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First Collected
Edition



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THE
WORKS

Of the Ingenious

Mr. *William Wycherley*,

Collected into One

VOLUME:

Containing

Plain-Dealer, } Gentleman-Dancing-
Country-Wife, } master,
Love in a Wood.

*As long as Men are False and Women Vain,
While Gold continues to be Virtues Bane,
In pointed Satyr, Wycherley shall Reign.*

By Mr. *Evelyn*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Richard Wellington, at the *Dolphin*
and *Crown* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1713.

WORLD'S

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WORLD'S

WORLD'S

WORLD'S

THE
PLAIN-DEALER.
A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
Theatre-Royal

Written by Mr. WYCHERLEY.

H O R A T.

———*Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.*

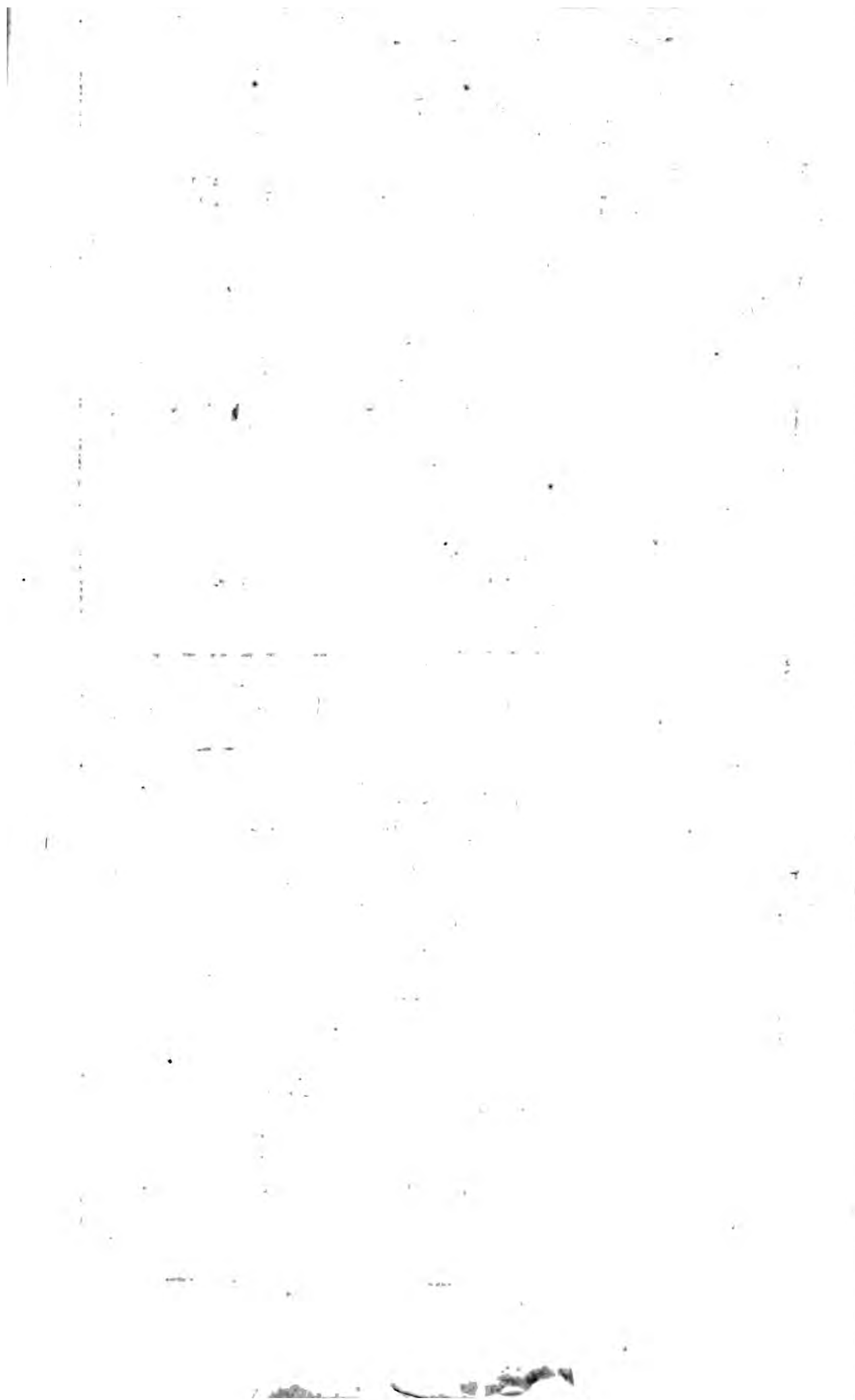
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ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Richard Wellington, at the Dolphin
and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1712.

Where is sold all Sorts of Plays.



To my LADY B----

Madam,

THO' I never had the Honour to receive a Favour from you, nay, or be known to you, I take the Confidence of an Author to write to you a Billet-Doux Dedicatory; which is no new thing, for by most Dedications it appears, that Authors, though they praise their Patrons from Top to Toe, and seem to turn 'em inside out, know 'em as little as sometimes their Patrons their Books, tho' they read them out; and if the Poetical Daubers did not write the Name of the Man or Woman on top of the Picture, 'twere impossible to guess whose it were. But you, Madam, without the help of a Poet, have made your self known and famous in the World; and because you do not want it, are therefore most worthy of an Epistle Dedicatory. And this Play claims naturally your Protection, since it has lost its Reputation with the Ladies of stricter Lives in the Play-house; and (you know) when Mens Endeavours are discountenanc'd and refus'd by the nice coy Women of Honour, they come to you. To you the Great and Noble Patroness of rejected and bashful Men, of which number I profess my self to be one, though a Poet, a Dedicating Poet: To you I say, Madam, who have as discerning a Judgment, in what's obscene or not, as any quick-sighted civil Person of 'em all, and can make as much of a double-meaning Saying as the best of 'em; yet would not, as some do, make nonsense of a Poet's Jest, rather than not make it bawdy: by which they shew, they as little value Wit in a Play, as in a Lover, provided they can bring t'other thing about. Their sense indeed lies all one way, and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

therefore are only for that in a Poet which is moving, as they say; but what do they mean by that word moving? Well, I must not put 'em to the blush, since I find I can do't. In short, Madam, you wou'd not be one of those who ravish a Poet's innocent words, and make 'em guilty of their own naughtiness (as 'tis term'd) in spite of his Teeth; nay, nothing is secure from the power of their Imaginations; no, not their Husbands, whom they Cuckold with themselves, by thinking of other Men, and so make the lawful Matrimonial Embraces, Adultery; wrong Husbands and Poets in Thought and Word, to keep their own Reputations; but your Ladyship's Justice, I know, wou'd think a Woman's Arraigning and Damning a Poet for her own obscenity, like her crying out a Rape, and hanging a Man for giving her pleasure, only that she might be thought not to consent to't; and so to vindicate her Honour, forfeits her Modesty. But you, Madam, have too much Modesty to pretend to't; tho' you have as much to say for your Modesty as many a nicer She; for you never were seen at this Play, no, not the first Day; and 'tis no matter what Peoples Lives have been, they are unquestionably modest who frequent not this Play. For, as Mr. Bays says of his, That it is the only Touchstone of Mens Wit and Understanding; mine is, it seems, the only Touchstone of Womens Virtue and Modesty. But hold, that Touchstone is equivocal, and by the strength of a Lady's Imagination, may become something that is not civil; but your Ladyship, I know, scorns to misapply a Touchstone. And, Madam, tho' you have not seen this Play, I hope (like other nice Ladies) you will the rather read it: Yet, lest the Chambermaid, or Page, shou'd not be trusted, and their Indulgence cou'd gain no further admittances for it, than to their Ladies Lobbies or outward Room, take it into your Care and Protection; for by your Re-

com-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

commendation and Procurement, it may have the Honour to get into their Closets: For what they renounce in publick, often entertains 'em there, with your help especially. In fine, Madam, for these and many other reasons, you are the fittest Patroness or Judge of this Play; for you shew no partiality to this or that Author; for from some, many Ladies will take a broad Jest as chearfully as from the Watermen, and sit at some downright filthy Plays (as they call 'em) as well satisfied, and as still, as a Poet could wish 'em elsewhere; therefore it must be the doubtful Obscenity of my Play alone they take Exceptions at, because it is too bashful for 'em; and indeed, most Women hate Men for attempting to balves on their Chastity: and Baudy, I find, like Satyr, shou'd be home, not to have it taken notice of. But, now I mention Satyr, some there are who say, 'Tis the Plain-dealing of the Play, not the Obscenity; 'tis taking off the Ladies Masks, not offering at their Petticoats, which offends 'em: and generally they are not the handsomest, or most innocent, who are the most angry at being discovered:

——— *Nihil est audacius illis .
Deprehensis; itam, atq; animos à crimine fumunt.*

Pardon, Madam, the Quotation, for a Dedication can no more be without Ends of Latin, than Flattery; and 'tis no matter whom it is writ to; for an Author can as easily (I hope) suppose People to have more Understanding and Languages than they have, as well as more Virtues: But, why the Devil! shou'd any of the few modest and handsome be alarm'd? (for some there are who as well as any deserve those Attributes, yet refrain not from seeing this Play, nor think it any addition to their Virtue to set up for it in a Play-House, lest there it shou'd look too much like acting)

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But why, I say, shou'd any at all of the truly Virtuouſ be concern'd, if thoſe who are not ſo are diſtinguiſh'd from 'em? For by that Mask of Modesty which Women wear promiſcuouſly in publick, they are all alike, and you can no more know a kept Wench from a Woman of Honour by her Looks than by her Dress; for thoſe who are of Quality without Honour (if any ſuch there are) they have their Quality to ſet off their falſe Modesty, as well as their falſe Jewels, and you muſt no more ſuſpect their Countenances for counterfeit, than their Pendants, though as the Plain-dealer Montaigne ſays, Els envoy leur conſcience au Bordel, & teignent leur continence en regle: But thoſe who act as they look, ought not to be ſcandalized at the reprehension of others Faults, leſt they tax themſelves with 'em, and by too delicate and quick an apprehenſion not only make that obſcene which I meant innocent, but that Satyr in all, which was intended only on thoſe who deſerv'd it. But, Madam, I beg your pardon for this Digreſſion, to civil Women and Ladies of Honour, ſince you and I ſhall never be the better for 'em; for a Comic Poet, and a Lady of your Profeſſion, make moſt of the other ſort, and the Stage, and your Houſes, like our Plantations, are propagated by the leaſt nice Women; and as with the Miniſters of Juſtice, the Vices of the Age are our beſt Buſineſs. But now I mention Publick Perſons, I can no longer defer doing you the Juſtice of a Dedicacion, and telling you your own; who are, of all publick-ſpirited People, the moſt neceſſary, moſt communicative, moſt generous and hofpitale; your Houſe has been the Houſe of the People, your Sleep ſtill diſturb'd for the Publick, and when you aroſe, 'twas that others might lie down, and you waked that others might reſt; the good you have done is unſpeakable; How many young unexperienc'd Heirs have you kept from raſh fooliſh

Mar.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Marriages? and from being jilted for their Lives by the worst sort of Filts, Wives? How many unbewitch'd Widowers Children have you preserv'd from the Tyranny of Stepmothers? How many old Doaters from Cuckoldage, and keeping other Mens Wenches and Children? How many Adulteries and unnatural Sins have you prevented? In fine, you have been a constant Scourge to the old Lecher, and often a terror to the young; you have made Concupiscence its own Punishment, and extinguish'd Lust with Lust, like blowing up of Houses to stop the Fire.

Nimirum propter continentiam, incontinentia
Necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur.

There's Latin for you again, Madam; I protest to you, as I am an Author, I cannot help it, nay, I can hardly keep my self from quoting Aristotle and Horace, and talking to you of the Rules of Writing (like the French Authors) to shew you and my Reader I understand 'em, in my Epistle, lest neither of you shou'd find it out by the Play; and according to the Rules of Dedications, 'tis no matter whether you understand or no, what I quote or say to you, of Writing; for an Author can as easily make any one a Judge or Critick, in an Epistle, as an Hero in his Play: But, Madam, that this may prove to the end a true Epistle Dedicatory, I'd have you know 'tis not without a Design upon you, which is in the behalf of the Fraternity of Parnassus, that Songs and Sonnets may go at your Houses, and in your Liberties, for Guineas and half Guineas; and that Wit, at least with you, as of old, may be the price of Beauty, and so you will prove a true encourager of Poetry, for Love is a better help to it than Wine; and Poets, like Painters, draw better after the Life, than by Fancy; Nay, in justice, Madam, I

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think

The Epistle Dedicatory.

think a Poet ought to be as free of your Houses, as of the Play-Houses: since he contributes to the support of both, and is as necessary to such as you, as a Ballad-singer to a Pick-purse, in convening the Cullies at the Theatres, to be pick'd up, and carry'd to Supper and Bed at your Houses. And, Madam, the reason of this Motion of mine is, because poor Poets can get no Favour in the Tyring-Rooms, for they are no Keepers, you know; and Folly and Money, the old Enemies of Wit, are even too hard for it on its own Dunghill: and for other Ladies, a Poet can least go to the price of them; besides his Wit, which ought to recommend him to 'em, is as much an obstruction to his Love, as to his Wealth or Preferment; for most Women now-adays, apprehend Wit in a Lover, as much as in a Husband; they hate a Man that knows 'em, they must have a blind easie Fool, whom they can lead by the Nose, and as the Scythian Women of old, must baffle a Man, and put out his Eyes, e're they will lie with him; and then too, like Thieves, when they have plunder'd and stript a Man, leave him. But if there shou'd be one of an hundred of those Ladies generous enough to give her self to a Man that has more Wit than Money, (all things consider'd) he wou'd think it cheaper coming to you for a Mistress, though you made him pay his Guinea; as a Man in a Journey, (out of good husbandry) had better pay for what he has in an Inn, than lie on free-cost at a Gentleman's House.

In fine, Madam, like a faithful Dedicator, I hope I have done my self right in the first place, then you, and your Profession, which in the wisest and most Religious Government in the World, is honour'd with the publick Allowance; and in those that are thought the most unciviliz'd and barbarous, is protected, and supported by the Ministers of Justice; and of you, Madam, I ought to say no more here, for your Virtues deserve a Poem rather

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rather than an Epistle, or a Volume intire to give the World your Memoirs, or Life at large, and which (upon the word of an Author that has a mind to make an end of his Dedication) I promise to do, when I write the Annals of our British Love, which shall be dedicated to the Ladies concern'd, if they will not think them something too obscene too; when your Life, compar'd with many that are thought innocent, I doubt not may vindicate you, and me, to the World, for the confidence I have taken in this Address to you; which then may be thought neither impertinent nor immodest; and, whatsoever your Amorous Misfortunes have been, none can charge you with that heinous, and worst of Womens Crimes, Hypocrisie; nay, in spite of Misfortunes or Age, you are the same Woman still; though most of your Sex grow Magdalens at Fifty, and as a solid French Author has it,

Après le plaisir, vien't la peine,
Après la peine la vertu;

But sure an old Sinner's Continency is much like a Gamester's forswearing Play, when he had lost all his Money; and Modesty is a kind of a youthful Dress, which as it makes a young Woman more aimable, makes an old one more nauseous; a bashful old Woman is like an hopeful old Man; and the affected Chastity of antiquated Beauties is rather a Reproach than an Honour to 'em, for it shews the Mens Vertue only, not theirs. But you, in fine, Madam, are no more a Hypocrite than I am when I praise you; therefore I doubt not will be thought (even by yours and the Plays Enemies, the nicest Ladies) to be the fittest Patroness for,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,
faithful, humble Servant, and
The Plain-Dealer.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the Plain-Dealer.

I *The PLAIN-DEALER am to Act to Day,
And my rough Part begins before the Play.
First, you who Scribble, yet hate all that Write,
And keep each other Company in spite,
As Rivals in your common Mistress, Fame,
And with faint Praises, one another Damn :
'Tis a good Play (we know) you can't forgive;
But grudge your selves, the Pleasure you receive,
Our Scribler therefore bluntly bid me say,
He wou'd not have the Wits pleas'd here to Day.
Next, you, the fine, loud Gentlemen, o' th' Pit,
Who Damn all Plays; yet, if y'ave any Wit,
'Tis but what here you sponge, and daily get;
Poets, like Friends to whom you are in Debt,
You hate; and so Rooks laugh, to see undone
Those pushing Gamesters whom they live upon.
Well, you are Sparks; and still will be i' th' fashion;
Rail then, at Plays, to hide your Obligation.
Now, you shrewd Judges, who the Boxes sway,
Leading the Ladies Hearts and Sense astray,
And, for their sakes, see all, and hear no Play;
Correct your Cravats, Foretops, Lock behind;
The Dress and Breeding of the Play ne'er mind.
Plain-Dealing is, you'ld say, quite out of fashion;
You'll hate it here, as in a Dedication.
And your fair Neighbours, in a Limning Poet,
No more than in a Painter will allow it.
Pictures too like, the Ladies will not please:
They must be drawn too here, like Goddesses.
You, as at Lely's too, wou'd Truncheon wield,
And look like Heroes, in a painted Field;*

But

PROLOGUE.

*But the course Dauber of the coming Scenes,
To follow Life, and Nature's only means,
Displays you, as you are : makes his fine Woman
A mercenary Filt, and true to no Man ;
His Men of Wit, and pleasure of the Age,
Are as dull Rogues, as ever cumber'd Stage :
He draws a Friend, only to Custom just,
And makes him naturally break his Trust.
I, only Act a Part, like none of you,
And yet, you'll say, it is a Fool's Part too :
An honest Man, who like you, never winks
At Faults ; but unlike you, speaks what he thinks :
The only Fool, who ne'er found Patron yet,
For Truth is now a Fault as well as Wit.
And where else, but on Stages do we see
Truth pleasing, or rewarded Honesty ?
Which our bold Poet does this Day in me. }
If not to th' Honest, be to th' Prosperous kind,
Some Friends at Court let the PLAIN-DEALER find.*

Actors

Actors Names.

<i>Manly</i>	Of an honest, surly, nice Humour, suppos'd first in the Time of the <i>Dutch War</i> , to have procur'd the Command of a Ship, out of Honour, not Interest; and chusing a Sea-Life only to avoid the World.	Mr. Hart.
<i>Freeman</i>	<i>Manly's</i> Lieutenant, a Gentleman well Educated, but of a broken Fortune, a Complier with the Age.	Mr. Kynastan.
<i>Vernish Novel</i>	<i>Manly's</i> Bosom and only Friend. A pert railing Coxcomb, and an Admirer of Novelties, makes Love to <i>Olivia</i> .	Mr. Griffin. Mr. Clark.
<i>Major Oldfox</i>	An old impertinent Fop, given to Scribling, makes Love to the <i>Wid. Blackacre</i> .	Mr. Cartwright.
<i>Lord Plausible</i>	A ceremonious, supple, commending Coxcomb, in Love with <i>Olivia</i> .	Mr. Hains.
<i>Ferr. Blackacre</i>	A true raw Squire, under Age, and his Mother's Government, bred to the Law.	Mr. Charlton.

Women.

<i>Olivia</i>	<i>Manly's</i> Mistress.	Mrs. Marshal.
<i>Fidelia</i>	In Love with <i>Manly</i> , and follow'd him to Sea in <i>Man's</i> Cloaths.	Mrs. Boutell.
<i>Eliza</i>	Cousin to <i>Olivia</i> .	Mrs. Knepe.
<i>Lettice</i>	<i>Olivia's</i> Woman.	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Wid. Blackacre</i>	A petulant, litigious Widow, always in Law, and Mother to Squire <i>Ferry</i> .	Mrs. Cory.

Lawyers, Knights of the Post, Bayliffs and Aldermen, a Bookseller's Prentice, a Footboy, Sailors, Waiters, and Attendants.

The SCENE LONDON.

The

THE
Plain-Dealer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Captain Manly's Lodging.

Enter Captain Manly furlily ; and my Lord Plausible following him : and two Sailors behind.

Man. **T**ELL not me (my good Lord *Plausible*) of your *Decorums*, supercilious Forms, and slavish Ceremonies ; your little Tricks, which you the Spaniels of the World do daily over and over, for and to one another ; not out of Love or Duty, but your servile Fear.

L. Plaus. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are too passionate, and I must humbly beg your Pardon and leave to tell you, they are the Arts and Rules the Prudent of the World walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no Leading-strings, I can walk alone ; I hate a Harness, and will not tug on in a Faction, kissing my Leader behind, that another Slave may do the like to me.

L. Plaus. What, will you be singular then, like no Body ? follow Love, and esteem no Body ?

Man. Rather than be general, like you, follow every Body, Court and Kiss every Body ; though perhaps at the same time you hate every Body.

L. Plaus. Why, seriously with your Pardon, my dear Friend——

Man. With

Man. With your Pardon, my no Friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred, or my scorn, call a Man Fool or Knave, by Signs or Mouths over his Shoulder, whilst you have him in your Arms; for such as you, like common Whores and Pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

L. Plauf. Such as I! Heavens defend me—upon my Honour——

Man. Upon your Title, my Lord, if you'd have me believe you.

L. Plauf. Well then, as I am a Person of Honour, I never attempted to abuse, or lessen any Person in my Life.

Man. What, you were afraid?

L. Plauf. No; but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing: no, faith, I speak well of all Mankind.

Man. I thought so; but know, that the speaking well of all Mankind, is the worst kind of Detraction; for it takes away the Reputation of the few good Men in the World, by making all alike: now, I speak ill of most Men, because they deserve it; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

L. Plauf. Well, tell not me, my dear Friend, what People deserve, I ne'er mind that; I, like an Author in a Dedication, never speak well of a Man for his sake, but my own; I will not disparage any Man, to disparage my self; for to speak ill of People behind their Backs, is not like a Person of Honour; and truly to speak ill of 'em to their Faces, is not like a complainant Person: But if I did say, or do an ill thing to any, it shou'd be sure to be behind their Backs, out of pure good Manners.

Man. Very well, but I, that am an unmannerly Seafellow, if I ever speak well of People (which is very seldom indeed) it shou'd be sure to be behind their Backs; and if I wou'd say or do ill to any, it shou'd be to their Faces: I wou'd juggle a proud, strutting, over-looking Coxcomb, at the head of his Sycophants, rather than put out my Tongue at him when he were past me; wou'd frown in the arrogant, big, dull Face
of

of an over-grown Knave of Business, rather than vent my Spleen against him, when his Back were turn'd ; wou'd give fawning Slaves the Lie, whilst they embrace or commend me ; Cowards whilst they brag ; call a Rascal by no other Title, tho' his Father had left him a Duke's ; laugh at Fools aloud before their Mistresses : And must desire People to leave me, when their Visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

L. Plaust. I wou'd not have my Visits troublesome.

Man. The only way to be sure not to have 'em troublesome, is to make 'em when People are not at home, for your Visits, like other good turns, are most obliging, when made, or done to a Man in his Absence. Pox, why shou'd any one, because he has nothing to do, go and disturb another Man's Business.

L. Plaust. I beg your Pardon, my dear Friend. What, you have Business ?

Man. If you have any, I wou'd not detain your Lordship.

L. Plaust. Detain me, dear Sir, I can never have enough of your Company.

Man. I'm afraid I shou'd be tiresome : I know not what you think :

L. Plaust. Well, dear Sir, I see you'd have me gone.

Man. But I see you won't.

[*Aside.*

L. Plaust. Your most faithful——

Man. God be w'ye, my Lord.

L. Plaust. Your most humble——

Man. Farewel.

L. Plaust. And eternally——

Man. And eternally Ceremony—— then the Devil take thee eternally.

[*Aside.*

L. Plaust. You shall use no Ceremony, by my Life.

Man. I do not intend it.

L. Plaust. Why do you stir then ?

Man. Only to see you out of Doors, that I may shut 'em against more Welcomes.

L. Plaust. Nay, Faith, that shall not pass upon your most faithful, humble Servant.

Man.

Man. Nor this any more upon me. [Aside.]

L. Plauf. Well, you are too strong for me.

Man. I'd sooner be visited by the Plague; for that only wou'd keep a Man from Visits, and his Doors shut. [Aside.]

(Exit thrusting out my Lord Plaufible. Manet Sailors.)

1 Sail. Here's a finical Fellow, *Jack!* What a brave fair-weather Captain of a Ship he wou'd make?

2 Sail. He a Captain of a Ship! it must be when she's in the Dock then; for he looks like one of those that gets the Kings Commissions for Hulls to sell a Kings Ship, when a brave Fellow has fought her almost to a Long-boat.

1 Sail. On my Conscience then, *Jack,* that's the reason our Bully *Tar* sunk our Ship: not only that the *Dutch* might not have her, but that the Courtiers, who laugh at wooden Legs, might not make her Prize.

2 Sail. A Pox of his sinking, *Tom,* we have made a base, broken, short Voyage of it.

1 Sail. Ay, your brisk Dealers in Honour, always make quick Returns with their Ship to the Dock, and their Men to the Hospitals; 'tis, let me see, just a Month since we set out of the River, and the Wind was almost as cross to us as the *Dutch.*

2 Sail. Well, I forgive him sinking my own poor Trunk, if he wou'd but have given me Time and Leave to have sav'd Black *Kate* of *Wapping's* small Venture.

1 Sail. Faith, I forgive him, since, as the Purser told me, he sunk the Value of five or six thousand Pound of his own, with which he was to settle himself somewhere in the *Indies*, for our merry Lieutenant was to succeed him in his Commission for the Ship back, for he was resolv'd never to return again for *England.*

2 Sail. So it seem'd, by his Fighting.

1 Sail. No, but he was a weary of this Side of the World here, they say.

2 Sail. Ay, or else he wou'd not have bid so fair for a Passage into t'other.

1 Sail. *Jack,* thou think'st thy self in the Forecastle, thou'rt so waggish; but I tell you then, he had a Mind

to go live and bask himself on the sunny Side of the Globe.

2 *Sail.* What, out of any discontent? for he's always as dogged as an old Tarpaulin, when hinder'd of a Voyage by a young Pantaloon Captain.

1 *Sail.* 'Tis true, I never saw him pleas'd but in the Fight, and then he look'd like one of us coming from the Pay-Table, with a new Lining to our Hats under our Arms.

2 *Sail.* A Pox, he's like the *Bay of Biscay*, rough and angry, let the Wind blow where 'twill.

1 *Sail.* Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with the Land in a Storm, No near——

2 *Sail.* 'Tis a hurry-durry Blade, dost thou remember after we had tugg'd hard the old leaky Long-boat, to save his Life, when I welcom'd him ashore, he gave me a box on the Ear, and call'd me fawning Water-Dog.

Enter Manly and Freeman.

1 *Sail.* Hold thy peace, *Jack*, and stand by, the foul Weather's coming.

Man. You Rascals, Dogs, how cou'd this tame thing get through you?

1 *Sail.* Faith, to tell your Honour the Truth, we were at Hob in the Hall, and whilst my Brother and I were quarrelling about a Cast, he slunk by us.

2 *Sail.* He's a sneaking Fellow I warrant for't.

Man. Have more care for the future, you Slaves; go, and with drawn Cutlaces, stand at the Stair-foot, and keep all that ask for me from coming up: suppose you are guarding the Scuttle to the Powder-Room: let none enter here, at your and their peril.

1 *Sail.* No, for the Danger wou'd be the same; you wou'd blow them and us up, if we shou'd.

2 *Sail.* Must no one come to you, Sir?

Man. No Man, Sir.

1 *Sail.* No Man, Sir, but a Woman then, an't like your Honour——

Man. No Woman neither, you impertinent Dog. Wou'd you be Pimping? A Sea-Pimp is the strangest Monster she has.

2 *Sail.* Indeed, an't like your Honour, 'twill be hard for us to deny a Woman any thing, since we are so newly come on Shore.

1 *Sail.* We'll let no old Woman come up, though it were our Trusting Landlady at *Wapping*.

Man. Wou'd you be witty, you Brandy Casks you? you become a Jest as ill as you do a Horfe. Be gone, you Dogs, I hear a Noise on the Stairs. (*Exit Sailors.*)

Free. Faith, I am sorry you wou'd let the Fop go, I intended to have had some Sport with him.

Man. Sport with him! A Pox then, why did you not stay? you shou'd have enjoy'd your Coxcomb, and had him to your self for me.

Free. No, I shou'd not have car'd for him without you neither; for the Pleasure which Fops afford, is like that of Drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd; and a Fool like a Bottle, which wou'd make you merry in Company, will make you dull alone. But how the Devil cou'd you turn a Man of his Quality down Stairs? You use a Lord with very little Ceremony, it seems.

Man. A Lord! What, thou art one of those who esteem Men only by the Marks and value Fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsick worth, but counterfeit Honour will not be current with me, I weigh the Man, not his Title; 'tis not the King's Stamp can make the Metal better or heavier: Your Lord is a leaden Shilling, which you may bend every way, and debases the Stamp he bears, instead of being rais'd by it: Here again, you Slaves?

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Only to receive farther Instructions, an't like your Honour: What if a Man shou'd bring you Money, shou'd we turn him back?

Man. All Men, I say; must I be pester'd with you too? you Dogs away.

2 *Sail.* Nay, I know one Man your Honour wou'd not have us hinder coming to you, I'm sure.

Man. Who's that? speak quickly, Slaves.

2 *Sail.* Why, a Man that shou'd bring you a Challenge

lence; for though you refuse Money, I'm sure you love Fighting too well to refuse that.

Man. Rogue, Rascal, Dog. [*Kicks the Sailors out.*]

Free. Nay, let the poor Rogues have their Fore-castle Jest; they cannot help 'em in a Fight, scarce when a Ship's sinking.

Man. Damn their untimely Jest; a Servant's Jest is more sauciness than his Counsel.

Free. But what, will you see no Body? not your Friends?

Man. Friends—I have but one, and he, I hear, is not in Town; nay, can have but one Friend, for a true Heart admits but of one Friendship, as of one Love; but in having that Friend, I have a Thousand, for he has the Courage of Men in Despair, yet the diffidence and caution of Cowards; the secrecie of the Revengeful, and the constancy of Martyrs; one fit to advise, to keep a secret, to fight and die for his Friend. Such I think him, for I have trusted him with my Mistress in my Absence; and the trust of Beauty, is sure the greatest we can shew.

Free. Well, but all your good Thoughts are not for him alone (I hope?) pray what d'ye think of me for a Friend?

Man. Of thee! Why, thou art a *Latitudinarian* in Friendship, that is no Friend; thou dost side with all Mankind, but wilt suffer for none. Thou art indeed like your Lord *Plausible*, the Pink of Courtesie, therefore hast no Friendship; for Ceremony, and great Professing, renders Friendship as much suspected, as it does Religion.

Free. And no Professing, no Ceremony at all in Friendship, were as unnatural and as undecent as in Religion; and there is hardly such a thing as an honest Hypocrite, who professes himself to be worse than he is, unless it be your self; for, though I cou'd never get you to say you were my Friend, I know you'll prove so.

Man. I must confess, I'm so much your Friend, I wou'd not deceive you, therefore must tell you (not

only because my Heart is taken up) but according to your Rules of Friendship, I cannot be your Friend.

Free. Why, pray?

Man. Because he that is (you'll say) a true Friend to a Man, is a Friend to all his Friends; but you must pardon me, I cannot wish well to Pimps, Flatterers, Detractors, and Cowards, stiff nodding Knaves, and supple pliant kissing Fools: now, all these I have seen you use, like the dearest Friends in the World.

Free. Ha, ha, ha—— What, you observ'd me, I warrant, in the Galleries at *Whitehall*, doing the business of the Place! Pshaw, Court-professions, like Court-promises, go for nothing, Man! but, Faith, cou'd you think I was a Friend to all those I hugg'd, kiss'd, flatter'd, bow'd too? Ha, ha——

Man. You told 'em so, and swore it too; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their Backs were turn'd, did I not tell you they were Rogues, Villains, Rascals, whom I despis'd and hated?

Man. Very fine! But what Reason had I to believe you spoke your Heart to me, since you profess'd deceiving so many?

Free. Why, don't you know, good Captain, that telling truth is a Quality as prejudicial to a Man that wou'd thrive in the World, as square Play to a Cheat, or true Love to a Whore! Wou'd you have a Man speak truth to his ruin? You are severer than the Law, which requires no Man to swear against himself; you wou'd have me speak truth against my self, I warrant, and tell my promising Friend, the Courtier, he has a bad Memory?

Man. Yes.

Free. And so make him remember to forget my business; and I shou'd tell the great Lawyer too, that he takes oftner Fees to hold his Tongue, than to speak:

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang or ruin me, when he shou'd come to be a Judge, and I before him. And you wou'd have me tell the new Officer, who bought his Employment lately, that he is a Coward.

Man.

Man. Ay.

Free. And so get my self cashier'd, not him, he having the better Friends, though I the better Sword. And I shou'd tell the Scribler of Honour, that Heraldry were a prettier and fitter Study for so fine a Gentleman than Poetry.

Man. Certainly.

Free. And so find my self maul'd in his next hir'd Lampoon. And you wou'd have me tell the holy Lady too, she lies with her Chaplain.

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And so draw the Clergy upon my Back, and want a good Table to Dine at sometimes. And by the same reason too, I shou'd tell you that the World thinks you a Mad Man, a Brutal, and have you cut my Throat, or worse, hate me! What other good success of all my *Plain-dealing* cou'd I have, than what I've mention'd?

Man. Why, first your promising Courtier wou'd keep his Word out of fear of more Reproaches; or at least wou'd give you no more vain hopes: your Lawyer wou'd serve you more faithfully; for he, having no Honour but his Interest, is truest still to him he knows suspects him: The new Officer wou'd provoke thee to make him a Coward, and so be cashier'd, that thou, or some other honest Fellow, who had more Courage than Money, might get his place: the noble Sonnetteer wou'd trouble thee no more with his Madrigals: the praying Lady wou'd leave off railing at Wenching before thee, and not turn away her Chamber-maid, for her own known frailty with thee: And I instead of hating thee, shou'd love thee for thy *Plain-dealing*; and in lieu of being mortify'd, am proud that the World and I think not well of one another.

Free. Well, Doctors differ. You are for *Plain-dealing*, I find; but against your particular Notions, I have the Practice of the whole World. Observe but any Morning what People do when they get together on the *Exchange*, in *Westminster-Hall*, or the Galleries in *Whitehall*.

Man. I must confess, there they seem to rehearse *Bays's* grand Dance: here you see a Bishop bowing low to a gaudy Atheist; a Judge to a Door-keeper; a great Lord to a Fishmonger, or a Scrivener with a Jack-Chain about his Neck; a Lawyer to a Sergeant at Arms; a Velvet Physician to a Thread-bare Chymist: and a supple Gentleman-Usher, to a surly Beef-eater: and so tread round in a preposterous huddle of Ceremony to each other, whilst they can hardly hold their solemn false Countenances.

Free. Well, they understand the World.

Man. Which I do not, I confess.

Free. But, Sir, pray believe the Friendship I promise you, real, whatsoever I have profest to others; try me, at least.

Man. Why, what wou'd you do for me?

Free. I wou'd fight for you.

Man. That you wou'd do for your own Honour, but what else?

Free. I wou'd lend you Money, if I had it.

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were but putting your Money to Interest, an Usurer wou'd be as good a Friend. But what other piece of Friendship?

Free. I wou'd speak well of you to your Enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your Friends, by a shew of Gratitude; but what else?

Free. Nay, I wou'd not hear you ill spoken of behind your Back, by my Friend.

Man. Nay, then thou'rt a Friend indeed; but it were unreasonable to expect it from thee, as the World goes now: when new Friends, like new Mistresses, are got by disparaging old ones.

Enter Fidelia.

But here comes another, will say as much at least, dost thou not love me devilishly too, my little Volun- tier, as well as he, or any Man can?

Fid. Better than any Man can love you, my dear Captain.

Man. Look you there, I told you so.

Fid. As

Fid. As well as you do Truth or Honour, Sir, as well.

Man. Nay, good young Gentleman, enough, for shame; thou hast been a Page, by thy flattering and Lying, to one of those praying Ladies, who love Flattery so well, they are jealous of it, and wert turn'd away for saying the same things to the old House-keeper for Sweet-meats, as you did to your Lady; for thou flatterest every thing, and every Body alike.

Fid. You, dear Sir, shou'd not suspect the truth of what I say of you, though to you; Fame, the old Lyar, is believ'd when she speaks wonders of you; you cannot be flatter'd, Sir, your Merit is unspeakable.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, or I shall suspect worse of you, that you have been a Cushion-bearer to some State Hypocrite, and turn'd away by the Chaplains, for out-flattering their Probation Sermons for a Benefice.

Fid. Suspect me for any thing, Sir, but the want of Love, Faith and Duty to you, the bravest, worthiest of Mankind; believe me, I could die for you, Sir.

Man. Nay, there you lie, Sir; did not I see thee more afraid in the Fight, than the Chaplain of the Ship, or the Purser that bought his Place?

Fid. Can he be said to be afraid, that ventures to Sea with you?

Man. Fie, fie, no more, I shall hate thy Flattery worse than thy Cowardise, nay, than thy Bragging.

Fid. Well, I own then I was afraid; mightily afraid; yet for you I wou'd be afraid again, an hundred times afraid: dying is ceasing to be afraid, and that I cou'd do sure for you, and you'll believe me one day. [Weeps.

Free. Poor Youth! believe his Eyes if not his Tongue: he seems to speak Truth with them.

Man. What, does he cry? A Pox on't, a maudlin Flatterer is as nauseously troublesome as a maudlin Drunkard; no more, you little Milk-sop, do not cry, I'll never make thee afraid again; for of all Men, if I had occasion, thou shou'dst not be my Second; and when I go to Sea again, thou shalt venture thy Life no more with me.

Fid. Why, will you leave me behind then?
(If you wou'd preserve my Life, I'm sure you shou'd not.) [Aside.]

Man. Leave thee behind! Ay, ay, thou art a hopeful Youth for the Shore only; here thou wilt live to be cherish'd by Fortune, and the Great ones; for thou may'st easily come to out-flatter a dull Poet, out-lie a Coffee-house, or Gazet-writer, out-swear a Knight of the Post, out-watch a Pimp, out-fawn a Rook, out-promise a Lover, out-rail a Wit, and out-brag a Sea-Captain: All this thou canst do, because thou'rt a Coward, a thing I hate, therefore thou'lt do better with the World than with me, and these are the good courses you must take in the World. There's good Advice, at least, at parting; go, and be happy with't.

Fid. Parting, Sir! O let me not hear that dismal Word.

Man. If my Words frighten thee, be gone the sooner; for to be plain with thee, Cowardise and I cannot dwell together.

Fid. And Cruelty and Courage never dwelt together sure, Sir. Do not turn me off to shame and misery, for I am helpless and friendless.

Man. Friendless! there are half a score Friends for thee then; [Offers her Gold.] I leave my self no more: They'll help thee a little. Be gone, go, I must be cruel to thee (if thou callst it so) out of pity.

Fid. If you wou'd be cruelly pitiful, Sir, let it be with your Sword, not Gold. [Exit.]

Enter first Sailor.

Sail. We have, with much ado, turn'd away two Gentlemen, who told us forty times over, their Names were Mr. *Novel*, and Major *Oldfox*.

Man. Well, to your Post again. [Exit Sailor.]
But how come those Puppies coupled always together?

Free. O, the Coxcombs keep each other Company, to shew each other, as *Novel* calls it; or, as *Oldfox* says, like two Knives, to whet one another.

Man. And set other Peoples Teeth an edge.

Enter

Enter second Sailor.

2 Sail. Here is a Woman, an't like your Honour, scolds and buffles with us, to come in, as much as a Seaman's Widow at the *Navy-Office* : her Name is Mrs. *Blackacre*.

Man. That Fiend too!

Free. The Widow *Blackacre*, is it not? That litigious She-petty-fogger, who is at Law and Difference with all the World; but I wish I cou'd make her agree with me in the Church : They say she has fifteen hundred Pounds a Year Joynture, and the Care of her Son, that is, the Destruction of his Estate.

Man. Her Lawyers, Attornies and Solicitors, have fifteen hundred Pound a Year, whilst she is contented to be poor, to make other People so; for she is as vexatious as her Father was, the great Attorney, nay, as a Dozen *Norfolk* Attorneys, and as implacable an Adversary, as a Wife suing for Alimony, or a Parson for his Tythes; and she loves an *Easter-Term*, or any Term, not as other Country Ladies do, to come up to be fine, Cuckold their Husbands, and take their Pleasure; for she has no Pleasure but in vexing others, and is usually cloath'd and dagled like a Baud in Disguise, pursu'd through Alleys by Serjeants. When she is in Town, she lodges in one of the Inns of Chancery, where she breeds her Son, and is her self his Tutorefs in Law-French; and for her Country-abode, tho' she has no Estate there, she chuses *Norfolk*. But, bid her come in, with a Pox to her; she is *Olivia's* Kinswoman, and may make me amends for her Visit, by some Discourse of that dear Woman. [*Exit. Sailor.*]

Enter Widow Blackacre with a Mantle, and a green Bag, and several Papers in the other Hand : Jerry Blackacre, her Son, in a Gown, laden with green Bags, following her.

Wid. I never had so much to do with a Judge's Door-keeper, as with yours; but ———

Man. But the incomparable *Olivia*, how does she since I went?

Wid. Since you went, my Suit ———

Man.

Man. *Olivia*, I say, is she well?

Wid. My Suit, if you had not return'd——

Man. Damn your Suit, how does your Cousin *Olivia*?

Wid. My Suit, I say, had been quite lost; but now——

Man. But now where is *Olivia*? in Town? for——

Wid. For to Morrow we are to have a Hearing.

Man. Wou'd you wou'd let me have a Hearing to Day.

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man. I am no Judge, and you talk of nothing but Suits; but, pray tell me, when did you see *Olivia*?

Wid. I am no Visiter, but a Woman of Business; or if I ever Visit, 'tis only the *Chancery-lane* Ladies, Ladies towards the Law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing Flirts, who cannot read Law French, tho' a Gallant writ it. But, as I was telling you, my Suit——

Man. Damn these impertinent, vexatious People of Business, of all Sexes; they are still troubling the World with the tedious Recitals of their Law-Suits: And one can no more stop their Mouths, than a Wit's, when he talks of himself; or an Intelligencers, when he talks of other People.

Wid. And a Pox of all vexatious impertinent Lovers; they are still perplexing the World with the tedious Narrations of their Love-Suits, and Discourses of their Mistresses: You are as troublesome to a poor Widow of Business, as a young Coxcomby Rhiming Lover.

Man. And thou art as troublesome to me, as a Rook to a loosing Gamester, or a young putter of Cases to his Mistress or Sempstres, who has Love in her Head for another.

Wid. Nay, since you talk of putting of Cases, and will not hear me speak, hear our *Ferry* a little; let him put our Case to you, for the Tryal's to Morrow; and since you are my chief Witness, I wou'd have your Memory refresh'd, and your Judgment inform'd, that you may not give your Evidence improperly. Speak out, Child.

Fer. Yes, forsooth. Hemh! Hemh! *John-a-Stiles*—

Man. You may talk, young Lawyer, but I shall no more mind you, than a hungry Judge does a Cause, after the Clock has struck One.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peevish too.

Wid. No matter. *Ferry*, go on. Do you observe it then, Sir, for I think I have seen you in a Gown once. Lord, I cou'd hear our *Ferry* put Cases all Day long. Mark him, Sir.

Fer. *John-a-Stiles*—no—There are first, *Fitz*, *Pere*, and *Ayle*;—No, no, *Ayle*, *Pere*, and *Fitz*; *Ayle* is seized in Fee of *Blackacre*; *John-a-Stiles* disseises *Ayle*; *Ayle* makes Claim, and the Disseisor dies; then the *Ayle*—no, the *Fitz*.

Wid. No, the *Pere*, Sirrah.

Fer. O, the *Pere*: ay, the *Pere*, Sir, and the *Fitz*—no, the *Ayle*; no, the *Pere* and the *Fitz*, Sir, and—

Man. Damn *Pere*, *Mere*, and *Fitz*, Sir.

Wid. No, you are out, Child; hear me, Captain, then; there are *Ayle*, *Pere* and *Fitz*, *Ayle* is seized in Fee of *Blackacre*; and being so seized, *John-a-Stiles* disseises the *Ayle*, *Ayle* makes Claim, and the Disseisor dies; and then the *Pere* re-enters, the *Pere*, Sirrah, the *Pere*—[to *Jerry*.] and the *Fitz* enters upon the *Pere*, and the *Ayle* brings his Writ of Disseizin, in the *Post*; and the *Pere* brings his Writ of Disseizen, in the *Pere*, and—

Man. Canst thou hear this stuff, *Freeman*? I cou'd as soon suffer a whole Noise of Flatterers at a great Man's Levy in a Morning; but thou hast servile Complacency enough to listen to a quibling Statesman in disgrace, nay, and be beforehand with him, in laughing at his dull No Jest; but I—

[Offering to go out.]

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold. Where's the *Sub-pœna*, *Ferry*? I must serve you, Sir. You are requir'd by this, to give your Testimony—

Man. I'll be forsworn, to be reveng'd on thee.

[*Ex.* Manly throwing away the *Sub-pœna*.]

Wid.

Wid. Get you gone, for a Lawless Companion. Come, *Ferry*, I had almost forgot we were to meet at the Masters at three: Let us mind our Business still, Child.

Fer. I, forsooth, e'en so let's.

Free. Nay, Madam, now, I wou'd beg you to hear me a little, a little of my Business.

Wid. I have Business of my own calls me away, Sir.

Free. My Business wou'd prove yours too, dear Madam.

Wid. Yours wou'd be some sweet Business, I warrant: What, 'tis no *Westminster-Hall* Business? Wou'd you have my Advice?

Free. No, Faith, 'tis a little *Westminster-Abby* Business: I wou'd have your Consent.

Wid. O fie, fie, Sir, to me such Discourse, before my dear Minor there!

Fer. Ay, ay, Mother, he wou'd be taking Livery and Seisin of your Joynture, by digging the Turf; but I'll watch your Waters, Bully, i'fac. Come, away, Mother. [*Ex. Jerry, hauling away his Mother.*

Manet Freeman: Enter to him Fidelity.

Fid. Dear Sir, you have pity; beget but some in our Captain for me.

Free. Where is he?

Fid. Within; swearing as much as he did in the great Storm, and cursing you, and sometimes sinks into Calms and Sighs, and talks of his *Olivia*.

Free. He wou'd never trust me to see her: Is she handsome?

Fid. No, if you'll take my word! but I am not a proper Judge.

Free. What is she?

Fid. A Gentlewoman, I suppose, but of as mean a Fortune as Beauty; but her Relations wou'd not suffer her to go with him to the *Indies*: and his Aversion to this side of the World, together with the late Opportunity of commanding the Convoy, wou'd not let him stay here longer, tho' to enjoy her.

Free. He loves her mightily then.

Fid.

Fid. Yes, so well, that the remainder of his Fortune (I hear about five or six thousand Pounds) he has left her, in case he had di'd by the way, or before she cou'd prevail with her Friends to follow him, which he expected she shou'd do; and has left behind him his great Bosom-Friend to be her Convoy to him.

Free. What Charms has she for him, if she be not handsome?

Fid. He fancies her, I suppose, the only Woman of Truth and Sincerity in the World.

Free. No Common Beauty, I confess.

Fid. Or else sure he wou'd not have trusted her with so great a share of his Fortune, in his Absence; I suppose (since his late Loss) all he has.

Free. Why, has he left it in her own Custody?

Fid. I am told so.

Free. Then he has shew'd Love to her indeed, in leaving her, like an old Husband that dies as soon as he has made his Wife a good Jointure; but I'll go in to him, and speak for you, and know more from him of his *Olivia*. [Exit.

Manet Fidelia sola.

Fid. His *Olivia* indeed, his happy *Olivia*!
Yet she was left behind, when I was with him;
But she was ne'er out of his Mind or Heart.
She has told him she lov'd him; I have shew'd it,
And durst not tell him so, till I had done,
Under this Habit, such convincing Acts
Of loving Friendship for him, that through it
He first might find out both my Sex and Love;
And, when I'd had him from his fair *Olivia*,
And this bright World of artful Beauties here,
Might then have hop'd, he wou'd have look'd on me
Amongst the footy *Indians*; and I cou'd
To choose, there live his Wife, where Wives are forc'd
To live no longer, when their Husbands die.
Nay, what's yet worse, to share 'em whilst they live
With many Rival Wives. But here he comes,

And

And I must yet keep out of his sight, not
To lose it for ever.

[*Exit.*

Enter Manly and Freeman.

Free. But pray what strange Charms has she that
cou'd make you love ?

Man. Strange Charms indeed ! She has Beauty e-
nough to call in question her Wit or Vertue, and her
Form wou'd make a starv'd Hermit a Ravisher ; yet
her Vertue and Conduct, wou'd preserve her from
the subtil Lust of a pamper'd Prelate. She is so perfect
a Beauty, that Art could not better it, nor Affectation
deform it ; yet all this is nothing, her Tongue as well
as Face ne'er knew Artifice : nor ever did her Words
or Looks contradict her Heart : She is all Truth, and
hates the lying, masking, daubing World, as I do ;
for which I love her, and for which I think she dis-
likes not me : For she has often shut out of her Con-
versation for mine, the gaudy fluttering Parrots of the
Town, Apes and Eccho's of Men only, and refus'd
their common Place, Pert, Chat, Flattery and Sub-
missions, to be entertain'd with my sullen Bluntness,
and honest Love. And, last of all, swore to me, since
her Parents wou'd not suffer her to go with me, she
wou'd stay behind for no other Man ; but follow me
without their leave, if not to be obtain'd. Which
Oath——

Free. Did you think she wou'd keep ?

Man. Yes ; for she is not (I tell you) like other
Women, but can keep her Promise, tho' she has sworn
to keep it ; but, that she might the better keep it, I
left her the Value of five or six thousand Pounds : For
Womens wants are generally the most importunate
Solicitors to Love or Marriage.

Free. And Money summons Lovers, more than
Beauty, and augments but their Importunity, and their
Number ; so makes it the harder for a Woman to de-
ny 'em. For my part, I am for the *French Maxim*, If
you wou'd have your Female Subjects Loyal, keep
'em poor : but, in short, that your Mistres may not
marry, you have given her a Portion.

Man.

Man. She had given me her Heart first, and I am satisfied with the Security; I can never doubt her Truth and Constancy.

Free. It seems you do, since you are fain to bribe it with Money. But how come you to be so diffident of the Man that says he loves you, and not doubt the Woman that says it :

Man. I shou'd (I confess) doubt the Love of any other Woman but her, as I do the Friendship of any other Man but him I have trusted; but I have such Proofs of their Faith, as cannot deceive me.

Free. Cannot !

Man. Not but I know, that generally, no Man can be a great Enemy, but under the Name of Friend ; and if you are a Cuckold, it is your Friend only that makes you so ; for your Enemy is not admitted to your House: If you are cheated in your Fortune, 'tis your Friend that does it; for your Enemy is not made your Trustee : If your Honour, or good Name be injur'd, 'tis your Friend that does it still, because your Enemy is not believ'd against you. Therefore I rather chuse to go where honest, downright Barbarity is profess'd, where Men devour one another like generous hungry Lions and Tygers, not like Crocodiles ; where they think the Devil white, of our Complexion, and I am already so far an *Indian* : But if your weak Faith doubts this Miracle of a Woman, come along with me, and believe, and thou wilt find her so handsom, that thou, who art so much my Friend, wilt have a mind to lie with her, and so will not fail to discover what her Faith and thine is to me.

*When we're in Love, the great Adversity,
Our Friends and Mistresses at once we try.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Olivia's Lodging.**Enter Olivia, Eliza, Lettice.*

Oliv. **A**H Cousin, what a World 'tis we live in ! I am so weary of it.

Eliz. Truly, Cousin, I can find no fault with it, but that we cannot always live in't ; for I can never be weary of it.

Oliv. O hideous ! you cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you like the filthy World.

Eliz. You cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you dislike it.

Oliv. You are a very censorious Creature, I find.

Eliz. I must confess, I think we Women as often discover where we love by railing, as Men when they lye, by their swearing ; and the World is but a constant keeping Gallant, whom we fail not to quarrel with, when any thing crosses us, yet cannot part with't for our Hearts.

Let. A Gallant indeed, Madam, whom Ladies first make jealous, and then quarrel with it for being so, for if, by her Indiscretion, a Lady be talk'd of for a Man, she cries presently, *'Tis a censorious World* ; if, by her Vanity, the Intrigue be found out, *'Tis a prying malicious World* ; if, by her over-fondness, the Gallant proves unconstant, *'Tis a false World* ; and if, by her nigardliness, the Chamber maid tells, *'Tis a perfidious World* ; but that, I'm sure, your Ladyship cannot say of the World yet, as bad as 'tis.

Oliv. But I may say, *'Tis a very impertinent World.* Hold your peace. And, Cousin, if the World be a Gallant, 'tis such an one as is my Aversion. Pray name it no more.

Eliz. But is it possible the World, which has such variety of Charms for other Women, can have none
for

for you? Let's see — first, what d'ye think of Dressing and fine Cloaths?

Oliv. Dressing! Fie, fie, 'tis my Aversion. But, come hither, you dowdy, methinks you might have open'd this Toure better: O hideous! I cannot suffer it! D'ye see how't sits?

Eliz. Well enough, Cousin, if Dressing be your Aversion.

Oliv. 'Tis so: and for variety of rich Cloaths, they are more my Aversion.

Let. Ay, 'tis because your Ladyship wears 'em too long; for indeed a Gown, like a Gallant, grows one's Aversion, by having too much of it.

Oliv. Insatiable Creature! I'll be sworn I have had this not above three Days, Cousin, and within this Month have made some six more.

Eliz. Then your Aversion to 'em is not altogether so great.

Oliv. Alas! 'tis for my Woman only I wear 'em, Cousin.

Let. If it be for me only, Madam, pray do not wear 'em. ●

Eliz. But what d'ye think of Visits — Balls —

Oliv. O, I detest 'em.

Eliz. Of Plays.

Oliv. I abominate 'em: Filthy, obscene, hideous things.

Eliz. What say you to *Masquerading* in the Winter; and *Hide-Park* in the Summer?

Oliv. Insipid Pleasures I taste not.

Eliz. Nay, if you are for more solid Pleasures, what think you of a rich young Husband?

Oliv. O horrid! Marriage! What a Pleasure you have found out! I nauseate it of all things.

Let. But what does your Ladyship think then of a liberal, handsom young Lover?

Oliv. A handsom, young Fellow, you Impudent! Be gone, out of my sight; name a handsom young Fellow to me! Foh, a hideous handsom young Fellow I abominate.

[*Spits.*
Eliz.

Eliz. Indeed! but let's see——will nothing please you? What d'ye think of the Court?

Oliv. How? the Court! the Court, Cousin! my Aversion, my Aversion, my Aversion of all Aversions.

Eliz. How? the Court! where——

Oliv. Where Sincerity is a Quality as out of Fashion, and as unprosperous, as Bashfulness; I cou'd not laugh at a Quibble, tho' it were a fat Privy Counsellor's; nor praise a Lord's ill Verses, tho' I were myself the Subject; nor an old Lady's young Looks, tho' I were her Woman; nor sit to a vain young *Smile-maker*, tho' he flatter'd me; in short, I cou'd not glote upon a Man when he comes into a Room, and laugh at him when he goes out; I cannot rail at the absent, to flatter the standers by, I——

Eliz. Well, but railing now is so common, that 'tis no more Malice, but the Fashion, and the absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at, than the present think they're the better for being flatter'd: And for the Court——

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the Court; for you'll make me rail at it, like a trusting Citizen's Widow.

Eliz. Or like a *Holbourn-Lady*, who cou'd not get in to the last Ball, or was out of Countenance in the Drawing-room the last Sunday of her appearance there; for none rail at the Court, but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous when they are there; and I shall suspect you were laugh'd at when you were last there, or wou'd be a Maid of Honour.

Oliv. I a Maid of Honour! To be a Maid of Honour were yet of all things my Aversion.

Eliz. In what Sense am I to understand you? But, in fine, by the Word Aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew Woman yet us'd it, who did not. Come, our Tongues bely our Hearts, more than our Pocket-glasses do our Faces; but methinks we ought to leave off dissembling, since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise Observers understand us

now

now a-days, as they do Dreams, Almanacks, and Dutch Gazettes, by the contrary : And a Man no more believes a Woman, when she says she has an Aversion for him, than when she says she'll cry out.

Oliv. O filthy, hideous! Peace, Cousin, or your Discourse will be my Aversion ; and you may believe me.

Eliz. Yes ; for, if any thing be a Woman's Aversion, 'tis *Plain-Dealing* from another Woman : and perhaps that's your Quarrel to the World, for that will talk, as your Woman says.

Oliv. Talk not of me sure ; for what Men do I converse with ? what Visits do I admit ?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the Gentleman to wait upon you, Madam.

Oliv. On me! you little unthinking Fop, d'ye know what you say ?

Boy. Yes, Madam, 'tis the Gentleman that comes every Day to you, who——

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little Animal, and get you gone. This Country-Boy, Cousin, takes my Dancing-Master, Taylor, or the spruce Milliner, for Visitors. [*Exit Boy.*

Let. No, Madam, 'tis Mr. *Novel*, I'm sure, by his talking so loud : I know his Voice too, Madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you baffle-headed, stupid Creature you ; you wou'd make my Cousin believe I receive Visits : But if it be Mr.——what did you call him ?

Let. Mr. *Novel*, Madam, he that——

Oliv. Hold your peace, I'll hear no more of him ; but if it be your Mr.— (I cannot think of his Name again) I suppose he has follow'd my Cousin hither.

Eliz. No, Cousin, I will not rob you of the Honour of the Visit : 'Tis to you, Cousin, for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my Honour, Cousin ; besides, han't I told you, that Visits, and the Business of Visits, Flattery and Detraction ;

tion; are my Aversion? D'ye think then I wou'd admit such a Coxcomb as he is? who, rather than not rail, will rail at the Dead; whom none speak ill of; and rather than not flatter, will flatter the Poets of the Age, whom none will flatter; who affects Novelty as much as the Fashion; and is as fantastical as changeable, and as well known as the Fashion; who likes nothing but what is new; nay, wou'd chuse to have his Friend, or his Title a new one. In fine, he is my Aversion.

Eliz. I find you do know him, Cousin; at least, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliz. Well; but since he is such a Coxcomb, for Heaven's sake, let him not come up; tell him, Mrs. Lettice, your Lady is not within.

Oliv. No, *Lettice*, tell him, my Cousin is here, and that he may come up; for notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his Conversation, and tho' I wou'd use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you, in my own Lodging; since he has follow'd you hither, let him come up, I say.

Eliz. Very fine! Pray let him go to the Devil, I say, for me: I know him not, nor desire it. Send him away, Mrs. *Lettice*.

Oliv. Upon my Word, she shan't: I must disobey your Commands, to comply with your Desires. Call him up, *Lettice*.

Eliz. Nay, I'll swear she shall not stir on that Errand. [*Holds Lettice.*

Oliv. Well then, I'll call him my self for you, since you will have it so. Mr. *Novel*, [*Calls out at the Door.*] Sir, Sir.

Enter Novel.

Nov. Madam, I beg your Pardon, perhaps you were busie: I did not think you had Company with you.

Eliz. Yet he comes to me, Cousin! [*Aside.*

Oliv.———Chairs there. [*They sit.*

Nov. Well; but, Madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv.

Oliv. From some melancholly Place, I warrant, Sir, since they have lost your good Company.

Eliz. So.

Nov. From a Place, where they have treated me, at Dinner, with so much Civility and Kindness, a Pox on 'em, that I cou'd hardly get away to you, dear Madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you so new, and obliging, Sir.

Eliz. You hate Flattery, Cousin. [*Apart to Olivia.*

Nov. Nay, Faith, Madam, d'ye think my way new? then you are obliging, Madam. I must confess, I hate Imitation, to do any thing like other People: All that know me, do me the Honour to say, I am an Original, Faith; but as I was saying, Madam, I have been treated to Day, with all the Ceremony and Kindness imaginable, at my Lady *Autums*; but the nauseous old Woman at the upper end of her Table——

Oliv. Revives the old *Grecian* Custom, of serving in a Death's Head with their Banquets.

Nov. Hah! ha! fine, just i faith; nay, and new: 'Tis like eating with the Ghost in the *Libertine*; she wou'd frighten a Man from her Dinner with her hollow Invitations, and spoil one's Stomach——

Oliv. To Meat or Women. I detest her hollow cherry Cheeks; she looks like an old Coach new painted: affecting an unseemly Smugness, whilst she is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliz. You hate Detraction, I see, Cousin.

[*Apart to Olivia.*

Nov. But the silly old Fury, whilst she affects to look like a Woman of this Age, talks——

Oliv. Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old Courtier, who has out liv'd his Office.

Nov. Yes, Madam; but pray let me give you her Character. Then she never counts her Age by the Years, but——

Oliv. By the Masques she has liv'd to see.

Nov. Nay then, Madam, I see you think a little

harmless railing too great a Pleasure for any but your self, and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at Dinner.

Nov. If you wou'd hear me, Madam.

Oliv. Most patiently : speak, Sir.

Nov. Then, we had her Daughter——

Oliv. Ay, her Daughter, the very disgrace to good Cloaths, which she always wears, but to heighten her deformity, not mend it ; for she is still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich Frame.

Nov. So ! But have you done with her, Madam ? and can you spare her to me a little now ?

Oliv. Ay, ay, Sir.

Nov. Then, she is like——

Oliv. She is, you'd say, like a City Bride, the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty, for her Dress.

Nov. Well : yet have you done, Madam ? Then she ——

Oliv. Then she bestows as unfortunately on her Face, all the Graces in fashion, as the languishing Eye, the hanging or pouting Lip ; but as the Fool is never more provoking than when he aims at Wit, the ill-favour'd of our Sex are never more nauseous than when they wou'd be Beauties, adding to their natural Deformity, the artificial Uglinefs of Affectation.

Eliz. So, Cousin, I find one may have a Collection of all ones Acquaintances Pictures as well at your House, as at Mr. *Lely's* ; only the difference is, there we find 'em much handsomer than they are, and like ; here, much uglier, and like : and you are the first of the Profession of Picture-drawing I ever knew without Flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the Life ; do no Body wrong, Cousin.

Eliz. No, you hate Flattery and Detraction !

Oliv. But Mr. *Novel*, who had you besides at Dinner ?

Nov. Nay, the Devil take me if I tell you, unless you will allow me the Privilege of railing in my turn ;

but

but, now I think on't, the Women ought to be your Province, as the Men are mine : and you must know we had him whom——

Oliv. Him, whom——

Nov. What, invading me already ? And giving the Character, before you know the Man ?

Eliz. No, that is not fair, tho' it be usual.

Oliv. I beg your Pardon, Mr. *Novel*; pray go on.

Nov. Then, I say, we had that familiar Coxcomb, who is at Home wheresoe're he comes.

Oliv. Ay, that Fool——

Nov. Nay, then Madam your Servant : I'm gone. Taking the Fool out of ones Mouth, is worse than taking the Bread out of ones Mouth.

Oliv. I've done, your Pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray proceed.

Nov. I say, the Rogue, that he may be the only Wit in Company, will let no Body else talk, and——

Oliv. Ay, those Fops who love to talk all themselves, are of all things my Aversion.

Nov. Then you'll let me speak, Madam, sure, The Rogue, I say, will force his Jest upon you ; and I hate a Jest that's forc'd upon a Man, as much as a Glass.

Eliz. Why, I hope, Sir, he does not expect a Man of your temperance in Jestings shou'd do him reason ?

Nov. What ? interruption from this side too ? I must then ——

[Offers to rise, Olivia holds him.]

Oliv. No, Sir, —— you must know, Cousin, that Fop he means, tho' he talks only to be commended, will not give you leave to do't.

Nov. But, Madam——

Oliv. He a Wit ! Hang him, he's only an Adopter of stragling Jest, and fatherless Lampoons ; by the Credit of which, he eats at good Tables, and so like the barren Beggar-woman, lives by borrow'd Children.

Nov. Madam——

Oliv. And never was Author of any thing but his News ; but that is still all his own.

Nov. Madam, pray——

Oliv. An eternal Babler ; and makes no more use of his Ears, than a Man that sits at a Play by his Mistress, or in Fop-corner : He's, in fine, a base detra-cting Fellow, and is my Aversion. But who else prithee, Mr. *Novel*, was there with you ? Nay, you shan't stir.

Nov. I beg your pardon, Madam, I cannot stay in any place, where I'm not allow'd a little Christian liberty of Railing.

Oliv. Nay, prithee Mr. *Novel*, stay ; and tho' you shou'd rail at me, I wou'd hear you with Patience : prithee who else was there with you ?

Nov. Your Servant, Madam.

Oliv. Nay, prithee tell us, Mr. *Novel*, prithee do.

Nov. We had no Body else.

Oliv. Nay, faith I know you had. Come, my Lord *Plausible* was there too, who is Cousin, a——

Eliz. You need not tell me what he is, Cousin, for I know him to be a civil, good-natur'd, harmless Gentleman, that speaks well of all the World, and is always in good Humour, and——

Oliv. Hold, Cousin, hold, I hate detraction ; but I must tell you, Cousin, his Civility, is Cowardise ; his good Nature, want of Wit ; and has neither Cou-rage or Sense to rail : And for his being always in Humour, 'tis because he is never dissatisfied with himself : In fine, he is my Aversion, and I never ad-mit his Visits beyond my Hall.

Nov. No, he visit you ! Damn him, cringing, grin-ning Rogue ; if I shou'd see him coming up to you, I wou'd make bold to kick him down again. Ha !——

Enter my Lord Plausible.

My dear Lord, your most humble Servant.

[Rises, and salutes Plausible, and kisses him.]

Eliz. So, I find kissing and railing succeed each other with the angry Men, as well as with the angry Women ; and their Quarrels are like Love-quarrels, since absence is the only cause of them ; for as soon as the Man appears again, they are over. *[Aside.]*

L. Plaus.

L. Plaus. Your most faithful, humble Servant, generous Mr. *Novel*; and Madam, I am your eternal Slave, and kiss your fair Hands; which I had done sooner, according to your Commands, but——

Oliv. No Excuses, my Lord.

Eliz. What, you sent for him then, Cousin? [*Apart.*

Nov. Ha! invited! [*Aside.*

Oliv. I know you must divide your self; for your good Company is too general a good to be ingross'd by any particular Friend.

L. Plaus. O Lord, Madam, my Company! your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant; but I cou'd have brought you good Company indeed, for I parted at your Door with two of the worthiest, bravest Men——

Oliv. Who were they, my Lord?

Nov. Who do you call the worthiest, bravest Men, pray?

L. Plaus. O the wisest, bravest Gentlemen! Men of such Honour and Vertue! of such good Qualities! ah——

Eliz. This is a Coxcomb that speaks ill of all People a different Way, and Libels every Body with dull Praise, and commonly in the wrong Place, so makes his Panegyricks abusive Lampoons. [*Aside.*

Oliv. But pray let me know who they were?

L. Plaus. Ah! such Patterns of Heroick Vertue! such——

Nov. Well, but who the Devil were they?

L. Plaus. The Honour of our Nation, the Glory of our Age! ah, I cou'd dwell a Twelvemonth on their praise; which indeed I might spare by telling their Names: Sir *John Current*, and Sir *Richard Court-Title*.

Nov. Court-Title! Ha, ha.

Oliv. And Sir *John Current*! Why will you keep such a Wretch Company, my Lord?

L. Plaus. O, Madam, seriously you are a little too severe; for he is a Man of unquestion'd Reputation in every thing.

Oliv.

Oliv. Yes, because he endeavours only with the Women, to pass for a Man of Courage; and with the Bullies for a Wit; with the Wits for a Man of Business; and with the Men of Business, for a Favourite at Court: and at Court, for good City-security.

Nov. And for Sir *Richard*, he——

L. Plaus. He loves your choice, pick'd Company; Persons that——

Oliv. He loves a Lord indeed; but——

Nov. Pray, dear Madam, let me have but a bold stroke or two at his Picture. He loves a Lord, as you say, tho'——

Oliv. Tho' he borrow'd his Money, and ne'er paid him again.

Nov. And wou'd bespeak a Place three Days before at the back-end of a Lord's Coach to *Hide-Park*.

L. Plaus. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are both too severe.

Oliv. Then, to shew yet more his Passion for Quality, he makes love to that fulsome Coach-load of Honour, my Lady *Goodly*; for he's always at her Lodging.

L. Plaus. Because it is the Conventicle-Gallant, the Meeting-house of all the fair Ladies, and glorious superfine Beauties of the Town.

Nov. Very fine Ladies! there's first——

Oliv. Her Honour, as fat as an Hostess.

L. Plaus. She is something plump indeed, a goodly, comely, graceful Person.

Nov. Then there's my Lady *Frances*, what d'ye call her? as ugly——

Oliv. As a Citizens lawfully begotten Daughter.

L. Plaus. She has Wit in abundance; and the handsomest Heel, Elbow, and tip of an Ear, you ever saw.

Nov. Heel and Elbow! ha! ha! And there's my Lady *Betty* you know——

Oliv. As fluttish and flatteringly, as an *Irish* Woman bred in *France*.

L. Plaus. Ah! all she has hangs with a loose Air indeed, and becoming negligence.

Eliz.

Elix. You see all Faults with Lovers Eyes, I find, my Lord.

L. Plaus. Ah, Madam, your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant to command! But you can say nothing sure against the superfine Mistres—

Oliv. I know who you mean. She is as censorious and detracting a Jade, as a superannuated Sinner.

L. Plaus. She has a smart way of Railery, 'tis confess.

Nov. And then for Mrs. *Grideline*.

L. Plaus. She I'm sure is—

Oliv. One that never spoke ill of any Body, 'tis confess; for she is as silent in Conversation as a Country-Lover, and no better Company than a Clock, or a Weather-glass; for if she sounds, 'tis but once an Hour, to put you in mind of the time of Day, or to tell you 'twill be Cold or Hot, Rain or Snow.

L. Plaus. Ah, poor Creature! she's extremely good and modest.

Nov. And for Mrs. *Bridlechin*, she's—

Oliv. As proud as a Churchman's Wife.

L. Plaus. She's a Woman of great Spirit and Honour, and will not make her self cheap, 'tis true.

Nov. Then Mrs. *Hoyden*, that calls all People by their Surnames, and is—

Oliv. As familiar a Duck—

Nov. As an Actress in the Tyring room. There I was once before-hand with you, Madam.

L. Plaus. Mrs. *Hoyden*! a poor, affable, good-natur'd Soul: But the Divine Mrs. *Trifle* comes thither too: sure her Beauty, Vertue, and Conduct, you can say nothing to.

Oliv. No!

Nov. No!—Pray let me speak, Madam.

Oliv. First, can any one be call'd Beautiful that Squints?

L. Plaus. Her Eyes languish a little, I own.

Nov. Languish! ha, ha.

Oliv. Languish! Then, for her Conduct, she was seen at the *Country-Wife* after the first Day. There's for you, my Lord.

L. Plaus.

L. Plausf. But, Madam, she was not seen to use her Fan all the Play long, turn aside her Head, or by a conscious blush discover more guilt than modesty.

Oliv. Very fine ! then you think a Woman modest, that sees the hideous *Country-Wife*, without blushing, or publishing her Detestation of it ? D'ye hear him, Cousin ?

Eliz. Yes ; and am, I must confess, something of his Opinion, and think that as an over-conscious Fool at a Play, by endeavouring to shew the Author's want of Wit exposes his own to more Censure : so may a Lady call her own Modesty in question, by publickly cavilling with the Poets ; for all those grimaces of Honour and artificial Modesty, disparage a Woman's real Vertue, as much as the Use of white and red does the natural Complexion ; and you must use very, very little, if you wou'd have it thought your own.

Oliv. Then you wou'd have a Woman of Honour with passive Looks, Ears and Tongue, undergo all the hideous Obscenity she hears at nasty Plays.

Eliz. Truly I think a Woman betrays her want of Modesty, by shewing it publickly in a Play-House, as much as a Man does his want of Courage by a Quarrel there ; for the truly Modest and Stout say least, and are least exceptionous, especially in Publick.

Oliv. O hideous ! Cousin, this cannot be your Opinion ; but you are one of those who have the confidence to pardon the filthy Play.

Eliz. Why, what is there of ill in't, say you ?

Oliv. O fie, fie, fie, wou'd you put me to the Blush anew ? call all the Blood into my Face again ? But to satisfy you then, first the clandestine obscenity in the very Name of *Horner*.

Eliz. Truly, 'tis so hidden, I cannot find it out, I confess.

Oliv. O horrid ! does it not give you the rank Conception, or Image of a Goat, or Town-Bull, or a Satyr ? nay, what is yet a filthier Image than all the rest, that of an *Eunuch* ?

Eliz. What

Eliz. What then ? I can think of a Goat, a Bull, or a Satyr, without any hurt.

Oliv. I, but Cousin, one cannot stop there.

Eliz. I can, Cousin.

Oliv. O no ; for when you have those filthy Creatures in your Head once, the next thing you think, is what they do ; as their defiling of honest Mens Beds and Couches, Rapes upon sleeping and waking Country-Virgins, under Hedges and on Haycocks : nay, further——

Eliz. Nay, no farther, Cousin, we have enough of your Comment on the Play, which will make me more ashamed than the Play it self.

Oliv. O, believe me, 'tis a filthy Play, and you may take my word for a filthy Play, as soon as another ; but the filthiest thing in that Play, or any other Play, is——

Eliz. Pray keep it to your self, if it be so.

Oliv. No, faith, you shall know it, I'm resolv'd to make you out of love with the Play, I say, the lewdest, filthiest thing, is his *China* ; nay, I will never forget the beastly Author his *China* : he has quite taken away the Reputation of poor *China* it self, and sully'd the most innocent and pretty Furniture of a Ladies Chamber ; infomuch, that I was fain to break all my defil'd Vessels. You see I have none left ; nor you, I hope.

Eliz. You'll pardon me, I cannot think the worse of my *China* for that of the Play-House.

Oliv. Why, you will not keep any now sure ! 'tis now as unfit an Ornament for a Ladies Chamber, as the Pictures that come from *Italy*, and other hot Countries, as appears by their nudities, which I always cover, or scratch out, wheresoe're I find 'em. But *China* ! out upon't, filthy *China* ! nasty, debauch'd *China* !

Eliz. All this will not put me out of conceit with *China*, nor the Play, which is acted to Day, or another of the same beastly Authors, as you call him, which I'll go see.

Oliv.

Oliv. You will not fure ! nay, you sha' not venture your Reputation by going, and mine by leaving me alone with two Men here : nay, you'll disoblige me for ever, if——

Eliz. I stay——your Servant.

[Pulls her back:

[Exit Eliza.

Oliv. Well—but, my Lord, though you justifie every Body, you cannot in earnest uphold so beastly a Writer, whose Ink is so smutty, as one may say.

L. Plaus. Faith, I dare swear the poor Man did not think to disoblige the Ladies, by any amorous, soft, passionate, luscious Saying in his Play.

Oliv. Foy, my Lord ; but what think you, Mr. Novel, of the Play ? tho' I know you are a Friend to all that are new.

Nov. Faith, Madam, I must confess, the new Plays wou'd not be the worse for my Advice, but I cou'd never get the silly Rogues, the Poets, to mind what I say ; but I'll tell you what Counsel I gave the surly Fool you spake of.

Oliv. What was't ?

Nov. Faith, to put his Play into Rhyme ; for Rhyme, you know, often makes mystical Nonsense pass with the Criticks for Wit, and a double meaning saying with the Ladies, for soft, tender, and moving Passion. But now I talk of Parson, I saw your old Lover this Morning——Captain——

[Whispers.

Enter Captain Manly, Freeman and Fidelity
standing behind.

Oliv. Whom?——nay, you need not whisper.

Man. We are luckily got hither unobserv'd:—How ! in a close Conversation with these supple Rascals, the out-casts of Sempstresses Shops.

Free. Faith, pardon her, Captain, that since she cou'd no longer be entertain'd with your manly Bluntness, and honest Love, she takes up with the pert chat and common place flattery of these fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes and Eccho's of Men only.

Man. Do not you, Sir, play the Eccho too, mock me,

me, dally with my own Words, and shew your self as impertinent as they are.

Free. Nay, Captain——

Fid. Nay, Lieutenant, do not excuse her, methinks she looks very kindly upon 'em both, and seems to be pleas'd with what that Fool there says to her.

Man. You lye, Sir, and hold your peace, that I may not be provok'd to give you a worse reply.

Oliv. Manly return'd, d'ye say! And is he safe?

Nov. My Lord saw him too. Hark you, my Lord.

[*Whispers to* Plausible.]

Man. She yet seems concern'd for my safety, and perhaps they are admitted now here but for their News of me; for Intelligence indeed is the common Passport of nauseous Fools, when they go their round of good Tables and Houses.

[*Aside.*

Oliv. I heard of his fighting only, without particulars, and confess I always lov'd his brutal Courage, because it made me hope it might rid me of his more brutal Love.

Man. What's that?

[*Apart.*

Oliv. But is he at last return'd, d'ye say, unhurt?

Nov. Ay, faith, without doing his business, for the Rogue has been these two Years pretending to a wooden Leg, which he wou'd take from Fortune, as kindly as the Staff of a Marshal of France, and rather read his Name in a *Gazet*——

Oliv. Than in the Entail of a good Estate.

Man. So!——

[*Aside.*

Nov. I have an Ambition, I must confess, of losing my Heart before such a fair Enemy as your self, Madam, but that silly Rogues shou'd be ambitious of losing their Arms, and——

Oliv. Looking like a pair of Compasses.

Nov. But he has no use of his Arms, but to set 'em on Kimbow, for he never pulls off his Hat, at least not to me, I'm sure; for you must know, Madam, he has a fanatical hatred to good Company: he can't abide me.

L. Plaus. O, be not so severe to him, as to say he hates

hates good Company : for I assure you, he has a great respect, esteem and kindness for me.

Man. That kind, civil Rogue has spoken yet ten thousand times worse of me, than t'other.

Oliv. Well, if he be return'd, Mr. *Novel*, then shall I be peester'd again with his boisterous Sea-Love; have my Alcove smell like a Cabin, my Chamber perfum'd with his Tarpaulin Brandenburgh, and hear VOLLIES of Brandy Sighs, enough to make a Fog in ones Room. Foh, I hate a Lover that smells like *Thames-street*.

Man. I can bear no longer, and need hear no more. [*Aside.*

But, since you have these two Pulvillio Boxes, these Essence Bottles, this pair of Musk-Cats here, I hope I may venture to comè yet nearer you.

Oliv. Over-heard us then!

Nov. I hope he heard me not. [*Aside.*

L. Plaus. Most Noble and Heroick Captain, your most oblig'd, faithful, humble Servant.

Nov. Dear Tar, thy humble Servant.

Man. Away——Madam——

Oliv. Nay, I think I have fitted you for listning.

[*Thrusts Novel and Plausible on each side.*

Man. You have fitted me, for believing you cou'd not be fickle, tho' you were Young; cou'd not dissemble Love, tho' 'twas your Interest; nor be vain, tho' you were Handsome; nor break your Promise, tho' to a parting Lover; nor abuse your best Friend; tho' you had Wit: but I take not your contempt of me worse, than your esteem, or civility for these things here, tho' you know 'em.

Nov. Things!

L. Plaus. Let the Captain railly a little:

Man. Yes, things; canst thou be angry, thou thing?

[*Coming up to Novel.*

Nov. No, since my Lord says you speak in Raille-ry; for tho' your Sea-raillery be something rough, yet I confess, we use one another to as bad every Day at *Locket's*, and never quarrel for the Matter.

L. Plaus:

L. Plaus. Nay, noble Captain, be not angry with him: A word with you, I beseech you——

[*Whispers to Manly.*

Oliv. Well, we Women, like the rest of the Cheats of the World, when our Cullies or Creditors have found us out, and will, or can trust no longer, pay Debts, and satisfy Obligations, with a Quarrel, the kindest Present a Man can make to his Mistress, when he can make no more Presents: For often times in Love, as at Cards, we are forc'd to play foul, only to give over the Game; and use our Lovers like the Cards, when we can get no more by 'em, throw 'em up in a Pet, upon the first Dispute.

[*Aside.*

Man. My Lord, all that you have made me know by your whispering, which I knew not before, is, that you have a stinking Breath, there's a Secret for your Secret.

L. Plaus. Pshaw! Pshaw!

Man. But, Madam, tell me, pray, what was't about this Spark could take you? Was it the Merit of his fashionable Impudence, the Briskness of his Noise, the Wit of his Laugh, his Judgment, or Fancy in his Garniture? Or was it a well-trim'd Glove, or the Scent of it that charm'd you?

Nov. Very well, Sir, 'gad these Sea-Captains make nothing of Dressing: But let me tell you, Sir, a Man by his Dress, as much as by any thing, shews his Wit and Judgment; nay, and his Courage too.

Free. How, his Courage, Mr. *Novel*?

Nov. Why, for Example, by red Breeches, tuck'd up Hair or Peruke, a greasie broad Belt, and now a days a short Sword.

Man. Thy Courage will appear more by thy Belt, than thy Sword, I dare swear. Then, Madam, for this gentle Piece of Courtesie, this Man of tame Honour, what cou'd you find in him? Was it his languishing affected Tone? his mannerly Look? his second-hand Flattery? the Refuse of the Play-House Tyring-rooms? or his slavish Obsequiousness, in

watching at the Door of your Box at the Play-House; for your Hand to your Chair? or his janty way of playing with your Fan? or was it the Gun-Powder spot on his Hand, or the Jewel in his Ear, that purchas'd your Heart?

Oliv. Good jealous Captain, no more of your —

L. Plaus. No, let him go on, Madam, for perhaps he may make you laugh: And I wou'd contribute to your Pleasure any way.

Man. Gentle Rogue!

Oliv. No, noble Captain, you cannot fure think any thing cou'd take me more than that Heroick Title of yours, Captain; for you know we Women love Honour inordinately.

Nov. Ha, ha, Faith she is with thee, Bully, for thy Railery.

Man. Faith so shall I be with you, no-Bully, for your grinning. [*Aside to Novel.*

Oliv. Then that noble Lyon-like Meen of yours, that Soldier like Weather-beaten Complexion, and that manly Roughness of your Voice; how can they otherwise than charm us Women, who hate Effeminacy!

Nov. Ha, ha, Faith I can't hold from laughing.

Man. Nor shall I from kicking anon. [*Aside to Novel.*

Oliv. And then, that Captain-like Carelesness in your Dress, but especially your Scarf; 'twas just such another, only a little higher ty'd, made me in love with my Taylor as he past by my Window the last Training-day; for we Women adore a Martial Man, and you have nothing wanting to make you more one, or more agreeable, but a wooden Leg.

L. Plaus. Nay, i'faith, there your Ladyship was a Wag, and it was fine, just, and well railly'd.

Nov. Ay, ay, Madam, with you Ladies too, Martial Men must needs be very killing.

Man. Peace, you *Bartholomew-Fair Buffoons*, and be not you vain that these laugh on your side, for they will laugh at their own dull Jest; but no more of 'em, for I will only suffer now this Lady to be witty and merry.

Oliv. You

Oliv. You wou'd not have your Panegyrick interrupted. I go on then to your Humour. Is there any thing more agreeable than the pretty Sullenness of that? than the Greatness of your Courage? which most of all appears in your Spirit of Contradiction, for you dare give all Mankind the Lye; and your Opinion is your only Mistress, for you renounce that too, when it becomes another Man's.

Nov. Hah, ha! I cannot hold, I must laugh at thee, 'Tar, Faith!

L. Plaus. And i'faith, dear Captain, I beg your pardon, and Leave to laugh at you too, tho' I protest I mean you no hurt; but, when a Lady Raillies, a stander by must be complaisant, and do her Reason in laughing: Hah, ha.

Man, Why, you, impudent, pitiful Wretches, you presume sure upon your Effeminacy to urge me; for you are in all things so like Women, that you may think it in me a kind of Cowardice to beat you.

Oliv. No Hectoring, good Captain.

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this Ladies presence secures you; but have a care, she has talk'd her self out of all the respect I had for her; and by using me ill before you, has given me a Privilege of using you so before her; but if you wou'd preserve your respect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, be gone immediately.

Nov. Be gone! what?

L. Plaus. Nay, worthy, noble, generous Captain.

Man. Be gone, I say.

Nov. Be gone again! to us be gone!

Man. No chattering, Baboons, instantly be gone.
Or _____

[*Manly puts 'em out of the Room :
Novel struts, Plausible cringes.*

Nov. Well, Madam, we'll go make the Cards ready in your Bed-Chamber: sure you will not stay long with him.

[*Ex. Plaus. Nov.*

Oliv. Turn hither your Rage, good Captain Swagger-huff, and be saucy with your Mistress, like a true

Captain ; but be civil to your Rivals and Betters, and do not threaten any thing but me here ; no, not so much as my Windows, nor do not think your self in the Lodgings of one of your Suburb-Mistresses beyond the Tower.

Man. Do not give me cause to think so, for those less infamous Women part with their Lovers, just as you did from me, with unforc'd Vows of Constancy, and Floods of willing Tears ; but the same Winds bear away their Lovers and their Vows : And for their Grief, if the credulous unexpected Fools return, they find new Comforters, fresh Cullies, such as I found here. The mercenary Love of those Women too suffers Shipwrack with their Gallants Fortunes ; now you have heard *Chance* has us'd me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your Ingratitude, Falshood and Disdain ; have Constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to your real Scorn, as I was to your feign'd Love : And henceforward will despise, contemn, hate, loath, and detest you, most faithfully.

Enter Lettice.

Oliv. Get the Hombre-Cards ready in the next Room, *Lettice*, and—— [*Whispers to Lettice.*

Free. Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Fid. And you'll be sure to keep your Word, I hope, Sir.

Man. I hope so too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, Sir ? If you are not as good as your Word, 'twill be the first time you ever brag'd, sure.

Man. She has restor'd my Reason with my Heart.

Free. But now you talk of restoring, Captain, there are other things which, next to one's Heart, one wou'd not part with ; I mean your Jewels and Money, which it seems she has, Sir.

Man. What's that to you, Sir ?

Free. Pardon me, whatsoever is yours, I have a share in't, I'm sure, which I will not lose for asking, tho' you may be too generous, or too angry now to do't your self.

Fid. Nay,

Fid. Nay, then I'll make bold to make my Claim too. [*Both going towards Olivia.*

Man. Hold you impertinent, officious Fops——
How have I been deceiv'd! [*Aside.*

Free. Madam there are certain Appurtenances to a Lover's Heart, call'd Jewels, which always go along with it.

Fid. And which, with Lovers, have no value in themselves, but from the Heart they come with; our Captains, Madam, it seems you scorn to keep, and much more will those worthless things without it, I am confident.

Oliv. A Gentleman so well made as you are, may be confident——us easie Women cou'd not deny you any thing you ask, if 'twere for your self; but, since 'tis for another, I beg your Leave to give him my Answer. (An agreeable young Fellow this—— and wou'd not be my Aversion) [*Aside.*] Captain, your young Friend here has a very perswading Face, I confess; yet you might have ask'd me your self for those Trifles you left with me, which (hark you a little, for I dare trust you with the Secret; you are a Man of so much Honour I'm sure) I say then, not expecting your Return, or hoping ever to see you again, I have deliver'd your Jewels to——

[*Aside to Man.*

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My Husband!

Man. Your Husband!

Oliv. Ay, my Husband; for since you cou'd leave me, I am lately and privately married to one, who is a Man of so much Honour and Experience in the World, that I dare not ask him for your Jewels again to restore 'em to you; lest he should conclude you never wou'd have parted with 'em to me, on any other Score, but the Exchange of my Honour: Which rather than you'd let me lose, you'd lose I'm sure your self, those Trifles of yours.

Man. Triumphant Impudence! but married too!

Oliv. O, speak not so loud, my Servants know it not : I am married ; there's no resisting one's Destiny, or Love, you know.

Man. Why did you love him too ?

Oliv. Most passionately ; nay, love him now, tho' I have married him, and he me : which mutual Love, I hope you are too good, too generous a Man to disturb, by any future Claim, or visits to me. 'Tis true, he is now absent in the Country, but returns shortly ; therefore I beg of you, for your own Ease and Quiet, and my Honour, you will never see me more.

Man. I wish I had never seen you.

Oliv. But if you should ever have any thing to say to me hereafter, let that young Gentleman there be your Messenger.

Man. You wou'd be kinder to him : I find he shou'd be welcome.

Oliv. Alas, his youth wou'd keep my Husband from suspicions, and his Visits from Scandal ; for we Women may have Pity for such as he, but no Love : And I already think you do not well to spirit him away to Sea, and the Sea is already but too rich with the Spoils of the Shoar.

Man. True perfect Woman !—If I could say any thing more injurious to her now, I wou'd ; for I cou'd out-rail a bilk'd Whore, or a kick'd Coward ; but, now I think on't, that were rather to discover my Love than Hatred ; and I must not talk, for something I must do. [*Aside.*

Oliv. I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again——

[*Aside.*

Enter Lettice.

Well, *Lettice*, are the Cards and all ready within ? I come then. Captain, I beg your Pardon : You will not make one at Hombre ?

Man. No, Madam, but I'll wish you a little good Luck before you go.

Oliv. No, if you wou'd have me thrive, Curse me ; for that you'll do heartily, I suppose.

Man Then

Man. Then if you will have it so, May all the Curses light upon you, Women ought to fear, and you deserve; first, may the Curse of loving Play attend your fordid Covetousness, and Fortune cheat you, by trusting to her, as you have cheated me; the Curse of Pride, or a good Reputation, fall on your Lust; the Curse of Affectation on your Beauty; the Curse of your Husband's Company on your Pleasures; and the Curse of your Gallants Disappointments in his Absence; and the Curse of Scorn, Jealousie or Despair on your Love; and then the Curse of loving on.

Oliv. And to requite all your Curses, I will only return you your last; May the Curse of loving me still fall upon your proud hard Heart, that cou'd be so cruel to me in these horrid Curses: but Heaven forgive you. [Exit Oliv.

Man. Hell and the Devil reward thee.

Free. Well, you see now, Mistresses, like Friends, are lost by letting 'em handle your Money; and most Women are such kind of Witches, who can have no Power over a Man, unless you give 'em Money; but when once they have got any from you, they never leave you 'till they have all: Therefore I never dare give a Woman a Farthing.

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by losing one's Money with one's Mistress, a Man is out of Danger of getting another; of being made Prize again by Love, who, like a Pirate, takes you by spreading false Colours: But when once you have run your Ship aground, the treacherous Picaroon loafs, so by your Ruin you save your self from Slavery at least.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mrs. Lettice, here's Madam Blackacre come to wait upon her Honour.

Man. D'ye hear that? Let us be gone, before she comes; for hence forward I'll avoid the whole damn'd Sex for ever, and Woman as a sinking Ship.

[Ex. Man. and Fid.

Free. And I'll stay, to revenge on her your Quarrel to the Sex; for out of Love to her Jointure, and

Hatred to Business, I wou'd marry her, to make an end of her thousand Suits, and my thousand Engagements, to the comfort of two unfortunate sorts of People; my Plaintiffs, and her Defendants; my Creditors, and her Adversaries.

Enter Widow Blackacre, led in by Major Oldfox, and Jerry Blackacre following, laden with green Bags.

Wid. 'Tis an errant Sea-Ruffian, but I am glad I met with him at last, to serve him again, Major, for the last Service was not good in Law. Boy, Duck, Ferry, where is my Paper of *Memorandums*? give me, Child: So. Where is my Cousin *Olivia*, now my kind Relation?

Free. Here is one that wou'd be your kind Relation, Madam.

Wid. What mean you, Sir.

Free. Why, Faith, (to be short) to marry you, Widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude Person we saw at Captain *Manly's*?

Ferr. Ay, forsooth, an't please.

Wid. What wou'd you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ay, faith, for I am a younger Brother, and you are a Widow.

Wid. You are an impertinent Person, and go about your Business.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, Widow.

Wid. But I have other Business, I'd have you to know.

Free. But you have no Business a Nights, Widow, and I'll make you pleasanter Business than any you have: For a Nights, I assure you, I am a Man of great Business; for the Business——

Wid. Go, I'm sure you're an idle Fellow.

Free. Try me but, Widow, and employ me as you find my Abilities and Industry.

Old. Pray be civil to the Lady, Mr. — she is a Person of Quality, a Person that is no Person——

Free. Yes, but she's a Person that is a Widow: Be you mannerly to her, because you are to pretend

only to be her 'Squire, to arm her to her Lawyers Chambers ; but I will be impudent and bawdy, for she must love and marry me.

Wid. Marry come up, you faucy familiar *Jack!* You think with us Widows, 'tis no more than up, and ride. Gad forgive me, now a-days, every idle, young hectoring, roaring Companion, with a pair of turn'd red Breeches, and a broad Back, thinks to carry away any Widow, of the best Degree ; but I'd have you to know, Sir, all Widows are not got, like Places at Court, by Impudence and Importunity only.

Old. No, no, soft, soft, you are a young Man, and not fit——

Free. For a Widow ? Yes sure, old Man, the fitter.

Old. Go to, go to, if others had not laid in their Claims before you——

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, Sir ? Sure I am a much more proportionable Match for her, than you, Sir ; I who am an elder Brother, of a comfortable Fortune, and of equal Years with her.

Wid. How's that, you unmannerly Person, I'd have you to know, I was born but in *Ann' undec' Caroli prim'.*

Old. Your Pardon, Lady, your Pardon ; be not offended with your very Servant——But I say, Sir, you are a beggarly younger Brother, twenty Years younger than her, without any Land or Stock, but your great Stock of Impudence : Therefore what Pretention can you have to her ?

Free. You have made it for me ; first, because I am a younger Brother.

Wid. Why, is that a sufficient Plea to a Relict ? How appears it, Sir ? by what foolish Custom ?

Free. By Custom, time out of mind only. Then, Sir, because I have nothing to keep me after her Death, I am the likelier to take care of her Life. And for my being twenty Years younger than her, and having a sufficient Stock of Impudence, I leave it to her

her whether they will be valid Exceptions to me, in her Widow's Law or Equity.

Old. Well, she has been so long in *Chancery*, that I'll stand to her Equity and Decree between us. Come, Lady, pray snap up this young Snap at first, or we shall be troubled with him ; give him a City-Widow's Answer: (that is with all the ill Breeding imaginable.) [*Aside to the Wid.*

Come, Madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolish Wooing, for nothing interrupts Business more ; first, for you, Major——

Old. You declare in my favour then ?

Free. What, direct the Court ? (Come, young Lawyer, thou shalt be a Counsel for me.) [*To Jerr.*

Ferr. Gad, I shall betray your Cause then, as well as an older Lawyer, never stir.

Wid. First, I say, for you, Major, my walking Hospital of an ancient Foundation, thou Bag of Mummy, that wou'dst fall asunder if 'twere not for thy Cere-cloaths——

Old. How, Lady ? *Free.* Ha, ha——

Ferr. Hey, brave Mother! use all Suitors thus, for my sake.

Wid. Thou wither'd, hobling, distorted Cripple ; nay, thou art a Cripple all over ; wou'dst thou make me the Staff of thy Age, the Crutch of thy Decrepedness ? Me——

Free. Well said, Widow ! Faith, thou wou'dst make a Man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibbling, driveling, feeble, paralytick, impotent, fumbling, frigid Nicompoop.

Fer. Hey, brave Mother, for calling of Names, i'fac !

Wid. Wou'dst thou make a Caudlemaker, a Nurse of me ? Can't you be Bed-rid without a Bed-fellow ? Won't your Swan-skins, Furs, Flannels, and the scorch'd Trencher keep you warm there ? Wou'd you have me your Scotch-warming-pan, with a Pox to you ? Me !——

Old. O

Old. O Heavens!

Free. I told you I shou'd be thought the fitter Man, Major.

Fer. Ay, you old Fobus, and you wou'd have been my Guardian, wou'd you? to have taken care of my Estate, that half of't shou'd never come to me, by letting long Leases at Pepper-corn Rents.

Wid. If I wou'd have married an old Man, 'tis well known I might have marry'd an Earl; nay, what's more, a Judge, and been cover'd the Winter-nights with the Lambs-skins, which I prefer to the Ermins of Nobles: And dost thou think I wou'd wrong my poor Minor there, for you?

Free. Your Minor is a chopping Minor, God bless him.

[*Strokes Jerry on the Head.*]

Old. Your Minor may be a Major of Horse or Foot, for his Bigness; and it seems, you will have the cheating of your Minor to your self.

Wid. Pray, Sir, bear Witness; Cheat my Minor! I'll bring my Action of the Case for the Slander.

Free. Nay, I wou'd bear false Witness for thee now, Widow, since you have done me Justice, and have thought me the fitter Man for you.

Wid. Fair and softly, Sir, 'tis my Minor's Case, more than my own: and I must do him Justice now on you.

Free. How?

Old. So then.

Wid. You are first, (I warrant) some Renegado from the Inns of Court, and the Law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't by the Law: that is, be hang'd.

Fer. Not about your Neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, Madam——

Old. Hear the Court.

Wid. Thou art some debauch'd, drunken, lewd, hectoring, gaming Companion, and want'st some Widow's old Gold to nick upon; but, I thank you, Sir, that's for my Lawyers.

Free. Faith, we shou'd ne'er quarrel about that; for Guineas wou'd serve my turn: But, Widow——

Wid. Thou

Wid. Thou art a foul mouth boaster of thy Lust, a meer Bragadochio of thy Strength for Wine and Women, and will belie thy self more than thou dost Women, and art every way a base deceiver of Women: And wou'd deceive me too, wou'd you?

Free. Nay, faith, Widow, this is judging without seeing the Evidence.

Wid. I say you are a worn-out Whoremaster, at five and twenty both in Body and Fortune: And cannot be trusted by the common Wenches of the Town, lest you shou'd not pay 'em; nor by the Wives of the Town, lest you shou'd pay 'em: so you want Women, and wou'd have me your Baud to procure 'em for you.

Free. Faith, if you had any good Acquaintance, Widow, 'twou'd be civilly done of thee; for I am just come from Sea.

Wid. I mean, you wou'd have me keep you; that you might turn Keeper; for poor Widows are only us'd like Bauds by you; you go to Church with us, but to get other Women to lie with. In fine, you are a cheating, chousing Spendthrift: and having sold your own Annuity, wou'd waste my Jointure.

Fer. And make havock of our Estate personal, and all our old gilt Plate; I shou'd soon be picking up all our mortgag'd Apostle-Spoons, Bowls and Beakers out of most of the Ale houses betwixt *Hercules Pillars* and the *Boatswain* in *Wapping*: nay, and you'd be scouring amongst my Trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling Watchmen at Midnight. Wou'd you so, Bully?

Free. Nay, prithee Widow, hear me.

Wid. No, Sir, I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-back'd Fellow, if I wou'd have married a young Man, 'tis well known, I cou'd have had any young Heir in *Norfolk*; nay, the hopefull'st young Man this Day at the *Kings-Bench-Bar*; I, that am a Relict and Executrix of known plentiful Affits and Parts, who understand my self and the Law: And wou'd you have me under Covert-Baron again? No, Sir, no Covert-Baron for me.

Free.

Free. But, dear Widow, hear me. I value you only, not your Jointure.

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold there ; I know your love to a Widow, is covetousness of her Jointure : And a Widow, a little stricken in Years, with a good Jointure, is like an old Mansion-house in a good Purchase, never valu'd ; but take one, take t'other : And perhaps, when you are in possession, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the Ground, for want of necessary Repairs or Expences upon't.

Free. No, Widow, one wou'd be sure to keep all tight, when one is to forfeit one's Lease by dilapidation.

Wid. Fie, fie, I neglect my Business with this foolish discourse of Love. *Ferry*, Child, let me see the List of the Jury : I'm sure my Cousin *Olivia* has some Relations amongst 'em. But where is she ?

Free. Nay, Widow, but hear me one Word only.

Wid. Nay, Sir, no more, pray. I will no more hearken again to your foolish Love-motions, than to offers of Arbitration. [Exit *Wid.* and *Jer.*

Free. Well, I'll follow thee yet ; for he that has a Pretension at Court, or to a Widow, must never give over for a little ill usage.

Old. Therefore I'll get her by Affiduity, Patience and long Sufferings, which you will not undergo ; for you idle young Fellows leave off Love when it comes to be Business ; and Industry gets more Women than Love.

Free. Ay, Industry the Fools and old Man's merit ; but I'll be industrious too, and make a business on't, and get her by Law, Wrangling, and Contests, and not by Sufferings : And, because you are no dangerous Rival, I'll give thee Counsel Major.

*If you Litigious Widow e'er wou'd gain,
Sigh not to her, but by the Law complain :
To her, as to a Bawd, Defendant sue
With Statutes, and make Justice pimp for you.* [Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Westminster-Hall.**Enter Manly and Freeman, two Sailors behind.*

Man. I Hate this place, worse than a Man that has inherited a *Chancery-Suit* : I wish I were well out on't again.

Free. Why you need not be afraid of this place : for a Man without Money, needs no more fear a Crowd of Lawyers, than a Crowd of Pick-pockets.

Man. This, the Reverend of the Law wou'd have thought the Palace or Residence of Justice ; but, if it be, she lives here with the State of a *Turkish Emperor*, rarely seen ; and besieg'd rather than defended, by her numerous black Guard here.

Free. Methinks, 'tis like one of their own Halls, in *Christmas* time, whither, from all Parts, Fools bring their Money, to try, by the Dice, (not the worst Judges) whether it shall be their own, or no : But after a tedious fretting and wrangling, they drop away all their Money, on both sides ; and finding neither the better, at last, go emptily and lovingly away together, to the Tavern, joining their Curses against the young Lawyer's Box, that sweeps all, like the old ones.

Man. Spoken like a Revelling *Christmas* Lawyer.

Free. Yes, I was one, I confess, but was fain to leave the Law, out of Conscience, and fall to making false Musters : rather chuse to cheat the King, than his Subjects ; Plunder, rather than take Fees.

Man. Well, a Plague and a Purse Famine light on the Law ; and that Female Limb of it, who drag'd me hither to Day : but prithee go see if, in that croud of dagled Gowns there, thou canst find her.

[*Pointing to a Croud of Lawyers at the end of the Stage.*

[*Exit Freeman.*

Manet

The Plain-Dealer.

41

Manet Manly.

How hard it is to be an Hypocrite !
At least to me, who am but newly so.
I thought it once a kind of Knavery,
Nay, Cowardice, to hide ones Faults ; but now
The common frailty, Love, becomes my shame.
He must not know I love the Ungrateful still,
Lest he contemn me, more than she : for I,
It seems, can undergo a Womans scorn,
But not a Mans——

Enter to him Fidelia.

Fid. Sir, good Sir, generous Captain.

Man. Prithee, kind impertinence, leave me. Why
shou'dst thou follow me, flatter my Generosity now,
since thou knowest I have no Money left? if I had it,
I'd give it thee, to buy my quiet.

Fid. I never follow'd yet, Sir, Reward or Fame,
but you alone; nor do I now beg any thing, but
leave to share your Miseries: You shou'd not be a
Niggard of 'em, since, methinks, you have enough
to spare. Let me follow you now, because you hate
me, as you have often said.

Man. I ever hated a Coward's Company, I must
confess.

Fid. Let me follow you, till I am none then; for
you, I'm sure, will through such Worlds of Dangers,
that I shall be enur'd to 'em; nay, I shall be afraid of
your Anger more than Danger, and so turn valiant
out of fear. Dear Captain, do not cast me off till
you have try'd me once more: do not, do not go to
Sea again without me.

Man. Thou to Sea! to Court, thou Fool; remem-
ber the Advice I gave thee: thou art a handsome Spa-
niel, and canst fawn naturally? go, busk about and
run thy self into the next great Man's Lobby: first,
fawn upon the Slaves without, and then run into the
Ladies Bed-Chamber; thou may'st be admitted at last,
to tumble her Bed: go seek, I say, and lose me; for
I am not able to keep thee: I have not Bread for
my self.

Fid.

Fid. Therefore I will not go, because then I may help and serve you.

Man. Thou!

Fid. I warrant you, Sir, for at worst, I cou'd beg or steal for you.

Man. Nay, more bragging! dost thou not know there's venturing your Life in stealing? Go, prithee away: thou art as hard to shake off, as that flattering effeminating mischief Love.

Fid. Love, did you name? Why, you are not so miserable as to be yet in Love, sure?

Man. No, no, prithee away, be gone, or—— I had almost discover'd my Love and Shame; well, if I had that thing cou'd not think the worse of me:—— or if he did?——no——yes, he shall know it——he shall——but then I must never leave him, for they are such Secrets, that make Parasites and Pimps Lords of their Masters; for any Slavery or Tyranny is easier than Love's. [*Aside.*

Come hither, since thou art so forward to serve me: hast thou but Resolution enough to endure the Torture of a Secret? for such, to some, is insupportable.

Fid. I wou'd keep it as safe, as if your dear precious Life depended on't.

Man. Damn your dearness. It concerns more than my Life, my Honour.

Fid. Doubt it not, Sir.

Man. And do not discover it, by too much fear of discovering it; but have a great care you let not *Freeman* find it out.

Fid. I warrant you, Sir, I am already all joy, with the hopes of your Commands; and shall be all wings in the execution of 'em: speak quickly, Sir,

Man. You said you'd beg for me.

Fid. I did, Sir.

Man. Then you shall beg for me.

Fid. With all my Heart, Sir.

Man. That is, Pimp for me.

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. D'ye

Man. D'ye start! think'st thou, thou cou'dst do me any other service? Come, no dissembling Honour: I know you can do it handsomly, thou wert made for't: You have lost your time with me at Sea, you must recover it.

Fid. Do not, Sir, beget your self more Reasons for your Aversion to me, and make my Obedience to you a Fault; I am the unfittest in the World to do you such a Service.

Man. Your cunning arguing against it, shews but how fit you are for it. No more dissembling: here, (I say) you must go use it for me to *Olivia*:

Fid. To her, Sir?

Man. Go flatter, lie, kneel, promise, any thing to get her for me: I cannot live unless I have her. Didst thou not say thou wou'dst do any thing to save my Life? And she said you had a persuading Face.

Fid. But did not you say, Sir, your Honour was dearer to you than your Life? And wou'd you have me contribute to the loss of that, and carry love from you, to the most infamous, most false, and——

Man. And most beautiful! *[Sighs aside.*

Fid. Most ungrateful Woman that ever liv'd; for sure she must be so, that cou'd desert you so soon, use you so basely, and so lately too? do not, do not forget it, Sir, and think——

Man. No, I will not forget it, but think of revenge: I will lie with her out of revenge. Go, be gone, and prevail for me, or never see me more.

Fid. You scorn'd her last Night.

Man. I know not what I did last Night; I dissembled last Night.

Fid. Heavens!

Man. Be gone, I say, and bring me love or compliance back, or hopes at least, or I'll never see thy Face again: by——

Fid. O do not swear, Sir, first hear me.

Man. I'm impatient, away, you'll find me here till Twelve. *[Turns away.*

Fid. Sir——

Man. Not one Word, no insinuating Argument more, or soothing persuasion ; you'll have need of all your Rhetorick with her : go, strive to alter her, not me ; be gone.

[*Exit Man. at the end of the Stage.*

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. Shou'd I discover to him now my Sex,
And lay before him his strange cruelty,
'Twould but incense it more.—No, 'tis not time!
For his Love, must I then betray my own ?
Were ever Love or Chance, till now, severe ?
Or shifting Woman pos'd with such a Task ?
Forc'd to beg that which kills her, if obtain'd ;
And give away her Lover not to lose him. [*Ex. Fid.*

Enter Widow Blackacre in the middle of half a dozen Lawyers, whisper'd to by a Fellow in black, Jerry Blackacre following the Crowd.

Wid. Offer me a Reference, you saucy Companion you ! d'ye know who you speak to ? Art thou a Solicitor in *Chancery*, and offer a Reference ? A pretty Fellow ! Mr. Serjeant *Ploddon*, here's a Fellow has the Impudence to offer me a Reference.

Serj. Plod. Who's that has the Impudence to offer a Reference within these Walls ?

Wid. Nay, for a Splitter of Causes to do't !

Serj. Plod. No, Madam, to a Lady learned in the Law, as you are, the offer of a Reference were to impose upon you.

Wid. No, no, never fear me for a Reference, Mr. Serjeant. But come, have you not forgot your Brief ? Are you sure you shan't make the Mistake of—
Hark you— [*Whispers*] Go then, go to your Court of *Common-Pleas*, and say one thing over and over again : You do it so naturally, you'll never be suspected for protracting time.

Serj. Plod. Come, I know the course of the Court, and your Business.

[*Ex. Serj. Plod.*

Wid. Let's see, *Ferry*, where are my Minutes ? Come, Mr. *Quaint*, pray go talk a great deal for me in *Chancery*,

cery, let your Words be easie, and your Sense hard, my Cause requires it: Branch it bravely, and deck my Cause with Flowers, that the Snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the Decree of my Lord Chancellor *Tricesimo quart'* of the Queen.

Quaint. I will, as I see cause, extenuate, or exemplifie Matter of Fact; baffle Truth with Impudence; answer Exceptions with Questions, tho' never so impertinent; for Reasons give 'em Words; for Law and Equity, Tropes and Figures: And so relax and enervate the Sinews of their Argument, with the Oil of my Eloquence. But when my Lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say any thing more for our Cause, say every thing of our Adversary; whose Reputation, tho' never so clear and evident in the Eye of the World, yet with sharp Invectives—

Wid. (*Alias Billingsgate.*)

Quaint. With poinant and sower Invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair Reputation, even as a Record with the Juice of Lemons; and tell such a Story, (for the truth on't is, all that we can do for our Client, in *Chancery*, is telling a Story) a fine Story, a long Story, such a Story—

Wid. Go, save thy Breath for the Cause; talk at the Bar, Mr. *Quaint*: You are so copiously fluent, you can weary any ones Ears, sooner than your own Tongue. Go, weary our Adversaries Counsel, and the Court: Go, thou art a fine spoken Person: Adad, I shall make thy Wife jealous of me: if you can but court the Court into a Decree for us. Go, get you gone, and remember—*[Whispers]* *[Ex. Quaint.* Come, Mr. *Blunder*, pray baul soundly for me, at the *Kings-Bench*; bluster, sputter, question, cavil; but be sure your Argument be intricate enough to confound the Court: And then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your Tongue never stand still; for your own Noise will secure your Sense from Censure: 'tis like coughing or heming when one has got the Belly-ake, which stifles the unmannerly Noise.

Go, dear Rogue, and succeed ; and I'll invite thee, e'er it be long, to more souz'd Venison.

Blund. I'll warrant you, after your Verdict, your Judgment shall not be Arrested upon if's and and's.

Wid. Come, Mr. *Petulant*, let me give you some new Instructions, for our Cause in the *Exchequer* : Are the Barons fate ?

Pet. Yes, no ; may be they are, may be they are not : what know I ? what care I ?

Wid. Hey day ! I wish you wou'd but snap up the Counsel on t'other side anon, at the Bar, as much ; and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better.

Pet. You instruct me ! What is my Brief for, Mistress ?

Wid. Ay, but you seldom read your Brief, but at the Bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough : pray hold your self contented Mistress.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, Sir, tho' you, I see, will lose my Cause for want of speaking, I wo' not : You shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your Brief.

Pet. Send your Solicitor to me, instructed by a Woman ! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a Bar-gown——

Wid. By a Woman ! and I'd have you to know, I am no common Woman ; but a Woman conversant in the Laws of the Land, as well as your self, tho' I have no Bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, Mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your Brief for you : instruct me ! [*Flings her Breviate at her.*]

Wid. Impertinent to me, you saucy *Jack* you ! You return my Breviate, but where's my Fee ? You'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a Brass Half crown in't, one's sure to hear on't again : wou'd you wou'd but look on your Breviate half so narrowly. But pray give me my Fee too, as well as my Brief.

Pet. Mistress, that's without Precedent. When did a Counsel

Counsel ever return his Fee, pray? And you are impertinent, and ignorant to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant to me! Gads-bodikins, you puny Upstart in the Law, to use me so, you Green-Bag Carrier, you Murderer of unfortunate Causes, the Clerk's Ink is scarce off of your Fingers, you that newly come from Lamblacking the Judges Shoes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and ignorant! I wou'd give thee a Cuff on the Ear, sitting the Courts, if I were ignorant. Marry gep, if it had not been for me, thou had'st been yet but a hearing Counsel at the Bar. [*Exit Petulant.*]

Enter Mr. Buttongown, crossing the Stage in haste.

Mr. Buttongown, *Mr. Buttongown,* whither so fast? what, won't you stay till we are heard?

Butt. I cannot, *Mrs. Blackacre*, I must be at the Council, my Lord's Cause stays there for me.

Wid. And mine suffers here.

Butt. I cannot help it.

Wid. I'm undone.

Butt. What's that to me?

Wid. Consider the Five pound Fee, if not my Cause: that was something to you.

Butt. Away, away, pray be not so troublesome, *Mistress*, I must be gone.

Wid. Nay, but consider a little, I am your old Client, my Lord but a new one; or, let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better Client to you than my self: I hope you believe I shall be in Law as long as I live? therefore am no despicable Client. Well, but go to your Lord, I know you expect he shou'd make make you a Judge one Day; but I hope his Promise to you will prove a true Lord's Promise: But, that he might be sure to fail you, I wish you had his Bond for't.

Butt. But what, will you yet be thus impertinent, *Mistress*?

Wid. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, stay; if it be but to tell me my Lord's Case: come, in short——

Butt. Nay, then——

[*Exit Buttongown.*]

Wid.

Wid. Well, *Ferry*, observe *Child*, and lay it up for hereafter: These are those Lawyers, who, by being in all Causes, are in none; therefore if you wou'd have 'em for you, let your Adversary fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em: and so, in being against thee, they'll be for thee.

Ferr. Ay, Mother, they put me in mind of the unconscionable Wooers of Widows, who undertake briskly their Matrimonial business for their Money; but when they have got it once, let who's will drudge for them; therefore have a care of 'em, forsooth: there's Advice for your Advice.

Wid. Well said, Boy, come, Mr. *Splitcause*, pray go see when my Cause in *Chancery* comes on; and go speak with Mr. *Quillit* in the *Kings-Bench*, and Mr. *Quirk*, in the *Common-Pleas*, and see how our Matters go there.

Enter Major Oldfox.

Old. Lady, a good and propitious Morning to you; and may all your Causes go as well, as if I my self were Judge of 'em.

Wid. Sir, excuse me, I am busie, and cannot answer Complements in *Westminster-Hall*. Go, Mr. *Splitcause*, and come to me again, to that Booksellers, there I'll stay for you, that you may be sure to find me.

Old. No, Sir, come to the other Booksellers, I'll attend your Ladyship thither. [Exit *Splitcause*.

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Because he is my Bookseller, Lady.

Wid. What, to sell you Lozenges for your Catarrh? or Medicines for your Corns? what else can a Major deal with a Bookseller for?

Old. Lady, he Prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an Author?

Old. Of some few Essays; deign you, Lady, to peruse 'em. (She is a Woman of Parts, and I must win her by shewing mine.) [Aside.

The Booksellers Boy.

Boy. Will you see *Culpepper*, *Mistress*? *Aristotle's Problems*? *The Compleat Midwife*?

Wid. No, let's see *Dalton*, *Hughs*, *Shepherd*, *Wingate*.

Boy. We have no Law-Books. *Wid.*

Wid. No, you are a pretty Bookseller then.

Old. Come, have you e'er a one of my Essays left?

Boy. Yes, Sir, we have enough, and shall always have 'em.

Old. How so?

Boy. Why, thy are good, steady, lasting Ware.

Old. Nay, I hope they will live, let's see. Be pleas'd, Madam, to peruse the poor Endeavours of my Pen; for I have a Pen, tho' I say it, that—

[Gives her a Book.

Ferr. Pray let me see *St. George for Christendom*, or *The Seven Champions of England*.

Wid. No, no, give him, *The Young Clerk's Guide*. What, we shall have you read your self into a Humour of rambling, and fighting, and studying Military Discipline, and wearing red Breeches.

Old. Nay, if you talk of Military Discipline, shew him my Treatise of *The Art Military*.

Wid. Hold, I wou'd as willingly he should read a *Play*.

Ferr. O pray, forsooth Mother, let me have a *Play*.

Wid. No, Sirrah, there are young Students of the Law enough spoil'd already by Plays; they wou'd make you in Love with your Landress, or what's worse, some Queen of the Stage, that was a Landress; and so turn Keeper before you are of Age.

[Several crossing the Stage.

But stay, *Ferry*, is not that Mr. *what d'y' call him*, that goes there: He that offer'd to sell me a Suit in *Chancery* for five hundred Pound, for a hundred down, and only paying the Clerks Fees?

Ferr. Ay, forsooth, 'tis he.

Wid. Then stay here, and have a care of the Bags, whilst I follow him; have a care of the Bags, I say.

Ferr. And do you have a care, forsooth, of the Statute against *Champertee*, I say. [Ex. Widow:

Enter Freeman to them.

Free. So, there's a Limb of my Widow, which was wont to be inseparable from her: She can't be far.

[Aside.
How

How now, my pretty Son-in-law, that shall be, where's my Widow?

Ferr. My Mother, but not your Widow, will be forth-coming presently.

Free. Your Servant, Major; what, are you buying Furniture for a little sleeping Closet, which you miscall a Study? For you do only, by your Books, as by your Wenches, bind 'em up neatly, and make 'em fine, for other People to use 'em: And your Book-fellow is properly your Upholster, for he furnishes your Room, rather than your Head.

Old. Well, well, good Sea-Lieutenant, study you your Compass, that's more than your Head can deal with. (I will go find out the Widow, to keep her out of his sight, or he'll board her, whilst I am treating a Peace.) [*Afide.* [*Exit. Oldfox.*

Manet Freeman, Jerry.

Ferr. Nay, prithee, Friend, now, let me have but the *Seven Champions*, you shall trust me no longer than 'till my Mother's Mr. *Splitcause* comes; for I hope he'll lend me wherewithal to pay for't.

Free. Lend thee! here, I'll pay him. Do you want Money, 'Squire? I'm sorry a Man of your Estate shou'd want Money.

Ferr. Nay, my Mother will ne'er let me be at Age: And 'till then, she says——

Free. At Age! Why, you are at Age already to have spent an Estate, Man; there are younger than you, have kept their Women these three Years, have had half a dozen Claps, and lost as many thousand Pounds at Play.

Ferr. Ay, they are happy Sparks! Nay, I know some of my School Fellows, who when we were at School, were two Years younger than me; but now, I know not how, are grown Men before me, and go where they will, and look to themselves: but my Curmudgeonly Mother won't allow me wherewithal to be a Man of my self with.

Free. Why, there 'tis, I knew your Mother was in Fault: Ask but your School-fellows what they did to be Men of themselves.

Ferr.

Ferr. Why, I know they went to Law with their Mothers ; for they say, there's no good to be done, upon a Widow-Mother, 'till one goes to Law with her : But mine is as plaguy a Lawyer as any's of our Inn. Then wou'd she marry too, and cut down my Trees : Now I shou'd hate, Man, to have my Father's Wife kiss'd, and slap't, and t'other thing too, (you know what I mean) by another Man ; and our Trees are the purest, tall, even, shady Twigs, by my Fa—

Free. Come 'Squire, let your Mother and your Trees fall as she pleases, rather than wear this Gown, and carry green Bags all thy Life, and be pointed at for a Tony : But you shall be able to deal with her yet the Common way ; thou shalt make false Love to some Lawyer's Daughter, whose Father, upon the hopes of thy marrying her, shall lend thee Money and Law, to preserve thy Estate and Trees : And thy Mother is so ugly, no Body will have her, if she cannot cut down thy Trees.

Ferr. Nay, if I had but any Body to stand by me, I am as stomachful as another.

Free. That will I, I'll not see any hopeful young Gentleman abus'd.

Boy. By any but your self.

[*Aside.*

Ferr. The Truth on't is, mine's as arrant a Widow-Mother to her poor Child, as any's in *England* : She won't so much as let one have Sixpence in one's Pocket to see a Motion, or the Dancing of the Ropes, or —

Free. Come, you shan't want Money, there's Gold for you.

Ferr. O Lord, Sir, two Guineas ! D'ye lend me this ? Is there no Trick in't ? Well, Sir, I'll give you my Bond for Security.

Free. No, no, thou hast given me thy Face for Security : Any Body wou'd swear thou dost not look like a Cheat. You shall have what you will of me ; and if your Mother will not be kinder to you, come to me, who will.

Ferr.

Ferr. By my Fa——he's a curious fine Gentle-
man!—— [*Aside.*

But, will you stand by one ?

Free. If you can be resolute.

Ferr. Can be resolv'd ! Gad, if she gives me but a
cross Word, I'll leave her to Night, and come to you.
But, now I have got Money, I'll go to *Jack of all
Trades*, at t'other end of the *Hall*, and buy the neatest,
purest things——

Free. And I'll follow the great Boy, and my Blow
at his Mother : Steal away the Calf, and the Cow
will follow you. [*Exit Jerry followed by Freeman.*

*Enter, on the other side, Manly, Widow Blackacre,
and Oldfox.*

Man. Damn your Cause, can't you lose it without
me ? which you are like enough to do, if it be as you
say, an honest one : I will suffer no longer for't.

Wid. Nay, Captain, I tell you, you are my prime
Witness, and the Cause is just now coming on, Mr.
Splitcause tells me. Lord, methinks you shou'd take a
Pleasure in walking here, as half you see now do ;
for they have no Business here, I assure you.

Man. Yes, but I'll assure you then, their Business
is to persecute me ; but d'ye think I'll stay any longer,
to have a Rogue, because he knows my Name, pluck
me aside, and whisper a News-Book secret to me with
a stinking Breath ? A Second come piping angry from
the Court, and sputter in my Face his tedious Com-
plaints against it ? A Third Law-Coxcomb, because
he saw me once at a Reader's Dinner, come and put
me a long Law-Case, to make a Discovery of his in-
defatigable Dulness, and my weary'd Patience ? A
Fourth, a most barbarous civil Rogue, who will keep
a Man half an Hour in the Crowd with a bow'd Bo-
dy, and a Hat off, acting the reform'd Sign of the
Salutation Tavern, to hear his bountiful Professions of
Service and Friendship ; whilst he cares not if I were
damn'd, and I am wishing him hang'd out of my
way ; I'd as soon run the Gantlet, as walk t'other
Turn. *Enter*

Enter to them Jerry Blackacre without his Bags ; but laden with Trinckets, which he endeavours to hide from his Mother ; and follow'd at a distance by Freeman.

Wid. O, are you come, Sir ? But where have you been, you Afs ? And how came you thus Laden ?

Ferr. Look here, forsooth, Mother, now here's a Duck, here's a Boar-cat, and here's an Owl.

[Making a Noise with Cat-calls,
and other such like Instruments.

Wid. Yes, there is an Owl, Sir.

Old. He's an ungracious Bird indeed.

Wid. But go, thou Trangame, and carry back those Trangames, which thou hast stol'n or purloin'd ; for no Body wou'd trust a Minor in Westminster-Hall, sure.

Ferr. Hold your self contented, forsooth, I have these Commodities by a fair Bargain and Sale ; and there stands my Witness, and Creditor.

Wid. How's that ! What, Sir, d'ye think to get the Mother, by giving the Child a Rattle ? But where are my Bags, my Writings, you Rascal ?

Ferr. O Law ! where are they indeed ? [Aside.

Wid. How, Sirrah ? speak, come —————

Man. You can tell her, Freeman, I suppose.

[Apart to him.

Free. 'Tis true, I made one of your Salt-water Sharks steal 'em, whilst he was eagerly chusing his Commodities, as he calls 'em, in order to my Design upon his Mother.

[Apart to him.

Wid. Won't you speak ? Where were you, I say, you Son of a — an unfortunate Woman ? O, Major, I'm undone ; they are all that concern my Estate, my Jointure, my Husband's Deed of Gift, my Evidences for all my Suits now depending ! What will become of them ?

Free. I'm glad to hear this.

[Aside.

They'll be all safe, I warrant you, Madam.

Wid.

Wid. O where? where? Come, you Villain, along with me, and shew me where.

[*Exeunt* Widow, Jerry, Oldfox.

Manet Manly, Freeman.

Man. Thou hast taken the right way to get a Widow, by making her great Boy rebel; for, when nothing will make a Widow marry, she'll do't to cross her Children. But canst thou in earnest marry this Harpy, this Volume of shrivel'd blur'd Parchments and Law, this Attorney's Desk?

Free. Ay, ay, I'll marry and live honestly: that is, give my Creditors, not her, due Benevolence, pay my Debts.

Man. Thy Creditors, you see, are not so barbarous, as to put thee in Prison, and wilt thou commit thy self to a noisom Dungeon for thy Life? which is the only Satisfaction thou canst give thy Creditors by this Match.

Free. Why, is not she rich?

Man. Ay, but he that marries a Widow for her Money, will find himself as much mistaken, as the Widow that marries a young Fellow for due Benevolence, as you call it.

Free. Why, d'ye think I shan't deserve Wages? I'll druge faithfully.

Man. I tell thee again, he that is the Slave in the Mine, has the least Propriety in the Ore: You may dig, and dig, but if thou wouldst have her Money, rather get to be her Trustee, than her Husband; for a true Widow will make over her Estate to any Body, and cheat her self, rather than be cheated by her Children, or a second Husband.

Enter to them Jerry, *running in a Fright.*

Ferr. O Law! I'm undone, I'm undone, my Mother will kill me: You said you'd stand by one.

Free. So I will, my brave 'Squire, I warrant thee.

Ferr. Ay, but I dare not stay 'till she comes, for she's as furious, now she has lost her Writings, as a Bitch when she has lost her Puppies.

Man. The Comparison's handsom!

Ferr.

Jerr. O, she's here!

Enter Widow Blackacre and Oldfox.

Free. [*To the Sailor.*] Take him, *Jack*, and make haste with him to your Master's Lodging; and be sure you keep him up till I come. [*Ex. Jerr. and Sailor.*]

Wid. O my dear Writings! Where's this Heathen Rogue, my Minor.

Free. Gone to drown or hang himself.

Wid. No, I know him too well, he'll ne'er be *Felo de se* that way; but he may go and chuse a Guardian of his own Head, and so be *Felo de ses beins*, for he has not yet chosen one.

Free. Say you so? And he shan't want one. [*Aside.*]

Wid. But, now I think on't, 'tis you, Sir, have put this Cheat upon me; for there is a Saying, *Take hold of a Maid by her Smock, and a Widow by her Writings, and they cannot get from you*: But I'll play fast and loose with you yet, if there be Law; and my Minor and Writings are not forth-coming, I'll bring my Action of Detinue or Trover. But first I'll try to find out this Guardianless, graceless Villain. Will you jog, Major?

Man. If you have lost your Evidence, I hope your Causes cannot go on, and I may be gone?

Wid. O no, stay but a making Water while, (as one may say) and I'll be with you again.

[*Exit Widow and Oldfox.*]

Manet Manly and Freeman.

Free. Well, sure I am the first Man that ever began a Love Intrigue in *Westminster-Hall*.

Man. No, sure; for the Love to a Widow generally begins here: And as the Widow's Cause goes against the Heir or Executors, the Jointure Rivals commence their Suit to the Widow.

Free. Well, but how, pray, have you past your time here, since I was forc'd to leave you alone? You have had a great deal of Patience.

Man. Is this a Place to be alone, or have Patience in? But I have had Patience indeed; for I have drawn upon me, since I came, but three Quarrels, and two Law-Suits.

Free.

Free. Nay, faith, you are too cruft to be let loofe in the World ; you shou'd be tied up again in your Sea-kennel, call'd a Ship. But how cou'd you quarrel here.

Man. How cou'd I refrain? A Lawyer talk'd peremptorily and faucily to me, and as good as gave me the Lye.

Free. They do it fo often to one another at the Bar, that they make no Bones on't elfewhere.

Man. However, I gave him a Cuff on the Ear ; whereupon he jogs two Men, whose Backs were turn'd to us, (for they were reading at a Bookfellers) to witnefs I ftruck him fitting the Courts ; which Office they fo readily promis'd, that I call'd 'em Rascals, and Knights of the Poft : One of 'em prefently calls two other abfent Witneffes, who were coming towards us at a diftance ; whilft the other, with a whifper, defires to know my Name, that he might have Satisfaction by way of Challenge, as t'other by way of Writ ; but if it were not rather to direct his Brother's Writ, than his own Challenge : There you fee is one of my Quarrels, and two of my Law-Suits.

Free. So:—and the other two ?

Man. For advising a Poet to leave off Writing and turn Lawyer, becaufe he is dull, and impudent, and fays or writes nothing now but by Precedent.

Free. And the third Quarrel?

Man. For giving more fincere Advice, to a handfom, well-drest, young Fellow (who ask'd it too) not to marry a Wench, that he lov'd, and I had lain with.

Free. Nay, if you will be giving your fincere Advice to Lovers and Poets, you will not fail of Quarrels.

Man. Or if I ftay in this Place ; for I fee more Quarrels crowding upon me : Let's be gone and avoid 'em.

Enter Novel, at a Difftance, coming towards them.

A Plague on him, that Sneer is ominous to us, he is coming upon us, and we fhall not be rid of him.

Nov.

Nov. Dear Bully, don't look so grum upon me, you told me just now, you had forgiven me a little harmless Raillery upon wooden Legs last Night.

Man. Yes, yes, pray be gone, I am talking of Business.

Nov. Can't I hear it? I love thee, and will be faithful, and always——

Man. Impertinent! 'tis Business that concerns Freeman only.

Nov. Well, I love Freeman too, and wou'd not divulge his Secret: Prithee speak, prithee I must——

Man. Prithee let me be rid of thee, I must be rid of thee.

Nov. Faith, thou canst hardly, I love thee so. Come, I must know the Business.

Man. So, I have it now.

[*Aside.*

Why, if you needs will know it, he has a Quarrel, and his Adversary bids him bring two Friends with him: Now I am one, and we are thinking who we shall have for a Third.

Several crossing the Stage.

Nov. A pox, there goes a Fellow owes me an hundred Pound, and goes out of Town to morrow: I'll speak with him, and come to you presently [Exit *Novel.*

Man. No but you won't.

Free. You are dextrously rid of him.

Enter Oldfox.

Man. To what purpose, since here comes another, as impertinent: I know, by his Grin, he is bound hither.

Old. Your Servant, worthy, noble Captain: Well, I have left the Widow, because she carry'd me from your Company; for faith, Captain, I must needs tell thee, thou art the only Officer in England, who was not an *Edgbil*-Officer, that I care for.

Man. I'm sorry for't.

Old. Why, wou'dst thou have me love them!

Man. Any Body, rather than me.

Old. What, you are modest, I see, therefore too, I love thee.

Man.

Man. No, I am not modest, but love to brag my self, and can't patiently hear you fight over the last Civil War; therefore go look out the Fellow I saw just now here, that walks with his Sword and Stockings out at Heels, and let him tell you the History of that Scar on his Cheek, to give you occasion to shew yours, got in the Field at *Bloomsbury*, not that of *Edgbil*: Go to him, poor Fellow, he is fasting, and has not yet the Happiness this Morning to stink of Brandy and Tobacco; go, give him some to hear you, I am busie.

Old. Well, i'gad, I love thee now, Boy, for thy Surliness; thou art no tame Captain, I see, that will suffer——

Man. An old Fox.

Old. All that shan't make me angry: I consider that thou art peevish, and fretting at some ill Success at Law. Prithce tell me what ill Luck you have met with here.

Man. You.

Old. Do I look like the Picture of ill Luck? Gad-fnouns I love thee more and more; and shall I tell thee what made me love thee first.

Man. Do: that I may be rid of that damn'd Quality, and thee.

Old. 'Twas thy wearing that broad Sword there.

Man. Here, *Freeman*, let's change: I'll never wear it more.

Old. How! You won't sure. Prithce don't look like one of our Holy-day Captains now a-days, with a Bodkin by your side, you *Martinet Rogues*.

Man. (O, then there's hopes.) [*Aside.* What, d'ye find fault with *Martinet*? Let me tell you, Sir, 'tis the best Exercise in the World; the most ready, most easie, most graceful Exercise that ever was us'd, and the most——

Old. Nay, nay, Sir, no more, Sir, your Servant; if you praise *Martinet* once, I have done with you, Sir. *Martinet!* *Martinet!*—— [*Exit Oldfox.*

Free.

Free. Nay, you have made him leave you as willingly, as ever he did an Enemy ; for he was truly for the King and Parliament : for the Parliament, in their List ; and for the King, in cheating 'em of their Pay, and never hurting the King's Party in the Field.

Enter a Lawyer towards them.

Man. A Pox ! this way ; here's a Lawyer I know threatning us with another greeting.

Law. Sir, Sir, your very Servant, I was afraid you had forgotten me.

Man. I was not afraid you had forgotten me.

Law. No, Sir, we Lawyers have pretty good Memories.

Man. You ought to have by your Wits.

Law. O, you are a merry Gentleman, Sir ; I remember you were merry, when I was last in your Company.

Man. I was never merry in thy Company, Mr. Lawyer, sure.

Law. Why, I'm sure you jok'd upon me, and sham'd me all Night long.

Man. Sham'd ! prithee what barbarous Law term is that ?

Law. Shamming ! Why, don't you know that ? 'tis all our way of Wit, Sir.

Man. I am glad I do not know it then ! Shamming ! What does he mean by't, *Freeman* ?

Free. Shamming, is telling you an insipid dull Lye, with a dull Face, which the sly Wag the Author only laughs at himself ; and making himself believe 'tis a good Jest, puts the Sham only upon himself.

Man. So, your Lawyers Jest, I find, like his Practice, has more Knavery than Wit in't. I shou'd make the worst Shammer in *England* ; I must always deal ingeniously, as well with you, Mr. Lawyer, and advise you to be seen rather with Attorneys and Solicitors, than such Fellows as I am ; they will credit your Practice more.

Law. No, Sir, your Company's an Honour to me.

Man. No, faith, go this way, there goes an Attorney,

torney, leave me for him ; let it never be said, a Lawyer's civility did him hurt.

Law. No, worthy honour'd Sir, I'll not leave you for any Attorney, sure.

Man. Unless he had a Fee in his Hand.

Law. Have you any business here, Sir ? try me : I'd serve you sooner than any Attorney breathing.

Man. Business——So I have thought of a sure way.
[*Aside.*

Yes, faith, I have a little business.

Law. Have you so, Sir, in what Court, Sir ? what is't, Sir ? tell me but how I may serve you, and I'll do't, Sir, and take it for as great an honour——

Man. Faith, 'tis for a poor Orphan of a Sea-Officer of mine, that has no Money ; but if it cou'd be follow'd in *Forma Pauperis*, and when the Legacy's recovered ——

Law. *Forma Pauperis*, Sir !

Man. Ay, Sir.

Several crossing the Stage.

Law. Mr. Bumblecase, Mr. Bumblecase, a word with you ; Sir, I beg your Pardon at present, I have a little business——

Man. Which is not in *Forma Pauperis*. [*Ex. Lawyer.*

Free. So, you have now found a way to be rid of People without quarrelling.

Enter Alderman.

Man. But here's a City-Rogue will stick as hard upon us, as if I ow'd him Money.

Ald. Captain, noble Sir, I am yours heartily, d'ye see : Why shou'd you avoid your old Friends ?

Man. And why shou'd you follow me ? I owe you nothing.

Ald. Out of my hearty respects to you ; for there is not a Man in *England*——

Man. Thou wou'dst save from hanging, with the expence of a Shilling only.

Ald. Nay, nay, but Captain, you are like enough to tell me——

Man.

Man. Truth, which you won't care to hear; therefore you had better go talk with some body else.

Ald. No, I know no body can inform me better, of some young Wit, or Spendthrift, that has a good dipt Seat and Estate in *Middlesex, Hartfordshire, Essex,* or *Kent*, any of these wou'd serve my turn: now, if you knew of such an one, and wou'd but help—

Man. You to finish his ruin.

Ald. I'faith, you shou'd have a snip—

Man. Of your Nose, you thirty in the hundred, Rascal; wou'd you make me your Squire Setter, your Bawd for Mannors? [Takes him by the Nose:

Ald. Oh!

Free. Hold, or here will be your third Law-Suit.

Ald. Gads precious, you hectoring Person you, are you wild? I meant you no hurt, Sir; I begin to think (as things go) Land-security best, and have, for a convenient Mortgage, some ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand Pound by me.

Man. Then go lay it out upon an Hospital, and take a Mortgage of Heaven, according to your City-custom; for you think by laying out a little Money, to hook in that too hereafter; do, I say, and keep the Poor you've made by taking Forfeitures, that Heaven may not take yours.

Ald. No, to keep the Cripples you make this War; this War spoils our Trade.

Man. Damn your Trade, 'tis the better for't.

Ald. What, will you speak against our Trade?

Man. And dare you speak against the War, our Trade?

Ald. Well, he may be a Convoy of Ships I am concern'd in. [Aside.

Come, Captain, I will have a fair correspondency with you, say what you will.

Man. Then prithee be gone.

Ald. No, faith; prithee, Captain, let's go drink a Dish of Lac'd Coffee, and talk of the Times: Come, I'll treat you; nay, you shall go, for I have no Business here.

Man. But I have.

Ald. To pick up a Man to give thee a Dinner: Come, I'll do thy business for thee.

Man. Faith, now I think on't, so you may, as well as any Man; for 'tis to pick up a Man, to be bound with me, to one who expects City-security, for——

Ald. Nay, then your Servant, Captain, business must be done.

Man. Ay, if it can; but hark you, Alderman, without you——

Ald. Business, Sir, I say, must be done; and there's an Officer of the Treasury I have an Affair with——

[Several crossing the Stage.

[Exit Alderman.

Man. You see now what the mighty friendship of the World is; what all Ceremony, Embraces, and plentiful Professions come to: you are no more to believe a professing Friend, than a threatening Enemy; and as no Man hurts you, that tells you he'll do you a Mischief, no Man, you see, is your Servant who says he is so. Why, the Devil, then shou'd a Man be troubled with the flattery of Knaves, if he be not a Fool or Cully; or with the fondness of Fools, if he be not a Knave or Cheat?

Free. Only for his pleasure; for there is some in laughing at Fools, and disappointing Knaves.

Man. That's a Pleasure, I think, wou'd cost you too dear, as well as marrying your Widow to disappoint her; but, for my part, I have no pleasure by 'em, but in despising 'em, wheresoe'er I meet 'em; and then the Pleasure of hoping so to be rid of 'em. But now my comfort is, I am not worth a Shilling in the World, which all the World shall know, and then I'm sure I shall have none of 'em come near me.

Free. A very pretty comfort, which I think you pay too dear for: But is the twenty Pound gone since the Morning?

Man. To my Boats-Crew: wou'd you have the poor, honest, brave Fellows want?

Free. Rather than you, or I.

Man.

Man. Why, art thou without Money? thou who art a Friend to every Body?

Free. I ventur'd my last stake upon the Squire, to nick him of his Mother; and cannot help you to a Dinner, unless you will go dine with my Lord—

Man. No, no, the Ordinary is too dear for me, where Flattery must pay for my Dinner; I am no Herald, or Poet.

Free. We'll go then to the Bishops—

Man. There you must flatter the old Philosophy: I cannot renounce my Reason for a Dinner.

Free. Why then let's go to your Aldermans.

Man. Hang him, Rogue! that were not to Dine, for he makes you drunk with Lees of Sack before Dinner, to take away your Stomach: and there you must call Usury and Extortion, God's Blessings, or the Honest turning of the Penny; hear him brag of the Leather Breeches in which he trotted first to Town; and make a greater noise with his Money in his Parlour, than his Casheers do in his Counting-House, without hopes of borrowing a Shilling.

Free. Ay, a Pox on't, 'tis like dining with the great Gamesters; and when they fall to their common Desert, see the heaps of Gold drawn on all hands, without going to twelve. Let us go to my Lady Goodly's.

Man. There to flatter her Looks, you must mistake her Grand-Children for her own; praise her Cook, that she may rail at him, and feed her Dogs, not your self.

Free. What d'ye think of eating with your Lawyer then?

Man. Eat with him! Damn him; to hear him employ his barbarous Eloquence in a Reading upon the two and thirty good Bits in a Shoulder of Veal; and be forc'd your self to praise the cold Bribe-Pye, that stinks, and drink Law French Wine, as rough and harsh as his Law French. A Pox on him, I'd rather Dine in the Temple-Rounds or Walks, with the Knights without Noses, or the Knights of the Post; who are honestest Fellows, and better Company. But let us home,

and try our Fortune ; for I'll stay no longer here for your damn'd Widow.

Free. Well, let us go home then ; for I must go for my damn'd Widow, and look after my new damn'd Charge ; three or four hundred Years ago, a Man might have din'd in this Hall.

Man. *But now, the Lawyer only here is fed :
And, Bully-like, by Quarrels gets his Bread.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Manly's Lodgings.

Enter Manly and Fidelia.

Man. **W**ELL, there's success in thy Face ; hast thou prevail'd ? say.

Fid. As I cou'd wish, Sir.

Man. So, I told thee what thou wert fit for, and thou wou'dst not believe me. Come, thank me for bringing thee acquainted with thy Genius. Well, thou hast mollified her Heart for me ?

Fid. No, Sir, not so, but what's better.

Man. How ? what's better !

Fid. I shall harden your Heart against her.

Man. Have a care, Sir, my Heart is too much in earnest to be fooled with, and my desire at height, and needs no delays to incite it ; what, you are too good a Pimp already, and know how to endear pleasure, by with-holding it ? but leave off your Pages Bawdy-house tricks, Sir, and tell me, will she be kind ?

Fid. Kinder than you cou'd wish, Sir.

Man. So then : well, prithee, what said she ?

Fid. She said——

Man.

Man. What? thou'rt so tedious; speak comfort to me: what?

Fid. That of all things you are her Aversion.

Man. How!

Fid. That she wou'd sooner take a Bedfellow out of an Hospital, and Diseases into her Arms, than you.

Man. What?

Fid. That she wou'd rather trust her Honour with a dissolute, debauch'd Hector; nay worse, with a finical baffled Coward, all over loathsom with affectation of the fine Gentleman.

Man. What's all this you say?

Fid. Nay, that my offers of your Love to her, were more offensive, than when Parents wooe their Virgin-Daughters, to the enjoyment of Riches only; and that you were, in all Circumstances, as nauseous to her as a Husband on compulsion.

Man. Hold; I understand you not.

Fid. So, 'twill work I see.

[*Aside.*

Man. Did you not tell me——

Fid. She call'd you ten thousand Ruffians.

Man. Hold, I say.

Fid. Brutes——

Man. Hold.

Fid. Sea-Monsters——

Man. Damn your intelligence: hear me a little now.

Fid. Nay, surly Coward, she call'd you too.

Man. Won't you hold yet? hold, or——

Fid. Nay, Sir, pardon me; I cou'd not but tell you she had the baseness, the injustice, to call you Coward, Sir, Coward, Coward, Sir.

Man. Not yet——

Fid. I've done, Coward, Sir.

Man. Did not you say she was kinder than I cou'd wish her?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. How then? —— O —— I understand you now. At first she appear'd in rage, and disdain, the truest sign of a coming Woman; but at last, you prevail'd it seems, did you not?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. So then, let's know that only ; come prithee, without delays : I'll kiss thee for that News beforehand.

Fid. So ; the Kiss I'm sure is welcome to me, whatsoever the News will be to you. [*Aside.*]

Man. Come, speak, my dear Voluntier.

Fid. How welcome were that kind word too, if it were not for another Woman's sake ! [*Aside.*]

Man. What, won't you speak ? you prevail'd for me, at last, you say ?

Fid. No, Sir.

Man. No more of your fooling, Sir, it will not agree with my impatience or temper.

Fid. Then not to fool you, Sir, I spoke to her for you, but prevail'd for my self ; she wou'd not hear me when I spoke in your behalf ; but bid me say what I wou'd in my own, tho' she gave me no occasion, she was so coming, and so was kinder, Sir, than you cou'd wish ; which I was only afraid to let you know, without some warning.

Man. How's this ? Young Man, you are of a lying Age ; but I must hear you out, and if——

Fid. I wou'd not abuse you, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, she is so wicked.

Man. How, wicked ! had she the impudence, at the second sight of you only——

Fid. Impudence, Sir ! Oh, she has impudence enough to put a Court out of Countenance, and debauch a Stews.

Man. Why, what said she ?

Fid. Her tongue, I confess was silent ; but her speaking Eyes gloted such things more immodest, and lascivious, than Ravishers can act, or Women under a confinement think.

Man. I know there are those whose Eyes reflect more Obscenity, than the Glasses in Alcoves ; but there are others too who use a little Art with their looks, to make 'em seem more beautiful, not more loving : which vain young Fellows, like you, are
apt

apt to interpret in their own favour, and to the Lady's wrong.

Fid. Seldom, Sir; pray have you a care of glosing Eyes; for he that loves to gaze upon 'em, will find at last, a thousand Fools and Cuckolds in 'em instead of *Cupids*.

Man. Very well, Sir: but, what, you had only Eye-kindness from *Olivia*?

Fid. I tell you again, Sir, no Woman sticks there; Eye-promises of Love they only keep; nay, they are Contracts which make you sure of 'em. In short, Sir, she seeing me, with shame and amazement dumb, unactive, and resistless, threw her twisting Arms about my Neck, and smother'd me with a thousand tasteless Kisses: believe me, Sir, they were so to me.

Man. Why did you not avoid 'em then?

Fid. I fenced with her eager Arms, as you did with the Grapples of the Enemy's Fire-ship; and nothing but cutting 'em off, cou'd have freed me.

Man. Damn'd, damn'd Woman, that cou'd be so false and infamous! And damn'd, damn'd Heart of mine, that cannot yet be false, tho' so infamous! What easie, tame, suffering, trampled things does that little God of talking Cowards make of us! but——

Fid. So! it works, I find, as I expected. [*Aside.*]

Man. But she was false to me before, she told me so her self, and yet I cou'd not quite believe it; but she was, so that her second falseness is a favour to me, not an injury, in revenging me upon the Man that wrong'd me first of her Love. Her Love!—— a Whores, a Witches Love!——But what, did she not kiss well, Sir? I'm sure I thought her Lips——but I must not think of 'em more——but yet they are such I cou'd still kiss——grow to——and then tear off with my Teeth, grind 'em into mammocks, and spit 'em into her Cuckold's Face.

Fid. Poor Man, how uneasie he is! I have hardly the Heart to give him so much pain, tho' withal I give him a Cure; and to my self new Life. [*Aside.*]

Man.

Man. But what, her Kisses sure cou'd not but warm you into Desire at last, or a compliance with hers at least?

Fid. Nay more, I confess——

Man. What more? speak.

Fid. All you cou'd fear had pass'd between us, if I cou'd have been made to wrong you, Sir, in that nature.

Man. Cou'd have been made! you lye, you did.

Fid. Indeed, Sir, 'twas impossible for me; besides, we were interrupted by a visit; but, I confess, she wou'd not let me stir, till I promis'd to return to her again within this Hour, as soon as it shou'd be dark; by which time she wou'd dispose of her visit, and her Servants, and her self, for my reception: which I was fain to promise to get from her.

Man. Ha!

Fid. But if ever I go near her again, may you, Sir, think me as false to you, as she is; hate and renounce me, as you ought to do her, and I hope will do now.

Man. Well, but now I think on't, you shall keep your Word with your Lady. What, a young Fellow, and fail the first, nay, so tempting an assignation!

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. I say, you shall go to her when 'tis dark, and shall not disappoint her.

Fid. I, Sir! I shou'd disappoint her more by going, for——

Man. How so?

Fid. Her Impudence, and Injustice to you, will make me disappoint her Love; loath her.

Man. Come, you have my leave; and if you disgust her, I'll go with you, and act Love, whilst you shall talk it only.

Fid. You, Sir! nay, then I'll never go near her. You act Love, Sir! You must but act it indeed, after all I have said to you. Think of your Honour, Sir, Love——

Man.

Man. Well, call it Revenge, and that is honourable: I'll be reveng'd on her; and thou shalt be my Second.

Fid. Not in a base action, Sir, when you are your own Enemy: O go, not near her, Sir, for Heavens sake, for your own, think not of it.

Man. How concern'd you are! I thought I shou'd catch you. What, you are my Rival at last, and are in Love with her your self; and have spoken ill of her out of your love to her, not me; and therefore wou'd not have me go to her.

Fid. Heaven witness for me, 'tis because I love you only, I wou'd not have you go to her.

Man. Come, come, the more I think on't, the more I'm satisfied you do love her: those Kisses, young Man, I knew were irresistable; 'tis certain.

Fid. There is nothing certain in the World, Sir, but my Truth, and your Courage.

Man. Your Servant, Sir. Besides false, and ungrateful, as she has been to me; and tho' I may believe her hatred to me, great as you report it; yet I cannot think you are so soon, and at that rate, belov'd by her, tho' you may endeavour it.

Fid. Nay, if that be all, and you doubt it still, Sir, I will conduct you to her; and unseen, your Ears shall judge of her falseness, and my truth to you, if that will satisfy you.

Man. Yes, there is some satisfaction in being quite out of doubt: because 'tis that alone withholds us from the pleasure of Revenge.

Fid. Revenge! What Revenge can you have, Sir? Disdain is best reveng'd by scorn; and faithless Love, by loving another, and making her happy with the others losings: which, if I might advise——

Enter Freeman.

Man. Not a Word more.

Free. What, are you talking of Love yet, Captain? I thought you had done with't.

Man. Why, what did you hear me say?

Free. Something imperfectly of Love, I think.

Man.

Man. I was only wondring why Fools, Rascals, and desertless Wretches, shou'd still have the better of Men of Merit with all Women ; as much as with their own common Mistress, Fortune !

Free. Because most Women, like Fortune are blind, seem to do all things in jest, and take pleasure in extravagant actions ; their Love deserves neither thanks, or blame, for they cannot help it : 'tis all sympathy ; therefore the noisie, the finical, the talkative, the cowardly, and effeminate, have the better of the brave, the reasonable, and Man of Honour ; for they have no more reason in their love, or kindness, than Fortune her self.

Man. Yes, they have their Reason. First, Honour in a Man they fear too much to love ; and Sense in a Lover, upbraids their want of it ; and they hate any thing that disturbs their admiration of themselves ; but they are of that vain number, who had rather shew their false generosity, in giving away profusely to worthless Flatterers, than in paying just Debts. And in short, all Women, like Fortune, (as you say) and Rewards, are lost, by too much meriting.

Fid. All Women, Sir ! sure there are some, who have no other quarrel to a lovers merit, but that it begets their despair of him.

Man. Thou art young enough to be credulous ; but we——

Enter 1 Sailor.

1 Sail. Here are now below, the scolding, daggled Gentlewoman, and that Major Old——old——Fop I think you call him,

Free. *Oldfox*, prithee bid 'em come up, with your leave, Captain, for now I can talk with her upon the square ; If I shall not disturb you.

Man. No ; for I'll be gone. Come, Volunteer.

Free. Nay, pray stay ; the Scene between us will not be so tedious to you as you think : besides, you, shall see, how I rigg'd my Squire out, with the remains of my shipwrack'd Wardrobe ; he is under your *Sea-valet-*
de-

de-Chambre's hands, and by this time drest, and will be worth your seeing. Stay, and I'll fetch my Fool.

Man. No; you know I cannot easily laugh: besides, my Volunteer and I have business abroad. [*Ex. Manly, Fidelia on one side, Freeman on t'other.*]

Enter Major Oldfox and Widow Blackacre.

Wid. What, no body here! Did not the Fellow say he was within?

Old. Yes, Lady; and he may be perhaps a little busie at present; but, if you think the time long till he comes, [*Unfolding Papers*] I'll read you here some of the fruits of my leisure, the overflowings of my Fancy and Pen. (To value me right, she must know my parts) [*Aside.*]

Come——

Wid. No, no; I have reading work enough of my own, in my Bag, I thank you.

Old. I, Law, Madam; but here's a Poem, in blank Verse, which I think a handsom declaration of one's Passion.

Wid. O! if you talk of Declarations, I'll shew you one of the prettiest pen'd things, which I mended too my self, you must know.

Old. Nay, Lady, if you have used your self so much to the reading harsh Law, that you hate smooth Poetry; here is a Character for you, of——

Wid. A Character! Nay, then I'll shew you my Bill in *Chancery* here, that gives you such a Character of my Adversary, makes him as black——

Old. Pshaw; away, away, Lady. But if you think the Character too long, here is an Epigram, not above twenty lines, upon a cruel Lady; who Decreed her Servant shou'd hang himself, to demonstrate his Passion.

Wid. Decreed! if you talk of Decreeing, I have such a Decree here, drawn by the finest Clerk——

Old. O Lady, Lady, all interruption, and no sense between us, as if we were Lawyers at the Bar! But I had forgot, *Apollo* and *Littleton* never lodg in a head together.

together. If you hate Verses, I'll give you a cast of my Politicks in Prose: 'tis a Letter to a Friend in the Country; which is now the way of all such sober, solid Persons as my self, when they have a mind to publish their disgust to the Times; tho' perhaps, between you and I, they have no Friend in the Country. And sure a Politick, serious Person may as well have a feign'd Friend in the Country to write to, as well as an idle Poet a feign'd Mistress to write to. And so here's my Letter to a Friend, or no Friend, in the Country, concerning the late Conjunction of Affairs, in relation to *Coffee-houses*: or *The Coffee-mans Case*.

Wid. Nay, if your Letter have a Case in't, 'tis something; but first I'll read you a Letter of mine, to a Friend in the Country, call'd a Letter of *Attorney*.

Enter to them Freeman and Jerry Blackacre, in an old gaudy Suit, and red Breeches of Freeman's.

Old. What, interruption still? O the plague of interruption! worse to an Author, than the plague of Criticks! [*Aside.*

Wid. What's this I see, *Jerry Blackacre*, my Minor, in red Breeches! What, hast thou left the modest seemly Garb of Gown and Cap, for this? And have I lost all my good *Inns of Chancery* breeding upon thee then? And thou wilt go a breeding thy self from our Inn of *Chancery* and *Westminster-Hall*, at *Coffee-houses*, and *Ordinaries*, *Play-houses*, *Tennis courts*, and *Bawdy houses*?

Ferr. Ay, ay, what then? perhaps I will; but what's that to you? here's my Guardian and Tutor now, forthwith, that I am out of your *Hucksters* hands.

Wid. How? thou hast not chosen him for thy Guardian yet?

Ferr. No, but he has chosen me for his Charge, and that's all one; and I'll do any thing he'll have me, and go all the World over with him; to *Ordinaries*, and *Bawdy-houses*! or any where else.

Wid. To *Ordinaries* and *Bawdy-houses*! have a care, Minor, thou wilt infeeble there thy Estate and Body:
do

do not go to Ordinaries and Bawdy-houses, good
Ferry.

Ferr. Why, how come you to know any ill by
Bawdy-houses? You never had any hurt by 'em, had
you, forsooth? Pray hold your self contented; if I
do go where Money and Wenches are to be had, you
may thank your self; for you us'd me so unnaturally,
you wou'd never let me have a Penny to go abroad
with: nor so much as come near the Garret where
your Maidens lay; nay, you wou'd not so much as
let me play at Hotcockles with 'em, nor have any Re-
creation with 'em, tho' one shou'd have kifs'd you be-
hind, you were so unnatural a Mother, so you were.

Free. Ay, a very unnatural Mother, faith, Squire.

Wid. But, *Ferry*, consider thou art yet but a Minor;
however, if thou wilt go home with me again, and
be a good Child, thou shalt see——

Free. Madam, I must have a better care of my Heir
under Age, than so; I wou'd sooner trust him alone
with a stale Waiting woman and a Parson, than with
his Widow-Mother and her Lover or Lawyer.

Wid. Why thou Villain, part Mother and Minor!
Rob me of my Child and my Writings! but thou
shalt find there's Law; and as in the Case of Ravish-
ment of Guard —— *Westminster* the Second.

Old. Young Gentleman, Squire, pray be rul'd by
your Mother, and your Friends.

Ferr. Yes, I'll be rul'd by my Friends, therefore
not by my Mother, so I won't: I'll choose him for
my Guardian till I am of Age; nay, may be for as
long as I live.

Wid. Wilt thou so, thou Wretch? And when thou'rt
of Age, thou wilt Sign, Seal and Deliver too, wilt
thou?

Ferr. Yes marry will I, if you go there too.

Wid. O do not squeeze wax, Son; rather go to Or-
dinaries, and Bawdy-houses, than squeeze wax: if thou
doest that, farewell the goodly Mannor of *Blackacre*,
with all its Woods, Underwoods, and Appurtenances
whatever. Oh, oh!

[*Weeps.*

Free.

Free. Come, Madam, in short, you see I am resolv'd to have a Share in the Estate, yours or your Son's; if I cannot get you, I'll keep him who is less coy you find; but, if you wou'd have your Son again, you must take me too. Peace, or War? Love, or Law? You see my Hostage is in my Hand: I'm in Possession.

Wid. Nay, if one of us must be ruin'd, e'en let it be him. By my Body, a good one! Did you ever know yet a Widow marry or not marry for the sake of her Child? I'd have you to know, Sir, I shall be hard enough for you both yet, without marrying you; if *Ferry* won't be rul'd by me, what say you, Booby, will you be rul'd? speak.

Ferr. Let one alone, can't you?

Wid. Wilt thou chuse him for Guardian, whom I refuse for Husband?

Ferr. Ay, to chuse, I thank you.

Wid. And are all my hopes frustrated? Shall I never hear thee put Cases again to *John* the Butler, or our Vicar? Never see thee amble the Circuit with the Judges; and hear thee, in our Town-Hall, louder than the Cryer?

Ferr. No; for I have taken my Leave of Lawyering, and Pettifogging.

Wid. Pettifogging! Thou prophane Villain, hast thou so? Pettifogging!—then you shall take your Leave of me, and your Estate too; thou shalt be an Alien to me and it for ever. Pettifogging!

Ferr. O, but if you go there too, Mother, we have the Deeds and Settlements, I thank you: Wou'd you cheat me of my Estate, i'fac?

Wid. No, no, I will not cheat your little Brother *Bob*; for thou wert not born in Wedlock.

Free. How's that?

Ferr. How? What Querk has she got in her Head now?

Wid. I say, thou canst not, shalt not inherit the *Blackacre's* Estate.

Ferr.

Ferr. Why? why, forsooth? What d'ye mean, if you go there too?

Wid. Thou art but my base Child; and according to the Law, canst not inherit it: nay, thou art not so much as Bastard eigne.

Ferr. What, what, Am I then the Son of a Whore, Mother?

Wid. The Law says——

Free. Madam, we know what the Law says; but have a care what you say: Do not let your Passion, to ruin your Son, ruin your Reputation.

Wid. Hang Reputation, Sir, am not I a Widow? Have no Husband, nor intend to have any? Nor wou'd you, I suppose, now have me for a Wife. So, I think now I'm reveng'd on my Son and you, without marrying, as I told you.

Free. But consider, Madam.

Ferr. What, have you no Shame left in you Mother?

Wid. Wonder not at it, Major, 'tis often the poor prest Widow's Case, to give up her Honour to save her Jointure; and seem to be a light Woman, rather than marry: As some young Men, thy say, pretend to have the filthy Disease, and lose their Credit with most Women, to avoid the Importunities of some.

[*Aside to Oldfox.*

Free. But one word with you, Madam.

Wid. No, no, Sir. Come, Major, let us make haste now to the Prerogative Court.

Old. But, Lady, if what you say be true, will you stigmatize your Reputation on Record? And, if it be not true, how will you prove it?

Wid. Pshaw! I can prove any thing; and for my Reputation, know, Major, a wise Woman will no more value her Reputation, in dis-inheriting a rebellious Son of a good Estate; than she wou'd in getting him, to inherit an Estate.

[*Ex. Wid. and Oldfox.*

Free. Madam ——— we must not let her go so, 'Squire.

Ferr. Nay, the Devil can't stop her tho' if she has a mind to't. But come, Bully-Guardian, we'll go and advise with three Attorneys, two Proctors, two Solicitors, and a shrewd Man of *White-Friars*, neither Attorney, Protector, or Solicitor, but as pure a Pimp to the Law as any of 'em; and sure all they will be hard enough for her, for I fear, Bully-Guardian, you are too good a Joker to have any Law in your Head.

Free. Thou'rt in the right on't, 'Squire, I understand no Law: especially that against Bastards, since I'm sure the Custom is against that Law; and more People get Estates by being so, than lose 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Lord Plausible and Boy with a Candle.

L. Plausf. Little Gentleman, your most obedient, faithful, humble Servant: Where, I beseech you, is that divine Person, your Noble Lady?

Boy. Gone out, my Lord; but commanded me to give you this Letter.

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Enter to him Novel.

L. Plausf. Which he must not observe.

[*Aside. Puts it up.*]

Nov. Hey, Boy, where is thy Lady?

Boy. Gone out, Sir; but I must beg a word with you.

[*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*]

Nov. For me? So.

[*Puts up the Letter.*]

Servant, Servant, my Lord; you see the Lady knew of your coming, for she is gone out.

L. Plausf.

L. *Plauf.* Sir, I humbly beseech you not, to censure the Lady's good Breeding: She has reason to use more Liberty with me, than with any other Man.

Nov. How, Vicount, how?

L. *Plauf.* Nay, I humbly beseech you, be not in Choler; where there is most Love, there may be most Freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an Eclercifment with you, and to tell you, you must think no more of this Lady's Love.

L. *Plauf.* Why, under Correction, dear Sir?

Nov. There are Reasons, Reasons, Vicount.

L. *Plauf.* What, I beseech you, noble Sir?

Nov. Prithee, prithee, be not impertinent, my Lord; some of you Lords are such conceited, well-assured, impertinent Rogues.

L. *Plauf.* And you noble Wits, are so full of shamming and drolling, one knows not where to have you seriously.

Nov. Well, you shall find me in Bed with this Lady, one of these days.

L. *Plauf.* Nay, I beseech you, spare the Lady's Honour; for her's and mine will be all one shortly.

Nov. Prithee, my Lord, be not an Ass: Dost thou think to get her from me? I have had such Encouragements

L. *Plauf.* I have not been thought unworthy of 'em.

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an Eclercifment, as I said.

L. *Plauf.* Why, seriously then, she has told me, Vicountess founded prettily.

Nov. And me, that *Novel* was a Name she wou'd sooner change her's for, than for any Title in *England*.

L. *Plauf.* She has commended the Softness and Respectfulness of my Behaviour.

Nov. She has prais'd the Briskness of my Raillery of all things, Man.

L. *Plauf.* The Sleepiness of my Eyes she lik'd.

Nov. Sleepiness! Dulness, Dulness. But the Fierceness of mine she ador'd.

L. Plaus. The Brightness of my Hair she lik'd.

Nov. The Brightness! No, the Greasiness, I warrant.

But the Blackness and Lustre of mine she admires.

L. Plaus. The Gentleness of my Smile.

Nov. The Subtilty of my Leer.

L. Plaus. The Clearness of my Complexion.

Nov. The Redness of my Lips.

L. Plaus. The Whiteness of my Teeth.

Nov. My janty way of picking them.

L. Plaus. The Sweetness of my Breath.

Nov. Ha, ha! ——— nay, then she abus'd you, 'tis plain; for you know what *Manly* said: The Sweetness of your Pulvillio she might mean; but for your Breath! Ha, ha, ha. Your Breath is such, Man, that nothing but Tobacco can perfume; and your Complexion nothing cou'd mend but the Small Pox.

L. Plaus. Well, Sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all Doubt, Sir, she has receiv'd some Jewels from me, of Value.

Nov. And Presents from me; besides what I presented her jantly, by way of Ombre, of three or four hundred Pound value, which I'm sure are the earnest Pence for our Love-bargain.

L. Plaus. Nay, then, Sir, with your Favour, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you there, Sir, she has writ to me——

[*Deliver to each other their Letters.*

Nov. How! how! well, well, and so she has to me; look you there——

L. Plaus. What's here?

Nov. How's this?

Reads out.

My dear Lord,

You'll excuse me, for breaking my Word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint Novel, and meet you in the Drawing-Room; where I expect you, with as much Impatience, as when I us'd to suffer Novel's Visits, the most impertinent Fop, that ever affected the Name of a Wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you Jealousie; for, for your sake alone, you saw I renounc'd an old Lover, and will do all the World. Burn the Letter, but lay up the Kindness of it in your Heart, with your

OLIVIA.

Very, fine! But pray let's see mine.

L. Plaus. I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

Reads the other Letter.

Nov. **H**umb! ha! — meet — for your sake —
umb — quitted an old Lover — World —
Burn — in your Heart with your

OLIVIA.

Just the same, the Names only alter'd.

L. Plaus. Surely there must be some mistake; or some body has abus'd her, and us.

Nov. Yes, you are abus'd, no doubt on't, my Lord; but I'll to White-Hall, and see.

L. Plaus. And I, where I shall find you are abus'd.

Nov. Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we cannot fail of meeting with Fellow-sufferers enough; for as Freeman said of another, she stands in the Drawing-room, like the Glass, ready for all comers, to set their Gallantry by her: and like the Glass too, let's no

Man go from her, unsatisfied with himself. [*Ex. ambo.*]

Enter Olivia and Boy.

Oliv. Both here, and just gone ?

Boy. Yes, Madam.

Oliv. But are you sure neither saw you deliver the other a Letter ?

Boy. Yes, yes, Madam, I am very sure.

Oliv. Go then to the *Old Exchange*, to *Westminster*, *Holborn*, and all the other places I told you of ; I shall not need you these two Hours : Be gone, and take the Candle with you, and be sure you leave word again below, I am gone out, to all that ask.

Boy. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

Oliv. And my new Lover will not ask I'm sure ; he has his Lesson, and cannot miss me here, tho' in the dark : which I have purposely design'd, as a remedy against my blushing Gallant's modesty ; for young Lovers, like Game Cocks, are made bolder, by being kept without light.

Enter her Husband Vernish as from a Journey.

Ver. Where is she ? Darkness every where ! [*Softly.*]

Oliv. What, come before your time ? my Soul ! my Life ! your haste has augmented your kindness ; and let me thank you for it thus, and thus—— [*Embracing and kissing him.*] And tho' (my Soul) the little time since you left me, has seem'd an Age to my impatience, sure it is yet but seven——

Ver. How ! who's that you expected after seven ?

Oliv. Ha ! my Husband return'd ! and have I been throwing away so many kind Kisses on my Husband, and wrong'd my Lover already ?

Ver. Speak, I say, who was't you expected after seven ?

Oliv. What shall I say ?——oh—— [*Aside.*]
Why 'tis but seven days, is it, dearest, since you went out of Town ? and I expected you not so soon.

Ver. No, sure, 'tis but five days since I left you.

Oliv.

Oliv. Pardon my impatience, dearest, I thought 'em seven at least.

Ver. Nay then——

Oliv. But, my Life, you shall never stay half so long from me again ; you shan't indeed, by this Kiss you shan't.

Ver. No, no ; but why alone in the dark ?

Oliv. Blame not my melancholy in your absence—
But, my Soul, since you went, I have strange News to tell you : *Manly* is return'd.

Ver. *Manly* return'd ! Fortune forbid.

Oliv. Met with the *Dutch* in the Chanel, fought, sunk his Ship, and all he carried with him : he was here with me yesterday.

Ver. And did you own our Marriage to him ?

Oliv. I told him I was married, to put an end to his love, and my trouble ; but to whom, is yet a secret kept from him, and all the World : And I have us'd him so scurvily, his great Spirit will ne'er return, to reason it farther with me ; I have sent him to Sea again, I warrant.

Ver. 'Twas bravely done. And sure he will now hate the Shore more than ever, after so great a disappointment. Be you sure only to keep a while our great secret, till he be gone : in the mean time I'll lead the easie, honest Fool by the Nose, as I us'd to do ; and, whilst he stays, rail with him at thee ; and when he's gone, laugh with thee at him. But have you his Cabinet of Jewels safe ? Part not with a Seed Pearl to him, to keep him from starving.

Oliv. Nor from hanging.

Ver. He cannot recover 'em ; and, I think, will scorn to beg 'em again.

Oliv. But, my Life, have you taken the thousand Guineys he left in my Name, out of the Goldsmiths hands ?

Ver. Ay, ay, they are remov'd to another Goldsmiths.

Oliv. Ay but, my Soul, you had best have a care you find not where the Money is : for his present wants (as I'm inform'd) are such, as will make him inquisitive enough.

Ver. You say true, and he knows the Man too; but I'll remove it to morrow.

Oliv. To morrow! O do not stay till to morrow; go to night, immediately.

Ver. Now I think on't, you advise well, and I will go presently.

Oliv. Presently! instantly: I will not let you stay a jot.

Ver. I will then, tho' I return not home till twelve.

Oliv. Nay, tho' not till morning, with all my heart: go, dearest, I am impatient till you are gone——

[Thrusts him out.]

So, I have at once now brought about those two grateful Businesses, which all prudent Women do together, secured Money and Pleasure; and now all Interruptions of the last are remov'd. Go, Husband, and come up, Friend; just the Buckets in the Well, the absence of one brings the other; but I hope, like them too, they will not meet in the way, juggle, and clash together.

Enter Fidelia, and Manly treading softly, and staying behind at some distance.

So are you come? (but not the Husband-Bucket, I hope, again.) Who's there? my dearest? *[Softly.]*

Fid. My Life——

Oliv. Right, right: where are thy Lips? here, take the dumb, and best Welcomes, Kisses and Embraces; 'tis not a time for idle words. In a Duel of Love, as in others, parlying shews basely. Come, we are alone? and now the Word is only satisfaction, and defend not thy self.

Man. How's this? Why, she makes Love like a Devil in a Play; and in this darkness, which conceals her Angel's Face, if I were apt to be afraid, I shou'd think her a Devil.

[Aside.]

Oliv. What, you traverse Ground, young Gentleman,

[Fidelia avoiding her.]

Fid.

Fid. I take Breath only.

Man. Good Heav'ns! how was I deceiv'd! [*Aside.*

Oliv. Nay, you are a Coward; what, are you afraid of the fierceness of my Love?

Fid. Yes, Madam, lest its violence might preface its change; and I must needs be afraid you wou'd leave me quickly, who cou'd desert so brave a Gentleman as *Manly*.

Oliv. O! name not his Name; for in a time of stolt joys, as this is, the filthy Name of Husband were not a more allaying sound.

Man. There's some comfort yet. [*Aside.*

Fid. But did you not love him?

Oliv. Never. How cou'd you think it?

Fid. Because he thought it, who is a Man of that sense, nice discerning, and diffidency, that I shou'd think it hard to deceive him.

Oliv. No; he that distrusts most the World, trusts most to himself, and is but the more easily deceiv'd, because he thinks he can't be deceiv'd: his cunning is like the Coward's Sword, by which he is oftner worsted, than defended.

Fid. Yet, sure, you us'd no common Art, to deceive him.

Oliv. I knew he loved his own singular moroseness so well, as to dote upon any Copy of it; wherefore I feign'd an hatred to the World too, that he might love me in earnest: but, if it had been hard to deceive him, I'm sure 'twere much harder to love him. A dogged, ill-manner'd—

Fid. D'ye hear her, Sir, pray hear her. [*Aside to Manly.*

Oliv. Surly, untractable, snarling Brute! he! a Masti-dog were as fit a thing to make a Gallant of.

Man. Ay, a Goat, or Monkey were fitter for thee. [*Aside.*

Fid. I must confess, for my part, (tho' my Rival) I cannot but say he has a manly handsomness in's face and meen.

Oliv. So has a Saracen in the Sign.

Fid.

Fid. Is proper and well made.

Oliv. As a Dray-man.

Fid. Has Wit.

Oliv. He rails at all Mankind.

Fid. And undoubted Courage.

Oliv. Like the Hangman's, can murder a Man when his hands are ty'd. He has Cruelty indeed ; which is no more Courage, than his Railing is Wit.

Man. Thus Women, and Men like Women, are too hard for us, when they think we do not hear 'em ; and Reputation, like other Mistresses, is never true to a Man in his absence. [*Aside.*

Fid. He is——

Oliv. Pr'ythee no more of him ; I thought I had satisfi'd you enough before , that he could never be a Rival for you to apprehend ; and you need not be more assur'd of my aversion to him, but by the last testimony of my love to you : which I am ready to give you. Come, my Soul, this way—— [*Pulls Fidelia.*

Fid. But, Madam, what cou'd make you dissemble love to him, when 'twas so hard a thing for you, and flatter his love to you ?

Oliv. That which makes all the World flatter and dissemble, 'twas his Money : I had a real passion for that. Yet I lov'd not that so well, as for it to take him : for as soon as I had his Money, I hastned his departure like a Wife, who, when she has made the most of a dying Husbands breath, pulls away the Pillow.

Man. Damn'd Money ! it's Masters potent Rival still ; and, like a saucy Pimp, corrupts it self the Mistress it procures for us.

Oliv. But I did not think with you, my Life, to pass my time in talking. Come hither, come ; yet stay, till I have lock'd a door in the other Room, that may chance to let us in some interruption ; which reciting Poets, or losing Gamesters fear not more than I at this time do. [*Exit Olivia.*

Fid. Well, I hope, you are now satisfi'd, Sir, and will be gone, to think of your Revenge ?

Man.

Man. No, I am not satisf'd, and must stay to be reveng'd.

Fid. How, Sir? You'll use no violence to her, I hope, and forfeit your own Life to take away her's? That were no Revenge.

Man. No, no, you need not fear: my revenge shall only be upon her Honour, not her Life.

Fid. How, Sir? her Honour? O Heavens! Consider, Sir, she has no Honour. D'ye call that Revenge? Can you think of such a thing? But reflect, Sir, how she hates and loaths you.

Man. Yes, so much she hates me, that it wou'd be a revenge sufficient to make her accessary to my Pleasure, and then let her know it.

Fid. No, Sir, no, to be Reveng'd on her now, were to disappoint her. Pray, Sir, let us be gone.

[Pulls Manly.]

Man. Hold off. What, you are my Rival then; and therefore you shall stay, and keep the Door for me, whilst I go in for you: but, when I'm gone, if you dare to stir off from this very Board, or breath the least murmuring Accent, I'll cut her Throat first; and if you love her, you will not venture her Life; nay, then I'll cut your Throat too; and I know you love your own Life at least.

Fid. But, Sir, good Sir.

Man. Not a word more, lest I begin my Revenge on her by killing you.

Fid. But are you sure 'tis Revenge, that makes you do this? how can it be?

Man. Whist.

Fid. 'Tis a strange Revenge, indeed.

Man. If you make me stay, I shall keep my word, and begin with you. No more.

[Exit Manly, at the same Door Olivia went.]

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. O Heavens! is there not punishment enough in loving well, if you will have: a Crime;

But

But you must add fresh Torments daily to't,
 And punish us like peevish Rivals still,
 Because we fain wou'd find a Heaven here ?
 But did there never any love like me,
 That untry'd Tortures you must find me out ?
 Others, at worst, you force to kill themselves ;
 But I must be Self-murd'ers of my love,
 Yet will not grant me pow'r to end my Life,
 My cruel Life ; for when a Lover's hopes
 Are dead, and gone, Life is unmerciful.

[Sits down, and weeps,

Enter Manly to her.

Man. I have thought better on't ; I must not discover my self now, I am without Witnesses : for if I barely shou'd publish it, she wou'd deny it with as much impudence, as she wou'd act it again with this young Fellow here. Where are you ?

Fid. Here——oh——now I suppose we may be gone.

Man. I will, but not you ; you must stay, and act the second part of a Lover ; that is, talk kindness to her.

Fid. Not I, Sir.

Man. No disputing, Sir, you must : 'tis necessary to my design, of coming again to morrow night.

Fid. What, can you come again then hither ?

Man. Yes, and you must make the Appointment, and an Apology for your leaving her so soon ; for I have said not a word to her, but have kept your counsel, as I expect you shou'd do mine : do this faithfully, and I promise you here you shall run my Fortune still, and we will never part as long as we live ; but, if you do not do it, expect not to live.

Fid. 'Tis hard, Sir ; but such a consideration will make it easier : you won't forget your Promise, Sir ?

Man. No, by Heavens. But I hear her coming.

[Exit.
 Enter

Enter Olivia to Fidelia.

Oliv. Where is my Life? run from me already! you do not love me, dearest; nay, you are angry with me; for you wou'd not so much as speak a kind word to me within: What was the reason?

Fid. I was transported too much.

Oliv. That's kind; but come, my Soul, what make you here? let us go in again; we may be surpriz'd in this Room, 'tis so near the Stairs.

Fid. No, we shall hear the better here, if any Body shou'd come up.

Oliv. Nay, I assure you, we shall be secure enough within; Come, come——

Fid. I am sick, and troubled with a sudden dizziness; cannot stir yet.

Oliv. Come, I have Spirits within.

Fid. Oh!——don't you hear a Noise, Madam?

Oliv. No, no, there is none: Come, come. [*Pulls her.*]

Fid. Indeed there is; and I love you so much, I must have a care of your Honour, if you won't, and go; but to come to you to morrow night, if you please.

Oliv. With all my Soul; but you must not go yet: Come, prithee.

Fid. Oh!——I'm now sicker, and am afraid of one of my Fits.

Oliv. What Fits?

Fid. Of the Falling Sickness: and I lie generally an Hour in a Trance; therefore pray consider your Honour, for the sake of my love, and let me go, that I may return to you often.

Oliv. But will you be sure then to come to morrow night?

Fid. Yes.

Oliv. Swear.

Fid. By our past kindness.

Oliv. Well, go your ways then, if you will, you naughty Creature you.

Exit Fidelia.
These

These young Lovers, with their fears and modesty, make themselves as bad as old ones to us; and I apprehend their bashfulness, more than their tatling.

Fidelia returns.

Fid. O Madam, we're undone! there was a Gentleman upon the Stairs, coming up with a Candle; which made me retire, Look you, here he comes.

Enter Vernish and his Man with a Light.

Oliv. How! My Husband! Oh, undone indeed! This way. [*Exits*]

Ver. Ha! You shall not escape me so, Sir. [*Stops Fidelia*]

Fid. O Heavens! more Fear, Plagues, and Torments yet in Store! [*Aside.*]

Ver. Come, Sir, I guess what your business was here; but this must be your business now. Draw. [*Draws.*]

Fid. Sir——

Ver. No Expostulations: I shall not care to hear oft. Draw.

Fid. Good Sir.

Ver. How, you Rascal! not Courage to draw, yet durst do me the greatest injury in the World? Thy Cowardice shall not save thy Life.

[*Offers to run at Fidelia.*]

Fid. O hold, Sir, and send but your Servant down, and I'll satisfy you, Sir, I cou'd not injure you as you imagine.

Ver. Leave the Light, and be gone. [*Ex. Serv.*]
Now, quickly, Sir, what have you to say, or——

Fid. I am a Woman, Sir, a very unfortunate Woman.

Ver. How! a very handsome Woman I'm sure then: here are Witnesses of't too, I confess—— [*Pulls off her Peruke, and feels her Breasts.*]

Well, I'm glad to find the Tables turn'd, my Wife in more danger of Cuckolding, than I was. [*Aside.*]

Fid.

Fid. Now, Sir, I hope you are so much a Man of Honour, as to let me go, now I have satisfied you, Sir.

Ver. When you have satisfied me, Madam, I will.

Fid. I hope, Sir, you are too much a Gentleman, to urge those secrets from a Woman, which concern her Honour: You may guess my Misfortune to be Love, by my Disguise; but a pair of Breeches cou'd not wrong you, Sir,

Ver. I may believe Love has chang'd your outside, which cou'd not wrong me; but why did my Wife run away?

Fid. I know not, Sir, perhaps because she wou'd not be forc'd to discover me to you, or to guide me from your suspicions, that you might not discover me your self; which ungentleman like Curiosity I hope you will cease to have, and let me go.

Ver. Well, Madam, if I must not know who you are, 'twill suffice for me only to know certainly what you are: which you must not deny me. Come, there is a Bed within, the proper Rack for Lovers; and if you are a Woman, there you can keep no secrets, you'll tell me there all unask'd. Come.

[Pulls her.

Fid. Oh! what d'ye mean? Help, oh——

Ver. I'll show you; but 'tis in vain to cry out: no one dares help you, for I am Lord here.

Fid. Tyrant here; but if you are Master of this House, which I have taken for a Sanctuary, do not violate it your self.

Ver. No, I'll preserve you here, and nothing shall hurt you, and will be as true to you as your Disguise; but you must trust me then. Come, come.

Fid. Oh! oh! rather than you shou'd drag me to a Death so horrid and so shameful, I'll die here a thousand Deaths, but you do not look like a Ravisher, Sir.

Ver. Nor you like one wou'd put me to't, but if you will——

Fid. Oh! oh! help, help ——

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ver. You faucy Rascal, how durst you come in, when you heard a Woman squeak? that thou'd have been your Cue to shut the Door.

Serv. I come, Sir, to let you know, the Alderman coming home immediately after you were at his House, has sent his Casheer with the Money, according to your Note.

Ver. Damn his Money: Money never came to any sure unseasonably till now. Bid him stay.

Serv. He says, he cannot a Moment.

Ver. Receive it you then.

Serv. He says, he must have your Receipt for it: he is in haste, for I hear him coming up, Sir.

Ver. Damn him. Help me in here then with this dishonourer of my Family.

Fid. Oh! oh!

Serv. You say she is a Woman, Sir.

Ver. No matter, Sir: must you prate?

Fid. Oh Heavens! is there——

[They thrust her in, and lock the Door.]

Ver. Stay there, my Prisoner, you have a short Reprieve.

*I'll fetch the Gold, and that she can't resist,
For with a full hand 'tis we ravish best.*

[Exeunt.]

Finis Actus Quarti.

A R T.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Eliza's Lodgings.

Enter Olivia and Eliza.

Oliv. **A**H, Cousin, nothing troubles me, but that I have given the malicious World its Revenge, and Reason now to talk as freely of me, as I us'd to do of it.

Eliz. Faith, then let not that trouble you; for to be plain, Cousin, the World cannot talk worse of you, than it did before.

Oliv. How, Cousin? I'd have you to know, before this *faux pass*, this trip of mine, the World cou'd not talk of me.

Eliz. Only that you mind other Peoples Actions so much, that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a Thief, because you know your self most guilty, you impeach your Fellow-Criminals first, to clear your self.

Oliv. O wicked World!

Eliz. That you pretend an aversion to all Mankind in publick, only that their Wives and Mistresses may not be jealous, and hinder you of their Conversation in private.

Oliv. Base World!

Eliz. That abroad, you fasten quarrels upon innocent Men, for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask your pardon at home, and to become dear Friends with them, who were hardly your Acquaintance before.

Oliv. Abominable World!

Eliz. That you condemn the obscenity of modern Plays, only that you may not be censur'd for never missing the most obscene of the old ones.

Oliv. Damn'd World!

H

Eliz.

Eliz. That you deface the nudities of Pictures, and little Statues, only because they are not real.

Oliv. O, fie, fie, fie; hideous, hideous, Cousin! the obscenity of their Censures makes me blush.

Eliz. The truth of 'em, the naughty World wou'd say now.

Enter Lettice hastily.

Let. O, Madam! here is that Gentleman coming up, who now you say is my Master.

Oliv. O, Cousin! whither shall I run? protect me, or—— [*Olivia runs away, and stands at a distance.*]

Enter Vernish.

Ver. Nay, nay, come——

Oliv. O, Sir, forgive me.

Ver. Yes, yes, I can forgive you being alone in the dark with a Woman in Mans Cloaths; but have a care of a Man in Women's Cloaths.

Oliv. What does he mean? he dissembles, only to get me into his power: Or has my dear Friend made him believe he was a Woman? my Husband may be deceiv'd by him, but I'm sure I was not. [*Aside.*]

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lain out of your House for this; but perhaps you were afraid, when I was warm with suspicions, you must have discover'd who she was: And, prithee, may I not know it?

Oliv. She was—— (I hope he has been deceiv'd: and, since my Lover has plaid the Card, I must not renounce) [*Aside.*]

Ver. Come, what's the matter with thee? If I must not know who she is, I'm satisfied without. Come hither.

Oliv. Sure you do know her; she has told you her self, I suppose.

Ver. No, I might have known her better, but that I was interrupted by the Goldsmith you know, and was

was forc'd to lock her into your Chamber, to keep her from his sight ; but, when I return'd, I found she was got away, by tying the Window-Curtains to the Balcony, by which she slid down into the Street : for, you must know, I jested with her, and made her believe I'd ravish her ; which she apprehended, it seems, in earnest.

Oliv. Then she got from you ?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone ?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I'm glad on't— otherwise you had ravish'd her, Sir ? but how dar'ft you go so far, as to make her believe you wou'd ravish her ? let me understand that, Sir. What, there's guilt in your face, you blush too : nay, then you did ravish her, you did, you base Fellow. What, ravish a Woman in the first Month of our Marriage ! 'Tis a double injury to me, thou base, ungrateful Man ; wrong my Bed already, Villain ! I cou'd tear out those false Eyes, barbarous, unworthy Wretch.

Eliz. So, so ! ———

Ver. Prithee hear, my Dear.

Oliv. I will never hear you, my plague, my torment.

Ver. I swear—— prithe hear me.

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your false Oaths and Vows, especially your last in the Church. O wicked Man ! and wretched Woman that I was ! I wish I had then sunk down into a Grave, rather than to have given you my Hand, to be led to your loathsome Bed. Oh—— oh——

[Seems to weep.]

Ver. So, very fine ! just a Marriage Quarrel ! which tho' it generally begins by the Wife's fault, yet, in the conclusion, it becomes the Husband's ; and who-soever offends at first, he only is sure to ask pardon at last. My Dear——

Oliv. My Devil——

Ver. Come, prithe be pleas'd, and go home ; I have bespoken our Supper betimes : for I cou'd not

eat, till I found you. Go, I'll give you all kind of satisfactions; and one, which uses to be a reconciling one, two hundred of those Guineys I receiv'd last Night, to do what you will with.

Oliv. What, wou'd you pay me for being your Bawd?

Ver. Nay, prithee no more; go, and I'll thoroughly fatisfie you when I come home; and then, too, we will have a fit of laughter at *Manly*, whom I am going to find at the Cock in *Bow-street*, where I hear he din'd. Go, dearest, go home.

Eliz. A very pretty turn, indeed, this! [*Aside.*

Ver. Now, Cousin, since by my Wife I have that honour and privilege of calling you so, I have something to beg of you too; which is, not to take notice of our Marriage to any whatever, yet a while, for some reasons very important to me: and next, that you will do my Wife the honour to go home with her, and me the favour, to use that power you have with her, in our reconcilment.

Eliz. That I dare promise, Sir, will be no hard matter.

Your Servant.

[*Exit Vernish.*

Well, Cousin, this I confess was reasonable hypocrisie; you were the better for't.

Oliv. What hypocrisie?

Eliz. Why, this last deceit of your Husband was lawful, since in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit? I'd have you to know, I never deceiv'd my Husband.

Eliz. You do not understand me, sure; I say, this was an honest come-off, and a good one: but 'twas a sign your Gallant had had enough of your Conversation, since he cou'd so dextrously cheat your Husband in passing for a Woman?

Oliv. What d'ye mean, once more, with my Gallant, and passing for a Woman?

Eliz. What do you mean? you see your Husband took him for a Woman?

Oliv. Whom?

Eliz. Hey-day! why, the Man he found you with, for whom last Night you were so much afraid; and who you told me——

Oliv. Lord, you rave sure!

Eliz. Why, did not you tell me last Night——

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you last Night, in a fright.

Eliz. Ay, what was that fright for? for a Woman? besides, were you not afraid to see your Husband just now? I warrant, only for having been found with a Woman! nay, did you not just now too own your false step, or trip, as you call'd it? which was with a Woman too! Fie, this fooling is so insipid, 'tis offensive.

Oliv. And fooling with my Honour will be more offensive. Did you not hear my Husband say, he found me with a Woman in Mans Cloaths? and d'ye think he does not know a Man from a Woman?

Eliz. Not so well, I'm sure, as you do; therefore I'd rather take your word.

Oliv. What, you grow scurrillous, and are I find more censorious than the World! I must have a care you, I see.

Eliz. No, you need not fear yet; I'll keep your secret.

Oliv. My secret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of Confidants, tho' you value your self upon being a good one.

Eliz. O admirable confidence! you show more in denying your wickedness, than other people in glorying in't.

Oliv. Confidence, to me! to me such language! nay, then I'll never see your face again. I'll quarrel with her, that people may never believe I was in her power; but take for malice all the truth she may speak against me. [*Aside.*] Lettice, where are you? let us be gone from this censorious ill Woman.

Eliz. Nay, thou shalt stay a little, to damn thy self quite. [*Afide.*

One word first, pray Madam; can you swear that whom your Husband found you with——

Oliv. Swear! ay, that whosoever 'twas that stole up, unknown, into my Room, when 'twas dark, I know not whether Man or Woman, by Heav'ns, by all that's good; or, may I never more have joys here, or in the other World: nay, may I eternally——

Eliz. Be damn'd. So, so, you are damn'd enough already by your Oaths; and I enough confirm'd, and now you may please to be gone. Yet take this advice with you, in this Plain-dealing Age, to leave off forswearing your self; for when people hardly think the better of a Woman for her real modesty, why shou'd you put that great constraint upon your self to feign it?

Oliv. O hideous! hideous advice! Let us go out of the hearing of it. She will spoil us, *Lettrice.*

[*Ex. Oliv. and Let. at one door, Eliz. at t'other.*

*The Scene changes to the Cock in Bow-street,
A Table and Bottles.*

Manly and Fidelia.

Man. How! sav'd her Honour, by making her husband believe you were a Woman! 'twas well, but hard enough to do, sure.

Fid. We were interrupted before he cou'd contradict me.

Man. But can't you tell me, d'ye say, what kind of Man he was?

Fid. I was so frightned, I confess, I can give no other account of him, but that he was pretty tall, round fac'd, and one, I'm sure, I ne'er had seen before.

Man. But she, you say, made you swear to return to Night?

Fid.

Fid. But I have since sworn, never to go near her again; for the Husband wou'd murder me, or worse, if he caught me again.

Man. No, I will go with you, and defend you to Night, and then I'll swear too, never to go near her again.

Fid. Nay, indeed, Sir, I will not go, to be accessory to your Death too: Besides, what shou'd you go again, Sir, for?

Man. No disputing, or advice, Sir, you have reason to know I am unalterable. Go, therefore presently, and write her a Note, to enquire if her Assignment with you holds; and if not to be at her own House, where else? and be importunate to gain admittance to her to Night: Let your Messenger, e're he deliver your Letter, enquire first, if her Husband be gone out. Go, 'tis now almost six of the Clock; I expect you back here before seven, with leave to see her then. Go, do this dextrously, and expect the Performance of my last Night's Promise, never to part with you.

Fid. Ay, Sir; but will you be sure to remember that?

Man. Did I ever break my Word? Go, no more Replies, or Doubts. [Exit Fidelia.]

Enter Freeman to Manly.

Where hast thou been?

Free. In the next Room, with my Lord *Plausible* and *Novel*.

Man. Ay, we came hither, because 'twas a private House; but with thee indeed no House can be private, for thou hast that pretty Quality of the familiar Fops of the Town, who, in an Eating-house, always keep Company with all People in't, but those, they came with.

Free. I went into their Room, but to keep them and my own Fool the 'Squire, out of your Room;

but you shall be peevish now, because you have no Money: But why the Devil won't you write to those we were speaking of? since your Modesty, or your Spirit, will not suffer you to speak to 'em, to lend you Money, why won't you try 'em at last, that way?

Man. Because I know 'em already, and can bear Want better than Denials, nay, than Obligations.

Free. Deny you! they cannot: All of 'em have been your intimate Friends.

Man. No, they have been People only I have oblig'd particularly.

Free. Very well; therefore you ought to go to 'em the rather, sure.

Man. No, no: Those you have oblig'd most, most certainly avoid you, when you can oblige 'em no longer; and they take your Visits like so many Duns: Friends, like Mistresses, are avoided for Obligations past.

Free. Pshaw! But most of 'em are your Relations; Men of great Fortune and Honour.

Man. Yes; but Relations have so much Honour, as to think Poverty taints the Blood; and disown their wanting Kindred: Believing, I suppose, that, as Riches at first makes a Gentleman, the want of 'em degrades him. But damn 'em, now I am poor, I'll anticipate their Contempt, and disown them.

Free. But you have many a Female Acquaintance, whom you have been liberal to, who may have a Heart to refund to you a little, if you wou'd ask it: They are not all *Olivia's*.

Man. Damn thee! How cou'dst thou think of such a thing? I wou'd as soon rob my Footman of his Wages: Besides, 'twere in vain too: For a Wench is like a Box in an Ordinary, receives all Peoples Money easily, but there's no getting, nay, shaking any out again; and he that fills it, is sure never to keep the Key.

Free. Well,

Free. Well, but noble Captain, wou'd you make me believe that you, who know half the Town, have so many Friends, and have oblig'd so many, can't borrow fifty or an hundred Pound.

Man. Why, noble Lieutenant, you who know all the Town, and call all you know, Friends, methinks shou'd not wonder at it; since you find Ingratitude too; for how many Lords Families (tho' descended from Blacksmiths, or Tinkers) hast thou call'd Great and Illustrious? How many ill Tables call good Eating? How many noisie Coxcombs, Wits? How many pert coaching Cowards, Stout? How many taudry affected Rogues, well drest? How many Perukes admir'd? And how many ill Verses applauded? And yet canst not borrow a Shilling; dost thou expect I, who always spoke truth, shou'd?

Free. Nay, now you think you have paid me; but hark you, Captain, I have heard of a thing call'd grinning Honour, but never of starving Honour

Man. Well, but it has been the Fate of some brave Men: And if they won't give me a Ship again, I can go starve any where with a Musket on my Shoulder.

Free. Give you a Ship! why, you will not sollicit it?

Man. If I have not sollicitated it by my Services, I know no other way.

Free. Your Servant, Sir; nay, then I'm satisfied, I must sollicit my Widow the closer, and run the desperate Fortune of Matrimony on Shore. *Exit.*

Enter to Manly, Vernish.

Man. How! ——— Nay, here is a Friend indeed; and he that has him in his Arms, can know no wants.

[*Embraces Vernish.*

Ver. Dear Sir! and he that is in your Arms, is secure from all fears whatever; nay, our Nation is secure

cure by your Defeat at Sea, and the *Dutch* that fought against you, have prov'd Enemies to themselves only, in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fie, fie; this from a Friend? and yet from any other 'twere unsufferable: I thought I shou'd never have taken any thing ill from you.

Ver. A Friend's Privilege is to speak his Mind, tho' it be taken ill.

Man. But your Tongue need not tell me you think too well of me; I have found it from your Heart, which spoke in Actions, your unalterable Heart: But, *Olivia* is false, my Friend, which I suppose is no News to you.

Ver. He's in the right on't. [*Aside.*

Man. But could'st thou not keep her true to me?

Ver. Not for my Heart, Sir.

Man. But could you not perceive it at all before I went? Cou'd she so deceive us both.

Ver. I must confess, the first time I knew it, was three Days after your Departure, when she receiv'd the Money you had left in *Lombard-street*, in her Name; and her Tears did not hinder her it seems from counting that. You wou'd trust her with all, like a true generous Lover.

Man. And she like a mean Jilting ———

Ver. Trayterous ———

Man. Base ———

Ver. Damn'd ———

Man. Covetous ———

Ver. Mercenary Whore ———

(I can hardly hold from laughing.) [*Aside.*

Man. Ay, a Mercenary Whore indeed, for she made me pay her before I lay with her.

Ver. How! ——— Why, have you lain with her?

Man. Ay, ay.

Ver. Nay, she deserves you shou'd report it at least, tho' you have not.

Man. Report it! by Heav'n, 'tis true.

Ver. How! sure not.

Man. I

Man. I do not use to lie, nor you to doubt me.

Ver. When?

Man. Last Night, about seven or eight of the Clock.

Ver. Ha! — Now I remember, I thought she spake as if she expected some other, rather than me: A confounded Whore indeed! [*Aside.*

Man. But what, thou wonder'st at it! Nay, you seem to be angry too.

Ver. I cannot but be enrag'd against her, for her usage of you: damn'd, infamous, common Jade.

Man. Nay, her Cuckold, who first Cuckolded me in my Money, shall not laugh all himself; we will do him reason, shan't we?

Ver. Ay, ay.

Man. But thou dost not, for so great a Friend, take pleasure enough in your Friends Revenge, methinks.

Ver. Yes, yes; I'm glad to know it, since you have lain with her.

Man. Thou canst not tell me who that Rascal, her Cuckold is?

Ver. No.

Man. She wou'd keep it from you, I suppose.

Ver. Yes, yes. —

Man. Thou wou'dst laugh, if thou knewest but all the Circumstances of my having her. Come, I'll tell thee.

Ver. Damn her; I care not to hear any more of her.

Man. Faith thou shalt. You must know —

Enter

Enter Freeman backwards, endeavouring to keep out Novel, Lord Plausible, Jerry and Oldfox, who all press upon him.

Free. I tell you, he has a Wench with him, and wou'd be private.

Man. Damn 'em! a Man can't open a Bottle in these Eating-houses, but presently you have these impudent, intruding, buzzing Flies and Insects in your Glass——Well, I'll tell thee all anon. In the mean time, prithee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me but an hundred Pound of my Money, to supply my present Wants; for I suppose there is no recovering any of it by Law.

Ver. Not any; think not of it: nor by this way neither.

Man. Go try, at least.

Ver. I'll go; but I can satisfy you before-hand, it will be to no purpose: You'll no more find a refunding Wench——

Man. Than a refunding Lawyer; indeed their Fees alike scarce ever return: However, try her, put it to her.

Ver. Ay, ay, I'll try her, put it to her home, with a Vengeance. [*Exit Vernish.*

Manet cæteri.

Nov. Nay, you shall be our Judge, *Manly*. Come, Major, I'll speak it to your Teeth: If People provoke me to say bitter things, to their Faces, they must take what follows; tho', like my Lord *Plausible*, I'd rather do't civilly behind their Backs.

Man. Nay, thou art a dangerous Rogue, I've heard, behind a Man's Back.

L. Plaus.

L. Plauf. You wrong him sure, noble Captain; he wou'd do a Man no more harm behind his Back, than to his Face.

Free. I am of my Lord's Mind.

Man. Yes, a Fool, like a Coward, is the more to be fear'd behind a Man's Back, more than a witty Man: For, as a Coward is more bloody than a brave Man, a Fool is more malicious than a Man of Wit.

Nov. A Fool, Tar——a Fool! Nay, thou art a brave Sea-Judge of Wit! a Fool! Prithee when did you ever find me want something to say, as you do often?

Man. Nay, I confess, thou art always talking, roaring, or making a Noise, that I'll say for thee.

Nov. Well, and is talking a Sign of a Fool?

Man. Yes, always talking; especially too if it be loud and fast, is the Sign of a Fool.

Nov. Pshaw! Talking is like Fencing, the quicker the better; run 'em down, run 'em down, no matter for parring; push on still, fa, fa, fa: No matter whether you argue in Form, push in Guard, or no.

Man. Or hit, or no; I think thou always talk'st without thinking, *Novel.*

Nov. Ay, ay; study'd Play's the worse, to follow the Allegory, as the old Pedant says.

Old. A young Fop!

Man. I ever thought the Man of most Wit had been like him of most Money, who has no Vanity in shewing it every where; whilst the beggarly pusher of his Fortune, has all he has about him still, only to show.

Nov. Well, Sir, and make a very pretty Show in the World, let me tell you; nay, a better than your close Hunks: A Pox, give me ready Money in Play? What care I for a Man's Reputation? What are we the better for your substantial thrifty Curmudgeon in Wit, Sir?

Old. Thou art a profuse young Rogue indeed.

Nov.

Nov. So much for talking; which I think I have prov'd a mark of Wit; and so is Railing, Roaring, and making a Noise: for, Railing is Satyr, you know; and Roaring, and making a Noise, Humour.

Enter to them Fidelia, taking Manly aside, and shewing him a Paper.

Fid. The Hour is betwixt seven and eight exactly: 'tis now half an Hour after six.

Man. Well, go then to the Piazza, and wait for me; as soon as it is quite dark, I'll be with you: I must stay here yet a while for my Friend. But is Railing, Satyr, *Novel!* [Exit Fid.]

Free. And Roaring, and making a Noise, Humour?

Nov. What, won't you confess there's Humour in Roaring, and making a Noise.

Free. No.

Nov. Nor in cutting Napkins and Hangings?

Man. No sure.

Nov. Dull Fops!

Old. O Rogue, Rogue, insipid Rogue! Nay, Gentlemen, allow him those things for Wit; for his Parts lie only that way.

Nov. Peace, old Fool, I wonder not at thee; but that young Fellows shou'd be so dull, as to say, there's no Humour in making a Noise, and breaking Windows! I tell you, there's Wit and Humour too, in both: And a Wit is as well known by his Frolick, as by his Smíle.

Old. Pure Rogue! there's your modern Wit for you! Wit and Humour in breaking of Windows! There's Mischief if you will; but no Wit or Humour.

Nov. Prithee, prithee peace, old Fool, I tell you, where there's Mischief, there's Wit. Don't we esteem the Monkey a Wit amongst Beasts, only because he's mischievous? And let me tell you, as good Nature

is a sign of a Fool, being mischievous, is a sign of a Wit.

Old. O Rogue, Rogue! pretend to be a Wit, by doing Mischief and Railing.

Nov. Why, thou old Fool, hast no other pretence to the Name of a Wit, but by railing at new Plays.

Old. Thou, by Railing at that facetious, noble way of Wit, quibbling.

Nov. Thou call'st thy dullness, gravity; and thy dozing, thinking.

Old. You, Sir, your dulness, spleen: and you talk much and say nothing.

Nov. Thou read'st much, and understand'st nothing, Sir.

Old. You laugh loud, and break no Jest.

Nov. You rail, and no body hangs himself: And thou hast nothing of the Satyr, but in thy Face.

Old. And you have no Jest, but your Face, Sir.

Nov. Thou art an illiterate Pedant.

Old. Thou art a Fool, with a bad Memory.

Man. Come, a Pox on you both, you have done like Wits now; for you Wits, when you quarrel, never give over till ye prove one another Fools.

Nov. And you Fools have never any occasion of laughing at us Wits, but when we quarrel: therefore let us be Friends, *Oldfox.*

Man. They are such Wits as thou art, who make the Name of a Wit as scandalous as that of Bully; and signifie a loud-laughing, talking, incorrigible Coxcomb; as Bully, a roaring, hardned Coward.

Free. And wou'd have his noise and laughter pass for Wit; as t'other his huffing and blustering, for Courage.

Enter Vernish.

Man. Gentlemen, with your leave, here is one I wou'd speak with, and I have nothing to say to you.

[*Puts 'em out of the Room.*

Manet

Manet Manly, Vernish.

Ver. I told you 'twas in vain, to think of getting Money out of her : she says, if a Shilling wou'd do't, she wou'd not save you from starving or hanging, or what you wou'd think worse, begging or flattering ; and rails so at you, one wou'd not think you had lay'n with her.

Man. O, Friend, never trust for that matter, a Womans railing : for she is no less a dissembler in her hatred than her love : And as her fondness of her Husband is a sign he's a Cuckold, her railing at another Man is a sign she lies with him.

Ver. He's in the right on't : I know not what to trust to. [*Aside.*

Man. But you did not take any notice of it to her, I hope ?

Ver. So !—— Sure he is afraid I shou'd have disprov'd him, by an enquiry of her : all may be well yet. [*Aside.*

Man. What hast thou in thy Head, that makes thee seem so unquiet ?

Ver. Only this base, impudent Womans falseness : I cannot put her out of my Head.

Man. O my dear Friend, be not you too sensible of my wrongs, for then I shall feel 'em too with more pain, and think 'em unsufferable. Damn her, her Money, and that ill-natur'd Whore too, Fortune her self ; but if thou wou'dst ease a little my present trouble, prithee go borrow me somewhere else some Money : I can trouble thee.

Ver. You trouble me indeed, most sensibly, when you command me any thing I cannot do : I have lately lost a great deal of Money at Play, more than I can yet pay ; so that not only my Money, but my Credit too is gone, and know not where to borrow ; but cou'd rob a Church for you. (Yet wou'd rather end your Wants, by cutting your Throat.) [*Aside.*

Man.

Man. Nay, then I doubly feel my poverty, since I'm incapable of supplying thee. [*Embraces Vernish.*]

Ver. But, methinks, she that granted you the last favour, (as they call it) shou'd not deny you any thing——

Nov. Hey, Tarpaulin, have you done?

[*Novel looks in, and retires again.*]

Ver. I understand not that point of kindness, I confefs.

Man. No, thou dost not understand it, and I have not time to let you know all now, for these Fools, you see, will interrupt us; but anon, at Supper, we'll laugh at leisure together, at *Olivia's* Cuckold; who took a young Fellow, that goes between his Wife and me, for a Woman.

Ver. Ha!

Man. Senseless, easie Rascal! 'twas no wonder she chose him for a Husband; but she thought him, I thank her, fitter than me, for that blind, bearing Office.

Ver. I cou'd not be deceiv'd in that long Womans Hair ty'd up behind; nor those infallible proofs, her pouting, swelling Breasts: I have handled too many sure not to know 'em. [*Aside.*]

Man. What, you wonder the Fellow cou'd be such a blind Coxcomb?

Ver. Yes, yes—— [*Novel looks in again, and retires.*]

Nov. Nay, prithee come to us, *Manly*; Gad, all the fine things one says in their Company, are lost without thee.

Man. Away, Fop, I'm busie yet. You see we cannot talk here at our ease; besides, I must be gone immediately, in order to meeting with *Olivia* again to Night.

Ver. To Night! it cannot be, sure——

Man. I had an appointment just now from her.]

Ver. For what time?

Man. At half an Hour after seven precisely.

Ver. Don't you apprehend the Husband?

Man. He! snivelling Gull! he a thing to be fear'd!
a Husband! the tameſt of Creatures!

Ver. Very fine!

[*Aſide.*

Man. But, prithee, in the mean time, go try to get me ſome Money. Tho' thou art too modeſt to borrow for thy ſelf, thou canſt do any thing for me, I know. Go; for I muſt be gone to *Olivia*: go, and meet me here anon.—*Freeman*, where are you?
[*Exit Manly.*

Manet Verniſh.

Ver. Ay, I'll meet with you, I warrant; but it ſhall be at *Olivia's*. Sure it cannot be; ſhe denies it ſo calmly, and with that honeſt, modeſt aſſurance, it can't be true—and he does not uſe to lye—but belying a Woman, when ſhe won't be kind, is the only lye a brave Man will leaſt ſcruple. But then the Woman in Mans Cloaths, whom he calls a Man—well, but, by her Breaſts, I know her to be a Woman:—But then, again, his appointment from her, to meet with him to Night! I am diſtracted more with doubt than jealouſie. Well, I have no way to diſabuſe or revenge my ſelf, but by going home immediately, putting on a riding Suit, and pretending to my Wife the ſame buſineſs which carry'd me out of Town laſt, requires me again to go Poſt to *Oxford* to Night; then, if the appointment he boaſts of be true, its ſure to hold; and I ſhall have an opportunity either of clearing her, or revenging my ſelf on both. Perhaps ſhe is his Wench, of an old date, and I am his Cully, whiſt I think him mine; and he has ſeem'd to make his Wench rich only that I might take her off his hands: or if he has but lately lain with her, he muſt needs diſcover, by her, my treachery to him; which I'm ſure he will revenge with my Death, and which I muſt prevent with his, if it were only but for fear of his too juſt Reproaches; for, I muſt confeſs, I never had till now any excuſe,
but

but that of Int'rest, for doing ill to him.

[*Exit Vernish.*]

Re-enter Manly and Freeman.

Man. Come hither, only, I say, be sure you mistake not the time; you know the House exactly where *Olivia* lodges; 'tis just hard by.

Free. Yes, yes.

Man. Well then, bring 'em all, I say, thither, and all you know that may be then in the House; for the more Witnesses I have of her infamy, the greater will be my revenge: and be sure you come streight up to her Chamber, without more ado. Here, take the Watch, you see 'tis above a quarter past seven; be there in half an Hour exactly.

Free. You need not doubt my diligence, or dexterity; I am an old Scowrer, and can naturally beat up a Wenches Quarters that won't be civil. Shan't we break her Windows too?

Man. No, no; be punctual only. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

Enter Widow Blackacre, and two Knights of the Post; a Waiter with Wine.

Wid. Sweet-heart, are you sure the Door was shut close, that none of those Roysters saw us come in?

Wait. Yes, Mistress; and you shall have a privater Room above, instantly. [*Ex. Wait.*]

Wid. You are safe enough, Gentlemen, for I have been private in this House e're now, upon other occasions, when I was something younger. Come, Gentlemen, in short, I leave my business to your care and fidelity: and so, here's to you.

1 *Knicht.* We were ungrateful Rogues, if we shou'd not be honest to you; for we have had a great deal of your Money.

Wid. And you have done me many a good job for't: and so, here's to you again.

2 Knight. Why, we have been perjur'd but six times for you.

1 Knight. Forg'd but four Deeds, with your Husbands last Deed of Gift.

2 Knight. And but three Wills.

1 Knight. And counterfeit'd Hands and Seals to some six Bonds: I think that's all, Brother.

Wid. Ay, that's all, Gentlemen; and so here's to you again.

2 Knight. Nay, 'twou'd do ones Heart good to be forsworn for you; you have a Conscience in your ways, and pay us well.

1 Knight. You are in the right on't, Brother; one wou'd be damn'd for her, with all ones Heart.

2 Knight. But there are Rogues, who make us forsworn for 'em; and when we come to be paid, they'll be forsworn too, and not pay us our Wages, which they promis'd with Oaths sufficient.

1 Knight. Ay, a great Lawyer, that shall be nameless, bilkt me too.

Wid. That was hard, methinks, that a Lawyer shou'd use Gentlemen Witnesses no better.

2 Knight. A Lawyer! d'ye wonder a Lawyer shou'd do't? I was bilk'd by a Reverend Divine, that preaches twice on Sundays, and prays half an hour still before Dinner.

Wid. How? a Conscientious Divine, and not pay People for damning themselves! Sure then, for all his talking, he does not believe Damnation. But come, to our Business: pray be sure to imitate exactly the flourish at the end of this Name.

[Pulls out a Deed or two.]

1 Knight. O, he's the best in *England*, at untangling a flourish, Madam.

Wid. And let not the Seal be a jot bigger: observe well the dash too, at the end of this Name.

2 Knight. I warrant you, Madam.

Wid.

Wid. Well these, and many other shifts, poor Widows are put to sometimes; for every Body wou'd be riding a Widow, as they say, and breaking into her Jointure: they think marrying a Widow an easie business, like leaping the Hedge, where another has gone over before; a Widow is a meer Gap, a Gap with them.

Enter to them Major Oldfox, with two Waiters.

[*The Knights of the Post buddle up the Writings.*
What, he here! go then, go, my Hearts, you have your instructions. [*Ex. Knights of the Post.*

Old. Come, Madam, to be plain with you, I'll be fob'd off no longer. I'll bind her and gag her, but she shall hear me. [*Aside.*

Look you, Friends, there's the Money I promis'd you; and now do you what you promis'd me: here are my Garters, and here's a Gag: you shall be acquainted with my Parts, Lady, you shall.

Wid. Acquainted with your Parts! A Rape, a Rape—what, will you ravish me? [*The Waiters tye her to the Chair, and Gag her, and Ex.*

Old. Yes, Lady, I will ravish you; but it shall be through the Ear, Lady, the Ear only, with my well pen'd Acrosticks.

Enter to them Freeman, Jerry Blackacre, three Bayliffs, a Constable and his Assistants, with the two Knights of the Post.

What, shall I never read my things undisturb'd again?

Ferr. O Law! my Mother bound Hand and Foot, and gaping, as if she rose before her time to Day.

Free. What means this, *Oldfox*? But I'll release you from him: you shall be no Man's Prisoner, but mine. Bayliffs, execute your Writ.

[*Freeman unties her.*

Old. Nay, then I'll be gone, for fear of being Bail, and paying her Debts without being her Husband.

[*Exit Oldfox.*

1 Bay. We arrest you in the King's Name, at the Suit of Mr. *Freeman*, Guardian to *Jeremiah Blackacre*, Esq; in an Action of ten thousands Pounds.

Wid. How! how! in a Choak-Bayl Action! What, and the Pen and Ink Gentlemen, taken too! have you confest, you Rogues?

1 Knight. We needed not to confest; for the Bayliffs dog'd us hither to the very Door, and overheard all that you and we said.

Wid. Undone, undone then! no Man was ever too hard for me till now. O *Ferry*, Child, wilt thou vex again the Womb that bore thee?

Ferr. Ay, for bearing me before Wedlock, as you say: But I'll teach you to call a *Blackacre* a Bastard, tho' you were never so much my Mother.

Wid. Well, I'm undone: not one trick left? no Law-Meush imaginable? [*Aside.*

Cruel, Sir, a word with you, I pray.

Free. In vain, Madam; for you have no other way to release your self, but by the Bonds of Matrimony.

Wid. How, Sir, how! that were but to sue out an *Habeas Corpus*, for a removal from one Prison to another. Matrimony!

Free. Well, Bayliffs, away with her.

Wid. O stay, Sir, can you be so cruel, as to bring me under Covert-Baron again? and put it out of my power to sue in my own Name. Matrimony to a Woman is worse than Excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the Law: and I wou'd rather be depriv'd of Life. But hark you, Sir, I am contented you shou'd hold and enjoy my Person by Lease or Patent, but not by the Spiritual Patent, call'd a Licence; that is, to have the Privileges of a Husband, without the Dominion; that is, *Durante bene placito*: in consideration of which, I will out of my Jointure, secure you an Annuity of three hundred Pounds

Pounds a Year, and pay your Debts ; and that's all you younger Brothers desire to marry a Widow for, I'm sure.

Free. Well, Widow, if——

Ferr. What, I hope, Bully-Guardian, you are not making Agreements without me ?

Free. No, no. First, Widow, you must say no more that he is a Son of a Whore ; have a care of that : And then, he must have a settled Exhibition of forty pounds a Year, and a Nag of Affizes, kept by you, but not upon the Common ; and have free ingress, egress and regress to and from your Maids Garret.

Wid. Well, I can grant all that too.

Ferr. Ay, ay, fair Words butter no Cabbage ; but, Guardian, make her Sign, Sign and Seal : for otherwise, if you knew her as well as I, you wou'd not trust her Word for a Farthing.

Free. I warrant thee, Squire. Well, Widow, since thou art so generous, I will be generous too ; and if you'll secure me four hundred pound a Year, but during your Life, and pay my Debts, not above a thousand Pound ; I'll bate you your Person, to dispose of as you please.

Wid. Have a care, Sir, a Settlement without a Consideration, is void in Law : you must do something for't.

Free. Prithee, then let the Settlement on me be call'd Alimony : and the Consideration, our Separation : Come, my Lawyer, with Writings ready drawn, is within, and in haste. Come.

Wid. But, what, no other kind of consideration, Mr. *Freeman* ? well, a Widow, I see, is a kind of a *sine cure*, by custom of which the unconscionable Incumbent enjoys the Profits, without any Duty, but does that still elsewhere. [*Ex. omnes.*

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Olivia with a Candle in her Hand.

Oliv. So, I am now prepar'd once more for my timorous young Lover's Reception: my Husband is gone; and go thou out too, thou next Interrupter of Love — [Puts out the Candle.] kind Darkness, that frees us Lovers from Scandal and Bashfulness, from the Censure of our Gallants, and the World — So, are you there?

Enter to Olivia, Fidelia, follow'd softly by Manly.

Come, my dear punctual Lover, there is not such another in the World, thou hast Beauty and Youth to please a Wife; Address and Wit, to amuse and fool a Husband; nay, thou hast all things to be wish'd in a Lover, but your Fits: I hope, my Dear, you won't have one to Night; and that you may not, I'll lock the Door, tho' there be no need of it, but to lock out your Fits; for my Husband is just gone out of Town again. Come, where are you?

[Goes to the Door, and locks it.]

Man. Well, thou hast Impudence enough to give me fits too, and make Revenge it self impotent, hinder me from making thee yet more infamous, if it can be.

[Aside.]

Oliv. Come, come, my Soul, come.

Fid. Presently, my Dear, we have time enough, sure.

Oliv. How! Time enough! True Lovers can no more think they ever have Time enough, than Love enough: You shall stay with me all Night; but that is but a Lover's Moment. Come.

Fid. But

Fid. But won't you let me give you and my self the Satisfaction of telling you how I abus'd your Husband last Night?

Oliv. Not when you can give me, and your self too, the Satisfaction of abusing him again to Night. Come.

Fid. Let me but tell you how your Husband——

Oliv. O name not his, or *Manly's* more loathsome Name, if you love me; I forbid 'em last Night: And you know I mention'd my Husband but once, and he came. No talking, pray, 'twas ominous to us. You make me fancy a Noise at the Door already, but I'm resolv'd not to be interrupted. [*A Noise at the Door.*] Where are you? Come, for, rather than lose my dear Expectation now, tho' my Husband were at the Door, and the bloody Ruffian *Manly* here in the Room, with all his awful Insolence, I wou'd give my self to this dear Hand, to be led away, to Heavens of Joys, which none but thou canst give. But what's this Noise at the Door? So, I told you what talking wou'd come to. [*The Noise at the Door increases.*] Ha!——O Heavens, my Husband's Voice!——

[*Olivia listens at the Door.*

Man. Freeman is come too soon. [*Aside.*

Oliv. O, 'tis he!——Then here's the happiest Minute lost, that ever bashful Boy, or trifling Woman fool'd away! I'm undone! my Husband's Reconciliation too was false, as my Joy, all Delusion: But come this way, here's a Back-door.

[*Exit, and returns.*

The officious Jade has lock'd us in, instead of locking others out; but let us then escape your way, by the Balcony; and whilst you pull down the Curtains, I'll fetch from my Closet, what next will best secure our Escape: I have left my Key in the Door, and 'twill not suddenly be broke open. [*Exit.*

[*A Noise as it were People forcing the Door.*

Man. Stir not, yet fearing nothing.

Fid. Nothing but your Life, Sir.

Man. We

Man. We shall know this happy Man she calls Husband.

Olivia re-enters.

Oliv. Oh, where are you? What, idle with fear? Come, I'll tie the Curtains, if you will hold. Here, take this Cabinet and Purse, for it is thine, if we escape; [*Manly takes from her the Cabinet and Purse.* therefore let us make haste. [*Ex. Oliv.*

Man. 'Tis mine indeed now again, and it shall never escape more from me, to you, at least.

[*The Door broke open, Enter Vernish alone, with a dark Lanthorn and a Sword, running at Manly, who draws, puts by the Thrust, and defends himself, whilst Fidelia runs at Vernish behind.*

Ver. So, there I'm right sure— [*With a low Voice.*

Man. softly. Sword and dark Lanthorn, Villain, are some odds; but——

Ver. Odds! I'm sure I find more odds than I expected: What, has my insatiable two Seconds at once? But—— [*With a low Voice.*

[*Whilst they fight, Olivia re-enters, tying two Curtains together.*

Oliv. Where are you now?——What, is he entered then, and are they fighting? O do not kill one that can make no defence. [*Manly throws Vernish down, and disarms him.*] How! but I think he has the better on't: Here's his Scarf, 'tis he. So, keep him down still: I hope thou hast no hurt, my dearest?

[*Embracing Manly.*

Enter

Enter to them Freeman, Lord Plausible, Novel, Jerry Blackacre, and the Widow Blackacre, lighted in by the two Sailors with Torches.

Ha!———what?———*Manly!* And have I been thus concern'd for him, embracing him! And has he his Jewels again too? What means this? O, 'tis too sure, as well as my Shame! which I'll go hide for ever.

[Offers to go out, and Manly stops her.

Man. No, my dearest, after so much Kindness as has past between us, I cannot part with you yet. *Freeman*, let no Body stir out of the Room; for notwithstanding your Lights, we are yet in the Dark, 'till this Gentleman please to turn his Face———

[Pulls Vernish by the Sleeve.

How! *Vernish!* Art thou the happy Man then? Thou! Thou! speak, I say; but thy guilty silence tells me all———well, I shall not upbraid thee; for my Wonder is striking me as dumb, as thy Shame has made thee. But what? my little Volunteer hurt, and fainting!

Fid. My Wound, Sir, is but a sliſe one in my Arm; 'tis only my fear of your danger, Sir, not yet well over.

Man. But what's here? more strange things!

[Observing *Fidelia's* Hair untied behind, and without a Peruke, which she lost in the Scuffle.

What means this long Woman's Hair, and Face! Now all of it appears too beautiful for a Man; which I still thought Womanish indeed! what, you have not deceiv'd me too, my little Volunteer?

Oliv. Me she has, I'm sure.

[Aside.

Man. Speak.

Enter

Enter Eliza and Lettice.

Eliz. What, Cousin, I am brought hither by your Woman, I suppose, to be a Witness of the second Vindication of your Honour?

Oliv. Insulting is not generous: You might spare me, I have you.

Eliz. Have a care, Cousin, you'll confess anon too much; and I wou'd not have your Secrets.

Man. Come, your Blushes answer me sufficiently, and you have been my Volunteer in Love.

[*To Fidelity.*

Fid. I must confess, I needed no Compulsion to follow you all the World over; which I attempted in this Habit, partly out of Shame to own my Love to you, and fear of a greater Shame, your Refusal of it: for I knew of your Engagement to this Lady, and the Constancy of your Nature; which nothing cou'd have alter'd, but her self.

Man. Dear Madam, I desir'd you to bring me out of Confusion, and you have given me more: I know not what to speak to you, or how to look upon you; the Sense of my rough, hard, and ill Usage of you, (tho' chiefly your own Fault) gives me more Pain now 'tis over, than you had, when you suffer'd it: And if my Heart, the Refusal of such a Woman, [*Pointing to Olivia*] were not a Sacrifice to prophan your Love, and a greater Wrong to you than ever yet I did you; I wou'd beg of you to receive it, tho' you us'd it, as she had done; for tho' it deserv'd not from her the Treatment she gave it, it does from you.

Fid. Then it has had Punishment sufficient for her already, and needs no more from me; and, I must confess, I wou'd not be the only cause of making you break your last Night's Oath to me, of never parting with me: if you do not forget, or repent it.

Man. Then

Man. Then take for ever my Heart, and this with it; [*Gives her the Cabinet.*] for 'twas given to you before, and my Heart was before your due; I only beg leave to dispose of these few—Here, Madam, I never yet left my Wench unpaid. [*Takes some*

of the Jewels, and offers 'em to Olivia; she strikes 'em down: Plausible and Novel take 'em up.

Oliv. So it seems, by giving her the Cabinet.

L. Plaus. These Pendants appertain to your most faithful humble Servant.

Nov. And this Locket is mine; my earnest for Love, which she never paid: therefore my own again.

Wid. By what Law, Sir, pray? Cousin Olivia, a word: What do they make a Seizure on your Goods and Chattels, *vi & armis*? Make your Demand, I say, and bring your Trover, bring your Trover. I'll follow the Law for you.

Oliv. And I my Revenge.

[*Exit. Oliv.*

Man. to Ver. But 'tis my Friend, in your Consideration most, that I would have return'd part of your Wife's Portion; for 'twere hard to take all from thee, since thou hast paid so dear for't, in being such a Rascal: Yet thy Wife is a Fortune without a Portion; and thou art a Man of that extraordinary merit in Villany, the World and Fortune can never desert thee, tho' I do; therefore be not melancholly. Fare you well, Sir. [*Ex. Vernish doggedly.* Now, Madam, I beg your Pardon, [*Turning to Fidelia*] for lessening the Present I made you; but my Heart can never be lessened: This, I confess, was too small for you before; for you deserve the *Indian* World; and I would now go thither, out of Covetousness for your sake only.

Fid. Your Heart, Sir, is a Present of that Value, I can never make any return to't; [*Pulling Manly from the Company.*] but I can give you back such a Present as this, which I got by the Loss of my Father, a Gentleman of the North, of no mean Extraction, whose

whose only Child I was, therefore left me in the present Possession of two thousand Pounds a Year; which I left with multitudes of Pretenders, to follow you, Sir; having in several publick Places seen you, and observ'd your Actions throughly, with Admiration, when you were too much in Love to take notice of mine, which yet was but too visible. The Name of my Family is *Grey*, my other *Fidelia*: The rest of my Story you shall know when I have fewer Auditors.

Man. Nay, now, Madam, you have taken from me all power of making you any Complement on my part; for I was going to tell you, that for your sake only, I wou'd quit the unknown Pleasure of a Retirement; and rather stay in this ill World of ours still, tho' odious to me, than give you more Frights again at Sea, and make again too great a Venture there, in you alone. But if I shou'd tell you now all this, and that your Virtue (since greater than I thought any was in the World) had now reconcil'd me to't, my Friend here wou'd say, 'tis your Estate that has made me Friends with the World.

Free. I must confess, I shou'd; for I think most of our Quarrels to the World, are just such as we have to a handsome Woman: only because we cannot enjoy her as we wou'd do.

Man. Nay, if thou art a *Plain-dealer* too, give me thy Hand; for now I'll say, I am thy Friend indeed: And for your twofakes, tho' I have been so lately deceiv'd in Friends of both Sexes;

*I will believe there are now in the World
Good-natur'd Friends, who are not Prostitutes,
And handsome Women worthy to be Friends:
Yet, for my sake, let no one e're confide
In Tears, or Oaths, in Love, or Friend untry'd.*

[*Ex. omnes.*

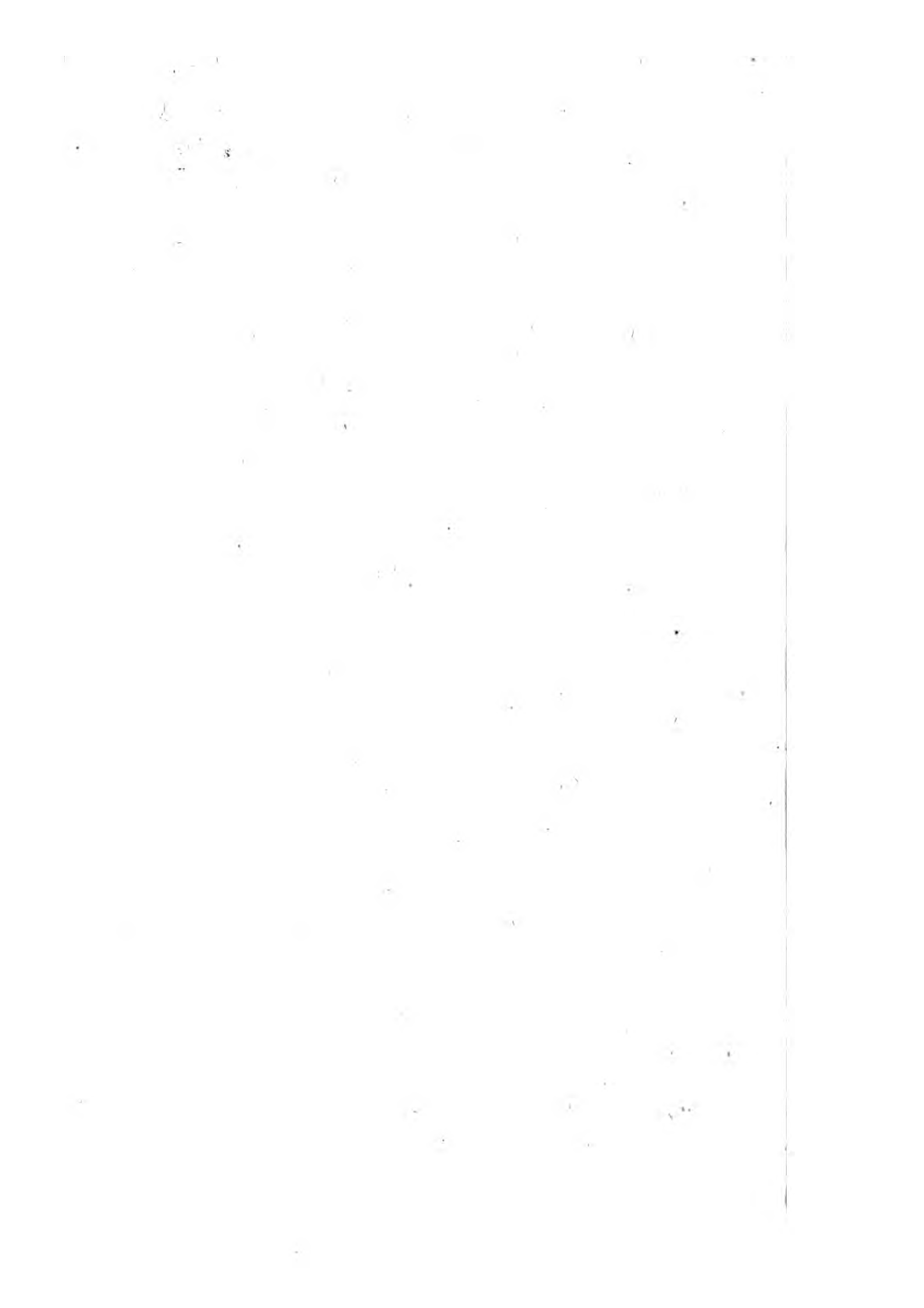
F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the *Widow Blackacre*.

TO you the Judges learned in Stage-Laws,
Our Poet now, by me, submits his Cause ;
For with young Judges, such as most of you,
The Men by Women best, their Business do :
And, Truth on't is, if you did not sit here,
To keep for us a Term throughout the Year,
We cou'd not live by'r Tongues: Nay, but for you,
Our Chamber-practice wou'd be little too.
And 'tis not only the Stage-Practicer
Who, by your meeting, gets her Living here ;
For, as in Hall of Westminster,
Sleek Sempstresses vents, amidst the Courts, her Ware :
So, while we baul, and you in Judgment sit,
The Visor-Mask sells Linen too i'th' Pit.
O, many of your Friends, besides us here,
Do live by putting off their sev'ral Ware.
Here's daily done the great Affair o'th' Nation ;
Let Love and Us then, ne'er have Long-Vacation.
But hold ; like other Pleaders, I have done
Not my poor Clients Bus'ness, but my own.
Spare me a Word then, now, for him. First know,
Squires of the Long-Robe, he does humbly show,
He has a just Right in abusing you ;
Because he is a Brother-Templar too :
For at the Bar you railly one another ;
And, Fool and Knave, is swallow'd from a Brother :
If not the Poet here, the Templar spare,
And maul him, when you catch him at the Bar.
From you, our common modish Censurers,
Your Favour, not your Judgment, 'tis he fears :
Of all Loves begs you then to rail, find fault :
For Plays, like Women, by the World are thought
(When you speak kindly of 'em) very naught.

}
THE



T H E
Country-Wife,
A
COMEDY,

Acted at the
Theatre-Royal.

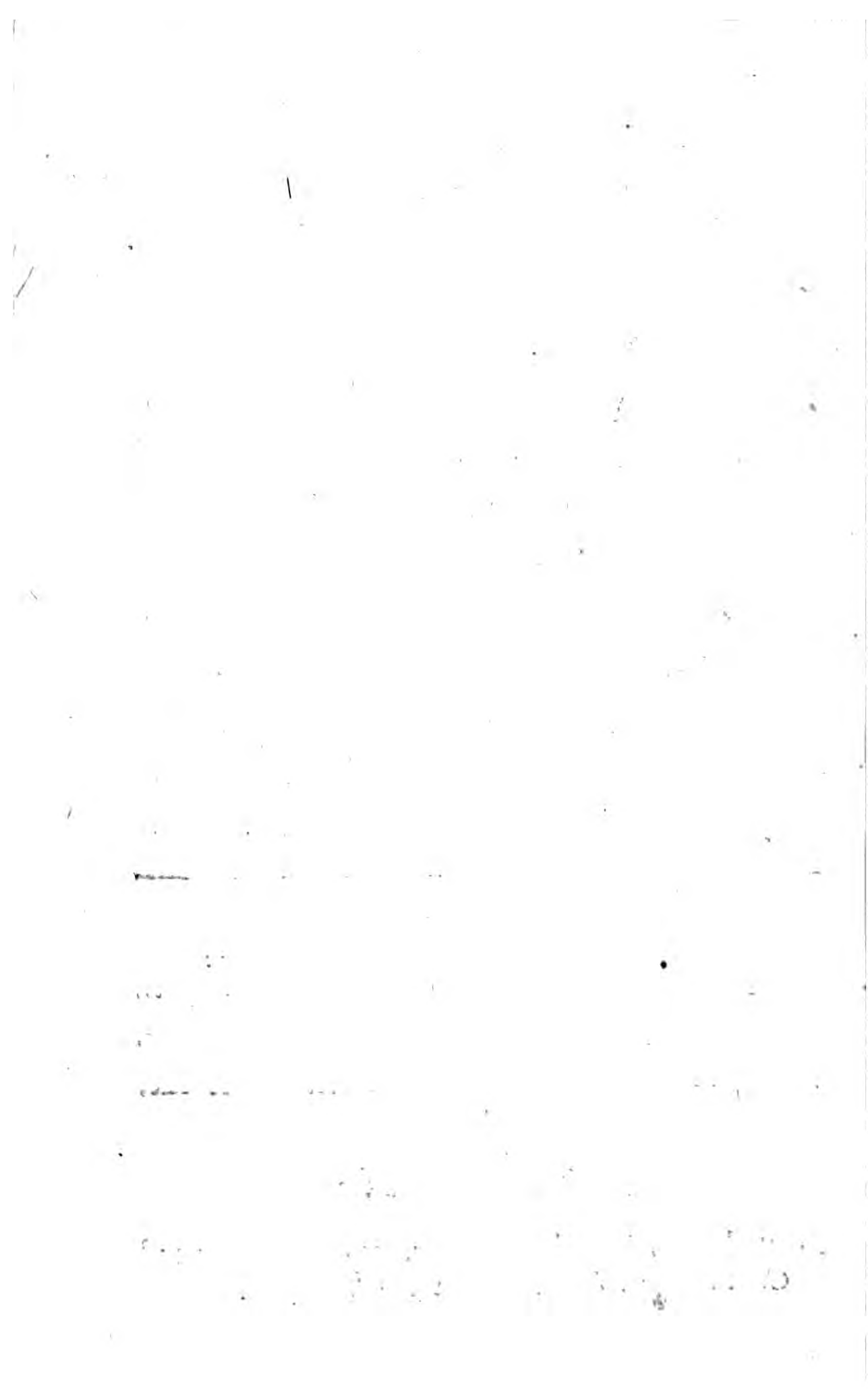
Written by Mr. *Wycherley*.

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam Antiquis, sed honorem & præmia poscè*

Horat.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Dolphin* and
Crown in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1712.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Hart.

POets, like Cudgel'd Bullies, never do
At first, or second blow, submit to you;
But will provoke you still, and ne'er have done,
Till you are weary first, with laying on:
The late so baffled Scribler of this day,
Though he stands trembling, bids me boldly say,
What we before most Plays are us'd to do,
For Poets out of fear, first draw on you;
In a fierce Prologue, the still Pit desire,
And e'er you speak, like Castril, give the lye;
But though our Bayses Battles oft I've fought,
And with bruis'd knuckles, their dear Conquests bought;
Nay, never yet fear'd Odds upon the Stage,
In Prologue dare not Hector with the Age,
But wou'd take Quarter from your saving hands,
Though Bayse within all yielding Countermands,
Says you Confed'rate Wits no Quarter give,
Ther'fore his Play shan't ask your leave to live:
Well, let the vain rash Fop, by huffing so,
Think to obtain the better terms of you;
But we, the Actors, humbly will submit,
Now, and at any time, to a full Pit;
Nay, often we anticipate your rage,
And murder Poets for you, on our Stage:
We set no Guards up on our Tying-Room,
But when with flying Colours, there you come,
We patiently you see, give up to you,
Our Poets, Virgins, nay, our Matrons too.

The Persons.

M R. <i>Horner.</i>	Mr. <i>Hart.</i>
Mr. <i>Harcourt.</i>	Mr. <i>Kenaston.</i>
Mr. <i>Dorilant,</i>	Mr. <i>Lydal.</i>
Mr. <i>Pinchwife.</i>	Mr. <i>Mobun.</i>
Mr. <i>Sparkish,</i>	Mr. <i>Haynes.</i>
Sir <i>Jasper Fidget,</i>	Mr. <i>Cartwright.</i>
Mrs. <i>Margery Pinchwife.</i>	Mrs. <i>Bowtel.</i>
Mrs. <i>Alithea,</i>	Mrs. <i>James.</i>
My Lady <i>Fidget,</i>	Mrs. <i>Knep.</i>
Mrs. <i>Dainty Fidget.</i>	Mrs. <i>Corbet.</i>
Mrs. <i>Squeamish,</i>	Mrs. <i>Wyatt.</i>
Old Lady <i>Squeamish.</i>	Mrs. <i>Rutter.</i>

Waiters, Servants, and Attendants.

A <i>Boy.</i>	
A <i>Quack,</i>	Mr. <i>Shotterel.</i>
<i>Lucy, Alithea's Maid,</i>	Mrs. <i>Cory.</i>

The SCENE *London.*

T H E

T H E
Country-Wife.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Horner, and Quack following him at a distance.

Hor. **A** Quack is as fit for a Pimp, as a Midwife for a Bawd, they are still but in their way, both helpers of Nature.—
[*Aside*] — Well, my dear Doctor, hast thou done what I desired?

Qu. I have undone you for ever with the Women, and reported you throughout the whole Town as bad as an *Eunuch*, with as much trouble as if I had made you one in earnest.

Hor. But have you told all the Midwives you know, the Orange Wenches at the Play-houses, the City Husbands, and old Fumbling Keepers of this end of the Town, for they'll be the readiest to report it.

Qu. I have told all the Chamber-maids, Waiting-women, Tyre-women, and Old Women of my acquaintance; nay, and whisper'd it as a secret to 'em, and to the Whisperers of *Whitehall*; so that you need not doubt 'twill spread, and you will be as odious to the handsome young Women, as——

Hor. As the small Pox.— Well——

K 3

Qu. And

Qu. And to the Married Women of this end of the Town, as——

Hor. As the great ones; nay, as their own Husbands.

Qu. And to the City Dames as Annis-feed *Robin*, of filthy and contemptible memory; and they will frighten their Children with your name, especially their Females.

Hor. And cry *Horner's* coming to carry you away; I am only afraid 'twill not be believ'd; you told 'em it was by an *English-French* Disaster, and an *English-French* Chirurgeon, who has given me at once, not only a Cure, but an Antidote for the future, against that damn'd Malady, and that worse Distemper, Love, and all other Women's Evils.

Qu. Your late Journey into *France* has made it the more credible, and your being here a Fortnight before you appear'd in publick, looks as if you apprehended the shame, which I wonder you do not: Well I have been hired by young Gallants to belye 'em t'other way; but you are the first wou'd be thought a Man unfit for Women.

Hor. Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain Rogues be contented only to be thought abler Men than they are, generally 'tis all the pleasure they have; but mine lies another way.

Qu. You take, methinks, a very preposterous way to it, and as ridiculous as if we Operators in Physick, shou'd put forth Bills to disparage our Medicaments, with hopes to gain Customers.

Hor. Doctor, there are Quacks in Love as well as Physick, who get but the fewer and worse Patients, for their boasting; a good Name is seldom got by giving it ones self, and Women no more than Honour are compass'd by bragging: Come, come Doctor, the wisest Lawyer never discovers the merits of his cause till the tryal; the wealthiest Man conceals his Riches, and the cunning Gamester his Play; Shy Husbands and Keepers, like old Rocks, are not to be cheated, but by a new unpractic'd trick; false Friendship
will

will now no more than false Dice upon 'em; no, not in the City.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There are two Ladies and a Gentleman coming up.

Hor. A Pox, some unbelieving Sisters of my former acquaintance, who I am afraid, expect their sense shou'd be satisfy'd of the falsity of the report. No——this formal Fool and Women!

Enter Sir Jasp.
Fid. Lady Fid.
and Mrs. Dainty Fidget.

Qu. His Wife and Sister.

Sr. Jasp. My Coach breaking just now before your door, Sir, I look upon as an occasional reprimand to me, Sir, for not kissing your hands, Sir, since your coming out of France, Sir; and so my disaster, Sir, has been my good fortune, Sir; and this is my Wife, and Sister, Sir.

Hor. What then, Sir?

Sr. Jasp. My Lady, and Sister, Sir.——Wife, this is Master Horner.

La. Fid. Master Horner, Husband!

Sr. Jasp. My Lady, my Lady Fidget, Sir.

Hor. So, Sir.

Sr. Jasp. Won't you be acquainted with her Sir?

[So the report is true, I find by his coldness or aversion to the Sex; but I'll play the wag with him.]

[Aside.

Pray salute my Wife, my Lady, Sir.

Hor. I will kiss no Man's Wife, Sir, for him Sir; I have taken my eternal leave, Sir, of the Sex already, Sir.

Sr. Jasp. Hah, hah, hah; I'll plague him yet. [Aside. Not know my Wife, Sir?

Hor. I do know your Wife, Sir, she's a Woman, Sir, and consequently a Monster, Sir, a greater Monster than a Husband, Sir.

Sr. Jasp. A Husband; how, Sir?

Hor. So, Sir; but I make no more Cuckolds, Sir
[*makes horns.*]

Sr. Fas. Hah, hah, hah, *Mercury, Mercury.*

La. Fid. Pray, Sir *Fasper*, let us be gone from this rude Fellow.

Mrs. Daint. Who, by his breeding, wou'd think, he had ever been in *France*?

La. Fid. Foh, he's but too much a *French* Fellow, such as hate Women of quality and virtue, for their love to their Husbands, Sir *Fasper*; a Woman is hated by 'em as much for loving her Husband, as for loving their Money: But pray let's be gone.

Hor. You do well, Madam, for I have nothing that you came for: I have brought over not so much as a Bawdy Picture, new Postures, nor the second Part of the *Escole de Filles*; Nor——

Qu. Hold for shame, Sir; what d'ye mean? you'll ruine your self for ever with the Sex——

[*apart to Horner.*]

Sr. Fas. Hah, hah, hah, he hates Women perfectly I find.

Dain. What pity 'tis he shou'd. —

La. Fid. Ay, he's a base rude Fellow for't; but affectation makes not a Woman more odious to them, than Virtue.

Hor. Because your Virtue is your greatest affectation, Madam.

La. Fid. How, you sawcy Fellow, wou'd you wrong my honour?

Hor. If I cou'd.

La. Fid. How d'ye mean, Sir?

Sr. Fas. Hah, hah, hah, no, he can't wrong your Ladyship's honour, upon my honour; he poor Man—hark you in your ear——a mere *Eunuch*.

La. Fid. O filthy *French* Beast, foh, foh; why do we stay? let's be gone; I can't endure the sight of him.

Sr. Fas. Stay, but till the Chairs come, they'll be here presently.

La. Fid. No, no.

Sr. Fas. Nor can I stay longer; 'tis——let me see, a quarter and a half quarter of a minute past Eleven; the Council will be late, I must away; Business must be preferr'd always before Love and Ceremony with the wife *Mr. Horner*.

Hor. And the Impotent Sir *Fasper*.

Sr. Fas. Ay, ay, the Impotent Master *Horner*, hah, hah, hah.

La. Fid. What leave us with a filthy Man alone in his Lodgings?

Sr. Fas. He's an innocent Man now, you know; pray stay, I'll hasten the Chairs to you.——*Mr. Horner* your Servant, I shou'd be glad to see you at my house; pray come and dine with me, and play at Cards with my Wife after Dinner, you are fit for Women at that game yet, hah, ha——['Tis as much a Husband's prudence to provide innocent diversion for a Wife, as to hinder her unlawful pleasures; and he had better employ her, than let her employ her self.

Farewel.

[*Aside.*
Exit Sir *Jasper*.

Hor. Your Servant Sir *Fasper*.

La. Fid. I will not stay with him, foh——

Hor. Nay, Madam, I beseech you stay, if it be but to see, I can be as civil to Ladies yet, as they wou'd desire.

La. Fid. No, no, foh, you cannot be civil to Ladies.

Dain. You as civil as Ladies wou'd desire.

La. Fid. No, no, no, foh, foh, foh. [Exeunt *Lady Fid. and Dainty*.

Qu. Now I think, I, or you your self rather, have done your business with the Women.

Hor. Thou art an Ass, don't you see already, upon the report and my carriage, this grave Man of business leaves his Wife in my Lodgings, invites me to his House and Wife, who before wou'd not be acquainted with me out of jealousy.

Qu. Nay,

Qu. Nay, by this means you may be the more acquainted with the Husbands, but the less with the Wives.

Hor. Let me alone, if I can but abuse the Husbands, I'll soon disabuse the Wives: Stay——I'll reckon you up the Advantages, I am like to have by my Stratagem: First, I shall be rid of all my old Acquaintances, the most insatiable sorts of Duns, that invade our Lodgings in a Morning: And next to the pleasure of making a New Mistress, is that of being rid of an old One, and of all old Debts; Love when it comes to be so, is paid the most unwillingly.

Qu. Well you may be so rid of your old Acquaintances; but how will you get any new Ones?

Hor. Doctor, thou wilt never make a good Chymist, thou art so incredulous and impatient; ask but all the young Fellows of the Town, if they do not lose more time like Huntsmen, in starting the Game than in running it down; one knows not where to find 'em, who will, or will not; Women of Quality are so civil, you can hardly distinguish love from good breeding, and a Man is often mistaken; but now I can be sure, she that shews an aversion to me loves the sport, as those Women that are gone, whom I warrant to be right: And then the next thing, is your Women of Honour, as you call 'em, are only chary of their Reputations, not their Persons, and 'tis scandal they wou'd avoid, not Men: Now may I have, by the Reputation of an *Eunuch*, the Privileges of One; and be seen in a Ladies Chamber in a Morning as early as her Husband; kiss Virgins before their Parents, or Lovers; and may be in short the *Pas par tout* of the Town. Now, Doctor.

Qu. Nay, now you shall be the Doctor; and your Process is so new, that we do not know but it may succeed.

Hor. Not so new neither, *Probatum est*, Doctor.

Qu. Well, I wish you luck and many Patients whilst I go to mine. [*Exit Quack.* *Enter*

Enter Harcourt, and Dorilant to Horner.

Har. Come, your appearance at the Play yesterday, has I hope hardned you for the future against the Womens contempt and the Mens railery; and now you'll abroad as you were wont.

Hor. Did I not bear it bravely?

Dor. With a most Theatrical Impudence; nay more than the Orange-Wenches shew there, or a drunken Vizard Mask, or a great belly'd Actress; nay, or the most impudent of Creatures, an ill Poet; or what is yet more impudent, a second-hand Critick.

Hor. But what say the Ladies, have they no pity?

Har. What Ladies? the Vizard Masques you know never pity a Man when all's gone, though in their Service.

Dor. And for the Women in the Boxes, you'd never pity them, when 'twas in your power.

Har. They say, 'tis pity but all that deal with common Women shou'd be serv'd so.

Dor. Nay, I dare swear, they won't admit you to play at Cards with them, go to Plays with 'em, or do the little Duties which other Shadows of Men are wont to do for 'em.

Hor. Who do you call Shadows of Men;

Dor. Half Men.

Hor. What Boys?

Dor. Ay, your old Boys, old *Beaux Garcons*, who like superannuated Stallions are suffer'd to run, feed, and whinny with the Mares as long as they live, though they can do nothing else.

Hor. Well, a Pox on love and wenching. Women serve but to keep a Man from better Company; though I can't enjoy them, I shall you the more; good fellowship and friendship, are lasting, rational and manly pleasures.

Har. For all that give me some of those pleasures, you call effeminate too, they help to relish one another.

Hor

Hor. They disturb one another.

Har. No, Mistresses are like Books; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for Company; but if us'd discreetly, you are the fitter for conversation by 'em.

Dor. A Mistress shou'd be like a little Country Retreat near the Town, not to dwell in constantly, but only for a Night and away; to taste the Town the better when a Man returns.

Hor. I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good Fellow, a good Friend, and a Lover of Women, as 'tis to be a good Fellow, a good Friend, and a Lover of Money: You cannot follow both, then choose your side; Wine gives you liberty, Love takes it away.

Dor. Gad, he's in the right on't.

Hor. Wine gives you joy, Love grief and tortures; besides the Chirurgeons Wine makes us witty, Love only sots: Wine makes us sleep, Love breaks it.

Dor. By the World he has reason, *Harcourt.*

Hor. Wine makes——

Dor. Ay, Wine makes us——makes us Princes, Love makes us Beggars, poor Rogues, y gad——and Wine——

Hor. So, there's one converted——No, no, Love and Wine, Oil and Vinegar.

Har. I grant it; Love will still be uppermost.

Hor. Come, for my part I will have only those glorious, manly pleasures of being very drunk, and very slovenly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr. *Sparkish* is below, Sir.

Har. What, my dear Friend! a Rogue that is fond of me, only I think for abusing him.

Dor. No, he can no more think the Men laugh at him, than that Women jilt him, his Opinion of himself is so good.

Hor. Well

Hor. Well, there's another Pleasure by drinking, I thought not of, I shall lose his Acquaintance, because he cannot drink; and you know 'tis a very hard thing to be rid of him, for he's one of those nauseous Offerers at Wit, who like the worst Fiddlers run themselves into all Companies.

Har. One, that by being in the Company of Men of Sense wou'd pass for one.

Hor. And may so to the short-sighted World, as a false Jewel amongst true ones, is not discern'd at a Distance; his Company is as troublesome to us, as a Cuckolds, when you have a mind to his Wife's.

Har. No, the Rogue will not let us enjoy one another, but ravishes our Conversation, though he signifies no more to't, than Sir *Martin Mar-all's* gaping, and auker'd thrumming upon the Lute, does to his Man's Voice, and Musick.

Dor. And to pass for a Wit in Town, shews himself a Fool every Night to us, that are guilty of the Plot.

Hor. Such Wits as he, are, to a Company of reasonable Men, like Rooks to the Gamesters, who only fill a Room at the Table, but are so far from contributing to the Play, that they only serve to spoil the Fancy of those that do.

Dor. Nay, they are us'd like Rooks too, snub'd, check'd, and abus'd; yet the Rogues will hang on.

Hor. A Pox on 'em, and all that force Nature, and wou'd be still what she forbids 'em; Affectation is her greatest Monster.

Har. Most Men are the contraries to that they wou'd seem; your Bully you see, is a Coward with a long Sword; the little humbly fawning Physician with his Ebony Cane, is he that destroys Men.

Dor. The Usurer, a poor Rogue, possess'd of moldy Bonds, and Mortgages; and we they call Spend-thrifts, are only wealthy, who lay out his Money upon daily new Purchases of Pleasure.

Hor. Ay,

Hor. Ay, your errantest Cheat, is your Trustee or Executor ; your jealous Man, the greatest Cuckold ; your Church-man, the greatest Atheist ; and your noisie pert Rogue of a Wit, the greatest Fop, dullest Ass, and worst Company, as you shall see : For here he comes.

Enter Sparkish to them.

Spar. How is't, Sparks, how is't ? Well Faith, *Harry*, I must railly thee a little, ha, ha, ha, upon the Report in Town of thee, ha, ha, ha, I can't hold y Faith ; shall I speak ?

Hor. Yes, but you'll be so bitter then.

Spar. Honest *Dick* and *Frank* here shall answer for me, I will not be extreme bitter, by the Universe.

Har. We will be bound in ten thousand pound Bond, he shall not be bitter at all.

Dor. Nor sharp, nor sweet.

Hor. What, not down right insipid ?

Spar. Nay then, since you are so brisk, and provoke me, take what follows ; you must know, I was discoursing and raillying with some Ladies yesterday, and they hapned to talk of the fine new Signs in Town.

Hor. Very fine Ladies I believe.

Spar. Said I, I know where the best new Sign is. Where, says one of the Ladies ? In *Covent-Garden*, I reply'd. Said another, in what Street ? In *Russel-Street*, answer'd I. Lord, says another, I'm sure there was ne'er a fine new Sign there yesterday. Yes, but there was, said I again, and it came out of *France*, and has been there a Fortnight.

Dor. A Pox, I can hear no more, prithee.

Hor. No, hear him out ; let him tune his Crowd a while.

Har. The worst Musick the greatest Preparation.

Spar. Nay,

Spar. Nay, Faith, I'll make you laugh. It cannot be, says a third Lady. Yes, yes, quoth I again, Says a fourth Lady,——

Hor. Look to't, we'll have no more Ladies.

Spar. No,——then mark, mark, now, said I to the Fourth, did you never see Mr. *Horner*; he lodges in *Russel-street*, and he's a Sign of a Man, you know, since he came out of *France*, heh, hah, he.

Hor. But the Devil take me, if thine be the Sign of a Jest.

Spar. With that they all fell a laughing, 'till they bepiss'd themselves? What, but it does not move you, methinks? Well, I see one had as good go to Law without a Witness, as break a Jest without a Laughter on one's side.——Come, come, Sparks, but where do we dine, I have left at *Whiteball* an Earl to dine with you.

Dor. Why, I thought thou hadst lov'd a Man with a Title better, than a Suit with a *French* trimming to't.

Har. Go to him again.

Spar. No, Sir, a Wit to me is the greatest Title in the World.

Hor. But go dine with your Earl, Sir, he may be exceptionous; we are your Friends, and will not take it ill to be left, I do assure you.

Har. Nay, Faith, he shall go to him.

Spar. Nay, pray Gentlemen.

Dor. We'll thrust you out, if you wo'not, what disappoint any Body for us?

Spar. Nay, dear Gentlemen, hear me.

Hor. No, no, Sir, by no means; pray, go, Sir.

Spar. Why, dear Rogues.

[*They all thrust him out of the Room.*]

Dor. No, no.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

[*Spar. returns.*]

Spar. But, Sparks, pray hear me; what d'ye think I'll eat then with gay shallow Fops, and silent Cox-combs? I think Wit as necessary at Dinner, as a Glass of good Wine, and that's the Reason I never have
any

any Stomach when I eat alone——Come, but where do we dine ?

Hor. Ev'n where you will.

Spar. At *Cbateline's*.

Dor. Yes, if you will.

Spar. Or at the *Cock*.

Dor. Yes, if you please.

Spar. Or at the *Dog* and *Partridge*.

Hor. Ay, if you have a mind to't, for we shall dine at neither.

Spar. Pshaw, with your fooling we shall lose the new Play ; and I wou'd no more miss seeing a new Play the first Day, than I wou'd miss setting in the Wits Row ; therefore I'll go fetch my Mistress and away. [*Exit Sparkish.*

Manent Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant ; *Enter to them*
Mr. Pinchwife.

Hor. Who have we here, *Pinchwife* ?

Mr. Pinch. Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

Hor. Well, *Jack*, by thy long absence from the Town, the Grumness of thy Countenance, and the Slovenlyness of thy Habit ; I shou'd give thee Joy, shou'd I not, of Marriage ?

Mr. Pin. [*Death* does he know I'm married too ? I thought to have conceal'd it from him at least.]

[*Aside.*

My long stay in the Country will excuse my dress, and I have a suit of Law, that brings me up to Town, that puts me out of Humour ; besides I must give *Sparkish* to morrow five thousand Pound to lie with my Sister.

Hor. Nay, you Country Gentlemen rather than not purchase, will buy any thing, and he is a crackt Title, if we may quibble : Well, but am I to give thee Joy, I heard thou wert marry'd ?

Mr. Pin. What then ?

Hor. Why, the next thing that is to be heard, is thou'rt a Cuckold.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. Insupportable Name. [Aside.

Hor. But I did not expect Marriage from such a Whoremaster as you, one that knew the Town so much, and Women so well.

Mr. Pin. Why, I have marry'd no London Wife.

Hor. Pshaw, that's all one, that grave Circumspection in marrying a Country Wife, is like refusing a deceitful pamper'd *Smithfield* Jade, to go and be cheated by a Friend in the Country.

Mr. Pin. A Pox on him and his Simile. [Aside. At least we are little surer of the Breed there, know what her keeping has been, whether foyl'd or un-found.

Hor. Come, come, I have known a Clap gotten in *Wales*, and there are Cozens, Justices Clerks, and Chaplains in the Country, I won't say Coach-men; but she's handsome and young?

Pin. I'll answer as I shou'd do. [Aside. No, no, she has no beauty, but her youth; no Attraction, but her Modesty, wholesome, homely, and hufwifely, that's all.

Dor. He talks as like a Grasier as he looks.

Pin. She's too auker'd, ill-favour'd, and silly to bring to Town.

Har. Then methinks you shou'd bring her, to be taught breeding.

Pin. To be taught; no, Sir, I thank you, good Wives, and private Souldiers shou'd be ignorant.— [I'll keep her from your Instructions, I warrant you.

Har. The Rogue is as jealous, as if his Wife were not ignorant. [Aside.

Hor. Why, if she be ill-favour'd, there will be less danger here for you, than by leaving her in the Country; we have such variety of Dainties that we are seldom hungry.

Dor. But they have always course, constant, swinging Stomachs in the Country.

Har. Foul Feeders indeed.

Dor. And your Hospitality is great there.

Har. Open House, every Man's welcome.

Pin. So, so, Gentlemen.

Hor. But prithee, why wou'dst thou marry her? if she be ugly, ill bred, and silly, she must be rich then.

Pin. As rich as if she brought me twenty thousand Pound out of this Town, for she'll be as sure not to spend her moderate Portion, as a *London* Baggage wou'd be to spend hers, let it be what it wou'd: so 'tis all one: then because she's ugly, she's the likelier to be my own; and being ill-bred, she'll hate Conversation; and since silly and innocent, will not know the difference betwixt a Man of one and twenty, and one of forty.

Hor. Nine—to my knowledge; but if she be silly, she'll expect as much from a Man of forty nine, as from him of one and twenty: But methinks Wit is more necessary than Beauty, and I think no young Woman ugly that has it, and no handsome Woman agreeable without it.

Pin. 'Tis my Maxim, he's a Fool that marries, but he's a greater that does not marry a Fool; what is wit in a Wife good for, but to make a Man a Cuckold?

Hor. Yes, to keep it from his knowledge.

Pin. A Fool cannot contrive to make her Husband a Cuckold.

Hor. No, but she'll club with a Man that can; and what is worse, if she cannot make her Husband a Cuckold, she'll make him jealous, and pass for one, and then 'tis all one.

Pin. Well, well, I'll take care for one, my Wife shall make me no Cuckold, though she had your help, Mr. *Horner*; I understand the Town, Sir.

Dor. His help!

Hor. He's come newly to Town it seems, and has not heard how things are with him. [*Aside.*

Hor. But tell me, has Marriage cured thee of whoring, which it seldom does. [*Aside.*

Hor. 'Tis more than Age can do.

Hor. No, the word is, I'll marry and live honest; but a Marriage Vow is like a penitent Gamester's Oath,

Oath, and entring into Bonds, and Penalties to flint himself to such a particular small Sum at play for the future, which makes him but the more eager, and not being able to hold out, loses his Money again, and his Forfeit to boot.

Dor. Ay, ay, a Gamester will be a Gamester, whilst his Money lasts; and a Whoremaster, whilst his Vigour.

Har. Nay, I have known 'em, when they are broke and can lose no more, keep a fumbling with the Box in their Hands to fool with only, and hinder other Gamesters.

Dor. That had wherewithal to make lusty Stakes.

Pin. Well, Gentlemen, you may laugh at me, but you shall never lie with my Wife, I know the Town.

Hor. But prithee, was not the way you were in better, is not keeping better than Marriage?

Pin. A Pox on't, the Jades wou'd jilt me, I cou'd never keep a Whore to my self.

Hor. So then you only marry'd to keep a Whore to your self; well, but let me tell you, Women, as you say, are like Souldiers, made constant and loyal by good pay, rather than by Oaths and Covenants, therefore I'd advise my Friends to keep rather than marry; since too I find by your Example, it does not serve one's Turn, for I saw you yesterday in the eighteen-penny Place with a pretty Country-wench.

Pin. How the Devil, did he see my Wife then? I fate there that she might not be seen; but she shall never go to a Play again. [*Aside.*]

Hor. What dost thou blush at nine and forty, for having been seen with a Wench?

Dor. No, faith, I warrant 'twas his Wife, which he seated there out of sight, for he's a cunning Rogue, and understands the Town.

Har. He blushes, then 'twas his Wife; for Men are now more ashamed to be seen with them in publick, than with a Wench.

Pin. Hell and Damnation, I'm undone, since *Horner* has seen her, and they know 'twas she. [*Aside.*]

Hor. But prithee, was it thy Wife? she was exceedingly pretty; I was in Love with her at that distance.

Pin. You are like never to be nearer to her. Your Servant Gentlemen. [*Offers to go.*]

Hor. Nay, prithee stay.

Pin. I cannot, I will not.

Hor. Come, you shall dine with us.

Pin. I have din'd already.

Hor. Come, I know thou hast not; I'll treat thee dear Rogue, thou shalt spend none of thy *Hampshire* Money to day.

Pin. Treat me; so he uses me already like his Cuckold. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Nay, you shall not go.

Pin. I must, I have Business at home.

[*Exit Pinchwife.*]

Hor. To beat his Wife, he's as jealous of her, as a *Cheapside* Husband of a *Covent-garden* Wife.

Hor. Why, 'tis as hard to find an old Whoremaster without Jealousie and the Gout, as a young one without Fear or the Pox.

As Gout in Age, from Pox in Youth proceeds;

So Wenching past, then Jealousie succeeds:

The worst Disease that Love and Wenching breeds.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. Margery Pinchwife, and Alithea: Mr. Pinchwife peeping behind at the Door.

Mrs. Pin. **P**Ray, Sister, where are the best Fields and Woods, to walk in, in *London*?

Alitb. A pretty Question; why Sister! *Mulberry Garden*, and *St. James's Park*; and for close walks the *New Exchange*.

M. Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, Sister, tell me why my Husband looks so grum here in Town? and keeps me up so close, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my best Gown yesterday?

Alib. O he's jealous, Sister.

Mrs. Pin. Jealous, what's that?

Alib. He's afraid you shou'd love another Man.

Mrs. Pin. How shou'd he be afraid of my loving another Man, when he will not let me see any but himself.

Alib. Did he not carry you yesterday to a Play?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but we sate amongst ugly People; he wou'd not let me come near the Gentry, who sate under us, so that I cou'd not see 'em: He told me none but naughty Women sate there, whom they tous'd and mous'd; but I wou'd have ventur'd for all that.

Alib. But how did you like the Play?

Mrs. Pin. Indeed I was weary of the Play, but I lik'd hugely the Actors; they are the goodliest properest Men, Sister.

Alib. O but you must not like the Actors, Sister.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, how shou'd I help it Sister? Pray, Sister, when my Husband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a walking?

Alib. A walking, hah, ha; Lord, a Country Gentlewomans pleasure is the drudgery of a Foot-post; and she requires as much airing as her Husband's Horses. [*Aside.*

Enter. Mr. Pinchwife to them.

But here comes your Husband; I'll ask, though I'm sure he'll not grant it.

Mrs. Pin. He says he won't let me go abroad, for fear of catching the Pox.

Alib. Fie, the small Pox you shou'd say.

Mrs. Pin. Oh my dear, dear Bud, welcome home; why dost thou look so fropish, who has nanger'd thee?

Mr. Pin. You're a Fool.

[*Mrs. Pinch.* goes
aside, and cries.

Alib. Faith so she is, for crying for no fault,
poor tender Creature!

Mr. Pin. What, you wou'd have her as impudent as
your self, as errant a Jilfirt, a Gadder, a Magpy;
and to say all, a meer notorious Town-Woman?

Alib. Brother, you are my only Censurer; and
the Honour of your Family shall sooner suffer in
your Wife there, than in me, though I take the inno-
cent liberty of the Town.

Mr. Pin. Hark you Mistrefs, do not talk so before
my Wife, the innocent Liberty of the Town!

Alib. Why, pray, who boasts of any Intrigue with
me? what Lampoon has made my Name notorious?
what ill Women frequent my Lodgings? I keep no
Company with any Women of scandalous Reputations.

Mr. Pin. No, you keep the Men of scandalous Re-
putations Company.

Alib. Where? wou'd you not have me civil? an-
swer 'em in a Box at the Plays? in the Drawing-
room at *Whitehall*? in *St. James's Park*? *Mulberry-*
garden? or——

Mr. Pin. Hold, hold, do not teach my Wife, where
the Men are to be found? I believe she's the worse
for your Town-documents already? I bid you keep
her in ignorance as I do.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed be not angry with her Bud, she
will tell me nothing of the Town, though I ask her
a thousand times a day.

Mr. Pin. Then you are very inquisitive to know,
I find?

Mrs. Pin. Not I, indeed, Dear, I hate *London*; our
Place-house in the Country is worth a thousand of't,
wou'd I were there again.

Mr. Pin. So you shall I warrant; but were you not
talking of Plays, and Players, when I came in? you
are her encourager in such discourses.

Mrs. Pin. No indeed, Dear, she chid me just now
for liking the Player Men.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. Nay, if she be so innocent as to own to me her liking them, there is no hurt in't— [Aside. Come my poor Rogue, but thou lik'st none better than me?]

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, but I do, the Player Men are finer Folks.

Mr. Pin. But you love none better than me?

Mrs. Pin. You are my own Dear Bud, and I know you, I hate a Stranger.

Mr. Pin. Ay, my Dear, you must love me only, and not be like the naughty Town Women, who only hate their Husbands, and love every Man else, love Plays, Visits, fine Coaches, fine Cloaths, Fiddles, Balls, Treats, and so lead a wicked Town-life.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a Town life, *London* is not so bad a place, Dear.

Mr. Pin. How! if you love me, you must hate *London*.

Alib. The Fool has forbid me discovering to her the Pleasures of the Town, and he is now setting her agog upon them himself.

Mrs. Pin. But, Husband, do the Town women love the Player-men too?

Mr. Pin. Yes, I warrant you.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, I warrant you.

Mr. Pin. Why, you do not, I hope?

Mrs. Pin. No, no, Bud; but why have we no Player-men in the Country?

Mr. Pin. Ha——Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a Play.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, why, Love? I did not care for going; but when you forbid me, you make me as 'twere desire it.

Alib. So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. [Aside.]

Mrs. Pin. Pray, let me go to a Play, Dear.

Mr. Pin. Hold your Peace, I wo'not.

Mrs. Pin. Why, Love?

Mr. Pin. Why, I'll tell you.

Alib. Nay, if he tell her, she'll give him more cause to forbid her that place [Aside.]

Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, why, Dear?

Mr. Pin. First, you like the Actors, and the Gallants may like you.

Mrs. Pin. What a homely Country Girl? no Bud, no body will like me.

Mr. Pin. I tell you, yes, they may.

Mrs. Pin. No, no, you jest—I won't believe you, I will go.

Mr. Pin. I tell you then, that one of the lewdest Fellows in Town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed! who, who, pray who was't?

Mr. Pin. I've gone too far, and slipt before I was aware; how overjoy'd she is! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Pin. Was it any *Hampshire* Gallant, any of our Neighbours? I promise you, I am beholding to him.

Mr. Pin. I promise you, you lie; for he wou'd but ruin you, as he has done hundreds: he has no other love for Women, but that, such as he, look upon Women like Basilisks, but to destroy 'em.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but if he loves me, why should he ruin me? answer me to that: methinks he shou'd not, I wou'd do him no harm.

Alth. Ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either.

Enter Sparkish and Harcourt.

But here comes Company, get you in, get you in.

Mrs. Pin. But pray, Husband, is he a pretty Gentleman, that loves me;

Mr. Pin. In Baggage, in. [*Thrusts her in, shuts the door.*]
What, all the lewd Libertines of the Town brought to my Lodging, by this easie Coxcomb! S'death I'll not suffer it.

Spar. Here *Harcourt*, do you approve my choice? Dear, little Rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my Friends, the Wits and——

[*Harcourt salutes her.*]

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. Ay, they shall know her, as well as you your self will, I warrant you.

Spar. This is one of those, my pretty Rogue, that are to dance at your Wedding to morrow: and him you must bid welcome ever, to what you and I have.

Mr. Pin. Monstrous! ———

[*Aside.*

Spar. *Harcourt* how dost thou like her, faith? Nay, Dear, do not look down; I should hate to have a Wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

Mr. Pin. Wonderful!

Spar. Tell me, I say, *Harcourt*, how dost thou like her? thou hast star'd upon her enough, to resolve me.

Har. So infinitely well, that I cou'd wish I had a Mistress too, that might differ from her in nothing, but her love and engagement to you.

Alib. Sir, Master *Sparkish* has often told me, that his Acquaintance were all Wits and Railleurs, and now I find it.

Spar. No, by the Universe, Madam, he does not raily now; you may believe him: I do assure you, he is the honestest, worthiest, true-hearted Gentleman——A Man of such perfect honour, he wou'd say nothing to a Lady, he does not mean.

Mr. Pin. Praising another Man to his Mistress!

Har. Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that——

Spar. Nay, I gad, I am sure you do admire her extremely, I see't in your Eyes.——He does admire you, Madam.——By the World, don't you?

Har. Yes, above the World, or, the most Glorious part of it, her whole Sex: and till now I never thought I shou'd have envied you, or any Man about to marry, but you have the best excuse for Marriage I ever knew.

Alib. Nay, now, Sir, I'm satisfied you are of the Society of the Wits, and Railleurs, since you cannot spare your Friend, even when he is but too civil to you; but the surest sign is, since you are an
Enemy

Enemy to Marriage, for that I hear you hate as much as Business or bad Wine.

Har. Truly, Madam, I was never an Enemy to Marriage, till now, because Marriage was never an Enemy to me before.

Alib. But why, Sir; is Marriage an Enemy to you now? Because it robs you of your Friend here; for you look upon a Friend married, as one gone into a Monastery, that is dead to the World.

Har. 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see Madam, you can guess my meaning: I do confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the Match, by Heavens I wou'd.

Spar. Poor *Frank*!

Alib. Wou'd you be so unkind to me?

Har. No, no, 'tis not because I wou'd be unkind to you.

Spar. Poor *Frank*, no gad, 'tis only his kindness to me.

Pin. Great kindness to you indeed; insensible Fop, let a Man make love to his Wife to his Face. [*Aside.*]

Spar. Come dear *Frank*, for all my Wife there, that shall be, thou shall enjoy me sometimes dear Rogue: by my Honour, we Men of Wit condole for our deceased Brother in Marriage, as much as for one dead in earnest: I think that was prettily said of me, ha, *Harcourt*? ——— But come *Frank*, be not melancholy for me.

Har. No I assure you, I am not melancholy for you.

Spar. Prithee, *Frank*, dost think my Wife that shall be there a fine Person?

Har. I cou'd gaze upon her, till I became as blind as you are.

Spar. How, as I am! how!

Har. Because you are a Lover, and true Lovers are blind, stock blind.

Spar. True, true; but by the World she has Wit too, as well as Beauty: go, go with her into a corner, and try if she has Wit, talk to her any thing, she's bashful before me.

Har. In-

Har. Indeed if a Woman wants Wit in a corner, she has it no where.

Alith. Sir, you dispose of me a little before your time——

[*Aside to Sparkish.*]

Spar. Nay, nay, Madam let me have an earnest of your obedience, or——go, go, Madam——

[*Harcourt courts Alitheia aside.*]

Pin. How, Sir, if you are not concern'd for the honour of a Wife, I am for that of a Sister; he shall not debauch her: be a Pander to your own Wife, bring Men to her, let 'em make love before your Face, thrust 'em into a corner together, then leave 'em in private! is this your Town wit and conduct?

Spar. Hah, ha, ha, a silly wife Rogue, wou'd make one laugh more than a stark Fool, ha, ha; I shall burst. Nay you shall not disturb 'em; I'll vex thee, by the World,

[*Struggles with Pinch. to keep him from Harcourt and Alith.*]

Alith. The Writings are drawn, Sir, Settlements made; 'tis too late, Sir, and past all revocation.

Har. Then so is my death.

Alith. I wou'd not be unjust to him.

Har. Then why to me so?

Alith. I have no obligation to you.

Har. My love.

Alith. I had his before.

Har. You never had it; he wants you see jealousy, the only infallible sign of it.

Alith. Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my Virtue, besides he loves me, or he wou'd not marry me.

Har. Marrying you, is no more sign of his love, than bribing your Woman, that he may marry you, is a sign of his generosity: Marriage is rather a sign of Interest, than Love; and he that marries a Fortune, covets a Mistress, not loves her: But if you take Marriage for a sign of Lover, take it from me immediately.

Alith. No, now you have put a scruple in my Head; but in short, Sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him, my Reputation wou'd suffer in the World else.

Har. No;

Har. No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, Madam, your Reputation suffers in the World, and you wou'd be thought in necessity for a Cloak.

Alith. Nay, now you are rude, Sir. — *Mr. Sparkish,* pray come hither, your Friend here is very troublesome, and very loving.

Har. Hold, hold, ——— [*Aside to Alitheia.*

Mr. Pin. D'ye hear that?

Spar. Why, d'ye think I'll seem to be jealous, like a Country Bumpkin?

Mr. Pin. No, rather be a Cuckold, like a credulous Cit.

Har. Madam, you wou'd not have been so little generous as to have told him.

Alith. Yes, since you cou'd be so little generous, as to wrong him.

Har. Wrong him, no Man can do't, he's beneath an Injury; a Bubble, a Coward, a senseless Idiot, a Wretch so contemptible to all the World but you, that——

Alith. Hold, do not rail at him, for since he is like to be my Husband, I am resolv'd to like him: Nay, I think I am oblig'd to tell him, you are not his Friend.—— *Master Sparkish, Master Sparkish.*

Spar. What, what; now dear Rogue, has not she wit?

Har. Not so much as I thought, and hoped she had. [*Speaks surlily.*

Alith. *Mr. Sparkish,* do you bring People to rail at you?

Har. Madam——

Spar. How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest I warrant? what we Wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alith. He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had no patience to hear him; besides he has been making love to me.

Har. True damn'd tell-tale-Woman. [*Aside.*

Spar. Pshaw, to shew his Parts——we Wits rail and make love often, but to shew our Parts; as we have no affections, so we have no malice, we——

Alith. He

Alib. He said you were a Wretch, below an injury.

Spar. Pshaw.

Har. Damn'd, senseless, impudent, virtuous Jade; well since she won't let me have her, she'll do as good, she'll make me hate her.

Alib. A common Bubble.

Spar. Pshaw.

Alib. A Coward.

Spar. Pshaw, Pshaw.

Alib. A senseless driveling Idiot.

Spar. How, did he disparage my Parts? Nay, then my Honour's concern'd, I can't put up that, Sir; by the World, Brother help me to kill him; (I may draw now, since we have the odds of him:——'tis a good Occasion too before my Mistress)—— [*Aside.*

[*Offers to draw.*

Alib. Hold, hold.

Spar. What, what.

Alib. I must not let 'em kill the Gentleman neither, for his Kindness to me; I am so far from hating him, that I wish my Gallant had his Person and Understanding:——

(Nay if my Honour——

[*Aside.*

Spar. I'll be thy Death.

Alib. Hold, hold, indeed to tell the Truth, the Gentleman said after all, that what he spoke, was but out of Friendship to you.

Spar. How! say, I am, I am a Fool, that is no Wit, out of Friendship to me.

Alib. Yes, to try whether I was concern'd enough for you, and made Love to me only to be satisfy'd of my Virtue, for your sake.

Har. Kind however——

[*Aside.*

Nay, if it were so, my dear Rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why wou'd not you tell me so, faith.

Har. Because I did not think on't, faith.

Spar. Come, *Horner* does not come, *Harcourt* let's be gone to the new Play.——Come, Madam.

Alib. I

Alitb. I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the Box, and run into the Pit, as you use to do.

Spar. Pshaw, I'll leave *Harcourt* with you in the Box, to entertain you, and that's as good; if I fate in the Box, I shou'd be thought no Judge, but of Trim-mings.—Come away *Harcourt*, lead her down.

[*Exeunt Sparkish, Harcourt, and Alithea.*]

Pin. Well, go thy ways, for the Flower of the true Town Fops, such as spend their Estates, before they come to 'em, and are Cuckolds before they're married. But let me go look to my own Free hold—
How——

Enter my Lady Figet, Mistris's Dainty Figet, and Mistris's Squeamish.

La. Fid. Your Servant, Sir, where is your Lady? we are come to wait upon her to the new Play.

Pin. New Play!

La. Fid. And my Husband will wait upon you presently.

Pin. Damn your Civility—— [Aside. Madam, by no means, I will not see Sir *Jasper* here, 'till I have waited upon him at home; nor shall my Wife see you, 'till she has waited upon your Ladyship at your Lodgings.

La. Fid. Now we are here, Sir——

Pin. No, Madam.

Dain. Pray, let us see her.

Squeam. We will not stir, 'till we see her.

Pin. A Pox on you all—— (Aside.) [Goes to the Door, and returns.

she has lock'd the Door, and is gone abroad.

La. Fid. No, you have lock'd the Door, and she's within.

Dain. They told us below, she was here.

Pin. [Will nothing do?]——Well it must out then, to tell you the Truth, Ladies, which I was afraid to let you know before, lest it might endanger
your

your Lives, my Wife has just now the small Pox come out upon her, do not be frighten'd ; but pray, be gone Ladies, you shall not stay here in danger of your Lives ; pray get you gone Ladies.

La. Fid. No, no, we have all had 'em.

Squeam. Alack, alack !

Dain. Come, come, we must see how it goes with her, I understand the Disease.

La. Fid. Come.

Pin. Well, there is no being too hard for Women at their own weapon, Lying, therefore I'll quit the Field. (*Aside.*) [*Exit Pinchwife.*]

Squeam. Here's an Example of Jealousie.

La. Fid. Indeed, as the World goes, I wonder there are no more jealous, since Wives are so neglected.

Dain. Pshaw, as the World goes, to what end shou'd they be jealous ?

La. Fid. Foh, 'tis a nasty World.

Squeam. That Men of Parts, great Acquaintance, and Quality, shou'd take up with, and spend themselves and Fortunes, in keeping little Play-house Creatures, foh.

La. Fid. Nay, that Women of understanding, great Acquaintance, and good Quality, shou'd fall a keeping too of little Creatures, foh.

Squeam. Why, 'tis the Men of Qualities Fault, they never visit Women of Honour, and Reputation, as they us'd to do ; and have not so much as common Civility, for Ladies of our Rank, but use us with the same Indifferency, and ill Breeding, as if we were all marry'd to 'em.

La. Fid. She says true, 'tis an errant shame Women of Quality shou'd be so slighted ; methinks, birth, birth, shou'd go for something ; I have known Men admired, courted, and followed for their Titles only.

Squeam. Ay, one wou'd think Men of Honour shou'd not love no more, than marry out of their own Rank.

Dain. Fie,

Dain. Fie, fie upon 'em, they are come to think cross breeding for themselves best, as well as for their Dogs and Horses.

La. Fid. They are Dogs and Horses for't.

Squeam. One wou'd think, if not for Love, for Vanity a little.

Dain. Nay, they do satisfie their Vanity upon us sometimes; and are kind to us in their Report, tell all the World they lie with us.

La. Fid. Damn'd Rascals, that we shou'd be only wrong'd by 'em; to report a Man has had a Person, when he has not had a Person, is the greatest wrong in the whole World, that can be done to a Person.

Squeam. Well, 'tis an errant shame, Noble Persons shou'd be so wrong'd, and neglected.

La. Fid. But still 'tis an erranter shame for a Noble Person, to neglect her own Honour, and defame her own Noble Person, with little inconsiderable Fellows, foh! —

Dain. I suppose the Crime against our Honour, is the same with a Man of Quality, as with another.

L. Fid. How! no sure, the Man of quality is likest one's Husband, and therefore the Fault shou'd be the less.

Dain. But then the Pleasure shou'd be the less.

La. Fid. Fie, fie, fie, for shame Sister, whither shall we ramble? Be continent in your Discourse, or I shall hate you.

Dain. Besides an Intrigue is so much the more notorious for the Man's quality.

Squeam. 'Tis true, no Body takes notice of a private Man, and therefore with him, 'tis more secret, and the Crime's the less, when 'tis not known.

La. Fid. You say true; y'faith, I think you are in the right on't: 'Tis not an Injury to a Husband, 'till it be an Injury to our Honours; so that a Woman of Honour loses no honour with a private Person; and to say Truth —

Dain. So the little Fellow is grown a private Person — with her —

[*Apart to Squeam:*

La. Fid:

La. Fid. But still my dear, dear honour.

Enter Sir Jasper, Horner, Dorilant.

Sr. Jas. Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou hast still so much honour in thy Mouth——

Hor. That she has none elsewhere—— [*Aside.*

La. Fid. Oh, what d'ye mean to bring in these upon us?

Dain. Foh, these are as bad as Wits.

Squeam. Foh!

La. Fid. Let us leave the Room.

Sr. Jas. Stay, stay, Faith to tell you the naked Truth.

La. Fid. Fie, Sir *Jasper*, do not use that word naked.

Sr. Jas. Well, well, in short I have Business at *Whiteball*, and cannot go to the Play with you, therefore wou'd have you go——

La. Fid. With those two to a Play?

Sr. Jas. No, not with t'other, but with Mr. *Horner*; there can be no more Scandal to go with him, than with Mr. *Tattle*, or Master *Limberham*.

La. Fid. With that nasty Fellow! no——no.

Sr. Jas. Nay, prithee dear, hear me.

Hor. Ladies.

[*Whispers to Lady Fid.*
[*Horner, Dorilant drawing near Squeamish and Daint.*

Dain. Stand off.

Squeam. Do not approach us.

Daint. You heard with the Wits, you are obscenity all over.

Squeam. And I wou'd as soon look upon a Picture of *Adam* and *Eve*, without Fig-leaves, as any of you, if I cou'd help it, therefore keep off, and do not make us sick.

Dor. What a Devil are these?

Hor. Why these are Pretenders to Honour, as Criticks to Wit, only by censuring others; and as every raw, peevish, out-of-humour'd, affected, dull, Tea-drinking,

drinking, Arithmetical Fop sets up for a Wit, by railing at Men of sense, so these for Honour, by railing at the Court, and Ladies of as great Honour, as Quality.

Sr. Jas. Come, Mr. *Horner*, I must desire you to go with these Ladies to the Play, Sir.

Hor. I! Sir.

Sr. Jas. Ay, ay, come, Sir.

Hor. I must beg your pardon, Sir, and theirs, I will not be seen in Womens Company in publick again for the World.

Sr. Jas. Ha, ha, strange Aversion!

Squeam. No, he's for Womens Company in private.

Sr. Jas. He——poor Man——he! hah, ha, ha.

Dain. 'Tis a greater shame amongst lewd Fellows to be seen in virtuous Women's Company, than for the Women to be seen with them.

Hor. Indeed, Madam, the time was I only hated virtuous Women, but now I hate the other too; I beg your Pardon Ladies.

La. Fid. You are very obliging, Sir, because we wou'd not be troubled with you.

Sr. Jas. In sober Sadness he shall go.

Dor. Nay, if he wo'not, I am ready to wait upon the Ladies; and I think I am the fitter Man.

Sr. Jas. You, Sir, no I thank you for that——Master *Horner* is a privileg'd Man amongst the virtuous Ladies, 'twill be a great while before you are so; heh, he, he, he's my Wive's Gallant, heh, he, he; no pray withdraw, Sir, for as I take it, the virtuous Ladies, have no Business with you.

Dor. And I am sure he can have none with them; 'tis strange a Man can't come amongst virtuous Women now, but upon the same Terms, as Men are admitted into the great *Turk's* Seraglio; but Heavens keep me, from being an hombre Player with 'em: but where is *Pinchwife*——

[*Exit. Dorilant.*

Sr. Jas. Come, come, Man; what avoid the sweet society of Woman-kind? That sweet, soft, gentle, tame,

tame, noble Creature Woman, made for Man's Companion ———

Hor. So is that soft, gentle, tame, and more noble Creature a Spaniel, and has all their Tricks, can fawn, lie down, suffer beating, and fawn the more; barks at your Friends, when they come to see you; makes your Bed hard, gives you Fleas, and the Mange sometimes: And all the difference is, the Spaniel's the more faithful Animal, and fawns but upon one Master.

Sr. Jas. Heh, he, he.

Squeam. O the rude Beast!

Dain. Insolent Brute.

La. Fid. Brute! stinking mortify'd rotten French Weather; to dare——

Sr. Jas. Hold, an't please your Ladyship; for shame, Master *Horner*, your Mother was a Woman—— (Now shall I never reconcile 'em) (*Aside.*) Hark you, Madam, take my advice in your anger; you know, you often want one to make up your droling Pack of Hombre Players; and you may cheat him easily, for he's an ill Gamester, and consequently loves play; Besides you know, you have but two old civil Gentlemen (with stinking Breaths too) to wait upon you abroad, take in the third, into your service; the other are but crazy; and a Lady shou'd have a supernumerary Gentleman-Usher, as a supernumerary Coach-horse, lest sometimes you shou'd be forc'd to stay at home.

La. Fid. But are you sure he loves play, and has Money?

Sr. Jas. He loves play as much as you, and has Money as much as I.

La. Fid. Then I am contented to make him pay for his Scurrility; Money makes up in a Measure all other wants in Men——Those whom we cannot make hold for Gallants, we make fine. [*Aside.*]

Sr. Jas. So, so; now to mollifie, to wheedle him,—— [*Aside.*]

Master *Horner*, will you never keep civil Company, methinks 'tis time now, since you are only fit for them : Come, come, Man you must e'en fall to visiting our Wives, eating at our Tables, drinking Tea with our virtuous Relations after Dinner, dealing Cards to 'em, reading Plays, and Gazettes to 'em, picking Fleas out of their Shocks for 'em, collecting Receipts, New Songs, Women, Pages, and Footmen for 'em.

Hor. I hope they'll afford me better Employment, Sir.

Sr. Jas. Heh, he, he, 'tis fit you know your work before you come into your place ; and since you are unprovided of a Lady to flatter, and a good House to eat at, pray frequent mine, and call my Wife Mistress, and she shall call you Gallant, according to the Custom.

Hor. Who I ? ———

Sr. Jas. Faith, thou sha't for my sake, come for my sake only.

Hor. For your sake ———

Sr. Jas. Come, come, here's a Gamester for you, let him be a little familiar sometimes ; nay, what if a little rude ; Gamesters may be rude with Ladies, you know.

La. Fid. Yes, losing Gamesters have a Privilege with Women.

Hor. I always thought the contrary, that the winning Gamester had most Privilege with Women ; for when you have lost your Money to a Man, you'll lose any thing you have, all you have, they say, and he may use you as he pleases.

Sr. Jas. Heh, he, he, well, win or lose, you shall have your Liberty with her.

La. Fid. As he behaves himself ; and for your sake, I'll give him Admittance and Freedom.

Hor. All sorts of Freedom, Madam ?

Sr. Jas. Ay, ay, ay, all sorts of Freedom thou can't take, and so go to her, begin thy new Employment ; wheedle her, jest with her, and be better acquainted one with another.

Hor. I

Hor. I think I know her already, therefore may venture with her, my Secret for hers—— [Aside.

[Horner, and Lady Figet whisper.

Sr. Jas. Sister Cuz, I have provided an innocent Play-fellow for you there.

Dain. Who, he!

Squeam. There's a Play-fellow indeed.

Sr. Jas. Yes sure, what, he is good enough to play at Cards, Blindman's-buff, or the Fool with sometimes.

Squeam. Foh, we'll have no such Play-fellows.

Dain. No, Sir, you shan't chuse Play-fellows for us, we thank you.

Sr. Jas. Nay, pray hear me. [Whispering to them.

La. Fid. But, poor Gentleman, cou'd you be so generous? So truly a Man of Honour, as for the sakes of us Women of Honour, to cause your self to be reported no Man? No Man! and to suffer your self the greatest Shame that cou'd fall upon a Man, that none might fall upon us Women by your Conversation; but indeed, Sir, as perfectly, perfectly, the same Man as before your going into France, Sir; as perfectly, perfectly, Sir.

Hor. As perfectly, perfectly, Madam; nay, I scorn you shou'd take my word; I desire to be try'd only, Madam.

La. Fid. Well, that's spoken again like a Man of Honour, all Men of Honour desire to come to the Test: But indeed, generally you Men report such things of your selves, one does not know how, or whom to believe; and it is come to that pass, we dare not take your words no more than your Taylors, without some staid Servant of yours be bound with you; but I have so strong a Faith in your Honour, dear, dear, noble Sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours at any time, dear Sir.

Hor. No, Madam, you shou'd not need to forfeit it for me, I have given you Security already to save you harmless, my late Reputation being so well known in the World, Madam.

La. Fid. But if upon any future falling out, or upon a Suspicion of my taking the Trust out of your hands, to employ some other, you your self shou'd betray you Trust, dear Sir; I mean, if you'll give me leave to speak obscenely, you might tell, dear Sir.

Hor. If I did, no Body wou'd believe me; the Reputation of Impotency is as hardly recover'd again in the World, as that of Cowardise, dear Madam.

La. Fid. Nay then, as one may say, you may do your worst, dear, dear Sir.

Sr. Jas. Come, is your Ladyship reconciled to him yet? have you agreed on matters? for I must be gone to *Whitehall*.

La. Fid. Why indeed, Sir *Jasper*, Master *Horner* is a thousand, thousand times a better Man, than I thought him: Cozen *Squeamish*, Sister *Dainty*, I can name him now, truly, not long ago you know, I thought his very name Obscenity, and I wou'd as soon have lain with him, as have nam'd him.

Sr. Jas. Very likely, poor Madam.

Dain. I believe it.

Squeam. No doubt on't.

Sr. Jas. Well, well—that your Ladyship is as virtuous as any she,—I know, and him all the Town knows—heh, he, he; therefore now you like him, get you gone to your Business together; go, go, to your Business, I say, Pleasure, whilst I go to my Pleasure, Business.

La. Fid. Come then dear Gallant.

Hor. Come away, my dearest Mistress.

Sr. Jas. So, so, why, 'tis as I'd have it.

[*Exit Sir Jasper.*]

Hor. And as I'd have it.

La. Fid. Who for his Business, from his Wife will run;
Takes the best care to have her Bus'ness done.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Alithea, and Mrs. Pinchwife.

Alitb. **S**ister, What ailes you, you are grown melancholy.

Mrs. Pin. Wou'd it not make any one melancholy, to see you go every Day fluttering about abroad, whil'ft I must stay at home like a poor lonely, fullen Bird in a Cage ?

Alitb. Ay, Sister, but you came young, and just from the Nest to your Cage, so that I thought you lik'd it; and cou'd be as chearful in't, as others that took their Flight themselves early, and are hopping abroad in the open Air.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, I confefs I was quiet enough, 'till my Husband told me, what pure lives the *London Ladies* live abroad, with their dancing, meetings, and junketings, and drest every Day in their best Gowns; and I warrant you, play at *Nine-Pins* every day of the week, so they do.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come, what's here to do? you are putting the *Town Pleasures* in her Head, and setting her a longing.

Alitb. Yes, after *Nine-pins*; you suffer none to give her those longings, you mean, but your self.

Mr. Pin. I tell her of the *Vanities* of the *Town*, like a Confessor.

Alitb. A Confessor! Just such a Confessor, as he that by forbidding a silly Ostler, to grease the *Horse's Teeth*, taught him to do't.

Mr. Pin. Come *Mistress Flippant*, good Precepts are lost, when bad Examples are still before us; the *Liberty* you take abroad makes her hanker after it; and out of humour at home, poor Wretch! she desired not to come to *London*, I wou'd bring her.

M 4

Alitb. Very

Alib. Very well.

Mr. Pin. She has been this week in Town, and never desired, till this afternoon, to go abroad.

Alib. Was she not at a Play yesterday?

Mr. Pin. Yes, but she ne'er ask'd me; I was my self the cause of her going.

Alib. Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her asking, and not my Example.

Mr. Pin. Well, to morrow night I shall be rid of you; and the next day before 'tis light, she and I'll be rid of the Town, and my dreadful Apprehensions: Come, be not melancholy, for thou sha't go into the Country after to morrow, Dearest.

Alib. Great comfort.

Mrs. Pin. Pish, what d'ye tell me of the Country for?

Mr. Pin. How's this! what, pish at the Country?

Mrs. Pin. Let me alone, I am not well.

Mr. Pin. O, if that be all — what ailes my dearest?

Mrs. Pin. Truly, I don't know; but I have not been well, since you told me there was a Gallant at the Play in love with me.

Mr. Pin. Ha——

Alib. That's by my Example too.

Mr. Pin. Nay, if you are not well, but are so concern'd, because a lewd Fellow chanc'd to lye, and say he lik'd you, you'll make me Sick too.

Mrs. Pin. Of what Sicknes?

Mr. Pin. O, of that which is worse than the Plague; Jealousie.

Mrs. Pin. Pish, you jear, I'm sure there's no such Disease in our Receipt-book at home.

Mr. Pin. No, thou never met'st with it, poor innocent——well, if thou Cuckold me, 'twill be my own fault——for Cuckolds and Bastards, are generally makers of their own fortune. [*Afide.*

Mrs. Pin. Well, but pray Bud, let's go to a Play to Night.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis just done, she comes from it; but why are you so eager to see a Play?

Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Faith, Dear, not that I care one pin for their talk there ; but I like to look upon the Player-men, and wou'd see, if I cou'd, the Gallant you say loves me ; that's all dear Bud.

Mr. Pin. Is that all dear Bud ?

Alitb. This proceeds from my Example.

Mrs. Pin. But if the Play be done, let's go abroad however, dear Bud.

Mr. Pin. Come, have a little Patience, and thou shalt go into the Country on Friday.

Mrs. Pin. Therefore I wou'd see first some Sights, to tell my Neighbours of : Nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

Alitb. I'm the cause of this desire too.

Mr. Pin. But now I think on't, who, who was the cause of *Horner's* coming to my Lodging to day ? that was you.

Alitb. No, you, because you wou'd not let him see your handsome Wife out of your Lodging.

Mrs. Pin. Why, O Lord ! did the Gentleman come hither to see me indeed ?

Mr. Pin. No, no ; — You are not the cause of that damn'd question too, *Mistress Alithea* ? — [Well she's in the right of it ; he is in love with my Wife — and comes after her — 'tis so — but I'll nip his love in the Bud ; lest he shou'd follow us into the Country, and break his Charriot-wheel near our House, on purpose for an excuse to come to't ; but I think I know the Town. *[Aside.*

Mrs. Pin. Come, pray Bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late ; for I will go, that's flat and plain.

Mr. Pin. So ! the obstinacy already of the Town-wife, and I must, whilst she's here, humour her like one. *[Aside.*

Sister, how shall we do, that she may not be seen, or known ?

Alitb. Let her put on her Mask.

Mr. Pin. Pshaw, a Mask makes People but the more inquisitive, and is as ridiculous a disguise, as a Stage-beard ; her Shape, Stature, Habit will be known ;
and

and if we shou'd meet with *Horner*, he wou'd be sure to take acquaintance with us, must wish her joy, kiss her, talk to her, leer upon her, and the Devil and all; no, I'll not use her to a Mask, 'tis dangerous; for Masks have made more Cuckolds, than the best Faces that ever were known.

Alib. How will you do then?

Mrs. Pin. Nay, shall we go? the *Exchange* will be shut, and I have a Mind to see that.

Mr. Pin. So——I have it——I'll dress her up in the Suit, we are to carry down to her Brother, little Sir *James*; nay, I understand the Town tricks: Come, let's go dress her; a Mask! no——a Woman mask'd, like a cover'd Dish, gives a Man Curiosity and Appetite, when, it may be, uncover'd, 'twou'd turn his Stomach; no, no.

Alib. Indeed your Comparison is something a greasie one: but I had a gentle Gallant, us'd to say, a Beauty mask'd, like the Sun in Eclipse, gathers together more Gazers, than if it shin'd out. [Exeunt.]

*The Scene changes to the New Exchange: Enter
Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant.*

Dor. Engag'd to Women, and not Sup with us?

Hor. Ay, a Pox on 'em all.

Har. You were much a more reasonable Man in the Morning, and had as noble resolutions against 'em, as a Widower of a Weeks liberty.

Dor. Did I ever think, to see you keep company with Women in vain?

Hor. In vain! no——'tis, since I can't love 'em, to be reveng'd on 'em.

Har. Now your Sting is gone, you look'd in the Box amongst all those Women, like a Drone in the Hive, all upon you; shov'd and ill us'd by 'em all, and thrust from one side to t'other.

Dor. Yet he must be buzzing amongst 'em still, like other old beetle-headed, lycorish Drones; avoid 'em, and hate 'em as they hate you,

Hor. Be-

Hor. Because I do hate 'em, and wou'd hate 'em yet more, I'll frequent 'em; you may see by Marriage, nothing makes a Man hate a Woman more, than her constant Conversation: In short, I converse with 'em, as you do with rich Fools, to laugh at 'em, and use 'em ill.

Dor. But I wou'd no more Sup with Women, unless I cou'd lie with 'em, than Sup with a rich Coxcomb, unless I cou'd cheat him.

Hor. Yes, I have known thee Sup with a Fool, for his drinking, if he cou'd set out your hand that way only, you were satisfy'd; and if he were a Wine-swallowing Mouth 'twas enough.

Har. Yes, a Man drinks often with a Fool, as he tosses with a Marker, only to keep his hand in Ure; but do the Ladies drink?

Hor. Yes, Sir, and I shall have the pleasure at least of laying 'em flat with a Bottle; and bring as much scandal that way upon 'em, as formerly t'other.

Har. Perhaps you may prove as weak a Brother amongst 'em that way, as t'other.

Dor. Foh, drinking with Women, is as unnatural, as scolding with 'em; but 'tis a Pleasure of decay'd Fornicators, and the basest way of quenching Love.

Har. Nay, 'tis drowning Love, instead of quenching it; but leave us for civil Women too!

Dor. Ay, when he can't be the better for 'em; we hardly pardon a Man, that leaves his Friend for a Wench, and that's a pretty lawful call.

Hor. Faith, I wou'd not leave you for 'em, if they wou'd not drink.

Dor. Who wou'd disappoint his Company at *Lewis's*, for a Gossiping?

Har. Foh, Wine and Women good apart, together as nauseous as Sack and Sugar: But hark you, Sir, before you go, a little of your Advice, an old maim'd General, when unfit for Action, is fittest for Counsel; I have other designs upon Women, than eating and drinking with them: I am in love with *Sparkish's* Mistress, whom he is to marry to morrow, now how shall I get her?

Enter

Enter Sparkish, looking about.

Hor. Why, here comes one will help you to her.

Har. He! he, I tell you, is my Rival, and will hinder my Love.

Hor. No, a foolish Rival, and a jealous Husband assist their Rival's Designs, for they are sure to make their Women hate them, which is the first step to their love for another Man.

Har. But I cannot come near his Mistress, but in his Company.

Hor. Still the better for you, for Fools are most easily cheated, when they themselves are *Accessaries*; and he is to be bubbled of his Mistress, as of his Money, the common Mistress, by keeping him Company.

Spar. Who is that, that is to be bubbled? Faith let me snack, I han't met with a Bubble since Christmas: 'gad, I think Bubbles are like their Brother Woodcocks, go out with the cold Weather.

Har. A pox, he did not hear all I hope,

[Apart to Horner.

Spar. Come, you bubbling Rogues you, where do we Sup———Oh, *Harcourt*, my Mistress tells me, you have been making fierce love to her all the Play long, hah, ha———but I———

Har. I make love to her?

Spar. Nay, I forgive thee; for I think, I know thee, and I know her, but I am sure I know my self.

Har. Did she tell you so? I see all Women are like these of the *Exchange*, who to enhance the Price of their Commodities, report to their fond Customers offers which were never made 'em.

Har. Ay, Women are apt to tell before the intrigue, as Men after it, and so shew themselves the vainer Sex; but hast thou a Mistress, *Sparkish*? 'tis as hard for me to believe it, as that thou ever had'st a Bubble, as you brag'd just now.

Spar. O, your Servant, Sir; are you at your railery, Sir? but we are some of us before-hand with you to day at the Play: the Wits were something bold with you, Sir; did you not hear us laugh?

Har. Yes,

Har. Yes, But I thought you had gone to Plays, to laugh at the Poets Wit, not at your own.

Spar. Your Servant Sir, no I thank you ; 'gad I go to a Play as to a Country-Treat, I carry my own Wine to one, and my own Wit to t'other, or else I'm sure I shou'd not be merry at either ; and the Reason why we are so often lowder than the Players, is, because we think we speak more Wit, and so become the Poet's Rivals in his Audience : for to tell you the Truth, we hate the silly Rogues ; nay, so much, that we find fault even with their Bawdy upon the Stage, whilst we talk nothing else in the Pit as loud.

Hor. But, why should'st thou hate the silly Poets, thou hast too much Wit to be one, and they like Whores are only hated by each other ; and thou dost scorn writing, I'm sure.

Spar. Yes, I'd have you to know, I scorn writing ; but Women, Women, that make Men do all foolish things, make 'em write Songs too ; every body does it : 'tis ev'n as common with Lovers, as playing with Fans ; and you can no more help Rhyming to your *Phyllis*, than drinking to your *Phyllis*.

Har. Nay, Poetry in love is no more to be avoided, than jealousy.

Dor. But the Poets damn'd your Songs, did they ?

Spar. Damn the Poets, they have turn'd 'em into Burlesque, as they call it ; that Burlesque is a *Hocus-Pocus* trick, they have got, which by the virtue of *Hiccius doctius*, *topsey turvey*, they make a wise and witty Man in the World, a Fool upon the Stage you know not how ; and 'tis therefore I hate 'em too, for I know not but it may be my own case ; for they'll put a Man into a Play for looking asquint : Their Predecessors were contented to make Serving-men only their Stage Fools, but these Rogues must have Gentlemen, with a Pox to 'em, nay Knights ; and indeed you shall hardly see a Fool upon the Stage, but he's a Knight ; and to tell you the truth, they have kept me these six years from being a Knight in earnest, for fear of being Knighted in a Play, and dubb'd a Fool.

Dor.

Dor. Blame 'em not, they must follow their Copy, the Age.

Har. But why should'st thou be afraid of being in a Play, who expose your self every day in the Play-houses, and at publick Places.

Hor. 'Tis but being on the Stage, instead of standing on a Bench in the Pit.

Dor. Don't you give Money to Painters to draw you like? and are you afraid of your Pictures, at length in a Play-house, where all your Mistresses may see you.

Spar. A Pox, Painters don't draw the small Pox, or Pimples in ones Face; come damn all your silly Authors what-ever, all Books and Booksellers, by the World, and all Readers, courteous or uncourteous.

Har. But, who comes here, *Sparkish*?

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, and his Wife in Man's Cloaths, Alithea, Lucy, her Maid.

Spar. Oh hide me, there's my Mistress too.

[*Sparkish hides himself behind Harcourt.*

Har. She sees you.

Spar. But I will not see her, 'tis time to go to *White-ball*, and I must not fail the drawing Room.

Har. Pray, first carry me, and reconcile me to her.

Spar. Another time, faith the King will have sup't.

Har. Not with the worse Stomach for thy absence; thou art one of those Fools, that think their attendance at the King's Meals, as necessary as his Physicians, when you are more troublesom to him, than his Doctors, or his Dogs.

Spar. Pshaw, I know my interest, Sir, prithee hide me.

Hor. Your Servant, *Pinchwife*,——what he knows us not——

Mr. Pin. Come along.

[*To his Wife Aside.*

Mrs. Pin. Pray, have you any Ballads, give me six-penny worth?

Clasp. We have no Ballad:

Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Then give me *Covent-Garden Drollery*, and a Play or two—Oh here's *Tarugos Wiles*, and the *Slighted Maiden*, I'll have them.

Mr. Pin. No, Plays are not for your reading; come a-long, will you discover your self? [*Apart to her.*]

Hor. Who is that pretty Youth with him, *Sparkish*?

Spar. I believe his Wife's Brother, because he's something like her, but I never saw her but once.

Hor. Extremely handsom, I have seen a Face like it too; let us follow 'em.

} *Exeunt Pinch. Mrs. Pinch.*
} *Alithea, Lucy, Horner,*
} *Dorilant following them.*

Har. Come, *Sparkish*, your Mistress saw you, and will be angry you go not to her; besides I wou'd fain be reconcil'd to her, which none but you can do, dear Friend.

Spar. Well that's a better Reason, dear Friend, I wou'd not go near her now, for her's, or my own sake, but I can deny you nothing; for though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee, as well as a new Acquaintance.

Har. I am oblig'd to you indeed, dear Friend, I wou'd be well with her only, to be well with thee still; for these tyes to Wives usually dissolve all tyes to Friends: I wou'd be contented, she shou'd enjoy you a-nights, but I wou'd have you to my self a-days, as I have had, dear Friend.

Spar. And thou shalt enjoy me a-days, dear, dear Friend, never stir; and I'll be divorced from her, sooner than from thee; come along——

Har. So, we are hard put to't, when we make our Rival our Procurer; but neither she nor her Brother, wou'd let me come near her now: when all's done, a Rival is the best Cloak to steal to a Mistress under, without suspicion; and when we have once got to her as we desire, we throw him off like other Cloaks.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit Sparkish, and Harcourt following him.*]

Re-enter

Re-enter Mr. Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife in Man's Cloaths.

Mr. Pin. Sister, if you will not go, we must leave you ——— [*To Alithea.*
The Fool her Gallant, and she, will muster up all the young Santerers of this place, and they will leave their dear Semstresses to follow us ; what a swarm of Cuckolds, and Cuckold-makers are here? [*Aside.*
Come, let's be gone Mistress *Margery.*

Mrs. Pin. Don't you believe that, I han't half my Belly full of Sights yet.

Mr. Pin. Then walk this way.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what a power of brave Signs are here? Stay——the Bull's-head, the Ram's-head, and the Stag's-head, Dear——

Mr. Pin. Nay, if every Husband's proper Sign here were visible, they wou'd be all alike.

Mrs. Pin. What d'ye mean by that, Bud ?

Mr. Pin. 'Tis no matter——no matter, Bud.

Mrs. Pin. Pray tell me ; nay, I will know.

Mr. Pin. They wou'd be all Bulls, Stags, and Rams-heads. [*Exeunt Mr. Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Re-enter Sparkish, Harcourt, Alithea, Lucy, at t'other door.

Spar. Come, dear Madam, for my sake you shall be reconciled to him.

Alitb. For your sake I hate him.

Har. That's something too cruel, Madam, to hate me, for his sake.

Spar. Ay indeed, Madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my Friend for my sake.

Alitb. I hate him, because he is your Enemy ; and you ought to hate him too, for making Love to me, if you love me.

Spar. That's a good one, I hate a Man for loving you ; if he did love you, 'tis but what he can't help, and 'tis your Fault, not his, if he admires you : I hate a Man for being of my Opinion, I'll ne'er do't, by the World. *Alitb.* Is

Alith. Is it for your Honour or mine, to suffer a Man to make love to me, who am to marry you to Morrow.

Spar. Is it for your Honour or mine, to have me jealous? That he makes love to you, is a Sign you are handsome; and that I am not jealous, is a Sign you are virtuous, that I think is for your Honour.

Alith. But 'tis your Honour too, I am concerned for.

Har. But why, dearest Madam, will you be more concern'd for his Honour, than he is himself; let his Honour alone for my sake, and his, he, he, has no Honour——

Spar. How's that?

Har. But what, my dear Friend can guard himself.

Spar. O ho——that's right again.

Har. Your care of his Honour argues his neglect of it, which is no Honour to my dear Friend here; therefore once more, let his Honour go which way it will, dear Madam.

Spar. Ay, ay, were it for my Honour to marry a Woman, whose Virtue I suspected, and cou'd not trust her in a Friend's hands?

Alith. Are you not afraid to lose me?

Har. He afraid to lose you, Madam! No, no——you may see how the most estimable, and most glorious Creature in the World, is valued by him; will you not see it?

Spar. Right, honest *Frank*, I have that noble value for her, that I cannot be jealous of her.

Alith. You mistake him, he means you care not for me, nor who has me.

Spar. Lord, Madam, I see you are jealous; will you wrest a poor Man's meaning from his words?

Alith. You astonish me, Sir, with your want of Jealousie.

Spar. And you make me giddy, Madam, with your Jealousie and Fears, and Virtue and Honour; 'gad, I see Virtue makes a Woman as troublesome, as a little reading, or learning.

Alith. Monstrous!

Lucy. [Well to see what easie Husbands these Women of Quality can meet with, a poor Chambermaid can never have such Lady-like Luck; besides he's thrown away upon her, she'll make no use of her Fortune, her Blessing, none to a Gentleman, for a pure Cuckold, for it requires good Breeding to be a Cuckold. [*Bebind.*

Alith. I tell you then plainly, he pursues me to marry me.

Spar. Pshaw——

Har. Come, Madam, you see you strive in vain to make him jealous of me; my dear Friend is the kindest Creature in the World to me.

Spar. Poor Fellow.

Har. But his Kindness only is not enough for me, without your Favour; your good Opinion, dear Madam, 'tis that must perfect my Happiness; good Gentleman he believes all I say, wou'd you wou'd do so, jealous of me! I wou'd not wrong him nor you for the World.

Spar. Look you there; hear him, hear him, and do not walk away so. [*Alitha walks carelessly, to and fro.*

Har. I love you, Madam, so——

Spar. How's that! Nay——now you begin to go too far indeed.

Har. So much, I confess, I say I love you, that I wou'd not have you miserable, and cast your self away upon so unworthy, and inconsiderable a thing, as what you see here.

[*Clapping his Hand on his Breast, points at Sparkish.*

Spar. No, Faith, I believe thou wou'dst not, now his meaning is plain; but I knew before thou wou'dst not wrong me, nor her.

Har. No, no, Heavens forbid, the glory of her Sex shou'd fall so low, as into the Embraces of such a contemptible Wretch, the least of Mankind——my dear Friend here—I injure him. [*Embracing Sparkish.*

Alith. Very well.

Spar. No, no, dear Friend, I knew it: Madam, you see he will rather wrong himself than me, in giving himself such names. *Alith.* Do

Alith. Do not you understand him yet?

Spar. Yes, how modestly he speaks of himself, poor Fellow.

Alith. Methinks he speaks impudently of your self, since—before your self too; insomuch that I can no longer suffer his scurrilous Abusiveness to you, no more than his Love to me.

Spar. Nay, nay, Madam, pray stay, his love to you: Lord, Madam, has he not spoke yet plain enough? [Offers to go.]

Alith. Yes indeed, I shou'd think so.

Spar. Well then, by the World, a Man can't speak civilly to a Woman now, but presently she says, he makes Love to her: Nay, Madam, you shall stay, with your pardon, since you have not yet understood him, 'till he has made an Eclaircisment of his Love to you, that is what kind of love it is; answer to thy Catechism: Friend, do you love my Mistress here?

Har. Yes, I wish she wou'd not doubt it.

Spar. But how do you love her?

Har. With all my Soul.

Alith. I thank him, methinks he speaks plain enough now.

Spar. You are out still. [To Alithea.]
But with what kind of Love, *Harcourt*?

Har. With the best, and the truest Love in the World.

Spar. Look you there then, that is with no Matrimonial Love, I'm sure.

Alith. How's that, do you say Matrimonial Love is not best?

Spar. Gad, I went too far e'er I was aware: But speak for thy self *Harcourt*, you said you wou'd not wrong me, nor her.

Har. No, no, Madam, e'en take him for Heaven's sake.

Spar. Look you there, Madam.

Har. Who shou'd in all justice be yours, } Claps his hand
} on his breast.
he that loves you most.

Alith. Look you there, Mr. *Sparkish*, who's that?

Spar. Who shou'd it be? go on *Harcourt*.

Har. Who loves you more than Women Titles, or Fortune Fools. [*Points at Spark.*

Spar. Look you there, he means me still, for he points at me.

Alith. Ridiculous!

Har. Who can only match your Faith, and Constancy in Love.

Spar. Ay.

Har. Who knows, if it be possible, how to value so much Beauty and Virtue.

Spar. Ay.

Har. Whose Love can no more be equal'd in the World, than that Heavenly Form of yours.

Spar. No———

Har. Who cou'd no more suffer a Rival, than your Absence, and yet cou'd no more suspect your Virtue, than his own Constancy in his Love to you.

Spar. No———

Har. Who in fine loves you better than his Eyes, that first made him love you.

Spar. Ay—nay, Madam, Faith you shan't go, 'till—

Alith. Have a care, lest you make me stay too long—

Spar. But 'till he has saluted you; that I may be assur'd you are Friends, after his honest Advice and Declaration: Come pray, Madam, be Friends with him.

Enter Master Pinchwife, Mistress Pinchwife.

Alith. You must pardon me, Sir, that I am not yet so obedient to you.

Mr. Pin. What, invite your Wife to kiss Men? Monstrous! Are you not ashamed? I will never forgive you.

Spar. Are you not ashamed, that I shou'd have more Confidence in the Chastity of your Family, than you have; you must not teach me, I am a Man of honour, Sir, though I am frank and free; I am frank, Sir———

Mr. Pin. Very frank, Sir, to share your Wife with your Friends.

Spar. He is an humble, menial Friend, such as reconciles the Differences of the Marriage Bed; you know

know Man and Wife do not always agree, I design him for that use, therefore wou'd have him well with my Wife.

Mr. Pin. A menial Friend—you will get a great many menial Friends, by shewing your Wife as you do.

Spar. What then, it may be I have a Pleasure in't, as I have to shew fine Cloaths, at a Play-house the first Day, and count Money before poor Rogues.

Mr. Pin. He that shews his Wife, or Money, will be in danger of having them borrowed sometimes.

Spar. I love to be envy'd, and wou'd not marry a Wife, that I alone cou'd love; loving alone is as dull, as eating alone; is it not a frank Age, and I am a frank Person? And to tell you the Truth, it may be I love to have Rivals in a Wife, they make her seem to a Man still, but as a kept Mistress; and so good night, for I must to *Whiteball*. Madam, I hope you are now reconcil'd to my Friend; and so I wish you a good night, Madam, and sleep if you can; for to morrow you know I must visit you early with a Canonical Gentleman. Good night, dear *Harcourt*. [*Exit Sparkish.*]

Har. Madam, I hope you will not refuse my Visit to morrow, if it shou'd be earlier with a Canonical Gentleman, than *Mr. Sparkish's*?

Mr. Pin. This Gentlewoman is yet under my Care, therefore you must yet forbear your Freedom with her, Sir. [*Coming between Alithea and Harcourt.*]

Har. Must, Sir——

Mr. Pin. Yes, Sir, she is my Sister.

Har. 'Tis well she is, Sir——for I must be her Servant, Sir, Madam——

Mr. Pin. Come away Sister, we had been gone, if it had not been for you, and so avoided these lewd Rakehells, who seem to haunt us.

Enter Horner, Dorilant to them.

Hor. How now *Pinchwife*.

Mr. Pin. Your Servant.

Hor. What, I see a little time in the Country makes a Man

a Man turn wild and unfociable, and only fit to converse with his Horses, Dogs, and his Herds.

Mr. Pin. I have Business, Sir, and must mind it; your Business is Pleasure, therefore you and I must go different ways.

Hor. Well, you may go on, but this pretty young Gentleman— [Takes hold of Mrs. Pinchwife.

Har. The Lady—

Dor. And the Maid—

Hor. Shall stay with us, for I suppose their Business is the same with ours, Pleasure.

Mr. Pin. 'Sdeath he knows her, she carries it so silly, yet if he does not, I shou'd be more silly to discover it first. [Aside.

Alitb. Pray, let us go, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Come, come—

Hor. Had you not rather stay with us?

[To Mrs. Pinchwife.

Prithee Pinchwife, who is this pretty young Gentleman?

Mr. Pin. One to whom I'm a Guardian.

[I wish I cou'd keep her out of your hands— [Aside.

Hor. Who is he? I never saw any thing so pretty in all my Life.

Mr. Pin. Pshaw, do not look upon him so much, he's a poor bashful Youth, you'll put him out of Countenance. Come away Brother. [Offers to take her away.

Hor. O your Brother!

Mr. Pin. Yes, my Wife's Brother; come, come, she'll stay Supper for us.

Hor. I thought so, for he is very like her I saw you at the Play with, whom I told you, I was in love with.

Mrs. Pin. O Jeminy! is that he that was in love with me, I am glad on't I vow, for he's a curious fine Gentleman, and I love him already too. [Aside.

Is this he Bud?

[To Mr. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come away, come away. [To his Wife.

Hor. Why, what haste are you in? why won't you let me talk with him?

Mr. Pin. Because you'll debauch him, he's yet young and innocent, and I wou'd not have him debauch'd for any thing in the World. How

How she gazes on him! the Devil—— [Aside

Hor. Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here, this is the Likeness of that Dowdey he told us of, his Wife, did you ever see a lovelier Creature? The Rogue has reason to be jealous of his Wife, since she is like him, for she wou'd make all that see her, in love with her.

Har. And as I remember now, she is as like him here as can be.

Dor. She is indeed very pretty, if she be like him.

Hor. Very pretty, a very pretty Commendation— she is a glorious Creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever beheld.

Mr. Pin. So, so.

Har. More beautiful than a Poet's first Mistress of Imagination.

Hor. Or another Man's last Mistress of Flesh and Blood.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, now you jeer, Sir; pray don't jeer me——

Mr. Pin. Come, come. [By Heavens, she'll discover her self. [Aside.

Hor. I speak of your Sister, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Ay, but saying she was handsom, if like him, made him blush. I am upon a wrack— [Aside.

Hor. Methinks he is so handsom, he shou'd not be a Man.

Mr. Pin. O there 'tis out, he has discovered her, I am not able to suffer any longer. [Come, come away, I say—— [To his Wife.

Hor. Nay, by your leave, Sir, he shall not go yet—
Harcourt, Dorilant, let us torment this jealous Rogue a little. [To them.

Har. } How?
Dor. }

Hor. I'll shew you.

Mr. Pin. Come pray let him go, I cannot stay fooling any longer; I tell you his Sister stays Supper for us.

Hor. Do's she, come then we'll all go Sup with her and thee.

Mr. Pin. No, now I think on't, having staid so long for us, I warrant she's gone to Bed——
[I wish she and I were well out of their hands——

[*Aside.*

Come, I must rise early to morrow, come.

Hor. Well then, if she be gone to Bed, I wish her and you a good night. But pray, young Gentleman, present my humble Service to her.

Mrs. Pin. Thank you heartily, Sir.

Mr. Pin. 'Sdeath, she will discover her self yet in spite of me.

[*Aside.*

He is something more civil to you, for your Kindness to his Sister, than I am, it seems.

Hor. Tell her, dear sweet little Gentleman, for all your Brother there, that you have reviv'd the Love, I had for her at first sight in the Play-house

Mrs. Pin. But did you love her indeed, and indeed?

Mr. Pin. So, so.

[*Aside.*

Away, I say.

Hor. Nay, stay; yes indeed, and indeed, pray do you tell her so, and give her this Kiss from me.

[*Kisses her.*

Mr. Pin. O Heavens! what do I suffer; now 'tis too plain he knows her, and yet——

[*Aside.*

Hor. And this, and this——

[*Kisses her again.*

Mrs. Pin. What do you kiss me for, I am no Woman.

Mr. Pin. So——there 'tis out.

[*Aside.*

Come, I cannot, nor will stay any longer.

Hor. Nay, they shall send your Lady a Kiss too; here *Harcourt, Dorilant*, will you not? [*They kiss her.*

Mr. Pin. How, do I suffer this? Was I not accusing another just now, for this rascally *Patience*, in permitting his Wife to be kiss'd before his Face? Ten thousand Ulcers gnaw away their Lips.

[*Aside.*

Come, come.

Hor. Good night, dear little Gentleman; Madam, good-night; farewell *Pinchwife*.

[Did not I tell you I wou'd raise his jealous Gall?

[*Apart to Harcourt, and Dorilant.*

[*Exeunt Horner, Harcourt, and Dorilant.*

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. So, they are gone at last; stay, let me see first if the Coach be at this door. [Exit.

Hor. What not gone yet? will you be sure to do as I desired you, sweet Sir?

[Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant return.

Mrs. Pin. Sweet Sir, but what will you give me then?

Hor. Any thing, come away into the next walk.

[Exit Horner, balling away Mrs. Pinch.

Alith. Hold, hold,———what d'ye do?

Lucy. Stay, stay, hold———

Har. Hold, Madam, hold, let him present him, he'll come presently; nay, I will never let you go, till you answer my Question.

Lucy. For God's sake, { Alith. Lucy, struggling with
Sir I must follow 'em } Harcourt, and Dorilant.

Dor. No, I have something to present you with too, you shan't follow them.

Pinchwife returns.

Mr. Pin. Where?———how———what's become of? gone———whither?

Lucy. He's only gone with the Gentlemen, who will give him something, an't please your Worship.

Mr. Pin. Something———give him something, with a Pox———where are they?

Alith. In the next walk only, Brother.

Mr. Pin. Only, only; where, where?

{ Exit Pinchwife, and returns
presently, then goes out again.

Har. What's the matter with him? why so much concern'd? but dearest Madam———

Alith. Pray let me go, Sir, I have said, and suffer'd enough already.

Har. Then you will not look upon, nor pity my sufferings?

Alith. To look upon 'em, when I cannot help 'em, were cruelty, not pity, therefore I will never see you more.

Har.

Har. Let me then, Madam, have my privilege of a banished Lover, complaining or railing, and giving you but a farewell Reason; why, if you cannot condescend to marry me, you shou'd not take that Wretch my Rival.

Alib. He only, not you, since my Honour is engag'd so far to him, can give me a Reason, why I shou'd not marry him; but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I must be so to him; your Servant, Sir.

Har. Have Women only constancy when 'tis a Vice, and are like fortune only true to Fools?

Dor. Thou sha't not stir thou robust Creature, you see I can deal with you, therefore you shou'd stay the rather, and be kind. [*To Lucy, who struggles to get from him.*]

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Gone, gone, not to be found; quite gone, ten thousands Plagues go with 'em; which way went they.

Alib. But into t'other walk, Brother.

Lucy. Their business will be done presently sure, an't please your Worship, it can't be long in doing I'm sure on't.

Alib. Are they not there?

Mr. Pin. No, you know where they are, you infamous Wretch, Eternal shame of your Family, which you do not dishonour enough your self, you think, but you must help her to do it too, thou Legion of Bawds.

Alib. Good Brother.

Mr. Pin. Damn'd, damn'd Sister.

Alib. Look you here, she's coming.

Enter Mistress Pinchwife in Man's Cloaths, running with her Hat under her arm, full of Oranges and dried fruit Horner following.

Mrs. Pin. O dear Bud, look you here what I have got, see.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. And what I have got here too, which you can't see. [*Aside, rubbing his forehead.*]

Mrs. Pin. The fine Gentleman has given me better things yet.

Mr. Pin. Has he so? [Out of breath and colour'd—] I must hold yet. [*Aside.*]

Hor. I have only given your little Brother an Orange, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Thank you, Sir. [*To Horner.*]
You have only squeezed my Orange, I suppose, and given it me again; yet I must have a City-patience. [*Aside*]

Come, come away—— [*To his Wife.*]

Mrs. Pin. Stay, till I have put up my fine things, Bud.

Enter Sir Jasper Fidget.

Sr. Jaf. O Master *Horner*, come, come, the Ladies stay for you; your Mistress, my Wife, wonders you make not more haste to her.

Hor. I have staid this half hour for you here, and 'tis your fault I am not now with your Wife.

Sr. Jaf. But pray, don't let her know so much, the truth on't is, I was advancing a certain Project to His Majesty, about——I'll tell you.

Hor. No, let's go, and hear it at your house: Good night sweet little Gentleman; one kiss more, you'll remember me now I hope. [*Kisses her.*]

Dor. What, Sir *Jasper*, will you separate Friends? he promis'd to sup with us, and if you take him to your house, you'll be in danger of our Company too.

Sr. Jaf. Alas Gentlemen, my house is not fit for you, there are none but civil Women there, which are not for your turn; he you know can bear with the Society of civil Women, now, ha, ha, ha; besides he's one of my Family;——he's,—heh, heh, heh.

Dor. What is he?

Sr. Jaf. Faith, my Eunuch, since you'll have it, heh, he, he. [*Exit Sir Jasper Fidget, and Horner.*]

Dor.

Dor. I rather wish thou wert his, or my Cuckold: *Harcourt*, what a good Cuckold is lost there, for want of a Man to make him one; thee and I cannot have *Horner's* privilege, who can make use of it.

Har. Ay, to poor *Horner*, 'tis like coming to an Estate at threescore, when a Man can't be the better for't.

Mr. Pin. Come.

Mrs. Pin. Presently Bud.

Dor. Come let us go too: Madam your Servant.

[*To Alithea.*

Good night Strapper.——

[*To Lucy.*

Har. Madam, though you will not let me have a good Day, or Night, I wish you one; but dare not name the other half of my wish.

Alith. Good night, Sir, for ever.

Mrs. Pin. I don't know where to put this here, dear Bud, you shall eat it; nay, you shall have part of the fine Gentlemans good Things, or Treat, as you call it, when we come home.

Mr. Pin. Indeed, I deserve it, since I furnish'd the best part of it.

[*Strikes away the Orange.*

The Gallant treats Presents, and gives the Ball;
But 'tis the absent Cuckold, pays for all.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In Pinchwife's House in the Morning.

Lucy, Alithea dress'd in new Cloaths.

Lucy. **W**ELL——Madam, now have I dress'd you, and set you out with so many Ornaments, and spent upon you ounces of Effence, and Pulvillio; and all this for no other purpose, but as People adorn, and perfume a Corps, for a stinking second-hand Grave, such or as bad I think Master *Sparkish's* Bed.

Alith.

Alib. Hold your Peace.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I will ask you the Reason, why you wou'd banish poor Master *Harcourt* for ever from your sight? how cou'd you be so hard-hearted?

Alib. 'Twas because I was not hard-hearted.

Lucy. No, no; 'twas stark love and kindness, I warrant.

Alib. It was so; I wou'd see him no more, because I love him.

Lucy. Hey-day, a very pretty Reason.

Alib. You do not understand me.

Lucy. I wish you may your self.

Alib. I was engag'd to marry, you see, another Man, whom my justice will not suffer me to deceive, or injure.

Lucy. Can there be a greater cheat, or wrong done to a Man, than to give him your Person, without your heart; I shou'd make a Conscience of it.

Alib. I'll retrieve it for him, after I am married a while.

Lucy. The Woman that marries to love better, will be as much mistaken, as the Wencher that marries to live better. No, Madam, marrying to increase love, is like gaming to become rich; alas, you only lose what little stock you had before.

Alib. I find by your Rhetorick you have been brib'd to betray me.

Lucy. Only by his merit, that has brib'd your heart you see against your Word, and rigid Honour; but what a Devil is this Honour? 'tis sure a Disease in the Head, like the Megrin, or Falling-sickness, that always hurries People away to do themselves mischief; Men lose their lives by it: Women, what's dearer to 'em, their Love, the Life of Life

Alib. Come, pray talk you no more of Honour, nor Master *Harcourt*; I wish the other wou'd come, to secure my Fidelity to him, and his Right in me.

Lucy. You will marry him then?

Alib.

Alib. Certainly, I have given him already my Word, and will my Hand too, to make it good when he comes.

Lucy. Well, I wish I may never stick pin more, if he be not an errant Natural, to t'other fine Gentleman.

Alib. I own he wants the Wit of *Harcourt*, which I will dispense withal, for another want he has, which is want of jealousy, which Men of Wit seldom want.

Lucy. Lord, Madam, what shou'd you do with a Fool to your Husband, you intend to be honest, don't you? then that husbandly Virtue, Credulity, is thrown away upon you.

Alib. He only that could suspect my Virtue, shou'd have cause to do it; 'tis *Sparkish's* confidence in my truth, that obliges me to be so faithful to him.

Lucy. You are not sure his Opinion may last.

Alib. I am satisfied, 'tis impossible for him to be jealous, after the Proofs I have had of him: Jealousie in a Husband, Heaven defend me from it, it begets a thousand Plagues to a poor Woman, the loss of her Honour, her Quiet, and her——

Lucy. And her Pleasure.

Alib. What d'ye mean, Impertinent?

Lucy. Liberty is a great Pleasure, Madam.

Alib. I say loss of her Honour, her Quiet, nay, her Life sometimes; and what's as bad almost, the loss of this Town, that is, she is sent into the Country, which is the last ill usage of a Husband to a Wife, I think.

Lucy. O do's the Wind lie there? [*Aside.*
Then of necessity, Madam, you think a Man must carry his Wife into the Country, if he be wise; the Country is as terrible, I find to our young English Ladies, as a Monastery to those abroad; and on my Virginitie, I think they wou'd rather marry a *London-Goaler*, than a high Sheriff of a County, since neither can stir from his Employment: formerly Women of Wit married Fools, for a great Estate, a fine Seat, or the like; but now 'tis for a pretty Seat only
in

in *Lincoln's Inn-Fields, St. James-Fields, or the Pall-mall.*

*Enter to them Sparkish, and Harcourt
dress'd like a Parson.*

Spar. Madam, your humble Servant, a happy day to you, and to us all.

Har. Amen. ———

Alitb. Who have we here?

Spar. My Chaplain faith——— O Madam, poor *Harcourt* remembers his humble Service to you; and in Obedience to your last Commands, refrains coming into your Sight.

Alitb. Is not that he?

Spar. No, fye no; but to shew that he ne'er intended to hinder our Match has sent his Brother here to join our hands; when I get me a Wife, I must get her a Chaplain, according to the Custom; this is his Brother, and my Chaplain.

Alitb. His Brother?

Lucy. And your Chaplain, to preach in your Pulpit then——— *[Aside.*

Alitb. His Brother!

Spar. Nay, I knew you wou'd not believe it; I told you, Sir, she wou'd take you for your Brother *Frank*.

Alitb. Believe it!

Lucy. His Brother! hah, ha, he, he has a trick left still it seems——— *[Aside.*

Spar. Come my dearest, pray let us go to Church before the Canonical hour is past.

Alitb. For shame, you are abus'd still.

Spar. By the World 'tis strange now you are so incredulous.

Alitb. 'Tis strange you are so credulous.

Spar. Dearest of my Life, here me, I tell you this is *Ned Harcourt* of *Cambridge*, by the World, you see he has a sneaking College look; 'tis true he's something like his Brother *Frank*, and they differ from each other no more than in their Age, for they were Twins.

Lucy.

Lucy. Hah, ha, he.

Alib. Your Servant, Sir, I cannot be so deceiv'd, though you are ; but come let's hear, how do you know what you affirm so confidently ?

Spar. Why, I'll tell you all ; *Frank Harcourt* coming to me this Morning, to wish me joy, and present his Service to you : I ask'd him, if he cou'd help me to a Parson, whereupon he told me, he had a Brother in Town who was in Orders, and he went straight away, and sent him, you see there, to me.

Alib. Yes, *Frank* goes, and puts on a black-coat, then tells you, he is *Ned*, that's all you have for't.

Spar. Pshaw, Pshaw, I tell you by the same token, the Midwife put her Garter about *Frank's* neck, to know 'em asunder, they were so like.

Alib. *Frank* tells you this too.

Spar. Ay, and *Ned*, there too ; nay, they are both in a Story.

Alib. So, so, very foolish.

Spar. Lord, if you won't believe one, you had best try him by your Chamber-maid there ; for Chamber-maids must needs know Chaplains from other Men, they are so us'd to 'em.

Lucy. Let's see ; nay, I'll be sworn he has the Canonical smirk, and the filthy, clammy palm of a Chaplain.

Alib. Well, most reverend Doctor, pray let us make an end of this fooling.

Har. With all my Soul, Divine, Heavenly Creature, when you please.

Alib. He speaks like a Chaplain indeed.

Spar. Why, was there not, Soul, Divine, Heavenly in what he said ?

Alib. Once more, most impertinent Black-coat, cease your persecution, and let us have a Conclusion of this ridiculous Love.

Har. I had forgot, I must fute my Stile to my Coat, or I wear it in vain. [Aside

Alib. I have no more patience left, let us make once an end of this troublesome Love, I say.

Har.

Har. So be it, Seraphick Lady, when your Honour shall think it meet, and convenient so to do.

Spar. 'Gad I'm sure none but a Chaplain cou'd speak so, I think.

Alith. Let me tell you, Sir, this dull Trick will not serve your turn, though you delay our Marriage, you shall not hinder it.

Har. Far be it from me, Munificent Patroness, to delay your Marriage, I desire nothing more than to marry you presently, which I might do, if you your self wou'd ; for my Noble, Good-natur'd, and thrice Generous Patron here wou'd not hinder it.

Spar. No, poor Man, not I faith.

Har. And now, Madam, let me tell you plainly, no Body else shall marry you, by Heavens, I'll die first, for I'm sure I shou'd die after it.

Lucy. How his Love has made him forget his Function, as I have seen it in real Parsons.

Alith. That was spoken like a Chaplain too, now you understand him, I hope.

Spar. Poor Man, he takes it hainously to be refus'd ; I can't blame him, 'tis putting an Indignity upon him not to be suffer'd, but you'll pardon me, Madam, it shan't be, he shall marry us, come away, pray Madam.

Lucy. Hah, ha, he, more ado ! 'tis late.

Alith. Invincible Stupidity, I tell you he wou'd marry me, as your Rival, not as your Chaplain.

Spar. Come, come Madam. [*Pulling her away.*]

Lucy. I pray, Madam, do not refuse this Reverend Divine, the honour and satisfaction of marrying you ; for I dare say, he has set his Heart upon't, good Doctor.

Alith. What can you hope, or design by this ?

Har. I cou'd answer her, a Reprieve for a Day only, often revokes a hasty Doom ? At worst, if she will not take mercy on me, and let me marry her, I have at least the Lover's second Pleasure, hindring my Rival's Enjoyment, though but for a time.

O

Spar. Come

Spar. Come Madam, 'tis e'en twelve a Clock, and my Mother charg'd me never to be married out of the Canonical Hours; come, come, Lord here's such a deal of Modesty, I warrant the first Day.

Lucy. Yes, an't please your Worship, married Women shew all their Modesty the first Day, because married Men shew all their Love the first Day.

[*Exeunt Sparkish, Alithea, Harcourt, and Lucy.*]

The Scene changes to a Bed-chamber, where appear Pinchwife, and Mrs. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come tell me, I say.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, han't I told it an hundred times over.

Mr. Pin. I wou'd try, if in the Repetition of the ungrateful Tale, I cou'd find her altering it in the least Circumstance, for if her Story be false, she is so too. [*Aside.*

Come, how was't Baggage?

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what pleasure you take to hear it sure!

Mr. Pin. No, you take more in telling it I find; but speak, how was't?

Mrs. Pin. He carried me up into the House, next to the Exchange.

Mr. Pin. So, and you Two were only in the Room.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, for he sent away a Youth that was there, for some dried Fruit, and China Oranges.

Mr. Pin. Did he so? Damn him for it——and for——

Mrs. Pin. But presently came up the Gentlewoman of the House.

Mr. Pin. O, 'twas well she did, but what did he do whilest the Fruit came?

Mrs. Pin. He kiss'd me a hundred times, and told me he fancied he kiss'd my fine Sister, meaning me you know, whom he said he lov'd with all his Soul, and bid me be sure to tell her so, and to desire her to be at her Window, by eleven of the Clock
this

this Morning, and he wou'd walk under it at that time.

Mr. Pin. And he was as good as his word, very punctual, a Pox reward him for't. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Pin. Well, and he said if you were not within, he wou'd come up to her, meaning me you know, Bud, still.

Mr. Pin. So——he knew her certainly, but for this Confession, I am oblig'd to her Smplicity. [*Aside.*]
But what, you stood very still, when he kiss'd you?

Mrs. Pin. Yes, I warrant you, wou'd you have had me discover'd my self?

Mr. Pin. But you told me, he did some Beastlines to you, as you call it, what was't?

Mrs. Pin. Why, he put——

Mr. Pin. What?

Mrs. Pin. Why he put the tip of his Tongue between my Lips, and so muss'd me——and I said, I'd bite it.

Mr. Pin. An eternal canker seize it, for a Dog.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, you need not be so angry with him neither, for to say truth, he has the sweetest Breath I ever knew.

Mr. Pin. The Devil——you were satisfied with it then, and wou'd do it again.

Mrs. Pin. Not unless he shou'd force me.

Mr. Pin. Force you, changeling, I tell you no Woman can be forced.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, but she may sure, by such a one as he, for he's a proper, goodly strong Man, 'tis hard, let me tell you, to resist him.

Mr. Pin. So, 'tis plain she loves him, yet she has not Love enough to make her conceal it from me, but the sight of him will increase her Aversion for me, and Love for him; and that Love instruct her how to deceive me, and satisfy him, all Ideot as she is: Love, 'twas he gave Women first their Craft, their Art of deluding; out of Nature's Hands they came plain, open, silly, and fit for Slaves, as She and Heaven intended 'em; but damn'd Love——Well——I

must strangle that little Monster, whilest I can deal with him.

Go fetch Pen, Ink, and Paper out of the next Room.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, Bud. [Exit *Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Mr. Pin. Why should Women have more Invention in Love than Men? It can only be, because they have more Desires, more soliciting Passions, more Lust, and more of the Devil. [Aside.

Mistress Pinchwife returns.

Come, Minks, sit down and write.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, dear Bud, but I can't do't very well.

Mr. Pin. I wish you cou'd not at all.

Mrs. Pin. But what shou'd I write for?

Mr. Pin. I'll have you write a Letter to your Lover.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, to the fine Gentleman a Letter!

Mr. Pin. Yes, to the fine Gentleman.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, you do but jeer; sure you jest.

Mr. Pin. I am not so merry, come write as I bid you.

Mrs. Pin. What, do you think, I am a Fool?

Mr. Pin. She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him, therefore she's unwilling; but you had best begin.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, so I won't.

Mr. Pin. Why?

Mrs. Pin. Because he's in Town, you may send for him if you will.

Mr. Pin. Very well, you wou'd have him brought to you; is it come to this? I say take the Pen and write, or you'll provoke me.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what d'ye make a Fool of me for? Don't I know that Letters are never writ, but from the Country to London, and from London into the Country; now he's in Town, and I am in Town too; therefore I can't write to him you know.

Mr. Pin. So, I am glad it is no worse, she is innocent enough yet. [Aside.

Yes

Yes you may, when your Husband bids you, write Letters to People that are in Town.

Mrs. Pin. O may I so! Then I'm satisfied.

Mr. Pin. Come begin——Sir—— [Dictates.

Mrs. Pin. Shan't I say, dear Sir? You know one says always something more than bare Sir.

Mr. Pin. Write as I bid you, or I will write Whore with this Penknife in your Face.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, good Bud——Sir—— [She writes.

Mr. Pin. Though I suffer'd last Night your nauseous, loath'd Kisses and Embraces——Write.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, why shou'd I say so? You know I told you, he had a sweet Breath.

Mr. Pin. Write.

Mrs. Pin. Let me but put out, loath'd.

Mr. Pin. Write I say.

Mrs. Pin. Well then.

[Writes.

Mr. Pin. Let's see, what have you writ?

Though I suffer'd last Night your Kisses and Embraces——

[Takes the Paper, and reads.

Thou impudent Creature, where is nauseous and loath'd?

Mrs. Pin. I can't abide to write such filthy Words.

Mr. Pin. Once more write as I'd have you, and question it not, or I will spoil thy writing with this; I will stab out those Eyes that cause my Mischief.

[Holds up the Penknife.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, I will.

Mr. Pin. So——so——let's see now! [Reads.

Though I suffer'd last Night your nauseous, loath'd Kisses, and Embraces; go on——Yet I would not have you presume that you shall ever repeat them——So——

[She writes.

Mrs. Pin. I have writ it.

Mr. Pin. On then——I then conceal'd my self from your Knowledge, to avoid your Insolencies——

[She writes.

Mrs. Pin. So——

Mr. Pin. The same reason now I am out of your Hands——

[She writes.

Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin. So——

Mr. Pin. Makes me own to you my unfortunate, though innocent Frolick, of being in Man's Cloaths.

[*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. So——

Mr. Pin. That you may for evermore cease to pursue her, who hates and detests you—— [*She writes on.*

Mrs. Pin. So——h——

[*Sighs.*

Mr. Pin. What do you sigh?——detests you——as much as she loves her Husband and her Honour——

Mrs. Pin. I vow Husband he'll ne'er believe, I shou'd write such a Letter.

Mr. Pin. What he'd expect a kinder from you? Come now your Name only.

Mrs. Pin. What, shan't I say your most faithful, humble Servant 'till death?

Mr. Pin. No, tormenting Fiend; her Stile I find wou'd be very soft. [*Aside.*

Come wrap it up now, whilest I go fetch Wax and a Candle; and write on the back-side, For Mr. *Horner*.

[*Exit Pinchwife.*

Mrs. Pin. For Mr. *Horner*——So, I am glad he has told me his Name; Dear Mr. *Horner*, but why should I send thee such a Letter, that will vex thee, and make thee angry with me;——well I will not send it——Ay, but then my Husband will kill me——for I see plainly, he won't let me love Mr. *Horner*——but what care I for my Husband——I won't, so I won't, send poor Mr. *Horner* such a Letter——but then my Husband——But oh——what if I writ at bottom, my Husband made me write it——Ay, but then my Husband wou'd see't——Can one have no shift, ah, a *London* Woman wou'd have had a hundred presently; stay——what if I shou'd write a Letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't too; ay, but then my Husband wou'd see't——I don't know what to do——But yet y vads I'll try, so I will——for I will not send this Letter to poor Mr. *Horner*, come what will on't.

Dear, sweet Mr. *Horner*—— } *She writes, and repeats*
so——my Husband wou'd have } *what she hath writ.*

me

me send you a base, rude, unmannerly Letter——but I won't——*so*——and wou'd have me forbid you loving me—— but I won't——*so*——and wou'd have me say to you, I hate you poor Mr. *Horner*—— but I won't tell a Lye for him——*there*——for I'm sure if you and I were in the Country at Cards together,——*so*—— I cou'd not help treading on your Toe under the Table——*so*——or rubbing Knees with you, and staring in your Face, 'till you saw me——*very well*——and then looking down, and blushing for an Hour together——*so*——but I must make haste before my Husband comes ; and now he has taught me to write Letters: You shall have longer ones from me, who am

Dear, dear, poor dear Mr. *Horner*,
Your most humble Friend, and
Servant to command 'till death,
Margery Pinchwife.

Stay I must give him a hint at bottom——*so*—— now wrap it up just like t'other——*so*—— now write for Mr. *Horner*,——But oh now, what shall I do with it? for here comes my Husband.

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. I have been detained by a Sparkish Coxcomb, who pretended a Visit to me ; but I fear 'twas to my Wife. [*Aside.*

What, have you done ?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, ay, Bud, just now.

Mr. Pin. Let's see't, what d'ye tremble for, what, you wou'd not have it go ?

Mrs. Pin. Here——No I must not give him that, so I had been served if I had given him this. [*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. Come, where's the Wax and Seal ?

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what shall I do now ? Nay then I have it—— [*Aside.*

Pray let me see't, Lord you think me so errand a Fool, I cannot seal a Letter, I will do't so I will. [*Snatches the Letter from him, changes it for the other, seals it, and delivers it to him.*

Mr. Pin. Nay, I believe you will learn that and other things too, which I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pin. So, han't I done it curiously ?

I think I have, there's my Letter going to Mr. *Horner* ; since he'll needs have me send Letters to Folks. [*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. 'Tis very well, but I warrant, you wou'd not have it go now ?

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, but I wou'd, Bud, now.

Mr. Pin. Well, you are a good Girl then, come let me lock you up in your Chamber, 'till I come back ; and be sure you come not within three Strides of the Window, when I am gone ; for I have a Spye in the Street.

[*Exit Mrs. Pin.*

At least 'tis fit she thinks so, if we } *Pinchwife locks*
do not cheat Women, they'll cheat } *the Door.*
us ; and Fraud may be justly used with secret Enemies, of which a Wife is the most dangerous ; and he that has a handsome one to keep, and a Frontier Town, must provide against Treachery, rather than open Force—Now I have secured all within, I'll deal with the Foe without with false Intelligence.

[*Holds up the Letter.*

[*Exit Pinchwife.*

The Scene changes to Horner's Lodging.

Quack and Horner.

Qu. Well Sir, how fadges the new Design ; have you not the luck of all your Brother Projectors, to deceive only your self at last ?

Hor. No, good *Domine* Doctor, I deceive you it seems, and others too ; for the grave Matrons, and old rigid Husbands think me as unfit for Love, as they are ; but their Wives, Sisters, and Daughters, know some of 'em better things already.

Qu. Already !

Hor. Already, I say ; last Night I was drunk with half a Dozen of your civil Persons, as you call 'em, and People of Honour, and so was made free of their Society, and Dressing-rooms for ever hereafter ; and

am

am already come to the Privileges of sleeping upon their Pallats, warming Smocks, tying Shoes and Garters, and the like Doctor, already, already Doctor.

Qu. You have made use of your time, Sir.

Hor. I tell thee, I am now no more Interruption to 'em, when they sing, or talk bawdy, than a little Squab *French* Page, who speaks no *English*.

Qu. But do civil Persons, and Women of Honour drink, and sing bawdy Songs?

Hor. O amongst Friends, amongst Friends; for your Bigots in Honour, are just like those in Religion; they fear the Eye of the World, more than the Eye of Heaven, and think there is no Vertue, but railing at Vice; and no Sin, but giving Scandal: They rail at a poor, little, kept Player, and keep themselves some young, modest Pulpit Comedian to be privy to their Sins in their Closets, not to tell 'em of them in their Chappels.

Qu. Nay, the Truth on't is, Priests amongst the Women now, have quite got the better of us Lay-Confessors, Physicians.

Hor. And they are rather their Patients, but——

Enter my Lady Fidget, looking about her.

Now we talk of Women of Honour, here comes one, step behind the Screen there, and but observe; if I have not particular Privileges, with the Women of Reputation already, Doctor, already.

La. Fid. Well *Horner*, am not I a Woman of Honour? You see I'm as good as my word.

Hor. And you shall see, Madam, I'll not be behind-hand with you in Honour; and I'll be as good as my word too, if you please but to withdraw into the next Room.

La. Fid. But first, my dear Sir, you must promise to have a care of my dear Honour.

Hor. If you talk a word more of your Honour, you'll make me incapable to wrong it; to talk of Honour in the Mysteries of Love, is like talking of Heaven,

ven, or the Deity in an Operation of Witchcraft, just when you are employing the Devil, it makes the Charm impotent.

La. Fid. Nay, fie, let us not be smooty; but you talk of Mysteries, and bewitching to me, I don't understand you.

Hor. I tell you, Madam, the word Money in a Mistresses Mouth, at such a nick of time, is not a more dishearting sound to a younger Brother, than that of Honour to an eager Lover like my self.

La. Fid. But you can't blame a Lady of my Reputation to be chary.

Hor. Chary—I have been chary of it already, by the Report I have caus'd of my self.

La. Fid. Ay, but if you shou'd ever let other Women know that dear Secret, it would come out; nay, you must have a great care of your Conduct; for my Acquaintance are so censorious, (oh 'tis a wicked censorious World, Mr. *Horner*,) I say, are so censorious, and detracting, that perhaps they'll talk to the Prejudice of my Honour, though you shou'd not let them know the dear Secret.

Hor. Nay, Madam, rather than they shall prejudice your Honour, I'll prejudice theirs; and to serve you, I'll lie with 'em all, make the Secret their own, and then they'll keep it: I am a *Machiavel* in Love, Madam.

La. Fid. O, no Sir, not that way.

Hor. Nay, the Devil take me, if censorious Women are to be silenc'd any other way.

La. Fid. A Secret is better kept I hope, by a single Person than a Multitude; therefore pray do not trust any Body else with it, dear, dear Mr. *Horner*.

Enter Sir Jasper Fidget.

Sr. Jas. How now!

La. Fid. O my Husband——prevented——and what's almost as bad, found with my Arms about another Man——that will appear too much——what shall I say?

[*Aside.*
Sir

Sir Jasper come hither, I am trying if *Mr. Horner* were ticklish, and he's as ticklish as can be, I love to torment the confounded Toad ; let you and I tickle him.

Sr. Jas. No, your Ladyship will tickle him better without me, I suppose ; but is this your buying *China*, I thought you had been at the *China-house* ?

Hor. *China-House*, that's my Cue, I must take it.

[*Aside.*

A Pox, can't you keep your impertinent Wives at home ? Some Men are troubled with the Husbands, but I with the Wives ; but I'd have you to know, since I cannot be your Journey-man by Night, I will not be your Drudge by Day, to squire your Wife about, and be your Man of Straw, or Scare-crow only to Pyes and Jays ; that would be nibling at your forbidden fruit ; I shall be shortly the Hackney Gentleman-Usher of the Town.

Sr. Jas. Heh, heh, he, poor Fellow he's in the right on't faith, to squire Women about for other Folks, is as ungrateful an Employment, as to tell Money for other Folks.

[*Aside.*

He, he, he, ben't angry *Horner*——

La. Fid. No, 'tis I have more reason to be angry, who am left by you, to go abroad indecently alone ; or, what is more indecent, to pin my self upon such ill-bred People of your Acquaintance, as this is.

Sr. Jas. Nay, prithee, what has he done ?

La. Fid. Nay, he has done nothing.

Sr. Jas. But what d'ye take ill, if he has done nothing ?

La. Fid. Hah, hah, hah, faith, I can't but laugh however ; why, d'ye think the unmannerly Toad wou'd not come down to me to the Coach, I was fain to come up to fetch him, or go without him, which I was resolved not to do ; for he knows *China* very well, and has himself very good, but will not let me see it, lest I should beg some ; but I will find it out, and have what I came for yet.

[*Exit Lady Fidget, and locks the Door,*
followed by Horner to the Door.

Hor. Lock

Hor. Lock the Door, Madam— [*Apart to Lady Fidget.* So, she has got into my Chamber, and lock'd me out; oh the Impertinency of Woman-kind! Well, Sir *Jasper*, plain-dealing is a Jewel; if ever you suffer your Wife to trouble me again here, she shall carry you home a pair of Horns, by my Lord Mayor she shall; though I cannot furnish you my self, you are sure, yet I'll find a way.

Sr. Jas. Hah, ha, he, at my first coming in, and finding her Arms about him, tickling him it seems, I was half jealous, but now I see my Folly. [*Aside.* He, he, he, poor *Horner*.

Hor. Nay, though you laugh now, 'twill be my turn e'er long: Oh Women, more impertinent, more cunning, and more mischievous than their Monkeys, and to me almost as ugly—now is she throwing my things about, and rifling all I have, but I'll get in to her the back way, and so rifle her for it——

Sr. Jas. Hah, ha, ha, poor angry *Horner*.

Hor. Stay here a little, I'll ferret her out to you presently, I warrant. [*Exit Horner at t'other Door.*

Sr. Jas. Wife, my Lady *Fidget*, Wife, he is coming into you the back way. } *Sir Jasper calls through the Door to his Wife, she answers from within.*

La. Fid. Let him come, and welcome, which way he will.

Sr. Jas. He'll catch you, and use you roughly, and be too strong for you.

La. Fid. Don't you trouble your self, let him if he can.

Qu. [*Behind*] This indeed I cou'd not have believ'd from him, nor any but my own Eyes.

Enter Mistress Squeamish.

Squeam. Where's this Woman-hater, this Toad, this ugly, greasie, dirty Sloven?

Sr. Jas. So the Women all will have him ugly, methinks he is a comely Person; but his Wants make his Form contemptible to 'em; and 'tis e'en as my Wife said yesterday, talking of him, that a proper handsome

some Eunuck, was as ridiculous a thing, as a Gigantick Coward.

Squeam. Sir *Fasper*, your Servant, where is the odious Beast?

Sr. Faf. He's within in his Chamber, with my Wife; she's playing the Wag with him.

Squeam. Is she so, and he's a clownish Beast, he'll give her no Quarter, he'll play the Wag with her again, let me tell you; come, let's go help her——
What, the Door's lock'd?

Sr. Faf. Ay, my Wife lock'd it——

Squeam. Did she so, let us break it open then?

Sr. Faf. No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

Squeam. No——But is there no other way to get in to 'em, whither goes this? I will disturb 'em. [*Aside.*
[*Exit Squeamish at another Door.*

Enter Old Lady Squeamish.

Old L. Squeam. Where is this Harlotry, this impudent Baggage, this rambling Tomrigg? O Sir *Fasper*, I'm glad to see you here, did you not see my vil'd Grandchild come in hither just now?

Sr. Faf. Yes.

Old L. Squeam. Ay, but where is she then? where is she? Lord, Sir *Fasper*, I have e'en ratled my self to pieces in pursuit of her; but can you tell what she makes here? They say below, no Woman lodges here.

Sr. Faf. No.

Old L. Squeam. No——What does she here then? say, if it be not a Woman's Lodging, what makes she here? But are you sure no Woman lodges here?

Sr. Faf. No, nor no Man neither, this is Mr. *Horners*'s Lodging.

Old L. Squeam. Is it so are you sure?

Sr. Faf. Yes, Yes.

Old L. Squeam. So then there's no hurt in't I hope, but where is he?

Sr. Faf. He's in the next Room with my Wife.

Old L. Squeam. Nay, if you trust him with your Wife, I may with my Biddy, they say he's a merry harm-

harmless Man now, e'en as harmless a Man as ever came out of *Italy* with a good Voice, and is pretty harmless Company for a Lady, as a Snake without his Teeth.

Sr. Jas. Ay, ay, poor Man.

Enter Mrs. Squeamish.

Squeam. I can't find 'em—Oh, are you here Grandmother, I follow'd, you must know, my Lady *Fidget* hither, 'tis the prettiest Lodging, and I have been staring on the prettiest Pictures.

Enter Lady Fidget with a piece of China in her Hand, and Horner following.

La. Fid. And I have been toying and moyling, for the pretty'st piece of China, my Dear.

Hor. Nay, she has been too hard for me, do what I cou'd.

Squeam. Oh, Lord, I'll have some China too, good Mr. *Horner*, don't think to give other People China, and me none, come in with me too.

Hor. Upon my Honour I have none left now.

Squeam. Nay, nay, I have known you deny your China before now, but you shan't put me off so, come—

Hor. This Lady had the last there.

La. Fid. Yes indeed, Madam, to my certain Knowledge he has no more left.

Squeam. O, but it may be he may have some you could not find.

La. Fid. What d'ye think if he had had any left, I would not have had it too, for we Women of Quality never think we have China enough.

Hor. Do not take it ill, I cannot make China for you all, but I will have a Rol-waggon for you too, another time.

Squeam. Thank you dear Toad. [*To Horner aside.*]

La. Fid. What do you mean by that Promise?

Hor. Alas, she has an innocent, literal understanding.

[*Apart to Lady Fidget.*]

Old L. Squeam. Poor Mr. *Horner*, he has enough to do to please you all, I see.

Hor.

Hor. Ay, Madam, you see how they use me.

Old L. Squeam. Poor Gentleman, I pity you.

Hor. I thank you, Madam, I cou'd never find Pity, but from such reverend Ladies, as you are, the young ones will never spare a Man.

Squeam. Come, come, Beast, and go dine with us, for we shall want a Man at Hombre after Dinner.

Hor. That's all their use of me, Madam, you see.

Squeam. Come Sloven, I'll lead you to be sure of you. [Pulls him by the Crewat.

Old L. Squeam. Alas poor Man, how she tugs him, kifs, kifs her, that's the way to make such nice Women quiet.

Hor. No, Madam, that Remedy is worse than the Torment, they know I dare suffer any thing rather than do it.

Old L. Squeam. Prithee kifs her, and I'll give you her Picture in little, that you admir'd so last Night, prithee do.

Hor. Well, nothing but that could bribe me, I love a Woman only in Effigie, and good Painting, as much as I hate them—I'll do't, for I cou'd adore the Devil well painted [Kisses Mrs. Squeam.

Squeam. Foh, you filthy Toad, nay, now I've done jesting

Old L. Squeam. Ha, ha, ha, I told you so.

Squeam. Foh, a Kifs of his——

Sr. Fas. Has no more hurt in't, than one of my Spaniels.

Squeam. Nor no more good neither.

Qu. I will now believe any thing he tells me.

[Behind.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

La. Fid. O Lord, here's a Man, Sir *Fasper*, my Mask, my Mask, I would not be seen here for the World.

Sr. Fas. What not, when I am with you.

La. Fid. No, no my Honour——let's be gone.

Squeam. Oh Grandmother, let us be gone, make haste, make haste, I know not how he may censure us.

La. Fid.

La. Fid. Be found in the Lodging of any thing like a Man, away. [*Exeunt Sir Jasper, La. Fid. Old La. Squeam. Mrs. Squeamish.*

Qu. What's here, another Cuckold——he looks like one, and none else sure have any Business with him. [*Behind.*

Hor. Well, what brings my dear Friend hither ?

Mr. Pin. Your Impertinency.

Hor. My Impertinency——why you Gentlemen that have got handsome Wives, think you have a Privilege of saying any thing to your Friends, and are as brutish, as if you were our Creditors.

Mr. Pin. No, Sir, I'll near trust you any way.

Hor. But why not, dear *Jack*, why diffide in me, thou know'st so well ?

Mr. Pin. Because I do know you so well.

Hor. Han't I been always thy Friend, honest *Jack*, always ready to serve thee, in Love, or Battel, before thou wert married, and am so still ?

Mr. Pin. I believe so, you wou'd be my Second, now indeed.

Hor. Well then dear *Jack*, why so unkind, so grum, so strange to me, come prithee kifs me dear Rogue, gad I was always I say, and am still as much thy Servant as——

Mr. Pin. As I am yours, Sir. What you wou'd send a Kifs to my Wife, is that it ?

Hor. So there 'tis——a Man can't shew his Friendship to a married Man, but presently he talks of his Wife to you ; Prithee let thy Wife alone, and let thee and I be all one, as we were wont : what thou art as thye of my Kindness, as a *Lumbard-street* Alderman of a Courtier's Civility at *Lockets*.

Mr. Pin. But you are over kind to me, as kind, as if I were your Cuckold already, yet I must confess you ought to be kind and civil to me, since I am so kind, so civil to you, as to bring you this, look you there, Sir.

[*Delivers him a Letter.*

Hor. What is't ?

Mr. Pin. Only a Love-Letter, Sir.

Hor. From

Hor. From whom—how, this is from your Wife—
hum—and hum—— [*Reads.*

Mr. Pin. Even from my Wife, Sir, am I not wondrous kind and civil to you, now too?

But you'll not think her so. [*Aside.*

Hor. Ha, is this a Trick of his, or hers? [*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. The Gentleman's surpriz'd I find, what, you expected a kinder Letter?

Hor. No faith, not I, how cou'd I?

Mr. Pin. Yes, yes, I'm sure you did; a Man so well made as you are must needs be disappointed, if the Women declare not their Passion at first Sight or Opportunity.

Hor. But what should this mean? stay, the Postscript. Be sure you love me, whatsoever my Husband says to the contrary, and let him not see this, lest he should come home, and pinch me, or kill my Squirrel.

[*Reads aside.*

It seems he knows not what the Letter contains. [*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. Come, ne'er wonder at it so much.

Hor. Faith, I can't help it.

Mr. Pin. Now, I think, I have deserv'd your infinite Friendship, and Kindness, and have shewed my self sufficiently an obliging kind Friend and Husband, am I not so, to bring a Letter from my Wife to her Gallant?

Hor. Ay, the Devil take me, art thou, the most obliging, kind Friend and Husband in the World, ha, ha!

Mr. Pin. Well, you may be merry, Sir, but in short I must tell you, Sir, my Honour will suffer no jesting.

Hor. What do'st thou mean?

Mr. Pin. Does the Letter want a Comment? Then know, Sir, though I have been so civil a Husband, as to bring you a Letter from my Wife, to let you kiss and court her to my Face, I will not be a Cuckold, Sir, I will not.

Hor. Thou art mad with Jealousie, I never saw thy Wife in my life, but at the Play yesterday, and I know not if it were she or no, I court her, kiss her!

Mr. Pin. I will not be a Cuckold, I say, there will be danger in making me a Cuckold.

Hor. Why, wert thou not well cur'd of thy last Clap?

Mr. Pin. I wear a Sword.

Hor. It should be taken from thee, lest thou should'st do thy self a Mischief with it, thou art mad, Man.

Mr. Pin. As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I must have more Reason from you e'er we part, I say again, though you kiss'd, and courted last Night my Wife in Man's Cloaths, as she confesses in her Letter.

Hor. Ha——

[*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. Both she and I say, you must not design it again, for you have mistaken your Woman, as you have done your Man.

Hor. Oh——I understand something now——

[*Aside.*

Was that thy Wife? Why would'st thou not tell me 'twas she? Faith my Freedom with her was your Fault, not mine.

Mr. Pin. Faith, so 'twas——

[*Aside.*

Hor. Fie, I'd never do't to a Woman before her Husband's Face, sure.

Mr. Pin. But I had rather you should do't to my Wife before my Face, than behind my Back, and that you shall never do.

Hor. No——you will hinder me.

Mr. Pin. If I would not hinder you, you see by her Letter she wou'd.

Hor. Well, I must e'en acquiesce then, and be contented with what she writes.

Mr. Pin. I'll assure you 'twas voluntarily writ, I had no hand in't you may believe me.

Hor. I do believe thee, faith.

Mr. Pin. And believe her too, for she's an innocent Creature, has no dissembling in her, and so fare you well, Sir.

Hor. Pray, however, present my humble Service to her, and tell her I will obey her Letter to a tittle, and fulfill her desires, be what they will, or with what difficulty soever I do't, and you shall be no more jealous of me, I warrant her, and you——

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. Well, then fare you well, and play with any Man's Honour but mine, kiss any Man's Wife but mine, and welcome——
[*Exit Mr. Pinch.*]

Hor. Ha, ha, ha, Doctor.

Quack. It seems he has not heard the Report of you, or does not believe it?

Hor. Ha, ha, now Doctor what think you?

Qu. Pray let's see the Letter—hum—for—dear—love you——
[*Reads the Letter.*]

Hor. I wonder how she cou'd contrive it! What say'st thou to't, 'tis an Original.

Qu. So are your Cuckolds top Originals: for they are like no other common Cuckolds, and I will henceforth believe it not impossible for you to Cuckold the Grand Seignior amidst his Guards of Eunuchs, that I say——

Hor. And I say for the Letter, 'tis the first Love-Letter that ever was without Flames, Darts, Fates, Destinies, Lying and Dissembling in't.

Enter Sparkish pulling in Mr. Pinchwife.

Spar. Come back, you are a pretty Brother-in-law, neither go to Church, nor to Dinner with your Sister Bride.

Mr. Pin. My Sister denies her Marriage, and you see is gone away from you dissatisfy'd.

Spar. Pshaw, upon a foolish Scruple, that our Parson was not in lawful Orders, and did not say all the Common-Prayer, but 'tis her Modesty only I believe, but let Women be never so modest the first Day, they'll be sure to come to themselves by Night, and I shall have enough of her then; in the mean time, *Harry Horner*, you must dine with me, I keep my Wedding at my Aunts in the *Piazza*.

Hor. Thy Wedding! What stale Maid has liv'd to despair of a Husband, or what young one of a Gallant?

Spar. O your Servant Sir——this Gentleman's Sister then——No stale Maid.

Hor. I'm sorry for't.

Mr. Pin. How comes he so concern'd for her——

[*Aside.*]

Spar. You sorry for't, why do you know any ill by her?

Hor. No, I know none but by thee, 'tis for her fake, not yours, and another Man's fake that might have hop'd, I thought——

Spar. Another Man, another Man, what is his Name?

Hor. Nay, since 'tis past he shall be nameless.

Poor *Harcourt*, I am sorry thou hast mist her— [*Aside.*]

Mr. Pin. He seems to be much troubled at the Match—— [*Aside.*]

Spar. Prithee tell me—nay, you shant go Brother.

Mr. Pin. I must of necessity, but I'll come to you to Dinner. [*Exit Pinchwife.*]

Spar. But *Harry*, what have I a Rival in my Wife already? But withal my Heart, for he may be of use to me hereafter, for though my Hunger is now my Sawce, and I can fall on heartily without, but the time will come, when a Rival will be as good Sawce for a married Man to a Wife, as an Orange to Veal.

Hor. O thou damn'd Rogue, thou hast set my Teeth on edge with thy Orange.

Spar. Then let's to Dinner, there I was with you again, come.

Hor. But who dines with thee?

Spar. My Friends and Relations, my Brother *Pinchwife*, you see, of your Acquaintance.

Hor. And his Wife.

Spar. No, 'gad, he'll ne'er let her come amongst us good Fellows, your stingy Country Coxcomb keeps his Wife from his Friends, as he does his little Firkin of Ale, for his own drinking, and a Gentleman can't get a smack on't, but his Servants, when his Back is turn'd, broach it at their Pleasures, and dust it away, ha, ha, ha, 'gad I am witty I think, considering I was married to Day, by the World, but come——

Hor. No, I will not dine with you, unless you can fetch her too.

Spar.

Spar. Pshaw, what Pleasure can'tt thou have with Women now, *Harry*?

Hor. My Eyes are not gone, I love a good Prospect yet, and will not dine with you, unless she does too, go fetch her therefore, but do not tell her Husband, 'tis for my sake.

Spar. Well, I'll go try what I can do, in the mean time come away to my Aunt's Lodging, 'tis in the way to *Pinchwives*.

Hor. The poor Woman has call'd for aid, and stretch'd forth her Hand, Doctor, I cannot but help her over the Pale out of the Bryars.

[*Exeunt Sparkish, Horner, Quack.*

The Scene changes to Pinchwife's House.

Mrs. Pinchwife alone leaning on her Elbow. | A Table, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Mrs. Pin. Well 'tis e'en so, I have got the *London Disease*, they call Love, I am sick of my Husband, and for my Gallant; I have heard this Distemper, call'd a Fever, but methinks 'tis liker an Ague, for when I think of my Husband, I tremble, and am in a cold Sweat, and have Inclinations to vomit, but when I think of my Gallant, dear Mr. *Horner*, my hot Fit comes, and I am all in a Fever, indeed, and as in other Fevers, my own Chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be remov'd to his, and then methinks I shou'd be well; ah poor Mr. *Horner*, well I cannot, will not stay here, therefore I'll make an end of my Letter to him, which shall be a finer Letter than my last, because I have studied it like any thing; O Sick, Sick!

[*Takes the Pen and writes.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, who seeing her writing, steals softly behind her, and looking over her Shoulder, snatches the Paper from her.

Mr. Pin. What, writing more Letters?

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, Bud, } *She offers to run out: He*
why d'ye fright me so? } *stops her, and reads.*

Mr. Pin. How's this! Nay, you shall not stir, Madam.

Dear, dear, dear Mr. *Horner*—very well—I have taught you to write Letters to good purpose—but let's see't.

First I am to beg your Pardon for my Boldness in writing to you, which I'd have you to know I would not have done, had not you said first you lov'd me so extremely, which if you do, you will never suffer me to lie in the Arms of another Man, whom I loath, nauseate, and detest——[Now you can write these filthy words] but what follows——Therefore, I hope you will speedily find some way to free me from this unfortunate Match, which was never, I assure you, of my Choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone; however, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do, but you must help me away before to morrow, or else alas I shall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our——our——what is to follow our——speak what? Our Journey into

[*The Letter concludes.*

the Country I suppose——Oh Woman, damn'd Woman, and Love, damn'd Love, their old Tempter, for this is one of his Miracles, in a Moment he can make those blind that cou'd see, and those see that were blind, those dumb that could speak, and those prattle who were dumb before, nay, what is more than all, make these dow-bak'd, senseless, indocile Animals, Women, too hard for us their Politick Lords and Rulers in a Moment; But make an end of your Letter, and then I'll make an end of you thus, and all my Plagues together.

[*Draws his Sword.*

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, O Lord you are such a Passionate Man, Bud.

Enter Sparkish.

Spar. How now, what's here to do?

Mr. Pin. This Fool here now!

Spar. What, drawn upon your Wife? You shou'd never do that, but at Night in the dark, when you can't hurt her, this is my Sister-in-law, is it not? Ay, faith e'en our Country *Margery*, [*Pulls aside her Handkerchief,*] one may know her, come she and you must
go

go dine with me, Dinner's ready, come, but where's my Wife, is she not come home yet, where is she?

Mr. Pin. Making you a Cuckold, 'tis that they all do, as soon as they can.

Spar. What the Wedding day? No, a Wife that designs to make a Cully of her Husband, will be sure to let him win the first stake of Love, by the World, but come they stay Dinner for us, come I'll lead down our Margery.

Mrs. Pin. No — Sir go, we'll follow you.

Spar. I will not wag without you.

Mr. Pin. This Coxcomb is a sensible Torment to me amidst the greatest in the World.

Spar. Come, come Madam Margery.

Mr. Pin. No, I'll lead her my way, what wou'd you treat your Friends with mine, for want of your own Wife? } Leads her to t'other Door, and locks her in, and returns.

I am contented my Rage shou'd take Breath— [Aside.

Spar. I told Horner this.

Mr. Pin. Come now.

Spar. Lord, how shy you are of your Wife; but let me tell you Brother, we Men of Wit have amongst us a Saying, that Cuckolding like the small Pox comes with a Fear, and you may keep your Wife as much as you will out of danger of Infection, but if her Constitution incline her to't, she'll have it sooner or later by the World, say they.

Mr. Pin. What a thing is a Cuckold, that every Fool can make him ridiculous— [Aside.

Well Sir—But let me advise you, now you are come to be concern'd, because you suspect the Danger, not to neglect the Means to prevent it, especially when the greatest share of the Malady will light upon your own Head, for—

How'ere the kind Wife's Belly comes to swell,
The Husband breeds for her, and first is ill.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Mr. Pinchwife's House.**Enter Mr. Pinchwife and Mrs. Pinchwife.
A Table and Candle.*

Mr. Pin. **C**OME, take the Pen and make an end of the Letter, just as you intended; if you are false in a tittle, I shall soon perceive it, and punish you with this as you deserve, [*Lays his Hand on his Sword,*] write what was to follow—let's see—[You must make haste and help me away before to-morrow, or else I shall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our—] What follows our? —

Mrs. Pin. Must all out then { *Mrs. Pinch. takes the Bud?*—Look you there then. } *Pen and writes.*

Mr. Pin. Let's see—[For I can defer no longer our—Wedding—Your slighted *Alithea*] What's the meaning of this, my Sister's Name to't, speak, un-riddle?

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, Bud.

Mr. Pin. But why her Name to't, speak—speak, I say?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but you'll tell her then again, if you wou'd not tell her again.

Mr. Pin. I will not, I am stunn'd, my Head turns round, speak.

Mrs. Pin. Won't you tell her indeed, and indeed.

Mr. Pin. No, speak, I say.

Mrs. Pin. She'll be angry with me, but I had rather she should be angry with me, than you Bud; and to tell you the truth, 'twas she made me write the Letter, and taught me what I should write.

Mr. Pin. Ha—[I thought the Stile was somewhat better than her own,] (*Aside.*) cou'd she come to you to teach you, since I had lock'd you up alone?

Mrs. Pin. O through the Key-hole, Bud.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. But why shou'd she make you write a Letter for her to him, since she can write her self?

Mrs. Pin. Why she said because——for I was unwilling to do it.

Mr. Pin. Because what——because

Mrs. Pin. Because lest *Mr. Horner* should be cruel, and refuse her, or vain afterwards, and shew the Letter, she might disown it, the Hand not being hers.

Mr. Pin. How's this? ha——then I think I shall come to my self again——This Changeling cou'd not invent this Lye, but if she cou'd, why shou'd she? She might think I should soon discover it——stay——now I think on't too, *Horner* said he was sorry she had married *Sparkish*, and her disowning her Marriage to me, makes me think she has evaded it, for *Horner's* sake, yet why should she take this Course? But Men in Love are Fools, Women may well be so— [*Aside.* But hark you, Madam, your Sister went out in the Morning, and I have not seen her within since.

Mrs. Pin. Alack a day, she has been crying all Day above it seems in a Corner.

Mr. Pin. Where is she, let me speak with her.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, then she'll discover all— [*Aside.* Pray hold Bud, what d'ye mean to discover me, she'll know I have told you then, pray Bud let me talk with her first——

Mr. Pin. I must speak with her, to know, whether *Horner* ever made her any Promise; and whether she be married to *Sparkish* or no.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, dear Bud don't, 'till I have spoken with her, and told her that I have told you all, for she'll kill me else.

Mr. Pin. Go then, and bid her come out to me.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, yes Bud——

Mr. Pin. Let me see——

Mrs. Pin. I'll go, but she is not within to come to him, I have just got time to know of *Lucy* her Maid, who first set me on work, what Lye I shall tell next, for I am e'en at my Wits end— [*Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Mr. Pin. Well,

Mr. Pin. Well, I resolve it, *Horner* shall have her, I'd rather give him my Sister, than lend him my Wife, and such an Alliance will prevent his Pretensions to my Wife sure,——I'll make him of kin to her, and then he won't care for her. [*Mrs. Pinchwife returns.*]

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, Bud, I told you what anger you would make me with my Sister.

Mr. Pin. Won't she come hither?

Mrs. Pin. No, no, alack-a-day, she's asham'd to look you in the Face, and she says, if you go in to her, she'll run away down Stairs, and shamefully go her self to *Mr. Horner*, who has promis'd her Marriage she says, and she will have no other, so she won't——

Mr. Pin. Did he so——promise her Marriage——then she shall have no other, go tell her so, and if she will come and discourse with me a little concerning the means, I will about it immediately, go——

[*Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*]

His Estate is equal to *Sparkish's*, and his Extraction as much better than his, as his Parts are, but my chief Reason is, I'd rather be of kin to him by the Name of Brother-in-law, than that of Cuckold——

Well what says she now?

Mrs. Pin. Why she says she would only have you lead her to *Horner's* Lodging——with whom she first will discourse the Matter before she talks with you, which yet she cannot do; for alack poor Creature, she says she can't so much as look you in the Face, therefore she'll come to you in a Mask, and you must excuse her if she make you no answer to any Question of yours, 'till you have brought her to *Mr. Horner*, and if you will not chide her, nor question her, she'll come out to you immediately.

Mr. Pin. Let her come; I will not speak a word to her, nor require a word from her.

Mrs. Pin. Oh, I forgot, besides she says, she cannot look you in the Face, tho' through a Mask, therefore wou'd desire you to put out the Candle.

Mr. Pin. I agree to all, let her } *Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*
make haste——there 'tis out——My } puts out the Candle.
Case

Cafe is something better, I'd rather fight with *Horner*, for not lying with my Sister, than for lying with my Wife, and of the two, I had rather find my Sister too forward, than my Wife; I expected no other from her free Education, as she calls it, and her Passion for the Town—well—Wife and Sister are Names which make us expect Love and Duty, Pleasure and Comfort, but we find 'em Plagues and Torments, and are equally, tho' differently troublesome to their Keeper; for we have as much ado to get People to lye with our Sisters, as to keep 'em from lying with our Wives.

Enter Mrs. Pinchwife Masked, and in Hoods and Scarves, and a Night-gown and Petticoat of Alicheas, in the dark.

What are you come Sister? Let us go then—but first let me lock up my Wife. *Mrs. Margery*, where are you?

Mrs. Pin. Here Bud.

Mr. Pin. Come hither, that I may lock } *Locks the*
you up, get you in. Come Sister, where are } *Door.*
you now?

[*Mrs. Pinch.* gives him her Hand, but when he lets her go, she steal softly on t'other side of him, and is lead away by him for his Sister Alichea.]

The Scene changes to Horner's Lodging.

Quack, *Horner*.

Qu. What all alone, not so much as one of your Cuckolds here, nor one of their Wives! They use to take their turns with you, as if they were to watch you.

Hor. Yes it often happens, that a Cuckold is but his Wife's Spie, and is more upon Family Duty, when he is with her Gallant abroad hindring his Pleasure, than when he is at home with her playing the Gallant, but the hardest Duty a married Woman imposes upon a Lover, is keeping her Husband company always.

Qu. And his Fondness wearies you almost as soon as hers.

Hor. A Pox, keeping a Cuckold company after you have had his Wife, is as tiresome as the Company of
a Coun-

a Country Squire to a witty Fellow of the Town, when he has got all his Money.

Qu. And as at first a Man makes a Friend of the Husband to get the Wife, so at last you are fain to fall out with the Wife to be rid of the Husband.

Hor. Ay, most Cuckold-makers are true Courtiers, when once a poor Man has crack'd his Credit for 'em, they can't abide to come near him.

Qu. But at first to draw him in are so sweet, so kind, so dear, just as you are to *Pinchwife*, but what becomes of that Intrigue with his Wife?

Hor. A Pox, he's as surly as an Alderman that has been bit, and since he's so coy, his Wife's Kindness is in vain, for she's a silly Innocent.

Qu. Did she not send you a Letter by him?

Hor. Yes, but that's a Riddle I have not yet solv'd—allow the poor Creature to be willing, she is silly too, and he keeps her up so close——

Qu. Yes, so close that he makes her but the more willing, and adds but Revenge to her Love, which two when met seldom fail of satisfying each other one way or other.

Hor. What here's the Man we are talking of I think.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife leading in his Wife masked, muffled, and in her Sister's Gown.

Hor. Pshaw.

Qu. Bringing his Wife to you is the next thing to bringing a Love-Letter from her.

Qu. What means this?

Mr. Pin. The last time you know, Sir, I brought you a Love-Letter, now you see a Mistress, I think you'll say I am a civil Man to you.

Hor. Ay, the Devil take me will I say thou art the civillest Man I ever met with, and I have known some; I fancy, I understand thee now, better than I did the Letter, but hark thee in thy Ear——

Mr. Pin. What?

Hor. Nothing but the usual question Man, is she found on thy Word?

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. What you take her for a Wench, and me for a Pimp?

Hor. Pshaw, Wench and Pimp, paw words, I know thou art an honest Fellow, and hast a great Acquaintance among the Ladies, and perhaps, hast made Love for me, rather than let me make Love to thy Wife—

Mr. Pin. Come, Sir, in short, I am for no fooling.

Hor. Nor I neither, therefore, prithee let's see her Face presently, make her show Man, art thou sure I don't know her?

Mr. Pin. I am sure you do know her.

Hor. A Pox, why dost thou bring her to me then?

Mr. Pin. Because she's a Relation of mine.

Hor. Is she faith Man, then thou art still more civil and obliging, dear Rogue.

Mr. Pin. Who desir'd me to bring her to you.

Hor. Then she is obliging, dear Rogue.

Mr. Pin. You'll make her welcome for my sake I hope.

Hor. I hope she is handsome enough to make her self welcome; prithee let her unmask.

Mr. Pin. Do you speak to her, she wou'd never be rul'd by be.

Hor. Madam—— [*Mrs. Pinch. whispers to Hor.* She says she must speak with me in private, withdraw prithee.

Mr. Pin. She's unwilling it seems I shou'd know all her undecent Conduct in this Business—— [*Aside.* Well then I'll leave you together, and hope when I am gone you'll agree, if not you and I shan't agree, Sir——

Hor. What means the Fool?——if she and I agree 'tis no matter what you and I do.

[*Whispers to Mrs. Pin. who makes Signs with her Hand for him to be gone.*

Mr. Pin. In the mean time I'll fetch a Parson, and find out *Sparkish*, and disabuse him.

You wou'd have me fetch a Parson, would you not, well then——Now I think I am rid of her, and shall have no more trouble with her——Our Sisters and Daughters

Daughters like Uferers Money, are safest, when put out; but our Wives, like their Writings, never safe, but in our Closets under Lock and Key. [Exit Mr. Pin.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir *Jasper Fidget*, Sir, is coming up.

Hor. Here's the trouble of a Cuckold, now we are talking of, a Pox on him, has he not enough to do to hinder his Wife's sport, but he must other Women's too.—Step in here, Madam. [Exit Mrs. Pin.

Enter Sir Jasper.

Sr. Jas. My best and dearest Friend.

Hor. The old Stile, Doctor——

Well be short, for I am busie, what would your impertinent Wife have now?

Sr. Jas. Well guess'd y' faith, for I do come from her.

Hor. To invite me to Supper, tell her I can't come, go.

Sr. Jas. Nay, now you are out, faith, for my Lady and the whole Knot of the virtuous Gang, as they call themselves, are resolv'd upon a Frolick of coming to you to Night in Masquerade, and are all drest already.

Hor. I shan't be at home.

Sr. Jas. Lord, how churlish he is to Women—— nay, pray thee don't disappoint 'em, they'll think 'tis my Fault, pr'ythee don't, I'll send in the Banquet and the Fiddles, but make no Noise on't, for the poor virtuous Rogues would not have it known for the World, that they go a Masquerading, and they would come to no Man's Ball, but yours.

Hor. Well, well——get you gone, and tell 'em if they come, 'twill be at the Peril of their Honour and yours.

Sr. Jas. Heh, he, he——we'll trust you for that, farewell—— [Exit Sir Jasper.

Hor. Doctor anon you too shall be my Guest.

But now I'm going to a private Feast.

The Scene changes to the Piazza of Covent-Garden.

Sparkish, Pinchwife.

Spar. But who would have } *Spar. with the Let-*
 thought a Woman could have } *ter in his Hand.*
 been false to me, by the World, I could not have
 thought it.

Mr. Pin. You were for giving and taking Liberty,
 she has taken it only Sir, now you find in that Letter,
 you are a frank Person, and so is she you see there.

Spar. Nay, if this be her Hand—for I never saw it.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis no matter whether that be her Hand
 or no, I am sure this Hand at her desire led her to
 Mr. *Horner*, with whom I left her just now, to go
 fetch a Parson to 'em at their desire too, to deprive
 you of her for ever, for it seems yours was but a
 Mock-marriage.

Spar. Indeed, she wou'd needs have it that 'twas
Harcourt himself in a Parson's Habit, that married us,
 but I'm sure he told me 'twas his Brother *Ned*.

Mr. Pin. O, there 'tis out, and you were deceiv'd
 not she, for you are such a frank Person—but I must
 be gone—you'll find her at Mr. *Horner's*, go and be-
 lieve your Eyes. [Exit Mr. Pin.]

Spar. Nay I'll to her, and call her as many Croco-
 diles, Sirens, Harpies, and other heathenish Names, as a
 Poet would do a Mistress, who had refus'd to hear his
 Suit, nay more his Verses on her.

But stay, is not that she following a Torch at t'other
 end of the *Piazza*, and from *Horner's* certainly——
 'tis so——

Enter Alithea following a Torch, and Lucy behind.

You are well met, Madam, though you don't think
 so; what you have made a short Visit to Mr. *Horner*,
 but, I suppose, you'll return to him presently, by that
 time the Parson can be with him.

Alith. Mr. *Horner*, and the Parson, Sir——

Spar. Come,

Spar. Come, Madam, no more dissembling, no more jilting, for I am no more a frank Person.

Alib. How's this.

Lucy. So, 'twill work I see—— [*Aside.*

Spar. Cou'd you find out no easie Country Fool to abuse? None but me, a Gentleman of Wit and Pleasure about the Town, but it was your pride to be too hard for a Man of Parts, unworthy false Woman, false as a Friend that lends a Man Money to lose, false as Dice, who undo those that trust all they have to 'em.

Lucy. He has been a great Bubble by his Similies as they say—— [*Aside.*

Alib. You have been too merry, Sir, at your Wedding Dinner sure.

Spar. What d'ye mock me too?

Alib. Or you have been deluded.

Spar. By you.

Alib. Let me understand you.

Spar. Have you the Confidence, I should call it something else, since you know your guilt, to stand my just Reproaches? You did not write an impudent Letter to Mr. *Horner*, who I find now has club'd with you in deluding me with his Aversion for Women, that I might not forsooth suspect him for my Rival.

Lucy. D'ye think the Gentleman can be jealous now, Madam—— [*Aside.*

Alib. I write a Letter to Mr. *Horner*!

Spar. Nay, Madam, do not deny it, your Brother shew'd it me just now, and told me likewise he left you at *Horner's* Lodging to fetch a Parson, to marry you to him, and I wish you joy, Madam, joy, joy, and to him too, much joy, and to my self more joy for not marrying you.

Alib. So I find my Brother would break off the Match, and I can consent to't, since I see this Gentleman can be made jealous. [*Aside.*

O *Lucy*, by his rude Usage and Jealousie, he makes me almost afraid I am married to him, art thou sure 'twas *Harcourt* himself, and no Parson that married us.

Spar. No,

Spar. No, Madam, I thank you, I suppose, that was a Contrivance too of Mr. *Horner's* and yours, to make *Harcourt* play the Parson, but I would as little as you have him one now, no not for the World; for shall I tell you another Truth, I never had any Passion for you, 'till now, for now I hate you; 'tis true, I might have married your Portion, as other Men of Parts of the Town do sometimes, and so your Servant, and to shew my unconcernedness, I'll come to your Wedding, and resign you with as much joy, as I would a stale Wench to a new Cully, nay, with as much joy as I would after the first Night, if I had been married to you, there's for you, and so your Servant, Servant. [Exit *Spar.*

Alib. How was I deceiv'd in a Man!

Lucy. You'll believe then a Fool may be made jealous now? for that Easiness in him that suffers him to be led by a Wife, will likewise permit him to be perswaded against her by others.

Alib. But marry Mr. *Horner*, my Brother does not intend it sure; if I thought he did, I would take thy Advice, and Mr. *Harcourt* for my Husband; and now I wish, that if there be any over-wise Woman of the Town, who like me would marry a Fool, for Fortune, Liberty, or Title; first, that her Husband may love Play, and be a Cully to all the Town, but her, and suffer none but Fortune to be Mistress of his Purse; then if for Liberty, that he may send her into the Country, under the Conduct of some housewifely Mother-in-law; and if for Title, may the World give her none but that of Cuckold.

Lucy. And for her greater Curse, Madam, may he not deserve it.

Alib. Away impertinent——is not this my old Lady *Lanterlus*?

Lucy. Yes, Madam. [And here I hope we shall find Mr. *Harcourt*——

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* *Ali.* *Lucy.*

The Scene changes again to Horner's Lodging.

Horner, Lady Fidget, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, Mrs. Squeamish, a Table, Banquet, and Bottles.

Hor. A Pox, they are come too soon——before I have sent back my new——Mistress, all I have now to do, is to lock her in, that they may not see her—— [*Aside.*

La. Fid. That we may be sure of our welcome, we have brought our Entertainment with us, and are resolv'd to treat thee, dear Toad.

Dain. And that we may be merry to purpose, have left Sir Jasper and my old Lady Squeamish quarrelling at home at Baggammon.

Squeam. Therefore let us make use of our time, lest they should chance to interrupt us.

La. Fid. Let us sit then.

Hor. First, that you may be private, let me lock this Door, and that, and I'll wait upon you presently.

La. Fid. No, Sir, shut 'em only and your Lips for ever, for we must trust you as much as our Women.

Hor. You know all Vanity's kill'd in me, I have no occasion for talking.

La. Fid. Now, Ladies, supposing we had drank each of us our two Bottles, let us speak the Truth of our Hearts.

Dain. and Squeam. Agreed.

La. Fid. By this Brimmer, for Truth is no where else to be found, [Not in thy Heart false Man.

Hor. You have found me a true Man I'm sure. [*Aside to Hor.*

La. Fid. Not every way—— [*Aside to Lady Fid.*
But let us sit and be merry. [*Aside to Hor.*

Lady

Lady Fidget sings.

I.

Why should our damn'd Tyrants oblige us to live
On the Pittance of Pleasure which they only give?

We must not rejoyce,
With Wine and with Noise.

In vain we must wake in a dull Bed alone,
Whilst to our warm Rival the Bottle, they're gone.

Then lay aside Charms,
And take up these Arms. * * The Glasses.

II.

'Tis Wine only gives 'em their Courage and Wit,
Because we live sober to Men we submit.

If for Beauties you'd pass,
Take a lick of the Glass,

'Twill mend your Completions, and when they are gone,
The best Red we have is the Red of the Grape.

Then Sisters lay't on,
And damn a good Shape.

Dain. Dear Brimmer, well in Token of our Open-
ness and Plain-dealing, let us throw our Masks over
our Heads.

Hor. So 'twill come to the Glasses anon.

Squeam. Lovely Brimmer, let me enjoy him first.

La. Fid. No, I never part with a Gallant, 'till I've
try'd him. Dear Brimmer that makest our Husbands
short-sighted.

Dain. And our bashful Gallants bold.

Squeam. And for want of a Gallant, the Butler love-
ly in our Eyes, drink Eunuch.

La. Fid. Drink thou Representative of a Husband,
damn a Husband.

Dain. And as it were a Husband, an old Keeper.

Squeam. And an old Grandmother.

Hor. And an *English* Bawd, and a *French* Surgeon.

La. Fid. Ay, we have all Reason to curse 'em.

Hor. For my sake Ladies.

La. Fid. No, for our own, for the first spoils all young Gallants Industry.

Dain. And the other's Art makes 'em bold only with common Women.

Squeam. And rather run the Hazard of the vile Distemper amongst them, than of a Denial amongst us.

Dain. The filthy Toads chuse Mistresses now, as they do Stuffs, for having been fancy'd and worn by others.

Squeam. For being common and cheap.

La. Fid. Whilst Women of Quality, like the richest Stuffs, lie untumbled, and unask'd for.

Hor. Ay, neat, and cheap, and new, often they think best.

Dain. No, Sir, the Beasts will be known by a Mistress longer than by a Suit.

Squeam. And 'tis not for Cheapness neither.

La. Fid. No, for the vain Fops will take up Druggets, and embroider 'em; but I wonder at the depraved Appetites of witty Men, they use to be out of the common Road, and hate Imitation; pray tell me Beast, when you were a Man, why you rather chose to club with a Multitude in a common House, for an Entertainment, than to be the only Guest at a good Table.

Hor. Why, faith, Ceremony and Expectation are unfufferable to those that are sharp bent, People always eat with the best Stomach at an Ordinary, where every Man is snatching for the best Bit.

La. Fid. Though he get a Cut over the Fingers——but I have heard People eat most heartily of another Man's Meat, that is, what they do not pay for.

Hor. When they are sure of their Welcome and Freedom, for Ceremony in Love and Eating, is as ridiculous as in Fighting, falling on briskly is all should be done in those Occasions.

La. Fid. Well,

La. Fid. Well, then let me tell you, Sir, there is no where more Freedom than in our Houses, and we take Freedom from a young Person as a Sign of good Breeding, and a Person may be as free as he pleases with us, as frolick, as gamefome, as wild as he will.

Hor. Han't I heard you all declaim against wild Men.

La. Fid. Yes, but for all that, we think Wildness in a Man, as desirable a Quality, as in a Duck, or Rabbit ; a tame Man, foh.

Hor. I know not, but your Reputations frightned me, as much as your Faces invited me.

La. Fid. Our Reputation, Lord ! Why should you not think, that we Women make use of our Reputation, as you Men of yours, only to deceive the World with less Suspicion ; our Virtue is like the State-man's Religion, the Quaker's Word, the Gamester's Oath, and the Great Man's Honour, but to cheat those that trust us.

Squeam. And that Demureness, Coyness, and Modesty, that you see in our Faces in the Boxes at Plays, is as much a Sign of a kind Woman, as a Vizard-mask in the Pit.

Dain. For I assure you, Women are least mask'd, when thy have the Velvet Vizard on.

La. Fid. You wou'd have found us modest Women in our Denials only.

Squeam. Our Bashfulness is only the Reflection of the Men's.

Dain. We blush, when they are shame-fac'd.

Hor. I beg your Pardon Ladies, I was deceiv'd in you devilishly ; but why, that mighty Pretence to Honour ?

La. Fid. We have told you ; but sometimes 'twas for the same reason you Men pretend Business often, to avoid ill Company, to enjoy the better, and more privately those you love.

Hor. But why, wou'd you ne'er give a Friend a Wink then ?

La. Fid. Faith, your Reputation frightned us as much, as ours did you, you were so notoriously lewd.

Hor. And you so seemingly honest.

La. Fid. Was that all that deterr'd you ?

Hor. And so expensive——you allow Freedom you say.

La. Fid. Ay, ay.

Hor. That I was afraid of losing my little Money, as well as my little time, both which my other Pleasures required.

La. Fid. Money, foh——you talk like a little Fellow now, do such as we expect Money ?

Hor. I beg your Pardon, Madam, I must confess, I have heard that great Ladies, like great Merchants, set but the higher Prizes upon what they have, because they are not in necessity of taking the first Offer.

Dain. Such as we make sale of our Hearts ?

Squeam. We brib'd for our Love ? Foh.

Hor. With your pardon, Ladies, I know, like great Men in Offices, you seem to exact Flattery and Attendance only from your Followers ; but you have Receivers about you, and such Fees to pay, a Man is afraid to pass your Grants ; besides we must let you win at Cards, or we lose your Hearts ; and if you make an Assignation, 'tis at a Goldsmiths, Jewellers, or China-house, where for your Honour, you deposite to him, he must pawn his, to the punctual Citty, and so paying for what you take up, pays for what he takes up.

Dain. Wou'd you not have us assur'd of our Gallants Love ?

Squeam. For Love is better known by Liberality, than by Jealousie.

La. Fid. For one may be dissembled, the other not——but my Jealousie can be no longer dissembled, and they are telling ripe.

[*Aside.*
Come

Come here's to our Gallants in waiting, whom we must name, and I'll begin, this is my false Rogue.

[*Claps him on the Back.*

Squeam. How!

Hor. So all will out now——

Squeam. Did you not tell me, 'twas for my sake only, you reported your self no Man?

[*Aside to Horner.*

Dain. Oh Wretch! Did you not swear to me, 'twas for my Love, and Honour, you pass'd for that thing you do?

[*Aside to Horner.*

Hor. So, so.

La. Fid. Come, speak, Ladies, this is my false Villain.

Squeam. And mine too.

Dain. And mine.

Hor. Well then, you are all three my false Rogues too, and there's an end on't.

La. Fid. Well then, there's no Remedy, Sister Sharrers, let us not fall out, but have a care of our Honour; though we get no Presents, no Jewels of him, we are savers of our Honour, the Jewel of most value and use, which shines yet to the World unsuspected, though it be counterfeit.

Hor. Nay, and is e'en as good as if it were true, provided the World think so; for Honour, like Beauty now, only depends on the Opinion of others.

La. Fid. Well Harry Common, I hope you can be true to three, swear, but 'tis to no purpose, to require your Oath; for you are as often forsworn, as you swear to new Women.

Hor. Come, faith, Madam, let us e'en pardon one another, for all the difference I find betwixt we Men, and you Women, we forswear our selves at the beginning of an Amour, you, as long as it lasts.

Enter Sir Jasper Fidget, and Old Lady Squeamish.

Sr. Fas. Oh, my Lady *Fidget*, was this your cunning, to come to Mr. *Horner* without me? But you have been no where else, I hope.

La. Fid. No, Sir *Fasper*.

Old L. Squeam. And you came straight hither *Biddy*.

Squeam. Yes, indeed, Lady Grandmother.

Sr. Fas. 'Tis well, 'tis well, I knew when once they were throughly acquainted with poor *Horner*, they'd ne'er be from him; you may let her masquerade it with my Wife, and *Horner*, and I warrant her Reputation safe.

Enter Boy.

Boy. O, Sir, here's the Gentleman come, whom you bid me not suffer to come up, without giving you notice, with a Lady too, and other Gentlemen——

Hor. Do you all go in there, whil'ft I send 'em away, and Boy do you desire 'em to stay below 'till I come, which shall be immediately.

[*Exeunt Sir Jasper, La. Squeam. La. Fidget, Mrs. Dainty Squeamish.*

Boy. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit Horner at t'other Door, and returns with Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Hor. You wou'd not take my Advice to be gone home, before your Husband came back, he'll now discover all, yet pray my Dearest be perswaded to go home, and leave the rest to my Management, I'll let you down the back way.

Mrs. Pin. I don't know the way home, so I don't.

Hor. My Man shall wait upon you.

Mrs. Pin. No, don't you believe, that I'll go at all; what are you weary of me already?

Hor. No, my Life, 'tis that I may love you long, 'tis to secure my Love, and your Reputation with your Husband, he'll never receive you again else.

Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin. What care I, d'ye think to frighten me with that? I don't intend to go to him again; you shall be my Husband now.

Hor. I cannot be your Husband, Dearest, since you are married to him.

Mrs. Pin. O wou'd you make me believe that—don't I see every Day at *London* here, Women leave their first Husbands, and go, and live with other Men as their Wives, pish, pshaw, you'd make me angry, but that I love you so mainly.

Hor. So, they are coming up—In again, in, I hear 'em: [*Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Well a silly Mistress, is like a weak place, soon got, soon lost, a Man has scarce time for Plunder; she betrays her Husband first to her Gallant, and then her Gallant to her Husband.

Enter Pinchwife, Alithea, Harcourt, Sparkish, Lucy, and a Parson.

Mr. Pin. Come, Madam, 'tis not the sudden Change of your Dress, the Confidence of your Affeверations, and your false Witness there, shall persuade me, I did not bring you hither, just now; here's my Witness, who cannot deny it, since you must be confronted—*Mr. Horner*, did not I bring this Lady to you just now?

Hor. Now must I wrong one Woman for another's sake, but that's no new thing with me; for in these Cases I am still on the Criminal's side, against the Innocent. [*Aside.*

Alitb. Pray, speak, Sir.

Hor. It must be so—I must be impudent, and try my luck, Impudence uses to be too hard for truth. [*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. What you are studying an Evasion, or excuse for her, Speak, Sir.

Hor. No, faith, I am something backward only, to speak in Women's Affairs or Disputes.

Mr. Pin. She bids you speak.

Alitb. Ay, pray, Sir, do, pray satisfy him.

Hor. Then, truly, you did bring that Lady to me just now. *Mr. Pin.*

Mr. Pin. O ho——

Alith. How, Sir——

Har. How, *Horner!*

Alith. What mean you, Sir, I always took you for a Man of Honour?

Hor. Ay, so much a Man of Honour, that I must save my Mistress, I thank you, come what will on't.

[*Aside.*

Spar. So if I had had her, she'd have made me believe, the Moon had been made of a *Christmas Pye*.

Lucy. Now cou'd I speak, if I durst, and solve the Riddle, who am the Author of it.

[*Aside.*

Alith. O unfortunate Woman! A Combination against my Honour, which most concerns me now, because you share in my Disgrace, Sir, and it is your Censure which I must now suffer, that troubles me, not theirs.

Har. Madam, then have no trouble, you shall now see 'tis possible for me to love too, without being jealous, I will not only believe your Innocence my self, but make all the World believe it——

Horner I must now be concern'd for this Ladies Honour.

[*Apart to Horner.*

Hor. And I must be concern'd for a Ladies Honour too.

Har. This Lady has her Honour, and I will protect it.

Hor. My Lady has not her Honour, but has given it me to keep, and I will preserve it.

Har. I understand you not.

Hor. I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pin. What's the matter with 'em all?

[*Mrs. Pinchwife peeping in behind.*

Mr. Pin. Come, come, *Mr. Horner*, no more disputing, here's the Parson, I brought him not in vain.

Hor. No, Sir, I'll employ him, if this Lady please.

Mr. Pin. How, what d'ye mean?

Spar. Ay, what does he mean?

Hor. Why, I have resign'd your Sister to him, he has my Consent.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. But he has not mine, Sir, a Woman's injur'd Honour, no more than a Man's, can be repair'd, or satisfied by any, but him that first wronged it; and you shall marry her presently, or——

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.

Enter to them *Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, they'll kill poor *Mr. Horner*, besides he shan't marry her, whilst I stand by, and look on, I'll not lose my second Husband so.

Mr. Pin. What do I see?

Alib. My Sister in my Cloaths!

Spar. Ha!

Mrs. Pin. Nay, pray now don't quarrel about finding work for the Parson, he shall marry me to *Mr. Horner*; for now, I believe, you have enough of me.

[To *Mr. Pinchwife.*

Hor. Damn'd, damn'd loving Changeling.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, Sister, pardon me for telling so many Lyes of you.

Har. I suppose the Riddle is plain now.

Lucy. No, that must be my work, good, Sir, hear me.

[Kneels to *Mr. Pinch.* who stands doggedly, with his Hat over his Eyes.

Mr. Pin. I will never hear Woman again, but make 'em all silent, thus—— [Offers to draw upon his Wife.

Hor. No, that must not be.

Mr. Pin. You then shall go first, 'tis all one to me.

[Offers to draw on *Hor.* stopt by *Har.*

Har. Hold——

Enter *Sir Jasper Fidget*, *Lady Squeamish*, *Mrs. Dainty Fidget*, *Mrs. Squeamish.*

Sr. Jaf. What's the matter, what's the matter, pray, what's the matter, Sir, I beseech you communicate, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Why, my Wife has communicated, Sir, as your Wife may have done too, Sir, if she knows him, Sir——

Sr. Jaf.

Sr. Jas. Pshaw, with him, ha, ha, he.

Mr. Pin. D'ye mock me, Sir, a Cuckold is a kind of a wild Beast, have a care, Sir——

Sr. Jas. No, sure, you mock me, Sir——he Cuckold you! It can't be, ha, ha, he, why, I'll tell you, Sir. [Offers to whisper.

Mr. Pin. I tell you again, he has Whor'd my Wife, and yours too, if he knows her, and all the Women he comes near; 'tis not his dissembling, his Hypocrisie can wheedle me.

Sr. Jas. How, does he dissemble, is he a Hypocrite? Nay then——how——Wife——Sister, is he an Hypocrite?

Old L. Squeam. An Hypocrite, a Dissembler, speak young Harlotry, speak how?

Sr. Jas. Nay, then——O my my Head too——O thou libidinous Lady!

Old L. Squeam. O thou Harloting, Harlotry, hast thou don't then?

Sr. Jas. Speak, good *Horner*, art thou a Dissembler, a Rogue? Hast thou——

Hor. Soh——

Lucy. I'll fetch you off, and her too, if she will but hold her Tongue. [Apart to *Hor.*

Hor. Canst thou? I'll give thee—— [Apart to *Lucy.*

Lucy to Mr. Pin. Pray have but Patience to hear me, Sir, who am the unfortunate Cause of all this Confusion, your Wife is innocent, I only culpable; for I put her upon telling you all these Lyes, concerning my Mistress, in order to the breaking off the Match between *Mr. Sparkish* and her, to make way for *Mr. Harcourt.*

Spar. Did you so eternal Rotten-Tooth? Then it seems my Mistress was not false to me, I was only deceiv'd by you. Brother, that shou'd have been, now Man of Conduct, who is a frank Person now, to bring your Wife to her Lover——ha——

Lucy. I assure you, Sir, she came not to *Mr. Horner* out of love, for she loves him no more——

Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Hold, I told Lyes for you, but you shall tell none for me, for I do love Mr. *Horner* with all my Soul, and no Body shall say me nay; pray, don't you go to make poor Mr. *Horner* believe to the contrary, 'tis spitefully done of you, I'm sure.

Hor. Peace, Dear Ideot. [*Aside to Mrs. Pin.*

Mrs. Pin. Nay, I will not peace.

Mr. Pin. Not 'till I make you.

Enter Dorilant, Quack.

Dor. Horner, your Servant, I am the Doctor's Guest, he must excuse our Intrusion.

Qu. But what's the matter Gentlemen, for Heavens sake, what's the matter?

Hor. Oh, 'tis well you are come——'tis a censorious World we live in, you may have brought me a Reprieve, or else I had died for a Crime I never committed, and these innocent Ladies had suffer'd with me, therefore pray satisfie these worthy, honourable, jealous Gentlemen——that—— [*Whispers.*

Qu. O, I understand you, is that all——Sir *Jasper,* by Heavens, and upon the Word of a Physician, Sir,—— [*Whispers to Sir Jasper.*

Sr. Jas. Nay, I do believe you truly——pardon me my virtuous Lady, and dear of Honour.

Old L. Squeam. What, then all's right again.

Sr. Jas. Ay, ay, and now let us satisfie him too.

[*They whisper with Mr. Pinchwife.*

Mr. Pin. An Eunuch! Pray, no fooling with me.

Qu. I'll bring half the Chyrurgeons in Town to swear it.

Mr. Pin. They——they'll swear a Man that bled to death through his Wounds died of an Apoplexy.

Qu. Pray, hear me, Sir——why all the Town has heard the report of him.

Mr. Pin. But does all the Town believe it.

Qu. Pray, inquire a little, and first of all these.

Mr. Pin. I'm sure, when I left the Town, he was the lewdest Fellow in't.

Qu. I

Qu. I tell you, Sir, he has been in *France* since, pray ask but these Ladies and Gentlemen, your Friend *Mr. Dorilant*, Gentlemen and Ladies, han't you all heard the late sad Report of poor *Mr. Horner*.

All Lad. Ay, ay, ay.

Dor. Why, thou jealous Fool dost thou doubt it, he's an errant *French Capon*.

Mrs. Pin. 'Tis false, Sir, you shall not disparage poor *Mr. Horner*, for to my certain Knowledge—

Lucy. O, hold—

Squeam. Stop her Mouth— [*Aside to Lucy.*

Old La. Fid. Upon my Honour, Sir, 'tis as true.

[*To Pinch.*

Dain. D'ye think we would have been seen in his Company—

Squeam. Trust our unspotted Reputations with him!

Old La. Fid. This you get, and we too, by trusting your Secret to a Fool— [*Aside to Hor.*

Hor. Peace, Madam,—well, Doctor, is not this a good Design that carries a Man on unsuspected, and brings him off safe.— [*Aside to Quack.*

Mr. Pin. Well, if this were true, but my Wife— [*Aside.*

[*Dorilant whispers with Mrs. Pinch.*

Alith. Come, Brother, your Wife is yet innocent you see, but have a care of too strong an Imagination, lest like an over-concern'd timorous Gamester, by fancying an unlucky Cast, it should come, Women and Fortune are truest still to those that trust 'em.

Lucy. And any wild thing grows but the more fierce and hungry for being kept up, and more dangerous to the Keeper.

Alith. There's Doctrine for all Husbands *Mr. Harcourt*.

Har. I edifie, Madam, so much, that I am impatient 'till I am one.

Dor. And I edifie so much by Example, I will never be one.

Spar. And because I will not disparage my Parts I'll ne'er be one.

Hor. And, I alas, can't be one.

Mr. Pin. But

Mr. Pin. But I must be one — against my Will to a Country Wife, with a Country-murrain to me.

Mrs. Pin. And I must be a Country Wife still too I find, for I can't, like a City one, be rid of my musty Husband, and do what I list. [*Aside.*

Hor. Now, Sir, I must pronounce your Wife innocent, though I blush whilst I do it, and I am the only Man by her now expos'd to Shame, which I will streight drown in Wine, as you shall your Suspicion, and the Ladies Troubles we'll divert with a Ballad, Doctor where are your Maskers.

Lucy. Indeed, she's innocent, Sir, I am her Witness, and her end of coming out was, but to see her Sister's Wedding, and what she has said to your Face of her Love to Mr. *Horner* was, but the usual innocent Revenge on a Husband's Jealousie, was it not, Madam, speak —

Mrs. Pin. Since you'll have me tell more Lyes —

[*Aside to Lucy and Horner.*

Yes, indeed, Bud.

Mr. Pin. For my own sake fain I wou'd all believe. Cuckolds like Lovers shou'd themselves deceive.

But —

[*Sighs.*

His Honour is least safe, (too late I find)
Who trust's it with a foolish Wife or Friend.

A Dance of Cuckolds.

Hor. Vain Fops, but court, and dress, and keep a
To pass for Women's Men, with one another.
But he who aims by Women to be priz'd,
First by the Men you see must be despis'd.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE spoken by Mrs. Knep.

NOW you the Vigorous, who daily here
O'er Vizard Mask, in publick domineer,
And what you'd do to her if in Place where ;
Nay have the Confidence, to cry come out,
Yet when she says lead on, you are not stout ;
But to your well-drest Brother straight turn round
And cry, Pox on her Ned, she can't be found :
Then slink away, a fresh one to engage,
With so much seeming Heat and loving Rage,
You'd frighten listning Actress on the Stage ;
Till she at last has seen you buffing come,
And talk of keeping in the Tying-Room,
Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home ;
Next you Fallstuffs of fifty, who beset
Your Buckram Maidenheads, which your Friends get ;
And whilst to them, you of Atchievements boast,
They share the Booty, and laugh at your Cost.
In fine, you Essens't Boys, both Old and Young,
Who wou'd be thought so eager, brisk, and strong,
Yet do the Ladies, not their Husbands, wrong :
Whose Purses for your Manhood make Excuse,
And keep your Flanders Mares for Shew, not Use ;
Encourag'd by our Woman's Man to day,
A Horner's Part may vainly think to play ;
And may Intreagues so bashfully disown,
That they may doubted be by few, or none,
May kiss the Cards at Picquet, Hombre, —Lu,
And so be taught to kiss the Lady too ;
But Gallants, have a care faith, what you do.
The World, which to no Man his due will give,
You by Experience know you can deceive,
And Men may still believe you Vigorous,
But then we Women,—there's no cous'ning us.

F I N I S.

T H E

THE
GENTLEMAN
Dancing-Master.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted

By Their MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

By Mr. *Wycherley.*

Horat— *Non satis est risu diducere victum*
Auditoris : & est quædam tamen hic quoq ; virtus.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Rich. Wellington, at the *Dolphin*
and *Crown* at the West End of *St. Paul's*
Church-Yard, 1712.

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PROLOGUE

To the CITY,

Newly after the Removal of the Duke's Company
from *Lincoln's-Inn-fields* to their new Theatre,
near *Salisbury-Court*.

OUR Author (like us) finding 'twould scarce do,
At t'other end o'th Town is come to you ;
And since 'tis his last Tryal, has that Wit
To throw himself on a substantial Pit.
Where needy Wit, or Critick dare not come,
Lest Neighbour i'the Cloak, with looks so grum,
Shou'd prove a Dunne ;
Where Punk in vizor dare not rant and tear
To put us out, since Bridewel is so near ;
In short, we shall be heard, be understood,
If not, shall be admir'd and that's as good ;
For you to senseless Plays have still been kind,
Nay, where no sense was, you a Jest wou'd find :
And never was it heard of, that the City
Did ever take occasion to be witty
Upon dull Poet, or stiff Players Action,
But still with claps oppos'd the hissing Faction.
But if you hiss'd 'twas at the Pit, not Stage,
So, with the Poet, damn'd the damning Age,
And still we know are ready to ingage
Against the flouting, ticking Gentry who
Citizen, Player, Poet, wou'd undo,
The Poet, no ; unless by commendation ;
For on the Change, Wits have no reputation ;
And rather than be branded for a Wit,
He with you, able men, wou'd credit get.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Gerard. }
Mr. Martin. } Young Gentlemen of the
Town, and Friends.

Mr. Parris, or }
Monsieur } A vain Coxcomb, and rich City-
De Parris. } Heir, newly returned from
France, and mightily affected
with the French Language and
Fashions.

Mr. James Formal, }
or Don Diego } An old rich Spanish Merchant
newly returned home, as
much affected with the Habit
and Customs of Spain, and Un-
cle to De Parris.

Mrs. Hippolita. Hippolita's Daughter.

Mrs. Gaudian. }
} Formal's Sister, an imperti-
nent precise Old Woman.

Prue. Hippolita's Maid.

Mrs. Flirt. }
Mrs. Flounce. } Two Common Women of
the Town.

A little Black-a-More; Lacquey to Formal.

A Parson.

A French Scullion.

Servants, Waiter, and Attendants.

SCENE London.

THE

T H E
G E N T L E M A N
Dancing-Master.

A C T. I. S C E C E I.

Don Diego's House in the Evening.

Enter Hippolita and Prue her Maid.

Hipp. **T**O confine a Woman just in her rambling Age !
take away her liberty at the very time she
shou'd use it ! O barbarous Aunt ! O unnatu-
ral Father ! to shut up the poor Girl at fourteen, and hinder
her budding ; all things are ripen'd by the Sun ; to shut up a
poor Girl at fourteen ! —

Prue. 'Tis true, Miss, two poor young Creatures as we are !

Hipp. Not suffer'd to see a Play in a Twelve Month ! —

Prue. Nor to go to *Ponchinello* nor Paradise ! —

Hipp. Nor to take a Ramble to the Park nor Mulberry garden !

Prue. Nor to *Tatnam-Court* nor *Islington* ! —

Hipp. Nor to eat a Sillybub in new Spring-garden with a
Cousin ! —

Prue. Nor to drink a Pint of Wine with a Friend at the
Prince in the Sun ! —

Hipp. Nor to hear a Fiddle in good Company !

Prue. Nor to hear the Organs and Tongs at the Gun in
Moorfields ! —

Hipp. Nay, not suffer'd to go to Church, because the men

are sometimes there! little did I think I should ever have long'd to go to Church!

Pru. Or I either, but between two Maids! — —

Hipp. Nor see a man! ———

Pru. Nor come near a Man! ———

Hipp. nor hear of a man! ———

Pru. No, Miss, but to be deny'd a man! and to have no use at all of a man! ———

Hipp. Hold, hold ——— your resentment is as much greater than mine, as your experience has been greater; but all this while, what do we make of my Cousin, my Husband elect (as my Aunt says) we have had his Company these three days. Is he no man?

Pru. No, faith, he's but a *Monsieur*, but you'll resolve your self that question within these three days for by that time, he'll be your Husband, if your Father come to night? ———

Hipp. Or if I provide not my self with another in the mean time! For Fathers seldom chuse well, and I will no more take my Father's choice in a Husband, than I would in a Gown or a Suit of Knots: So that if that Cousin of mine were not an ill contriv'd ugly Freekish fool, in being my Father's choice, I shou'd hate him; besides he has almost made me out of love with mirth and good humour, for he debases it as much as a Jack-pudding; and Civility and good Breeding more than a City Dancing-Master. ———

Pru. What, won't you marry him then, Madam?

Hipp. Wou'dst thou have me marry a Fool! an Idiot?

Pru. Lord! 'tis a sign you have been kept up indeed! and know little of the World, to refuse a man for a Husband, only because he's a Fool. Methinks he's a pretty apish kind of a Gentleman, like other Gentlemen, and handsome enough to lye with in the dark, when Husbands take their priviledges, and for the day-times you may take the priviledge of a Wife.

Hipp. Excellent Governess, you do understand the World, I see.

Pru. Then you shou'd be guided by me.

Hipp. Art thou in earnest then, damn'd Jade? wou'dst thou have me marry him? well ——— there are more poor young Women undone and married to filthy Fellows, by the treachery and evil Counsel of Chamber-maids, than by the obstinacy and covetousness of Parents.

Pru.

Pru. Does, not your Father come on purpose out of *Spain* to marry you to him? Can you release your self from your Aunt or Father any other way? Have you a mind to be shut up as long as you live? For my part (though you can hold out upon the Lime from the Walls here, Salt, old Shooes, and Oatmeal) I cannot live so, I must confess my patience is worn out——

Hipp. Alas! alas! poor *Prue*! your stomach lies another way, I will take pity of you, and get me a Husband very suddenly, who may have a Servant at your Service, but rather than marry my Cousin, I will be a Nun in the new Protestant Nunnery they talk of, (where they say) there will be no hopes of coming near a man.

Pru. But you can marry no-body but your Cousin, Miss, your Father you expect to Night, and be certain his *Spanish* policy and wariness, which has kept you up so close ever since you came from *Hackney-School*, will make sure of you within a day or two at farthest——

Hipp. Then 'tis time to think how to prevent him——stay——

Pru. In vain, vain Miss!

Hipp. If we knew but any man, any man, though he were but a little handsomer than the Devil, so that he were a Gentleman.

Pru. What if you did know any Man, if you had an opportunity; cou'd you have confidence to speak to a man first? But if you cou'd, how cou'd you come to him, or he to you? nay, how cou'd you send to him? for though you cou'd write, which your Father in his *Spanish* Prudence wou'd never permit you to learn, who shou'd carry the Letter? but we need not be concern'd for that, since we know not to whom to send it.

Hipp. Stay!——it must be so—— I'll try however——

Enter Monsieur de Paris.

Monf. Serviteur, Serviteur, la Cousine, I come to give the *bon Soir*, as the *French* say.

Hipp. O Cousin, you know him, the fine Gentleman they talk of so much in Town.

Pru. What! will you talk to him of any man else?

Monf. I know all the *Beaux monde* Couline.

Hipp. Master——

Mons. Monsieur Tailleur! Monsieur Esmit, Monsieur —

Hipp. These are *French* men——

Mons. Non, non, you'd you have me say Mr. *Taylor*, Mr. *Smith*, fie, fie, teste non——

Hipp. But don't you know the brave Gentleman they talk of so much in Town?

Mons. Who, Monsieur *Gerrard*?

Hipp. What kind of man is that Mr. *Gerrard*? and then I'll tell you.

Mons. Why——he is truly a pretty man, a pretty man—— a pretty so so——kind of man for an *English* man.

Hipp. How! a pretty man?

Mons. Why, he is conveniently tall——but——

Hipp. But, what?

Mons. And not ill-shap'd——but——

Hipp. But what?

Mons. And handsome, as 'tis thought——but——

Hipp. But, what are your Exceptions to him?

Mons. I can't tell you, because they are innumerable, innumerable mon foy.

Hipp. Has he Wit?

Mons. Ay, ay, they say he's witty, brave and de bel humeur and well-bred with all that——but——

Hipp. But what? does he want Judgment?

Mons. Non, non, they say he has good sense and judgment, but it is according to the account *Englis*,——for——

Hipp. For what?

Mons. For Jarnie——if I think it——

Hipp. Why?

Mons. Why——why his Taylor lives within *Ludgate*——his Valet de Chambre is no *French*-man——and he has been seen at noon-day to go into an *English* Eating-house——

Hipp. Say you so, Cousin?

Mons. Then for being well-bred you shall judge——first he can't dance a step, nor sing a *French* Song, nor swear a *French* Oate, nor use the polite *French* word in his Conversation; and in fine, can't play at *Hombre*——but speaks base good *Englis*, with the commune homebred pronounciation, and in fine, to say no more he never carries a Snuff-box about with him.

Hipp. Indeed——

Mons.

Mons. And yet this Man has been abroad as much as any man, and does not make the least shew of it, but a little in his Meen, not at all in his discour Jarnie; he never talks so much as of *St. Peter's Church*, and *Rome*, the *Escorial*, or *Madrid*, nay not so much as of *Henry IV. of Pont-Neuf, Paris*, and the new *Louvre*, nor of the *Grand Roy*.

Hipp. 'Tis for his commendation, if he does not talk of his
[Travels.

Mons. Ah, ah---Cousine---he is conscious himself of his wants, because he is very envious, for he cannot endure me---

Hipp. He shall be my man then for that. [Aside.
Ay, ay, 'tis the same, Prue. No I know he can't endure you, Cousin---

Mons. How do you know it---who never stir out. Teste non---

Hipp. Well ---dear Cousin --- if you will promise me never to tell my Aunt, I'll tell you---

Mons. I won't, I won't, Jarnie

Hipp. Nor to be concern'd your self, so as to make a quarrel of it.

Mons. Non, non ---

Hipp. Upon the Word of a Gentleman.

Mons. Foy de Chevalier, I will not quarrel.

Prue. Lord, Miss! I wonder you wont believe him without more ado?

Hipp. Then he has the hatred of a Rival for you.

Mons. Mal a peste.

Hipp. You know my Chamber is backward, and has a door into the Gallery, which looks into the back yard of a Tavern, whence Mr. *Gerrard* once spying me at the Window, has often since attempted to come in at that Window by the help of the Leads of a low Building adjoining, and indeed 'twas as much as my Maid and I cou'd do to keep him out---

Mons. Au le Coquin! ---

Hipp. But nothing is stronger than aversion; for I hate him perfectly, even as much as I love you---

Prue. I believe so faith---but what design have we now on foot?
[Aside.

Hipp. This discovery is an Argument sure of my love to you---

Mons.

Mons. Ay, ay, say no more, Cousin, I doubt not your amour for me, because I doubt not your judgment. But what's to be done with this Fanfaron-----I know where he eats to night---I'll go find him out ventre bleu-----

Hipp. Oh my dear Cousin, you will not make a quarrel of it? I thought what your Promise wou'd come to!

Mons. Wou'd you have a Man of Honour-----

Hipp. Keep his Promise?

Mons. And lose his Mistress, that were not for my Honour, may foy-----

Hipp. Cousin, though you do me the injury to think I cou'd be false---do not do your self the injury to think any one cou'd be false to you---will you be afraid of losing your Mistress; to shew such a fear to your Rival, were for his honour, and not for yours sure.

Mons. Nay, Cousin I'd have you know I was never afraid of losing my Mistress in earnest-----Let me see the man can get my Mistress from me Jarnie---but he that loves must seem a little jealous.

Hipp. Not to his Rival, those that have Jealousie hide it from their Rivals.

Mons. But there are some who say Jealousy is no more to be hid than a Cough; but it should never be discovered in me, if I had it, because it is not *French* at all---ventre---bleu--

Hipp. No, you should railly your Rival, and rather make a Jest of your Quarrel to him, and that I suppose is *French* too---

Mons. 'Tis so, 'tis so, Cousin, 'tis the veritable *French* Method; for your *Englis*, for want of Wit, drive every thing to a serious grum quarrel, and then wou'd make a Jest on't, when 'tis too late, when they can't laugh, Jarnie-----

Hipp. Yes, yes, I wou'd have you railly him soundly, do not spare him a jot-----but shall you see him to night?

Mons. Ay, ay-----

Hipp. Yes! pray be sure to see him for the Jest's sake-----

Mons. I will---for I love a Jest as well as any bel *Esprit* of 'em all---da.

Hipp. Ay, and railly him soundly; be sure you railly him soundly, and tell him, just thus-----that the Lady he has so long courted, from the great Window of the *Ship-Tavern*, is to be your Wife to morrow, unless he come at his wonted hour
of

of six in the Morning to her Window to forbid the Banes ; for 'tis the first and last time of asking : and if he come not, let him for ever hereafter stay away and hold his Tongue.

Monsf. Hah, ha ha, a very good Jest, teste bleu.

Hipp. And if the Fool shou'd come again, I would tell him his own, I warrant you Cousin ; my Gentleman shou'd be satisfied for good and all, I'de secure him.

Monsf. Bon, Bon,

Pru. Well, well ! young Mistrefs, you were not at *Hackney-School* for nothing I see ; nor taken away for nothing : A Woman may soon be too old, but is never too young to shift for her self ? [*Aside.*

Monsf. Hah, ah, ah, Cousin, dou art a merry Grigg,—ma foy—I long to be with *Gerrard*, and I am the best at improving a Jest—I shall have such divertisement te night teste bleu.

Hipp. He'll deny, 'may be at first, that he ever courted any such Lady.

Monsf. Nay, I am sure he'll be aham'd of it : I shall make him look so sillily teste non —— I long to find him out, adieu, adieu la Ccusine.

Hipp. Shall you be sure to find him ?

Monsf. Indubitablement I'll search the Town over, but I'll find him, hah, ha, ha —— [*Ex. Monsf. and returns.*
But I'm afraid, Cousine, if I should tell him you are to be my Wife to morrow, he wou'd not come, now I am for having him come for the Jest's sake —— ventre ——

Hipp. So am I, Cousin, for having him come too for the Jest's sake.

Monsf. Well, well ! leave it to me ! ha, ha, ha.

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Mrs. Caut. What's all this gigling here ?

Monsf. Hay, do you tinke we'll tell you, no fait, I warrant you teste non ha, ha, ha ——

Hipp. My Cousin is overjoy'd, I suppose, that my Father is to come to night.

Mrs. Caut. I am afraid he will not come to night —— but you'll stay and see, Nephew.

Monsf. Non, non : I am to sup at to'ther end of the Town to night. — la, la, la —— ra, ra, ra —— [*Ex. Monsf. singing.*

Mrs. Caut. I with the *French Levity* of this Young-man may agree with your Father's *Spanish Gravity*.

Hipp. Just as your crabbed old age and my youth agree.

Mrs. Caut. Well, Malepert! I know you hate me, because I have been the Guardian of your Reputation. But your Husband may thank me one day.

Hipp. If he be not a Fool, he would rather be oblig'd to me for my vertue, than to you, since, at long run he must, whether he will or no.

Mrs. Caut. So, so!

Hipp. Nay, now I think on't; I'de have you to know, the poor man, whoso'er he is, will have little cause to thank you.

Mrs. Caut. No——

Hipp. No; for I never lived so wicked a life, as I have done this twelve-month, since I have not seen a man.

Mrs. Caut. How! how! If you have not seen a Man, how cou'd you be wicked? how cou'd you do any ill?

Hipp. No, I have done no ill, but I have paid it with thinking.

Mrs. Caut. O that's no hurt; to think is no hurt; the ancient, grave, and godly cannot help thoughts.

Hipp. I warrant, you have had 'em your self, Aunt.

Mrs. Caut. Yes, yes! when I cannot sleep.

Hipp. Ha, ha —— I believe it, but know, I have had those thoughts sleeping and waking: for I have dream't of a man.

Mrs. Caut. No matter, no matter, so that it was but a dream, I have dream't my self; for you must know Widows are mightily given to dream, infomuch that a dream is wag-gishly call'd the Widows Comfort.

Hipp. But I did not only dream in—— [Sighs.]

Mrs. Caut. How, how! did you more than dream! speak young Harlotry; confels, did you more than dream? how could you do more than dream in this House? speak! confels.

Hipp. Well! I will then. Indeed, Aunt, I did not only dream, but I was pleas'd with my dream when I awak'd.

Mrs. Caut. Oh, is that all? nay, if a dream only will please you, you are a modest young Woman still, but have a care of a Vision.

Hipp. I; but to be delighted when we wake with a naughty dream, is a sin, Aunt; and I am so very scrupulous, that I wou'd as soon consent to a naughty man, as to a naughty dream.

Mrs.

Mrs. Caut. I do believe you.

Hipp. I am for going into the Throng of Temptations.

Mrs. Caut. There I believe you agen.

Hipp. And making my self so familiar with them, that I wou'd not be concern'd for 'em a whit.

Mrs. Caut. There I do not believe you.

Hipp. And would take all the innocent liberty of the Town, to tattle to your men under a Vizard in the Play-houses, and meet 'em at night in Masquerade.

Mrs. Caut. There I do believe you again, I know you wou'd be masquerading ; but worse wou'd come on't, as it has done to others, who have been in a Masquerade, and are now Virgin's but in Masquerade, and will not be their own Women agen as long as they live. The Children of this Age must be wise Children indeed, if they know their Fathers, since their Mothers themselves cannot inform 'em ! O, the fatal Liberty of this masquerading Age when I was a young Woman.

Hipp. Come, come, do not blaspheme this masquerading Age, like an ilbred City-Dame, whose Husband is half broke by living in *Covent-Garden*, or who has been turn'd out of the *Temple* or *Lincolns-Inn* upon a masquerading Night : by what I've heard 'tis a pleasant-well-bred-complacent-free frolick-good-natur'd-pretty-Age ; and if you do not like it, leave it to us that do.

Mrs. Caut. Lord ! how impudently you talk, Niece, I'm sure I remember when I was a Maid.

Hipp. Can you remember it, reverend Aunt ?

Mrs. Caut. Yes, modest Niece, that a raw young thing though almost at Womans estate, that was then at 30 or 35 years of age, would not so much as have look'd upon a Man.

Hipp. Above her Fathers Butler or Coach-man.

Mrs. Caut. Still taking me up ! well thou art a mad Girl, and so good night. We may go to bed, for I suppose now your Father will not come to night. *(Exit Mrs. Caution.)*

Hipp. I am sorry for it; for I long to see him. But I lye ; I had rather see *Gerrard* here, and yet I know not how I shall *(Aside.)*

like him : if he has wit he will come, and if he has none he wou'd not be welcome.

(Ex. Hipp. and Pru.)

S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to the French-House, a Table, Bottles, and Candles.*

Enter Mr. Gerrard, Martin, and Monsieur de Parris.

Monsf. 'Tis ver veritable, Jarnie, what the *French* say of you *English*, you use the debach so much, it cannot have with you the *French* Operation you are never enjoyee; but come, let us for once be enfinement galliard, and sing a *French* Sonnet, sings *la bouteille, la bouteille, glou, glou.*

Mart. to Gerrard. What a melodious Fop it is?

Monsf. Auh ——— you have no Complaisance.

Ger. No we cant' sing, but we'll drink to you the Ladies health, whom (you say) I have so long courted at her Window.

Monsf. Ay, there is your Complaisance; all your *English* Complaisance is pledging Complaisance, ventre-----but if I do

(Takes the Glass.
you reason here, will you do me reason to a little *French* Chan-
son aboire ——— I shall begin to you ——— *La bouteille, la-bou-*
telle, la ——— sings.

Mart. to Gerrard. I had rather keep Company with a Set of wide mouth'd drunken Cathedral Choristers.

Ger. Come, Sir, drink, and he shall do you reason to your *French* Song since you stand upon't sing him *Arthur of Bradley*, or *I am the Duke of Norfolk*.

Monsf. Auh, *Teste bleu*, an *English* Catch, fie, fie, ventre---

Ger. He can sing no damn'd *French* Song.

Monsf. Nor can I drink the damn'd *Englis'* Wine. *(Sets*
down the Glass.

Ger. Yes, to that Ladies health, who has commanded me to wait upon her to morrow at her Window, which looks (you say) into the inward Yard of the *Ship-Tavern*, near the end of what dee call't street.

Monsf. Ay, ay, do you not know her, not you (*vert bleu.*)

Ger. But 'pray repeat agen what she said.

Monsf. VVhy, she said, she is to be marry'd to morrow to a person of Honour, a brave Gentleman, that shall be nameless and so, and so forth (little does he think who 'tis.) *(Aside.*

Ger. And what else?

Monsf. That if you make not your appearance before her VWindow to morrow at your wonted hour of six in the morn-
ing

ing to forbid the Banes, you must for ever hereafter stay away and hold your tongue, for 'tis the first and last time of asking, ha, ha, ha!

Ger. 'Tis all a Riddle to me; I should be unwilling to be fool'd by this Coxcomb.

Monf. I won't tell him all she said, lest he shou'd not go, I wou'd fain have him go for the Jest's sake——ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Her name is, you say, *Hippolita* Daughter to a rich *Spanish* Merchant.

Monf. Ay, ay, you don't know her, not you a d'autre a d'autre ma foy —— ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well! I will be an easie Fool for once.

Mart. By all means go.

Monf. Ay, ay, by all means go —— hah, ha, ha.

Ger. To be caught in a Fools Trap—— I'll venture it.

(Aside.

Come, 'tis her health.

(Drinks to him.

Monf. And to your good reception——teste bleu—— ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well, Monsieur! I'll say this for thee, thou hast made the best use of three months at *Paris*, as ever *English* Squire did.

Monf. Considering I was in a dam' *Englis'* Pension too.

Mart. Yet you have convers'd with some *French*, I see; Foot-men I suppose at the Fencing-School, I judge it by your Oaths.

Monf. *French* Foot-men! well, well, I had rather have the conversation of a *French* Foot-man than of an *English* Esquire, there's for you da——

Mart. I beg your pardon, *Monsieur*: I did not think the *French* Foot-men had been so much your Friends.

Ger. Yes, yes, I warrant they have oblig'd him at *Paris* much more than any of their Masters did. Well, there shall be no more said against the *French* Foot-men.

Monf. Non de Grace —— you are alway turning the Nation *Francez* into ridicule, dat Nation so accomplie, dat Nation which you imitate, so, dat in the conclusion you butte turn your self into ridicule may foy; if you are for de raillery, abuse the *Dutch*, why not abuse the *Dutch*? les grosse Villaines, Pandars, Insolents; but here in your *England* may foy, you
have

have more honeur, respecte, and estimation for the Dushe Swabber, who come to cheat your Nation, den for de Franch-Foot-man, who come to oblige your Nation.

Mart. Our Nation! then you disown it for yours, it seems.

Monsf. Well! wait of dat; are you the disoblige by date?

Ger. No, Monsieur, far from it; you cou'd not oblige us, nor your Country any other way then by disowning it.

Monsf. It is de Brutal Country, which abuse de France and reverence the Dushe; I will maintain, sustain, and justifie dat one little Franch-Foot-man have more honeur, courage, and generosity, more good blood in his vaine, an' must more good manners an' civility den all de State General together, Jarnie—— dey are only wise and valiant wen dey are drunkee.

Ger. That is always.

Monsf. But dey are never honeste wen dey are drunkee; dey are de only Rogue in de Varlde, who are not honeste wen dey are drunk—— may foy.

Ger. I find you are well acquainted with them, Monsieur.

Monsf. Ay, ay, I have made the toure of *Holland*, but it was en poste, dere was no staying for me teste non—— for de Gentleman can no more live dere den de Toad in *Ir'land*, ma foy; for I did not see on' Chevalier in de whole Cuntree: alway, you know, de Rebel bate de gens de quality; besides, I had make sufficient observation of the Canaile barbare de first night of my arrival at *Amsterdamme*. I did visit you must know one of de Principal of de State General, to whom I had recommendation from England, and did find his Excellence weighing Sope, Jarnie——ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Weighing Sope!

Monsf. Weighing Sope, may foy, for he was a whole Sale Chandeleer, and his Lady was taking the Tale of Chandles wid her own witer hands, ma foy, and de young Lady, his Excellence Duughters stringing Harring, stringing Harring, Jarnie——

Ger. So——h—— and what were his Sons doing?

Monsf. Auh—— his Son (for he had but one) was making de Toure of *France, Espaigne, Italy, an' Germany* in a Coach and six, or rader now I think on't, gone of an Embassy hider to dere Master *Cromwell*, whom they did love and fear, because he was some ting de greater Rebel, bute now I talk of

de

de Rebelle, none but de Rebel can love de Rebelle, and so much for you and your Friend the *Dushe*, I'll say no more, and pray do you say no more of my Friend de *Franch*, not so much as of my Friend the *Franch-Foot-man* — da——

Ger. No, no ; but, Monsieur, now give me leave to admire thee, that in three months at *Paris* you could renounce your Language, Drinking, and your Country (for which we are not angry with you) as I said, and come home so perfect a *French-man*, that the Drey-men of your Fathers own Brew-house wou'd be ready to knock thee in the head.

Monsf. Vel, vel, my Father was a Merchant of his own Beer, as the Noblesse of *Franch* of their own Wine : but I can forgive you that Raillery, that Bob, since you say I have the Eyre *Francez*. But have I the Eyre *Francez*?

Ger. As much as any *French-Foot-man* of 'em all.

Monsf. And do I speak agreeable ill *Englis'* enough ?

Ger. Very ill.

Monsf. Veritablement !

Ger. Veritablement.

Monsf. For you must know, 'tis as ill breeding now to speak good *Englis'*, as to write good *Englis'*, good sense, or a good hand.

Ger. But indeed, methinks, you are not slovenly enough for a *French-man*.

Monsf. Slovenly ! you mean negligent ?

Ger. No, I mean slovenly.

Monsf. Then I will be more slovenly.

Ger. You know, to be a perfect *French-man*, you must never be silent, never sit still and never be clean.

Mart. But you have forgot one main qualification of a true *French-man*, he should never be sound, that is, be very pockie too.

Monsf. Oh ! if dat be all, I am very pockie ; pockie enough Jarnie, that is the only *French* qualification may be had without going to *Paris*, mon foy.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Here are a couple of Ladies coming up to you, Sir.

Ger. To us ! did you appoint any to come hither, *Martin* ?

Mart. Not I.

Ger. Nor, you, Monsieur !

Monsf. Nor I.

Ger. Sirrah, tell your Master, if he cannot protect us from the Constable and these midnight-Courses, 'tis not a House for us.

Mart. Tell 'em you have no body in the house, and shut the doors.

Wait. They'll not be satisfi'd with that, they'll break open the door, they search'd last night all over the House for my Lord *Fisk*, and Sir *Jeffery Fantee*, who were fain to hide themselves in the Bar under my Mistresses Chair and Petticoats.

Monf. Wat do the Women hunt out the men so now?

Mart. Ay, ay, things are alter'd since you went to *Paris*, there's hardly a young Man in Town dares be known of his Lodging for 'em.

Ger. Bailiffs, Pursevants, or a City-Constable are modest people in comparison of them.

Mart. And we are not so much afraid to be taken up by the Watch, as by the trearing midnight Ramblers, or Houza Women.

Monf. Jarnie———ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Where are they? I hope they are gone agen?

Wait. No, Sir, they are below at the Stair-foot, only swearing at their Coach-man.

Ger. Come, you Rogue! they are in Fee with you Waiters and no Gentleman can come hither, but they have the intelligence straight.

Wait. Intelligence from us, Sir, they shou'd never come here if we cou'd help it. I am sure we with 'em choak'd when we see them come in; for they bring such good stomachs from *St. James's Park*, or rambling about in the streets, that we poor Waiters have not a bit left; 'tis well if we can keep our money in our Pockets for 'em; I am sure I have paid seventeen and six pence in half Crowns for Coach hire at several times for a little damn'd taring Lady, and when I ask't her for it agen one morning in her Chamber, she, bid me pay my self, for she had no money: but I wanted the Courage of a Gentleman; besides the Lord that kept her, was a good Customer to our House, and my Friend, and I made a Conscience of wronging him.

Ger. A man of Honour!

Monf. Vert and bleu, pleasent, pleasent, moy foy.

Ger.

Ger. Go, go, Sirrah, shut the door, I hear 'em coming up.

Wait. Indeed, I dare not; they'll kick me down stairs, if I should.

Ger. Go you, Rascal, I say.

(The Waiter shuts the door, 'tis thrust open agen, enter Flounce and Flirt in Vizards, striking the VVaiter, and come up to the Table.

Ger. Flounce and Flirt upon my life. *(Aside.*

Ladies, I am sorry you have no Volunteers in your Service; this is meer pressing. and argues a great necessity you have for men.

Floun. You need not be afraid, Sir, we will use no violence to you, you are not fit for our Service? we know you —

Flirt. The hot Service you have been in formerly, makes you unfit for ours now; besides, you begin to be something too old for us, we are for the briks Huzza's of seventeen or eighteen.

Ger. Nay, faith, I am not too old yet, but an old acquaintance will make any man old; besides, to tell you the truth, you are come a little to early for me, for I am not drunk yet; but there are your brisk young men who are always drunk, and perhaps have the happiness not to know you.

Floun. The happiness not to know us!

Flirt. The happiness not to know us!

Ger. Be not angry, Ladies; 'tis rather happiness to have pleasure to come, than to have it past, and therefore these Gentlemen are happy in not knowing you.

Mart. I'de have you to know, I do know the Ladies too, and I will not lose the honour of the Ladies acquaintance for any thing.

Floun. Not for the pleasure of beginning an acquaintance with us, as Mr. Gerrard says: but it is the general vanity of you Town-Fops to lay claim to all good acquaintance and persons of Honour; you cannot let a VVoman pass in the Mall at midnight, but dam you, you know her strait, you know her, but you wou'd be damn'd before you wou'd say so much for one in a Mercers Shop.

Ger. He has spoken it in a French-house, where he has very good credit and I dare swear you may make him eat his words.

Mons. She does want a Gown indeed: she is in her dish-

abilice, this dishabilice, is a great Mode in *England*; the *VV*omen love the dishabilice as well as the men, ma foy.

(Peeping under her Scruff.

Flirt. *VV*ell: if we should stay and sup with you, I warrant you wou'd be bragging of it to morrow amongst your Comrades that you had the Company of two *VV*omen of Quality at the *French*-house, and name us.

Mart. Pleasant Jilts.

(Aside.

Ger. No upon our Honours, we would not brag of your Company.

Floun. Upon your Honours?

Mart. No faith.

Floun. Come, we will venture to sit down then: yet I know the vanity of you men; you cou'd not contain your selves from bragging.

Ger. No, no! you *VV*omen now adays have found out the pleasure of bragging, and will allow it the men no longer.

Mart. Therefore indeed we dare not stay to sup with you; for you wou'd be sure to tell on't.

Ger. And we are young men who stand upon our Reputations.

Floun. You are very pleasant, Gentlemen.

Mart. For my part I am to be marry'd shortly, and know 'twould quickly come to my mistresses's ear.

Ger. And for my part I must go visit to morrow morning betimes a new *City*-Mistress, and you know they are as inquisitive as precise in the *City*.

Flirt. Come, come! pray leave this fooling; sit down agen, and let us bespeak Supper.

Ger. No 'faith, I dare not.

Mart. Besides, we have supp'd.

Floun. No matter, we only desire you shou'd look on, while we eat, and put the glafs about, or so. *(Ger. and Mar. offer*

Flirt. Pray, stay.

to go out.

Ger. Upon my life I dare not.

Floun. Upon our Honours we will not tell, if you are in earnest.

Ger. P'shaw, p'shaw—I know the vanity of you *VV*omen, you cou'd not contain your selves from bragging.

Monf. Ma foy! is it certain! ha, ha, ha! hark you *Madam!*

dam! can't you farewell, but you must cry Roast-meat?
You'll spoil your Trade by bragging of your gains,
The silent Sow (Mad m) does eat most Grains. ———
da ———

Flirt. Your Servant, Monsieur Fop.

Floun. Nay, faith, do not go, we will no more tell ———

Monsf. Then you would of a Clap, if you had it, dat's the
only secret you can keep Jarnie.

Mart. I am glad we are rid of these Jilts.

Ger. And we have taken a very ridiculous occasion.

Monsf. Wait! must we leave the Lady then, dis is dam
Civility Englis' mon foy.

Flirt. Nay, Sir, you have too much of the *French Eyre* to
have so little honour and good breeding. (*Pulling him back.*)

Monsf. Dee you tinke so then sweet Madam, I have mush of
de *French Eyre*?

Flirt. More then any *French* man breathing.

Monsf. Auh, you are the curtoise Dame, mort-bleu, I shall
stay then, if you think so. Monsieur *Gerrard*, you will be
certain to see the Lady to morrow, pray not forget, ha, ha, ha,

Ger. No, no, Sir.

Mart. You will go then?

Ger. I will go on a Fools Errand for once. (*Exeunt Ger-*

Floun. What will you eat, Sir? (*rard and Martin.*)

Monsf. Wat you please, Madame.

Floun. De hear, Waiter, then some young Partridge.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Flirt. Some Ruffes.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Flirt. Some young Pheasants.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Flirt. Some young Rabits, I love Rabits.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Floun. Stay ———

Monsf. Dis *Englis'* Waiter wit his wat else, Madam, will
ruine me, teste, non. (*Aside.*)

Wait. What else, Madam?

Monsf. Wat else, Madam, agen! call up the *French Wai-*
ter.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Monf. Again, call up the *French Waiter* or *Quesnier*, mort-
teste, ventere, vite, ——— Auh, Madam, the stupidity of the
Englis' Waiter, I hate the *Englis' VVaiter*, mon foy. (*Ex Waiter.*)

Flirt. Be not in passion, dear Monsieur.

Monf. I kifs your hand obligeante, Madam.

Enter a French Scullion.

Chere Pierot, Serviteur, Serviteur, (*Kisses the Scullion.*
or ca a manger.

Scull. En voulez vous de *Cram Schiquin*.

Floun. Yes.

Scull. De *Partrish, de Faysan, de Quailles*.

Monf. This *Bougre vil* ruine me too, but he speak wit dat
bel Eyre and grace. I cannot bid him hold his tongue, ventre,
c'est assey, *Pierot, van en.* (*Ex. Scull and returns.*)

Scull. And de litel plate de ———

Monf. *Jarnie, vat-en.* (*Ex. Scull. and returns.*)

Scull. And de litel plate de ———

Monf. De grace go dy way. (*Ex. Scull. and returns.*)

Scull. And de litel de ———

Monf. De *Fourmage, de Brie, vat-en, go, go.*

Floun. VVhat's that *Cheese* that stinks?

Monf. Ay, ay, be sure it stinke extrememente, *Pierot vat-en;*
but stay till I drink dy health, here's to dat pretty *Fellow's*
health, Madam.

Flirt. Mutt we drink the *Scullion's* health?

Monf. Auh, you will not be disobligeant, Madam, he is
the *Quisnier* for a King, nay, for a *Cardinal French Abbot.*

(*Drinks.*)

Floun. But how shall we divertise our selves till *Supper* be
ready?

Flirt. Can we have better *Divertisement* then this *Gentleman?*

Floun. But I think we had better carry the *Gentleman* home
with us, and because it is already late, sup at home, and diver-
tise the *Gentleman* at *Cards*, till it be ready, d'y hear, *VVaiter*,
let it be brought when 'tis ready to my *Lodging* hard by,
in *Mustard Alley*, at the *Sign of the Crooked-Billet!*

Monf. At the *Crooked-Billet!*

Flirt. Come, Sir, come.

Monf. Mort-bleu, I have take the *Vow* (since my last
Clap) never to go again to the *Bourdel.*

Floun.

Floun. VVhat is the Bourdel ?

Monsf. How call you the name of your House ?

Flirt. The Crooked-Billet.

Monsf. No, no, the ——— Bawdy-house. vert and bleu.

Floun. How, our Lodging ! we'd have you to know ———

Monsf. Auh, mor bleu, I wou'd not know it, de *Crooked-Billet*, hah, ha.

Flirt. Come Sir.

Monsf. Besides, if I go wit you to the Bourdel, you will tell, more blue.

Floun. Fie, fie, come along.

Monsf. Beside, I am to be marry'd within these two days, -if you shou'd tell now.

Flirt. Come, come along, we will not tell.

Monsf. But will you promise then to have the care of my honour, pray, good Madam, have de care of my honour, pray have de care of my honeur. VVill you have care of my honour ? pray have de care of my honour, and do not tell, if you can help it ; pray, dear Madam, do not tell. (*Kneels to 'em.*)

Flirt. I wou'd not tell for fear of losing you, my Love for you will make me secret.

Monsf. VVhy, do you love me ?

Flirt. Indeed I cannot help telling you now what my modesty ought to conceal, but my eyes wou'd disclose it too, I have a passion for you, Sir.

Monsf. A Passion for me !

Flirt. An extream passion, dear Sir, you are so *French* ; so mightily *French*, so agreeable *French* ; but I'll tell you more of my heart at Home : Come along.

Monsf. But is you pation sincere ?

Flirt. The truest in the VWorld.

Monsf. VVell then, I'll venture my body wit thee for one night.

Flirt. For one night, don't you believe that, and so you wou'd leave me to morrow ; but I love you so, I cannot part with you, you must keep me for good and all, if you will have me. I can't leave you for my heart.

Monsf. How, keep, Jarnie, de VVhore *Englis'* have not-inge but keepe, keepe in dere mouths now a days, teste non : formerly 'twas enoughe to keep de shild, may foy.

Flirt. Nay, I will be kept, else ——— but come we'll talk on't at home.

Monf. Umh ——— so, so, ver vel de Amoure of de VVhore
does alway end in keep, ha! keep, ma foy, keep, ha ———

*The Punk that entertains you wit' her passion,
Is like kind Host who makes the Invitation,
At your own cost, to his fort bon Collation.*

(*Ex.*)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Don Diego's House in the Morning.

Enter Don Diego in the Spanish Habit, Mrs. Caution his Sister;

Don Dieg. **H**A V E you had a *Spanish* care of the Honour
of my Family? that is to say, have you kept
up my Daughter close in my absence, as I directed?

Caut. I have, Sir; but it was as much as I cou'd do.

Don. I knew that; for 'twas as much as I cou'd do to keep
up her Mother. I that have been in *Spain*, look you.

Caut. Nay, 'tis a hard Task to keep up an *English* Woman.

Don. As hard as it is for those who are not kept up to be
honest, look you con *Licentia* Sister.

Caut. How now, Brother! I am sure my Husband never
kept me up.

Don. I knew that, therefore I cryed con *Licentia* Sister, as
the *Spaniards* have it.

Caut. But you *Spaniards* are too censorious Brother.

Don. You *English* VVomen, Sister, give us too much cause
(look you) but you are sure my Daughter has not seen a man
since my departure?

Caut. No, not so much as a Church-man.

Don. As a Church-man (*Voto*) I thank you for that, not a
Church-man! not a Church-man!

Caut. No, not so much as a Church-man; but of any,
one wou'd think one might trust a Church-man.

Don. No, we are bold enough in trusting them with our
Souls, I'll never trust 'em with the body of my Daughter, look
you *Guarda*, you see what comes of trusting Church-men
here in *England*; and 'tis because the VVomen govern the Fa-
milies, that Chaplains are so much in fashion. Trust a Church

man--

man ——— trust a Coward with your honour, a Fool, with your secret, a Gamester with your purse, as soon as a Priest with your Wife or Daughter, look you, *Guarda*, I am no Fool, look you.

Caut. Nay, I know you are a wise man Brother.

Don. Why, Sister, I have been fifteen years in *Spain* for it, at several times, look you: Now in *Spain*, he is wise enough that is grave, politick enough, that says little, and honourable enough that is jealous; and though I say it, that should not say it, I am as grave, grum and jealous, as any *Spaniard* breathing.

Caut. I know you are, Brother.

Don. And I will be a *Spaniard* in every thing still, and will not conform, not I, to their ill favour'd *English* Customs, for I will wear my *Spanish* Habit still, I will stroke my *Spanish* Whiskers still, and I will eat my *Spanish* Olio still; and my Daughter shall go a Maid to her Husbands Bed, let the *English* Custom be what 'twill: I would fain see any finical cunning insinuating Monsieur, of the age, debauch, or steal away my Daughter; but well has she seen my Cousin? How long has he been in *England*?

Caut. These three days.

Don. And she has seen him, has she? I was contented he shou'd see her intending him for her Husband; but she has seen no body else upon your certain knowledge?

Caut. No, no, alas! how shou'd she? 'tis impossible she shou'd.

Don. Where is her Chamber? pray let me see her.

Caut. You'll find her, poor Creature, asleep, I warrant you: Or if awake, thinking no hurt, nor of your coming this morning.

Don. Let us go to her, I long to see her, poor innocent Wretch.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Hippolita, Gerrard, and Prue at a distance.

Ger. Am I not come upon your own Summons, Madam? and yet receive me so?

Hipp. My Summons, Sir? no I assure you; and if you do not like your reception, I cannot help it; for I am not us'd to receive men; I'd have you to know.

Ger. She is beautiful beyond all things I ever saw. [*Aside.*

Hipp. I like him extremely. [*Aside.*

Ger.

Ger. Come, fairest, why do you frown?

Hipp. Because I am angry.

Ger. I am come on purpose to please you then, do not receive me so unkindly.

Hipp. I tell you, I do not use to receive men; there has not been a man in the House before, but my Cousin, this twelve-month I'd have you to know.

Ger. Then you ought to bid me the more welcome, I'd have you to know.

Hipp. What do you mock me too? I know I am but a home-bred simple Girl; but I thought you Gallants of the Town had been better bred, then to mock a poor Girl in her Fathers own House. I have heard indeed 'tis a part of good breeding to mock People behind their Backs, but not to their Faces.

Ger. Pretty Creature! she has not only the Beauty but the Innocency of an Angel. [*Aside.*

Mock you dear Miss! no, I only repeated the words, because they were yours, sweet Miss, what we like we imitate.

Hipp. Dear Miss! sweet Miss! how came you and I so well acquainted? This is one of your confident Tricks too, as I have been told, you'll be acquainted with a Woman in the time you can help her over a Bench in the Play house, or to her Coach: But I need not wonder at your Confidence, since you cou'd come in at the great Gallery-window just now. But pray who shall pay for the glass you have broken?

Ger. Pretty Creature! your Father might have made the Window, bigger then, since he has so fine a Daughter, and will not allow people to come in at the door to her.

Hipp. A pleasant Man! well, 'tis harder playing the Hypocrite with him, I see, than with my Aunt or Father; and if dissimulation were not very natural to a Woman, I'm sure I cou'd not use it at this time; but the mask of simplicity and innocency is as useful to an intriguing Woman, as the mask of Religion to a States-man, they say. (*Aside.*)

Ger. Why do you look away, dearest Miss?

Hipp. Because you quarrell'd with me just now for frowning upon you, and I cannot help it, if I look upon you.

Ger. O let me see that Face at any rate.

Hipp. Wou'd you have me frown upon you; for I shall be sure to do't.

Ger.

Ger. Come, I'll stand fair: you have done your worst to my heart already.

Hipp. Now I dare not look upon him, lest I should not be able to keep my word. *(Aside.*

Ger. Come, I am ready, and yet I am afraid of her frowns. *(Aside.*

Come, look, Ih---am ready, Ih---am ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready. *(Aside.*

Ger. Turn, dear Miss, Come, Ih---am ready.

Hipp. Are you ready then? I'll look. *(Turns upon him.*
No faith, I cannot frown upon him if I shou'd be hang'd. *(Aside.*

Ger. Dear Miss, I thank you, that look has no terrour in't.

Hipp. No, I cannot frown for my heart for blushing, I don't use to look upon men, you must know.

Ger. If it were possible any thing cou'd, those blushes wou'd add to her Beauty: VVell, bashfulness is the only out-of-fashion'd thing that is agreeable. *(Aside.*

Hipp. Ih-----h-----like this man strangely, I was going to say lov'd him. Courage then, *Hippolita*, make use of the only opportunity thou canst have to enfranchise thy self: VVomen formerly (they say) never knew how to make use of their time till it was past, but let it not be said so of a young VVoman of this Age; my damn'd Aunt will be stirring presently: well then, courage, I say; *Hippolita*, thou art full fourteen years old, shift for thy self. *(Aside.*

Ger. So, I have look'd upon her so long, till I am grown bashful too; Love and Modesty come together like Money and Covetousness, and the more we have the less we can shew it. I dare not look her in the face now, nor speak a word. *(Aside.*

Hipp. VVhat, Sir, methinks you look away now.

Ger. Because you would not look upon me, Miss.

Hipp. Nay, I hope you can't look me in the face, since you have done so rude a thing as to come in at the Window upon me; come, come, when once we Women find the men bashful, then we take heart; now I can look upon you as long as you will; let's see if you can frown upon me now!

Ger. Lovely Innocency! No, you may swear I can't frown upon you, Miss.

Hipp. So I knew you were asham'd of what you have done; well, since you are asham'd, and because you did not come of your own head, but were sent by my Cousin, you say. **Ger.**

Ger. Which I wonder at.

(Aside.

Hipp. For all these reasons I do forgive you!

Ger. In token of your forgiveness then (dearest Miss) let me have the honour to kiss your hand.

Hipp. Nay, there 'tis, you men are like our little Shock-dogs, if we don't keep you off from us, but use you a little kindly, you grow so fiddling and so troublesome, there is no enduring you.

Ger. O dear Miss, if I am like your Shock-dog, let it be in his Privileges.

Hipp. Why, I'd have you know he does not lye with me.

Ger. 'Tis was well guess'd, Miss, for one so innocent.

Hipp. No, I always kick him off from the Bed, and never will let him come near it; for of late indeed (I do not know what's the reason) I don't much care for my Shock-dog nor my Babies.

Ger. O then, Miss, I may have hopes; for after the Shock-dog and the Babies, 'tis the mans turn to be belov'd.

Hipp. Why cou'd you be so good-natur'd as to come after my Shock dog in my Love? it may be indeed, rather then after one of your Brother-men.

Ger. Hah, ha, ha----poor Creature, a Wonder of Innocency!

Hipp. But I see you are humble, because you wou'd kiss my hand.

Ger. No, I ambitious therefore.

Hipp. Well, all this fooling but loses time, I must make better use of it. I cou'd let you kiss my hand, but then I'm afraid you wou'd take hold of me and carry me away. *(Aside.*

Ger. Indeed I wou'd not.

Hipp. Come I know you wou'd.

Ger. Truly I wou'd not.

Hipp. You wou'd, you wou'd, I know you wou'd.

Ger. I'll swear I wo' not— by—

Hipp. Nay, don't swear for you'll be the apter to do it then, I wou'd not have him forswear it neither; he does not like me sure well enough to carry me away. *(Aside.*

Ger. Dear Miss, let me kiss your hand.

Hipp. I am sure you wou'd carry me away, if I shou'd.

Ger. Be not afraid of it.

Hipp. Nay, I am afraid of the contrary; either he dislikes me, and therefore will not be troubled with me, or what is as bad,

bad, he loves me, and is dull, or fearful to displease me. (*Aside.*)

Ger. Trust me, sweetest; I can use no violence to you.

Hipp. Nay, I am sure you wou'd carry me away, what shou'd you come in at the Window for, if you did not mean to steal me?

Ger. If I shou'd endeavour it, you might cry out, and I should be prevented.

Hipp. Dull, dull man of the Town! are all like thee (*Aside.*) He is as dull as a Country Squire at Questions and Commands. No, if I shou'd cry out never so loud; this is quite at the further end of the House and there no body cou'd hear me.

Ger. I will not give you the occasion, Dearest.

Hipp. Well! I will quicken thy sense; if it be possible. (*Aside.*) Nay, I know you come to steal me away; because I am an Heiress, and have twelve hundred pound a year, lately left me by my Mothers Brother, which my Father cannot meddle with, and which is the chiefest reason (I suppose) why he keeps me up so close.

Ger. Ha!

(*Aside.*)

Hipp. So ——— this has made him consider, O money, powerful money! how the ugly, old, crooked, straight, handsome young Women are beholding to thee?

Ger. Twelve hundred pound a year ———

Hipp. Besides, I have been told my Fortune, and the Woman said I shou'd be stoln away because she says 'tis the Fate of Heiresses to be stolen away.

Ger. Twelve hundred pound a year ——— (*Aside.*)

Hipp. Nay more, she described the man to me, that was to do it, and he was as like you as cou'd be! have you any Brothers?

Ger. Not any! 'twas I, I warrant you Sweetest.

Hipp. So, he understands himself now.

Ger. Well, Madam, since 'twas foretold you, what do you thinke on't? 'tis in vain, you know, to resist Fate.

Hipp. I do know indeed they say, 'tis to no purpose: besides the Woman that told me my Fortune, or you have bewitch'd me. — I think.

(*Sighs.*)

Ger. My Soul, my Life, 'tis you have Charms powerful as numberless, especially those of your Innocency irresistible, and do surprize the wary'st Heart; such mine was, while I cou'd call it mine, but now 'tis yours for ever.

Hipp.

Hipp. Well, well, get you gone then, I'll keep it safe for your sake.

Ger. Nay, you must go with me, sweetest.

Hipp. Well, I see you will part with the Jewel ; but you'll have the keeping of the Cabinet to which you commit it.

Ger. Come, come, my Dearest, let us be gone : Fortune as well as Women must be taken in the humour.

Enter Prue running hastily to stop 'em. Don Diego and Mrs. Caution immediately after.

Pru. O Miss, Miss! your Father, it seems is just now arriv'd, and here is coming in upon you.

Hipp. My Father!

Don. My Daughter ! and a Man !

Caut. A Man ! a Man in the House !

Ger. Ha ! ——— what mean these ! a Spaniard.

Hipp. What shall I do ? stay ——— nay, pray stir not from me ; but lead me about, as if you lead me a Corant. (*Leads her about.*)

Don. Is this your Government, Sister, and this your innocent Charge, that hath not seen the face of a man this twelve-month *En hora mala.*

Caut. O sure it is not a man, it cannot be a Man ! (*Puts on her Spectacles.*)

Don. It cannot be a Man ! if he be not a Man he's a Devil ; he has her lovingly by the hand too, *Valga me el Cielo.*

Hipp. Do not seem to mind them, but dance on, or lead me about still.

Ger. What de'e mean by't ? (*apart to Hipp.*)

Don. Hey ! they are frolick, a dancing.

Caut. Indeed they are dancing, I think, why Niece ?

Don. Nay, hold a little : I'll make 'em dance in the Devils name, but it shall not be *la Gailliarda* ! (*Draws his Sword,*

Caut. O Neice ! why Neiece : *Caution holds him.*)

Ger. Do you hear her ? what do you mean ? (*apart to Hipp.*)

Hipp. Take no notice of them ; but walk about still, and sing a little, sing a Corant.

Ger. I can't sing ; but I'll hum, if you will.

Don. Are you so merry ? Well, I'll be with you, *En hora mala.*

Caut. Oh Niece, Niece, why Niece, Oh ———

Don. Why, Daughter, my dainty Daughter, my shame, my
ruine,

ruine, my plague. (*Struggling gets from Caution goes towards*
em with his Sword drawn.

Hipp. Mind him not but dance and sing on.

Ger. A pretty time to dance and sing indeed, when I have a *Spaniard* with naked Toledo at my tail: no, pray excuse me, Miss, from fooling any longer.

Hipp. O my Father: my Father! poor Father! you are welcome pray give me your Blessing. (*Turning about.*

Don. My Blessing, *En hora mala.*

Hipp. What, am I not your Daughter, Sir?

Don. My Daughter, *mimal, muerte.*

Hipp. My name's *Hippolita*, Sir, I don't own your *Spanish* names; but pray Father, why do you frighten one so! you you know I don't love to see a Sword: what do you mean to do with that ugly thing out?

Don. I'll shew you, *Trayidor Ladron, demi boura*, thou dy'st. (*Runs at Ger.*

Ger. Not if I can help it, good *Don*; but by the names you give me, I find you mistake your man, I suppose some *Spaniard* has affronted you. (*Draws.*

Don. None but thee, *Ladron*, and thou dy'st for't. (*Fight.*

Caut. Oh, oh, oh——help, help, help.

Hipp. O——what will you kill my poor Dancing-Master? (*Kneels.*

Don. A Dancing-Master, he's a Fencing-Master rather, I think. But is he your Dancing-Master? Umph——

Ger. So much Wit and Innocency were never together before. (*Aside.*

Don. Is he a Dancing-Master? (*Pausing.*

Caut. Is he a Dancing master? He does not look like a Dancing-master.

Hipp. Pish——you don't know a Dancing-master, you have not seen one these threescore years, I warrant.

Caut. No matter; but he does not look like a Dancing-master.

Don. Nay, nay, Dancing-masters look like Gentlemen, enough, Sister; but he's no Dancing-master by drawing a Sword so briskly; those tripping outsides of Gentlemen are like Gentlemen enough in every thing but in drawing a Sword, and since he is a Gentleman he shall dye by mine. (*Fight agen.*

Hipp. Oh, hold, hold. (*Caut.*

Caut. Hold, hold! pray, Brother let's talk with him a little first, I warrant you I shall trap him, and if he confesses, you may kill him; for those that confess, they say, ought to be hang'd—let's see——

Ger. Poor *Hippolita*, I wish I had not had this occasion of admiring thy Wit; I have increased my Love, whilst I have lost my hopes, the common Fate of poor Lovers. (*Aside.*)

Caut. Come, you are guilty by that hanging down of your head. Speak, are you a Dancing-master? Speak, speak, a Dancing-master?

Ger. Yes, forsooth, I am a Dancing-Master, ay, ay—

Don. How do's it appear?

Hipp. Why there is his Fiddle, there upon the Table, Father.

Caut. No busie-body, but it is not—that is my Nephews Fiddle.

Hipp. Why, he lent it to my Cousin; I tell you it is his.

Caut. Nay, it may be indeed, he might lend it him, for ought I know.

Don. I, I, but ask him, Sister, if he be a Dancing-master, where?

Caut. Pray, Brother, let me alone with him, I know what to ask him, sure!

Don. What will you be wiser than I? nay, then stand away. Come, if you are a Dancing-master; where's your School? *adonde, adonde.*

Caut. Why, he'll say, may be, he has ne'er a one.

Don. Who ask'd you, nimble Chaps? So you have put an Excuse in his head.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, 'tis no Excuse, I have no School.

Caut. Well! but who sent you, how came you hither?

Ger. There I am puzl'd indeed. (*Aside.*)

Caut. How came you hither, I say? how——

Ger. Why, how, how shou'd I come hither?

Don. Ay, how shou'd he come hither? upon his Legs.

Caut. So so now you have put an Excuse in his head too; that you have so you have, but stay——

Don. Nay, with your favour, Mistress, I'll ask him now.

Caut. y' facks; but you shan't, I'll ask him, and ask you no favour that I will.

Don. y' fackins but you shant ask him, if you go there to look you, you Prattle-box you, I'll ask him. (*Caut.*)

Caut. I will ask him; I say; come.

Don. Where.

Caut. What.

Don. Mine's a shrewd question.

Caut. Mine's as shrew'd as yours.

Don. Nay then we shall have it, come, answer me, where's your Lodging? come, come, Sir.

Caut. A shrewd question indeed, at the Surgeons Arms I warrant in——— for 'tis Spring-time, you know.

Don. Must you make lyes for him?

Caut. But come, Sir, what's your Name? answer me to that, come.

Don. His Name, why 'tis an easie matter to tell you a false Name, I hope.

Caut. So, must you teach him to cheat us?

Don. Why did you say my questions were not shrewd questions then?

Caut. And why wou'd you not let me ask him the question then? Brother, Brother, ever while you live for all your *Spanish* wisdom, let an old Woman make discoveries, the young Fellows cannot cheat us in any thing. I'd have you to know; set your old Woman still to grope out an Intrigue, because you know the Mother found her Daughter in the Oven: a word to the wife, Brother.

Don. Come, come, leave this tattling; he has dishonour'd my Family, debauch'd my Daughter, and what if he cou'd excuse himself? the *Spanish* Proverb says, Excuses neither satisfy Creditors nor the injur'd; the wounds of Honour must have blood and wounds, *St. Jago para mi.*

(Kisses the Crosses of his Sword, and runs at Gerrard.)

Hipp. Oh hold! dear Father, and I'll confess all.

Ger. She will not sure, after all.

(Aside.)

Hipp. My Cousin sent him, because, as he said, he wou'd have me recover my dancing a little before our Wedding, having made a Vow he wou'd never marry a Wife who cou'd not dance a Corant. I am sure I was unwilling, but he wou'd have him come, saying, I was to be his Wife as soon as you came, and therefore expected obedience from me.

Don. Indeed the venture is most his, and the shame wou'd be most his; for I know here in *England* 'tis not the custom for

the Father to be much concern'd what the Daughter does, but I will be a *Spaniard* still.

Hipp. Did not you hear him say last night he wou'd send me one this morning?

Caut. No not I sure. If I had he had never come here.

Hipp. Indeed, Aunt, you grow old, I see, your memory fails you very much. Did not you hear him, *Prue*, say he wou'd send him to me?

Prue. Yes I'll be sworn did I.

Hipp. Look you there, Aunt.

Caut. I wonder I should not remember it.

Don. Come, come, you are a doting old Fool.

Caut. So, so, the fault will be mine now. But pray *Mistress*, how did he come in: I am sure I had the Keys of the Doors, which till your Father came in, were not open'd to day.

Hipp. He came in just after my Father, I suppose.

Caut. It might be indeed while the Porters brought in the things, and I was talking with you.

Don. O might he so forsooth; you are a brave *Governante*, look you, you a *Duenna voto* ——— and not know who comes in and out.

Caut. So, 'twas my fault, I know.

Don. Your Maid was in the Room with you, was she not, Child?

Hipp. Yes indeed, and indeed, Father, all the while.

Don. Well, Child, I am satisfied then; but I hope he does not use the dancing-masters tricks of squeezing your hands, setting your Legs and Feet, by handling your Thighs, and seeing your Legs.

Hipp. No indeed, Father; I'd give him a Box on the Ear, if he shou'd.

Don. Poor Innocent! Well I am contented you shou'd learn to dance; since, for ought I know, you shall be marry'd to morrow, or the next day at farthest, by that time you may recover a *Corant*, a *Sarabrand* I wou'd say; and since your Cousin too will have a dancing-wife, it shall be so, and I'll see you dance my self, you shall be my Charge these two days, and then I dare venture you in the hand of any dancing-master even a sawcy *French* dancing-master, look you.

Caut. Well, have a care though; for this man is not dress'd like a *Dancing-master*.

Don.

Don. Go, go, you dote, are they not (for the most part) better dress'd and prouder than many a good Gentleman? you wou'd be wiser than I, wou'd you *Querno*—

Caut. Well, I say only look to't, look to't.

Don. Hey, hey! come, Friend to your bus'ness, teach her, her Lesson over again, let's see.

Hipp. Come, Master.

Don. Come, come, lets see your *English* Method, I understand something of Dancing my self—come.

Hipp. Come, Master.

Ger. I shall betray you yet, dearest Miss for I know not a step, I cou'd never dance. (apart to Hipp.

Hipp. No!

Don. Come, come, Child.

Hipp. Indeed I'm asham'd, Father.

Don. You must not be asham'd, Child, you'll never dance well if you are asham'd.

Hipp. Indeed I cant help it, Father,

Don. Come, come, I say, go to't.

Hipp. Indeed I can't, Father, before you; 'tis my first Lesson, and I shall do it so ill: Pray, good Father, go into the next Room for this once, and the next time my Master comes, you shall see I shall be confident enough.

Don. Poor-foolish-innocent Creature; well, well, I will, Child, who but a *Spanish* kind of a Father cou'd have so innocent a Daughter, in *England*? well I wou'd fain see any one steal or debauch my Daughter from me.

Hipp. Nay, wont't you go, Father!

Don. Yes, yes, I go, Child, we will all go but your Maid; you can dance before your Maid.

Hipp. Yes, yes, Father, a Maid at most times with her Mistress is no body. (Ex. Diego and Mrs. Caution.

Ger. He peeps yet at the door.

Hipp. Nay, Father, you peep, indeed you must not see me, when we have done you shall come in. (She pulls the door to.

Pru. Indeed little Mistress, like the young Kitten, you see you play'd with your Prey, till you had almost lost it!

Hipp. 'Tis true a good old Mouser like you, had it taken up, and run away with it presently.

Ger. Let me adore you, dearest Miss, and give you—

(Going to embrace her.

Hipp. No, no, embracing good Mr. that ought to be the last Lesson you are to teach me, I have heard.

Ger. Though an after Game be the more tedious and dangerous; 'tis won, Miss, with the more honour and pleasure; for all that I repent we were put to't; the coming in of your Father as he did, was the most unluckly thing that ever besel me.

Hipp. What, then you think I would have gone with you.

Ger. Yes, and will you go with me yet, I hope, courage, Miss, we have yet an opportunity, and the Gallery-window is yet open.

Hipp. No, no, if I went, I would go for good and all; but now my Father will soon come in again, and may quickly over take us, besides, now I think on't, you are a Stranger to me. I know not where you live, nor whither you might carry me; for ought I know, you might be a Spirit, and carry me to *Barbadoes*.

Ger. No, dear Miss, I would carry you to Court, the Play-Houses, and *Hide-Park*——

Hipp. Nay, I know 'tis the trick of all you that Spirit Women away to speak 'em mighty fair at first; but when you have got 'em in your Clutches, you carry 'em into *Yorkshire*, *Wales*, or *Cornwall*, which is as bad as to *Barbadoes*, and rather than be served so, I would be a Pris'ner in *London* still as I am.

Ger. I see the Air of this Town, without the pleasures of it, is enough to infect Women with an aversion for the Country. Well Miss, since it seems you have some diffidence in me, give me leave to visit you as your Dancing-master, now you have honour'd me with the Character, and under that, I may have your Father's permission to see you, till you may better know me and my heart, and have a better opportunity to reward it:

Hipp. I am afraid, to know your heart, would require a great deal of time, and my Father intends to marry me, very suddenly, to my Cousin who sent you hither.

Ger. Pray, sweet Miss, let us make the better use of our time, if it be short; But how shall we do with that Cousin of yours in the mean time, we must needs charm him?

Hipp. Leave that to me!

Ger. But what's worse! How shall I be able to act a Dancing-Master? who ever wanted inclination and patience to learn my self.

Hipp.

Hipp. A Dancing-School, in half an hour, will furnish you with terms of the Art. Besides, Love (as I have heard say) supplies his Scholars with all sorts of Capacities they have need of in spite of Nature, but what has Love to do with you?

Ger. Love, indeed, has made a grave Gouty States-man fight Duels; the Souldier flye from his Colours, a Pedant a fine Gentleman; nay, and the very Lawyer a Poet, and therefore may make me a Dancing-Master.

Hipp. If he were your Master.

Ger. I'm sure, dearest Miss, there is nothing else which I cannot do for you already, and therefore may hope to succeed in that.

Enter Don Diego.

Don. Come, have you done?

Hipp. O! My Father agen.

Don. Come, now let us see you Dance.

Hipp. Indeed, I am not perfect yet, pray excuse me till the next time my Master comes: But when must he come agen, Father?

Don. Let me see, Friend, you must needs come after Dinner agen, and then at Night agen, and so three times to morrow too. If she be not marr'yd to morrow (which I am to consider of) she will dance a Corant in twice or thrice teaching more, will she not? For 'tis but a twelve-month since she came from *Hackney-School*.

Ger. We will lose no time, I warrant you, Sir, if she be to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. Truly, I think, she may be marry'd to morrow, therefore I would not have you lose any time, look you.

Ger. You need not caution me I warrant you, Sir, sweet Scholar, your humble Servant, I will not fail you immediately after Dinner.

Don. No, no, pray do not, and I will not fail to satisfy you very well, look you.

Hipp. He does not doubt his reward, Father, for his pains, If you shou'd not, I wou'd make that good to him.

Don. Come, let us go in to your Aunt, I must talk with you both together, Child. [*Ex. Ger. Don.*]

Hipp. I follow you, Sir.

Pru. Here's the Gentlewoman o'th' next House come to see you, Mistress.

Hipp. She's come, as if she came expressly to sing the new Song she sung last night, I must hear it, for 'tis to my purpose now. *(Aside.*

Madam, your Servant, I dream't all Night of the Song you sung last, the new Song against delays in Love : Pray let's hear it again.

S I N G S.

1.

*Since we poor slavish Women know
Our men we cannot pick and choose,
To him we like, why say we no?
And both our time and Lover lose.
With feign'd repulses, and delays
A Lover's Appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant stays,
His stomach's gone for good and all.*

2.

*Or Our impatient am'rous Guest,
Unknown to us, away may steal,
And rather than stay for a Feast,
Take up with some coarse ready meal.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Woman be so too;
And if the Man be to your mind,
Till needs you must, ne're let him go.*

3.

*The Match soon made is happy still,
For only Love has there to do;
Let no one marry 'gainst her will,
But stand off, when her Parents woo.
And only to their Suits be coy,
For she whom Fortune can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.*

The Gentleman Dancing-Master. 279

Prue. Your Father calls for you, Miss. *(Steps to the door.*

Hipp. I come, I come. I must be obedient as long as I am with him. *(pausing.*

*Our Parents who restrain our liberty,
But take the course to make us sooner free,
Though all we gain be but new slavery;
We leave our Father's, and to Husbands fly.*
(Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Don Diego's House.

Enter Monsieur, Hippolita, and Prue.

Monsf. **S**erviteur, Serviteur, la Cousin, your Maid told me she watch'd at the stair-foot for my coming, because you had a mind to speak with me before I saw your Fader, it seem.

Hipp. I wou'd so indeed, Cousin.

Monsf. Or ca, Or ca, I know your affair, it is to tell me wat recreation you adde with Monsieur *Gerrard*; but did he come, I was afraid he wou'd not come.

Hipp. Yes, yes, he did come.

Monsf. Ha, ha, ha ——— and were you not infinitely divertisee and please, confes.

Hipp. I was indeed, Cousin, I was very well pleas'd.

Monsf. I do tinke so. I did tinke to come and be divertisee my self this morning with the sight of his reception; but I did ran'counter last night wit dam Company dat keep me up so late I cou'd not rise in de morning. Mala- peste de Puteins ———

Hipp. Indeed we wanted you here mightily, Cousin.

Monsf. To elpe you to laugh; for if I adde been here, I had made such recreation wid dat Coxomb *Gerrard*.

Hipp. Indeed, Cousin! you need not have any subject or property to make one laugh, you are so pleasant your self, and when you are but alone, you wou'd make one burst.

Monsf. Am I so happy, Cousin? then in the bon quality of making people laugh.

Hipp. Mighty happy, Cousin.

Monf. De grace.

Hipp. Indeed!

Monf. Nay, fans vanitie I observe wherefoe'er, I come, I make every body merry, fans vanitie——da——

Hipp. I do believe you do.

Monf. Nay, as I marche in de street I can make de dull Apprenty laugh and sneer.

Hipp. This Fool, I see, is as apt as an ill Poet to mistake the contempt and scorn of people for applaufe and admiration,

(*Aside.*)

Monf. Ah, Cousin, you see wat it is to have been in *France*; before I went into *France* I cou'd get no body to laugh at me, ma foy.

Hipp. No! truly Cousin, I think you deserv'd it before, but you are improv'd indeed by going into *France*.

Monf. Ay, ay, the *French* Education make us propre a tout; beside, Cousin, you must know to play the Fool is the Science in *France*, and I didde go to the *Italian Academy* at *Paris* thrice a week to learn to play de Fool of Signior *Scaramouche*, who is the most excellent Personage in the World for dat Noble Science. *Angel* is a dam *English* Fool to him.

Hipp. Methinks now *Angel* is a very good Fool.

Monf. Nauh, nauh, *Nokes* is a better Fool, but indeed the *Englis* are not fit to be Fools; here are ver few good Fools. 'Tis true, you have many a young Cavalier, who go over into *France* to learn to be the Buffoon; but for all dat, dey return but mauvais Buffoon. Jarnie.

Hipp. I'm sure, Cousin, you have lost no time there.

Monf. Auh le brave *Scaramouche*.

Hipp. But is it a Science in *France*, Cousin? and is there an Academy for Fooling: sure none go to it but Players.

Monf. Dey are Commedians dat are de *Matres*, but all the beaux monde go to learn, as they do here of *Angel* and *Nokes*; for if you did go abroad into Company, you wou'd find the best almost of de Nation conning in all places the Lessons which dey have learnt of the Fools, dere *Matres*, *Nokes* and *Angel*.

Hipp. Indeed!

Monf. Yes, yes, dey are the Gens de quality that practise dat Science most, and the most ambitieux; for Fools and Buffoons

foons have been always most welcome to Courts, and desir'd in all Companies. Ah to be de Fool, de Buffoon, is to be de great Personage.

Hipp. Fools, have Fortune, they say, indeed.

Monsf. So say old Seneque.

Hipp. Well, Cousin (not to make you proud) you are the greatest Fool in England, I am sure.

Monsf. Non, non, de grace, non, Nokes de Comedian is a pretty man, a pretty man for a Comedian, da———

Hipp. You are modest, Cousin; but least my Father shou'd come in presently (which he will do as soon as he knows you are here) I must give you a Caution, which 'tis fit you shou'd have before you see him.

Monsf. Vel, vel, Cousin, vat is dat?

Hipp. You must know then (as commonly the conclusion of all mirth is sad) after I had a good while pleas'd my self in jesting and leading the poor Gentleman you sent into a Fools Paradise, and almost made him believe I wou'd go away with him, my Father coming home this morning came in upon us, and caught him with me.

Monsf. Mala-peste.

Hipp. And drew his Sword upon him, and wou'd have kill'd him; for you know my Father's Spanish fierceness and jealousy.

Monsf. But how did he come off then? teste non.

Hipp. In short, I was fain to bring him off by saying he was my Dancing-master.

Monsf. Hah, ha, ha, ver good Jeste.

Hipp. I was unwilling to have the poor man kill'd you know for our foolish Frolick with him; but then upon my Aunts and Fathers inquiry, how he came in, and who sent him; I was forc'd to say you did, desiring I shou'd be able to dance a Corant before our Wedding.

Monsf. A ver good Jeste———da——— still better as better.

Hipp. Now all that I am to desire of you, is, to own you sent him, that I may not be caught in a lye.

Monsf. Yes, yes, a ver good Jest, Gerrard, a Mastre de Dance, hah, ha, ha.

Hipp. Nay, the Jest is like to be better yet; for my Father him-

himself has oblig'd him now to come and teach me: So that now he must take the Dancing-master upon him, and come three or four times to me before our Wedding, lest my Father, if he shou'd come no more, shou'd be suspicious I had told him a lye: and (for ought I know) if he shou'd know or but guess he were not a Dancing-Master, in his *Spanish* strictness and Punctillioes of Honour he might kill me, as the shame and stain of his Honour and Family, which he talks of so much. Now you know the jealous cruel Fathers in *Spain* serve their poor innocent Daughters often so, and he is more than a *Spaniard*.

Monsf. Non, non, fear noting, I warrant you shall come as often as you will to the House, and your Father shall never know who he is till we are marry'd; but then I'll tell him all for the Jetts sake.

Hipp. But will you keep my Counsel, dear Cousin, till we are marry'd?

Monsf. Poor, dear Fool, I warrant thee, mon foy.

Hipp. Nay, what a Fool am I indeed, for you wou'd not have me kill'd: you love me too well sure, to be an Instrument of my death.

(Enter Don Diego walking gravely, a little Black behind him.

(Mrs. Caution.

But here comes my Father, remember.

Monsf. I would no more tell him of it, then I would tell you if I had been with a Wench, Jarnie——she's afraid to be kill'd, poor Wretch, and he's a capricious jealous Fop enough to do't, but here he comes. *(Aside.*

I'll keep thy Counsel I warrant thee, my dear Soul, mon petit Cœur.

Hipp. Peace, peace, my Father's coming this way.

Monsf. I, but by his march he won't be near enough to hear us this half hour, hah, ha, ha.

(Don Diego walks leisurely round the Monsieur, surveying him, and shrugging up his shoulders whilst Monsieur makes Legs and Faces. (Aside.

Don. Is that thing my Cousin, Sister?

Caut. 'Tis he, Sir.

Don. Cousin, I am sorry to see you.

Monsf. Is that a *Spanish* Complement?

Don.

Don. So much disguis'd, Cousin.

(Aside

Monsf. Oh! is it out at last, ventre?

Serviteur, Serviteur, a Mounfieur mon Oncle, and I am glad to see you here within doors, most Spanish Oncle, ha, ha, ha. But I should be sorry to see you in the streets, teste non.

Don. Why so——would you be asham'd of me, hah —— (voto a St. Jago) wou'd you? hauh ——

Monsf. I it may be you wou'd be asham'd your self, Monsieur mon Oncle, of the great Train you wou'd get to wait upon your Spanish Hose, puh —— the Boys wou'd follow you, and hoot at you (vert and bleu) pardone my Franch Franchise, Monsieur mon Oncle.

Hipp. We shall have sport anon, betwixt these two Contraries. (apart to Prue,

Don. Do'st thou call me Monsieur (voto a St. Jago.)

Monsf. No, I did not call you Monsieur voto a St. Jago, Sir, I know you are my Uncle Mr. James Formal —— da ——

Don. But I can hardly know you are my Cousin, Mr. Nathaniel Parris; but call me Sir Don Diego hence forward; look you, and no Monsieur, call me Monsieur Guarda.

Monsf. I confes my errour, Sir; for none but a blind man wou'd call you Monsieur, ha, ha —— But pray do not call me neder Paris, but de Paris, de Paris (si vou plai't) Monsieur de Paris! Call me Monsieur and welcome, da ——

Don. Monsieur de Pantaloon; then voto ——

Monsf. Monsieur de Pantaloon! a pretty name, a pretty name, ma foy, da —— bein trove de Pantaloon! how much betre den your de lay Fountains, del la Rivieres, de la Roches, and all the De's in France —— da —— well; but have you not the admiration for my Pantaloon, Don Diego, mon Oncle?

Don. I am astonish'd at them verde deramente, they are wonderfully ridiculous.

Monsf. Redicule, redicule! ah —— 'tis well you are my Uncle, da —— Redicule, ha —— is dere any ting in de Universe so jenti as de Pantaloon? any ting so ravifaunt as de Pantaloon? Auh —— I cou'd kneel down and varship a pair of jenti Pantaloon? vat, vat, you wou'd have me have de admiration for dis outward skin of your Thigh, which you call Spanish Hose, fie, fie, fie —— ha, ha, ha.

Don.

Don. Do'st thou deride my *Spanish Hose*? young Man, ha, ha,

Monf. In comparison of *Pantalloon* I do undervalue 'em indeed, *Don. Diegue* mon Oncle, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Thou art then a gavano de malo gusto, look you.

Monf. You may call me vat you vill, Oncle *Don. Diegue*; but I must needs say, your *Spanish Hose* are scurvy Hose, ugly Hose, lousie Hose, and stinking Hose.

Don. Do not provoke me, *Boracho.* (Puts his hand to his
(Sword.

Monf. Indcet for lousie I recant dat Epithete, for dere is scarce room in 'em for dat little Animal, ha, ha, ha. But for stinking Hose, dat Epithete may stand; for how can dey chuse but stink, since dey are so furicufmente close to your *Spanish Tail*, da.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ridiculous. (Aside.

Don. Do not provoke me, I say, *En hora mala.*

(Seems to draw.

Monf. Nay, Oncle, I am sorry you are in de pation; but I must live and dye for de *Pantalloon* against de *Spanish Hose*, da.

Don. You are a rash young Man, and while you wear *Pantalloons*, you are beneath my passion, voto----Auh--o--they make thee look and waddle (with all those gew-gaw Ribbons) like a great old Fat, slovenly Water-dog.

Monf. And your *Spanish Hose*, and your Nose in the Air, make you look like a great gritled long-*Irish* Grey-hound, reaching a Cruft off from a high Shelf, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Bueno, Bueno.

Mrs. Caut. What have you a mind to ruine your self, and break of the Match?

Mon. Pshaw——wat do you tell me of the Match? dee tinke I will not vindicate *Pantalloons*, Morbleu?

Don. Well! he is a lost young Man, I see, and desperately far gone in the Epidemick Malady of our Nation, the affectation of the worst of *French Vanities*: but I must be wiser then him, as I am a *Spaniard* look you *Don Diego*, and endeavour to reclaim him by Art and fair means (look you, *Don Diego*) if not, he shall never marry my Daughter look you, *Don Diego*, though he be my own Sister's Son, and has two thousand five hundred seventy three pounds Sterling twelve Shillings and two pence

pence a year Pennyrent, Segaramente. (*Aside.* Come Youngman, since you are so obstinate, we will refer our difference to Arbitration, your Mistress my Daughter shall be Umpire betwixt us, concerning *Spanish Hose and Pantaloons.*

Mons. Pantaloons and *Spanish Hose* (si vous plaist)

Don. Your Mistress is the fittest Judge of your Dress, sure?

Mons. I know ver vel, dat most of the Jeunesse of *England* will not change the Ribband upon de Crevat widout the consultation of dere Matrels, but I am no *Anglois* da——nor shall I make de reference of my Dress to any in the Universe, da—— I judge by any in *England*, teste non. I wou'd not be judge by any *English* Looking-glass, Jarnie.

Don. Be not positivo, Young-man.

Mrs. Caut. Nay, pray refer it, Cousin, pray do.

Mons. Non, non, your Servant, your Servant, Aunt.

Don. But pray be not so positive, come hither, Daughter, tell me which is best.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you have kept me in universal ignorance, I know nothing.

Mons. and do you tink I shall refer an Affair of that consequence to a poor young ting who have not seen the Varld, da, I am wiser than so, voto?

Don. Well, in short, if you will not be wiser, and leave off your *French* Dress, Stammering and Tricks, look you, you shall be a Fool and go without Daughter, voto.

Mons. How, must I leave off my Jantee *French* Accoustrements, and speak base *Englis* too, or not marry my Cousin! mon Oncle *Don Diego*? Do not break off the Match, do not; for know I will not leave off my Pantalloon and *French* Pronunciation for ne'er a Cousin in *England*'t, da.

Don. I tell you again, he that marry's my Daughter shall at least look like a wise Man, for he shall wear the *Spanish* Habit, I am a *Spanish* Positivo.

Mons. Vervel, ver vel! and I am a *French* positivo.

Don. Then I am Definitivo? and if you do not go immediately into your Chamber, and put on a *Spanish* Habit, I have brought over on Purpose for your Wedding Cloaths, and put off all these *French* Fopperies and Vanidades, with all your Grimaces, Agreeables, adorables, may Foys, and Jarnies. I swear you shall never marry my Daughter (and by an Oath by *Spaniard*.)

Spaniard never broken) by my Whiskers and Snuff-box.

Mons. O hold, do not swear, Uncle, for I love your Daughter furieusement.

Don. If you love her you'll obey me.

Mons. Ah, wat will become of me! but have the consideration, must I leave off all the *Franch* Beutes, Graces, and Embellishments, bote of my Person and Language. (*Exeunt.*

(*Hipp. Mrs. Caution, and Prue laughing.*

Don. I will have it so.

Mons. I am ruinne den undonne, have some consideration for me, for dere is not the least Ribbon of my Garniture, but is as dear to me as your Daughter, Jarnie—

Don. Then you do not deserve her, and for that reason I will be satisf'd you love her better, or you shall not have her, for I am Positivo.

Mons. Vil you break mine Arte! Pray have de consideration for me.

Don. I say agen, you shall be dress'd before night from Top to Toe in the *Spanish* Habit, or you shall never marry my Daughter, look you.

Mons. If you will not have de consideration for me, have de consideration for your Daughter; for she have de passionate Amour for me, and like me in dis Habite betre den in yours, da ———

Don. What I have said I have said, and I am uno Positivo.

Mons. Will you not so much as allow me one little *French* Oate?

Don. No, you shall looke like a *Spaniard* but speak and swear like an *English* man, look you.

Mons. Helas, helas, den I shall take my leave, mort, teste ventre, Jarnie, teste-bleu, ventre bleu, ma foy, certes.

Don. *Pedro, Sanchez*, wait upon this Cavaliero into his Chamber with those things I ordered you to take out of the Trunks, I wou'd have you a little accustomed to your Cloaths before your Wedding; for if you comply with me, you shall marry my Daughter to morrow, look you. (*Calls at the Door.*

Mons. Adieu then, dear Pantalloon! dear Belte! dear Sword! dear Perruque! and dear Chapeaux, Retrousea, and dear Shoe, Jarnie: adieu, adieu, adieu, helas, helas, helas, will you have yet no pity.

Don.

Don. I am a *Spanish* *Positivo*, look you.

Monsf. And more cruel than de *Spanish* *Inquisitiono*, to compel a Man to a Habit against his Conscience, *helas, helas, helas.*
(*Exit* *Monfieur.*)

Enter *Prue* and *Gerrard.*

Prue. Here is the *Dancing Master*, shall I call my *Mistres, Sir?*
(*Exit* *Prue.*)

Don. Yes. O you are as punctual as a *Spaniard*: I love your punctual Men, nay I think 'tis before your time something.

Ger. Nay, I am resolv'd your *Daughter, Sir*, shall lose no time by my fault.

Don. So so, 'tis well.

Ger. I were a very unworthy Man, if I should not be punctual with her, *Sir.*

Don. You speak honestly, very honestly, *Friend*; and I believe a very honest man, though a *Dancing-master.*

Ger. I am very glad you think me so, *Sir.*

Don. What you are but a *Young-man*, are you marry'd yet?

Ger. No, *Sir*, but I hope I shall, *Sir*, very suddenly if things hit right.

Don. What the old *Folks* her *Friends* are wary, and cannot agree with you so soon as the *Daughter* can?

Ger. Yes, *Sir*, the *Father* hinders it a little at present; but the *Daughter* I hope is resolv'd, and then we shall do well enough.

Don. What you do not steal her, according to the laudable Custom of some of your *Brother-Dancing-masters*?

Ger. No, no, *Sir*, steal her, *Sir*, steal her, you are pleas'd to be merry, *Sir*, ha, ha, ha——I cannot but laugh at that question.
(*Aside.*)

Don. No, *Sir*, methinks you are pleas'd to be merry; but you say the *Father* does not consent.

Ger. Not yet, *Sir*; but 'twill be no matter whether he does or no.

Don. Was she one of your *Scholars*? if she were, 'tis a hundred to ten but you steal her.

Ger. I shall not be able to hold laughing. (*Aside, laughs.*)

Don. Nay, nay, I find by your laughing you steal her, she was your *Scholar*, was she not?

Ger.

Ger. Yes, Sir, she was the first I ever had, and may be the last too; for she has a Fortune (if I can get her) will keep me from teaching to dance any more.

Don. So, so, then she is your Scholar still it seems, and she has a good Portion, I am glad on't; nay, I knew you stole her.

Ger. My laughing may give him suspicions, yet I cannot hold. (*Aside.*)

Don. What, you laugh I warrant to think how the young Baggage and you will mump the poor old Father; but if all her dependance for a Fortune be upon the Father, he may chance to mump you both, and spoil the Jest.

Ger. I hope it will not be in his power, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

I shall laugh too much anon. (*Aside.*)

Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to call for your Daughter, I am impatient till she comes; for time was never more precious with me and with her too, it ought to be so, sure, since you say she is to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. She ought to bestir her, as you say indeed, wuh, Daughter, Daughter, *Prue, Hippolita*: Come away, Child, why do you stay so long? (*Calls at the door.*)

Enter Hippolita, Prue, and Caution.

Hipp. Your Servant Master! indeed I am aham'd you have stay'd for me.

Ger. O good Madam, 'tis my Duty, I know you came as soon as you cou'd.

Hipp. I knew my Father was with you, therefore I did not make altogether so much haste as I might; but if you had been alone, nothing shou'd have kept me from you, I wou'd not have been so rude as to have made you stay a minute for me, I warrant you.

Don. Come fidle, fadle, what a deal of Ceremony there is betwixt your Dancing-master and you, *Querno*——

Hipp. Lord, Sir, I hope you'll allow me to shew my respect to my Master, for I have a great respect for my Master.

Ger. And I am very proud of my Scholar, and am a very great Honourer of my Scholar.

Don. Come, come, Friend, about your bus'ness, and honour the King. Your Dancing-masters and Barbers are such fistical smooth-tongu'd, rattling Fellows, and if you set 'em once a talking,

a talking ; they'll ne'er a done, no more than when you set 'em a fiddling : Indeed all that deal with fiddles are given to impertinency. *(To Mrs. Caution.*

Caut. Well! well! this is an impertinent Fellow, without being a Dancing-master : He is no more a Dancing-master than I am a Maid.

Don. What ! will you still be wiser than I? voto. Come, come about with my Daughter, Man

Prue. So he wou'd, I warrant you, if your Worship wou'd let him alone.

Don. How now Mrs. Nimble-Chaps?

Ger. Well, though I have got a little Canting at the Dancing-School since I was here, yet I do all so bunglingly, he'll discover me. *(Aside to Hipp.*

Hipp. Try, come take my hand Master.

Caut. Look you, Brother, the impudent Harletry gives him her hand.

Don. Can he dance with her without holding her by the hand ?

Hipp. Here, take my hand. Master.

Ger. I wish it were for good and all. *(Aside to her.*

Hipp. You Dancing-masters are always so hasty, so nimble.

Don. Voto at St. Jago, not that I can see, about with her, Man.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, I cannot about with her as I wou'd do, unless you will please to go out a little, Sir ; for I see she is bashful still before you, Sir.

Don. Hey, hey, more fooling yet, come, come, about, about with her.

Hipp. Nay, indeed, Father, I am asham'd and cannot help it.

Don. But you shall help it, for I will not stir : move her, I say begin Huffie, move when he'll have you.

Prue. I cannot but laugh at that, ha, ha, ha. *(Aside.*

Ger. Come then, Madam, since it must be so let us try, but I shall discover all, One, two, and Coupee. *(apart to Hipp.*

Caut. Nay de' see how he squeezes her hand, Brother, O the lewd Villain!

Don. Come, move, I say, and mind her not.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.

Caut. De' see again he took her by the bare Arm.

Don. Come move on, she's mad.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.

Don. Come, one, two, turn out your Toes.

Caut. There, there, he pinch'd her by the Thigh, will you suffer it?

Ger. One, two, three, and fall back.

Don. Fall back, fall back, back, some of you are forward enough to back.

Ger. Back, Madam.

Don. Fall back when he bids you, Huffle.

Caut. How! how! fall back, fall back, marry, but she shall not fall back when he bids her.

Don. I say she shall, Hufwife, come.

Ger. She will, she will, I warrant you, Sir, if you won't be angry with her.

Caut. Do you know what he means by that now, you a Spaniard.

Don. How's that I not Spaniard? say such a word again!

Ger. Come forward, Madam, three steps agen.

Caut. See, see, she squeezes his hand now, O the debauch'd Harlotry!

Don. So, so, mind her not, she moves forward pretty well; but you must move as well backward, as forward or you'll never do any thing to purpose.

Caut. Do you know what you say, Brother, your self now? are you at your beastliness before your young Daughter?

Prn. Ha, ha, ha.

Don. How now, Mistress, are you so merry? is this your staid Maid as you call her, Sister Impertinent?

Ger. I have not much to say to you, Miss; but I shall not have an opportunity to do it, unless we can get your Father out.

(*Aside to Hip.*

Don. Come about agen with her.

Caut. Look you, there she squeezes his hand hard agen.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed, Father, my Aunt puts me quite out, I cannot dance while she looks on for my heart, she makes me alham'd and afraid together.

Ger. Indeed if you wou'd please to take her out, Sir; I am sure, I shou'd make my Scholar do better, than when you are present,

present, Sir, pray Sir, be pleased for this time to take her away; for the next time, I hope I shall order it so, we shall trouble neither of you.

Caut. No, no, Brother, stir not, they have a mind to be left alone. Come there's a beastly Trick in't; he's no Dancing-master I tell you.

Ger. Damn'd Jade; she'll discover us, *(Aside to Hipp.)*

Don. What will you teach me? nay then I will go out, and you shall go out too, look you.

Caut. I will not go out, look you.

Don. Come, come, thou art a censorious wicked Woman, and you shall disturb them no longer.

Caut. What will you bawd for your Daughter?

Don. Ay, ay, come go out, out, out.

Caut. I will not go out, I will not go out, my Conscience will not suffer me, for I know by experience what will follow.

Ger. I warrant you, Sir, we'll make good use of our time when you are gone.

Caut. Do you hear him again, don't you know what he means? *(Ex. Don thrusting Caution out.)*

Hipp. 'Tis very well; you are a fine Gentleman to abuse my poor Father so.

Ger. 'Tis but by your Example, Miss.

Hipp. Well I am his Daughter, and may make the bolder with him, I hope.

Ger. And I am his Son-in-law, that shall be; and therefore may claim my Priviledge too of making bold with him, I hope.

Hipp. Methinks you shou'd be contented in making bold with his Daughter; for you have made very bold with her, sure.

Ger. I hope I shall make bolder with her yet.

Hipp. I do not doubt your confidence, for you are a Dancing-master.

Ger. Why, Miss! I hope you wou'd not have me a fine senseless Whining modest Lover; for modesty in a Man is as ill as the want of it in a Woman.

Hipp. I thank you for that, Sir, now you have made bold with me indeed; but if I am such a confident Piece, I am sure you made me so; if you had not had the confidence to come in

at the Window, I had not had the confidence to look upon a Man: I am sure I cou'd not look upon a Man before.

Ger. But that I humbly conceive, sweet Miss, 'twas your Father fault, because you had not a Man to look upon. But, dearest Miss, I do not think you confident, you are only innocent; for that which wou'd be called confidence, nay impudence in a Woman of years, is called innocency in one of your age, and the more impudent you appear, the more innocent you are thought.

Hipp. Say you so! has Youth such priviledges? I do not wonder then, most Women seem impudent, since it is to be thought younger than they are it seems; but indeed, Master you are as great an Encourager of impudence I see, as if you were a Dancing-master, in good earnest.

Ger. Yes, yes, a young thing may do any thing, may leap out of the Window, and go away with her Dancing-master, if she please.

Hipp. So, so, the Use follows the Doctrine very suddenly.

Ger. Well, Dearest, pray let us make the use we shou'd of it, lest your Father shou'd make too bold with us and come in before we wou'd have him.

Hipp. Indeed old Relations are apt to take that ill-bred freedom of pressing into young Company at unseasonable hours.

Ger. Come, dear Miss, let me tell you how I have design'd matters; for in talking of any thing else we lose time and opportunity: People abroad indeed say, the *English Women* are the worst in the World in using an opportunity, they love tittle tattle and Ceremony.

Hipp. 'Tis because I warrant opportunities are not so scarce here as abroad, they have more here than they can use; but let people abroad say what they will of *English Women*, because they do not know 'em, but what say people at home?

Ger. Pretty Innocent, ha, ha, ha. Well I say you will not make use of your opportunity.

Hipp. I say you have no reason to say so yet.

Ger. Well, then anon at nine of the Clock at night I'll try you; for I have already bespoke a Parson, and have taken up the three back Rooms of the Tavern, which front upon the Gallery window, that no body may see us escape, and I have appointed (precisely betwixt eight and nine of the Clock when

when it is dark) a Coach and Six, to wait at the Tavern-door for us:

Hipp. A Coach and Six, a Coach and Six, do you say? nay then I see you are resolv'd to carry me away; for a Coach and Six, though there were not a Man but the Coach-man with it, wou'd carry away any young Girl of my Age in England, a Coach and Six!

Ger. Then you will be sure to be ready to go with me.

Hipp. What young Woman of the Town cou'd ever say no to a Coach and Six, unless it were going into the Country: a Coach and Six, 'tis not in the power of fourteen years old to resist it.

Ger. You will be sure to be ready?

Hipp. You are sure 'tis a Coach and Six?

Ger. I warrant you, Miss.

Hipp. I warrant you then they'll carry us merrily away: A Coach and Six?

Ger. But have you charm'd your Cousin the *Monfieur* (as you said you wou'd) that he in the mean time say nothing to prevent us?

Hipp. I warrant you.

Enter to 'em Don Diego and Mrs. Caution pressing in.

Caut. I will come in.

Don. Well, I hope by this time you have given her full instructions, you have told her what and how to do, you have done all.

Ger. We have just done indeed, Sir.

Hipp. Ay, Sir, we have just done, Sir.

Caut. And I fear just undone, Sir.

Ger. De' hear that damn'd Witch. *(Aside to Hipp.)*

Don. Come leave your censorious prating, thou hast been a false right Woman thy self in thy Youth, I warrant you.

Caut. I right! I right I scorn your words, I'd have you to know, and 'tis well known. I right! no 'tis your dainty Minx, that Jillfirt your Daughter here that is right, do you see how her Handkerchief is ruffled, and what a heat she's in?

Don. She has been dancing.

Caut. Ay, ay, *Adam and Eve's Dance*, or the beginning of the World, de' see how she pants?

Don. She has not been us'd to motion.

Caut. Motion, motion, motion de' call it? no indeed, I kept her from motion till now, motion with a vengeance.

Don. You put the poor bashful Girl to the blush, you see, hold your peace.

Caut. 'Tis her guilt, not her modesty, marry.

Don. Come, come, mind her not, Child, come, Master, let me see her dance now the whole Dance roundly together, come sing to her.

Ger. Faith, we shall be discovered after all, you know I cannot sing a Note, Miss. *(Aside to Hipp.*

Don. Come, Come, Man.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, my Master's in haste now, pray let it alone till anon at night, when you say he is to come again, and then you shall see me dance it to the Violin, pray stay till then, Father.

Don. I will not be put off so, come begin.

Hipp. Pray, Father.

Don. Come, sing to her, come begin.

Ger. Pray, Sir, excuse me till anon, I am in some haste.

Don. I say begin, I will not excuse you, come take her by the hand, and about with her.

Caut. I say he shall not take her by the hand, he shall touch her no more; while I am here there shall be no more squeezing and tickling her palm, good Mr. Dancing-master, stand off.

(Thrusts Ger. away.)

Don. Get you out, Mrs. *Impertinence*, take her by the hand, I say.

Caut. Stand off, I say, he shall not touch her, he has touch'd her too much already.

Don. If patience were not a *Spanish* Vertue, I wou'd lay it aside now, I say let 'em dance.

Caut. I say they shall not dance.

Hipp. Pray, Father, since you see my Aunts obstinacy, let us alone till anon, when you may keep her out.

Don. Well then, Friend, do not fail to come.

Hipp. Nay, if he fail me at last.

Don. Be sure you come, for she's to be marry'd to morrow, do you know it?

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, sweet Scholar, your humble Servant, till night, and think in the mean time of the instructions I have

have given you, that you may be the readier when I come.

Don. I, Girl, be sure you do, and do you be sure to come.

Caut. You need not be so concern'd, he'll be sure to come, I warrant you; but if I cou'd help it, he shou'd never set foot agen in the House.

Don. You wou'd frighten the poor Dancing-Master from the House; but be sure you come for all her.

Ger. Yes, Sir.

But this Jade will pay me when I am gone. (*Aside.*)

Caut. Hold, hold, Sir, I must let you out, and I wish I cou'd keep you out. He a Dancing-master, he's a Chouce, a Cheat, a meer Cheat, and that you'll find.

Don. I find any Man a Cheat! I cheated by any Man! I scorn your words, I that have so much *Spanish* Care, Circumspection, and Prudence, cheated by a Man: Do you think I who have been in *Spain*, look you, and have kept up my Daughter a twelve-month, for fear of being cheated of her, look you? I cheated of her!

Caut. Well, say no more. (*Exeunt Don, Hipp. Caut. and Prue.*)

Ger. Well, old Formality, if you had not kept up your Daughter, I am sure I had never cheated you of her. (*Aside.*)

*The wary Fool is by his Care betray'd
As Cuckolds by their Jealousie are made.* (*Ex.*)

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Monsieur de Parris without a Perruque, with a Spanish Hat, a Spanish Doublet, Stockins, and Shooes, but in Pantalons, a Waste-Belt, and a Spanish Dagger in't, and a Crewat about his Neck.

Enter Hippolita and Prue behind laughing.

Monf. **T**O see wat a Fool Love do make of one, Jarnie.
It do metamorphose de brave Man in de Beast,
de Satte, de Animal.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha.

Mons. Nay, you may laugh, 'tis ver vel, I am become as ridicule for you as can be, mort-bleu. I have deform my self into a ugly *Spaniard*.

Hipp. Why, do you call this disguising your self like a *Spaniard* while you wear Pantalloon's frill, and the *Crevat*.

Mons. But is here not the double *Doublet*, and the *Spanish Dagger* auffy.

Hipp. But 'tis as long as the *French Sword*, and worn like it. But where's your *Spanish Beard*, the thing of most consequence?

Mons. Jarnie, do you tink *Beards* are as easie to be had as in de *Play-houses*, non; but if here be no the ugly long *Spanish Beard*, here are, I am certain, the ugly long *Spanish Ear*.

Hipp. That's very true, ha, ha, ha,

Mons. Auh de ingrate! dat de *Woman* is, when we poor men are your *Gallants*, you laugh at us your selves, and wen we are your *Husband*, you make all the *World* laugh at us, Jarnie. Love, dam Love, it makes the man more ridicule, than *Poverty*, *Poetry*, or a new *Title of Honour*, Jarnie.

Enter Don Diego, and Caution.

Don. What at your *Jarnies* still? voto.

Mons. Why, *Oncle*, you are at your *voto's* still.

Don. Nay, I'll allow you to be at your *voto's* too, but not to make the incongruous *Match of Spanish Doublet and French Pantalloon's*. *(Holding bis Hat before bis Pantalloon's)*.

Mons. Nay, pray dear *Oncle*, let me unite *France* and *Spain*, 'tis the *Mode of France* now, Jarnie, voto.

Don. Well, I see I must pronounce, I told you, if you were not drest in the *Spanish Habit to Night*, you shou'd not marry my *Daughter* to morrow, look you.

Mons. Well, am I not habilee in de *Spanish Habit*, my *Doublet*, *Ear*, and *Hat*, *Leg*, and *Feet* are *Spanish*, that dey are.

Don. I told you I was a *Spanish Positivo*, voto.

Mons. Will you not spare my *Pantalloon* (begar) I will give you one little finger to excuse my *Pantalloon*, da——

Don. I have said, look you.

Mons. Auh chere *Pantalloon's*, speak for my *Pantalloon's*, *Coulin*, my poor *Pantalloon's* are as dear to me as de *Scarff* to de *Countree Capitane*, or de new made *Officer*; therefore have de com-

de compassion for my Pantalloon, *Don Diego*, mon Oncle, *helas, helas, helas.* (Kneels to Don.)

Don. I have said, look you, your Dress must be *Spanish*, and your Language *English*, I am uno Positivo.

Monsf. And must speak base good *English* too, ah la pitice, *helas.*

Don. It must be done, and I will see this great change e'er it be dark, voto — your time is not long, look to't, look you.

Monsf. *Helas, helas, helas*, dat *Espaigne* shou'd conquer la *France* in *England*, *helas, helas, helas.* (Exit Monsieur.)

Don. You see what pains I take to make him the more agreeable to you, Daughter.

Hipp. But indeed, and indeed, Father, you wash the Black-a-more white, in endeavouring to make a *Spaniard* of a *Monsieur*, nay an *English Monsieur* too, consider that, Father; for when once they have taken the *French plie* (as they call it) they are never to be made so much as *English* men again, I have heard say.

Don. What, I warrant you are like the rest of the young silly Baggages of *England*, that like nothing but what is *French*. You wou'd not have him reform'd, you wou'd have a *Monsieur* to your Husband, wou'd you, Querno?

Hipp. No indeed, Father, I wou'd not have a *Monsieur* to my Husband, not I indeed, and I am sure you'll never make my Cousin otherwise.

Don. I warrant you.

Hipp. You can't, you can't, indeed, Father: And you have sworn, you know, he shall never have me, if he does not leave off his *Monsieurship*. Now as I told you, 'tis as hard for him to cease being a *Monsieur*, as 'tis for you to break a *Spanish Oath*, so that I am not in any great danger of having a *Monsieur* to my Husband.

Don. Well; but you shall have him for your Husband, look you.

Hipp. Then you will break your *Spanish Oath*.

Don. No, I will break him of his *French Tricks*, and you shall have him for your Husband, Querno.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed, Father, I shall not have him.

Don. Indeed you shall, Daughter.

Hipp.

Hipp. Well, you shall see, Father.

Caut. No I warrant you, she will not have him, she'll have her Dancing-Master rather: I know her meaning, I understand her?

Don. Thou malicious foolish Woman, you understand her! but I do understand her, she says I will not break my Oath, nor he his *French* Customs, so through our difference, she thinks she shall not have him, but she shall.

Hipp. But I shan't.

Caut. I know she will not have him, because she hates him.

Don. I tell you, if she does hate him, 'tis a sign she will have him for her Husband; for 'tis not one of a thousand that marries the man she loves, look you. Besides, 'tis all one whether she loves him now or not; for as soon as she's marry'd, she'd be sure to hate him: that's the reason we wise *Spaniards* are jealous and only expect, nay, will be sure our Wives shall fear us, look you.

Hipp. Pray, good Father and Aunt, do not dispute about nothing, for I am sure he will never be my Husband to hate.

Caut. I am of your opinion indeed, I understand you, I can see as far as another.

Don. You, you cannot see so much as through your Spectacles, but I understand her, 'tis her meer desire to Marriage makes her say she shall not have him; for your poor young things, when they are once in the teens, think they shall never be marry'd.

Hipp. Well, Father, think you what you will, but I know what I think.

Enter Monsieur in the Spanish Habit entire only with a Crevat, and follow'd by the little Black-a-more with a Golilia in his Hand.

Don. Come, did not I tell you, you should have him, look you there, he has comply'd with me, and is a perfect *Spaniard*.

Monf. Ay, ay, I am ugly Rogue enough, now sure, for my Cousin; but 'tis your Father's fault, Cousin, that you han't the handsomest best dress'd man in the Nation, a man bein' mise.

Don. Yet agen at your *French*? and a *Crevat* on still (voto a *St. Jago*) off, off with it.

Mons. Nay, I will ever hereafter speak clownish good *English*, do but spare me my *Crevat*.

Don. I am uno *Positivo*, look you.

Mons. Let me not put on that *Spanish* Yoke, but spare me my *Crevat*; for I love *Crevat* furishment.

Don. Agen at your *Furishments*!

Mons. Indeed I have forgot my self, but have some mercy. (Kneels.)

Don. Off, off, off with it I say, come refuse the Ornament principal of the *Spanish-Habit*.

(Takes him by the *Crevat*, pulls it off, and the *Black* puts on the *Golilia*.)

Mons. Will you have no mercy, no pity, alas, alas, alas, Oh I had rather put on the *English* Pillory than his *Spanish* *Golilia*, for 'twill be all a case I'm sure; for when I go abroad, I shall soon have a Crowd of Boys about me, peppering me with rotten Eggs and Turneps, *helas, helas*.

(Don puts on the *Golilia*.)

Don. *Helas* again?

Mons. *Alas, alas, alas*.

Hipp. I shall dye.

Prue. I shall burst, ha, ha, ha.

Mons. Ay, ay, you see what I am come to for your sake; Cousin and Uncle, pray take notice how ridiculous I am grown to my Cousin that loves me above all the World? she can no more forbear laughing at me, I vow and swear, than if I were as arrant a *Spaniard* as your self.

Don. Be a *Spaniard* like me, and ne'er think people laugh at you; there was never a *Spaniard* that thought any one laugh'd at him; but what do you laugh at a *Golilia*, *Baggage*? Come, *Sirrah-Black*, now do you teach him to walk with the *verdadero gesto, gracia, and Gravidad* of a true *Castilian*.

Mons. Must I have my *Dancing-master* too? come little Master then, lead on.

(*Black* struts about the Stage, the *Monfieur* follows him, imitating awkwardly all he does.)

Don. *Malo, malo*, with your *Hat* on your *Pole*, as if it hung upon

upon a Pin; the *French* and *English*, wear their Hats, as if their Horns would not suffer 'em to come over their Foreheads, voto—

Monf. 'Tis true, there are some well-bred Gentlemen have so much Reverence for their Perruque, that they wou'd refuse to be Grandees of your *Spain*, for fear of putting on their Hats, I vow and swear.

Don. Come, Black, teach him now to make a *Spanish Leg*.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, your *Spanish Leg* is an *English Courtesie*, I vow and swear, hah, hah, ha.

Don. Well, the Hood does not make the Monk, the *Afs* was an *Afs* still, though he had the *Lyons Skin* on; this will be a light *French Fool*, in spite of the grave *Spanish Habit*, look you. But, Black, do what you can, make the most of him, walk him about.

Pru. Here are the people, Sir, you sent to speak with about Provisions for the Wedding, and here are your Cloaths brought home too Mistress. *(Pruë goes to the door, and returns.)*

Don. Well, I come: Black, do what you can with him, walk him about.

Monf. Indeed, Uncle, if I were as you, I would not have the grave *Spanish Habit* so travest'd, I shall disgrace it and my little Black Master too, I vow and swear.

Don. Learn, learn of him, improve your self by him, and do you walk him, walk him about soundly. Come, Sitter and Daughter, I must have your Judgments, though I shall not need 'em, look you, walk him, see you walk him.

(Exit Don, Hipp. and Caution.)

Monf. Jarnie, he does not only make a *Spaniard* of me, but a *Spanish Jennit*, in giving me to his Lacquey to walk; but come a long, little Master. *(The Black instructs Monsieur on one side of the Stage, Pruë standing on the other.)*

Pru. O the unfortunate condition of us poor Chamber-maids, who have all the carking and caring, the watching and sitting up, the trouble and danger of our Mistresses Intrigues! whilst they go away with all the pleasure; and if they can get their Man in a corner, 'tis well enough, they ne'er think of the poor watchful Chamber-maid, who sits knocking her heels in the cold, for want of better exercise in some melancholy Lobby or Entry, when she cou'd imploy her time every whit as well as her Mistress for all her Quality, if she were but put to't.

(Aside.)

Black,

Black. Hold up your head, hold up your head, Sir, a stooping *Spaniard*, Malo.

Monf. True, a *Spaniard* scorns to look upon the Ground.

Pru. We can shift for our Mistresses, and not for our selves, mine has got a handsome proper Young-man, and is just going to make the most of him, whilst I must be left in the Lurch here with a couple of ugly little Blackamoor Boys in Bonnets, and an old wither'd *Spanish* Eunuch, not a Servant else in the House, nor have I hopes of any comfortable Society at all (*Aside*.

Black. Now let me see you make your Vilit-Leg thus.

Monf. Ah, teste non, ha, ha, ha.

Black. What, a *Spaniard*, and laugh aloud! no; if you laugh thus only so---now your Salutation in the street as you pass by your Acquaintance, look you thus---if to a Woman, thus, putting your Hat upon your heart; if to a man, thus, with a nod, so---but frown a little more, frown.

But if to a Woman you wou'd be very ceremonious too, thus---so---your Neck nearer your shoulder, so---Now if you wou'd speak contemptibly of any man or thing, do thus with your hand---so---and shrug up your shoulders, till they hide your Ears. Now walk agen. *Monf. imitating the Black.*

(*The Black and the Monsieur walk off the Stage.*)

Pru. All my hopes are in that Coxcomb there; I must take up with my Mistress's leavings, though we Chamber-Maids are wont to be before-hand with them: But he is the dullest, modestest Fool, for a Frenchif'd Fool, as ever I saw, for nobody cou'd be more coming to him than I have been (though I say it) and yet I am ne'er the nearer. I have stolen away his Handkerchief, and told him of it, and yet he wou'd never so much as struggle with me to get it again. I have pull'd off his Perruque, unt'y'd his Ribbons, and have been very bold with him, yet he would never be so with me; nay, I have pinch'd him, pounch'd him, and tickl'd him, and yet he would never do the like for me.

(*The Black and Monsieur return.*)

Black. Nay, thus, thus, Sir.

Pru. And to make my person more acceptable to him, I have us'd Art, as they say; for every night since he came, I have worn

worn the Forehead-piece of Bees-wax and Hogs-grease, and every morning wash'd with Butter-milk and wild Tanfie, and have put on every day for his only sak my Sunday's Bowdy-Stockins, and have new chalk'd my Shooes and constantly as the morning came; nay, I have taken occasion to garter my Stockings before him, as if unawares of him; for a good Leg and Foot, with good Shooes and Stockings, are very provoking, as they say, but the Devil-e-bit wou'd he be provok'd; but I must think of a way.

Black. Thus, thus.

Mon. What so——well, well, I have Lessons enow for this time. Little Master, I will have no more, lest the multiplicity of 'em make me forget 'em, da---*Prue*, art thou there and so pen-sive? what art thou thinking of?

Prue. Indeed I am a sham'd to tell your Worship.

Monf. What a sham'd! wert thou thinking then of my beast-liness? ha, ha, ha.

Prue. Nay, then I am forc'd to tell your Worship in my own vindication.

Monf. Come then.

Prue. But indeed your Worship——I'm a sham'd that I am, though it was nothing but of a dream I had of your sweet Worship last night.

Monf. Of my sweet Worship! I warrant it was a sweet dream then, what was it? ha, ha, ha.

Prue. Nay, indeed I have told your Worship enough already, you may guess the rest.

Monf. I cannot guess, ha, ha, ha, what shou'd it be? prithee let's know the rest.

Prue. Wou'd you have me so impudent?

Monf. Impudent! ha, ha, ha, nay prithee tell me, for I can't guess, da——

Prue. Nay, 'tis always so? for want of the mens guessing, the poor Women are forc'd to be impudent, but I am still a sham'd.

Monf. I will know it, speak.

Prue. Why then methoughts last night you came up into my Chamber in your Shirt, when I was in Bed, and that you might easily do; for I have ne'er a Lock to my door: now I warrant I am as red as my Petticoat.

Monf. No, thou'rt as yellow as e'er thou wert.

Prue. Yellow, Sir?

Monf. Ay, ay; but let's hear the Dream out.

Prue.

Prue. Why, can't you guess the rest now?

Monf. No not I, I vow and swear, come let's hear.

Prue. But can't you guess in earnest?

Monf. Not I, the Devil eat me.

Prue. Not guess yet! why then methoughts you came to bed to me? Now am I as red as my Petticoat again.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, well, and what then? ha, ha, ha.

Prue. Nay, now I know by your Worship's laughing, you guess what you did: I'm sure I cry'd out and wak'd all in tears, with these words in my mouth, You have undone me! you have undone me! your Worship has undone me.

Monf. Hah, ha, ha; but you wak'd and found it was but a Dream.

Prue. Indeed it was so lively, I know not whether 'twas a Dream or no: But if you were not there, I'll undertake you may come when you will, and do any thing to me you will, I sleep so fast.

Monf. No, no, I don't believe that.

Prue. Indeed you may, your Worship——

Monf. It cannot be.

Prue. Insensible Beast! he will not understand me yet, and one wou'd think I speak plain enough. *(Aside.*

Monf. Well, but *Prue*, what art thou thinking of?

Prue. Of the Dream, whether it were a Dream or no.

Monf. 'Twas a Dream, I warrant thee.

Prue. Was it? I am hugeous glad it was a Dream.

Monf. Ay, ay, it was a Dream; and I am hugeous glad it was a Dream too.

Prue. But now I have told your Worship, my door hath neither Lock nor Latch to it; if you shou'd be so naughty as to come one night, and prove the dream true— I am so afraid on't.

Monf. Ne'er fear it, dreams go by the contraries.

Prue. Then by that I should come into your Worship's Chamber, and come to bed to your Worship. Now am I as red as my Petticoat again, I warrant.

Monf. No, thou art no redder than a Brick unburnt, *Prue.*

Prue. But if I shou'd do such a trick in my sleep, your Worship wou'd not censure a poor harmless Maid, I hope; for I am apt to walk in my sleep.

Monf. Well then *Prue*, because thou shalt not shame the self (poor Wench) I'll be sure to lock my door every night fast.

Prue.

Pru. So, so, this way I find will not do, I must come roundly and down right to the bus'ness, like other Women, or—

Enter Gerrard.

Monsf. O the Dancing-Master!

Pru. Dear Sir, I have something to say to you in your Ear, which I am ashamed to speak aloud.

Monsf. Another time, another time, *Prue*, but now go call your Mistress to her Dancing-master, go, go.

Pru. Nay, pray hear me, Sir, first.

Monsf. Another time, another time, *Prue*, prithee be gone.

Pru. Nay, I beseech your Worship hear me.

Monsf. No, prithee be gone.

Pru. Nay, I am e'en well enough serv'd for not speaking my mind when I had an opportunity. Well, I must be playing the modest Woman, forsooth; a Womans hypocriste in this case does only deceive her self, *(Exit Prue.*

Monsf. O the brave Dancing-Master, the fine Dancing-master, your Servant, your Servant.

Ger. Your Servant, Sir, I protest I did not know you at first. I am afraid this Fool shou'd spoil all, notwithstanding *Hippolita's* care and management, yet I ought to trust her; but a Secret is more safe with a treacherous Knave than a talkative Fool.

(Aside.

Monsf. Come, Sir, you must know a little Brother Dancing-master of yours, Walking-master I shou'd have said; for he teaches me to walk and make Legs by the by: Pray know him, Sir, salute him, Sir, you Christian Dancing-masters are so proud.

Ger. But, Monsieur, what strange Metamorphosis is this? you look like a *Spaniard*, and talk like an *English*-man, again, which I thought had been impossible.

Monsf. Nothing impossible to Love, I must do't, or lose my Mistress your pretty Scholar, for 'tis I am to have her; you may remember I told you she was to be marry'd to a great man, a man of Honour and Quality.

Ger. But does she enjoyn you to this severe penance, such I am sure it is to you.

Monsf. No, no, 'tis by the compulsion of the starch'd Fop her Father, who is so arrant a *Spaniard*, he wou'd kill you and his Daughter, if he knew who you were; therefore have a special care to dissemble well.

(Draws him aside.

Ger.

Ger. I warrant you.

Monsf. Dear *Gerrard*, go little Master and call my Cousin, tell her, her Dancing-master is here. *(Exit Black.*

I say, Dear *Gerrard*, Faith I'm obliged to you for the trouble you have had: when I sent you, I intended a Jest indeed, but did not think it wou'd have been so dangerous a Jest; therefore pray forgive me.

Ger. I do, do heartily forgive you.

Monsf. But can you forgive me, for sending you at first, like a Fool as I was, 'twas ill done of me; can you forgive me?

Ger. Yes, yes, I do forgive you.

Monsf. Well, thou art a generous man, I vow and swear, to come and take upon you this trouble, danger, and shame, to be thought a paltry Dancing master, and all this to preserve a Ladies Honour and Life, who intended to abuse you but I take the obligation upon me.

Ger. Pish, pish, you are not obliged to me at all.

Monsf. Faith but I am strangely obliged to you.

Ger. Faith but you are not.

Monsf. I vow and swear but I am.

Ger. I swear you are not.

Monsf. Nay, thou art so generous a Dancing-master--ha, ha, ha.

Enter Don Diego, Hippolita, Caution, and Prue.

Don. You shall not come in, Sister.

Caut. I will come in.

Don. You will not be civil.

Caut. I'm sure they will not be civil, if I do not come in, I must, I will.

Don. Well, honest Friend, you are very punctual, which is a rare Vertue in a Dancing-master, I take notice of it, and will remember it, I will, look you.

Monsf. So lilly damn'd politick *Spanish Unckle*, ha, ha, ha.

(Aside.

Ger. My fine Scholar, Sir, there, shall never have reason (as I told you) Sir, to say I am not a punctual man, for I am more her Servant than to any Scholar I ever had.

Monsf. well said, I'faith, thou dost make a pretty Fool of him, I vow and swear; but I wonder people can be made such Fools of, ha, ha, ha. *(Aside.*

Hipp. Well, Master, I thank you, and I hope I shall be a grateful kind Scholar to you. X *Monsf.*

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, cunning little Jilt, what a Fool she makes of him too: I wonder people can be made such Fools of, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha. (*Aside.*)

Hipp. Indeed it shall go hard but I'll be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

Caut. As kind as ever your Mother was to your Father, I warrant.

Don. How; agen with your senseless suspicions.

Monf. Pish, pish, Aunt, ha, ha, ha, she's a Fool another way, she thinks she loves him, ha, ha, ha. Lord, that people shou'd be such Fools! (*Aside.*)

Caut. Come, come, I cannot but speak, I tell you beware in time; for he is no Dancing-master, but some debauch'd person who will mump you of your Daughter.

Don. Will you be wiser then I still? Mump me of my Daughter! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Daughter.

Caut. And mump you of your Mistress too, young *Spaniard*.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, will you be wiser than I too, voto. Mump me of my Mistress! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Mistress. (*To Caution.*)

I am afraid this damn'd old Aunt shou'd discover us, I vow and swear; be careful therefore and resolute. (*Aside to Ger. and Hipp.*)

Caut. He, he does not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master, he'll ne'er teach her to dance, but he'll teach her no goodness soon enough I warrant: he a Dancing-master!

Monf. I, the Devil eat me, if he be not the best Dancing-master in *England* now. Was not that well said, Cousin? was it not? for he's a Gentleman Dancing-master, you know.

(*Aside to Ger. and Hipp.*)

Don. You know him, Cousin, very well, Cousin you sent him to my Daughter?

Monf. Yes, yes, Unckle, know him.

We'll ne're be discovered, I warrant ha, ha, ha. (*Aside.*)

Caut. But will you be made a Fool of too?

Monf. Ay, ay, Aunt, ne'er trouble your self.

Don. Come, Friend, about your bus'ness, about with my Daughter.

Hipp. Nay, pray Father, be pleas'd to go out a little, and let us but practise a while, and then you shall see me dance the whole Dance to the Violin.

Don.

Don. Tittle Tattle, more fooling still! did not you say when your Master was here last, I shou'd see you dance to the Violin when he came agen.

Hipp. So I did, Father; but let me practise a little first before, that I may be perfect. Besides, my Aunt is here, and she will put me out, you know I cannot dance before her.

Don. Fiddle, faddle.

Monsf. They're afraid to be discovered by *Gerrard's* bungling, I see. Come, come, Uncle, turn out, let 'em practise. *(Aside.*

Don. I won't (voto a St. *Fago*) what a fooling's here?

Monsf. Come, come, let 'em practise, turn out, turn out, Uncle.

Don. Why, can't she practise it before me?

Monsf. Come, Dancers, and Singers are sometimes humour-som; besides, 'twill be more grateful to you, to see it danc'd all at once to the Violin. Come, turn out, turn out I say.

Don. What a fooling's here still amongst you, voto?

Monsf. So there he is with you, voto, turn out, turn out, I vow and swear you shall turn out. *(Takes him by the shoulder.*

Don. Well, shall I see her dance it to the Violin at last?

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, what do you think I teach her for. *(Exit Don.*

Monsf. Go, go, turn out, and you too Aunt.

Caut. Seriously, Nephew, I shall not budge, royally I shall not,

Monsf. Royally you must, Aunt, come.

Caut. Pray hear me, Nephew.

Monsf. I will not hear you.

Caut. 'Tis for your sake I say, I must not suffer you to be wrong'd.

Monsf. Come, no wheedling, Aunt, come away.

Caut. That slippery Fellow will do't.

Monsf. Let him do't.

Caut. Indeed he will do't, royally he will.

Monsf. Well let him do't, royally.

Caut. He will wrong you.

Monsf. Well let him, I say, I have a mind to be wrong'd, what's that to you, I will be wrong'd, if you go thereto, I vow and swear.

Caut. You shall not be wrong'd.

Monsf. I will.

Caut. You shall not.

(*Don returns.*)

Don. What's the matter? won't she be rul'd come, come away, you shall not disturb 'em (*Don and Monsieur thrust Caut-*
(*tion out.*)

Caut. De' see how they laugh at you both, well go to, the Troth-telling *Trojan* Gentlewoman of old was ne'er believ'd, till the Town was taken, rumag'd, and ransak'd even, even so---
(*Exit Caution.*)

Monsf. Hah, hah, ha, turn out.

Lord, that people shou'd be such arrant Cuddens, ha, ha, ha ;
But I may stay, may I not?

Hipp. No, no, I'd have you go out and hold the door, Cousin, or see my Father will come in agen before his time.

Monsf. I will, I will then, sweet Cousin, 'tis well thought on, that was well thought on indeed for me to hold the door.

Hipp. But be sure you keep him out, Cousin, till we knock.

Monsf. I warrant you, Cousin, Lord, that people shou'd be made such Fools of, Hah, hah, ha. (*Exit Monsieur.*)

Ger. So, so, to make him hold the door, while I steal his Mistress is not unpleasant.

Hipp. Ay, but wou'd you do so ill a thing, so treacherous a thing? Faith 'tis not well.

Ger. Faith I can't help it. Since 'tis for your sake, come, Sweetest, is not this our way into the Gallery?

Hipp. Yes, but it goes against my Conscience to be accessory to so ill a thing; you say you do it for my sake?

Ger. Alas, poor Miss! 'tis not against your Conscience, but against your modesty, you think to do it franckly.

Hipp. Nay, if it be against my Modesty too, I can't do it indeed.

Ger. Come, come, Miss, let us make haste, all's ready.

Hipp. Nay, Faith, I can't fatishe my scruple.

Ger. Come, Dearest, this is not a time for scruples nor modesty; modesty between Lovers is as impertinent as Ceremony between Friends, and Modesty is now as unseasonable as on the Wedding-night: come away, my Dearest.

Hipp. Whither?

Ger.

Ger. Nay sure, we have lost too much time already: Is that a proper Question now? if you wou'd know, come along, for I have all ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready.

Ger. Truly, Miss, we shall have your Father come in upon us, and prevent us again, as he did in the morning.

Hipp. 'Twas well for me he did; for on my Conscience if he had not come in, I had gone clear away with you when I was in the humour.

Ger. Come Dearest, you wou'd frighten me as if you were not yet in the same humour. Come, come away, the Coach and six is ready.

Hipp. 'Tis too late to take the Air, and I am not ready.

Ger. You were ready in the Morning.

Hipp. I, so I was.

Ger. Come, come, Miss, indeed the Jest begins to be none.

Hipp. What, I warrant you think me in Jest then?

Ger. In jest, certainly, but it begins to be troublesome.

Hipp. But, Sir, you cou'd believe I was in earnest in the morning, when I but seem'd to be ready to go with you; and why won't you believe me now, when I declare to the contrary? I take it unkindly, that the longer I am acquainted with you, you shou'd have the less confidence in me.

Ger. For Heaven's sake, Miss, lose no more time thus, your Father will come in upon us, as he did —

Hipp. Let him if he will.

Ger. He'll hinder our design.

Hipp. No, he will not, for mine is to stay here now.

Ger. are you in earnest?

Hipp. You'll find it so.

Ger. How, why you confess'd but now you wou'd have gone with me in the morning.

Hipp. I was in the humour then.

Ger. And I hope you are in the same still, you cannot change so soon.

Hipp. Why, is it not a whole day ago?

Ger. What, are you not a day in the same humour?

Hipp. Lord! that you who know the Town (they say) shou'd think any Woman could be a whole day together in an humour, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hey ! this begins to be pleasant : What, won't you go with me then after all ?

Hipp. No indeed, Sir, I desire to be excus'd.

Ger. Then you have abus'd me all this while ?

Hipp. It may be so.

Ger. Cou'd all that so natural Innocency be dissembl'd, faith it cou'd not, dearest Miss.

Hipp. Faith it was, dear Master.

Ger. Was it, faith ?

Hipp. Methinks you might believe me without an Oath : you saw I cou'd dissemble with my Father, why shou'd you think I cou'd not with you ?

Ger. So young a Wheadle ;

Hipp. Ay, a meer damn'd Jade I am.

Ger. And I have been abus'd, you say ?

Hipp. 'Tis well you can believe it at last.

Ger. And I must never hope for you ?

Hipp. Wou'd you have me abuse you again ?

Ger. Then you will not go with me ?

Hipp. No; but for your comfort your loss will not be great, and that you may not resent it, for once I'll be ingenuous and disabuse you ; I am no Heirefs, as I told you, to twelve hundred pounds a year. I was only a lying Jade then, now will you part with me willingly I doubt not.

Ger. I wish I cou'd. *(Sighs.)*

Hipp. Come, now I find 'tis your turn to dissemble ; but men use to dissemble for money, will you dissemble for nothing ?

Ger. 'Tis too late for me to dissemble.

Hipp. Don't you dissemble faith ?

Ger. Nay this is too cruel.

Hipp. What, wou'd you take me without the twelve hundred pounds a year ? wou'd you be such a Fool as to steal a Woman with nothing ?

Ger. I'll convince you, for you shall go with me ; and since you are twelve hundred pounds a year the lighter, you'll be the easier carried away. *(He takes her in his Arms,*

she struggles.)

Pru. What, he takes her away against her Will, I find I must knock for my Master then. *(She Knocks.)*

Enter

Enter Don Diego and Mrs. Caution.

Hipp. My Father, my Father is here.

Ger. Prevented again! (*Ger. sets her down again.*)

Don. What, you have done I hope now, Friend, for good and all?

Ger. Yes, yes, we have done for good and all indeed.

Don. How, now! you seem to be out of humour, Friend.

Ger. Yes, so I am, I can't help it.

Caut. He's a Dissembler in his very Throat, Brother.

Hipp. Pray do not carry things so as to discover your self, if it be but for my sake, good Master. (*Aside to Ger.*)

Ger. She is grown impudent. (*Aside.*)

Caut. See, see, they whisper, Brother, to steal a Kiss under a Whisper, O the Harletry!

Don. What's the matter, Friend?

Hipp. I say for my sake be in humour, and do not discover your self, but be as patient as a Dancing-master still. (*To Ger.*)

Don. What, she is whispering to him indeed! what's the matter? I will know it, Friend, look you.

Ger. Will you know it?

Don. Yes, I will know it.

Ger. Why, if you will know it, then she wou'd not do as I wou'd have her, and whisper'd me to desire me not to discover it to you.

Don. What, Hussy, wou'd you not do as he'd have you! I'll make you do as he'd have you.

Ger. I wish you wou'd.

Caut. 'Tis a lye, she'll do all he'll have her do, and more too, to my knowledge.

Don. Come, tell me what 'twas then she wou'd not do, come do it, Hussy, or——— Come, take her by the hand, Friend, come, begin, let's see if she will not do any thing now I am here.

Hipp. Come, pray be in humour, Master.

Ger. I cannot dissemble like you.

Don. What, she can't dissemble already, can she?

Caut. Yes but she can, but 'tis with you she dissembles; for they are not fallen out, as we think, for I'll be sworn I saw her just now give him the languishing Eye, as they call it, that is, the Whittings-Eye, of old called the Sheeps-Eye. I'll be sworn I saw it with these two Eyes, that I did.

Hipp. You'll betray us, have a care, good Master. *(Aside*

Ger. Hold your peace, I say, silly Woman. *(to Ger.*

Don. But does she dissemble already? how do you mean?

Ger. She pretends she can't do what she shou'd do, and that she is not in humour, the common Excuse of Women for not doing what they shou'd do.

Don. Come, I'll put her in humour; dance; I say, come, about with her, Master.

Ger. I am in a pretty humour to dance. *(Aside*
I cannot fool any longer, since you have fool'd me.

(To Hipp.

Hipp. You wou'd not be so ungenerous, as to betray the Woman that hated you, I do not do that yet; for Heaven's sake for this once be more obedient to my desires than your Passion.

Don. What is the humourfom still? But methinks you look your self as if you were in an ill humour; but about with her.

Ger. I am in no good Dancing humour indeed.

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Well, how goes the Dancing forward? what my Aunt h'ere to disturb 'em again?

Don. Come, come. *(Ger. leads her about.*

Caut. I say stand off, thou shalt not come near, avoid, Satan, as they say.

Don. Nay then we shall have it Nephew, hold her a little, that she may not disturb 'em. come, now away with her.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.
Fool'd and abus'd. *(Aside.*

Caut. Wilt thou lay violent hands upon thy own natural Aunt, Wretch? *[The Monsieur holding Caution.*

Don. Come, about with her.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.
By such a piece of Innocency. *(Aside.*

Caut. Dost thou see, Fool, how he squeezes her hand?

Monf. That won't do, Aunt.

Hipp. Pray, Master, have patience, and let's mind our business.

Don. Why did you anger him then, Huffy, look you?

Caut. Do you see how she smiles in his face, and squeezes his hand now?

Monf.

Mons. Your Servant, Aunt, that won't do, I say.

Hipp. Have patience, Matter.

Ger. I am become her sport, one, two, three, Death, Hell, and the Devil. *(Aside.*

Don. Ay, they are three indeed ; but pray have patience.

Cant. Do you see how she leers upon him, and clings to him, can you suffer it ?

Mons. Ay, ay.

Ger. One, two, and a slur, can you be so unconcern'd after all ?

Don. What, is she unconcern'd ! Hussy, mind your business.

Ger. One, two, three, and turn round, one, two, fall back, Hell and Damnation.

Don. Ay, People fall back indeed into Hell and Damnation, Heav'n knows.

Ger. One, two, three, and your Honour : I can fool no longer.

Cant. Nor will I be with-held any longer like a poor Hen in her Pen, while the Kite is carrying away her Chicken before her face.

Don. What have you done ? Well then let's see her dance it now to the Violin.

Mons. Ay, ay, let's see her dance it to the Violin.

Ger. Another time, another time.

Don. Don't you believe that, Friend ; these Dancing-masters make no bones of breaking their words. Did not you promise just now I shou'd see her dance it to the Violin, and that I will too, before I stir.

Ger. Let *Monsieur* play then while I dance with her, she can't dance alone.

Mons. I can't play at all, I'm but a Learner ; but if you'll play, I'll dance with her.

Ger. I can't play neither.

Don. What a Dancing-master, and not play !

Cant. Ay. you see what a Dancing-matter he is. 'Tis as I told you, I warrant : A Dancing-master, and not play upon the Fiddle !

Don. How !

Hipp.

Hipp. O you have betray'd us all! if you confels that, you undo us for ever. *(Apart to Ger.)*

Ger. I cannot play, what wou'd you have me say?

Monsf. I vow and swear we are all undone, if you cannot play

Don. What, are you a Dancing-master, and cannot play! umph ———

Hipp. He is only out of humour, Sir; here, Master, I know you will, play for me yet, for he has an excellent hand.

(She offers Gerrard the Violin.)

Monsf. Ay, that he has.

At giving a box on the Ear.

(Aside.)

Don. Why does he not play then?

Hipp. Here, Master, pray play for my sake.

(Gives Ger. the Violin.)

Ger. What wou'd you have me do with it? I cannot play a stroke.

Hipp. No, stay, then, seem to tune it, and break the strings.

(Apart to Ger.)

Ger. Come then.

Next to the Devil's the Invention of Women, they'll no more want an excuse to cheat a Father with, than an opportunity to abuse a Husband. *(Aside.)*

But what do you give me such a damn'd Fiddle with rotten strings for?

(Winds up the strings till they break, and throws the Violin on the ground.)

Don. Hey day, the Dancing-master is frantick.

Monsf. Ha, ha, ha, that people shou'd be made such Fools of.

Caut. He broke the strings on purpose, because he cou'd not play, you are blind Brother.

Don. What, will you see further than I? look you.

Hipp. But pray, Master, why, in such haste?

Ger. Because you have done with me.

Don. But don't you intend to come to morrow agen?

Ger. Your Daughter does not desire it.

Don. No matter, I do, I must be your pay-Master I'm sure, I wou'd have you come betimes too, not only to make her perfect; but since you have so good a hand upon the Violin

to play your part with half a dozen of Musicians more, whom I wou'd have you bring with you; for we will have a very merry VWedding, though a very private one; you'll be sure to come?

Ger. Your Daughter does not desire it.

Don. Come, come, Baggage, you shall desire it of him, he is your Master.

Hipp. My Father will have me desire it of you, it seems.

Ger. But you'll make a Fool of me agen; if I shou'd come, wou'd you not?

Hipp. If I shou'd tell you so, you'd be sure not to come.

Don. Come, come, she shall not make a Fool of you, upon my word: I'll secure you, she shall do what you'll have her.

Monsf. Ha, ha, ha, so, so, silly *Don.* (*Aside.*)

Ger. But Madam, will you have me come?

Hipp. I'd have you to know for my part, I care not whether you come or no; there are other Dancing-masters to be had, it is my Fathers request to you: All that I have to say to you is a little good advice, which (because I will not shame you) I'll give you in private. (*Whispers Gerrard.*)

Caut. VVhat, will you let her whisper with him too?

Don. Nay, if you find fault with it, they shall whisper; though I did not like it before, I'll ha' no body wiser than my self; but do you think if 'twere any hurt, she wou'd whisper it to him before us?

Caut. If it be no hurt, why does she not speak aloud?

Don. Because she says she will not put the man out of Countenance.

Caut. Hey day, put a Dancing-Master out of Countenance!

Don. You say he is no Dancing-master.

Caut. Yes, for his impudence, he may be a Dancing-master.

Don. VVell, well, let her whisper before me as much as she will to night, since she is to be marry'd to morrow, especially since her Husband that shall be, stands by consenting too.

Monsf. Ay, ay, let 'em whisper (as you say) as much as they will before we marry.

She's making more sport with him, I warrant; but I wonder how people can be fool'd so, ha, ha, ha. (*Aside.*)

Don. VVell, a Penny for the secret, Daughter.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you shall have it for nothing to morrow.

Don.

Don. Well, Friend, you will not fail to come.

Ger. No, no, Sir.

Yet I am a Fool, if I do.

(Aside.

Don. And be sure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Hipp. Yes, be sure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Caut. So, so, He'll fiddle your Daughter out of the House, must you have Fiddles, with a fiddle, fiddle.

Monsf. Lord! that People shou'd be made such Fools of, hah, hah.

(Ex. Don. Hipp. Monsf. Caut. and Prue.

Ger. Fortune we sooner may than VWoman trust

To her confiding Gallant she is just;

But falser VWoman only him deceives,

VWho to her Tongue and Eyes most credit gives.

(Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Monsieur and Black stalking over the Stage, to them Mr. Gerrard.

Monsf. **G**OOD Morrow to Thee, noble Dancing-master, ha, ha, ha, your little Black-Brother here, my Master, I see, is the more diligent man of the two; but why do you come so late? what you begin to neglect your Scholar, do you? Little black Master (*con Licentia*) pray get you out of the Room. *Exit Black.*

VWhat, out of humour, Man! a Dancing-master shou'd be like his Fiddle, always in Tune. Come, my Cousin has made an As of thee, what then, I know it.

Ger. Does he know it?

(Aside.

Monsf. But prethee don't be angry, 'twas agreed upon betwixt us, before I sent you, to make a Fool of thee, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. VWas it so?

Monsf. I knew you would be apt to entertain vain hopes from the Summons of a Lady; but faith the design was but to make a Fool of thee, as you find.

Ger. 'Tis very well.

Monsf.

Mons. But indeed I did not think the Jest wou'd have lasted so long, and that my Cousin wou'd have made a Dancing-master of you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. The Fool has reason, I find, and I am the Coxcomb while I thought him so. *(Aside.*

Mons. Come, I see you are uneasy, and the Jest of being a Dancing-master grows tedious to you; but have a little patience, the Parson is sent for, and when once my Cousin and I are marry'd, my Uncle may know who you are.

Ger. I am certainly abus'd.

Mons. VVhat do you say?

(Mons. listens.

Ger. Meerly fool'd.

(Aside.

Mons. VVhy do you doubt it? ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Can it be?

(Aside.

Mons. Pish, pish, she told me yesterday as soon as you were gone, that she had led you into a Fools Paradise, and made you believe she wou'd go away with you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Did she so? I am no longer to doubt it then? *(Aside.*

Mons. Ay, ay, she makes a meer Fool of thee, I vow and swear; but don't be concern'd, there's hardly a man of a thousand but has been made a Fool of by some VVoman or other: I have been made a Fool of my self, man, by the VVomen, I have, I vow and swear, I have.

Ger. VVell, you have, I believe it, for you are a Coxcomb.

Mons. Lord! you need not be so touchy with one, I tell you but the truth for your good, for though she does, I wou'd not fool you any longer; but prethee don't be troubl'd at what can't be help'd. VVomen are made on purpose to fool men when they are Children, they fool their Fathers; and when, they have taken their leaves of their Hanging-sleeves, they fool their Gallants or Dancing-masters, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hark you, Sir, to be fool'd by a VVoman you say is not to be help'd; but I will not be fool'd by a Fool.

Mons. You shew your English breeding now, an English Rival is so dull and brutish as not to understand raillery, but what is spoken in your Passion, I'll take no notice of, for I am your Friend, and would not have you my Rival to make your self ridiculous. Come, prethee, prethee, don't be so concern'd; for as I was saying, VVomen first fool their Fathers, then their Gallants, and then their Husbands; so that it will

be

be my turn to be fool'd too ; (for your comfort) and when they come to be Widows, they would fool the Devil I vow and swear. Come, come, dear *Gerrard*, prithee don't be out of humour and look so fillily.

Ger. Prethee do not talk so fillily.

Monf. Nay, faith I am resolv'd to beat you out of this ill humour.

Ger. Faith, I am afraid I shall first beat you into an ill humour.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, that thou should'st be gull'd so by a little Gipsy, who left off her Bib but yesterday ; faith I can't but laugh at thee.

Ger. Faith then I shall make your mirth (as being too violent) conclude in some little mis-fortune to you. The Fool begins to be tyrannical.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, poor angry *Dancing-Master* ; prethee match my Spanish pumps and legs with one of your best and newest Sarabands ; ha, ha, ha, come————

Ger. I will match your Spanish Ear, thus, Sir, and make you Dance thus. *(Strikes and kicks him.)*

Monf. How ! say, sa, sa, then I'll make you Dance thus.

(Monf. draws his Sword and runs at him, but Ger. drawing he retires.)

Hold, hold a little : A desperate disappointed Lover will cut his own throat, then sure he will make nothing of cutting his Rivals throat. *(Aside.)*

Ger. Consideration is an Enemy to fighting ; if you have a mind to revenge, your self, your Sword's in your hand.

Monf. Pray, Sir, hold your peace ; I'll ne'er take my Rivals counsel be't what 'twill. I know what you wou'd be at ; you are disappointed of your Mistress, and cou'd hang your self, and therefore will not fear hanging ; but I am a successful Lover, and need neither hang for you nor my Mistress ; nay, if I should kill you, I know I should do you a kindness ; therefore e'en live to die daily with envy of my happiness ; but if you will needs die, kill your self and be damn'd for me I vow and swear.

Ger. But won't you fight for your Mistress ?

Monf. I tell you, you shall not have the honour to be kill'd for her ; besides, I will not be hit in the teeth by her as long as I live

live with the great love you had for her. Women speak well of their dead Husbands, what will they do of their dead Gallants?

Ger. But if you will not fight for her, you shall Dance for her, since you desir'd me teach you to Dance too; I'll teach you to Dance thus ———

(Strikes his Sword at his Legs, Monsieur leaps.)

Monsf. Nay, if it be for the sake of my Mistress, there's nothing I will refuse to do.

Ger. Nay, you must Dance on.

Monsf. Ay, ay, for my Mistress and Sing too, la, la, la, ra, la.

Enter Hippolita and Prue.

Hipp. What Swords drawn betwixt you two? what's the matter?

Monsf. Is she here?

(Aside.)

Come put up your Sword; you see this is no place for us; but the Devil eat me, if you shall not eat my Sword, but ———

Hipp. What's the matter, Cousin?

Monsf. Nothing, nothing, Cousin; but your presence is a Sanctuary for my greatest Enemy, or else, *teste non*.

Hipp. What, you have not hurt my Cousin, Sir, I hope?

(To Ger.)

Ger. How she's concern'd for him; nay, then I need not doubt, my fears are true.

(Aside.)

Monsf. What was that you said, Cousin! hurt me, ha, ha, ha, hurt me! if any man hurt me, he must do it basely; he shall ne'er do it when my Sword's draw, fa, fa, fa.

Hipp. Because you will ne'er draw your Sword perhaps.

Monsf. Scurvily guess'd.

(Aside.)

You Ladies may say any thing; but, Cousin, pray do not you talk of Swords and fighting, meddle with your Guitar, and talk of dancing with your Dancing-master there, ha, ha, ha.

Hipp. But I am afraid you have hurt my Master, Cousin, he says nothing; can he draw his breath?

Monsf. No, 'tis you have hurt your Master, Cousin, in the very heart Cousin, and therefore he wou'd hurt me; for Love is a disease makes people as malicious as the Plague does.

Hipp. Indeed, poor Master, something does ail you.

Monsf. Nay, nay, Cousin, faith don't abuse him any longer, he's an honest Gentleman, and has been long of my acquaintance,

tance, and a man of tolerable sense to take him out of his Love; but prithee, Cousin, don't drive the Jest too far for my sake.

Ger. He counsels you well, pleasant-cunning-jilting-Miss for his sake; for if I am your divertisement, it shall be at his cost, since he's your Gallant in favour.

Hipp. I don't understand you.

Monf. But I do, a pox take him, and the Custom that so orders it, forsooth; that if a Lady abuse or affront a man, presently the Gallant must be beaten, nay what's more unreasonable, if a Woman abuse her Husband, the poor Cuckold must bear the shame as well as the injury. *(Aside.)*

Hipp. But what's the matter, Master? what was it you said?

Ger. I say pleasant, cunning jilting Lady, though you make him a Cuckold, it will not be revenge enough for me upon him for marrying you.

Hipp. How, my surly, huffing, jealous, senseless, sawcy Master?

Monf. Nay, nay, faith give losers leave to speak, losers of Mistresses especially, ha, ha, ha. Besides, your anger is too great a favour for him, I scorn to honour him with mine you see.

Hipp. I tell you, my sawcy Master, my Cousin shall never be made that monstrous thing (you mention) by me.

Monf. Thank you, I vow and swear, Cousin, no, no, I never thought I should.

Ger. Sure you marry him by the sage Maxim of your Sex, which is, Wittals make the best Husbands, that is Cuckolds.

Hipp. Indeed, Master, whatsoever you think, I wou'd sooner chuse you for that purpose than him.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, there she was with him, i'faith, I thank you for that, Cousin, I vow and swear.

Hipp. Nay he shall thank me for that too; but how came you two to quarrel? I thought, Cousin, you had had more wit than to quarrel, or more kindness for me than to quarrel here: What if my Father hearing the Bustle shou'd have come in, he wou'd have soon discover'd our false Dancing-master (for passion unmasks every man) and then the result of your quarrel had been my ruine.

Monf.

Monf. Nay, you had both felt his desperate, deadly, daunting Dagger; there are your des for you

Hipp. Go, go, presently therefore and hinder my Father from coming in, whilst I put my Master into a better humour, that we may not be discover'd, to the prevention of our Wedding, or worse, when he comes, go, go.

Monf. Well, well, I will, Cousin.

Hipp. Be sure you let him not come in this good while.

Monf. No, no, I warrant you. (*Monf. goes out and returns.*)

But if he shou'd come before I wou'd have him, I'll come before him and cough and hawk soundly, that you may not be surpris'd. Won't that do well, Cousin?

Hipp. Very well, pray be gone.

(*Exit Monsieur.*)

Well, Master, since I find you are quarrelsome and melancholy, and wou'd have taken me away without a Portion, three infallible signs of a true Lover, Faith here's my hand now in earnest, to lead me a Dance as long as I live.

Ger. How's this? you surpris'd me as much as when first I found so much Beauty and Wit in Company with so much Innocency. But, Dearest, I would be assur'd of what you say, and yet dare not ask the Question. You h—do not abuse me again, you h——will fool me no more sure.

Hipp. Yes but I will sure.

Ger. How! nay, I was afraid on't.

Hipp. For I say you are to be my Husband, and you say Husbands must be Wittals, and some strange things to boot.

Ger. Well, I will take my Fortune.

Hipp. But have a care, rash man.

Ger. I will venture.

Hipp. At your peril, remember I wish'd you to have a care, fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd.

Pru. Indeed now that's fair; for most men are fore-arm'd before they are warn'd.

Hipp. Plain dealing is some kind of honesty however, and few women wou'd have said so much.

Ger. None but those who would delight in a husband's Jealousie, as the proof of his love and her honour.

Hipp. Hold, Sir, let us have a good understanding betwixt one another at first, that we may be long Friends; I differ from you in the point, for a Husband's jealousy, which cunning

ning men wou'd pass upon their Wives for a Complement is the worst can be made 'em, for indeed it is a Complement, to their Beauty. but an affront to their Honour.

Ger. But, Madam——

Hipp. So that upon the whole matter I conclude, jealousy in a Gallant is humble true Love, and the height of respect, and only an undervaluing of himself to overvalue her; but in a Husband 'tis arrant sawciness, cowardise, and ill breeding, and not to be suffer'd.

Ger. I stand corrected, gracious Miss.

Hipp. Well but have you brought the Gentlemen Fiddlers with you as I desired?

Ger. They are below.

Hipp. Are they arm'd well?

Ger. Yes, they have Instruments too that are not of wood; but what will you do with them?

Hipp. What did you think I intended to do with them? when I whisper'd you to bring Gentlemen of your acquaintance instead of Fiddlers, as my Father desir'd you to bring; pray what did you think I intended?

Ger. Faith, e'en to make Fools of the Gentlemen-Fiddlers, as you had done of your Gentleman Dancing-Master.

Hipp. I intended 'em for our guard and defence against my Fathers *Spanish* and *Guiney* force, when we were to make our retreat from hence, and to help us to take the keys from my Aunt, who has been the watchful Porter of this House this twelve-months; and this design (if your heart do not fail you) we will put in execution, as soon as you have given your Friends below instructions.

Ger. Are you sure your heart will stand right still? you flinch'd last night, when I little expected it, I am sure.

Hipp. The time last night was not so proper for us as now, for reasons I will give you; but besides that I confess, I had a mind to try whether your interest did not sway you more than your love; whether the twelve hundred pounds a year I told of, had not made a greater impression in your heart than *Hippolita*; but finding it otherwise——yet hold, perhaps upon consideration you are grown wiser; can you yet, as I said, be so desperate, so out of fashion, as to steal a Woman with nothing?

Ger.

Ger. With you I can want nothing, nor can be made by any thing more rich or happy.

Hipp. Think well again; can you take me without the twelve hundred pounds a year; the twelve hundred pounds a year?

Ger. Indeed, Miss, now you begin to be unkind again, and use me worse than e'er you did.

Hipp. Well, though you are so modest a Gentleman as to suffer a Wife to be put upon you with nothing, I have more Conscience than to do it: I have the twelve hundred pounds a year out of my Father's power, which is yours and I am sorry it is not the *Indies* to mend your bargain.

Ger. Dear Miss, you but encrease my fears, and not my wealth: pray let us make hast away, I desire but to be secure of you; come, what are you thinking of?

Hipp. I am thinking if some little filching inquisitive Poet shou'd get my story, and represent it to the Stage; what those Ladies, who are never precise but at a Play, wou'd say of me now; that I were a confident coming piece, I warrant, and they wou'd damn the poor Poet for libelling the Sex; but sure though I give my self and fortune away frankly, without the consent of my Friends, my confidence is less than theirs, who stand off only for separate maintenance.

Ger. They wou'd be Widows before their time, have a Husband and no Husband: but let us be gone, least fortune shou'd recant my happiness, now you are fix'd my dearest Miss.

(He kisses her hand.

Enter Monsieur coughing, and Don Diego.

Hipp. Oh here's my Father.

Don. How now Sir! what kissing her hand? what means that, Friend, ha! Daughter, ha! do you permit this insolence, ha! (*voto a mi boura.*)

Ger. We are prevented again.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha, you are so full of your *Spanish* Jealousie, Father, why you must know he is a City Dancing master, and they, forsooth, think it fine to kiss the hand at the Honour before the Corant.

Monf. Ay, ay, ay, Uncle, don't you know that?

Don. Go to, go to, you are an easie *French* Fool, there's more in it than so, look you.

Monf. I vow and swear there's nothing more in't, if you'll believe one. Did not I cough and hawk? a Jealous prudent Husband cou'd not cough and hawk louder at the approach of his Wives Chamber in visiting-time, and yet you wou'd not hear me, he'll make now ado about nothing, and you'll be discover'd both.

(Aside to Hipp. and Ger.

Don. Umph, umph, no, no, I see it plain, he is no Dancing-master, now I have found it out, and I think I can see as far in-to matters as another: I have found it now, look you.

Ger. My fear was prophetic.

Hipp. What shall we do? nay, pray, Sir, do not stir yet.

(Ger. offers to go out with her.

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Caut. What's the matter, Brother? what's the matter?

Don. I have found it out, Sister, I have found it out, Sister, this Villain here is no Dancing master, but a dishonourer of my House and Daughter, I caught him kissing her hand.

Monf. Pish, pish, you are a strange *Spanish* kind of an Uncle, that you are, a dishonourer of your Daughter, because he kissed her hand; pray how cou'd he honour her more? he kiss'd her hand; you see, while he was making his Honour to her.

Don. You are an unthinking, shallow, *French Fop*, voto--- But I tell you Sister, I have thought of it, and have found it out, he is no Dancing-master, Sister. Do you remember the whispering last night? I have found out the meaning of that too, and I tell you, Sister, he's no Dancing-master, I have found it out.

Caut. You found it out, marry come up, did not I tell you always he was no Dancing master?

Don. You tell me, you silly Woman, what then? what of that? you tell me, de' think I heeded what you told me? but I tell you now I have found it out.

Caut. I say I found it out.

Don. I say 'tis false, Gossip, I found him out.

Caut. I say I found him out first, say you what you will.

Don. Sister *Mum*, not such a word again, guarda — you found him out.

Caut. Nay, I must submit, or dissemble like other prudent Women, or —

Don. Come, come, Sister, take it from me, he is no Dancing-master.

Caut.

Caut. O yes, he is a Dancing-master.

Don. What will you be wiser than I every way? remember the whispering, I say.

Caut. So, he thinks I speak in earnest, then I'll fit him still. But what do you talk of their whispering, they wou'd not whisper any ill before us sure. *(Aside.*

Don. Will you still be an Idiot, a Dolt, and see nothing.

Monsf. Lord! you'll be wiser than all the World, will you? are we not all against you? pshaw, pshaw, I ne'er saw such a Donissimo as you are, I vow and swear.

Don. No, Sister, he's no Dancing-master; for now I think on't too, he cou'd not play upon the Fiddle.

Caut. Pish, pish, what Dancing-master can play upon a Fiddle without strings?

Don. Again, I tell you he broke 'em on purpose, because he cou'd not play; I have found it out now, Sister.

Caut. Nay, you see farther than I, Brother.

(Ger. offers to lead her out.

Hipp. For Heaven's sake stir not yet.

Don. Besides, if you remember they were perpetually putting me out of the Room, that was, Sister, because they had a mind to be alone, I have found that out too: Now, Sister, look you, he is no Dancing-master.

Caut. But has he not given her a Lesson often before you?

Don. I but, Sister, he did not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master; but go, go down to the door, some body rings. *(Exit Caution.*

Monsf. I vow and swear Uncle he is a Dancing-master; pray be appeas'd, Lord d'e think I'd tell you a lye?

Don. If it prove to be a lye, and you do not confess it, though you are my next Heir after my Daughter, I will disown thee as much as I do her, for thy folly and treachery to thy self, as well as me; you may have her, but never my estate look you.

Monsf. How! I must look to my hits then. *(Aside.*

Don. Look to't.

Monsf. Then I had best confess all, before he discover all, which he will soon do.

Enter Parson.

O here's the Parson too! he won't be in choler nor brandish

Toledo before the Parson sure?

(Aside.

Well, Uncle, I must confess, rather than lose your favour, he is no Dancing-master.

Don. No.

Ger. What has the Fool betray'd us then at last? nay, then 'tis time to be gone; come away, Miss. *(Going out.*

Don. Nay, Sir, if you pass this way, my *Toledo* will pass that way, look you.

(Thrusts at him with his Sword.

Hipp. O hold, Mr *Gerrard*, hold, Father!

Monsf. I tell you Uncle he's an honest Gentleman, means no hurt, and came hither but upon a Frolick of mine and your Daughters. *(Stops his Uncle.*

Don. Ladrón, Traidor.

Monsf. I tell you all's but a jest, a meer jest, I vow and swear.

Don. A jest, jest with my honour voto, ha! no Family to dishonour but the Grave; Wise, Noble, Honourable, Illustrious, Puissant, and right Worshipful Family of the *Formals*; nay, I am contented to reprove you, 'till you know who you have dishonoured, and convict you of the greatness of your crime before you die, we are descended, look you——

Monsf. Nay, pray Uncle hear me.

Don. I say, we are descended.

Monsf. 'Tis no matter for that.

Don. And my great, great, great Grand father was.

Monsf. Well, well, I have something to say more to the purpose.

Don. My great, great, great Grand father, I say, was——

Monsf. Well, a Pin-maker in——

Don. But he was a Gentleman for all that, Fop, for he was a Serjeant to a Company of the Train-bands, and my great great, great Grand father was.

Monsf. Was his Son, what then? won't you let me clear this Gentleman?

Don. He was, he was——

Monsf. He was a Felt-maker, his Son a Wine Cooper, your Father a Vintner, and so you came to be a Canary Merchant.

Don. But we were still Gentlemen; for our Coat was as the *Heralds* say——was——

Monsf.

Mons. Was, your sign was the Three Tuns, and the Field Canary ; now let me tell you this honest Gentleman ———

Don. Now that you shou'd dare to dishonour this Family ; by the Graves of my Ancestors in Great Saint *Ellen's* Church--
Mons. Yard.

Don. Thou shalt dye for't, ladron. (*Runs at Gerrard.*)

Mons. Hold, hold, Uncle, are you mad ?

Hipp. Oh, oh.

Mons. Nay then, by your own *Spanish* rules of honour (though he be my Rival) I must help him, (*Draws his Sword.* since I brought him into danger. (*Aside.*

Sure he will not shew his valour upon his Nephew and Son-in-Law, otherwise I shou'd be afraid of shewing mine.

Here Mr. *Gerrard*, go in here, nay, you shall go in, Mr. *Gerrard*, I'll secure you all; and Parson do you go in too with 'em, for I see you are afraid of a Sword and the other World, though you talk of it so familiarly, and make it so fine a place.

(*Opens a door, and thrusts Gerrard, Hippolita and Parson in, then shuts it, and guards it with his Sword.*)

Don. *Tu quoque, Brute.*

Mons. Nay, now Uncle you must understand reason; what, you are not only a *Don*, but you are a *Don Quixot* too, I vow and swear.

Don. Thou spot, sploach of my Family and Blood ; I will have his blood, look you.

Mons. Pray good *Spanish* Uncle, have but patience to hear me ; suppose——I say, suppose he had done, done, done the feat to your Daughter.

Don. How, done the feat, done the feat, done the feat, *En hora mala.*

Mons. I say, suppose, suppose ——

Don. Suppose ——

Mons. I say, suppose he had, for I do but suppose it ; well, I am ready to marry her however ; now Marriage is as good a Solder for crack'd Female honour, as blood, and can't you suffer the shame but for a quarter of an hour, till the Parson has marry'd us, and then if there be any shame, it becomes mine ; for here in *England*, the Father has nothing to do with the Daughters business, honour, what de'e call't, when once she's marry'd, de'e see.

Don. *England!* what d'e tell me of *England*? I'll be a *Spaniard* still, *voto a me hora*, and I will be reveng'd, *Pædro* *Juan, Sanchez.* (*Calls at the door.*)

Enter Mrs. Caut. follow'd by Flirt and Flou. in Vizard Masks.

Caut. What's the matter, Brother?

Don. *Pedro, Sanchez, Juan.* but who are these, Sister? are they not men in Womens Cloaths; what make they here?

Caut. They are relations, they say, of my Cousins, who press'd in when I let in the Parson, they say my Cousin invited 'em to his Wedding.

Monsf. Two of my relations, ha——they are my Cousins indeed of the other night; a Pox take 'em, but that's no Curse for 'em; a Plague take 'em then, but how came they here?

Don. Now must I have witnesses too of the dishonour of my Family; it were Spanish Prudence to dispatch 'em away out of the House, before I begin my revenge. (*Aside.*)

What are you? what make you here? who wou'd you speak with?

Flirt. with *Monfieur.*

Don. Here he is.

Monsf. Now will these Jades discredit me, and spoil my match just in the coupling minute.

Don. Do you know 'em?

Monsf. Yes, Sir, sure, I know 'em. Pray, Ladies, say as I say, or you will spoil my Wedding, for I am just going to be marry'd, and if my Uncle, or Mistress should know who you are, it might break off the match. (*Aside to 'em.*)

Floun. We come on purpose to break the match.

Monsf. How!

Flirt. Why, de'e think to marry and leave us so in the lurch;

Monsf. What do the Jades mean?

Aside.

Don. Come, who are they? what wou'd they have? If they come to the Wedding, Ladies, I assure you there will be none today here.

Monsf. They won't trouble you, Sir, they are going again. Ladies, you hear what my Uncle says; I know you won't trouble him. I wish I were well rid of 'em. (*Aside.*)

Floun. You shall not think to put us off so. (*Aside.*)

Don. Who are they? what are their names?

Flirt. We are, Sir——

Monsf.

Monf. Nay, for Heaven's sake don't tell who you are, for you will undo me, and spoil my match infallibly (*Aside to 'em.*

Floun. We care not, 'tis our business to spoil matches.

Monf. You need not, for, I believe marr'd men are your be Customers, for greedy Batchellors take up with their Wives.

Don. Come, pray Ladies, if you have no business here, be pleas'd to retire, for few of us are in humour to be so civil to you, as you may deserve.

Monf. Ay, prethee dear Jades get you gone.

Flirt. We will not stir.

Don. Who are they, I say, Fool, and why don't they go?

Floun. We are, Sir——

Monf. Hold, hold.

They are persons of honour and quality, and——

Flirt. We are no persons of honour and quality, Sir, we are——

Monf. They are modest Ladies, and being in a kind of disguise, will not own their quality.

Floun. We modest Ladies!

Monf. Why? sometimes you are in the humour to pass for Women of honour and quality; prethee, dear Jades, let your modesty and greatness come upon you now. (*Aside to 'em.*

Flirt. Come, Sir, not to delude you, as he wou'd have us, we are——

Monf. Hold, hold——

Flirt. The other night at the French House——

Monf. Hold, I say, 'tis even true as *Gerrard* says, the Women will tell, I see.

Floun. If you wou'd have her silent, stop her mouth with that ring. (*Takes off his ring and gives it her.*

Monf. Will that do't, here, here——

'Tis worth one hundred and fifty pounds;

But I must not lose my match, I must not lose a Trout for a Fly.

That men shou'd live to hire Women to silence.

Enter Gerrard, Hippolita, Parson, and Prue.

Don. Oh, are you come agen!

(*Draws his Sword and runs at 'em, Monsieur holds him.*

Monf. Oh, hold, hold, Uncle?

What are you mad, *Gerrard*, to expose your self to a new danger? why wou'd you come out yet?

Ger. Because our danger now is over, I thank the Parson there. And now we must beg—— (*Ger. and Hipp. kneel.*)

Mons. Nay, Faith, Uncle, forgive him now, since he asks you forgiveness upon his knees, and my poor Cousin too.

Hipp. You are mistaken, Cousin; we ask him blessing, and you forgiveness.

Mons. How, how, how! what do you talk of Blessing; what do you ask your Father blessing, and he ask me forgiveness? But why shou'd he ask me forgiveness?

Hipp. Because he asks my Fathers blessing.

Mons. Pish, pish, I don't understand you, I vow and swear.

Hipp. The Parson will expound to you, Cousin.

Mons. Hey! what say you to it, Parson?

Parf. They are marry'd Sir.

Mons. Marry'd!

Caut. Marry'd! so I told you what 'twou'd come to.

Don. You told us——

Mons. Nay, she is setting up for the reputation of a Witch.

Don. Marry'd, *Juan, Sanchez, Pedro*, arm, arm, arm.

Caut. A Witch, a Witch!

Hipp. Nay, indeed Father, now we are marry'd you had better call the Fiddlers; Call 'em *Prue* quickly. (*Ex. Prue.*)

Mons. Who do you say marry'd, Man?

Parf. Was I not sent for on purpose to marry 'em? why shou'd you wonder at it?

Mons. No, no, you were to marry me, Man, to her; I knew there was a mistake in't some how; you were meerly mistaken, therefore you must do your Business over again for me now: The Parson was mistaken, Uncle, it seems, ha, ha, ha.

Caut. I suppose five or six Guinies made him make the mistake, which will not be rectify'd now Nephew; they'll marry all that come near 'em, and for a Guiney or two, care not what mischief they do, Nephew.

Don. Marry'd, *Pedro, Sanchez*?

Mons. How, and must she be his Wife then for ever and ever? have I held the door then for this like a Fool as I was?

Caut. Yes, indeed.

Mons. Have I worn Golilia here for this? little Breeches for this?

Caut. Yes, truly.

Mons. And put on the Spanish honour with the habit, in de-
fending

fending my Rival; nay, then I'll have another turn of honour in revenge. Come, Uncle, I'm of your side now, *sa, sa, sa*, but let's stay for our force, *Sanchez, Juan, Pedro*, arm, arm, arm.

Enter two Blacks, and the Spaniard follow'd by Prue, Martin, and five other Gentlemen like Fiddlers.

Don. Murder the Villain, kill him. (*Running all upon Ger.*)

Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Don. How now, who sent for you, Friends?

Mart. We Fiddlers, Sir, often come unsent for.

Don. And you are often kick'd down stairs for't too.

Mart. No, Sir, our Company was never kick'd I think.

Don. Fiddlers, and not kick'd? then to preserve your Virgin honour, get you down stairs quickly; for we are not at present dispos'd much for mirth, *voto*.

Monsf. peeping. A pox, is it you, is it you, *Martyn*? nay, Uncle, then 'tis in vain; for they won't be kick'd down stairs, to my knowledge. They are Gentlemen-Fiddlers, forsooth, a pox on all Gentlemen-Fiddlers and Gentlemen Dancing-masters say I.

Don. How! ha.

(*Pausing.*)

Monsf. Well, *Flirt*, now I am a Match for thee, now I may keep you, and there's little difference betwixt keeping a Wench and Marriage, only Marriage is a little the cheaper; but the other is the more honourable now, *vert & bleu*, nay now I may swear a *French* Oath too. Come, come, I am thine, let us strike up the Bargain, thine according to the honourable Institution of Keeping, come.

Flirt. Nay hold, Sir, two Words to the Bargain, first I have ne'er a Lawyer here to draw Articles and Settlements.

Monsf. How! is the World come to that? a Man cannot keep a Wench without Articles and Settlements, nay then 'tis e'en as bad as Marriage indeed, and there's no difference betwixt a Wife and a Wench.

Flirt. Only in Cohabitation, for the first Article shall be against Cohabitation; we Mistresses suffer no Cohabitation.

Monsf. Nor Wives neither now.

Flirt. Then separate Maintenance, in case you shou'd take a Wife, or I a new Friend.

Monsf. How! that too? then you are every whit as bad as a Wife.

Flirt. Then my House in Town, and yours in the Country, if you will.

Monsf.

Mons. A meer Wife.

Flirt. Then my Coach apart, as well my Bed apart.

Mons. As bad as a Wife still.

Flirt. But take notice I will have no little, dirty, second-hand Chariot new forbish'd, but a large, sociable, well painted Coach, nor will I keep it till it be as well known as my self, and it come to be call'd *Flirt* Coach; nor will I have such pitiful Horses as cannot carry me every night to the *Park*; for I will not miss a night in the *Park*, I'd have you to know.

Mons. 'Tis very well, you must have your great, gilt, fine, painted Coaches, I'm sure they are grown so common already amongst you, that Ladies of Quality begin to take up with Hackneys agen, Jarnie; but what else?

Flirt. Then, that you do not think I will be serv'd by a little dirty Boy in a Bonnet, but a couple of handsom, lusty, cleanly Footmen, fit to serve Ladies of Quality, and do their business as they shou'd do.

Mons. What then?

Flirt. Then, that you never grow jealous of them.

Mons. Why will you make so much of them?

Flirt. I delight to be kind to my Servants.

Mons. Well, is this all?

Flirt. No then, that when you come to my House, you never presume to touch a Key, lift up a Latch, or thrust a Door without knocking before hand; and that you ask no questions, if you see a stray Piece of Plate, Cabinet, or Looking-glass in my House.

Mons. Just a Wife in every thing; but what else?

Flirt. Then, that you take no acquaintance with me abroad, nor bring me home any when you are drunk, whom you will not be willing to see there, when you are sober.

Mons. But what allowance? let's come to the main business, the money.

Flirt. Stay, let me think, first for advance-money five hundred pounds for Pins.

Mons. A very Wife.

Flirt. Then you must take the Lease of my House, and furnish it as becomes one of my Quality; for don't you think we'll take up with your old Queen *Elizabeth* Furniture, as your Wives do.

Mons.

Monf. Indeed there she is least like a Wife, as she says.

Flirt. Then, for House-keeping, Servant wages, Cloaths, and the rest, I'll be contented with a Thousand pounds a year present maintenance, and but three hundred pounds a year separate maintenance for my life, when our Love grows cold; but I am contented with a thousand pounds a year, because for Pendants, Neck-laces, and all sorts of Jewels, and such Trifles, nay and some Plate, I will shift my self as I can, make shifts, which you shall not take any notice of.

Monf. A thousand pounds a year! what will Wenching come to? Time was, a Man might have fared as well at a much cheaper rate, and a Lady of ones affections, instead of a House, wou'd have been contented with a little Chamber three pair of Stairs backward, with a little Closet or Ladder to't; and instead of variety of new Gowns, and rich Petticoats, with her Dishabillee or Flamecolour Gown called *Indian*, and Slippers of the same, wou'd have been contented for a twelve month: And instead of Visits and gadding to Plays, wou'd have entertain'd her self at home with *St. George for England*, the Knight of the Sun, or the Practice of Piety; and instead of sending her Wine and Meat from the *French* houses, wou'd have been contented, if you had given her (poor Wretch) but credit at the next Chandlers and Checker'd Cellar; and then instead of a Coach, wou'd have been well satisfi'd to have gone out and taken the Air for three or four hours in the Evening in the Balcony, poor Soul. Well, *Flirt*, however we'll agree; 'tis but three hundred pounds a year separate maintenance, you say, when I am weary of thee and the Charge.

Don. Rob'd of my Honour, my Daughter, and my Revenge too! Oh my dear Honour! nothing vexes me, but that the World should say, I had not Spanish Policy enough to keep my Daughter from being debauch'd from me; but methinks my Spanish Policy might help me yet: I have it so—I will cheat 'em all; for I will declare I understood the whole Plot and Contrivance, and conniv'd at it, finding my Cousin a Fool, and not answering my expectation. Well; but then if I approve of the Match, I must give this Mock Dancing-master my Estate, especially since half he wou'd have in right of my Daughter, and in spite of me. Well, I am resolv'd to turn the Cheat upon themselves, and give them my Consent and Estate.

Monf.

Mons. Come, come, ne'er be troubl'd, Uncle, 'twas a Combination, you see, of all these Heads and your Daughters, you know what I mean, Uncle, not to be thwarted or governed by all the Spanish Policy in *Christendom*. I'm sure my French Policy wou'd not have govern'd her; so since I have scap'd her, I am glad I have scap'd her, Jarnie.

Caut. Come, Brother, you are wiser than I, you see, ay, ay.

Don. No, you think you are wiser than I now, in earnest; but know, while I was thought a Gull, I gull'd you all, and made them and you think I knew nothing of the Contrivance. Confess, did not you think verily, that I knew nothing of it, and that I was a Gull?

Caut. Yes indeed, Brother, I did think verily you were a Gull.

Hipp. How's this?

(*Listening.*)

Don. Alas, alas, all the sputter I made was but to make this Young-man, my Cousin, believe, when the thing shou'd be effected, that it was not with my connivance or consent; but since he is so well satisfi'd, I own it. For do you think I wou'd ever have suffer'd her to marry a *Monsieur*, a *Monsieur Guarda*. Besides, it had been but a beastly incestuous kind of a Match, voto—

Caut. Nay, then I see, Brother, you were wiser than I indeed.

Ger. So, so.

(*Aside.*)

Caut. Nay, Young-man, you have danc'd à fair Dance for your self royally, and now you may go jig it together till you are both weary; and though you were so eager to have him, *Mrs. Minx*, you'll soon have your belly-full of him, let me tell you, Mistress.

Prue. Hah, ha.

Mons. How, Uncle! what was't you said? Nay if I had your *Spanish* Policy against me, it was no wonder I mis'd of my aim, mon foy.

Don. I was resolv'd too, my Daughter shou'd not marry a Coward, therefore made the more ado to try you, Sir, but I find you are a brisk Man of Honour, firm, stiff, Spanish Honour, and that you may see I deceiv'd you all a long, and you not me; ay, and am able to deceive you still; for I know now you think that I will give you little or nothing with my Daughter (like other
other

other Fathers) since you have marry'd her without my consent ; but, I say, I'll deceive you now, for you shall have the most part of my Estate in present, and the rest at my Death ; there's for you, I think I have deceiv'd you now, look you.

Ger. No, indeed, Sir, you have not deceiv'd me, for I never suspected your Love to your Daughter, nor your Generosity.

Don. How, Sir ! have a care of saying I have not deceiv'd you, lest I deceive you another way ; guarda — pray, Gentlemen, do not think any Man cou'd deceive me, look you ; that any Man could steal my Daughter look you, without my Connivance.

*The less we speak, the more we think,
And he sees most, that seems to wink.*

Hipp. So, so, now I cou'd give you my blessing, Father, now you are a good complaisant Father, indeed.

*When Children marry, Parents shou'd obey,
Since Love claims more Obedience far than they.* (Exeunt
(Omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Flirt*.

THE Ladies first I am to Compliment,
Whom (if he cou'd) the Poet wou'd Content,
But to their Pleasure then they must Consent,
Most spoil their Sport still by their Modesty,
And when they shou'd be pleas'd, cry out, O fie,
And the least smooty Jest will ne'er pass by.
But City Damsel ne'er had Confidence,
At smooty Play to take the least Offence,
But Mercy shews, to shew her Innocence.

Yet lest the Merchants Daughters shou'd to Day
Be scandaliz'd, not at our harmless Play ;
But our Hippolita, since she's like one
Of us bold Flirts, of t'other end o'th' Town ;
Our Poet sending to you (though unknown)
His best Respects by me, do's frankly own
The Character to be unnatural ;
Hippolita is not like you at all ;
You, while your Lovers court you, still look grum,
And far from wooing, when they woo, cry mum ;
And if some of you, e'er were stol'n away,
Your Portion's fault 'twas only I dare say :
Thus much for him the Poet bid me speak,
Now to the Men, I my own Mind will break ;
You good Men o'th' Exchange, on whom alone
We must depend, when Sparks to Sea are gone ;
Into the Pit already you are come,
'Tis but a step more to our Tying-Room ;
Where none of us but will be wondrous sweet
Upon an able Love of Lumber-street :
You we had rather see between our Scenes,
Than spend-thrift Fops with better Cloaths and Meens ?
Instead of Lac'd-Coats, Belts, and Pantalloon,
Your Velvet-Jumps, Gold-Chains, and grave Fur-Gowns,
Instead of Perriwigs, and broad cock'd Hats,
Your Sattain-Caps, small Cuffs, and vast Crevats ;
For you are fair and square in all your Dealings,
You never cheat your Doxies with gilt Shillings ;
You ne'er will break our Windows, then you are
Fit to make Love, while our Houzas make War ;
And since all Gentlemen must pack to Sea,
Our Gallants, and our Judges you must Be ;
We therefore, and our Poet, do Submit
To all the Chamlet-Cloaks now i'the Pit.

Love

Love in a Wood :

O R,

St. JAMES'S-PARK.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted

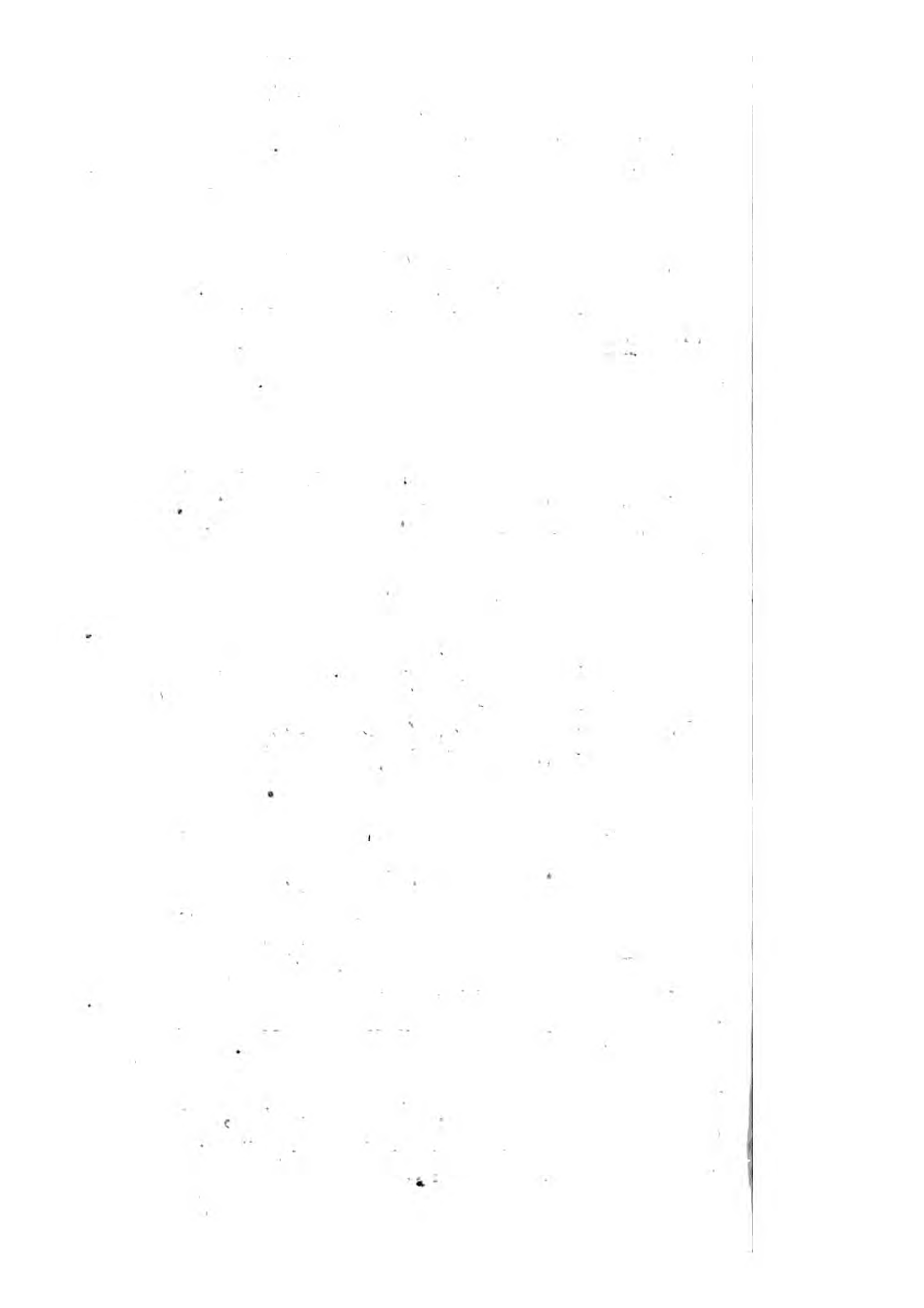
BY

Her Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. *Wycherley*.

Excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus ; -----Horat.

LONDON, Printed for *Rich. Wellington*, at
the *Dolphin and Crown* at the West End of
St. Paul's-Church-Yard, 1712.



To Her Grace the Dutchess of
CLEAVELAND.

MADAM,

ALL Authors whatever in their Dedication are Poets; but I am now to Write to a Lady, who stands as little in need of Flattery, as her Beauty of Art; otherwise, I shou'd prove as ill a Poet to her in my Dedication, as to my Reader in my Play: I can do your Grace no Honour, nor make you more Admirers than you have already; yet I can do my self the honour to let the World know, I am the greatest you have; you will Pardon me, Madam, for you know, 'tis very hard for a new Author, and Poet too, to govern his Ambition; for Poets, let them pass in the World never so much, for modest, honest Men, but begin praise to others, which concludes in themselves; and are like Rooks, who lend People Money, but to win it back again, and so leave them in debt to 'em for nothing; they offer Laurel and Incense to their Hero's, but wear it themselves, and perfume themselves. This is true, Madam, upon the honest word of an Author, who never yet writ Dedication; yet though I cannot lye like them, I am as vain as they, and cannot but publicly give your Grace my humble acknowledgments for the Favours I have receiv'd from you: This, I say, is the Poet's Gratitude, which in plain English, is only Pride and Ambition; and that the World might know your Grace did me the Honour to see my Play twice together; yet perhaps my Enviars of your Favour will suggest 'twas in Lent, and therefore for your Mortification; then, as a jealous Author, I am concern'd not to have your Grace's Favours lessen'd, or rather my Reputation; and to let them know, you were pleas'd, after that, to command a Copy from me of this Play; the way without Beauty and Wit, to win a poor Poet's Heart. 'Tis a sign your Grace understands nothing better, than obliging all the World, after the best and most proper manner; But, Madam, to be obliging to that excess as you are, (Pardon me, if I tell you, out of my extream concern, and service for your Grace) is a dangerous quality, and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

may be very incommode to you; for Civility makes Poets as troublesome, as Charity makes Beggars; and your Grace will be hereafter as much pester'd with such scurvy Offerings as this, Poems, Panegyricks, and the like, as you are now with Petitions: And, Madam, take it from me, no Man with Papers in's Hand, is more dreadful than a Poet, no, not a Lawyer with his Declarations; your Grace sure did not well consider what ye did, in sending for my Play; you little thought I wou'd have had the Confidence to send you a Dedication too: But, Madam, you find I am as unreasonable, and have as little Conscience, as if I had driven the Poetick Trade longer than I have, and ne'er consider you had enough of the Play; but (having suffer'd now so severely) I beseech your Grace, have a care for the future, take my Counsel, and be (if you can possible) as proud, and ill-natur'd as other People of Quality, since your Quiet is so much concern'd, and since you have more reason than any to value your self; for you have that perfection of Beauty (without thinking it so) which others of your Sex but think they have; that Generosity in your Actions, which others of your Quality have only in their Promises; that Spirit, Wit and Judgment, and all other Qualifications which fit Hero's to Command, and would make any but your Grace Proud. I begin now, elevated by my Subject, to write with the Emotion and Fury of a Poet; yet the Integrity of an Historian; and I cou'd never be weary, nay, sure this were my only way, to make my Readers never weary too, though they were a more impatient Generation of People than they are. In Fine, speaking thus of your Grace, I shou'd please all the World but you; therefore I must once observe, and obey you against my Will, and say no more, than that I am,

M A D A M,

Your Grace's

Most obliged, and most

humble Servant,

William Wycherly.

PROLOGUE.

Custom, which bids the Thief from Cart Harangue,
All those that come to make and see him hang,
Wills the damn'd Poet (though he knows he's gone)
To greet you, e'er his Execution.

Not having fear of Critick 'fore his Eyes,
But still rejecting wholesome, good advice;
He e'en is come to suffer here to day,
For counterfeiting (as you judge) a Play,
Which is against dread Phoebus highest treason,
Damn'd damning Judges, therefore you have reason:
You be do's mean, who for the self-same fault,
That damning Privilege of yours have bought;
So the huge Bankers when they needs must fail,
Send the small Brothers of their trade to Goal;
Whilst they by breaking Gentlemen, are made,
Then more than any, scorn poor men o'th' trade;
You harden'd Renegado Poets, who
Treat Rhiming Poets, worse than Turk wou'd do;
But vent your H. Athenish rage, hang, draw, and quarter,
His Muse will dye to day a fleeing Martyr;
Since for balla'd Jest, dull Libel, or Lampoon,
There are who suffer Persecution,
With the undaunted briskness of Buffoon,
And strict Professors live of Raillery,
Defying Porters Lodge, or Pillory:
For those who yet write on our Poets fate,
Should as Co-sufferers commiserate;
But be in vain their Pity now wou'd crave,
Who for themselves (alas) no pity have,
And their own gasping credit will not save;
And those, much less, our Criminal wou'd spare,
Who ne'er in Rhyme transgress, (if such there are).
Well then, who nothing hopes, needs nothing fear;
And he, before your cruel Votes shall do it,
By his despair, declares himself no Poet.

Dramatis Personæ.

M R. Hart.	Mr. Ranger,	}	Young Gentleman of the Town.
Mr. Bell.	Mr. Vincent,		
Mr. Kinnafton.	Mr. Valentine		
Mr. Lacy.	Alderman <i>Gripe</i> , seemingly precise, but a covetous lecherous, old Usurer of the City.		
Mr. Winterfell.	Sir <i>Simon Addleplot</i> , a Coxcomb, always in Pursuit of Women of great Fortunes.		
Mr. Mohun.	Mr. <i>Dapperwit</i> , a brisk, conceited, half-witted Fellow of the Town.		

W O M E N.

Mrs. <i>Boutel</i> ,	<i>Christiana</i> , <i>Valentine's</i> Mistress.
Mrs. <i>Betty Cox</i> .	<i>Lydia</i> , <i>Ranger's</i> Mistress.
Mrs. <i>Knepp</i> .	My Lady <i>Flippant</i> , <i>Gripe's</i> Sister, an effected Widow in distress for a Husband, though still declaim- ing against Marriage.
Mrs. <i>Farlowe</i> .	Mrs. <i>Martha</i> , <i>Gripe's</i> Daughter.
Mrs. <i>Cory</i> .	Mrs. <i>Joyner</i> , a Match-maker, or precise City Bawd.
Mrs. <i>Rutter</i> .	Mrs. <i>Crossbite</i> , an old cheating Jilt, and Bawd to her Daughter.
Mrs. <i>Betty Slade</i> .	Mrs. <i>Lucy</i> , her Daughter.
Mrs. <i>James</i> .	<i>Isabel</i> , <i>Christiana's</i> Woman.
Mrs. <i>Cartreight</i> .	<i>Leonore</i> , Servant to <i>Lydia</i> .

Crossbite's Landlord, and his Prentices, Ser-
vants, Waiters, other Attendants.

The Scene L O N D O N.

Love

Love in a Hood :

O R,

St. JAMES'S-PARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Gripe's House in the Evening.

Enter my Lady Flippant, Mrs. Joyner.

Flip. **N**OT a Husband to be had for money.
 Come, come, I might have been a better
 House-Wife for my self (as the World goes
 now,) if I had dealt for an Heir with his
 Guardian, Uncle, or Mother-in-law ; and you are no better
 than a Chouse, a Cheat,

Foyn. I a Cheat, Madam.

Flip. I am out of my Money and my Patience too.

Foyn. Do not run out of your Patience whatever you do,
 'Tis a necessary vertue for a Widow without
 A Joynture in truly.

Flip. Vile Woman, though my Fortune be something
 Wasted, my Person's in good repair :
 If I had not depended on you, I had had a Husband
 Before this time ; when I gave you the last five Pounds,

Foyn. And had kept my Promise if you had Cooperated.

Flip. Cooperated, what shou'd I have done?

'Tis well known no Woman breathing could use more Industry to get her a Husband than I have; Has not my Husband's Scutcheon walk'd as much ground As the Citizens Signs since the Fire, That no quarter of the Town might be ignorant Of the Widow *Flippant*.

Foyn. 'Tis well known, Madam, indeed.

Flip. Have I not own'd my self (against my Stomach) the Relict of a Citizen to credit my Fortune?

Foyn. 'Tis confest, Madam.

Flip. Have I not constantly kept *Covent-Garden-Church*, *St. Martin's*, the Play-Houses, *Hide-Park*, *Mulberry-Garden*, and all other the Publick Marts where Widows and Maids are expos'd?

Foyn. Far be it from me to think you have an Aversion to a Husband; But why Madam have you refus'd so many Good Offers?

Flip. Good Offers, Mrs. *Foyner*, I'll be sworn I never had an Offer since my late Husband's; if I had an Offer, Mrs. *Foyner*; there's the thing, Mrs. *Foyner*.

Foyn. Then your frequent, and publick detestation of Marriage, is thought real; And if you have had no Offer, there's the thing, Madam.

Flip. I cannot deny, but I always rail against Marriage, Which is the Widows way to it certainly.

Foyn. 'Tis the desperate way of the desperate Widows in truly.

Flip. Wou'd you have us as tractable as the Wenches that eat Oatmeal; and fool'd like them too.

Foyn. If no body were wiser than I, I should think, since the Widow wants the natural allurements which the Virgin has, you ought to give men all other encouragements in truly.

Flip. Therefore on the contrary, because the Widow's Fortune (whether suppos'd or real) is her chiefest Bait, the more chary she seems of it, and the more she withdraws it, the more eagerly the butie gaping fry will bite; with us Widows Husband are got like Bishopricks, by saying no; and I tell you, a young Heir is as shie of a Widow, as of a Rook, to my knowledge.

Foyn.

Foyn. I can alledge nothing against your practice,
But your ill success; and indeed you must use
Another Method with Sir *Simon Addleplot*.

Flip. Will he be at your House at the hour?

Foyn. He'll be there by ten, 'tis now nine:
I warrant you he will not fail.

Flip. I'll warrant you then I will not fail,
For 'tis more than time I were sped.

Foyn. Mr. *Dapperwit* has not been too busie with you, I
hope, your experience has taught you to prevent a mischance.

Flip. No, no, my mischance, (as you call it) is greater than
that; I have but three Months to reckon, e're I lye down with
my Port and Equipage; and must be delivered of a Woman,
a Foot-man and a Coach-man: For my Coach must down, un-
less I can get Sir *Simon* to draw with me.

Foyn. He will pair with you exactly if know all. (*Aside.*)

Flip. Ah, Mrs. *Foyner*, nothing grieves me like the putting
down my Coach; for the fine Cloaths, the fine Lodgings; let
'em go; for a Lodging is as unnecessary a thing to a Widow
that has a Coach, as a Hat to a Man that has a good Peruque,
for as you see about Town she is most properly at home in her
Coach; she eats, and drinks, and sleeps in her Coach; and
for her Visits she receives them in the Play-house.

Foyn. Ay, ay, let the Men keep Lodgings
(As you say, Madam) if they will.

(*Gripe, and Sir Simon Addleplot following him as his
Man in the Habit of a Clerk at one door, and Mrs. Mar-
tha at the other.*)

Flipp. Do you think if things had been with me as they
have been, I would ever have hous'd with this Counter-fashion
Brother of mine, (who hates a Vest as much as a Surplice) to
have my Patches assaulted every Day; at Dinner my Freedom
censured, and my Visitants shut out of Doors; poor Mr. *Dap-
perwit* cannot be admitted.

Foyn. He knows him too well to keep his
Acquaintance.

Flip. He is a censorious rigid Fop, and knows nothing.

Gripe. So, so———

(*Behind.*)

Foyn. Is he here?

(*Aside.*)

To my Lady *Flip.*) Nay with your Pardon, Madam, I must
con-

contradict you there. He is a prying Common-wealths-man, an implacable Magistrate, a sturdy Pillar of his Cause, and——
But oh me is your Worship so near then? if I had (*To Gripe.*
Thought you heard me. ——

Gripe. Why, why, Mrs. *Foyner*,
I have said as much of my self e'er now,
And without vanity, I profess.

Foyn. I know your Virtue is proof against Vain-glory;
But the truth to your Face, looks like flattery in your
Worship's Servant.

Gripe. No, no, say what you will of me in that kind,
Far be it from me to suspect you of flattery.

Foyn. In truly your Worship knows your self,
And knows me, for I am none of those ——

Flip. Now they are in ——

Mrs. *Foyner*, I'll go before to your House, (*Aside.*
You'll be sure to come after me. (*Exit Flippant.*

Foyn. Immediately; but as I was saying,
I am none of those ——

Gripe. No, Mrs. *Foyner*, you cannot sew Pillows
Under Folks Elbows; you cannot hold a Candle to the Devil;
You cannot tickle a Trout to take him, you ——

Foyn. Lord how well you do know me indeed;
And you shall see I know your Worship as well,
You cannot backslide from your Principles;
You cannot be terrify'd by the Laws,
Nor brib'd to Allegiance by Office, or Preferment;
You ——

Gripe. Hold, hold, my praise must not interrupt yours.

Foyn. With your VVorship's Pardon, (In truly) I must own,

Gripe. I am full of your praise, and it will run over.

Foyn. Nay sweet Sir, you are ——

Gripe. Nay sweet Mrs. *Foyner*, you are ——

Foyn. Nay, good your Worship, you are ——

(*Stops her mouth with his Handkerchief.*

Gripe. I say you are ——

Foyn. I must not be rude with your Worship.

Gripe. You are a Nursing Mother to the Saints;
Through you they gather together;
Through you they fructify and encrease; and through you

The

The Child cries out of the Hand-basket.

Foyn. Through you Virgins are marry'd or provided
For as well ; through you the Reprobate's Wife
Is made a Saint ; and through you the Widow is not
Disconsolate, nor misses her Husband.

Gripe. Through you ———

Foyn. Indeed you will put me to the blush.

Gripe. Blushes are badges of Imperfection,
Saints have no shame : you are, are the flower of
Matrons Mrs. *Foyner*.

Foyn. You are the Pink of courteous Aldermen.

Gripe. You are the Muffler of Secrecy.

Foyn. You are the Head-band of of Justice.

Gripe. Thank you sweet Mrs. *Foyner*, do you think
So indeed ? you are ———

You are the Bonfire of Devotion.

Foyn. You are the Bellows of Zeal.

Gripe. You are the Cup-board of Charity.

Foyn. You are the Fob of Liberality.

Gripe. You are the Rivet of sanctify'd Love or Wedlock.

Foyn. You are the Picklock and Dark-lanthorn of Policy.
And in a word, a Conventicle of Virtues.

Gripe. Your servant, your servant, sweet Mrs. *Foyner*,
You have stopt my mouth.

Foyn. Your servant, your servant sweet Alderman,
I have nothing to say.

Sir Sim. The half Pullet will be cold, Sir.

Gripe. Mrs. *Foyner* you shall Sup with me.

Foyn. Indeed I am engag'd to Supper with some
Of your Man's Friends, and I came on purpose
To get leave for him too.

Gripe. I cannot deny you any thing ; but I have forgot to
tell you what a kind of Fellow my Sister's *Dapperwit* is ; be-
fore a full Table of the Coffee-House *Sages*, he had the Impu-
dence to hold an Argument against me in the defence of Vests
and Protections ; and therefore I forbld him my House ; besides
when he came, I was forc'd to lock up my daughter for
fear of him, nay, I think the poor Child her self was afraid of
him : Come hither

Child, were you not afraid of *Dapperwit* ?

Martha,

Martha, Yes indeed, Sir, he is a terrible Man.
Yet I durst meet with him in a Piazza at Midnight. [Aside]

Gripe. He shall never come into my doors again.

Martha. Shall Mr. *Dapperwit* never come hither again then?

Gripe. No, Child.

Martha. I am afraid he will.

Gripe. I warrant thee.

Martha. I warrant you then I'll go to him. (Aside)
I am glad of that, for I hate him as much as Bishops.

Gripe. Thou art no Child of mine, if thou dost not hate Bishops and Wits, Well, Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll keep you no longer.

Jonas, wait on Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyner. Good night to your VVorship.

Gripe. But stay, stay, Mrs. *Joyner*, have you spoken with the VVidow *Crossbite* about her little Daughter, as I desired?

Joyner. I will to morrow early, it shall be the first thing I'll do after my Prayers.

Gripe. It *Dapperwit* should contaminate her - I cannot rest till I have redeem'd her from the Jaws of that Lyon, good night.

Joyner. Good Gentleman. (Exeunt *Gripe* and *Martha*.)

Manent Sir *Simon Addleplot* and *Joyner*.

Sir Sim. Ha, ha, ha, Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyner. VVhat's the matter, Sir *Simon*.

Sir Sim. Ha, ha, ha, ——— let us make hast to your House, or I shall burst Faith and Troth to see what Fools you and I make of these People.

Joyner. I will not rob you of any of the credit, I am but a feeble Instrument, you are an Engineer.

Sir Sim. Remember what you say now when things succeed, and do not tell me then, I must thank your Wit for all.

Joyner. No in truly, Sir *Simon*.

Sir Sim. Nay I'm sure *Dapperwit*, and I have been Partners in many an Intrigue, and he uses to serve me so.

Joyner. He is an ill Man to Intirgue with, as you call it.

Sir Sim. I, so are all your Wits; a Pox, if a Man's understanding be not so publick as theirs, he cannot do a wise action but they go away with the honour of it, if he be of their Acquaintance.

Joyner. Why do you keep such Acquaintance then?

Sir Sim. There is a Proverb, Mrs. *Joyner*, You may know him by his Company.

Joyner.

Foyn. No, no, to be thought a Man of parts, you must always keep Company with a Man of less wit than your self.

Sir Sim. That's the hardest thing in the World for me to do, Faith and Troth.

Foyn. What, to find a Man of less Wit than your self? Pardon my Railler, *Sir Simon.*

Sir Sim. No, no, I cannot keep Company with a Fool, I wonder how Men of parts can do't, there's something in't.

Foyn. If you cou'd, all your wise actions wou'd be your own, and your Money wou'd be your own too.

Sir Sim. Nay, Faith and Troth that's true; for your Wits are plaguel given to borrow; they'l borrow of their Wench, Coach-man or Link-boy their hire. *Mrs. Foyner, Dapperwit* has that trick with a vengeance.

Foyn. Why will you keep Company with him then, I say? for to be plain with you, you have followed him so long, that you are thought but his Culley; for every VVit has his Culley, as every Squire his lead Captain.

Sir Sim. I his Culley, I his Culley, *Mrs. Foyner!* Lord that I should be thought a Culley to any VVit breathing.

Foyn. Nay, do not take it so to heart, for the best VVits Of the Town, are but Cullies themselves.

Sir Sim. To whom, to whom, to whom, *Mrs. Foyner?*

Foyn. To Semstresses, and Bawds.

Sir Sim. To your knowledge, *Mrs. Foyner.*
There I was with her.

Foyn. To Taylors and Vintners, but especially to the *French* Houses.

Sir Sim. But *Dapperwit* is a Culley to none of them; for he ticks.

Foyn. I care not, but I wish you were a Culley to none but me, that's all the hurt I wish you.

Sir Sim. Thank you *Mrs. Foyner*; well I will throw off *Dapperwit's* Acquaintance when I am married, and will only be a Culley to my VVife, and that's no more than the wisest Husband of 'em all is.

Foyn. Then you think you shall carry *Mrs. Martha.*

Sir Sim. Your Hundred Guineys are
As good as in your Lap.

Foyn. But I am afraid this double plot of yours

Should

Should fail, you wou'd sooner succeed,
If you only design'd upon Mrs. *Martha*,
Or only upon my Lady *Flippant*.

Sir Sim. Nay then you are no VWoman of Intrigue, Faith and Troth, 'tis good to have two strings to one Bow; if Mrs. *Martha* be coy, I tell the VVidow I put on my disguise for her; But if Mrs. *Martha* be kind to *Jonas*, *Sir Simon Addleplot* will be false to the VVidow, which is no more than VVidows are us'd to; for a Promise to a VVidow is as seldom kept, as a vow made at Sea, as *Dapperwit* says.

Joy. I am afraid they shou'd discover you.

Sir Sim. You have nothing to fear, you have your twenty Guineas in your Pocket for helping me into my Service, and if I get into Mrs. *Martha's* Quarters, you have a hundred more; if into the Widows, fifty, happy go lucky, will her Ladyship be at your House at the hour?

Joy. Yes.

Sir Sim. Then you shall see when I am *Sir Simon Addleplot*, and my self, I'll look like my self, now I am *Jonas* I look like an *As*; you never thought *Sir Simon Addleplot* cou'd have look'd so like an *As* by his ingenuity.

Joy. Pardon me, *Sir Simon*.

Sir Sim. Nay, do not flatter, Faith and Troth.

Joy. Come let us go, 'tis time.

Sir Sim. I will carry the Widow to the *French-House*.

Joy. If she will go.

Sir Sim. If she will go? why, did you ever know a Widow refuse a treat? no more than a Lawyer a Fee, Faith and Troth, yet I know too,

*No Treat, sweet Words, good Meen, but sly Intrigue,
That must at length, the jilting Widow fegue.*

(*Exeunt.*)

*The Scene changes to the French-House, a Table,
Wine and Candles.*

Enter Vincent, Ranger, Dapperwit.

Dap. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, let's have no drinking to night.

Vin. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, let's have no *Dapperwit* to night.

Ran. Nay, nay, *Vincent*.

Vin.

Vin. A Pox, I hate his impertinent Chat more than he does the honest *Burgundy*.

Dap. But why sho'ud you force VVine upon us? we are not all of your gusto.

Vin. But why should you force your chaw'd Jests, your damn'd ends of your mouldy Lampoons, and last years Sonnets upon us, we are not all of your gusto.

Dap. The VVine makes me sick, let me perish.

Vin. Thy Rhymes make me spew.

Rang. At Repartee already, come *Vincent*, I know you would Rather have him pledge you, here *Dapperwit*.

(Gives him the Glass.)

But why are you so eager to have him drink always?

Vin. Because he is so eager to talk always, and there is no other ways to silence him

Waiter to them.

Wait. Here is a Gentleman desires to speak with Mr. *Vincent*.

Vin. I come.

(Exit *Vin*.)

Dap. He may drink because he is oblig'd to the Bottle, for all the VVit and Courage he has, 'tis not free and natural like yours.

Ran. He has more Courage than Wit, but wants neither.

Dap. As a Pump gone dry, if you pour no Water down you will get none out, so——

Ran. Nay, I bar similies too, to night.

Dap. Why is not the thought new, don't you apprehend it?

Ran. Yes, yes, but——

Dap. VVell, well, will you comply with his sottishness too, and hate brisk things in complaisance to the Ignorant dull Age? I believe shortly 'twill be as hard to find a patient Friend to Communicate ones VVit to, as a faithful Friend to Communicate ones Secret to. VVit has as few true Judges, as Painting I see.

Ran. All People pretend to be judges of both.

Dap. I, they pretend—— but set you aside, And two more.——

Ran. But why, has *Vincent* neither Courage nor VVit?

Dap. He has no Courage, because he beat his VVench for giving me *les douces yeux once*; and no VVit, because he does not comprehend my Thoughts; and he is a Son of a VVhore for

for his Ignorance ; I take Ignorance worse from any Man than the Lye, because 'tis as much as to say I am no Wit.

Vincent Returns.

You need not take any notice, though, to him what I say.

Vin. Ranger, there is a Woman below in a Coach would speak with you.

Ran. With me?

(Exit Ran.)

Dap. This *Ranger*, *Mr. Vincent*, is as false to his Friend as his Wench.

Vin. You have no reason to say so,
But because he is absent.

Dap. 'Tis disobliging to tell a Man of his faults to his Face, if he had but your Grave Parts and Manly Wit, I should adore him ; but a Pox he is a meer Buffoon, a Jack-pudding, let me perish ———

Vin. You are an ungrateful Fellow, I have heard him maintain you had Wit, which was more than e'er you cou'd do for your self ; I thought you had own'd him your *Mecenas*.

Daper. A Pox ! he cannot but esteem me, 'tis for his honour ; but I cannot but be just for all that, without favour or affection, yet I confess I love him so well, that I wish he had but the hundredth part of your Courage.

Vin. He has had the Courage to save you from many a beating to my knowledge.

Dap. Come, come, I wish the Man well, and next to you, better than any Man, and I am sorry to say it, he has not Courage to snuff a Candle with his Fingers, when he is drunk indeed, he dares get a Clap, or so ——— and swear at a Constable.

Vin. Detracting Fop, when did you see him desert his Friend ?

Dap. You have a rough kind of a Raillery, *Mr. Vincent*, but since you will have it, (though I love the Man heartily, I say) he deserted me once in breaking of Windows, for fear of the Constables,

Ranger Returns.

but you need not take notice to him, of what I tell you ; I hate to put a Man to the blush.

Ran. I have had just now a Visit from my Mistress, who is as jealous of me as a Wife of her Husband when she lies in ; my Cousin *Lydia*, you have heard me speak of her.

Vin.

Vin. But she is more troublesome than a Wife that lies in, because she follows you to your haunts; why do you allow her that privilege before her time?

Ran. Faith, I may allow her any privilege and be too hard for her yet; how do you think I have cheated her to night? Women are poor credulous Creatures, easily deceived.

Vin. We are poor credulous Creatures, when we think 'em so.

Ran. Intending a Ramble to St. James's-Park to night, upon some probable hopes of some fresh Game I have in Chase, I appointed her to stay at home, with a promise to come to her within this hour, that she might not foil the scent and prevent my sport.

Vin. She'll be even with you when you are Married, I warrant you; in the mean time here's her health *Dapperwit*.

Ran. Now had he rather be at the Window writing her Anagram in the Glass, with his Diamond, or biting his Nails in the corner, for a fine thought, to come and divert us with at the Table.

Dap. No, a Pox I have no wit to night, I am as barren and hide-bound as one of your damn'd scribbling Poets, who are Sots in Company for all their Wit, as a Miser is poor for all his Money; how do you like the thought.

Vin. Drink, drink.

Dap. Well, I can drink this, because I shall be repriv'd presently.

Vin. Who will be so civil to us.

Dap. Sir *Simon Addleplot*, I have bespoke him a Supper here for he treats to night a new rich Mistress.

Ran. That Spark who has his fruitless designs upon the Bed ridden rich Widow, down to the sucking Heiresses in her pissing Clout, he has once the sport, but now the publick grievance of all the Fortunes in Town; for he watches them like a younger Brother that is afraid to be mump'd of his snip, and they cannot steal a Marriage, nor stay their Stomachs, but he must know it.

Dap. He has now pitch'd his Nets for *Gripe's* Daughter the rich Scrivener, and serves him as a Clerk to get admission to her, which the watchful Fop her Father, denies to all others.

Ran. I thought you had been nibbling at her once, under pretence of love to her Aunt.

Dap. I confess I have the same Design yet, and *Addleplot* is but my Agent whilst he thinks me his; he brings me Letters constantly from her, and carries mine back.

Vin. Still betraying your best Friends.

Dap. I cannot in honour but betray him (let me perish.) the poor young Wench is taken with my Person, and would scratch through four Walls to come to me.

Vin. 'Tis a sign she is kept up close indeed.

Dap. Betray him, I'll not be Traytor to Love for any Man.

Sir Simon Addleplot to them with the Waiter.

Sir Sim. Know 'em, you are a sawcy Jack-straw to question me, (Faith and troth) I know every body, and every body knows me.

All. *Sir Simon, Sir Simon, Sir Simon.*

Ran. And you are a welcome Man to every body.

Sir Sim. Now Son of a Whore, do I know the Gentlemen? a Dog, wou'd have had a shilling of me before he wou'd let me come to you.

Ran. The Rogue has been bred at Court sure; Get you out, Sirrah.

Sir Sim. He has been bred at a *French House*, where they are more unreasonable.

Vin. Here's to you, *Sir Simon.*

Sir Sim. I cannot drink, for I have a Mistress within, though I wou'd not have the People of the House to know it.

Ran. You need not be ashamed of your Mistresses, for they are commonly rich.

Sir Sim. And because she is rich, I would conceal her; for I never had a rich Mistress yet, but one or other got her from me presently Faith and Troth.

Ran. But this is an ill place to conceal a Mistress in, every Waiter is an Intelligencer to your Rivals.

Sir Sim. I have a trick for that, I'll let no Waiters come in to the Room, I'll lay the Cloth my self rather.

Ran. But who is your Mistress.

Sir Sim. Your Servant — your Servant, —

Mr. Ranger.

Vin. Come, will you pledge me ;

Sir Sim. No, I'll spare your Wine, if you will spare me *Dapperwit's* Company, I came for that.

Vin. You do us a double favour, to take him and leave the Wine.

Sir Sim. Come, come, *Dapperwit*.

Ran. Do not go unless he will suffer us to see his Mistress too. *(Aside)*

Sir Sim. Come, come Man.

Dap. Would you have me so uncivil as to leave my Company ; they'll take it ill ?

Sir Sim. I cannot find her talk without thee ; Pray Gentlemen perswade Mr. *Dapperwit* to go with me.

Ran. We will not hinder him of better Company.

Dap. Yours is too good to be left rudely.

Sir Sim. Nay Gentlemen I would desire your Company too, if you knew the Lady.

Dap. They know her as well as I, you say I know her not.

Sir Sim. You are not every body. *(Aside)*

Ran. Perhaps we do know the Lady, *Sir Simon*.

Sir Sim. You do not, you do not, none of you ever saw her in your lives ; but if you could be secret, and civil——

Ran. We have drunk yet but our Bottle a piece.

Sir Sim. But will you be civil, Mr. *Vincent*.

Ran. he dares not look a Woman in the Face under three Bottles.

Sir Sim. Come along then ; but can you be civil Gentlemen ? will you be civil Gentlemen ? pray be civil if you can, and you shall see her. *(Exit Sir Sim. Returns with*

my Lady Flippant and Mrs. Joyner.

Dap. How, has he got his Jilt here ? *(Aside)*

Ran. The Widow *Flippant*—— *(Aside)*

Vin. Is this the Woman that we never saw ? *(Aside)*

Flip. Does he bring us into Company, and *Dapperwit* one ? though I had married the Fool, I thought to have reserv'd the Wit as well as other Ladies. *(Aside)*

Sir Sim. Nay, look as long as you will, Madam, you will find them civil Gentlemen, and good Company.

Flip. I am not in doubt of their civility, but yours.

Foyn. You'll never leave snubbing your Servants, did you not promise to use him kindly. *(Behind.*

Flip. 'Tis true. *(Aside.*

We wanted no good Company, Sir *Simon*, as long we had yours.

Sir Sim. But they wanted good Company, therefore I forc'd them to accept of yours.

Flip. They will not think the Company good, they were forc'd into certainly.

Sir Sim. A Pox I must be using the words in fashion though I never have any luck with 'em, Mrs. *Foyner*, help me off.

Foyn. I suppose, Madam, he means the Gentleman wanted not inclination to your Company, but confidence to desire so great an Honour, therefore he forc'd 'em.

Dap. What makes this Bawd here? sure Mistress your Bawds should be like the small Cards, though at first you make up a Pack, yet when the Play begins, you should be put out as useless.

Foyn. Well, well, Gibeing Companion, you wou'd have the Pimps kept in only? you wou'd so?

Vin. What, they are quarrelling?

Ran. Pimp and Bawd agree now a days like Doctor and Apothecary.

Sir Sim. Try Madam, if they are not civil Gentlemen, talk with 'em, While I go lay the Cloth, no Waiter comes here: My Mother us'd to tell me, I shou'd avoid all occasions of talking before my Mistress, because silence is is a sign of Love as well as Prudence. *(Aside.*

Flip. Methinks you look a little yellow on't, *(Sir Simon laying the Cloth.*

Mr. Dapperwit; I hope you do not censure me because you find me passing away a night with this Fool; He is not a Man to be jealous of sure.

Dap. You are not a Lady to be jealous of sure.

Flip. No certainly, but why do you look as if you were jealous then.

Dap. If I had met you in *Wheatstone's-Park*, with a drunken Foot-Soldier, I should not have been jealous of you.

Flip. Fye, fye, now you are jealous certainly, for People always when they grow jealous, grow rude; but I can Pardon it since it proceeds from Love certainly. *Dap.*

Dap. I am out of all hopes to be rid of this eternal old Acquaintance when I jear her, she thinks her self prais'd, now I call her Whore in plain English, she thinks I am jealous. (*Aside.*

Flip. Sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, be not so censorious, I speak for your sake, not my own, for Jealousie is a torment, but my Honour cannot suffer certainly.

Dap. No certainly, but the greatest torment I have is your Love.

Flip. Alas sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, indeed Love is a torment; but 'tis a sweet torment; but Jealousie is a bitter torment, I do not go about to cure you of the torment of my Love.

Dap. 'Tis a sign so.

Flip. Come, come, look up Man, is that a Rival to contest with you?

Dap. I will contest with no Rival, not with my old Rival your Coach-man, but they have heartily my resignation, and to do you a favour, but my self a greater, I will help tye the knot you are fumbling for now, betwixt your culley here, and you.

Flip. Go, go, I take that kind of Jealousie worst of all, to suspect I would be bauch'd to beastly Matrimony; but who are those Gentlemen, pray? — are they Men of Fortunes, Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyner. I believe so.

Flip. Do you believe so indeed; Gentlemen —

(*Advancing toward Ranger and Vincent.*

Ran. If the civility we owe to Ladies, had not controul'd our Envy to Mr. *Dapperwit*, we had interrupted e'er this your private Conversation.

Flip. Your interruption, Sir, had been most civil, and obliging, for our discourse was of Marriage.

Ran. That is a subject, Madam, as grateful as common.

Flip. O fye, fye, are you of that Opinion too? I cannot suffer any to talk of it in my Company.

Ran. Are you Married then, Madam?

Flip. No certainly.

Ran. I am sure so much Beauty cannot despair of it.

Flip. Despair of it —

Ran. Only those that are Married, or cannot be Married, hate to hear of Marriage.

Flip. Yet you must know, Sir, my aversion to Marriage is such, that you nor no Man breathing, shall ever persuade me to it.

Ran. Curs'd be the Man shou'd do so rude a thing as to persuade you to any thing against your inclination ; I wou'd not do it for the World, Madam.

Flip. Come, come, though you seem to be a civil Gentleman, I think you no better than your Neighbours, I do not know a Man of you all, that will not thrust a Woman up into a Corner, and then talk an hour to her impertinently of Marriage.

Ran. You wou'd find me another Man in a Corner, I assure you, Madam, for you shou'd not have a Word of Marriage from me, whatsoever you might find in my actions of it ; I hate talking as much as you.

Flip. I hate it extremely.

Ran. I am your Man then, Madam, for I find just the same fault with your Sex as you do with ours ; I ne'er cou'd have to do with Woman in my Life, but still she wou'd be impertinently talking of Marriage to me.

Flip. Observe that, Mrs. Joyner.

Dap. Pray Mr. Ranger, let's go, I had rather drink with Mr. Vincent, than stay here with you ; besides 'tis Park-time.

Ran. I come.

(To Dap.

Since you are a Lady that hate Marriage, I'll do you the service to withdraw the Company, for those that hate Marriage, hate loss of time.

Flip. Will you go then, Sir ; but before you go, Sir, pray tell me is your aversion to Marriage real ?

Ran. As real as yours.

Flip. If it were no more real than mine ——— (Aside.

Ran. Your Servant, Madam.

Flip. But do you hate Marriage certainly ? (Plucks him back.

Ran. Certainly.

Flip. Come, I cannot believe it, you dissemble it, only because I pretend it.

Ran. Do you but pretend it then, Madam ?

Flip. I shall discover my self ———

(Aside.

I mean, because I hold against it, you do the same in complaisance ; for I have heard say, cunning Men think to bring the

the

the coy and untractable Women to tameness, as they do some Mad People by humouring their Frenzes.

Ran. I am none of those cunning Men, yet have too much Wit to entertain the presumption of designing upon you.

Flip. 'Twere no such presumption neither.

Dap. Come away, 'sdeath dont you, you see your danger?

Ran. Those aims are for Sir Simon, good night, Madam.

Flip. Will you needs go then? the Gentlemen are a going, Sir Simon, will you let e'm?

Sir Sim. Nay, Madam if you cannot keep 'em, how should I?

Flip. Stay Sir, because you hate Marriage, I'll sing you a new Song against it.

She Sings.

*A spouse I do hate,
For either she's false or she's jealous;
But give us a Mate,
Who nothing will ask us, or tell us.*

*She stands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture,
Her love for your Farms;
But takes her kind Man at a venture.*

*If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process, or Warning,
From Wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd in the Morning:*

*When Parents are Slaves,
Their Bratts cannot be any other;
Great Wits, and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.*

Flip. Though it be the fashion for Women of Quality to sing any Song whatever, because the Words are not distinguish'd; yet I should have blush'd to have done it now, but for you, Sir.

Ran. The Song is edifying, the Voice admirable, and once more I am your Servant, Madam.

Flip. VVhat, will you go too, Mr. *Dapperwit* ?

Sir Sim. Pray, Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not you go too.

Dap. I am engag'd.

Sir Sim. VVell, if we cannot have their Company, we will not have their Room, ours is a private back Room ; they have paid their reckoning, let's go thither again.

Flip. But pray, sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not go ; keep him,
Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. I cannot keep him. (*Exeunt Vin. Ran. Dap.*

*It is impossible ; (the World is so,)
One cannot keep ones Friend, and Mistress too.*

(*Ex. Omnes.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

St. James's-Park at Night.

Enter Ranger, Vincent, Dapperwit.

Ran. **H**Ang me if I am not pleas'd extreamly with his new fashion'd catter-wouling, this midnight coursing in the Park.

Vin. A Man may come after Supper with his three Bottles in his Head, reel himself sober, without reproof from his Mother, Aunt, or grave Relation.

Ran. May bring his Bashful Wench, and not have her put out of Countenance by the impudent honest Women of the Town.

Dap. And a Man of Wit may have the better of the dumb shew, of well trim'd Vest, or fair Peruque ; no Man's now is whitest.

Ran. And now no Woman's modest, or proud, for her blushes are hid, and the Rubies on her Lips are died, and all sleepy and glimmering Eyes have lost their Attraction.

Vin.

Vin. And now a Man may carry a Bottle under his Arm, instead of his Hat, and no observing Spruce Fop will miss the Crevat that lies on ones Shoulder, or count the Pimples on ones Face.

Dap. And now the brisk Repartee ruins the complaisant Cringe, or wise Grimace; something 'twas, we Men of virtue always lov'd the Night.

Ran. O blessed Season.

Vin. For good-Fellows.

Ran. For Lovers.

Dap. And for the Muses.

Ran. When I was Boy I lov'd the Night so well, I had a strong vocation to be a Bellman's Apprentice.

Vin. I a Drawer.

Dap. And I to attend the Waits of *Westminster*, let me perish.

Ran. But why do we not do the duty of this and such other places, walk, censure, and speak ill of all we meet?

Dap. 'Tis no fault of mine, let me perish.

Vin. Fye, fye, Satyrical Gentlemen, this is not your time, you cannot distinguish a Friend from a Fop.

Dap. No matter, no matter, they will deserve amongst 'em the worst we can say.

Ran. Who comes here, *Dapperwit*?

Dap. By the tofs of his Head, training of his

(People walking slowly over the Stage.)

Feet, and his Elbows playing at Bo-peep Behind his back, it should be my Lord *Easy*.

Ran. And who the Woman?

Dap. My Lord, what d'ye call's Daughter That had a Child by —

Vin. *Dapperwit*, hold your Tongue.

Ran. How, are you concern'd?

Vin. Her Brother's an Honett Fellow, and will drink his Glafs.

Ran. Prithee, *Vincent*, *Dapperwit* did not hinder drinking to night, though he spake against it; why then should you interrupt his Sport? now let him talk of any body.

Vin. So he will, till you cut his Throat.

Ran. Why shou'd you in all occasions thwart him, contemn him, and maliciously look grave at his jests only ?

Vin. Why do's he always rail against my Friends then, and my best Friend a Beer-glass ?

Ran. *Dapperwit*, be your own Advocate, my Game I think is before me there ? (*Exit Ran.*)

Dap. This *Ranger*, I think, has all the ill qualities, of all your Town Fops, leaving his Company for a spruce Lord, Or a Wench.

Vin. Nay, if you must rail at your own best Friends, I may forgive you railing at mine.

(*Lydia and my Lady Flippant walking over the Stage.*)

Lyd. False *Ranger*, shall I find thee here ? (*Aside.*)

Vin. Those are Women, are they not ? (*To Dap.*)

Dap. The least seems to be my *Lucy* sure. (*Aside.*)

Vin. Faith I think I dare speak to a Woman in the Dark, let's try.

Dap. They are Persons of Quality of my Acquaintance ; hold.

Vin. Nay, if they are Persons of Quality of your Acquaintance I may be the bolder with 'em.

(*The Ladies go off, they follow them ; Lydia and Flippant Re-enter.*)

Lyd. I come hither to make a discovery to Night.

Flip. Of my Love to you certainly ; for no body but you cou'd have debauch'd me to the Park certainly ; I wou'd not return another night, if it were to redeem my dear Husband from his Grave.

Lyd. I believe you, but to get another, Widow.

Flip. Another Husband, another Husband, fo !

Lyd. There does not pass a night here, but many a match is made.

Flip. That a Woman of Honour shou'd have the word Match in her mouth ; but, I hope, Madam, the Fellows do not make Honourable Love here, do they ? I abominate honourable Love, upon my Honour.

Lyd. If they should make honourable Love here, I know you would prevent 'em.

Vincent and Dapperwit Re-enter, and walks slowly towards them.

But here come two Men will inform you what to do.

Flip.

Flip. Do they come? are they Men certainly?

Lyd. Prepare for an Assault, they'l put you to't.

Flip. VWill they put us to't certainly? I was never put to't yet, if they shou'd put us to't, I should drop down down certainly.

Lyd. I believe, truly, you wou'd not have power to run away.

Flip. Therefore I will not stay the push, they come, they come, oh the Fellows come!

Flippant runs away, Lydia follows, and Vincent, and Dapperwit after them.

Flippant Re-enters at i'other door alone

So, I am got off clear: I did not run from the Men, but my Companion, for all their brags, Men have hardly Courage to set upon us, when our number is equal; now they shall see I defie 'em: For we Women have always most Courage when we are alone; but a Pox —— the lazie Rogues come not, or they are Drunk and cannot run. Oh drink, abominable drink! instead of inflaming Love, it quenches it, and for one Lover it encourages, it makes a Thousand impotent.

Curse on all Wine, even Rhenish VVine and Sugar ——

Enter Addleplot muffled in a Cloak.

But Fortune will not see me want, here comes a single Bully, I wish he may stand;

*For now a Nights the jostling Nymph is bolder,
Than modern Satyr with his Cloak o'er shoulder.*

VVell met, Sir.

(She puts on her Mask.

Sir Sim. How shall I know that, forsooth, who are you? do you know me?

Flip. VWho are you? don't you know me?

Sir Sim. Not I, Faith and Troth.

Flip. I am glad on't, for no Man e'er lik'd a VVoman the better for having known her before.

Sir Sim. I, but then one can't be so free with a new Acquaintance, as with an old one; she may deny one the Civility.

Flip. Not till you ask her.

Sir Sim. But I am afraid to be deny'd.

Flip. Let me tell you, Sir, you cannot dis-oblige us VVorren more, than in distrusting us.

Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. Pish, what shou'd one ask for, when you know on's meaning? but shall I deal freely with you?

Flip. I love of my Life Men should deal freely with me; there are so few Men will deal freely with one——

Sir Sim. Are you not a Fireship; a Punk, Madam?

Flip. VVell, Sir, I Love Raillery.

Sir Sim. Faith and Troth I do not raily, I deal freely.

Flip. This is the time and place for freedom, Sir.

Sir Sim. Are you handfom?

Flip. *Joan's* as good as my Lad^v in the dark, certainly; but Men that deal freely, never ask Questions, certainly.

Sir Sim. How then! I thought to deal freely, and put a Woman to the Question, had been all one.

Flip. But let me tell you, those that deal freely indeed, take a Woman by——

Sir Sim. VVhat, what, what, what?

Flip. By the hand, and, and lead her aside.

Sir Sim. Now I understand you, come along then.

Enter Torches and Musick at a distance.

Flip. VVhat unmannerly Rascals are those that bring light into the Park? 'twill not be taken well from 'em by the VVomen certainly; still disappointed—— *(Aside.*

Sir Sim. Oh the Fiddles, the Fiddles, I sent for them hither to oblige the VVomen, not to offend 'em; for I intend to Serenade the whole Park? to night; but my Frolick is not without an intrigue, Faith and Troth; for I know the Fiddles will call the whole Herd of vizard Masks together; and then shall I discover if a stray'd Mistress of mine be not amongst 'em, whom I treated to night at the *French-House*; but as soon as the Jilt had eat up my meat, and drank her two Bottles, she run away from me, and left me alone.

Flip. How! is it he! *Addleplot*, that I cou'd not know him by his Faith and Troth. *(Aside.*

Sir Sim. Now I wou'd understand her tricks, because I intend to Marry her, and shou'd be glad to know what I must trust to.

Flip. So thou shalt, but not yet. *(Aside.*

Sir Sim. Though I can give a great guess already; for if I have any intrigue or sense in me, she is as arrant a Jilt, as ever pull'd Pillow from under Husband's head, Faith and Troth:

Troth: Moreover she is bow-legg'd, hopper hipp'd, and betwixt Pomatum and Spanish Read, has a Complexion like a Holland Cheese, and no more Teeth left, than such as give a Hautsgoust to her breath; but she is rich (Faith and Troth.)

Flip. Oh Rascal! he has heard some body else say all this of me; but I must not discover my self, lest I should be disappointed of my revenge, for I will marry him. *(Aside.)*

The Torches and Musick approaching. (Ex. Flippant, Sir Sim. What gone? come then strike up my Lads.

(Enter Men and Women in Vizards, and Dance. Addleplot for the most part standing still in a Cloak and Vizard, but sometimes going about peeping and examining the Womens Cloaths; the Dance ended.

Exeunt Dancers, Torches, Musick, and Addleplot.

Enter Flippant, Lydia, after them Vincent, Dapperwit.

Flip. Nay, if you stay any longer I must leave you again. *(To Lydia)*

Vin. We have over-taken them at last again.

(Flip. going off.)

These are they: they separate too,
And that's but a challenge to us.

Dap. Let me perish, Ladies——

Lyd. Nay, good Madam, let's unite, now here's the common Enemy upon us.

Vin. Damn me, Ladies ——

Dap. Hold, a Pox you are too rough, let me Perish Ladies.

Lyd. Not for want of breath, Gentlemen, we'll stay rather.

Dap. For want of your favour rather, Sweet Ladies.

Flip. That's *Dapperwit*, false Villain; but he must not know I am here? if he should, I should lose his thrice agreeable Company, and he would run from me, as fast as from the Bayliffs. What you will not talk with 'em I hope?

Lyd. Yes, but I will.

Flip. Then you are a Park-Woman certainly, and you will take it kindly if I leave you.

Lyd. No, you must not leave me.

(Apart.)

Flip. Then you must leave them.

Lyd.

Lyd. I'll see if they are worse Company than you first.

Flip. Monstrous Impudence, will you not come ?

(Pulls Lydia.

Vin. Nay, Madam, I never suffer any violence to be us'd to a Woman, but what I do my self; she must stay, and you must not go.

Flip. Unhand me, you rude Fellow.

Vin. Nay, now I am sure you will stay and be kind; for coyness in a Woman is as little sign of true Modesty, as huffing in a Man, is of true Courage.

Dap. Use her gently, and speak soft things to her.

Lyd. Now I do guess I know my Coxcomb. (Aside.
Sir, I am extremely glad I am fallen into the hands of a Gentleman, that can speak soft things; and this is so fine a night to hear soft things in; Morning I shou'd have said.

Dap. It will not be Morning, dear Madam, till you pull off your Mask; that I think was brisk ——— (Aside.

Lyd. Indeed, dear Sir, my Face would frighten back the Sun.

Dap. With glories, more radiant than his own; I keep up with her, I think. (Aside.

Lyd. But why wou'd you put me to the trouble of lighting the World, when I thought to have gone to sleep ?

Dap. You only can do it, dear Madam, let me perish.

Lyd. But why wou'd you (of all Men) practice Treason against your Friend *Phæbus*, and depose him, for a meer Stranger ?

Dap. I think she knows me. (Aside.

Lyd. But he does not do you Justice I believe, and you are so positively cock-sure of your Wit, you wou'd refer to a meer stranger your Plea to the Bay-tree.

Dap. She jeers me, let me perish. (Aside.

Vin. Dapperwit, a little of your aid, for my Lady's invincibly dum.

Lyd. You'd mine had been so too. (Aside.

Vin. I have us'd as many Arguments to make her spake, as are requisite to make other Women hold their tongues.

Dap. Well, I am ready to change sides, yet before I go, Madam, since the Moon consents, now I shou'd see your Face; let me desire you to pull off your Mask, which to a handsome Lady is a favour, I'm sure.

Lyd.

Lyd. Truly, Sir, I must not be long in debt to you for the obligation; pray, let me hear you recite some of your Verses, which to a VVit, is a favour I'm sure.

Dap. Madam, it belongs to your Sex to be oblig'd first, pull off your mask, and I'll pull out my Paper.
Brisk again of my side. *(Aside.*

Lyd. 'Twou'd be in vain, for you would want a Candle now.

Dap. I dare not make use again of the lustre of her

(Aside.

Face: I'll VVait upon you home then, Madam.

Lyd. Faith no, I believe it will not be much to our advantages, to bring my Face or your Poetry to light, for I hope, you have yet a pretty good opinion of my Face, and so have I of your VVit; but if you are for proving your VVit, why do not you write a Play?

Dap. Because 'tis now no more Reputation to write a Play, than it is Honour to be a Knight; your true VVit despises the Title of Poet, as much as your true Gentleman the Title of Knight, for as a man may be a Knight and no Gentleman, so a man may be a Poet and no VVit, let me perish.

Lyd. Pray, Sir, how are you dignify'd or distinguish'd amongst the rates of VVits? and how many rates are there?

Dap. There are as many degrees of VVits, as of Lawyers; as there is first your Solicitor, then your Attorney, then your Pleading-Counsel, then your Chamber-Counsel, and then your Judge; so there is first your Court-VVit, your Coffee-Wit, your Poll-VVit, or Pollitick-VVit, your Chamber-VVit, or Scribble VVit, and last of all, your Judg-VVit, or Crittick.

Lyd. But are there as many Wits as Lawyers? Lord, what will become of us? what employment can they have? how are they known?

Dap. First, your Court-Wit is a fashionable, insinuating, flattering, cringing, gramacing, Fellow; and as Wit enough to solicit a suit of Love; and if he fail, he has malice enough to ruin the woman with a dull Lampoon, but he rails still at the man that is absent, for you must know, all Wits Rail; and his Wit properly lies in combing Peruques, matching Ribbons, and being severe, as they call it, upon other Peoples Cloaths.

Lyd.

Lyd. Now, what is the Coffee-Wit?

Dap. He is a lying, censorious, goffipping, quibbling Wretch, and sets People together by the Ears over that sober Drink, Coffee; he is a Wit, as he is a Comentator upon the Gazeete; and he Rails at the Pirates of *Algire*, the Grand Signior of *Constantinople*, and the Christian Grand Signior.

Lyd. What kind of Wit is your Poll-Wit?

Dap. He is a fidgeting, busie, dogmatical, hot-headed Fop, that speaks always in Sentences and Proverbs, (as other in Similitudes) and he Rails perpetually against the present Government; his Wit lies in Projects and Monopolies, and penning Speeches for young Parliament Men.

Lyd. But what is your Chamber-Wit, or Scribble-Wit?

Dap. He is a poring, melancholy, modest Sot, ashamed of the World; he searches all the Records of Wit, to compile a Breviate of them for the use of Players, Printers, Book sellers and sometimes Cooks, Tobacco-men; he employs his railing against the Ignorance of the Age, and all that have more Money than he.

Lyd. Now your last.

Dap. Your Judge-Wit or Critick, is all these together, and yet has the Wit to be none of them; he can think, speak, write, as well as all the rest, but scorns (himself a judge) to be judg'd by Pottery; he Rails at all the other Classes of Wits, and his Wit lies in damning all but himself: He is your true Wit.

Lyd. Then I suspect you are of his Form.

Dap. I cannot deny it Madam.

Vin. *Dapperwit*, you have been all this time on the wrong side, for you love to talk all, and here's a Lady wou'd not have hindred you.

Dap. A pox, I have been talking too long indeed here; for Wit is lost upon a tilly weak Woman, as well as Courage. (*Aside.*)

Vin. I have us'd all common means to move a Womans Tongue and Mask; I call'd her ugly, old, and old Acquaintance, and yet she wou'd not disprove me: but here comes *Ranger*, let him try what he can do, for since my Mistress is dogged, I'll go sleep alone. (*Exit.*)

Ranger

Ranger Enters.

Lyd. Ranger! 'tis he indeed; I am sorry he is here, but glad I discovered him before I went, yet he must not discover me, lest I should be prevented hereafter, in finding him out, false Ranger. *(Aside.)*

Nay, if they bring fresh force upon us, Madam, 'tis time to quit this Field. *(Ex. Lyd. Flip.)*

Ran. What, play with your Quarrey till it fly from you,

Dap. You frighten it away.

Ran. Ha! Is not one of those Ladies in mourning?

Dap. All Women are so by this light.

Ran. But you might easily discern it, don't you knew her?

Dap. No.

Ran. Did you talk with her?

Dap. Yes, she's one of your brisk silly Baggages.

Ran. 'Tis she, 'tis she, I was afraid I saw her before, let us follow 'em prithee make haste. *(Exeunt.)*

'Tis Lydia. *(Aside.)*

Lydia, my Lady Flippant returns at the other door, Ranger, Dapperwit, following them at a distance.

Lyd. They follow us yet I fear.

Flip. You do not fear it certainly, otherwise, you wou'd not have encouraged them.

Lyd. For Heavens sake, Madam, wave your quarrel a little; and let us pass by your Coach, and so on foot to your Acquaintance in the old *Pell-mell*; for I would not be discover'd by the Man that came up last to us. *(Exeunt.)*

The Scene changes to Christina's Lodging.

Enter Christina, Isabel.

Isa. For Heavens sake undress your self, Madam; they'll not return to night all People have left the Park an hour ago.

Chri. What is't a Clock?

Isa. 'Tis past one.

Chri. It cannot be.

Isa. I thought, that time had only stolen from happy Lovers; the Disconsolate have nothing to do but to tell the Clock.

Chri. I can only keep account with my Misfortunes.

Isa. I am glad they are not innumerable.

Chri. And truly my undergoing so often your impertinency, is not the least of them.

Isa. I am then more glad, Madam, for then they cannot be great, and it is in my power, it seems, to make you in part happy, if I could but hold this villanous Tongue of mine, but then let the People of the Town hold their Tongues if they will, for I cannot but tell you what they say.

Chri. What do they say?

Isa. Faith, Madam, I am afraid to tell you, now I think on't.

Chri. Is it so ill?

Isa. O, such base unworthy things.

Chri. Do they say, I was really *Clerimont's* Wench as he boasted; and that the ground of the quarrel betwixt *Valentine* and him, was not *Valentine's* Vindication of my honour, but *Clerimont's* jealousie of him.

Isa. Worse, worse a Thousand times, such Villanous things to the utter ruin of your Reputation.

Chri. What are they?

Isa. Faith, Madam, you'll be Angry, 'tis the old trick of Lovers to hate their Informers, after they have made 'em such.

Chri. I will not be Angry.

Isa. They say then, since Mr. *Valentine's* flying into *France*, you are grown mad, have put your self into Mourning, live in a dark Room, where you'll see no body, nor take any rest day or night, but rave and talk to your self perpetually.

Chri. Now what else?

Isa. But the surest sign of your madness, is, they say, because you are desperately resolv'd (in case my Lord *Clerimont* should dye of his wounds) to Transport your self and Fortune into *France*, to Mr. *Valentine*, a Man that has not a Groat to return you in Exchange.

Chri. All this hitherto, is true; now to the rest.

Isa. Indeed Madam, I have no more to tell you, I was sorry, I'm sure, to hear so much of any Lady of mine.

Chri. Insupportable Insolence.

Isa. This is some Revenge for my want of Sleep to Night; so I hope my old Second is come; 'tis seasonable Relief.

(Aside. (Knocking at the Door.

Chri. Unhappy *Valentine*, cou'dst thou but *(Ex. Isabella* see how soon thy Absence, and Misfortunes have disbanded all thy Friends, and turn'd thy Slaves all Renegado's, thou sure wou'dst prize my only faithful Heart. *Enter*

Enter my Lady Flippant, Lydia, Isabel, to her.

Flip. Hail faithful Shepherdes; but truly, I had not kept my word with you, in coming back to Night, if it had not been for this Lady, who has her intrigues too with the Fellows, as well as you.

Lyd. Madam, under my Lady *Flippants* Protection, I am confident to beg yours; being just now pursu'd out of the Park by a Relation of mine, by whom it imports me extreamly not to be discover'd; but I fear he is now at the door.

(Knocking at the door.)

Let me desire you to deny me to him couragiously,

(To Isabel going out.)

For he will hardly believe he can be mistaken in me.

Cbri. In such an occasion where impudence is requisite, she will serve you, as faithfully as you can with, Madam.

Flip. Come, come, Madam, do not upbraid her with her assurance, a qualification that only fits her for a Ladies Service; a fine Woman of the Town, can be no more without a Woman that can make an excuse with an Assurance, than she can be without a Glass certainly.

Cbri. She needs no Advocate.

Flip. How can any one alone manage an Amorous Intrigue; tho' the Birds are tame, some Body must help draw the Net; if 'twere not for a Woman that could make an excuse with assurance, how shou'd we weedle, jilt, trace, discover, countermine, undermine, and blow up the stinking Fellows, which is all the pleasure I receive, or design by them; for I never admitted a Man to my Conversation, but for his Punishment certainly.

Cbri. No body will doubt that certainly.

Isabel Returns.

Isa. Madam, the Gentleman will not be mistaken, he says you are here, he saw you come in; he is your Relation, his Name's *Ranger*, and is come to wait upon you home; I had much ado to keep him from coming up.

Lyd. Madam, for Heavens sake help me, 'tis yet in your Power, if but while I retire into your Dining-room, you will please to personate me,

(To Christina)

and own your self, for her he pursu'd out of the Park; you are in Mourning too, and your Stature so much mine, it will not contradict you.

Chri. I am sorry, Madam, I must dispute any Command of yours; I have made a Resolution to see the Face of no Man, till an Unfortunate Friend of mine, now out of the Kingdom, return.

Lyd. By that Friend, and by the Hopes you have to see him, let me conjure you to keep me from the sight of mine now; Dear Madam, let your Charity prevail over your Superstition.

Isa. He comes, he comes, Madam.

Ranger Enters.

Lydia withdraws, and stands unseen at the door.

Ran. Ha! this is no *Lydia*.

Chri. What unworthy Defamer has encourag'd you to offer this Insolence.

Ran. She is liker *Lydia* in her Stile, than her Face; I see I am mistaken, but to tell her I follow'd her for another, were an Affront, rather than an Excuse; she's a glorious Creature.

(Aside.

Chri. Tell me, Sir, whence had you Reason, for this your rude pursuit of me, into my Lodgings, my Chamber; why should you follow me?

Ran. Faith, Madam, because you run away from me.

Chri. That was no sign of an Acquaintance.

Ran. You'll pardon me, Madam.

Chri. Then it seems you mistook me for another, and the Night is your Excuse, which blots out all Distinctions: But now you are satisfied in your mistake, I hope, you will seek out your Woman in another place.

Ran. Madam, I allow not the Excuse you make for me; if I have Offended, I will rather be Condemn'd for my Love, than Pardon'd for my Insensibility.

Lyd. How's that?

(Behind.

Chri. What do you say?

Ran. Though the night had been darker, my heart wou'd not have suffer'd me to follow any one but you; he has been too long acquainted with you, to mistake you.

Lyd. What means this tenderness; he mistook me for her sure?

(Behind.

Chri. What says the Gentleman? did you know me then, Sir?

Ran.

Ran. Not I, the Devil take me, but I must on now.

(*Aside.*)

Cou'd you imagine, Madam, by the innumerable crowd of your Admirers, you had left any Man free in the Town, or ignorant of the Power of your Beauty?

Cbri. I never saw your face before, that I remember.

Ran. Ah Madam! you wou'd never regard your humb'lest Slave; I was till now a modest Lover.

Lyd. Falsest of Men.

(*Behind.*)

Cbri. My Woman said, you came to seek a Relation here, not a Mistress.

Ran. I must confess, Madam I thought you wou'd sooner disprove my dissembled Errour, than admit my Visit, and was resolv'd to see you.

Lyd. 'Tis clear.

(*Behind.*)

Ran. Indeed, when I follow'd you first out of the Park, I was afraid you might have been a certain Relation of mine, for your Statures and Habits are the same; but when you enter'd here, I was with joy convinc'd: Besides, I would not for the World have given her troublesome Love, so much encouragement, to have disturb'd my future Addresses to you; for the Foolish Woman do's perpetually torment me, to make our Relation nearer; but never more in Vain, than since I have seen you, Madam.

Lyd. How shall I suffer this? 'tis clear he disappointed me to night for her, and made me stay at home, that I might not disappoint him of her Company in the Park.

(*Behind.*)

Cbri. I am amaz'd! but let me tell you, Sir, if the Lady were here, I wou'd satisfy her; the sight of me shou'd never frustrate her ambitious designs upon her cruel Kinsman.

Lyd. I wish you cou'd satisfy me.

(*Behind.*)

Ran. If she were here, she wou'd satisfy you, she were not capable of the Honour to be taken for you (though in the dark) faith, my Cousin is but a tolerable Woman to a man that had not seen you.

Cbri. Sure to my Plague, this is the first time you ever saw me?

Ran. Sure to the Plague of my poor heart, 'tis not the hundredth time I have seen you; for since the time I saw you first, you have not been at the Park, Play-house, Exchange, or other publick

lick place, but I saw you ; for it was my business to watch and follow.

Cbri. Pray, when did you see me last at the *Park, Play-House, or Exchange ?*

Ran. Some two, three days, or a Week ago.

Cbri. I have not been this Month out of this Chamber.

Lyd. That is to delude me. (*Behind.*)

Cbri. I knew you were mistaken.

Ran. You'll pardon a Lovers Memory, Madam

A Pox, I have hang'd my self in my own line, one would think, my perpetual ill luck in lying, should break me of the quality ; but like a losing Gamster, I am still for pushing on, till none will trust me. (*Aside.*)

Cbri. Come, Sir, you run out of one Errour into a greater, you would Excuse the rudeness of your mistake, and intrusion at this hour, into my Lodgings with your gallantry to me, more unseasonable and offensive.

Ran. Nay, I am in love I see, for I blush, and have not a word to say for my self.

Cbri. But, Sir, if you will needs play the Gallant, pray leave my House before Morning, lest you shou'd be seen go hence to the scandal of my Honour.

Cbri. Rather than that shou'd be, I'll call up the House and Neighbours to bear witness, I bid you be gone.

Ran. Since you take a night visit so ill, Madam, I will never wait upon you again, but by day ; I go, that I may hope to return, and for once, I wish you a good night without me.

Cbri. Good night, for as long as I live. (*Ex. Ranger.*)

Lyd. And good night to my love, I'm sure. (*Behind.*)

Cbri. Though I have done you an inconsiderable service, I assure you,

Madam, you are not a little oblig'd to me.

Pardon me, dear *Valentine.* (*Aside.*)

Lyd. I know not yet, whether I am more oblig'd than injur'd ; when I do, I assure you, Madam, I shall not be insensible of either.

Cbri. I fear, Madam, you are as liable to mistakes as your Kinsman.

Lyd. I fear, I am more subject to 'em, it may be for want of sleep, therefore I'll go home.

Cbri.

Chri. My Lady *Flippant*, good Night.

Flip. Good Night, or rather good Morrow, faithful Shepherdes.

Chri. I'll wait of you down.

Lyd. Your Coach stays yet, I hope.

Flip. Certainly.

The Scene, The Street.

Enter Ranger, and Dapperwit.

Dap. I was a faithful Centinel, no body came out, let me perish.

Ran. No, no, I hunted upon a wrong scent ; I thought I had follow'd a Woman, but found her an Angel.

Dap. What is her Name ?

Ran. That you must tell me ; What very fine Woman is there lies hereabouts ?

Dap. Faith, I know not any, she is I warrant you some fine Woman, of a Terms standing or so in the Town ; such as seldom appear in publick, but in their Balconies, where they stand so constantly, one wou'd think they had hir'd no other part of the House.

Ran. And look like the Pictures, which Painters expose to draw in Customers ; but I must know who she is, *Vincent's* Lodging is hard by, I'll go and enquire of him, and lye with him to night ; but if he will not let me, I'll lye with you, for my Lodging is too far off——

Dap. Then I will go before, and expect you at mine. (*Ex.*)

The Scene, Vincent's Lodging.

Enter Vincent, and Valentine, in a riding Habit, as newly from a Journey.

Vin. Your Mistrefs, dear *Valentine*, will not be more glad to see you ; but my wonder is no less than my joy, that you wou'd return ere you were inform'd *Clerimont* were out of Danger ; his Surgeons themselves, have not been assur'd of his recovery till within these two days.

Val. I fear'd my Mistrefs, not my Life ; my Life I cou'd trust again with my old Enemy, Fortune ; but not longer,

my Mistress, in the hands of my greater Enemies, her Relations.

Vin. Your fear was in the wrong Place then, for though my Lord *Clerimont* live, he and his Relations, may put you in more Danger of your life, than your Mistresses Relations can of losing her.

Val. Wou'd any cou'd secure her, I wou'd my self secure my Life, for I shou'd value it then.

Vin. Come, come, her Relations can do you no hurt; I dare swear, if her Mother shou'd but say, your Hat did not cock handsomly, she wou'd never ask her Blessing again.

Val. Prithee leave thy fooling, and tell me, if since my departure, She has given evidences of her Love, to clear those doubts I went away with; for as absence is the bane of common and bastard Love; 'tis the vindication of that, which is true and generous.

Vin. Nay, if you cou'd ever doubt her Love, you deserve to doubt on; for there is no punishment great enough for jealousy, but jealousy.

Val. You may remember, I told you before my flight, I had quarrell'd with the defamer of my Mistress, but thought I had kill'd my Rival.

Vin. But pray give me now the Answer, which the suddenness of your flight deny'd me; how cou'd *Clerimont* hope to subdue her heart, by the assault of her Honour?

Val. Pish, it might be the Stratagem of a Rival, to make me desist.

Vin. For shame, if 'twere not rather to vindicate her, than satisfy you, I wou'd not tell you, how like a *Penelope* she has behav'd her in your absence.

Val. Let me know.

Vin. Then know, the next day you went, she put her self into mourning, and —

Val. That might be for *Clerimont*, thinking him dead, as all the World besides thought.

Vin. Still turning the Daggers point on your self, hear me out; I say she put her self into Mourning for you — lock'd her self in her Chamber, this Month for you — shut out her barking Relations for you — has not seen the Sun or the Face of Man, since she saw you — thinks, and talks of nothing but

but you——sends to me daily to hear of you—and in short (I think) is mad for you——all this I can swear, for I am to her so near a Neighbour, and so inquisitive a Friend for you——

Servant to them.

Ser. Mr. Ranger, Sir, is coming up.

Vin. What brings him now? he comes to lye with me.

Val. Who, *Ranger*?

Vin. Yes, pray retire a little, till I send him off, unless you have a mind to have your arrival publish'd to morrow, in the Coffee-Houses.

Ran. What, not yet a-bed? your Man is laying you to sleep.

(Valentine retires to the door behind.)

with Usquebaugh or Brandy, is he not so?

Vin. What Punk will not be troubled with you to night, therefore I am, is it not so?

Ran. I have been turn'd out of doors indeed just now, by a Woman, but such a Woman, *Vincent*——

Vin. Yes, yes, your Women are always such Women——

Ran. A Neighbour of yours, and I'm sure the finest you have.

Vin. Prithee do not asperse my Neighbourhood with your Acquaintance; 'twould bring a Scandal upon a Alley.

Ran. Nay I do not know her, therefore I come to you.

Vin. 'Twas no wonder she turn'd you out of doors then; and if she had known you, 'twould have been a wonder she had let you stay; but where does she live?

Ran. Five Doors off on the right hand.

Vin. Pish, pish——

Ran. What's the matter?

Vin.——Does she live there, do you say?

Ran. Yes, I observ'd them exactly, that my account from you, might be as exact; do you know who lives there?

Vin. Yes, so well, that I know you are mistaken.

Ran. Is she not a young Lady scarce eighteen, of extraordinary Beauty, her stature next to low, and in Mourning?

Val. What is this?

(Behind.)

Vin. She is; but if you saw her, you broke in at Window.

Ran. I chas'd her home from the Park, indeed, taking her for another Lady who had some claim to my heart, 'till she shew'd a better title to't.

Vin.

Vin. Hah, hah, hah.

Val. Was she at Park then? and have I a new Rival?

(*Behind.*)

Vin. From the Park did you follow her, do you say, I knew you were mistaken.

Ran. I tell you I am not.

Vin. If you are sure, it was that House, it might be perhaps her Woman stolen to the Park, unknown to her Lady.

Ran. My Acquaintance does usually begin with the Maid first, but now 'twas with the Mistress, I assure you.

Vin. The Mistress! I tell you, she has not been out of her doors since *Valentine's* flight; she is his Mistress, the great Heiress *Christina*.

Ran. I tell you then again I follow'd that *Christina*, from the Park home, where I talk'd with her half an hour, and intend to see her to Morrow again.

Val. Would she talk with him too?

(*Behind.*)

Vin. It cannot be.

Ran. *Christina*, do you call her? Faith I am sorry she is an Heiress, lest it should bring the Scandal of interest, and design of Lucre upon my Love.

Vin. No, no, her Face and Virtues will free you from that censure; but however, 'tis not fairly done to Rival your Friend *Valentine* in his absence; and when he is present, you know 'twill be dangerous, by my Lord *Clerimont's* Example; faith if you have seen her, I would not advise you to attempt it again.

Ran. You may be merry, Sir, you are not in Love; your advice I come not for, nor will I for your assistance; good Night.

Val. Here's your *Penelope*, the Woman that (*Ex. Ranger.*) had not seen the Sun, nor Face of Man, since my departure; for it seems she goes out in the night, when the Sun is absent, and faces are not distinguish'd.

Vin. Why, do you believe him?

Val. Shou'd I believe you?

Vin. 'Twere more for your interest, and you wou'd be less deceiv'd; if you believe him, you must doubt the Chastity of all the fine Women in Town, and five miles about.

Val. His reports of them, will little invalidate his testimony with me.

Vin.

Vin. He spares not the Innocents in Bibs and Aprons (I'll secure you) he has made (at best) some gross mistake concerning *Christina*, which to Morrow will discover; in the mean time let us go sleep.

Val. I will not hinder you, because I cannot enjoy it my self;
Hunger, Revenge, to sleep are pretty Foes,
But only Death the jealous Eyes can close. (Exeunt.)

ACT III. SCENE I.

Crossbite's House.

Enter Mrs. Joyner, Mrs. Crossbite.

Joyner. **G**OOD Morrow Gossip.
Crossbite. Good Morrow; but why up so early, good Gossip?

Joyner. My care and passionate concern for you, and yours, wou'd not let me rest (in truly.)

Crossbite. For me and mine?

Joyner. You know, we have known one another long; I think it be some nine and thirty Years since you were married.

Crossbite. Nine and Thirty Years old, Mistress? I'd have you to know, I am no far born Child; and if the Register had not been burn'd in the last great Fire, alas; but my Face needs no Register sure: Nine and Thirty Years old, said you?

Joyner. I said you had been so long Married; but indeed, you bear your years as well as any she in *Pepper-Alley*.

Crossbite. Nine and Thirty, Mistress?

Joyner. This it is; a Woman, now-adays, had rather you should find her faulty with a Man, I warrant you, than discover her Age, I warrant you.

Crossbite. Marry and 'tis the greatest secret far; tell a Miser he is Rich, and a Woman she is old; you will get no Money of him, nor Kindness of her: To tell me I was Nine and Thirty, (I say no more) 'twas Unneighbourly done of you, Mistress.

Joyner.

Joy. My Memory confesses my Age, it seems, as much as my Face, for I thought ———

Cros. Pray talk, nor think no more any ones Age; but say, what brought you hither so early?

Joy. How does my sweet God-daughter? Poor Wretch.

Cros. Well, very well.

Joy. Ah sweet Creature; alas, alas, I am sorry for her.

Cros. Why, what has she done to deserve your Sorrow, or my Reprehension?

Lucy comes to the door.

Lucy. What, are they talking of me? (*Behind.*)

Joy. In short she was seen going into the Meeting-house of the Wicked, otherwise call'd a Play-house, hand in hand, with that vile fellow *Dapperwit*.

Cros. Mr. *Dapperwit*; let me tell you, if 'twere not for Master *Dapperwit*, we might have liv'd all this Vacation upon Green-Cheese, Tripe, and Ox-cheek; if he had it, we should not want it; but poor Gentleman, it often goes hard with him, for he's a Wit.

Joy. So then, you are the Dog to be fed, while the House is broken up; I say beware, the sweet bits you swallow, will make your Daughter's Belly swell, Mistress; and after all your Junkets, there will be a bone for you to pick, Mistress.

Cros. Sure, Master *Dapperwit* is no such manner of Man?

Joy. He is a Wit, you say, and what are Wits? but contemptners of Matrons, Seducers, or Defamers of married Women, and Desflourers of helpless Virgins, even in the Streets, upon the very Bulks; Affronters of midnight Magistracy, and Breakers of Windows in a word.

Cros. But he is a little Wit, a modest Wit, and they do no such outrageous things as your great Wits do.

Joy. Nay, I dare say, he will not say himself he is a little Wit, if you ask him.

Lucy. Nay I cannot hear this with Patience; with your (*Aside.*) Pardon, Mother, you are as much mistaken as my God-mother in Mr. *Dapperwit*; for he is as great a Wit as any and in what he speaks or writes, as happy as any; I can assure you, he contemns all your tearing Wits, in comparison of himself.

Joy. Alas, poor young Wretch, I cannot blame thee so much as thy Mother, for thou art not thy self; his bewitching

witching Madrigals have charm'd thee into some Heathenish Imp with a hard name.

Lucy. Nymph, you mean, God-mother.

Foyn. But you Gossip, know what's what; Yesterday, as I told you, a fine Old Alderman of the City, seeing your Daughter in so ill hands as *Dapperwit's*, was zealously, and in pure Charity, bent upon her Redemption; and has sent me to tell you, he will take her into his care, and relieve your necessities, if you think good.

Cros. Will he relieve all our necessities?

Foyn. All.

Cros. Mine, as well my Daughter's?

Foyn. Yes.

Cros. Well fare his heart; d'ye hear Daughter, Mrs. *Foyn-er* has satisfy'd me clearly; *Dapperwit* is a vile Fellow, and in short, you must put an end to that scandalous familiarity between you.

Lucy. Leave sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*—Oh furious ingratitude! was not he the Man that gave me my first Farrendon Gown, put me out of Worsted Stockings, and plain Handkerchiefs, taught me to dress, talk and move well?

Cros. He has taught you talk indeed; but, Huswife, I will not have my pleasure disputed.

Foyn. Nay, indeed you are too tart with her, poor sweet Soul.

Lucy. He taught me to Rehearse too, wou'd have brought me into the Play-house, where I might have had as good luck as others: I might have had good Cloaths, Plate, Jewels, and things so well about me; that my Neighbours, the little Gentlemens Wives, of Fifteen Hundred, or Two Thousand Pounds a year, should have retir'd into the Country, sick with envy, of my Prosperity and Greatness.

Foyn. If you follow your Mother's Counsel, you are like to enjoy all you talk of sooner, than by *Dapperwit's* assistance; a poor Wretch that goes on tick for the Paper he writes his *Lampoons* on; and the very Ale and Coffee that inspires him as they say.

Cros. I am credibly informed so, indeed, Madam *Foyn-er*.

Foyn. Well, I have discharg'd my Conscience; good Morrow to you both.

Enter

Enter Dapperwit, Ranger; Crossbite's Dining-Room.

Dap. This is the Cabinet in which I hide my Jewel, a small House, in an obscure, little, retired street too.

Ran. Vulgarly an Alley.

Dap. Nay, I hide my Mistress with as much Care, as a Spark of the Town do's his Money from his Dun, after a good hand of Play; and nothing but you cou'd have wrought upon me for a fight of her, let me perish.

Ran. My obligation to you is great; do not lessen it by delays, of the favour you promised.

Dap. But do not censure my Honour, for if you had not been in a desperate condition ——— for as one nail must beat out another, one poyson expel another, one fire draw out another, one fit of drinking cure the sickness of another; so the Surfeit you took last Night of *Christina's* Eyes, shall be cured by *Lucy's* this Morning, or as ———

Ran. Nay, I bar more Similitudes.

Dap. What, in my Mistress's Lodging? that were as hard as to bar a young Parson in the Pulpit, the fifth of *November*, railing at the Church of *Rome*; or as hard to put you to Bed to *Lucy*, and defend you touching her; or as. ———

Ran. Or as hard as to make you hold your Tongue ——— I shall not see your Mistress, I see?

Dap. Miss *Lucy*, Miss *Lucy* ———

[*Knocks at the door, and returns:*

the Devil take me, if good Men (I say no more) have not been upon their knees to me, to see her, and you at last must obtain it.

Ran. I do not believe you.

Dap. 'Tis such as she, she is beautiful, without affectation; amorous without impertinency; airy, and brisk without impudence; frolick without rudeness; and in a word, the justest Creature breathing to her assignation.

Ran. You praise her, as if you had a mind to part with her; and yet you resolve, I see, to keep her to your self.

Dap. Keep her, poor Creature, she cannot leave me; and rather than leave her, I wou'd leave writing Lampoons or Sonnets almost.

Ran. Well, I'll leave you with her then.

Dap.

Dap. What, will you go without seeing her ?

Ran. Rather than stay without seeing her.

Dap. Yes, yes, you shall see her ; but let me perish if I have not been offered a Hundred Guinies for a sight of her ; by——
I say no more.

Ran. I understand you now ; if the favour be to be purchased, then I'll bid all I have about me for't. *(Aside.*

Dap. Fye, fye, Mr. *Ranger*, you are pleasant 'ifaith ; do you think I would sell the sight of my *Rarity* ? like those Gentlemen who hang out *Flags* at *Charing-Cross*, or like——

Ran. Nay, then I'm gone again.

Dap. What, you take it ill I refuse your Money ? rather than that shou'd be, give us it ; but take notice I will borrow it ; now I think on't, *Lucy* wants a *Gown*, and some *Knacks*.

Ran. Here.

Dap. But I must pay it you again ; I will not take it, unless you engage your honour, I shall pay it you again.

Ran. You must pardon me ; I will not engage my honour for such a trifle ; go fetch her out.

Dap. Well, she's a ravishing Creature, such *Eyes* and *Lips*.
Mr. Ranger.

Ran. Prithee go.

Dap. Such *Neck* and *Breasts*, Mr. *Ranger*.

Ran. Again, prithee go.

Dap. Such *Feet*, *Legs*, and *Thighs*, Mr. *Ranger*.

Ran. Prithee let me see 'em.

Dap. And a *Mouth* no bigger than a *Ring* ; I need say no more.

Ran. Wou'd thou wer't never to speak again.

Dap. And then so neat, so sweet a Creature in *Bed*, than to my knowledge, she do's not change her *Sheets* in half a year.

Ran. I thank you for that allay to my impatience.

Dap. Miss *Lucy*, Miss *Lucy*, Miss. *(Knocking at the door.*

Ran. Will she not open ?

Dap. I am afraid, my pretty Miss is not stirring, and therefore will not admit us.

Dap. Fye; fye, a quibble next your stomach in a Morning ; what if she shou'd hear us, wou'd you lose a *Mistress* for a quibble ? that's more than I cou'd do, let me perish.

Ran.

Ran. Is she not gone her walk to *Lambs-Conduit* ?

Dap. She is within, I hear her.

Ran. But she will not hear you ; she's as deaf, as if you were a Dun or a Constable.

Dap. Pish, give her but leave to gape, rub her Eyes, and put on her day Pinner ; the long patch under the left Eye : awaken the Roses on her Cheeks, with some Spanish Wooll, and warrant her breath with some Lemmon Peel ; the doors flie off of the hindges, and she into my Arms ; she knows there is as much Artifice to keep a victory, as to gain it ; and 'tis a sign she values the conquest of my heart.

Ran. I thought her Beauty had not stood in need of Art.

Dap. Beauty's a Coward, still with out the help of Art, and may have the fortune of a Conquest, but cannot keep it ; Beauty and Art can no more be asunder, than Love and Honour.

Ran. Or to speak more like your self, Wit and Judgment.

Dap. Don't you hear the door wag yet ?

Ran. Not a whit.

Dap. Miss, Miss, 'tis your slave that calls ; come, all this Tricking for him ; lend me your Comb, Mr. *Ranger*.

Ran. No, I am to be preferred to day, you are to set me off ; you are in Possession ; I will not lend you Arms to keep me out——

Dap. A Pox, don't let me be ungrateful ; if she has smugg'd her self up for me, let me Prune, and Flounce my Peruque a little for her ; there's ne'er a young fellow in the Town but will do as much for a meer stranger in the Play-house.

Ran. A Wits Wig has the priviledge of being uncomb'd in the very Play-house, or in the presence——

Dap. But not in the presence of his Mistress ; 'tis a greater neglect of her than himself ; pray lend me your Comb.

Ran. I wou'd not have men of Wit, and Courage, make use of every Fops mean Arts, to keep, or gain a Mistress.

Dap. But don't you see every day, though a Man have never so much Wit and Courage, his Mistress will revolt to those Fops that wear, and Comb Peruques well ; I'll break off the Bargain, and will not receive you, my Partner.

Ran. Therefore you see I am setting up for my self.

(Combs his Peruque)

Dap. She comes, she comes, pray, your Comb.

(Snatches Ranger's Comb.

Enter Mrs. Crofbite to them.

Crof. Bargain, what are you offering us to sale?

Dap. A Pox, it's she? here take your Comb again then.

(Returns the Comb.

Crof. Wou'd you sell us? 'tis like you y'fads.

Dap. Sell thee, where shou'd we find a Chapman? go prithee Mother, call out my Dear Miss Lucy.

Crof. Your Miss Lucy; I do not wonder you have the Conscience to Bargain for us behind our backs, since you have the impudence to claim a propriety in us to my Face.

Ran. How's this, Dapperwit;

Dap. Come, come, this Gentleman will not think the worse of a Woman, for my Acquaintance with her; he has seen me bring your Daughter to the Lure with a Chiney-Orange, from one side of the Play-house to the other.

Crof. I wou'd have the Gentleman, and you to know, my Daughter is a Girl of Reputation, though she has been seen in your Company; but is now so sensible of her past danger, that she is resolv'd never more to venture her Pitcher to the Well, as they say.

Dap. How's that Widow? I wonder at your confidence.

Crof. I wonder at your old Impudence, that where you have had so frequent repulses, you shou'd provoke another, and bring your Friend here to witness your disgrace.

Dap. Hark you Widow a little.

Crof. What, have you Mortgaged my Daughter to that Gentleman; and now wou'd offer me a snip to joyn in the security.

Dap. She over heard me talk of a bargain; 'twas unlucky.

(Aside.

your wrath is grounded upon a Mistake: Miss Lucy her self shall be judge, call her out pray.

Crof. She shall not, she will not come to you.

Dap. Till I hear it from her own mouth, I cannot believe it.

Crof. You shall hear her say't through the door.

Dap. I shall doubt it, unless she say it to my Face.

Crof. Shall we be troubled with you no more then?

Dap. If she command my death, I cannot dis-obey her.

Cros. 'Come out, Child.

(*Lucy (holding down her head) to them.*)

Dap. Your Servant, dearest Miss, can you have? —

Cros. Let me ask her.

Dap. No I'll ask her.

Ran. I'll throw up *Cros* or *Pile* who shall ask her.

Dap. Can you have the heart to say, you will never more break a Cheese-cake with me, at New Sprink-garden, the Neat-house or *Chelsy*; never more sit in my Lap at a New Play; never more to wear a suit of Knots of my choice; and last of all, never more pass away an Afternoon with me again, in the Green-Garret? in — do not forget the Green-Garret.

Lucy. I wish I had never seen the Green-Garret; Damn the Green-Garret.

Dap. Damn the Green-Garret, you are strangely alter'd.

Lucy. 'Tis you are alter'd.

Dap. You have refus'd *Colby's* Mulberry-Garden, the *French*-houses, for the Green-Garret; and a little something in the Green-Garret, pleas'd you more than the best Treat the other Places cou'd yield; and can you of a sudden quit the Green-Garret?

Lucy. Since you have a design to Pawn me for the Rent, 'tis time to remove my Goods.

Dap. Thou art extreamly mistaken.

Lucy. Besides, I have heard such strange things of you this Morning.

Dap. What things?

Lucy. I blush to speak 'em.

Dap. I know my Innocence, therefore take my charge as a favour; what have I done?

Lucy. Then know, vile Wit, my Mother has confess'd just now, thou wer't false to me, to her too certain knowledge; and hast forc'd even her to be false to me too.

Dap. Faults in drink, *Lucy*, when we are not our selves, shou'd not condemn us.

Lucy. And now to let me out to hire like Hackney; I tell you my own dear Mother shall bargain for me no more; there are as little as I can bargain for themselves now a-days, as well as properer Women.

Cros.

Cros. Whispering all this while ; beware of his snares again, come away, Child.

Dap. Sweet, dear, *Miss.*

Lucy. Bargain for me ; you have reckon'd without your Hostels, as they say bargain for me, bargain for me.

(Exit Lucy.)

Dap. I must return then, to treat with you.

Cros. Treat me no Treatings, but take a word for all ; you shall no more dishonour my Daughter, nor molest my Lodgings, as you have done at all hours.

Dap. Do you intend to change 'em, then, to *Bridewel*, or *Longs powdering-Tub*.

Cros. No, to a Baliffs House, and then you'll be so civil, I presume, as not to trouble us.

Ran. Here, will you have my Comb again, *Dapperwit*.

Dap. A Pox, I think Women take inconstancy from me, worse than from any Man breathing.

Cros. Pray, Sir, forget me, before you write your next Lampoon. *(Ex. Cros.)*

Sir Simon Addleplot in the dress of a Clark.

To Ranger and Dapperwit.

Sir Sim. Have I found you ? have I found you, in your by-walks, Faith and Troth ? I am almost out of breath in following you ; Gentlemen when they get into an Alley, walk so fast, as if they had more earnest business there, than in the broad streets.

Dap. How came this Sot hither ? Fortune has sent him to ease my choler. *(Aside.)*

You impudent Rascal, who are you ? that dare intrude thus on us. *(Strikes him.)*

Sir Sim. Don't you know me *Dapperwit* ? sure you know me. *(Softly.)*

Dap. Wilt thou dishonour me with thy Acquaintance too ? thou rascally, insolent, Pen and Ink-man,

(Strikes him again.)

Sir Sim. Oh, oh sure ; you know me, pray know me.

(Speak softly.)

Dap. By the sawcy familiarity, thou shou'd be a Marker at a Tennis-Court, a Barber or a Slave that fills Coffee.

Sir Sim. Oh ! oh !

Dap. What art thou?

(Kicks him.)

Sir Sim. Nay, I must not discover my self to *Ranger*, for a Kick or two; oh, pray hold, Sir, by that you will know me.

(Delivers him a Letter.)

Dap. How, *Sir Simon*!

Sir Sim. Mum, mum, make no excuses, Man, I wou'd not *Ranger* shou'd have known me for five hundred Kicks.

Dap. Your disguise is so natural, I protest, it will excuse me.

Sir Sim. I know that, prithee make no excuses, I say; no Ceremony between thee and I, Man; read the Letter.

Dap. What, you have not open'd it?

Sir Sim. Prithee don't be angry, the Seal is a little Crack'd; for I cou'd not help kissing Mrs. *Martha's*, Letter, the word is, now or never, her Father she finds will be abroad all this day, and she longs to see your friend *Sir Simon Addleplot*: Faith 'tis a pretty jest; While I am with her, and praising my self to her, at no ordinary rate; let thee and I alone, at an Intrigue.

Dap. Tell her, I will not fail to meet her, at the place, and time, have a care of your charge; and manage your business like your self, for your self.

Sir Sim. I warrant you.

Dap. The gaining *Gripe's* Daughter, will make me support the loss of this young Jilt here.

(Aside.)

Ran. What fellow's that?

Dap. A Servant to a Friend of mine.

Ran. Methinks he something resembles our Acquaintance, *Sir Simon*, but it is no complement to tell him so; for that Knight is the most egregious Coxcomb, that ever plaid with Ladies Fan.

Sir Sim. So; thanks to my disguise, I know my Enemies,

(Aside.)

Ran. The most incorrigible Afs, beyond the reproof of a Kicking Rival, or a frowning Mistress; but if it be possible, thou dost use him worse than his Mistress, or Rival can; thou dost make such a Culley of him.

Sir Sim. Do's he think so too?

(Aside.)

Dap.

Dap. Go, friend, go, about your business,

(*Ex Sir Simon.*

a **Pox**, you wou'd spoil all, just in the critical time of projection, he brings me here a Summons from his Mistress, to meet her in the Evening; will you come to my Wedding?

Ran. Don't speak so loud, you'll break poor *Lucy's* heart; poor creature, she cannot leave you; and rather than leave her, you shou'd leave writing of Lampoons, or Sonnets ——— almost.

Dap. Come, let her go, ungrateful baggage; but now you talk of Sonnets, I am no living Wit, if her love has not cost me two thousand Couplets at least.

Ran. But what wou'd you give now, for a new Satyr against Women, ready made; 'twou'd be as convenient to buy Satyrs against Women, ready made, as it is to buy Crevats ready ty'd.

Dap. Or as ———

Ran. Hay, come away, come away, Mr. or as ——— (*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Joyner, Gripe.

Gripe. Peace, Plenty, and Pastime be within these Walls.

Joyner. 'Tis a small House you see; and mean Furniture, for no Gallants are suffer'd to come hither; she might have had ere now, as good Lodgings, as any in Town; her *Morecloak* Hangings, great Glasses, Cabinets, *China* embroider'd Beds, *Persia* Carpets, Gold-plate, and the like, if she wou'd have put her self forward; but your Worship may please, to make 'em remove to a place fit to receive one of your Worship's quality; for this is a little scandalous in truly.

Gripe. No, no, I like it well enough, I am not dainty; besides privacy, privacy, Mrs. *Joyner*, I love privacy, in opposition to the Wicked, who hate it.

Joyner. What do you look for, Sir? (*Looks about.*

Gripe. Walls have Ears; but besides, I look for a private place to retire to, in time of need; oh here's one convenient.

(*Turns up a Hanging, and discovers the slender provisions of the Family.*

Joyner. But you see poor innocent Souls, to what use they put it, not to hide Gallants.

Gripe. Temperance is the Nurse of Chastity.

Joyner. But your Worship may please to mend their [fare;

and when you come, may make them entertain you better than you see, they do themselves.

Gripe. No, I am not dainty, as I told you ; I abominate Entertainments ; no Entertainments, pray, Mrs. *Foyner*.

Foyn. No.

(*Aside.*)

Gripe. There can be no Entertainment to me, more Luscious and Savoury, than the communion with that little Gentlewoman ; will you call her out ? I fast till I see her.

Foyn. But intruly your Worship, we shou'd have brought a Bottle or two of Rhenish, and some Naples-Bisket, to have Entertain'd the young Gentlewoman ; 'tis the mode for Lovers to Treat their Mistresses.

Gripe. Modes, I tell you, Mrs. *Foyner*, I hate Modes and Forms.

Foyn. You must send for something to Entertain her with.

Gripe. Again Entertaining ; we will be to each other a Feast.

Foyn. I shall be asham'd, intruly your Worship ; besides, the young Gentlewoman will despise you.

Gripe. I shall content her, I warrant you, leave it to me.

Foyn. I am sure you will not content me, if you will not content her ; 'tis as impossible for a Man to love, and be a miser, as to love and be wise ; as they say.

(*Aside.*)

Gripe. While you talk of Treats, you starve my Eyes ; I long to see the fair One ; fetch her hither.

Foyn. I am asham'd she shou'd find me so abominable a Liar ; I have so prias'd you to her, and above all your Vertues, your Liberality ; which is so great a Vertue, that it often excuses Youth, Beauty, Courage, Wit, or any thing.

Gripe. Pish, Pish, 'tis the Vertue of Fools, every Fool can have it.

Foyn. And will your Worship want it then ? I told her---

Gripe. Why wou'd you tell her any thing of me ? you know I am a modest Man ; but come, if you will have me as extravagant as the wicked ; take that and fetch us a Treat, as you call it.

Foyn. Upon my Life a Groat, what will this purchase ?

Gripe. Two Black-Pots of Ale, and a Cake, at the Cellar : Come, the Wine has Arsenick in't.

Foyn. Well, I am mistaken, and my hopes are abus'd. I

never

never knew any man so mortify'd a Miser, that he would deny his Letchery any thing; I must be even with thee then another way.

(Goes out.

(Aside.

Gripe. These useful old Women are more exorbitant, and craving in their desires, than the young ones in theirs; these Prodigals in white Peruques spoil 'em both; and that's the reason when the Squires come under my clutches, I make 'em pay for their folly and mine, and 'tis but Conscience: Oh here comes the fair One at last.

Enter Joyner leading in Lucy, who bangs backward as she enters.

Lucy. Oh Lord, there's a Man, God-mother!

Joyner. Come in, Child, thou art so bashful —

Lucy. My Mother is from home too, I dare not.

Joyner. If she were here, she'd teach you better manners.

Lucy. I'm afraid she'd be angry.

Joyner. To see you so much an Ass; come along, I say.

Gripe. Nay, speak to her gently; if you won't, I will.

Lucy. Thank you, Sir.

Gripe. Pretty innocent, there is, I see, one left of her Age; what hap have I! sweet, little Gentlewoman, come sit down by me.

Lucy. I am better bred, I hope, Sir.

Gripe. You must sit down by me.

Lucy. I'd rather stand, if you please.

Gripe. To please me, you must sit, Sweetest.

Lucy. Not before my God-mother, sure.

Gripe. Wonderment of Innocence!

Joyner. A poor bashful Girl, Sir; I'm sorry she is not better taught.

Gripe. I am glad she is not taught; I'll teach her my self.

Lucy. Are you a Dancing-master then, Sir? but if I should be dull, and not move as you wou'd have, you wou'd not beat me, Sir, I hope?

Gripe. Beat thee, Honey-Suckle; I'll use thee thus, and thus and thus; Ah, Mrs. Joyner, prithee go fetch our Treat now.

(Kisses her.

Joyner. A Treat of a Groat, I will not wag.

Gripe. Why don't you go? here, take more money, and fetch what you will; take here half a Crown.

Joyn. What will half a Crown do ?

Gripe. Take a Crown then, an Angel, a Piece ; be gone.

Joyn. A Treat only will not serve my turn, I must buy the poor Wretch there some toys.

Gripe. What toys ? what ? speak quickly.

Joyn. Pendants, Neck-laces, Fans, Ribbons, Poynts, Laces, Stockings, Gloves ———

Gripe. Hold, hold, before it comes to a Gown.

Joyn. Well remembr'd, Sir, indeed she wants a Gown, for she has but that one to her back ; for your own sake you should give her a new Gown, for variety of Dreffes, rouses desire, and makes an old Mistrefs seem every day a new one.

Gripe. For that reason she shall have no new Gown ; for I am naturally constant, and as I am still the same, I love she shou'd be still the same ; but here take half a Piece for the other things.

Joyn. Half a piece ———

Gripe. Prithee be gone, take t'other Piece then ; two Pieces, three Pieces, five ; here, 'tis all I have.

Joyn. I must have the Broad-Seal Ring too, or I stir not.

Gripe. Insatiable Woman ; will you have that too !

Prethee spare me that, 'twas my Grandfather's.

Joyn. That's false, he had ne'er a Coat ; so now I go ; this is but a violent fit and will not hold. *(Aside.*

Lucy. Oh, whither do you go, God-mother ? will you leave me alone ?

Joyn. The Gentleman will not hurt you ; you may venture your self with him alone.

Lucy. I think I may, God-mother ; what, will *(Ex. Joyn.*
You lock me in, Sir ? don't lock me in, Sir. *(Fumbling at
the door, locks it.—*

Gripe. 'Tis a private lesson, I must teach you, fair.

Lucy. I don't see your Fiddle, Sir, where is your little Kitt ?

Gripe. I'll shew it thee presently, Sweetest ;
Necessity, Mother of Invention ; *(Gripe setting a Chair against
Come my dearest. (Takes her in his Arms. (the door.*

Lucy. What do you mean, Sir ? don't hurt me, Sir, will you — Oh, oh, you will kill me ! Murder, Murder, Oh, oh—
help, help oh— *(Crys out.*

The door broke open ; Enter Crofsbite, and two Men in Aprons, her Landlord and his Prentice.

Cros. What, Murder my Daughter, Villain ?

Lucy. I wish he had murder'd me, oh, oh ———

Cros. What has he done ?

Lucy. Why wou'd you go out and leave me alone ? unfortunate Woman that I am.

Gripe. How now, what will this end in ? *(Aside.*

Cros. Who brought him in ?

Lucy. That Witch, that Treacherous false Woman, my God-mother, who has betray'd me, sold me to his lust ; oh, oh —

Cros. Have you ravish'd my Daughter then, you old Goat ? ravish'd my Daughter, ravish'd my Daughter, speak, Villain.

Gripe. By yea, and by nay, no such matter.

Cros. A canting Rogue too ; take notice, Landlord, he has ravish'd my Daughter, you see her all in tears and distraction ; And see there the wicked Engine of the filthy Execution ;

(Pointing to the Chair.

Jeremy, call up the Neighbours, and the Constable, False Villain, thou shalt dye for't.

Gripe. Hold, hold ; nay I am caught. *(Aside.*

Cros. Go, go, make haste ———

Lucy. Oh, oh ———

Cros. Poor Wretch, go quickly.

Gripe. Hold, hold ; thou young Spawn of the old Serpent ; Wicked, as I thought thee Innocent ; wilt thou say I wou'd have ravish'd thee ?

Lucy. I will swear you did ravish me.

Gripe. I thought so, Treacherous *Eve*, then I am gone, I must shift as well as I can.

Lucy. Oh, oh ———

Cros. Will none of you call up the Neighbours, and the Authority of the Alley ?

Gripe. Hold, I'll give you Twenty Mark among you, to let me go.

Cros. Villain, nothing shall buy thy Life.

Land. But stay, Mrs. Crofsbite, let me talk with you.

Lucy. Oh, oh ———

Land. Come, Sir, I am your Friend ; in a word, I have appeas'd her, and she shall be contented with a little sum.

Gripe.

Gripe. What is it? what is it?

Land. But five hundred pounds.

Gripe. But five hundred pounds; hang me then, hang me rather.

Land. You will say I have been your Friend.

Pren. The Contable, and Neighbours are a coming.

Gripe. How, how; will you not take a hundred? pray use Conscience in your ways. *(Kneels to Crossbite.*

Cros. I scorn your Money; I will not take a Thousand.

Gripe. My Enemies are many, and I shall be a Scandal to the Faithful, as a Laughing-stock to the wicked; *(Aside.*
Go, prepare your Engines for my Persecution;
I'll give you the best security I can.

Land. The instruments are drawing in the other Room.
If you please to go thither.

Cros. Indeed, now I consider; a Portion will do my Daughter more good, than his death; that wou'd but publish her shame; Money will cover it, *probatum est*, as they say----Let me tell you, Sir, 'tis a charitable thing to give a young Maid a Portion. *(Omnes Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Lydia's Lodging.

Enter Lydia, my Lady Flippant.

Lyd. 'Tis as hard for a Woman to conceal her indignation from her Apostate Lover, as to conceal her Love from her faithful servant.

Flip. Or almost as hard as it is, for the prating fellows now adays, to conceal the favours of obliging Ladies.

Lyd. If *Ranger* shou'd come up, (I saw him just now in the street) the discovery of my Anger to him now, wou'd be as mean, as the discovery of my Love to him before.

Flip. Though I did so mean a thing, as to love a Fellow, I wou'd not do so mean a thing, as to confess it, certainly, by my trouble to part with him; if I confess Love, it should be before they left me.

Lyd. So you wou'd deserve to be left, before you were; but cou'd you ever do so mean a thing, as to confess Love to any?

Flip. Yes; but I never did so mean a thing, as really to Love any?

Lyd. You had once a Husband.

Flip. Fye, Madam, do you think me so ill-bred, as to love a Husband.

Lyd. You had a widows heart, before you were a Widow I see.

Flip. I shou'd rather make an adventure of my Honour, with a Gallant, for a Gown, a new Coach, a Neck-lace, than clap my Husbonds cheeks for them, or sit in his lap; I should be asham'd to be caught in such a posture, with a Husband, as a brisk well-bred Spark of the Town, wou'd be, to be caught on his Knees at Prayers, unless to his Mistres.

To them, Ranger, Dapperwit.

Lyd. Mr. Ranger, 'twas obligingly done of you:

Ran. Indeed, Cousin, I had kept my promise with you, last night, but this Gentleman knows —

Lyd. You mistake me, but you shall not lesson any favour you do to me; you are going to excuse your not coming to me last night, when I take it as a particular obligation, that though you threatned me with a Visit, upon consideration you were so civil, as not to trouble me.

Dap. This is an unlucky Morning with me; here's my eternal persecution, the Widow *Flippant*. *(Aside.)*

Flip. What Mr. *Dapperwit*!

Ran. Indeed, Cousin, besides my business, another cause, I did not wait on you, was my apprehension, you were gone to the Park, notwithstanding your promise to the contrary.

Lyd. Therefore, you went to the Park, to Visit me there, notwithstanding your promise to the contrary.

Ran. Who, I at the Park; when I had promis'd to wait upon you at your Lodging; but were you at the Park, Madam.

Lyd. Who, I at the Park? when I had promis'd to wait for you at home; I was no more at the Park than you were; were you at the Park?

Ran. The Park had been a dismal desert to me, notwithstanding all the good Company in't, if I had wanted yours.

Lyd. Because it has been the constant endeavour of Men, to keep Women ignorant, they think us so; but 'tis that encreases our inquisitiveness, and makes us know them ignorant, as false; he is as impudent a dissembler as the Widow *Flippant*, who is making her importunate addresses, in vain, for ought I see, *(Aside.)* *Flippant*

Flippant driving Dapperwit from one side of the
the Stage, to other.

Flip. Dear, Mr. Dapperwit, merciful Mr. Dapperwit.

Dap. Unmerciful Lady Flippant.

Flip. Will you be satisfied ?

Dap. Won't you be satisfied ?

Flip. That a Wit should be jealous ! that a Wit should be
jealous ! there's never a brisk young fellow in the Town, though
no Wit, Heaven knows ; but thinks too well of himself, to
think ill of his Wife, or Mistress ; now that a Wit shou'd lessen
his opinion of himself, for shame. *(Aside to Dapperwit.*

Dap. I promis'd to bring you off, but I find it enough to
shift for my self ——— *(Softly apart to Ranger.*

Lyd. What, out of breath, Madam ?

Flip. I have been defending our cause, Madam ; I have beat
him out of the Pit ; I do so mumble these prating, censorious
fellows, they call Wits, when I meet with them.

Dap. Her Ladyship indeed, is the only thing in Petty-coats,
I dread, 'twas well for me there was Company in the Room ;
for I dare no more venture my self with her alone, than a Cul-
ley that has been bit, dares venture himself in a Tavern, with
an old Rook.

Flip. I am the revenger of our Sex, certainly.

Dap. And the most insatiable one, I ever knew, Madam ;
I dare not stand your Fury longer ; Mr. Ranger, I will go be-
fore, and make a new appointment with your Friends that ex-
pect you at dinner, at the French-House, 'tis fit business still
wait on Love.

Ran. Do so ——— but now I think on't, Sir Thomas goes out
of Town this Afternoon, and I shall not see him here again these
three Months.

Lyd. Nay, pray take him with you, Sir.

Flip. No, Sir, you shall not take the Gentleman from his
Mistress : (do not go yet, sweet Mr. Dapperwit.) *(Aside.*

Lyd. Take him with you, Sir ; I suppose his business may
be there, to borrow ; or win money, and I ought not to be his
hind'rance ; for when he has none, he has his desperate de-
signs upon that little I have ; for want of money, makes as de-
vout Lovers as Christians.

Dap. I hope, Madam, he offers you no less security, than his liberty.

Lyd. His Liberty, as a poor pawn to take up Money on, as honour; he is like the desperate Bank Routs of this Age, who if they can get Peoples Fortunes into their hands, care not though they spend them in Goal, all their lives.

Flip. And the poor crediting Ladies, when they have parted with their money, must be contented with a pitiful composition, or starve for all them.

Ran. But Widows are commonly so wise, as to be sure their men are solvable before they trust 'em.

Flip. Can you blame 'em; I declare, I will trust no man, pray do not take it ill, Gentlemen; Quacks in their Bills, and Poets in the Titles of their Plays, do not more disappoint us, then Gallants with their promises; but I trust none.

Dap. Nay, she's a very Jew in that particular; to my knowledge, shee'll know her Man, over and over again, before she trust him.

Ran. Well, my dearest Cousin, good morrow; when I stay from you, so long again blame me to purpose, and be extremly angry; for nothing can make me amends for the loss of your Company, but your reprehension of my absence; I'll take such a Chiding, as kindly as *Russian Wives* do Beating.

Lyd. If you were my Husband, I cou'd not take your absence more kindly, than I do.

Ran. And if you were my Wife, I wou'd trust you as much out of my sight, as I cou'd, to shew my opinion of your Virtue.

Flip. A well-bred Gentleman, I warrant; will you go then, cruel Mr. *Dapperwit*?

(*Ex. Ranger and Dapperwit.*)

Lyd. Have I not dissembled well, *Leonor*?

(*Apart.*)

Leo. But, Madam, to what purpose; why do you not put him to his tryal, and see what he can say for himself?

Lyd. I am afraid lest my proofs, and his guilt shou'd make him desperate, and so contemn that pardon, which he cou'd not hope for.

Leo. 'Tis unjust to condemn him, before you hear him.

Lyd. I will reprieve him till I have more evidence.

Leo. How will you get it?

Lyd.

Lyd. I will write him a Letter in *Christina's* name, desiring to meet him; when I shall soon discover, if his love to her be of a longer standing, than since last night; and if it be not, I will not longer trust him with the vanity, to think she gave him the occasion, to follow her home from the Park; so will at once disabuse him and my self.

Leo. What care the jealous take in making sure of ills, which they, but in imaginations, cannot undergo.

Lyd. Misfortunes are least dreadful, when most near.
'Tis less to undergo the ill, than fear.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Gripe's House.

*Enter Mrs. Joyner, and Gripe in a blew Gown,
and Night Cap.*

Joyner. **W**Hat not well, your Worship? this it is, you will be laying out your self beyond your strength; you have taken a Surfeit of the little Gentlewoman, I find; indeed, you shou'd not have been so immoderate in your embraces, your Worship is something in years, in truly.

Gripe. Graceless, perfidious Woman, what mak'st thou here? art thou not afraid to be us'd like an Informer, since thou hast made me pay thee for betraying me?

Joyner. Betray your Worship, what do you mean? I an Informer, I scorn your words.

Gripe. Woman, I say again, thou art as Treacherous as an Informer, and more unreasonable; for he lets us have something for our money, before he disturb us.

Joyner. Your Money, I'm sure, was laid out faithfully; and I went away because I wou'd not disturb you.

Gripe. I had not grudg'd you the Money I gave you, but the five hundred pounds; the five hundred pounds, Inconscionable false VWoman; the five hundred pounds; you cheated; trappan'd, rob'd me of the five hundred pounds.

Joyner.

Foyn. I cheat you, I rob you; well, remember what you say, you shall answer it before Mr. *Double-Cap*, and the best of —

Gripe. Oh impudent Woman, speak softly!

Foyn. I will not speak softly, for innocence is loud, as well as bare fac'd; is this your return, after you have made me a meer to your filthy lusts?

Gripe. Speak softly, my Sister, Daughter and Servant will hear.

Foyn. I wou'd have witnesses, to take notice, that you blast my good name, which was as white as a Tulip, and as sweet as the head of your Cane; before you wrought me to the carrying on the work of your fleshly carnal seekings.

Gripe. Softly, softly, they are coming in.

Enter Flippant and Martha.

Flip. What's the matter, Brother?

Gripe. Nothing, nothing, Sister, only the Godly Woman is fallen into a fit of Zeal, against the enormous transgressions of the Age; go, go, you do not love to hear vanity reprov'd, pray be gone.

Foyn. Pray stay, Madam, that you may know —

Gripe. Hold, hold, here are five Guineys for thee,

Pray say nothing.

(Aside. To Joyner.

Sister, pray be gone, I say; wou'd you prejudice

Your own reputation, to injure mine?

(Ex. Flippant and Martha.

Foyn. You'd you prejudice your own Soul to wrong my repute in truly?

(She seems to weep.

Gripe. Pray have me in excuse; indeed, I thought, you had a share of the Five hundred pounds, because you took away my Seal Ring, which they made me send, together with a Note to my Cash keeper for five hundred pounds; besides, I thought none, but you, knew it was my wonted token to send for Money by.

Foyn. 'Tis unlucky I shou'd forget it, and leave it on the Table; but oh the Harlotry! did she make that use of it than? 'twas no wonder you did not stay till I came back.

Gripe. I stay'd till the Money releas'd me.

Foyn. Have they the Money then? five hundred pounds!

Gripe. Too certain.

Foyn. They told me not a word of it, and have you no way to retrieve it?

Gripe.

Gripe. Not any.

Foyn. I am glad of it.

(Aside.)

Is there no Law but against Saints ?

Gripe. I will not for five hundred pounds, publish my transgression my self; lest I shou'd be thought to glory in't, though, I must confess, 'twou'd tempt a Man to conform to publick praying and sinning; since 'tis so chargeable to pray, and sin in private.

Foyn. But are you resolv'd to give off, a loser ?

Gripe. How shall I help it ?

Foyn. Nay I'll see you shall have, what the young Jade has, for your Money, I'll make 'em use some conscience however; take a man's Money for nothing ?

Gripe. Thou say'st honestly indeed; and shall I have my pennyworths out of the little Gentlewoman for all this ?

Foyn. I'll be engag'd body for body for her, and you shall take the forfeiture on me else.

Gripe. No, no, I'll rather take your word, Mrs. *Foyn.*

Foyn. Go in and dress your self Smug, and leave the rest to me.

Gripe. No Man breathing would give off a loser, as she says.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, sitting at a Desk writing as a Clerk, my Lady Flippant jogging him.

Sir Sim. 'Tis a Lord's Mortgage, and therefore requires the more hast; pray do not jog me Madam.

Flip. Dull Rascal.

(Aside.)

Sir Sim. They cannot stay for Money, as other Folks; if you will not let me make an end on't, I shall lose my Expedition-Fee.

Flip. There are some Clerks wou'd have understood me before this.

(Aside.)

Sir Sim. Nay, pray be quiet, Madam; if you squeeze me so to the Wall, I cannot Write.

Flip. 'Tis much for the honour of the Gentlemen of this Age, that we Persons of Quality are forc'd to descend to the importuning of a Clerk, a Butler, Coachman, or Footman; while the Rogues are as dull of apprehension too, as an unfledg'd Country Squire, amongst his Mothers Maids.

(Asides.)

(Jogs him again.)

Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. Again, Let me tell you Madam, familiarity breeds Contempt; you'll never leave, till you have made me sawcy.

Flip. I wou'd I cou'd see that.

Sir Sim. I vow and swear then, get you gone; or I'll add a black patch, or two to those on your face.

I shall have no time to get Mrs. *Martha* out, for her.

(*Aside.*

Flip. Will you, Sir, will you?

(*Fogs him again.*

Sir Sim. I must have a plot for her, she is a coy Woman.

(*Aside.*

I vow and swear if you pass this Crevice, I'll kiss you in plain English.

Flip. I wou'd I cou'd see that, do you defie me.

(*Steps to him.* (*He kisses her.*

Sir Sim. How's this? I vow and swear, she kisses as tamely as Mrs. *Ticklish*, and with her mouth open too. (*Aside.*

Flip. I thought you wou'd have been aham'd, to have done so to your Master's own Sister.

Sir Sim. I hope you'll be quiet now, Madam?

Flip. Nay, I'll be reveng'd of you sure.

Sir Sim. If you come again, I shall do more to you than that; I'll pursue my Plot, and try if she be honest. (*Aside.*

Flip. You do more to me than that; nay, if you'll do more to me than that —

(*She throws down his Ink, and runs out, he follows her.*

Enter Joyner.

Joyner. I must visit my young Clients in the mean time.

Sir Simon returns holding up his hands.

Joyner. What's the matter, Sir *Simon*?

Sir Sim. Lord, who wou'd have thought it?

Joyner. What ail you, Sir *Simon*?

Sir Sim. I have made such a discovery, Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyner. What is't?

Sir Sim. Such an one, that makes me at once glad and sorry; I am sorry my Lady *Flippant* is nought, but I'm glad I know it, thanks still to my disguise.

Joyner. Fye, fye.

Sir Sim. Nay, this hand can tell —

Joyner. But how !

Sir Sim. She threw down my Ink glass, and ran away into the next Room ; I follow'd her, and in revenge, threw her down upon the Bed ; but in short, all that I cou'd do to her, would not make her squeek.

Joyner. She was out of breath Man, she was out of Breath.

Sir Sim. Ah, Mrs. *Joyner*, say no more, say no more of that.

Enter Flippant.

Flip. You rude, unmannerly Rascal.

Joyner. You see she complains now.

Sir Sim. I know why, Mrs. *Joyner*, I know why. (*Apart.*

Flip. I'll have you turn'd out of the House, you are not fit for my Brother's Service.

Sir Sim. Not for yours, you mean, Madam. (*Aside.*

Flip. I'll go and acquaint my Brother——

Joyner. Hold, hold, Madam, speak not so loud, 'tis Sir *Simon Addleplot*, your Lover, who has taken this disguise on purpose to be near you, and to watch, and supplant his Rival.

Flip. What a Beast was I, I cou'd not discover it, you have undone me ; why wou'd you not tell me sooner of it ?

(*Aside to Joyner.*

Joyner. I thought he had been discernable enough.

Flip. I protest I knew him not ; for I must confess to you, my eyes are none of the best, since I have us'd the last new wash of Mercury water ; what will he think of me ?

Joyner. Let me alone with him ; come, come, did you think you cou'd disguise your self from my Lady's knowledge ; she knew you, Man, or else you had ne'er had those liberties ; alas, poor Lady, she cannot resist you.

Flip. 'Tis my weakness.

Sir Sim. How's this ? but here comes my Master.

Enter Gripe and Martha.

Gripe. Come, Mrs. *Joyner*, are you ready to go ?

Joyner. I am ever ready when your VVorship commands.

Flip. Brother, if you go to r'other end of the Town, you'll set me down near the Play-house.

Gripe. The Play-house, do you think I will be seen near the Play-house.

Flip.

Flip. You shall fet me down in *Lincoln-Inn-Fields* then, for I have earnest business there; (When I come home again, I'll laugh at you soundly, *Sir Simon.*) (*Apart.*)

Sir Sim. Has *Joyner* betray'd me then? 'tis time to look to my hits, (*Aside.*)

Gripe. *Martha*, be sure you stay within now; if you go out, you shall never come into my doors again.

Mart. No, I will not Sir; I'll ne'er come into your doors again, if once I shou'd go out.

Gripe. 'Tis well said, Girl. (*Ex. Gripe, Joyner, Flip.*)

Sir Sim. 'Twas prettily said, I understand you, they are dull and have no intrigue in 'em; but dear, sweet *Mrs. Martha*, 'tis time we were gone, you have stole away your Scarfs, and Hood from your Maid, I hope.

Mart. Nay, I am ready, but——

Sir Sim. Come, come, *Sir Simon Addleplot*, poor Gentleman, is an impatient man to my knowledge.

Mart. Well my venture is great, I'm sure, for a Man I know not; but pray, *Jonas*, do not deceive me; is he so fine a Gentleman, as you say he is?

Sir Sim. Pish, pish, he is the—— Gentleman of the Town, faith and troth.

Mart. But may I take your word, *Jonas*?

Sir Sim. 'Tis not my Word, 'tis the Word of all the Town.

Mart. Excuse me, *Jonas*, for that; I never heard any speak well of him, but Mr. *Dapperwit*, and you.

Sir Sim. That's because he has been a Rival to all Men, and a Gallant to all Ladies; Rivals, and deserted Mistresses, never speak well of a Man.

Mart. Has he been so general in his Amours, his kindness is not to be valu'd then?

Sir Sim. The more by you, because 'tis for you he deserts all the rest, faith and troth.

Mart. You plead better for him, than he cou'd for himself, I believe; for indeed they say, he is no better than an Idiot.

Sir Sim. Then believe me Madam, for no body knows him better than I; he has as much Wit, Courage, and as good a Meen to the full, as I have; he an Idiot.

Mart. The common Gull so perspicuous a Fop, the Women find him out, for none of 'em will marry him.

Sir Sim. You may see now, how he and you are abus'd; for that he is not Married, is a sign of his Wit; and for being perspicuous, 'tis false, he is as mysterious as a new Parliament Man, or young States-Man, newly taken from a Coffee-house, or Tennis-Court.

Mart. But it is a sign of his Wit because he is not Married?

Sir Sim. Yes, yes, your Women of the Town ravish your Fops; There's not one about the Town unmarried, that has any thing.

Mart. It may be then he has spent his Estate.

Sir Sim. How unluckily guess'd.

(*Aside.*)

If he had, he has a Head can retrieve it again.

Mart. Besides they say he has the modish distemper.

Sir Sim. He can cure it with the best French Chirurgeon in Town.

Mart. Has his Practice on himself, been so much?

Sir Sim. Come, come.

*Fame, like deserted Filt, does still belye Men,
Who doubts her Man, must be advis'd by Hymen.
For he knows best of any, how to try Men.*

(*Exeunt.*)

The Scene, the old Pell-Mell.

Enter Ranger and Dapperwit.

Ran. Now the Lucy's have renounc'd us; Hey for the Christina's, she cannot use me worse than your honourable Mistress did you.

Dap. A Pox, some young Heir, or another, has promis'd her Marriage; there are so many Fools in the World, 'tis impossible a Man of Wit to keep his Wench, from being a Lady, let me perish.

Ran. But have you no other Acquaintance that sticks to her Vocation, in spite of Temptations of Honour, or filthy Lucre; I declare, I make Honourable Love, meerly out of necessity; as your Rooks play on the Square, rather than not play at all.

(*To*)

(To them Leonore, Lydia's Woman Mask'd, with
a Letter in her band.

Dap. Come, the Devil will not lose a Gamester; here's ready Money for you, push freely.

Ran. Thou art as well met, as if by Assignation. (To her.

Leo. And you are as well met, as if you were the Man I look'd for.

Ran. Kind Rogue——

Leo. Sweet Sir.

Ran. Come, I am thy Prisoner, (without more words) shew but thy Warrant. (Goes to pulls off her Mask.

Leo. You mistake, Sir, here is my Pass. (Gives him a
(Letter.

Ran. A Letter, and directed to me. (Reads.

I cannot put up the Injuries, and Affronts you did me last Night; (a challenge upon my life, and by such a Messenger) therefore conjure you by your Honour, at eight a Clock precisely, this Evening, to send your Man to St. James's Gate, to wait for me with a Chair, to Conduct me, to what place you shall think most fit, for the giving of satisfaction to the injur'd Christina,

Christina! I am amaz'd! what is't a Clock, *Dapperwit?*

Dap. It wants not half an hour of eight.

Ran. Go then back, my pretty Herald,

(To the Maid.

and tell my fair Enemy, the service she designs my Man, is only fit for my Friend here; of whose Faith and Honour, she may be secure of; he shall, immediately, go wait for her at St. James's Gate; whilst I go to prepare a Place for our ran-counter, and my self to dye at her feet:

(Ex. Leonore.

Dapperwit, dear Dapperwit.

Dap. What lucky Surprisal's this?

Ran. Prithee as no questions. till I have more leisure, and less astonishment; I know, you will not deny to be an instrument in my happiness.

Dap. No, let me perish, I take as much pleasure to bring

Lovers together, as an old Woman, that as a Bankrupt Gamester loves to look on, though he has no advantage by the Play ; or as a Bully that fights not himself, yet takes Pleasure to set People together by the Ears, or as —

Ran. S^d death, is this a time for Similitudes?

Dap. You have made me miscarry of a good Thought, now let me perish.

Ran. Go presently to St. *James's*-Gate, where you are to expect the coming of a Lady ('tis *Christina*) accompany'd by that Woman you saw e'en now ; she will permit you to put her into a Chair, and then Conduct her to my Lodging, while I go before to remove some Spies, and prepare it for her Reception.

Dap. Your Lodging had you not better carry her to *Vincent's* 'tis hard by, and there a Vizard Mask has as free egress and regress, as at the Play-house.

Ran. Faith, though it be not very prudent, yet she shall come thither in my Vindication ; for he wou'd not believe I had seen her last Night.

Dap. To have a fine Woman, and not tell on't as you say, Mr. *Ranger* —

Ran. Go, and bring her to *Vincent's* Lodging, there I'll expect you.
(*Exeunt severally.*)

Enter Christina, Isabel, her Woman.

Isa. This is the door Madam, here Mr. *Vincent* Lodges.

Chri. 'Tis no matter, we will pass it by, lest the People of our Lodgings shou'd watch us ; but if he shou'd not be here now.

Isa. Who, Mr. *Valentine*, Madam ? I warrant you, my intelligencer dares not fail me.

Chri. Did he come last Night, said he ?

Isa. Last Night late.

Chri. And not see me yet ; nay, not send to me ; 'tis false, he is not come ; I wish he were not. I know not which I shou'd take more unkindly from him, exposing his Life to his revengeful Enemies ; or being almost four and twenty hours so near me, and not let me know't.

Isa. A Lovers dangers are the only secrets kept from his Mistress ?

Mistress : he came not to you, because he wou'd not purchase his Happiness with your Fear and Apprehensions.

Chri. Nay, he is come, I see, since you are come about again of his side.

Isa. Will you go in, Madam, and disprove me, if you can ; 'tis better than standing in the Street:

Chri. We'll go a little further first, and return.

(*Exeunt.*)

Vincent's Lodging.

Enter Vincent and Valentine.

Vin. I told you I had sent my Man to *Christina's*, this Morning, to enquire of her Maid, (who seldom denies him a secret) if her Lady had been at the *Park* last Night ; which she peremptorily answered to the contrary, and assur'd him, she had not stir'd out since your Departure.

Val. Will not Chamber-Maids lie, *Vincent* ?

Vin. Will not *Ranger* lie, *Valentine* ?

Val. The Circumstances of his Story prov'd it true.

Vin. Do you think so old a Master in the faculty, as he, will want the Varnish of probability for his Lies.

Val. Do you think a Woman, having the advantage of her Sex, and Education, under such a Mistress, will want Impudence to dis-avow a Truth, that might be prejudicial to that Mistress ?

Vin. But if both Testimonies are fallible ; why will you needs believe his ? we are apter to believe the things we wou'd have, than those we wou'd not.

Val. My ill luck has taught me to credit my Misfortunes, and doubt my Happiness.

Vin. But Fortune we know inconstant.

Val. And all of her Sex.

Vin. Will you judge of Fortune by your Experience, and not do your Mistress the same Justice ? go see her, and satisfy your self and her ; for if she be innocent, consider how culpable you are, not only in your censures of her, but in not seeing her since your coming.

Val. If she be innocent, I shou'd be afraid to surprisè her, for her Sake ; if false, I shou'd be afraid to surprisè her, for my own.

Vin. To be jealous, and not inquisitive, is as hard as to love extremely, and not to be something jealous.

Val. Inquisitiveness as seldom cures jealousy, as drinking in a Fever quenches the Thirst.

Vin. If she were at the Park last Night, 'tis probable she'll not miss this; go watch her House, see who goes out, who in; while I in the mean time search out *Ranger*; who, I'll pawn my Life, upon more Discourse, shall avow his mistake; here he is, go in, how luckily is he come?

Enter Ranger.

Valentine retires to the door behind, over-bearing them.

Vin. *Ranger*, you have prevented me; I was going to look you out, between the Scenes at the Play-house, the Coffee-house, Tennis-Court, or *Gifford's*.

Ran. Do you want a pretence to go to a Bawdy-house? but I have other Visits to make.

Vin. I forget, I shou'd rather have sought you in *Christina's* Lodgings, ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Well, well, I'm just come to tell you that *Christina*---

Vin. Proves not by Day-light, the kind Lady you follow'd last Night out of the *Park*.

Ran. I have better news for you, to my thinking.

What is't?

Ran. Not that I have been in *Christina's* Lodging this Morning; but that she'll be presently here in your Lodging with me.

Val. How!

(Behind.

Vin. You see now, his report was a Jest, a meer Jest:

(Drawing back to the door, where Valentine stood, and speaking softly to him.

well, must my Lodging be your Vaulting-School still; thou hast appointed a Wench to come hither, I find.

(To Ran.

Ran. A Wench; you seem'd to have more Reverence for *Christina* last Night,

Vin. Now you talk of *Christina*, prithee tell me what was the meaning of thy last Nights Romance of *Christina*.

Ran. You shall know the meaning of all, when *Christina* comes; she'll be here presently.

Vin.

Vin. Who will, *Christina*?

Ran. Yes, *Christina*.

Vin. Ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Incredulous Envy, thou art as envious as an impotent Letcher at a Wedding.

Vin. Thou art either mad, or as vain as a *French-man*, newly return'd home from a *Campaign*, or obliging *England*.

Ran. Thou art as envious as a Rival; but if thou art mine, there's that will make you desist;

(Gives him a Letter.

and if you are not my Rival; intrusting you with such a Secret, will I know, oblige you to keep it, and assist me against all other Interests.

Vin. Do you think I take your secret as an Obligation? don't I know, Lovers, Travellers, and Poets, will give Money to be heard; but what's the Paper? a Lampoon upon *Christina*, hatch'd last night betwixt Squire *Dapperwit* and you, because her Maid us'd you scurvily.

Ran. No, 'tis only a Letter from her, to shew, my Company was not so disgustful to her last Night, but that she desires it again to Day.

Val. A Letter from her.

Vin. A Letter from *Christina*,
Ha, ha, ha.

(Behind.

(Reads.

Ran. Nay, 'tis pleasant.

Vin. You mistake, I laugh at you, not the Letter.

Ran. I am like the winning Gamester, so pleas'd with my Luck, I will not quarrel with any, who calls me a Fool for't.

Vin. Is this the stile of a Woman of Honour?

Ran. It may be, for ought you know; I'm sure, 'tis well if your female Correspondents can Read.

Vin. I must confess, I have none of the little Letters, half name, or Title like your Spanish Epistles Dedicatory; but that a Man so frequent in honourable Intrigues, as you are, should not know the summons of an impudent common Woman, from that of a Person of Honour.

Ran. *Christina* is so much a Person of Honour, she'll own what she has Writ, when she comes.

Vin. But will she come hither indeed?

Ran.

Ran. Immediately ; you'll excuse my liberty with you, I cou'd not conceal such a Happiness, from such a Friend as you, lest you shou'd have taken it unkindly.

Vin. Faith, you have oblig'd me indeed ; for you, and others wou'd often have made me believe your honourable Intrigues, but never did me the Honour to convince me of 'em before.

Ran. You are merry, I find, yet.

Vin. When you are happy, I cannot be otherwise.

Ran. But I lose time, I shou'd lay a little Person in Ambush,
(*Aside.*

that lives hard by, in Case *Christina* shou'd be impatient to be reveng'd of her. Friends, as it often happens with a discontented Heiress ; Women like old Soldiers, more nimbly Execute, than they resolve.

(*Going out.*

Vin. What now, you will not dis-appoint a Woman of *Christina's* Quality ?

Ran. I'll be here before she comes, I warrant you.

(*Ex. Ran.*

Vin. I do believe you truly : What think you *Valentine* ?

Val. I think, since she has the Courage to challenge him ; she'll have the Honour of being first in the Field.

Vin. Fye, your Opinion of her must be as bad, as *Ranger* of himself is good, to think she wou'd write 'him ; I long till his *bono-roba* comes, that you may be both dis-abus'd.

Val. And I have not Patience to stay her Coming, lest you shou'd be dis-abus'd.

Enter Christina and Isabel.

Vin. Here she is i'faith ; I'm glad she's come.

Val. And I'm sorry ; but I will to my Post again, lest she shou'd say she came to me.

Vin. By Heavens, *Christina* her self, 'tis she !

(*Aside.*

(*Christina pulls off her Mask.*

Val. 'Tis she ; curs'd be these Eyes, more curs'd, than when they first betray'd me to that false bewitching Face.

(*Behind.*

Chri. You may wonder, Sir, to see me here -----

Vin.

Vin. I must confess I do.

Cbri. But the confidence your Friend has in you, is the cause of mine; and yet some blushes it do's cost me, to come to seek for a Man.

Val. Modest Creature.

(*Behind.*

Vin. How am I deceiv'd!

(*Aside.*

Cbri. Where is he, Sir, why does he not appear to keep me in Countenance? pray call him, Sir, 'tis something hard if he shou'd know I'm here.

Vin. I hardly can, my self, believe you are here, Madam.

Cbri. If my Visit be troublesome, or unseasonable, 'tis your Friend's Fault, I design'd it not to you Sir; pray, call him out, that he may excuse it, and take it on himself, together with my Shame.

Vin. How impatient she is!

(*Aside.*

Cbri. Or do you delay the Happiness I ask, to make it more welcome? I have stay'd too long for it already, and cannot more desire it; dear Sir, call him out, where is he? above, or here within? I'll snatch the Favour which you will not give:

(*Goes to the door, and discovers Valentine.*

What do you hide your self for Shame?

Val. I must confess I do.

Cbri. To see me come hither——

Val. I acknowledge it.

(*Val. offers to go out.*

Cbri. Before you came to me; but whither do you go? come I can forgive you.

Val. But I cannot forgive you.

Cbri. Whither do you go? you need not forge a Quarrel, to prevent mine to you; nor need you try if I wou'd follow you; you know I will, I have, you see.

Val. That impudence should look so like innocence.

(*Aside.*

Cbri. Whither wou'd you go? why wou'd you go?

Val. To call your Servant to you.

Cbri. She is here, what wou'd you have with her?

Val. I mean your Lover, the Man you came to meet.

Cbri. Oh Heavens! what Lover? what Man? I came to see no Man but you, whom I had too long lost.

Val. You cou'd not know that I was here.

Cbri. Ask her, 'twas she that told me.

(Points to
Isabel.

Val. How cou'd she know ?

Cbri. That you shall know hereafter.

Val. No, you thought me too far out of the way, to disturb your Affignation; and I assure you, Madam, 'twas my ill fortune, not my design; and that it may appear so, I do withdraw, (as in all good breeding, and civility, I am oblig'd) for sure your wish'd for Lover's coming.

Cbri. What do you mean? are you a weary of that Title?

Val. I am asham'd of it, since it grows common.

(Going out.

Cbri. Nay, you will not, shall not go.

Val. My stay might give him Jealousie, and so do you Injury, and him the greatest in the World; Heavens forbid! I wou'd not make a Man Jealous; for though you call a Thousand Vows, and Oaths, and Tears, to witness, (as you safely may) that you have not the least of Love for me? yet if he ever knew, how I have Lov'd you, sure he wou'd not, cou'd not believe you.

Cbri. I do confess, your Riddle is too hard for me to solve; therefore you are oblig'd to do't your self.

Val. I wish it were capable of any other Interpretation, than what you know already.

Cbri. Is this that generous good *Valentine*, who has disguis'd him so.

(She weeps.

Vin. Nay, I must with-hold you then:

(Stops *Val.*

going out.

methinks she shou'd be Innocent; her Tongue, and Eyes, together, with that flood that swells 'em, do vindicate her Heart.

Val. They shew but their long practice of Diffimulation.

(Going out.

Vin. Come back; I hear *Ranger* coming up; stay but till he comes.

Val. Do you think I have the patience of an Alderman?

Vin. You may go out this way, when you will, by the back-stairs; but stay a little, till——Oh, here he comes.

Ranger

Ranger enters.

Val. My Revenge will now detain me. (*Valen. retires (again.*

Upon Ranger's entrance, Christina puts on her Mask.

Ran. What, come already? where is *Dapperwit*? (*Aside.*
The Blessing's double that comes quickly; I did not yet expect you here, otherwise I had done my self the injury to be absent; but I hope, Madam, I have not made you stay long for me.

Cbri. I have not staid at all for you.

Ran. I am glad of it, Madam.

Cbri. Is not this that troublesome stranger, who (*To Isabel.*
Last night follow'd the Lady into my Lodgings? 'tis he.

(*Aside.*

(*Removing from him to t'other side.*

Ran. Why do's she remove so disdainfully from me?

(*Aside.*

I find you take it ill, I was not at your coming here, Madam.

Cbri. Indeed I do not, you are mistaken, Sir.

Ran. Confirm me by a smile then, Madam; remove that Cloud, which makes me apprehend (*Goes to take off her Mask.*
foul Weather: *Mr. Vincent*, pray retire; 'tis you keep on the Ladies Mask, and no Displeasure, which she has for me; yet, Madam, you need not distrust his Honour, or his Faith; but do not keep the Lady under constraint; pray leave us a little, *Master Vincent.*

Cbri. You must not leave us, Sir; wou'd you leave me with a Stranger?

Val. How's that!

(*Behind.*

Ran. I've done amiss, I find; to bring her hither, [*Aside.*
Madam, I understand you ——— (*Apart to Christina.*

Cbri. Sir, I do not understand you.

Ran. You wou'd not be known to *Mr. Vincent.*

Cbri. 'Tis your Acquaintance I wou'd avoid.

Ran. Dull Brute, that I was, to bring her hither: (*Aside.*
I have found my Error, Madam; give me but a new appointment, where I may meet you by and by, and straight I will withdraw, as if I knew you not. (*Softly to her.*

Cbri. Why, do you know me?

Ran. I must not own it?

(*Aside.*

No, Madam, but ———

(*Offers to whisper.*

Cbri.

Chri. Whispering, Sir, argues an old Acquaintance; but I have not the vanity to be thought of yours, and resolve you shall never have the disparagement of mine: *Mr. Vincent*, pray let us go in here.

Ran. How's this! I am undone I see; but if I let her go thus, I shall be an eternal laughing stock to *Vincent*.

Vin. Do you not know him, Madam? I thought you had come hither on purpose to meet him.

Chri. To meet him!

Vin. By your own appointment.

Chri. What strange infatuation do's delude you all? you know, he said, he did not know me.

Vin. You writ to him, he has your Letter.

Chri. Then you know my name sure? yet you confess'd but now, you knew me not.

Ran. I must confess, your Anger has disguis'd you, more than your Mask; for I thought to have met a kinder *Christina* here.

Chri. Heavens! how cou'd he know me in this Place? he watch'd me hither sure; or is there any other of my name, that you may no longer mistake me, for your *Christina*? I'll pull off that which sooths your Error. *(Pulls off her Mask,*

Ran. Take but t'other Vizard off too; I mean your Anger, and I'll swear you are the same, and only *Christina*, which I wish'd, and thought to meet here.

Chri. How cou'd you think to meet me here?

Ran. By Virtue of this your Commission, *(Gives her the Letter.*

which now, I see, was meant a real Challenge; for you look, as if you wou'd fight with me.

Chri. The Paper is a stranger to me, I never writ it, you are abus'd.

Vin. *Christina* is a Person of Honour, and will own what she has written, *Ranger*.

Ran. So, the Comedy begins; I shall be laugh'd at sufficiently, if I do not justify my self; I must set my impudence to hers, she is resolv'd to deny all I see, and I have lost all hope of her. *(Aside.*

Vin. Come, faith *Ranger*—

Ran.

Ran. You will deny too, Madam, that I follow'd you last Night from the Park, to your Lodging, where I stay'd with you till Morning; you never saw me before I warrant?

Cbri. That you rudely intruded, last night, into my Lodging, I cannot deny! but I wonder you have the confidence to brag of it; sure you will not of your Reception?

Ran. I never was so ill-bred, as to brag of my Reception in a Ladies Chamber; not a word of that, Madam.

Val. How! if he lies, I revenge her; if it be true, I revenge my self.

(Valentine draws his Sword, which Vincent seeing, thrusts him back, and shuts the door upon him before he was discover'd by Ranger.)

Enter Lydia and her Woman, stopping at the door.

Lyd. What do I see! *Christina* with him! a Counter-plot to mine, to make me, and it, ridiculous; 'tis true, I find they have been long Acquainted, and I long Abus'd; but since she intends a triumph, in spight, as well as shame (not emulation) I retire; she deserves no envy, who will be shortly in my condition; his natural inconstancy, will prove my best revenge on her — on both.

(Exeunt Lydia with her Woman.)

Dapperwit to them.

Dap. *Christina's* going away again; what's the matter?

Ran. What do you mean?

Dap. I scarce had paid the Chair-men, and was coming up after her, but I met her on the Stairs, in as much hast, as if she had been frightn'd.

Ran. Who do you talk of?

Dap. *Christina*, whom I took up in a Chair, just now at St. James's-Gate.

Ran. Thou art Mad, here she is, this is *Christina*.

Dap. I must confess, I did not see her Face; but I am sure the Lady is gone, that I brought just now.

Ran. I tell you, again, this is she; did you bring two?

Cbri. I came in no Chair, had no guide, but my Woman there.

Vin. When did you bring your Lady, *Dapperwit*?

Dap. Ev'n now, just now.

Val.

Val. This Lady has been here half an hour.

Ran. He knows not what he says, he is mad, you are all so too, I am so too.

Vin. 'Tis the best excuse you can make for your self, and by owning your mistake, you'll shew you are come to your self; I my self saw your Woman at the door, who but look'd in, and then immediately went down again, as your friend *Dapperwit* too affirms.

Chri. You had best follow her, that look'd for you; and I'll go seek out him, I came to see; *Mr. Vincent*, pray let me in here.

Ran. 'Tis very fine, wondrous fine! *(Christina goes out a little and returns.)*

Chri. Oh he is gone! *Mr. Vincent* follow him; he were yet more severe to me, in indangering his Life, than in his Censures in me; you know the power of his Enemies is great, as their malice; just Heaven preserve him from them, and me from this ill, or unlucky Man. *(Ex. Christina, her Woman and Vincent.)*

Ran. 'Tis well——nay, certainly, I shall never be master of my Senses more; but why do'st thou help to distract me too?

Dap. My astonishment was as great as yours, to see her go away again; I wou'd have stay'd her if I cou'd.

Ran. Yet, again, talking of a Woman you met going out, when I talk of *Christina*.

Ran. I talk of *Christina* too.

Ran. She went out just now; the Woman you found me with, was she.

Dap. That was not the *Christina* I brought just now.

Ran. You brought her, almost, half an hour ago; S-death, will you give me the lye?

Dap. A Lady disappointed by her Gallant, the night before her journey, cou'd not be more touchy with her Maid, or Husband, than you are with me now, after your dis-appointment; but if you think me so, I'll go serve my self hereafter; for ought I know, I have dis-appointed *Mrs. Martha* for you, and may lose Thirty Thousand Pounds by the bargain: farewell, a Raving Lover is fit for solitude. *(Ex. Dap.)*

Ran. Lydia, Triumph, I now am thine again; of Intrigues, honourable or dishonourable, and all sorts of Rambling I take my leave; when we are giddy, 'tis time to stand still: Why shou'd we be so fond of the By-paths of Love? where we are still way-lay'd, with Surprizes, Trapans, Dangers, and Murdering Disappointments?

*Just as at Blind-mans Buff, we run at All,
Whilst those that lead us, laugh to see us Fall;
And when we think, we hold the Lady Fast,
We find it but her Scarf, or Veil, at Last.*

(Exeunt.)

A C T V. S C E N E I.

St. James's-Park.

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, leading Mrs. Martha, Dapperwit.

Sir Sim. **A**T length, you see, I have freed the Captive Lady, for her longing Knight, Mr. *Dapperwit*, who brings off a Plot cleverly now?

Dap. I wish our Poets were half so good at it; Mrs. *Martha*, a Thousand welcomes——— (*Dapperwit Kisses and Embraces Mrs. Martha.*)

Sir Sim. Hold, hold, Sir; your joy is a little too familiar, (*Faith and Troth.*)

Dap. Will you not let me salute Mrs. *Martha*?

Mart. What, *Jonas*, do you think I do not know good Breeding? must I be taught by you?

Sir Sim. I wou'd have kept the Maiden-head of your Lips, for your sweet Knight, Mrs. *Martha*, that's all; I dare swear, you never kiss'd any Man before, but your Father.

Mart. My sweet Knight, if he will be Knight of mine, must be contented with what he finds, as well as other Knights.

Sir Sim. So smart already, Faith and Troth!

Mart. Dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*, I am overjoy'd to see you; but I thank honest *Jonas* for't.

Sir Sim. How she hugs him! (*Aside.*)

Mart. Poor Mr. *Dapperwit*, I thought I shou'd never have seen you again; but I thank honest *Jonas* there——— (*She hugs Dapperwit.*)

Sir Sim. Do not thank me, Mrs. *Martha*, any more than I thank you.

Mart. I wou'd not be ungrateful, *Jonas*.

Sir Sim. Then reserve your kindness, only, for your Worthy, Noble, Brave, Heroick Knight who loves you only, and only deserves your kindness.

Mart. I will shew my kindness to my Worthy, Brave, Heroick, Knight, in being kind to his Friend, his dear Friend, who help'd him to me. (*Hugs Dap. again.*)

Sir Sim. But, Mistress *Martha*, he is not to help him always; tho' he helps him to be married, he is not to help him when he is Married.

Mart. What, Mr. *Dapperwit*, will you love my worthy Knight, less after Marriage, than before? that were against the Custom; for Marriage gets a Man Friends, instead of losing those he has.

Dap. I will ever be his Servant, and yours, Dear Madam, do not doubt me.

Mart. I do not, sweet, dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*; but I shou'd not have seen you these two Days if it had not been for honest *Jonas*——— (*She kisses Dap.*)

Sir Sim. For Shame, though she be young and foolish, do not you wrong me to my Face. [*Apart to Dap.*]

Dap. Wou'd you have me so ill Bred, as to repulse her innocent kindness; what a thing it is to want Wit!

Sir Sim. A Pox, I must make hast to discover my self, or I shall discover, what I wou'd not discover; but if I shou'd discover my self in this habit, 'twou'd not be to my advantage; but I'll go, put on my own Cloaths, and look like a Knight: (*Aside.*)

Well, Mrs. *Martha*, I'll go seek out your Knight; are you not impatient to see him? (*To her.*)

Mart. Wives must be obedient, let him take his own time.

Sir Sim. Can you trust your self, a turn or two, with Master *Dapperwit*?

Mart.

Mart. Yes, yes, *Jonas*, as long as you will.

Sir Sim. But I wou'd not trust you with him, if I cou'd help it: (*Aside.*)

*So marry'd Wight, sees what he dares not Blame;
And cannot budge for Fear, nor stay for Shame.*

(*Ex. Sir Sim.*)

Dap. I am glad he is gone, that I may Laugh, 'tis such a miracle of Fops, that his Conversation shou'd be pleasant to me, even when it hindred me of yours.

Mart. Indeed, I'm glad he is gone too, as pleasant as he is.

Dap. I know why, I know why, sweet Mrs. *Martha*; I warrant you, you had rather have the Parsons Company, than his? now you are out of your Father's House, 'tis time to leave being a Hypocrite.

Mart. Well for the jests Sake, to disappoint my Knight, I wou'd not care if I disappointed my self of a Ladyship.

Dap. Come, I will not keep you on the Tenters, I know you have a mind to make sure of me, I have a little Chaplain, I wish he were a Bishop, or one of the Fryars, to perfect our Revenge upon that Zealous Jew, your Father.

Mart. Do not speak ill of my Father, he has been your Friend I'm sure.

Dap. My Friend ———

Mart. His hard usage of me, conspir'd with your good Meen, and Wit, and to avoid slavery under him, I stoop to your Yoke.

Dap. I will be oblig'd to your Father, for nothing but a Portion, nor to you for your Love; 'twas due to my Merit.

Mart. You shew your self *Sir Simon's* Original, if 'twere not for that Vanity ———

Dap. I shou'd be no Wit, 'tis the badge of my calling; for you can no more find a Man of Wit without Vanity, than a fine Woman without Affectation: But let us go, before the Knight comes again.

Mart. Let us go before my Father comes, he soon will have the Intelligence.

Dap. Stay, let me think a little. (*Pauses.*)

Mart. What are you thinking of? you shou'd have thought before this time, or, I shou'd have thought rather.

Dap. Peace, Peace.

Mart. What are you thinking of?

Dap. I am thinking, what a Wit without Vanity, is like; he is like ———

Mart. You do not think we are in a publick Place, and may be surpris'd, and prevented by my Father's Scouts.

Dap. What, wou'd you have me lose my Thought?

Mart. You wou'd rather lose your Mistress, it seems.

Dap. He is like ——— I think I'm a Sot to Night, let me Perish.

Mart. Nay, if you are so in Love with your Thought.

(Offers to go.)

Dap. Are you so impatient to be my Wife? he is like ——— he is like ——— a Picture without shadows, or, or ——— a Face without Patches ——— or a Diamond without a Foyl; these are new Thoughts now, these are new.

Mart. You are wedded already to your Thoughts, I see, good Night.

Dap. Madam, do not take it ill;

For loss of happy Thought, there's no Amends.

For his new Jest, true Wit will lose old Friends.

That's new again, the thought's new.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Gripe, leading Mrs. Lucy, Joyner, Crosbite, following.

Gripe. Mrs. Joyner, I can conform to this Mode of Publick walking by Moon-light, because one is not known.

Lucy. Why, are you ashamed of your Company?

Gripe. No, pretty one; because in the dark, or as it were the dark, there is no Envy, nor Scandal; I wou'd neither lose you, nor my Reputation.

Joyner. Your Reputation; indeed, your Worship, 'tis well known, there are as grave Men, as your Worship; nay, Men in Office too, that adjourn their Cares, and Businesses, to come and unbend themselves at Night here, with a little vizard-Mask.

Gripe. I do believe it, Mrs. Joyner.

Lucy. I God-mother, and carries, and treats her at Mulberry-Garden.

Cros.

Cros. Nay, do's not only treat her, but gives her his whole gleanings of that day.

Gripe. They may, they may, Mrs. *Crosbite*, they take above six in the hundred.

Cros. Nay, there are those of so much worth, and honour, and love, that they'll take it from their Wives and Children, to give it to their Misses; now your Worship has no Wife, and but one Child.

Grip. Still for my Edification.

(*Aside.*

Foyn. That's true indeed, for I know a great Lady, that cannot follow her Husband abroad to his Haunts, because her Ferrendine is so ragged and greasie; whilst his Mistress is as fine as sippence, in embroidered Sattens.

Gripe. Politickly done of him indeed, if the truth were known, he is a States-Man by that, Umph. —

Cros. Truly, your Women of quality, are very troublesome to their Husbands; I have heard 'em complain, they will allow them no separate maintainance, though the Honourable Jilts, themselves, will not marry without it.

Foyn. Come, come, Mistress, sometimes 'tis the craft of those Gentlemen, to complain of their Wives expences, to excuse their own narrowness to their Misses; but your Daughter has a Gallant that can make no excuse.

Gripe. So, Mrs. *Foyner* — my Friend, Mrs. *Foyner*. —

Cros. I hope, indeed, he'll give my Daughter no cause to dun him; for poor Wretch, she is as modest as her Mother.

Gripe. I profess, I believe it.

Lucy. But, I have the boldness to ask him for a Treat, come, Gallant, we must walk towards the Mulberry-Gard'n.

Gripe. So---- I am afraid, little Mistress, the Rooms are all taken up by this time.

Foyn. Will you shame your self again? (*Aside to Gripe.*

Lucy. If the Rooms be full, we'll have an Arbor.

Gripe. At this time of night; besides the Waiters will ne'er come near you.

Lucy. They will be observant of good Customers, as we shall be; come along.

Gripe. Indeed, and verily, little Mistress, I wou'd go, but that I should be forsworn, if I did.

Foyn. That's so pitiful an Excuse —————

Gripe. In truth, I have forsworn the Place, ever since I was pawn'd there for a Reckoning.

Lucy. You have broken many an Oath for the good old cause, and will you Boggle at one for your poor, little *Mis'* come along.

Lady Flippant behind.

Flip. Unfortunate Lady, that I am ! I have left the Herd on purpose to be chas'd, and have wandred this hour here ; but the Park affords not so much as a Satyr for me, (and that strange) no Burgundy Man, or drunken Scourer will reel my way ; the Rag-women, and Cyder-women, have better luck than I ——— but who are these ? if this mungril light do's not deceive me, 'tis my Brother, 'tis he, there's *Foyner* too, and two other Women ; I'll follow 'em ; it must be he, for this World hath nothing like him ; I know not what the Devil may be in the other.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot in fine Cloaths, Dapperwit and Mrs. Martha, unseen by him at the door.

Sir Sim. Well, after all my seeking, I can find those I wou'd not find ; I'm sure 'twas old *Gripe*, and *Foyner* with him, and the Widow follow'd ; he wou'd not have been here, but to have sought his Daughter, sure ; but vigilant *Daperwit* has spy'd him too, and has, no doubt, secur'd her from him.

Dap. And you.

(*Behind.*

Sir Sim. The Rogue is as good at hiding, as I am at stealing a Mistress ; 'tis a vain conceited Fellow, yet I think, 'tis an honest Fellow : But again, he is a damnable Whoring Fellow ; and what opportunity this air, and darkness may encline 'em to, Heaven knows ; for I have heard the Rogue say himself, a Lady will no more shew her modesty in the dark, then a Spaniard his Courage.

Dap. Ha, ha, ha —————

Sir Sim. Nay, if you are there my true Friend, I'll forgive your hearkning, if you'll forgive my censures ; I speak to you, dear, *Madam Martha* ; dear, dear ——— Behold your worthy Knight.

Mart. That's far from Neighbours.

Sir Sim. I's come to reap the fruit of his labours.

Mart. I cannot see the Knight ; well, but I'm sure I hear

Jonas.

Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. I am no *Fonas*, Mrs. *Martha*.

Mart. The night is not so dark, nor the *Peruque* so big, but I can discern *Fonas*.

Sir Sim. Faith and Troth, I am the very *Sir Simon Addleplot*, that is to marry you; the same, *Dapperwit* solicited you for; ask him else, my name is not *Fonas*.

Mart. You think my youth, and simplicity, capable of this cheat; but let me tell you, *Fonas*, 'tis not your borrow'd cloaths, and titles, shall make me, marry my Father's Man.

Sir Sim. Borrow'd title; I'll be sworn I bought it of my Landress, who was a Court Landress; but indeed, my cloaths, I have not pay'd for; therefore in that sense are borrow'd.

Mart. Prithee, *Fonas*, let the jest end, or I shall be presently in earnest.

Sir Sim. Pray be in earnest, and let us go; the Parson, and Supper, stay for us, and I am a Knight in earnest.

Mart. You a Knight, insolent, sawcy Fool?

Sir Sim. The Devil take me, Mrs. *Martha*, if I am not a Knight now; a Knight Baronet too: A Man ought, I see, to carry his Patent in his Pocket, when he goes to be marry'd, 'tis more necessary than a License; I am a Knight indeed, and indeed, now, Mrs. *Martha*.

Mart. Indeed, and indeed, the trick will not pass, *Fonas*.

Sir Sim. Poor Wretch, she's afraid, she shall not be a Lady: come, come, discover the intrigue, *Dapperwit* ———

Mart. You need not discover the intrigue, 'tis apparent already; unworthy Mr. *Dapperwit*, after my confidence repos'd in you; cou'd you be so little generous, as to betray me to my Father's Man; but I'll be even with you.

Sir Sim. Do not accuse him, poor Man, before you hear him; tell her the intrigue, Man.

Dap. A Pox, she will not believe us.

Sir Sim. Will you not excuse your self? but I must not let it rest so; know then, Mrs. *Martha*.

Mart. Come, I forgive thee before thy confession, *Fonas*; you never had had the confidence to have design'd this Cheat upon me, but from Mr. *Dapperwit*'s encouragement, 'twas his Plot.

Sir Sim. Nay, do not do me that wrong, Madam.

Mart. But since he has trapan'd me out of my Father's House he is like to keep me as long as I live, and so good night

Fonas.

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Sir S

Sir Sim. Hold, hold, what d'ye mean both ? prithee tell her I am *Sir Simon*, and no *Jonas*.

Dap. A Pox, she will not believe us, I tell you.

Sir Sim. I have provided a Parson, and Supper, at *Mulberry-Garden*, and invited all my Friends I cou'd meet in the Park.

Dap. Nay, rather than they shall be disappointed, there shall be a Bride and Bridegroom, to entertain 'em ; *Mrs. Martha* and I'll go thither presently.

Sir Sim. Why, shall she be your Bride ?

Dap. You see she will have it so.

Sir Sim. Will you make *Dapperwit* your Husband ?

Mart. Rather than my Father's Man.

Sir Sim. Oh the Devil——

Mart. Nay, come along, *Jonas*, you shall make one at the Wedding, since you help'd to contrive it.

Sir Sim. Will you cheat your self, for fear of being cheated ?

Mart. I am desperate now.

Sir Sim. Wilt thou let her do so ill a thing, *Dapperwit*, as to marry thee ? open her Eyes, prithee, and tell her I am a true Knight.

Dap. 'T wou'd be in vain, by my life, you have carry'd your self so like a natural Clerk —— and so adieu, good *Jonas*.

(Ex. Martha and Dapperwit.)

Sir Sim. What, ruin'd by my own Plot, like an old Cavalier ; yet like him too, I will Plot on still, a Plot of prevention ; so I have it —— her Father was here ev'n now, I'm sure well —— I'll go tell her Father of her, that I will ;

And punish so her Folly, and his Treachery,

Revenge is sweet ; and makes amends for Leachery. *Ex.*

Enter Lydia, and her Woman Leonore.

Lyd. I wish, I had not come hither to night, *Leonore*.

Leo. Why did you, Madam ? If the place be so dis-agreeable to you.

Lyd. We cannot help visiting the place often, where we have lost any thing we value ; I lost *Ranger* here last night.

Leo. You thought you had lost him before, a great while ago, and therefore you ought to be the less troubled.

Lyd.

Lyd. But 'twas here, I miss'd him first, I'm sure.

Leo. Come, Madam, let not the loss vex you, he is not worth the looking after.

Lyd. It cannot but vex me yet, if I lost him by my own fault.

Leon. You had but too much care to keep him.

Lyd. It often happens, indeed, that too much care, is as bad as negligence; but I had rather be rob'd, than lose what I have carelessly.

Leon. But, I believe, you wou'd hang the Thief if you cou d.

Lyd. Not, if I cou'd have my own again.

Leon. I see you wou'd be too merciful.

Lyd. I wish I were try'd.

Leon. But, Madam, if you please, we will wave the discourse; for People seldom (I suppose) talk with pleasure, of their real Losses.

Lyd. 'Tis better then to ruminate in them; mine, I'm sure, will not out of head, nor heart.

Leon. Grief is so far from retrieving a loss, that it makes it greater; but the way to lessen it, is, by a comparison with others losses; here are Ladies, in the Park, of your Acquaintance, I doubt not, can compare with you; pray Madam, let us walk and find 'em out.

Lyd. 'Tis the resentment you say, makes the loss great, or little; and then I'm sure, there is none like mine; however go on.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Vincent and Valentine.

Vin. I am glad I have found you, for now I am prepar'd to lead you out of the dark, and all your trouble; I have good news.

Val. You are as unmerciful, as the Physician, who with new Arts, keeps his miserable Patient alive, and in hopes, when he knows the Disease is incurable.

Vin. And you, like the melancholy Patient, mistrust and hate your Physician, because he will not comply with your Despair: But I'll cure your Jealousie now.

Val. You know, all Diseases grow worse by relapses.

Vin. Trust me once more.

Val.

Val. Well, you may try your Experiments upon me.

Vin. Just as I shut the door upon you, the Woman, *Ranger* expected, came up stairs ; but finding another Woman in discourse with him, went down again, I suppose, as jealous of him, as you of *Christina*.

Val. How do's it appear she came to *Ranger* ?

Vin. Thus, *Dapperwit* came up after he had brought her, just then, in a Chair from St. *James's* by *Ranger's* appointment ; and it is certain your *Christina* came to you.

Val. How can that be ? for she knew not I was in the Kingdom.

Vin. My Man confesses, when I sent him to enquire of her Woman, about her Lady's being here in the Park last Night ; he told her you were come, and she, it seems, told her Mistress.

Val. That might be _____ (*Aside.*
But did not *Christina* confess, *Ranger* was in her Lodging last night.

Vin. By intrusion, which she had more particularly inform'd me of, if her apprehensions of your Danger had not posted me after you ; she not having yet (as I suppose) heard of *Clerimont's* Recovery : I left her, poor Creature, at home, distracted with a Thousand Fears for your Life and Love.

Val. Her Love, I'm sure, has cost me more Fears, than my Life ; yet that little Danger is not past, (as you think) till the great one be over.

Vin. Open but your Eyes, and the Fantastick Goblin's vanish'd, and all your idle fears, will turn to shame ; for Jealousie is the basest cowardize.

Val. I had rather, indeed, blush for my self, than her.

Vin. I'm sure you will have more reason——But is not that *Ranger* there.

*Ranger Enters, follow'd by Christina and her Woman,
after them Lydia and her Woman.*

Val. I think it is.

Vin. I suppose, his Friend *Dapperwit* is not far off ; I will examine them both before you, and not leave you so much, as the shadow of doubt ; *Ranger's* astonishment at my Lodging, fels'd his mistake.

Val. His astonishment might proceed from *Christina's* unexpected strangeness to him.

Vin. He shall satisfy you now himself to the contrary, I warrant you, have but patience.

Val.

Val. I had rather, indeed, he should satisfy my Doubts, than my Revenge; therefore I can have patience.

Vin. But what Women are those that follow him?

Val. Stay a little——

Ran. *Lydia, Lydia*——— poor *Lydia*:

Lyd. If she be my Rival, 'tis some comfort yet, (*To her Maid.* to see her follow him, rather than he her.

Leon. But if you follow them a little longer, for your comfort, you shall see them go hand in hand.

Cbri. Sir, Sir———

(*To Ranger.*

Leon. She calls to him already.

Lyd. But he does not hear, you see; let us go a little nearer.

Vin. Sure it is *Ranger*?

Val. As sure as the Woman that follows him closest, is *Christina*.

Vin. For shame, talk not of *Christina*; I left her just now at home, surrounded with so many Fears and Grievs, she cou'd not stir.

Val. She is come, it may be, to divert them here in the Park; I'm sure 'tis she.

Vin. When the Moon, at this instant, scarce affords light enough to distinguish a Man from a Tree, how can you know her?

Val. How can you know *Ranger*, then?

Vin. I heard him speak.

Val. So you may her too; I'll secure you, if you will draw but a little nearer; she came, doubtless, to no other end but to speak with him; observe——

Cbri. Sir, I have follow'd you hitherto. (*To Ranger.* but now, I must desire you to follow me out of the Company, for I wou'd not be over-heard, nor disturb'd.

Ran. Ha! is not this *Christina's* voice? it is I am sure, I cannot be deceiv'd now———dear Madam———

Vin. It is she indeed.

(*Apart to Val.*

Val. It is so?

Cbri. Come, Sir———

(*To Ranger.*

Val. Nay, I'll follow you too, though not invited. (*Aside.*

Lyd. I must not, cannot stay behind. (*Aside.* [*Exeunt.*

They all go off together in a huddle, hastily;

Christina, her Woman, and Valentine, return on the other Side.

Cbri. Come along, Sir.

Val.

Val. So I must stick to her when all is done ; her new Servant has lost her in the Crowd, she has gone too fast for him ; so much my revenge is swifter than his Love ; now shall I not only have the deserted Lovers Revenge, of dis-appointing her of her new Man ; but an opportunity infallibly at once, to discover her falseness, and confront her impudence. (*Aside.*)

Chri. Pray come along, Sir, I am in haste.

Val. So eager, indeed——I wish that Cloud may yet withhold the Moon, that this false Woman, may not discover me, before I do her. (*Aside.*)

Chri. Here no one can hear us, and I'm sure we cannot see one another.

Val. 'Sdeath, what have I giddily run my self upon? 'Tis rather a tryal of my self than her ; I cannot undergo it. (*Aside.*)

Chri. Come nearer, Sir.

Val. Hell and Vengeance, I cannot suffer it, I cannot.

(*Aside.*)

Chri. Come, come ; yet nearer, pray come nearer.

Val. It is impossible, I cannot hold ; I must discover my self, rather than her infamy.

Chri. You are conscious, it seems, of the wrong you have done me, and are asham'd though in the dark. (*Speaks, walking slowly.*)

Val. How's this !

(*Aside.*)

Chri. I'm glad to find it so ; for all my business with you, is to show you your late mistakes, and force a Confession from you of those unmannerly injuries you have done me.

Val. What ! I think she's honest ; or does she know me ? sure she cannot. (*Aside.*)

Chri. First, your intrusion, last night, into my lodging, which, I suppose, has begot your other gross mistakes.

Val. No, she takes me for *Ranger*, I see again. (*Aside.*)

Chri. You are to know then, (since needs you must) it was not me you follow'd last Night to my Lodging from the Park, but some Kinswoman of yours, it seems ; whose fear of being discover'd by you, prevail'd with me to personate her, while she withdrew, our Habits and our Statures being much alike ; which I did with as much difficulty, as she us'd importunity to make me ; and all this, my Lady *Flippant* can witness, who was then with your Cousin.

Val.

Val. I am glad to hear this ———

[*Aside.*

Chri. Now, what your claim to me, at Mr. *Vincent's* Lodging, meant; the Letter, and Promises, you unworthily, or erroneously lay'd to my Charge, you must explain to me and others, or ———

Val. How's this! I hope I shall discover no Guilt but my own; she wou'd not speak in threats to a Lover ——— (*Aside.*

Chri. Was it because you found me in Mr. *Vincent's* Lodgings, you took a Liberty to use me, like one of your common Visitants? But know, I came no more to Mr. *Vincent*, than you, yet, I confess, my visit was intended to a Man ——— A brave Man, till you made him use a Woman ill, worthy the Love of a Princess, till you made him censure mine, good as Angels, till you made him unjust: Why ——— in the name of honour, wou'd you do't?

Val. How happily, am I disappointed! poor injur'd *Christina*. (*Aside.*

Chri. He wou'd have sought me out first, if you had not made him fly from me, our mutual love, confirm'd by a contract, made our hearts inseparable, till you rudely, if not maliciously, thrust in upon us, and broke the close, and happy knot: I had lost him before for a month, now for ever. (*She weeps.*

Val. My Joy, and Pity makes me as mute, as my Shame; yet I must discover my self. (*Aside.*

Chri. Your silence, is a confession of your guilt.

Val. I own it. (*Aside.*

Chri. But that will not serve my turn; for strait you must go clear your self, and me to him you have injur'd in me, if he has not made too much haste from me, to be found again, you must I say, for he is a Man that will have satisfaction, and in satisfying him, you do me.

Val. Then he is satisfy'd.

Chri. How! is it you? then I am not satisfy'd.

Val. Will you be worse than your Word?

Chri. I gave it not to you.

Val. Come, dear *Christina*, the Jealous, like the Drunkard, has his Punishment, with his Offence.

To them *Vincent*.

Vin. *Valentine*, Mr. *Valentine*.

Val.

Val. Vincent—

Vin. Where have you been all this while ?

(*Valentine holds Christina by the hand, who seems to struggle to get from him.*)

Val. Here with my injur'd *Christina*.

Vin. She's behind with *Ranger*, who is forc'd to speak all the tender things himself ; for she affords him not a Word.

Val. Pish, pish, *Vincent*, who is blind now ? who deceiv'd now.

Vin. You are, for I'm sure *Christina* is with him ; come back and see. (*They go out at one door, and return at the other.*)

Ranger to Lydia.

Ran. Still mock'd, still abus'd ! did you not bid me follow you, where we might not be disturb'd, nor over-heard ? and now not allow me a Word ?

Vincent to Valentine.

Vin. Did you hear him ?

(*Apart to Val.*)

Val. Yes, yes, Peace — —

(*Apart to Vin.*)

Ran. Disowning your Letter, and Me, at *Mr. Vincent's* Lodging, declaring you came to meet another there, and not me ; with a great deal of such affronting unkindness, might be reasonable enough, because you wou'd not intrust *Vincent* with our Love ; but now, when no body sees us, nor hears us, why this unseasonable shyness — —

Lyd. It seems, she did not expect him there, but had appointed to meet another ; I wish it were so. (*Aside.*)

Ran. I have not Patience ; do you design thus to revenge my intrusion into your Lodging last Night ? sure if you had then been displeas'd with my Company, you wou'd not have invited your self to't again by a Letter ? or is this a Punishment for bringing you to a House, so near your own, where, it seems, you were known too ? I do confess, it was a Fault ; but make me suffer any Penance, but your Silence, because it is the certain mark of a Mistress's lasting Displeasure —

Lyd. My — — is not yet come.

(*Aside.*)

Ran. Not yet a Word ? you did not use me so unkindly last Night, when you chid me out of your House, and with Indignation bid me be gone ; now, you bid me follow you, and yet will have nothing to say to me, and I am more deceiv'd

this

this Day and Night, than I was last Night; when, I must confess, I follow'd you for another —

Lyd. I'm glad to hear that. *(Aside.*

Ran. One that wou'd have us'd me better; whose Love, I have ungratefully abus'd for yours; yet from no other reason, but my natural Inconstancy —

Poor *Lydia*, *Lydia* — *(Aside.*

Lyd. He mutter'd my Name sure, and with a Sigh. *(Aside.*

Ran. But as last Night, by following (as I thought) her, I found you: So this Night, by following you in vain, I do resolve, if I can find her again, to keep her for ever.

Lyd. Now I am oblig'd, and brought into debt by his Inconstancy; Faith, now cannot I hold out any longer, I must discover my self. *(Aside.*

Ran. But, Madam, because I intend to see you no more, I'll take my leave of you for good and all; since you will not speak, I'll try if you will squeeek —

(Goes to throw her down, she squeeks:

Lyd. Mr. Ranger, Mr. Ranger —

Vin. Fye, fye, you need not ravish *Christina* sure, that loves you so.

Ran. Is it she! *Lydia* all this while? how am I gull'd, and *Vincent* in the Plot too?

Lyd. Now false *Ranger*.

Ran. Now false *Christina* too; you thought I did not know you now, because I offer'd you such an unufal Civility.

Lyd. You knew me, I warrant you knew too, that I was the *Christina* you follow'd out of the Park last Night; that I was the *Christina* that writ the Letter too.

Ran. Certainly, therefore I wou'd have taken my Revenge, you see, for your Tricks.

Val. Is not this the same Woman that took refuge in your House last Night, Madam? *(To Christina.*

Chri. The very same.

Val. What, Mr. *Ranger*, we have chop'd and chang'd, and hid our *Christina*'s so long, and often, that at last, we have drawn each of us our own?

Ran. Mr. *Valentine* in *England*! the truth on't is, you have juggled together, and drawn without my Knowledge; but since she will have it so, she shall swear me for good and all now. *(Goes to take her by the Hand.* *Lyd.*

Lyd. Come not near me.

Ran. Nay, you need not be afraid, I wou'd ravish you, now I know you.

Lyd. And yet, *Leonore*, I think 'tis but justice, to pardon the fault I made him commit? (*Apart to Leonore,*
Ranger listens.)

Ran. You consider it right, Cousin; for indeed you are but merciful to your self in it.

Lyd. Yet, if I wou'd be rigorous, though I made a blot, your oversight has lost the Game.

Ran. But 'twas rash Womans Play, Cousin, and ought not to be play'd again, let me tell you.

To them Dapperwit.

Dap. Who's there? who's there?

Ran. *Dapperwit.*

Dap. *Mr. Ranger*, I am glad I have met with you, for I have left my Bride just now, in the House at Mulberry-Garden, to come and pick up some of my Friends in the Park here, to sup with us.

Ran. Your Bride! are you marry'd then; where is your Bride?

Dap. Here at Mulberry-Garden, I say, where you, these Ladies, and Gentlemen, shall all be welcome, if you will afford me the Honour of your Company.

Ran. With all our hearts; but who have you marry'd, *Lucy*?

Dap. What, do you think I wou'd marry a Wench? I have marry'd an Heiress worth Thirty Thousand Pounds, let me perish,

Vin. An Heiress worth Thirty Thousand Pounds!

Dap. *Mr. Vincent*, your Servant, you here too?

Ran. Nay, we are more of your Acquaintance here (I think) go, we'll follow you, for if you have not dismiss'd your Parson, perhaps we may make him more Work. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scence changes to the Dining-room, in Mulberry-Garden-House.

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, Gripe, Mrs. Martha, Joyner, Crossbite, Lucy.

Sir Sim. 'Tis as I told you, Sir, you see.

Gripe. Oh graceless Babe, marry'd to a Wit! an idle, loytering, slandering, foul-mouth'd, beggerly Wit; Oh that my Child should ever live to marry a Wit; *Joyner.*

Foyn. Indeed your Worship had better seen her fairly buried, as they say.

Cros. If my Daughter, there, shou'd have done so, I wou'd not have giv'n her a Groat.

Gripe. Marry a Wit!

Sir Sim. Mts. *Foyner*, do not let me lose the (To *Joyner*.
Widow too; for if you do, (betwixt Friends) I and my small
Annuity are both blown up; it will follow my Estate. (Aside.

Foyn. I warrant you. (Aside.

Flip. Let us make sure of *Sir Simon* to Night, (To *Joyner*.
Or—— (Aside.

Foyn. You need not fear it; like the Lawyers, while my
Clients endeavour to cheat one another, I in justice cheat 'em
both. (Aside.

Gripe. Marry a Wit.

Enter *Dapperwit*, *Ranger*, and *Lydia*, *Valentine*,
Christina, and *Vincent*.

Dapperwit stops 'em, and they stand all behind.

Dap. What is he here, *Lucy* and her Mother? (Aside.

Gripe. Tell me how thou cam'st to marry a Wit?

Mart. Pray be not angry, Sir, and I'll give you a good reason.

Gripe. Reason for marrying a Wit!

Mart. Indeed, I found my self six months gone with Child,
and saw no hopes of your getting me a Husband, or else I had
not marry'd a Wit, Sir.

Foyn. Then you were the Wit.

Gripe. Had you that reason? nay, then —— (Holding
up his hands.

Dap. How's that! (Aside.

Ran. Who wou'd have thought, *Dapperwit*, you wou'd
have marry'd a Wench?

Dap. Well, Thirty Thousand Pounds will make me amends,
I have known my betters wink, and fall on for five or six.

(To *Ran*.

What, you are come, Sir, to give me joy? (To *Gripe* and the rest.
you Mrs. *Lucy*, you and you? well, unbid guests are doubly
welcome——

Sir Simon, I made bold to invite these Ladies, (To *Sir Sim*.
and Gentlemen, for you must know, Mr. *Ranger*, this worthy
Sir Simon, do's not only give me my Wedding-Supper, but
my Mistress too; and is as it were my Father.

Sir Sim. Then I am as it were a Grand-father to your new Wife's, *bansen kelder* ; to which you are but as it were a Father ; there's for you again, Sir—— ha ha——

Ran. Ha, ha, ha—— (To Vincent.

Dap. Fools sometimes say unhappy things, if we wou'd mind 'em ; but——what, Melancholy at your Daughter's Wedding, Sir ?

Gripe. How deplorable is my condition ?

Dap. Nay, if you will rob me of my Wench, Sir, can you blame me for robbing you of your Daughter ? I cannot be without a Woman.

Gripe. My Daughter, my Reputation, and my Money gone——but the last is dearest to me ; yet at once I may retrieve that, and be reveng'd for the loss of the other ; and all this by marrying *Lucy* here : I shall get my Five Hundred Pounds again, and get Heirs to exclude my Daughter, and frustrate *Dapperwit* ; besides, 'tis agreed on all hands, 'tis cheaper keeping a Wife than a Wench (Aside.

Dap. If you are so Melancholy, Sir, we will have the Fiddles, and a Dance to divert you, come.

A Dance.

Gripe. Indeed, you have put me so upon a merry Pin, that I resolve to marry too.

Flip. Nay, if my Brother come to marrying once, I may too ; I swore I wou'd, when he did, little thinking——

Sir Sim. I take you at your word, Madam.

Flip. Well, but if I had thought you wou'd have been so quick with me——

Gripe. Where is your Parson ?

Dap. What, you wou'd not revenge your self upon the Parson ?

Gripe. No, I wou'd have the Parson revenge me upon you ; he shou'd Marry me.

Dap. I am glad you are so frolick, Sir ; But who wou'd you Marry ?

Gripe. This innocent Lady. (Pointing to Lucy.

Dap. That innocent Lady ?

Gripe. Nay, I am impatient, Mrs. *Joyner*, pray fetch him up if he be yet in the House.

Dap. We were not Marry'd here ; but you cannot be in earnest.

Gripe. You'll find it so ; since you have rob'd me of my House-keeper, I must get another.

Dap.

Dap. Why? she was my Wench.

Gripe. I'll make her honest then.

Cros. Upon my repute he never saw her before: But will your Worship Marry my Daughter then?

Gripe. I promise her, and you, before all this good Company, to Morrow I will make her my Wife.

Dap. How!

Ran. Our Ladies, Sir, I suppose, expect the same Promise from us. (To Val.)

Val. They may be sure of us without a Promise; but let us (if we can) obtain theirs, to be sure of them.

Dap. But will you marry her to Morrow? — (To *Gripe.*)

Gripe. I will verily.

Dap. I am undone then, ruin'd let me perish.

Sir Sim. No, you may hire a little Room in *Covent-Garden*, and set up a Coffee-house; you, and your Wife, will be sure of the Wits Custom.

Dap. Abus'd by him, I have abus'd!

Fortune our Foe, we cannot over-wit,

By none but thee, our Projects are Cross-bit.

Val. Come, dear Madam, what yet angry? Jealousie sure is much more pardonable before marriage than after it; but to Morrow, by the help of the Parson, you'll put me out of all my Fears.

Chri. I am afraid then you wou'd give me my Revenge, and make me Jealous of you; and I had rather suspect your Faith, than you shou'd mine.

Ran. Cousin *Lydia*, I had rather suspect your Faith too, than you shou'd mine; therefore let us e'en marry to Morrow, that I may have my turn of watching, dogging, standing under the Window, at the Door, behind the hanging, or —

Lyd. But if I cou'd be desperate now, and give you up my Liberty; cou'd you find in your heart to quit all other Engagements, and voluntarily turn your self over to one Woman, and she a Wife too? cou'd you away with the insupportable bondage of Matrimony?

Ran. You talk of Matrimony as irreverently, as my Lady *Flippant*? the bondage of Matrimony, no —

The end of Marriage, now is Liberty,

And two are bound, — to set each other Fire.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Dapperwit.

NOW my Brisk Brother of the Pit, you'll Say,
I'm come to speak a good Word for the Play;
But (Gallants) let me perish, if I Do,
For I have Wit, and Judgment, just like You;
Wit never Partial, Judgment Free and Bold,
For Fear or Friendship never Bought or Sold,
Nor by good Nature to be Cajol'd.
Good Nature in a Critick were a Crime,
Like mercy in a Judge, and renders him
Guilty of all those Faults, he do's forgive:
Besides, if Theif from Gallows you Reprieve,
He'll cut your Throat; so Poet sav'd from Shame,
In damn'd Lampon, will murder your good Name:
Yet in true Spight to him, and to his Play,
(Good faith) you shou'd not rayl at 'em to Day;
But to be more his Foe, seem most his Friend,
And so maliciously, the Play Commend,
That he may be betray'd to Writing on,
And Poet let him be, to be undone.

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