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THE  
TOY-SHOP  
(1735)



THE  
KING  
AND THE  
MILLER  
OF MANSFIELD  
(1737)

*ROBERT DODSLEY*

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*Introduction by*  
HARRY M. SOLOMON

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## INTRODUCTION

THE CAREER OF ROBERT DODSLEY (1703-1764), or "Doddy" as Samuel Johnson affectionately called him, resembles nothing so much as the rise of Francis Goodchild in Hogarth's *Industry and Idleness* (1747) series. Like Goodchild, Dodsley began as a humble apprentice and, through energy, ingenuity, and laudable ambition, grew prosperous and gained the esteem of all London. Today Dodsley is remembered as the most important publisher of his period, a man who numbered among his authors Pope, Young, Akenside, Gray, Johnson, Burke, Shenstone, and Sterne. His long-labored *Collection of Poems* (1748) rescued many of his contemporaries' works from pamphlet obscurity and even now provides both the best and the most representative introduction to mid-eighteenth-century English poetry. His twelve-volume *A Select Collection of Old Plays* (1744) made the lesser Elizabethan dramatists, long out of print, available again.

It is one of the minor ironies of literary history that the man who did so much to insure the survival of the poems and plays of others has had his own almost entirely forgotten. For Dodsley was not always a bookseller. When he escaped his country apprenticeship and fled to London to work as a footman, Dodsley had his heart set on literary distinction; and it was first as poet and later as playwright that he came to the attention of the Town. Although a few of his poems are as ingratiating as Dodsley himself is reported to have been, most are now aesthetically irretrievable. His dramas, in contrast, remain interesting. Two of the best—*The Toy-Shop* (1735) and *The King and the Miller of Mansfield* (1737)—were much more popular than his earlier poems and for a time made him seem the equal of fellow dramatist Henry Fielding. So great was the vogue of these two works that Dodsley has been described as the principal developer of the sentimental or moralizing afterpiece.[1] Both works are short afterpieces intended to complement or contrast with the full-length play on the day's bill and both moralize conspicuously; the two plays could, however, hardly be more different in tone and technique.

*The Toy-Shop* grew out of Dodsley's admiration of and consequent desire to emulate the witty raillery of Augustan satire. When he sent Pope his newly minted collected poems, *A Muse in Livery* (1732), Dodsley also included an orphan muse in the packet. In February of 1733 Pope politely responded that he liked the play and would encourage John Rich to produce it, but that he doubted whether it had sufficient action to engage an audience. Dodsley apparently did all he could to strengthen his acquaintance with Pope, including

publishing a laudatory *Epistle to Mr. Pope, Occasion'd by His Essay on Man* in 1734; and the following February when Rich finally produced *The Toy-Shop* at Covent Garden, some thought that Pope was the author and Dodsley's alleged authorship a diversion. Understandably, Dodsley was delighted to have his play even momentarily mistaken for the work of Alexander Pope.

*The Toy-Shop* was enormously popular. "This little Performance, without any Theatrical Merit whatsoever," the *Prompter* wrote on 18 February, "received the loudest Applauses that I have heard this long while, only on Account of its General and well-Adapted Satire on the Follies of Mankind." [2] Dodsley's afterpiece was performed thirty-four times during the 1735 season. In print it was even more in demand. For his benefit performance on 6 February, Dodsley advertised that "Books of the Toy-Shop will be sold in the House." [3] There were at least six legitimate editions of the piece within the year. It was pirated, translated into French, and subsequently anthologized in almost every collection of English farces. [4]

Every critic has concurred with Pope in finding the play plotless. The short first scene establishes the premise: that the Master of the shop is "a general Satyrst, yet not rude nor ill-natur'd," who moralizes "upon every Trifle he sells, and will strike a Lesson of Instruction out of a Snuff-box, a Thimble, or a Cockle-shell" (p. 10). Working within a tradition that includes Lucian's sale of philosophers and, just after *The Toy-Shop*, Fielding's auction in *The Historical Register, For the Year 1736* (1737), Dodsley acknowledged that his premise was adopted directly from Thomas Randolph's *Conceited Pedlar* (1630). His metaphor of the world as "a great Toy-shop, and all it's [*sic*] Inhabitants run mad for Rattles" (p. 45) recalls the brilliant penultimate verse paragraph of "Epistle II" of Pope's *Essay on Man*, wherein mankind is shown as eternally addicted to "toys" of one kind or another:

Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;  
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er!

(Lines 281-82)

With so many unmistakable resemblances to Pope in Dodsley's play, it is not surprising that some spectators thought they detected the hand of the author of *The Rape of the Lock*.

Following a hint from Pope that the strength of his afterpiece lay in its mixture of morality and satire, Dodsley titled his work "A Dramatick Satire" and begged indulgence in the epilogue for his "dull grave Sermon" (p. 5). In fact, the merit of the work is the wit with which the Master of the shop extemporizes over each sale. "Why, Sir," one character says, "methinks you are a new Kind of a Satirical Parson, your Shop is your Scripture, and every piece of Goods a different Text, from which you expose the Vices and Follies of Mankind in a very fine allegorical Sermon" (p. 17). Jean Kern lists the satiric allegory as one of the five major forms of dramatic satire during this period, but judges *The Toy-Shop* a failure in that genre because, instead of a sustained allegory, Dodsley provides "a jumble of annotated sales of abstractions with no controlling metaphor. The toys for sale are interesting only for the value which the characters assign to them; the result is a miscellany of characters assigning a miscellany of values." [5] Thus, the problematic nature of a genre that attempts to dramatize satire with no more than perfunctory recourse to plot or characterization and Dodsley's failure to sustain consistently his comparison between those objects that mankind values and mere toys both contribute to the play's lack of "Theatrical Merit." It may also suggest why *The Toy-Shop* was even more popular in print than on the stage. Nevertheless, even with all its dramatic inadequacies acknowledged, the play retains a charming Tatleresque ingenuity that still amuses.

Income from *The Toy-Shop* and the gift of a hundred pounds from Pope allowed Dodsley to open, under the sign of Tully's Head, the bookshop that was to become so important in the history of English literature. Dodsley the bookseller did not cease writing; when *The King and the Miller of Mansfield* opened at Drury Lane on 29 January 1737, with young Colley Cibber in the role of Henry II, it was evident that Dodsley's stagecraft had improved. The play was a triumph, with thirty-seven performances in 1737—the most popular play of the year and one of the most popular plays of the century.

*The Toy-Shop* had been Dodsley's attempt to adopt sophisticated city ways; *The King and the Miller of Mansfield* is a return to his "native Sherwood." Instead of indulging in the sometimes labored, sometimes second-hand wit and contemptuous satiric stance of the earlier play, *The King and the Miller of Mansfield* reflects the earnest sentimentality and democratic impulse of the ballad, later printed in Percy's *Reliques* (1765), upon which the play is modeled. The plot is simple. Henry II, lost and separated from his courtiers in Sherwood Forest, is given shelter by honest John Cockle, a miller in nearby Mansfield and one of His Majesty's Keepers of the Forest. Meanwhile, at the miller's house, his son Dick and Dick's former sweetheart Peggy plan how to gain access to the king so that he might redress the wrongs done to their innocent love by the lust of the haughty Lord Lurewell. By

coincidence Lurewell is one of the courtiers lost in the forest. In the final scene, with all the principals assembled, the king's identity is made known and distributive justice dispensed.

Allardyce Nicoll argues that the success of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield* makes Dodsley the most important sentimentalist of the thirties.[6] Certainly the play was frequently produced with revivals of earlier sentimental works like Cibber's *Love's Last Shift* (1696) and Steele's *The Conscious Lovers* (1723); and, in fact, it would be difficult to find a list of definitive characteristics of sentimental drama that Dodsley's play does not satisfy in every particular. The bourgeois nobility and integrity of Dick and Peggy poignantly engage the audience's pity and admiration, while the improbable resolution affirms the inevitable triumph of goodness. There is even—what some critics have required of sentimental drama—love of rural scenery and use of native setting.[7]

Dodsley has cleverly integrated scene and theme in *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*. The moral and social problem stressed in the play is the existence and abuse of aristocratic privilege. Implicitly the play assumes that rank should correlate with goodness. The king himself is the best example of this. Alone at night in Sherwood Forest, Henry asks himself, "Of what Advantage is it now to be a King? Night shews me no Respect: I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another Man" (p. 11). Cut off from the trappings of monarchy he finds his common humanity and, at the conclusion of the play, redresses the wrongs of rank when he knights the instinctively noble miller and reproves the vicious but hereditarily titled Lord Lurewell. His accidental separation from the corruption of court and courtiers initiates Henry's contact with John Cockle, representative of all the middle-class virtues. Significantly, they are in the miller's environment: rural England, symbol of uncorrupted beauty, correlative to the innocent beauty of young Peggy before her acquaintance with Lords "of Prerogative." [8]

As critics have noted, the whole sentimental movement in English drama is opposed in tone to the cynical ethos of aristocratic privilege; but Dodsley explicitly advocates a democratic sensibility that estimates individual worth independent of the accident of birth. The "bourgeois sententiae" of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield* are certainly as ideologically explicit as the arguments for the value of the mercantile middle class in Lillo's *The London Merchant* (1731).[9] Dodsley did, after all, have working-class credentials; his years in "service" furnished the materials for *Servitude: A Poem* (1729) and *A Muse in Livery* (1732). The allegorical frontispiece to *A Muse in Livery* shows a young man aspiring to knowledge, virtue, and happiness but manacled by poverty to misery, folly, and ignorance, his foot chained to a giant stone inscribed "Despair."

Despite the play's clear egalitarian sympathies, it seems excessive to characterize Dodsley's work as "revolutionary" and to be reminded too forcibly of the coming events in France. And yet, as has also been suggested, things might now look different had there been a revolution in England. Plays like Dodsley's discomfited the government. As Fielding notes in the dedication of *The Historical Register, For the Year 1736*, the *Gazetteer* of 7 May 1737 had accused his play and Dodsley's *The King and the Miller of Mansfield* of aiming at the overthrow of Walpole's ministry. "Bob Booty" reacted to this threat from the stage by enacting legislation in June requiring that all new plays and all alterations of old plays be approved by the Lord Chamberlain; in contrast, the reaction of the monarchy to Dodsley's work was much more ingenious. The third performance of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, that from which the author was to receive the proceeds, was held "By Command of their Royal Highness the Prince and Princess of Wales." Both royal personages were present to honor the apprentice from Mansfield. "The Boxes not being equal to the Demand for Places, for the better Accommodation of the Ladies, Side Boxes [were] made on the Stage." [10] Although the production of Dodsley's best play, *Cleone* (1758), was still twenty years in the future, it seems safe to regard this night as the height of Dodsley's dramatic career.

Auburn University

## NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

1. Leo Hughes, *A Century of English Farce* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1956), 126.

2. *The London Stage 1660-1800: Part 3: 1729-1747*, ed. Arthur H. Scouten (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1961), 457.

3. *Ibid.*, 458.

4. Ralph Straus, *Robert Dodsley: Poet, Publisher and Playwright* (London: John Lane, 1910), 35.

5. Jean B. Kern, *Dramatic Satire in the Age of Walpole, 1720-1750* (Ames: Iowa State

University Press, 1976), 149.

6. Allardyce Nicoll, *A History of English Drama 1660-1900*, 6 vols. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1955-60), 2:204.

7. For a survey of attempts to characterize sentimental drama, see Arthur Sherbo, *English Sentimental Drama* (East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 1957).

8. John Loftis, *The Politics of Drama in Augustan England* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1963), 116-17.

9. Laura Brown, *English Dramatic Form, 1660-1760: An Essay in Generic History* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1981), 148.

10. *London Stage: Part 3*, 635.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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## THE TOY-SHOP.



A

**Dramatick Satire.**

By **ROBERT DODSLEY,**

**Author of *The Art of Charming.***





EPILOGUE.

*Well, Heav'n be prais'd, this dull grave Sermon's done.  
(For faith our Author might have call'd it one)  
I wonder who the Devil he thought to please!  
Is this a Time o' Day for Things like these?  
Good Sense and honest Satire now offend;  
We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend.  
And so divinely wrapt in Songs and Tunes,  
The next wise Age will all be—Fiddlers Sons.  
And did he think plain Truth wou'd Favour find?  
Ah! 'tis a Sign he little knows Mankind!  
To please, he ought to have a Song or Dance,  
The Tune from Italy, the Caper France:  
These, these might charm—But hope to do't with Sense!  
Alas, alas, how vain is the Pretence!  
But, tho' we told him,—Faith, 'twill never do.—  
Pho, never fear, he cry'd, tho' grave, 'tis new:  
The Whim, perhaps, may please, if not the Wit.  
And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.  
If neither this nor that will intercede,  
Submissive bond, and thus for Pardon plead.*

*"To gen'rous Few, to you our Author sues  
His first Essay with Candour to excuse.  
'T has Faults, he owns, but, if they are but small,  
He hopes your kind Applause will hide them all."*



Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Master of the Shop, Mr. <i>Chapman</i> .	
1 }	Mr. <i>Bridgewater</i> .
2 }	Mr. <i>Wignell</i> .
3 }	Gentleman, Mr. <i>Hallam</i> .
4 }	Mr. <i>Hale</i> .
Beau.	Mr. <i>Neale</i> .
1 }	Mr. <i>James</i> .
2 }	Old Man, Mr. <i>Hippisley</i> .

WOMEN.

1 } Mrs. Bullock.  
2 } Miss Norsa.  
3 } Lady, Mrs. Mullart.  
4 } Miss Bincks.

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THE  
TOY-SHOP.

SCENE *a Parlour. A Gentleman and two Ladies, drinking Tea.*



*Gent.* And you have never been at this extraordinary Toy-shop, you say, Madam?

*1 La.* No, Sir: I have heard of the Man, indeed; but most People say, he's a very impertinent, silly Fellow.

*Gent.* That's because he sometimes tells them of their Faults.

*1 La.* And that's sufficient. I should think any Man impertinent that should pretend to tell me of my Faults, if they did not concern him.

*Gent.* Yes, Madam. But People that know him take no Exceptions. And really, tho' some may think him impertinent, in my Opinion, he's very entertaining.

*2 La.* Pray, who is this Man you're talking of? I never heard of him.

*Gent.* He's one who has lately set up a Toy-shop, Madam, and is, perhaps, the most extraordinary Person in his Way that ever was heard of. He is a general Satyrst, yet not rude nor ill-natur'd. He has got a Custom of moralizing upon every Trifle he sells, and will strike a Lesson of Instruction out of a Snuff-box, a Thimble, or a Cockle-shell.

*1 La.* Isn't he cras'd?

*Gent.* Madam, he may be call'd a Humourist; but he does not want Sense, I do assure you.

*2 La.* Methinks I should be glad to see him.

*Gent.* I dare say you will be very much diverted. And if you'll please to give me Leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

*2 La.* What say you, Madam, shall we go?

*1 La.* I can't help thinking he's a Coxcomb; however, to satisfy Curiosity I don't care if I do.

*Gent.* I believe the Coach is at the Door.

*2 La.* I hope he won't affront us.

*Gent.* He won't designedly, I'm sure, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Toy-Shop, the Master standing behind the Counter looking over his Books.*

*Mast.* Methinks I have had a tolerable good Day of it to-day. A Gold Watch, Five and Thirty Guineas—Let me see—What did that Watch stand me in?—Where is it? O here—Lent [*Turning to another book backwards and forwards.*] to Lady *Basset* Eighteen Guineas upon her Gold Watch. Ay, she died and never redeem'd it.—A Set of old China, Five Pounds.—Bought of an old Cloaths Man for Five Shillings. Right.—A curious Shell for a Snuff-box, Two Guineas.—Bought of a poor Fisher-boy for a Half-penny. Now, if I had offer'd that Shell for Sixpence, no body would have bought it. Well, Thanks to the whimsical Extravagance and Folly of Mankind, I believe, from these childish Toys and gilded Baubles, I shall pick up a comfortable Maintenance. For, really, as it is a trifling Age, so Nothing but Trifles are valued in it. Men read none but trifling Authors, pursue none but trifling Amusements, and contend for none but trifling Opinions. A trifling Fellow is prefer'd, a trifling Woman admir'd. Nay, as if there were not real Trifles enow, they now make Trifles of the most serious and valuable Things. Their Time, their Health, their Money, their Reputation, are trifled away. Honestly is become a Trifle, Conscience a Trifle, Honour a mere Trifle, and Religion the greatest Trifle of all.

*Enter the Gentleman and the two Ladies.*

*Mast.* Sir, your humble Servant, I'm very glad to see you.

*Gent.* Sir, I am yours. I have brought you some Customers here.

*Mast.* You are very good, Sir. What do you please to want, Ladies?

*1 La.* Please to want! People seldom please to want any thing, Sir.

*Mast.* O dear Madam, yes; I always imagine when People come into a Toy-shop, it must be for something they please to want.

*2 La.* Here's a mighty pretty Looking Glass; Pray, Sir, what's the Price of it?

*Mast.* This Looking Glass, Madam, is the finest in all *England*. In this Glass a Coquet may see her Vanity, and a Prude her Hypocrisy. Some fine Ladies may see more Beauty than Modesty, more Airs than Graces, and more Wit than Good-nature.

*1 La.* [*Aside.*] He begins already.

*Mast.* If a Beau was to buy this Glass, and look earnestly in it, he might see his Folly almost as soon as his Finery. 'Tis true, some People may not see their Generosity in it, nor others their Charity, yet it is a very clear Glass. Some fine Gentlemen may not see their Good-manners in it perhaps, nor some Parsons their Religion, yet it is a very clear Glass. In short, tho' every one that passes for a Maid should not happen to see a Maidenhead in it, yet it may be a very clear Glass, you know, for all that.

*2 La.* Yes, Sir, but I did not ask you the Virtues of it, I ask'd you the Price.

*Mast.* It was necessary to tell you the Virtues, Madam, in order to prevent your scrupling the Price, which is five Guineas, and for so extraordinary a Glass, in my Opinion, it is but a Trifle.

*2 La.* Lord, I'm afraid to look in it, methinks, lest it should show me more of my Faults than I care to see.

*1 La.* Pray, Sir, what can be the Use of this very diminutive piece of Goods here?

*Mast.* This Box, Madam? In the first Place, it is a very great Curiosity, being the least Box that ever was seen in *England*.

*1 La.* Then a very little Curiosity had been more proper.

*Mast.* Right, Madam. Yet, would you think it, in this same little Box, a Courtier may deposite his Sincerity, a Lawyer may screw up his Honesty, and a Poet may—hoard his Money.

*Gent.* Ha, ha, ha, I will make a Present of it to Mr. *Stanza* for the very same Purpose.

*2 La.* Here's a fine Perspective. Now, I think, Madam, in the Country these are a very pretty Amusement.

*Mast.* O, Madam, the most useful and diverting things imaginable either in Town or Country. The Nature of this Glass, Madam, (pardon my impertinence in pretending to tell you what to be sure you are as well acquainted with as myself) is this. If you look thro' it at this end every Object is magnified, brought near, and discern'd with the greatest Plainness; but turn it the other way, do ye see, and they are all lessen'd, cast at a great Distance, and rendered almost imperceptible. Thro' this End it is that we look at our own Faults, but when other People's are to be examined, we are ready enough to turn the other. Thro' this End are view'd all the Benefits and Advantages we at any time receive from others; but if ever we happen to confer any, they are sure to be shown in their greatest Magnitude thro' the other.



Thro' this we enviously darken and contract the Virtue, the Merit, the Beauty of all the World around us; but fondly Compliment our own with the most agreeable and advantageous Light thro' the other.

*2 La.* Why, Sir, methinks you are a new Kind of a Satirical Parson, your Shop is your Scripture, and every piece of Goods a different Text, from which you expose the Vices and Follies of Mankind in a very fine allegorical Sermon.

*Mast.* Right, Madam, right; I thank you for the Simile. I may be call'd a Parson indeed, and am a very good one in my way. I take delight in my Calling, and am never better pleased than to see a full Congregation. Yet it happens to me as it does to most of my Brethren, People sometimes vouchsafe to take home the Text perhaps, but mind the Sermon no more than if they had not heard one.

*1 La.* Why, Sir, when a short Text has more in it than a long Sermon, it's no wonder if they do.

*Enter a third Lady.*

*3 Lady.* Pray, Sir, let me look at some of your little Dogs.

*2 La.* [*Aside.*] Little Dogs! My Stars! How cheaply some People are entertain'd! Well, it's a Sign human Conversation is grown very low and insipid, whilst that of Dogs and Monkeys is preferr'd to it.

*Mast.* Here are very beautiful Dogs, Madam, these Dogs when they were alive were some of them the greatest Dogs of their Age. I don't mean the largest, but Dogs of the greatest Quality and Merit.

*1 La.* I love a *Dog of Merit* dearly; has not he a *Dog of Honour* too, I wonder? [*Aside.*]

*Mast.* Here's a Dog now that never eat but upon Plate or China, nor set his Foot but upon a Carpet or a Cushion. Here's one too, this Dog belong'd to a Lady of as great Beauty and Fortune as any in *England*; he was her most intimate Friend and particular Favourite; and upon that Account has receiv'd more Compliments, more Respect, and more Addresses than a First Minister of State. Here's another which was, doubtless, a Dog of singular Worth and great Importance; since at his Death one of the greatest Families in the Kingdom were all in Tears, receiv'd no Visits for the space of a Week, but shut themselves up and mourn'd their Loss with inconsolable Sorrow. This Dog while he liv'd, either for Contempt of his Person, neglect of his Business, or saucy impertinent Behaviours in their Attendance on him, had the Honour of turning away upwards of thirty Servants. He died at last of a Cold caught by following one of the Maids into a damp Room, for which she lost her Place, her Wages, and her Character.

*3 Lady.* O the careless wicked Wretch! I would have had her try'd for Murder at least. That, that is just my Case! The sad Relation revives my Grief so strongly I cannot contain. *Lucy*, bring in the Box. *1* O I have lost the dearest Friend in the World! See! see the charming Creature, here, lies dead! Its precious Life is gone! Oh, my dear *Chloe*! no more wilt thou lie hugg'd in my warm Bosom! no more will that sweet Tongue lick o'er my Face, nor that dear Mouth eat dainty Bits from mine. O, Death, what hast thou robb'd me of?

*Gent.* [*Aside.*] A proper Object to display your Folly.

*Mast.* Pray, Madam, moderate your Grief; you ought to thank Heaven 'tis not your Husband.

*3 La.* Oh, what is Husband, Father, Mother, Son, to my dear, precious *Chloe*!—No, no, I cannot live without the Sight of his dear Image; and if you cannot make me the exact Effigies of this poor dead Creature, and cover it with his own dear Skin, so nicely that it cannot be discern'd, I must never hope to see one happy Day in Life.

*Mast.* Well, Madam, be comforted, I will do it to your Satisfaction.

[*Taking the Box.*]

*3 Lady.* Let me have one look more. Poor Creature! O cruel Fate, that Dogs are born to die.

[*Exit weeping.*]

*Gent.* What a Scene is here! Are not the real and unavoidable Evils of Life sufficient, that People thus create themselves imaginary Woes?

*Mast.* These, Sir, are the Grievs of those that have no other. Did they once truly feel the real Miseries of Life, ten thousand Dogs might die without a Tear.

*Enter a second Gentleman.*

*2 Gent.* I want an Ivory Pocket-book.

*Mast.* Do you please to have it with Directions, or without?

*2 Gent.* Directions! what, how to use it?

*Mast.* Yes, Sir.

*2 Gent.* I should think, every Man's own Business his best Direction.

*Mast.* It may so. Yet there are some general Rules, which it equally behoves every Man to be acquainted with. As for Instance: Always to make a Memorandum of the Benefits you receive from others. Always to set down the Faults or Failings, which from Time to Time you discover in yourself. And, if you remark any Thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natur'd Design to hurt or expose them, at any Time, but with a *Nota bene*, that it is only for a Caution to your self, not to be guilty of the like. With a great many other Rules of such a Nature as makes one of my Pocket-books both a useful Monitor and a very entertaining Companion.

*2 Gent.* And pray, what's the Price of one of them?

*Mast.* The Price is a Guinea, Sir.

*2 Gent.* That's very dear. But, as it's a Curiosity—[*Pays for it, and Exit.*]

*Enter a Beau.*

*Beau.* Pray, Sir, let me see some of your handsomest Snuff-boxes.

*Mast.* Here's a plain Gold one, Sir, a very neat Box; here's a Gold enamell'd; here's a Silver one neatly carv'd and gilt; here's a curious Shell, Sir, set in Gold.

*Beau.* Dam your Shells; there's not one of them fit for a Gentleman to put his Fingers into. I want one with some pretty Device on the Inside of the Lid; something that may serve to joke upon, or help one to an Occasion to be witty, that is, smutty, now and then.

*Mast.* And are witty and smutty then synonymous Terms?

*Beau.* O dear Sir, yes; a little decent Smutt is the very Life of all Conversation. 'Tis the Wit of Drawing-Rooms, Assemblies, and Tea-tables. 'Tis the smart Raillery of fine Gentlemen, and the innocent Freedom of fine Ladies. 'Tis a *Double Entendre*, at which the Coquet laughs, the Prude looks grave, the Modest blush, but all are pleas'd with.

*Mast.* That it is the Wit and the Entertainment of all Conversations, I believe, Sir, may, possibly, be a Mistake. 'Tis true, those who are so rude as to use it in all Conversations, may possibly be so deprav'd themselves, as to fancy every body else as agreeably entertain'd in hearing it as they are in uttering it: But I dare say, any Man or Woman, of real Virtue and Modesty, has as little Taste for such Ribaldry as those Coxcombs have for what is good Sense or true Politeness.

*Beau.* Good Sense, Sir! Damme, Sir, what do you mean? I would have you think, I know good Sense as well as any Man. Good Sense is a true—a right—a—a—a—Dam it, I wo'nt be so pedantick as to make Definitions: But I can invent a cramp Oath, Sir; drink a smutty Health, Sir; ridicule Priests, laugh at all Religion, and make such a grave Prig as you look just like a Fool, Sir. Now, I take this to be good Sense.

*Mast.* And I unmov'd can hear such senseless Ridicule, and look upon its Author with an Eye of Pity and Contempt. And I take this to be good Sense.

*Beau.* Pshaw, pshaw; damn'd Hypocrisy and Affectation; Nothing else, nothing else.

[*Exit.*]

*Mast.* There is Nothing so much my Aversion as a Coxcomb. They are a Ridicule upon humane Nature, and make one almost asham'd to be of the same Species. And, for that Reason, I can't forbear affronting them whenever they fall in my Way. I hope the Ladies will excuse such Behaviour in their Presence.

*2 La.* Indeed, Sir, I wish we had always somebody to treat them with such Behaviour in our Presence. 'Twould be much more agreeable than their Impertinence.

*Enter a Young Gentleman.*

*3 Gent.* I want a plain Gold Ring, Sir, exactly this Size.

*Mast.* Then 'tis not for yourself, Sir.

*3 Gent.* No.

*Mast.* A Wedding Ring, I presume.

*3 Gent.* No, Sir, I thank you kindly, that's a Toy I never design to play with. 'Tis the most dangerous Piece of Goods in your whole Shop. People are perpetually doing themselves a Mischief with it. They hang themselves fast together first, and afterwards are ready to hang themselves separately, to get loose again.

*1 La.* This is but the fashionable Cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended Railer at Matrimony is not just upon the Point of making some poor Woman miserable. [*Aside.*]

*3 Gent.* Well—happy are we whilst we are Children; we can then lay down one Toy and take up another, and please ourselves with Variety: But growing more foolish as we grow older, there's no Toy will please us then but a Wife; and that, indeed, as it is a Toy for Life, so it is all Toys in one. She's a Rattle in a Man's Ears which he cannot throw aside: A Drum that is perpetually beating him a Point of War: A Top which he ought to whip for his Exercise, for like that she is best when lash'd to sleep: A Hobby-Horse for the Booby to ride on when the Maggot takes him: A—

*Mast.* You may go on, Sir, in this ludicrous Strain, if you please, and fancy 'tis Wit; but, in my Opinion, a good Wife is the greatest Blessing, and the most valuable possession, that Heaven in this Life can bestow. She makes the Cares of the World sit easy, and adds a Sweetness to its Pleasures. She is a Man's best Companion in Prosperity, and his only Friend in Adversity. The carefullest Preserver of his Health, and the kindest Attendant on his Sickness. A faithful Adviser in Distress, a Comforter in Affliction, and a prudent Manager of all his Domestick Affairs.

*2 La.* [*Aside.*] Charming Doctrine!

*3 Gent.* Well, Sir, since I find you so staunch an Advocate for Matrimony, I confess 'tis a Wedding-Ring I want; the Reason why I deny'd it, and of what I said in Ridicule of Marriage, was only to avoid the Ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

*Mast.* Why that now is just the Way of the World in every Thing, especially, amongst young People. They are asham'd to do a good Action because it is not a fashionable one, and in Compliance with Custom act contrary to their own Consciences. They displease themselves to please the Coxcombs of the World, and chuse rather to be Objects of divine Wrath than humane Ridicule.

*3 Gent.* 'Tis very true, indeed. There is not one Man in Ten Thousand that dare be virtuous for Fear of being singular. 'Tis a Weakness which I have hitherto been too much guilty of my self; but for the future I am resolv'd upon a more steady Rule of Action.

*Mast.* I am very glad of it. Here's your Ring, Sir. I think it comes to about a Guinea.

*3 Gent.* There's the Money.

*Mast.* Sir, I wish you all the Joy that a good Wife can give you.

*3 Gent.* I thank you, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*1 La.* Well, Sir, but, after all, don't you think Marriage a Kind of a desperate Venture?

*Mast.* It is a desperate Venture, Madam, to be sure. But, provided there be a tolerable Share of Sense and Discretion on the Man's part, and of Mildness and Condescension on the Woman's, there is no danger of leading as happy and as comfortable a Life in that State as in any other.

*Enter a fourth Lady.*

*4 Lady.* I want a Mask, Sir, Have you got any?

*Mast.* No, Madam, I have not one indeed. The People of this Age are arriv'd to such perfection in the Art of masking themselves, that they have no Occasion for any Foreign Disguises at all. You shall find Infidelity mask'd in a Gown and Cassock; and wantonness and immodesty under a blushing Countenance. Oppression is veil'd under the Name of Justice, and Fraud, and Cunning under that of Wisdom. The Fool is mask'd under an affected Gravity, and the vilest Hypocrite under the greatest Professions of Sincerity. The Flatterer passes upon you under the Air of a Friend; and he that now hugs you in his Bosom, for a Shilling would cut your Throat. Calumny and Detraction impose themselves upon the World for Wit, and an eternal Laugh wou'd fain be thought Good-nature. An humble Demeaner is assum'd from a Principle of Pride, and the Wants of the Indigent relieved out of Ostentation. In short, Worthlessness and Villany are oft disguis'd and dignified in Gold and Jewels, whilst Honesty and Merit lie hid under Raggs and Misery. The whole World is in a Mask, and it is impossible to see the natural Face of any one Individual.

*4 Lady.* That's a Mistake, Sir, you your self are an Instance, that no Disguise will hide a Coxcomb; and so your humble Servant.

*Mast.* Humph!—Have I but just now been exclaiming against Coxcombs, and am I accused of being one my self? Well—we can none of us see the ridiculous Part of our own Characters. Could we but once learn to criticize ourselves; and to find out and expose to our selves our own weak Sides, it would be the surest Means to conceal them from the Criticism of others. But I would fain hope I am not a Coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am else.

*Gent.* I suppose you have said something which her Conscience would not suffer her to pass over without making the ungrateful Application to herself, and that, as it often happens, instead of awaking in her a Sense of her Fault, has only serv'd to put her in a Passion.

*Mast.* May be so indeed. At least I am willing to think so.

*Enter an old Man.*

*O. M.* I want a pair of Spectacles, Sir.

*Mast.* Do you please to have 'em plain Tortoise-shell, or set in Gold or Silver?

*O. M.* Pho! Do you think I buy Spectacles as your fine Gentlemen buy Books? If I wanted a pair of Spectacles only to look *at*, I would have 'em fine ones; but as I want them to look *with*, do ye see, I'll have 'em good ones.

*Mast.* Very well, Sir. Here's a pair I'm sure will please you. Thro' these Spectacles all the Follies of Youth are seen in their true Light. Those Vices which to the strongest youthful Eyes appear in Characters scarce legible, are thro' these Glasses discern'd with the greatest Plainness. A powder'd Wig upon an empty Head, attracts no more respect thro' these Opticks than a greasy Cap; and the Lac'd Coat of a Coxcomb seems altogether as contemptible as his Footman's Livery.

*O. M.* That indeed is showing things in their true Light.

*Mast.* The common Virtue of the World appears only a Cloak for Knavery; and it's Friendships no more than Bargains of Self-Interest. In short, he who is now passing away his Days in a constant Round of Vanity, Folly, Intemperance, and Extravagance, when he comes seriously to look back upon his past Actions, thro' these undisguising Opticks, will certainly be convinc'd, that a regular Life, spent in the Study of Truth and Virtue, and adorn'd with Acts of Justice, Generosity, Charity, and Benevolence, would not only have afforded him more Delight and Satisfaction in the present Moment, but would likewise have rais'd to his Memory a lasting Monument of Fame and Honour.

*O. M.* Humph! 'Tis very true; but very odd that such serious Ware should be the Commodity of a Toy-shop. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, and what's the Price of these extraordinary Spectacles?

*Mast.* Half a Crown.

*O. M.* There's your Money.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter a fourth young Gentleman.*

*4 Gent.* I want a small pair of Scales.

*Mast.* You shall have them, Sir.

*4 Gent.* Are they exactly true?

*Mast.* The very Emblem of Justice, Sir, a Hair will turn 'em. [*Ballancing the Scales.*]

*4 Gent.* I would have them true, for they must determine some very nice statical Experiments.

*Mast.* I'll engage they shall justly determine the nicest Experiments in Staticks, I have try'd them my self in some uncommon Subjects, and have prov'd their Goodness. I have taken a large Handful of Great Men's Promises, and put into one end; and lo! the Breath of a Fly in the other has kick'd up the Beam. I have seen four Peacock's Feathers, and the four Gold Clocks in Lord *Tawdry's* Stockings, suspend the Scales in Equilibrio. I have found by Experiment, that the Learning of a Beau, and the Wit of a Pedant are a just Counterpoise to each other. That the Pride and Vanity of any Man are in exact Proportion to his Ignorance. That a Grain of Good-nature will preponderate against an Ounce of Wit; a Heart full of Virtue against a Head full of Learning; an a Thimble full of Content against a Chest full of Gold.

*4 Gent.* This must be a very pretty Science, I fancy.

*Mast.* It would be endless to enumerate all the Experiments that might be made in these Scales; but there is one which every Man ought to be appriz'd of; and that is, that a Moderate Fortune, enjoy'd with Content, Freedom, and Independency will turn the Scales

against whatever can be put in the other End.

*4 Gent.* Well, this is a Branch of Staticks, which I must own I had but little Thoughts of entering into. However I begin to be persuaded, that to know the true Specifick Gravity of this Kind of Subjects, is of infinitely more Importance than that of any other Bodies in the Universe.

*Mast.* It is indeed. And that you may not want Encouragement to proceed in so useful a Study, I will let you have the Scales for Ten Shillings. If you make a right Use of them, they will be worth more to you than Ten Thousand Pounds.

*4 Gent.* I confess I am struck with the Beauty and Usefulness of this Kind of moral Staticks, and believe I shall apply myself to make Experiments with great Delight. There's your Money, Sir: You shall hear shortly what Discoveries I make; in the mean Time, I am your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

*Mast.* Sir, I am yours.

*Enter a second Old Man.*

*2 Old Man.* Sir, I understand you deal in Curiosities. Have you any Thing in your Shop, at present, that's pretty and curious?

*Mast.* Yes, Sir, I have a great many Things. But the most ancient Curiosity I have got, is a small Brass Plate, on which is engrav'd the Speech which *Adam* made to his Wife, on their first Meeting, together with her Answer. The Characters, thro' Age, are grown unintelligible; but for that 'tis the more to be valued. What is remarkable in this ancient Piece is, that *Eve's* Speech is about three Times as long as her Husband's. I have a Ram's Horn, one of those which help'd to blow down the Walls of *Jericho*. A Lock of *Sampson's* Hair, tied up in a Shred of *Joseph's* Garment. With several other *Jewish* Antiquities, which I purchas'd of that People at a very great Price. Then I have the Tune which *Orpheus* play'd to the Devil, when he charm'd back his Wife.

*Gent.* That was thought to be a silly Tune, I believe, for no Body has over car'd to learn it since.

*Mast.* Close cork'd up in a Thumb Phial, I have some Drops of Tears which *Alexander* wept, because he could do no more Mischief. I have a Snuff-box made out of the Tub in which *Diogenes* liv'd, and took Snuff at all the World. I have the Net in which *Vulcan* caught his Spouse and her Gallant; but our modern Wives are now grown so exceeding chaste, that there has not been an Opportunity of casting it these many Years.

*Gent.* [*Aside to the Ladies.*] Some would be so malicious now as instead of chaste to think he meant cunning.

*Mast.* I have the Pitch Pipe of *Gracchus*, the *Roman* Orator, who, being apt, in Dispute, to raise his Voice too high, by touching a certain soft Note in this Pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate Key.

*2 La.* Such a Pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very useful in Coffee-houses, and other publick Places of Debate and modern Disputation.

*Gent.* Yes, Madam, and, I believe, many a poor Husband would be glad of such a Regulator of the Voice in his own private Family too.

*Mast.* There you was even with her, Sir. But the most valuable Curiosity I have, is a certain hollow Tube, which I call a *Distinguisher*; contriv'd with such Art, that, when rightly applied to the Ear, it obstructs all Falshood, Nonsense, and Absurdity, from striking upon the Tympanum: Nothing but Truth and Reason can make the least Impression upon the Auditory Nerves. I have sate in a Coffee-house sometimes, for the Space of Half an Hour, and amongst what is generally call'd the best Company, without hearing a single word. At a Dispute too, when I could perceive, by the eager Motions of both Parties, that they made the greatest Noise, I have enjoy'd the most profound Silence. It is a very useful Thing to have about one, either at Church or Play-house, or *Westminster-hall*; at all which Places a vast Variety both of useful and diverting Experiments may be made with it. The only Inconvenience attending it is, that no Man can make himself a compleat Master of it under Twenty Years close and diligent Practice: And that Term of Time it best commenc'd at Ten or Twelve Years old.

*Gent.* That indeed is an Inconvenience that will make it not every Body's Money. But one would think those Parents who see the Beauty and the Usefulness of Knowledge, Virtue, and a distinguishing Judgment, should take particular Care to engage their Children early in the Use and Practice of such a *Distinguisher*, whilst they have Time before them, and no other Concerns to interrupt their Application.

*Mast.* Some few do. But the Generality are so entirely taken up with the Care of little Master's Complexion, his Dress, his Dancing, and such like Effeminacies, that they have not the least Regard for any internal Accomplishments whatsoever. They are so far from teaching him to subdue his Passions, that they make it their whole Business to gratify them all.

*2 Old Man.* Well, Sir; to some People these may be thought curious Things, perhaps, and a very valuable Collection. But, to confess the Truth, these are not the Sort of curious Things I wanted. Have you no little Box, representing a wounded Heart, on the Inside the Lid? Nor pretty Ring, with an amorous Poesy? Nothing of that Sort, which is pretty and not common, in your Shop?

*Mast.* O yes, Sir! I have a very pretty Snuff-box here, on the inside of the Lid, do ye see, is a Man of threescore and ten acting the Lover, and hunting like a Boy after Gewgaws and Trifles, to please a Girl with.

*2 O. M.* Meaning me, Sir? Do ye banter me, Sir?

*Mast.* If you take it to your self, Sir, I can't help it.

*2 O. M.* And is a Person of my Years and Gravity to be laugh'd at, then?

*Mast.* Why, really, Sir, Years and Gravity do make such Childishness very ridiculous, I can't help owning. However, I am very sorry I have none of those curious Trifles for your Diversion, but I have delicate Hobby Horses and Rattles if you please.

*2 O. M.* By all the Charms of *Araminta*, I will revenge this affront.

[*Exit.*

*Gent.* Ha, ha, ha! how contemptible is Rage in Impotence! But pray, Sir, don't you think this kind of Freedom with your Customers detrimental to your Trade?

*Mast.* No, no, Sir, the odd Character I have acquir'd by this rough kind of Sincerity and plain Dealing; together with the whimsical Humour of moralizing upon every Trifle I sell; are the Things, which by raising Peoples Curiosity, furnish me with all my Customers: And it is only Fools and Coxcombs I am so free with.

*La.* And in my Opinion, you are in the Right of it. Folly and Impertinence ought always to be the Objects of Satire and Ridicule.

*Gent.* Nay, upon second Thoughts, I don't know but this odd turn of Mind, which you have given your self, may not only be entertaining to several of your Customers, but, perhaps, very much so to your self.

*Mast.* Vastly so, Sir. It very often helps me to Speculations infinitely agreeable. I can sit behind this Counter, and fancy my little Shop, and the Transactions of it, an agreeable Representation of the grand Theater of the World. When I see a Fool come in here, and throw away 50 or 100 Guineas for a Trifle that is not really worth a Shilling, I am sometimes surpriz'd: But when I look out into the World, and see Lordships and Manors barter'd away for gilt Coaches and Equipage; an Estate for a Title; and an easy Freedom in Retirement for a servile Attendance in a Crowd; when I see Health with great eagerness exchang'd for Diseases, and Happiness for a Game at Hazard; my Wonder ceases. Surely the World is a great Toy-shop, and all it's Inhabitants run mad for Rattles. Nay, even the very wisest of us, however, we may flatter our selves, have some Failing or Weakness, some Toy or Trifle, that we are ridiculously fond of. Yet, so very partial are we to our own dear selves, that we overlook those Miscarriages in our own Conduct, which we loudly exclaim against in that of others; and, tho' the same Fool's Turbant fits us all,

*You say that I, I say that You are He,  
And each Man swears "The Cap's not made for me."*

*Gent.* Ha, ha! 'Tis very true, indeed. But I imagine you now begin to think it Time to shut up Shop. Ladies, do ye want any Thing else?

*1 La.* No, I think not. If you please to put up that Looking-glass; and the Perspective, I will pay you for them.

*Gent.* Well, Madam, how do you like this whimsical Humourist?

*1. La.* Why, really, in my Opinion, the Man's as great a Curiosity himself, as any Thing he has got in his Shop.

*Gent.* He is so indeed. I think we have heard a great Deal of Folly very justly ridicul'd.

*In this gay thoughtless Age He's found a Way,*

*In trifling Things just Morals to convey,  
'Tis his at once to please and to reform,  
And give old Satire a new Pow'r to charm,  
And, would you guide your Lives and Actions right,  
Think on the Maxims you have heard to Night.*

*FINIS.*

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**THE  
KING  
AND THE  
MILLER  
OF  
MANSFIELD.**

**A  
Dramatick Satire.**

**By R. DODSLEY,  
AUTHOR of the TOY-SHOP.**

**LONDON:**

**Printed for the AUTHOR, at *Tully's Head, Pall-Mall*; and Sold by T. COOPER, at the  
*Globe in Pater-Noster-Row.* M.DCC.XXXVII.**

Dramatis Personæ.

*MEN.*

The KING,	Mr. <i>Cibber.</i>
The MILLER,	Mr. <i>Miller.</i>
RICHARD the <i>Miller's</i> Son,	Mr. <i>Berry.</i>
LORD LUREWELL,	Mr. <i>Este.</i>
COURTIERS and KEEPERS of the Forest.	

*WOMEN.*

PEGGY,	Mrs. <i>Pritchard.</i>
MARGERY,	Mrs. <i>Bennet.</i>
KATE,	Mrs. <i>Cross.</i>

SCENE, *Sherwood Forest.*



THE  
KING  
AND THE  
MILLER.



SCENE, *Sherwood Forest.*

*Enter several COURTIERs as lost.*



1 *Courtier.* is horrid dark! and this Wood I believe has neither End nor Side.

4 *C.* You mean to get out at, for we have found one in you see.

2 *C.* I wish our good King *Harry* had kept nearer home to hunt; in my Mind the pretty, tame Deer in *London* make much better Sport than the wild ones in *Sherwood Forest.*

3 *C.* I can't tell which Way his Majesty went, nor whether any-body is with him or not, but let us keep together pray.

4 *C.* Ay, ay, like true Courtiers, take Care of ourselves whatever becomes of Master.

2 *C.* Well, it's a terrible Thing to be lost in the Dark.

4 *C.* It is. And yet it's so common a Case, that one would not think it should be at all so. Why we are all of us lost in the Dark every Day of our Lives. Knaves keep us in the Dark by their Cunning, and Fools by their Ignorance. Divines lose us in dark Mysteries; Lawyers in dark Cases; and Statesmen in dark Intrigues: Nay, the Light of Reason, which we so much boast of, what is it but a Dark-Lanthorn, which just serves to prevent us from running our Nose against a Post, perhaps; but is no more able to lead us out of the dark Mists of Error and Ignorance, in which we are lost, than an *Ignis fatuus* would be to conduct us out of this Wood.

1 *C.* But, my Lord, this is no time for Preaching methinks. And for all your Morals, Day-light would be much preferable to this Darkness I believe.

3 *C.* Indeed wou'd it. But come, let us go on, we shall find some House or other by and by.

4 *C.* Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the KING alone.*

No, no, this can be no publick Road that's certain: I am lost, quite lost indeed. Of what Advantage is it now to be a King? Night shews me no Respect: I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another Man. What is a King? Is he not wiser than another Man? Not without his Counsellors I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed, but what now can my Power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his Throne, and surrounded with Nobles and Flatterers, perhaps he may think so, but when lost in a Wood, alas! what is he but a common Man? His Wisdom knows not which is North and which is South; his Power a Beggar's Dog would bark at; and his Greatness the Beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puff'd up with these false Attributes? Well, in losing the Monarch, I have found the Man.

[*The Report of a Gun is heard.*



Hark! Some Villain sure is near! What were it best to do? Will my Majesty protect me? No. Throw Majesty aside then, and let Manhood do it.

*Enter the MILLER.*

*Mil.* I believe I hear the Rogue. Who's there?

*King.* No Rogue, I assure you.

*Mil.* Little better, Friend, I believe. Who fir'd that Gun?

*King.* Not I, indeed.

*Mil.* You lie, I believe.

*King.* Lie! lie! How strange it seems to me to be talk'd to in this Stile. [*Aside.*] Upon my Word I don't.

*Mil.* Come, come, Sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the King's Deer, have not you?

*King.* No indeed, I owe the King more Respect. I heard a Gun go off, indeed, and was afraid some Robbers might have been near.

*Mil.* I am not bound to believe this, Friend. Pray who are you? What's your Name?

*King.* Name!

*Mil.* Name! yes Name. Why you have a Name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your Business here?

*King.* These are Questions I have not been us'd to, honest Man.

*Mil.* May be so; but they are Questions no honest Man would be afraid to answer, I think: So if you can give no better Account of your self, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

*King.* With you! What Authority have you to——

*Mil.* The King's Authority, if I must give you an Account, Sir. I am *John Cockle*, the Miller of *Mansfield*, one of his Majesty's Keepers in this Forest of *Sherwood*; and I will let no suspected Fellow pass this Way that cannot give a better Account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

*King.* I must submit to my own Authority. [*Aside.*] Very well, Sir, I am glad to hear the King has so good an Officer: And since I find you have his Authority, I will give you a better Account of myself, if you will do me the Favour to hear it.

*Mil.* It's more than you deserve, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

*King.* I have the Honour to belong to the King as well as you, and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any Wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this Forest, and the Chace leading us to Day a great Way from Home, I am benighted in this Wood, and have lost my Way.

*Mil.* This does not sound well; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your Horse?

*King.* I have tired my Horse so that he lay down under me, and I was oblig'd to leave him.

*Mil.* If I thought I might believe this now.

*King.* I am not used to lie, honest Man.

*Mil.* What! do you live at Court, and not lie! that's a likely Story indeed.

*King.* Be that as it will. I speak Truth now I assure you; and, to convince you of it, if you will attend me to *Nottingham*, if I am near it; or give me a Night's Lodging in your own House, here is something to pay you for your Trouble, and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the Morning to your utmost Desire.

*Mil.* Ay, now I am convinc'd you are a Courtier; here is a little Bribe for to Day, and a large Promise for To-morrow, both in a Breath: Here, take it again, and take this along with it——*John Cockle* is no Courtier, he can do what he ought——without a Bribe.

*King.* Thou art a very extraordinary Man I must own; and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

*Mil.* Thee! and Thou! Prythee don't thee and thou me; I believe I am as good a Man as yourself at least.

*King.* Sir, I beg your Pardon.

*Mil.* Nay, I am not angry, Friend, only I don't love to be too familiar with any-body, before I know whether they deserve it or not.

*King.* You are in the Right. But what am I to do?

*Mil.* You may do what you please. You are twelve Miles from *Nottingham*, and all the Way through this thick Wood; but if you are resolv'd upon going thither to Night, I will put you in the Road, and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor Entertainment as a Miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all Night, and in the Morning I will go with you myself.

*King.* And cannot you go with me to Night?

*Mil.* I would not go with you to Night if you was the King.

*King.* Then I must go with you, I think.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Town of Mansfield.*

DICK *alone.*

Well, dear *Mansfield*, I am glad to see thy Face again. But my Heart aches, methinks, for fear this should be only a Trick of theirs to get me into their Power. Yet the Letter seems to be wrote with an Air of Sincerity, I confess; and the Girl was never us'd to lie till she kept a Lord Company. Let me see, I'll read it once more.

*Dear Richard,*

*I am at last (tho' much too late for me) convinc'd of the Injury done to us both by that base Man, who made me think you false; he contriv'd these Letters, which I send you, to make me think you just upon the Point of being married to another, a Thought I could not bear with Patience, so aiming at Revenge on you, consented to my own Undoing. But for your own sake I beg you to return hither, for I have some Hopes of being able to do you Justice, which is the only Comfort of your most distrest but ever affectionate,*

PEGGY.

There can be no Cheat in this sure! The Letters she has sent are, I think, a Proof of her Sincerity. Well, I will go to her however: I cannot think she will again betray me: If she has as much Tenderness left for me, as, in spite of her Ill-usage, I still feel for her, I'm sure she won't. Let me see, I am not far from the House, I believe.

[*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to a Room.*

PEGGY *and* PHÆBE.

*Phœ.* Pray, Madam, make yourself easy.

*Peg.* Ah! *Phœbe*, she that has lost her Virtue, has with it lost her Ease, and all her Happiness. Believing, cheated Fool! to think him false.

*Phœ.* Be patient, Madam, I hope you will shortly be reveng'd on that deceitful Lord.

*Peg.* I hope I shall, for that were just Revenge. But will Revenge make me happy? Will it excuse my Falshood? Will it restore me to the Heart of my much-injur'd Love? Ah! no. That blooming Innocence he us'd to praise, and call the greatest Beauty of our Sex, is gone. I have no Charm left that might renew that Flame I took such Pains to quench.

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

See who's there. O Heavens 'tis he! Alas! that ever I should be asham'd to see the Man I love!

*Enter RICHARD, who stands looking on her at a Distance, she weeping.*

*Dick.* Well, *Peggy* (but I suppose you're Madam now in that fine Dress) you see you have brought me back; is it to triumph in your Falshood? or am I to receive the slighted Leavings of your fine Lord?

*Peg.* O *Richard!* after the Injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without Confusion: But do not think so hardly of me; I stay'd not to be slighted by him, for the Moment I discover'd his vile Plot on you, I fled his Sight, nor could he e'er prevail to see me since.

*Dick.* Ah, *Peggy!* you were too hasty in believing, and much I fear, the Vengeance aim'd at me, had other Charms to recommend it to you: Such Bravery as that [*Pointing to her Cloaths*] I had not to bestow; but if a tender, honest Heart could please, you had it all; and if I wish'd for more, 'twas for your sake.

*Peg.* O *Richard!* when you consider the wicked Stratagem he contriv'd to make me think you base and deceitful, I hope you will, at least, pity my Folly, and, in some Measure, excuse my Falshood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

*Dick.* To be forc'd to fly from my Friends and Country, for a Crime that I was innocent of, is an Injury that I cannot easily forgive to be sure: But if you are less guilty of it than I thought, I shall be very glad; and if your Design be really as you say, to clear me, and to expose the Baseness of him that betray'd and ruin'd you, I will join with you with all my Heart. But how do you propose to do this?

*Peg.* The King is now in this Forest a hunting, and our young Lord is every Day with him: Now, I think, if we could take some Opportunity of throwing ourselves at his Majesty's Feet, and complaining of the Injustice of one of his Courtiers, it might, perhaps, have some Effect upon him.

*Dick.* If we were suffer'd to make him sensible of it, perhaps it might; but the Complaints of such little Folks as we seldom reach the Ears of Majesty.

*Peg.* We can but try.

*Dick.* Well, If you will go with me to my Father's, and stay there till such an Opportunity happens, I shall believe you in earnest, and will join with you in your Design.

*Peg.* I will do any thing to convince you of my Sincerity, and to make Satisfaction for the Injuries which have been done you.

*Dick.* Will you go now?

*Peg.* I will be with you in less than an Hour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Mill.*

MARGERY and KATE *Knitting.*

*Kate.* O dear, I would not see a Spirit for all the World; but I love dearly to hear Stories of them. Well, and what then?

*Mar.* And so, at last, in a dismal, hollow Tone it cry'd—

[*A Knocking at the Door frights them both; they scream out, and throw down their Knitting.*]

*Mar.* and *Kate.* Lord bless us! What's that?

*Kate.* O dear, Mother, it's some Judgment upon us I'm afraid. They say, talk of the Devil and he'll appear.

*Mar.* *Kate,* go and see who's at the Door.

*Kate.* I durst not go, Mother; do you go.

*Mar.* Come, let's both go.

*Kate.* Now don't speak as if you was afraid.

*Mar.* No, I won't, if I can help it. Who's there?

*Dick without.* What, won't you let me in?

*Kate.* O Gemini! it's like our *Dick,* I think: He's certainly dead, and it's his Spirit.

*Mar.* Heaven forbid! I think in my Heart it's he himself. Open the Door, *Kate.*

*Kate.* Nay, do you.

*Mar.* Come, we'll both open it.

[*They open the Door.*]

*Enter DICK.*

*Dick.* Dear Mother, how do ye do? I thought you would not have let me in.

*Mar.* Dear Child, I'm over-joy'd to see thee; but I was so frightened, I did not know what to do.

*Kate.* Dear Brother, I am glad to see you; how have you done this long while?

*Dick.* Very well, *Kate.* But where's my Father?

*Mar.* He heard a Gun go off just now, and he's gone to see who 'tis.

*Dick.* What, they love Venison at *Mansfield* as well as ever, I suppose?

*Kate.* Ay, and they will have it too.

*Miller without.* Ho! *Madge! Kate!* bring a Light here.

*Mar.* Yonder he is.

*Kate.* Has he catch'd the Rogue, I wonder?

*Enter the KING and the MILLER.*

*Mar.* Who have you got?

*Mil.* I have brought thee a Stranger, *Madge;* thou must give him a Supper, and a Lodging if thou can'st.

*Mar.* You have got a better Stranger of your own, I can tell you: *Dick's* come.

*Mil. Dick!* Where is he? Why *Dick!* How is't my Lad?

*Dick.* Very well, I thank you, Father.

*King.* A little more and you had push'd me down.

*Mil.* Faith, Sir, you must excuse me; I was over-joy'd to see my Boy. He has been at *London,* and I have not seen him these four Yerrs.

*King.* Well, I shall once in my Life have the Happiness of being treated as a common Man; and of seeing human Nature without Disguise. [*Aside.*]

*Mil.* What has brought thee Home so unexpected?

*Dick.* You will know that presently.

*Mil.* Of that by-and-by then. We have got the King down in the Forest a hunting this Season, and this honest Gentleman, who came down with his Majesty from *London,* has been with 'em to Day it seems, and has lost his Way. Come, *Madge,* see what thou can'st get for Supper. Kill a Couple of the best Fowls; and go you, *Kate,* and draw a Pitcher of Ale. We are famous, Sir, at *Mansfield,* for good Ale, and for honest Fellows that know how to drink it.

*King.* Good Ale will be acceptable at present, for I am very dry. But pray, how came your Son to leave you, and go to *London?*

*Mil.* Why, that's a Story which *Dick,* perhaps, won't like to have told.

*King.* Then I don't desire to hear it.

*Enter KATE with an Earthen Pitcher of Ale, and a Horn.*

*Mil.* So, now do you go help your Mother. Sir, my hearty Service to you.

*King.* Thank ye, Sir. This plain Sincerity and Freedom, is a Happiness unknown to Kings. [*Aside.*]

*Mil.* Come, Sir.

*King. Richard,* my Service to you.

*Dick.* Thank you, Sir.

*Mil.* Well, *Dick,* and how do'st thou like *London?* Come, tell us what thou hast seen.

*Dick.* Seen! I have seen the Land of Promise.

*Mil.* The Land of Promise! What dost thou mean?

*Dick.* The Court, Father.

*Mil.* Thou wilt never leave joking.

*Dick.* To be serious then, I have seen the Disappointment of all my Hopes and Expectations; and that's more than one would wish to see.

*Mil.* What, would the great Man thou wast recommended to, do nothing at all for thee at last?

*Dick.* Why, yes; he would promise me to the last.

*Mil.* Zoons! do the Courtiers think their Dependants can eat Promises!

*Dick.* No, no, they never trouble their Heads to think, whether we eat at all or not. I have now dangled after his Lordship several Years, tantaliz'd with Hopes and Expectations; this Year promised one Place, the next another, and the third, in sure and certain Hope of—a Disappointment. One falls, and it was promis'd before; another, and I am just Half an Hour too late; a third, and it stops the Mouth of a Creditor; a fourth, and it pays the Hire of a Flatterer; a fifth, and it bribes a Vote; and the sixth, I am promis'd still. But having thus slept away some Years, I awoke from my Dream: My Lord, I found, was so far from having it in his Power to get a Place for me, that he had been all this while seeking after one for himself.

*Mil.* Poor *Dick!* And is plain Honesty then a Recommendation to no Place at Court?

*Dick.* It may recommend you to be a Footman, perhaps, but nothing further, nothing further, indeed. If you look higher, you must furnish yourself with other Qualifications: You must learn to say Ay, or No; to run, or stand; to fetch, or carry, or leap over a Stick at the Word of Command. You must be Master of the Arts of Flattery, Insinuation, Dissimulation, Application, and [*Pointing to his Palm*] right Application too, if you hope to succeed.

*King.* You don't consider I am a Courtier, methinks.

*Dick.* Not I, indeed; 'tis no Concern of mine what you are. If, in general, my Character of the Court is true, 'tis not my Fault if it's disagreeable to your Worship. There are particular Exceptions I own, and I hope you may be one.

*King.* Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd, so let that pass. Here's better Success to you the next Time you come to *London*.

*Dick.* I thank ye; but I don't design to see it again in haste.

*Mil.* No, no, *Dick*; instead of depending upon Lords Promises, depend upon the Labour of thine own Hands; expect nothing but what thou can'st earn, and then thou wilt not be disappointed. But come, I want a Description of *London*; thou hast told us nothing thou hast seen yet.

*Dick.* O! 'tis a fine Place! I have seen large Houses with small Hospitality; great Men do little Actions; and fine Ladies do—nothing at all. I have seen the honest Lawyers of *Westminster-Hall*, and the virtuous Inhabitants of '*Change-Alley*. The politick Mad-men of Coffee-Houses, and the wise Statesmen of *Bedlam*. I have seen merry Tragedies, and sad Comedies; Devotion at an Opera, and Mirth at a Sermon; I have seen fine Cloaths at *St. James's*, and long Bills at *Ludgate-Hill*. I have seen poor Grandeur, and rich Poverty; high Honours, and low Flattery, great Pride, and no Merit. In short, I have seen a Fool with a Title, a Knave with a Pension, and an honest Man with a Thread-bare Coat. Pray how do you like *London*?

*Mil.* And is this the best Description thou can'st give of it?

*Dick.* Yes.

*King.* Why, *Richard*, you are a Satirist, I find.

*Dick.* I love to speak Truth, Sir; if that happens to be Satire, I can't help it.

*Mil.* Well, if this is *London*, give me my Country Cottage; which, tho' it is not a great House, nor a fine House, is my own House, and I can shew a Receipt for the Building on't.

*King.* I wish all the great Builders in the Kingdom could say as much.

*Mil.* Come, Sir, our Supper, I believe, is ready for us, by this time; and to such as I have, you're as welcome as a Prince.

*King.* I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Wood.*

*Enter several* KEEPERS.

1 *K.* The Report of the Gun was somewhere this Way I'm sure.

2 *K.* Yes, but I can never believe that any-body would come a Deer stealing so dark a Night as this.

3 *K.* Where did the Deer harbour to Day?

4 *K.* There was a Herd lay upon *Hamilton-Hill*, another just by *Robin Hood's Chair*, and a

third here in *Mansfield Wood*.

1 *K.* Ay, those they have been amongst.

2 *K.* But we shall never be able to find 'em to Night, 'tis so dark.

3 *K.* No, no; let's go back again.

1 *K.* Zoons! you're afraid of a broken Head, I suppose, if we should find 'em; and so had rather slink back again. Hark! Stand close. I hear 'em coming this Way.

*Enter the COURTIER.*

1 *C.* Did not you hear some-body just now? Faith I begin to be afraid we shall meet with some Misfortune to Night.

2 *C.* Why, if any-body should take what we have got, we have made a fine Business of it.

3 *C.* Let 'em take it if they will; I am so tir'd I shall make but small Resistance.

*The Keepers rush upon them.*

2 *K.* Ay, Rogues, Rascals, and Villains, you have got it, have you?

2 *C.* Indeed we have got but very little, but what we have you're welcome to, if you will but use us civilly.

1 *K.* O, yes! very civilly; you deserve to be us'd civilly, to be sure.

4 *C.* Why, what have we done that we may not be civilly us'd?

1 *K.* Come, come, don't trifle, surrender.

1 *C.* I have but three Half-Crowns about me.

2 *C.* Here is Three and Six-pence for you, Gentlemen.

3 *C.* Here's my Watch; I have no Money at all.

4 *C.* Indeed I have nothing in my Pocket but a Snuff-box.

4 *K.* What, the Dogs want to bribe us, do they? No, Rascals; you shall go before the Justice To-morrow, depend on't.

4 *C.* Before the Justice! What, for being robb'd?

1 *K.* For being robb'd! What do you mean? Who has robb'd you?

4 *C.* Why, did not you just now demand our Money, Gentlemen?

2 *K.* O, the Rascals! They will swear a Robbery against us, I warrant.

4 *C.* A Robbery! Ay, to be sure.

1 *K.* No, no; We did not demand your Money, we demanded the Deer you have kill'd.

4 *C.* The Devil take the Deer, I say; he led us a Chace of six Hours, and got away from us at last.

1 *K.* Zoons! ye Dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye you have this Night shot one of the King's Deer; did not we hear the Gun go off? Did not we hear you say, you was afraid it should be taken from you?

2 *C.* We were afraid our Money should be taken from us.

1 *K.* Come, come, no more shuffling: I tell ye, you're all Rogues, and we'll have you hanged, you may depend on't. Come, let's take 'em to old *Cockle's*, we're not far off, we'll keep 'em there all Night, and To-morrow-morning we'll away with 'em before the Justice.

4 *C.* A very pretty Adventure.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Mill.*

KING, MILLER, MARGERY, and DICK, at Supper.

*Mil.* Come, Sir, you must mend a bad Supper with a Glass of good Ale: Here's King *Harry's* Health.

*King.* With all my Heart. Come, *Richard*, here's King *Harry's* Health; I hope you are Courtier enough to pledge me, are not you?

*Dick.* Yes, yes, Sir, I'll drink the King's Health with all my Heart.

*Mar.* Come, Sir, my humble Service to you, and much good may do ye with your poor Supper; I wish it had been better.

*King.* You need make no Apologies.

*Marg.* We are oblig'd to your Goodness in excusing our Rudeness.

*Mil.* Prithee, *Margery*, don't trouble the Gentleman with Compliments.

*Mar.* Lord, Husband, if one had no more Manners than you, the Gentleman would take us all for Hogs.

*Dick.* Now I think the more Compliments the less Manners.

*King.* I think so too. Compliments in Discourse, I believe, are like Ceremonies in Religion; the one has destroy'd all true Piety, and the other all Sincerity and Plain-dealing.

*Mil.* Then a Fig for all Ceremony and Compliments too: Give us thy Hand; and let us drink and be merry.

*King.* Right, honest Miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good Song?

*Mil.* Ah! my singing Days are over, but my Man *Joe* has got an excellent one; and if you have a Mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

*King.* With all my Heart.

*Mil.* *Joe!*

*Enter JOE.*

*Mil.* Come, *Joe*, drink Boy; I have promised this Gentleman that you shall sing him your last new Song.

*Joe.* Well, Master, if you have promis'd it him, he shall have it.

SONG.

I.

*How happy a State does the Miller possess?  
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less;  
On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,  
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.*

II.

*What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,  
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a Beau;  
A Clown in this Dress may be honest far  
Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and Star.*

III.

*Tho' his Hands are so dawb'd they're not fit to be seen,  
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;  
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;  
Gold, in handling, will stick to the Fingers like Meal.*

IV.

*What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,  
He cribs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks;  
In this of right noble Examples he brags,  
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.*

V.

*Or should he endeavour to heap an Estate,  
In this he wou'd mimick the Tools of the State;  
Whose Aim is alone their Coffers to fill,  
As all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill.*

VI.

*He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,*

*And down when he's weary contented does lie;  
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:  
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King.*

*Mil.* There's a Song for you.

*King.* He should go sing this at Court, I think.

*Dick.* I believe, if he's wise, he'll chuse to stay at home tho'.

*Enter PEGGY.*

*Mil.* What Wind blew you hither pray? You have a good Share of Impudence, or you would be asham'd to set your Foot within my House, methinks.

*Peg.* Asham'd I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent.

*[Weeps.]*

*Dick.* Dear Father, suspend your Anger for the present; that she is here now is by my Direction, and to do me Justice.

*Peg.* To do that is all that is now in my Power; for as to myself, I am ruin'd past Redemption: My Character, my Virtue, my Peace, are gone: I am abandon'd by my Friends, despis'd by the World, and expos'd to Misery and Want.

*King.* Pray let me know the Story of your Misfortunes; perhaps it may be in my Power to do something towards redressing them.

*Peg.* That you may learn from him that I have wrong'd; but as for me, Shame will not let me speak, or hear it told.

*[Exit.]*

*King.* She's very pretty.

*Dick.* O Sir, I once thought her an Angel; I lov'd her dearer than my Life, and did believe her Passion was the same for me: But a young Nobleman of this Neighbourhood happening to see her, her Youth and blooming Beauty presently struck his Fancy; a thousand Artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his Arts were vain; not even the Promise of making her his Wife, could prevail upon her: In a little Time he found out her Love to me, and imagining this to be the Cause of her Refusal, he, by forg'd Letters, and feign'd Stories, contriv'd to make her believe I was just upon the Point of Marriage with another Woman. Possess'd with this Opinion, she, in a Rage, writes me Word, never to see her more; and, in Revenge, consented to her own Undoing. Not contented with this, nor easy while I was so near her, he brib'd one of his cast-off Mistresses to swear a Child to me, which she did: This was the Occasion of my leaving my Friends, and flying to *London*.

*King.* And how does she propose to do you Justice?

*Dick.* Why, the King being now in this Forest a hunting, we design to take some Opportunity of throwing ourselves at his Majesty's Feet, and complaining of the Injustice done us by this Noble Villain.

*Mil.* Ah, *Dick!* I expect but little Redress from such an Application. Things of this Nature are so common amongst the Great, that I am afraid it will only be made a Jest of.

*King.* Those that can make a Jest of what ought to be shocking to Humanity, surely deserve not the Name of Great or Noble Men.

*Dick.* What do you think of it, Sir? If you belong to the Court, you, perhaps, may know something of the King's Temper.

*King.* Why, if I can judge of his Temper at all, I think he would not suffer the greatest Nobleman in his Court, to do an Injustice to the meanest Subject in his Kingdom. But pray who is the Nobleman that is capable of such Actions as these?

*Dick.* Do you know my Lord *Lurewell*?

*King.* Yes.

*Dick.* That's the Man.

*King.* Well, I would have you put your Design in Execution. 'Tis my Opinion the King will not only hear your Complaint, but redress your Injuries.

*Mil.* I wish it may prove so.

*Enter the KEEPERS, leading in the COURTIER.*



1 *K.* Hola! *Cockle!* Where are ye? Why, Man, we have nabb'd a Pack of Rogues here just in the Fact.

*King.* Ha, ha, ha! What, turn'd Highwaymen, my Lords? or Deer-stealers?

1 *C.* I am very glad to find your Majesty in Health and Safety.

2 *C.* We have run thro' a great many Perils and Dangers to Night, but the Joy of finding your Majesty so unexpectedly, will make us forget all we have suffer'd.

*Mil.* and *Dick.* What! is this the King?

*King.* I am very glad to see you, my Lords, I confess; and particularly you, my Lord *Lurewell.*

*Lure.* Your Majesty does me Honour.

*King.* Yes, my Lord, and I will do you Justice too; your Honour has been highly wrong'd by this young Man.

*Lure.* Wrong'd, my Liege!

*King.* I hope so, my Lord; for I wou'd fain believe you can't be guilty of Baseness and Treachery.

*Lure.* I hope your Majesty will never find me so. What dares this Villain say?

*Dick.* I am not to be frighted, my Lord. I dare speak Truth at any Time.

*Lure.* Whatever stains my Honour must be false.

*King.* I know it must, my Lord; yet has this Man, not knowing who I was, presum'd to charge your Lordship, not only with great Injustice to himself; but also with ruining an innocent Virgin whom he lov'd, and who was to have been his Wife; which, if true, were base and treacherous; but I know 'tis false, and therefore leave it to your Lordship to say what Punishment I shall inflict upon him, for the Injury done to your Honour.

*Lure.* I thank your Majesty. I will not be severe; he shall only ask my Pardon, and To-morrow Morning be oblig'd to marry the Creature he has traduc'd me with.

*King.* This is mild. Well, you hear your Sentence.

*Dick.* May I not have Leave to speak before your Majesty?

*King.* What can'st thou say?

*Dick.* If I had your Majesty's Permission, I believe I have certain Witnesses, which will undeniably prove the Truth of all I have accus'd his Lordship of.

*King.* Produce them.

*Dick.* *Peggy!*

*Enter PEGGY.*

*King.* Do you know this Woman, my Lord?

*Lure.* I know her, please your Majesty, by Sight, she is a Tenant's Daughter.

*Peg.* [*Aside.*] Majesty! What, is this the King?

*Dick.* Yes.

*King.* Have you no particular Acquaintance with her?

*Lure.* Hum— I have not seen her these several Months.

*Dick.* True, my Lord; and that is part of your Accusation; for, I believe, I have some Letters which will prove your Lordship once had a more particular Acquaintance with her. Here is one of the first his Lordship wrote to her, full of the tenderest and most solemn Protestations of Love and Constancy; here is another which will inform your Majesty of the Pains he took to ruin her; there is an absolute Promise of Marriage before he could accomplish it.

*King.* What say you, my Lord, are these your Hand?

*Lure.* I believe, please your Majesty, I might have had a little Affair of Gallantry with the Girl some Time ago.

*King.* It was a *little* Affair, my Lord; a *mean* Affair; and what you call Gallantry, I call Infamy. Do you think, my Lord, that Greatness gives a Sanction to Wickedness? Or that it is the Prerogative of Lords to be unjust and inhumane? You remember the Sentence which yourself pronounc'd upon this innocent Man; you cannot think it hard that it should pass on

you who are guilty.

*Lure.* I hope your Majesty will consider my Rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

*King.* Your Rank! my Lord. Greatness that stoops to Actions base and low, deserts its Rank, and pulls its Honours down. What makes your Lordship Great? Is it your gilded Equipage and Dress? Then put it on your meanest Slave, and he's as great as you. Is it your Riches or Estate? The Villian that should plunder you of all, would then be great as you. No, my Lord, he that acts greatly, is the true Great Man. I therefore think you ought, in Justice, to marry her you thus have wrong'd.

*Peg.* Let my Tears thank your Majesty. But, alas! I am afraid to marry this young Lord; that would only give him Power to use me worse, and still encrease my Misery: I therefore beg your Majesty will not command him to do it.

*King.* Rise then, and hear me. My Lord, you see how low the greatest Nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous Actions. Here is, under your own Hand, an absolute Promise of Marriage to this young Woman, which, from a thorough Knowledge of your Unworthiness, she has prudently refus'd to make you fulfil. I shall therefore not insist upon it; but I command you, upon Pain of my Displeasure, immediately to settle on her Five hundred Pounds a Year.

*Peg.* May Heaven reward your Majesty's Goodness. 'Tis too much for me, but if your Majesty thinks fit, let it be settled upon this much-injured Man, to make some Satisfaction for the Wrongs which have been done him. As to myself, I only sought to clear the Innocence of him I lov'd and wrong'd, then hide me from the World, and die forgiven.

*Dick.* This Act of generous Virtue cancels all past Failings; come to my Arms, and be as dear as ever.

*Peg.* You cannot sure forgive me!

*Dick.* I can, I do, and still will make you mine.

*Peg.* O! why did I ever wrong such generous Love!

*Dick.* Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the Goodness which has made us blest.

*King.* May you be happy.

*Mil.* [*Kneels.*] After I have seen so much of your Majesty's Goodness, I cannot despair of Pardon, even for the rough Usage your Majesty receiv'd from me.

[*The King draws his Sword, the Miller is frighted, and rises up, thinking he was going to kill him.*]

What have I done that I should lose my Life?

*King.* Kneel without Fear. No, my good Host, so far are you from having any thing to pardon, that I am much your Debtor. I cannot think but so good and honest a Man will make a worthy and honourable Knight, so rise up, Sir *John Cockle*: And, to support your State, and in some sort requite the Pleasure you have done us, a Thousand Marks a Year shall be your Revenue.

*Mil.* Your Majesty's Bounty I receive with Thankfulness; I have been guilty of no Meanness to obtain it, and hope I shall not be obliged to keep it upon base Conditions; for tho' I am willing to be a faithful Subject, I am resolv'd to be a free and an honest Man.

*King.* I rely upon your being so: And to gain the Friendship of such a one, I shall always think an Addition to my Happiness, tho' a King.

Worth, in whatever State, is sure a Prize  
Which Kings, of all Men, ought not to despise;  
By selfish Sycophants so close besieg'd,  
'Tis by meer Chance a worthy Man's oblig'd:  
But hence, to every Courtier be it known,  
Virtue shall find Protection from the Throne.

*FINIS.*

*1 Here her Maid enters and delivers a Box, from which the Lady pulls out a dead Dog, kissing it, and weeping. Lucy too pretends great Sorrow, but turning aside bursts out a Laughing, and cries, "She little thinks I poison'd it."*

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE TOY SHOP (1735) THE KING AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD (1737) \*\*\*

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