

# The Beggar's Opera by John Gay

M/M SS, SmS, R&D

Peachum. Here's poor *Ned Clincher's* Name, I see. Sure, Brother *Lockit*, there was a little unfair Proceeding in *Ned's* Case: for he told me in the Condemn'd Hold, that for Value receiv'd, you had promis'd him a Session or two longer without Molestation.

Lockit. Mr. *Peachum*—this is the first time my Honour was ever call'd in Question.

Peachum. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lockit. Who accuses me?

Peachum. You are warm, Brother.

Lockit. He that attacks my Honour, attacks my 47 Livelihood.—And this Usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Peachum. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. *Coaxer* charges you with defrauding her of her Information-Money, for the apprehending of curl-pated *Hugh*. Indeed, indeed, Brother, we must punctually pay our Spies, or we shall have no Information.

Lockit. Is this Language to me, Sirrah,—who have sav'd you from the Gallows, Sirrah! Collaring each other.

Peachum. If I am hang'd, it shall be for ridding the World of an arrant Rascal.

Lockit. This Hand shall do the Office of the Halter you deserve, and throttle you—you Dog!—

Peachum. Brother, Brother—We are both in the Wrong—We shall be both Losers in the Dispute—for you know we have it in our Power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lockit. Nor you so provoking.

Peachum. 'Tis our mutual Interest; 'tis for the Interest of the World we should agree. If I said any thing, Brother, to the Prejudice of your Character, I ask pardon.

Lockit. Brother *Peachum*—I can forgive as well as resent.—Give me your Hand. Suspicion does not become a Friend.

Peachum. I only meant to give you Occasion to justify yourself: But I must now step home, for I expect the Gentleman about this Snuff-box, that *Filch* nimm'd two Nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this Hour. Exit *Peachum*.