flame in me, that nothing ever cou'd quench. O hide those lovely Eyes, nor dart their fiery Rays upon me, lest I am consumed—shall I hope you will think of me.

Lucy.

I shall think of you more than I will let you know.

[*Aside.*]

*Coup.*

Will you not answer me?

Lucy.

La! You make me Blush so, I know not what to say.

*Coup.*

Ay, that is from not having learnt to Dance, a Dancing–Master wou'd have cur'd her of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your Husband.

Lucy.

No, I won't say that, but—

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AIR IX.

*Tweed Side.*

*O press me not, Sir, to be Wife*

*To a Man whom I never can hate;*

*So sweet a fine Gentleman's Life,*

*Shou'd never be sour'd with that Fate. But soon as I marry'd have been,*

*Ungrateful I will not be nam'd;*

*Oh stay but a Fortnight, and then,*

*And then you shall—Oh, I'm asham'd. Coup.*

A Fortnight! bid me live to the Age of—of— Mr. What's—his—Name, the oldest Man that ever liv'd; live a Fortnight after you are marry'd! No, unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to my self.

*Lucy.*

O do not do that, but indeed I never can hate you, and the Apothecary says no Woman marries any Man she does not hate.

*Coup.*

Ha, ha, ha! Such mean Fellows as those ev'ry fine Lady must hate; but when they marry fine Gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

*Lucy.*

O but I wou'd not have you think I love you. I assure you, I don't love you; I have been told I must not tell any Man I love him. I don't love you, indeed I don't.

*Coup.*

But may I not hope you will?

*Lucy.*

Lard Sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss *Jenny* says, I must always give my self Airs to a Man I like.

*Coup.*

Hope, Madam, at least, you may allow me; the cruellest of your Sex, the greatest Tyrants deny not hope.

*Lucy.*

No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope—hope indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I wou'd not give you the least bit of hope, tho' I was to see you die before my Face. It is a pure thing to give ones self Airs.

*Coup.*

Since nothing but my Death will content you, you shall be satisfy'd even at that Price.

*[Pulls out his Kitt.]*

Ha! Cursed Fate? I have no other Instrument of Death about me than a Sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way; within the Orchard, there is an Appletree; there, there, Madam! you shall see me hanging by the Neck there.

There shall you see your Dancing—Master die,

As *Bateman* hang'd for Love—e'en so will I. *Lucy.*

Oh stay!

AIR X.

Lass of *Patty's* Mill.

When you're like *Bateman* dead,

Your Ghost will come like him,

And take me out o'bed,

And tear me limb from limb.

If one then of the two

A Ghost or Man's my fate,

I'll go to Bed with you,

E'er out o' Bed with that.

La! Sir, you're so hasty—must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss *Jenny Flant*—it has been courted these two

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Years by half a dozen Men, and no body knows which she'll have yet, and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted, indeed so I will.

*Coup.*

And so you shall, I will Court you after we are married.

*Lucy.*

But will you indeed?

*Coup.*

Yes indeed, but if I shou'd not, there are others enough that wou'd.

*Lucy.*

But I did not think marry'd Women had ever been courted tho'.

*Coup.*

That is all owing to your not learning to Dance! why there are abundance of Women who marry for no other reason, as there are several Men who never Court any but marry'd Women.

*Lucy.*

Well then, I don't much care if I do marry you, but hold! There is one thing—but that does not much signify.

*Coup.*

What is it, my Dear?

*Lucy.*

Only I promis'd the Apothecary just now; that's all.

*Coup.*

Well, shall I fly then, and put ev'ry thing in readiness?

*Lucy.*

Ay do, I'm ready.

*Coup.*

One kiss before I go, my dearest Angel, and now one, two, three and away.

*[Exit.*

*Lucy.*

Oh dear, sweet Man! as handsome as an Angel, and as fine as a Lord. He is handsomer than Mr. *Thomas*, and Icod! almost as well drest. I see now why my Father wou'd never let me learn to Dance. For, by Goles! if all Dancing—Masters be such fine Men as this, I wonder ev'ry Woman does not Dance away with one. O la, now I think on't, he pull'd out his fidling thing, and I did not ask him to play a Tune upon't—but when we are marry'd, I'll make him play upon't; I'cod, he shall teach me to Dance too—he shall play, and I'll Dance; that will be pure.

*AIR XI.*

*Polwarth on the Green.*

*What Virgin e'er wou'd marry*

*A nasty Apothecary,*

*Whose Presence makes*

*Each thing that she takes*

*As had as his Physick can be?*

*Give me the brisk Blade,*

*Who lives by a Trade,*

*Abounding with Frolick and Glee;*

*On his Kit he shall play,*

*And I'll dance all the Day,*

*One, two, three; one, two, three.*

Hey! what's here? another Lover, I hope; the more the merrier, by Goles!

*Enter Bookish.*



## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

*Book.*

Unless my Instructions err, you are my Cousin *Lucy*.

*Lucy.*

So I was christen'd, Sir.

*Book.*

Why then, most probably you are she.—I suppose it wou'd be needless to inform you of an Affair, wherein you are doubtless already sufficiently instructed by your Parent the Purport of my Arrival here. But as Custom wills, that a Declaration be made on the Male Side, I shall, as briefly as may be, let you know that my Cousin *Goodwill* hath signify'd to me his Intentions of a Match between us, which is the Reason that hath drawn me hither from *Oxford*, and to which, if you comply, I am ready to fulfil his Desire.

*Lucy.*

O la! this Man is worse than the Apothecary; I don't understand one Word in three of what he says.

*Book.*

Cousin, I attend your Answer.

*Lucy.*

I don't know what to answer you; and while you ask me in such a manner, I won't answer you at all. Why don't you throw your self at my Feet, if you wou'd have me answer you? Other sort of People than you have done it.

*Book.*

Cousin, you will not, I hope, pretend to inform me what People have done; I know whole Nations have been Idolaters, but I shall not therefore be one. I shall throw my self at no Woman's Feet, for I look on my self as the Superior of the two.

*Lucy.*

What, do you think your self better than me?

*Book.*

Touching the Sex I do, most certainly.

*Lucy.*

And have you the Impudence to come a courting to me with such a Speech in your Mouth, to me who have just now had a fine Gentleman, a Dancing—Master, Sirrah, at my Feet?

*Book.*

He occurred to me at my Entrance, giving Offence at once to two of my Senses; my Eyes were wounded by a Coxcomb, and my Nose by a Stink.

*Lucy.*

What, do you call him a Coxcomb? that sweet fine Gentleman, a Coxcomb?

*Book.*

We have many such sweet Gentlemen at the University, who, it is pity, were not call'd to the same Employment, that they might be of some Use to the Community, for a Beau can be apply'd to no better.

*Lucy.*

By Godes! I thought he was a Beau. Well, Heaven be prais'd, I have liv'd to see a Beau. No Wonder Miss *Jenny* is so fond of 'em: And I shall have a Beau for a Husband at last, the very thing I always wish'd and long'd for.

*AIR XII.*

*Still he's the Man.*

*I never yet long'd for a thing in my Life,*

*Not even a Show,*

*So much as these two Years I've long'd to be Wife*

*To a dainty fine Beau.*

*The Ladies of London are sure in the right,*

*Who are all Day a dressing to get one at Night;*

*What Woman can ever say, No,*

*To a dainty fine Beau? Book.*

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

The properest for you, truly, by what appears.

*Lucy.*

Why you nasty, dirty, ugly, slovenly thing, did you think I'd have you? By Goles! I'd as soon have one of my Father's Carters, ay, or his Cart Horses: Why, you are little better than our Pig-Boy.

*Book.*

You are not many Degrees from a downright Ideot.

*Lucy.*

Augh! I hate you.

*Book.*

I cannot say that: But I—vehemently despise you.

*AIR XIII.*

*Have you heard of a frolicksome Ditty.*

*Go marry what Blockhead you will, Miss,*

*By all that appears I'm afraid,*

*That terrible Clacker to still, Miss,*

*A Stick on your Back will be laid. Lucy*

*Go marry what Woman you may, Sir,*

*Remember what Lucy has said,*

*Your Wife, in a Fortnight, will lay, Sir,*

*A Pair of good Horns on your Head. Book.*

You are, to say the Truth, a very idle, foolish Girl, and I commiserate you.

*Lucy.*

You impudent Fellow! how dare you call me Names? If your Papa suffers you to call me Names, I know those that won't, by Goles! I wish I was a Man, I'd box your Eyes out. You ugly Thing, you! You dirty Thing, you! You nasty, stinking Thing, you!

*Book.*

A perfect *Xantippe*!

*Lucy.*

Don't come out with your nasty hard Words here.—I won't speak to you, nor I won't look at you, nor I won't have any thing to do with you.

*AIR XIV.*

We've cheated the Parson.

I wou'd have you to know, you nasty Thing,

That sooner than have you, I'd hear my Knell;

Nay, rather than lead such an Ape in a String,

A Virgin I'd die, and lead Apes in Hell.

Nasty Thing,

Stinking Thing,

I'd die a Maid ere I'd have such a Thing. *Book.*

Be not terrify'd, I will not communicate with you any longer.—Truly, I had rather live in the Tub of *Diogenes*, than with the Wife of *Socrates*. Mr. *Goodwill* must be a Block-head, or he wou'd not have sent a Man of Sense to talk with such an Ideot.

*[Exit.*

*Lucy.*

I am glad he's gone. I had rather have one Beau, than fifty Men of Sense.—I wish my dear Dancing-Master was come back again.—I feel my self I don't know howish.—Lud! I never was so before in my Life!—Heyho!—Lud! I am out of Breath, as if I had run from the bottom of the Stairs to the top, without once stopping.—As sure as can be, I am in Love; ay, that's it; I certainly am in Love.—By Goles! it feels pure tho'.

*AIR XV.*

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

Ye Nymphs and Silvan Gods.

O all ye Powers above!  
I feel my Heart to move,  
Pit a pat, pit a pat,  
Pit a pat, pit a pat.  
O lud! I'm afraid I'm in Love,  
Yet I scorn down to lie  
Like a Child, and cry:  
Since if Miss Jenny's right,  
Love's a gentle Dart,  
That tickles the Heart,  
And tho' it gives us Smart,  
Does Joys impart,  
Which largely the Pains requite.  
O la! what's here? another Beau.

*Enter Quaver.*

*Quav.*

Madam, your Servant. I suppose my Cousin *Goodwill* has told you of the Happiness he designs you.

*Lucy.*

No, Sir, my Papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

*Quav.*

I have the Honour of being a distant Relation of yours,  
and I hope to be a nearer one. My Name is *Quaver*, Madam; I have the Honour to teach some of the first Quality to sing.

*Lucy.*

And are you come to teach me to sing?

*Quav.*

I like her Desire to learn to sing, it is a Proof of an excellent Understanding.—Yes; Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my Power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the Science of Singing.

*Lucy.*

Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told, I have a tolerable Voice, only I don't know the Notes.

*Quav.*

That, Madam, may be acquired, a Voice can not. A Voice must be the Gift of Nature, and it is the greatest Gift Nature can bestow. All other Perfections, without a Voice, are nothing at all. Musick is allow'd by all wise Men to be the noblest of the Sciences; whoever knows Musick, knows ev'ry thing.

*Lucy.*

Come then, do begin to teach me, for I long to learn.

*Quav.*

Hereafter I shall have time enough. But at present I have something of a different Nature to say to you.

*Lucy.*

What have you to say?

*AIR XVI.*

*Dimi Caro:*

*Dearest Charmer!*  
*Will you then bid me tell*  
*What you discern sa well,*

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

*By my expiring Sighs,  
My doating Eyes,  
My doating Eyes?  
Look thro' th' instructive Grove,  
Each Object prompts to Love;  
See how the Turtles play,  
Each Object prompts to Love;  
All Nature tells you what I'd say. Lucy.  
Oh charming! delightful!*

*Quav.*

May I hope you'll grant—

*Lucy.*

Another Song, and I'll do any thing.

*Quav.*

*Dearest Creature,*

*Pride of Nature!*

*All your Glances*

*Give me Trances.*

*Dearest, &c. Lucy.*

Oh, I melt, I faint, I swoon, I die!

*Quav.*

May I hope you'll be mine?

*Lucy.*

Will you charm me so every Day?

*Quav.*

And ev'ry Night too, my Angel.

*Enter Coupee.*

*Coup.*

Heyday! what do I see? my Mistress in another Man's Arms? Sir, will you do me the Favour to tell me what Business you have with that Lady?

*Quav.*

Pray, Sir, be so good as to tell me what Business you have to ask.

*Coup.*

Sir!

*Quav.*

Sir!

*Coup.*

Sir, this Lady is my Mistress.

*Quav.*

I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.

*Coup.*

Sir!

*Quav.*

Sir!

AIR XVII.

Of all the simple things, &c.

Coup.

Scene

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

Excuse me, Sir; Zounds, what d'ye mean?

I hope you don't give me the Lye. Quav.

Sir, you mistake me quite and clean,

Indeed, good Sir, not I. Coup.

Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad,

But I'm very glad that you don't. Quav.

Do you challenge me, Sir? Coup.

Not I, indeed, Sir. Quav.

Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't. Lucy.

Pray, Gentlemen, what's the Matter? I beseech you speak to me, one of you.

*Coup.*

Have I not Reason? Did I not find you in his Arms?

*Quav.*

And have I not Reason? Did he not say you was his Mistress, to my Face?

AIR XVIII.

Molly Mog.

Lucy.

Did Mortal e'er see two such Fools?

For nothing they're going to fight;

I begin to find Men are but Tools,

And both with a Whisper I'll bite.

With you I am ready to go, Sir,

I'll give t'other Fool a Rebuff;

[To Coupee.

Stay you but a Fortnight, or so, Sir,

I warrant I'll grant you enough.

[To Quaver.

*Quav.*

Damnation!

*Coup.*

Hell and Confusion!

[*They draw, Lucy runs out.*

*Enter Blister.*

*Blist.*

For Heaven's sake, Gentlemen! what's the Matter? I profess I am afraid you are both disorder'd. Pray, Sir, give me leave to handle your Pulse; I wish you are not light-headed.

*Coup.*

What is it to you, Sir, what I am?

*Quav.*

How dare you interfere between Gentlemen, Sirrah?

*Coup.*

I have a great Mind to break my Sword about your Head, you Dog.

*Quav.*

I have a great Mind to run you thro' the Body, you Rascal.

*Coup.*

Do you know who we are?

*Quav.*

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with?

*Blist.*

Dear Gentlemen, pray Gentlemen.—I wish I had nothing to do with you; I meant no Harm.

*Coup.*

So much the worse, Sirrah; so much the worse.

*Quav.*

Do you know what it is to anger Gentlemen?

*Enter Goodwill.*

*Good.*

Heyday! what, are you fencing here, Gentlemen?

*Blist.*

Fencing, Quotha? they have almost fenced me out of my Senses, I am sure.

*Coup.*

I shall take another time.

*Quav.*

And so shall I.

*Good.*

I hope there is no Anger between you. You are nearer Relations than you imagine to each other.—Mr. *Quaver*, you was sent out of *England* young; and you, Mr. *Coupee*, have liv'd all your Life-time in *London*; but I assure you, you are Cousin-Germans; let me introduce you to each other.

*Coup.*

Dear Cousin *Quaver*.

*Quav.*

Dear Cousin *Coupee*.

*Blist.*

It's but a Blow and a Kiss with these Sparks, I find.

*Coup.*

I thought there was something about him I cou'd not hurt.

*Good.*

Here is another Relation too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. *Blister*, Son to your Uncle *Blister* the Apothecary.

*Coup.*

I hope you will Excuse our Ignorance.

*Good.*

Yes, Cousin, with all my Heart, since there is no Harm come on't; but if you will take my Advice, you shall both immediately lose some Blood, and I will order each of you a gentle Purge.

*Enter Wormwood.*

*Worm.*

Your Servant, Cousin *Goodwill*! How do you do, Master *Coupee*? How do you do, Master *Blister*? The Roads are very dirty, but I obey your Summons, you see.

*Good.*

Mr. *Quaver*, this is your Cousin *Wormwood*, the Attorney.

*Worm.*

I am very glad to see you, Sir. I suppose by so many of our Relations being assembled, this is a Family Law-suit I am come upon. I shall be glad to have my Instructions as soon as possible, for I must carry away some of your

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

Neighbours Goods with Executions, by and by.

*Good.*

I sent for you on the Account of no Law—Suit this time. In short, I have resolv'd to dispose of my Daughter to one of my Relations, if you like her, Cousin *Wormwood*, with 10000*l*, and you shou'd happen to be her Choice—

*Blist.*

That's impossible, for she has promis'd me already.

*Coup.*

And me.

*Quav.*

And me.

*Worm.*

How! has she promis'd three of you? why then, the two that miss her, will have very good Actions against him that has her.

*Good.*

Her own Choice must determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. *Blister*, I must insist on your leaving off your Trade, and living here with me.

*Blist.*

No, Sir, I cannot consent to leave off my Trade.

*Good.*

Pray, Gentlemen, is not the Request reasonable?

*All.*

Oh, certainly, certainly.

*Coup.*

Ten thousand Pounds to an Apothecary, indeed!

*Quav.*

Not leave off his Trade?

*Coup.*

If I had been an Apothecary, I believe I shou'd not have made many Words.

*Good.*

I dare swear you will not, Cousin, if she shou'd make choice of you.

*Coup.*

There is some Difference tho' between us; mine is a genteel Profession, and I shall not leave it off on any Account.

*Good.*

I'll be judg'd by Mr. *Quaver* here, who has been abroad and seen the World.

*Quav.*

Very reasonable, very reasonable.—This Man, I see, has excellent Sense, and can distinguish between Arts and Sciences.

*Good.*

I am confident it wou'd not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous Art of teaching People to sing.

*Quav.*

Ridiculous Art of teaching to Sing! Do you call Musick an Art, which is the noblest of all Sciences? I thought you a Man of Sense, but I find—

*Coup.*

And I find too.

*Blist.*

And so do I.

*Worm.*

Well, it is surprising that Men shou'd be such Fools, that they shou'd hesitate at leaving off their Professions for 10000*l*.

*Good.*

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

Cousin *Wormwood*, you will leave off your Practice, I am sure.

*Worm.*

Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a Footing with Fiddlers and Dancing—Masters. No Man need be ashamed of marrying his Daughter to a Practitioner of the Law. What would you do without Lawyers? Who'd know his own Property?

*Blist.*

Or without Physicians, who'd know when he was well?

*Coup.*

If it was not for Dancing—Masters, Men might as well walk upon their Heads as their Heels.

*Quav.*

And if it was not for Singing—Masters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

*Enter Bookish.*

*Good.*

Heav'n be prais'd, here comes a Man of Sense, who will, I warrant, quit his Fellowship at the first Word, for my Daughter.—Cousin *Bookish*, I am glad you are come, you have seen my Daughter, I hope.

*Book.*

Yes, I have seen her, and without Flattery, a most contemptible Creature she is.

*All.*

Ha, ha, ha!

*Good.*

How! how!

*Book.*

I can scarce allow her the Appellation of *Animal rationale*. She agrees well with *Aristotle's* Definition of *Animal implume bipes*. In fine, such an Animal never occur'd to me before.

*Good.*

You are all a Set of intolerable Coxcombs, and I will give my Daughter to none of you.

*Blist.*

I shall have her, I believe, without your Consent.

*Quav.*

I shall whistle her away without your Leave.

*Coup.*

How little he guesses that I shall dance off with her within this Half—hour!

*Good.*

Ha! Confusion! what do I see! my Daughter in the Hands of that Fellow!

*Enter Lucy and Mr. Thomas.*

*Lucy.*

Pray, Papa, give me your Blessing. I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am marry'd to Mr. *Thomas*.

*Tho.*

I am afraid the Cloth I wear will be no Recommendation to me; but you may take off that Scandal. I assure you, my Family, which I will not now disown, intitled me to a better Station of Life, nor has my Education been as mean as my present Condition.

*Good.*

Oh *Lucy*, *Lucy*! is this the Return you make to my Fatherly Fondness?

*Lucy.*

Dear Papa, forgive me, I won't do so any more.—Indeed I should have been perjured, if I had not had him.—And



## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frighten'd, and did not know what I did.

*Good.*

To marry a Footman?

*Tho.*

Why look ye, Sir, I am a Footman, 'tis true, but I have good Acquaintance in Life. I have kept very good Company at the Hazard-Table; and when I have other Cloaths on and Money in my Pocket, the Quality will be very glad to see me again.

*Worm.*

Hark ye, Mr. *Goodwill*, your Daughter is an Heiress. I'll put you in a way to prosecute this Fellow.

*Blist.*

Did you not promise me, Madam?

*Coup.*

Ay, did you not promise me, Madam?

*Quav.*

And me too?

*Lucy.*

You have none of you any Reason to Complain; if I did promise you all, I promis'd him first.

*Worm.*

Look ye, Gentlemen, if any of you will employ me, I'll undertake we shall recover part of her Fortune.

*Book.*

I think the Woman has chose the properest Husband for her, for I confide she can't read.

*Quav.*

If you had giv'n your Daughter a good Education, and let her learnt Musick, it wou'd have put softer things into her Head.

*Blist.*

This comes of your Contempt of Physick. If she had been kept in a Diet, with a little gentle Bleeding, and Purging, and Vomiting, and Blistering, this had never happen'd.

*Worm.*

You shou'd have sent her to Town a Term or two, and taken Lodgings for her near the *Temple*, that she might have conversed with the young Gentlemen of the Law, and seen the World.

AIR XIX.

Bush of Boon.

Lucy.

Oh dear Papa! don't look so grum;

Forgive me and be good:

For tho' he's not so great as some,

He still is Flesh and Blood.

What tho' he's not so fine as Beaus,

In Gold and Silver gay;

Yet he, perhaps, without their Cloaths,

May have more Charms than they. *Tho.*

Your Daughter has marry'd a Man of some Learning, and one who has seen a little of the World, and who by his Love to her, and Obedience to you, will try to deserve your Favours. As for my having worn a Livery, let not that grieve you; as I have liv'd in a great Family, I have seen that no one is respected for what he is, but for what he has; the World pays no regard at present to any thing but Money, and if my own Industry shou'd add to your Fortune, so as to entitle any of my Posterity to Grandeur, it will be no reason against making my Son or Grandson a Lord, that his Father or Grandfather was a Footman.

*Good.*

Ha! Thou talk'st like a pretty sensible Fellow, and I don't know whether my Daughter has not made a better choice, than she cou'd have done among her Booby Relations. I shall suspend my Judgment at present, and pass it hereafter; according to your behaviour.

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

*Tho.*

I will try to deserve it shou'd be in my Favour.

*Worm.*

I hope, Cousin, you don't expect I shou'd lose my time. I expect Six and Eight Pence for my Journey.

*Good.*

Thy Profession, I see, has made a Knave of whom Nature meant a Fool. Well, henceforth I am resolv'd to indulge my self in all innocent and moderate Satisfactions, and laugh at my former Folly, and that of others, who think when they have rais'd a Fortune, they shall have any Happiness in bestowing it; since their finding one worthy to inherit it, is a greater Accident, and a greater Blessing, than the Fortune it self. What a Comfort must it be to a Man to think, while he is amassing Riches, that the Reward of all his Labour and Care, and Self-denial will be. To go a toilsome Journey to the Grave,  
And leave his Treasures to a Fool or Knave.

*FINIS.*

SONG.

Tune, *The Yorkshire Ballad.*

Blister.

Had your Daughter been physick'd well, Sir, as she ought,  
With Bleeding, and Blist'ring, and Vomit, and Draught,  
This Footman had never been once in her Thought,

With his Down, down, &c.  
Coupee.

Had pretty Miss been at a Dancing-School bred,  
Had her Feet but been taught the right Manner to tread,  
Gad's Curse! 'twould have put better things in her Head,  
Than his Down, down, &c.

Quaver.

Had she learnt, like fine Ladies, instead of her Prayers,  
To languish and die at Italian soft Airs.  
A Footman had never thus tickled her Ears,  
With his Down, down, &c.

Lucy.

You may Physick, and Musick, and Dancing enhance,  
In One I have got them all three by good Chance,  
My Doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,  
With his Down, down, &c. And though soft Italians the Ladies controul,  
He swears he can charm a fine Lady, by Gole!  
More than an Italian can do for his Soul,  
With a Down, down, &c. My Fate then, Spectators, hangs on your Decree,  
I have brought kind Papa here, at last, to agree;  
If you'll pardon the Poet, he will pardon me,  
With my Down, down, &c. Let not a poor Farce then nice Criticks pursue,  
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd Men do,  
And clap to please us, who have sweat to please you,  
With our Down, down, &c.

Scene

## An Old Man Taught Wisdom

Chorus.

Let not a poor Farce then, &c.