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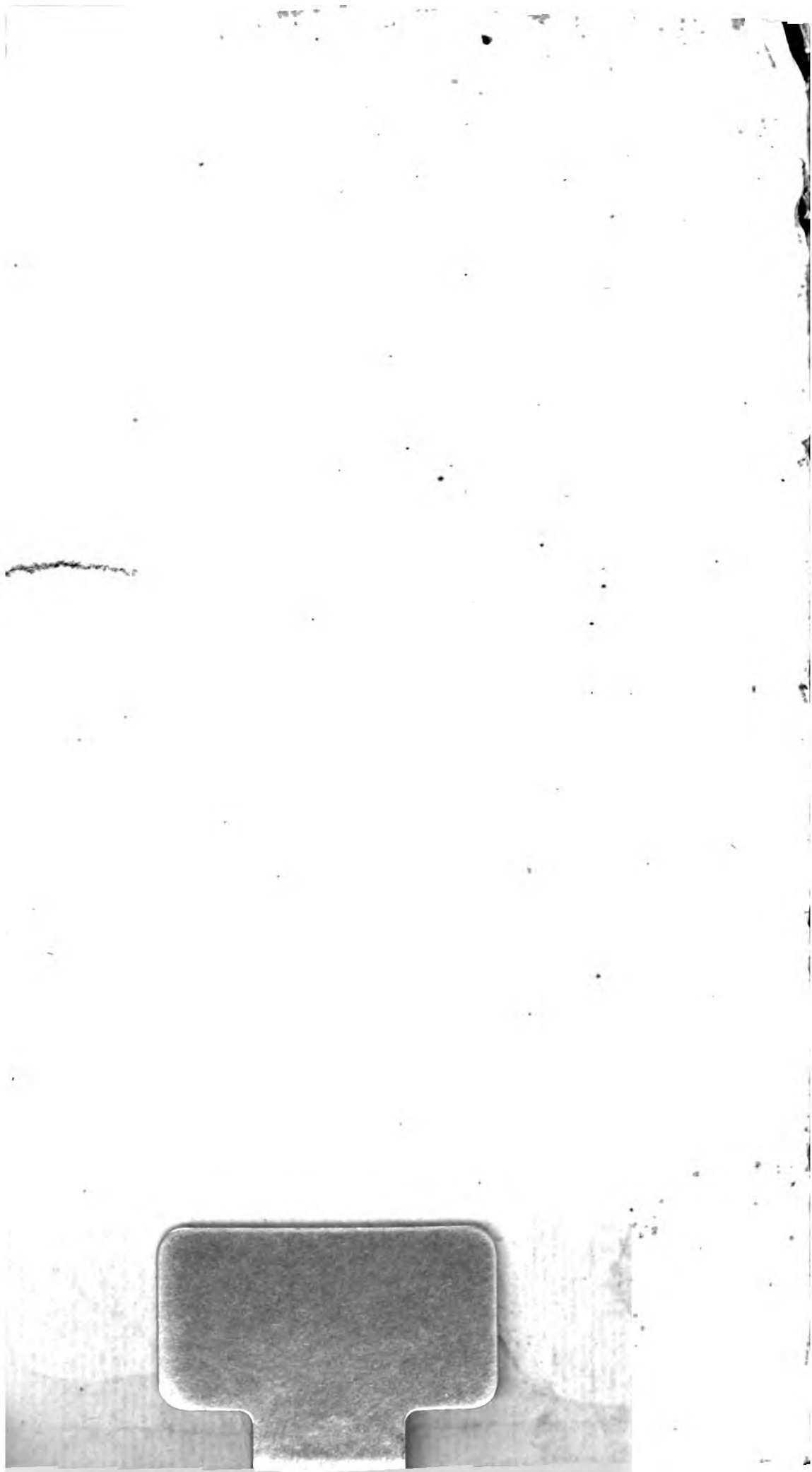


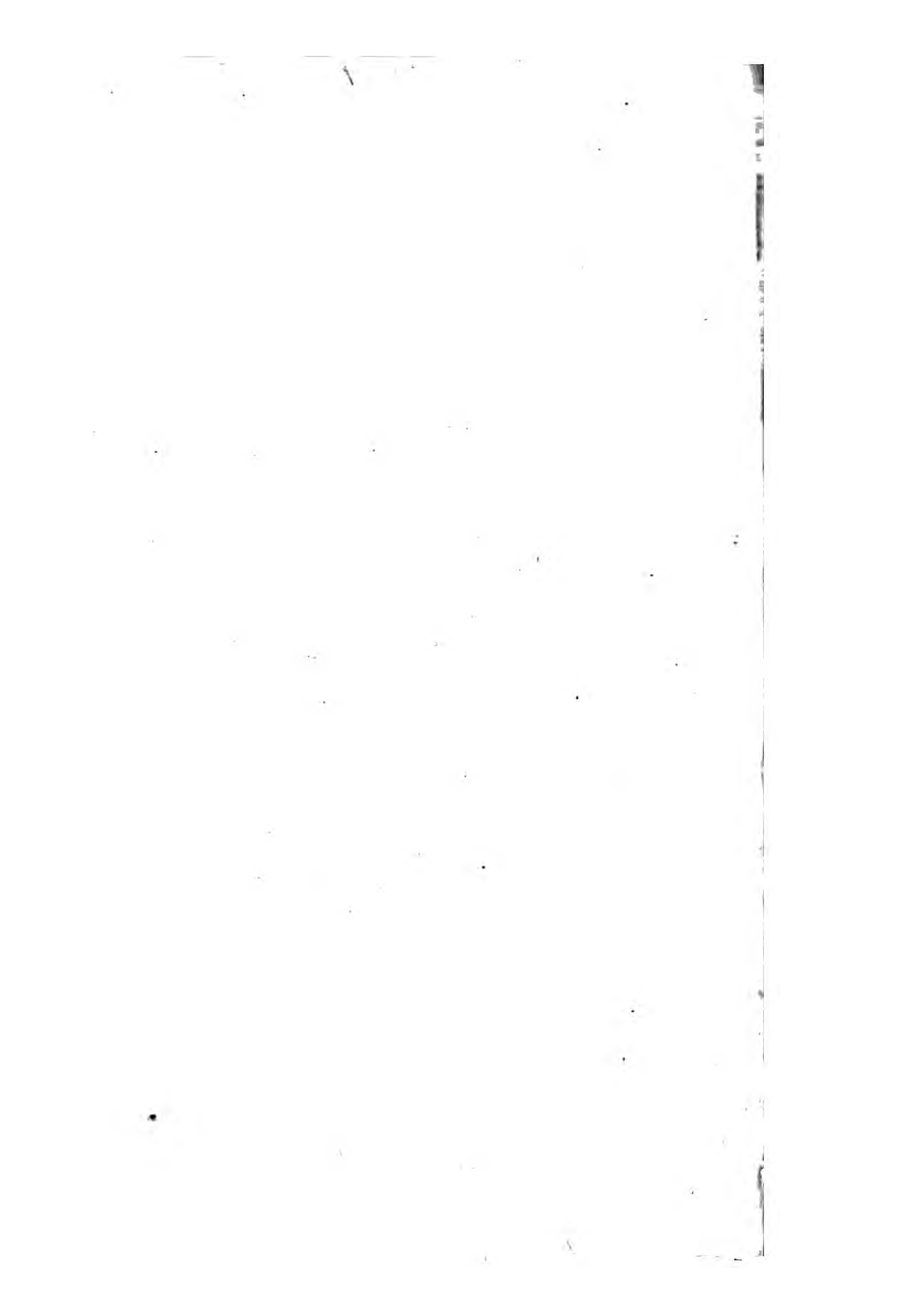
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THE CARELESS
HUSBAND
A COMEDY

lds.

5









Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

J. B. De Cloene

THE
Careless HUSBAND.
A
COMEDY.

Written by C. CIBBER.

*Yet none Sir Fopling Him, or Him can call:
He's Knight o'th' Shire, and represents you all.*
Prol. to Sir Fop.

Qui capit, ille facit.



LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the Strand.

M D C C L.

M. add. 108. f. 15.





To the most Illustrious

J O H N

DUKE of ARGYLE.



HIS Play, at last, through many Difficulties, has made way to throw itself at your Grace's Feet: And considering what well-meant Attempts were made to intercept it in its Course to so great an Honour, I have had Reason not to think it intirely successful, till (where my Ambition always design'd it) I found it safe in your Protection: Which, when several Means had fail'd of making it less worthy of, the Spleen ended with the Old Good-nature that was offer'd to my first Play, *viz.* That it was none of my own: But that's a Praise I have indeed some Reason to be proud of, since your Grace from evincing Circumstances is able to divide the Malice from the Compliment.

The best Criticks have long and justly complain'd, that the Coarseness of most Characters

D E D I C A T I O N.

in our late Comedies have been unfit Entertainments for People of Quality, especially the Ladies: And therefore I was long in hopes that some able Pen (whose Expectation did not hang upon the Profits of Success) wou'd generously attempt to reform the Town into a better Taste than the World generally allows 'em: But nothing of that kind having lately appear'd, that would give me an Opportunity of being wise at another's Expence, I found it impossible any longer to resist the secret Temptation of my Vanity, and so even struck the first Blow myself: And the Event has now convinc'd me, that whoever sticks closely to Nature, can't easily write above the Understanding of the Galleries, tho' at the same time he may possibly deserve Applause of the Boxes.

This Play before its Trial on the Stage was examin'd by several People of Quality, that came into your Grace's Opinion of its being a just, a proper and diverting Attempt in Comedy; but few of 'em carry'd the Compliment beyond their private Approbation: For when I was wishing for a little farther Hope, they stop short of your Grace's Penetration, and only kindly wisht me what they seem'd to fear, and you assur'd me of, a General Success.

But your Grace has been pleas'd, not only to encourage me with your Judgment; but have likewise by your favourable Influence in the Bounties that were rais'd for me the Third and Sixth Day, defended me against any Hazards of

DEDICATION.

an entire Disappointment from so bold an Undertaking : And therefore, whatever the World may think of me, as one they call a *Poet*, yet I am confident, as your Grace understands me, I shall not want your Belief, when I assure you that this *Dedication* is the Result of a profound Acknowledgment, an Artless Inclination, proudly Glad and Grateful.

And if the Dialogue of the following Scenes flows with more easy turn of Thought and Spirit, than what I have usually produc'd ; I shall not yet blame some People for saying 'tis not my own, unless they knew at the same time I owe most of it to the many stolen Observations I have made from your Grace's Manner of Conversing.

And if ever the Influence of your Grace's more shining Qualities should persuade me to attempt a *Tragedy*, I shall then, with the same Freedom, borrow all the Ornamental Virtues of my Hero, where now I only am indebted for part of the Fine Gentleman. Greatness of Birth and Mind, Sweetness of Temper, flowing from the fixt and native Principles of Courage and of Honour, are Beauties that I reserve for a farther Opportunity of expressing the Zeal and Gratitude of,

My Lord,

Dec. 15,
1704.

Your Grace's most Obedient,

Most Oblig'd and Humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.



T H E
P R O L O G U E.

O*f all the various Vices of the Age,
And Shoals of Fools expos'd upon the Stage,
How few are last that call for Satire's Rage!
What can you think to see our Plays so full
Of Madmen, Coxcombs, and the driveling Fool?
Of Cits, of Sharpers, Rakes and roaring Bullies,
Of Cheats, of Cuckolds, Aldermen and Cullies?
Wou'd not one swear, 'twere taken for a Rule,
That Satire's Rod in the Dramatick School,
Was only meant for the incorrigible Fool?
As if too Vice and Folly were confin'd
To the vile Scum alone of human Kind,
Creatures a Muse shou'd scorn; such abject Trash
Deserve not Satire's but the Hangman's Lash.
Wretches so far shut out from Sense of Shame,
Newgate or Bedlam only shou'd reclaim;
For Satire ne'er was meant to make wild Monsters tame.
No, Sirs.—*

*We rather think the Persons fit for Plays,
Are they whose Birth and Education says
They've every Help that shou'd improve Mankind,
Yet still live Slaves to a vile tainted Mind;
Such as in Wit are often seen t'abound,
And yet have some weak Part, where Folly's found:
For Follies sprout like Weeds, highest in fruitful Ground.*

And

PROLOGUE.

*And 'tis observ'd, the Garden of the Mind
To no infestive Weed's so much inclin'd,
As the rank Pride that some from Affectation find.
A Folly too well known to make its Court
With most Success among the better Sort.
Such are the Persons we to-day provide,
And Nature's Fools for once are laid aside.
This is the Ground on which our Play we build;
But in the Structure must to Judgment yield:
And where the Poet fails in Art, or Care,
We beg your wonted Mercy to the Player.*

}



PROLOGUE

Upon the last CAMPAIGN.

Written by a Person of Quality; design'd
for the Sixth Day, but not spoken.

*A Paying Nation hates the fighting Trade,
And lingring War in usual Methods made;
When Armies walk about from Wood to River,
And Threescore Thousand only get together
To eat, and drink, consult, and find the way
How without fighting they may earn their Pay;
When prudent Generals get, by Safeguard giving,
An honest, quiet, comfortable Living;
But never fight it up to a Thanksgiving.*

}

PROLOGUE.

*These manage War with the Physician's Skill,
And use such Means, as neither cure, nor kill:
Like the wise Doctors, safe by their Degrees,
They give weak Doses, but take swinging Fees.
The Trade continuing, which can never end,
While the sick State has any Thing to spend.
Thanks then to him, who strikes at the Disease,
And bravely tries to set the World at Ease:
For if such fighting last but one Year more,
Two Danube Victories will quit the Score,
And soon recruit our almost lavish'd Store.
A happy Peace regains our Treasure lost;
Our own the Glory, and our Foes the Cost.*

*No Favour let the homebred Sparks expect,
But Scorn from Men, and from the Fair Neglect.
Beaux, that spend all their Time in soft Love-making;
Those tender Souls, whose Hearts are always aking,
Shun'em, ye Fair, prevent their am'rous Boasting;
Nor poorly yield to idle Talk, and Toasting.
If you have Favours which you must bestow,
Give'em the Soldiers, they deserve'em now;
Who made proud Tyrants stoop, should only kneel to you.*

*Minerva guides our General to Fame,
No Cruelties in War affect his Name:
Mild in the Camp, by no Success made Vain.
A gentle Goddess animates his Mind;
Bold for his Friends, to conquer'd Foes as kind,
Design'd by Heav'n for Anna's happy Reign,
Whose generous Soul seeks only to restrain
Unbounded Tyranny, and lawless Might,
Revenge Oppression, and restore the Right:
War not her Choice, but necessary Fence,
Truth to promote, and humble Insolence.*

Where'er

PROLOGUE.

*Where'er her Influence flies, it Joy creates,
And Peace and Safety brings to distant States :
With such Success her Chief begins his Race,
That his first Battle brightly does efface
The tedious Labours of our Modern Wars ;
Outdoes at once, old Soldiers and the Tars.
In him no santring in the Field we find,
No doubt remains where Victory inclin'd.
His Sword decides ; no double Praise is giu'n,
Where neither Side is pleas'd, yet both thank Heav'n.
From War he quickly Kingdoms will release :
Rapine and Rage soon turn to Joy and Peate,
And by Destruction make Destruction cease.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Lord Morelove,</i>	<i>Mr. Powel.</i>
<i>Lord Foppington,</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Sir Charles Easy,</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Betty Modish,</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Lady Easy,</i>	<i>Mrs. Knight.</i>
<i>Lady Graveairs,</i>	<i>Mrs. More.</i>
<i>Mrs. Edging, Woman to Lady Easy,</i>	} <i>Mrs. Lucas.</i>

S C E N E, *W I N D S O R.*

T H E



THE
Careless Husband.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Easy alone.

L. EASY.



AS ever Woman's Spirit, by an injurious Husband, broke like mine? A vile, licentious Man! must he bring home his Follies too? Wrong me with my very Servant! O! how tedious a Relief is Patience! and yet in my Condition 'tis the only Remedy: For to reproach him with my Wrongs is taking on myself the Means of a Redress, bidding Defiance to his Falshood, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. The uneasy Thought of my continual Jealousy may teize him to a fixt Aversion; and hitherto, tho' he neglects, I cannot think he hates me.— It must be so, since I want Power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an Attempt of making him uneasy—My Eyes and Tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my Wrongs; nor would I have him think my Virtue cou'd suspect him, 'till by some gross apparent Proof of his Misdoing, he forces me to see—— and to forgive it.

Enter

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Enter Edging hastily.

Edg. O Madam!

L. Easy. What's the matter?

Edg. I have the strangest thing to shew your Ladyship—such a Discovery——

L. Easy. You are resolv'd to make it without much Ceremony, I find; What's the Business pray?

Edg. The Business, Madam, I have not Patience to tell you, I am out of Breath at the very Thoughts on't, I shall not be able to speak this half Hour.

L. Easy. Not to the Purpose I believe! but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of Ease.

Edg. Nay, Madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your Ladyship thinks; there's that will speak to the Purpose, I am sure——A base Man—— [*Gives a Letter.*]

L. Easy. What's this, an open Letter! Whence comes it?

Edg. Nay, read it, Madam, you'll soon guess——If these are the Tricks of Husbands, keep me a Maid still, say I.

L. Easy. [*Looking on the Superscription.*] To Sir Charles Easy! Ha! Too well I know this hateful Hand——O my Heart! but I must veil my Jealousy, which 'tis not fit this Creature should suppose I am acquainted with. [*Aside.*]——This Direction is to your Master, how came you by it?

Edg. Why, Madam, as my Master was lying down, after he came in from Hunting, he sent me into his Dressing Room to fetch his Snuff Box out of his Wastecoa-Pocket, and so as I was searching for the Box, Madam, there I found this wicked Letter from a Mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very Blood rose at him again, methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

L. Easy. Intolerable! This odious Thing's jealous of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a Revenge upon him——Sure I am fallen indeed! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. [*Aside.*]

Edg. Nay, pray, Madam, read it, you'll be out of Patience at it.

L. Easy.

L. Easy. You are bold, Mistress; has my Indulgence or your Master's good Humour, flatter'd you into the Assurance of reading his Letters? a Liberty I never gave myself—Here—lay it where you had it immediately—shou'd he know of your Sauciness, 'twould not be my Favour cou'd protect you.

[*Exit L. Easy.*]

Edg. Your Favour! Marry come up! Sure I don't depend upon your Favour!—'tis not come to that, I hope—Poor Creature—don't you think I am my Master's Mistress for nothing—you shall find, Madam I won't be snapt up as I have been—Not but it vexes me to think she shou'd not be as uneasy as I. I am sure he is a base Man to me, and I could cry my Eyes out that she shou'd not think him as bad to her ev'ry Jot. If I am wrong'd, sure she may very well expect it, that is but his Wife—A conceited Thing—she need not be so easy neither—I am as handsom as she I hope—Here's my Master—I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her, or no.

[*Walks behind.*]

Enter Sir Charles Easy.

Sir Char. So! The Day is come again—Life but rises to another Stage, and the same dull Journey is before us—How like Children do we judge of Happiness! When I was stinted in my Fortune, almost every Thing was a Pleasure to me, because most Things then being out of my Reach, I had always the Pleasure of hoping for 'em; now Fortune's in my Hand she's as insipid as an old Acquaintance—It's mighty silly, Faith—Just the same thing by my Wife too; I am told she's extremely handsom—nay, and have heard a great many People say she is certainly the best Woman in the World—why, I don't know but she may, yet I could never find that her Person or good Qualities gave me any Concern—In my Eye the Woman has no more Charms than my Mother.

Edg. Hum!—he takes no Notice of me yet—I'll let him see, I can take as little Notice of him. [*She walks by him gravely, he turns her about and holds her, she struggles.*] Pray Sir.

Sir Char. A pretty pert Air that—I'll humour it—What's the Matter, Child? Are not you well? Kiss me, Hussy.

Edg.

Edg. No, the Duce fetch me, if I do.

Sir Char. Has any thing put thee out of Humour, Love?

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis not worth my being out of Humour at——tho' if ever you have any thing to say to me again, I'll be burn'd.

Sir Char. Somebody has bely'd me to thee.

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis you have bely'd yourself to me——did not I ask you when you first made a Fool of me, if you would be always constant to me, and did not you say, I might be sure you wou'd? And here instead of that, you are going on in your old Intrigue with my Lady *Graveairs*.——

Sir Char. So——

Edg. Beside, don't you suffer my Lady to huff me every Day as if I were her Dog, or had no more concern with you——I declare I won't bear it, and she sha'nt think to huff me——for ought I know I am as Agreeable as she; and tho' she dares not take any Notice of your Baseness to her, you shan't think to use me so——and so pray take your nasty Letter—I know the Hand well enough——for my part I won't stay in the Family to be abus'd at 'his rate: I that have refus'd Lords and Dukes for your sake; I'd have you to know, Sir, I have had as many blue and green Ribbons after me, for ought I know, as would have made me a Falbala Apron.

Sir Char. My Lady *Graveairs*! my nasty Letter! and I won't stay in the Family! Death!—I'm in a pretty Condition——What an unlimited Privilege has this Jade got from being a Whore?

Edg. I suppose, Sir, you think to use every Body as you do your Wife.

Sir Char. My Wife, hah! Come hither, Mrs. *Edging*; hark you, Drab. [Seizing her by the Shoulder.

Edg. Oh!

Sir Char. When you speak of my Wife, you are to say your Lady, and you are never to speak of your Lady to me in any regard of her being my Wife——for look you, Child, you are not her Strumpet but mine, therefore I only give you leave to be saucy with me——in the next place, you are never to suppose there

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is any such Person as my Lady *Graveairs*; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this Letter?

Edg. It's no matter, perhaps.

Sir Char. Ay, but if you shou'd not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great Piece of Flesh out of your Shoulder?—My Dear. [*Shakes her.*]

Edg. O lud! O lud! I will tell you, Sir.

Sir Char. Quickly then. — [*Again.*]

Edg. Oh! I took it out of your Pocket, Sir.

Sir Char. When?

Edg. Oh! this Morning, when you sent me for your Snuff-box.

Sir Char. And your Ladyship's pretty Curiosity has look'd it over, I presume — ha — [*Again.*]

Edg. O lud! dear Sir, don't be angry—indeed I'll never touch one again.

Sir Char. I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Char. By stedfastly believing, that the next time you offer it, you will have your pretty white Neck twisted behind you.

Edg. Yes, Sir. [*Curtesing.*]

Sir Char. And you will be sure to remember every thing I have said to you?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Char. And now, Child, I was not angry with your Person, but your Follies; which since I find you are a little sensible of—don't be wholly discourag'd—for I believe I—I shall have Occasion for you again —

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Char. In the mean time let me hear no more of your Lady, Child.

Edg. No, Sir.

Sir Char. Here she comes, be gone.

Edg. Yes, Sir—Oh! I was never so frighten'd in my Life. [*Exit.*]

Sir Char. So! good Discipline makes good Soldiers—It often puzzles me to think, from my own Carelesness, and my Wife's continual good Humour, whether she really

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really knows any thing of the Strength of my Forces—
I'll fift her a little.

Enter Lady Easy.

My Dear, how do you do? You are drefs'd very early
to Day, are you going out?

L. Easy. Only to Church, my Dear.

Sir Char. Is it fo late then?

L. Easy. The Bell has juft rung.

Sir Char. Well, Child, how does *Windfor* Air agree
with you? Do you find yourself any better yet? or have
you a Mind to go to *London* again?

L. Easy. No, indeed, my Dear; the Air's fo very
pleafant, that if it were a Place of lefs Company, I cou'd
be content to end my Days here.

Sir Char. Pr'ythee, my Dear, what fort of Company
would moft please you?

L. Easy. When Bufinefs would permit it, Yours; and
in your Abfence a fincere Friend, that were truly happy
in an honeft Husband, to fit a chearful Hour, and talk
in mutual Praise of our Condition.

Sir Char. Are you then really very happy, my Dear?

L. Easy. Why fhould you queftion it? [*Smiling on him.*]

Sir Char. Because I fancy I am not fo good to you as
I fhould be.

L. Easy. Pfhaw!

Sir Char. Nay, the Duce take me if I don't really con-
fefs myfelf fo bad, that I have often wonder'd how any
Woman of your Senfe, Rank and Perfon, could think it
worth her while to have fo many ufelefs good Qualities.

L. Easy. Fy, my Dear.

Sir Char. By my Soul, I'm ferious.

L. Easy. I can't boast of my good Qualities, nor if
I could, do I believe you think 'em ufelefs.

Sir Char. Nay, I fubmit to you—Don't you find
'em fo? Do you perceive that I am one Tittle the better
Husband for your being fo good a Wife?

L. Easy. Pfhaw! you jeft with me.

Sir Char. Upon my Life I don't—Tell me truly,
was you never jealous of me?

L. Easy. Did I ever give you any Sign of it?

Sir

Sir *Char.* Um——that's true——but do you really think I never gave you Occasion?

L. *Easy.* That's an odd Question——but suppose you had?

Sir *Char.* Why then, what good has your Virtue done you, since all the good Qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

L. *Easy.* What Occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

Sir *Char.* I given you Occasion——Fy! my Dear——you may be sure——I——look you, that is not the Thing, but still a——(Death, what a Blunder have I made)——a still, I say, Madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real Cause, but I know Women of your Principles have more Pride than those that have no Principles at all; and where there is Pride there must be some Jealousy——so that if you are jealous, my Dear, you know you wrong me, and——

L. *Easy.* Why then, upon my Word, my Dear, I don't know that ever I wrong'd you that way in my Life.

Sir *Char.* But suppose I had given a real Cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

L. *Easy.* It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

Sir *Char.* Say it were a substantial one, suppose now I were well with a Woman of your own Acquaintance, that under Pretence of frequent Visits to you, should only come to carry on an Affair with me——Suppose now my Lady *Graveairs* and I were great?——

L. *Easy.* Wou'd I could not suppose it. [*Aside.*

Sir *Char.* If I come off here I believe I am pretty safe. [*Aside.*]——Suppose, I say, my Lady and I were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the Town should see it!

L. *Easy.* Then I should cry myself sick in some dark Closet, and forget my Tears when you spoke kindly to me.

Sir *Char.* The most convenient Piece of Virtue sure that ever Wife was Mistress of. [*Aside.*

L. *Easy.* But pray, my Dear, did you ever think that I had any ill Thoughts of my Lady *Graveairs*?

Sir

Sir Char. O fy! Child; only you know she and I us'd to be a little free sometimes, so I had a Mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it: But since I find you very easy, I think myself oblig'd to tell you, that upon my Soul, my Dear, I have so little regard to her Person, that the Duce take me, if I would not as soon have an Affair with thy own Woman.

L. Easy. Indeed, my Dear, I should as soon suspect you with one as t'other.

Sir Char. Poor Dear—should'st thou—give me a Kifs.

L. Easy. Pshaw? you don't care to kifs me.

Sir Char. By my Soul I do——I wish I may die if I don't think you a very fine Woman.

L. Easy. I only wish you wou'd think me a good Wife. [*Kisses her.*] But pray, my Dear, what has made you so strangely inquisitive?

Sir Char. Inquisitive—Why—a—I don't know, one's always saying one foolish Thing or another—Toll le roll. [*Sings and talks.*] My Dear, what! are we never to have any Ball here? Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practise. Toll loll loll!

L. Easy. This Excess of Carelesness to me excuses half his Vices: If I can make him once think seriously——Time yet may be my Friend.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lord *Morelove* gives his Service——

Sir Char. Lord *Morelove*! where is he?

Serv. At the Chocolate-House; he call'd me to him as I went by, and bid me tell your Honour he'll wait upon you presently.

L. Easy. I thought you had not expected him here again this Season, my Dear.

Sir Char. I thought so too, but you see there's no depending upon the Resolution of a Man that's in Love.

L. Easy. Is there a Chair?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit Servant:*

L. Easy. I suppose Lady *Betty Modish* has drawn him hither.

Sir Char. Ay, poor Soul, for all his Bravery, I am afraid so.

L. Easy.

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L. *Easy*. Well, My Dear, I han't Time to ask my Lord how he does now; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

Sir *Char*. I'll ask him. If you see Lady *Betty* at Prayers make her dine too, but don't take any Notice of my Lord's being in Town.

L. *Easy*. Very well! if I should not meet her there, I'll call at her Lodgings.

Sir *Char*. Do so.

L. *Easy*. My Dear, Your Servant. [*Exit L. Easy*.

Sir *Char*. My Dear, I'm yours. Well! one way or other this Woman will certainly bring about her Business with me at last; for tho' she can't make me happy in her own Person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the Women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair Way of being as weary of them too.

Enter Servant and Lord Morelove.

Serv. Sir, my Lord's come.

L. *Mor*. Dear *Charles*!

Sir *Char*. My dear Lord! this is an Happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at *Windfor* again this Season; I concluded of course, that Books and Solitude had secur'd you till Winter.

L. *Mor*. Nay, I did not think of coming myself, but I found myself not very well in *London*, so I thought—a little Hunting, and this Air——

Sir *Char*. Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor*. What do you laugh at?

Sir. *Char*. Only because you should not go on with your Story: If you did but see how silly a Man fumbles for an Excuse, when he's a little asham'd of being in Love, you would not wonder what I laugh at, ha! ha!

L. *Mor*. Thou art a very happy Fellow——nothing touches thee——always easy——Then you conclude I follow Lady *Betty* again.

Sir *Char*. Yes, Faith do I: and to make you easy, my Lord, I cannot see why a Man that can ride fifty Miles after a poor Stag, should be asham'd of running twenty in Chase of a fine Woman, that in all Probability will make him so much the better Sport too.

[*Embracing*.

L. *Mor*.

L. Mor. Dear Charles don't flatter my Distemper, I own I still follow her: Do you think her Charms have Power to excuse me to the World?

Sir Char. Ay! ay! a fine Woman's an Excuse for any Thing; and the Scandal of her being in Jest, is a Jest itself: we are all forced to be their Fools, before we can be their Favourites.

L. Mor. You are willing to give me hope, but I can't believe she has the least Degree of Inclination for me.

Sir Char. I don't know that— I'm sure her Pride likes you, and that's generally your fine Lady's darling Passion.

L. Mor. Do you suppose if I could grow indifferent, it wou'd touch her.

Sir Char. Sting her to the Heart—— Will you take my Advice?

L. Mor. I have no Relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an Hour, my Life were insupportable.

Sir Char. I am sorry for that, my Lord—— but mind what I say to you—— But hold, first let me know the Particulars of your late Quarrel with her.

L. Mor. Why—— about three Weeks ago, when I was last here at *Windsor*, she had for some Days treated me with a little more Reserve, and another with more Freedom than I found myself easy at.

Sir Char. Who was that other?

L. Mor. One of my Lord *Foppington's* Gang, the pert Coxcomb that's just come to a small Estate, and a great Periwig—— he that sings himself among the Women—— What d'ye call him—— He won't speak to a Commoner when a Lord's in Company—— You always see him with a Cane dangling at his Button, his Breast open, no Gloves, one Eye tuck'd under his Hat, and a Tooth-pick—— *Startup*, that's his Name.

Sir Char. O! I have met him in a Visit—— but pray go on.

L. Mor. So, disputing with her about the Conduct of Women, I took the Liberty to tell her how far I thought she err'd in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any Man could love a Woman, that thought her in the Wrong in any thing she had a Mind to, at least if he dar'd to tell her so—— This provok'd me
into

into her whole Character, with as much Spite and Civil Malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a Woman of true Beauty, when the Men first toasted her; so in the middle of my Wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud Heart along with me and trouble her no more——I——bow'd very low, and as I left the Room, vow'd I never wou'd, and that my proud Heart should never be humbled by the Outside of a fine Woman——About an Hour after, I whipp'd into my Chaise for *London*, and have never seen her since.

Sir *Char.* Very well, and how did you find your proud Heart by that Time you got to *Hounslow*?

L. *Mor.* I am almost asham'd to tell you——I found her so much in the Right, that I curs'd my Pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think according to her Maxim, that no Woman could be in the wrong to a Man that she had in her Power.

Sir *Char.* Ha! ha! well, I'll tell you what you shall do. You can see her without trembling, I hope?

L. *Mor.* Not if she receives me well.

Sir *Char.* If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you——first, you shall dine with her.

L. *Mor.* How! where! when!

Sir *Char.* Here! here! at two o'clock.

L. *Mor.* Dear *Charles*!

Sir *Char.* My Wife's gone to invite her; when you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see by the Ease in your Behaviour, you are still pleas'd in being near her, while she is upon reasonable Terms with you. This will either open the Door of an *Eclaircissement* or quite shut it against you——and if she is still resolv'd to keep you out——

L. *Mor.* Nay, if she insults me then, perhaps I may recover Pride enough to rally her by an over-acted Submission.

Sir *Char.* Why, you improve, my Lord; this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

L. *Mor.* Was it, Faith! Hark you, dare you stand by me?

Sir *Char.*

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Sir Char. Dare I! ay, to my last Drop of Assurance, against all the insolent Airs of the proudest Beauty in *Christendom*.

L. Mor. Nay, then Defiance to her——We two——Thou hast inspir'd me, I find myself as valiant as a flatter'd Coward.

Sir Char. Courage, my Lord——I'll warrant we beat her.

L. Mor. My Blood stirs at the very thought on't; I long to be engag'd.

Sir Char. She'll certainly give Ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provok'd.

L. Mor. Dear *Charles*, thou art a Friend indeed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* gives his Service, and if your Honour's at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he's dress'd.

L. Mor. Lord *Foppington!* is he in Town?

Sir Char. Yes——I heard last Night he was come. Give my Service to his Lordship, and tell him I shall be glad he'll do me the Honour of his Company here at Dinner. [*Exit Serv.*] We may have Occasion for him in our Design upon Lady *Betty*.

L. Mor. What Use can we make of him?

Sir Char. We'll see when he comes; at least there's no Danger in him; not but I suppose you know he's your Rival.

L. Mor. Pshaw! a Coxcomb.

Sir Char. Nay, don't despise him neither——he's able to give you Advice; for tho' he's in Love with the same Woman, yet to him she has not Charms enough to give a Minute's Pain.

L. Mor. Pr'ythee, what Sense has he of Love?

Sir Char. Faith very near as much as a Man of Sense ought to have; I grant you he knows not how to value a Woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just Esteem for most Ladies about Town.

L. Mor. That he follows, I grant you——for he seldom visits any of extraordinary Reputation.

Sir Char. Have a Care, I have seen him at Lady *Betty Modish's*.

L. Mor. To be laugh'd at.

Sir Char.

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Sir Char. Don't be too confident of that, the Women now begin to laugh With him, not At him: for he really sometimes rallies his own Humour with so much Ease and Pleasantry, that a great many Women begin to think he has no Follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his Youth, and a great Estate, as want of natural Wit: 'Tis true, he's often a Bubble to his Pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the Ladies humble Servant in Love.

L. Mor. There indeed I almost envy him.

Sir Char. The Easiness of his Opinion upon the Sex, will go near to pique you—We must have him.

L. Mor. As you please—but what shall we do with ourselves till Dinner?

Sir Char. What think you of a Party at Piquet?

L. Mor. O! you are too hard for me.

Sir Char. Fy! fy! what! when you play with his Grace?

L. Mor. Upon my Soul he gives me three Points.

Sir Char. Does he? why then you shall give me but two—Here, Fellow, get Cards. *Allons.* [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Lady Betty Modish's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy, meeting.

L. Betty. O H! my Dear! I am overjoy'd to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just receiv'd my new Scarf from *London*, and you are most critically come to give me your Opinion of it.

L. Easy. O! your Servant, Madam, I am a very indifferent Judge, you know: What, is it with Sleeves?

L. Bet. O! 'tis impossible to tell you what it is!—'Tis all Extravagance both in Mode and Fancy, my Dear, I believe there's Six Thousand Yards of Edging in it—Then such an enchanting Sloop from the Elbow—

B

something

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something so New, so Lively, so Noble, so Coquet and Charming—but you shall see it, my Dear——

L. Easy. Indeed I won't, my Dear; I am resoly'd to mortify you for being so wrongfully fond of a Trifle.

L. Bet. Nay, now, my Dear, you are ill-natur'd.

L. Easy. Why truly, I'm half angry to see a Woman of your Sense, so warmly concern'd in the Care of her Outside; for when we have taken our best Pains about it, 'tis the Beauty of the Mind alone that gives us lasting Value.

L. Bet. Ah! my Dear, my Dear! you have been a married Woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the Taste of Mankind: Take my Word, a new Fashion upon a fine Woman, is often a greater Proof of her Value, than you are aware of.

L. Easy. That I can't comprehend, for you see among the Men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new Fashion. Those of the first Sense are always the last that come into 'em?

L. Bet. That is, because the only Merit of a Man is his Sense; but doubtless the greatest Value of a Woman is her Beauty; an homely Woman at the Head of a Fashion, would not be allowed in it by the Men, and consequently not follow'd by the Women: So that to be successful in one's Fancy, is an evident Sign of one's being admir'd, and I always take Admiration for the best Proof of Beauty, and Beauty certainly is the Source of Power, as Power in all Creatures is the Height of Happiness.

L. Easy. At this Rate you would rather be thought Beautiful than Good.

L. Bet. As I had rather Command than Obey: The wisest homely Woman can't make a Man of Sense of a Fool, but the veriest Fool of a Beauty shall make an Ass of a Statesman; so that in short, I can't see a Woman of Spirit has any Business in this World but to dress—— and make the Men like her.

L. Easy. Do you suppose this is a Principle the Men of Sense will admire you for?

L. Bet. I do suppose, that when I suffer any Man to like my Person, he shan't dare to find Fault with my Principle.

L. Easy. But Men of Sense are not so easily humbled.

L. Bet.

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L. *Bet.* The easiest of any; one has Ten thousand times the Trouble with a Coxcomb.

L. *Easy.* Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good Humour in hopes of a *Tendresse* from my Lord *Foppington*, who loves all Women alike, than would have made my Lord *Morelove* perfectly happy, who loves only you.

L. *Bet.* The Men of Sense, my Dear, make the best Fools in the World: their Sincerity and good Breeding throws them so entirely into one's Power, and gives one such an agreeable Thirst of using them ill, to shew that Power——'tis impossible not to quench it.

L. *Easy.* But methinks, my Lord *Morelove's* Manner to you might move any Woman to a kinder Sense of his Merit.

L. *Bet.* Ay! but would it not be hard, my Dear, for a poor weak Woman to have a Man of his Quality and Reputation in her Power, and not let the World see him there? Wou'd any Creature sit New-dress'd all Day in her Closet? Cou'd you bear to have a sweet-fancy'd Suit, and never shew it at the Play, or the Drawing-room?

L. *Easy.* But one wou'd not ride in't, methinks, or haras it out, when there's no occasion.

L. *Bet.* Pooh! my Lord *Morelove's* a meer *Indian* Damask, one can't wear him out; o' my Conscience I must give him to my Woman at last, I begin to be known by him: Had not I best leave him off, my Dear? for (poor Soul) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

L. *Easy.* Now 'tis to me amazing, how a Man of his Spirit can bear to be us'd like a Dog for four or five Years together——but nothing's a Wonder in Love; yet pray, when you found you cou'd not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him?

L. *Bet.* Why, what wou'd you have one do? for my part, I cou'd no more choose a Man by my Eye, than a Shoe; one must draw 'em on a little to see if they are right to one's Foot.

L. *Easy.* But I'd no more fool on with a Man I cou'd not like, than I'd wear a Shoe that pinch'd me.

L. *Bet.* Ay, but then a poor Wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that

one does not know how to turn such a Trifle, as a Pair of Shoes or an Heart, upon a Fellow's Hands again.

L. Easy. Well! I confess you are very happily distinguish'd among most Women of Fortune, to have a Man of my Lord *Morelove's* Sense and Quality so long and honorably in Love with you: For now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a Man of Quality in Love with the Woman he wou'd marry: To be in Love now, is only having a Design upon a Woman, a modish way of declaring War against her Virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her Vanity.

L. Bet. Ay, But the World knows, that is not the Case between my Lord and me.

L. Easy. Therefore I think you happy.

L. Bet. Now I don't see it, I'll swear I'm better pleas'd to know there are a great many foolish Fellows of Quality, that take Occasion to toast me frequently.

L. Easy. I vow I shou'd not thank any Gentleman for toasting me, and I have often wonder'd how a Woman of your Spirit cou'd bear a great many other Freedoms I have seen some Men take with you.

L. Bet. As how, my Dear? come pr'ythee be free with me, for you must know, I love dearly to hear my Faults—Who is't you have observ'd to be too free with me?

L. Easy. Why, there's my Lord *Foppington*; cou'd any Woman but you bear to see him with a respectful Fleeer stare full in her Face, draw up his Breath and cry—Gad, you're handsom?

L. Bet. My Dear, fine Fruit will have Flies about it, but, poor things, they do it no harm: For if you observe, People are generally most apt to choose that the Flies have been busy with, ha! ha!

L. Easy. Thou art a strange giddy Creature.

L. Betty. That may be from so much Circulation of Thought, my Dear.

L. Easy. But my Lord *Foppington's* married, and one wou'd not scold with him for his Lady's sake; it may make her uneasy, and ———

L. Bet. Poor Creature, her Pride indeed makes her carry it off without taking any notice of it to me; tho' I know she hates me in her Heart, and I can't endure malicious People,

People, so I us'd to dine with her once a Week, purely to give her Disorder; if you had but seen when my Lord and I fool'd a little, the Creature look'd so ugly.

L. *Easy*. But I should not think my Reputation safe; my Lord *Foppington's* a Man that talks often of his Amours, but seldom speaks of Favours that are refus'd him.

L. *Bet*. Pshaw; will any thing a Man says make a Woman less agreeable? Will his talking spoil one's Complexion, or put one's Hair out of order?—and for Reputation, look you, my Dear, take it for a Rule, that as amongst the lower Rank of People, no Woman wants Beauty that has Fortune; so amongst People of Fortune, no Woman wants Virtue that has Beauty: But an Estate and Beauty join'd, are of an unlimited, nay, a Power Pontifical, make one not only Absolute, but Infallible—A fine Woman's never in the Wrong, or if we were, 'tis not the Strength of a poor Creature's Reason that can unfetter him——O! how I love to hear a Wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a —

“ Yet for the Plague of human Race,

“ This Devil has an Angel's Face.

L. *Easy*. At this Rate, I don't see you allow Reputation to be at all Essential to a fine Woman.

L. *Bet*. Just as much as Honour to a great Man: Power always is above Scandal: Don't you hear People say, the King of *France* owes most of his Conquests to breaking his Word? and wou'd not the Confederates have a fine time on't, if they were only to go to War with Reproaches? Indeed, my Dear, that Jewel Reputation is a very fanciful Business? one shall not see an homely Creature in Town? but wears it in her Mouth as monstruously as the *Indians* do Bobs at their Lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

L. *Easy*. Have a care, my Dear, of trusting too far to Power alone: For nothing is more ridiculous than the Fall of Pride; and Woman's Pride at best may be suspected to be more a Distrust, than a real Contempt of Mankind: For when we have said all we can, a deserving Husband is certainly our best Happiness; and I don't question but my Lord *Morelove's* Merit, in a little time,

will make you think so too; for whatever Airs you give yourself to the World, I'm sure your Heart don't want Good-nature.

L. *Bet.* You are mistaken, I am very ill-natur'd, tho' your good Humour won't let you see it.

L. *Easy.* Then to give me a Proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promis'd Sir *Charles* to bring you.

L. *Bet.* Pray don't ask me.

L. *Easy.* Why?

L. *Bet.* Because to let you see I hate Good-nature, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the Malice to say I did you a Favour.

L. *Easy.* Thou art a mad Creature. [*Ex. Arm and Arm.*]



The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Lord Morelove and Sir Charles at Piquet.

Sir *Char.* COME, my Lord, one single Game for the *Tout*, and so have done.

L. *Mor.* No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em; ill Cards are the dullest Company in the World—How much is it?

Sir *Char.* Three Parties.

L. *Mor.* Fifteen Pound——very well.

[*While L. Mor. counts out his Money, a Servant gives Sir Charles a Letter, which he reads to himself.*]

Sir *Char.* [*to the Servant*] Give my Service, say I have Company dines with me, if I have time I'll call here in the Afternoon——ha! ha! ha! [*Ex. Serv.*]

L. *Mor.* What's the matter——there——

[*Paying the Money.*]

Sir *Char.* The old Affair——my Lady *Graveairs*.

L. *Mor.* O! Pr'ythee how does that go on?

Sir *Char.* As agreeably as a *Chancery* Suit: For now it's come to the intolerable Plague of my not being able to get rid on't; as you may see—— [*Giving the Letter.*]

L. *Mor.* [*Reads.*] “Your Behaviour since I came to
“ *Windsor*, has convinc'd me of your Villany with-
“ out

“ out my being surpris’d, or angry at it: I desire
“ you would let me see you at my Lodgings immedi-
“ ately, where I shall have a better Opportunity to
“ convince you, that I never can, or positively will
“ be as I have been. Yours, &c.

A very whimsical Letter!—Faith, I think she has hard luck with you; if a Man were oblig’d to have a Mistress, her Person and Condition seem to be cut out for the Ease of a Lover: For she’s a young, handsom, wild, well-jointured Widow—But what’s your Quarrel?

Sir Char. Nothing—she sees the Coolness happens to be first on my Side, and her Business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me, how heartily she’s vex’d, that she was not beforehand with me.

L. Mor. Her Pride and your Indifference must occasion a pleasant Scene sure; what do ye intend to do?

Sir Char. Treat her with a cold familiar Air, till I pique her to forbid me her Sight, and then take her at her Word.

L. Mor. Very gallant and provoking. [*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington— [*Exit.*

Sir Char. O—now, my Lord, if you have a mind to be let into the Mystery of making Love without Pain—here’s one that’s a Master of the Art, and shall declaim to you—

Enter Lord Foppington.

My dear Lord Foppington!

L. Fop. My dear Agreeable! *Que je t’embrasse! Pardi! Ill y a cent Ans que je ne te veu*—my Lord, I am your Lordship’s most obedient humble Servant.

L. Mor. My Lord, I kiss your Hands—I hope we shall have you here some time; you seem to have laid in a Stock of Health to be in at the Diversions of the Place—You look extremely well.

L. Fop. To see one’s Friend look so, my Lord, may easily give a *Vermeile* to one’s Complexion.

Sir Char. Lovers in hope, my Lord, always have a visible *Brillant* in their Eyes and Air.

L. Fop. What dost thou mean, Charles?

Sir Char. Come, come, confess what really brought you to *Windfor*, now you have no Business there?

L. *Fop*. Why two Hours, and six of the best Nags in Christendom, or the Devil drive me.

L. *Mor*. You make haste, my Lord.

L. *Fop*. My Lord, I always fly when I pursue——But they are well kept indeed——I love to have Creatures go as I bid 'em; you have seen 'em, *Charles*, but so has all the World; *Foppington's* Long-tails are known in every Road in *England*.

Sir *Char*. Well, my Lord, but how came they to bring you this Road? You don't use to take these irregular Jaunts without some Design in your Head of having more than nothing to do.

L. *Fop*. Pshaw! Pox! pr'ythee, *Charles*, thou know'st I am a fellow *sans consequence*, be where I will.

Sir *Char*. Nay, nay, this is too much among Friends, my Lord; come, come,——we must have it, your real Business here?

L. *Fop*. Why then, *Entre Nous*, there is a certain *Fille de Joye* about the Court here that loves winning at Cards better than all the fine Things I have been able to say to her,——so I have brought an odd Thousand Bill in my Pocket that I design *Tête à Tête*, to play off with her at Piquet, or so; and now the Business is out.

Sir *Char*. Ah! and a very good Business too, my Lord.

L. *Fop*. If it be well done, *Charles*——

Sir *Char*. That's as you manage your Cards, my Lord.

L. *Mor*. This must be a Woman of Consequence by the Value you set upon her Favours.

Sir *Char*. O! nothing's above the Price of a fine Woman.

L. *Fop*. Nay, look you, Gentlemen, the Price may not happen to be altogether so high neither——For I fancy I know enough of the Game, to make it but an even Bett I get her for nothing.

L. *Mor*. How so, my Lord?

L. *Fop*. Because, if she happen to lose a good Sum to me, I shall buy her with her own Money.

L. *Mor*. That's new, I confess.

L. *Fop*. You know, *Charles*, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred Pounds deep with her——then Bills may fall short, and the Devil's in't if I want Assurance to ask her to pay me some way or other.

Sir *Char*.

Sir *Char.* And a Man must be a Churl indeed, that won't take a Lady's Personal Security; hah! hah! hah!

L. *Fop.* Heh! heh! heh! thou art a Devil, *Charles.*

L. *Mor.* Death! how happy is this Coxcomb? [*Aside.*

L. *Fop.* But to tell you the Truth, Gentlemen,—— I had another pressing Temptation that brought me hither, which was—— my Wife.

L. *Mor.* That's kind indeed, my Lady has been here this Month, she'll be glad to see you.

L. *Fop.* That I don't know; for I design this Afternoon to send her to *London.*

L. *Mor.* What! the same Day you come, my Lord? that would be cruel.

L. *Fop.* Ay, but it will be mighty convenient, for she is positively of no Manner of Use in my Amours.

L. *Mor.* That's your Fault, the Town thinks her a very deserving Woman.

L. *Fop.* If she were a Woman of the Town, perhaps I shou'd think so too; but she happens to be my Wife, and when a Wife is once given to deserve more than her Husband's Inclinations can pay, in my Mind she has no Merit at all.

L. *Mor.* She's extremely well-bred, and of a very prudent Conduct.

L. *Fop.* Um——ay——the Woman's proud enough.

L. *Mor.* Add to this, all the World allows her handsom.

L. *Fop.* The World's extremely civil, my Lord; and I should take it as a Favour done to me, if they could find an Expedient to unmarry the poor Woman from the only Man in the World that can't think her handsom.

L. *Mor.* I believe there are a great many in the World that are sorry 'tis not in their Power to unmarry her.

L. *Fop.* I am a great many in the World's very humble Servant, and whenever they find 'tis in their Power, their high and mighty Wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an Hour's Warning.

L. *Mor.* Pray, my Lord, what did you marry for?

L. *Fop.* To pay my Debts at Play, and disinherit my younger Brother.

L. *Mor.* But there are some Things due to a Wife.

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L. *Fop.* And there are some Debts I don't care to pay
—to both which I plead Husband, and my Lord.

L. *Mor.* If I should do so, I shou'd expect to have my
own Coach stopt in the Street, and to meet my Wife
with the Windows up in a Hackney.

L. *Fop.* Then wou'd I put in Bail, and order a separate
Maintenance.

L. *Mor.* So pay double the Sum of the Debt, and be
marry'd for nothing.

L. *Fop.* Now I think deferring a Dun, and getting rid
of one's Wife, are two the most agreeable Sweets in the
Liberties of an *English* Subject.

L. *Mor.* If I were marry'd, I wou'd as soon part from
my Estate, as my Wife.

L. *Fop.* Now I wou'd not, Sun burn me if I wou'd.

L. *Mor.* Death! But since you are thus indifferent, my
Lord, why would you needs marry a Woman of so much
Merit? Cou'd not you have laid out your Spleen upon
some ill-natur'd Shrew, that wanted the Plague of an ill
Husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest
Man of Quality that wou'd have deserv'd her.

L. *Fop.* Why faith, my Lord, that might have been
consider'd; but I really grew so passionately fond of her
Fortune, that, Curse catch me, I was quite blind to the
rest of her good Qualities: For to tell you the Truth, if
it had been possible the old Put of a Peer cou'd have toss'd
me in t'other five Thousand for 'em, by my Consent, she
shou'd have relinquish'd her Merit and Virtues to any of
her younger Sisters.

Sir *Char.* Ay, ay, my Lord, Virtues in a Wife are
good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the
World in mind of her Husband's Faults.

L. *Fop.* Right, *Charles*: And strike me Blind, but the
Women of Virtue are now grown such Idiots in Love,
they expect of a Man, just as they do of a Coach-horse,
that one's Appetite, like t'other's Flesh, should increase
by Feeding.

Sir *Char.* Right, my Lord, and don't consider, that
Toutjours Chapons Bouilles will never do with an *English*
Stomach.

L. *Fop.*

L. Fop. Ha! ha! ha! To tell you the Truth, *Charles*, I have known so much of that sort of Eating, that I now think, for an hearty Meal, no Wild Fowl in *Europe* is comparable to a Joint of *Banstead* Mutton.

L. Mor. How do you mean?

L. Fop. Why, that for my Part, I had rather have a plain Slice of my Wife's Woman, than my Guts full of e'er an *Ortolan* Duchefs in *Christendom*.

L. Mor. But I thought, my Lord, your chief Business now at *Windsor* had been your Design upon a Woman of Quality.

L. Fop. That's true, my Lord, tho' I don't think your fine Lady the best Dish myself, yet a Man of Quality can't be without such Things at his Table.

L. Mor. O! then you only desire the Reputation of an Affair with her.

L. Fop. I think the Reputation is the most inviting Part of an Amour with most Women of Quality.

L. Mor. Why so, my Lord?

L. Fop. Why, who the Devil would run through all the Degrees of Form and Ceremony, that lead one up to the last Favour, if it were not for the Reputation of understanding the nearest Way to get over the Difficulty?

L. Mor. But, my Lord, does not the Reputation of your being so general an Undertaker frighten the Women from engaging with you? For they say, no Man can love but one at a Time.

L. Fop. That's just one more than ever I came up to: For, stop my Breath, if ever I lov'd one in my Life.

L. Mor. How do you get 'em then?

L. Fop. Why, sometimes as they get other People: I dress, and let them get me; or, if that won't do, as I got my Title, I buy 'em.

L. Mor. But how can you, that profess Indifference, think it worth your while to come so often up to the Price of a Woman of Quality?

L. Fop. Because you must know, my Lord, that most of them begin now to come down to Reason; I mean those that are to be had, for some die Fools: But with the wiser Sort, 'tis not of late so very expensive; now and then a *Partie Quarrie*, a Jaunt or two in a Hack to an

India

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Indian House, a little Chin., an odd Thing for a Gown, or so, and in three Days after you meet her at the Conveniency of trying it Chez Mademoiselle D'Epingle.

Sir Char. Ay, ay, my Lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little Chat, a Dish of Tea, *Mademoiselle's* good Humour, and a *Petit Chanson*, or two, the Devil's in't if a Man can't fool away the Time, 'till he sees how it looks upon her by Candle-light.

L. Fop. Heh! heh! well said, *Charles*, I'gad I fancy thee and I have unlac'd many a Reputation there—— Your great Lady is as soon undress'd as her Woman.

L. Mor. I could never find it so——the Shame or Scandal of a Repulse always made me afraid of attempting a Woman of Condition.

Sir Char. Ha! ha! I'gad, my Lord, you deserve to be ill us'd, your Modesty's enough to spoil any Woman in the World; but my Lord and I understand the Sex a little better, we see plainly that Women are only cold, as some Men are brave, from the Modesty or Fear of those that attack 'em.

L. Fop. Right, *Charles*——a Man should no more give up his Heart to a Woman, than his Sword to a Bully; they are both as insolent as the Devil after it.

Sir Char. How do you like that, my Lord?

[*Aside to L. Mor.*

L. Mor. Faith I envy him——But, my Lord, suppose your Inclination should stumble upon a Woman truly virtuous, would not a severe Repulse from such an one put you strangely out of Countenance?

L. Fop. Not at all, my Lord——for if a Man don't mind a Box o' the Ear in a fair Struggle with a fresh Country Girl, why the Duce should he be concern'd at an impertinent Frown for an Attack upon a Woman of Quality?

L. Mor. Then you have no Notion of a Lady's Cruelty?

L. Fop. Ha! ha! let me Blood, if I think there's a greater Jest in Nature. I am ready to crack my Guts with laughing to see a senseless Flirt, because the Creature happens to have a little Pride that she calls Virtue about her, give herself all the insolent Airs of Resentment and Disdain to an honest Fellow, that all the while does not care

three

three Pinches of Snuff if she and her Virtue were to run with their last Favours through the first Regiment of Guards——Ha! ha!——it puts me in mind of an Affair of mine, so impertinent——

L. Mor. O! that's impossible, my Lord——pray let's hear it.

L. Fop. Why I happen'd once to be very well in a certain Man of Quality's Family, and his Wife lik'd me.

L. Mor. How do you know she lik'd you?

L. Fop. Why from the very Moment I told her I lik'd her, she never durst trust herself at the End of a Room with me.

L. Mor. That might be her not liking you.

L. Fop. My Lord——Women of Quality don't use to speak the Thing plain——but to satisfy you I did not want Encouragement, I never came there in my Life, but she did immediately smile, and borrow my Snuff box.

L. Mor. She lik'd your Snuff at least —— Well, but how did she use you?

L. Fop. By all that's infamous she jilted me.

L. Mor. How! Jilt you?

L. Fop. Ay, Death's Curse, she jilted me.

L. Mor. Pray let's hear.

L. Fop. For when I was pretty well convinc'd she had a Mind to me, I one Day made her a Hint of an Appointment: Upon which, with an insolent Frown in her Face (that made her look as ugly as the Devil) she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her Lord should know that she had forbidden me the House before;——Did you ever hear of such a Slat?

Sir Char. Intolerable!

L. Mor. But how did her Answer agree with you?

L. Fop. O, passionately well! for I star'd full in her Face, and burst out a laughing; at which she turn'd upon her Heel, and gave a Crack with her Fan like a Coach-whip, and bridl'd out of the Room with the Air and Complexion of an incens'd Turkey-Cock.

[A Servant whispers Sir Charles.]

L. Mor. What did you then?

L. Fop.

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L. Fop. I—look'd after her, gap'd, threw up the Sash, and fell a singing out of the Window—so that you see, my Lord, while a Man is not in Love, there's no great Affliction in missing one's way to a Woman.

Sir Char. Ay, ay, you talk this very well, my Lord; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon Action—Dinner's serv'd, and the Ladies stay for us—There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a Man as yourself.

L. Mor. I guess who you mean—Have a care, my Lord, she'll prove your Courage for you.

L. Fop. Will she! then she's an undone Creature. For let me tell you, Gentleman, Courage is the whole Mystery of making Love, and of more use than Conduct is in War; for the bravest Fellow in *Europe* may beat his Brains out against the stubborn Walls of a Town—But

—“ Women, born to be controll'd,
“ Stoop to the Forward, and the Bold. [*Exeunt.*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Lord Morelove and Sir Charles.

L. Mor. SO! Did not I bear up bravely?

Sir Char. Admirably! with the best bred Insolence in Nature, you insulted like a Woman of Quality when her Country-bred Husband's jealous of her in the wrong Place.

L. Mor. Ha! ha! Did you observe, when I first came into the Room, how carelessly she brush'd her Eyes over me, and when the Company saluted me, stood all the while with her Face to the Window? ha! ha!

Sir Char. What astonish'd Airs she gave herself, when you ask'd her, what made her so grave upon her old Friends?

L. Mor.

L. Mor. And whenever I offer'd any Thing in Talk, what affected Care she took to direct her Observations of it to a third Person?

Sir Char. I observ'd she did not eat above the Rump of a Pigeon all Dinner Time.

L. Mor. And how she colour'd when I told her, her Ladyship had lost her Stomach.

Sir Char. If you keep your Temper she's undone.

L. Mor. Provided she sticks to her Pride, I believe I may.

Sir Char. Ah! never fear her; I warrant in the Humour she is in, she would as soon part with her Sense of Feeling.

L. Mor. Well! what's to be done next;

Sir Char. Only observe her Motions; for by her Behaviour at Dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my Lord *Foppington*: If so, you must even stand her Fire, and then play my Lady *Graveairs* upon her, whom I'll immediately pique and prepare for your Purpose.

L. Mor. I understand you—the properest Woman in the World too, for she'll certainly encourage the least Offer from me, in hopes of revenging her Sights upon you.

Sir Char. Right; and the very Encouragement she gives you, at the same Time will give me a Pretence to widen the Breach of my Quarrel to her.

L. Mor. Besides, *Charles*, I own I am fond of any Attempt that will forward a Misunderstanding there, for your Lady's sake: A Woman so truly good in her Nature, ought to have something more from a Man, than bare Occasions to prove her Goodness.

Sir Char. Why then, upon Honour, my Lord, to give you Proof that I am positively the best Husband in the World, my Wife———never yet found me out.

L. Mor. That may be her being the best Wife in the World; She, may be, won't find you out.

Sir Char. Nay, if she won't tell a Man of his Faults, when she sees 'em, how the Duce should he mend 'em?
but

but however, you see I am going to leave 'em off as fast as I can.

L. Mor. Being tir'd of a Woman is indeed a pretty tolerable Assurance of a Man's not designing to fool on with her——Here she comes, and if I don't mistake, Brim-full of Reproaches——You can't take her in a better Time——I'll leave you.

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant, is the Company broke up, pray?

L. Grav. No, my Lord, they are just talking of Basset; my Lord *Foppington* has a Mind to tally, if your Lordship would encourage the Table.

L. Mor. O Madam, with all my Heart! But Sir *Charles*, I know, is hard to be got to it; I'll leave your Ladyship to prevail with him. *[Exit L. Morelove.]*

Sir Charles and Lady Graveairs salute coldly, and trifle some Time before they speak.

L. Grav. Sir *Charles*, I sent you a Note this Morning--

Sir Char. Yes, Madam, but there were some Passages I did not expect from your Ladyship; you seem'd to tax me with Things that——

L. Grav. Look you, Sir, 'tis not at all material, whether I tax'd you with any Thing or no: I don't in the least desire to hear you clear yourself, upon my Word, you may be very easy as to that Matter; for my Part, I am mighty well satisfy'd, Things are as they are; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the Trouble to call at my Lodgings this afternoon, if you should have Time, as you were pleas'd to send me Word——and so your Servant, Sir, that's all—— *[Going.]*

Sir Char. Hold, Madam.

L. Grav. Look you, Sir *Charles*, 'tis not your calling me back that will signify any Thing, I can assure you.

Sir Char. Why this extraordinary Haste, Madam?

L. Grav. In short, Sir *Charles*, I have taken a great many Things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer:——But I see Things are in vain, and the more People strive to oblige People, the less they are thank'd for't: And since there must be an end of one's Ridiculousness one Time or other,

other, I don't see any Time so proper as the present, and therefore, Sir, I desire you'd think of Things accordingly
 — your Servant — [Going, he holds her.]

Sir *Char.* Nay, Madam, let's start fair however; you ought at least to stay 'till I'm as ready as your Ladyship; and then — if we must part —

Affectedly { Adieu ye silent Grots, and shady Groves;
 Ye soft Amusements of our growing Loves;
 Adieu ye whisper'd Sighs that fann'd the
 Fire,
 And all the thrilling Joys of young Desire.

L. *Grav.* O mighty well, Sir: I am very glad we are at last come to a right Understanding, the only Way I have long wish'd for; not but I'd have you to know, I see your Design thro' all your painted Ease of Resignation: I know you'd give your Soul to make me uneasy now.

Sir *Char.* O fy, Madam, upon my Word, I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my Power.

L. *Grav.* O dear Sir, you need not take such Care, upon my Word; you'll find I can part with you without the least Disorder — I'll try at least, and so once more, and for ever, Sir, your Servant: Not but you must give me Leave to tell you, as my last Thought of you too, that I do think — you are a Villain —

[Exit hastily.]

Sir *Char.* O your very humble Servant, Madam —

[Bowing low.]

What a charming Quality is a Woman's Pride, that's strong enough to refuse a Man her Favours, when he's weary of 'em — Ah! [Lady Graveairs returns.]

L. *Grav.* Look you, Sir *Charles* — don't presume upon the Easiness of my Temper: For to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this Matter, I desire you would let me have what Letters you have had of mine since you came to *Windsor*, and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will yours, as soon as we come to *London*.

Sir *Char.* Upon my Faith, Madam, I never keep any; I always put Snuff in 'em, and so they wear out.

L. *Grav.* Sir *Charles*, I must have 'em, for positively I won't stir without 'em.

Sir *Char.*

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Sir Char. Ha! then I must be civil, I see. [*Aside.*—
Perhaps, Madam, I have no Mind to part with them—
or you.

L. Grav. Look you, Sir, all those Sort of Things are
in vain, now there's an End of every Thing between us
—If you say you won't give 'em, I must e'en get 'em
as well as I can.

Sir Char. Hah! that won't do then, I find. [*Aside.*

L. Grav. Who's there? *Mrs. Edging*—Your keeping
a Letter, Sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did your Ladyship call me, Madam?

L. Grav. Ay, Child, pray do me the Favour to fetch
my Scarf out of the Dining-Room.

Edg. Yes, Madam——

Sir Char. O! then there's Hope again. [*Aside.*

Edg. Ha! she looks as if my Master had quarrell'd with
her; I hope she's going away in a Huff — she shan't
stay for her Scarf, I warrant her——This is pure.

[*Aside. Exit smiling.*

L. Grav. Pray, *Sir Charles*, before I go, give me Leave
now, after all, to ask you —— why you have us'd
me thus?

Sir Char. What is it you call Usage, Madam?

L. Grav. Why then, since you will have it, how comes
it you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me
of late? Only tell me seriously wherein I have deserv'd this.

Sir Char. Why then, seriously, Madam——

Re-enter Edging with a Scarf.

We are interrupted——

Edg. Here's your Ladyship's Scarf, Madam.

L. Grav. Thank you, *Mrs. Edging*. —O law! pray
will you let some Body get me a Chair to the Door.

Edg. Humh! She might have told me that before, if
she had been in such haste to go—— [*Exit.*

L. Grav. Now, Sir.

Sir Char. Then seriously, I say, I am of late grown so
very lazy in my Pleasures, that I had rather lose a Woman
than go through the Plague and Trouble of having or
keeping her; and to be free, I have found so much even
in my Acquaintance with you, whom I confess to be a
Mistress

Mistress in the Art of pleasing, that I am from henceforth resolv'd to follow no Pleasure that arises above the Degree of Amusement—and that Woman that expects I should make her my Business; why—like my Business, is then in a fair Way of being forgot:—When once she comes to reproach me with Vows, and Usage, and Stuff—I had as lief hear her talk of Bills, Bonds, and Ejectments; her Passion becomes as troublesome as a Law suit, and I would as soon converse with my Solicitor—In short, I shall never care Six-pence for any Woman that won't be obedient.——

L. Grav. I'll swear, Sir, you have a very free way of treating People; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your Principles however——and you'd have me obedient?

Sir Char. Why not? my Wife's so, and I think she has as much Pretence to be proud as your Ladyship.

L. Grav. Lard! is there no Chair to be had, I wonder?

Enter Edging.

Edg. Here's a Chair, Madam.

L. Grav. 'Tis very well, Mrs. *Edging*: Pray will you let some Body get me a Glass of fair Water.

Edg. Humh! her Huff's almost over; I suppose—I see he's a Villain still. [Exit.

L. Grav. Well that was the prettiest Fancy about Obedience sure that ever was! Certainly a Woman of Condition must be infinitely happy under the Dominion of so generous a Lover! But how came you to forget kicking and whipping all this while? Methinks you should not have left so fashionable an Article out of your Scheme of Government.

Sir Char. Um! No, there is too much Trouble in that, though I have known 'em of admirable Use in the Reformation of some humourfome Gentlewomen.

L. Grav. But one Thing more and I have done——Pray what Degree of Spirit must the Lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much Freedom, Order and Tranquillity.

Sir Char. O! she must at least have as much Spirit as your Ladyship, or she'd give me no Pleasure in breaking it.

L. Grav.

L. Grav. No ; that would be troublesome — You had better take one that's broken to your Hand, — there are such Souls to be hir'd, I believe ; Things that will rub your Temples in an Evening 'till you fall fast asleep in their Laps. Creatures too that think their Wages their Reward ; I fancy, at last, that will be the best Method for the lazy Passion of a marry'd Man, that has outliv'd his any other Sense of Gratification.

Sir Char. Look you, Madam, — I have lov'd you very well a great while ; now you wou'd have me love you better and longer, which is not in my Power to do, and I don't think there's any Plague upon Earth like a Dun that comes for more Money than one's ever likely to be able to pay.

L. Grav. A Dun ! do you take me for a Dun, Sir ? do I come a Dunning to you ? [Walks in a Heat.]

Sir Char. H't ! don't expose yourself — here's Company —

L. Grav. I care not — A Dun ! You shall see, Sir, I can revenge an Affront, tho' I despise the Wretch that offers it — A Dun ! Oh ! I cou'd die with laughing at the Fancy. [Exit.]

Sir Char. So ! she's in admirable Order — Here comes my Lord, and I'm afraid in the very Nick of his Occasion for her.

Enter Lord Morelove.

L. Mor. O *Charles* ! Undone again ! all's lost and ruin'd.

Sir Char. What's the matter now ?

L. Mor. I have been playing the Fool yonder even to Contempt, my senseless Jealousy has confess'd a Weakness I never shall forgive myself — She has insulted on it to that Degree too — I can't bear the Thought — O *Charles* ! this Devil still is Mistress of my Heart, and I could dash my Brains to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

Sir Char. Ah ! how it would tickle her if she saw you in this Condition : Ha ! ha ! ha !

L. Mor. Pr'ythee don't torture me : Think of some present Ease, or I shall burst —

Sir Char. Well, well, let's hear, pray — what has she done to you ? ha ! ha !

L. Mor.

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L. Mor. Why ever since I left you she treated me with so much Coolness and ill Nature, and that thing of a Lord with so much laughing Ease, such an acquainted, such a spiteful Familiarity, that at the last she saw and triumph'd in my Uneasiness.

Sir Char. Well! and so you left the Room in a Pet? ha!

L. Mor. O worse, worse still! for at last, with half Shame and Anger in my Looks, I thrust myself between my Lord and her, press'd her by the Hand, and in a Whisper trembling begg'd her in Pity of herself and me to shew her good Humour only where she knew it was truly valued; at which she broke from me with a cold Smile, sat her down by the Peer, whisper'd him, and burst into a loud Laughter in my Face.

Sir Char. Ha! ha! then would I have given fifty Pound to have seen your Face: Why, what, in the Name of Common Sense, had you to do with Humility? Will you never have enough on't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted Match to Gunpowder to blow yourself up.

L. Mor. I see my Folly now, *Charles*——but what shall I do with the Remains of Life that she has left me?

Sir Char. O throw it at her Feet by all means, put on your Tragedy Face, catch fast hold of her Petticoat, whip out your Handkerchief, and in point Blank Verse, desire her one way or other, to make an End of the Business.

[*In a whining Tone.*]

L. Mor. What a Fool dost thou make me?

Sir Char. I only shew you, as you come out of her Hands, my Lord.

L. Mor. How contemptibly have I behav'd myself?

Sir Char. That's according as you bear her Behaviour.

L. Mor. Bear it! no: I thank thee, *Charles*——thou hast wak'd me now; and if I bear it——What have you done with my Lady *Gravetairs*?

Sir Char. Your Business, I believe——She's ready for you, she's just gone down Stairs, and if you don't make haste after her, I expect her back again with a Knife or a Pistol, presently.

L. Mor. I'll go this Minute.

Sir Char.

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Sir Char. No, stay a little, here comes my Lord: We'll see what we can get out of him first.

L. Mor. Methinks I now could laugh at her.

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, *Sir Charles*, let's have a little of thee—We have been so *Chagrin* without thee, that, stop my Breath, the Ladies are gone half asleep to Church for want of thy Company.

Sir Char. That's hard indeed, while your Lordship was among 'em: Is *Lady Betty* gone too?

L. Fop. She was just upon the Wing—But I caught her by the Snuff-Box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

L. Mor. Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only Present she ever would receive from me—Ask him how he came by it? [*Aside to Sir Charles.*]

Sir Char. Pr'ythee don't be uneasy—Did she give it you, my Lord?

L. Fop. Faith, *Charles*, I can't say she did, or she did not, but we were playing the Fool, and I took it—a *la*—Pshaw! I can't tell thee in *French* neither, but *Horace* touches it to a Nicety—'twas *Pignus direptum malè pertinaci*.

L. Mor. So! but I must bear it—if your Lordship has a Mind to the Box, I'll stand by you in the keeping of it.

L. Fop. My Lord, I am passionately oblig'd to you, but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the Lady's Favour.

L. Mor. Not at all, my Lord: 'Tis possible I may not have the same Regard to her Frown that your Lordship has.

L. Fop. That's a Bite, I am sure—he'd give a Joint of his little Finger to be as well with her as I am. [*Aside.*] But here she comes! *Charles*, stand by me—Must not a Man be a vain Coxcomb now, to think this Creature follow'd one?

Sir Char. Nothing so plain, my Lord.

L. Fop. Flattering Devil!

Enter Lady Betty.

L. Bet. Pshaw! my Lord *Foppington*! Pr'ythee don't play

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play the Fool now, but give me my Snuff-Box——Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

Sir Char. You know I hate Trouble, Madam.

L. Bet. Pooh! You'll make me stay till Prayers are half over now.

L. Fop. If you'll promise me not to go to Church, I'll give it you.

L. Bet. I'll promise nothing at all, for positively I will have it. [*Struggling with him.*]

L. Fop. Then comparatively I won't part with it, ha! ha! [*Struggles with her.*]

L. Bet. O you Devil! you have kill'd my Arm! Oh! Well—if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

L. Mor. O Charles! that has a view of distant Kindness in it. [*Aside to Sir Charles.*]

L. Fop. Nay now I keep it superlatively——I find there's a secret Value in it.

L. Bet. O dismal! upon my Word, I am only ashamed to give it you: Do you think I wou'd offer such an odious fancy'd Thing to any Body I had the least Value for?

Sir Char. Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any Kindness at all.

[*Aside to Lord Morelove.*]

L. Fop. Why, really, Madam, upon second View, it has not extremely the Mode of a Lady's Utensil: Are you sure it never held any thing but Snuff?

L. Bet. O! you Monster!

L. Fop. Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me to have very much the Air and Fancy of Monsieur Smoakand-set's Tobacco-box.

L. Mor. I can bear no more.

Sir Char. Why, don't then; I'll step into the Company, and return to your Relief immediately. [*Exit.*]

L. Mor. [*To L. Bet.*] Come, Madam, will your Ladyship give me leave to end the Difference—— Since the Slightness of the Thing may let you bestow it without any Mark of Favour, shall I beg it of your Ladyship?

L. Fop. O my Lord, no Body sooner——I beg you give it my Lord.

[*Looking*]

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[*Looking earnestly on L. Fop. who smiling gives it to L. Mor. and then bows gravely to her.*

L. *Mor.* Only to have the Honour of restoring it to your Lordship; and if there be any other Trifle of mine, your Lordship has a Fancy to, tho' it were a Mistress, I don't know any Person in the World that has so good a Claim to my Resignation.

L. *Fop.* O my Lord, this Generosity will distract me.

L. *Mor.* My Lord, I do you but common Justice: But from your Conversation, I had never known the true Value of the Sex; You positively understand 'em the best of any Man breathing, therefore I think every one of common Prudence ought to resign to you.

L. *Fop.* Then positively your Lordship's the most obliging Person in the World, for I'm sure your Judgment can never like any Woman that is not the finest Creature in the Universe. [*Bowing to L. Betty.*

L. *Mor.* O! your Lordship does me too much Honour, I have the worst Judgment in the World, no Man has been more deceiv'd in it.

L. *Fop.* Then your Lordship, I presume, has been apt to choose in a Mask, or by Candle-light.

L. *Mor.* In a Mask indeed, my Lord, and of all Masks the most dangerous.

L. *Fop.* Pray what's that, my Lord?

L. *Mor.* A bare Face.

L. *Fop.* Your Lordship will pardon me, if I don't so really comprehend how a Woman's bare Face can hide her Face.

L. *Mor.* It often hides her Heart, my Lord, and therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous Mask than a Piece of Velvet: That's rather a Mark than a Disguise of an ill Woman: But the Mischiefs skulking behind a Beauteous Form, give no Warning; they are always Sure, Fatal, and Innumerable.

L. *Bet.* O barbarous Aspersions! my Lord *Foppington*, have you nothing to say for the poor Women?

L. *Fop.* I must confess, Madam, nothing of this Nature ever happen'd in my Course of Amours: I always judge the Beauteous Form of a Woman to be the most agreeable Part of her Composition, and when once a Lady
does

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does me the Honour to toss that into my Arms, I think myself obliged in Good-nature, not to quarrel about the rest of her Equipage.

L. *Bet.* Why ay, my Lord, there's some good Humour in that now.

L. *Mor.* He's happy in a plain *English* Stomach, Madam. I could recommend a Dish that's perfectly to your Lordship's Gust, where Beauty is the only Sauce to it.

L. *Bet.* So!

L. *Fop.* My Lord, when my Wine's right, I never care it should be Zested.

L. *Mor.* I know some Ladies would thank you for that Opinion.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Morelove's* really grown such a Churl to the Women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be in Love.

L. *Mor.* Upon my Word, Madam, I once thought I was.

[Smiling.]

L. *Bet.* Fy! fy! how could you think so? I fancy now you had only a mind to domineer over some poor Creature, and so you thought you were in Love; ha! ha!

L. *Mor.* The Lady I lov'd, Madam, grew so unfortunate in her Conduct, that she at last brought me to treat her with the same Indifference and Civility as I now pay your Ladyship.

L. *Bet.* And ten to one, just at that time she never thought you such tolerable Company.

L. *Mor.* That I can't say, Madam, for at that time she grew so affected, there was no judging of her Thoughts at all.

[Mimicking her.]

L. *Bet.* What, and so you left the poor Lady? O you inconstant Creature!

L. *Mor.* No, Madam, to have lov'd her on had been Inconstancy; for she was never two Hours together the same Woman.

[L. Bet. and L. Mor. seem to talk.]

L. *Fop.* [Aside.] Ha! ha! ha! I see he has a Mind to abuse her; so I'll ev'n give him an Opportunity of doing his Business with her at once for ever—My Lord, I perceive your Lordship's going to be good Company to the Lady, and for her sake I don't think it good Manners in me to disturb you—

C

Enter,

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Char. My Lord *Foppington!*

L. Fop. O *Charles!* I was just wanting thee—Hark thee—I have three thousand Secrets for thee—I have made such Discoveries! to tell thee all in one Word—*Morelove's* as jealous of me as the Devil; heh! heh! heh!

Sir Char. Is't possible? has she given him any Occasion?

L. Fop. Only rally'd him to Death upon my Account; she told me within, just now, she'd use him like a Dog, and begg'd me to draw off for an Opportunity.

Sir Char. O! keep in while the Scent lies, and she's your own, my Lord.

L. Fop. I can't tell that, *Charles*, but I'm sure she's fairly unharbour'd, and when once I throw off my Inclinations, I usually follow 'em 'till the Game has enough on't; and between thee and I she's pretty well blown too, she can't stand long, I believe, for, Curse catch me, if I have not rid down half a Thousand Pound after her already.

Sir Char. What do you mean?

L. Fop. I have lost Five hundred to her at Piquet since Dinner.

Sir Char. You are a fortunate Man, faith; you are resolv'd not to be thrown out, I see.

L. Fop. Hang it! What should a Man come out for, if he does not keep up to the Sport?

Sir Char. Well push'd, my Lord.

L. Fop. *Tayo!* have at her——

Sir Char. Down! down, my Lord——ah——'ware Hanches.

L. Fop. Ah! *Charles* [*Embracing him*] Pr'ythee let's observe a little, there's a foolish Cur, now I have run her to a Stand, has a Mind to be at her by himself, and thou shalt see she won't stir out of her way for him.

[*They stand aside.*]

L. Mor. Ha! ha! Your Ladyship's very grave of a sudden, you look as if your Lover had insolently recover'd his common Senses.

L. Bet. And your Lordship is so very gay, and unlike
your-

yourself, one wou'd swear you were just come from the Pleasure of making your Mistress afraid of you.

L. Mor. No, faith, quite contrary—for do you know, Madam, I have just found out, that upon your Account I have made myself one of the most ridiculous Puppies upon the Face of the Earth ——— I have upon my faith! ——— nay and so extravagantly such——ha! ha! ha! that it's at last become a Jest even to myself; and I can't help laughing at it for the Soul of me; ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. I want to cure him of that Laugh now. [*Aside.* My Lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another Secret: Do you know too, that I still find (spite of all your great Wisdom, and my contemptible Qualities, as you are pleas'd now and then to call them :) Do you know, I say, that I see under all this, you still love me with the same helpless Passion; and can your vast Foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly, for these extraordinary Airs you are pleas'd to give yourself?

L. Mor. O by all means, Madam, 'tis fit you should, and I expect it, whenever it is in your Power——Confusion! [*Aside.*

L. Bet. My Lord, you have talk'd to me this half Hour, without confessing Pain. [*Pauses and affects to Gape.*] only remember it.

L. Mor. Hell and Tortures!

L. Bet. What did you say, my Lord?

L. Mor. Fire and Furies!

L. Bet. Ha! ha! he's disorder'd—Now I am easy—My Lord *Foppington*, have you a Mind to your Revenge at Piquet?

L. Fop. I have always a Mind to an Opportunity of entertaining your Ladyship, Madam.

[*L. Betty coquets with L. Fop.*

L. Mor. O *Charles*——The Insolence of this Woman might furnish out a thousand Devils.

Sir *Char.* And your Temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such Women.—Come away——I have Business for you upon the Terras.

L. Mor. Let me but speak one Word to her——

Sir *Char.* Not a Syllable——the Tongue's a Weapon you'll

you'll always have the worst at: For I see you have no Guard, and she carries a Devilish Edge.

L. Bet. My Lord, don't let any thing I've said frighten you away; for if you have the least Inclination to stay and rail, you know the old Conditions; 'tis but your asking me Pardon next Day, and you may give your Passion any Liberty you think fit.

L. Mor. Daggers and Death!

Sir Char. Are you mad?

L. Mor. Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst—

Sir Char. Upon Condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my Lord, do as you please.

L. Mor. Pr'ythee pardon me—I know not what to do.

Sir Char. Come along—I'll set you to work I warrant you—Nay, nay, none of your parting Ogles—ill you go?

L. Mor. Yes—and I hope for ever—

[*Ex. Sir Char. pulling away L. Mor.*

L. Fop. Ha! ha! ha! Did ever mortal Monster set up for a Lover with such unfortunate Qualifications?

L. Bet. Indeed, my Lord *Morelove* has something strangely singular in his Manner.

L. Fop. I thought I should have burst to see the Creature pretend to Rally, and give himself the Airs of one of Us—But, run me through, Madam, your Ladyship push'd like a Fencing-Master, that last Thrust was a *Coup de Grace*, I believe—I'm afraid his Honour will hardly meet your Ladyship in haste again.

L. Bet. Not unless his Second, *Sir Charles*, keeps him better in Practice, perhaps—Well the Humour of this Creature has done me signal Service to Day, I must keep it up for fear of a second Engagement. [Aside:

L. Fop. Never was poor Wit so foil'd at his own Weapon sure.

L. Bet. Wit? Had he ever any Pretence to it?

L. Fop. Ha! ha! he has not much in Love, I think, though he wears the Reputation of a very pretty young Fellow, among some sort of People; but, strike me stupid, if ever I could discover common Sense in all the Progress of his Amours: He expects a Woman should like him for endeavouring to convince her, that she has not one good Quality

Quality belonging to the whole Composition of her Soul and Body.

L. *Bet.* That, I suppose, is only in a modest Hope, that she'll mend her Faults, to qualify herself for his vast Merit, ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Poor *Morelove*, I see she can't endure him.

L. *Bet.* Or if one really had all those Faults, he does not consider, that Sincerity in Love is as much out of Fashion as sweet Snuff; no Body takes it now. [*Aside.*]

L. *Fop.* O! no Mortal, Madam, unless it be here and there a Squire, that's making his lawful Court to the Cherry-cheek Charms of my Lord Bishop's great fat Daughter in the Country.

L. *Bet.* O what a surfeiting Couple has he put together——

[*Throwing her Hand carelessly upon his.*]

L. *Fop.* Fond of me by all that's tender——Poor Fool, I'll give thee Ease immediately. [*Aside*]——But, Madam, you were pleas'd just now to offer me my Revenge at Piquet——Now here's no Body within, and I think we can't make use of a better Opportunity.

L. *Bet.* O! no: Not now, my Lord!——I have a Favour I would fain beg of you first.

L. *Fop.* But Time, Madam, is very precious in this Place, and I shall not easily forgive myself if I don't take him by the Forelock.

L. *Bet.* But I have a great mind to have a little more Sport with my Lord *Morelove* first, and would fain beg your Assistance.

L. *Fop.* O! with all my Heart; and, upon second Thoughts, I don't know but piquing a Rival in publick may be as good Sport, as being well with a Mistress in private: For, after all, the Pleasure of a fine Woman is like that of her own Virtue, not so much in the thing, as the Reputation of having it. [*Aside.*]——Well, Madam, but how can I serve you in this Affair?

L. *Bet.* Why, methought, as my Lord *Morelove* went out, he shew'd a stern Resentment in his Look, that seem'd to threaten me with Rebellion, and downright Defiance: Now I have a great Fancy, that you and I should follow

him to the Terras, and laugh at his Resolution before he has time to put it in Practice.

L. Fop. And so punish his Fault before he commits it !
ha ! ha ! ha !

L. Bet. Nay, we won't give him time, if his Courage should fail, to repent it.

L. Fop. Ha ! ha ! ha ! let me Blood, if I don't long to be at it, ha ! ha !

L. Bet. O ! 'twill be such Diversion to see him bite his Lips, and broil within, only with seeing us ready to split our Sides in laughing at nothing, ha ! ha !

L. Fop. Ha ! ha ! I see the Creature does really like me, [*Afide.*] And, then, Madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a Tune, in Affectation of his not minding us—'twill be so foolish when we know he loves us to Death all the while, ha ! ha !

L. Bet. And if at last his sage Mouth shou'd open in surly Contradiction of our Humour, then will we, in pure Opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not Gallant, and Fashionable ; Constancy shall be the Mark of Age and Ugliness, Virtue a Jest, we'll rally Discretion out of Doors, lay Gravity at our Feet, and only Love, free Love, Disorder, Liberty, and Pleasure be our standing Principles.

L. Fop. Madam, you transport me : For if ever I was obliged to Nature for any one tolerable Qualification 'twas positively the Talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this Subject——I am impatient——my Fancy's upon the Wing already——let's fly to him.

L. Bet. No, no ; stay 'till I am just got out, our going together won't be so proper.

L. Fop. As your Ladyship pleases, Madam——But when this Affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain Revenge due.

L. Bet. Ay ! ay ! after Supper I am for you——Nay, you shan't stir a Step, my Lord——

[*Seeing her to the Door.*

L. Fop. Only to tell you, you have fix'd me yours to the last Existence of my Soul's eternal Entity——

L. Bet. O, your Servant.

[*Exit.*
L. Fop.

L. *Fop*. Ha ! ha ! stark mad for me, by all that's handsome ! Poor *Morelove* ! That a Fellow who has ever been abroad, should think a Woman of her Spirit is to be taken as the Confederates do Towns, by a regular Siege, when so many of the *French* Successes might have shewn him the surest Way is to whisper the Governor — How can a Coxcomb give himself the Fatigue of Bombarding a Woman's Understanding, when he may with so much Ease make a Friend of her Constitution——I'll see if I can shew him a little *French* Play with Lady *Betty*——let me see — Ay, I'll make an end of it the old way, get her into Piquet at her own Lodgings — not mind one Tittle of my Play, give her every Game before she's half up, that she may judge the Strength of my Inclination by my haste of losing up to her Price ; then of a sudden, with a familiar Leer cry—Rat Piquet— sweep Counters, Cards and Money all upon the Floor, & *done* —*L'Affaire est faite.* [Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Castle Terrass.*

Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy.

L. *Easy*. MY Dear, you really talk to me as if I were your Lover, and not your Friend ; or else I am so dull, that by all you've said I can't make the least Guess at your real Thoughts — Can you be serious for a Moment ?

L. *Bet*. Not easily : But I would do more to oblige you.

L. *Easy*. Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without Reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord *Morelove* ?

L. *Bet*. Then seriously—— I think not—— But because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my Symptoms——First, I own I like his Conversation, his Person has neither Fault, nor Beauty——well enough——I don't remember I ever secretly wish'd my-

self married to him, or——that I ever seriously resolv'd against it.

L. *Easy*. Well, so far you are tolerably safe:—— But come——as to his Manner of addressing to you, what Effect has that had?

L. *Bet*. I am not a little pleas'd to observe few Men follow a Woman with the same Fatigue and Spirit, that he does me——am more pleas'd when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable Thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that Usage.

L. *Easy*. Have a Care, that last is a dangerous Symptom——he pleases your Pride, I find.

L. *Bet*. Oh! perfectly: in that——I own no Mortal ever can come up to him.

L. *Easy*. But now, my Dear! now comes the main Point——Jealousy! are you sure you have never been touch'd with it? Tell me that with a safe Conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

L. *Bet*. Nay, then I defy him; for positively I was never jealous in my Life.

L. *Easy*. How, Madam! have you never been stir'd enough, to think a Woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in Talk with him? Or are you sure his Gallantry to another never gave you the least Disorder? Were you never, upon no Accident, in an Apprehension of losing him?

L. *Bet*. Hah! Why, Madam—Bless me!—wh—wh—why sure you don't call this Jealousy, my Dear?

L. *Easy*. Nay, nay, that is not the Business——Have you ever felt any Thing of this Nature, Madam?

L. *Bet*. Lord! don't be so hasty, my Dear——any Thing of this Nature——O Lud! I swear I don't like it: Dear Creature, bring me off here; for I am half frightened out of my Wits.

L. *Easy*. Nay, if you can't rally upon't, your Wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

L. *Bet*. Well, that's comfortably said, however.

L. *Easy*. But come to the Point——how far have you been jealous?

L. *Bet*. Why—O bless me! He gave the Musick one Night to my Lady *Languish* here upon the Terras: and (tho'

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(tho' she and I were very good Friends) I remember I cou'd not speak to her in a Week for't—Oh!

L. Easy. Nay, now you may laugh if you can; for, take my Word the Marks are upon you—But come—what else?

L. Bet. O nothing else, upon my Word, my Dear!

L. Easy. Well, one Word more, and then I give Sentence: Suppose you were heartily convinc'd, that he actually follow'd another Woman?

L. Bet. But, pray, my Dear, what Occasion is there to suppose any such Thing at all?

L. Easy. Guilty, upon my Honour.

L. Bet. Pshaw! I defy him to say, that ever I own'd any Inclination for him.

L. Easy. No, but you have given him terrible Leave to guess it.

L. Bet. If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little Reason to think so, I can assure you.

L. Easy. That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I'm sure my Lord can't be far off.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Char. Servant Lady Betty—my Dear, how do you do?

L. Easy. At your Service, my Dear——But pray what have you done with my Lord Morelove?

L. Bet. Ay, Sir Charles, pray how does your Pupil do? Have you any Hopes of him? Is he docible?

Sir Char. Well, Madam, to confess your Triumph over me, as well as him, I own my Hopes of him are lost. I offer'd what I cou'd to his Instruction, but he's incorrigibly yours, and undone—and the News, I presume, does not displease your Ladyship.

L. Bet. Fy, fy, Sir Charles, you disparage your Friend, I am afraid you don't take Pains with him.

Sir Char. Ha! I fancy, Lady Betty, your Good-nature won't let you sleep a Nights: Don't you love dearly to hurt People?

L. Bet. O! your Servant; then without a Jest, the Man is so unfortunate in his want of Patience, that let me die, if I don't often pity him.

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Sir Char. Ha! Strange Goodness—O that I were your Lover for a Month or two.

L. Bet. What then!

Sir Char. I wou'd make that pretty Heart's Blood of yours ake in a Fortnight.

L. Bet. Hugh——I should hate you, your Assurance wou'd make your Address intolerable.

Sir Char. I believe it wou'd, for I'd never Address to you at all.

L. Bet. O! you Clown you!

[*Hitting him with her Fan.*]

Sir Char. Why, what to do? to feed a diseas'd Pride, that's eternally breaking out in the Affectation of an ill Nature that—in my Conscience I believe is but Affectation.

L. Bet. You, nor your Friend, have no great Reason to complain of my Fondness, I believe. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Char. [*Looking earnestly on her.*] Thou insolent Creature! How can you make a Jest of a Man, whose whole Life's but one continu'd Torment from your want of common Gratitude?

L. Bet. Torment! for my Part, I really believe him as easy as you are.

Sir Char. Poor intolerable Affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours, you know your Power, and the whole Pleasure of your Life's the poor and low Abuse of it.

L. Bet. Pray how do I abuse it——If I have any Power.

Sir Char. You drive him to Extremes that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his Reason: You've almost turn'd his Brain, his common Judgment fails him; he's now, at this very Moment, driven by his Despair upon a Project, in hopes to free him from your Power, that I am sensible, and so must any one be that has his Sense. of course must ruin him with you, for ever; I almost blush to think of it, yet your unreasonable Disdain has forc'd him to it; and should he now suspect I offer'd but a Hint of it to you, and in Contempt of his Design, I know he'd call my Life to answer it: But I have no regard to Men in Madness, I rather choose

choose for once to trust in your Good-nature, in hopes the Man, whom your unwary Beauty had made miserable, your Generosity wou'd scorn to make Ridiculous.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*, you charge me very home, I never had it in my Inclination to make any thing ridiculous that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this Business you think so extravagant in him?

Sir *Char.* Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive ev'n me that tell it you.

L. *Bet.* O fy! If it be a Fault, Sir *Charles*, I shall consider it as His, not Yours. Pray what is it?

L. *Easy.* I long to know, methinks.

Sir *Char.* You may be sure he did not want my Dissuasions from it.

L. *Bet.* Let's hear it?

Sir *Char.* Why this Man, whom I have known to love you with such Excess of generous Desire, whom I have heard in his ecstatic Praises on your Beauty talk, till from the soft Heat of his distilling Thoughts the Tears have fall'n——

L. *Bet.* O! Sir *Charles*—— [Blushing.]

Sir *Char.* Nay, grudge not, since 'tis past, to hear what was (tho' you contemn'd it) once his Merit: But now I own that Merit ought to be forgotten.

L. *Bet.* Pray, Sir, be plain.

Sir *Char.* This Man, I say, whose unhappy Passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his Hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my Friendship had lately flatter'd him) his Hopes of even deserving now your lowest Pity or Regard.

L. *Bet.* You amaze me—For I can't suppose his utmost Malice dares assault my Reputation — and what—

Sir *Char.* No, but he maliciously presumes the World will do it for him; and indeed he has taken no unlikely Means to make 'em busy with their Tongues: For he is this Moment upon the open Terrass, in the highest Publick Gallantry with my Lady *Graveairs*. And to convince the World and me, he said he was not that tame Lover we fancied him, he'd venture to give her the Musick to-night: Nay, I heard him, before my Face, speak

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to one of the Hautboys to engage the rest, and desired they would all take their Directions only from my Lady *Graveairs*.

L. Bet. My Lady *Graveairs*! truly I think my Lord's very much in the right on't—for my Part, Sir *Charles*, I don't see any Thing in this that's so very ridiculous, nor indeed that ought to make me think either the better or worse of him for't.

Sir Char. Pshaw! Pshaw! Madam, you and I know 'tis not in his Power to renounce you; this is but the poor Disguise of a resenting Passion vainly ruffled to a Storm, which the least gentle Look from you can reconcile at Will, and laugh into a Calm again.

L. Bet. Indeed, Sir *Charles*, I shan't give myself that Trouble, I believe.

Sir Char. So I told him, Madam; Are not all your Complaints, said I, already owing to her Pride, and can you suppose this publick Defiance of it (which you know you can't make good too) won't incense her more against you?—That's what I'd have, said he, starting wildly, I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it.

L. Bet. Upon my Word, I fancy my Lord will find himself mistaken—I shan't be piqued I believe—I must first have a Value for the Thing I lose, before it piques me: Piqued! ha! ha! ha! [Disorder'd.

Sir Char. Madam, you've said the very Thing I urg'd to him; I know her Temper so well, said I, that tho' she doted on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than shew the least Motion of Uneasiness.

L. Bet. I can assure you, Sir *Charles*, my Lord won't find himself deceiv'd in your Opinion—Piqued!

Sir Char. She has it.

[*Aside.*

L. Easy. Alas, poor Woman! how little do our Passions make us?

L. Bet. Not but I wou'd advise him to have a little Regard to my Reputation in this Business: I wou'd have him take heed of publickly affronting me.

Sir Char. Right, Madam, that's what I strictly warn'd him of; for among Friends, whenever the World sees him

him follow another Woman, the malicious Tea-tables will be very apt to be free with your Ladyship.

L. Bet. I'd have him consider that, methinks.

Sir Char. But alas! Madam, 'tis not in his Power to think with Reason, his mad Resentment has destroy'd ev'n his Principles of common Honesty: He considers nothing but a senseless proud Revenge, which in his Fit of Lunacy 'tis impossible that either Threats or Danger can dissuade him from.

L. Bet. What! does he defy me, threaten me! then he shall see, that I have Passions too, and know, as well as he, to stir my Heart against any Pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? Fear the little Malice of a slighted Passion, that my own Scorn has stung into a despised Resentment! Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dare have such a Thought!

L. Easy. Dear Creature, don't disorder yourself so.

L. Bet. Let me but live to see him once more within my Power, and I'll forgive the rest of Fortune.

L. Easy. Well! certainly I am very ill-natur'd; for tho' I see this News has disturb'd my Friend, I can't help being pleas'd with any Hopes of my Lady *Graveair's* being otherwise dispos'd of. [*Aside.*] My Dear, I am afraid you have provok'd her a little too far.

Sir Char. Oh! not at all—You shall see—I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a Dish of Tea.

L. Bet. I may see him with his complaining Face again—

Sir Char. I am sorry, Madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in Hopes to have stirr'd your Pity, not your Anger; I little thought your Generosity wou'd punish him for Faults, which you yourself resolv'd he should commit—Yonder he comes and all the World with him: Might I advise you, Madam, you shou'd not resent the Thing at all—I wou'd not so much as stay to see him in his Fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it: Nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his Folly, as your utter Neglect of it.

L. Easy. Come, dear Creature, be persuaded, and

home with me, indeed it will shew more Indifference to avoid him.

L. *Bet.* No, Madam, I'll oblige his Vanity for once, and stay to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

Sir *Char.* [*Aside.*] O not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that Pride of yours, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome Companion to you.

[*Goes from them and whispers Lord Morelove.*
Enter Lord Foppington; a little after, Lord Morelove, Lady Graveairs, and other Ladies.

L. *Fop.* Ladies, your Servant——O! we have wanted you beyond Reparation——such Diversion.

L. *Bet.* Well! my Lord! have you seen my Lord *Morelove*?

L. *Fop.* Seen him! — ha! ha! ha! — O, I have such Things to tell you, Madam——you'll die——

L. *Bet.* O pray let's hear 'em, I was never in a better Humour to receive them.

L. *Fop.* Hark you. [*They whisper.*

L. *Mor.* So she's engag'd already. [*To Sir Charles.*

Sir *Char.* So much the better; make but a just Advantage of my Success, and she's undone.

L. *Fop.* } Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* }

Sir *Char.* You see already what ridiculous Pains she's taking to stir your Jealousy, and cover her own.

L. *Fop.* } Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* }

L. *Mor.* O never fear me; for, upon my Word, it now appears ridiculous even to me.

Sir *Char.* And hark you — [*Whispers L. Mor.*

L. *Bet.* And so the Widow was as full of Airs as his Lordship?

Sir *Char.* Only observe that, and 'tis impossible you can fail. [*Aside.*

L. *Mor.* Dear *Charles*, you have convinc'd me, and I thank you.

L. *Grav.* My Lord *Morelove*! What, do you leave us?

L. *Mor.* Ten thousand Pardons, Madam, I was but just——

L. *Grav.*

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L. Grav. Nay, nay, no Excuses, my Lord, so you will but let us have you again.

Sir Char. [*Aside to L. Grav.*] I see you have good Humour, Madam, when you like your Company.

L. Grav. And you I see, for all your mighty Thirst of Dominion, cou'd stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

Sir Char. Ha! Power would make her an admirable Tyrant.

L. Easy. [*Observing Sir Charles and L. Graveairs.*] So! there's another Couple have quarrel'd too I find ——— Those Airs to my Lord *Morelove*, look as if design'd to recover Sir *Charles* into Jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the Company, and it may be, that will let me into the Secret. [*Aside.*] My Lord *Foppington*, I vow this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a Part of the Company to yourself.

Sir Char. Nay, my Lord, this is not fair indeed to enter into Secrets among Friends!——Ladies, what say you! I think we ought to declare against it.

Ladies. O! no Secrets, no Secrets.

L. Bet. Well, Ladies, I ought only to ask your Pardon: My Lord's excusable, for I wou'd haul him into a Corner.

L. Fop. I swear 'tis very hard, ho! I observe two People of extreme Condition, can no sooner grow particular, but the Multitude of both Sexes are immediately up, and think their Properties invaded——

L. Bet. Odious Multitude——

L. Fop. Perish the *Canaille*.

L. Grav. O, my Lord, we Women have all Reason to be jealous of Lady *Betty Modish's* Power.

L. Mor. [*To Lady Betty.*] As the Men, Madam, all have of my Lord *Foppington*; beside Favourites of great Merit discourage those of an inferior Class for their Prince's Service: He has already lost you one of your Retinue, Madam.

L. Bet. Not at all, my Lord, he has only made room for another: One must sometimes make Vacancies, or there could be no Preferments.

L. Easy.

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L. Easy. Ha! ha! Ladies Favours, my Lord, like Places at Court, are not always held for Life, you know.

L. Bet. No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine Women wou'd be always us'd like their Wives, and no more minded than the Business of the Nation.

L. Easy. Have a care, Madam, an undeserving Favourite has been the Ruin of many a Prince's Empire.

L. Fop. Ha! ha! Upon my Soul, *Lady Betty*, we must grow more discreet; for positively if we go on at this rate, we shall have the World throw you under the Scandal of Constancy; and I shall have all the Swords of Condition at my Throat for a Monopolist.

L. Mor. O! there's no great Fear of that, my Lord, tho' the Men of Sense give it over, there will be always some idle Fellows vain enough to believe their Merit may succeed as well as your Lordship's.

L. Bet. Or if they shou'd not, my Lord, Cast-Lovers you know, need not fear being long out of Employment, while there are so many well-disposed People in the World—There are generally Neglected Wives, Stale Maids, or Charitable Widows always ready to relieve the Necessities of a disappointed Passion—and, by the way, Hark you, *Sir Charles*.

L. Mor. [*Aside.*] So! she's stirr'd I see; for all her Pains to hide it—she wou'd hardly have glanc'd an Affront at a Woman she was not piqued at.

L. Graw. [*Aside.*] That Wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

L. Bet. [*Softly to Sir Charles.*] Pray, how came you all this while to trust your Mistress so easily?

Sir Char. One is not so apt, Madam, to be alarm'd at the Liberties of an old Acquaintance, as perhaps your Ladyship ought to be at the Relentment of an Hard-us'd, Honourable Lover.

L. Bet. Suppose I were alarm'd, how does that make you easy?

Sir Char. Come, come, be wise at last; my trusting them together, may easily convince you, that (as I told you before) I know his Addresses to her are only outward, and 'twill be your Fault now, if you let him go on 'till the World thinks him in earnest; and a Thousand busy

busy Tongues are set upon malicious Enquiries into your Reputation.

L. Bet. Why, Sir *Charles*, do you suppose while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my Indifference?

Sir Char. But hear me, Madam—

L. Grav. [*Aside.*] The Air of that Whisper looks as if the Lady had a Mind to be making her Peace again; and 'tis possible, his Worship's being so busy in the Matter too, may proceed as much from his Jealousy of my Lord with me, as Friendship to her, at least I fancy so; therefore I'm resolv'd to keep her still piqued and prevent it, tho' it be only to gall him—*Sir Charles*, that is not fair to take a Privilege you just now declar'd against in my Lord *Foppington*.

L. Mor. Well observ'd, Madam.

L. Grav. Beside, it looks so affected to whisper, when every body guesses the Secret.

L. Mor. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. O! Madam, your Pardon in particular: But 'tis possible you may be mistaken: The Secrets of People that have any Regard to their Actions, are not so soon guess'd, as theirs that have made a Confident of the whole Town.

L. Fop. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Grav. A *Coquette* in her affected Airs of Disdain to a revolted Lover, I'm afraid must exceed your Ladyship in Prudence, not to let the World see at the same time, she'd give her Eyes to make her Peace with him: Ha! ha!

L. Mor. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. 'Twould be a Mortification indeed, if it were in the Power of a fading Widow's Charms to prevent it; and the Man must be miserably reduc'd sure, that cou'd bear to live buried in Woollen, or take up with the Motherly Comforts of a Swan-skin Petticoat. Ha! ha!

L. Fop. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Grav. Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their Interest, they know their own Minds and take the Man they like, tho' it happens to be one, that a forward

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ward vain Girl has difoblig'd, and is pining to be Friends with.

L. *Mor.* Nay, tho' it happens to be one, that confesses he once was fond of a Piece of Folly, and afterwards asham'd on't.

L. *Bet.* Nay, my Lord, there's no standing against two of you.

L. *Fop.* No, Faith, that's odds at Tennis, my Lord: Not but if your Ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your Back-hand a little: Tho' upon my Soul you may safely set me up at the Line: For, knock me down, if ever I saw a Rest of Wit better play'd, than that last, in my Life——What say you, Madam, shall we engage?

L. *Bet.* As you please, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! *Allons! Tout de Bon, Joues mi lor.*

L. *Mor.* O pardon me, Sir, I shall never think myself in any thing a Match for the Lady.

L. *Fop.* To you, Madam.

L. *Bet.* That's much, my Lord, when the World knows you have been so many Years teasing me to play the Fool with you.

L. *Fop.* Ah! *Bien Joue.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor.* At that Game, I confess your Ladyship has chosen a much properer Person to improve your Hand with.

L. *Fop.* To me, Madam——My Lord, I presume whoever the Lady thinks fit to play the Fool with, will at least be able to give as much Envy as the wise Person that had not Wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

L. *Grav.* O! my Lord! Both Parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear, neither will have any Rivals to disturb 'em.

L. *Mor.* Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* None that will disturb 'em, I dare swear.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor.*

L. *Grav.* } Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.*

Sir Char.

Sir *Char.* I don't know, Gentlefolks—but you are all in extreme good Humour, methinks, I hope there's none of it affected.

L. *Easy.* I shou'd be loth to answer for any but my Lord *Foppington*. [Aside.]

L. *Bet.* Mine is not, I'll swear.

L. *Mor.* Nor mine, I'm sure.

L. *Grav.* Mine's sincere, depend upon't.

L. *Fop.* And may the eternal Frowns of the whole Sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

L. *Easy.* Well, good People, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all perform'd extremely well; But if you please, you shall ev'n give over your Wit now, while it is well.

L. *Bet.* [To herself.] Now I see his Humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for't.

Sir *Char.* You shou'd not have proceeded so far with my Lord *Foppington*, after what I had told you.

[Aside to L. *Bet.*

L. *Bet.* Pray, Sir *Charles*, give me leave to understand myself a little.

Sir *Char.* Your Pardon, Madam, I thought a right Understanding wou'd have been for both your Interests, and Reputation.

L. *Bet.* For his perhaps.

Sir *Char.* Nay then, Madam, it's time for me to take care of my Friend.

L. *Bet.* I never in the least doubted your Friendship to him in any thing that was to shew yourself my Enemy.

Sir *Char.* Since I see, Madam, you have so ungrateful a Sense of my Lord *Morelove's* Merit, and my Service, I shall never be asham'd of using my Power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your Ladyship's.

L. *Bet.* Was ever any thing so insolent! I could find in my Heart to run the Hazard of a downright Compliance, if it were only to convince him, that my Power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. [To herself.]

L. *Easy.* My Lord *Foppington*, I think you generally lead the Company upon these Occasions. Pray will you think

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think of some prettier sort of Diversion for us, than Parties and Whispers ?

L. *Fop.* What say you, Ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the Buffet-table?

L. *Bet.* With all my Heart ; Lady *Easy* ———

L. *Easy.* I think 'tis the best thing we can do, and because we won't part to Night, you shall all Sup where you Din'd—What say you, my Lord ?

L. *Mor.* Your Ladyship may be sure of me, Madam.

L. *Fop.* Ay ! ay ! we'll all come.

L. *Easy.* Then pray let's change Parties a little. My Lord *Foppington*, you shall Squire me.

L. *Fop.* O ! you do me Honour, Madam.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Morelove*, pray let me speak with you.

L. *More.* Me, Madam ?

L. *Bet.* If you please, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* Ha ! That Look shot through me ! what can this mean ? [*Aside.*

L. *Bet.* This is no proper Place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answer'd in : I suppose you'll be at my Lady *Easy's* by and by, and if you'll give me leave there ———

L. *Mor.* If you please to do me that Honour, Madam, I shall certainly be there.

L. *Bet.* That's all, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* Is not your Ladyship for walking ?

L. *Bet.* If your Lordship dares venture with me.

L. *Mor.* O ! Madam ! [*Taking her Hand.*] How my Heart dances, what Heav'nly Musick's in her Voice, when softned into Kindness. [*Aside.*

L. *Bet.* Ha ! his Hand trembles—Sir *Charles* may be mistaken.

L. *Fop.* My Lady *Graveairs*, you won't let Sir *Charles* leave us ?

L. *Grav.* No, my Lord, we'll follow you—stay a little. [*To Sir Charles.*

Sir *Char.* I thought your Ladyship design'd to follow 'em.

L. *Grav.* Perhaps I'd speak with you.

Sir *Char.*

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Sir Char. But, Madam, consider, we shall certainly be observ'd.

L. Grav. Lord, Sir! If you think it such a Favour.
[*Exit hastily.*]

Sir Char. Is she gone! let her go, &c.
[*Exit singing.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Sir Charles and Lord Morelove.

Sir Char. COME a little this way——my Lady *Graveairs* had an Eye upon me as I stole off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of any Opportunity to talk with me.

L. Mor. O! we are pretty safe here——well: you were speaking of Lady *Betty*.

Sir Char. Ay, my Lord—I say, notwithstanding all this sudden Change of her Behaviour, I wou'd not have you yet be too secure of her: For, between you and I, since, I told you, I have profess'd myself an open Enemy to her Power with you, 'tis not impossible but this new Air of good Humour may very much proceed from a little Woman's Pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her Power.

L. Mor. Not unlikely: But still can we make no Advantage of it?

Sir Char. That's what I have been thinking of——look you—Death! my Lady *Graveairs*!

L. Mor. Ha! She will have Audience, I find.

Sir Char. There's no avoiding her—the Truth is, I have ow'd her a little Good-nature a great while—I see there is but one way of getting rid of her—I must ev'n appoint her a Day of Payment at last. If you'll step into my Lodgings, my Lord, I'll just give her an Answer, and be with you in a Moment.

L. Mor.

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L. *Mor.* Very well, I'll stay there for you.

[*Exit L. Morelove.*]

Enter Lady Graveairs on the other Side.

L. *Grav.* Sir *Charles!*

Sir *Char.* Come, come, no more of these reproachful Looks; you'll find, Madam, I have deserv'd better of you than your Jealousy imagines——Is it a Fault to be tender of your Reputation?——*fy, fy*——This maybe a proper time to talk, and of my Contriving too—You see I just now shook off my Lord *Merelove* on purpose.

L. *Grav.* May I believe you?

Sir *Char.* Still doubting my Fidelity, and mistaking my Discretion for want of Good-nature.

L. *Grav.* Don't think me troublesome—For I confess 'tis Death to think of parting with you: Since the World sees, for you I have neglected Friends and Reputation, have stood the little Insults of disdainful Prudes, that envy'd me perhaps your Friendship; have born the freezing Looks of near and general Acquaintance——Since this is so——don't let 'em ridicule me too, and say my foolish Vanity undid me; don't let 'em point at me as a Cast Mistress.

Sir *Char.* You wrong me to suppose the Thought; you'll have better of me when we meet: When shall you be at leisure?

L. *Grav.* I confess, I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my Interest to part with you——Can you come to Night?

Sir *Char.* You know we have Company, and I'm afraid they'll stay too late——Can't it be before Supper——What's o'clock now?

L. *Grav.* It's almost Six.

Sir *Char.* At seven then be sure of me, 'till when I'd have you go back to the Ladies to avoid Suspicion, and about that time have the Vapours.

L. *Grav.* May I depend upon you? [Exit.]

Sir *Char.* Depend on every thing——A very troublesome Business this——send me once fairly rid on't—if ever I'm caught in an *Honourable* Affair again!——A
Debt

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Debt now that a little ready Civility, and away, would satisfy, a Man might bear with ; but to have a Rent Charge upon one's Good-nature, with an unconscionable long Scroll of Arrears too, that would eat out the Profits of the best Estate in Christendom—ah—intolerable ! Well ! I'll ev'n to my Lord, and shake off the Thoughts on't [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Betty and Lady Easy.

L. *Bet.* I observe, my Dear, you have usually this great Fortune at Play, it were enough to make one suspect your good luck with an Husband.

L. *Easy.* Truly I don't complain of my Fortune either way.

L. *Bet.* Pr'ythee tell me, you are often advising me to it, are there those real Comfortable Advantages in Marriage, that our old Aunts and Grandmothers would persuade us of ?

L. *Easy.* Upon my Word, if I had the worst Husband in the World, I should still think so.

L. *Bet.* Ay, but then the Hazard of not having a good one, my Dear.

L. *Easy.* You may have a good one, I dare say, if you don't give Airs till you spoil him.

L. *Bet.* Can there be the same dear, full Delight in giving Ease, as Pain ? O ! my Dear, the Thought of parting with one's Power is insupportable !

L. *Easy.* And the keeping it, till it dwindles into no Power at all, is most ruefully foolish.

L. *Bet.* But still to marry before one's heartily in Love—

L. *Easy.* Is not half so formidable a Calamity—— but if I have any Eyes, my Dear, you'll run no great Hazard of that, in venturing upon my Lord *Morelove*—— You don't know, perhaps, that within this half Hour the Tone of your Voice is strangely soften'd to him, ha ! ha ! ha !

L. *Bet.* My Dear, you are positively, one or other, the most censorious Creature in the World——and so I see it's in vain to talk with you——Pray, will you go back to the Company ?

L. *Easy.* Ah ! Poor Lady Betty ! [*Exeunt.*

The



The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Sir Charles and Lord Morelove.

L. Mor. **C**harles! you have transported me! you have made my Part in the Scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

Sir Char. That's what I consider'd; for now the more you throw yourself into her Power, the more I shall be able to force her into yours.

L. Mor. After all (begging the Ladies Pardon) Your fine Women, like Bullies, are only stout when they know their Men: a Man of an honest Courage may fright 'em into any thing! Well I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly—Won't you go along with me?

Sir Char. That may not be so proper;—besides I have a little Business upon my Hands.

L. Mor. O! your Servant, Sir——Good by to you——you shan't stir.

Sir Char. My Lord, your Servant——[*Exit L. Mor.* So! now to dispose of myself, 'till 'tis time to think of my Lady Gravetairs——Umph! I have no great Maw to that Business, methinks—I don't find myself in Humour enough to come up to the Civil Things, that are usually expected in the making up of an old Quarrel——[*Edging crosses the Stage.*] There goes a warmer Temptation by half:——Ha! into my Wife's Bedchamber too——I question if the Jade has any great Business there;——I have a Fancy she has only a mind to be taking the Opportunity of no Body's being at home, to make her Peace with me——let me see——ay, I shall have time enough to go to her Ladyship afterwards——Besides I want a little Sleep, I find——Your young Fops may talk of their Women of Quality——but to me now, there's a strange agreeable Convenience in a Creature one is not oblig'd to say much to upon these Occasions.

[*Going.*

Enter

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did you call me, Sir!

Sir Char. Ha! all's Right——[*Aside*]——Yes, Madam, I did call you. [*Sits down.*]

Edg. What wou'd you please to have, Sir?

Sir Char. Have! why, I wou'd have you grow a good Girl, and know when you are well us'd, Huffy.

Edg. Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

Sir Char. Well, don't be uneasy——I am not Angry with you Now——Come and kifs me.

Edg. Lard, Sir!

Sir Char. Don't be a Fool now——come hither.

Edg. Pshaw—— [*Goes to him.*]

Sir Char. No wry Face——so——sit down. I won't have you look grave neither, let me see you smile, you Jade you.

Edg. Ha! ha! [*Laughs and blushes.*]

Sir Char. Ah, you melting Rogue.

Edg. Come, don't you be at your Tricks now——Lard! can't you sit still and talk with one! I am sure there's ten times more Love in that, and fifty times the Satisfaction, People may say what they will.

Sir Char. Well! now you're Good, you shall have your own way——I am going to lie down in the next Room; and, since you love a little Chat, come and throw my Night-Gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep. [*Exit Sir Charles.*]

Edg. Yes, Sir——for all his way, I see he likes me still. [*Exit after him.*]



The SCENE changes to the Terrass.

Enter Lady Betty, Lady Easy, and Lord Morelove.

L. Mor. NAY, Madam, there you are too severe upon him; for bating now and then a little Vanity, my Lord *Foppington* does not want Wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable Woman's Man.

D

L. Bet.

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L. Bet. But such eternal Vanity grows tiresome.

L. Easy. Come, if he were not so loose in his Morals, Vanity methinks might be easily excus'd, considering how much 'tis in Fashion: For pray observe, what's half the Conversation of most of the fine young People about Town, but a perpetual Affectation of appearing foremost in the Knowledge of Manners, new Modes, and Scandal? and in that I don't see any Body comes up to him.

L. Mor. Nor I indeed—and here he comes—Pray, Madam, let's have a little more of him; no Body shews him to more Advantage than your Ladyship.

L. Bet. Nay, with all my Heart; you'll second me, my Lord.

L. Mor. Upon Occasion, Madam—

L. Easy. Engaging upon Parties, my Lord?

[*Aside and smiling to L. Mor.*]

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. So, Ladies! what's the Affair now?

L. Bet. Why you were, my Lord; I was allowing you a great many good Qualities, but Lady *Easy* says you are a perfect Hypocrite: and that whatever Airs you give yourself to the Women, she's confident you value no Woman in the World equal to your own Lady.

L. Fop. You see, Madam, how I am scandaliz'd upon your Account. But it's so natural for a Prude to be malicious, when a Man endeavours to be well with any Body but herself; did you never observe she was piqu'd at that before? Ha! ha!

L. Bet. I'll swear you are a provoking Creature.

L. Fop. Let's be more familiar upon't, and give her Disorder! Ha! ha!

L. Bet. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Fop. Stap my Breath, but Lady *Easy* is an admirable Discoverer—Marriage is indeed a prodigious Security of one's Inclination: A Man's likely to take a World of Pains in an Employment, where he can't be turn'd out for his Idleness.

L. Bet.

L. Bet. I vow, my Lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine Women, you are for giving them a Despotick Power in Love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

L. Fop. Ha! ha! Right, Madam, what signifies Beauty without Power? And a fine Woman when she's married makes as ridiculous a Figure, as a beaten General marching out of a Garrison.

L. Easy. I'm afraid, Lady *Betty*, the greatest Danger in your Use of Power, would be from a too heedless Liberality: you would more mind the Man than his Merit.

L. Fop. Piqued again, by all that's fretful——Well, certainly to give Envy is a Pleasure inexpressible.

[*To Lady Betty.*]

L. Bet. Ha! ha!

L. Easy. Does not she show him well, my Lord?

[*Aside to L. Mor.*]

L. Mor. Perfectly, and me to myself——For now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him.

[*To Lady Easy.*]

L. Fop. Lady *Easy*, I ask ten thousand Pardons, I'm afraid I am rude all this while.

L. Easy. O not at all, my Lord, you are always good Company, when you please: not but in some things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine Gentlemen, a little too loose in your Principles.

L. Fop. O, Madam, never to the Offence of the Ladies, I agree in any Community with them; no Body is a more constant Churchman, when the fine Women are there.

L. Easy. O fy, my Lord, you ought not to go for their sakes at all. And I wonder, you that are for being such a good Husband of your Virtues, are not afraid of bringing your Prudence into a Lampoon or a Play.

L. Bet. Lampoons and Plays, Madam, are only things to be laugh'd at.

L. Mor. Plays now indeed one need not be so much afraid of, for since the late short-sighted View of 'em, Vice may go on and prosper, the Stage dares hardly shew a Vicious Person speaking like himself, for fear of being call'd prophane for exposing him.

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L. Easy. 'Tis hard, indeed, when People won't distinguish between what's meant for Contempt, and what for Example.

L. Fop. Od so ! Ladies, the Court's coming home, I see, shall not we make our Bows ?

L. Bet. O ! by all means.

L. Easy. Lady *Betty*, I must leave you : For I'm oblig'd to writ Letters, and I know you won't give me Time after Supper.

L. Bet. Well, my Dear, I'll make a short Visit and be with you. [*Exit Lady Easy.*

Pray what's become of my Lady *Graveairs* ?

L. Mor. Oh, I believe she's gone home, Madam, she seem'd not to be very well.

L. Fop. And where's Sir *Charles*, my Lord ?

L. Mor. I left him at his own Lodgings.

L. Bet. He's upon some Ramble, I'm afraid.

L. Fop. Nay, as for that Matter, a Man may ramble at home sometimes——But here come the Chaises, we must make a little more haste, Madam. [*Exeunt.*



The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Easy, and a Servant.

L. Easy. **I**S your Master come home ?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

L. Easy. Where is he ?

Serv. I believe, Madam, he's laid down to sleep.

L. Easy. Where's *Edging* ? Bid her get me some Wax and Paper——stay, it's no matter, now I think on it——there's some above upon my Toilet. [*Exeunt severally.*



The SCENE opens and discovers Sir Charles without his Periwig, and Edging by him, both asleep in two easy Chairs.

Then enter Lady Easy, who starts and trembles, some time unable to speak.

L. Easy. HA!

Protect me, Virtue, Patience, Reason!
 Teach me to bear this killing Sight, or let
 Me think my dreaming Senses are deceiv'd!
 For sure a Sight like this, might raise the Arm
 Of Duty, ev'n to the Breast of Love! At least
 I'll throw this Vizor of my Patience off:
 Now wake him in his Guilt,
 And barefac'd front him with my Wrongs.
 I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay till he
 Frowns on me, perhaps—and then
 I'm lost again—The Ease of a few Tears
 Is all that's left to me—
 And Duty too forbids me to insult,
 When I have vow'd Obedience—Perhaps
 The Fault's in me, and Nature has not form'd
 Me with the Thousand little Requisites
 That warm the Heart to Love—
 Somewhere there is a Fault—
 But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve:
 Ha! Bare-headed, and in so sound a Sleep!
 Who knows, while thus expos'd to th'unwholsom Air,
 But Heav'n offended may o'ertake his Crime,
 And, in some languishing Distemper, leave him
 A severe Example of its violated Laws—
 Forbid it Mercy, and forbid it Love.
 This may prevent it.

[Takes a Steinkirk off her Neck, and lays it gently on his Head.]

And if he shou'd wake offended at my too busy Care, let my

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my heart-breaking Patience, Duty, and my fond Affec-
tion plead my Pardon. [Exit.

[After she has been out some Time, a Bell rings;
Edging wakes and stirs Sir Charles.

Edg. Oh!

Sir Char. How now! what's the matter?

Edg. O! Bless my Soul, my Lady's come home.

Sir Char. Go, go then. [Bell rings.

Edg. O lud! My Head's in such a Condition too. [Runs
to the Glass] I am coming, Madam—O lud! here's no
Powder neither—Here, Madam. [Exit.

Sir Char. How now? [Feeling the Steinkirk upon his
Head.] What's this? How came it here? [Puts on his
Wig.] Did not I see my Wife wear this to Day?—
Death! she can't have been here, sure—It could not be
Jealousy that brought her home—for my coming
was accidental—so too, I fear, might hers.—
How careless have I been?—not to secure the Door
neither—'Twas foolish—It must be so! She cer-
tainly has seen me here sleeping with her Woman:—
If so, how low an Hypocrite to her must that Sight
have prov'd me?—The Thought has made me despi-
cable ev'n to myself—How mean a Vice is Lying?
and how often have these empty Pleasures lull'd my Ho-
nour and my Conscience to a Lethargy,——while I
grossly have abus'd her, poorly skulking behind a thou-
sand Falshoods? Now I reflect, this has not been the first
of her Discoveries—How contemptible a Figure must
I have made to her?—A Crowd of recollected Cir-
cumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquaint-
ed with my Follies, and yet with what amazing Prudence
has she born the secret Pangs of injur'd Love, and wore an
everlasting Smile to me? This asks a little Think-
ing—something should be done— I'll see her instant-
ly, and be resolv'd from her Behaviour. [Exit.



The SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter Lady Easy and Edging.

L. Easy. **W**HERE have you been, Edging?
Edg. Been, Madam! I—I—I—I came as soon as I heard you ring, Madam.

L. Easy. How Guilt confounds her! but she's below my Thought—Fetch my last new Scarf hither—I have a mind to alter it a little——make haste.

Edg. Yes, Madam,——I see she does not suspect any thing. [Exit.

L. Easy. Heigh ho! [Sitting down.] I had forgot—but I'm unfit for writing now——'Twas an hard Conflict——yet it's a Joy to think it over: A secret Pride, to tell my Heart my Conduct has been Just——How low are vicious Minds, that offer Injuries, how much superior Innocence that bears 'em——Still there's a Pleasure ev'n in the Melancholy of a quiet Conscience——Away my Fears, it is not yet impossible——for while his Human Nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

Re-enter Edging with a Scarf.

Edg. Here's the Scarf, Madam.

L. Easy. So, sit down there—and, let me see——here——Rip off all that Silver.

Edg. Indeed, I always thought it would become your Ladyship better without it—But now suppose, Madam, you carry'd another Row of Gold round the Scollops, and then you take and lay this Silver plain all along the Gathers, and your Ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the Thing ten thousand Times another Air.

L. Easy. Pr'ythee don't be impertinent, do as I bid you.

Edg. Nay, Madam, with all my Heart, your Ladyship may do as you please.

L. Easy. This Creature grows so confident, and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it Jealousy. [*Aside.*

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Char. So, my Dear! What, at work! how are you employ'd, pray?

L. Easy. I was thinking to alter this Scarf, here.

Sir Char. What's amiss? methinks it's very pretty.

Edg. Yes, Sir, it's pretty enough for that matter, but my Lady has a mind it should be proper too.

Sir Char. Indeed!

L. Easy. I fancy plain Gold and Black would become me better.

Sir Char. That's a grave Thought, my Dear.

Edg. O dear Sir, not at all, my Lady's much in the Right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing but a Girl.

Sir Char. Leave the Room.

Edg. Lard, Sir! I can't stir—I must stay to——

Sir Char. Go—— [*Angrily.*

Edg. [*Throwing down the Work hastily, and crying, aside.*] If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burn'd.

[*Exit Edging.*

Sir Char. Sit still, my Dear,—I came to talk with you—and which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of Importance too, but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

L. Easy. Your Words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a Look that ever had the Appearance of unkind.

Sir Char. The perpetual Spring of your good Humour, lets me draw no Merit from what I have appear'd to be, which makes me curious now to know your Thoughts of what I really am: And never having ask'd you this before, it puzzles me; nor can I (my strange Negligence consider'd) reconcile to Reason, your first Thoughts of venturing upon Marriage with me.

L. Easy. I never thought it such a Hazard.

Sir Char. How cou'd a Woman of your Restraint in Principles, Sedateness, Sense, and tender Disposition, propose to see an happy Life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an Hour's Pains ev'n before Marriage, to appear

pear but what I am: A loose unheeded Wretch, absent in all I do, Civil, and as often Rude without Design, unseasonably thoughtful, easy to a Fault, and in my best of Praise, but carelessly good-natur'd; How shall I reconcile your Temper with having made so strange a Choice?

L. *Easy*. Your own Words may answer you—Your having never seem'd to be, but what you really were; and thro' that Carelessness of Temper there still shone forth to me an undefigning Honesty, I always doubted of in smoother Faces: Thus while I saw you took least Pains to win me, you pleas'd and woo'd me most: Nay, I have thought, that such a Temper could never be deliberately unkind: Or at the worst I knew that Errors from want of Thinking might be born; at least, when probably one Moment's serious Thought would end 'em: These were my worst of Fears, and these, when weigh'd by growing Love against my solid Hopes, were nothing.

Sir *Char*. My Dear, your Understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a Jewel in my Bosom, and till this Hour, have scarce been curious once to look upon its Lustre.

L. *Easy*. You set too high a Value on the common Qualities of an easy Wife.

Sir *Char*. Virtues, like Benefits, are double, when conceal'd: And I confess, I yet suspect you of an higher Value far, than I have spoke you.

L. *Easy*. I understand you not.

Sir *Char*. I'll speak more plainly to you—be free and tell me—Where did you leave this Handkerchief?

L. *Easy*. Ha!

Sir *Char*. What is't you start at? You hear the Question.

L. *Easy*. What shall I say? my Fears confound me.

Sir *Char*. Be not concern'd, my Dear, be easy in the Truth and tell me.

L. *Easy*. I cannot speak—and I could wish you'd not oblige me to it—'tis the only Thing I ever yet refus'd

you—and tho' I want Reason for my Will, let me not answer you.

Sir Char. Your Will then be a Reason, and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, 'tis fit I shou'd be easy in my Gratitude, and make what ought to be my Shame, my Joy; let me be therefore pleas'd to tell you now, your wondrous Conduct has wak'd me to a Sense of your Disquiet past, and Resolution never to disturb it more—And (not that I offer it as a Merit, but yet in blind Compliance to my Will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your Woman.

L. Easy. Alas! I think not of her—O, my Dear, distract me not with this Excess of Goodness. [*Weeping.*]

Sir Char. Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserv'd it—I see you're in Pain to give me this Confusion—Come, I will not shock your Softness by my untimely Blush for what is past, but rather sooth you to a Pleasure at my Sense of Joy, for my recover'd Happiness to come. Give then to my new-born Love, what Name you please, it cannot, shall not be too kind: O! it cannot be too soft for what my Soul swells up with Emulation to deserve—Receive me then entire at last, and take what yet no Woman ever truly had, my conquer'd Heart.

L. Easy. O the soft Treasure! O the dear Reward of long desiring Love—Now I am blest indeed to see you kind without th' Expence of Pain in being so, to make you mine with Easiness: Thus! thus to have you mine is something more than Happiness, 'tis double Life, and Madness of abounding Joy. But 'twas a Pain intolerable to give you a Confusion.

Sir Char. O thou engaging Virtue! But I'm too slow in doing Justice to thy Love: I know thy Softness will refuse me; but remember I insist upon it—let thy Woman be discharg'd this Minute.

L. Easy. No, my Dear, think me not so low in Faith, to fear that after what you've said, 'twill ever be in her Power to do me future Injury: When I can conveniently provide for her, I'll think on't: But to discharge her
now,

now, might let her guess at the Occasion; and methinks I wou'd have all our Differences, like our Endearments, be equally a Secret to our Servants.

Sir *Char.* Still my Superior every way——be it as you have better thought——Well, my Dear, now I'll confess a Thing that was not in your Power to accuse me of; to be short, I own this Creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

L. *Easy.* I know she is not, and was always less concern'd to find it so, for Constancy in Errors might have been fatal to me.

Sir *Char.* What is't you know, my Dear? [*Surpris'd.*]

L. *Easy.* Come, I am not afraid to accuse you now——my Lady *Graveairs*——Your Carelessness, my Dear, let all the World know it, and it would have been hard indeed, had it been only to me a Secret.

Sir *Char.* My Dear, I'll ask no more Questions, for fear of being more ridiculous: I do confess, I thought my Discretion there had been a Master-piece——How contemptible must I have look'd all this while?

L. *Easy.* You shan't say so.

Sir *Char.* Well, to let you see I had some Shame, as well as Nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady *Graveairs*, upon my first discovering that you knew I had wrong'd you: Read it.

L. *Easy.* [*Reads.*] “Something has happen'd, that prevents the Visit I intended you; and I could gladly wish, you never wou'd reproach me if I tell you, 'tis utterly inconvenient that I should ever see you more.

This indeed was more than I had merited.

Enter Servant.

Sir *Char.* Who's there? Here——Step with this to my Lady *Graveairs*.

[*Seals the Letter, and gives it to the Servant.*]

Serv. Yes, Sir——Madam, my Lady *Betty's* come.

L. *Easy.* I'll wait on her.

Sir *Char.* My Dear, I'm thinking there may be other Things my Negligence may have wrong'd you in; but be assured, as I discover 'em, all shall be corrected: Is there

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there any Part or Circumstance in your Fortune that I can change or yet make easier to you?

L. Easy. None, my Dear, your Good-nature never stinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less Occasion there than ever.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, My Lord *Morelove's* come.

Sir Char. I am coming———I think I told you of the Design we had laid against *Lady Betty*.

L. Easy. You did, and I shou'd be pleas'd to be myself concern'd in-it.

Sir Char. I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with Impatience. But, my Dear, won't you think me tasteless to the Joy you've given me, to suffer at this Time any Concern but you, t'employ my Thoughts?

L. Easy. Seasons must be obey'd; and since I know your Friend's Happiness depending, I cou'd not taste my own, shou'd you neglect it.

Sir Char. Thou easy Sweetness——O! what a Waste on thy neglected Love, has my unthinking Brain committed? But Time and future Thrift of Tendernefs shall yet repair it all. The Hours will come when this soft gliding Stream that swells my Heart, uninterrupted shall renew its Course——

And like the Ocean after Ebb, shall move
With constant Force of due returning Love.

[*Exeunt.*]



The SCENE changes to another Room.

And then Re-enter Lady Easy and Lady Betty.

L. Bet. **Y**OU've been in Tears, my Dear, and yet you look pleas'd too.

L. Easy. You'll pardon me, if I can't let you into Circumstances: But be satisfied, *Sir Charles* has made me happy, ev'n to a Pain of Joy.

L. Bet.

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L. *Bet.* Indeed I'm truly glad of it, tho' I am sorry to find that any one who has Generosity enough to do you Justice, shou'd unprovok'd be so great an Enemy to me.

L. *Easy.* Sir *Charles* your Enemy!

L. *Bet.* My Dear, you'll pardon me if I always thought him so, but now I am convinc'd of it.

L. *Easy.* In what, pray? I can't think you'll find him so.

L. *Bet.* O! Madam, it has been his whole Business of late to make an utter Breach between my Lord *Morelove* and me.

L. *Easy.* That may be owing to your Usage of my Lord: Perhaps he thought it wou'd not disoblige you; I am confident you are mistaken in him.

L. *Bet.* O! I don't use to be out in Things of this Nature, I can see well enough; But I shall be able to tell you more when I have talk'd with my Lord.

L. *Easy.* Here he comes; and because you shall talk with him.—No Excuses.—for positively I will leave you together.

L. *Bet.* Indeed, my Dear, I desire you would stay then; for I know you think now, that I have a Mind to——, to——

L. *Easy.* To—— to—— ha! ha! ha! [Going

L. *Bet.* Well! remember this.

Enter Lord Morelove.

L. *Mor.* I hope I don't fright you away, Madam?

L. *Easy.* Not at all, my Lord; but I must beg your Pardon for a Moment, I'll wait upon you immediately.

[Exit.

L. *Bet.* My Lady *Easy* gone?

L. *Mor.* Perhaps, Madam, in Friendship to you; she thinks I may have deserv'd the Coldness you of late have shewn me, and was willing to give you this opportunity to convince me, you have not done it without just Grounds and Reason.

L. *Bet.* How handsomly does he reproach me? But I can't bear that he should think I know it—— [Aside.
My Lord, whatever has pass'd between you and me, I dare

dare swear that could not be her Thoughts at this Time: For when two People have appear'd profess'd Enemies, she can't but think one will as little care to give, as t'other to receive a Justification of their Actions.

L. Mor. Passion indeed often does repeated Injuries on both Sides, but I don't remember in my Heat of Error I ever yet profess'd myself your Enemy.

L. Bet. My Lord, I shall be very free with you— I confess I do think now I have not a greater Enemy in the World.

L. Mor. If having long loved you, to my own Disquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to stand the foremost of your Enemies.

L. Bet. O my Lord, there's no great Fear of your being my Enemy that way, I dare say——

L. Mor. There's no other Way my Heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing.

L. Bet. Fy, fy, my Lord, we know where your Heart is well enough.

L. Mor. My Conduct has indeed deserv'd this Scorn, and therefore 'tis but just I should submit to your Resentment, and beg (tho' I'm assur'd in vain) for Pardon.

[*Kneels.*

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Char. How, my Lord! [*L. Mor. rises.*

L. Bet. Ha! He here? This was unlucky. [*Aside.*

L. Mor. O pity my Confusion! [*To L. Betty.*

Sir Char. I am sorry to see you can so soon forget yourself: methinks the Insult you have born from that Lady, by this Time, shou'd have warn'd you into a disgust of her regardless Principles.

L. Mor. Hold, *Sir Charles!* While you and I are Friends, I desire you would speak with Honour of this Lady——'Tis sufficient I have no Complaint against her, and——

L. Bet. My Lord, I beg you wou'd resent this thing no farther: An Injury like this, is better punish'd with our Contempt; apparent Malice shou'd only be laugh'd at.

Sir Char.

Sir Char. Ha! ha! the old Recourse. Offers of any Hopes to delude him from his Resentment; and then, as the grand Monarch did with *Cavalier*, you are sure to keep your Word with him.

L. Bet. *Sir Charles*, to let you know how far I am above your little Spleen, my Lord, your Hand from this Hour.——

Sir Char. Pshaw! Pshaw! All Design! all Pique! meer Artifice, and disappointed Woman.

L. Bet. Look you, *Sir*, not that I doubt my Lord's Opinion of me; yet——

Sir Char. Look you *Madam*, in short, your Word has been too often taken to let you make up Quarrels, as you used to do, with a soft Look, and a fair Promise you never intended to keep.

L. Bet. Was ever such an Insolence? he won't give me leave to speak.

L. Mor. *Sir Charles!*

L. Bet. No pray, my Lord, have Patience; and since his Malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the Proof on't: Pray, *Sir*, wherein can you charge me with Breach of Promise to my Lord?

Sir Char. Death, you won't deny it? How often to piece up a Quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and tho' you have promis'd to see no other Company the whole Day, when he was come, he has found you among the Laugh of noisy Fops, Coquets, and Coxcombs, dissolutely Gay, while your full Eyes ran o'er with Transport of their Flattery, and your own vain Power of pleasing? How often, I say, have you been known to throw away, at least, four Hours of your good Humour, upon such Wretches; and the Minute they were gone, grew only dull to him, sunk into a distasteful Spleen, complain'd you had talk'd yourself into the Head-ach, and then indulg'd upon the dear Delight of seeing him in Pain: And by that time you had stretch'd, and gap'd him heartily out of Patience, of a sudden most importantly remember you had out-sat your Appointment with my Lady *Fiddle-*

de-faddle; and immediately order your Coach to the Park.

L. *Bet.* Yet, Sir, have you done?

Sir *Char.* No—tho' this might serve to shew the Nature of your Principles: But the noble Conquest you have gain'd at last over defeated Sense of Reputation too, has made your Fame immortal.

L. *Mor.* How, Sir?

L. *Bet.* My Reputation?

Sir *Char.* Ay, Madam, your Reputation—my Lord, if I advance a Falshood, then resent it—I say, your Reputation—'t has been your Life's whole Pride of late, to be the common Toast of every publick Table, vain even in the infamous Addresses of a married Man, my Lord *Foppington*; let that be reconcil'd with Reputation, I'll now shake Hands with Shame, and bow me to the low Contempt which you deserve from him; not but I suppose you'll yet endeavour to recover him. Now you find ill Usage in Danger of losing your Conquest, 'tis possible you'll stop at nothing to preserve it.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*—

[*Walks disorder'd, and he after her*]

Sir *Char.* I know your Vanity is so voracious, 'twill ev'n wound itself to feed itself; offer him a Blank, perhaps to fill up with Hopes of what Nature he pleases, and part with even your Pride to keep him.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles.* I have not deserv'd this of you.

[*Bursting into Tears.*]

Sir *Char.* Ah! True Woman, drop him a soft dissembling Tear, and then his just Resentment must be hisht of Course.

L. *Mor.* O *Charles!* I can bear no more, those Tears are too reproaching.

Sir *Char.* Hift for your Life! [*Aside and then aloud.* My Lord, if you believe her, you're undone; the very next Sight of my Lord *Foppington*, would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Foppington!* Is that the mighty Crime that must condemn me then? You know I us'd him but as a Tool of my Resentment, which you yourself, by
a pre-

a pretended Friendship to us both, most artfully provok'd me to——

L. Mor. Hold, I conjure you, Madam, I want not this Conviction.

L. Bet. Send for him this Minute, and you and he shall both be Witnesses of the Contempt, and Detestation I have for any forward Hopes his Vanity may have given him, or your Malice would insinuate.

Sir Char. Death! you would as soon eat Fire, as soon part with your luxurious Taste of Folly, as dare to own the half of this before his Face, or any one, that would make you blush to deny it to——Here comes my Wife, now we shall see——Ha! and my Lord *Foppington* with her——Now! now, we shall see this mighty Proof of your Sincerity——Now! my Lord, you'll have a Warning sure, and henceforth know me for your Friend indeed——

Enter Lady Easy and Lord Foppington.

L. Easy. In Tears, my Dear, what's the matter!

L. Bet. O, my Dear, all I told you's true; *Sir Charles* has shewn himself so inveterably my Enemy, that if I believ'd I deserv'd but half his Hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

L. Fop. Hark you, *Charles*, pr'ythee what is this Business?

Sir Char. Why yours, my Lord, for ought I know——I have made such a Breach betwixt 'em——I can't promise much for the Courage of a Woman; but if hers holds, I am sure it's wide enough, you may enter ten a Breast, my Lord.

L. Fop. Say'st thou so, *Charles*? then I hold Six to Four I am the first Man in the Town.

L. Easy. Sure there must be some Mistake in this; I hope he has not made my Lord your Enemy.

L. Bet. I know not what he has done.

L. Mor. Far be that Thought! Alas! I am too much in fear myself, that what I have this Day committed, advis'd by his mistaken Friendship, may have done my Love irreparable Prejudice.

L. Bet.

L. *Bet.* No, my Lord, since I perceive his little Arts have not prevailed upon your Good-nature to my Prejudice, I am bound in Gratitude, in Duty to myself, and to the Confession you have made, my Lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

L. *Mor.* Ha! is't possible, can you own so much? O my transported Heart!

L. *Bet.* He says I have taken Pleasure in seeing you uneasy—I own it—but 'twas when that Uneasiness I thought proceeded from your Love; and if you did love—'twill not be much to pardon it.

L. *Mor.* O let my Soul thus bending to your Power, adore this soft descending Goodness.

L. *Bet.* And since the giddy Woman's Sights I have shewn you too often, have been publick, 'tis fit at last the Amends and Reparation shou'd be so: Therefore what I offer'd to Sir *Charles*, I now repeat before this Company, my utter Detestation of any past or future Galantry, that has or shall be offer'd by me to your Uneasiness.

L. *Mor.* O be less generous, or teach me to deserve it—Now blush, Sir *Charles*, at your injurious Accusation.

L. *Fop.* Hah! *Pardi voila quelque chose d'Extraordinaire.* [Aside.

L. *Bet.* As for my Lord *Foppington*, I owe him Thanks for having been so friendly an Instrument of our Reconciliation; for tho' in the little outward Galantry I receiv'd from him, I did not immediately trust him with my Design in it, yet I have a better Opinion of his Understanding, than to suppose he cou'd mistake it.

L. *Fop.* I am struck dumb with the Deliberation of her Assurance; and do not positively remember, that the *Non-Chalance* of my Temper ever had so bright an Occasion to shew itself before.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, I hope you'll pardon the Freedom I have taken with you.

L. *Fop.* O, Madam, don't be under the Confusion of an Apology upon my Account; for in Cases of this Nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a Lady
of

Of the same Mind two Hours together——Madam, I have lost a thousand fine Women in my time; but never had the ill Manners to be out of Humour with any one for refusing me, since I was born.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, that's a very prudent Temper.

L. *Fop.* Madam, to convince you that I am in an universal Peace with Mankind, since you own I have so far contributed to your Happiness, give me leave to have the Honour of compleating it, by joining your Hand where you have already offer'd up your Inclination.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, that's a Favour I can't refuse you.

L. *Mor.* Generous indeed, my Lord.

[L. *Fop.* joins their Hands.]

L. *Fop.* And stop my Breath, if ever I was better pleas'd since my first Entrance into human Nature.

Sir *Char.* How now, my Lord! what! throw up the Cards before you have lost the Game?

L. *Fop.* Look you, *Charles*, 'tis true, I did design to have play'd with her alone: But he that will keep well with the Ladies, must sometimes be content to make one at a Poole with 'em: And since I know I must engage her in my Turn, I don't see any great Odds in letting him take the first Game with her.

Sir *Char.* Wisely consider'd, my Lord.

L. *Bet.* And now, Sir *Charles*——

Sir *Char.* And now Madam, I'll save you the Trouble of a long Speech; and, in one Word, confess that every Thing I have done in Regard to you this Day was purely Artificial——I saw there was no Way to secure you to my Lord *Morelove*, but by alarming your Pride with the Danger of losing him: And since the Success must have by this Time convinc'd you, that in Love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted Aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your Good-nature, by heartily laughing at the Fright we had put you in. Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Easy.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* Why——well, I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

Sir *Char.* Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they won'd take

take away its Love from it——Poor Lady *Betty*! ha! ha!

L. Easy. My Dear, I beg your Pardon; but 'tis impossible not to laugh when one's so heartily pleas'd.

L. Fop. Really, Madam, I am afraid the Humour of the Company will draw me into your Displeasure too; but if I were to expire this Moment, my last Breath wou'd positively go out with a Laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Bet. Nay, I have deserv'd it all, that's the Truth on't—but I hope, my Lord, you were not in this Design against me.

L. Mor. As a Proof, Madam, I am inclin'd never to deceive you more,——I do confess I had my share in't.

L. Bet. You do, my Lord——then I declare 'twas a Design, one or other—the best carried on, that ever I knew in my Life; and (to my Shame own it) for ought I know, the only thing that could have prevail'd upon my Temper: 'Twas a foolish Pride that has cost me many a bitten Lip to support it—I wish we don't both repent, my Lord.

L. Mor. Don't you repent without me, and we never shall.

Sir Char. Well, Madam, now the worst that the World can say of your past Conduct, is that my Lord had Constancy, and you have try'd it.

Enter a Servant to Lord Morelove.

Serv. My Lord, Mr. *le Feu're's* below, and desires to know what time your Lordship will please to have the Musick begin.

L. Mor. Sir *Charles* what say you? will you give me leave to bring 'em hither?

Sir Char. As the Ladies think fit, my Lord.

L. Bet. O! by all means, 'twill be better here, unless we cou'd have the Terras to ourselves.

L. Mor. Then, pray, desire 'em to come all hither immediately.

Serv. Yes, my Lord.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Sir Char. Lady *Graveairs*!

L. Grav.

L. Grav. Ye! you may well start! but don't suppose I am now come like a poor tame Fool to upbraid your Guilt: but if I cou'd to blast you with a Look.

Sir Char. Come, come, you have Sense, — Don't expose yourself—you are unhappy and I own myself the Cause,—the only Satisfaction I can offer you, is to protest no new Engagement takes me from you; but a sincere Reflexion of the long Neglect, and Injuries I've done the best of Wives; for whose Amends and only Sake I now must part with you, and all the inconvenient Pleasures of my Life.

L. Grav. Have you then fallen into the low Contempt of exposing me, and to your Wife too?

Sir Char. 'Twas impossible, without it, I could ever be sincere in my Conversion.

L. Grav. Despicable!

Sir Char. Do not think so—for my sake I know she'll not reproach you—nor, by her Carriage, ever let the World perceive you've wrong'd her. — My Dear. —

L. Easy. Lady *Graveairs*, I hope you'll sup with us?

L. Grav. I can't refuse so much good Company, Madam.

Sir Char. You see the worst of her Resentment—In the mean time, don't endeavour to be her Friend, and she'll never be your Enemy.

L. Grav. I am unfortunate—'tis what my Folly has deserv'd, and I submit to it.

L. Mor. So! here's the Musick.

L. Easy. Come, Ladies, shall we sit?

After the Musick, a SONG.

SAbina with an Angel's Face,
By Love ordain'd for Joy,
Seems of the Sirens cruel Race,
To charm and then destroy.

With

*With all the Arts of Look and Dress,
She fans the fatal Fire;
Through Pride, mistaken oft for Grace,
She bids the Swain expire.*

*The God of Love enrag'd to see
The Nymph defy his Flame,
Pronounc'd his Merciless Decree
Against the Haughty Dame;*

*Let Age with double Speed o'ertake her,
Let Love the Room of Pride supply;
And when the Lovers all forsake her,
A spotless Virgin let her die.*

Sir Charles comes forward with Lady Easy.

Sir Char. Now, my Dear, I find my Happiness grow fast upon me; in all my past Experience of the Sex, I found even among the better Sort so much of Folly, Pride, Malice, Passion, and irresolute Desire, that I concluded thee but of the foremost Rank, and therefore scarce worthy my Concern; but thou hast stirr'd me with so severe a Proof of thy exalted Virtue, it gives me Wonder equal to my Love——If then the unkindly Thought of what I have been, hereafter should intrude upon thy growing Quiet, let this Reflexion teach thee to be easy.

*Thy Wrongs when Greatest, most thy Virtue prov'd;
And from that Virtue found, I bliss'd and truly lov'd.*

[*Exeunt.*]



T H E

E P I L O G U E.

*C*onquest and Freedom are at length our own,
False Fears of Slav'ry no more are shown;
Nor dread of paying Tribute to a foreign Throne.
All Stations now the Fruits of Conquest share,
Except (if small with great Things may compare)
Th' Opprest Condition of the Lab'ring Player.
We're still in Fears (as you of late in France)
Of the Despotick Power of Song, and Dance:
For while Subscription, like a Tyrant, reigns,
Nature's neglected, and the Stage in Chains,
And English Actors Slaves to swell the Frenchman's
Gains.

*L*ike Æsop's Crow, the poor out-witted Stage,
That liv'd on wholsom Plays i' th' latter Age,
Deluded once to sing, ev'n justly serv'd;
Let fall her Cheese to the Fox Mouth and starv'd:
O that our Judgment, as your Courage has
Your Fame extended, wou'd assert our Cause,
That nothing English might submit to foreign Laws.
If we but live to see that joyful Day,
Then of the English Stage, review'd we may,
As of your Honour now, with proper Application, say.

*S*o when the Gallick Fox by Fraud of Peace,
Had lull'd the British Lion into Ease,

And

EPILOGUE.

*And saw that Sleep compos'd his couchant Head,
He bids him wake, and see himself betray'd
In Toils of treacherous Politicks around him laid :
Shews him how one close Hour of Gallick Thought
Retook those Towns for which he Years had fought.
At this th' Indignant Savage rolls his fiery Eyes,
Dauntless, tho' blushing at the base Surprise,
Pauses a while——But finds Delays are vain :
Compell'd to fight, he shakes his shaggy Mane ;
He grinds his dreadful Fangs ; and stalks to Blenheim's
Plain.*

*There with erected Crest, and horrid Roar,
He furious, plunges on through Streams of Gore,
And dyes with false Bavarian Blood the Purple Danube's
Shore.*

*In one push'd Battle frees the destin'd Slaves ;
Revives old English Honour, and an Empire saves.*

E I N I S



11/11/11

