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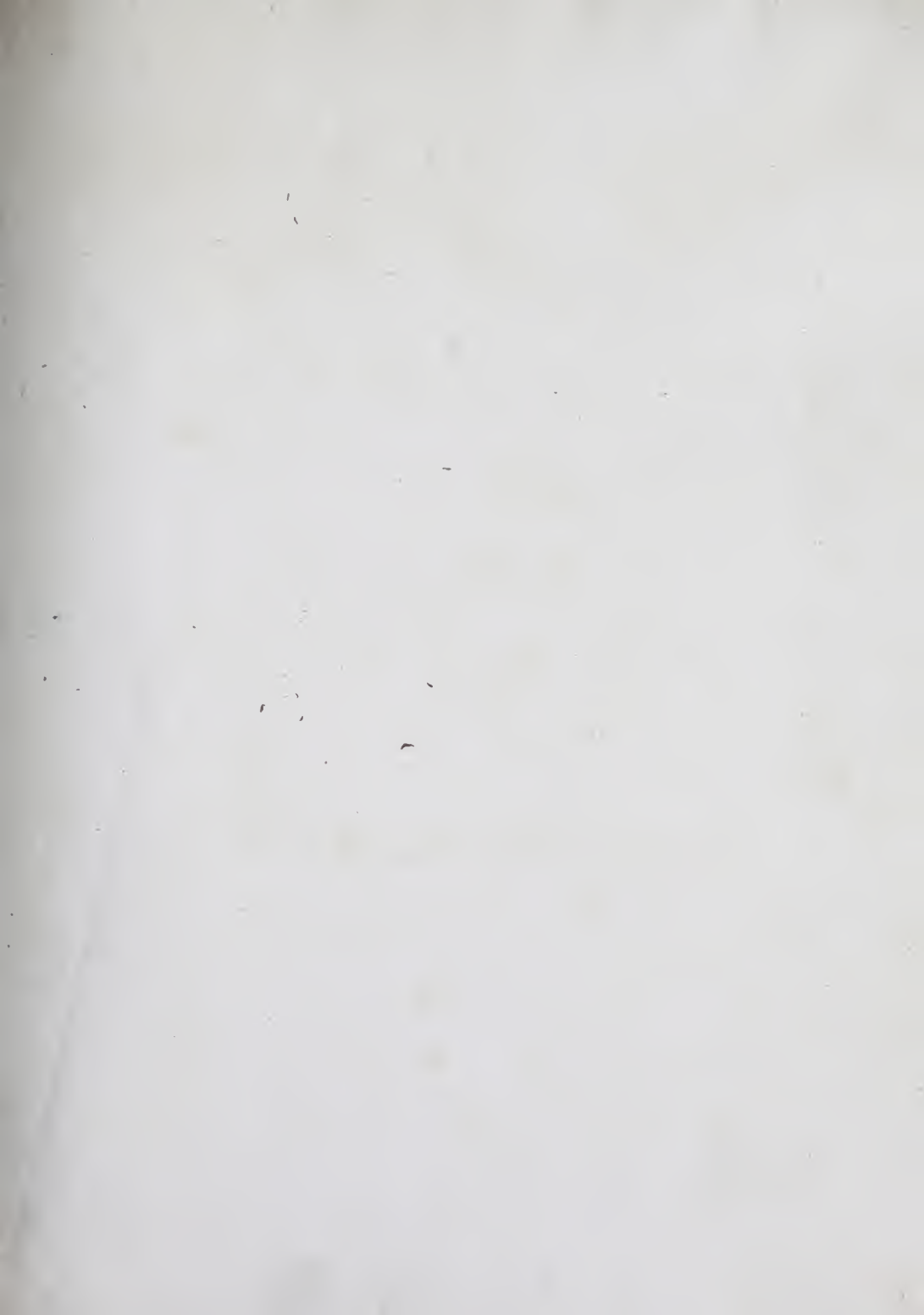



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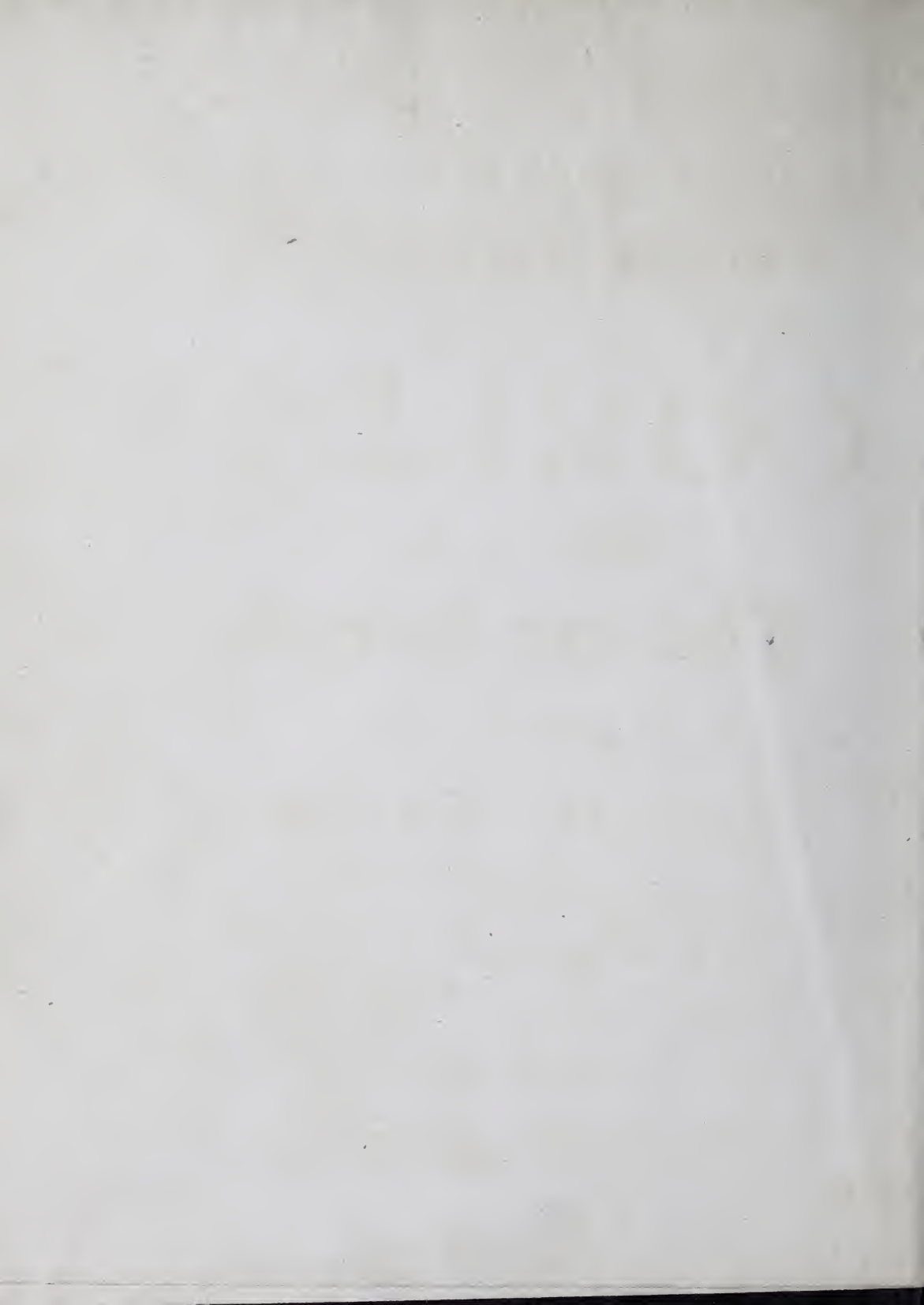
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THE
MARRIED BEAU:

OR, THE
Curious Impertinent,

A
COMEDY:

Acted at the
Theatre-Royal,

BY THEIR
MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by Mr. C R O W N E.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Richard Bentley*, at the Post-House in
Russel-Street in *Covent-Garden*. 1694.

149,421

May, 1873

Thames & Royal

TO THE
RIGHT Honourable

THE

Lord Marquess of *Normanby*,

Earl of *MULGRAVE*,

Knight of the most Noble Order of
the Garter, and one of Their Maje-
sties Most Honourable Privy Coun-
cil, &c.

HAVING not long since presum'd to dedicate a worthless
Poem of mine to your Lordship, I offend against Cu-
stom (at least) by giving you any more trouble of this
kind. But in times of rejoycing, men are frequently
transported to Extravagance. Your Lordships favour at Court,
and the steps you are making there to Power and Greatness, all
Men that love the honour and happiness of *England*, esteem as a
piece of publick prosperity. For many Wise men believe the
Publick too much needs the assistance of such Abilities as yours.

As I am an *Englishman*, and a Lover of my Country, (for
truly so I am, though it has not shewed much love to me) I am
extremely glad, I will not say, that your Lordship, but that the
Kingdom is in a fair way to rise by your favour in the Court.
You gain little by it, for you were before in the first rank of
Mankind, though not for Power and Fortune, yet, in what far
transcends 'em both, in Understanding, and other great Qualities,
which are Honours and Grandeurs, God only can give; and he
gives 'em sparingly, to put the greater value upon 'em. There-
fore your new Honour gets more luster by you, than you do by
that; and your Lordship, which (by the confession of all men)
has an extraordinary sway and eminence, in one of the wisest
and most illustrious Assemblies of *Europe*, the House of Peers,
cannot properly be said to get Advancement, by being plac'd in a

The Epistle Dedicatory.

lower Council, but we have Reason to hope the Counsels there will be advanc'd by your Lordship.

I have some particular Reasons also, why I am highly pleas'd with your Lordships good Fortune at Court; I have some hopes my poor one will some time or other be better'd by it. For I have always found your Lordship ready to encourage and support me. You have been most generous to me. For a trifling Poem, not worthy your regard, you gave me a most noble Reward, in order no doubt to excite me to something better. I have often talk'd of it, and here make a publick acknowledgment: Partly out of gratitude, and partly (I confess) out of vanity. I am proud of favours, from so nice, so cautious, so just, so severe, and so knowing a Judge, as your Lordship. Many other favours you have bestow'd upon me, and they came freely from you, not forc'd by solicitation and importunacy; the rude and robust way, by which men of hard foreheads do often push themselves into Fortune. 'Tis very strange! but we see it often practis'd; many Great men will do more for those who often trouble 'em, and seldom or never please 'em, than they will for those who often please 'em, and never trouble 'em. But your Lordship, if I mistake you not, is not to be so manag'd. You will not willingly be influenc'd by any thing but merit. I do not from hence infer I have desert, for sometimes Effects have occult Causes, and to some of these will I ascribe my good Fortune in your Lordships favour. This I am sure, when ever I or any man can shew any qualities worth your Patronage, we shall not fail of it.

I am apt to fancy your Lordship will make the poor Province of Poetry your peculiar care; for there you once lived, or rather reign'd a while, in great splendor; and by your own Writings took pains to cultivate, adorn, and enlighten it, with design and desire, no doubt, it shou'd flourish. But, alas! how barren and miserable is it now? No ray from Court shines on us, that we live, methinks, like people without the *Sun*. We are excluded from all commerce with any places of Profit, as if we were wild *Arabs*, that liv'd not by pleasing men, but plund'ring 'em. I am going to talk like a Fool; but *oppression* (the Scripture tells us) *will make a wise man mad*; if so, 'tis not probable that it will make a Fool wise. How many Kings and Queens have I had the honour to divertise? and how fruitless has been all my Labours? a maker of Legs, nay a maker of Fires at Court has made himself a better Fortune,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tune, than Men much my Superiors in Poetry could do; by all the noble Fire in their Writings. I will not presume to lay any blame upon Princes, they have greater matters to think of, than such things as we are; and I was never a good Remembrancer. I never had a Talent for begging, following, and waiting; the principal Qualifications requisite in a man, who will make his Fortunes in a Court; but they were always more burdensom to me, than any misery I ever yet felt. My chief, if not sole attendance, has been upon the fantastical Princes of my own begetting, the Off-springs of my own Muse, and my Rewards have been accordingly fantastical and imaginary. But I forget my business, which is not Complaint, but Congratulation; Musicians, which come to serenade, should not Play doleful Airs; and none but Mourners hang black Scutcheons at the front of their Dwellings. To express rejoicing, we kindle up Fires and Lights. I have not much fire of fancy, but I am sure I have of Zeal and Devotion for your Lordship; and let that, plac'd at the Front of this Play, serve instead of Illuminations, and to express how joyful I am of your Lordships encreasing Honour and Happiness: And so I shall be, though my particular interest receives no advantage by it. For the Obligations you have already laid upon me, are so many and great, that, though I never receive any more, I am bound to be for ever,

My Lord,

Your Lordships Most Thankful,

Faithful, Humble Servant,

John Crowne.

T H E
E P I S T L E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

Pardon me, if I trouble you with a short Vindication, not of the Play, but of my self. I have not heard of many Objections against my Poetry, but what is of more consequence to me, I am told some part of the Story in my Play, and some Lines in the Prologue, have made my Morals and Affection to the Government call'd in Question. 'Tis strange that any Man should believe the Author of the English Fryar is willing to see Fryars and Romish Priests return amongst us. As ready as they are to pardon sins, I do not think they will very easily forgive offences against themselves. Can the Author of Regulus be a Friend to Slavery, Treachery, and Correspondence with a Foreign Enemy? Let them that think so, for a farther proof of their Opinion, look on the Characters there expos'd, of an ambitious aspiring Arbitrary young Statesman, of a lazy, false, luxurious Priest, of a corrupt, flattering, idle Gentleman, of a treacherous, covetous Merchant, trading secretly for private profit, with a publick Enemy? All these kinds of Men if I lash'd in that Play, and was lash'd for my pains by the Enemies of the Government. What, will the Friends and Leaders of it give their Followers no Pay if they charge, and Blows if they but seem to retreat, or only stand still? that's hard. But let us examine the few suspicious Lines which have made me thus mistaken. 'Tis said in the beginning of the Prologue,

“Wou'd we were wise as grave; wou'd we cou'd get

“ More signs of Wisdom, than a scorn of Wit.

This some say reflects upon the wisdom of some in Authority. I never knew the Play-house was design'd for the assembling of any Magistrates, Judges, or Persons in Authority, but those called Criticks. But if all the Privy Council, and Parliament were there, shou'd I shew disaffection to the Government, by wishing every Man there had Wisdom? Does it follow that the minute a Man has wisdom,

The Epistle to the Reader.

wisdom, he will be an Enemy to the Government? This is the Consequence of such reflections. They that make 'em, are thick sighted, and do not see to the end of their own Reasonings. When they look on any Writing, they shou'd lay it closer to their Noses. In another place of the Prologue 'tis said——

“ For your own sakes shew Poetry esteem,
“ Lest barb'rous *Picts* you to all Nations seem,
“ And now be both in Wit and War out-done,
“ In which we once all Nations far out-shone.

From these Lines some conclude I am no Friend to the Government. What? does a Man that excites the Gentlemen of England to a love of Honour and Courage, shew disaffection to the Government? Then let all the King's Trumpets and Drums look to themselves, they are doing they know not what. And, will any Man say that when once the Gentlemen of England have any Wit or Bravery, they will no longer be Loyal to the present Powers? Well, how have I been deceived in my Stuff? I never thought it cou'd have taken such a Colour. I was afraid of another dye, that I shou'd have appeared sawcily Loyal, and censur'd all the Gentlemen of England that go not to the Wars, by intermeddling with their Honour. Well, since I get no Friends, I will not make my self any Enemies. Why many Gentlemen are not pleas'd to hazard themselves I do not know, nor have I any authority to enquire; but I do not believe either Cowardise or Disloyalty keeps 'em at home. All I mean was an humble advice to 'em, not to lay the reputation of England low, by shewing little regard either to Wit or War. And in that I think I shew'd very good affections both to the Government and Kingdom. So much for my Loyalty; now to my Morals: In the Play a Lady's Vertue is vanquish'd by temptation, and she is led out to be debauch'd, and not long after returns and confesses her sin: This offends some Ladies, but 'tis hard to know which offends 'em, the Sin or the Confession, the latter Example perhaps they like worst. If the sin be the offence, the Ladies have led my Muse astray, by going so often to see the same Assaults and Conquests, more grossly represented in other Plays. If they had been more nice, my Muse had been so; for I will assure 'em, I wrote to please them, and not my self. But Ladies are to be treated with all manner of gentleness and respect, therefore I will not violently hale in their Examples for my Vindication.

The Epistle to the Reader.

tion. I will make use of a higher and more Sacred Authority. What will they say to many wanton Images in the Holy Bible? and particularly the Story of the Woman catch'd in Adultery? The Holy Apostle, and chaste Virgin St. John, thinks it no breach of the Laws of Modesty, to paint the Story with more Nudities than mine is; for he says the Woman was catch'd, not in the fact, the crime, the sin, but in the act, a more blunt expression is seldom us'd in the Bishops Courts, when they wou'd make a home-proof of such a transgression. I will venture to say the sinner in the Gospel does not make altogether so fair a figure as mine does. The Jewish Adulteress is all over stain, her sin is laid open, and her Penitence bid, we see nothing of that. The Lady in my Play sins but once, and often repents. The Jewess is pardon'd, at least repriev'd, and mine is severely punish'd, by her Rival her Lover, nay her Servant, till she grows weary of her sin, and wholly abandons it. Now I thought the Meditations of the Ladies, wou'd have slipt over the sinful part, and dwelt all upon the Penitential. On the contrary the Contemplations of many Ladies dwell all upon the sinful part; there they keep a pudder and bustle, and I cannot get 'em out of that Apartment. Well there let 'em be, I will not be so rude as to disturb Ladies; especially since the work is done to my hands, by other Ladies of as unspotted Reputations, and as nicely, scrupulously vertuous and modest, as my fair Enemies can be. So I shall leave the Ladies to fight it out, and henceforward I will stand Neuter, and with all my heart, love and honour both sides.

NB The Prologue, and the Names of the Persons are misplaced between the Pages 40 & 41.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN this grave Age, is Poetry despis'd ;
Which Rome and Athens above Riches priz'd.
Wou'd we were Wise as grave ; wou'd we cou'd get
More Signs of Wisdom, than a Scorn o' Wit.
Some swaggering Gallants Poetry deride,
Because it brings not Coin to feed vain Pride.
Though empty Pockets are a heavy Course ;
Yet, let me tell you, empty Heads are worse.
And many a Gallant, who looks huffing big,
Owes all his Grandeur to his swinging Wig.
Small Wit he covers with a broad-brim'd Hat.
Ah ! What a very foolish Sight is that ?
Wit, in its self, does Ornaments contain ;
Lawrels, from Poetry, their Lustre gain.
To Fools in Bays, we see, no Honour shew'd ;
Who minds a wooden Head in a Commode ?
For your own Sakes, show Poetry Esteem,
Least barbarous Picts, you to all Nations seem ;
And now be both in Wit and War out-done,
In which we once all Nations far out-shone.
Poets you starve out of their noble Rage,
Yet expect Oracles upon the Stage.
Worse than Egyptian Bondage they endure,
Onions and Garlick they can scarce procure ;
To make you Brick, indeed you find 'em stuff,
For in your folly they have Straw enough.
Si-s, 'tis good husbandry, this harmless way
Of Poetry, to keep good Wits in pay.
That stream of Wit which here so gently rowls
To knavish Priest-craft, turn'd, might grind your Souls.
Poets are Slaves ; by Priests yo've been enslav'd,
Had they been Poets, ah ! What had you sav'd ?
The lively Images by Poets shown,
Are better Lay mens Books than those in stone.
Wit here to scorn exposes Fools and Knaves,
Elsewhere it plots to make you Fools and Slaves.
Here yo've Wit cheap ; but at a heavy rate
Elsewhere you buy't ; and get it oft too late.
Pleasure and Profit from the Stage you gain,
Then let not Mus'es sing to you in vain.
And shew this Muse a little kind regard,
She oft has pleas'd you, and had no Reward.

Dram.

THE
PROLOGUE

Drammatis Personæ.

Mr. Lovely. A new Married *Beau*: He has some Wit, but more Affectation; believes himself very Handsome, and desires to be thought so by all Ladies, and especially by his Wife.

Polidor. A Man of Wit and Fortune; much esteemed and trusted by *Lovely*.

Thorneback. A bold, debauch'd, conceited, witty, elderly Spark; who thinks himself very well to be lik'd by any Beauty, and attempts all Women he knows.

Sir John Shittlecock. A whimsical, silly, giddy, young Amorous Fop; in Love with all the Women he sees, and is never in a Mind a Minute.

Mrs. Lovely: *Lovely's* Wife. A witty, beautiful Coquet, that loves to be Courted and Admir'd; but aims at no more. She's proud, and has great Value for Honour.

Cecilia. A young, foolish, Maiden Beauty, *Mrs. Lovely's* Sister.

Camilla. A virtuous, devout, reserv'd young Beauty, of small Fortune.

Lionell. *Mrs. Lovely's* Waiting-Woman. She's young, handsome, and amorous; only very desirous of a Husband.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden.*

THE

1

T H E
Married BEAU:
O R, T H E
Curious Impertinent.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter on one Side Lovely looking on his Cloaths, on the other Polidor.

Pol. **H**OW now? What Gallants that, that plumes himself,
And hovers round this Church, as a Hawk does
Over a Bush, when 'tis full o' Birds?
And now the Church is very full of Beauty.

Why is that Spark o'th out-side o' the Church?

Oh! now he turns this way.—— It is my self——

——Admiring Friend——The great new Married-Beau,

——The handsome *Lovely*; so he thinks himself,

And prizes that poor Praise above all Honours.

Say but he's Handsome, one may have his Soul.

When——A Pox on't! he is not very handsome,

And less agreeable for Conceit.

'Tis pity:——He has many excellent Qualities:

He's very Honest, Valiant, and good natur'd;

Has some degree of Understanding too

In other things; friendly he is to all,

But he seems passionately fond of me,

Which gives me a little Tendernefs for him.

Oh! He has found me!

Lo. My Dear Polidor.

Let me embrace thee——gad——I dote upon thee——

B

I love

The Married Beau : Or,

I love thee above all things, but Womankind ;
 Nay——Gad——above all Women but my Wife.

Pol. Oh dearest Lovely ! that's a Sin in thee ;

Nature made thee for the Delight of Women ——
 She has given thee Ten thousand Charms and Graces.

Lo. Oh Sir ! your Servant, Sir ; your humble Servant.
 D'ye jeer your Friend ?

Pol. Come, come, you know 'tis true ;
 Now thou would'st defraud Nature of her Bounty,
 Should'st thou not scatter it among the Ladies ;
 For whose sweet Sake they were bestowed upon thee.

Lo. Oh fie upon thee ! how thou anger'd me.

Pol. Rather this Flattery is so pleasing to him,
 That were he Lean, 'twould Fat him in a minute.
 See ! see ! he swells ! I will mortifie him.

(Aside.)

Nay, *Lovely*, if I burthen you with Praise,
 I can withdraw a little for your Ease.

Gad, y'are not so handsome as you were
 Before you Married.

Lo. Yes, I'm full as well.

As e're I was ; nay, better in my Thoughts.

Pol. Nay, in thy Thoughts I'm sure th'art well enough ;
 I knew he wou'd not part with Flattery ;
 But flatter himself, if I refus'd to do it.

(Aside.)

Nay——th'art too well——thy domineering Face
 Commands the Town, conquers where-e're it comes,
 Puts all the Women under Contribution.

Lo. Well——th'art the obliging'st Fellow in the World ;
 I love thee in my Soul ;——Kiss me, dear Rogue.

Pol. So, I have brought a Kiss upon my self——
 Pox——o' my Folly——*Aside*——Ay, with all my Heart.——

(Lo. and Po. Kiss.)

Lo. Well, here are two good Faces, though I say it.

Pol. Wou'd two good Heads belong'd to these good Faces.
 Here do I pay a Fine for a Fools Friendship ;
 One cannot have Impertinence for nothing.

(Aside.)

Well *Lovely*,——How dost like a Married Life ?
 Thy Wife, I'm certain, is well pleas'd with it.

Lo. Certain d'e say ? Did sh'e'ver tell thee so ?

Pol. No, no ; but I am sure she must like thee.

Lo. Oh ! Is that all ? th'ast list'd me to Heaven,
 Then let me fall down to the Earth again.
 You must know, *Polidor*, I think my Wife
 The Top, and Glory of the Creation ;
 And to possess her, is the utmost height
 Of Happiness, a Creature can attain.

Pol.

Pol. Then thou art on the very *Tenaris* of all Felicity.

Lo. Oh! Wou'd I were.

I have, whene're I please, my Wife's soft Arms,
And rosie melting Lips; but there's a Part
I seek much more: What Part dost think it is?

Pol. Oh! Fie upon thee! what a Question's that?
What Part of her! What Part should you seek most?

Lo. Her Soul! her Soul! I'd be admir'd by her.

Oh, Sir! to be admit'd by a fine Woman,
Surpasses infinitely, infinitely,
All the Delights her Body can bestow.
I'd rather a fine Woman shou'd admire me,
And to Eternity deny her Body,
Than grant me her Body fifty times a Night,
And all that while never admire me once.

Oh Heavens!

What wou'd I give, this Wonder of a Woman,
Did believe me a Wonder of a Man?
That a sweet Odor breath'd out of my Skin,
As it is said there did from *Alexander*?

— And that —

Pol. — And that thy Sweat is Ambergrease.

Lo. 'Tis true — — and that my Eyes — —

Pol. Are Burning-Glasses,

And fire her Heart whenever she comes near thee.

Lo. Well, you are merry, Sir, but I am serious;
Thousands I'd give, my Wife thought thus of me,
And thousands more, that I cou'd know she thought it.

Pol. Ay, there's the Difficulty; I have heard
Of Tubes, that let the Eye into the Moon,
But of no Instrument to find out Thought.

Lo. Yes, there are Arts of prying into Thoughts;
And I've invent'd one to search her Breast.

When I have told it thee, thou'd think me mad:
I wou'd not utter it, but to a Friend.

Oh *Polidor*! I do entreat thee, conjure thee,
By all thy Love for me, and mine for thee,
Make passionate Addresses to my Wife.

Pol. Addresses to thy Wife! Let me look on thee.

Lo. Nay, pause a little e're thou think'st me mad.
This will search all the Secrets of her Soul:
If she yields to thee, she owns what she is.

Pol. But I will own it too, thou scollish Fellow.

Lo. If she resists thee (as I'm sure she will)
She'll tell thee on what Principles she does it,
Whether from Honour and Religion,

Or from an infinite Regard to me.
 If I've no other Tenure of her Heart,
 Then what the Church gave me in Marriage,
 She's a Church-Leave, I shall not value her ;
 But if she says, ——— Pray, Mr. *Polidor*,
 Don't trouble me, Sir, I am well bestow'd,
 In my-Esteem, no Man excels my Husband ;
 I hate to look on any other Man. ———

—— If she says this, and thou wilt let me know't,
 Thou't please me more, than had'st thou both the *Indies*,
 And should'st lay all their Riches at my Feet.

Pol. Is he a Fool to the Degree he seems ?
 Or does he think me one, and has a mind
 To put a little pleasant Trick upon me ?
 I care not what he means ——— He has anger'd me,
 I'm bound in Honour, to do all I can
 To lay a Pair of Horns over his Cock's-Comb,
 Revenge my self, and make him an Example.

(Aside.)

Lovely, I promise thee I'll try thy Wife.

Lo. Thank thee, dear *Polidor*, ten thousand times.

Pol. Prithee where is she now ?

Lo. Yonder, at Prayers ;
 Re-consecrating, by Devotion,
 The Church, which idle wanton Fops profane :
 She is the *Rosie East*, and rising Beauty,
 To which the whole Church bows.

Enter several Women as from Prayers.

Oh ! Prayers are done.

Pol. Yes, the fair Female-Army, which pretend
 To War on Sin, break up their Holy Camp ;
 Now they disperse, Sin will break in upon them.

(The Women put on their Masques.)

Lo. I'm angry with 'em for their Vizarding.
 I had as live a Woman pick'd my Pocket,
 As steal her Face from me ; What mean they by it ?
 Are they ashamed of having been at Prayers ?

Pol. Some of 'em Masque, no doubt, to be pick'd up,
 And by their Vizarding, abjure the Church,
 And make Confession of another Faith.
 When they have been a while aloft in Heaven,
 They wou'd be catch'd, and have an easie Fall.
 In Heaven ! (said I ?) Their Contemplations
 Ascend no higher than Commodities and Wiggs ;
 And a good Height too, as those things are rear'd

Enter

Enter Mrs. Lovely, followed by Gentlemen, wbs Whisfer, Stare on her, and Bow to her.

Lo. Oh! Here's my Wife! See! She is no light Piece.
She makes the Garden bend, all the Fops bow to her :
Wou'd she admit Inhabitants, my Bed
Might be a populous Place : now come along ;
I'll carry it very coldly, proudly to her.
Do thou observe how it disorders her ;
For that's one subtle way to try a Woman.
Ha! My Wife here! a Wife is a dull Business. (To Mrs. Lovely.
Come Polidore, let's look upon the Beauties ;
My Wife's no Beauty, in my Thoughts at least.
I Marry'd her for her Discretion,
And that, I think, is her most taking Piece.

Mrs. Lo. for my Discretion? I despise the Man
That values me for my Discretion—— (Aside.
Is my Discretion my most taking Piece?
Pray do you know Discretion when you see it?
I am afraid you don't ; I am apt to think
Discretion is not your most taking Piece.

Lo. What do you think is my most taking Piece?

Mrs. Lo. I cannot tell—— I never took you asunder,
I Took you altogether in a Lump.

Lo. How? in a Lump? that is a clownish Word:
Am I a thing to deserve such a Phrase?
She'll have me put into a Wheel-barrow.
What mean you by a Lump, good Madam Lovely?
A Lump is a rude thing without a Form,
Or many things heap'd without any Order.
Am I such a disorderly rude Pile?

In my Opinion, I am put together
Almost as well as your fair self, Good Madam :
A Lump, Good Madam! Why am I Lump?

Mrs. Lo. Oh! How this scurvy Lump sticks in your Stomach.

Lo. The Compliment is not divertising.
Sh's anger'd me by this affronting Word; (Aside to Polidore.
But I believe she does not speak her Thoughts.
This is Revenge for my Contempt of her ;
A sign she sets some Price on my Esteem :
Now I reflect, her Anger pleases me.
Now I will make a desperate Assault :
For, Polidor, I'll play thee at her now.
I'll tell her thou art in Love with her.

Pol. Do——do——

Lo. Well Madam, do not grieve for want of Love,
Here is a handsome Gentleman that admires you.

Mrs. Lo. Does he indeed? I'm very glad to hear it;
For I am sure I am his great Admirer,
And have been so from the first time I saw him.

Lo. Cou'd I believe it, Sir, 'twou'd make me vain; (Aside.)

But you speak not your Thoughts, for if you do,
How chance we do not see you oftner, Sir?

Pol. I do not care to act the Devil's Part,
To live in Flames, and see another Happy
In a fair Bosom, where (upon my word)
I'd rather be, than in old *Abraham's*.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! Mr. *Lovely*, this is to please you;
To praise your Conduct in your Marriage.
All Men desire to be thought Wise and Happy,
And therefore you must thank your Friend for this:
And if he raises me in your Esteem,
I'll thank him too.

Lo. Gad, this is kindly said.
Th'art a fine Woman, and I love thee dearly.
What I said lately came not from my Heart:
'Twas only Rascillery.

Mrs. Lo. I guess'd as much.

Pol. What! Then our Plot is ended.

(Aside to *Lovely*.)

Lo. No—Not yet.—

(Aside to *Pol*.)

Pol. Yes, but it is, for now I call to Mind,

(Aside to *Lo*.)

I am in Love with a young pious Beauty,
I wou'd not loose for ten such Wives as yours:
And shou'd she hear I am so False and Lewd,
As to attempt Debauching my Friend's Wife,
She'd shun and dread me, as I were the Devil.

Lo. She shall not hear of it; but if she does,
She loves thee so, she will believe no Ill of thee.

Pol. Some tell me so; but I cannot believe it—

Lo. Weil—Where's your Woman?

Mrs. Lo. Why? Is she not with me?

Enter Thornback with Lionel.

Lo. Look! She's pick'd up by ugly old *Tom Thornback*.
They tell me Women love that odious Fellow.

Pol. Who tells you so?

Lo. He tells me so himself.

Pol. Ay, so I thought; no body else will say it.

Lo. I have seen many Women fond of him.

The Curious Impertinent.

7

Pol. Ay, Wenches, to Cully him out of his Money ;
Or Civil Women out of Raillery
To laugh-at him ; and he has Self-conceit
Enough, to-think the Women are in earnest.

Mrs. Lo. Does he in earnest then make Love to Women ?

Pol. In sober earnest.

Mr. Lo. Oh ! Ridiculous !

What ! and believe they can love such a Monster ?

Pol. Ay, and in earnest think they dote upon him.

Mrs. Lo. Impossible ! he has some stock of Wit.

Pol. There's no pure Wit, as there is no pure Element :

And Men of Wit will believe things incredible ;
Witness the strange Religions in the World,
Receiv'd by Men of no small Wit and Learning.
And as some great Philosophers believe,
The Air is full of Spirits and Hobgoblins ;
So many an ugly Wit, like him, believes
As strange a thing, that he is no Hobgoblin.

Mrs. Lo. If I did think he was so great a Fool,
I'd carry on the Jest, for he Courts me.

Pol. Madam, you can't profess more Love to him,
Than he'll believe you have.

Mrs. Lo. Then we'll ha' Sport.

Lio. Enough dear Squire ! Pray let me go at present.

Tb. And thou canst love a Fellow something Elderly,
As I am ?

Lio. Pshaw, I can't abide young Men.

Tb. Gad th'art a witty Wench, and hast great Judgment.
I love thee as dearly as thou canst love me.
I don't fool Women.

Lio. No, no, they fool you ; ——
And that I hope to do, for all your Craft.

(*Aside.*)

Tb. I'm forc'd to fool thy Lady, I confess,
That I may have Pretence to come at thee :
I'm sorry for't —— She appears kind to me ;
And Gad I can't abide to fool a Lady.

Lo. Why how now Tom ? Stealing my Household-stuff ?

Mrs. Lo. Oh Mr. *Tbarnsback* ! Are you False to me ?
I thought you had been my passionate *Platonique*.

Tb. Pox on't ! What makes her talk before her Husband ? (*Aside.*)
Oh Madam ! Your *Platonique* ! you may swear it.

Lo. How now Tom ! Court my Maid and Wife too ?
Sure you begin too late for so much Business.
Your Clock, I think, has struck some Five and fifty.
You'r going down apace. Wo't Marry him, *Lionell*,
If he'll ha' thee ? For what wo't do with him ?

Lio.

Lio. Sir, I'll endeavor to wind up his Clock.

Th. A sawcy affronting Puppy! I'll be quit with him.

(Aside.)

Faith, Sir, I am at th'Age, I must confess,
When Nature compels most Men to give over
Praising Love; she pickes 'em o're that Bar.
And truly I give over publick Practice:

I only draw Conveyances in private;
But not of Lands to Heirs, of Heirs to Lands.

I can conveigh a Bastard to a Cuckold;
If his Wife joyns for it, he must have her Thirds.

Lo. Cuckold! you don't give me that scurvy Name?

Th. Why Sir? you tell me I am Five and fifty;
That's old enough to be your God-father,
And give you a Name.

Lo. This is a keen tongu'd Fellow.

(Aside.)

Come *Tom*, I take it, you'r a better Bowler,
And a Back-gammon-Player, than a Lover:
Give over *Tom*, playing at Games of Love.

Th. No, never Sir, whilst I have any Stakes.

Pol. Now *Tom*, I see why you frequent the Church.
I wonder'd to see you so very Godly.

Th. Why you and I, and most Men, go to Church,
As the Dogs do, after our Mistresses.

Lo. And like a Cur,

Thou never get'st a Bone till it is pick'd.

Th. Faith, Sir, I get as much good Flesh as you do.

For I have one very convenient Vertue,
Which prevails every where: I've Impudence.

You are a Girlish Fellow; you expect
Women shou'd court you; you think your Attractions
Can, like a Whirlpool, suck the Women to you.

E-Gad, the Women are not to be suck'd;
So the tall Boy does only suck his Thumbs.

Lo. 'Tis a sharp Rascal, I will give him over.

(Aside.)

Oh *Polidor*! Here comes your pious Beauty.

Enter Camilla.

Mrs. Lo. Sweet Creature! Where hast been these seven years?
For every Hour that parts us seems a Year.

(Mrs. Lovely Embraces Camilla.)

Cam. I've not been well.

Mrs. Lo. How chance then I was well?

I had been Sick, had I known you were so.
Where is my Sister *Sistly*?

Lio. In the Church, Madam.

Mrs. Lo. At Church! What does she there? the Prayers are done.

Lio.

The Curious Impertinent.

Lio. But all the Blessing is not over, Madam ;
While any of the fine young Sparks are there.

Mrs. Lo. You think 'em Blessings then?-- Come, hold your Prating.

Lo. Look ! Look ! She's got with a young Gallant there.
Who is it ?

Enter Sir John Shittlecock and Cecilia.

Tb. 'Tis one Sir *John Shittlecock* :

A giddy, silly, amorous young Fop ;
In Love with every new Face he sees.

Pol. These empty Fops are *Covent-Garden Fruit* ;
And grow to this Church-wall.

Lo. Ay, but they often fall in Ladies Laps.

Pol. I'd have 'em brought in Baskets into Church
By the Fruit-Bawds ; as Fruit is in the Park.

Sir Job. And Madam, did you read my *Billet-doux* ?

Ce. Ay, ay, I read it when I kneel'd to Prayers.

I am a wicked Creature ; fie upon me !

Sir Job. My Dear ! Dear Soul !

Ce. Don't speak to me in publick,
Pray now ; for if I'm seen, I am undone.

Sir Job. And my Dear, won't you be undone for me ?
I'll be undone for you with all my Soul ;
And I shou'd be undone, if I shou'd Marry
Without my Friends Consent.

Ce. And so shou'd I.

Sir Job. And won't you be undone ?

Ce. May be I will.

Sir Job. Gad, we will be the Envy of the World.

Ce. Go, go, begone, begone ; my Sister sees me.

Sir Job. Have you a Sister, Madam ? Which is she ?

Ce. That's she, that looks this way.

Sir Job. A swinging Beauty !

Gad, handsomer than this a thousand times -----

(Aside)

Pox, I shall never mind my Mistress more.

Ce. Oh dear ! my Brother comes, I shall be chid.

Lo. Sir, you Converse with a young Lady here.

Sir Job. She is your Sister, Sir, I understand.

Lo. Yes: May I crave your Name, and Business with her, Sir ?

Sir Job. Yes Sir ; my Name is *Sir John Shittlecock*.

My Family is a great Family :

Many great Persons, Sir, are *Shittlecocks* ;

And my Affair is honourable Love.

Sir, y'are a very handsome Family ;

I shall be very glad to Marry in it.

If this young Lady be dispos'd of, Sir,
I should be very proud of this fair Lady.

Lo. I beg your Pardon, Sir, she is my Wife.

Sir Job. I cry you Mercy Sir ; your humble Servant.

Oh ! here's the finest Creature in the World ; *(Turns to Camilla,*
And one I've seen at Prayers a thousand times ;
And that's enough Acquaintance, I will speak to her.

Madam, I am your very humble Servant. *(To Camilla.*

Pol. Have you any Business with this Lady, Sir ?

Sir Job. Why Sir ?

Pol. Because I make Pretences here.

Sir Job. I ha' no Luck——Well Sir, your humble Servant :
You are before me, and I'll do no Wrong.

Oh Gad ! here is a pretty Waiting-woman ;
Prettier than all of 'em a thousand times.

Dear Soul ! *(To Lio.*

Th. Ben't so Familiar, *Shittlecock,*
For I pretend to have some Interest here.

Sir Job. What a Pox ! All these Women are bespoke.
Why don't they set their Marks upon their Women,
That one may know 'em ?

Lo. Come, shall we go Home ?
Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Sir Job. Your humble Servant, Sir.
Oh Gad ! What pretty Ladies are all these ?
I am mad for 'em all——Let's to a Tavern
And drink their Healths, and talk of 'em, dear *Tom.*

Th. Well, I'll endure thy Follies there a Minute—— *(Ex. Th. Sh.*

Lo. Madam, shall we enjoy your Company ? *(To Cam.*

Cam. I beg your Pardon Sir, I am engag'd.

Your Servant, Madam—— *(To Mrs. Lo.*

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! your Servant, Dear.

Lo. Come *Polidor.*

Pol. I'll wait on you immediate—— *(Ex. Lo. Mrs. Lo.*

I'll only speak one Word with this fair Lady. *Ce. Lio.*

Madam, may I have Leave to wait on you ?

Cam. Oh ! by no means Sir, I've a Servant here.

Pol. None so ambitious to attend you, Madam,
As I am.

Cam. Pray Sir, spare your self the Trouble.

Pol. A Trouble to enjoy the Conversation
Of one so beautiful in Soul and Body.
They two, and only they, deserve each other.
I pretend not to merit so much Happiness,
As now I beg, if Love has no Desert.

The Curious Impertinent.

I

Cam. Love Sir ! That VVord you Gallants use so much
With every Lady, that methinks 'tis bare.
I am betray'd !—He has been told I Love,
Therefore he talks of Love ; and if I stay,
I shall betray my self : I blush and tremble.—
Well, Sir, your Servant.—

(Aside.

Pol. Pray permit me, Madam.

Cam. Oh ! by no means ; I'm very near my Lodging.

Pol. No, Madam, y'are from thence millions of Miles ;
For your Religious Heart is lodg'd in Heaven :
You are the only *Covent-Garden* Saint ;
The only fair young Lady comes to Prayers,
Or the rest come for Lovers, or for Husbands.

Com. Ay, so it may be all you Gallants fancy :
You think y'ave more Attractions than you have,
And we less Vertue and Piety than, I hope,
You find we have, when we come to the Tryal.

Pol. All the VVorld finds you are too much a Saint.
You are so far from granting your whole self,
You grudge th'unhappy VVorld a Sight of you.
You seldom go abroad, except to Prayers,
And there you let your Hood fall o're your Face,
And hide those Beauties, for which thousands dye.
I've watch'd to chear my Eyes with seeing you,
VVith all th'impatience of a Feaverish VVretch,
After a tedious Night to see the Morn,
And seldom gain'd so small a Charity.
Converse with Angels when you are in Heaven ;
But while you are on Earth, let Mortals hope.

Cam. Hope for me, Sir ! I'm plac'd below your Hope.
My Fortune's small.

Pol. I'm very sorry for't.—

Since thou hast such a plaguy Stock of Vertue —

(Aside.

Cam. I know you are too wise to hope for me ;
This Compliment, is only Charity
To one you think a poor Disconsolate,
And hopeless Maid : Indeed, I am not, Sir.

Pol. No, Madam, no ; you may have what you please.

Cam. I have it, Sir ; I have all I desire.
Howe're, I thank you for your good Intention ;
And so your Servant, Sir.

Pol. A charming Creature.

I cannot part with her — *Aside*—Nay Madam, stay.

Cam. Pray do not hold me thus in publick, Sir.

Pol. VVe will retire then to some Privacy.

Cam. I never talk with any Man in private.

Pol. VVhat ! neither talk in publick nor in private ?

Cam. Not with your Sex, unless they have Business with me!

Pol. Oh Madam ! I have vast Affairs with you.

Cam. You have dispatc'd 'em all ; y'ave done with me.

Pol. No, I have much to say.

Cam. VVhat wou'd you say ?

Pol. VVhy Madam—Gad I don't know what to say: *(Aside.*

I'm loath to noose my self in Marriage.

I have not time to tell you half my Thought.

Cam. Nay, then Sir, you must keep 'em to your self;
For I can stay no longer.

Pol. Must you go ?

And I be left in Sorrow here behind ;

Pray, Madam, take me with your Mind :

Since I must go with you no other way :

Grant so much Pity. —————

(Ex.

Cam. VVell, perhaps I may. —————

(Ex.

A C T II.

S C E N E, *Lovely's House.*

Enter Lovely and Polidor at several Doors.

Lo. **O**H ! thou art welcome, my dear *Polidor.*
Now let me lead thee to my other Darling,
My charming VVife.

Pol. I will not tamper with her.

I love *Camilla*, as much as you can do

Your charming VVife ; and shou'd I court your VVife,

VVhat wou'd become of me with fair *Camilla* ?

Li. She shall not hear of it.

Pol. Your VVife will tell.

No VVoman has much Continece in her Tongue.

Lo. VVell, if she boasts of it——say she is Vvain ;

You may dispose *Camilla* to believe you.

But say you lose *Camilla* ; VVhat d'ye lose ?

VVhat you despise, the Soul of a fair Lady.

Her Body I am sure you'l never get.

She's not to be debauch'd ; she has been offer'd

More Money than has bought ten Towns abroad.

'Egad, there is no Garison in *Europe*
So fortified as she ; she's Money proof.
She never will be yours dishonourably,
And I am sure you'l never Marry her.

Pol. How know you that ?

Lo. Because she has no Fortune.

But if you will, you may when e're you please,
Though you shou'd make Addresses to my Wife.
For seeming to forsake my Wife for her,
You make my Wife the Victim, her a Goddess.
Suppose there be a little danger in it,
What, will you venture nothing for a Friend ?
I've stak'd my Life for you, and more than once.

Pol. But not in such a foolish Cause, as this.
I did not make you fight to be admir'd ;
Though you perhaps had such a Wise Design.

Lo. Well Sir, perhaps I had ; if it was foolish,
'Egad, the noblest of Mankind are Fools.
Do not the Gallants dress to be admir'd,
Go to the Parks and Plays to be admir'd ?
Do not Wits and Scholars Write to be admir'd ?
Do not Heroes Fight and Die to be admir'd ?
And Kings make dangerous Wars to be admir'd ?
Will you presume to say all these are Fools ?

Pol. Well, but I so much dote upon *Camilla*,
I do not care to see another Woman.
My thoughts will be so much upon *Camilla*,
'Egad, I shall talk nonsense to thy Wife.

Lo. So much the better, Man ; she will believe it.
A flight of Wit, an extasy of Love.
Do not the Women admire every-day
Nonsense in Plays, and think it lofty Stuff.
Flatter be sure, then if you fly beyond
All bounds o' sence, she'l go along with you,
Lift up all parts of her above the Heavens.

Pol. O ! Pox ! what shou'd I do with 'em there ?

Lo. O'reflow in Flattery, fear no excess.
Let it be Sence or Nonsense she will swallow it.
You cannot give Woman such a Dose of Flattery,
Which she'l not easily swallow, and digest.
They'r used to't, as Turks are to Opium ;
They hourly give themselves a lusty Dose,
And what would stupify, and kill another,
Only refreshes them, and makes 'em lively.

Pol. This I must do, to know how she admires thee.
Canst thou not be content thou hast her Body ?

Lo. Thou art for digging downward in a Woman?
Come up 'ith air, Man, and be sweet and clean.

Pol. I am for digging where most Treasure is,
My Wand will bend that way, then have a care.

Lo. Though I've a Charming Beauty in my Arms,
I do not think I have full fruition of her,
Unless I know her Favours spring from Love.

Pol. I do by Women, as I do by Watches,
Let 'em go right, I never mind the Springs.
Well, if thou dost make me attaque thy Wife,
'Gad, if she yields, I tell thee plainly I'll Cuckold thee.
Now do not say, but I have given thee warning.

Lo. I know by my own Soul thou scornst to do it.
No Gallant Man will act a Rascals part.
But if you wou'd, 'Gad Sir, she will not let you.
Your murdring Charms cannot batter her so low;
No Sir, you are not such a Mortarpiece.

Pol. You vanquish'd her.

Lo. You are mistaken, Sir.
He that debauches a fine Woman conquers her;
But if a Beauty makes me Marry her,
'Egad, she conquers me.

Pol. There's truth in that.

Lo. Sir, you will find a Dragon in her Pride,
Will guard her Golden Fruit, I'll warrant her.
Sir, she has all the Pride of a Fallen Angel,
And all the Piety of a Loyal one.

Pol. Come, come; she is a Daughter of old *Adam*;
And he had strange ill luck with his Posterity.

Lo. What? I believe, you hold the spreading Heresie,
That Nature is the same in all Mankind,
And Lewd in all? A horrid beastly Slander,
Enough to raise the Noble *Roman* Ghosts,
And make *Lucretia* stab her self again.
I have found *English* Beauties Heroines.
I vanquish'd once the Soul of a young Beauty;
Oh! with what joy she wou'd have Married me;
But when she found I had ill aims, and offer'd
To touch her t'other half, her Beautious Body,
Indecently, I thought she wou'd have kill'd me:
Vertue and Fury flang her in a Swoun.

I might have said with *Guyomar*, one half lay
Dead on the Ground, the other ran away.

Pol. Come *Lovely*; put thy Wife and me together.

Lo. Who's there.
Go call your Lady.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Pol. Now if she be as Vertuous as you say,
What a strange Monster shall I seem to her,
For tempting my Friends Wife?

Lo. She'll think you are
A Monster, and no Man, if you don't tempt her.
Women who hate the Sin, love the Temptation.

Pol. I will convince thee I have some kindness for thee.
Th'art in this matter, such a Monstrous Fop,
Were I not tender of thee, I wou'd shew thee;
And to improve thee, I'de set Horns upon thee,
As some Knaves do, upon a Monstrous Calf.

Lo. Come prethee do thy worst; only be true.
To one desire o'mine, tell me the event.

Enter Mrs. Lovely.

Sweetheart! I am engaged to Sup at Court;
And I believe I shan't come home at night,
It may be not this week.

Mrs. Lovely. How! not this week.

Lo. No, the good Company where I shall Sup;
Will go into the Country for a week.

I fancy I shall go along with 'em.

This is to give you opportunity.

(Aside to Pol.)

You know the Company, and how to send

A Letter to me.

(To Mrs. Lo.)

Mrs. Lo. This is sudden warning.

Lo. You will excuse me *Polidor* for leaving you?

Pray in my absence often see my Wife;

I know she'll thank you for it, so will I.

Your Servant *Polidor*; farewell Sweetheart.

(Exit)

Mrs. Lo. Is the Man mad to run away from me,

And leave me with the Temptingst Man on Earth,

After he has declared a Passion for me?

I'de shew more Wisdom than my Husband does.

(Aside.)

Who's there?

Pol. I will not tamper with this Lady;

For though she's Beautiful, she's a Coquet,

And does not that price upon her Beauty,

That should tempt me to stake *Camilla* for her.

I will deceive my foolish Friend with Flams.

(Aside.)

Enter Cecilia.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! Sister, are you there? a word with you, *(Aside to C.)*
Stay with me whilst this Gentleman is here.

Pol.

Pol. Ha! she's on her guard!—I like her now.
Sh'as Wisdom, Vertue— she grows very Charming.
Now I could wish to have her all alone. (*Aside.*)
Madam, my Friend is very happy in you.

Mrs. Lo. Your Servant, Sir; I'm happier in him.
He well deserv'd, and might have had my betters;
But my kind Destiny lead him to me.

Pol. She is a faithful Wife, an excellent Woman!
I envy him.— Nay now she must be mine.
I wou'd to Heaven her Sister would be gone. (*Aside.*)

Enter Lionel, who beckens Ce. aside.

Lio. Oh! Madam! Madam! I've a *Billet-doux* for you.

(*Lio. gives a Billet to Ce. who opens and looks in it.*)

Ce. Oh! 'tis from my dear Knight! my *Shittlecock!*
Let us go read it. (*Aside to Lio.*)

Lio. Ay, with all my heart— (*Aside to Ce. (Ex. Lio and Ce.)*)

Pol. So! so! the Sister's gone! now for the Lady. (*Aside.*)

Oh! Madam! from the hour I saw you first,
What have I suffered from Despairing Love?
For what can you delight in but your self?
You have Beauty enough to employ all your thoughts.
You so transcend what e're Man can deserve,
That all Men seem equally distant from you;
As Vales and Mountains seem alike to Heaven,
But as all Mortals may look up to Heaven,
And pray, though very few will reach those Joys;
So, though unworthy, I must beg your pity. (*He kneels.*)

Mrs. Lo. How! dares he offer this before my Sister? (*Looks about.*)
Oh, no, she's gone— Come hither *Lionel.*

Enter Lionel.

Stay with me till this Gentleman is gone. (*Aside to Lio.*)

Pol. You come? Nay then I must break off my Prayers,
But my Devotion encreases on me.

For my fair Saint appears more bright than ever.
Methinks she has a Glory round her Head;
Her Vertue scatters Rays about her Face.

I wou'd to Heaven, I had my Beautious Saint
Where many Saints are worship'd, near a Bed.
I wou'd I cou'd seduce her to her Bed-Chamber. (*Aside.*)

Madam, your House is very finely Furnish'd.

Mrs. Lo. Not always, Sir; sometimes it has Ill Company,
And that's bad Furniture.

Pol. Ha! there she's keen,
But yet that shall not make me quit my ground.
Madam, you have some fine dead Companions,
Pictures I mean; I saw one in your Bed-Chamber,
If you please, Madam, we will go look upon it.

(Aside.

Mrs. Lovely. That's no good Picture, Sir; I only value it
For its good meaning; it designs to shew me
My Husband's Face, but does not do it well.
However, I am fond of any thing,
That has the least resemblance of my Husband.

Pol. That ever any Fool shou'd be so happy.

Lio. I do believe, this Gentleman designs
To make a far worse Picture of my Master.

(Aside.

Mrs. Lo. Pictures of Beauties, Sir, will please you more,
And there are some, that are thought pretty good,
On the Stair-head.

Pol. A pox o' your Stair-head.
You spoil those Pictures, Madam.

(Aside.

Mrs. Lo. Pray how so?

Pol. By your outshining all their Beauties, Madam;
They faint away before you, and appear
Shadows of Shadows.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! that may be spared.

Pol. A most rare Woman! I'm stark mad for her.

(Aside.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here is a Letter for you, Mrs. Lionel.

(Aside to Lio.

Lio. 'Tis from my Love; I must run out, and read it.
I hope in Heaven my Lady will not miss me.

(Aside.

(Exit.

Pol. So, that superfluous piece o' Stuff is gone
Out o' my way: I'l to my Prayers again.

(Aside.

Oh! Madam! Madam! ———

(Kneels.

Mrs. Lo. How? again at this?

(Looks about.

My Maid is gone! ——— that's fine! ———

Pol. Pray hear me, Madam ———

Mrs. Lo. Sir, I have heard you, and will answer you.
I did not think to give you any answer
But silent scorn, the only fit reply
To an Address so very unfit as this.
But by the folly of my Family
I'm forc'd on folly; this is then my answer.
Sir, had you kept within the bounds of Honour;
I shou'd have thought your Love an Honour to me,
For it infer'd you saw some Merit in me;
A Man may have an Honourable Love

For those, he cannot Honourably gain ;
 But now you press beyond the bounds of Honour,
 It plainly infers you think me an ill Woman ;
 You affront me, and seek to wrong your Friend.
 But, Sir, I'll give him notice what you are,
 Unless you from this hour desist for ever.
 And so your Servant, Sir. — Oh! Gentlewoman ! (Enter Lionel.
 How durst you leave me, when I bid you stay ;
 I'll very soon account with you for this
 And other faults ; you pick up Sparks at Church.
 There you let Mr. *Thornebacke* make a fool of you.
 Do you think he has honest love for you ?
 You are a Piece indeed to Charm a Gentleman ! (Ex.
Lio. Perhaps I am as fine a Piece as you are. (Aside.
Pol. A glorious Woman ! wonder of a Women ! (Aside.
 Now shall I never rest till she is mine,
 Forbidden Joys to Man appear Divine. (Ex.

Enter Cecilia.

Ce. My Sister takes the Confidence to Chide me,
 Because I wou'd not stay with her, forsooth ;
 And entertain'd a Spark to day at prayers.
 Without her leave : I will do what I please.
 I'll have my *Shuttlecocke* in spite of her.

Lio. Well, and I hope to have a Gallant too,
 For all she says I'm such a sorry Piece.
 I think she has a mind to break my Heart ;
 But that will never break till my Face breaks.
 A Looking-glass will then be poyson to me,
 Now 'tis a Cup of Consolation.

Oh ! what a very pretty Face is here ! (Looking in a Glass

Ce. Let me look in the Glass a little, *Lionel.*

Lio. Well, 'tis a troublesome, and chargeable thing to be hand-
 som ; one may keep a handsom Horse as cheap, as a handsom Face.
 What do our Faces cost us, in one Wash or another ? and we make
 many a Journey in a day to the Glass.

Ce. Well, so does every one as well as we.

Lio. Well, I hate my proud ill-natur'd Lady. How she grudges
 one a little Love, and a little Commendation ? I had as lieve she
 grudged me my Victuals, one does me as much good as t'other.
 Kindness comforts my Heart : I eat, drink, sleep, and look the
 better for't a month after.

Ce. Nay my Cheeks do so redden, if any one praise me.

Lio. Oh ! Madam ! you are handsomer than your Sister,
 A thousand times.

Ce.

Ce. Oh! fie, *Lionel*! —

Lio. I swear you are, Madam.

Ce. I swear thou art a very good Creature, and very handsome too.

Lio. Oh! sweet Madam; I am sure you are a very good humour'd Lady; I love you i' my Heart.

Ce. And I love thee; thou shalt be my Servant, when I'm my Lady *Shittlecock*.

Lio. Thank you, good Madam: To tell you truth, I hope to be something my self; you can't imagine how fond Squire *Thornebacke* is o' me.

Ce. Have a care *Lionell*; Men are false.

Lio. Let Men have a care of us, we are as false as they. Men have such high conceits of their Sex; and say theirs is the stronger Sex, and the wiser Sex, and the wittier Sex, and such a Sex— And they may be a notable Sex among themselves; but among us (if we have any wit) we may make 'em (as we very often do) a simple Sex, and a weak Sex: We can out-do 'em in their own ways; out-lye 'em, out-flatter 'em, out-dissemble 'em— out— out— out— every thing 'em. ———

Ce. How madly thou talk'st?

Lio. My Squire, I believe, comes to me like a Shop-lift to a Shop, pretending only to see my Goods, and take a snip in a kiss; but his design is to steal the whole Piece, and pay nothing for it. If he has me, he shall pay me my price, that is Marriage, I shall draw him into't. Men are catch'd as they say Horses are; run 'em into a Corner, and there stroke 'em, and give 'em Provender, and one may Bridle 'em.

Ce. Have you a care you ben't catch'd *Lionel*. I've seen you very wanton with him.

Lio. In troth, Madam; I am stung with a wanton Tarantula, and shall never be cur'd till I hear my Wedding Fiddle; and have danc'd a Jig with a Husband i' Bed. A Husband, good Lord, say I.

Ce. I find thou dost but flatter thy Squire. I'm serious with my Knight. Oh! if my *Shittlecocke* should leave me I should cry my Eyes out. ——— Oh! here he comes ———

Lio. And my Squire ——— (Ce. runs to the Glass.)
Dear Madam, let me have a little corner o' the Glass,
Thank you good Madam.

Enter *Thornebacke* and *Sir John Shittlecock*.

Sir John. And are the Women really in love with thee? Because (excuse me) thou art something elderly.

Th. So much the better, Man; Women are come To a good pass of understanding now:

They have a taste of Sence, and despise Youth.
And then a Woman that regards her Honour,
Will never trust it with young prating Fellows.

Sir Job. Methinks old Fellows prate; methinks you are
As limber in your Tongue, as in your Hams.
You brag of *Mrs. Lovely's* favours to you.

Tb. Yes, I own common favours; that's no matter:
But if she ever grants me the last favour,
(And that she will, but make no words of it)
If ever I make any noise about it,
(Except her Bed or Chamber keep a rumbling)
I'll give her leave to cast me off for ever.

As to the wanton part of an Intrigue,
I think young Fellows have th' advantage of us;
And yet in that I'll vie with any of you.

I'm like *Ben Johnson's Ursty*, the Pig-Woman,
'Gad, I roast Pigs as well as e're I did.

There's a sweet Pig, I'll make her crackle quickly.

(The Women turn from the Glass, and run to their Lovers.)

Lio. Oh! my dear Squire!

Tb. Look you here *Shuttlecocke*.

Sir Job. 'Gad, he has told me truth, she dotes upon him.

Ce. Oh! *Sir John*, this is kindly done of you.

Sir Job. *Sir John*, me no *Sir Johns*.

Ce. What? are you angry?

Sir Job. Yes that I am, do you see *Lionell*?

'Gad, if I had her out o' doors I'de kick her.

Ce. Heigh! heigh! why so? are you in love with her?

Sir Job. I in love with her! no I scorn and hate her,
Ay, and almost all Women for her sake.

Ce. What? you'r afraid she will disgrace our House.

Oh! fear her not, she is a cunning gipsy,
She only means to draw him in to Marry her.

Sir Job. Well, but I hate her for enduring him.

Ce. I like this niceness in you well enough,

I hate a Man that can love any Woman.

Lio. Well, you are a naughty Squire, for making a poor Maid
in love with you. Can I hope for such a fine Squire as you?

Tb. Such a fine Squire? you little jeering Hussy.

Lio. You know I don't jeer, you naughty hadsfom Squire, you.

Tb. You little flattering Hussy.

Sir Job. Look, look, doe see? I cannot forbear, I'll beat her.

Ce. Why so? let her alone; she does but fool him.

Sir Job. Well, let her fool with hadsfom Fellows then.

A fluttish Wench to play with a Dirt Pie.

I hope in Heaven you'll never let her Dress you,

Now she has foul'd her fingers with that Fellow.

Ce. I like this Humour in you mightily.

Tb. This fond young Girl will fool me into Marriage:
No wonder Men are Fools, they spring from fooling :
A Man fools a Woman, and a Woman fools a
Man, and they fool with one another, till they
Get a Fool.

Lio. Oh! dear, my Lady! my Lady! farewell Squire. (*Ex. Lio.*)

Ce. My Sister; Oh! be gone, be gone, Sir *John.* (*Ex. Ce.*)

Sir Job. I won't go, nor I won't stay; I am mad.

Tb. Look, look, the Rogue is poyson'd with his Envy.
Be gone; leave Mrs. *Lovely* and me together,
Then dye like a sick Rat behind the Hangings.

Sir Job. Ple stay, and watch; shou'd she be kind to him,
I shou'd run mad with envy, and hang my self.

Sir John hides, And Enter Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! Mr. *Thornbacke*, I am glad to see you.

Tb. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Sir Job. She is fond of him.

Ple ne're endure a Woman while I live.

Tb. Well Madam, I'm a very happy Man,
To be in favour with the finest Woman
In the whole World; for, Madam, so you are.
I wou'd not change Conditions with a Cherubim.
Cherubims are, methinks, unhappy Creatures,
They have good Faces to no purpose, Madam,
Because there are no Female Cherubims.
I never heard of any Madam Cherubim,
Or Mistress Cherubim, or Sisterly Cherubim.
And, Madam, now we talk of Cherubims,
I'll give your Ladship the maydenhead
Of a new Song of mine, a pretty Song.

Mrs. Lo. It must be so, if it be like the Father.

Tb. Oh! Madam! you are charmingly obliging.

Sir Job. Oh Gemini! what a rare Complement
Has she bestowed upon that ugly Fellow——
Egad, I shall hang my self.——

Tb. It is a Song, I made upon my self and a young Beauty,
Which gave me the first cut of her sweet self. (*He Sings.*)

O H fie! What mean I, foolish Maid,
In this remote, and silent shade,
To meet with you alone?

*My Heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine :
Oh ! I shall be undone.*

*A Savage Beast I wou'd not fear,
Or shou'd I meet with Villains here,
I to some Cave wou'd run.*

*But such enchanting Arts you shew,
I cannot strive, I cannot go :
Oh ! I shall be undone.*

*Ah ! give your sweet Temptations o're,
I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more :
What, must we yet Fool on ?*

*Ah ! now I yield ! Ah ! now I fall !
And now I have no Breath at all ;
And now I'm quite undone.*

*I'll see no more your tempting Face,
Nor meet you in this dangerous place,
My Fame's for ever gone.*

*But Fame, to speak the truth, is vain,
And every yielding Maid does gain,
By being so undone.*

*In such a pleasing Storm o' Blifs,
To such a Bank o' Paradise,
Who wou'd not swiftly run ?*

*If you but truth to me will swear,
I'll meet you again ; nor do I care,
How oft I be undone.*

Mrs. Lo. You're very entertaining, *Mr. Thorneback.*

Tb. Madam, I love to shew all my best Parts ;
And if you like 'em, you are welcome to 'em.

Sir Job. That ever such an Owl should Sing so well.
Gad, he Sings very prettily. — Pox ———

Mrs. Lo. I'll make this Pug play all his simple Tricks.

And *Mr. Thorneback*, you Dance very finely.

Go bid my Servants Play to *Mr. Thorneback.*

(Aside.

(Aside.

Tb. With

Tb. VVith all my heart—I am your Vassal, Madam.

(*Thornback Dances.*)

Sir Job. Gad, the Rogue Dances very finely—Faith.
Gad, full as well as I; Oh lucky Rogue! ———

(*Aside.*)

Mrs. Lo. You are an excellent Dancer, *Mr. Thornback.*

Tb. Your Servant, Madam; I am very happy
If I please you. VVell, Madam, I'm inform'd
Your Husband means to leave the Town a while.

Mrs. Lo. Yes, *Mr. Thornback,* won't you be so charitable
To visit me sometimes?

Sir Job. She Courts him! Courts him!
I shall knock out my Brains against the VVall.

(*Aside.*)

Tb. Here's a plain Invitation to her Body:
I hope in Heaven *Shuttlecock* hears all.

Now to my Instrument of Impudence,
My Betty, which has broke up many a VVoman.

(*Aside.*)

And will my Visits be a Charity?
Then, Madam, I'm, it seems, a Treasure to you.

You shall have all the Wealth I have about me.

And now no Waiter oversees our Vessels,

'Tis a convenient time to smuggle Goods.

I'll Smuggle you, i'faith———

(*Offers to Kiss her.*)

Mrs. Lo. How now! Stand off,
You sawcy disagreeable old Coxcomb.

Sir Job. Oh! Lord! Oh! Lord! here's a rare turn—I swear.

Tb. You sawcy, disagreeable old Coxcomb!

Mrs. Lo. Yes, sawcy, silly, ugly to perfection,
And old besides; so old, that I believe,

Thou wert in *Paradise* one o' the Beasts
That came to *Adam* for a Name, and puzzled him;

He could not find a Word to comprehend

All thy Deformities; but thou wert not

The Serpent, I am sure thou art no Tempter.

Sir Job. Oh! I shall leap out o' my Skin for joy.

(*Aside.*)

Tb. No——You have got the Devil in your Tongue.

Had *Adam* given as ill Names as you do,

He had deserv'd to be kick'd out o' *Paradise*

For his ill Tongue, though he ne're touch'd the Fruit.

Mrs. Lo. Nay, I have done you Wrong, I must confess.

I took you for a Wit, and droll'd with you,

And you, it seems, are a notorious Fool;

So I have drawn you in to play the Fool.

The Fault is half my own: I beg your Pardon.

Tb. And, Madam, I confess I've done you Wrong.

I took you for a Fool, and so you are;

But not in that degree I thought you were:

So I have drawn you into *Billinggate*.

The Fault is half my own; I beg your Pardon.

Mrs. Lo. Thou need'st not say th'ast Faults, that my Eyes see,
For every bit about thee is a Fault.

Be gone, and very quickly, or I'll make
One of my Footmen lay a Crab-Tree-Cudgel
About thy Bones, and engraft Crab on Crab.

Be gone, thy fowr Face sets my Teeth on edge.

Tb. I havt more Sweetness in my Face than thou hast.

Why, what! I think the Woman has been Drinking,
Christning her Clapper to drive Devils away.

Bells have Names given 'em, when they are Baptiz'd.

Farewell, thou *Meg of Westminster the Second* —————

Enter Sir John Shittlecock.

Sir Job. Oh, Mr. *Thorneback*! Your most humble Servant.
You are so very Lucky with the Ladies.

Tb. Hark, *Shittlecock*; don't you be bold with me,
For fear I should fall heavy on your Coxcomb.

Mrs. Lo. Why how now? here's another foolish Fellow.

Sir Job. Well, now I find 'tis something to be handsome.
I wou'd make swinging Love now, if I durst. —————

I'll venture. (*Aside.*) Madam, I'm your humble Servant.

Mrs. Lo. Pardon me, Sir, I'm a Stranger to you.

Sir Job. Madam, your Servant; I am one *Shittlecock*.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! Sir *John Shittlecock*!

Sir Job. No, Sir *Thomas*, Madam.

No, no, Sir *John*, my Father was Sir *Thomas*.

Gad, I forgot my Name, my Love confounds me.

Mrs. Lo. Oh, Sir! I think you are my Sister's Servant.

Sir Job. Yes, Madam---No, Madam; I wou'd speak, and dare not.

Egad I will— (*Aside.*) Madam— Egad I dare not. (*Aside.*)

Madam—I dare not. (*Aside.*) I'm your humble Servant. (*Ex.*)

Mrs. Lo. What wou'd this Coxcomb say, if he cou'd speak?
I fancy he'd make Love, if he knew how.

Enter Camilla.

Oh! Madam! Madam! you are come in season.
I was just sending to intreat this favour.

Oh! Madam, you must be my Guardian Angel,

I'm tempted to abuse my Husband's Bed,
By such a Man; that you will stand amaz'd

When I shall Name him.

Cam. What? is he a Parson?

Mrs.

Mrs. Lo. A Parson, Madam! Will they do such things?

Cam. Oh! I have known within the Church's Pale,
Very wild Bucks.

Mrs. Lo. No, this is a Town Spark.

Cam. 'Tis no great Wonder a Town Spark is Lewd,
He's in his Calling.

Mrs. Lo. Ay, but this Gallant
Owns no such Calling; at the least in publick.
He don't keep open Shop, as some Sparks do.
'Tis true, he Dresses, and he visits Ladies,
And oft writes Songs on Celebrated Beauties.

Cam. Those are the Tools and Badges of his Trade.

Mrs. Lo. Ay, but he's thought so much another Man,
That, it is said, you lodge your Heart in him;
Which, I believe, you'd as much scorn to do,
Were he an open Sinner, as you Wou'd
To lodge your Person in a Publick House.
I'll name the Man, 'tis Mr. Polidor.

Cam. Oh Monstrous!

Mrs. Lo. Nay, I knew it wou'd amaze you.

Cam. I thought the lost Perfection of Mankind,
Was in that Man restor'd; and I have griev'd
Lost *Eden* too was not reviv'd for him,
And a new *Eve*, more ex'lent than the first,
Created for him; that he might have all
The Joys he cou'd deserve; and he fool'd me,
To think that *Eve* and *Eden* was in me,
That he was made for me, and I for him.
Oh Heavens! What Blifs I promis'd to my self:
And how have I ador'd this glittering Serpent?
I never shall endure my self again,
Till I've corrected and reform'd my self.
They tell me, Popish Priests will not use Churches
Where Heresie has been, till they have whip'd 'em.
'Twere a good deed to lash my Carnal Temple.

Mrs. Lo. Oh, Madam! That I think will not be just:
Why shou'd you suffer for the Crimes of others?

Cam. No doubt, 'twill be more just to punish him,
And I cou'd do it with a better Will
Than e're I Pray'd, for all I'm given to Praying.
Base Fellow! to fool me out o' my Heart,
And affront me, for now I understand him;
His Flattery was, it seems, a Satyr on me;
And in a civil manner call'd me Wench;
No doubt, he meant me for that Noble Office.

Mrs. Lo. Ay, past dispute ; therefore I told you this,
That you might guard your Heart and Honour from him.

Cam. Madam, I thank you : Oh ! how I abhor him.
Pd love the Man wou'd call him to account.
Wou'd Decency permit, I'd do't my self.

Mrs. Lo. How, Madam !

Cam. I dare do it — I'm no Coward.

Mrs. Lo. But you are a Saint.

Cam. Do not tell me of Saintship :
Madam, I am no Saint ; but if I were,
I don't know, why a Saint shou'd take Abuses.

Mrs. Lo. I did not think you'd ha' been thus concern'd ;
I thought your pious Heart had been in Heaven.

Cam. Oh ! Pshaw, Our Hearts are seldom such high Flyers ;
'Tis well if they can fly above Commodores ;
I ne're cou'd get my Heart above this Town.
Now wou'd I were in my cold quiet Grave.

Mrs. Lo. Why truly that is not quite out of London :
For I believe you'd have a London Grave,
And there y'are in old London under Ground ;
In a dark silent Suburb o' the City.

Cam. Away with these vile Tears ! Where did they fall ?
If on my Cloaths, I'll never wear 'em more.
They'r stain'd with Water from an odious Spring,
From shameful Love for a false wicked Wretch ;
But I'll dry up the hateful Spring for ever.
Well, what Reception did you give this Man ?

Mrs. Lo. I call'd in Company to guard me from him ;
But I perceive I can't command my Sister,
She'll follow her own Will ; and 'tis not fit
To make my Woman my Companion.
Therefore, my Dear, pray stay with me a while,
Because my Husband's going out o' Town,
Though I have given him notice of his Danger.
I sent him such a Letter where he Supt,
That I imagin'd, at the opening of it,
Storms wou'd have seiz'd on him, and brought him back.
As if he had been hurry'd by a Whirlwind.
He only smil'd at it, and sent me word,
I knew not *Polidor* ; for ought I see,
He means to go, and leave me with this Man ;
Therefore, my Dear, pray do you stay with me.

Cam. With all my Heart ; I only will go Home
And order some Affairs, and then return.

*Ob, this Majestick Kanave ! this charming Cheat !
But we, perhaps, will all his Arts defeat.*

(Ex.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lo. My Saint's a very Fury; I perceive
In Flesh or Spirit we are Sinners all.
But Spiritual Sins I think most dangerous.
Sins of the Spirit will to Age endure;
But a Flesh-Wound, time seldom fails to cure.

(Ex.)

A C T III.

S C E N E Continues.

Enter Sir John Shittlecock and a Servant.

Ser. WHO wou'd you speak with, Sir?

Sir Job. I don't know——

I have a Devilish mind to Court Madam *Lovely*, and dare not—
Pox on me for a Half-hearted Fop——What shou'd I fear? I
will venture——(*Aside.*) Sir, I wou'd speak with your Lady,
Madam *Lovely*——Hold, hold, Sir——

I dare not venture——*Aside*——Call Madam *Sistly*——
'Egad Ill venture——*Aside.*

Hold, call Madam *Lovely*——'Egad I dare——(*Aside.* Hold,
call Madam *Sistly*.)

Ser. The Man is mad; let him call 'em himself——

(Ex.)

Sir Job. Oh! Here comes Madam *Sistly*——

Enter Cecilia.

Pretty Rogue: Gad, I think she's handsomer than Sister——
No—Pox—Yes, Pox—No, Pox—Yes, Gad she is——(*Aside.*
My Dear!

Ce. Stand off, you base, unworthy, false, debaucht Man—you—
you have been making Love to my Sister *Lovely*——a married
Woman.

Sir John. Oh Pox! Has she heard o' that? (*Aside.*)

Ce. I'm serv'd right, for Entertaining and Loving a Man, before
I knew him! I hate my self for it. (*She Weeps.*)

Sir Job. I swear she cries: I'd give a hundred Pound some body
for it, for the Honour of it (*Aside.*)

Ce. Wou'd I had never seen your Face, you scurvy Man.

Sir Job. She takes on more and more. If she shou'd hang her
self for me; there wou'd be an Honour to me! Gad, wou'd she
wou'd

would. Oh, no, Pox! that would be pity——Pox——(*Aside.*)
Come, don't spoil thy pretty Eyes, my Dear.

Ce. Get you gone, and don't trouble me. (*Sobr.*)

Sir Job. She Sobs, I Swear, that she can hardly speak——
Pretty Heart! Now cannot I forbear Weeping with her. (*Aside.*)
My Dear.

Ce. Stand off.

Sir Job. Pray hear me.

Ce. I won't.

Sir Job. Pray do: You must know, I am one, the World is pleas'd to call a *Beau*; and you know a little Courtship is expected by every Lady from a *Beau*. So I bestow'd a little, to shew my good Breeding, that was all. But if you will forgive; I'll never shew any good Breeding again, as long as I live.

Ce. What care I what you do.

Sir Job. Nay, if I can't be forgiven, I had as good make Love in earnest.

Ce. Well, I will forgive you for once; but if ever you do so again——

Sir Job. I Swear I won't——and so let me kiss your pretty Hand, to shew we are reconciled.

Ce. I won't.

Sir Job. But once.

Ce. I won't.

Sir Job. Pray do.

Ce. I won't.

Sir Job. Nay, if you will be so Cruel, Fare you well.

Ce. Well, I will——but 'tis more than you deserve.

Sir Job. Then we are Reconcil'd?

Ce. May be we are, may be we are not——I won't tell you——
So Fare you well—— (*Ex.*)

Sir Job. Yes, yes, we are pretty, Rogue. 'Tis a fine thing to have a pretty Lady cry for one. Gad, I'd be contented to be Dead, upon condition all the pretty Ladies in the Town cry'd for me. Ah! What a Pleasure that would be?

Oh Dear! Here comes the fine Waiting-woman.

Enter Lionell.

Now for my Heart cannot I be true to Mrs. *Sistly*.

Oh, No! Here I shall be in my Element, I'm a Pe-goose with a Lady; but I'm the Devil with a Chamber-Maid. Here I can kiss without a Master of the Spiritual Ceremonies. Pretty Mrs. *Jenny*! How does your under Petticoat?

Lio. Oh! Pray forbear, Sir: You and I are not so intimate: You know neither my Name, nor my Nature. My Name is not *Jenny*, nor is my Nature——
Sir

Sir Job. Heigh, heigh! my Name nor my Nature!— thou art a very pretty Scholar. Canst thou speak any Latin?

Lio. No, Sir, What shou'd I do with Latin? I have English enough to give a Gentleman an Answer.

Sir Job. Very witty, and very pretty, faith. I know thy Name, not that which thy Godmothers gave thee, when thou wer't sprinkled at the Font. No, thy Father and Mother sprinkled thy Face and Beauty; Thy Christen Name is *Prestiness*, and thy Surname, *Come kiss me*.

Lio. No— good Sir— I'm none o' the Family o' the Kiss me's. Pray, Sir, keep off.

Sir Job. No, no, I will have a Kiss, i' faith; I will i' faith, I will i' faith.

Lio. No, no, i' faith, i' faith, you shall not Sir.

Sir Job. Heigh! heigh! she's as stiff as her own Broom; stiffer for that has a stake i' the Back, but a Flag i' the Tail. What ailst' thou? Dost not like me?

Lio. Like you, Sir! Who does not like the fine Sir *John Shuttlecocke*?

Sir Job. Oh! you little Rogue! do ye jeer?

Lio. Jeer, Sir; no, Sir, you know I don't.

Sir Job. Why, wou'dst thou have me, if I I'de have thee?

Lio. Have you, Sir? ah! wou'd I were a Queen for your sake.

Sir Job. 'Gad, she'l make me stark mad in love with her. I'll marry thee, faith I will— i' faith I will.

Lio. Well Sir, don't mock; I have teen as wise Men as you snap'd— (Aside.)

Sir Job. But prethee, dear Rogue; let me have a touch of thy fine Lips.

Lio. Ple give him one for a bair— (Aside.)

Oh! Sir! would I were worthy of the Honour.

Sir Job. Oh! the honour will be mine.

Lio. Well, Sir, in a civil way

(He salutes her.)

Sir Job. I swear sh'as all *Arabia* in her Mouth.

Lio. And you have all the *East-Indies*, Sir, in youts.

Enter Thornebacke.

Tb. So, *Shuttlecocke*! undermine me every where, Both with the Lady, and the Servant too?

I think the Women are all in a plot,

To put me totally out o' conceit

With my own person— 'Gad, I hate my self.

I've had a good opinion o' my self.

These 30 years, and lost it in a minute.

Sir Job. Oh Sir, the Ladies are all dying for you.

I only take possession, Sir, for you.

Well pretty Rogue! Ple see you another time—

(Ex.

Th. So, so! what? you and he are very great?

Much good may do you; Ple not trouble you.

Lio. Nay Squire! pray Squire!

Th. What wou'd you have with me?

A Horse don't love to graze after a Goose,

And will I touch you after such a Fellow?

Do'e think I have more Stomach than a Horse?

Lio. What wou'd you have me do, Squire? he's a Gentleman,
And he did humbly beg a Kiss o' me—

Th. Then it seems, Madam, If I Married you,

And a Spark humbly beg'd me for a Cuckold,

You'd very humbly grant the favour to him.

Madam, I am not for such humble Women.

Lio. A Cuckold? Squire! do'e think I am so base?

Th. I cannot think worse of Women than I find 'em.

Lio. Ay, this it is to be a handsom Man:

Too many Women grant you any thing,

And then you think all Women are as bad.

I love you as my life; but if I lov'd you

More than I do (but that's impossible)

Though 'twere to save my life, I'de grant you nothing,

But what you might have in a civil way.

Th. A handsom Man? prethee don't flatter me;

I have just got some wisdom from your Lady,

Sh'as clear'd my Head of all fantastique thoughts,

I thank her for't; she call'd me to my Face,

A sawcy disagreeable old Coxcomb;

Now she has made me wise, you wou'd spoil all,

And coakes me into a Coxcomb once again.

Ple see you whip'd first; I will be an Ass

No longer to your Sex.

Lio. And did she give you

Such odious Names? come, she is a proud Woman,

And does not speak her mind; she'd give the World

She were but half so handsom for a Woman,

As you are for a Man.

Th. Prethee away.

Lio. I speak my thoughts, and that you know too well.

Well, my dear, Squire I cannot stay with you now,

Come to me when my Lady's gone to Bed,

About Eleven o'Clock, and then we'l junket.

Th. 'Gad, I shall be a Woman's Fool again.

Well, if you have a mind I should come to you,

Go to a Bagnio, and sweat out the Kiss

This Fool has given you.

Lio.

Lio. I will, I will.

Away, away, I see Squire Polidor,
Creeping in yonder Room, and I'de feign watch him.

(Aside.

Th. Well, then farewell—my Girl—

(Ex.

Lio. Farewell sweet Squire——

Well this Squire Polidor's an errant Thief,
And comes to rob my Master of his Honour.

That was his business lately with my Lady.

'Twas so ! 'twas so ! he was endeavouring

To commit Burglary upon her Body.

Ay, ay, 'twas so, that made my Lady call.

Now is he stealing to her the back way. (She looks within the Scenes.

And now I swear he's got into her Chamber.

What will become o' this? I'll peep and listen.

(Ex.

S C E N E, Another Room.

Enter Mrs. Lovely, Polidor stealing after her.

Pol. So ! She's alone ! now will I board my Prize.

(Aside.

Dear Madam !

(Steps into her sight.

Mrs. Lo. Bless me Heaven ! who's there ? who's there ?

Pol. Call not, Dear Madam ; fear no harm from me.

No one can come who loves you more than I do ;

And I fear nothing but the loss of you,

Therefore you call in vain ; I will not stir.

You'l only bring dishonour on your self.

Then spare your self.

Mrs. Lo. What doest thou mean to force me ?

Pol. By the sweet force of Love, no otherwise.

Mrs. Lo. 'Tis likely, I shou'd be allar'd to love

One, in the frightful Figure, which you make ;

For you come like a Ravisher, and Robber.

And treacherously seek to rob your sworn,

Obliging Friend ; that of all Men on Earth

I'll ne're trust you.

Pol. Oh ! Madam ! do you think

I'm serious, when I give the name of Friend

To such a foolish Creature, as your Husband ?

He loves one certain Beauty above the World,

I mean his handsome self——

That you have no great cause to speak for him.

Mrs. Lo. Suppose all this ; I will be just to him

For my own sake.

Pol. He thinks you can't be just,

That you can never do his merit right.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lo. I care not what he thinks, if he wants sence
And Honour, must I therefore do the same.

Pol. Madam, upon my knees I beg your pity.

Mrs. Lo. You'r a presumptious Beggar, you ask Jewels,
My Conscience, Honour; Sir, I am bestowed,
You come too late.

Pol. You have bestowed, indeed,
Too much of your fair self before I saw you,
So much, the thought on't almost makes me mad;
And on a very undeserving Creature.
But I am sure he has not all of you,
You cannot love a Man so much beneath you
In understanding, as your Husband is.
Therefore I hope I'm not too late for Love.

Mrs. Lo. You are, to hope for any fruits of Love,
At least for any fruits, with Innocence.

Pol. May I not glean upon another Ground
What he rejects? Madam, I may, and will.

Mrs. Lo. I tremble! I'm afraid he'll conquer me. (Aside.

Pol. Oh! are you descending
From your great heights? Ple catch you as you fall.

Mrs. Lo. Fye on you! you pretend to some Religion;
You go to Church. (He Embraces her.

Pol. Yes, with a Zealous Heart;
But I am overcome, by such temptation
No Mortal can resist; which is not more
Or less than Man: Where's the young vigorous Saint,
Who would not, to ascend these Mounts of Lillies,
Leave for a while Religion at the bottom?

Mrs. Lo. You make me hate you; you shall find, I'me one
Who will not be allur'd, to do the least
Dishonour to Religion?

Pol. No, nor I.
Our happy Love, may have a secret Church
Under the Church; as *Faith's* was under *Paul's*,
Where we may carry on our sweet Devotion,
And the Cathedral Marriage keep it's State,
And all it's Decency, and Ceremonies.

Mrs. Lo. And will our Consciences be decent too?
Oh! Marriage Bonds are not like other Bonds,
Seal'd but with Wax.

Pol. Or else you wou'd be Wax,
Soft melting Wax, and yield to my Impression.
Is it not so? Oh! come thou sweetest Creature,

That

That ever grac'd the Earth, or blest a Lover,
Make me more blest, than e're was Man in love;
For never Mortal lov'd as I do now.
See yonder gentle yielding Bed invites;
The Curtains wave to us, the Air seems sensible
Of hastning Bliss, and dances round the Room.

Mrs. Lo. You give me very great offence—— be gone.

Pol. I cannot go, I can as easily tear
A Star from Heaven, as my self from you.

Mrs. Lo. When you have gain'd your ends, you'l soon be gone.
Love hastens, like a wanton Summer Bird

To Foreign Lands, when once hot Weather's over;
And heat in Love goes quickly after Harveff.
When I've lost my Honour, you'l believe
I've lost my Beauty too; the Charms of Women
Vanish like Fairies, when approach'd too near.
Then go, or you and I shall part for ever.

Pol. Madam, I cannot part with you, nor will,
Till I'm the happiest Man in the whole World.

Mrs. Lo. Is't possible? what do you think I am?

Pol. I have no time to think, no power to think.
My ravish'd Soul is gone out o' my Head
Into my Heart, my Veins; I've lost all thinking.

Mrs. Lo. Be gone, or you'l undo your self and me;
Camilla will be here immediately.

Pol. Well, let her come, she'l think you are at Prayers.

Mrs. Lo. What shall I do with him? I'm yielding! yielding. (*Aside.*)
I will not run the danger for the World,
And she'l be here in half an hour at most.

Pol. A noble space o' time! 'tis not enough
To raise my Joys so high, as I desire,
But I, at least, may lay a good Foundation.
That I'm resolv'd to do.

Come, come, My Dear! I've got thy Beauteous Body
Into my Custody—— Now e're we part

Ple strain for all the Debts thou ow'st my Heart.

(*Ex.*)

He pulls her off the Stage, and bolts the Door; Then Enter Lionel,

Lio. Oh! dear! dear! what have I seen and heard?
Shall I disturb 'em? I've a mind to do't.
I envy 'em—— I will—— no, 'twill be pity;
I would be loath to be serv'd so my self.

I am possessor of a Mystery,
 And I'll make Money on't, as all Trades do.
 I'll let my Lady know I understand her,
 And make her glad, if I will be her Lady;
 Which I'll not be, unless she pays me well;
 And with a good reason too, for to a Woman
 It is a horrid pain to hold her Tongue;
 And I must bear the torment a great while,
 That I shall very dearly earn the Money.
 Oh! dear! dear! here comes Madam *Camilla*.
 What will become o' my Lady now? for she won't be
 Kept from her. I'll have no partner in my Mystery,
 For fear o' spoiling the profit of it; else I wou'd not
 Care what became of my scurvy Lady.

Enter Camilla.

Cam. Your Servant Mrs. *Lionell*; I have dispatch'd my business at home, and come to lie with your Lady.

Lio. She's dispatching a little business too, Madam; she'll be ready to wait upon you presently.

Oh! what a base Office do I take upon my self?
 I'll see my Lady whip'd, before I keep her
 Stinking Counsel ———

(Aside.)

Madam you may go in, if you please! ———

—— No, Madam, if you please, let it alone.

Cam. Heigh! heigh! what ails the foolish Creature? *(Aside.)*
 Yes, Mrs. *Lionel*, I'll go in; your Lady keeps nothing from me.
 Ha! the Door's shut! and I hear a bussle within! Is any body with your Lady?

Lio. Yes, Madam! ——— no, no, Madam.

Cam. She's fuddled, I think.

(Aside.)

Lio. I'm not expert at these businesses. I shall betray all; I'll be gone. Oh! fie, upon me! for undertaking this base Office.

(Aside.) (Ex.)

Cam. What means this confusion? and in the Chamber
 I hear whispering — listens — and a Mans Voice —

I'm stricken to the heart, 'tis *Polidor*,

As sure as I am here, this tempting Man

Has, in my absence, ruin'd Mrs. *Lovely*.

'Tis so! 'tis so! for now I hear him plain.

Oh! Woman! Woman! what a thing is Woman?

I swear I am ashamed I am a Woman.

I'll rowze 'em — Madam — I am come, I'm come,

A Door creaks — I will see who gets out.
'Tis Polidor, he has undone us both ;
Ruin'd her Honour, and has broke my Heart.

Enter Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Lo. I hope in Heaven she has not overheard us.

Cam. Oh! You vile horrid Woman!

Mrs. Lo. I'm discover'd !

I'll kill my self — *Aside* — What do you mean by this ?

Cam. Pray, What did Mr. Polidor with you ?

Mrs. Lo. How ! Mr. Po — Po — Polidor —

Cam. Mr. Po — Po — Polidor. (*She Mimicks her*) How you Stammer.
Your Sin's so very young, it can't speak plain.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! It is true, he got into my Chamber —
And so — but — but — but — I'll tell you.

Cam. But — but — but —

You wou'd fain tell a Flam if you cou'd speak ;
Your blushing Brow is the only part about you,
Has any Modesty or Truth in it.
That blazing Beacon openly confesses,
The Enemy has been upon the Coast.

Mrs. Lo. What ? you believe I've got the Lover from you,
And, in Revenge, design to blast my Honour.
Hark you — if you do — I'll stab you —

Cam. Stab me !

Mrs. Lo. Stab you.

Cam. Here's a *Virago* ! Are you such a Woman ?
Nay, then I think, I'm bound in Conscience
To give the World a publick Warning of you.
I'll Print you, Publish you in the *Gazette*,

Mrs. Lo. Will you ?

Cam. I will.

Mrs. Lo. 'Tis well — you'll publish Falshoods,
To please your Malice, Envy, and Revenge.
Is that your Sanctity ? I find your Heart
Has many Motions, as some Watches have ;
For you have Love, and Piety, and Malice ;
And all these Motions hinder one another.
You are impotent and false in all of 'em ;
So are the Hearts of all the Saints I know.
They'r the worst kind of Hearts, they ne're go right ;
They'r neither true to Wickedness, or Goodness.
Vertuous they are by halves, they do not love it ;
In Sin they wou'd be dabling, and they dare not ;
And then their Envy wou'd bark others from it.

Cam. You are sincerely and compleatly Wicked ;
I have more Proofs on't, Madam, than you think.
For shame, for shame, persist not thus in Sin :
Repent, or I will make you an Example.

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! she will ruine me, I must submit.

(Aside.

These Saints will suffer no Sin but their own.
Oh, Madam ! I confess I've been surpriz'd
By wicked *Polidor* ; he forc'd himself
Into my Chamber, and he wou'd not leave me
Till he had ruin'd me. Oh, spare me ! spare me !
I promise you, I will not spare my self ;
I'll live in everlasting Grief and Shame :
I'll never see wicked *Polidor* again,
Nor any thing on Earth—I'll weep my Eyes out.

Cam. Oh, Madam ! now y'are growing worth my Pity ;
Continue thus, I will not only spare you,
But love you, love you dearly as a Sister ;
And I wil do my best t'establish you
Firmer than ever, in your Husband's Love,
And in Heavens Favour, if my Prayers can do't.

Mrs. Lo. Oh, Madam ! you are some Cœlestial Creature,
Let me adore you.

(Kneels to her.

Cam. Nay this is too much.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. Madam, my Masters come —

(Speaks Snappingly.

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! How she frightens me.

Lio. A scurvy Woman ; I can't speak to her,
Nor look on her, with any Patience——

(Aside.

(Ex.

Mrs. Lo. I'm in strange Disorder ;
I shall betray my self.

Enter Lovely.

Return'd so soon ?

(She Runs, and Embraces him.

My dearest Dear, you please me now indeed.

Lo. Well, and your Letter pleas'd me very well.

It was methoughts a kind of Paper Window
Into your Soul ; and at the opening gave me the best Prospect

I ever had. You are discreet and vertuous ;

But be not displea'd with Mr. *Polidor* ;

He is a well-bred Man, and courted you

In Love to me, and Complaisance to you,

To keep you in good Humor in my Absence.

He knows your Sex is sick, when y'are not Courted,

When

When not smil'd on, you dye like Plants in Shades.

He has bestow'd his Heart on this fair Lady.

Madam *Camilla*, your most humble Servant.

I thank you for your Kindness to my Wife.

You come, it seems, to bring her a Night-jewel

To grace her Bosom with ; I mean your self.

I'm told, you meant to be her Bed-fellow.

Cam. Yes, Sir ; but you have brought her in your self, a better Jewel.

Lo. Oh ! your Servant, Madam.

Upon my Conscience she's in Love with me,

And for my Sake, pays Visits to my Wife.

(*Aside.*)

Dear *Polidor*——

Enter *Polidor*.

Pol. Dear *Lovely*!

Cam. Oh, false Man !——

(*Aside.*)

Lo. You Rogue, you have been tampering with my Wife.

(*Aside to Pol.*)

Pol. You have put me on a fine piece o' Business.

(*Aside to Lo.*)

Lo. Poor *Polidor* ! Hast thou been baffled ? Ha !

I've had a Letter from my Wife worth Gold.

Poor Snake ! How out o' Countenance thou art.

Methinks, a forward Fellow, that attempts

To make a Man a Cuckold, and fails in it,

Is more ridiculous than any Cuckold.

'Egad, methinks thou art my Cuckold now, ha, ha.

Pol. So you reward me well for all my Service.

Lo. Oh ! thank thee a thousand times ; and do thou Marry,

I'll do thee as much kindness, with thy Wife.

Pol. I thank you, Sir ; I shall not trouble you.

Lo. But one word more ; was my Wife true to me

From Conscience, Duty, and such Vulgar things ?

Or from the value, which she has for me ?

Pol. I will not tell you, it will make you vain.

Lo. Enough, I'm happy ! —— now I'll reconcile

My Wife and thee.

Pol. I am ashamed to look on her.

Lo. Alas ! poor Rogue ! come hither, Mrs. *Lovely*.

I much commend your watchfulness and care

Of your dear Honour ; but don't fear this Gentleman,

He's your near Cousin.

Mrs. *Lo.* He is not my Cousin——

He may be yours.

Lo. He's Kin to both of us :

That is to say, he is of our Proud Strain,

And has, like us, exquisite sense of Honour.
 Look, if she does not turn away from him,
 Not only in scorn of him, but my Commands:
 These Vertuous Women are so insolent.

Embrace her *Polidor*.

Pol. I dare not do't.

Lo. The Devil's in you both.

Pol. Well, don't be angry,

Your humble Servant, Madam.

Mrs. Lo. Sir, your Servant.

You'l pardon me, I did not understand you.

Lo. No, you'r a Goose; and cackle, (do you hear?)

When any Man but he, assaults your Capitol.

He's half my self; there's but one Soul between us,

And so we two together make one Husband.

Therefore be kind to him, as half your Husband.

And you commit Adult'ry, *Polidor*,

If, whilst she lives, you lie with other Women.

Now keep together, I will to this Lady.

Sweet, Madam, shall we enjoy your Company

For half an hour?

Cam. Sir, I'm at your Command.

I'll stay to rattle this false *Polidor*—

(*Aside.*)

Lo. Thanks, dearest Creatures; and I'm yours, I swear.

I'm strangely fortunate with all the Fair.

(*Exit.*)

A C T

ACT. IV. Scene, Covent-Garden.

Enter Sir John Shittlecocke.

Sir Job. **G**Ad, I can't go to Bed till I've taken a turn before this House. Pox on me for a Fool, I'll go home. Pox, gad, I can't; pox!—I must walk here. That I shou'd be in Love with three Beauties at once! and, gad, I am. I don't know which I love best, Mrs. *Lovely*, Mrs. *Sistly*, or Mrs. *Lionell*. They are three sweet Creatures, and make this House to me, a Sweet House. The Doors are Sweet Wood, the Bricks are Sweet Paste, the Mortar is Amber-Greece, and the Stones are Sugar-Candy.—Gad, they are.

Enter Thornback.

Th. 'Tis now about Eleven o' Clock, the time Mrs. *Lionell* appointed me. How now? Who walks before the Door?

Sir Job. Methinks all the three pretty Rogues see me, and watch to steal out to me. And first Mrs. *Sistly* creeps out. Dear Madam.—

[*He embraces a Post.*]

Th. 'Tis *Shittlecock*, and he has got a Madam with him.—He's Kissing. He makes my Mouth water. Who is she? Oh! foppish Rogue! he's kissing a Post. And 'tis a kind Post, it denies him nothing.—Ha! ha!

Sir Job. Dear Soul—[*He bugs the Post, then speaks in a Woman's Tone.*] Well, I did steal out to bid you good night, Sir *John*. Good night—good night—[*He speaks for himself.*] What so soon my Love? [*Now in a Woman's Tone.*] I must, I must, good night—good night—[*Now for himself.*] Good night, dear *Sistly*.

Th. Was ever such a Coxcomb? I dare not tell this, it will reflect upon all *Beaus*, and I am loath to foul my own Nest; which is too foul already. Many of us *Beaus* are such odious Rogues, 'tis pity our Fathers had not been Married to Posts.

Sir Job. Now methinks stately Madam *Lovely* comes to me, like a *Venus* out of a Sea darkness.

Th. From what hedge did this Gipsie steal that rag o' Wit? There's no laying any Wit abroad, some Rogue or another pilfers it.

Sir Job. This, Madam, is a high Glory indeed. [*He speaks in a Woman's Tone.*] I saw you at the Door, Sir *John*, and cou'd not but shew you a little pity: [*He speaks for himself.*] Oh! Madam, you do me a great Honour; and your Favours are not thrown away on an ungrateful Dog. Egad—I Love and Honour your Ladyship above all things.

G

Th. Oh!

Th. Oh! how he Loves and Honours his Lady Post? truly it deserves Honour, more than many that have it.

Sir Job. Going already, Madam? Oh! Madam! Pox!—— [In a Woman's Tone.] I must, I must, *Sir John*; good night, good night. [For himself.] Well, dear Soul, good night.

Th. Oh! Mrs. *Lionell*! are you come? So now the Post is Mrs. *Lionell*. This Post will have as many Christian Names, as some foreign Princesses have.

Sir Job. I thought you had been in Love with *Thorneback*, Mrs. *Lionell*.

Th. Ha! the Rogue Names me.

Sir Job. [In a Woman's Tone.] In Love with Mr. *Thorneback*, *Sir Job*, and have you i' my Eye? You cannot think I have so little judgment. You are the handsomest Man in *England*, and he's the ugliest. I swear he turns my Stomach.

Th. Does he so?——

[He goes to *Sir John*.]

Sir Job. *Thorneback*! I'm catch'd in my Foppery.

[Aside.]

Th. You are a conceited Fellow, *Shittlecock*, and your Post is a lying Bitch. I cou'd find i' my heart to set your Head where your Heels are, and then I shou'd turn your Stomach in good earnest.

Sir John. How shall I bring my self off? [Aside.] You think you have catch'd me making a Fool o' my self,——oh! pox! you are mistaken, I saw you——pox.——

Th. No, thou didst not make a Fool o' thy self. Nature made a Fool o' thee, and when she gave thee being, presented thee with a Coxcomb: Wou'd she were less bountiful o' those Presents; we abound with 'em.

Sir Job. Well, you ha' Wit; *Tom*. Where does it lye, in your round back, *Tom*? hum, *Tom*.

Th. No——*Tom Ninny*, my Head is better than my Back, and I'm sorry for it. What prefers a Man to a great Lady? A good back. What makes a weak headed Fellow in favour with a great Man? A good back to bear Affronts, and all the shame of his Master's Rogueries. If I desir'd advancement, I wou'd wish my self a good back, and be content no part o' my Head were strong; but my Forehead; I wou'd have that be all o' Brass. But come, *Sir*, you say I turn Mrs. *Lionell's* Stomach.—— you shall see, if that be true, presently. Mrs. *Lionell*! Mrs. *Lionell*!

Enter Mrs. Lovely, to the Balcony.

Mrs. Lo. Some body in the Street calls *Lionell*.

Th. She's come into the Balcony, now, *Sir*.

Sir Job. Gad, she is; to what purpose shou'd a Man be handsome; when such ugly Fellows get fine Women? [Aside.]

Th. Mrs. *Lionell*.

Mrs. Lo. Well.

Th. Is that proud fantastical Jilt, thy Lady, i' Bed?

Mrs. Lo.

Mrs. Lo. I come out it seems to have my Picture drawn. I'll pay the Painter, [*Aside.*] She's just gone to Bed.

Th. That's well. And is she beginning to spin a Nap, the only Huswifery she's good for?

Mrs. Lo. She's about it.

Th. May she spin Sleep strong as a Cable, that may bind her Confounded Body to her good Behaviour? Whilst I enjoy thy sweet one. Wo't t'ou come down to me?

Mrs. Lo. Go to the other Door, I'll come, or send.

Th. Sweet Rogue! now *Shittlecock*, do I turn Stomachs? [*Ex.*

Sir Job. Was ever such a lucky ugly Fellow? I shall turn Witch with Envy. I must see what they do—— [*Ex.*

Enter a Servant, to the Balcony.

Mrs. Lo. Jane.

Jane. Madam.

Mrs. Lo. A couple of Fops follow *Lionell* to delude her; they are at the back Door. They are *Beaus*, and love Washes; give 'em a wash of clean Water. They'll think it something worse, so I wou'd have 'em. [*Ex.*

[*Water is flung down within the Scenes, and Thorneback, and Sir John Shittlecock return dabled.*]

Sir Job. Oh! Pox! in what a pickle am I?——Pox!

Th. Oh! th' impudent nasty Sow! what does she do this for?

Sir Job. You don't turn Stomachs, *Thorneback*? You are so lucky with the Ladies. Pox o' your luck, and me for following you. Pox!

Th. I'll break all their Windows, if I can have Stones for Love, or Money. I'll pelt their Reputations too.

[*Th. goes in, and breaks Windows. Then enters, retreating from Lovely, and Polidor.*]

Lo. What Rascal breaks my Windows?

Th. What nasty Strumpet flings Pots out o' Windows?

Lo. How! then, Sir, I beg your pardon. I'll turn my Correction another way, and make you some amends. Ho there! a Light.

Th. No matter for a Light, we are not proud of our Persons.

Sir Job. We'll ha' no Light——Pox.

Enter Mrs. Lovely, Cecilia, Camilla, Lionell, and Servants with Lights.

Lo. Who's this? *Tom. Thorneback*?

Th. I was *Tom. Thorneback*. I don't know what I am now; a Pickleherring, I think. Pde be loath to meet with a hungry Dutch Seaman.

Pol. Who's this Gentleman?

Sir Job. No matter——pox!——

Pol. Oh! 'tis *Sir John Shittlecock*.

Ce. Sir *John*!

Lio. And my Squire? —

Ce. Our Lovers, *Lionell*.

Lio. Mum.

Lo. Who play'd this fluttish trick with these Gentlemen?

Tb. Your fluttish Maid there, *Lionell*.

Lio. Who, I? This Lady's my Witness, 'twas not I.

Cam. No, Mrs. *Lionell* was with me, when the Water was flung out o' the Window; we heard it, when it went.

Tb. Ha! I'm glad to hear that; I love the Fool. Who spoke to me from the Balcony? not the Devil, sure! he deals in Fire, not in Water. — [*Aside.*] Some in your House have a vile infirmity, they cannot hold their water. Pray let 'em fend it to Doctors, not to Gentlemen.

Lo. Gentlemen, I'll enquire into this Matter, and if I find the Guilty Person, you shall have satisfaction.

Mrs. Lo. I am the guilty Person. I was in the Balcony, and heard Men calling to my Maids, to entice 'em out. I must not have my Maids ruin'd, and my House dishonour'd. So to keep my young Fruit from being spoil'd, I strove to wash away Caterpillars; I'm sorry that Name, Gentlemen, shou'd belong to you.

Lo. Nay, Gentlemen, if you be Lovers, you must be willing to swim through a *Hellepont*. —

Tb. Of Essence of Slut? The Devil shall have my Mistress first.

Mrs. Lo. 'Twas clean Water, I'll assure you, Gentlemen; and I hope has quench'd your unlawful Flames.

Lo. I'm sorry for your Misfortune, Gentlemen. Good night to you. [*Ex. Lo. Mrs. Lo. Pol. Cam.*]

Lio. Squire! Squire!

Ce. Sir *John*! Sir *John*!

Sir Job. Who? Madam *Sistly*?

Tb. Mrs. *Lionell*.

Lio. You betray'd all to my Lady. She talk'd with you in the Balcony.

Tb. Thy Lady envies thy Intrigue with me; and is enrag'd because I won't Court her. She might ha' sent me a better *Billet Doux*. I am mollified: I will go home, and be dulcified; and then give thee another visit, out o' malice to her. [*Ex.*]

Lio. Do, dear Squire. [*Ex.*]

Ce. Oh! You pitiful Man; Court Servants? And kiss Servants?

Sir Job. Has Mrs. *Lionell* told you then? A blabbing, bragging Hussy!

Ce. She does not brag, she's not so proud of you. She laughs at you, and throws you off for Mr. *Thorneback*; and will I accept a Chamber-Maids cast Love? No such matter. When you Courted my Sister, I cryed my Eyes out; (like a Fool as I was.) For she's a Gentlewoman, and a Gentleman may be in Love with a Gentlewoman; but now I despise you. And well I may, every body does so. *Lionell* says you are silly; and my Sister says, you are silly and ugly too.

Sir Job.

Sir Job. Does she so? Gad, wou'd she were a Man.

Ce. Well; for my part, I begin to be of her mind; I don't like you now. [Exit.

Sir Jo. Gad! I'll kill my self.-----I'll see her hang'd first. I am ugly it seems. They lye against their own Consciences, they don't think it. I can forgive any thing rather than that. I value nothing like handsome-ness. I don't envy the greatest Wit, or Souldier, or Prince in the World, if he ben't handsome. And Gad I'll be handsome, or it shall cost me five hundred Pounds. I know some young Fellows that have rare Washes, and Paint and PASTE, to put on their Faces a nights, that make 'em look as fair as any Waxen Babies. I'll go and get some o' their PASTE to night, and some o' their Washes to Morrow, and make *Mistress Siftly* ready to die for me; and then I'll marry a Kitchen Wench. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *a Room.*

Enter Mrs. Lovely and Camilla.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! Madam! I'm sincerely sorrowful:
From this sad hour, I'll change my course of life;
Throw off my Vanities and vain Society,
And get acquainted with some good Divine.

Cam. Pray have a care it ben't a young Divine:
For some o' them are very dangerous Men.

Mrs. Lo. No, I'll seek out some ancient grave Divines.

Cam. They will not care to be acquainted with you,
Unless you have an interest at Court.
Get an acquaintance, Madam, with Religion.

Mrs. Lo. Madam, I will: Oh! Dear! here comes my Husband.
I am as fearful of him, as a Criminal
Is of a Judge; when ever he is with me,
Methinks 'tis Sessions time, and I in a trying.
And I am forc'd to fawn most shamefully.
Never was Woman humbled as I am.

Cam. Oh! Madam! Madam! you have been too humble.

Enter Lovely and Polidor.

Mrs. Lo. My Dear! my Dear! give me a thousand Kisses.

Lo. A thousand Kisses! that's as if a Beggar
Shou'd ask a thousand Guiney's. Is the Art
Of Kissing fail'd? that Kisses are so cheap?
A *Grecian* Courtesan once gave a Youth
Two Talents for a Kifs; now I believe
The Modern Kisses equal the Antique.

Cam.

Cam. Away, you Wretch.

Pol. I am more innocent

[*Aside to Pol.*

[*Aside to Cam.*

Than you believe.

Cam. Sir, I know what you are.

Lo. Look, look, *Camilla* cannot suffer *Polidor*.
That Handsom fellow has no luck with Women.

Mrs. Lo. Who can be minded, Dear, when you are by?

Lo. So! How you flatter?

Mrs. Lo. Who can flatter thee?

Speak things too fine, of one so superfine
As thou art?

Lo. Superfine! Pox! thou hast borrowed
That Flattery out of a Pack of Cards.

Card-makers give their Cards that Complement.

What dost thou take me for a Knave o' Diamonds?

Mrs. Lo. I cannot tell thee the fine things I think of thee.

Madam *Camilla*, look on Mr. *Lovely*.

Pray Madam has he not a fine turn'd mouth?

Cam. Madam, I never mind Gentlemens mouths:
They may turn East, West, North or South, for me.

[*Lovely goes to Polidor, and talks aside with him.*

Lo. She's sharp. Hearn, *Polidor*, thou 'rt very unlucky.

Thou canst not get my Wife; but, o' my Conscience,
I've got thy beautiful *Camilla* from thee.

She is uneasy under thy addresses,

But she's displea'd with me for not addressing.

She wou'd not own I had a well turn'd mouth,

Because it was not turn'd to her in flattery.

Now that is a wrong way of making Love,

For it makes Women love themselves, not us,

Makes us their Conquest: I wou'd make them mine,

By shewing my Perfections, and not theirs.

My way of making love, is taking care

That all my looks and motions have a charm.

Pol. So, then you kill in silence, like White-powder.

Lo. You may talk what you will of Wit and Courtship,
A Graceful Body is the dead-weight in Love.

A Lady once had a great passion for me,
Before she saw my face.

Pol. Report had charm'd her.

Lo. Report! She fell in love with my Back-side.
She took me in pieces as I walk'd before her;

And read a Lecture upon every part o' me,

Upon my Shoulders, on my Legs, my Calves:

Some fine forehanded *Beaus* are ill behind.

I'm well both ways.

Pol. D'ye ne're make Love in words?

Lo. Yes, but I put on Love with negligence.

Give it a manly air, which awes the Women.

Now you make love with passion and formality ;

E'gad, thou may'st as well make Love in Buckram.

I bear down Womens hearts by over-topping 'em,

So the least favour from me seems a Miracle.

Now I will strangely charm your Saint *Camilla*;

I will present her with a Puppy-dog.

Madam, I thought of you, the other day,

A charming Female Grey-hound, with fine Limbs,

Small as a Spiders, you may thread a Needle with 'em,

(Belonging to a Lady of my acquaintance)

Is brought to Bed of Puppies, and all *Beaus*.

I humbly beg'd the honour of a Puppy,

Intending to present you with it, Madam.

Cam. Oh ! Sir, your Servant.

Lo. To confess the truth,

I bought it with the promise of a Song.

I'll make the Song, and then send for the Puppy.

Cam. Oh, Madam, I am in your Husband's favour.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Lo. Oh ! I am troubled for my Husband's folly:

[*Aside.*

I wou'd feign love him, and he will not let me.

Cam. Well, Madam, I'll accept your Husband's Present.

I will step home only for half an hour,

And then return.

Mrs. Lo. Madam, your humble Servant.

Cam. Now will I watch these two.

[*She hides between the Scenes.*

Pol. My Dear ! my Dear !

Cam. So, he is at his wickedness again.

Pol. I've so long fasted from those luscious Lips,

I'm eager to devour thee-----Come away,

I'll play the Tyger with thee.

Mrs. Lo. No, I've done

With these base things.

Pol. Done : Y've but just begun.

You are but enter'd in this Dancing-School ;

You have not yet gone over half your Dances.

Mrs. Lo. Out, out upon you ; you have made me hate.

You, and my self ; I cannot shew my face.

Pol. Ple cover it with mine.

Mrs. Lo. You shall not, Sir.

Pol. I care not what you say : I have no ears for you:

But I have Eyes, and Lips, and Arms for you.

Mrs. Lo. I find you have no Ears for Conscience.

Pol. P'shaw ! Conscience ; do not talk to me of Conscience.

If this be very bad, Heaven help the Fair ;

They are all tempted, and 'tis odds they fall.

Do you believe no Women go to Heaven,
But they that have the Devil in their faces?

Mrs. Lo. I'd rather have the Devil in my face,
Than in my heart, as you have.

Pol. I perceive
Your Saint *Camilla* has been spoiling you.

Mrs. Lo. She has been mending me, but cannot make me
So excellent a Woman as her self.

Pol. She is no Woman, she is a Church-Monument,
A Picture of Virginity in Marble.

Mrs. Lo. She is a Cherubim in flesh and blood.

Pol. She's not all flesh, sh'as kept so many Lents
Till she's a Fish.

Cam. Oh brave!

Pol. A very Mermaid.

And, Mermaid-like, brings tempests where she comes.
In short, don't strive with me, you shall not go;

You cannot go.—Y've not the heart to do't.—

I'll venture you.—Gad, but I wo' not though,

Now I consider on't-----I don't know what

The Devil may put into your head-----Along-----

Mrs. Lo. Release me, or I swear I will call out.

Pol. You wo' not do't-----Nay more, you cannot do't.

Mrs. Lo. D'ye think I am so fond? Who's there? who's there?

Pol. Who's there? who's there? (*Mimiques her*) you squeak
So like a Mouse,-----the Cats will catch you; come out o' their way.

Mrs. Lo. What ailes me that I cannot strive with him? [*Aside.*
[*As he is pulling her Camilla enters.*

Cam. So Madam! I'm return'd again.

Pol. Undone!

Your Servant, Madam.

Cam. Why d'ye speak to me?

I am a Fish.

Pol. Oh! Madam if you were,
I shou'd be glad to be a Fishmonger.

Cam. His Falshood wounds me deeply-----but I scorn
To let him see it; I will seem to flight it.

Your Servant, Sir,—Pray Sir, how does your Brother?

Pol. My Brother, Madam!

Cam. Yes, the Gentleman
Who did me th' honour to address to me?

Your Faces are so like you may be Twins,
But in all other things you are so different,
I'm sorry for it; you very much disgrace him.

Pol. Pardon me, Madam; I've many Brethren, but they're all like me,
Poor sinful Mortals; We are Sons of *Adam*,

And

And he ne're got much honour by his Sons.
If there be any perfect man amongst us,
His Mother shou'd be question'd how she had him;
For he was not begotten by a Man;
And therefore he disparages his House.

Cam. You think the same, no doubt, of all the Sisters?

Pol. No, Madam :-----What Purgation do I suffer?

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Lo. No, Sir; the worst of us, and I am one,
Are not by Nature so corrupt as Men.
If we be bad, their Arts have made us so.
The high Professions which you made of Vertue
And Honour ruin'd me; if I had known you
I wou'd have shunn'd you, I abhor leud men.

Pol. Madam, I know you do.

Cam. I'll Witness for her,
She is not easily drawn to wickedness.
I saw and heard, how she resisted you.
Such a design no doubt you had on me,
Therefore I will avoid you like the Devil.

Mrs. Lo. And so will I: Pray, Sir, come here no more.

Cam. Never speak to me again.

Mrs. Lo. No, nor to me.

Pol. So! so! my Love is in a fine condition.

This 'tis to have two Mistresses at once.
'Tis sailing in a Vessel with two Keels;
Two Holds will never joyn well, 'tis odds they split.
And such a risque why shou'd a Merchant run?
For where's the Man has Freight enough for one?

[*Ex.*

Cam. Now, Madam, I will take my leave of you.

Mrs. Lo. Shall I wait on you, Madam?

Cam. By no means.

Well, Madam, I have hope, in little time,
To see you fam'd for Piety, and Goodness.
A Limb by being broke gets strength, they say,
If set with Art; so broken Vertue may.

[*Ex.*

Mrs. Lo. Ah! wou'd to Heaven I did not need th' Experiment.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. I thought I heard my Lady in some sorrow.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Lo. Begone.

Lio. Begone? I wo'not be so snap'd.

Mrs. Lo. You won't, Husly?

Lio. I won't be Huslyed neither.

Mrs. Lo. Is't possible? Why Mistrefs, what are you?

Lio. Madam, I'm vertuous; I wou'd you were so.

I know what you have done with Mr. Polidor.

Ay, Madam, and my Master shall know too.

H

Mrs.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! mercy on me! this is worst of all.
Come back, come back, upon your life I charge you.
What do you know?

[*Afide.*]

Lio. She'll kill me — *Afide* — Nothing — Nothing — Madam.
I am a Prating Fool, a sawcy Gossip.
Your Ladyship is a modest vertuous Lady.
I only saw a rude Bear of a Fellow,
That wou'd ha' mumbled you, if you'd ha' let him ;
But you behav'd your self as handsomly
As e're I saw a Lady, in your circumstances ;
Till the base Man at length o're-master'd you.

Mrs. Lo. I'm an undone, lost Woman: Heaven and Grace
Abandon'd me, and now my Honour's gone.
Begone, and use me as ill as I deserve.

Lio. I use you ill, dear Madam! Heaven forbid.
Though you have been very severe to me,
I have had always a great Love for you.
And now I'm very sorry for your Circumstances.
How came your Ladyship to do this thing ?

Mrs. Lo. Oh! ask no Questions, bury the foul Story.

Lio. Indeed I wonder how he work'd upon you ;
For, Madam, you are vertuous in your nature.
But any one may be o're-taken once.
Well, Madam, I'll be faithful to your Ladyship.

Mrs. Lo. Then I'll be kind to thee ; preserve my Honour,
And, if thou wo't, take all my other Jewels.

Lio. These Tears are Jewels, and become you sweetly.
Well, there's a rich old Spark comes after me,
And I believe designing scurvy matters ;
But he shall find I am a vertuous Maid.
What e're he thinks, I'm only kind to him,
To try if I can fool him into Marriage.
And, Madam, won't you lend a helping hand ?

Mrs. Lo. My Hand! my Purse! I'll give thee a good Fortune.

Lio. Thank you, good Madam.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Ser. Mrs. *Lionell*,

Here is a Gentleman wou'd speak with you.

Lio. Oh! I believe 'tis my old fusty Spark.

[*Exit.*][*Exit.*]

Mrs. Lo. So, I'm become a Vassal to my Servant.
Farewell intriguing, and come happy vertue,
There's no true peace, or pleasure but in thee.
I'll break with *Polidor*, but do't (if possible)
So gently, that the breach may make no noise.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. Oh! Madam! my Lover, Squire *Thornhack*, is come
To see me; and my Room is full o' Company.
I don't know where to put him; Pray will you lock
Him up in your Closet.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lo. So, I have got an Honourable Function.

[*Aside.*

Lio. Squire! Squire! come hither, Squire! [*Enter Thornback.*
Here, Madam; Lock him up a while; I'll do as much for you.
Stay there, Squire; I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Lo. I must obey; Go in, Mr. *Thornback.*

Tb. How, Madam? Lock me up in your Closet? Love
And Murder will out.

Mrs. Lo. What! thou wo't be a Lover and a *Beau* again?
Wo't chuse the only part thou art not fit for?

Tb. Now she is at her tricks again.

Mrs. Lo. Thou seem'st made for a Souldier; go to the Wars,
There thou may'st get Honour; and if thou should'st
Lose thy Nose, or a Jaw; thou'dst be as much
A *Beau*, as thou art now.

Tb. Gad—I cou'd beat her.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Lo. If thou should'st lose a Jaw, thou might'it have one from an
Ass, as good as thy own; and if thy Nose, a Goldsmith wou'd make
thee a better, and as natural to thee as thy Complexion; for that's none
of thy own; thou art Painted.

Tb. Painted!

Mrs. Lo. Yes, Painted.

Tb. Gad, so I am; and well Painted too, howe're she comes to
know it.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Lo. Let my Handkerchief examine thy Face, if thou dar'st.

Tb. Gad, I dare not. [*Aside.*] Come, Madam, this seeming Aversion
of yours is Art and Paint: wou'd you lock me up in your Closet, if
you did not reckon me among your Sweet-meats?

Mrs. Lo. Sweet-meats!

Tb. Yes, Madam; I don't think you e're laid up Conserve o' Roses
for your Maid, and Conserve o' Man is more luscious.

Mrs. Lo. A Man! thou art rather a great Mandrake. I have read of
a Wife who gave Mandrakes for a Man, never of any that gave a Man
for a Mandrake; as I shou'd do, shou'd I quit my Husband for thee.

Tb. What a preposterous thing is a Woman? Every thing moves forward
to what it desires, but a Woman and a Crab, and they run backwards.
Madam, you will make me renounce you.

Mrs. Lo. Prithee do—Ha! I see *Polidor!*

[*Aside.*

Get you in quick! quick!—

Tb. Oh! are you complying?—

[*She puts him in.*]

[*Enter Polidor.*

Pol. How, Madam! put a Man into your Closet?

M. Lo. So, now he'll rave, and in revenge dishonour me. [*Aside.*] A man!

Pol. A Man—I saw you put him there.

Mrs. Lo. Well, make no noise—there is a Reason for it.

Pol. Must you conceal him? Well, I'll do't effectually.
I'll render him eternally invisible,
If possible; I'll mangle him into Atoms.

Mrs. Lo. Away.

Pol. Stand back! I'll see what you ha' got,
Whether it be a Flower or a Weed,
Which you are Stilling in this Limbeck here,
For I believe he's in a dropping Sweat.
Come out here. ———

[*He pulls in Th.*

———*Mr. Thorneback!* Sir, your Servant. ———
You are a Happy Man.

Th. Well, so I am, ———
Happier than many of you Smock-fac'd Fellows.
Girls may be Liquorish after such white Faces,
As Kitlings Love to have a lick at Cream;
But your good Mousers love ———

Pol. Vermine, like thee.

Th. Rail at me, how thou wo't, I do not care;
But slander not this Lady; if you do,
Egad I'll cut your Wind-Pipe, if I can;
And I dare fight, you know. Madam, your Servant, ———
I'll vindicate your Honour. ———

[*Ex.*

Pol. With thy Face, ———
For that will do it better than thy Sword.
Madam! you banish'd me, but to make room
For a new Friend, it seems.

Mrs. Lo. You do me wrong.
You have made me a Servant to my Servant:
My Reputation is at her Command,
And therefore I am forc'd to be at her's;
Be her Fool's Fool, and hide him for her use.
I do not speak this to preserve your Love,
That I cast off, but for my Honour's sake.
And therefore do not blast it with the World;
For if you do, I will have such Revenge,
That all shall startle when they hear me nam'd.

Pol. Th'art a brave Woman: And, be true or false,
I Love thee. [*He runs to her, and embraces her.*

Mrs. Lo. Oh! thou art a tempting Man!
I never shall be good, till I am rid of thee.

Pol. I'll never part with thee, whilst I have Life;
For though thy Heart be false, thy Beauty's true:
Though not a word of Truth comes from thy Mouth,
I'm sure there's unfeign'd sweetness in thy Lips.
I will have some employment in that Treasury.
If I cannot be Lord Commissioner,
I'll be contented with an under Office,
Only for Fees, to have one Kiss in twenty.

Mrs. Lo. How pleasant you can be with Sin, and Shame;
A sign thou art a hardned Malefactor.

Repent,

Repent, repent! and leave thy Wickedness.

Pol. Ben't you so wicked, when the Nation
Is settled comfortably, in Cuckolding,
To make a Schism in it; a new Distraction.
All Parties lovingly agree in Cuckolding,
Thou't be the only Member o' thy Church.
But I believe thou wilt remain a Sister
Of the Great, Universal, Primitive Church;
For Cuckolding is very Ancient.

Mrs. Lo. Nay, nay, the Sin's so Old, 'tis time it dyed;
It shall with me, I'll harbour it no more.
I'll separate from you, we will be two.

Pol. Ay, till we get on a soft Bed again,
There we'll again sink sweetly into one.

Mrs. Lo. No——I've some Conscience still, what e're you think.

Pol. Ay, and some warm desires, what e're you think;
You are fearful of your Honour; have no fear,
I'll be as careful of it, as my Life.

Our private meetings shall be known to none.

Mrs. Lo. What! Not to me?

Pol. Yes, you'll know something of 'em.

Mrs. Lo. Well, that will be enough to make me wretched:
No, we will never be thus close again.

Except in Death; one Grave may lodge us both.

I shall desire to sleep with thee in Dust.

Pol. Then I shall be a scurvy Bedfellow.

Mrs. Lo. Till then I am resolv'd to part with thee. [*She goes from him.*]

Pol. And can you do it?

Mrs. Lo. You will part with me,
When you have sated your ill Appetite;
Perhaps before; shou'd a Disease drink up
This little Beauty, you wou'd vanish too.

Pol. It may be so; but prethee, let me have
Thy Body, till thy Beautious Face departs.

Mrs. Lo. No; I've given up my Fort; but I will march
Honourably away, with Arms, and flying Colours.

And so, sweet *Polidor*, farewell for ever.
Be not displeas'd; I leave thee for no Rivals
But Vertue, Conscience, Honour, things Divine,
Which I to Night lost only by surprize;
And nothing else out-shines thee in my Eyes.

[*Ex.*]

Pol. She is a false, dissembling, artful Jilt;
Proud to excess; some Man o' Quality
Has got her from me, *Thorneback* was the Bawd;
Now she wou'd blind my Eyes with flattery,
And a pretence to Conscience,
The common Covering for all kind of Cheats.

I am

I am convinc'd, this Woman's Race in Sin
 I did not start; nor will it end with me.
 To recompence the wrong I've done my Friend,
 I'll free him from so dangerous a Wife.

Enter Lovely.

Lo. The Lady gone, before she has her Puppy? —
 Dear *Polidor*! I will be free with thee —
 W've swom down far in Night; methinks I scent
 The Coast of sleep, a Vapor comes that way.
 I think w'are on the borders of the Morning.
 Go home and sleep, if Envy will permit thee;
 For I will play the Epicure to Night.
 My Wife and I will be exceeding wanton.
 I'll have ten Tapers burning o're my Pillow,
 To give us both full sight of all our Features.
 My Luxury will consist in Curiosity.
 My Eyes shall wander o're her Face to spy
 If, when I kiss her, she's entranc'd with joy.

Pol. *Lovely*, I'll shew I am more fond of thee
 Than of my self; for, to be true to thee
 I will betray my self, unman my self.
 For he, who when a Beauteous Lady favours him,
 Rejects her Love, and treacherously informs,
 Does not deserve to be esteem'd a Man.
 But I have first sworn Loyalty to thee,
 Therefore I can with less reluctancy,
 Throw off Allegiance to thy Charming Lady,
 And own she is not what she ought to be.

Lo. I am the Miserablest Man on Earth:
 I will first Murder her, and then my self.

Pol. How, Murder her! You shall first Murder me.
 I've suffer'd you to make me more a Villain,
 Than e're I thought there cou'd be stuff found in me
 For that base work; and shall I let you make me
 A Murderer too? For if you take her Life
 For what I've told, I'm Guilty of her Blood.
 And will I be your vile eternal tool,
 And joyn in Sacrificing such a Goddess
 To such a Beast as thou? I'll rather Victim
 A Hecatomb of such as thou to her.

Lo. Well, I will suffer these provoking Words,
 Because I've given too much occasion for 'em.
 I had a hand too, in corrupting her.
 Shou'd I Chastise you both, for bringing forth
 The Monsters, which I help'd to generate,

I shou'd

I shou'd be worse than any Wolf or Bear ;
I spare you both, in reverence to my self,
But I will never see her Face again.

Pol. What have I done ? Curse on all lewd Intrigues !
When we give up our Reason to our Lusts,

It is no wonder if we act like Beasts.

Oh ! what a damn'd *Barbarian* have I been
To this too fair frail Vessel ? I first plunder'd her,
Then dash'd her all in pieces on a Rock ;
Because I cannot get all I desire.

But I'll endeavour to piece up the Wrack ;
And then impose her on this odious Fool,
Put him aboard, then let him sink or swim. —————

[*Aside.*]

Lovely, I'de part with my right hand to Cuckold thee,
Enjoy thy Beauteous Wife, and sweet Revenge,
For the returns thou mak'st my foolish Friendship.

Lo. Since thou hast got her Soul, I'de have thee Cuckold me
To damn her Soul.

Pol. I take thee at thy word ;
Go out, and give me opportunity
To play my Game of Love out, if thou dar'st.

Lo. I'll not go out, but I'll pretend to do't,
And only stand conceal'd, and see my Lot ;
If she be lewd, take her, I'll thank thee for't.

Pol. As I wou'd have it. ——— [*Aside.*] ——— Come, it is a Bargain.
Go, tell your Wife you go abroad.

Lo. I will.

Pol. And I mean-while will whisper *Lionell*.

[*Aside.*]

Lo. Shou'd Lotteries have no other Stakes than Whores,
The lucky Lots wou'd to the Losers rise,
And they be Curst, who carry off the Prize.

[*Ex.*]

ACT. V. *Scene continues.*

Enter Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Lo. **M**Y Husband gone abroad at this late Hour,
And in disorder too ? What shou'd it mean ?
I'm terribly afraid I am discover'd.
In what a horrid Slavery am I ?
How many do I fear ? And must obey,
Or suffer Shame, which I hate more than Death :
I'll drive the painful Thoughts out o' my Mind.

Who's

Who's there?

Go bid my Maid sing the new Song.—

[Enter a Servant.

The S O N G.

SEE! where repenting Celia lyes,
 With Blushing Cheeks, and down-cast eyes,
 Bemoaning, in a mournful shade,
 The ruins in her heart and fame,
 Which sinful love has made.

Oh! let thy Tears, fair Celia, flow,
 For that Cælestial, wondrous dew,
 More Graces on thee will bestow;
 Than all thy Dresses, and thy Arts cou'd do.

Ye Nymphs who oft to Springs repair,
 For Beauty, Health, and Airs and Air,
 But lose more Beauty than you gain;
 You cleanse your Skins, but there too oft
 Your Fames you deeply stain.

Ab! Nymphs, with Tears, your faults bemoan,
 If you wou'd lasting Beauty share;
 Those Springs and Wells, and those alone,
 In spite of Age and Death, will make you fair.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. Oh! Madam! Madam! I've ill news for you.
 You have been tamp'ring with a barbarous fellow.
 What d'ye think Mr. *Polidor* has done?
 Highly enrag'd because you hid Squire *Thornback*;
 He has been blabbing: he has told my Master.—

Mrs. Lo. What has he told him?—

Lio. Nay, nay, be not frightned,
 For as his Tongue was prancing to the Devil,
 He rein'd it in, and only told my Master,
 He made love to you, and you lent an ear.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! Villain! vain, ungrateful, loose tongu'd Villain.

Lio. Nay, nay, be comforted, all will be well:
 For Mr. *Polidor* repents his rashness,
 And has contriv'd to do you good by it.

Mrs. Lo. 'Twill do me good, I'll never intrigue more.

Lio. You know my Master has pretended business
 Abroad to night; that's nothing but a trick
 Agreed between 'em; he's to stay and watch,

And

And see how you treat Mr. *Polidor* :
 And Mr. *Polidor* desires you, Madam,
 To use him scurvily, and then you'll set
 All right again ; and bravely for my Master.

Mrs. Lo. Nay, I believe we may delude my Husband :
 But who can rule *Polidor's* prating Tongue ?

Lio. Nay, Men are lying, bragging, prating things.

Mrs. Lo. Their chiefest Luxury consists in bragging.
 They take more pleasure to enjoy a Beauty
 In empty bragging, than in their embraces.
 My Story will soon fly like Powder fir'd,
 And shake the Town with laughing at my shame.
 I'll to some distant unknown Wilderness,
 Where never any day, or Man appear'd.
 Washes and Washes were my Study once ;
 Now Penitential Tears shall be my Wash,
 Where I will bathe my Soul, and whiten it,
 If I have one ; for I can scarce believe
 Heaven to a Woman wou'd entrust a Soul.
 Nature to our frail Sex is not a Friend ;
 She for our ruin Gifts on us bestows,
 Charms to allure, no Power to oppose.
 In Passion we are strong, in Reason weak,
 Constant alone to error and mistake ;
 In Vertue feign'd, in Vanity sincere,
 Witty in sin, and for damnation fair.

[*Ex. Mrs. Lo. & Lio.*]

Enter Lovely, and Polidor.

Lo. Methinks this Woman shou'd not be false to me.
 I love not Vanity, but I am forc'd on't——
 What can she ask in Man, which I have not ?
 I've Youth.

Pol. Too much, it makes thee over fond.

Lo. I've Vigour.

Pol. Ev'ry where, but in thy Head.

Lo. I've Wit.

Pol. And folly too, a needful thing.

Lo. So 'tis, in him, who means to please a Woman ;
 And I have folly, or I ne're had Married.
 I've Beauty.

Pol. Th' art th' *Adonis* of the Age.

Lo. The *Orpheus* too, I Sing.

Pol. Ay, And in Tune ;

Which many cannot do, who live by Singing.

Lo. And in my own Songs, I sing ; for I write Songs.

Pol. And Sense ; a thing not done by many Poets ;

Some of them write but Rime, dry Rime, so dry,
If they were not supply'd some other way,
Their *Helicon* wou'd never make 'em drink.—

Lo. Then I have Noble Birth, and a large Fortune.

Pol. Not on thy Forehead——I hope——See, *Lionell*
Is here, retire! retire!—— [Ex. *Lo.* and enter *Lionell*.
So, what's the News? Speak softly, your Master's
Within hearing.

Lio. My Lady was in a wonderful Rage, when I told
Her how I had serv'd her.

Pol. Well, that I might have guess'd, without your telling.

Lio. I was forc'd to let her Fury vent it self, before
She was capable of Reason; now she's calm, and
Will come.—— [Ex. *Lio.* and enter *Lovely*.

Lo. What says *Lionell*?

Pol. Your Lady will come.

Lo. Then she's a Strumpet, and you are a Traytor.

Pol. How, *Lovely*?

Lo. A Traytor, I say.

Pol. Does this become you?

Lo. De'e mock me, Sir? What can become a Cuckold?

Pol. I thought y'ad been of a more gentle Nature.

Lo. Oh! Sir, you thought I'de ha' been ridden patiently;
I will y'ave rid one half of me, my Wife;
Now pray, Sir, mount the other half, mount me.
Who's there? Get *Polidor* his Boots and Spurs,
A Bridle he needs none; I ha' one i' my mouth——
I'm Married with a Pox!

That any honest Gentleman shou'd Marry!
Marriage is worse than *Bridewell* to our Sex:
Strumpets are Whip'd in *Bridewell*, but in Marriage
Harlots are daily Rods for honest Men.

I wou'd have none but Malefactors marry.
Instead of drudging in Plantations,
I'de have 'em doom'd to stay at home and marry,
Plough their own Wives, and Plant that Weed Mankind.
Be my Wife true or false, th'art a base Fellow
For undertaking such a Paltry Office.

Pol. 'Tis very well; did you not beg me, Sir?——

Lo. Yes, I confes; I begg'd thee for my Fool;
Therefore I ought to be thy Guardian;
But if thou wer't any Man's Fool but mine,
Hadst done this at another Man's request,
I wou'd Correct thee; swingingly Correct thee.

Pol. Correct me! I despise thee, laugh at thee.
If I've enjoy'd thy Wife, th'ast been my Fool.

Lo. Enjoy'd!

Pol. Enjoy'd.

Lo. Don't say't, or think it, Sir.

Pol. Release me from the Tyes of Friendship to you,
And I'll both say't, and do't. —————

Lo. How, do't?

Pol. Ay, do't. —————

That is, if your fair Wife will give consent.

Lo. Well, if you do, 'tis but what I deserve;
I'm tame, not out of any fear, you know.

Pol. And I more fear to do, than suffer wrong;
You know it, Sir.

Lo. I know you brave enough;
And for that reason I believe you honest.
But she's a Whore.

Pol. I hope in Heaven she is.

Lo. To steal by Night to you, so near her Bed-Chamber!
'Tis a plain Introduction to her Bed.

Pol. 'Tis the road to it, and gad I will jog on:
But I'm afraid she'll stop me by the way,
And only means gay faultless liberty,
In which some Women love to have their swing,
And they can measure it to a Hairs-breadth.

Lo. Pox o' their even hands; I'm mad to find
A Strumpet and my Wife a measuring cast.
She, who will run so near the brink of Sin,
If strongly push'd, is sure to tumble in.
But come let's see the end of this Affair. —————

[*Lo.* hides.

Enter at another Door, Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Lo. So, Mr. Polidor!

I perceive your Addresses to me were serious.

Pol. Ay, believe it, Madam; most Men are serious at the Bar of their
Judge, when their Lives are at stake, upon your Sentence my Life de-
pends.

Mrs. Lo. Is't possible? Then wou'd you rob your Friend,
Your bosom Friend, of his most dear lov'd Wife?

I did not think Man cou'd have been so false,
And made the Assignment for a jeast.

Now you indeed pursue your horrid purpose;
I come to look upon you as a Monster.

You have no Honour ——— Conscience ——— nor Eyes:

Do you not see my Husband's a young Gentleman?

One of the handsom'st Men in the whole World?

Pray, why shou'd I change him for any Man?

Lo. Oh! rare! oh! rare!

[*Lo.* peeps, and listens.

Mrs. Lo. Go ——— go ——— I laugh at you,

But if you ever trouble me again,
Upon my word, I will have worse revenge.

[*She goes out in a great Rage—and Pol. shrugs, taking her words as they are meant, in a double Sense.*]

Lo. Dear *Polidor*! my honest *Polidor*!
My injur'd *Polidor*! forgive! forgive me.

Pol. What *Polidor* de'e speak too? Not to me?
I am a Traytor; I've abus'd your Bed.

Lo. Thou art an Angel, and hast scatter'd Joys
About my Bed, transporting Joys, I'm——rapt.
Not that I'de have thee pardon me too soon,
For that will spoil me, and encourage me
To play the Fool again; no beat me, kick me.——

Pol. Kick you, and Cuckold you too? No, that's too much.

Lo. Cuckold me? Ha! ha! honest, poor dear *Polidor*
Th'ast suffer'd so much for thy honesty,
I almost wish that thou might'st Cuckold me
For half an hour, to make thee some amends.

Pol. This I can bear from thee, but I'll renounce
Your House, ay, and your Lady too, for ever.

Lo. Poor Rogue! art angry th'art come off so blank?

Pol. Pox o' you handfom Fellows; there's no getting
A Woman from you, I will ne're endeavour
To Cuckold a young handfom Rogue again.

Lo. P'shaw! th'art the graceful'st Fellow in the World:
And I'm the happiest——what a Wife have I?
How fond she is of Honour, and of me?
Ah! how she rated thee, for what she thought
Dishonourable Treachery to me?

I told you her humour: If a brave Ambition
To be admir'd and honour'd, be a foible,
Gad, let me tell you, 'tis a noble foible.
Well, now I am convinc'd I have her Soul;
And the Soul's all in all the Beauty in Beauty.
Tho' she has Charming Lips, if, when I Kifs her,
I shou'd taste only Conscience, and cold Duty,
I'de as lieve kifs the Common-Prayer Book:
Now she will fuddle me with every Kifs;
For I shall taste the Quintessence of Bliss.
Well, *Polidor*, I'm much indebted to thee.

Pol. Ay, more than you can pay; by serving you,
I am afraid I've lost my fair *Camilla*.
My Courtship to your Wife has reach'd her Ear.

Lo. Oh! you may have her upon terms of Marriage,
I warrant you;——But wou'd you marry her?

Pol. With all my heart, I'm tir'd with lewd Intrigues.
There's more vexation in 'em than they're worth.

I have a mind to fix, but know not where,
 Except on her; she's a reserv'd young Beauty;
 And marry her, I marry but one Woman,
 And th' only perfect Creature of her Sex.
 But if I marry a vain visiting Beauty,
 I marry half the Gossips in the Town.
 I shall have them as oft as I have her;
 And they will rale my House as much as she shall.

Lo. Say she brings twenty thousand Pound.

Pol. What then?

Who will she bring it too? Why, not to me?
 But to her Mercers, and her Milliners,
 To *India* Houses, and to Bassët Tables.
 And for this Fortune, which I shall not share,
 I must on her, settle the Devil and all.
 But I am sure I shall not settle her;
 For every Fool will have her more than I.
 But if I have *Camilla* for a Wife,
 She'll lay out all my Money upon me;
 And, what's far better, her sweet Charming self.

Lo. Yet I believe you rather wou'd debauch her.

Pol. I have sometimes design'd to go that way:

But still I met an Angel in her Face,
 Made me start back, like *Balaam's* frightned As.

Lo. Well, to requite the service thou hast done me,
 Before she sleeps, I'll try to make her thine;
 And may she prove just such a Wife as mine.

[*Ex. Lo. Pol.*]

Enter Mrs. Lovely, and Lionell.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! what a scape have I had? *Lionell*, I am much be-
 holding to thee, for thy assistance, in this scurvy business.

Lio. Madam I was bound in Conscience, to help you out of a snare,
 into which I brought you. I made you hide Mr. *Thorneback*. You are
 clear of all Sin with him; I am sure. Ah! wou'd you were as free
 from t'other Offence.

Mrs. Lo. Ah! wou'd I were, *Lionell*.

Lio. Really, Madam; I wonder how you cou'd do such a thing.
 I protest, I'de not ha' done it, for a Thousand Pound, and a Thou-
 sand.

Mrs. Lo. Nay, prethee, talk of it no more.

Lio. I thank Heaven, I am Vertuous. He that has me, will have
 a Vertuous Wife. I know Squire *Thorneback* comes with hopes to fool
 me out of my Vertue; and I encourage him, in hopes to draw him
 into Marriage; but if my old Water-wagtail will only hop about the
 brinks of Marriage, and never step in, I'll drive him away. Last time
 he was here, we cou'd not have opportunity to talk; so he sent me
 word

word he'd come to Night again; if he does, I'll know what he means.

Mrs. Lo. Do, *Lionell*; 'tis pity thou shoud'st not be well bestowed; thou art very pretty.

Lio. Oh! Madam! you are pleas'd to say so.

Mrs. Lo. Wou'd I were so handsom.

Lio. Oh! sweet Madam!

Oh! poor Heart! how low she's fallen, to be a Flatterer o' me? I shall be asham'd to keep her. ——— [Aside.

Mrs. Lo. Come, *Lionell*, I'll set thy things about thee a little handsomely, against he comes; and lend thee any thing o' mine. Come, thou shalt have this Ring off my Finger. ——— 'Twill become thy pretty Hand. ——— [She gives her a Ring.

Lio. Oh! Good Madam!

Ah! poor Soul! how humble and kind she's grown. She's strangely mended. Well, I see a little iniquity does one good sometimes. ———

[Aside. ———

Well, what a Cully have we made my Master?
How he prais'd you for seeming fond of Honour?
When Heaven knows, if you can save your own,
His may go hang. Men thunder one another,
But in our hands they're nothing. Oh! what Gullyes,
What Coxcombs, and what Cuckolds do we make 'em?
When e're I see a Man, I laugh in's face.

Enter Thorneback, peeping.

Th. Ha! with her Lady? Well, this is the Craft of her Lady, to hook in a Visit to her self; for I am sure they are Confidants. The Lady knows I am to visit her Woman. But why cannot the Lady come directly to the point, and encourage me? Ladies, like their own Shocks, will wheel, and wheel, e're they lie down in Laps. ——— I'll appear ——— Dear, Madam.

Mrs. Lo. Thou here again? Begone thou odious Fool; I'd rather die than bear the sight of thee.

Th. Die and be damn'd; I'm not so fond of thee.

You believe all the World's in love with you.

I never valued you, forsooth, I came

After a prettier Woman, *Mrs. Lionell*;

Whom I shall quickly make a better Woman,

For I will marry her; and know, forsooth,

I am by birth a Peg above your Husband.

He's but an ordinary Squire, and I

Am th' only Sprig of a great Noble Family.

Come pretty Rogue, I'll marry thee to night.

[Ex. *Mrs. Lo.*

Lio. Your Servant, Squire; and shall I be the Lady
Of a great honourable high-born Squire?

Th.

Th. Ay, and take place o' thy proud Lady there.
Come Dear, where shall we get a Marriage-jobber?
A holy Joyner, to put us together?

Lio. Here in the House, is a Genteel young Parson,
A Kinsman o' my Master's, he'l be glad
To do a little Job o' Journey-work,
For a young Woman.

Th. Come, my pretty Rogue.

Lio. Come, Squire!

[*Ex. Th. Lionell.*]

Enter Sir John Shittlecock, and Polidor.

Sir Job. Dear Mr. *Polidor*, I must speak with you—'Tis about a young Lady in this House, Madam *Sistly*, I'm stark mad in love with her. You must know I once had her heart, and I have lost it, Pox!—I'd give a hundred Pound to get it again—I can't sleep without it.—Pox—you are great here—Gad, if you wou'd help me.—Pox:—

Pol. What will you do with it, when you have it? Will you marry her?

Sir Job. Marry her? Oh! Pox! d'ye think I won't? Pox:
Ay, with all my Soul.

Pol. The Rogue, has a pretty Estate, and she but a small Fortune, I'll make the Match.—(*Aside*)—Well, I'll assist you in it.

Sir Job. Thank you, dear Mr. *Polidor*, I'll do you as much service with all my heart—I'll marry you to any body.

Pol. I'm much oblig'd to your, Sir.

Enter Cecilia.

Sir Job. Oh! Gad! here she comes! I dare not see her——
I'll run away from her; Egad I won't—I'll stay, and
If she be angry, I'll be as angry as she.

Pol. Madam— here is an humble Servant o' yours.—

Ce. I'll ha' nothing to do with him; I can't abide him.
He makes love to every body he sees.

Sir Job. Oh! Pox, Madam:—only in Gallantry.—

Pol. Hark you, Madam; he has a pretty Estate.—

Ce. I don't care for his Estate, nor him neither. I'll ha' no body but those that I love, and those that love me.

Sir Job. And do you think I don't love you, Madam?
I love you more than I am able to express—Pox.

Pol. I'll tell you how you shall express your love.
The Form of Marriage best expressès Love.

He loves, that from his heart can say those words.

Sir Job. I'll marry her to night, with all my Soul.

Ce. I won't have you.

Pol.

Pol. Kneel, kneel, and beg.—

Sir Joh. I will— with all my Soul.

[Kneels.]

Gad— I wont Kneel— I'll be as dogged as she—

If she won't ha' me, let her chuse—

[Rises again.]

Pol. Do you see, Madam? you'l lose him — have a care.

Ce. Well I'll forgive him; but I cou'd find i' my heart not to do it.

Sir Joh. And shall we marry?

Ce. Yes, may be I will— may be I won't—

Sir Joh. I'm overjoy'd! but hark, Mr. *Polidor*, a word, Now I ha' got her consent, I care for no more— Pox—

I don't care for marrying— Pox— [Aside to *Pol.*

Pol. How! not marry her, after you have promised her:

Oh! 'twill be base! — [Aside to *Sir Joh.*]

Sir Joh. Oh! right! it will be base, I'll marry her, — Pox.

Faith I've no mind— Yes faith— I have—

Oh! faith! I'll marry her with all my Soul— [Aside to *Pol.*]

Come, my Dear Soul! let's go together, Dear. — [Ex. *Sir Joh.* & *Ce.*

Pol. A giddy Fool! how fast his Brains turn round!
The fair *Camilla*?

Enter *Camilla*.

Cam. How dare you be here?

For to my knowledg you were lately banish'd:
But you deserv'd severer Punishment.

Pol. For taking the heart from you, I once gave you?
Madam, I will be sworn I never did.

Cam. Well, if you did, that is but petty-Larceny;
An honest Jury, especially of Women,
Won't value such a heart as yours at ten-pence.
But for the barbarous robbery committed
On your kind Friend, I think you deserve death.

Pol. Madam, suppose I conquer'd *Mrs. Lovely*;
Then, Madam, see the triumph of your Beauty;
I'll part with my Dominion over her,
To be your Vassal, by the name of Husband.

Cam. Oh! Sir! we are not fit for one another;
I have no Fortune, Sir, and that you love:
You've no Religion, Sir, and that I love.

Pol. I love to live in decency and ease,
And I've enough for that to serve us both.

Cam. I have enough for me, without your help.

Pol. You are a Light, and ought to shine aloft;
And I can give you a convenient rise,
Some five and twenty hundred Pound a year.

Cam.

Cam. That tempts not me.

Pol. Well, though you own Religion,
I do not find you are of any Church.

Cam. How? of no Church?

Pol. No, Madam; what, slight Money?
You're a Dissenter from all Churches, Madam.
And truly you renounce your Nation.

Can you pretend to be of *English* Blood,
And will not part with any thing for Money?

Cam. Nay, Money is too much ador'd amongst us;
Merit gets nothing without Money here.
Well, Heaven without Money may be had.

Pol. Nay, no doubt, Madam, you will go to Heaven:
But 'tis great pity you shou'd go a foot.

Cam. I think the Foot-path is the readiest way;
So many Coaches wander, that methinks
The way appears too narrow for a Coach.
I observe many of our Spiritual Guides,
When they're in Coaches, drive another Road.

Pol. Madam, 'tis true; therefore be you my Guide;
And out of love to Goodness pity me,
Your love will charm me into Piety.

Cam. Not when I am your Wife, Charmers and Sorceresses
Lose all their power when they are in bonds.
I will not countenance so bad a man.

Pol. Cruel young Beauty, you are to this Town,
Like a cold Spring; how many tender Plants
Does your severity suppress and kill?
You spoil the growth of hundreds of young Sparks,
They languish, and will ne're be perfect men.
You nip much blooming wit, we fear 'twill die,
Instead of sprouting upwards, it shoots down.
And now you check my budding Piety.
I wou'd and shou'd be good if you were mine;
Vertue will then have all your Charms to win me,
And sin have no temptation to corrupt me,
When I'm possess'd of you, I've all I wish;
But you to new Temptations cast me off;
Now if I sin, my sin be at your door.

Cam. Well, if I yield, record it in your thoughts,
'Tis not by your Estate to raise my Fortune;
But to advance your Vertue by my love,
For I will be no richer than I am;
I will with you have nothing but your self.

Pol. Can I content thee? thou shalt have me all,
Were I ten *Polidors*; and wou'd I were,
T' enjoy thee ten times more than I can now.

Cam. Madam, I'm hither come at your Command,
What is your Pleasure ?

Enter Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Lo. 'Tis to share in Pleasure, Madam.
My Husband is to night in excellent humour,
And is resolv'd upon a Ball and an Entertainment, and
Desir'd me to invite you, as one of the best of my Friends.

Cam. Madam, I shall be proud to call you Friend,
If you continue in that good state of mind, where last
I left you.

Mrs. Lo. Madam I do, and shall do so, I hope.
Blest be the day when first we came acquainted.

Mrs. Lovely makes Signs of anger at Polidor. *Enter Lovely.*

Lo. What quarrelling again with *Polidor*? Ha! ha!
My over-vertuous Dear! good to excess.
Come he's a better man, than thou believ'st.—
Pardon him, I say, and let us all be happy—
My Charming Rogue.——

Enter Thornback and Lionell.

Lio. Madam, I'm married; I am Madam *Thornback*.

Mrs. Lo. I'm glad on't——*Mrs. Bride*, I wish you joy.

Lo. So do I.

Pol. And I.

[*All Salute Lionell.*

Enter Cecilia, and Sir John Shittlecock.

Ce. Oh! Sister! I'm my Lady Shittlecock.

Sir Joh. And I'm King *Shittlecock*; King *Salomon*,
And here's my Queen of *Sheba*, who is leaving
Her habitation, to see my Glory.

Mrs. Lo. Sister, you have made quick dispatch; but I hear
Sir John is a Gentleman of a good Family and Estate;
So I am glad of your good Fortune, Sister.

Lo. So am I.

Cam. I wish you joy, Madam.

[*All Salute Cecilia.*

Sir Joh. Oh! Pox! wou'd I were unmarried; that Madam
Camilla is handsomer than my Wife. No——Pox!——Yes, Pox!
No Pox! my Wife is handsomer than she.

Lo. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you shall give me
Leave to treat you, and the Married Couples shall bed here.

Thorn. } A match! a match.
Sir Joh. }

Lo. Go bid the Fiddles strike up:
Now I've all Joys by me on Earth desir'd:
By her I most admire, I am admir'd.

[*A Dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

T H E
E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. Dogged, who Acts
Thorneback.

YOU, Gallants, your own Pictures love to view,
 And some, we hope, are here drawn pretty true.
 Old ugly Beaus, in me your selves behold,
 You get young Women, only by your Gold;
 For Women fancy nothing else that's Old. }
 Yet your Opinions of your selves are great,
 No Man so Old, to out-live Self-Conceit.
 But you, young Beaus, be not too proud and vain;
 Beaus without Money, seldom Women gain.
 A giddy Shittlecock, indeed, may catch
 A Female Fool, for Nature made the Match;
 Like will to like: But Women that have Wit,
 Only good Settlements, and Joyntures get.
 And Beaus, if Fools, then do not get their Hearts,
 Though they be Fools of Honour, Fools of Parts;
 Such as you see in Lovely, here display'd;
 Though swinging Beaus, they're swinging Cuckolds made.
 And common Women (every Mortal knows)
 Think Guineys are the only tempting Beaus.
 They will not stake, before they draw a Prize,
 And they see Benefitted Tickets rise.
 Till then, they cry——Sir, I the thought abhor——
 ——I'm not the Woman, which you take me for.
 But when the little shining round-fac'd Rogues,
 Call'd Guineys, peep——Ah! how a Filt Collogues.
 Then on her Callies she begins to Sken;
 She pats their Cheeks, and calls 'em——Pretty Men.——
 Wit is——(whatever Gallants you suppose)
 A needful thing, in making perfect Beaus.

How

*How to make men, Pythag'ras did devise,
And Women have no finger in the Pyes.
Troth, from that Cookery Women shou'd be barr'd,
For Men are very oft by Women Marr'd.
Beaus have sometimes a very inspid taste,
For Women have the raising of the Paste.
Wit (past dispute) to make a Man compleat,
Is one Ingredient, in his strange réceipt.
Sirs, if much Wit did not to day appear,
Forgive it ; all things now are scarce and dear ;
None more than Wit. Some foreign Lands complain
Of Famine ; we are so supply'd with Grain,
Store of most kinds ('tis said) is sent from hence ;
I doubt we cannot spare one grain o' Sence.
But on our Heroes now such Planets smile,
Wisdom, and Wit, will once more grace this Isle.*

F I N I S.



