

Side 3 Archer and Aimwell

Aimwell: The coast's clear, I see.—Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Lichfield, Kentucky!

Archer: [Going to the bar to fix himself a drink] I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity. Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim, that there is no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty.

Aimwell: Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let 'em hustle.

Archer: Fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

Aimwell: Upon which topic we proceed, and, I think, luckily. Would not any man swear now, that I am a man of quality, and you my servant, when if our intrinsic value were known—

Archer: Come, come, we are the men of intrinsic value who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have heads to get money and hearts to spend it.

Aimwell: As to our hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing tits as any within a hundred miles: but I can have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they have brought us from Manhattan here to Lichfield, made me a lord and you my servant.

Archer: That 's more than you could expect already. But what money have we left?

Aimwell: But two hundred.

Archer: And our car and clothes.—Why, we have very good fortunes now for moderate people; and, let me tell you, that this two hundred, with the

experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten we have spent—Our friends, indeed, began to suspect that our pockets were low, but we came off with flying colours, showed no signs of want either in word or deed.

Aimwell: Ay, and our going to Brussels was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine that we are gone a-volunteering.

Archer: We are gone a-volunteering, to marry a lady of fortune and split that fortune between us, halves each, whoever marries whomever. Why, faith, if this prospect fails, we 'll reserve another to carry us to some counterscarp, where we may die as we lived, in a blaze.

Aimwell: With all my heart; and we have lived well, Archer: we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoyed 'em.

Archer: Right! Had I millions, I would spend 'em all again—Well, we have had our share. I love a fine house, but let another be responsible for its upkeep; and just so I love a fine woman.

Aimwell: In that last particular you have the better of me.

Archer: Ay, you're such an amorous puppy, that I'm afraid you 'll spoil our sport; you actually want to fall in love with our wife, and are very like to do so. Well, I won't dispute it now; you play the master today, and so I play the servant, for now. In Nottingham, when we go there next, I am to be master.

Aimwell: And at Lincoln, I again.

Archer: Then, at Norwich I, which, I think, shall be our last stage; for, if we fail there, we'll join the Army, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

Aimwell: A match!—Mum!